

ETERNAL SK 621

Chapter 621:

Sinister Forest

Dust billowed, the earth shook and the light of armors shone.

Far away, a black army was approaching slowly with a steely killing intent. A single look at the dense crowd would reveal that there were millions of people!

What was even more frightening was that the army was made up of a few million cultivators!

Those marching on the ground were Qi Refinement Warriors.

Those riding on mounts were Foundation Establishment Cultivators.

Above the army, there were even spirit vessels traveling through the air.

A few cultivators stood on the deck and looked down at the masses against the winds.

Those that could board the spirit vessels were all Golden Cores!

This was the allied army of the three dynasties.

Led by the princes of the three dynasties, this was an army that consisted fully of cultivators!

No vassal state they passed could defend against them!

Moreover, there were even a number of Nascent Souls that held the fort within the allied army; it was just that they rarely showed themselves.

Right at the very end of the allied army, a dilapidated city that was bloodstained and billowed with smoke could be vaguely seen.

Jian An City of Yan Country was already reduced to ruins.

Corpses were strewn all over the city and there were rivers of blood!

The City Lord of Jian An City did not surrender and stood to fight.

As such, when the city was beached, the prince of the Great Xia Dynasty ordered to slaughter every single last person in the city with no survivors!

The cities would be slaughtered if they did not surrender!

Along the way, the allied army trampled over countless cities, leaving nothing but mountains of corpses and rivers of blood.

This was an apocalyptic disaster for the citizens and living beings of the world!

Even if there were mortals that were indignant and struggled or grumbled, nothing changed.

Some of them chose to escape.

However, how difficult was it to escape?

How could mortals escape the pursuit of cultivators with their fragile bodies.

Even if they were lucky enough to escape the hunt of the cultivators, how long could those mortals survive in this chaotic era where there were bandits and hoodlums all around?

If they hid in the forests, even beasts that were not sentient would most likely be able to kill them, let alone spirit beasts and demons.

Their fates were sealed.

The allied army crossed Cang Lang Mountain Range that was not far away and soon, the same fate would befall Ping Yang Town.

The princes of the Great Shang, Xia and You Dynasties were gathered on the largest and most majestic spirit vessel, surrounded by Golden Core guards.

The defense was tight!

The three of them were in a leisure chat with their wine glasses raised merrily.

The prince of Great Xia was fat and when he smiled, his eyes narrowed into a thin slit. They shone with a gold glint as he said lustfully, "I heard from a secret report that Ji Yaoxue's in Cang Lang City right now. As long as we cross that valley in front and another few small towns, we'll arrive at Cang Lang City!"

"Fufu, you're moved, Brother Si?" The prince of Great Shang was a refined man who asked with a fake smile.

"Heh!"

The prince of Great Xia laughed. "Ji Yaoxue can be considered as a peerless beauty and it won't be too much to say that she's the number one beauty of our four dynasties of the North Region. Who wouldn't want a taste of that?"

"What's even rarer is that she's the Empress of Great Zhou. If I can make her submit, the feeling would be..." The prince of Great You's body was robust and he sneered and smacked his lips.

The prince of Great Shang smiled gently. "I'm not going to fight with you two. However, I heard that Ji Yaoxue has a younger sister who is also a beauty. She does interest me instead."

"Hahahaha!"

The three of them exchanged glances and laughed merrily.

"Although, Ji Yaoxue might not stay in Cang Lang City. If she continues retreating, we'll still have to chase her for quite a bit." The prince of Great Xia said darkly.

"No,"

The prince of Great Shang said calmly, "She is stubborn by nature. If not for the fact that she was injured previously and chose to retreat because the eldest prince of Great Zhou took control temporarily, there is no way the Great Zhou Dynasty would choose to give up on so much of their territory."

“But now, I heard that she’s already awake. Given her character, she will definitely stand by Cang Lang City and defend it steadfastly!”

“That’s for the best!” The prince of Great You clapped and laughed.

The prince of Great Zhou remarked with a smile, “In my opinion, the imperial court of Great Zhou is already in a mess. Even if Ji Yaoxue is awake, the eldest prince of Great Zhou will not want to relinquish his position so easily!”

“Hehe, there’s no guarantee that they won’t end up in internal strife. At that time, we’ll be able to reap the rewards without even interfering! We’ll capture the Empress of Great Zhou alive and continue heading North to charge right into their nest!”

“Awesome!”

“Let’s drink!”

The three princes sat on the deck under the starry night and chatted with vigor.

Suddenly, the troops at the front slowed down.

“Hmm?”

The prince of Great You frowned gently.

Not long after, a Golden Core streaked through the air. The moment he descended on the deck, he knelt on one knee.

“Princes, we have already arrived at Cang Lang Mountain Range! It’s late at night now and beasts wander the valley dangerously. Should we proceed and cross it or make a detour?”

The prince of Great You rose and shouted, “Of course we cross it! Our allied army is mighty and invincible! How can a mere Cang Lang Mountain Range stand in our way!”

“Go on,”

The prince of Great Xia waved his arm. “This mountain range isn’t some ancient forest. At the most, there are only some Golden Core spirit demons. There aren’t even any fiend demons. What are you afraid of?”

The prince of Great Shang chuckled as well. “General Sun, you are indeed a little too cautious.”

“If we cross a mountain range as such alone in the night, there’s a chance we might get ambushed by the demons. However, given our mighty force, the demon beasts will want nothing more than to hide far away. What threat can there be?”

“Understood,”

General Sun nodded and turned to leave. He floated in midair and bellowed, “Continue forward!”

Bang! Boom! Boom!

The army moved together with a terrifying might!

Although the allied army had a few million troops, it was also nothing compared to the Cang Lang Mountain Range which spanned hundreds of kilometers.

Not far behind the three princes, a skinny old man opened his eyes and gazed at the dark forest before them.

It was as though there was an ancient ferocious beast laying in ambush with its mouth wide open awaiting the group of them to send themselves to him!

The feeling arrived and disappeared almost instantaneously, like an impulse.

The skinny old man frowned slightly and shrugged it off. He then closed his eyes and returned to meditation.

The valley meandered around with ancient trees. Due to the low visibility, the army proceeded at a slow speed.

However, the allied army did not encounter any danger along the way!

The surroundings were quiet.

Everything went silent!

Not long after, the allied army had already crossed more than half of the Cang Lang Mountain Range.

All the troops let down their guard.

The prince of Great You burst into laughter. "Indeed, it's as you had expected! All the beasts in this mountain range are too afraid to even appear! Hahaha!"

"Something isn't right!"

Suddenly, a voice sounded not far away.

The skinny old man had a grim expression and his glabella flashed, spreading his spirit consciousness slowly. "It's way too quiet! It's so quiet that it's sinister!"

Even if the demon beasts of the Cang Lang Mountain Range were frightened into hiding, there was no way they wouldn't have encountered a single demon beast the entire way!

It was as though... all the creatures had hid themselves a long time ago!

The surrounding air suddenly turned stale.

There was a deep killing intent shrouding the dark, sinister forest!

Pshew!

All of a sudden!

The sound of a sharp blade tearing through the air echoed.

Immediately, there was a boom!

The bow of the spirit vessel seemed to have been struck by something and exploded right in front of everyone!

The massive spirit vessel broke into parts and among the dozens of Golden Cores, some of them died on the spot!

Chapter 622: Endless Hell

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Cold lights flashed.

Sharp arrows burst forth from the dark forest before them one after another, arriving instantly and striking the spirit vessels in midair.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The spirit vessels exploded one after another!

Splintered limbs flew all over and the skies were stained red.

Some of the Golden Cores on the spirit vessels had not even managed to react before they were turned into blood mists by a tremendous power!

Debris of the vessels flew everywhere and when they landed in the crowd, some of the Qi Condensation and Foundation Establishment Cultivators who were not prepared were crushed to death.

The arrows were extremely fast and some of the cultivators present had already let their guard down a long time ago and could not react to it.

The allied army fell into chaos.

Although the remaining spirit vessels were not struck by the arrows, many Golden Cores were already frightened and abandoned the vessels to soar into the skies.

“Roar!”

“Howl!”

“Screech!”

All of a sudden!

A series of shuddering cries of beasts sounded from the depths of the forest.

An evil gust of wind blew over and the ancient trees swayed!

The leaves rustled.

In the skies far away, many beasts tore through the air in a dense flock.

It was as though all the beasts and birds of Cang Lang Mountain Range had appeared all of a sudden, forming a beast stampede that charged with an engulfing might!

The spirit vessel of the three princes was located right in the middle of the allied army and did not receive too much of an impact.

At that moment, all three princes rose and gazed over.

They could see things even clearer from up in the air!

The entire Cang Lang Mountain Range was moving!

Countless demons were going berserk!

The trees and grass shook as thousands of demon beasts scurried forth from all directions, forming a massive beast stampede with a terrifying might that was shocking!

All three princes looked terrible.

The prince of Great Xia narrowed his eyes and asked darkly, "What's going on?"

Compared to the true massive forests, major regions of demons or even the realms of the eight demon races in Tianhuang Mainland, Cang Lang Mountain Range was nothing much.

After all, there had never been a fiend demon born in the valley after all these years.

But now, it was definitely unusual for a beast stampede to burst forth from the mountain range to attack the allied army.

The skinny old man was a Nascent Soul and was the personal guard of the prince of Great Xia. At that moment, he knitted his brows and gazed at the dark forest before them in silence.

Not far away, the personal guards of the princes of the Great Shang and You dynasties, two other Nascent Souls, rose as well.

One of them was a bald burly man in heavy armor. He strode over in huge steps and said darkly, "A new demon king must have been born in this mountain range."

"That's right, the demon beasts of the mountain range will only gather under the command of a demon king to form a beast stampede of such a scale!" The other Nascent Soul was a white-bloused woman.

"Princes, don't worry. We have a hundred Nascent Souls accompanying this army. Even if this demon king is a pure-blooded ferocious beast, it will have to die!" The bald burly man said.

The prince of Great Shang had an uneasy expression and suddenly asked, "Where's the demon king?"

"This..."

The bald burly man and white-bloused woman exchanged glances – neither of them was certain.

Searching for a single demon beast in a beast stampede was equivalent to searching for a pin in a haystack – it was indeed difficult.

The skinny old man gazed ahead and suddenly said, "The beast stampede came from all directions except for one!"

Right ahead!

The group around the princes on the spirit vessel was not the only people to sense something, the Golden Cores at the front did as well – everyone gazed at the sinisterly dark forest before them with grim expressions.

The arrows came from that direction!

Light was blurry in the forest.

The Golden Cores could vaguely see a blurry shadow in the forest up ahead, resembling a tiny mountain peak.

“Who is there?”

Someone shouted.

The moment he said that, the ‘mountain peak’ moved!

It grew endlessly.

The ancient trees around them shook!

In the blink of an eye, that ‘mountain peak’ had already exceeded the height of the ancient trees and was more than a hundred feet tall!

Everyone in the allied army turned their heads over instinctively.

A gigantic shadow covered them from above the skies...

That was no mountain peak...

It was clearly a humanoid ferocious beast that had just risen!

Standing at the front with its majestic body, it was like an unshakable tower!

Instantly, the entire Cang Lang Mountain Range seemed like it was part of the backdrop!

The massive ferocious beast’s black hair danced wildly and it was surrounded by demonic qi, resembling a fiendcelestial. A pair of bloodshot eyes looked down at the allied army as it breathed out air currents through its nose!

It was as though those bloodshot eyes could spew flames!

Psst!

Many cultivators were scared out of their wits and gasped.

Countless horses neighed in fright and fell to the ground, peeing and shitting themselves helplessly!

Even beasts had to bow down to this humanoid ferocious beast, let alone mere horses!

Countless Foundation Establishment Cultivators fell from their mounts and the army was in chaos.

Even the Nascent Souls who were present were shocked at the sight of this, let alone the low-levelled cultivators!

This was way too ferocious!

They could sense an immense killing intent from the humanoid ferocious beast, an apocalyptic malevolent qi that threatened to devour everything in its path!

Up till this point of their cultivation, they had come across many pure-blooded ferocious beasts.

However, even the fiercest pure-blooded ferocious beasts looked like kittens compared to this ferocious beast before them.

The person blocking their way was none other than Su Zimo who had just experienced the pain of losing a kin in his demon form!

“Roar!”

Su Zimo took a deep breath of air and his chest puffed. Opening his mouth, he took on the stance of Thunderclap Kill and released a deafening howl!

The weather changed!

Boom!

It was as though thunder had struck!

Against the mighty howl, the beasts cried and the birds screeched; the sound of the beasts trampling endlessly seemed to have vanished.

Countless ancient trees were uprooted!

The minds of the Golden Cores right at the front went blank as they stood motionlessly in midair with frozen looks on their faces.

There was a brief pause.

Poof! Poof! Poof!

Blood mists appeared one after another.

It was like a tragic burst of fireworks.

Against the horrifying soundwave, dozens of Golden Cores exploded from the shock, turning into blood mists without corpses!

The Golden Cores slightly further away also had stoned gazes. They bled from all seven orifices and their lives were severed.

One after another, figures fell from midair.

The situation on the ground was even worse for the allied army.

There were countless Qi Condensation and Foundation Establishment Cultivators that were ruptured to death!

The beast stampede had already closed in together with the howl, charging into the allied army with a wild massacre!

Spirit lights filled the skies and spirit energy surged.

Fresh blood splattered all over the forest.

Cultivators were weak physically and the greatest taboo for them in a fight against demon beasts was being closed in.

And now, demon beasts were charging into the crowd endlessly, gnawing and swiping their claws at everything before them – this was something that Qi Condensation and Foundation Establishment Cultivators could not defend against at all.

Furthermore, there were tens of millions of demon beasts in Cang Lang Mountain Range, a few times more than the number of troops in the allied army!

Up in the skies, down on the ground, deep underground...

Demon beasts were everywhere!

The gathering of countless demon beasts formed a massive force!

Even Golden Cores would most likely die if they were closed in by spirit demons of Golden Core realm!

Only a few Perfected Beings with Golden Core phenomenons managed to hold out in midair.

However, the true terror had only just begun.

The moment Su Zimo returned from the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley and decided to attack, it was already decided that Cang Lang Mountain Range would turn into an endless Hell for the allied army!

Chapter 623: Vanish!

Su Zimo moved his mighty body and took a step forward like a towering fiendcelestial!

Bang! Boom! Boom!

A massive blood-colored ravine was carved out on the ground!

Many Qi Condensation and Foundation Establishment Cultivators could not dodge in time and were trampled into meat sludge by Su Zimo's gigantic feet, mixing into the ground!

A single step from him caused the entire mountain range to quake!

"How dare you behave so insolently, beast!"

"Kill him!"

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Spirit lights flashed.

Flying swords streaked everywhere.

Many Golden Cores attacked and released their flying swords, sending forth a series of white beams towards Su Zimo's body like a heavy downpour!

Although there were many Golden Cores in the allied army, their strength were far too weak compared to the paragons of the North Region 20 years ago.

The flying swords they used were also superior-grade flying swords.

Even supreme-grade spirit weapons were rare, let alone perfect or connate spirit weapons.

Su Zimo did not dodge or avoid. In fact, he did not even blink as he allowed those white beams to pierce his body!

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The sound of metal clashing echoed.

Countless flying swords were repelled – they could not pierce Su Zimo's body at all!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Su Zimo took three consecutive strides forward and rammed domineeringly. Countless ancient trees were uprooted and snapped on the spot and many cultivators were trampled to death!

Each time his gigantic feet stomped down on the crowd and left, a red, bloody region would appear.

There were initially millions of cultivators in the allied army. But now, they were mostly defeated and split up by Su Zimo to fight in small groups.

With the swarm of the beast stampede, although they had only fought for a brief moment, the allied army received a tremendous blow and suffered heavy losses!

This was the core of Cang Lang Mountain Range.

Even if they wanted to retreat, there was nowhere out for them!

Demon beasts were cruel and bloodthirsty by nature.

Now that there was a massive massacre, the demons were even more excited and their eyes were bloodshot!

On the spirit vessel.

The princes of the three dynasties frowned.

The bald burly man said darkly, "Don't worry, princes. That's only a Golden Core realm spirit demon. Although it's slightly larger in size, there's nothing to worry about."

"That's right."

The white-bloused woman nodded in agreement. "We just need a few top-tier Golden Cores in the battlefield to release their Golden Core phenomenons and it would be enough to kill that demon!"

Before her sentence was complete, a few Golden Cores that killed a few demon beasts in succession had already released their movement techniques to charge towards Su Zimo.

“Beast, catch my River Crossing Chains!”

The person hollered and a gigantic river surged behind him, crashing on the shores.

An extremely thick chain crossed the river and whipped Su Zimo ruthlessly!

Bang! Bang!

Another few Golden Cores charged forward and released their phenomenons that surged with a burst power as well.

“Scram!”

Su Zimo hollered and waved his gigantic fist against the few Golden Core phenomenons with such vigor which seemed like he could devour rivers and mountains with his roar alone!

“You’re asking for death!”

“At the end of the day, he’s nothing but a beast. To think that he would try to take on Golden Core phenomenons head-on with his body!”

Splash!

Su Zimo’s tsunami blood, tendons and bones sounded together.

That single punch from him instantly released a tragic aura of blood stench!

Boom!

There was a deafening sound.

The void seemed to be frozen.

Immediately after, the Golden Core phenomenons in midair shattered entirely!

A few Golden Cores were severely impacted and they fell from midair with pale faces while puking blood – they were most likely doomed!

“Hmm?”

The expressions of everyone on the spirit vessel changed.

The strength of that demon beast had exceeded their expectations!

A metallic strong body that was invulnerable against weapons, fire and water.

Even the combined attack of a few Golden Cores with their phenomenons could not injure him at all. Instead, they were killed from a single punch by him!

What sort of terrifying power did that body of his possess?

“Something isn’t right!”

The prince of Great Shang frowned with a grim expression. "If this continues, our allied army is going to be destroyed by this beast! Perfected Lords, please make a move."

"Don't worry, prince. I'll head over right now and retrieve the head of that beast!"

The bald burly man glared at Su Zimo who was not far away with a murderous aura and smacked his lips.

"I'll go too,"

The white-bloused woman took the initiative to obey the order.

"Please hold on, the both of you!"

The skinny old man frowned slightly. "The three of us have a mission to protect the safety of our princes. We should let our fellow Nascent Souls deal with this beast."

There were another hundred Nascent Souls that accompanied the allied army.

At that moment, the commotion of Cang Lang Mountain Range had already alerted the other Nascent Souls.

One after another, figures soared into the air from the back of the army with terrifying auras that were much more frightening than Golden Cores. They sped to the front with sharp gazes.

The skinny old man said deeply with a glint in his eyes, "There's something weird about this. It's better for us to be careful."

"Fufu."

The bald burly man's eyes flashed with mockery as he chuckled. "Fellow Daoist, aren't you being overly cautious? Surely a Golden Core spirit demon can't cause any huge troubles?"

"There's no need to argue,"

The prince of Great Shang said calmly, "The combined attack of a hundred Nascent Souls will fill the entire place with Dharmic powers. There's no need to fear these beasts, all we have to do is sit back and wait."

"Where's the beast?"

The white-bloused woman exclaimed softly and suddenly asked.

"What beast?"

Everyone froze for a moment.

Thereafter, they came to a gradual realization.

Just as they conversed, the towering humanoid ancient beast had vanished!

Everyone looked down in a hurry.

The battlefield was intense and chaotic but there were no traces of the humanoid beast!

How was that possible?

It was extremely difficult for that massive body to remain hidden – how could it have vanished?

The three princes had uncertain expressions.

The bald burly man frowned. “Don’t worry, princes. I’ll check it out with my spirit consciousness.”

His glabella shone as he spread out his spirit consciousness that extended continuously.

Sight was one of the five senses and was limited in use.

The moment one’s eyes were covered, they wouldn’t be able to see anything.

Their vision would also be obstructed by any objects blocking their view ahead.

This was the logic behind the saying of how one wouldn’t recognize something great in front of them if their eyes were covered even by a piece of leaf.

However, spirit consciousness was an energy fluctuation released by the Essence Spirit, a sensory tool that extended outwards.

Even with closed eyes, if the spirit consciousness met with any obstructions, it would just wrap around them like water. It could permeate every single pore and it was omnipresent, reflecting images in the mind clear as day!

There were no secrets that could be hidden!

It was simple if a demon beast wanted to hide itself in this forest.

However, it would be more difficult than ascending the mountains if it wanted to avoid detection from spirit consciousness.

The bald burly man retracted his spirit consciousness a while later with a terrible expression.

There was nothing!

The search radius of his spirit consciousness extended for a full five kilometers. However, there was no trace of the humanoid ferocious beast at all!

The bald burly man was a little confused.

It was practically impossible to escape more than five kilometers within such a short period of time!

Even Nascent Souls and Void Reversions won’t be able to do it, let alone a spirit demon at Golden Core realm!

It was as though the humanoid ferocious beast had disappeared into thin air!

In reality, the bald burly man was not the only one.

The hundred Nascent Souls in midair, as well as the white-bloused woman and skinny old man, had released their spirit consciousnesses instantly to track down Su Zimo.

However, none of them sensed anything.

All of a sudden!

A change occurred on the battlefield!

Chapter 624: Night Assault

The hundred Nascent Souls in midair were descending onto the battlefield, releasing their spirit consciousnesses to check.

A Nascent Soul had just passed by an ancient tree when unexpectedly, a thick arm reached out from the darkness!

The arm was thick like an anaconda and wrapped itself around the Nascent Soul, pulling him behind the ancient tree!

“Ah!”

The person only managed to let out a brief, tragic cry before silence ensued.

Bang!

A disfigured body was tossed out from behind the ancient tree – its head was smashed to a pulp!

Although its appearance was completely destroyed, it could be seen from the corpse’s attire that this was the Nascent Soul who was attacked earlier on!

“Who’s there?!”

“Kill!”

A group of Nascent Souls roared and released their Dharmic arts that surged towards the ancient tree like a tidal wave.

Boom!

The ancient tree exploded into dust!

In the darkness, a figure could be seen sliding off the ancient tree long ago. With nimble moves, it tunneled into the forest in a flash and disappeared!

“It’s him!”

“That’s the humanoid beast!”

Although they could not catch sight of the figure’s face, everyone could clearly tell that the aura it emanated was exactly the same as the humanoid beast!

“Where can you run to?”

Many Nascent Souls hollered and gave chase.

However, limited vision was already an issue to begin with in the forest. Coupled with the dark night skies, the group of them lost sight of the humanoid ferocious beast once again after a short chase!

“What is that demon beast?”

“I’ve got no idea. I tried using my spirit consciousness to check it out earlier but i couldn’t see its true form, as though something was blocking me!”

“How could this be?”

A few Nascent Souls frowned and discussed in hushed voices.

If a demon took on human form, its true form could be revealed easily with the use of spirit consciousness as long as the difference between their cultivation realms wasn’t too great.

For example, if an anaconda took on human form, the image that appeared in the cultivator’s mind after a check with spirit consciousness would be an anaconda!

The effect was even more obvious with the use of the Demon Revealing Mirror.

After forming a core, demons could take on human form and speak in human tongue.

If they advanced further and cultivated an Essence Spirit, they could even hide their demonic qi and at that point, even cultivators would be hard-pressed to differentiate them!

Because of that, in the ancient era, an emperor created a weapon targeted at demons called the Demon Revealing Mirror. Later on, it became common and widespread in the cultivation world.

High grade Demon Revealing Mirrors could even revert the demon beasts to their true forms with the release of Dharmic powers!

Even if they couldn’t, the mirrors would reflect the demon beasts’ true forms so that everyone could see.

“How strange!”

A black-robed Nascent Soul mumbled.

Suddenly, a purple-winged eagle flew towards them with a vicious gaze. It reached out with its pair of sharp talons and grabbed the black-robed cultivator.

“You have a death wish, beast!”

The black-robed cultivator harrumphed coldly and tapped his glabella to pull out a flying sword. Dharmic powers surged as he waved his robes, sending the flying sword forward!

Poof!

The speed of that sword was way too fast!

The purple-winged eagle tried its best to dodge but it still failed and was pierced by the sword, dying on the spot.

The carcass of the purple-winged eagle fell from midair and passed by the black-robed cultivator.

The black-robed cultivator did not pay any attention after slaying a Golden Core realm spirit demon. During his absence of mind, he felt a figure flash past the corner of his eyes!

A chilling killing intent surfaced!

Instantly, the black-robed cultivator felt as though he had fallen into a pit of ice water.

It was the humanoid ferocious beast!

The ferocious beast had been hiding on the purple-winged eagle and only struck after the carcass of the eagle passed by the cultivator!

The black-robed cultivator's flying sword was not by his side and he panicked. In his fluster, he conjured hand seals to release Dharmic arts to repel the intruder.

However, they were too close together and the figure had already leaped towards him in the blink of an eye!

The intruder reached out with both arms and clutched the black-robed cultivator's shoulder blades, exerting strength in his fingers.

"Pfft!"

Fingernails that were as sharp as daggers pierced the bones and flesh of the black-robed cultivator instantly!

"Ah!"

The black-robed cultivator howled in pain and cold sweat ran down his face immediately.

Before he could react, the intruder's knees were already rammed forward like a sprinting stallion.

Bang!

The black-robed cultivator's chest caved in and his eyes bulged. With a ripping sound, his arms were torn right off him!

A blood mist spewed out!

Another Nascent Soul was dead!

"How dare you, beast!"

The other Nascent Souls realized what happened and were enraged, summoning their Dharmic weapons hurriedly to turn around and give chase.

Under the guise of the night, the figure did not pause at all after killing the black-robed cultivator, turning into a streak of light before bolting into another part of the forest.

After turns and twists, it rushed into the beast stampede and disappeared before long again!

All the Nascent Souls had grim expressions on their faces after chasing all the way without gaining anything in return.

In their wrath, the Nascent Souls attacked one after another, summoning their Dharmic weapons and releasing Dharmic arts, almost flattening the entire forest!

Countless demon beasts in the vicinity died!

On the spirit vessel, the prince of Great Xia could not help but ask uneasily, "Where has that beast gone to? We can't let him escape just like this!"

The white-bloused woman raised her brow and remarked in confusion, "For some unknown reason, my spirit consciousness can't lock onto that person. The moment my spirit consciousness spreads out, it's blocked."

"I get the same feeling as well."

The bald burly man nodded.

Everyone turned towards the skinny old man by instinct.

Among the three of them, the skinny old man was the most experienced with the highest cultivation realm.

"There's only two possibilities,"

The skinny old man said, "First, the demon beast cultivated some sort of a demonic secret skill that can block away spirit consciousnesses. Second, it's carrying some sort of a treasure that can block out spirit consciousnesses!"

The white-bloused woman and bald burly man nodded with pensive expressions.

The gaze of the skinny old man shone coldly. "This demon beast's cultivation realm isn't high so it's unrealistic for it to cultivate such a demonic cultivation. I'm guessing that it should be in possession of a treasure!"

The hearts of the white-bloused woman and bald burly man skipped a beat as their eyes flashed with a brief hint of greed.

A treasure as such was also valuable to them!

The skinny old man was not wrong.

The humanoid ferocious beast that killed two Nascent Souls in succession was Su Zimo.

The treasure that the skinny old man was referring to were the Mingwang Prayer Beads.

Although Su Zimo underwent both demonic and immortality cultivation, he had not cultivated an Essence Spirit for either Daos. As such, his true strength was definitely not a match for Nascent Souls.

Furthermore, he was up against a hundred Nascent Souls!

A head-on fight would be courting death.

His advantage was in melee combat!

Su Zimo only managed to kill the two Nascent Souls after making use of the complex environment of Cang Lang Mountain Range, the dark night, the Mingwang Prayer Beads alongside a change of his body and appearance.

Although the processes were simple, the difference between life and death was merely a single breath.

However, Su Zimo was the only one who knew how dangerous it was.

If he was slower by a single step or committed a single mistake, he would be locked down by the hundred Nascent Souls and killed on the spot!

Furthermore, after killing two Nascent Souls in succession, the remaining cultivators were now extremely guarded. Any activity at this point would lead to a thunderous retaliation.

The dark night had already passed.

The skies were turning brighter.

It was no longer possible for a sneak attack.

Su Zimo hid in the depths of the forest as one with his surroundings and glared at the largest spirit vessel in midair with a cold, silent expression.

Chapter 625: Send You to Your Grave!

After the deaths of two Nascent Souls in successions, the remaining Nascent Souls had grim expressions as they stood tensely in midair.

Any hint of danger or activity would alert everyone to attack preemptively!

No matter the demon beast, anything that tried getting close would be slain mercilessly!

“Where’s that beast?”

The prince of Great You asked loudly.

It had been quite sometime after the two Nascent Souls were killed and Su Zimo never appeared again, as though he had already left the place.

“This beast is extremely crafty,”

The bald burly man harrumphed coldly. “If he dares to appear right now, he’ll definitely be locked down and killed!”

The white-bloused woman said, “Demon beasts are much sharper towards danger than humans. I’m guessing that it has already escaped.”

After the both of them spoke, they turned and looked at the skinny old man automatically.

The skinny old man shook his head. “I don’t know. I’m just curious as to why that demon beast would gather a beast stampede to stand in the way of our allied army.”

Right then, a Golden Core sped towards them, drenched in blood. The armor on his body was almost torn apart completely by the demon beasts.

The person descended on the deck of the spirit vessel and walked towards the three princes, saying hoarsely, “Princes, the beast stampede is way too ferocious and we can’t defend against it. Please release the order for us to retreat, princes!”

“Bullshit!”

The prince of Great You slapped the table and stood up, berating, "We've got a hundred Nascent Souls accompanying our allied army. If they attack, we can suppress the beast stampede at any time!"

"Humph!"

The prince of Great Xia narrowed his gaze and said coldly, "Although you're a general of the army, the way you're dropping our morale is punishable by death!"

"That's enough,"

The prince of Great Shang waved it off. "General Sun, head on down first and kill the enemies as best as you can. Victory is already decided with the Nascent Soul seniors around."

General Sun was someone from the Great Shang Dynasty after all and could not be killed with such a reason.

The prince of Great Shang had to protect him no matter what.

Furthermore, the situation on the battlefield was indeed as he had described.

Many Nascent Souls had already attacked and released Dharmic arts to suppress the beast stampede!

Although the beast stampede was ferocious, they were inferior in terms of cultivation realm at the end of the day and could not withstand the killing might of Nascent Souls.

The force of the beast stampede was already showing signs of weakness!

In that short period of time, General Sun did not stop in his tracks on the spirit vessel and approached the three princes.

When the battle broke out, the skinny old man and the other two Nascent Souls had already closed in to the three princes to prevent accidents from happening.

The first to notice something unusual was the bald burly man.

Looking at General Sun who was walking over, the bald burly man frowned and barked, "Don't you know the rules? How dare you not kneel down in front of the princes!"

At the same time, the skinny old man frowned and released his spirit consciousness across General Sun.

"Hmm?"

The skinny old man's expression changed.

His spirit consciousness was blocked by a mysterious energy!

It was a familiar feeling, as though...

Not good!

The skinny old man gasped and his heart nearly stopped!

At the same time, a voice sounded coldly, "I'm not kneeling because... I'm here to send you to your graves!"

At that moment, General Sun had already arrived before the three Nascent Souls.

Right in front of everyone, General Sun's facial muscles twitched sinisterly and he transformed into another person in the blink of an eye!

It was a refined looking scholar whose eyes were cold and murderous!

The intruder was not General Sun, but a transformed Su Zimo!

Almost everyone was focused on what was happening outside.

Nobody thought that Su Zimo would dare to approach them personally!

"This..."

The white-bloused woman was stunned.

That single lapse was the difference between life and death!

In Su Zimo's eyes, an opening as such was death in melee combat!

Reaching out, Su Zimo slapped the white-bloused woman on the head.

There was a loud thud on the ground.

The white-bloused woman's head exploded with brain juices splattering everywhere – even her Essence Spirit was destroyed on the spot!

The skinny old man and bald burly man reacted right away.

The bald burly man was a body tempered warrior and he was delighted to see Su Zimo close in.

His bloodline surged.

The bald burly man punched at Su Zimo's head fiercely!

His fist was like a meteor that arrived with an unparalleled force instantly!

However, the skinny old man was more experienced and retreated immediately.

He would gain the advantage as long as he could increase the distance between them!

At the same time, he conjured hand seals to release a Dharmic art.

Dharmic power churned.

A thick finger that resembled a heavenly-piercing pillar was conjured rapidly and thrust at Su Zimo's chest viciously with a frightening might!

"Om!"

Su Zimo spoke at the same time.

Daming Mantra was released!

Sanskrit reverberated through the air endlessly, forming a noble might!

The first to be implicated was the Imperial Army that was nearby the deck.

Cling! Clang!

Many Imperial Army soldiers revealed pained looks as their weapons fell to the ground one after another in loud clangs.

Piak! Piak! Piak!

A series of cracks appeared on the protection talismans of the three princes – they were shaken by that single Sanskrit word!

As for the skinny old man, he shuddered and frowned with a hint of pain deep in his eyes.

Although he was a Nascent Soul, he was not a body tempered warrior and was not exactly strong enough to withstand the power of the Sanskrit sound.

The Dharmic power finger that was conjured in midair dissipated slightly and its power was reduced.

The bald burly man was the least impacted by the Sanskrit sound.

There was almost no pause in his punch!

“Ma!”

Su Zimo’s expression was unchanged as he spoke once more.

The second Sanskrit had arrived!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Most of the Imperial Army soldiers on the deck collapsed stiffly with blood oozing from all orifices. They suffered miserable deaths and their brains were mostly rattled into sludge.

The three princes slumped to the ground with terrible expressions on their faces as well.

The Dharmic power finger arriving from midair trembled and its strength was greatly diminished.

The skinny old man staggered as well.

However, he was fearless.

He had already increased the distance between them.

Moreover, Su Zimo had to deal with his Dharmic art and the bald burly man’s melee combat – there was no chance for him to get close to the skinny old man.

All of a sudden!

The skinny old man caught a glimpse of light from the corner of his eyes.

Instinctively, he turned over.

Not far away, Su Zimo’s right eye released a dazzling brilliance that resembled a blazing sun, illuminating the entire world like daylight!

Illumination Eye!

Boom!

A blinding light column surged forth through the void and delved right into the skinny old man's face!

Instantly, the world went still.

A radiance illuminated.

The next moment, the light beam dispersed.

Night returned.

On the spirit vessel, the skinny old man's body convulsed helplessly.

A hollow hole appeared on his face; his features were gone and everywhere around the hole was burned.

His head was penetrated by that white column of light!

His Essence Spirit was annihilated before it even had the chance to escape!

In the blink of an eye, two Nascent Souls on the spirit vessel were dead!

Chapter 626: Color Change

Although the skinny old man was dead, Su Zimo was attacking in succession and did not manage to avoid the Dharmic power finger conjured by the former after all.

Bang!

Su Zimo shuddered and his organs shook!

A stream of blood surged upwards and choked at his throat.

Since he wanted to kill Nascent Souls as a Golden Core, he had to undertake an immense risk!

Thankfully, Su Zimo had released the Daming Mantra in succession that reduced the impact of the skinny old man's Dharmic art.

Otherwise, he would have been severely injured with that attack!

Dharmic power was the energy of the universe and contained its might as well – it was not something that ordinary people could defend against!

Although Su Zimo's organs were shaken now, he had a strong physique and frightening regeneration capabilities – this was an injury that he could still withstand.

At the same time.

The bald burly man's eyes shone viciously and his fist had already arrived!

In his opinion, Su Zimo would be killed by a single punch from him even if the latter was in peak condition, let alone now that he was injured!

After all, he was a Nascent Soul realm body tempered warrior!

Su Zimo's eyes lit up and shone viciously. His blood qi surged with the howls of dragons and roars of tigers, his tendons pulsated and his bones echoed with metallic sounds!

Without retreating or avoiding, Su Zimo returned a punch as well.

Bang!

The two fists collided.

A jarring and dull sound echoed with the collision of flesh and bones!

The bald burly man's expression changed starkly.

He could sense an unstoppable power surging through the other party's fist towards him; it was like a tsunami that threatened to devour him!

"This is bad, this person's physique is really strong!"

The bald burly man was alarmed.

Although Su Zimo was not at Nascent Soul realm, his body was extremely frightening. The power of his blood and melee combat capabilities had far surpassed ordinary Nascent Souls.

If a Nascent Soul from Glass Palace that was renowned for body tempering was here, the fight between him and Su Zimo might be indeterminate.

However, this bald burly man was only an ordinary body tempered warrior!

In other words, this bald burly man wouldn't even have the advantage against Xi Wuya who died in Su Zimo's hands in melee combat, let alone Su Zimo himself!

If Su Zimo hadn't been struck by the skinny old man's Dharmic art previously, victory would have been decided by that single punch!

With that single exchange, the bald burly man had already sensed something amiss.

The bald burly man retreated with the momentum from Su Zimo's punch, intending to increase their distance so that he could release a Dharmic art to kill the latter.

When Su Zimo noticed the bald burly man's actions, his gaze flashed and he frowned slightly.

Although he had killed two Nascent Souls in succession, the situation was extremely disadvantageous for him.

Furthermore, things would only get more dangerous the longer the situation dragged on!

The surrounding Nascent Souls were already starting to notice what was going on here.

He had to kill this bald burly man with a definitive might!

But now that the bald burly man had retreated with the momentum of their clash, Su Zimo was already a little too slow – it was too late for him to give chase by now.

Suddenly, Su Zimo was struck by inspiration and opened his mouth.

“Pfft!”

With the help of his powerful organs, tongue and mouth, Su Zimo spat the blood in his throat towards the bald burly man’s face like an arrow!

The Daming Mantra’s impact on the bald burly man was minimal.

However, that blood arrow could not be ignored!

Su Zimo could shock Golden Cores to death with just the power of his voice.

It was obvious how strong the corporeal blood arrow would be!

The bald burly man’s eyelids twitched rapidly. Unable to dodge, he could only extend his arms to block instinctively.

Bang!

A piercing pain surged through him when the blood arrow struck his palm!

Although it did not injure his core, the bald burly man was still shocked.

If he had ignored that blood arrow and took it head-on, his face would have been destroyed in a mess of flesh and blood!

The bald burly man felt uneasy.

However, before he could snap out of his stupor, he caught sight of a vague shadow from the corner of his eye.

The bald burly man’s heart sank.

The next moment, he sensed an immense killing intent surging over, causing his scalp to prickle and his hairs to stand on end!

“That blood arrow was merely a bait!”

The bald burly man had goosebumps all over.

Like an ancient fiendcelestial, the figure had already arrived before him and pushed down on his head with a massive engulfing palm!

“Die!”

Su Zimo’s ferocity was torrential as he hollered with a lightning gaze.

The bald burly man did not have time to gather his Dharmic powers and could only cross and prop up his arms while channeling his bloodline to defend against Su Zimo’s encompassing palm!

Bang!

Both parties collided.

The bald burly man's expression changed starkly and a piercing pain surged through his arms!

Immediately after, he lost all feeling in both arms!

The bald burly man merely felt a tsunami-like power crushing down boundlessly – it was invincible like the collapse of the heavens!

The might of a heaven's collapse was not something that human strength could defend against!

Thump!

The bald burly man knelt on the ground and his ankles were almost smashed!

By then, most of the surrounding cultivators had already noticed what was happening over here.

Everyone was shocked when they saw that.

A Nascent Soul was forced to kneel on the ground!

In everyone's eyes, the bald burly man who was trembling beneath Su Zimo's palm was like an insignificant ant struggling to survive.

However, Su Zimo stood firmly and his black hair danced. His eyes were bright and lively, like an enraged diving being with a torrential might!

He had suppressed a Nascent Soul with a single palm strike as a Golden Core!

Who in history could achieve this?

With a cold gaze, Su Zimo extended his foot and tapped the bald burly man gently on the chest.

The bald burly man's body was already enduring an unimaginable burden propping up Su Zimo's palm. His bones creaked as though they could collapse at any moment.

He could only watch as Su Zimo's foot arrived without any way of dodging.

Snap!

The bald burly man's chest caved in right away.

The bones in his chest shattered and the snapped bones pierced his heart, ending his life!

The bald burly man's blood qi deteriorated rapidly as blood gurgled in his agape mouth. His eyes were listless and filled with the aura of death.

His glabella shone.

A glow appeared.

The bald burly man's Essence Spirit left his body and was trying to escape.

"Ma!"

He chanted in Sanskrit.

The Daming Mantra descended once more.

The bald burly man's Essence Spirit shuddered and its glow dimmed.

The Essence Spirits of Nascent Souls were filled with impurities and extremely weak.

After leaving their physical bodies, the Essence Spirits couldn't even withstand the heat of the sun or the coldness of rain – at the very least, the Essence Spirits would already be severely injured, if not dead!

Essence Spirits were only free to leave at will without fear of the blazing suns and roam the world once one cultivates to the Void Reversion realm.

Although the bald burly man's body could withstand the might of the Daming Mantra, his Essence Spirit could not.

That single Sanskrit sound annihilated his Essence Spirit!

Su Zimo continued pushing down with his palm.

Boom!

The bald burly man's body was squashed onto the deck of the spirit vessel, turning into a meat sludge with its tendons and bones crushed completely along with a destroyed Essence Spirit!

A clear blood-colored imprint appeared on the deck, etched deeply!

The spirit vessel was made of superior-grade metal and was even tougher than superior-grade spirit weapons.

But now, a mark was etched onto it by Su Zimo's palm!

“Roar!”

Su Zimo stood up, his palm still stained with the blood of the Nascent Soul as he let out a shuddering aura. With a frightening gaze, he surveyed the surroundings before releasing a reverberating roar.

“Roar!” “Roar!” “Roar!”

Immediately after, the beasts howled in unison and all demons went wild!

Instantly, demonic qi filled the air and the color of the mountains and rivers changed!

Chapter 627: Buried Along With Him!

Initially, the beast stampede was already showing signs of defeat after the onslaught of the Nascent Souls.

But now, after Su Zimo's appearance to murder three Nascent Souls on the spirit vessel with a thunderous might, blood stained the skies. The torrential ferocity brought forth a massive boost to the morale of the demons!

Countless demons howled within the endless valley.

The nearly defeated beast stampede gathered once again into a series of currents that charged towards the allied army!

Fresh blood and massacres filled the entire place!

The reason why the demon beasts of Cang Lang Mountain Range were so united wasn't merely out of fear towards Su Zimo's strength.

More than that, it was because the flesh of cultivators was a great tonic for them!

There were millions of cultivators in the allied army.

By now, corpses were strewn all over the place and there were rivers of blood.

With that massive amount of life force essence, there was bound to be a biological change. There was a high chance that a fiend demon could be born in Cang Lang Mountain Range after this battle!

Demon beasts were also sentient and all of them wanted to become fiend demons!

Prior to this, the hundred Nascent Souls traveled far away from the spirit vessel as they expanded their search radius for Su Zimo.

Although they noticed what was happening on the spirit vessel, it was already too late for them to return.

The three Nascent Souls had died way too quickly.

The entire process took less than five breaths!

"Y-Y-You are...!"

The prince of Great Xia seemed to have recognized something as he pointed at Su Zimo, shivering with fear in his eyes.

"You look like..."

"Su Zimo! You are Su Zimo!"

The prince of Great Xia shrieked and the fat on his face shook.

Back then, the three dynasties sent their armies to the Great Qian Ruins and the prince of Great Xia was one of those lucky enough to witness that earthshaking battle.

Although that strongest monster incarnate in history leaped down into the Dragon Burial Valley and died, the memory of his face was everlasting like a nightmare.

Su Zimo.

The moment that name was spoken, there was an uproar!

"How is that possible?"

"Didn't he leap down Dragon Burial Valley right in front of everyone? Wasn't his Golden Core destroyed and his Inner Core torn? Hasn't he already died?"

“It really looks like him! Back then, I saw him from afar as well!”

“That monster incarnate... is not dead?”

The hundred Nascent Souls revealed uneasy looks of shock.

Golden Cores were not the only ones who died in the paragon battle 20 years ago.

At that time, even Nascent Souls that appeared were annihilated, burned to death without any corpses remaining by a blaze of flames; even their Essence Spirits were destroyed!

It was a tragic battle that was rare in history.

Nobody expected that this man who was thought to be dead would stand before them alive and well!

All the Nascent Souls looked at Su Zimo and none of them could sense any spirit energy fluctuation. Someone said coldly with an icy glare, “Well, well! It seems like you’ve turned into a demon completely! Since you’re not a human, you’re our common enemy!”

Against the threat of the Nascent Soul, Su Zimo was fearless as he turned to look at the three princes shivering on the deck.

The three princes shuddered.

The prince of Great Xia was in an even more pathetic state as his pants were wet with a stench – his pee and shit had already flowed uncontrollably.

“Su Zimo, you will definitely die today if you dare to hurt the princes!”

A Nascent Soul hollered.

The Nascent Souls sped over in an encirclement.

However, the three princes were on the spirit vessel and nobody dared to attack recklessly.

The prince of Great You was no longer as intimidating as before. He was extremely frightful as he asked with a quivering voice, “Su Zimo, we’ve got no grudge with you. W-Why are you doing this?”

“No grudge?”

Su Zimo laughed and pointed to the land beneath him, asking, “Do you know where this is?”

“T-This is the Cang Lang Mountain Range,” The prince of Great Xia replied hurriedly, afraid that he would die if he took his time.

“Wrong,”

Su Zimo shook his head. “This is the Yan Country. The allied army of the three dynasties sent forth millions of troops to invade the territory of the Yan Country while massacring countless of our citizens. Yet, you say that you have no grudge with me?”

“If you spare us, we’ll withdraw our troops right away!”

The prince of Great Shang was the only one who could maintain his composure right now among the three princes as he said with a dark voice.

“Withdraw? Ha!”

Su Zimo laughed. “Nothing in the world is that easy.”

The prince of Great Shang snarled, “What do you want?”

Su Zimo gazed at Jian An City that was still billowing with smoke in the distance and said, “How many people in these lands have died to the merciless iron hooves of your army? How many people have died in this chaotic era of war?”

He retracted his gaze and turned to the three princes, asking coldly, “Who is going to atone for their lives?”

Su Zimo’s tone was extremely calm. However, the more that was the case, the more afraid the three princes felt!

Beneath that refined exterior was a fiend demon that could devour anyone at any moment!

“Fellow Daoist, you’re a cultivator.”

The prince of Great Shang was smart and did not point out Su Zimo’s identity as a demon right now, afraid of triggering the latter.

Gulping to compose himself, he continued, “Since you’re a cultivator, you’ve already let go of your mortal self and severed your ties with mortality. Why does the lives of the living beings in the world matter to you, fellow Daoist?”

“In other words, how many people can survive from the flames of war in the North Region? Are you going to interfere in everything, fellow Daoist? Are you going to save everyone?”

“You’re not wrong,”

Su Zimo nodded.

When he heard that, the prince of Great Shang felt relieved.

The princes of Great Xia and Great You were so emotional that they nearly cried.

“However...”

Suddenly, Su Zimo changed the topic and remarked indifferently, “I’m very sad and angry because my brother is dead... therefore, I want to kill! I want you to be buried along with him!”

The moment he said that, the three princes felt chills run down their spines as though they had just fallen into a cesspool of cold water.

That was a reason that seemed simple and absurd.

Yet, no one could refute it.

“Su Zimo!”

The prince of Great Shang felt an immense threat and could not help but shout, “There are a hundred Nascent Souls here and your presence has already been exposed! If you hurt us, you won’t be able to escape as well!”

Although the prince of Great Shang was calm and tried to use both hard and soft tactics, he had not realized that he was dealing with someone so terrifying!

This was a person that was decisive to kill without reservations!

This was a person whose guts would shock Nascent Souls!

“Is that so?”

Su Zimo smirked. “I’m going to give that a shot!”

Boom!

With a ferocious gaze, he stomped his feet fiercely on the deck, letting off a reverberating boom!

The spirit vessel shook violently!

On the deck, a crack could be seen clearly extending endlessly from where Su Zimo stood – it was extremely fast and dense!

Boom!

It was yet another deafening sound.

Su Zimo stomped once more.

The spirit vessel exploded into different parts!

The massive spirit vessel was stomped apart by Su Zimo’s foot!

Su Zimo fell rapidly and waved his sleeves, causing countless debris before him to shoot towards the three princes in a flurry.

Poof! Poof! Poof!

Blood mists spewed from the three princes, riddling them with holes and ending their lives – they were already dead before they landed on the ground.

“The princes of the three dynasties are dead and this place shall be your resting ground!”

Su Zimo’s voice spread through the entire forest in a chilling manner!

Chapter 628: Escape

“Bastard, you’re courting death!”

Many Nascent Souls shouted at the same time and attacked one after another.

Dharmic power filled the skies as multiple Dharmic arts collided to create a deafening bang!

Dharmic weapons descended.

The might of the universe enveloped Cang Lang Mountain Range and the entire valley quaked violently. Mountain peaks collapsed, gravel rolled, ancient trees fell over and dust billowed – it was like an apocalypse!

The Nascent Souls present were truly enraged.

Su Zimo had murdered the three princes right in front of them. That was equivalent to a complete disregard for them!

Furthermore, with the three princes dead and a heavy loss for the allied army, they could only retreat even if they survived.

This conquest could only be considered as a failure.

After killing the three princes, Su Zimo did not linger at all and escaped right away.

His Inner Core churned fanatically and his blood qi surged. Descending rapidly, he stuck close to the ground like an anaconda and slithered towards the depths of the forest with extremely nimble movement techniques!

His frightening spirit perception was released.

He was escaping with all his might!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The sound of Dharmic arts bombarded his ears constantly.

Dharmic weapons tore through the air with cold gleams.

Against the hunt of a hundred Nascent Souls, a single mistake would result in instant death!

A Dharmic art descended.

Su Zimo's tendons and bones rang at the same time and his body contorted to a degree beyond the limits of an ordinary person. By a hair's breadth, he evaded the Dharmic art again!

Bang!

The Dharmic art ruptured a mountain rock that smashed down heavily on Su Zimo's back.

He coughed out a mouthful of blood but he did not stop at all!

At that moment, a single moment of sluggishness in his movement would result in instant death!

"Pfft!"

A flying sword streaked by.

A bloody gash appeared on Su Zimo's thighs.

However, there was no fluctuation in his eyes, as though he could feel no pain at all!

As Su Zimo escaped, he coordinated his muscles to allow the flesh on both sides of the wound to close and stop the blood flow momentarily. He continued sprinting and his speed had already reached its limits!

To be fair, this was also because it was dark in Cang Lang Mountain Range at the moment and he had the advantage of the complicated terrain.

Mountain peaks, forests, trees and holes... there were way too many places for him to hide.

Su Zimo had cultivated the Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness and had spent a year living in Cang Lang Mountain Range many years ago. As such, he knew this place like the back of his hand.

That was the reason why he was able to maneuver his way around for such a long time against the pursuit of a hundred Nascent Souls. In fact, there were a few times when he nearly shrugged them off his tail!

However, as time passed by, Su Zimo's situation became increasingly dangerous.

He was injured.

The frantic escape took a huge toll on him and he had no time to recuperate at all.

His speed was bound to drop after an extended period of time.

Furthermore, it was no longer late at night.

As the day turned brighter, the vision range of the Nascent Souls would increase as well.

Once they formed an encirclement, it would be difficult for him to escape even if he had wings!

"Beast, you're bound to die today!"

The hundred Nascent Souls had cultivated for several hundred years and with their experience, they could naturally read the current situation.

"I think we should capture this beast alive."

"That's right. I'm sure that there are countless factions and sects in the North Region who are interested in this lad."

The hundred Nascent Souls were confident of their victory and began discussions.

After all, there were way too many secrets on Su Zimo.

He had entered the Human Emperor's Palace and was the second person in history after the Human Emperor to cultivate to the Extreme Foundation Establishment realm.

He was the only one who knew the secrets behind the Extreme Foundation Establishment realm!

Furthermore, he was in possession of the legendary treasure, the divine phoenix bone!

The eyes of the hundred Nascent Souls shone with excitement.

In reality, at their cultivation realm, they were no longer really attracted towards the strife of dynasties.

Although this conquest was a failure, if they could capture Su Zimo alive and obtain a treasure such as the divine phoenix bone, the trip would definitely not be wasted!

“I’m extremely curious how someone in this world can fuse the cultivation techniques of demons and immortals!”

A Nascent Soul mulled deeply.

The other Perfected Lords looked on keenly in silence.

In reality, everyone had the same idea. Although Su Zimo had many treasures and secrets on him, what was truly valuable was that unknown demonic cultivation technique!

Everyone witnessed how Su Zimo was able to kill five Nascent Souls above his level after cultivating the technique!

Although they were sneak attacks that preyed on one’s carelessness, it was still frightening!

Furthermore, Su Zimo’s movement speed was not weaker than Nascent Souls. The strength of his body and intensity of his blood qi was shocking as well!

Both sides continued with the chase and escape.

A group of Nascent Souls discovered to their shock that the forest before them was gradually thinning.

Everyone gazed into the distance.

The path ahead was clear!

“Haha! That lad chose a wrong path in his panic and escaped out of the mountain range!”

The Perfected Lords roared in laughter and chased endlessly.

If they left the forest, it would mean that Su Zimo’s final hope at escaping would be gone.

The Perfected Lords witnessed Su Zimo sprint furiously into a small town closest to Cang Lang Mountain Range before entering a room in a mansion and never appearing again.

“Everyone, hold on. Let’s not get careless. There might be some reason why that lad escaped here,”
Someone stopped the group with a doubtful expression.

“Brother Li, you’re giving too much credit to this lad,”

Someone at the side chuckled softly. “Take a look at what’s in that mansion.”

“A corpse?”

Someone came to a realization. “I’ve got it! That must be his brother’s corpse!”

“That’s right. After knowing that he has nowhere to run, the lad has most likely returned to this place so that he can die with his brother.”

A Nascent Soul declared confidently, "This is what it means by returning to one's roots. If I'm not mistaken, this small town should be where the lad was born!"

"It's highly possible."

"Let's go!"

The Nascent Souls emanated with sharp auras as they barged into the small town.

With the huge commotion, the citizens that chose to remain in the town were long awakened.

Everyone had frightful expressions, hiding in their houses not daring to make any sound.

"Granny, what are you afraid of?"

In a dilapidated house, a naive sound of a child echoed.

Although the voice was weak, the Nascent Souls in midair heard everything loud and clear.

"Shh!"

The old lady raised her finger and whispered in a hushed tone, "Child, don't speak! You will die if the immortals are offended!"

"Why?"

The child asked with widened eyes of curiosity, "Why would the immortals be offended? What did I do?"

"Sigh, there's no need for any reason for immortals to be offended."

The old lady sighed. "Dozens of years ago, there was a scholar in this town who was nearly burned to death in flames because he did not kneel down to the immortals!"

"Ah!"

The child exclaimed, seemingly scared.

The old lady clutched the child's mouth hurriedly and broke out in cold sweat.

When she released her hand slowly a while later, the child had a pensive look before whispering, "Granny, there are also good and bad immortals! The immortals who kill without reason are bad immortals!"

There was a boom.

The roof above the both of them was torn away all of a sudden!

A hundred mighty figures stood in midair and looked down at the both of them coldly.

The old lady hugged the child tightly with frightful eyes and shivered.

A Nascent Soul barked coldly with a menacing gaze, "Talking bad about immortals behind our backs is a crime punishable by death!"

Suddenly, there was a creak and a door opened in a mansion not far away. A refined-looking scholar strode out with long green robes.

Chapter 629: Three Formations!

The scholar who arrived with a fresh set of green robes was Su Zimo who had escaped here.

The attention of the hundred Nascent Souls were drawn over immediately.

The old lady could not see what was going on outside and merely hugged the child tightly in her embrace.

“You’re finally willing to show yourself, little beast?”

Many Nascent Souls stood in midair and looked down at the mansion not far away, sneering in mockery.

Su Zimo had an indifferent expression and walked down the stone steps into the courtyard. He gazed silently at the old man beneath the peach blossom tree with a deep sorrow in his eyes.

The old man’s eyes were closed and he had a peaceful expression, as though he was in a deep sleep.

The furnace made of red clay burned and flickered.

There was a bowl of wine remaining above that was still warm.

Su Zimo was oblivious to the encirclement of the hundred Nascent Souls and walked towards the furnace. He lifted the remaining bowl of wine and finished it in a gulp!

“This wine is truly fragrant,”

Su Zimo muttered softly.

Those were Su Hong’s last words.

Every living being lived for worldly desires to chase profits and gains.

Even cultivators could not escape from secular desires and sought power or immortality. How many people could be like Su Hong and leave with acceptance and grace?

“Beast!”

A Nascent Soul hollered, “If you surrender and hand over the divine phoenix bone along with your demonic cultivation technique now, we can leave you with a full corpse!”

“Otherwise, I’m going to burn your brother’s corpse into ashes!”

Su Zimo remained silent as he looked at the hundred Nascent Souls in midair with a hint of mockery.

Another Nascent Soul laughed sinisterly. “Also, after today, nobody here shall be spared!”

His voice spread through the entire Ping Yang Town.

Exclamations sounded one after another in the houses.

In fact, the faint sound of women and children sobbing and yelling could be heard in some of the mansions as a fear slowly grew in the hearts of everyone in Ping Yang Town.

In the dilapidated house, the old lady rubbed the child's back and consoled him in a hushed voice. However, there were two streams of warm tears running down her face.

In the face of cultivators, the lives of mortals were like grass and they were completely helpless!

This was their lives.

They could do nothing.

An old man clutched his walking stick and wobbled out of his room. He kowtowed towards the mighty figures in midair and said in a tragic voice.

"Exalted Immortals, please take pity on us. I'm an old man who doesn't have long to live. I can die without regrets no matter how you want to punish me. However, there are more than 3,000 women and children in Ping Yang Town. Please take pity on us and give them a chance to live!"

The old man had a heart-wrenching expression as he sobbed in misery.

However, the hundred Nascent Souls in midair had cold expressions. Some of them ignored him, some of them looked at him with mockery and there were even some that laughed coldly.

"How irritating!"

A Nascent Soul hollered loudly with a look of impatience.

The old man heard a boom in his ears and felt dizzy, falling head first to the ground.

"Hahaha!"

The Nascent Soul roared in laughter. "You guys can only blame this town for giving birth to a monster incarnate, a beast! He's the one that implicated all of you!"

"Hais."

Right then, a cold sigh sounded from the courtyard.

"Since you're all here, don't leave."

Su Zimo said indifferently, "Activate!"

Buzz!

Whoosh!

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Instantly, heaven and earth shook!

An evil gust of wind surged above the firmaments and lightning flashed. The shine of the moon and stars was bedazzling as a frightening and sinister energy descended all of a sudden to envelope Ping Yang Town.

“Ah!”

To the horror of the hundred Nascent Souls in midair, they discovered that they could not use their Essence Spirits!

An extremely beguiling energy had restricted their Essence Spirits firmly!

The reason why Nascent Souls were strong was because they could manipulate the energy of the universe after cultivating their Essence Spirits. In other words, that was the legendary Dharmic power.

The crux to using Dharmic weapons and arts was their Essence Spirit!

Once their Essence Spirits were locked, the Nascent Souls had practically lost their strongest means!

“It’s a formation! A formation!”

A Nascent Soul exclaimed loudly in a flustered manner.

“Shut up!”

Someone else berated, “Everyone can tell that it’s a formation! But what formation is it exactly?”

Given their experience, all of them naturally knew that they had fallen into an ambush given the situation.

A Nascent Soul took a deep breath and tried his best to compose himself. “I’ve dabbled a little into formation techniques before. If I’m not wrong, this should be the Ancient Essence Lock Formation of the ancient era. However, this ancient formation has been lost for a long time, how is it...”

All of a sudden!

A mist shrouded the surroundings of the small town.

Those that were standing in Ping Yang Town could no longer see what was going on outside!

The small town had been isolated completely!

“Another formation?”

“This should be a trap formation to prevent us from escaping!”

“What! The gall of him! What is he trying to do?”

“Even with our Essence Spirits locked, we can still make use of spirit energy. Our combined force isn’t something he can deal with singlehandedly!”

Before his words were finished, a bedazzling glow burst forth from Ping Yang Town and a series of light barriers shone with mysterious emblems etched on them.

“Ah!”

“A third formation!”

“This is bad! Even my spirit energy has been locked!”

“It’s the Ancient Spirit Lock Formation!”

The expressions of the Nascent Souls changed and they could no longer control their bodies as they fell from midair one after another.

This time round, everyone truly panicked.

There was an Ancient Spirit Lock Formation and an Ancient Essence Lock Formation.

They were almost entirely crippled!

Coupled with a trap formation, Ping Yang Town was now a cage!

Among the three formations, the trap formation and ancient spirit lock formation were laid down by Su Zimo during his free time while accompanying Su Hong.

Given his cultivation realm, he could not comprehend the Ancient Essence Lock Formation nor could he set it up yet.

The reason why he could activate the ancient formation was because of the 49 formation flags that he had obtained from the old temple at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley.

The set of formation flags was from the Great Qian Empire’s palace and was later kept in the old temple after the empire was destroyed.

On the surface, they seemed like unassuming flags.

However, in reality, a lot of work was put into the production of each flag.

The flagpoles were made from the bones of fiend demons and the flag banners were made from the skin of fiend demons with additional reinforcement.

The hair of the fiend demons were used as the thread to secure and tie the flagpole and the banner.

The blood of fiend demons was used as ink to draw the patterns on the flag using a brush made of Dharmic power!

With the 49 flagpoles, all Su Zimo had to do was draft out the radius of the Ancient Essence Lock Formation and calculate where to place the formation eyes. Thereafter, he could activate the formation after plotting the formation flags.

Formations had many requirements, took a long time to set up and were passive. Coupled with the fact that many ancient formations had gone missing, the Dao of formation had been on the decline.

However, there was naturally a reason why the Dao of formations was still passed down from history as one of the four unorthodox groups.

The ancient era when the Dao of formations flourished the most was also the period of time when humans established their foundations!

Humans were innately weak and relied on countless ancient formations in the beginning to defend against the thousands of races.

Because formations required a fixed location and a preplanned set up, it was extremely difficult to use them – the stronger the formation, the longer it required to set them up.

There was no way any party would wait for the other to set up a formation before fighting to the death.

That was the reason why an emperor invented formation flags to make up for the weakness of the Dao of formations!

The emperor was known as the Formation Emperor and he was one of the ancient emperors who was ranked alongside the Weapon Emperor who created the Demon Revealing Mirror!

Chapter 630: Green Robes; A Bloodied Path

The bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley did not only contain the legacies of the Daming and Fahua Monasteries – there were also old massive items of the North Region from the past as well as the legacy of the Great Qian Empire.

Su Zimo was dormant at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley for 20 years isolated from the world. As such, his strength had already grown to a terrifying degree!

His growth was not merely in terms of his comprehension of Buddhism.

His understanding of formations deepened as time went by as well.

The three formations were interlinked and it would be difficult to achieve the current effect if even one of them was missing.

To the many mortals, something seemed to have happened to the high and mighty immortals up in the skies as they fell one after another.

“How could this be?”

“Could the heavens be serving justice?”

In the midst of the mortals’ confusion, a figure rose slowly into the skies!

The person wore a set of green robes and had refined features. His expression was cold and there was a deep murderous look in his eyes as he wielded a blood-red saber!

“He looks familiar.”

“He looks like...”

The old lady’s mouth opened slightly as she stared at the figure in the skies with disbelief, muttering continuously, “It’s him, it’s him!”

“Granny, who is that?”

The child in her embrace also saw the figure in midair and asked out of curiosity.

“Second Young Master Su! It’s Second Young Master Su of the Su family!”

The old lady said with a trembling voice.

Even after dozens of years, the old lady recognized Su Zimo right away.

That was because even though dozens of years had passed, age left nothing on the face of Second Young Master Su and he looked the same as before!

Su Zimo turned sideways and glanced at the old lady and child before nodding – the murderous look in his eyes softened considerably.

The old lady was stunned.

It was a familiar act and she felt like she had returned to the past in the blink of an eye.

Even after turning into an immortal, Second Young Master Su had not changed!

The child's eyes widened without blinking.

This was an immortal as well.

However, the child did not feel any fear or pressure from Su Zimo.

The initially pounding heart of the child calmed down.

Wielding Blood Quencher, Su Zimo stood in midair and looked down at the Nascent Souls who were scurrying to escape in Ping Yang Town with a mocking look in his eyes.

“You're still trying to escape?”

Su Zimo descended from the air with his arms raised and Blood Quencher buzzed loudly, as though it was extremely excited. He slashed down at the crowd!

A blood beam burst forth!

Boom!

The crowd split into two and a ravine tore the ground asunder! Seven Nascent Souls were cleaved into two by the blood beam and their organs splattered onto the ground with a nauseating blood stench!

This was the first time Blood Quencher consumed blood after its rebirth.

The saber shone with a bright malevolent aura!

Su Zimo moved and burst into the crowd in a flash.

Blood Quencher swept horizontally.

Buzz!

A blood-colored ripple spread out across the air across the crowd!

Poof! Poof! Poof!

Enveloped by the blood-colored ripple, more than 10 Nascent Souls had their heads sliced off with blood spewing, as though a sharp blade had cut them off!

Their Essence Spirits were locked and perished on the spot without a chance to even escape!

“Fellow Perfected Lords, let’s stop running! If we continue escaping, we’ll definitely be killed by this beast one after another!”

“Perfected Lord Yun Du, hurry and dispel the formation while we fight against him to buy time for you!”

“That’s right! Let’s join forces!”

Everyone shouted and regrouped together, sending forth a burst of blood qi towards Su Zimo.

The Perfected Lords at the front were body tempered warriors who released their blood qi and charged forward with dancing halberds and swords.

Splash!

Su Zimo’s blood qi surged with the sound of tsunamis as he slashed in reverse with a shocking momentum.

His saber stances resembled waves crashing onto shores!

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Blood Quencher collided heavily against the weapons of the Nascent Souls and released a tremendous force that resembled an unstoppable tidal wave!

“Pfft!”

Someone could not withstand it and spat out a mouthful of blood on the spot. His palm was split and his weapon was repelled as he fell over.

With their Essence Spirits and spirit energy restricted, the Perfected Lords were only left with their physiques and blood qi.

However, none of them could compete against Su Zimo in terms of physique and blood qi!

They wielded Dharmic weapons but they could not channel their Dharmic powers with their Essence Spirits restricted. As such, they could not unleash the true power of the Dharmic weapons and could not defend against the edge of Blood Quencher!

“Pfft!”

“Pfft!”

Blood light flashed intermittently and the remaining Nascent Souls could not defend against Su Zimo’s slaughter even when they grouped together!

After obtaining the legacy of the Saber Emperor and this generation’s Asura, Su Zimo’s understanding of the saber had already reached a relatively frightening degree!

There was the Countercurrent, Raging Tides, Vortex and Ripple of the Sea Calming Manual.

There was the Ghost Howl, Blood Flow, Hell, White Bones, Phantom and Corpse of the Asura Saber.

At times, it was tough and resolute; at times, it was fluid as water; at times, it was majestic and mighty; at times, it was sinister and eerie...

Blood Quencher drank an endless amount of fresh blood in the hands of Su Zimo!

The blood gleam on the saber intensified as though Blood Quencher was getting excited!

In the town, some mortals who were slightly more daring could not hold back their curiosity and opened a small gap in their doors to peek outside. Because of that, they caught sight of a scene that they would not forget for their entire lives.

The immortal that was initially high and mighty and declared that he was going to leave no survivors in Ping Yang Town was now scurrying to escape in a pathetic manner without the grace of an immortal at all.

A green-robed man wielded a blood-colored saber and strolled slowly along the long street, leaving corpses in his wake.

Everywhere he passed, rivers of blood would be formed!

It was a complete massacre.

Immortals were killed!

Against Su Zimo, the Nascent Souls with their Essence Spirits and spirit energies restricted were like fishes on a chopping block!

...

The skies were turning brighter.

At the borders of Ping Yang Town, Perfected Lord Yun Du focused wholeheartedly on dispelling the formation with sweat pouring down his forehead.

The Ancient Spirit and Essence Lock Formations were extremely complicated and even with his capabilities, it was difficult to dispel them in a short period of time.

Thankfully, the trap formation that caused the fog was not too difficult.

When he heard the tragic shrieks behind him, Perfected Lord Yun Du was even more panicked.

However, he did not turn back to look.

He could not afford to get distracted!

Their only shot at survival was if he could dispel the trap formation as quickly as possible!

Time slowly passed.

A long time later, the fog dispersed.

Perfected Lord Yun Du heaved a sigh of relief and fell on his buttocks to the ground. His back was already drenched in sweat.

A sliver of sunlight shone from the horizons and filled the small town, making it seem tranquil and peaceful.

Suddenly, Perfected Lord Yun Du sensed something amiss.

It was way too quiet!

Unknowingly, the cries, shrieks and pleas for mercy behind him had vanished.

Pitter, patter.

Footsteps sounded.

It was as though the person approaching was stepping on stone slabs covered in a sticky liquid.

The footsteps came to a stop behind him.

He felt a chill run down his spine!

Perfected Lord Yun Du did not dare to turn back.

A blood-colored saber slowly made its way beneath his throat with a thick blood stench – the edge of the saber was extremely chilling!

“You’re the last one.”

A voice sounded faintly and indifferently without any emotions in his ears.

“Pfft!”

A flash of blood appeared.

Perfected Lord’s head rolled off with fresh blood splattering.

His head rolled a couple of times on the ground before facing Ping Yang Town.

His eyes were widened.

Green robes; a bloodied path.

Two distinctly different colors triggered his final senses.

His consciousness gradually faded into oblivion.

Chapter 631: Sentient Peach Blossom Tree

Doors on both sides of the streets opened gradually with gaps. Many mortals looked out bravely but were shocked.

The stone slabs were strewn with corpses.

At the end of the road, a green-robed man stood in the blood with a sinister saber beside him, resembling a fiendcelestial from Hell!

The man had a calm expression, gazing at the slowly rising sun in the East with a slightly lost expression.

Sunlight spilled onto the man's face and radiated with life, giving him a saintly and tranquil look as though he was covered in a layer of gold foil.

For some unknown reason, everyone suddenly calmed down from their initial panic.

Engulfed in a Buddha light, the man seemed like he was a Bodhisattva from Hell who had arrived to purify the masses.

Although the man had two completely different auras around him, there was no conflict at all.

Turning around, the man waved his sleeves and wrapped up the corpses on both sides of the road before returning to his mansion and vanishing within it.

"Granny, who is Second Young Master Su?"

In the dilapidated house, a naive child asked with curiosity.

"Second Young Master Su..."

The old lady murmured with a dazed expression, as though she was immersed in her memories.

Everyone else in Ping Yang Town had conflicted emotions when they heard that name as well.

The old lady said, "Do you remember how I mentioned that there was someone who was almost burned to death because he refused to kneel down to an immortal?"

"He's the one?" The child's face was filled with surprise.

"He's the one,"

The old lady nodded and lamented, "That should have been around 30 years ago. Second Young Master Su was bullied by the immortal and his scholarly honors were removed. He was then reduced to an inferior commoner, but now..."

...

In the mansion.

Su Zimo took away the storage bags of the hundred Nascent Souls and cast their corpses casually at a corner.

He headed to the backyard and chopped a few trees to build a wooden coffin before returning to the peach blossom tree.

Gazing at the old man who seemed like he was asleep beneath the tree, Su Zimo's eyes were filled with emotions and reluctance.

A long time later, he took a deep breath and headed forward, carrying the old man gently. After placing the latter inside the wooden coffin, he buried the coffin beneath the tree and covered it with mud.

Su Zimo gazed at the newly built tomb in silence, feeling a stuffy emotion in his chest that was uncomfortable.

All of a sudden!

The peach blossom tree beside him swayed and sprouts grew from the initially barren trunk. In the blink of an eye, they bloomed into flowers one after another!

A hint of green life was actually born in the courtyard in the start of winter.

Petals descended gently and covered the tomb.

The peach blossom tree swayed gently, letting out an emotion as though it was comforting Su Zimo.

“It’s turned sentient,”

Su Zimo fondled the tree’s trunk and smiled. “I’m fine.”

Upon hearing that, the peach blossom tree was delighted and its branches curved slightly and brushed Su Zimo gently on the cheek.

It was no coincidence that the peach blossom tree turned sentient.

All lives in the universe were spiritual.

Even a rock without any life could turn sentient, let alone a peach blossom tree!

Legend has it that in the past, a Mighty Figure with powerful Dharmic powers cultivated constantly on a rock. Many years later, a life was born from that rock.

In the past, Die Yue had imparted her Dao beneath this tree!

Apart from Su Zimo who gained the true Dao, the peach blossom tree benefited as well and became sentient.

Later on, Su Zimo formed his core beneath this tree and comprehended two Golden Core phenomenons. As such, the peach blossom tree’s sentience was fully gained and it began cultivating as well.

“It’s good that you’re now sentient,”

Su Zimo said, “With you in this town from now on, the citizens can be protected.”

All the branches on the tree shook, as though it was nodding its head in agreement.

Because Die Yue was the origin of the peach blossom tree’s sentience, its potential was unpredictable.

When the blood of those Nascent Souls seeped underground, they would become the energy source of the peach blossom tree’s cultivation!

Above the ground, the peach blossom tree was beautiful and emitted an alluring fragrance.

However, Su Zimo could clearly sense that there were extremely thick roots underground that were extending everywhere!

The roots were strong and frightening, extending furiously to devour all the lifeforce essence underground and absorbing the fresh blood that seeped beneath!

No one in Ping Yang Town could vie against it.

Although the peach blossom tree was not huge and looked unassuming, its roots were extremely thick underground and had covered the entire Ping Yang Town!

If its roots could even extend to the Cang Lang Mountain Range...

After pondering for a moment, Su Zimo said, "There's still an Ancient Essence Lock Formation in Ping Yang Town made up of 49 flags. I'm going to leave it here."

The cultivation path of the sentient peach blossom tree was a type of demonic cultivation.

Although the presence of the Ancient Spirit and Essence Lock Formations reduced the strength of cultivators significantly, the impact towards demons was not great.

With that, it would become much easier for the peach blossom tree to protect Ping Yang Town.

The massacre of Cang Lang Mountain Range had come to an end.

A thick blood stench filled the skies of the mountain valley. From afar, the long valley was dyed red with blood and looked extremely shocking!

The three dynasties had been completely defeated this time round!

Without the help of the Nascent Souls, the allied army could not defend against the swarm of the beast stampede!

It was already fortunate if a fraction of the army with several million troops could escape alive.

With that, the external troubles of the Great Zhou Dynasty were most likely resolved.

The prince of Great Shang questioned Su Zimo why he wanted to attack.

Su Zimo replied that he wanted to kill people and have everyone buried together with his kin who died.

However, in reality, his true aim was to protect everyone from Ping Yang Town and resolve the external troubles of the Great Zhou Dynasty.

"It's time for me to go,"

After standing in silence for a long time, Su Zimo murmured.

The peach blossom tree swayed and let out a hint of reluctance.

"I don't know when I'll ever come back after leaving this time round. Cultivate well."

Su Zimo made up his mind and headed outside without lingering.

Not long after, Su Zimo suddenly paused in his tracks and looked down at a small valley at the bottom that resembled paradise on Earth.

He had buried someone personally in that valley.

Shifting his gaze, Su Zimo caught sight of a man in tattered clothes beside the tomb. He was covered with mud all over and his hair was disheveled, covering his face.

Su Zimo descended beside the tomb and headed over.

His footsteps alerted that person.

The person stood up furiously and snarled at Su Zimo, shouting, "Get lost! Scram! My sister doesn't want to undertake immortality cultivation, no!"

Both of them exchanged glances and were stunned.

It was Shen Nan.

Su Zimo almost could not recognize him.

He had already turned old.

Wrinkles filled his face, his hair had turned white and most of his teeth had fallen.

It had been almost 30 years!

In Su Zimo's cultivation, he could not feel the passing of time. However, a conflicted emotion surged into his heart at the sight of Shen Nan.

He still looked the way he did when he was 18 years old.

However, Shen Nan had already turned into an old man in his twilight years.

"Get lost! Go away!"

Shen Nan's lost gaze froze for a moment and he lost his sanity once more. Leaping before the tomb, he yelled in shock and fear, "We don't want any immortal fate! Neither me nor my sister want to be immortals!"

Shen Nan had already gone insane.

Although they had their grudges in the past, none of it mattered now.

Su Zimo felt a sense of sadness.

After cultivating for dozens of years, his acquaintances of the past had left one after another. Shen Nan could be considered as the last acquaintance he had in the mortal world.

Even then, this acquaintance was about to die of old age.

Su Zimo sighed deeply and waved his sleeves to leave. He no longer had any attachments and severed his mortal ties, proceeding alone towards the great Dao!

Chapter 632: Abdication

Cang Lang City.

There were hundreds of thousands of Great Zhou cultivators gathered!

For the past two years, the Empress of Great Zhou led the army to defend the borders and did not retreat.

However, a month ago, she was injured and fainted, losing them territory in a radius of five kilometers!

The eldest prince took over control of the army of cultivators and retreated the entire way, letting go of a large part of their territory. They retreated the entire way North of Cang Lang Mountain Range where Cang Lang City was their temporary foothold.

City Lord's mansion.

The generals, commanders and many Nascent Souls of the Great Zhou army gathered within the main hall of the mansion where the Empress of Great Zhou sat high and above with a frosty expression.

Although she was a woman, she had a steely aura that was unyielding!

Ji Yaoxue's face was a little pale – her wounds had not recovered fully.

At the front of the Nascent Souls, a purple-robed man stood with one hand behind his back. His black hair fell like a waterfall and his eyes were deep, emanating an extraordinary bearing.

Although the purple-robed man stood below, he was not weaker than Ji Yaoxue in terms of aura!

The atmosphere was extremely tense in the main hall.

"We can't retreat!"

Ji Yaoxue said word by word with a resolute expression, "It's not about losing our territory when we retreat, it's the fact that countless citizens of Great Zhou are going to be slaughtered by the three dynasties! As long as things are under my rule, I'll not permit something like that to happen!"

"Yaoxue, you're injured. Don't waste your energy on something like this. Leave everything to me,"

The purple-robed man below smiled indifferently. Although he spoke as though he was concerned, there were no emotions in his eyes and he was unusually calm.

The purple-robed man was none other than the eldest prince who had accompanied the army!

Ji Yaoxue was unmoved and said deeply, "I can hand things over to you, but you must promise me that you will guard over Cang Lang City and not withdraw the troops!"

"Guard over Cang Lang City?"

The eldest prince laughed and asked, "There are millions of troops in the allied army of the three dynasties, a few times more than ours. Their force is mighty and ferocious. How should we guard against them?"

"Yaoxue, you are still overconfident at times."

The eldest prince stood on no courtesy in his words against Ji Yaoxue!

Perfected Lord Ming Ze stood behind Ji Yaoxue and frowned when he looked at the cultivators and generals in the main hall.

"The situation doesn't seem right. You must be careful, empress."

Perfected Lord Ming Ze transmitted his voice stealthily.

"That's right. We can't defend!"

"I heard from a secret report that the allied army has already arrived at Cang Lang Mountain Range. Once the night passes, they will surely cross the mountain range and push into Cang Lang City. We won't get another chance if we don't retreat now."

A few generals under the lead of the eldest prince discussed in hushed tones.

When she heard the discussions in the main hall, Ji Yaoxue glared at the eldest prince coldly. She had an icy expression and said slowly, "Since you're unable to guard Cang Lang City, retreat! I'll guard over it personally!"

"Fufu."

The eldest prince laughed lazily and asked, "Yaoxue, are you truly going to be this stubborn?"

"That's right!"

Ji Yaoxue's tone was resolute and unyielding.

Retracting his smile, the eldest prince said coldly, "Don't blame me then."

"Hmm?"

Ji Yaoxue narrowed her eyes. "What do you want?"

"Nothing,"

The eldest prince sneered and a killing intent flashed through his eyes. "Since you insist on doing things your way stubbornly, I have no choice but to replace you!"

The moment he said that, the main hall went silent!

Ji Yaoxue's expression changed as she bolted upright. However, her body swayed and she nearly fell over.

Perfect Lord Ming Ze supported her hurriedly before turning to the eldest prince to question with a sharp gaze, "Eldest prince, you're forcing the empress to abdicate?"

"Abdicate?"

The eldest prince reared his head in laughter and shouted with a menacing gaze, "That throne wasn't hers to begin with! I'm the eldest son and the throne should have been mine to begin with!"

Ji Yaoxue was worked up and her old wounds were agitated, causing her to cough out a mouthful of blood; her face turned even paler.

Clutching her chest, she smiled bitterly. "You've finally said those words."

"Hmph, a woman really thinks she's befitting to ascend the throne? There has never been such a thing throughout history!" The eldest prince sneered once more.

A look of pride flashed through Ji Yaoxue's eyes. She pushed away Perfect Lord Ming Ze and stood by herself. "Brother, I've never had the intention to fight with you. But since you look down on women, I'll insist on fighting!"

“How many people are going to be on your side if you force me to abdicate?”

Ji Yaoxue hollered with the wrath of an empress. She surveyed her surroundings with bright eyes and many generals and commanders lowered their heads one after another, not daring to make eye contact.

The Nascent Souls in the main hall were naturally fearless against the wrath of the empress and looked on calmly with focused gazes.

Ji Yaoxue’s heart skipped a beat at the reaction in the main hall.

Things in the army have changed in the month she was unconscious!

“Fufufufu!”

The eldest prince laughed with a mocking look in his eyes. “Ji Yaoxue, for the past 20 years, ever since you ascended the throne, there has never been peace in Great Zhou! How many people do you think will still stand by your side?”

“Oh, right, I’ve got to remind you as well. If nothing goes wrong, our second and forth brother should have already sent a motion to father to get rid of you!”

A clamor broke out in the main hall.

“What do you want?” Ji Yaoxue asked coldly.

“The Great Zhou Dynasty can’t fight the allied force of the three dynasties head-on. Of course, we’ll look to negotiate for peace. As for the condition...”

The eldest prince paused for a moment before looking at Ji Yaoxue with a fake smile. “Sister, we’ll have to trouble you to visit the three dynasties as a guest.”

“How dare you!”

Perfected Lord Ming Ze was enraged and hollered, “You’re thinking of sacrificing the empress, incorrigible! Furthermore, she’s your younger sister! Don’t you have any heart?!”

“There’s no kinship to speak of in politics,”

The eldest prince said coldly with an icy expression, “I believe that as long as the allied army retreats, even father won’t blame me for sacrificing you.”

Ji Yaoxue remained silent. More than anger, she felt sadness in her heart.

She hadn’t expected such words to be said from her closest kin!

“Traitor, how dare you!”

Perfected Lord Ming Ze waved his sleeves and sent forth a flying sword that shot towards the glabella of the eldest prince.

The eldest prince was unmoved and expressionless.

Clang!

Another flying sword flew through the air and struck away Perfected Lord Ming Ze's flying sword.

Two Nascent Souls stood out in front of the eldest prince and glared at Perfected Lord Ming Ze coldly.

"Yong Yan, Jing Shan! The both of you!"

Perfected Lord Ming Ze stared at the two of them in disbelief.

"Ming Ze, a wise person makes a discerning choice. Handing over Ji Yaoxue might be the only way to hold back the allied army," Perfected Lord Yong Yan said.

"Ridiculous!"

Perfected Lord Ming Ze snarled, "That is a method that will bring shame upon the Great Zhou Dynasty! There's no way the allied army is going to retreat with their forceful march. You guys...!"

Perfected Lord Jing Shan interrupted him, "The wise recognize their circumstances. Ming Ze, we don't wish to fight against you, you won't stand a chance. Step back."

"Are you guys going to stand by idly when the empress is in a plight?!"

Perfected Lord Ming Ze turned to look at the other Nascent Souls in the main hall.

Most people avoided his gaze. A small portion of them even chose to move and stand behind the eldest prince directly.

"Senior Ming Ze, you don't have to care about me now that things have come to this,"

Ji Yaoxue was devastated and whispered, "All you have to do is head back and tell father that even if I die, I won't fall into the hands of the three dynasties and allow them to humiliate me!"

"Hahahaha!"

When he saw that the outcome was already set, the eldest prince could not help but break into laughter. "Sister, don't blame me for being ruthless. You can only blame yourself for being born in the royal family! You should have never fought me for the throne!"

Before his laughter was over, a change happened!

Chapter 633: An Arrow to Determine Life and Death

The tiles above the main hall shattered all of a sudden!

A dark light descended into the crowd within the blink of an eye.

At that moment, the tension was nigh within the main hall.

Although there were many cultivators inside, including Nascent Souls, nobody could react to the sudden appearance of the dark light!

"Watch out!"

"Who's there?!"

The crowd dispersed.

There was a swoosh!

The dark light was already pinned into the ground – it was an arrow.

The arrow was so powerful that its tail was still quivering after more than half of its body was embedded in the ground!

Everyone focused their attention.

There were six spirit patterns on the body of that arrow!

“It’s a connate spirit weapon!”

“No wonder it was so fast!”

The Nascent Souls in the main hall felt a sense of trepidation.

Given the situation earlier, if any of them were struck by the arrow, they would have died on the spot, unable to avoid at all!

It was chaos in the main hall but there was one person who did not move.

The eldest prince!

Motionless, the eldest prince was particularly striking in the crowd.

Everyone looked at the eldest prince and could not help but shudder; their eyes widened in disbelief.

There was a horrific hole of blood in the head of the eldest prince!

The eldest prince was dead!

That arrow had pierced his head!

“This...”

A momentary silence filled the main hall.

Immediately after, Perfected Lords Jing Shan and Yong Yan were enraged as they shouted with murderous looks, “Who is the scum who dares to take the life of a prince of the Great Zhou Dynasty?!”

Boom!

Perfected Lord Jing Shan waved his sleeves and attacked.

A massive hole punctured the ceiling of the main hall.

It was empty.

The person who attacked had already left.

“Fellow Perfected Lords, heed my call!”

Perfected Lord Jing Shan calmed down and said darkly, “This is a spirit weapon so this man’s cultivation realm is Golden Core at most. He can’t have escaped Cang Lang City just yet.”

“Soldiers, hunt him down in the city!”

“Reporti—”

Suddenly, an urgent voice sounded outside the main hall.

A cultivator in martial arts attire sprinted over, panting heavily. He was drenched in sweat and looked agitated, but there was a hint of fear deep in his eyes.

“Reporti—”! Reporti—”!

The cultivator barged right into the main hall and yelled while stuttering.

Perfected Lord Yong Yan berated him, “No matter what it is, hold on first!”

“It’s an u-urgent news from the scouts at the front...!”

The cultivator panted heavily and said abruptly.

The expressions of everyone in the main hall changed.

“Did the allied army of the three dynasties not rest last and chose to cross Cang Lang Mountain Range?”

“Ah!”

“If that’s the case, they must have arrived at Cang Lang City by now!”

A chaotic commotion broke out in the crowd.

“Silence!”

Suddenly, Ji Yaoxue’s voice sounded and overwhelmed the clamor with her aura as the empress.

She asked deeply, “Speak, what happened?”

The cultivator managed to compose himself by now. “Last time, the allied army of the three dynasties did not set up a camp. Instead, they chose to cross Cang Lang Mountain Range!”

The hearts of everyone in the main hall sank when they heard that.

After a pause, the cultivator continued, “However, a beast stampede broke out in Cang Lang Mountain Range!”

“What!”

“Beast stampede?”

“How is that possible?”

A series of exclamations broke out from the crowd.

Perfected Lord Ming Ze had a calm expression and said darkly, “From what I know, there are no fiend demons in Cang Lang Mountain Range. Even if there’s a beast stampede, it shouldn’t be of concern to the allied army.”

The cultivator gulped and continued, “The allied army is almost completely destroyed. They had several million troops but only a few hundred thousand of them managed to escape!”

“The three princes died and the allied army has already withdrawn in defeat!”

Silence engulfed the main hall.

Completely destroyed!

The three princes were dead!

The news were so shocking that everyone almost forgot that the prince of Great Zhou was just killed by an arrow.

“The heavens are watching over the Great Zhou Dynasty!”

Many generals and commanders knelt on the ground and exclaimed emotionally.

Ji Yaoxue frowned with a pensive expression.

The cultivator’s mouth twitched, as though he wanted to say something but stopped himself.

Perfected Lord Ming Ze frowned – although this was a joyous piece of news, there were way too many questions left.

“A hundred Nascent Souls accompanied the allied army. Where are they?” Perfected Lord Ming Ze asked again.

The cultivator replied with a trembling voice and a fearful expression, “T-They’re all dead.”

“They’re all dead?”

Perfected Lord Ming Ze shuddered and pressed on. “The fiend demon of Cang Lang Mountain Range is so powerful?”

“There’s no fiend demon,”

The cultivator shook his head. “Someone triggered the beast stampede in Cang Lang Mountain Range. Later on, the hundred Nascent Souls chased that person into a small town.”

“A thick fog shrouded the small town and by the time it dispersed, all the Nascent Souls were dead with no survivors!”

The main hall went silent once more.

Everyone had puzzled and shocked expressions.

There was a person who could command thousands of demons and trigger such a terrifying beast stampede to devour the allied army?

Or... could that have been a humanoid ferocious beast?

But why would a humanoid ferocious beast run to the town?

Why was there a fog shrouding the town?

How did the hundred Nascent Souls die later on?

Everything sounded extremely odd.

After pondering for a moment, Perfected Lord Ming Ze asked, "Why did that man stand in the way of the allied army?"

The cultivator replied, "His kin passed away at the same time as the invasion of the allied army. In his rage, he triggered the beast stampede and committed the massacre, declaring that he wanted everyone to be buried along with his kin!"

When Ji Yaoxue heard that, she thought of something and shuddered. Ignoring her injuries, she dashed out of the main hall and gazed into the distance.

Perfected Lord Ming Ze asked once again with a sharp gaze, "What's the name of that person?"

"I think it's... Su Zimo!"

Psst!

The moment that name was spoken, everyone in the main hall gasped in shock.

Su Zimo... the strongest monster incarnate in history 20 years ago!

He defeated all the paragons of the Nascent Soul and incinerated Nascent Souls in the Great Qian Ruins, dying the skies red!

Almost everyone had forgotten about that name after 20 years.

To think that it would be mentioned once more today!

"Impossible!"

Perfected Lord Jing Shan interrupted, "Everyone knows that Su Zimo leaped into the Dragon Burial Valley. How could he still be alive?"

Perfected Lord Ming Ze was in disbelief as well.

However, deep in his heart, he knew that if there was a person in the world who could commit such an act, it would have to be Su Zimo!

"I heard that this connate-grade Black Gold Arrow was used by Su Zimo in that battle of the North Region paragons 20 years ago," A cultivator said in a hushed tone within the crowd.

There were some rumors in the imperial court of Great Zhou regarding the relationship between Ji Yaoxue and Su Zimo.

Everyone came to a realization.

If the rumors were true, he was exerting his authority by killing the eldest prince with that arrow!

He did not even give the latter a chance to explain!

It was a direct kill!

With the death of the eldest prince and the withdrawal of the allied army, who else would dare harbor evil intentions towards Ji Yaoxue?

None of the Nascent Souls in the main hall, including Jing Shan and Yong Yan who stood by the eldest prince, dared to provoke Su Zimo.

Even a hundred Nascent Souls of the three dynasties were dead, who else would dare provoke him?

A single statement flashed through Perfected Lord Ming Ze's mind.

An arrow to determine life and death!

To think that the means of that young man had turned even more frightening 20 years later!

Chapter 634: War Declaration!

Outside the main hall.

Ji Yaoxue gazed into the distance with a dejected look in her eyes.

There was nothing over there and the person from earlier on had already left.

Perfected Lord Ming Ze arrived beside Ji Yaoxue and asked curiously, "You knew that he wasn't dead a long time ago, empress?"

"That's right, I knew it 15 years ago."

"15 years ago?"

Perfected Lord Ming Ze frowned with a pensive expression.

A moment later, he shuddered and blurted, "That middle-aged monk at Dragon Burial Valley!"

Ji Yaoxue nodded.

"That explains why the monk wanted to save you despite the tremendous risk and even escorted you all the way out,"

Perfected Lord Ming Ze lamented, "That monk was decisive to kill and his attacks were sharp. Not only that, his thought process was frighteningly detailed and he did not seem like someone from the Buddhist sects."

"At that time, I had a fleeting thought that the means of the monk resembled someone. To think that it was really him."

When Perfected Lord Ming Ze saw Ji Yaoxue remain in silence, he knew that everything that happened today had quite a huge blow for the child.

The betrayal of a kin was not something that everyone could deal with.

The sudden appearance and disappearance of that man also dealt a huge blow to her.

Perfected Lord Ming Ze did not know how to console her and merely asked, "Why did he choose to avoid meeting you?"

“He’s afraid of implicating me as well as the Great Zhou Dynasty,”

Ji Yaoxue said softly, “Senior Ming Ze, do you really think that he triggered a beast stampede and committed a massacre just because he wanted to vent his frustrations over the death of his kin?”

“Was it not?” Perfected Lord Ming Ze froze for a moment.

“Of course not,” Ji Yaoxue shook her head.

Frowning, Perfected Lord Ming Ze asked, “If that’s the case, why would he say that?”

Ji Yaoxue replied, “It’s because that’s the only way it wouldn’t be linked to me or the Great Zhou Dynasty. That way, no major sect or faction would direct their rage towards the Great Zhou Dynasty.”

Perfected Lord Ming Ze was enlightened.

Su Zimo’s identity was truly way too sensitive.

He had offended way too many factions 20 years ago!

There was nowhere for him left in the North Region!

Given the circumstances back then, even anyone who sheltered Su Zimo’s brother would bring upon great troubles for themselves, let alone Su Zimo himself.

It would have been fine if Su Zimo had died at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley.

But now that he was alive, he had to deal with the pursuit of the ten upper sects, four gentry clans and major factions such as Glass Palace!

That was why he chose to sever all ties with the Great Zhou Dynasty so as to not implicate the latter.

It wouldn’t be long before the battle at Cang Lang Mountain Range was made known to the entire North Region.

At that time, countless sects, factions and cultivators would partake in the hunt for Su Zimo, whether or not they had any grudges with him.

That was because Su Zimo possessed the divine phoenix bone and many secret skills!

Anyone who could obtain Su Zimo’s possessions would take over him to become the new strongest monster incarnate in history!

Everyone was hunting down a prey.

And Su Zimo was none other than the prey.

Perfected Lord Ming Ze sighed gently. “It’s tough on him.”

He knew clearly well that from this day forth, Su Zimo would have to bear the infamy of being called a violent and bloodthirsty demon et cetera.

Nobody would express any gratitude to him.

That was because everyone would deem Su Zimo as a violent and cruel demon whose hands were tainted with the blood of countless humans just because he wanted to vent his frustrations!

Since he was not a human, he was a common enemy for everyone!

Ji Yaoxue vaguely realized that the two of them may never meet again after this departure.

“Empress, let’s head back,”

Perfected Lord Ming Ze said softly, “The Great Zhou has no more worries now that the allied army of the three dynasties have withdrawn. I believe that from today on, nobody in the entire Great Zhou will dare to question you.”

Ji Yaoxue sighed and turned to leave.

...

Because of the passing of his kin, Su Zimo appeared and triggered a beast stampede to murder millions of cultivators and a hundred Nascent Souls in a town!

The piece of news rippled through the entire North Region like a whirlwind.

A shocking wave was stirred in the cultivation world of the North Region once again!

“How can that be? Everyone witnessed him leaping down the Dragon Burial Valley 20 years ago! How is he still alive?”

“Millions of cultivators! How strong!”

“I heard that he hasn’t managed to cultivate to become a fiend demon. If so, how did he manage to kill a hundred Nascent Souls? Could his strength have grown to such a terrifying degree?”

“I think the Nascent Souls fell into an ambush and their spirit energies and Essence Spirits were locked.”

“Is he declaring war against the humans?!”

It was a common topic of discussion among all the cultivators of the North Region.

Initially, the cultivation world had calmed down with the imminent opening of the intermediate ancient battlefield because all the major sects and factions were busy preparing to send their disciples inside.

However, the piece of news stirred the entire North Region!

The number of cultivators in the Great Zhou Dynasty increased significantly.

All the major sects and factions moved – all of them wanted to be the first to hunt down Su Zimo.

Cultivators of the ten upper sects, four gentry clans, two aristocratic families and even super sects such as Glass Palace and Malevolent Earth Sect appeared one after another in search of Su Zimo.

It was almost impossible for Su Zimo to continue hiding given the current circumstances!

However, for 10 consecutive days, nobody found Su Zimo.

Even Dharma Characteristics were alerted for this period of time.

It was said that Dao Lords of Glass Palace visited Ethereal Peak personally to capture Su Zimo but to no avail.

Within the capital of Great Zhou, powerful spirit consciousnesses would sweep past daily to check every last corner of the capital.

It was as though Su Zimo had vanished into thin air.

Nobody knew where he was.

Suddenly, a spirit crane that arrived in the vicinity of Glass Palace caused yet another huge stir!

There was a declaration written on it.

“You had better not send any cultivators into the ancient battlefield, or I’ll murder each and every single one of them I see! Blood will be paid by blood for the 13 cities of Yan Country!”

It was signed with a name... Su Zimo!

The fact that nobody from Glass Palace stood out to deny it meant that it was probably true.

The piece of news caused a huge uproar.

There was someone in this world who dared to threaten Glass Palace!

This was a declaration of war!

A Golden Core was declaring war against a massive titan of history in Tianhuang Mainland!

That was courage that no one could match!

There were no scheming or conniving plots.

It was a declaration of war in bright daylight!

He threatened Glass Palace under the watch of the entire cultivation world!

If they dared to send anyone into the ancient battlefield, everyone would be murdered by Su Zimo!

Blood will be paid by blood for the 13 cities of Yan Country!

A full 20 years had passed.

Nobody expected Su Zimo to survive.

Less than that, nobody expected this monster incarnate to reappear with such a domineering stance that he would dare to trample on the dignity of Glass Palace and declare war against them!

The entire cultivation world was in a full uproar and discussions were strife.

“Steel is easily snapped if it’s too rigid. That lad is way too ballsy to dare to provoke Glass Palace as a Golden Core realm spirit demon. I think he has a death wish!”

“I don’t think so. In my opinion, I think he’s very smart.”

“Huh? Why do you say that?”

“If he charges at Glass Palace directly, that would be having a death wish. However, he’s very smart to shift the fight onto the ancient battlefield.”

“So what?”

“That lad murdered Xi Wuya 20 years ago and can be considered as the true number one Perfected Being of the North Region! With the restriction of the ancient battlefield at the Golden Core realm, he would be equivalent to a god within! How could anyone from Glass Palace be a match for him?”

“That might not be true. Don’t forget that a Void Reversion crushed his Golden Core entirely, that’s undeniable. Furthermore, that lad had no spirit energy in the battle at Cang Lang Mountain Range. In my opinion, his strength has dropped instead.”

Chapter 635: Three Enigma Rankings

Su Zimo declared war to Glass Palace.

Regarding that, the major sects, factions and individual cultivators had varying opinions.

Some of them felt that the momentum was with Su Zimo now that he managed to survive and kill millions of cultivators now that he had returned.

Some felt that Su Zimo was arrogant, overconfident and did not know his limits – what he did was equivalent to an ant trying to move a tree.

He had a strong physique, shocking bloodline and frightening melee combat strength.

However, what was undeniable was the fact that his Golden Core was crippled!

20 years ago, there was no way a direct attack from a Void Reversion could have missed.

There was no way of recovering a destroyed Golden Core as well.

Furthermore, in the battle at Cang Lang Mountain Range, none of the surviving cultivators felt any spirit energy fluctuation from Su Zimo.

The destruction of his Golden Core meant that he had no Golden Core phenomenon to rely on.

For some people, the outcome of a fight between Su Zimo who had lost his Golden Core and the peerless paragons of Glass Palace’s Golden Core realm was indeterminate.

Furthermore, there would be Sealers in the intermediate ancient battlefield!

Glass Palace had a long history, solid foundation and they were one of the immortal sects – how could they be threatened by a single spirit crane from Su Zimo?

A massive battle was bound to break out in the ancient battlefield!

Glass Palace prepared for the battle while searching for Su Zimo, even offering a hefty reward for his capture.

Unfortunately, another 20 days passed without any news of Su Zimo.

The date to the opening of the ancient battlefield approached.

...

A tranquil old temple at the bottom of Dragon Burial Valley.

In the courtyard, there were two people and a fox.

A little monk sat in a lotus position facing the sun with his head lowered. Bathed in sunlight, he recited his Buddhist sutras and seemed like he was shrouded by a Buddha glow.

On the other side, a green-robed scholar sat on a stone bench casually with his hands behind his back. He seemed like he was resting with his eyes closed in an extremely relaxed manner.

A fiery red little fox hopped around on the green-robed scholar's body in joy.

Old temple, monk, scholar, fox, Sanskrit...

Everything seemed like a scene from a painting.

The monk was Ming Zhen.

The scholar was naturally Su Zimo who had just caused a huge stir in the North Region.

An old monk walked out from the grand hall.

"Ming Xin, Ming Zhen, prepare yourselves. The ancient battlefield is about to open up. Let me explain to you guys about the origin of the Phenomenon Ranking."

Su Zimo and Ming Zhen bolted upright and sat at attention.

"In the ancient era, humans rose and fought against the Primordial Nine Races. In order to ensure that the legacy of the human race continued, an expert of the ancient era, Fairy Ling Long, set up the ranking to select those with the strongest potential in the younger generation to groom intensively and retain our heritage."

"Therefore, there's a strict rule in the ranking for age. Anyone that's above 200 years old is not allowed to be included into the ranking!"

Su Zimo nodded in agreement.

The ranking was meant to gather the paragons of the human race and strong monster incarnates. Naturally, there had to be a strong limitation to age.

Compared to Golden Cores who had a lifespan of 500 years, anyone who was 200 years old was considered young.

Su Zimo could not help but think about someone.

The number one of the previous Phenomenon Ranking, Di Yin!

Back when he was in his thirties a hundred years ago, he had already attained the number one spot of the Phenomenon Ranking.

The reason why he wanted to enter the ancient battlefield again was so that he could achieve the number one position twice in succession!

“Fairy Ling Long had long ascended after tiding through the tribulation. Now, the release of each Golden Core Phenomenon Ranking is done by Enigma Palace which she founded,” At that point, the old monk paused for a moment.

Nine immortal sects, eight demon races, seven fiend sects, six Buddhist monasteries, five heretical doctrines, four unorthodox groups, three aristocratic families, two islands and one palace!

Those were the strongest factions on Tianhuang Mainland as of now.

If Enigma Palace was qualified to publish the Golden Core Phenomenon Ranking in the ancient battlefield, it should be the ‘one palace’ in the top factions.

“Enigma Palace?”

Su Zimo’s eyes shimmered as he murmured.

In his mind, a pale, rotund and beardless cultivator with a folding fan appeared.

Su Zimo lamented, “Enigma Palace, Lin Xuanji[1]... hmm, I wonder if they’re connected.”

After a moment of contemplation, Su Zimo asked, “Fairy Ling Long must have been an ancient emperor as well if she had such an influence to gather all the monster incarnates in the world?”

“Although Fairy Ling Long was an expert of the ancient era, she wasn’t an emperor.”

The old monk shook his head. “However, she had another identity – she was the wife of the Human Emperor!”

The wife of the Human Emperor!

That explained everything.

Furthermore, the fact that Fairy Ling Long was able to set up Enigma Palace and pass down her legacy was proof that she was no weakling in the past.

The old monk continued, “That’s also part of the reason why Enigma Palace has a unique status in the cultivation world and is ranked alongside the immortal, Buddhist and fiend sects. Because the Human Emperor did not leave behind any legacy, Enigma Palace is the only sect that is related to the Human Emperor.”

“Apart from the Phenomenon Ranking, Enigma Palace has two other rankings, the Dharma Characteristic and Divine Power Ranking respectively. Those are the famous Three Enigma Rankings in the cultivation world!”

Ming Zhen had a lost expression and asked curiously, “Master, apart from being famous, what’s the use of being on the Phenomenon Ranking? If it’s just for fame, I’m not going to fight them for it.”

To Ming Zhen, being able to study Buddhism in peace meant more than fighting to the death with everyone else.

“Of course, there’s more to it than fame,”

The old monk chuckled. “Any cultivator that’s able to get their name on the Phenomenon Ranking would be known to the world and they would be watched by all the super sects. For example, if you’re able to get into the Phenomenon Ranking, you’ll have a chance to join the six Buddhist monasteries.”

“I don’t want to join the other monasteries, I just want to follow you, Master,” Master shook his head.

“You must not be emotional,”

The old monk said with good intentions, “It’s a rare opportunity and you can only grow more if you discover more about the strengths of others. Cultivation isn’t merely hiding in seclusion away from the world forever.”

“You’re still young and you’ll have to head out eventually to experience the pains, love, and emotions of the mortal realm and secular affairs. That is the true path of cultivation.”

The old monk said, “The only way to leave the mortal realm is after you enter it!”

Ming Zhen nodded, seemingly confused.

He had never left the bottom of Dragon Burial Valley nor had he experienced secular affairs – how could he understand any of that?

However, he could tell that the old monk wanted him to leave.

Ming Zhen felt disappointed internally.

Su Zimo eyed the old monk and sighed internally.

He was probably the only one who understood the old monk’s underlying intentions.

The old monk was trying to seek an alternative path for Ming Zhen.

He was already old and knew that he would leave this world one day.

That was the reason why he wanted Ming Zhen to join other sects. That way, the latter would be able to gain the protection of the super sect.

At that thought, Su Zimo smiled bitterly in self-deprecation.

He had offended all the major factions of the North Region.

There was no place left for him in the North Region.

No other sects or factions would accept him either.

That was because everyone saw him as a demon!

Humans and demons were different.

Sensing the sorrow in Su Zimo’s eyes, the old monk said warmly, “Apart from the chance to join super sects, there will also be rewards for leaving your name on the Phenomenon Ranking,”

“Naturally, the higher the ranking, the better the rewards. It could be Earth-grade Dharmic arts or cultivation techniques, or supreme or perfect-grade Dharmic weapons. In fact, there’s a small chance that it can be a connate Dharmic weapon!”

[1] It’s the same word as Enigma

Chapter 636: Destiny Dharmic Weapon

Cultivators would experience life-changing transformations after forming a core. That was the first time they would break free from the restraints of Heaven and Earth and they would not only be able to soar through the skies, their lifespans would even extend to 500 years.

Core formation could be considered as a rift in the path of cultivation.

The difference between Golden Core and Nascent Soul realm was another great rift.

That was because one would break free from the restraints of Heaven and Earth once more at Nascent Soul realm by cultivating their Essence Spirits and extending their lifespans to 1,000 years!

With an Essence Spirit, cultivators were able to channel Dharmic powers for their own use.

At the same time, it meant that cultivators would require new Dharmic arts, weapons and even some secret skills to refine their spirits.

Simply put, the intermediate ancient battlefield was where many paragons of the Golden Core would prepare themselves for what they require after ascending to Nascent Soul realm!

The old monk said, “There were even heaven-grade Dharmic arts and cultivation techniques that appeared in the rewards of previous Phenomenon Rankings!”

When he heard that, Su Zimo’s heart skipped a beat and he was secretly speechless.

After advancing to Nascent Soul realm, one would enter a new world and reach a new level.

Dharmic powers were the powers of the universe.

Dharmic arts and cultivation techniques were differentiated by grades.

The four grades in the cultivation world for Dharmic arts and cultivation worlds were heaven, earth, dark and light.

Naturally, the most frightening techniques that could release the strongest Dharmic powers were heaven-grade Dharmic arts!

Thereafter, the power level was reduced per grade.

Light-grade Dharmic arts had the weakest Dharmic powers.

Of course, there were also stronger and weaker light-grade Dharmic arts.

Furthermore, in the cultivation world, most of the commonly seen light-grade Dharmic arts and cultivation techniques could be found in various major sects and factions.

Dark-grade Dharmic arts and cultivation techniques were most likely only possessed by aristocratic families and true gentry clans.

Earth-grade Dharmic arts and cultivation techniques were only possessed by major super sects of Tianhuang Mainland.

However, heaven-grade Dharmic arts and cultivation techniques...

Were things that could only be hoped for.

In the ancient era where paragons dominated and multiple emperors rose, there were many heaven-grade Dharmic arts and cultivation techniques that were created. However, few were passed down till now.

Furthermore, many of them that were passed down were incomplete by now.

That was the reason why all the paragons of Tianhuang Mainland looked forward to the intermediate ancient battlefield.

It was also the reason why Di Yin was willing to suppress his cultivation realm so that he could enter the ancient battlefield once more!

The Daming Dharmic Seal that Su Zimo cultivated was originally an earth-grade Dharmic art.

However, with the loss of the Mingwang Prayer Beads such that there were only four Dharmic Seals remaining, Daming Dharmic Seal could only be considered as a dark-grade Dharmic art.

Strictly speaking, the Fiend Suppression, Demon Subduing, Immortal Trap and Immovable Foundation Seals could only be considered as dark-grade Dharmic arts.

When released in tandem with Daming Mantra, it was only a superior dark-grade Dharmic art.

Within the Daming Dharmic Seal, only the lost Great Vajra Wheel and Great Mount Meru Seals were true blue earth-grade Dharmic arts!

However, the strange thing was that Daming True Sutra was clearly listed as a heaven-grade Dharmic art in the ancient books of Daming Monastery!

Even if he managed to recover the two lost Dharmic Seals, Daming Dharmic Seal was only an earth-grade Dharmic art.

However, it could actually turn into a heaven-grade Dharmic art after it was combined with the sound secret skill, Daming Mantra, to form Daming True Sutra?

That was something that Su Zimo could not figure out.

Of course, Nascent Souls would not be able to release heaven-grade Dharmic arts even if they obtained it.

Heaven-grade Dharmic arts had extremely strict requirements of one's Essence Spirits!

Even if Nascent Souls were to set their Essence Spirits ablaze, they would not be able channel the heaven-grade Dharmic arts.

Theoretically, heaven-grade cultivation techniques could be cultivated the moment one entered Nascent Soul realm.

However, heaven-grade cultivation techniques were extremely difficult to comprehend and having just cultivated their Essence Spirits, there were many things that Nascent Souls did not know about this realm.

It would be extremely difficult for them to cultivate!

Of course, the benefits of cultivating a heaven-grade cultivation technique were clear as day as well.

In the same realm, an Essence Spirit that cultivated a heaven-grade cultivation technique would be much stronger than the Essence Spirits of other Perfected Lords!

The old monk continued, "After advancing to Nascent Soul realm, you will have to change all your weapons. Even if you're wielding a connate spirit weapon, it won't be able to release the might of Dharmic arts."

In terms of toughness, even ordinary Dharmic weapons would not be able to shatter connate spirit weapons with ease.

However, at the end of the day, connate spirit weapons were still only on the level of spirit energy.

"Dharmic weapons are classified into four types for the four different realms and it's extremely simple. Weapons used by Nascent Souls were called Perfected Lord Dharmic weapons and weapons used by Void Reversions were Dao Being Dharmic weapons."

"Following that, Dharma Characteristics used Dao Lord Dharmic weapons and Conjoint Bodies used Mighty Figure Dharmic weapons."

At that point, Su Zimo's heart stirred and he asked automatically, "There's also the Mahayana realm above Conjoint Body. In that case, do those patriarchs use Patriarch Dharmic weapons?"

"Wrong..."

The old monk smiled. "Mahayana Patriarchs use Dharma treasures!"

"Dharma treasure?"

Su Zimo and Ming Zhen were stunned.

That was a term that was foreign to them.

The old monk replied, "The logic is simple. Dharmic powers are above spirit energy and divine powers are above Dharmic powers. With that, Dharmic arts are above spirit arts and divine arts are above Dharmic arts."

"With the same comparison, Dharmic weapons are above spirit weapons and Dharmic treasures are above Dharmic weapons!"

"The reason why one has to change weapons at a new cultivation realm is because their strength would also transform in terms of quality as their cultivation advances."

“Spirit weapons will explode if they are injected with Dharmic powers. Similarly, Dharmic weapons aren’t able to withstand divine powers and those that undergo the baptism of divine powers are known as Dharmic treasures!”

Su Zimo was enlightened.

“Be it Perfected Lord or Dao Being Dharmic weapons, the difference in grade is similar to spirit weapons.”

The old monk continued, “A single Dharmic pattern makes an inferior-grade Perfected Lord Dharmic weapon, two Dharmic patterns, middle-grade Perfected Lord Dharmic weapon, three Dharmic patterns, superior-grade, four Dharmic patterns, supreme-grade, five Dharmic patterns, perfect-grade and six Dharmic patterns, connate. I’m sure you know about this by now.”

Su Zimo nodded.

He was a Weapon Refinement Master to begin with and naturally knew a little towards such things.

After a brief pause, the old monk took a deep breath, “There’s another important thing I want to talk about.”

“If you guys are able to advance to Nascent Soul realm successfully, you’ll be able to cultivate your Essence Spirits. Every single Nascent Soul has a chance to refine a Destiny Dharmic Weapon that belongs to themselves!”

“Destiny Dharmic weapon?!”

Both of them were stunned.

Su Zimo asked, “What is a Destiny Dharmic Weapon?”

“A Destiny Dharmic Weapon is interlinked with your Essence Spirit. By refining it day and night with your Essence Spirit, a tight connection will be made between you and your Dharmic weapon over time. It will be like a part of your body.”

The old monk explained, “You will be able to release your greatest strength with a Destiny Dharmic Weapon.”

Upon hearing this, Su Zimo frowned.

Even with that explanation, there was nothing special about Destiny Dharmic Weapons.

However, the old monk continued, “The true strength of a Destiny Dharmic Weapon lies in the fact that it will become stronger as your cultivation advances!”

“Hmm?”

Su Zimo’s eyes shone brightly, seemingly realizing something.

The old monk revealed a look of admiration and nodded. “If the Dharmic weapon you choose at the start is a superior-grade Perfected Lord Dharmic weapon, by the time you cultivate to Void Reversion

realm, your Destiny Dharmic Weapon will also grow into a Dao Being Dharmic weapon after the refinement of your Essence Spirit. Furthermore, it will still be at three Dharmic patterns superior-grade!”

“Indeed!”

Su Zimo nodded and lamented, “That will be incredible.”

This meant that the grade of a Destiny Dharmic Weapon will not change even as it grows!

In other words, if Su Zimo chose a connate Perfected Lord Dharmic weapon as his Destiny Dharmic Weapon, by the time he reaches Void Reversion realm, his Destiny Dharmic Weapon would transform into a Dao Being Dharmic weapon.

However, its grade will still be at connate!

Chapter 637: Entering the Battlefield

The old monk said, “Of course, it will be best if you can get a connate Dharmic weapon as a Destiny Dharmic Weapon. However, perfect or supreme-grade Dharmic weapons are also acceptable.”

Su Zimo nodded.

Of course, connate Dharmic weapons were way too rare and could only be chanced upon.

The old monk continued, “Other than its rich spirit qi, the intermediate ancient battlefield also contains two spirit herbs that have gone extinct in Tianhuang Mainland, the Spirit Gathering Fruit and Soul Nourishing Blood Ginseng.”

“Golden Cores face extreme danger while attempting a breakthrough to the Nascent Soul realm. There’s the risk of crippling their cultivation or even dying on the spot without any corpse remaining! The Spirit Gathering Fruit is meant to help Golden Cores gather their Essence Spirit while attempting the breakthrough.”

“Only one Spirit Gathering Fruit is required and it’s useless to consume more than that.”

“After advancing to Nascent Soul realm, cultivators will be able to enhance their cultivation speed by consuming the Soul Nourishing Blood Ginseng to nourish their Essence Spirit and strengthen it. It’s a rare spirit material! Naturally, for the Soul Nourishing Blood Ginseng, the more the better.”

Su Zimo had a rough understanding.

Apart from countless opportunities, the intermediate ancient battlefield also had an unimaginable amount of cultivation resources.

If he could obtain sufficient benefits from within, his cultivation path in the future would be much smoother!

“Of course, there’s also countless threats in the intermediate ancient battlefield. It’s 10 times more dangerous than everything you’ve experienced in the elementary ancient battlefield!”

The old monk said sternly, “You’ve made too many enemies so you must be extremely careful. Additionally, demons of Tianhuang Mainland will also be in the intermediate ancient battlefield.”

“Demons?”

Su Zimo froze for a moment.

The old monk nodded. “After forming their cores, demons will also go on to form their Essence Spirits. Therefore, they will also enter to fight with you guys for the Soul Nourishing Blood Ginseng and Spirit Gathering Fruits.”

At that point, Su Zimo came to a realization.

The Yin Spirit section came after the Core Formation section in the Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness.

In reality, Yin Spirit and the Essence Spirit of Nascent Souls were similar.

After cultivating their Yin Spirits, demons become fiend demons and can take on human form and speak in human tongue. In fact, they can even hide their demonic qi such that cultivators won’t be able to tell them apart!

After cultivating Yin Spirit, demons were able to control Dharmic powers as well.

Once released, they would become the legendary demonic techniques.

The old monk said, “Ordinary demons are of no threat to you. However, there are vast lands in Tianhuang Mainland where the eight major demon races reside known as the eight demon regions!”

“In those eight regions, there are countless frightening birds and beasts that only stand out after going through endless bloodshed and possessing extraordinary bloodlines. You must be careful.”

“I’ll remember them all to heart,”

Su Zimo nodded.

“There’s nothing else.”

The old monk walked down the stone steps and glared at the void before him. Suddenly, his eyes lit up and he extended his withered palm, slapping the void gently.

Boom!

A resounding boom exploded in the void.

Right in front of Su Zimo and Ming Zhen, the void shattered and caved in, turning into a pitch-black vortex!

The vortex connected to an unknown place that gave off an ancient aura.

The old monk turned to Su Zimo. “You’re planning to leave the North Region this time round?”

“Yes.”

Su Zimo did not choose to hide the truth.

With the passing of his eldest brother, he no longer had any attachments to the mortal world.

Most of his attachments were now with Xiaoning.

Furthermore, there was no place left for him in the North Region.

If he continued staying here, more people would be implicated!

The reason why Su Zimo did not even return to Ethereal Peak when he reappeared was because he did not want the latter to be burdened because of him.

The old monk had a benevolent gaze and said warmly, "There's only one thing you need to remember after leaving the North Region. If you truly encounter any danger and have nowhere left to run, use the Major Transference Talisman and return here!"

"As long as I'm alive, I'll definitely be able to guarantee your safety!"

Su Zimo pursed his lips in silence and bowed deeply to the old monk.

"Go on!"

The old monk waved his hand.

Su Zimo and Ming Zhen exchanged glances and did not hesitate, leaping into the vortex in the void along with the little fox.

...

Su Zimo felt the world spin.

In the blink of an eye, it seemed as though his body and soul had separated out of his control!

His surroundings were pitch-black and he could not see anything.

All his senses had vanished.

Even his spirit perception felt hazy.

The two of them seemed to be traveling through a dark tunnel. Initially, Su Zimo could still rely on his spirit perception to sense the presence of Ming Zhen and the little fox.

However, not long later, Su Zimo discovered that Ming Zhen and the little fox had vanished from his spirit perception!

Gradually...

A spot of light appeared before him, enlarging and turning clearer!

His consciousness returned.

His body and soul seemed to have recombined.

Swoosh!

Su Zimo burst out of the light spot and his body descended rapidly.

It was a brand new world.

Spirit qi was multiple times richer than it was outside.

Su Zimo knew that he had already entered the intermediate ancient battlefield!

Releasing his spirit perception, Su Zimo put on his guard and surveyed his vicinity.

It was vast and empty!

Ming Zhen and the little fox had already vanished.

Su Zimo furrowed his brows slightly.

He realized that something had gone off course in the teleportation process and they were separated.

A slight deviation in the teleportation could send them hundreds of kilometers apart.

Su Zimo was not worried about Ming Zhen.

After Di Yin left the old temple, Ming Zhen spent 10 years in the Great Qian Ruins, fighting with the otherworldly soldier and undergoing countless brushes with death.

Ming Zhen's combat experience had already grown by a lot.

Furthermore, he was not weak to begin with and he had even cultivated the World Cleansing Green Lotus which was previously ranked top ten in the Phenomenon Ranking.

The little fox was whom Su Zimo was truly worried about.

Trying to find a fox in this vast world was akin to searching for a needle in a haystack.

Taking a deep breath of air, Su Zimo made a rough gauge of direction before heading towards the center of the ancient battlefield.

The spirit qi here was way too rich and spirit herbs and materials could be found everywhere.

There were some places where lakes were even conjured out of spirit qi.

If everything went smoothly, Su Zimo would definitely be able to reach perfected Golden Core a year later!

Even though his surroundings were filled with lush greenery along the way, he did not encounter any cultivator.

Not long after.

"Hmm?"

Su Zimo sensed something.

In the nearby grass that was taller than a human's height, a demon beast sprawled and glared at him with green, frightening eyes!

Su Zimo was not bothered and continued advancing.

When he passed by the demon beast, the grass moved and the demon beast leaped into the air, lunging towards Su Zimo with a berserk killing intent!

“Roar!”

A deafening roar sounded from the depths of the demon beast’s throat.

If it was any other cultivator, they would be shocked into a daze by that sudden attack and roar, thereby perishing under the claws of the demon beast.

However, Su Zimo cultivated the Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness and was the greatest demon!

That roar had no effect on him at all!

Turning slightly, he looked at the incoming demon beast and suddenly spoke with a fake smile, “Om!”

The incoming demon beast froze in midair with a stumped expression – it was completely shocked!

Chapter 638: Born as a Slave

It was a Heaven Bane Wolf, a type of ancient remnant beast. Their bodies spanned several dozen feet and they had blood-red fur all over their bodies. Bloodthirsty, most of them traveled solo and they were extremely strong and violent.

But now, the eyes of this ancient remnant beast were dazed – it was shocked unconscious!

In truth, such a frightening effect couldn’t be achieved if it was the Daming Mantra alone.

More than that, it was because Su Zimo cultivated the Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness and had extremely strong lungs. With a rich stamina and cleared mouth orifice, his burst power was shocking!

No ordinary beast would be able to take a simple roar from him, let alone the burst of Daming Mantra.

Weaker cultivators would die on the spot from the shock!

Su Zimo reached out with extended fingers and pushed down on the head of the Heaven Bane Wolf!

The man and wolf’s figures descended rapidly.

Boom!

The head of the Heaven Bane Wolf was crushed into the mud by Su Zimo, creating a huge pit almost instantly.

“Clack, clack...!”

The Heaven Bane Wolf woke up and struggled endlessly.

Its sharp claws dug on the ground like daggers, causing mud to splash as it roared threateningly – all its fur stood on end!

However, no matter how it struggled, it could not break free from Su Zimo’s palm.

His hand was pale and smooth, resembling jade and did not seem like it had ever held any weapons.

However, his outstretched fingers pinned the head of the Heaven Bane Wolf on the spot like a mountain!

Su Zimo's gaze was cold with a murderous look.

Sensing something, the Heaven Bane Wolf shuddered and stopped struggling.

Demon beasts were the sharpest towards danger.

Furthermore, it was already sentient by this point of its cultivation and could naturally tell that Su Zimo was showing mercy.

Su Zimo released his palm when he saw the Heaven Bane Wolf motionless.

The Heaven Bane Wolf panted heavily and raised its head slightly. When it saw the distance between it and this human, the killing intent in its heart returned.

Normally, cultivators had weak bodies.

Given this distance, it had a 90% chance of success.

However, it gave up on that thought in the blink of an eye.

Su Zimo was expressionless and had a calm gaze. The Heaven Bane Wolf could vaguely sense that it would be murdered on the spot by this human the moment it behaved abnormally!

Su Zimo climbed onto the Heaven Bane Wolf's back and patted its head, pointing towards the depths of the battlefield. "Head there."

The Heaven Bane Wolf rose, somewhat reluctantly, and shrugged the mud off itself. It growled deeply and sprinted towards the depths of the battlefield.

In its mind, it was willing to listen to this human's arrangements first as long as it was not forced into a blood oath.

Riding on the back of the Heaven Bane Wolf, Su Zimo could cultivate in peace.

Right now, he was at the peak of late-stage Golden Core.

Given the rich spirit qi in the environment, he was sure that he could sense the opportunity for a breakthrough if he cultivated for a period of time!

10 days later.

Su Zimo who was riding on the Heaven Bane Wolf woke up from his cultivation in a jolt. His ears twitched and he could vaguely hear the sounds of a fight going on far away with the roars of demon beasts mixed within!

"Head over there and check things out."

Su Zimo patted the Heaven Bane Wolf and pointed in another direction.

The Heaven Bane Wolf sprinted the entire way and arrived before the entrance of a valley before long.

There were at least a thousand demon beasts in the valley surrounding a group of cultivators.

The scary thing was that almost all of them were ancient remnant beasts!

On a mountain peak near the valley stood a mighty lion filled with golden fur. It possessed a divine might and looked down at the valley with eyes that were as large as bells.

Golden Lion!

That was a true blue pure-blooded ferocious beast!

Furthermore, Su Zimo could sense that this Golden Lion was extremely strong and had already cultivated to the peak of its Inner Core. All it needed was one more step for it to become a fiend demon!

The Heaven Bane Wolf looked evidently fearful and wanted to retreat and escape.

However, Su Zimo's body turned increasingly heavier, as though he was about to force the Heaven Bane Wolf to sprawl on the ground and it could only whine in misery internally.

With a calm expression, Su Zimo swept his gaze across the valley.

A green-colored flower bloomed on a cliff in the valley.

The flower had a green fruit that was around the size of an infant's fist. It was filled with white dots and carried a faint fragrance.

Spirit Gathering Fruit!

The reason for this conflict should be the Spirit Gathering Fruit.

The old monk had mentioned previously that cultivators were not the only ones who required spirit items such as the Spirit Gathering Fruit and Soul Nourishing Blood Ginseng – even demon beasts coveted them.

There were males and females on the side of the surrounded party with dozens of corpses beneath their feet. All of the corpses were trampled and had mangled faces.

There were more than ten of them remaining and all of them were injured.

However, they huddled into a group and defended in a structured manner with extraordinary methods to try their best and survive – it was clear that they came from a major sect.

The Golden Lion turned and swept its gaze across Su Zimo, seemingly sensing no threat as a look of mockery flashed through its eyes.

“Roar!”

The Golden Lion roared and stomped heavily on the mountain peak.

The mountain peak crumbled instantly!

Countless rocks tumbled down in a terrifying manner!

This was truly earthshaking!

The Heaven Bane Wolf shuddered and turned even more fearful.

As though there was an order, the thousand remnant beast beasts slowed down and came to a gradual stop in their attacks.

However, those ancient remnant beasts surrounded the remaining cultivators with ferocious gazes and devoured the flesh of the corpses beneath their feet in an incomparably cruel manner with drool all over!

The only two remaining female cultivators in the group vomited at the sight of that.

Those were the corpses of their sect mates!

One of them broke down on the spot and howled in tears.

The remaining men were equally frightened, trembling with pale faces.

“Puny humans, do you still want to resist? I’m going to give you a chance. Sign a blood oath with me and turn into my slave!”

The Golden Lion spoke in human tongue with a ferocious gaze.

When he heard that, Su Zimo frowned.

In order to control demon beasts and prevent betrayals, cultivators signed blood oaths with them.

Su Zimo had not expected that demons would make similar blood oaths!

These demons wanted to keep humans as slaves instead!

The Golden Lion roared, “It’s your honor to become my slaves!”

“In the primordial era, humans were enslaved by the thousands of races. The bloodlines of humans are weak and you’re cheap right down to the bones! Your lives are equivalent to grass! All of you are born to be slaves!”

Born to be slaves!

Those words were extremely piercing to Su Zimo.

It was true that he undertook demonic cultivation.

However, he was a human after all!

There was contempt in the tone of the Golden Lion, making Su Zimo feel as though he had been teleported back in time to the period where humans were disgraced in the primordial era.

The remaining cultivators looked horrified.

That was the final warning from the Golden Lion!

If they rejected it, they would be torn into pieces by the thousand ancient remnant beasts surrounding them!

Although their leader was indignant, he could only sigh. “We...”

“How cocky,”

Before his words could be said, a mocking voice sounded from outside the valley, interrupting him.

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

Countless gazes turned to the entrance of the valley.

A green-robed cultivator riding on a Heaven Bane Wolf entered slowly with an indifferent expression and a calm gaze.

Chapter 639: Blanketing Sword Formation

The legs of the Heaven Bane Wolf shivered against the gazes of a thousand ancient remnant beasts.

At that moment, it could only force itself to head inside reluctantly.

“Here comes another puny ant!”

The Golden Lion sneered coldly when it could not sense any threat from Su Zimo.

The surviving cultivators that were surrounded looked at Su Zimo expectantly. However, they could not help but feel disappointed when they could not sense any spirit energy fluctuation from the green-robed cultivator.

Su Zimo carried the Mingwang Prayer Beads and had remained dormant at the bottom of Dragon Burial Valley for 20 years, reciting sutras and studying Buddhism daily. Right now, his bearing was extraordinary and ordinary people were unable to see through him.

“I’m going to take these humans in as my slaves because their strengths are acceptable. But you? You’re a worthless ant that isn’t even qualified to be my mount!”

The Golden Lion gazed down with an icy stare at Su Zimo before commanding indifferently, “Kill him!”

“Howl!”

Two demon beasts that were closest to the entrance of the valley turned around with ferocious gazes. Their Inner Cores circulated and they lunged towards Su Zimo with surging demonic qi!

Su Zimo slapped his storage bag with a calm expression.

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

Two flying swords appeared in midair.

The swords buzzed continuously with bright spirit lights!

Four spirit patterns, they were supreme-grade spirit weapons!

If this was in the cultivation world, it would be rather remarkable for him to release two supreme-grade spirit weapons right away.

However, this was the ancient battlefield.

Everyone who was qualified and had the capabilities to enter were the paragons and elites of major sects and factions – it was considered normal for them to have a couple of supreme-grade spirit weapons with them.

The surviving cultivators exchanged glances and shook their heads disappointedly.

“He truly has a death wish.”

“If he wants to fight these demon beasts with just those two supreme-grade flying swords, it’ll be equivalent to an ant trying to shake a massive tree.”

“He looks young. I think he must have gotten famous in his teenage years and is inexperienced and cocky without having experienced setbacks before, sigh.”

The two ancient remnant beasts were expressionless when they saw Su Zimo’s flying swords and continued charging at an even faster speed.

However, the next moment, their expressions changed!

Pshew!

The two flying swords vanished right before everyone and there was only the sound of the void tearing!

The two ancient remnant beasts felt their hearts skip a beat.

Although they were ancient remnant beasts and had tough flesh and skin, the sharpness of a supreme-grade flying sword could still threaten their lives!

Poof! Poof!

Before the two ancient remnant beasts could dodge, a stream of blood spewed from their heads.

The two flying swords pierced their heads right away!

The blood did not even stain the swords as they revolved in midair before returning to Su Zimo.

It was too fast!

Furthermore, they were traceless!

It was as though two flying swords had appeared out of thin air to kill the two ancient remnant beasts!

“Hmm?”

The leader of the survivors, a blue-robed man, murmured softly with widened eyes, “What an impressive sword wielding technique!”

In the crowd, the female cultivator who was initially having a breakdown on the ground stopped crying. Her misty eyes widened with shock as she looked at everything.

Up till this point of his cultivation, Su Zimo had learned a wide spectrum of skills.

However, all of them were top-tier cultivation techniques and secret skills!

That sword wielding technique could only be considered as one of the most basic skills among his methods.

Ethereal Sword had three levels – Shadow, Void and Ethereal.

Right now, Su Zimo has already cultivated it to the Ethereal realm!

The speed of the flying swords was extremely fast, erratic and untraceable.

Only cultivators with extremely sharp senses would be able to defend against Level 3 of Ethereal Sword!

Against these ancient remnant beasts, Su Zimo had way too many means of dealing with them.

The most simple and crude way was to barge right in with his frightening bloodline and body – no ancient remnant beast could stand in his way at all!

However, Su Zimo did not do that.

When he heard the Golden Lion's mockery and ridicule, he was insistent on using the methods of immortal cultivators to kill the ancient remnant beasts and suppress that Golden Lion!

With the death of the two ancient remnant beasts, dozens more charged over without the need for the Golden Lion to make any orders.

"This is bad,"

The blue-robed man shook his head. "Although he is skilled in maneuvering his swords, he only has two of them..."

Before his words were finished, he had to swallow them.

Su Zimo slapped his storage bag and 25 flying swords appeared in midair.

Coupled with the two from before, that was a total of 27 flying swords!

More than that, the scary thing was that all of them were supreme-grade flying swords!

While it was nothing much for a Golden Core in the ancient battlefield to possess two supreme-grade spirit items, it was rather frightening for someone to possess 27 supreme-grade spirit weapons!

"He has so many flying swords?"

The surviving cultivators were dumbstruck.

None of them had ever seen anyone summon that many flying swords at one go.

The 27 flying swords hovered before Su Zimo in an orderly manner and flashed with a glaring beam before surging towards the dozens of ancient remnant beasts!

Pshew!

Once again, the 27 flying swords vanished.

In the blink of an eye...

The 27 of them reappeared.

At the same time, the ancient remnant beasts that lunged over fell one after another with blood streams spurting from holes on their heads – all of them were dead!

“This...”

The blue-robed man’s group was shocked.

It was extremely difficult to control 27 flying swords to such a precise degree!

The most frightening thing was that right from the beginning, there was no emotional fluctuation in the eyes of the green-robed cultivator!

It was as though everything happened exactly as he had predicted!

“GRAWR!”

“Roar!”

A commotion broke out among the demon beasts.

Although the death of dozens of ancient remnant beasts did not amount to much compared to their massive numbers, they could sense danger exuding from the green-robed cultivator.

“You’re rather interesting, human! You’re worthy of being my mount!”

The Golden Lion spoke in human tongue and nodded with confidence.

“Hahahaha!”

Su Zimo reared his head in laughter and 27 flying swords circled and danced before him. “Yellow lion, let’s see who is going to be subdued today, you or me!”

“Senior Brother Zhu, this man isn’t weak. There’s a chance we might be saved,” The eyes of a beautiful female cultivator at the side shone brightly as she whispered.

“It’s hard to tell,”

The blue-robed man shook his head. “By the looks of it, this man is already at his limits controlling 27 flying swords. Don’t forget, there’s a thousand demon beasts surrounding us. There’s no way this man will be able to defend if they all swarm him together!”

The beautiful female cultivator raised her brow. “What should we do then?”

“Let’s seize the time to recuperate and recover our combat strength as soon as we can. Listen to me order in a bit!” The blue-robed man said in a deep voice.

Everyone nodded.

Before his sentence was finished, another hundred demon beasts lunged forward.

But this time round, the demon beasts were smarter – they split into three directions towards Su Zimo.

A mocking look flashed through Su Zimo’s eyes as he extended his forward and tapped in front of him.

“Go!”

The 24 of the 27 flying swords split away.

Forming groups of 6, the flying swords streaked through the air, leaving sword scars in the void.

The expression of the blue-robed man changed as he yelled, “Sword formation! It’s a sword formation!”

“Ah! He’s a Sword Formation Master!”

Four hexagonal sword formations streaked through the air and shone with a dazzling glow. Buzzing loudly with a frosty sword qi, they kept the hundred demon beasts at bay!

Poof! Poof! Poof!

A blood mist spewed out!

The limbs of many demon beasts flew everywhere and stained the voids red.

Chapter 640: Blazing Sun

Sword Formation Masters were extremely rare and had a unique status in the cultivation world.

Although Sword Formation Masters were not considered as sword cultivators, their killing powers were not inferior!

In fact, if one could set up a powerful sword formation, it could even go head-on against many Golden Core phenomenons with ancient legacies without being disadvantaged!

Of course, Sword Formation Masters had an obvious disadvantage.

Although the speed of setting up sword formations was fast, it could not compare to the speed of releasing spirit arts or secret skills.

If they were to meet with top-tier experts, their opponents would strike and defeat them before their sword formations could be set up!

The ancient remnant beasts in the valley were clearly not sharp enough yet.

The hundred ancient remnant beasts charged over but were minced by the four Hexagonal Sword Formations, causing their flesh and blood to splatter in an extremely miserable sight!

“Roar!”

The Golden Lion’s expression finally changed as he roared in Su Zimo’s direction, enraged.

The valley quaked and the leaves of the ancient trees scattered one after another!

The sight of the fresh blood triggered the remaining ancient remnant beasts entirely.

The beasts rumbled and roars reverberated through the valley!

Thud! Thud! Thud!

The remaining thousand odd ancient remnant beasts turned around with vicious gazes and sprinted towards Su Zimo, ignoring the blue-robed man's group even!

"Opportunity!"

The eyes of the blue-robed man lit up as he shouted softly, "Hurry, let's go!"

Before his words were finished, the blue-robed man leaped into the air and circulated his Golden Core fanatically, turning into a streak of light to bolt to the other side of the valley.

The remaining survivors were stunned and could not react to it.

The beautiful female cultivator was even looking at the blue-robed man with a slightly agape mouth in disbelief.

She had not imagined that he would do something so lowly.

No matter what, the green-robed cultivator was here to help them.

However, the blue-robed man took advantage of the moment when the green-robed cultivator was surrounded by the ancient remnant beasts to escape himself!

How was that different from a lowly ingrate?

"What are you guys waiting for?!"

The blue-robed man who was sprinting in midair turned around. When he saw the beautiful female cultivator and the others still standing on the spot, he sneered, "That man's about to be devoured by the group of demons soon. If you miss this chance, all of you can wait to die!"

A few cultivators who were initially hesitant were evidently moved.

Everyone could tell that although the green-robed cultivator's four sword formations were extraordinarily strong, they were definitely not enough to deal with the rush of the thousand odd ancient remnant beasts.

By the time the green-robed cultivator was ripped into pieces, they would be next in line!

Not everyone could be so noble and daring in the face of death.

Furthermore, the reason why everyone cultivated was due to the pursuit of longevity.

If they were to really die here, they would be left with nothing.

A conflicted look flashed through the beautiful female cultivator's eyes but she still made up her mind and chose not to leave.

However, beside her, around eight of her sect mates soared into the air, wanting to escape from the valley with the blue-robed man.

When he saw the decision of the beautiful female cultivator, the blue-robed man could not help but frown and curse internally, "Truly the epitome of stupidity!"

Just as the blue-robed man was about to turn around and sprint with all his might, he discovered that his sect mates who soared into the air did not catch up to him. Instead, they were frozen on the spot and trembling.

All of them had horrified expressions, as though they had witnessed something extremely terrifying!

It was the same for the beautiful female cultivator – her arm was outstretched and her eyes were filled with fear as she pointed in his direction!

There was a damp aura with a hint of blood stench behind him.

The blue-robed man's heart sank.

He turned around by instinct and saw a demon beast with a murderous aura standing at the mountain peak before him. It had a huge figure and its golden fur danced with a chilling aura as it glared ferociously with widened eyes.

It was the Golden Lion!

Unknowingly, the Golden Lion had already arrived in front of him. Its mouth was opened wide and it had a menacing expression as saliva dripped alongside streams of nauseating breaths.

By sprinting with all his might, the blue-robed man had almost sent himself into the mouth of the Golden Lion!

“Ah!”

The blue-robed man exclaimed and felt his scalp prickle and legs go limp.

It was impossible if he wanted to get away given that distance!

Scared out of his wits, the blue-robed man was about to beg for mercy when a mocking look flashed through the Golden Lion's eyes. Suddenly, it reached out and closed its massive mouth shut!

Crack!

The blue-robed man was gone.

Upon seeing that, the cultivators who wanted to take advantage of the situation to escape fell from midair one after another, frightened with pale expressions.

The Golden Lion munched a couple times, seemingly unsatisfied, and extended its grisly tongue to spit out a few pieces of minced flesh with blood oozing from the corner of his mouth.

The beautiful female cultivator had a terrible expression and nearly threw up.

In the blink of an eye, a live person was eaten by that pure-blooded ferocious beast!

Am I truly going to die here today?

The eyes of the beautiful female cultivator dimmed as she lamented internally.

Right then, a sound echoed from the direction of the entrance of the valley. It was ordinary, but it seemed to possess a noble might that could calm one down!

“Illumination Sword Formation, transform!”

Everyone subconsciously looked up.

However, dust billowed and their vision was completely blocked by the bodies of the thousand odd ancient remnant beasts at the front and they could not catch sight of the green-robed cultivator at all.

Clang! Clang!

All of a sudden!

The sounds of swords buzzing reverberated through the world!

Sharp streams of light burst into the air one after another.

Immediately after, right in front of everyone, a series of bedazzling sword lights appeared from the entrance of the valley and illuminated the entire world!

27 flying swords gathered with their tips pointed outwards, forming a circular disk of swords.

It was as though a blazing sun had descended upon the valley and released 27 streaks of sword qi. Radiant and domineering, it could tear through the voids and destroy the firmaments!

The might of the Illumination Sword Formation was way more frightening than the Hexagonal Sword Formation!

Poof! Poof! Poof!

A blood mist spewed out.

The thousand odd ancient remnant beasts rushed up but they were minced by the Illumination Sword Formation. Flesh and blood splattered everywhere and corpses were strewn – the entire valley was filled with blood!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Countless ancient remnant beasts that did not fear death charged forward but none of them could go against the Illumination Sword Formation.

The sword formation started advancing gradually!

When the group of the beautiful female cultivator saw this and heard the sounds of flesh and bone being cut, they were shocked.

The ancient remnant beasts were in chaos and were retreating!

The green-colored figure reappeared in their line of sight.

Riding on the Heaven Bane Wolf, the green-robed cultivator was heading towards them with a calm expression and deep gaze.

The sword formation was gathered right in front of his palm!

The green-robed cultivator merely waved his arm casually and the terrifying sword formation danced in midair, mincing and destroying everything in its path!

The group of people stared blankly.

How was that a sword formation?

In the hands of the green-robed cultivator, it was like a blazing sun that was retrieved from above the skies, annihilating all life wherever it passed!

A bloodied path lined with endless blood, flesh and corpses appeared behind him.

Wielding the blazing sun, the green-robed cultivator traveled through the blood, flesh and corpses like a divine being, looking down at everything with an unquestionable might!

The eyes of the beautiful female cultivator were fixated with a lost expression.