

Ancient GM 111

Chapter 111

AGM 0111 – Riding Crane

The position of Mo Qingcheng within the Emperor Star Academy was different from the other students. Even though she did not pass the required examination to be enrolled in the academy, she still often appear within the grounds of the academy.

Not only that, she had an Emperor Jade Medallion as well, and could enjoy the resources that was extended to students of the academy. In addition, it was rumored that almost all of the older and esteemed elders of the academy were acquainted with her.

It was only within recent years that the presence of Mo Qingcheng in the Emperor Star Academy became lesser and lesser. Maybe it was because her strength had gradually increased. And as for what cultivation base Mo Qingcheng had, not many people were clear about her true level of power. But despite this, there were many who guessed that if Mo Qingcheng displayed her true strength, she would most definitely be ranked within the 10 prodigies.

Not only so, Mo Qingcheng, was definitely the dream girl of many males in the Royal Capital. The news about several members of the 10 prodigies trying to woo her was also not a secret, it was just that Mo Qingcheng couldn't be bothered with them.

At this moment, Mo Qingcheng ignored Qiu Mo, but called Qin Wentian a dumbo instead. This scene caused many in the crowd to stiffen and turn stonelike, standing unmoving at their original spot.

'Dumbo' seemed like a term of endearment, it was as though both parties had an extremely close relationship.

Even Nolan was somewhat jealous of Qin Wentian. The luck of this fellow was really too good, from the time she had known her to the the first time Mo Qingcheng met the unconscious Qin Wentian, Mo Qingcheng had never treated any male that nicely before. Maybe it was fate, or maybe it had something to do with the past relationship between the Mo Clan and the Qin Clan.

"Miss Mo, why are you here?" Qin Wentian smiled.

“Why can’t I be here?” Mo Qingcheng had an adorable look upon her face, dazzling the eyes of those who were gazing at her.

“And just calling me Qingcheng would do.” Mo Qingcheng gently smiled.

At this moment, the gazes of the crowd were filled with intense envy and jealousy. If Mo Qingcheng spoke this way to them, how marvelous would it be.....

The warm smile on Qiu Mo’s face disappeared instantly, as his countenance transformed into something extremely ugly to behold. Earlier when he called out the words ‘Qingcheng’, he was ignored. Not only that, Nolan also said that he had overstepped his bounds, and he had better put some respect into his words.

But yet, just moments ago, Mo Qingcheng actually personally told Qin Wentian to just call her Qingcheng?

This difference in treatment felt like a slap directly on the face of Qiu Mo.

“Qin Wentian.” Qiu Mo gritted his teeth. He naturally did not dare to harbor any ill intentions towards Mo Qingcheng, and thus, he transferred all his jealousy and rage onto Qin Wentian. What qualifications did Qin Wentian actually have? Not only was he favored by the Emperor Star Academy, and was protected by their will, he even obtained the approval of Mo Qingcheng.

“Qingcheng.” Qin Wentian smiled as he called out, only to see a radiant smile blossoming on the face of the young lady in front of him. His heartbeat involuntarily quickened, as he felt small traces of nervousness from the butterflies in his stomach.

Drawing in a deep breath, Qin Wentian calmed his heart, silently scolding himself that his will was not strong enough. How could he lose his self-control upon meeting a pretty girl?

However, he did not know how many males in the crowd currently would want to be in his position.

“Smelly brat, tossing your senior aside the moment you meet your little lover.” A voice drifted over from the side, causing Qin Wentian’s eyes to flicker, as an expression of surprise flashed on his face.

As he turned his gaze over, Qin Wentian realised that the duel between Luo Huan and Jiang Xiu had stopped.

Laughing loudly, Luo Huan regarded both Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng, the warmth in her eyes was obvious, and her words caused Qin Wentian to be extremely embarrassed.

A faint tinge of redness could also be seen on Mo Qingcheng's beautiful countenance. A beauty that was capable of toppling empires, the look on Mo Qingcheng's face caused everyone below to be stunned. Their dream goddess actually display such an expression of shyness. But what made them depressed was that Mo Qingcheng only displayed such an expression after hearing the words of Luo Huan.

Not only that, she didn't refute the claim.

"It's over. Mo Qingcheng, she wouldn't be interested in Qin Wentian right?" The crowd was completely dumbfounded, while they became increasingly jealous of Qin Wentian.

"Senior Sister, what are you doing?" Qin Wentian mumbled, speechless. Luo Huan's words were too misleading, and somewhat too direct.

Surreptitiously glancing at Mo Qingcheng, and upon realising the expression of shyness on her face, Qin Wentian's heartbeat quickened yet again.

"Is there anything wrong with what I say? The number one beauty of Chu, if the two of you were together, wouldn't it be perfect? Why are you not working hard to woo her? Or could it be that you guys are already together?" Luo Huan' blinked her beautiful eyes, as Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng became increasingly embarrassed.

"Pei, Pei, Pei. How could this fellow match up to Mo Qingcheng?" Nolan strode to the side of Mo Qingcheng as she unhappily stated. If the suitors of Mo Qingcheng were to line up, that line would extend all the way out of the Royal Capital. How could they allow this little fellow to get lucky? Absolutely no way in hell.

"What do you mean he can't match up? A 17 year old, 3rd level divine inscriptionist, first in the history of Chu. Not only that, my junior brother is young and handsome, and will definitely surpass

the 10 prodigies in the future. He and Mo Qingcheng are a match made in heaven.” Luo Huan spoke as if she intentionally wanted to matchmake them, laughing as she stated.

“Impossible,” Nolan angrily refuted. The bickering between these two beauties caused Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng to be flabbergasted.

Wasn't this a sign that the whole world would be in chaos?

“What are the both you saying?” Mo Qingcheng felt slightly depressed. Gazing at Qin Wentian, she stated, “Grandpa said that the Astral River Hall would be opened to the students today. Let's go together and ignore them.”

“The opening of Astral River Hall?”

The faces of everyone froze. The three important places for cultivation in the Emperor Star Academy.

The first, Heavenly Star Pavilion.

Second, Astral River Hall.

Third, Dreamsky Forest.

The Heavenly Star Pavilion and the Astral River Hall both required a leveled up Emperor Jade Medallion before one could access it. Especially the Heavenly River Pavilion. Within it was stored a plethora of innate techniques and cultivation arts, and thus there was a need to monitor the access strictly.

It was the same for the Astral River Hall, one's access was determined by the level of one's medallion. For example, a 3rd level medallion would grant access to the 3rd level. Naturally, it also depended if that cultivator had sufficient abilities to withstand the pressure in there.

However, there was one aspect in which the Astral River Hall differed compared to the Heavenly Star Pavilion. The Astral River Hall only allowed access to students once a year.

And this time round for the students of Emperor Star Academy, as long as you had the ability, no matter how high you wanted to go, the Emperor Star Academy wouldn't stop you.

Many speculated that the reason for this this was because of the grand Jun Lin Banquet coming up at the end of the year. After all, the Emperor Star Academy would send many students to attend, and as the number one martial academy in the Chu Country, it wouldn't look good if the students sent by the Emperor Star Academy were too weak.

Today, the Astral River Hall was open to all. This was a rare opportunity for students with great affinity but lacking in Yuan Meteor Stones.

"Astral River Hall?" Qin Wentian naturally had heard of it before. It was only because just based on his own affinity, he was already able to traverse up to the 5th Heavenly Layer. That was why during this past year, he didn't choose to go there. But since there was a chance knocking on his door, he might as well grab it and go take a look.

"Okay."

Qin Wentian nodded his head, and mounted the white crane together with Mo Qingcheng. With a flap of its great wings, the white crane soared up in the sky.

"The two of you....." Nolan stomped her foot on the ground upon witnessing what just happened. Gazing angrily at the back of Mo Qingcheng who was getting further and further away, Nolan silently scolded, "Idiotic girl, choosing a guy over your friend. I will deal with you when I see you again."

On the other hand, Luo Huan was laughing happily.

"Boss, why didn't you bring me along?" Fan Le stretched his hands out in the air, as he grumbled depressedly. The two of them were supposed to be brothers, weren't they going to share wealth and woe together?

But still, that little fellow seemed to be truly lucky with beauties. Earlier, Qin Wentian had already explained the misunderstanding that happened back then in the Dark Forest, and that Mo Qingcheng had actually apologised to him in that banquet hosted by Chu Tianjiao. Fan Le naturally would not blame Mo Qingcheng for that misunderstanding that happened earlier.

Qiu Mo had an ashen look on his face, as he stared blankly at the silhouette of the flying crane.

Mo Qingcheng actually invited Qin Wentian to fly on her mount with her. What was this treatment? There was never any male that enjoyed such a treatment by Mo Qingcheng ever.

“I know that you deliberately targeted Junior Brother Qin because of Mo Qingcheng. But how laughable was it that Mo Qingcheng didn’t even know who Qiu Mo is? And on the contrary, didn’t you see what her relationship with Junior brother Qin was like? I truly don’t know what’s praiseworthy about you stepping into Yuanfu. Even if you are a Yuanfu cultivator, Mo Qingcheng won’t be bothered about you all the same.”

Luo Huan didn’t forget to shoot Qiu Mo when he was down. That arrogance of Qiu Mo earlier still grated on her nerves. Now that she had the chance to stub his pride, she wouldn’t be polite.

“And as for you, the 10th ranked among the 10 prodigies? After the banquet, you will never see your name appear in the rankings of the 10 prodigies again.” Luo Huan cast a glance at Jiang Xiu. There was no clear victor during their duel earlier.

“See you at the Astral River Hall.” Jiang Xiu coldly snorted as he walked away in the direction of the Astral River Hall.

Qiu Mo snorted as well, as he soared in the air, flying in the direction of the Astral River Hall.

The elites on the stage also made their way over to there.

Elites were all competitive in nature. Since the Astral River Hall was going to be opened today, those elites with stronger talents would naturally wish to see who could climb the highest.

Very quickly, everyone in the crowd vacated the area and departed for the Astral River Hall.

Today, he was ignored as though he was transparent while Qin Wentian obtained the favor of Mo Qingcheng. How could Qiu Mo take this humiliation lying down so easily? He would definitely make Qin Wentian pay, should they meet again in the Astral River Hall.

Chapter 112

AGM 0112 – Dangerous Orchon

There were already many people gathered outside the Astral River Hall.. Not only that, there were also some students with extraordinary talent that had obtained the approval of the elders already waiting there.

At the same time, the news about the opening was also being spread to every corner of the Emperor Star Academy. And swiftly after, all the students gradually knew about this.

The white crane flapped its wings slowly, hovering in the skies, surveying the entire Emperor Star Academy before it descended.

On top of the white crane, there were two silhouettes. The male was young and handsome, while the female was a beauty capable of toppling empires. This involuntarily caused those that witnessed this sight to praise them as a perfect couple.

However, there were also several that had negative emotions. Envy, jealousy, malice, resentment were all among them.

The crowd naturally recognised the two silhouettes sitting on the white crane. Qin Wentian, as well as the number one beauty of Chu, Mo Qingcheng.

It seemed like the rumors about Mo Qingcheng having a close relationship with Qin Wentian were real. Seeing both of them sitting together atop the white crane of Mo Qingcheng undoubtedly caused Qin Wentian to become the focal point of attention once again. Not only that, this time round, he was standing right in the heart where the wind and waves were the strongest.

Qin Wentian felt the weight of the stares and glares riveted on him, and he couldn't help but smile as he cast a glance at Mo Qingcheng beside him. "This time round, I'm really going to be so dead because of you."

Mo Qingcheng gazed at Qin Wentian, as an adorable smile appeared on her face. With a single hand propping up her chin, she laughed, "Why? Don't tell me you're not willing to seat here with me."

"How can it be, with a beautiful lady as my companion, my heart is warmed. Moreover, it's a delight to my eyes." Qin Wentian smiled as he replied.

“So, the dumbo also has moments where he is not as dumb.” Mo Qingcheng’s radiant smile almost caused Qin Wentian to lose his focus. Silently, he stated in his heart, femme fatale.

Ever since the beginning of time, beautiful women had always been sought after by others. Naturally, conflicts and competition would occur between those who wanted to woo the women of their desires. Thus the term, Femme Fatale.

Only now did Qin Wentian fully comprehend the meaning behind the two words. He hadn’t yet claimed the beauty as his own, but just a closer relationship with Mo Qingcheng already brought him an immense amount of hatred.

“Have you entered the Astral River Hall before?” Mo Qingcheng asked in a gentle voice as she gazed at the great hall before them.

“No, but I’ve heard that the Astral River Hall can mimic the astral pressure of the Nine Heavenly Layers. It was training for cultivators that wanted to condense an Astral Soul from the higher Heavenly Layers. Hence, I have never been in here before.” Qin Wentian replied.

“Dumbo, you are not modest at all.” Mo Qingcheng smiled. From his reply, Mo Qingcheng could infer that Qin Wentian was saying he temporarily did not need to use the Astral River Hall to help him condense Astral Souls from a higher Heavenly Layer.

“I have a name, okay?” Qin Wentian looked at Mo Qingcheng as he stated this. When had he become ‘dumbo’?

“I shall still refer to you as dumbo. Why? Do you have any objections?” Mo Qingcheng planted her hands on her hips, glaring at Qin Wentian as mock anger could be seen on her face. This anger also contained a hint of mischief, stirring Qin Wentian’s heart. When a woman’s beauty exceeded a certain limit, each and every one of her movements would cause people’s hearts to palpitate wildly.

“You win.” Qin Wentian shrugged his shoulders, utterly defeated.

A victorious expression appeared on the countenance of Mo Qingcheng as she laughed, “Not only does the Astral River Hall emulate the pressure of the Nine Heavenly Layers, there is also a mysterious profound theory hidden in there that few can decipher.”

A strange glow lit up in Qin Wentian eyes. This was something he had not known before. But since Mo Qingcheng's maternal grandfather was his Grand Teacher, what she said shouldn't be wrong. The Astral River Hall shouldn't merely be so simple as emulating the astral pressure felt in the higher Heavenly Layers.

The people gathered outside the Astral River Hall increased, and many teachers of the academy were also present. They stood in front of the Astral River Hall as they regarded the students gathered there.

It was unknown if there would be any talents that was able to step into the higher levels of the Astral River Hall this time round.

Qiu Mo, Jiang Xiu, Luo Huan, Luo Cheng and the rest also arrived. They were standing outside the Astral River Hall, gazing at the white crane soaring in the skies.

An extremely cold glint of light could be seen flickering in Qiu Mo's eyes. That earlier amiable and approachable demeanor had disappeared totally, and only intense jealousy, rage, and vengeance remained. His original plan to humiliate Qin Wentian had failed at the Emperor Star Monuments, and he had even been counter-humiliated by a junior.

What was even tougher for him to accept was the disregard Mo Qingcheng had towards him, as well as the totally opposite treatment she had shown towards Qin Wentian. This obvious contrast in treatment has already caused him to lose all his face.

Jiang Xiu, likewise, was also feeling terrible.

However, the two silhouettes sitting atop the white crane didn't even bother to glance in the direction of these two people. Mo Qingcheng didn't even know much about the two of them. She only knew of their existence.

Despite the fact that both of them were part of the 10 prodigies, Qin Wentian didn't place that much regard upon the two of them.

"Idiotic girl, you actually chose him over me." Nolan stood below with her hands planted on her hips, shouting at the white crane hovering in the skies.

Mo Qingcheng had a mischievous expression on her face as she regarded Nolan standing below. “Nolan, be careful of what you say; if not I won’t send you back later.”

“If you won’t send me, then don’t. How dare you threaten me!” Nolan angrily replied. This girl had actually forsaken her for Qin Wentian, how could she not be infuriated?

“You should stop yelling, Mo Qingcheng will become the wife of my junior brother Qin sooner or later. At that time, you will become an outsider.” Luo Huan laughed loudly, seemingly wishing for the whole world to be in chaos. Momentarily, flames could be seen spitting out of Nolan’s eyes as she glared at Luo Huan, “A mere smelly little brat wanting to marry Qingcheng? No way.”

“As long as they are both willing, it’s fine. You are not the one he is marrying anyway.”

How could Nolan win the war of words between her and Luo Huan? Nolan was already speechless. After only a few exchanges, her face had already turned red from suppressed anger. However, the words of Luo Huan caused the surrounding crowd to be stunned.

The number one beauty of Chu and Qin Wentian were actually mutual lovebirds? When had this happened?

“Your senior sister, her words are too.....” On top of the white crane, Mo Qingcheng didn’t know whether to laugh or be offended as she glanced at Qin Wentian. Although she treated Qin Wentian as a good friend, her feelings for him had not reached the level of a couple.

“You should understand the personality of senior sister Luo Huan, this is her usual character.” Qin Wentian was also speechless. Luo Huan was incurring hatred for him, he could feel the gazes of the crowd below getting colder and colder.

Luo Huan evidently didn’t feel like this. She was smiling as she gazed at Qin Wentian atop the white crane, thinking in her heart. “Smelly brat, your senior sister is campaigning for you, helping you to stake your claims on her. After this, it’s all up to you now.”

Janus, at this moment, was also standing in front of the entrance to the Astral River Hall. When he shifted his gaze onto the white crane flying in the air, a cold light could be seen in his eyes.

“The dog-shit luck of that little bastard.” A baleful air could be felt emanating from him. He naturally had reasons to hate Qin Wentian. Even before Qin Wentian had enrolled in the academy,

he had already formed grudges with Qin Wentian. But to think that despite him silently adding pressure, Qin Wentian's situation had actually gotten better and better, to the point where he'd obtained the recognition of the Emperor Academy. The current Janus had no face to speak of among all the Elders.

He had also never forgotten the threat that Qin Wentian had made. "Since today I can kill him, similarly, I can kill you in just a few years. If you have the guts, either you kill me right now, or f*ck off and stop bothering me."

"Teacher." At this moment, a silhouette approached Janus and called out to him.

"Orchon, work hard. Maybe you will step into Yuanfu in the coming year. Treat the entry into the Astral River Hall seriously, this could serve as preparation for when you condense your 3rd Astral Soul in the future." Janus instructed.

"Your student understands." Orchon nodded, as a sharp light flickered in his eyes. Compared to the past, his aura was now several times colder, as well as many times sharper, emitting a sense of danger to those that saw him.

"Not bad, you are almost ready to attempt your breakthrough to Yuanfu." Another Elder that had good relations with Janus praised Orchon as he nodded.

Those standing in the crowd paid close attention to Orchon. Orchon had disappeared from the Emperor Star Academy for a period of time, and had supposedly been training himself arduously for the Jun Lin Banquet, breaking through to Yuanfu.

Orchon turned, and walked towards the crowd. He directed a sharp glance filled with killing intent at the white crane in the air, towards Qin Wentian. Despite the distance, Qin Wentian clearly felt that coldness of that killing intent within Orchon's sharp gaze.

The countenance of Mo Qingcheng changed slightly as she whispered to Qin Wentian, "Dumbo, Orchon is many times more dangerous compared to the past. You have to be careful of him."

"I know." Qin Wentian nodded his head. He naturally understood the hatred Orchon had for him was so deep that it had already seeped into the bones. It was mutual for him as well.

“Mustang, today I want to see how high can this student of yours climb to in the Astral River Hall today.” Janus coldly snorted to Mustang, who was standing not far away from him.

“Don’t forget, his 2nd Astral Soul came from the 4th Heavenly Layer. How could Orchon compare to him?” Mustang’s countenance remained calm, Just like the confidence Janus had in Orchon, he was similarly also very confident in Qin Wentian.

“Okay, you all can enter the Astral River Hall now. Those with jade medallions at the 4th level and above will be the first batch of students to enter.” The gates of the Astral River Hall opened, and a silhouette walked out of it, instructing the students.

Although the Astral River Hall was spacious, it was not so spacious to the extent where it could accommodate all the students in one go. To enter, they would have to separate the students into batches, allowing those with higher leveled medallions to enter first.

“Let us enter as well.” The white crane descended, as the students around automatically parted, opening up a path for Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng. At this moment, Nolan ran up and scolded, “Idiotic girl.”

Mo Qingcheng pulled a comical face as she smiled. “Don’t be so petty.”

“Qin Wentian, I heard that your 2nd Astral Soul came from the 4th Heavenly Layer. I hope you won’t disappoint us later.” From the side, Qiu Mo’s voice drifted over, as he slowly entered the Astral River Hall.

“A pity. I’m afraid you won’t dare to participate in the Jun Lin Banquet at the end of the year.” Jiang Xiu followed Qiu Mo, and also entered the Astral River Hall.

“How troublesome.” Qin Wentian glanced around him, his lips curling up into a cold smile. After which, he smiled and stated, “Beautiful Qingcheng, shall we enter?”

“Beautiful Qingcheng?” Nolan and Mo Qingcheng were stunned upon hearing that, and they stared blankly at Qin Wentian.

“Er.....” Qin Wentian blinked rapidly, before awkwardly laughing, “Just a natural reaction, a natural reaction.”

After which, Qin Wentian pretended that nothing had happened as he walked towards the entrance of the Astral River Hall. Looking at his back, Mo Qingcheng's eyes flickered, and she burst out into laughter. Her brows arched into the shape of crescent moons were making her look exceptionally beautiful.

Chapter 113

AGM 0113 – Within the Astral River Hall

Mo Qingcheng entered the Astral River Hall at the same time as Qin Wentian. By the time they had entered, a majority of those from the first batch were already there. All of them stood there, gazing at the space above their heads.

When Qin Wentian stepped into the Astral River Hall, he felt a moment of shock. The space above his head wasn't the ceiling of the Astral River Hall but instead, was an actual starlit sky.

The Astral River Hall, borrowing the name of the Nine Astral Rivers in the Heavenly Layers, was also separated into 9 levels. Each and every level was completely covered with starry skies.

Standing within the Astral River Hall was similar to standing underneath the starlit skies; there were countless constellations.

"This feels as though it's real." Qin Wentian exclaimed in shock, a wave of faint pressure cascading downwards. This pressure was as though it originated from the 1st Heavenly Layer, and those from the first batch that had entered the Astral River Hall could easily resist the astral pressure of this level.

"The creator of the Emperor Star Academy was undoubtedly a monstrous genius." Mo Qingcheng smiled slightly, as Qin Wentian intently nodded his head in agreement.

At this moment, a sense of coldness gushed forth as Orchon's gaze shifted over to Qin Wentian. Orchon's body stood there, akin to a pointed spear, icy cold and sharp, as though he wanted to pierce through Qin Wentian.

A cold light similarly flickered in Qin Wentian's eyes as he looked at Orchon.

“Will you participate in the Jun Lin Banquet at the end of this year?” Orchon calmly inquired. Not much rage and anger seemed to be present in his words, but it causes those who heard it feel a chill.

“I think so, yes.” Qin Wentian stared at Orchon as he indifferently replied.

“If that’s the case, you’d better pray that you won’t end up meeting me.” Orchon took a step forward towards Qin Wentian, as a sharp aura frenziedly gushed forth. Qin Wentian felt as though numerous long spears were piercing over in his direction. Orchon’s strength was many times more powerful compared to their last meeting.

“Boom.” Orchon took another step forwards, and Astral Light coalesced into the form of an astral long spear, incomparably sharp. Waves of killing intent billowed forth, rushing towards Qin Wentian.

“Orchon, what are you doing?” Luo Huan coldly snorted, as the crowd surrounding them cast their gazes over. Mo Qingcheng’s countenance also slightly changed as an indistinct pressure could be felt emanating from her.

“Relax. No matter how stupid I am, I won’t make a move within the Emperor Star Academy.” Orchon swept a glance over at Luo Huan as the long spear in his hands pierced upwards in the direction of the starlit skies. An instant later, the restriction of the 1st level broke apart, .Orchon’s body transformed into a beam of light, disappearing from the 1st level of the Astral River Hall.

“Disappeared?” Qin Wentian’s expression froze slightly. This was the first time he had entered the Astral River Hall and wasn’t that familiar with it.

His expression grew slightly heavy as he recalled the intense killing intent in Orchon’s eyes earlier. Orchon and a few others obviously wanted his death. If it was not for the Emperor Star Academy behind him, there was no way he could cultivate in peace.

“The Jun Lin Banquet.” Qin Wentian felt a huge sense of pressure. With his cultivation at the 6th level of Arterial Circulation, there was no way he was strong enough.

“You actually still wish to participate in the Jun Lin Banquet?” Jiang Xiu’s voice abruptly drifted over. Qin Wentian inclined his head as to regard Jiang Xiu.

Jiang Xiu had initially thought that Qin Wentian would not participate in the Jun Lin Banquet this year, thus, he couldn't help but feel shocked when this fellow actually said yes to Orchon.

“Very good.” Jiang Xiu laughed as he gazed at the space above him. Piercing through the void with his sword, his silhouette also disappeared from the 1st level of the Astral River Hall.

Qiu Mo also glanced at Qin Wentian, as he too, disappeared from this level.

Many people trained their gazes onto Qin Wentian. The majority of these people were unlike Orchon and did not have hatred or grudges against him. It was only because of the commotion Qin Wentian had caused, which had inadvertently caused him to become the focal point of attention. Not to mention currently, even Mo Qingcheng also viewed him in a favourable light.

This wasn't just for those within the Astral River Hall, but the students outside as well. This time round, the objects of their focus were none other than: Qin Wentian, Mo Qingcheng, Qiu Mo, Jiang Xiu, Orchon, Luo Huan and Luo Cheng.

These were the people that had the chance to ascend to the 9th level of the Astral River Hall.

Outside the Astral River Hall, the spectators were currently gazing at its majestic glory. At this moment, both the 1st and 2nd levels of the Astral River Hall were already lit up by the constellations within. From the outside of the hall, the spectators could clearly see what was happening within.

“Orchon's speed is so impressive, he's the first to step into the 2nd level. Seems like the things Qin Wentian did were actually a source of motivation for Orchon, pushing him to his limits. Currently, his level of power should be on par, or even greater than, that of Jiang Xiu, one of the 10 prodigies.”

“Jiang Xiu, Qiu Mo, Luo Cheng, have all already ascended to the 2nd level, using only an instant. How fast, I wonder who will be the first to step onto the 3rd level.”

The gazes of the spectators outside stared at the happenings within the Astral River Hall. Every time someone stepped into a level of the Astral River Hall, the constellations there would manifest and light up the surroundings. Even from the outside, they could still see it extremely clearly.

Qin Wentian contemplated the Astral River above his head. Countless constellations revolved about, interweaving into a complex and beautiful picture, as a faint pressure could be felt cascading downwards. However, to Qin Wentian, such an intensity could be totally be ignored.

“Can you feel the pressure attack from the constellations of the first level?” Luo Huan inquired.

“I’ve felt it.” Qin Wentian lightly nodded. The revolving constellations were emitting a formless pressure attack, stimulating his spirit and willpower..

“Break it apart and you would be able to ascend to the 2nd level.” Luo Huan smiled as she inclined her head. Her gaze momentarily sharpened as the aura she released fought against the astral pressure. An instant later, Astral Light enveloped her as she disappeared in front of Qin Wentian.

Naturally, to Luo Huan, this wasn’t something difficult.

“Junior Brother Qin, I will wait for you at the next level.” Mountain appeared behind him, and he punched upwards with his fist, disappearing from this level.

Very quickly, the students at the first level all ascended, leaving behind Qin Wentian, Mo Qingcheng, and Fan Le, who were silently regarding the Astral River above them.

“Boss, do you see anything?” A strange glow flickered in Fan Le’s eyes as he looked at Qin Wentian.

“Runic lines of divine imprints.” Qin Wentian intoned in a low voice. He stared at the revolving constellations, the pathway of their movements were actually condensed from lines and lines of runic imprints. The faint sense of astral pressure actually originated from there.

“Mm, seems like you are really a genius in the field of divine inscriptions. However, I see an innate technique. The astral pressure is actually a fist manifested by some fist-type innate technique, blasting towards us.” Fan Le replied in a low voice, as Qin Wentian furrowed his brows. What he saw was actually different from what Fan Le was seeing.

“I also see an innate technique.” Mo Qingcheng nodded her head, as she continued. “The Astral River Hall contains many mysteries in it. However, majority of the students wouldn’t be able to see it. I can’t solve the mystery either. Dumbo, I will take my leave first, try your best to gain some insights.”

After Mo Qingcheng spoke, her silhouette also vanished from the 1st level, as she ascended to the 2nd level.

“I will make a move first as well.” Fan Le laughed, and with a slight intention of his will, it was as though an arrow blasted apart the void, as his silhouette also disappeared from this level.

Only Qin Wentian remained at the first level.

Such a happening caused many to be extremely astounded. Expressions of bewilderment could be seen upon the faces of the crowd when they realised that Qin Wentian was the only one remaining on the first level.

“Qin Wentian’s Astral Souls were condensed from the 3rd and 4th Heavenly Layers. The 1st layer shouldn’t be able to stop him, right?”

“Maybe, he just wanted to enjoy the mysteriousness of the 1st level.”

Many people were internally thinking that this was the reason.

At this very moment, as the crowd cast their gazes at the 2nd level, sounds of excitement abruptly rang out. Orchon had stepped into the 3rd level. Wasn’t this speed a bit too terrifying?

And after which, Qiu Mo, Jiang Xiu, Luo Cheng, also ascended to the 3rd level. The shine from the constellations lit up the entire area, causing the crowd to feel as though they were bathing in the Astral Light.

“These people were all capable of condensing an Astral Soul from the 3rd Heavenly Layer. I wonder if they are strong enough to step into the 4th layer. If they could, this would indicate that they have a very high possibility of being able to form an innate link with a constellation from the 4th Heavenly Layer.” Many people silently thought this in their hearts.

Time slowly passed by, and there were already a total of more than 10 people on the 3rd level of the Astral River Hall. The talent of these people were obviously somewhat stronger when compared to the others.

However, there was something the crowd couldn't understand. Qin Wentian was still stuck on the first level!

What was he doing? No one knew.

At this moment, Qin Wentian sat cross-legged there, as he silently studied the revolving pathway of the constellations. The complex, beautiful pictures formed by the lines of runic imprints actually formed into a fist, blasting forwards in his direction.

"Boom." Qin Wentian only felt his mind trembling violently. However, soon after that, an excited expression could be seen on his countenance.

"Divine Imprint, Innate Technique. They were actually so perfectly connected within this astral space. This is an opportunity." Qin Wentian's heart thumped wildly, as he saw the fist formed by the innate technique.

After that, Qin Wentian closed his eyes, sinking into a state of deep contemplation. In the formless space, countless fist lights generated by the innate technique blasted towards him, and every time he was blasted, Qin Wentian's consciousness trembled violently. However, this only served to make him even more excited. He had to see clearly and understand this opportunity.

And just like that, 3 days passed by. Currently, among the first batch of students, there were several who had already exited the Astral River Hall, as a new batch of students replaced them.

And as this new batch of students gradually ascended to the 2nd level, Qin Wentian was still sitting there. Nobody knew what the hell he was doing.

Gradually, the crowd even started to suspect, how on earth did Qin Wentian condense his Astral Soul. Had Qiu Mo spoken the truth? Qin Wentian did not depend on his own abilities but instead, had obtained godly luck through a fortuitous event.

5 days later, the students of the academy recycled again. As some students of the earlier batches exited, new students entered.

Abruptly, a blinding radiance shone out, so bright that even the space outside the Astral River Hall was fully illuminated. As the students outside the hall inclined their heads and regarded the Astral River Hall, their hearts couldn't help but to shudder in awe.

“Qiu Mo, has actually stepped into the 4th level. It seems that, after breaking through to Yuanfu, his 3rd Astral Soul had a chance to be condensed from the 4th Heavenly Layer.” The crowd whispered in awe. “No wonder he was ranked 4th among the 10 prodigies. What a demon.”

“Boom.” At this exact instant, another silhouette appeared on the 4th level. This person, was none other than Orchon.

The countenances of the spectators outside were all incredibly fascinated, as their hearts thumped wildly in excitement. It was as though they were seeing the birth of a dazzling genius slowly soaring up into the heavens.

Chapter 114

AGM 0114 – The Wind and Clouds Rises

Orchon was different from Qiu Mo. His cultivation base was only at the 9th level of Arterial Circulation, and he had yet to breakthrough to the Yuanfu Realm. Thus, the difficulty for him to ascend to the 4th level of the Astral River Hall was several times harder. This indicated that the chance of Orchon condensing his 3rd Astral Soul from the 4th Heavenly Layer far exceeded Qiu Mo's.

“Bouncing back from his shame, and undergoing such a transformation. Based on Orchon's determination, his breaking into Yuanfu is merely a matter of time.” Janus smiled as he witnessed the happenings. Casually, he glanced at the 1st level of the Astral River Hall only to see Qin Wentian still sitting there, appearing to be doing nothing. This caused a cold glint of laughter to flicker in Janus's eyes as he muttered, “Deliberately acting mysterious.”

Janus wasn't foolish enough to think that Qin Wentian wasn't able to ascend to the 2nd level.

Currently, Qin Wentian was totally immersed in his own world of comprehensions, and had forgotten the flow of time. He couldn't be bothered about who stepped into which level and such; the only thing on his mind were the mysterious runic pathways and the manifestations caused by the power of the innate technique.

The constellations revolved about as the mysterious lines of runic pathways became increasingly clearer, slowly coalescing into the outline of a fist, and exploding forth towards Qin Wentian. However, as of now, this type of attack was unable to shake his consciousness any longer. Qin Wentian quietly contemplated and attempted to gain even more insights.

Time flowed by. 12 days went by in a flash, and Mo Qingcheng also ascended to the 4th level of the Astral River Hall. However, they were unable to advance any further. The 4th level of the Astral River Hall gave them an unprecedented sense of pressure. Even Qiu Mo had exited the Astral River Hall. He had no way of withstanding and enduring that formless energy pressuring his consciousness.

“Still at the 1st level?” A strange expression appeared on Qiu Mo’s face. What exactly was that fellow doing?

At this moment, Qin Wentian could already clearly see the myriad pathway of each runic lines. Not only that, the moment he understood the connection, it was as though a huge column of light had appeared within his sea of consciousness, as he entered into a state of enlightenment.

“Wrong. From the beginning, my way of thinking was already mistaken. How could I observe the revolving runic pathways of already completed inscriptions? Each and every divine imprint is a different kind of entity, a different kind of concept.” Qin Wentian still had his eyes closed, but the corners of his mouth twitched. This sensation of enlightenment was extremely marvelous.

Qin Wentian began to activate his innate technique as he willed himself into his dreamscape.

In his dream, Qin Wentian stood alone in a desolate courtyard. His hand was wielding an Astral Heavenly Hammer, as runic lines of divine imprints began interweaving within his body.

Abruptly, Astral Energy began to circulate as the Heavenly Hammer in Qin Wentian’s hand smashed towards the ground. An instant later, the picture of a divine imprint appeared. This was none other than the human-type divine imprint that he had created.

“Wielders of Forging-type Astral Souls were natural born weaponsmiths. They could directly construct the symbols of divine imprints within their body.” Qin Wentian silently remarked. Maybe, this was the true meaning of natural born weaponsmiths.

The ancient halberd appeared in his hand. As Qin Wentian stood there, his aura explosively surged.

Abruptly, his body formed countless after-images, as the faint illusion of the a Garuda’s wings appeared on his back. The ancient halberd exploded forwards in fury, as the tip of the halberd manifested a raging wind that transformed into a terrifying spiral.

“Boom!” The sound of an explosion echoed through the air as the ground before him trembled and broke apart. This attack didn’t originate from the Berserker Beast Halberd Technique. Rather, it was a move of his self-creation, emanating the same ferocious aura as his divine inscription painting. Only, it was still imperfect, and he could not manifest the same level of heaven-toppling might in reality.

As Qin Wentian discovered the feeling, he started to perfect this halberd technique. This halberd strike of his contained the integration of his Astral Soul, Aura, and Divine Yuan. This would become his ultimate attack.

“Since this halberd technique was created within my dream, I shall name it as the Great Dream Halberd Art. Not only that, I shall name the first attack stance of the Great Dream Halberd Artas Mountain Splitter.” Qin Wentian remarked in his heart, indicating that he had the intent to create a complete set of his own halberd techniques. In the future, he would create new divine imprints, and continue creating new innate techniques.

This first attack stance contained an imposing, majestic aura. The might of the attack could even split apart the great mountains. Mountain Splitter, aptly named.

Qin Wentian continued perfecting the Mountain Splitter Stance, and magnified the scope of his dream, losing himself in his fantasy. He imagined himself as an existence that could tear the heavens asunder, and split the earth apart, akin to a Garuda moving unhindered throughout the whole universe.

In the blink of an eye, half a month had passed. Majority of those among the first batch that entered, had already exited. Bewildered looks appeared on their faces as they witnessed Qin Wentian still sitting in the 1st level. However, today, Qin Wentian finally opened his eyes. He stood up, broke apart the restriction, and stepped into the 2nd level.

“That fellow finally decided to ascend to the 2nd level.” Luo Huan was standing outside as she somewhat exasperatedly stated. During these few days of waiting, she had already heard what the crowd had to say about Qin Wentian. There were those that didn’t understand, and there was also many with suspicions.

However, the crowd quickly discovered that Qin Wentian, unlike the other elites who quickly broke apart the restriction of the 2nd level, had actually sat down in the cross-legged position once again in the 2nd level.

Many people had already departed the area. Cultivation time was precious; they didn't have the time to waste to watch Qin Wentian doing nothing.

Four days later, the voices of suspicion grew louder and louder as Qin Wentian ascended to the 3rd level. Could it be that Qin Wentian was truly undeserving of his reputation? He had to spend great amounts of time enduring the pressure of each level before he could break apart the restrictions.

If not, why was he acting the same way in each of the levels?

“The Jun Lin Banquet will commence soon, work hard but take note of the time and exit here quickly.” Mo Qingcheng smiled as she regarded Qin Wentian who was sitting with his legs crossed on the 3rd level of the Astral River Hall. After which, she mounted the white crane together with Nolan, and they departed the Emperor Star Academy.

Things gradually calmed down outside the Astral River Hall as the crowd departed from the area. However, the atmosphere got increasingly livelier in the Emperor Star Academy compared to how it had been in the past.

This was because the end of the year was nearing, and the Jun Lin Banquet was about to commence. Even those elites that had been training outside the academy didn't want to miss this chance, and they rushed back quickly.

Orchon stood within the Knight's Association while emanating a faint wave of coldness. Inclining his head, he gazed in the direction of the Astral River Hall as he inquired. “Which level is he at now?”

“He just stepped into the 4th level not too long ago.” Someone beside Orchon replied. The ‘him’ in their sentences, naturally referred to Qin Wentian.

“Still at the 4th level? It seems like, this is where your limit lies.” Orchon calmly remarked.

Orchon wasn't the only one that thought this, several others thought so as well. Qin Wentian's limit was the 4th level of the Astral River Hall. It seemed like the Astral Soul he had condensed from the 4th heavenly layer earlier had truly been a result of an incomparably great fortuitous event.

Aside from some exceptions, majority of the students had gradually forgotten that Qin Wentian was still within the Astral River Hall. What most of the students were concerned about was: how strong would the returning students be? And what would their rankings in the Jun Lin Banquet be?

Orchon had also stepped into the 4th level of the Astral River Hall. The him now had already undergone a transformation. Maybe, he had the chance to obtain one of the top nine rankings, and could even become one of the 10 prodigies

Aside from him, Jiang Xiu, Luo Cheng, Luo Huan, also had excellent results.

Naturally, Luo Qianqiu couldn't be neglected as well. He was outstanding, with an extremely high level of innate talent. It was said that this time round, he only had one goal: to obtain the first rank in the Jun Lin Banquet.

There were countless geniuses in the Jun Lin Banquet, how difficult would it be if one wanted to attain first? It was also said that the geniuses from the Snowcloud Country would participate as well. It was unclear if Luo Qianqiu had any opportunity to obtain the first rank.

Anyway, many people were excitedly anticipating the coming of the Jun Lin Banquet this year.

It wasn't only the Emperor Star Academy; currently, the entire Royal Capital was the same as well.

The Royal Academy, Divine Wind Academy, and Seven Stars Martial Palace, were all eagerly anticipating the commencement of the Jun Lin Banquet.

And in the courtyard of the Royal Academy, Mu Rou stood beneath a tree. As she thought about the experiences she'd had during these past days, she couldn't help but feel deeply moved.

Currently, the support given to her by her family was many times greater than that of the past. The attitudes of everyone towards her had also changed for the better. At the same time, the people in her academy weren't cold and indifferent towards her anymore. On the contrary, they were extremely enthusiastic when interacting with her.

Everything that she'd experienced, she had taken it with a grain of salt. After going through so many things, she could more clearly comprehend the meaning of human complexity.

“The Jun Lin Banquet is commencing soon. This time round, who will dazzle the Royal Capital? Qin Wentian, will he be there as well?” Mu Rou murmured. The Jun Lin Banquet was the grandest event of the Chu Country every year. This year was no exception, and even if Qin Wentian participated this year, he wouldn’t have many accomplishments. However, she believed that if he participated in the grand banquet next year, the glow of his talent would be absolutely dazzling.

Today, a group of flying-type demonic beasts was soaring above the skies of the Chu Country. This group of flying beasts was pulling dragon carriages. Several powerful existences flew alongside the demonic beasts, shocking the entire Chu Country. Very quickly, the news spread around: the Crown Prince of the Snowcloud Country had brought along the geniuses of the Snowcloud Country to the Chu Country.

Today, in the Dark Forest, a group of cultivators under the leadership of the Asura Faction, returned to the Royal Capital.

Today, one of the three greatest companies in Chu, the Heaven’s Wonder Company, which was also the biggest casino in the Royal Capital, had already prepared betting rates for individuals predicted to attain the top 9 rankings in the Jun Lin Banquet.

That wasn’t all; when the Jun Lin Banquet commenced, Heaven’s Wonder would also prepare separate betting rates for figures that were constantly in the limelight.

And naturally, Yuan Meteor Stones and other cultivation items would become the stakes for betting.

Based on the betting rates proposed by Heaven’s Wonder, the payout rate for Luo Qianqiu obtaining first rank, was the lowest. This indicated that the person Heaven’s Wonder had the highest expectations of during the Jun Lin Banquet this year was none other than Luo Qianqiu.

Chapter 115

AGM 0115 – Lighting up the Starry Skies

Royal Capital, the Chu Emperor District occupied an immense area, and was a place where tens of thousands of soldiers stood guard in all directions. Normally, no one was allowed to enter.

In this vast and extensive Chu Emperor District, with a single glance, one could see a total of nine towering platforms constructed there. They were displayed in a triangular formation, with one platform in front, three platforms in the middle, and five platforms at the back.

On the left and right side of the nine towering platforms were flights of stairs with a total of tens of thousands of stone seats. In fact, there were even stone tables in front of the stone seats; the distribution was even and scattered, but was also extremely organized. It was as though there would be no problems if one wanted to hold a grand banquet in this area.

In front of the first towering platform, there were a flight of steps carved from Azure Dragon Jadeite. It emanated the aura of an emperor: revered, aloof, looking down on everyone. And on the top of that flight of steps, there was an impressive-looking grand seat. This was none other than the Azure Jadeite Dragon Seat!

In the past, during the establishment of the Chu Empire, the emperor who founded Chu sat upon this Azure Jadeite Dragon Seat. Inviting dukes, feudal lords and other valuable and important guests from all directions. It was also used to appoint generals for tasks and to muster troops.

Atop the nine towering platforms, the shadow of the nine battalions of troops of the past were still as though they remained there.

The entire Chu Emperor District fully represented the might and power of the Royal Authority. And hence, the Chu Emperor District became the grounds where the Jun Lin Banquet would be held each year.

Jun Lin Banquet was an event that the sovereign king would personally attend, as well as inviting all the dukes and feudal lords, and influential bigwig officers.

It was only that the nine towering platforms were no longer used to appoint generals or to muster troops. But instead, they became the arenas where the geniuses of Chu would showcase their brilliant talents.

Today, the warm and genial sunlight cascaded onto the great land of the Chu Country, as terrifying streams of people could be seen around the area of the Chu Emperor District. Countless people from the Royal Capital made their way towards the nine towering platforms. Not only that, even people from the other parts of Chu traversed a thousand miles, bypassing mountains and rivers, coming to the Chu Capital, all for the sake of witnessing the Jun Lin Banquet.

Tomorrow would be the day when the Jun Lin Banquet would commence, but now, there were already people fighting for the good seats, hoping for a seat with the best view that was able to view the glory of the nine towering arenas.

Some inns that were quite far away from the Chu Emperor District were purposely constructed to be extremely tall. And from there, one could view the happenings on top of the nine towering platforms. Currently, such inns were already fully booked and filled to the brim with people.

The Jun Lin Banquet was the greatest and most magnificent event in the Chu Country every year. Unprecedented enthusiasm abounded everywhere, this type of uplifting attitude towards cultivation also ignited the passions of each and every generation of youngsters in Chu that had embarked on their own pathway of cultivation.

“I’ve also heard that the Jun Lin Banquet this time round is the most magnificent one ever to be held in over 10 years.”

“Yeah, to think that the Snowcloud Country would actually collaborate and co-organise the Jun Lin Banquet this year. Currently, the Seven Nights, Three Swords, and Duo Prides of the Snowcloud Country have already arrived at the Royal Capital, and they are staying in the Imperial Palace. Not only that, our Chu Country’s Luo Qianqiu, the 10 prodigies, talents like Orchon as well as the various geniuses of all the martial academies will be attending as well. The competition at the Jun Lin Banquet this year is going to be exceedingly marvellous to behold.”

Everyone was anticipating the competition at the Jun Lin Banquet.

The citizens of Chu naturally knew which were the geniuses that received the greatest attention. Heaven’s Wonder, as one of the top three companies in the Chu Country, naturally had already conducted a detailed investigation. As long as one looked at the betting rates set by Heaven’s Wonder, they could easily understand which were the geniuses that received the most recognition.

The names of Ye WuQue and Immortal Drunken Sword couldn’t be found anywhere in the betting rates. This indicated that both Ye WuQue and Immortal Drunken Sword were no longer at the realm of Arterial Circulation, and had broken through to Yuanfu.

Currently, within the geniuses that attained the most recognition, other than Luo Qianqiu, was Sikong Mingyue of the Snowcloud Country. Sikong Mingyue, and the crown prince of Snowcloud Country, were dubbed as the ‘Duo Prides’ of the Snowcloud Empire.

Other than the two of them, there were 10 prodigies of Chu, The Seven Nights and Three Swords of Snowcloud, as well as a few other geniuses from Emperor Star Academy, Royal Academy and Godly General Martial Palace. This was the batch of geniuses that had obtained the most recognition.

And within the Royal Capital, there were many that had staked all their life's possessions and betted with the Heaven's Wonder. Naturally, there were some still withholding their bets, waiting for the performances of the geniuses before making their decisions. However, at that time, the betting rates would naturally be adjusted as well.

Currently, be it within or outside of the Royal Capital, everyone was paying attention to the situation within the Chu Emperor District.

Even within the grounds of the Emperor Star Academy, only very few of the students could still be seen. The majority of them were already making their way to the Chu Emperor District.

And not only the students, the elders of the academies were also on their way over there.

Although in the dark, the relationship between the Royal Clan and the Emperor Star Academy wasn't that good, they would still have to give each other face on the surface. And thus, elders from the Emperor Star Academy were also allowed to enter, thereby obtaining a seat.

Not only the Emperor Star Academy was as such, all elders from the nine martial academies of the Chu Capital were also be invited to this grand banquet. After all, the main stars of the event were none other than the talented students of their academy.

And when dusk approached, the stray remnants of the students in the Emperor Star Academy had also departed from the school grounds. After all, tomorrow morning would be the commencement of the Jun Lin Banquet.

The students of the Emperor Star Academy had long forgotten that there was still a student that has yet to emerge from the River Astral Hall.

After so many days, the number of people observing Qin Wentian had naturally lessened. The attention of humans was always easily shifted – especially during times when a major event was about to occur.

Outside the Astral River Hall, Luo Huan, Mountain, and Fan Le stood, involuntarily smiling bitterly as they stared at the silhouette sitting on the 4th level.

“If this rascal still doesn’t want to come out, he’ll miss the chance to participate in the Jun Lin Banquet this year. Although this time round, the probability of him having any accomplishments is not that great, it could still be considered an excellent opportunity to temper himself.” Luo Huan helplessly scolded in a low voice.

“Seeing that Junior Brother Qin was able to stay in the 4th level for so long, it shows that his endurance probably surpasses many others. He is indeed someone who had condensed an Astral Soul from the 4th Heavenly Layer. Why not let him stay in there a few days more; when the time comes again for him to condense his 3rd Astral Soul, his consciousness and will will be able to stay in the 4th Heavenly Layer for a longer period of time, and thus he will have more opportunity to form innate links with even more constellations.”

It was as though Mountain was worried Luo Huan would disturb Qin Wentian, as he reminded.

“Of course I know that.” Luo Huan glared at Mountain as she continued, “Let’s go, we should hurry to the banquet.”

“Mmm.” Mountain nodded his head. This time round, he and Luo Huan were participants of the Jun Lin Banquet.

“Senior Sister, you guys can go first, I will wait for a little while longer.” Fan Le smiled at both of them. Luo Huan and Mountain nodded as they departed the academy, leaving only Fan Le behind. Fan Le cast his gaze at the 4th level of the Astral River Hall, as a light flashed incessantly in his eyes. Touching his chin, Fan Le murmured, “Based on your personality, there should be no way that you would be willing to miss the Jun Lin Banquet.”

If one were to ask who in the Emperor Star Academy understood Qin Wentian the most, the names mentioned would undoubtedly be Qin Yao and Fan Le.

Fan Le had a nagging feeling that this rascally fellow would emerge from the Astral River Hall before the Jun Lin Banquet commenced.

It was not that Qin Wentian wasn’t able to break apart the restriction in the 4th level. Although the 4th level was sufficient to give him a sense of pressure, he had already adapted to it after a period of time. And at this moment, he was intently analysing something.

He discovered that in the starry space of each level of the Astral River Hall, the countless constellations actually formed into pathways of runic lines of divine inscriptions. When the runic

lines gathered together, they transformed into an innate technique, which in turn manifested an invisible, formless pressure that was akin to the astral pressure felt in the 9 Heavenly Layers. How incredibly mysterious.

At this moment, Qin Wentian was thinking; if the emulated astral pressure in the 4th level of the Astral River Hall was already so similar as though it was real when compared to the 4th Heavenly Layer, then, what about the 5th level, not to mention the 6th to the 9th levels?

Even the founder of the academy shouldn't be able to emulate the astral pressure of the 9th Heavenly Layer, right? Unless the founder had already reached the stage of condensing Astral Souls from the 9th Heavenly Layer. However, that probability was too low. At the very least, Qin Wentian didn't believe that the founder of the Emperor Star Academy would possess such heaven-shaking strength

Not only that, but the current runic pathways which Qin Wentian observed transformed into fist lights. And in the night sky, four different layer of spaces abruptly appeared. The spaces within the four different layers simultaneously flowed downwards, and transformed into a terrifying spiral, each layer merging into each other, when abruptly, a straight fist exploded forth from the midst of that terrifying spiral black hole.

In that instant of explosion, this was no longer a single, one-time attack, but was as though the silhouettes of boundless fists filled the entire skies, a multitude of attacks combined together. It was something similar to the principle behind the Revolving Sea imprint, the stacking of fist lights in superposition but yet, it was something even more mysterious – the might of the attack was also many times stronger.

“I want to take a look at the 5th level.” Qin Wentian silently remarked in his heart. After which, he stood up, and resolutely sent his iron-willed consciousness into the centre of that terrifying black-coloured spiral. Wave after wave of terrifying fist lights blasted downwards, but they were unable to eradicate his consciousness. And as a radiant light flickered, his silhouette disappeared from the 4th level.

Outside the Astral River Hall, night had already descended. The light emitted from the Astral River Hall was still as radiant as before. Fatty Fan Le casually sat on the ground. However, at this moment, he suddenly felt a light so bright he could even see it with his eyes closed. Involuntarily, he wrenched open his eyes, only to see the radiance of the starry skies, incomparably resplendent, lighting up the 5th level. Fan Le froze there, as he stared unblinkingly at the Astral River Hall.

“The 5th level, this monster!” Fan Le’s mouth opened gapingly, as an expression of immense shock painted his countenance. That perverse fellow actually stepped into the 5th level of the Astral River Hall.

“Doesn’t this means that he has a chance at condensing an Astral Soul from the 5th Heavenly Layer?” Fan Le blinked his eyes, as he contemplated his surroundings. At this moment, the entire Emperor Star Academy was exceptionally silent, which caused Fan Le to feel slightly depressed. Staring at the radiant astral light so bright that it covered the entire sky, Fan Le mumbled, “The astral light is so resplendent, but yet, there’s no audience.”

“Why are you so good at picking such lousy moments. I really wanted to see what kind of expressions would be on Qiu Mo and Jiang Xiu’s faces.” Fan Le stood up and he walked about, feeling very unsatisfied. How wasted, such a good chance to boast, but yet the timing so coincidentally collided with the night before the commencement of the Jun Lin Banquet. No one saw.....the extremely depressed fatty.

At this moment, the old man in charge of the Astral River Hall was sitting in a remote corner. And as he saw the resplendent radiance lit up by the 5th level, his body involuntarily shook slightly, as a light flickered in his previously muddy-looking eyes.

“Stepping into the 5th level of the Astral River Hall at such a young age.” The old man silently murmured, as an unknown sense of joy and surprise arose in his heart.

Buzz! And at this very moment, an eye-piercing beam of light erupted from the Astral River Hall, radiating outwards towards the Emperor Star Academy. The resplendence of that astral light was so dazzling, causing the old man to freeze, before his body abruptly trembled violently.

“How is this possible, how is this possible?!” The old man had a disbelieving expression etched on his face as he gazed at the brilliance of the astral light that covered the entire sky. In just an instant, that earlier beam of light had lit up the entire Emperor Star Academy, and when the countless number of students that still remained behind inclined their heads, it was as though they saw a second piece of a starlit sky!

Fan Le, who was walking back and forth, had his mouth open wide in shock as he froze there. The pupils of his eyes were fixated unmovingly on the 2nd piece of starry sky.

“Damn!” In the middle of the night, a voice rang out as that beam of astral light dimmed. The remaining students all looked about in confusion, as puzzlement was evident on their faces.

Who exactly was it that had lit up that 2nd piece of starry sky!

Chapter 116

AGM 0116 – Gathering at the Chu Emperor District

“What exactly happened just now?” Low murmurs could be heard drifting about Emperor Star Academy.

The radiance of that single instant had lit up the night in Emperor Star Academy. It was as if they had seen a second starlit sky. This scenario was too fascinating and marvelous.

The old man in charge of Astral River Hall trembled violently as he witnessed a handsome youth slowly strolling out of the exit. His eyes glowed with a fiery blaze despite that feeble and aged countenance of his.

Although it had only lasted for an instant, this youngster had actually stepped onto the 6th level. How had he done that?

“Too terrifying.” Qin Wentian was extremely depressed. When he had stepped onto the the 5th level, he’d realised that the runic lines the boundless constellations contained revolved together as one. As a result, the fist light they’d formed contained an extremely powerful might within them, and when his consciousness had been blasted, it had gotten exceedingly difficult for him to continue enduring. Using all the strength he could muster, he’d broken apart the restriction of the 5th level and had set foot upon the 6th level of the Astral River Hall.

However, the time he spent on the 6th level had only lasted for an instant. In there, it was as though he saw constellations transforming into meteors of fist light, gathering together, and exploding forth with the speed of a shooting star. Luckily, the astral pressure hadn’t killed him, and had only forced him back onto the 5th layer.

Because his consciousness and will had been damaged, even the pressure at the 5th level became too tough for him to endure. Qin Wentian had thus chosen to exit the Astral River Hall.

“I need to go into closed door seclusion.” The first thing that escaped his mouth after exiting the Astral River Hall was actually saying that he wanted to cultivate.

“Er.....” Fan Le blinked his eyes. This perverse beast, didn’t he know what he had just done?

“Tomorrow is the Jun Lin Banquet.” After muttering to himself irresolutely, Fan Le remarked to Qin Wentian.

“I want to cultivate.” Qin Wentian replied, staring at Fan Le, before departing the vicinity of the Astral River Hall.

Fatty stood there, stunned. He mumbled, “Could it be that the crucial moment has arrived?”

After all, Qin Wentian had stayed many days within the Astral River Hall, and should have gained some insights. Fatty didn’t believe that this rascal had wasted his time in the Astral River Hall doing nothing.

Just now, he’d personally witnessed that after so many days of stillness, a beam of dazzling, resplendent light, had radiated out for a moment.

The only regretful thing was that there had been no audience..... Fatty, was extremely depressed.

After thinking of here, Fatty pulled a face. He chased after Qin Wentian, the flesh on his body bouncing and quivering with each step.

The Emperor Star Academy was still extremely quiet. But at this moment, the emotions of a group of special existences were unsettled. They had always stayed within the grounds of the Emperor Star Academy, guarding this sacred ground. It was as though they existed perpetually in the darkness, and had very few chances to walk out in the light. Besides, even if they did, almost no one would know who they were.

Qin Wentian did indeed enter closed door seclusion for his cultivation. Although tomorrow was the commencement of the Jun Lin Banquet, he wanted to sort out all the insights and comprehensions he’d gained within the Astral River Hall. These would enable his strength to take another step forward. As these ‘steps’ gradually increased, they would allow him to complete a kind of transformation.

Thus, he returned to his residence and fell into a deep slumber, stepping into the dreamscape he created.

Beside him were numerous Yuan Meteor Stones. He would be able to use these Yuan Meteor Stones anytime they were needed.

Tonight, the starlight around the residence Qin Wentian was staying in was incomparably resplendent. Above the skies, the astral energy from two constellations cascaded downwards, enveloping the dreaming Qin Wentian.

Although he was in a state of deep slumber, both of his Astral Souls were released, and they absorbed the astral energies. From his body, crackling and rattling sounds unceasingly rang out, as a surge of terrifying energy surged about frenziedly within. Akin to the torrential waves of the ocean, the sound of gushing water ringing out in the silence of the night could be heard extremely clearly..

At this moment, Qin Wentian didn't create an overly profound dreamscape. He was only observing his body in his dream. In this instant, it was as though he could see all the arterial pathways and energy channels within his body. A brand new arterial pathway was currently being formed, as the the arterial pathway frenziedly rushed forward. It connected all parts of his body together, including his four limbs and bone structure.

A beam of light entered Qin Wentian's body as the 7th arterial pathway was created. These seven arterial pathways were akin to seven astral rivers flowing in his body, and it was as though they had their own individual trajectories. Moreover, motes of astral light could be seen flowing through the arterial pathways, causing Qin Wentian's heart to tremble slightly.

He had crippled his own meridians, using astral energy to form a set of Stellar Meridians pathways. Making a comparison, it was as though his arterial pathways were akin to the astral rivers in the heavenly layers. If that's the case, wasn't the human body also a heavenly layer of sorts?

“My stellar meridians would allow the flow of astral energy to be extremely smooth. The astral energy would be able to gather in any part of my body, and executed via my innate techniques. It would be just like in the past, when I spat out a palm imprint.”

Qin Wentian was silently contemplating in his heart. He gradually began to grow more convinced that cultivation wasn't easy. Why not just eschew logic and proceed forwards using his own insights and methods, rather than limiting himself, following the pre-set rules of cultivation?

He had already discovered the connection between divine imprints and innate techniques, this was something that even Senior Gongyang had not thought of before. In addition, Senior Gongyang had

once said that the Astral Soul, after stepping into the Heavenly Dipper Realm, would be one of the most direct methods of attack, and could even be used to complement one's innate techniques.

The road of cultivation was hard to traverse, but the road was also incomparably vast. Why not explore it fully, rather than following the clear-cut path?

When he awoke from his dream, it was already morning.

Qin Wentian opened his eyes, and in the depth of his eyes, a sharp, radiant light exploded forth, as bright as the glow of constellations. He felt extremely clear-headed, as his senses sharper. This was the transformation that had occurred as a result of the increase in his cultivation base.

Every time an arterial pathway was formed, it represented an increase in cultivation level. The quality of one's body would naturally improve along with it.

"I've actually used up all the Yuan Meteor Stones." Qin Wentian felt shock in his heart. Cultivation exhausted resources way too quickly. Luckily, the him today didn't have to worry about insufficient Yuan Meteor Stones for the time being.

As he moved and stretched his body, the crisp sounds of cracking could be heard. This kind of feeling felt extremely marvelous, as though all the pores of his body were incomparably comfortable.

"You finally bear to wake up." A voice drifted over, only to see Fan Le lazily lying down under the shelter of a pavilion, rubbing his sleepy eyes, as though he had not fully awoken.

"Fatty, why are you sleeping here?" Qin Wentian involuntarily smiled as he discovered Fan Le.

"I'm waiting for you to attend the Jun Lin Banquet." Fan Le stood up as he shook the dust of his body, and glared at Qin Wentian with disdain. This rascal, even the commotion he caused when he cultivated in his dream was also so great. Couldn't he just let Fatty get a good night's sleep?

"You are also participating?" Qin Wentian's eyes shone brightly. These few days, Teacher Mustang had been personally guiding Fatty on his cultivation, thus there should be a huge improvement. Not only that, Qin Wentian had also given Fan Le several Yuan Meteor Stones to aid him in his cultivation.

Qin Wentian was very certain that the talent of this fatty was not low at all. It was just as Mustang had said, this fatty was too lazy.

“I’m going there to bet.” Fatty said with a straight face. After Qin Wentian’s registration, Heaven’s Wonder would naturally release the betting rates for Qin Wentian. Once the betting rates for Qin Wentian were out, Fatty would stake all his possessions on this fellow. For cultivators that were totally disregarded like Qin Wentian, as long as they could obtain one of the top nine rankings, the payout should be sky high.

Thinking of this, Fan Le stared at Qin Wentian with a fervent glow in his eyes, causing Qin Wentian to shake uncontrollably. What weird ideas was Fatty having again?

Despite it still being early morning, the Emperor Chu District was already flooded with people. The Royal Capital mobilised a regiment of 10,000 troops to provide security and maintain order, sealing the entire perimeter of the Chu Emperor District. For those that came to spectate, they had to stay a distance away to avoid disrupting the commencement of the Jun Lin Banquet.

This area had the same rules as the other areas of the Chu Capital. It was prohibited for those below Yuanfu to mount flying beasts. However, there were many cultivators mounted on flying-type demonic beasts flying about in the skies today.

That wasn’t all, rows of flying-type demonic beasts also delivered good wine and delicacies over to the guests’ seats. Looking at the multitude of demonic beasts blotting out the skies, the crowd exclaimed in excitement in their hearts. This was indeed the grandest event to be held in the Chu Country this year.

The Jun Lin Banquet would officially commence today.

The Royal Clan had invited all the dukes, feudal lords, and important guests from every area.

“The Mu Clan that has always kept a low profile have actually arrived this early.” Some of the crowd cast their gazes over only to see a line of silhouettes walking up the flight of stairs. As one of the noble clans, the Mu Clan naturally had a seat on the spectator stands.

Mu Rou also appeared within the ranks of those that came here today from the Mu Clan.

“Those from the Ou Clan are here as well. I heard that Orchon’s ambition this time round is really great.” Another line of silhouettes appeared, and these were none other than the members from the Ou Clan.

According to the betting rates of Heaven’s Wonder, it was highly probable that Orchon would enter the top 9 rankings of the Jun Lin Banquet. At the moment, the Ou Clan was probably feeling proud..

“The Ye Clan and those from the Violet Palace have also arrived together.”

“And who are those behind the Ye Clan, that young lady is really beautiful. She shouldn’t be from the Ye Clan, right?”

“That’s Autumn Snow, from the Bai Clan. Her name had once resounded throughout Chu, creating a huge commotion. However, it seems that there were some problems when it came to condensing her 2nd Astral Soul. it was as though she had somehow regressed.” Someone replied, as the crowd was enlightened. So, they were from the Bai Clan that hailed from the Sky Harmony City. Last year, the Bai Clan did indeed cause a huge commotion. After all, as someone that’s able to condense her first Astral Soul from the 3rd Heavenly Layer, she had a high probability of becoming a strong existence that would create history in the future.

Now, after having arrived at the Royal Capital, Autumn Snow didn’t seem to have any major accomplishments, and had thus gradually been forgotten by others. On the other hand, the trash back then, Qin Wentian, had already become a mighty figure endowed with the blessings of various factions.

“Students from the various martial academies are here.” At this moment, more and more silhouettes appeared. As they made their way up the flight of stairs, they caused much commotion.

“The Star River Association’s members are also here.”

“The Divine Weapon Pavilion has also arrived. It’s really rare to see them attending the Jun Lin Banquet.”

“The Mo Clan came as well.”

The crowd gazed fervently at the spectators stand, feeling immensely excited. The Jun Lin Banquet was about to commence!

Chapter 117

AGM 0117 – Commencement of the Jun Lin Banquet

The authority of the Star River Association exceeds that of the Royal Authority.

The Divine Weapon Pavilion had wealth that could rival an entire empire.

Mo Clan had the strongest cultivators under the Heavenly Dipper Realm in the entire Chu Country.

These three great powers all held special positions within the Chu Country. And they had all gathered here today.

“The Divine Weapon Pavilion has never appeared officially before during past Jun Lin Banquets.” People in the crowd were silently speculating. But today, they had actually appeared.

Why had the Divine Weapon Pavilion come here today?

Rumour has it that the Divine Weapon Pavilion placed tremendous importance on and held Qin Wentian in exceptionally high regards. That day, amidst the snowstorm, the Divine Weapon Pavilion stood on the side of Qin Wentian in opposition to the 3rd Prince of Chu, Chu Tianjiao.

“Mo Clan has also not made any appearances in the last few Jun Lin Banquets. Could it be that Mo Qingcheng wants to participate in the competition later?” Some in the crowd curiously cast their gazes over to the Mo Clan where they saw a ravishing silhouette.

“Qingcheng, you are here as well.” Ye WuQue called out to Mo Qingcheng from where the Ye Clan was.

Mo Qingcheng calmly cast a glance over to that direction, and did not bother to reply.

Ye WuQue wasn't angered, he stood there quietly just as before. He, who was handsome and extraordinary, naturally made him the focal point of attention for many other young ladies. With such good looks, he wouldn't lack admirers, and in the Royal Academy, there were even several ladies that had taken the initiative to woo him.

And yet, to Ye WuQue who only seek perfection, only Mo Qingcheng was worthy enough to pair with him. However, Mo Qingcheng had never shown any sign of interest nor given him any encouragement. He had once wanted to woo Mo Qingcheng, but obviously, he had failed. Despite this, he had gradually accepted the fact that he'd failed as he witnessed the other elites also failing one by one when they tried to woo Mo Qingcheng.

But now, because Mo Qingcheng saw Qin Wentian in a different light, he felt unhappiness and dissatisfaction in his heart. Moreover, in the past, the Ye Clan had conspired to bring the fiancée of Qin Wentian over to the Ye Clan.

In Ye WuQue's eyes, Autumn Snow naturally could not hold a candle to Mo Qingcheng, not to mention the fact that Autumn Snow was already a genius that had fallen. As to whether Autumn Snow could still become his woman, he would still need to reconsider.

“The Royal Palace has arrived.”

At this moment, the gazes of the crowd shifted over, only to see a line of mounted demonic beasts landing behind the area where the Emperor Seat was located. After which, a series of silhouettes leisurely strolled up the flight of stairs, ascending to the best seats in the spectators' stand.

The one in the middle of those from the Royal Clan was none other than Chu Tianjiao.

The Jun Lin Banquet this year was presided by a Jun. (Emperor/Prince)

Chu Tianjiao sat on the Emperor Seat of the Chu Emperor District. This indicated that, from today onwards, the Emperor of Chu had basically announced to the whole world that Chu Tianjiao would be his successor.

This was a silent announcement, which indicated that Chu Tianjiao becoming the Emperor of Chu was only a matter of time.

“It seems like the body of the current Emperor of Chu may collapse at any moment.” Many people were speculating this in their hearts. If not, why would the Emperor not be present to preside over the commencement of the Jun Lin Banquet, and even grant Chu Tianjiao the right to sit on the Emperor Seat?

And on both the sides of Chu Tianjiao, there were still several other figures.

Luo Qianqiu was standing on the left, standing shoulder to shoulder with a few other youths. And in front of Luo Qianqiu, there was another figure. It seemed as though that figure was the elder of Luo Qianqiu

Upon this sight, sharp glints of light flickered in the eyes of those who knew of the background of Luo Qianqiu. If one knew of this background they would naturally make clear deductions about where these figures had come from.

The eyes of those people had hints of heaviness within them. They had come from the Nine Mystical Palace, which was none other than the silhouette standing behind the shadow of Chu.

And as for the right direction of Chu Tianjiao, there was another silhouette that emanated an extraordinary air. He casually stood there with a smile plastered on his face. His demeanor did not lose out to Chu Tianjiao in the slightest, giving people the feeling that this person was also a dragon among humans.

This person was the Crown Prince of Snowcloud Country, Xiao Lü, one of the Duo Prides of Snowcloud. His authority in the Snowcloud Country did not lose out to Chu Tianjiao's authority in Chu.

There was also a group of youths standing around Xiao Lü. They were none other than the most talented elites of Snowcloud: Sikong Mingyue, of the Duo Prides, as well as the Three Swords and Seven Nights of Snowcloud.

At this moment, all the figures in the spectators' stand stood up, as they cast their gazes over to Chu Tianjiao sitting in the Emperor Seat. In the past, the commencement of the Jun Lin Banquet would always start off with this etiquette where the spectators would rise in respect. But today, the figure they were rising for was none other than Chu Tianjiao.

"Everyone, please be seated." Chu Tianjiao waved his hands, laughing as he spoke.

"Thank you, your Highness." The crowd bowed, as they took their seats.

"Everyone, please enjoy the feast." Chu Tianjiao politely spoke, as he took the lead, raising his cup in toast to the crowd.

At the same time, a group of people separately headed towards the nine towering platforms in the middle of the stands, preparing tables and chairs, and paper and pen.

“Today I feel extremely honored that, the Snowcloud Country, in collaboration with our great Chu, is hosting this Jun Lin Banquet together. I believe that this year’s event, hosted in my Chu Country, is one of unprecedented grandness. Now, elites at the 5th level of Arterial Circulation and above, you all may proceed up the nine towering platforms and register for the competition.”

Chu Tianjiao smiled as he spoke to the crowd. The lowest qualification to participate in the Jun Lin Banquet was for one to have a cultivation base at the 5th layer of Arterial Circulation. If a cultivation had a lower cultivation base, there would be no need for any battle at all.

“There are nine towering platforms; you all can choose which platform you want to register for. After that, each platform will begin a series of elimination battles. Your opponents will be randomly chosen by the judges, and the battles will last till only two people remain. Thus, with nine platforms, a total of 18 people will be able to advance in the end.” The old-looking figure beside Chu Tianjiao could be seen speaking. “These 18 that pass the elimination battle will enter the next round of the competition. The top nine rankings in the Jun Lin Banquet will be determined this time round.”

The rules of the Jun Lin Banquet were very simple. The nine towering platforms would simultaneously commence their battles, and each platform’s elimination battles would result in only two contestants remaining.

Because of the existence of the nine towering platforms, those people that had their eyes stuck fast on seizing the nine top rankings could register for the battles in different platforms. This would allow them to avoid fighting in an elimination battle in the first round. This also meant that those contesting for the top nine rankings couldn’t be eliminated out early.

“Qianqiu, this will be your next stage.”

Beside Chu Tianjiao, the person in charge could be seen calmly speaking to Luo Qianqiu, who was at standing at his side.. Immediately, Luo Qianqiu lightly nodded his head.

This time, the top ranking of the Jun Lin Banquet was definitely going to be his.

As he stepped forth, Luo Qianqiu’s body soared up the skies, akin to transforming into a great roc descending from the heavens, and landed upon the foremost, towering platform.

Luo Qianqiu had chosen to register at the first towering platform.

In the same instant, a silhouette appeared beside Luo Qianqiu. This person was none other than Sikong Mingyue. Locking his gaze with Luo Qianqiu's, one could see a resplendent glow of light flickering within the depths of their eyes.

“Both Luo Qianqiu and Sikong Mingyue have the greatest probability of obtaining the top ranking in the Jun Lin Banquet this year. One could infer this fact from the betting rates set by Heaven's Wonder. To think that the both of them had actually registered for the same towering platform.”

Everyone's eyes were filled with concentration. If this was the case, the judge wouldn't let them compete against each other that early right? Otherwise, they'd be watching one of the seeded contestants be eliminated, and that wouldn't be a very entertaining show.

It was as though the two victors of the first towering platform had already been set in stone ahead of time. Aside from Luo Qianqiu and Sikong Mingyue, there wouldn't be any other elites registering for the same platform.

The people participating continued walking towards the direction of the nine towering platforms, registering their names.

“The information from Heaven's Wonder is accurate indeed. This time round, the 10 prodigies of the Royal Capital – Immortal Drunken Wine and Ye WuQue, didn't prepare themselves to compete in the Jun Lin Banquet. They should have already broken into Yuanfu. And those in the bottom five rankings of the 10 prodigies have chosen different platforms from each other to register for.”

“Sikong Mingyue had already registered, and two of the Three Swords, as well as five of the Seven Nights, have done so as well. Their martial prowess should have already reached the peak of Arterial Circulation. Moreover, they've also chosen separate platforms to register for, opting instead to spread themselves apart.”

“Some of the elites from the Emperor Star Academy have begun their registration as well. I heard that the prowess of Orchon, Luo Huan, and Luo Cheng aren't that much weaker when compared to that of Jiang Xiu.”

“That’s Hou Tie and Leng Ya from the Godly General Martial Palace. From their betting rates, it seems that both of them have also received the recognition of Heaven’s Wonder and have a chance of obtaining a position within the top nine rankings in the Jun Lin Banquet.”

The information from Heaven’s Wonder was extremely terrifying. They could even obtain information on the reclusive genius disciples from the Godly General Martial Palace.

That wasn’t all; at the moment, an inn situated near the Chu Emperor District was actually a branch of Heaven’s Wonder. And during the spectating of the battles, you could just run over there to check out the betting rates, which increased your stakes heavily.

After a period of time, when almost all those participating in the battles had already walked up to their platforms, the spectators realised something special. Those that had the chance to obtain the top nine rankings of the Jun Lin Banquet seemed to always avoid platforms with the most people registered there. It was clear to see that they were observing each other, and seemed as if they shared some kind of tacit understanding.

From the betting rates set by Heaven’s wonder, those that obtained the most recognition were: Snowcloud Country: Sikong Mingyue of the Duo Prides, the 2nd and 3rd Sword of the Three Swords, and 3rd to 7th Night, a total of five from the Seven Nights.

As for those from the Emperor Star Academy: Luo Qianqiu, Orchon, Jiang Xiu, Luo Huan, Luo Cheng. Luo Huan and Luo Cheng’s inclusions into those that obtained recognition came as a surprise. However, the payout for their betting rates was higher, which indicated that their chances of obtaining the top nine rankings were not as great when compared to the others.

The Royal Academy: the 8th rank in the 10 prodigies, Shi Jun, as well as the little prince of Chu, Chu Chen.

Godly General Martial Palace: Hou Tie, Leng Ya

Divine Wind Academy: the 6th ranked of the 10 prodigies, Jiang Feng.

And, the 7th ranked of the 10 prodigies, Ye Zhi, as well as the 9th ranked of the 10 prodigies, Kuang Sheng.

Ye Zhi, was the adopted daughter of the Ye Clan; as for Kuang Sheng, he was a student belonging to the Frenzied Sabre Sect, a faction of power in the Royal Capital.

These listed people, if one were to ignore Luo Huan and Luo Cheng, made a total of 18. And for those that were more observant, they would realised that these 18 people just happened to be split into pairs based on each of the towering platforms.

And at this moment, on the towering platform furthest from the Emperor Seat, which was also the platform nearest to the spectators stand, a silhouette abruptly appeared, creating a huge commotion.

“Qin Wentian also came to participate in the Jun Lin Banquet, registering for the 9th towering platform.”

Chu Tianjiao shifted his gaze, an expression of interest appearing in his eyes.

“Qin Wentian.” Upon witnessing the appearance of Qin Wentian, Ye WuQue involuntarily glanced at the father and daughter pair standing behind his Ye Clan.

Over at the Mo Clan, a smile could be seen on Mo Qingcheng’s face, as she whispered, “Gambatte.”

“Qingcheng, I heard that you have been pretty close with that little fellow from the Qin Clan recently.” At this moment, a middle aged figure beside Mo Qingcheng intoned in a low voice, causing Mo Qingcheng’s expression to go rigid. She laughed. “Didn’t you all say that in the past, the Mo Clan and the Qin Clan had a extremely close relationship? I clicked well with Qin Wentian, and thus, we naturally became friends.”

“Oh, is that really the case?” The middle aged figure smiled in response at his daughter.

“What are you thinking about?” A reddish tinge of color involuntarily appeared on her face as Mo Qingcheng saw her father looking at her. This caused her to look incomparably captivating, a peerless beauty that could even overthrow empires!

Chapter 118

AGM 0118 – A year is too long

Luo Qianqiu, the Ye Clan, Ou Clan, Mu Clan, and Yan Clan all saw Qin Wentian, but they were each thinking about different things.

Although it could be said that Qin Wentian's strength was pretty good, as he'd defeated Yanaro in the past before, he still seemed to be unable to obtain any ranking in this Jun Lin Banquet.

"He's Qin Wentian, right?" From the direction of the Mu Clan, an elder asked Mu Rou standing next to him in a low voice as he looked at Qin Wentian's portrait.

"Yes." Mu Rou lightly nodded, a flash of extraordinary splendour flickering in her gaze towards Qin Wentian. That divine inscription painting granted her a promise from Gong Yang Hong. At the moment, she had yet to personally voice her thanks to Qin Wentian.

However, Mu Rou was also somewhat concerned. The competition at the Jun Lin Banquet couldn't just be compared to those simple exchanges of pointers. The Chu Country had always been a cultivation-oriented world, and at this grandest arena of the Chu Country, everyone wanted to fight for a good ranking. Thus, these fights would be extremely brutal; injuries and deaths were very common. However, if one side conceded, the other side would have to give up.

Moreover, as long as the words "I concede" weren't uttered, one could be merciless and kill their opponent right there in Jun Lin. This wasn't any uncommon or strange sight.

It didn't matter which academy or which power's outstanding youth it was, if they died in battle because they refused to admit defeat, the opponent couldn't be blamed.

Autumn Snow obviously saw that figure. She'd always had an issue weighing heavily in her mind because her partner that she'd always wanted to break off her engagement with was now gradually growing more and more distant from her.

"He's probably just attending the Jun Lin Banquet just to join in the fun." Autumn Snow thought, as if comforting herself.

"He just plays a supporting role. Any disciples that participate in this Jun Lin Banquet end up being humiliated by the others, where's the interest in that?" Bai Qingsong calmly stated, as if he was purposely telling Autumn Snow. Obviously he knew of her internal, conflicting thoughts because he also had a similar issue.

Jiang Xiu's gaze at this moment was as sharp as a sword. Qin Wentian registered for the 9th towering platform, the same as himself.

This meant that the both of them had an opportunity to clash with each other.

And upon thinking of this, a cold smile hung on Jiang Xiu's countenance. He hoped that Qin Wentian would have sufficient strength so as not be eliminated too early, before having the opportunity to meet with him.

Yanaro, also had an icy-cold expression on his face. He had also registered for the 9th towering platform.

Very quickly, people stopped walking towards the 9th platform. Those who wished to participate in the Jun Lin Banquet had already finished their registrations, and there were at least over a 100 contestants registered for each of the towering platforms.

Naturally, the platform with the lowest number of registrations was the 1st platform. The two cultivators that obtained the highest level of recognition – Luo Qianqiu and Sikong Mingyue, were already there. Who would still dare to register there? When compared to the other platforms, the 1st platform virtually held no hope for them.

In the area occupied by the Divine Weapon Pavilion, the person who sat on the front-most seat attracted the most attention. That lady appeared to be 25-26 years of age, possessing beauty and emanating the sense of a mature women, making her extremely attractive. This was none other than the vice-president of the Divine Weapon Pavilion, An Liuyan.

At that moment, An Liuyan lightly smiled as she looked at the nine platforms and said, "The 18 people that obtained the highest level of recognition were split so well. Coincidentally, each platform only contains 2 people, as if they have some tacit agreement."

"This way, others can be tested. If one wants to break through the nine platforms, they must pass over these guys." The nearby Yang Chen smiled in reply. "That guy, Qin Wentian, his level of strength would count as somewhat weak amongst the people on the 9th platform. Over there, the 10th ranked of the 10 prodigies, Jiang Xiu, and the 7th Night of the Seven Nights were there as well. Compared to the other platforms, I feel that the 9th platform should be the easiest place to obtain victory."

"You're making a mistake there."

An Liuyan smiled. "It's precisely because everyone thinks this platform is easiest to break through that some rather powerful people will register for it. For example, Emperor Star Academy's Luo Chen isn't weak, and Yanaro broke through the 8th level of Arterial Circulation, so his strength should be decent as well. Thus, I actually think that the competition on the ninth platform will be the fiercest."

"I hadn't actually considered that. Our Divine Weapon Pavilion doesn't know much about these youths. However, other powerful figures can probably easily see through these clues, right?" Yang Chen laughed. But at that moment, he saw the person standing next to Chu Tianjiao once again open his mouth, "Would the Nine Martial Academies send their appointed representatives out?"

Within the Nine Martial Academies respectively, a total of nine representatives stood up, and they soared through the skies, landing on each of the towering platforms.

The representatives of the Nine Martial Academies would serve as the judges of each of the platforms, and was responsible to choose which contestants were to participate in each battle.

"Is it finally beginning soon?" In the spacious Chu Emperor District, countless gazes were trained on the nine towering platforms.

The spectators didn't seem care too much about the delicacies and wine served at the grand banquet. Instead, their attention and anticipation were on their students instead, hoping that they would be able to perform outstandingly and achieve a good result.

"The 1st platform, Luo Qianqiu versus Hiryu."

"The 2nd platform, The 2nd Sword versus Bai Ming."

"The 3rd platform, the 3rd Night versus Wang Xiao."

The Three Swords and Seven Nights from the Snowcloud Country did not use their real names for the registration. Instead, they chose to use their namesakes, as Swords and Nights instead.

The gazes of the spectators shifted together with the commotion, and very quickly, their gazes landed onto the judge of the 9th towering platform. Jiang Xiu adopted an extremely eager stance, as

though he couldn't wait to battle. According to the all the eight towering platforms before him, the first name shouted out, was the name that obtained the highest level of recognition. If that was the case, on the 9th towering platform, the name shouted out should be him by right.

“The 9th platform, Jiang Xiu versus Qin Wentian.”

And as the sound of that voice faded, it cause the countenance of Jiang Xiu to freeze as he cast his glance towards the judge of the 9th platform. The first name the judge shouted, was indeed Jiang Xiu, but who would have thought that, his opponent would actually be, Qin Wentian.

“Qin..Wen..Tian.” After being shocked for a moment, the corners of Jiang Xiu's lips curled up into an icy smile.

This was the first battle of the Jun Lin Banquet. This year was the first time Jiang Xiu stood upon the stage of the Jun Lin Banquet. Similarly, this was also the first time for Qin Wentian.

Wouldn't it be an interesting sight if a genius divine inscription grandmaster, in addition to being a talented cultivator that was admired by countless people, got struck down by the cruel reality of the arena during his first battle?

Qin Wentian was also stunned, and a light flickered in his eyes. Glancing in the direction of the 9th platform's judge, he couldn't help but think: did this fellow do this on purpose?

To think that a member of the 10 prodigies was actually going to start off the first battle. Although Jiang Xiu was ranked last among the prodigies, no one could doubt his strength.

The crowd was also dumbfounded. The names of Jiang Xiu and Qin Wentian were like thunderbolts roaring through their ears, both of them were extremely famous.

One was one of the 10 prodigies, while the other was the most talented divine inscription grandmaster in the Royal Capital, who was also known to have an exceptionally high level of martial prowess.

They would clash in the first round. The battle of the 9th platform instantly attracted even more attention from the crowd than the 1st platform did.

At this moment, many were thinking that maybe this time round, Qin Wentian was treating the Jun Lin Banquet as a training session. Could it be that the first battle was going to end just like that? If that's the case, wasn't that too laughable?

That judge seemed to have a sense of wicked humor. However, no one commented too much on it. After all, the competition in the Jun Lin Banquet would be determined by one's level of strength, and the judges had the authority to select whichever contestants they wanted.

"Remember, safety first." Qin Yao didn't have the same thoughts as others, as she straightened the clothings of Qin Wentian, smiling in encouragement. She didn't care whether Qin Wentian won or lost, but only about his safety.

"Do your best, don't disappoint us." Luo Huan laughed. This battle had an immense amount of pressure riding on it.

"Boss, it's all up to you now." Fan Le parted his lips in a grin. Currently, Heaven's Wonder had not released the betting rates for Qin Wentian, and even if they did, there wouldn't be many people betting on Qin Wentian. Fatty was waiting, waiting for Qin Wentian to finish his first battle. But who would have thought that his chance would come so fast? As long as Qin Wentian defeated Jiang Xiu, the people at Heaven's Wonder would naturally compute the rates for betting on Qin Wentian.

"I will do my best." Qin Wentian smiled as he walked towards the 9th platform. An instant later, he stood on top of the arena that was the 9th platform.

Jiang Xiu similarly ascended the platform, appearing in front of Qin Wentian.

18 elites concurrently ascended the nine towering platforms of the Jun Lin Banquet.

And starting from this moment, the Jun Lin Banquet, a new chapter would begin.

Mo Qingcheng, Mu Rou, Yanaro, Ye Clan, Ou Clan, Bai Clan, Divine Weapon Pavilion, and Star River Association, were all focusing their gazes on the two figures atop the ninth platform. Would Qin Wentian be eliminated out in the first round?

The corners of Jiang Xiu's mouth curled up in amusement. He'd just recently crossed swords with Qin Wentian. Although Qin Wentian had some amount of strength, he definitely wouldn't have a chance against him in the case of a true battle.

"Qin Wentian, on this kind of stage under the watches of thousands, a so-called genius like you will be eliminated in the first round of the first set of battles. Isn't that extremely amusing?" Jiang Xiu calmly said.

Qin Wentian didn't reply, and instead just lifted his head to look up at the sky above.

The sun was rising from the east, gradually getting higher and higher, until everyone could feel its brilliant rays.

The youth that came from Sky Harmony City had experienced many hardships and near death situations, finally coming to participate in Chu Country's Jun Lin Banquet. Today, was the day that the Chu Country would feel his radiance.

Today, in front of the face of the whole of Chu Country, he would obtain a name for himself.

Mustang had once told him that his time to shine would be the following year.

However, a year was too long. He wanted to fight for the present.

Today, he stood here, not for any other reason other than striving to be number one.

Right now, the youth's heart seemed to be blazing as passionately as the sun!

Chapter 119

AGM 0119 – When the sword is birthed, blood appears.

Qin Wentian stood there, his head raised to look at the empty sky. The youth's elegant face was calm and indifferent, with the slightest hint of a sunny smile. It seemed like he carried with him a strong sense of self-confidence.

The sun's brilliant rays reflected off of his handsome face, strengthening his looks. At the moment, this youth seemed to possess an extraordinary charm.

“Such a handsome fellow.” Currently, from the direction of the Mo Clan, Mo Qingcheng’s father couldn’t help but smile as he saw the youth’s glowing face. “The Qin Clan had such a son, it’s rather rare to encounter a youth who managed to walk through trials and hardships with his own strength and hard work, to finally stand here on Chu Country’s largest stage. I hope that he can bring about a miracle.”

The Mo Clan gave their blessings to Qin Wentian.

“He will.” Mo Qingcheng gently smiled. Right now, Qin Wentian was really quite good-looking.

When the crowd saw Qin Wentian still smiling as before, they couldn’t help but show strange expressions. Could it be that he really didn’t care about being blasted off from the first battle and completely disappearing from the Jun Lin Banquet’s stage?

Or could it be said that since he was ignorantly self-confident, he believed that he could defeat Jiang Xiu, one of the 10 prodigies in the Royal Capital?

Just then, a burst of sound rang out from the first platform. Luo Qianqiu had defeated his opponent with a single punch, but because the opponent hadn’t taken the initiative to concede, he was sent flying straight backwards with the sound of thunder. All the bones in his body broke, and his meridians were destroyed. It was an extremely miserable situation.

This was the fastest battle. Luo Qianqiu had only allowed the opposite party to keep his life. His hegemonic attitude seemed to be making a declaration to everyone watching.

This year’s Jun Lin Banquet was his stage.

While at the same time, on the 9th platform, the aura around Jiang Xiu’s body exploded forth as fierce Sword Qi gave frenzied roars as a sword condensed from Astral Energy appeared in his hand.

On the stage of the Jun Lin Banquet, one was naturally not allowed to use Divine Weapons for the sake of fairness.

The raging wind of the sword shook the void as the Sword-type Astral Soul of Jiang Xiu was released. At the same moment, the sword intent emanated by him soared and surged crazily, becoming many times more violent.

An ear-piercing sound echoed out as the aura of Jiang Xiu rose to the peak.

“This.....” Even from so far away, the crowd could still feel the relentlessly surging Sword Qi and aura of Jiang Xiu as their hearts lightly trembled.

Jiang Xiu had not started to battle yet, but he had already released the strongest aura he could, not bothering to save his strength to fight a protracted battle. His actions showed his self-confidence, and at the same time, he was making a statement to Qin Wentian. In front of him, Jiang Xiu, Qin Wentian’s talent was nothing but rubbish.

He wanted to use the strongest, most tyrannical strength he could muster, to directly smash Qin Wentian apart. He was Jiang Xiu, one of the 10 prodigies of the Royal Capital. That day, the humiliation he suffered back at the Emperor Star Academy – he would return all of it today.

“You can now make a choice. Either you screw off from this stage that does not belong to you yourself, or I will do it for you.”

Jiang Xiu calmly spoke, as though he had the intention to humiliate Qin Wentian.

Within Qin Wentian’s body, all seven of his circular arterial pathways were seething and surging with Astral Energy. His aura similarly soared upwards explosively.

“After today, the name Jiang Xiu will no longer exist within the 10 prodigies.” Qin Wentian’s voice slowly rolled out, containing a calmness and an absolute confidence.

This kind of self-confidence was something the crowd didn’t expected. No one would have thought that Qin Wentian would still be able to so indifferently make a proud claim when facing off against one of the 10 prodigies. After today, the name Jiang Xiu will no longer exist within the 10 prodigies.

“The 7th level of Arterial Circulation.”

In the area where the Emperor Star Academy was sitting, Mustang displayed a smile on his face as he felt the intensity of the aura emanating from Qin Wentian's body. Truthfully speaking, he was slightly ashamed; this student was such an outstanding talent, but he had never directly guided Qin Wentian on anything. Qin Wentian already possessed his own cultivation arts, and as for innate techniques, he had also mastered them on his own, without any need of his guidance.

This made Mustang feel rather depressed. He understood that this implied that his strength was nowhere near enough to guide this disciple. It was because he couldn't manage a talent like Qin Wentian that this kind of situation had occurred.

Of course, Mustang was proud of Qin Wentian. This was the disciple he'd scouted from the Sky Harmony City.

Was Qin Wentian planning to announce that he existed to the entire Chu Country today?

Mustang looked forward to it, but he was also somewhat nervous. Could Qin Wentian defeat Jiang Xiu?

The spectators could all sense that Qin Wentian's aura was rather abnormal. It was said that when he'd first entered Emperor Star Academy, he'd only been in the Body Refinement Realm. To think that within a short period of a year, he'd already entered the 7th level of Arterial Circulation. In addition to his achievements in Divine Inscriptions, even if he didn't perform very well in the Jun Lin Banquet, nobody would question his abilities much. That was for certain.

He was already outstanding enough.

The fact that Qin Wentian had already broken through to the 7th level of Arterial Circulation also affected Ye Zhan, Liu Yan, Bai Qingsong and Autumn Snow.

Ye Zhan had sought to kill Qin Wentian before. But at the moment, they were no longer at the same level. Bai Qingsong and Autumn Snow also knew for a fact that one year ago, Qin Wentian wasn't even at the Body Refinement Realm.

In reality, Qin Wentian had only just started his cultivation.

The other battles quickly came to their conclusions. However, many didn't notice that there wasn't a platform that could attract attention on the level of the battle at the 9th towering platform.

Not only because both of the contestants were famous, Jiang Xiu's pride and Qin Wentian's confidence also had something to do with it.

Under the attention of all, Jiang Xiu's body erupted into motion. In that instant, his sword was as cold as ice, and in a moment, he already appeared in front of Qin Wentian. With a slight wave of his sword, his sword transformed into waves of a meteor shower, brightening up the whole sky, resplendent and magnificent.

"Meteor Shower, Jiang Xiu's Starpoint swordplay has already reached such a level. With a single sword, he sealed the escape routes of Qin Wentian, and caged him within that area. No wonder he is one of the 10 prodigies." The spectators observed the points of Astral Light that emitted from Jiang Xiu's swordplay as expressions of admiration appeared on their faces.

The 10 prodigies were all fully deserving of their reputations. Since they could enter the ranks of the '10 prodigies', they had all proven their abilities before.

Qin Wentian didn't move. He simply stood there undisturbed, as if what had appeared before him wasn't a life-threatening sword light.

His expression was as calm as it was before, and unexpectedly, no weapon coalesced from Astral Light appeared in his hand. This scene surprised many people. Was this self-confidence or arrogance?

A hint of murderous intent flashed in Jiang Xiu's eyes, Since Qin Wentian wanted to bring upon his own destruction, he'd wholeheartedly grant this wish.

Even if Emperor Star Academy wanted to protect Qin Wentian, they wouldn't be able to say anything if he died on the stage of the Jun Lin Banquet.

The sword light that filled the air carried with it a terrifying murderous aura. Rays of sword light pierced forwards at Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian obviously sensed that Jiang Xiu had begun to act with the intent to kill.

At the moment, Qin Wentian's sensory abilities raised to their peak. A stunning energy pervaded the air; this was Dream Presence.

Sword-type Astral Souls would enable one's Astral Energy to be as sharp as swords; Lightning-type Astral Souls would allow one's Astral Energy to contain the explosiveness of thunder and lightning, while Dream-type Astral Souls would naturally contained dream wills within them.

In that instant, Jiang Xiu felt as though he wasn't real. It was like his sword's attacks were somewhat similar to illusions.

But Qin Wentian was different. This was his energy. With his Dream Presence released, he was in his own domain, and could sense everything. At the same time, he could also sense clearly the attacks of that meteor shower covering the sky.

Every sword attack in that meteor shower was so cold to the point that it could pierce the bones, easily able to take lives.

However, Qin Wentian's sensory abilities were so great that it was as though he had already seen through the trajectory and secrets of each and every sword contained within. Qin Wentian finally began to move.

Qin Wentian's entire body transformed into a blur of shadows, becoming an indiscernible mist.

Not only that, every steps of his was small and precise, easily and somewhat miraculously making his way through the area inundated by the meteor shower of Jiang Xiu.

It was as though no sword could come into contact with his body.

As the spirit moves, the body moves along with it.

"The Nine Heavenly Garuda Movement Technique, skill level: Divine." An elder from the Emperor Star Academy, froze. This skill level had already exceeded the 'Perfect' stage.

"It seems like the level of comprehension this person has towards innate techniques has been masked by his talent in other aspects." The hearts of the crowd silently speculated. This technique was one that almost no one would choose to cultivate in, but to think that Qin Wentian had actually mastered the Arterial Circulation level manual of the Garuda Movement Technique to its utmost limit.

The meteor shower that sealed the entire area was actually of no effect, and was unable to touch the slightest bit of Qin Wentian's body.

After stepping into the 'Divine Level', his movements were too perfect. One could even say without exaggeration that in the whole of the Jun Lin Banquet, the movement technique of Qin Wentian was unparalleled, and no one could be mentioned in the same breath as him.

Jiang Xiu's expression changed, and with a flash of understanding, he changed his move. His sword intent continued to soar explosively.

However, during the instant his move changed, Qin Wentian's body erupted into motion once again. He stamped down on the ground, and Astral Energy circulated through his meridians and infused into his legs. In that moment, his body instantly appeared in front of Jiang Xiu, the speed of it so frightening that Jiang Xiu felt that it was surreal.

In that moment, Jiang Xiu decisively made a determined and wise decision; he threw his sword away.

His sword was directly transformed into starlight and disappeared. At the same time, his right palm slashed out, its sharpness comparable to that of a real sword. If it landed on Qin Wentian's body, it would undoubtedly slice him in half.

"Slashing Sword Technique, although this isn't any amazing ability, the timing of its use was impeccable. Jiang Xiu's ability to adapt to changes in battle in an instant is really powerful." Many people couldn't help but sigh in praise. The onlookers were all people that had witnessed many things, and thus, they recognised and had even come into contact with many of these ordinary innate techniques.

Buzz! The Falling Mountain Palms which Qin Wentian had been storing exploded out. The sword emphasized sharpness, and was only suitable for fighting at a certain distance. And when in such close proximity combat, the explosiveness of the Falling Mountain Palms was definitely extremely terrifying.

In an instant, it was as though a mountain peak smashed downwards towards Jiang Xiu, easily destroying the sharp sword intent of his sword palms.

The strength of Qin Wentian's Falling Mountain Palms was so powerful that the intensity of the pressure even caused Jiang Xiu to feel suffocated. How could someone at the 7th level of Arterial Circulation execute such a powerful Falling Mountain Palm?

Pressuring everything, eradicating all that stood in its path. This caused Jiang Xiu to feel as though he was in a dream.

Jiang Xiu retreated decisively while he gathered his terrifying strength. In the next instant, boundless sword lights gathered together, transforming into the manifestation of a gigantic sword, stabbing forwards in the direction of the Mountain Peak created by the Falling Mountain Palms.

A great sound rang out as the greatsword's chop landed on the descending Falling Mountain Palm. The manifestation of that greatsword was embedded within, but yet, Jiang Xiu had no way to fully break it apart. This caused Jiang Xiu's movement to instantly slow, and just that instant was already sufficient to determine victory and defeat.

Qin Wentian's brandished his palms. In an instant, it was as though a beam of sword light flashed past. And together with the sword light, a bloody glow appeared.

"The sword contained a killing intent, I will break the arm that you wielded the sword with."

As soon as Qin Wentian said this, Jiang Xiu cried out miserably. His body continued to stagger backwards as his left hand clutched his right arm. Fresh blood endless flowed and dripped onto the stage. That single arm fell to the ground.

Silence was everywhere.

"The sword contained a killing intent, I will break the arm that you wielded the sword with!"

After today, the name Jiang Xiu disappeared totally from within the ranks of the 10 prodigies.

However, Qin Wentian wasn't even proficient in swordplay, how had he managed to manifest that swordlight?

Chapter 120

AGM 0120 – The name of Qin Wentian

Everyone's gazes were focused on the ninth platform in the Jun Lin Banquet.

The conclusion of this battle was undoubtedly shocking.

In this short confrontation, the tenth ranked Jiang Xiu of the top ten prodigies had had his arm chopped off by Qin Wentian's slash. Just as Qin Wentian had said, Jiang Xiu's name would never be part of the top ten prodigies again.

Who said that Qin Wentian had only attended this Jun Lin Banquet as a learning experience? He'd only fought one battle, but he already seemed to want to announce to Chu Country that a year was too long. This year's Jun Lin Banquet would be the time he'd release his own radiance.

Using this fight, he proclaimed to all who the real king of this ninth platform was.

Jiang Xiu was the one that had obtained the most recognition, someone that was able to enter into the top 9 rankings of the Jun Lin Banquet. To think that he was eliminated in just a single round... and what was even more devastating was that he had gotten an arm chopped off. What mockery was this?

The people from Emperor Star Academy recalled that previously, Jiang Xiu had wanted to humiliate Qin Wentian at the gathering held at Emperor Star Monuments, claiming that his current achievements had been a result of fortuitous events. He, who was one of the top ten prodigies, had totally looked down on Qin Wentian's achievements back then.

However, in the short period of a month, the person he'd questioned had chopped off one of his arms with a mere few attacks in a single battle, on the grandest stage of Chu.

How could the reputation of the top ranked among the new students of Emperor Star Academy be false? Not only that, many predicted that from today onwards, Qin Wentian's talent would undergo a re-evaluation. What could the reputation of being the top ranked among the new students count for?

This glory didn't seem to be anywhere near enough.

On the spectator's stand, some powerful figures were secretly analysing the battle earlier. In some sense, Jiang Xiu hadn't really been able to unleash his full strength before his arm had been chopped off. Qin Wentian had controlled the rhythm of the battle at an extremely rapid pace, it had really been too perfect. Although Jiang Xiu had taken the initiative to attack, the instant the Garuda Movement Technique was utilised, the conclusion had already been firmly held in Qin Wentian's control.

Although Jiang Xiu's sword technique was very powerful, he had been given no chance to use it. The rhythm of the fight had been fully controlled by Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian was like a natural born combatant. He had an extremely acute sense of timing, able to seize that specific instant of opportunity and obtain victory. This kind of talent was indeed somewhat terrifying.

However, nobody understood the last sword attack that Qin Wentian had made earlier.

Those powerful and influential people that investigated Qin Wentian had never heard that he was proficient in sword techniques before. However, the timing of the instant he'd chopped off Jiang Xiu's arm just now couldn't have possibly be done with a palm or fist type technique. Only a sword-type innate technique could be so sharp and fast.

Actually, in terms of the level of understanding and regarding the relationship between innate techniques and Divine Imprints, and simultaneously being able to condense Divine Yuan Energy with the Divine Imprints, it wasn't strange for Qin Wentian to know how to execute simple sword techniques. He was too familiar with Divine Inscriptions, and only needed an instant to convert the Astral Energy in his body into the runic outlines of a sword-imprint. He could then blast forth with a power similar to that of sword-type innate techniques.

While this was hard for anyone else to imagine, it was extremely simple for Qin Wentian.

Actually, he wasn't even thinking about the sword light from before. At the moment, he was calmly regarding Jiang Xiu, just like the time when he had just ascended the platform, tranquil and indifferent, as though he'd performed a simple and insignificant task.

He knew exactly what his objective for joining the Jun Lin Banquet this year was. Defeating Jiang Xiu was indeed not something worth being very proud of, especially since the victory hadn't been when Jiang Xiu was in his strongest state.

“Is there still a need to fight?” Qian Wentian serenely asked. He didn’t go and try to humiliate Jiang Xiu any further; that beam of sword light manifested by him earlier spoke more than any words could.

Jiang Xiu’s face was drained and pale, and blood continued to ceaselessly flow from his remaining arm.

He was Jiang Xiu, one of the top ten prodigies. Today, Jun Lin Banquet was supposed to be the place he show off the dazzling radiance of his talent.

But the most lamentable part was that on this year’s Jun Lin Banquet stage, during his only chance to battle, he had ended up losing an arm.

Because the sword in his hand had killing intent, Qin Wentian decided to sever the hand holding the sword. This immense disgrace was still making his body tremble, especially when he saw how calm and expressionless Qin Wentian’s eyes were. What else could Jiang Xiu say? Did he still have the face to say anything?

Jiang Xiu turned and walked off the platform. When he had first started, he had been filled with eagerness and high-spirits; only God knew how much he had anticipated the coming of this Jun Lin Banquet.

However, he had only fought one battle.

Qin Wentian gazed at the Jiang Xiu’s back, and a smile appeared on his face. He lifted his head, slightly glancing at the sun covering the sky, before shifting his gaze to the person sitting atop the Azure Jadeite Dragon Seat.

When the crowd saw this scene, their countenances froze in shock. Qin Wentian seemed as about to say something.

“Sky Harmony City, Qin Residence, son of Qin Chuan. My name is Qin Wentian!”

With a glittering smile on his face, Qin Wentian slowly enunciated each syllable. It was unknown who was his intended audience was and why he’d chosen to say this.

He was Qin Wentian, the son of Qin Chuan from the Qin Clan.

This seemed to be a proclamation of sorts.

Chu TianJiao saw the gaze of Qin Wentian landing on him, with an expression as tranquil as water. Was Qin Wentian trying to tell him something?

Qin Wentian wanted to use the Jun Lin Banquet to prove himself, and make it so that no one would dare to lightly touch Qin Wu and Qin Chuan.

Being weak, puny, and silently enduring wouldn't allow others to notice your existence. Only with great talent and power, would others fear you. Not only that, strength and talent would only bring him more powerful supports, such as the Emperor Star Academy and the Divine Weapon Pavilion.

Naturally, this was also a double-edged sword. While radiating your dazzling brilliance, there may be swords hiding, stabbing at you from the dark.

Qin Wentian turned and departed from the platform. Although there had only been one battle on the grand stage of the Jun Lin Banquet, it was as though he had allowed others to re-evaluate him, and let them know who he was once again.

That youth who once stood in the midst of a snowstorm had a determination and will that far surpassed others.

"When did you learn that sword-type innate technique?" Luo Huan laughed as she looked at the approaching Qin Wentian. An extraordinary splendour could be seen in her eyes.

"I've known that technique since the moment I was born." Qin Wentian shrugged his shoulders as he laughed.

"Your skin has thickened." Luo Huan's smile was exceptionally radiant. This junior brother of hers had, in the short span of a year of time, created so many unimaginable miracles.

Back when she'd been in Sky Harmony City that day to save Qin Wentian, she had never imagined that he would be this successful today, after a year had passed.

“Wentian, although your movement technique is extremely powerful, you were too close to the sword. In the future, you have to fight more carefully.” Qin Yao told Qin Wentian. Although Qin Wentian’s movement technique was indeed amazing, she couldn’t help but worry. After all, each sword light in the meteor shower of swords that had filled the sky earlier carried a terrifying killing power.

If Jiang Xiu’s strength was a bit just a bit stronger, he’d be able to execute an attack that Qin Wentian couldn’t have possibly dodged. Close combat at that proximity was just too dangerous.

“Don’t worry, sister.” Qin Wentian cupped Qin Yao’s face in his hands causing Qin Yao to glare at him. However, a warmth blossomed in her heart because of the words Qin Wentian spoken onstage earlier.

“Where’s that Fan Le?” Qin Wentian couldn’t help but to ask as he realised that Fan Le was missing.

“He went to Drunken Wonder to bet on you.” Luo Huan involuntarily blinked her eyes when Fan Le was mentioned. That fellow was a prodigy. When he saw Qin Wentian had won against Jiang Xiu, he’d immediately run off to the branch of Heaven’s Wonder, Drunken Wonder, to place his bets.

“Genius.” Qin Wentian rolled his eyes. This Fatty was really full of ideas.

The battles atop the nine platforms were still continuing, and would for a very long time. Because Qin Wentian had already fought a round, there was plenty of resting time. They wouldn’t be able to advance to the next stage until the people at each platform was done fighting.

Although the judges had the authority to pick on whichever contestants they wanted to battle, they had to take into consideration of the number of times a contestant would fight on stage. It was impossible to deliberately target and constantly send a particular contestant on stage to fight battle after battle continuously. If that was the case, the fairness of the rules would be called into question.

Sikong Mingyue, the 2nd Sword, 3rd Sword, and the 5th Night from the Snowcloud Country, showcased their prowess respectively, and still had yet to meet their match. They were most likely still conserving part of their strength, so it was impossible to tell exactly how strong their combat abilities were.

After all, a dark horse like Qin Wentian was extremely rare, smashing one of the 10 prodigies down just by his first battle.

After the first round of battles, the crowd gained a deeper understanding of the battles at the nine towering platforms. Contrary to what they'd assumed, the 9th platform that had appeared the easiest to gain victory over, had had the most intense battles with many hidden elites.

Even though many of the other contestants were still cloaked in shadows, Qin Wentian, who had defeated Jiang Xiu, had a high probability of being one of the two remaining contestants on the 9th platform.

Although the 7th Night was a female, her martial prowess was extremely powerful as well, easily defeating another outstanding opponent.

Luo Cheng also only used a single move before chopping down an arm of his opponent, causing people to exclaim silently about the ferociousness of a member of the Asura Faction.

Other than them, there were still other powerful elites on the 9th platform. Luo Kaiyang, from the Divine Wind Academy, also had outstanding martial prowess. The first opponent he'd defeated was also someone that had obtained a high level of recognition, yet Luo Kaiyang had easily eliminated his opponent, leaving behind a deep impression in the minds of the spectators.

Only two would remain standing on the 9th platform at the end of the battle. This meant that these people would clash against one another sooner or later, and naturally, the weaker one would be eliminated.

Luo Kaiyang at this moment, was standing in the middle of a crowd. Standing beside him, was a ravishing young lady who smiled at him. "Kaiyang, based on your strength, you should have a chance."

"Set your heart at ease, little Yue. As long as my opponent isn't Qin Wentian, the 7th Night, and Luo Cheng, I'm not too worried. I will work hard and become one of the two victors." Luo Kaiyang remarked. The two people he was most afraid of facing against were none other than Qin Wentian and the 7th Night.

Qin Wentian had defeated Jiang Xiu, while Luo Kaiyang knew nothing about the 7th Night's skill level.

“Mmm.” Lin Yue smiled as she nodded. So, the ravishing young lady from the Divine Wind Academy was one of the four great beauties of the Sky Harmony City – Lin Yue.

Now that she was nearing 17, the beauty and charm she exuded was naturally more than when compared to the past. She was currently in a relationship with the young genius of Divine Wind Academy – Luo Kaiyang.

“The judges are beginning to pick the contestants.” Luo Kaiyang cast his gaze upon the platforms, and soon after, over at 9th platform, a judge’s voice loudly echoed out.

“The battle on the 9th platform, Qin Wentian versus Luo Kaiyang.”

As the voice of the judge faded, the crowd was dumbfounded, and after which, smiles could be seen appearing on the faces of several people. Was this judge doing this on purpose so as to increase the attention the 9th platform was getting? Or was it because he had hated Qin Wentian immensely?

The countenances of Lin Yue and Luo Kaiyang froze. The opponent for Luo Kaiyang’s 2nd battle, was Qin Wentian!