

Ancient GM 121

Chapter 121

AGM 0121 – A smile melting away hatred and grievances

“Qin Wentian.” Lin Yue’s face kept fluctuating, her countenance unsightly. How had this happened?

Based on Luo Kaiyang’s battle ability, he originally should’ve been able to get very far. She had hoped that Luo Kaiyang would encounter Qin Wentian and the other monsters as late as possible. Yet this was only the second round, and Luo Kaiyang would have to face against Qin Wentian.

“It’s Lin Yue.” Qin Yao looked at Luo Kaiyang, who was standing next to Lin Yue. Qin Wentian’s gaze also shifted over as a strange expression was displayed on his face.

A year ago when he’d still been in Sky Harmony City, he’d had some minor conflicts with Lin Yue.

“Kaiyang, you have to be more careful.” Lin Yue reminded. She also hadn’t imagined that she and Qin Wentian would meet after a year’s time, moreover, in this kind of situation.

The people all proceeded to their respective platforms. Qin Wentian and Luo Kaiyang also went to the 9th platform.

Luo Kaiyang’s expression was filled with concentration as he looked at Qin Wentian, releasing both of his Astral Souls with no hesitation.

His first Astral Soul was actually a suit of armor, as a layer of Astral Light coated his body.

Luo Kaiyang’s first Astral Soul was actually a defensive-type Astral Soul, which would enable his body’s defensive abilities to become extremely formidable. It could even reduce vibrations from the any impacts.

The second Astral Soul was a bit brighter, and was a large Axe. It was a powerful attack-type Astral Soul.

Luo Kaiyang had clearly chosen his Astral Souls after much consideration. The large Axe was for attack and the armor was for defense, resulting in attack and defense combined as one; it was extremely balanced.

“Please, go ahead.” Luo Kaiyang was rather poised. With the Astral Axe in his hand, he gestured at Qin Wentian to go.

“Please...” Qin Wentian returned the gesture, and an Astral Greathammer appeared in his hand.

Luo Kaiyang was an expert in attack and defense. Since that was the case, Qin Wentian would use all out attacking as defense. After all, his Astral Soul clearly possessed an advantage over Luo Kaiyang’s, it was just that his cultivation base was slightly weaker.

However, today, the crowd seemed to have already forgotten the truth of Qin Wentian’s cultivation base. They completely treated him as if he was in the 9th level of Arterial Circulation.

All because he’d defeated Jiang Xiu, one of the ten prodigies.

In this battle, Qin Wentian had won because of the advantages he had in his movement technique, as well as his innate ability to make judgments in battles. Furthermore, there was still that last, well-timed sword strike earlier. It was unknown exactly what Qin Wentian’s true level of strength was.

Hence, a lot of the people were focused on this battle. Would Qin Wentian continue to obtain victory and solidify his position in the hearts of the crowd?

Luo Kaiyang erupted into motion. Although he didn’t have an agility type Astral Soul, his speed could still be considered as extremely fast.

But no matter how fast he was, his speed still couldn’t be compared to that of Qin Wentian’s Garuda Movement Technique. Abruptly, a hammer filled with incomparable tyrannical force explosively blasted downwards with a boom.

The Divine Energy within his body erupted., This source of energy was the Astral Energy originating from the 5th Heavenly Layer that was condensed into Divine Energy. Incorporating the divine energy within his attack, the hammer smashed down as it reverberated with a low boom.

Luo Kaiyang wasn't to be outdone. He wildly hacked down with his Axe, executing the beginning stance of the Nine Stance of Mountain Breaker with boundless might.

“Bang!” When the two frightening forces collided with each other, the Astral Energies that gushed out transformed into a savage storm. As their gazes locked onto each other, Luo Kaiyang only felt a ray of light shooting out from Qin Wentian's eyes. And at that exact instant, he was hit by sleepiness and entered into a trance-like dream state. In that dream, it was as though Qin Wentian was an ancient giant, equipped with inexhaustible strength.

“What's going on?” Luo Kaiyang felt a will invading his consciousness as he saw Qin Wentian's great hammer smashing down again. His Nine Stances of Mountain Breaker was in disarray and he could only lift his Axe to resist.

“Bang, bang, bang...” The frenzy of attacks wildly burst out and pounded downwards, making the entire crowd of spectators freeze. How had this battle suddenly become so filled with explosive violence?

At the moment, Qin Wentian's attacks were filled with incredible violence as he advanced, his attack speed so fast to the point where everyone was stunned. Luo Kaiyang had lost his momentum and had no way to redeem it. Be it in terms of attack or movement speed, he was far inferior to Qin Wentian. Not only that, Luo Kaiyang's strength was insufficient to turn the tables in an instant, and he currently had sunken into an extremely awkward position.

Upon witnessing this, the countenance of Lin Yue turned pale as she shouted, “Kaiyang, admit defeat.”

Luo Kaiyang gritted his teeth, unwillingness apparent in his heart.. But that instant, the mountain-like greathammer came crashing down, and the Astral Great Axe in his hand dispersed upon meeting that attack.

Luo Kaiyang's complexion turned deathly pale. As he watched the greathammer crashing down towards him, his mind went blank. Despite his body's powerful defense, the greathammer's descent was enough to smash his head into pieces.

“No...” Lin Yue's complexion was just as pale. Her eyes instantly began to redden, not daring to imagine what would happen next.

The powerful greathammer continued to descend, but then, just when it was about to collide with Luo Kaiyang's head, it suddenly transformed into radiant starlight that filled the sky, before completely dissipating without a trace.

Time seemed to have stopped in that instant. Beads of sweat were dripping down from Luo Kaiyang's forehead.

His gaze was fixated on Qin Wentian, only to see a sunny smile on the countenance of his opponent. In Luo Kaiyang's heart, he slowly came to accept the fact that he wasn't a match for Qin Wentian.

Luo Kaiyang slightly bowed to Qin Wentian as he gazed at him, "I can't be compared to you. I believe that your name will definitely be on the top nine rankings in the Jun Lin Banquet."

"Thank you." Qin Wentian nodded with a smile, as Luo Kaiyang walked off the platform. The victor of this battle was Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian watched Luo Kaiyang depart with an expression as tranquil as water. Unconsciously, he looked over in Lin Yue's direction.

Currently, Lin Yue's heart was palpitating wildly. When she saw the smiling youth, she suddenly felt ashamed of her own inferiority. Underneath the platform, with a great distance separating both of them, she rose from her seat and bowed towards Qin Wentian. "I'm sorry for the matters in the past."

Qin Wentian smiled lightly as he nodded. That smile melted away any previous feelings of hatred and grievances. Although the words of Lin Yue previously were unpleasant to the ear, Qin Wentian understood that she'd said that because of a moment of youthful willfulness. It wasn't really worth nursing the grudge.

"It looks like this girl has had conflicts with Qin Wentian before." The people watching silently speculated at the sight.

"Using a smile to melt away feelings of hatred and grievances, not bad." Mustang nodded with a grin from the area designated to the Emperor Star Academy. He was becoming more and more satisfied with this student of his.

Qin Wentian exited the platform. At this moment, the crowd had already considered him as someone with the power to vie for the top nine rankings of this Jun Lin Banquet.

Luo Kaiyang's strength could actually be considered as above average. But when faced against Qin Wentian, he had absolutely no way of fighting back. Moreover, just as before, no one was able to see through Qin Wentian's actual strength.

In the two battles he'd fought, the spectators had only seen his martial prowess. It was as though Qin Wentian was naturally born with the ability to grasp the rhythm of the battle situation perfectly.

Although those two earlier battles had appeared to be rather simple, it had only been because Qin Wentian was a heaven-defying genius.

As for the following battles, they were just as fascinating. Occasionally, there would be fierce collisions, but Qin Wentian didn't meet any opponent that was particularly powerful. With only the Astral Greathammer in his hand and his incredible movement technique, he firmly suppressed all his opponents.

Time flowed slowly. The battles at the nine towering platform gradually turned increasingly ferocious. The referees for each platform seemed to be purposely scheduling the fiercest battles at the end. The 18 people that obtained the highest level of recognition earlier were also put into challenging situations, but other than Jiang Xiu, none of the other 17 were eliminated,. However, it wasn't that easy for them to obtain victory.

Only Liu Qianqiu, Sikong Mingyue, the 2nd Sword, the 3rd Night, defeated their opponents with absurd ease.

The winter sun shifted from the east to the west, its warmth enshrouding the ground. At this moment, the battles on three platforms had already concluded. There were only a few other contestants left for the various remaining platforms. Not only that, to hasten the process, the judges made the remaining contestants of each respective platform to enter together.

The Jun Lin Banquest's first round of combat was going to end soon.

"The 8th platform, 6th Night, Luo Huan, Ye Zhi, Yu Fei, come up together." Just then, the judge on the 8th platform instructed.

The 6th Night and Ye Zhi, who was ranked seventh among the ten prodigies, were the two of the original 18 that had obtained the highest recognition. Heaven's Wonder had also assigned betting rates for Luo Huan and Yu Fei, however, the odds of them entering the top nine didn't seem that high.

Follow which, if nothing unexpected happened, the 6th Night and Ye Zhi would most probably deal with Luo Huan and Yu Fei respectively.

Moreover, it was somewhat regretful that Luo Huan and Yu Fei were both from the Emperor Star Academy..

“On the 9th platform, 7th Night, Qin Wentian, Luo Cheng, come on up.”

The judge on the 9th platform slowly declared. Currently, the 9th platform only had three contestants remaining. Before this round, there had been a total of six contestants and thus, after defeating their respective opponents, the remaining three contestants ended up in this situation.

Following this, between the 7th Night, Qin Wentian, and Luo Cheng, one of them would have to be eliminated.

“Although the Seventh Night is a female, her martial prowess is extremely formidable, and she will most likely be able to advance. Luo Cheng's sabre techniques are extremely sharp and fierce, his strength should not be below that of Jiang Xiu. He should have a 30% chance of winning if he fights against Qin Wentian.”

Involuntarily, many people silently speculated that Qin Wentian had a high chance of advancing, but if he wanted to deal with the seemingly crazed Luo Cheng, it wasn't going to be so easy either.

The battles that occurred each time was closely watched by the crowd. Naturally, they had seen Luo Cheng's level of martial prowess as well.

“The 8th platform, 6th Night versus Yu Fei, Ye Zhi versus Luo Huan. The platform is large enough to hold two battles simultaneously.” The judge on the 8th platform stated, causing a sharp glow to flicker in the eyes of the crowd. To think that they would witness two very interesting showdowns at the same time.

Indeed, it was as they had expected; the 6th Night and Yu Fei were going to have a showdown between males, while the two beauties, Ye Zhi and Luo Huan, would be fighting each other. This was a highly anticipated fight.

“The 9th platform, all three of you fight together at the same time. Whoever leaves the platform first is eliminated.” A voice abruptly rang out. Expressions of interest were displayed on the faces of the spectators. Was this judge for real? He actually wanted Qin Wentian, Luo Cheng and 7th Night to engage in a battle royale!

What if, among them, two of the contestants decided to work together and eliminate the 3rd party? Would that even be allowed?

This judge was interesting indeed!

Maybe, he just didn't like the idea of someone advancing without fighting, and thus, he had thought of such an idea!

Chapter 122

AGM 0122 – The 18 who Advance

7th Night, Qin Wentian, and Luo Chen stood in a triangular position, facing each other on the 9th towering platform.

7th Night was a young female that was rather pretty. The corners of her mouth were tilted upwards into a slight smile, making her extremely good-looking. However, being able to become one of Snow Cloud Country's Seven Nights at her age naturally made her strength unquestionable.

Duo Prides, Three Swords, Seven Nights. They all enjoyed the same prestige as the 10 prodigies of the Royal Capital. It was only that in the Snowcloud Country, these top elites were further segregated into more distinctive categories.

The Duo Prides had the highest amount of talent, the Three Swords were all genius Sword Users, while the Seven Nights each had their own area of speciality, and had an extremely high level of martial prowess.

“You two had better not bully a frail girl like me.”

7th Night looked at Qin Wentian and Luo Cheng with a light smile that brought out her infinite charm, causing others to be unwilling to attack her. In fact, there were many people that were easily tricked by her smile during battle.

“One of you two, leave the platform.”

Luo Cheng calmly interjected, causing 7th Night to freeze, before she smiled again and replied, “If you’re so confident, then why don’t you two men have a fight, and eliminate the other?”

Luo Cheng’s expression remained unchanged, and the aura around his body became violently sharp. The pressure of the 8th level of Arterial Circulation gushed forwards, and against all expectations, it continued to surge.

“9th level of Arterial Circulation.” The pressure Luo Cheng was releasing broke through the limits of the 8th level and stepped into the 9th level. Before this, he had hidden his real cultivation base, suppressing it to the 8th level to battle. But despite so, with his suppressed cultivation, he still managed to reach this point, leaving only himself, 7th Night, and Qin Wentian on the platform.

“No wonder Luo Cheng was so confident; with his ruthless combat methods and immense battle experiences, he could manifest such a high level of martial prowess just by using the suppressed 8th level of Arterial Circulation. Now that his full cultivation base is finally unleashed, it is needless to say that his martial prowess has risen another level as well. Naturally, it is certain that he’s now stronger than Jiang Xiu of the 10 prodigies.”

The spectators were thinking in their hearts that since that was the case, it was no wonder that Luo Cheng could be so confident. He’d even gone so far as to state that between 7th Night and Qin Wentian, one of them would be eliminated.

7th Night stuck out her tongue when she saw Luo Cheng’s real cultivation base. Following which, she glanced at Qin Wentian as she smiled. “He wants us to battle, what do you think?”

“Naturally, if you ask me, both of you should engage in battle instead.” Qin Wentian smiled as he replied, causing 7th Night to grimace, “Both of you men, actually have the cheek to want me to battle?”

Luo Cheng and Qin Wentian remained silent, as though they were waiting for something.

“Alright, since you guys want me to battle, then battle I shall.” 7th Night appeared as though she had been wronged, as she smiled at Qin Wentian. “I choose you then. You must show me mercy, okay?”

Qin Wentian smiled but didn't reply. On the platform of the Jun Lin Banquet, he would never believe that coy smile of hers.

7th Night stepped forwards as she slowly walked in front of Qin Wentian, releasing her Astral Soul. After going through so many battles, she had never met someone that could make her feel threatened. And every time she engaged in a battle that could bring her some excitement, she had always prevailed over her opponents.

It was best not to underestimate those that had been able to reach this stage.. Not only that, 7th Night was one of the Seven Nights of Snowcloud Country.

And at this moment, Qin Wentian felt as though he was under the effect of an illusion. 7th Night's body seemed to split apart, as several clones of 7th Night appeared in his line of sight.

The moment he felt the effects of the illusion, Qin Wentian could sense the existence of danger. This was most likely the ability bestowed to 7th Night by her Astral Soul.

Qin Wentian had attempted many times to infuse the power of his Astral Soul within his innate techniques. How could he not understand what he was facing? Closing his eyes, he voluntarily relinquished his sight when facing against 7th Night.

It was then that he saw 7th Night stretching her palms out. A manifestation of an icy python flew over to Qin Wentian, seeking to devour him, moving at a speed as fast as lightning.

Qin Wentian's feet slightly wavered as he wondrously executed the Garuda Movement Technique, dodging to the side.

7th Night closely followed after Qin Wentian with an intense bout of coldness that caused Qin Wentian to involuntarily shudder.

The temperature of the surrounding air rapidly dropped as ice lances abruptly stabbed out, caging in the surrounding space in front.

Each of the ice lances emanated an aura of extreme sharpness, and even the billowing sounds of the wind seemed to be giving a testament to the attack power of the lances.

7th Night knew that Qin Wentian was adept in controlling the rhythm of a battle. Hence, she decided to seize the initiative instead, controlling the battle by mounting ferocious attacks against Qin Wentian.

It was as though a layer of frost and snow had covered Qin Wentian's body. Earlier, when he had obtained victory against both Luo Kaiyang and Jiang Xiu, he'd only won because he had controlled the rhythm of the battle perfectly, and knew when to seize the key moments. However, his current opponent's intelligence far surpassed what he had expected. Behind that adorable smile was actually a deep, scheming heart.

The Divine Yuan Energy in his Arterial Pathways surged and seethed, as the steps of Qin Wentian shifted in direction abruptly. Stomping fiercely on the ground, he turned. With a howl of anger, the 3rd imprint of the Thousand Hands Imprint, the Forgotten Imprint, blasted out.

The terrifying palm imprint exploded forth, smashing against the ice lances, as both of the attacks dissipated into nothingness upon the collision.

Yet, the movements of 7th Night didn't cease. Her eyes sparkled with laughter as she stared at Qin Wentian. At the same time, she shifted her palms forward, as the manifestation of an icy python once again flew towards Qin Wentian.

At this moment, the closed eyes of Qin Wentian suddenly snapped open. A surge of terrifying pressure gushed out, as 7th Night, for an instant, felt her spirit shaken as she seemed to step into a dream.

Continuous waves of Revolving Sea Imprints blasted out from Qin Wentian's palm, as the terrifying aura caused 7th Night to unhesitatingly stepped back. She gave up the notion of continuing to battle, and returned to her original spot before she'd started fighting against Qin Wentian.

"Formidable, I shall not play with you any longer."

7th Night laughed, as she looked to Luo Cheng.

“Hey, I’ve exchanged blows with him, shouldn’t it be your turn to fight with him now? It’s only fair if you do so, right?” 7th Night called out.

“This 7th Night is pretty interesting.” The spectators laughed. The feeling 7th Night gave out wasn’t like that of a monstrous elite, but rather, a naive and adorable young lady.

Luo Cheng gazed shifted and landed onto Qin Wentian. As he walked towards Qin Wentian, a curved sabre created from Astral Light appeared in his hands.

As he lunged forward, the sabre in his hands remained motionless. Without using any innate techniques, the distance between Luo Cheng and Qin Wentian got shorter and shorter.

Seizing the initiative to control others was a standard tactic in battle. However, at this moment, both Luo Cheng and Qin Wentian had yet to execute any innate techniques. But of course, this also indicated that they could still intentionally change their moves to match their opponent.

Looking at the seemingly unconcerned Qin Wentian, Luo Cheng’s eyebrows twitched as his gaze became as sharp as swords.

His sabre was finally unleashed. However, it wasn’t so simple as a direct chop. Instead, his sabre unexpectedly slashed from downwards to upwards at a strange angle. This path of attack was exceedingly tough to defend against. If Qin Wentian wished to avoid this attack, he would have to intentionally dislocate some of the bones in his body.

“Buzz.” A raging wind billowed by only to see the body of Qin Wentian soaring into the skies. At the same time, the energy he stored in his palms also blasted out. With his perfect set of Stellar Meridians, the smoothness of the energy flow of his attacks were ferocious and beyond comparison.

“What the?” The countenances of the crowd froze, as they seemed to see a faint illusion of a pair of Garuda Wings on the back of Qin Wentian’s body. This fellow had definitely condensed his Garuda’s Mark successfully, and must have hunted countless numbers of flying-type demonic beasts before he could achieve such a state.

The countenance of Luo Cheng also wavered slightly. His stance made it seem as if he were about to split apart everything, and he slashed out his sabre through the air. Abruptly, a thunderous roared out as Luo Cheng stumbled.

“Boom.”

A palm landed behind Luo Cheng, on his back. Instantly, his whole body was encased by a layer of ice. His countenance paled as an expression of unwillingness flashed in his eyes.

“Oops, do you admit defeat?” 7th Night laughed gaily as she spoke. Luo Cheng shivered violently from the cold, as Qin Wentian stood in front of him, calmly regarding him, not taking the opportunity to deliver an attack.

Luo Cheng naturally understood that he no longer had the option to choose.

“I admit defeat.” Luo Cheng spoke, as 7th Night released him, removing her palm. Luo Cheng regained the use of his body, and had an unsightly countenance upon his face.

Turning his head, he glanced at 7th Night. “Is there any meaning behind using such underhanded techniques to achieve victory?”

“Naturally. This way, I can proceed to the next round and fight with even stronger opponents. How could there be no meaning to this?” 7th Night continued laughing, causing Luo Cheng to be speechless.

Filled with unwillingness, Luo Cheng walked off the platform.

And thus on the 9th platform, the two people that successfully advanced were Qin Wentian and 7th Night.

“Hey, if we meet again as opponents next round, I won’t hold back, okay?” 7th Night looked towards Qin Wentian as she laughed gaily.

The corners of Qin Wentian’s mouth twitched with suppressed laughter as he nodded. “I’ll wait for you.”

“Okay.” 7th Night smiled, as she shifted her gaze towards the 8th platform.

At this moment, the battle between 6th Night and Yu Fei had ended. 6th Night was the victor.

And unexpectedly, in the battle between Luo Huan and Ye Zhi, Luo Huan was the victorious one.

“Indeed, those from the Emperor Star Academy can’t be underestimated. It was a pity about Luo Cheng. And the battle between Yu Fei and the 6th Night was exceptionally intense. To think that Luo Huan actually hid her strength and won against the 7th prodigy – Ye Zhi.” Many people silently sighed. They were still immensely shocked from the earlier battle between Luo Huan and Ye Zhi.

Ye Zhi, who was ranked 7th among the 10 prodigies, naturally was not weak in combat. But the fact was as such, she had still been defeated by Luo Huan.

As for the reason behind her defeat, the spectators was very clear about this as well. The dual Astral Soul of Luo Huan, was not simple indeed.

At this moment, the remaining 18 that advanced had all appeared. The identities of most of those that had advanced fell within the crowd’s earlier predictions. However, there were three dark horses among them.

Qin Wentian, who had defeated Jiang Xiu.

Luo Huan, who had defeated Ye Zhi.

Gu Xing, a cold looking youth, who had actually defeated the 5th Night in a battle on the 6th towering platform.

And currently, the 18 that had advanced were: 11 from Chu: Emperor Star Academy – Luo Qianqiu, Orchon, Qin Wentian, Luo Huan. Godly General Martial Palace – Hou Tie, Leng Ya. Royal Academy – Shi Jun, Chu Chen. Divine Wind Academy – Jiang Feng, Kuang Dao, Kuang Sheng, and lastly, Gu Xing with an unknown background.

7 from Snowcloud: Sikong Mingyue of the Duo Prides, 2nd Sword, 3rd Sword, 3rd Night, 4th Night, 6th Night and 7th Night.

Those that had arrived along with the Crown Prince of Snowcloud were absolute elites. Because only a limited number of people had come, almost all of them had successfully advanced to the 2nd round.

After this, half of these 18 people would be further eliminated, leaving only the top nine behind. Those that managed to obtain the top nine rankings would be able to receive the rewards.

The Drunken Wonder (branch of Heaven's Wonder), recalculated the betting rates listing for the finalists, for people to bet on who among the 18 would enter into the top nine rankings.

Luo Qianqiu and Sikong Mingyue's names didn't appear within the list. This indicated that the Drunken Wonder was absolutely sure that both of them would definitely be ranked within the top nine.

Naturally, Qin Wentian's name also appeared within the listing. His payout rate was 1:4, seemingly on the high side. This indicated that Heaven's Wonder still didn't believe in Qin Wentian's ability to prevail. After all, two of the nine positions were already locked by Luo Qianqiu and Sikong Mingyue, and the remaining others were all monstrous elites.

Not only that, if nothing unexpected happened, Orchon, the 2nd Sword, 3rd Sword, 3rd Night, and the 6th-ranked prodigy Jiang Feng, should easily be able to rank within the top nine positions, leaving only two remaining slots behind.

Thus, the battle of the rest of the elites would definitely be exceedingly intense.

As for the betting rates listing for the top position, Qin Wentian's payout rate was extremely shocking—1:400. This meant that if you bet one Yuan Meteor Stone, and Qin Wentian somehow managed to obtain the top position, Heaven's Wonder would pay you 400 Yuan Meteor Stones in return.

Obviously, Heaven's Wonder had already determined that Qin Wentian's chance to obtain the number one ranking in the Jun Lin Banquet was close to nil!

Chapter 123

AGM 0123 – The past is now past, the future is too far away.

Emperor Chu District. The skies had already darkened, and atop the Azure Dragon Jadeite Seat, Chu Tianjiao glanced at the darkening skies as he stated, "It's getting late, let's stop here for today. I believed that the competition tomorrow will be even more fascinating."

As he spoke, Chu Tianjiao stood up. Although he wasn't that old, he had a sense of maturity that far exceeded his age.

Those of the Royal Clan grew up surrounded by political games of schemings and intrigue. They would naturally be more mature when compared to their peers.

As the voice of Chu Tianjiao faded, the rest of the invited guests all stood up and raised their cups in honor of Chu Tianjiao, respectfully drinking a toast to him. After which, Chu Tianjiao departed, smiling in response to the farewells of the surrounding spectators.

As Qin Wentian glanced at the departing back view of Chu Tianjiao, he faintly discovered that Chu Tianjiao's steps were always half a step behind those people around Luo Qianqiu. These minor details might not be noticed by the crowd in the spectators' stands, but as he knew of the background of those standing around Luo Qianqiu, Qin Wentian thus made the connection.

The Nine Mystical Palace was the main character supporting the Chu Country, Snowcloud Country and ten other countries from the shadows. Although only a few of them came to Chu, their positions and statuses were equivalent to the future emperor of Chu. Thus, Chu Tianjiao didn't dare to offend any of them.

Qin Wentian naturally understood why the Nine Mystical Palace had such great influence. A sect and yet was placed above and greater than an empire, there could only be one reason – because of strength and power.

The stronger a cultivator grew, the wider the gulf that separated the beginning realms and the next. And thus in Chu, there were several cultivators at Yuanfu and countless at Arterial Circulation but, only an extremely limited minority had successfully crossed this great threshold that was Yuanfu.

As for those that successfully surpassed Yuanfu, almost all of them had already left the Chu Country. The Chu Country was too tiny, it couldn't contain them. The majority of them would join the Nine Mystical Palace or other similar-tiered powers.

“A penny for your thoughts?” Suddenly, Mu Rou appeared beside Qin Wentian. As she saw Qin Wentian staring at the horizons ahead, she couldn't help but smile involuntarily as she asked.

“Nothing. Seem's like you are in a pretty good mood.” A warm and gentle smile broke out on Qin Wentian's face upon noticing Mu Rou.

“I still have yet to thank you. Only now did I know what an extraordinary figure Senior Gongyang was. A past champion of the Jun Lin Banquet, with extremely profound accomplishments in the realm of Divine Inscriptions. And because of your painting, Senior Gongyang had given me a promise, which had proved to be an immense help to me.” Mu Rou explained, but didn’t elaborate more on the last part of her sentence, however, Qin Wentian could easily guessed at what she meant.

“It’s just a gift for your birthday, don’t mention it. We are friends aren’t we?” Qin Wentian intentionally stated, which caused Mu Rou’s lashes to flutter, adding to her beauty. This fellow, why was he good at causing people to feel warmth in their hearts?

“What about my birthday? Would you also gift me a present?” At this moment, a mischievous-sounding voice rang out. Qin Wentian turned his head, only to see the silhouette of Mo Qingcheng appear.

The countenance of a peerless beauty adorned with a smile, it was as though a ray of the purest sunlight lit up his heart.

“What do you wish for?” Qin Wentian smiled.

“Hmm I have to consider this carefully. A present from a 3rd level Divine Inscriptionist Grandmaster, I must not waste this chance.” Mo Qingcheng was seemingly in serious contemplation, appearing extremely adorable.

From a distance, the remainder of the crowd that had yet to disperse were all jealous of Qin Wentian. Why did this fellow had such great luck with women?

Luo Huan, Qin Yao, Mu Rou, they could all be considered top class beauties. And in addition to that, the number one beauty in Chu, Mo Qingcheng, also had such a close relationship with Qin Wentian. How could this not engender envy and jealousy in the hearts of others?

“Don’t kill me with your request.” Qin Wentian shrugged helplessly as he stared at the countenance of Mo Qingcheng.

“Relax, treat it as though you still owe me a gift first, you must not forget it okay?” Mo Qingcheng laughed as she continued, “Continue to work hard tomorrow, I’m rooting for you.”

After which, Mo Qingcheng departed with a smile on her face. Mu Rou, who was standing beside Qin Wentian, had a strange feeling in her heart as she observed the leaving back view of Mo Qingcheng. Although her looks could be considered beautiful as well, she knew that she could not be compared to Mo Qingcheng.

In the spectators' stands, the gaze of Autumn Snow was fixated upon the youth that was standing so far away. The expression displayed on her face was extremely complicated.

Once, this youth was her fiancé, but was disdained and held in contempt by her. Yet now, beside him, there were so many peerless beauties. Even if she wanted to compare herself with them, just based on her talent and strength, the distance between them would only grow further and further apart.

That night outside the Bai residence, the words of the youth that was filled with a resolution akin to steel had gradually become reality.

"Autumn Snow, let us depart." Bai Qingsong whispered at the side. Autumn Snow nodded her head, as she left the place with her father.

Although many of the crowd had already departed, preparing to rest for the night, there were still several that had yet to leave, and intended to spend the night here, waiting for the commencement of the competition tomorrow.

"Boss, want to go for a stroll together?" Fan Le squinted his eyes as he continued, "Heaven's Wonder payout rate for you – if you attain the top position – is at an astounding rate of 1:400. Do you want to bet a few Yuan Meteor Stones? Although your hope of attaining first is flimsy at best, but what if you really managed to be incredibly lucky and end up defying the heavens?"

"That high?" Qin Wentian was stunned. Heaven's Wonder didn't put him in their eyes at all. But considering the fact that there were monsters like Luo Qianqiu and Sikong Mingyue, that was only natural. It doesn't seem too plausible for him to attain the top position. Although to him, the reason why he participated in the Jun Lin Banquet was only to obtain the top position, but Qin Wentian also dare not say for certain that he would definitely be the one to become the champion.

"They are looking down on you." Fatty shrugged, as though he was intentionally trying to rouse the spirit of Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian glanced at Fan Le, as he spoke. "You go ahead, I still need to cultivate."

After which, Qin Wentian bid his farewells to the surrounding crowd, as he mounted Little Rascal and departed the area. The speed of Little Rascal was so fast to the point that it transformed into a white blur of shadows and moved with the speed of a raging tornado.

Outskirts of the Royal Capital, Bamboo Lodge.

The lodge had its back against a mountain peak of the Dark Forest, and over there, there was a river. At this moment, a silhouette with a head full of white hair was sitting there, angling for fish. The sounds of the water flowing gave people a harmonious sense of peace and tranquility.

“Why do you have time to be here?” The old man stated in a low voice, he had already sense the presence of Qin Wentian approaching him from his back.

“The first day of the Jun Lin Banquet just ended, I’m here to visit Senior, to see if you are still doing well since that day we parted.” Qin Wentian sat down beside Gongyang Hong. Quite a long period of time had already passed since their past meeting when Gongyang Hong’s hair had turned white overnight. Qin Wentian would obviously be concerned, Gongyang Hong’s situation back then was extremely worrisome.

“You do have the heart indeed.” A smile flickered in Gongyang Hong’s eyes. The current him, had aged a lot visibly, when compared to that day when Qin Wentian saw him in the Display Hall of the Royal Academy.

“The Jun Lin Banquet is the grandest event hosted in the Chu Country. Instead of coming here you should work hard in your cultivation and strive to enter the top 9 rankings. Not only would you be able to obtain many rewards, if you somehow could become the champion, you would be able to ascend to the 7th level of the Heavenly Star Pavilion.” Gongyang Hong calmly stated. Although he had long stopped paying attention to events like this, he had grew up in Chu during his younger years after all and naturally knew a lot of things.

“A night worth’s of time, it’s the same if I cultivate over here at Senior’s place as well.” Qin Wentian smiled. “I remember that previously, Senior had warned me before. If I met a girl that could moved my heart, I must seize the initiative and never miss the chance. Since Senior felt regret at the events that happened in the past, why didn’t you try to make up for your mistakes?”

“Make up for my mistakes? How can that still be possible?” Gongyang Hong shook his head.

“How would you know if you had never tried? Even if compensation is impossible, would Senior be content with state things are now? This doesn’t seem to match the logic behind the warnings Senior had for me. Senior, the reason why you didn’t want me to miss my chance is that you didn’t want me to have any regrets, right?” Qin Wentian continued smiling.

Gongyang Hong gradually turned about, facing Qin Wentian. And upon seeing the bright smile akin to sunshine on the face of the youth, his heart couldn’t help but tremble slightly.

Years ago, he was also the same as Qin Wentian, an elegant and graceful youth. But now, there was no difference between him living or being dead.

Time was the cruellest existence in the world.

Qin Wentian’s gaze shifted, the radiance of his smile grew even brighter as he continued, “Is Senior thinking how good it would be if you could go back to the time of your youth? And if you could, you would never have chosen to live a life filled with regrets? But in actuality, for those that cultivate, we can maintain our youth and even reverse aging. With Senior’s cultivation base, your age couldn’t be considered old. If you lament about the regrets of ages past, would you not also regret your lack of actions today 1,000 years later?”

Qin Wentian spoke in a low voice as he gazed at that majestic mountain peak ahead. “How many people regret and lament the passing of time, and yet how many of those truly wish to repent and make up for their mistakes? If they truly wanted to repent, why don’t they make good use of the present? The past is now past, and the future is too far away. Only the present matters.”

“The past is now past, and the future is too far away. Only the present matters.”

The words of Qin Wentian caused huge torrential waves to rise in Gongyang Hong’s heart. How could such a youngster utter such a statement that was filled with wisdom.

Silence reigned as only the sounds of the flowing water could be heard, the atmosphere was exceptionally tranquil and harmonious.

“In the end, I’m still not comparable to this youth.” Gongyang Hong lamented as he stood up, before slowly walking back to the lodge. His heart was in disorder, embroiled in a vicious struggle.

The chance which he missed all those years ago, could he still make up for it?

Qin Wentian didn't follow him. The knot in Gongyang Hong's heart had to be untangled by himself. He only strongly felt that with Gongyang Hong's current cultivation, he was the envy of everyone. Why couldn't he cherish what he had, and do the things he wanted to do? Trying his best to make up for past regrets, even if he failed, he would at least have tried before.

Withdrawing several Yuan Meteor Stones from his interspatial ring, Qin Wentian closed his eyes and started cultivating, entering into his dreamscape.

The darkness of the night gradually deepened as the constellations in the skies shone as brightly as before. Columns of Astral Light cascaded downwards, landing on the body of the youth. Some distance away, on the roof of the bamboo lodge, Gongyang Hong sat there, bathing in the starlight. As he gazed at the youth sitting by the river, a quiet smile could be seen upon his face.

The youth before him was many times more outstanding when compared to him of the past. Such a youngster, how could anyone dislike him?

"I will leave Chu after the Jun Lin Banquet is concluded. I wonder, will your name be able to shake the world?" Gongyang Hong smiled as light beamed in his heart. At this moment, it was as though he had discarded all that was burdening him, resulting in him being extremely relaxed!

Chapter 124

AGM 0124 – The words of Xiao Lù

Qin Wentian stayed overnight at the bamboo lodge and departed early the next morning.

Today would be the second day of the Jun Lin Banquet, and even before the skies had become completely bright, one could see countless silhouettes of people already swamping the Chu Emperor District.

Not only that, Drunken Wonder, the branch of Heaven's Wonder situated somewhere near the Chu Emperor District, was also flooded with people

In the center of the grand hall in Drunken Wonder, there was a huge, square-shaped table carved in the resemblance of a dragon. Although it looked somewhat unsophisticated, it projected a sense of wealth. After all, this was a gambling establishment.

There were 18 positions currently placed on the dragon-shaped jade table. There were also names written in front of each of the 18 positions. These names were none other than those of the 18 contestants who had advanced to the Jun Lin Banquet's second round.

Beside the names, there was a board with the betting rates of each individual written there. Odds of obtaining the top nine rankings, the top three ranking, as well as the top position, everything was indicated there clearly.

“The payout rates for Luo Qianqiu to obtain the championship is actually only 1:2. With such low odds, the recognition that Heaven's Wonder gives him is obvious. I wonder for what reason; why would they place that much importance on Luo Qianqiu?” Many people were silently speculating, but despite the low payout rate, there were still many that bet on Luo Qianqiu, convinced that he would obtain the number one position. After all, the lower the odds, the higher the chance.

But there were also other different school of thoughts. These people speculated that Heaven's Wonder intentionally set this betting rates to induce the majority of the crowd into betting on Luo Qianqiu. If Luo Qianqiu wasn't the champion, the biggest winner would naturally be Heaven's Wonder.

At this moment, two well-dressed young masters appeared next to the square dragon jade table. One of them held a wine gourd that seemed to be filled with good quality wine. Around him, even the crowd was less rowdy, indicating an invisible form of respect. This was because the status of this person was extraordinary. He was none other than the one ranked third among the ten prodigies – Immortal Drunken Wine.

“The payout rate for this fellow is abysmal.” Immortal Drunken Wine shook his head as he smiled, gazing at the Qin Wentian's name.

On the betting board, it was clearly written that the payout rate for Qin Wentian – should he advanced and obtain one of the top nine positions – would be 1:4. Should he advanced to one of the top three positions, 1:100. And lastly, the most absurd payout of all, should he advance and obtained the championship of the Jun Lin Banquet, the payout rate would be 1:400.

“Do you think we should bet a little?” The youth beside Immortal Drunken Wine asked.

“Bet on which? Top nine ranking, top three ranking, or him obtaining the championship?” Immortal Drunken Wine drank his wine and laughed.

The exchange of words between the two of them caused expressions of interest to appear on the spectators’ faces. There were actually people willing to bet that Qin Wentian would achieve one of the top three positions, and even the championship of the Jun Lin Banquet? Had they gone crazy?

There was still a glimmer of hope for Qin Wentian to advance and obtain one of the top nine positions. Thus, there were still several who bet on him. But as for the probability of obtaining the top three position or the championship, it would just be a waste of Yuan Meteor Stones.

“What do you think?” The youth also laughed.

“I have no idea. You should know that now I can’t even afford to drink wine. All I have left are these two measly Yuan Meteor Stones. Alright, alright, I will bet them all. Hmmm I will bet on him obtaining the championship I guess.” Immortal Drunken Wine retrieved two 2nd-layer Yuan Meteor Stones and placed them on Qin Wentian’s name in the column indicating that Qin Wentian would obtain the championship, amidst the laughter of the crowd.

“Immortal Drunken Wine, are you sure you don’t want to leave these two Meteor Stones for you to buy wine? They should be enough to procure enough wine to last you for several months.” Someone persuaded, trying to stop him. However, an employee of Drunken Wonder had already recorded his bet and given him a token that indicated what he bet on. If he won, he could use this token and exchange it for Yuan Meteor Stones from Heaven’s Wonder.

“Okay then, I shall bet like this. For Qin Wentian obtaining the championship, I will bet 100 2nd-layered Yuan Meteor Stones; obtaining the top three position, 100 2nd-layered Yuan Meteor Stones, and another 100 pieces of Yuan Meteor Stones for him advancing into the top nine positions.” The youth beside Immortal Drunken Wine laughed, as the crowd around them all went silent.

300 pieces of 2nd-layered Yuan Meteor Stones, all on Qin Wentian. 100 stones on each column.

“Are you not afraid of losing everything?” Immortal Drunken Wine laughed.

“Why would you think this way? As long as he advances to the 3rd round, and obtains one of the top nine rankings, I will already make a killing of 100 additional Yuan Meteor Stones based on the

payout rate of 1:4. If he advances to the top three, I will win on two of my bets, my total earnings would be a total of 10,100 stones; and if he really obtained the championship, I win everything. At that moment, my earnings would be..." The youth laughed even louder, causing the hearts of the crowd to shudder.

It looked perfect on paper, but upon careful contemplation, how could this be possible? The probability of Qin Wentian advancing to the top three was too miniscule. That was also the reason why the payout rates were that high. How could there be such an advantageous thing in this world? Most likely, out of these 300 2nd-layered Yuan Meteor Stones, more than half of them would be wasted. However, what was the status of this young man? How could he take out 300 stones that easily?

"If it goes according to your prediction, Heaven's Wonder will really cry." Immortal Drunken Wine laughed as he spoke, while the youth beside him was already confirming the bet with one of Drunken Wonder' employees. It seemed that the youth wasn't joking when he really intended to bet 300 stones on Qin Wentian.

"Immortal Drunken Wine, this friend of yours is really humorous." At this moment, a voice rang out. Immortal Drunken Wine turned his head and spotted Qiu Mo.

"Each to his own. This is my friend's business, so there's no need for you to worry about him." Immortal Drunken Wine carefreely replied.

"Your friend is indeed interesting." Qiu Mo laughed, "These 300 pieces of Yuan Meteor Stones, I'm afraid that they've just gone down the drain."

Immortal Drunken Wine also laughed, not intending to continue interacting with Qiu Mo. However, at this moment, a fatty squeezed his way through the crowd. Taking out over ten Yuan Meteor Stones, he decisively roared, "I'm betting!" as he placed a portion of his Meteor Stones on each of the three betting columns.

"Fatty, I remember you only bet 5 stones yesterday. And today, although the amount bet is slightly higher, to think that you still dared to roar this loudly despite the low number of stones you betted." A person in the crowd laughed. Looking at the shameless expression on Fatty's face, the crowd also laughed along.

The Fatty was naturally Fan Le. Grinning, he didn't seem to mind the ribbing. The most important thing to him was, naturally, earning more Yuan Meteor Stones. Hopefully, that rascal Qin Wentian would put in more effort and create a miracle for him to see.

“Fan Le, you should probably keep these few Yuan Meteor Stones for your own cultivation.” Qiu Mo sarcastically remarked.

Fatty inclined his head as he grinned at Qiu Mo. “I know you are jealous of Qin Wentian. Back in the academy, you made use of Jiang Xiu to deal with Qin Wentian, but the end result at the Jun Lin Banquet was obvious to all; Jiang Xiu lost an arm to Qin Wentian. Your credit should be the highest for this result, but to think that your skin is so thick to the point where you seemed not to have waken up from your folly despite your face being smacked. Could it be that you still want me to divulge the matter of you being secretly in love with Mo Qingcheng? Do you still remember how she couldn’t be bothered with you and took the initiative to get close to Qin Wentian?”

The expressions of the crowd became increasingly fascinated upon hearing Fan Le’s words. Qiu Mo’s countenance turned extremely ugly to behold as he coldly snorted. He departed immediately after placing a bet on Luo Qianqiu and Sikong Mingyue.

“Let’s go, the Jun Lin Banquet should be starting soon.” At this moment, the people in Drunken Wonder finished their bets quickly and departed.

Chu Emperor District. People from the Royal Capital had been preparing today’s banquet since the break of dawn. At this moment, the nobles and important guests started to arrive and went to their seats.

Chu Tianjiao’s silhouette also appeared once again, sitting on the Azure Dragon Jadeite Seat. The 18 contestants who advanced also appeared on the nine towering platforms. Since the Jun Lin Banquet would be held once every year, the contestants naturally understood the rules of the banquet.

An aged figure standing beside Chu Tianjiao spoke, “Congratulations to all of you who advanced to the second round of the Jun Lin Banquet. Although all of you already know the rules for the banquet, I, this old man, will still have to reiterate once more. On the nine platforms, each of the contestant may choose to clash against any of the other 17. Those who lose in the first clash will become a ‘challenger’ and will be given a chance to challenge the victors. If the challenger loses again, he or she will be eliminated. But if the challenger wins, his opponent will be eliminated.

“Remember, for those who lose in the first battle, they will only be given a single chance to challenge others. If they win, they will remain on the platform but can only passively accept the challenges of others. Those that lose for a second time will be eliminated from this second round of the Jun Lin Banquet.”

“You can freely choose your opponents, but one last thing: if you win the first battle, you cannot seek out the same person you fought before for your second battle. These are the rules for the second round, and the remaining nine contestants after this will advance to the third and final round of the Jun Lin Banquet.”

The spectators went silent, but they all understood in their hearts. The second round of the Jun Lin Banquet was several times crueller when compared to the first.

The rules were set as such for the sake of fairness. If not, if contestants like Luo Qianqiu and Sikong Mingyue deliberately targeted someone, that unlucky person would surely be eliminated. That was why each contestant still had an additional chance to claim victory.

Not only that, a ‘challenger’ could not be challenged again by the contestant that challenged him or her before.

Naturally, if two powerful contestants were to join forces to deliberately suppress one person, that person could only curse his own fate for being unlucky. However, the probability of such a thing occurring was extremely low. Most of those powerful contestants would rather take a break on their own platforms than do such a thing.

Of the nine towering platforms, each one respectively held two contestants.

And the contestants standing on the ninth platform were none other than Qin Wentian and 7th Night.

At this moment, the crowd was thinking: the cultivators of Chu and Snowcloud were contending against each other in this Jun Lin Banquet. Although both countries had conflicts in the past, the cultivators of Snowcloud would not band together to suppress the cultivators from Chu, right?

After all, this place was the Chu Country.

Atop the fourth platform, Orchon shifted his sharp gaze over as he stared straight at Qin Wentian.

The hatred he had towards Qin Wentian had been boiling in his heart ever since a long time ago. Now that Qin Wentian had advanced to the second round, his chance to fight against Qin Wentian naturally arrived.

However, Qin Wentian's strength level was no longer the same as before. As evident from Jiang Xiu's defeat, his might could not be underestimated. Even Orchon had to be cautious when fighting against him.

"Qin Yao, do you want to sit over here with me?" At this moment, a voice drifted over from the seats located beside the Chu Emperor Seat. Xiao Lù abruptly spoke, his gaze on Qin Yao.

"No need." The countenance of Qin Yao changed slightly, becoming somewhat unsightly.

Xiao Lù laughed, as he continued insisting. And at this moment, on the first towering platform, Sikong Mingyue turned around, his robes fluttering in the wind. He had an exceptionally bright glow in his eyes as he regarded the figures standing on the other towering platforms.

"I had long heard of the famous name of Miss Qin's brother, Wentian. I guess it can be considered my good fortune to actually meet him in person today. I wonder if any elites from our Snowcloud Country will be willing to battle against him, thereby allowing me to admire the splendor." Sikong Mingyue's slow voice was filled with a sense of tranquility.

As the sound of his voice faded, bewilderment and puzzlement appeared on the faces of the crowd. Although the words of Sikong Mingyue sounded polite, the actual meaning hidden in them was extremely rude. Not only that, he couldn't be bothered to deal with Qin Wentian himself.

But why would he say that? Were there a hidden message in the words Xiao Lù spoke to Qin Yao?

Why did Sikong Mingyue want to deal with Qin Wentian?

Although he wanted to 'deal with' Qin Wentian, Sikong Mingyue was unwilling to take action personally. Filled with contempt towards Qin Wentian, his heart was too proud. After all, in the entire Snowcloud, only he had the qualifications to share the same namesake as Xiao Lù – being part of the Duo Prides.

Naturally, the relationship between Xiao Lù and Sikong Mingyue was also incomparably deep, akin to blood brothers!

Chapter 125: Reappearance of Sword Light

Qin Wentian's gaze abruptly shifted over in Sikong Mingyue's direction, a sharp glint of light radiating from his eyes.

According to Mo Qingcheng, the Crown Prince of Snowcloud, Xiao Lù had extraordinary talent and extremely vast ambitions. Not only that, the perpetrator of the earlier incident regarding Qin Yao was most likely him.

Sikong Mingyue also locked gazes with Qin Wentian. After a single glance, he calmly turned around and sat down on the 1st towering platform, acting as though all of this had nothing to do with him.

Meanwhile, on the 7th towering platform, a silhouette abruptly stomped off the ground and soared through the air. Momentarily, the silhouette flew over the 8th platform like a great bird and continued on, before landing on the 9th platform not far off from Qin Wentian.

This person was none other than the 6th Night. He had a sturdy and muscular build, and didn't seem to be too young. But despite his build, the speed of his movements was astounding, indicating that he also had an excellent movement technique.

"Interesting, I didn't think that before Orchon made his move, the first to take action against Qin Wentian would be a cultivator from the Snowcloud Country instead. I've also heard that Xiao Lù's popularity and network in his country was particularly overwhelming. Those elites from the Snowcloud Country should all have very good relationships with Xiao Lù."

As many people were still speculating, 6th Night had already walked up to face Qin Wentian. He didn't say anything and only stared at Qin Wentian, akin to how a hunter stares at his prey.

Qin Wentian stared at his opponent. This person appeared rather mature, and gave off a solid and unflustered feeling. He most likely had tremendous battle experience.

Rubbing his interspatial ring, an ancient halberd appeared in Qin Wentian's palms as he spoke out, "This ancient halberd's Divine Imprint had already been destroyed by me, and it is no longer a Divine Weapon. The organizers are welcome to check."

An aged figure flew through the air and landed by the side of Qin Wentian. After inspecting the halberd, the figure nodded his head. "This is indeed not a Divine Weapon, it has no augmentation effect. Thus, it is allowed to be used."

"This fellow actually destroyed the imprint of a Divine Weapon. What a waste, the wealth of Divine Inscriptionists is not to be belittled." Many people murmured in their hearts. Seeing that Qin Wentian wanted to wield a weapon, it seems that he was also feeling some pressure regarding the advancement to the 3rd round of the Jun Lin Banquet.

“Hmph.” The 6th Night coldly smiled, an aura of violence erupted forth from him as a beast-type Astral Soul was released. An extremely gigantic demonic beast adorned with curved horns, something akin to a celestial bull, appeared. Its wild and baleful aura surged, and crackling sounds relentlessly rang out as the body of 6th Night expanded.

“Brother Bull, don’t hit him too hard, okay?” 7th Night laughed gaily at the side. An earth-shattering boom echoed out as the huge steps of 6th Night rocked the ground, moving in Qin Wentian’s direction.

Boom, boom, boom... The aura 6th Night was releasing got stronger and stronger. It was as though he had completely transformed into a mad bull, and was frenziedly sprinting over towards Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian clutched the ancient halberd tightly in his hand as he waited for an opportunity to strike. As 6th Night rushed over, Qin Wentian executed the Azure Dragon Stance with a stomp of his feet. A faint shadow of a Azure Dragon manifested as it roared before it blasted forwards, colliding with the body of 6th Night.

Rumble! The faint shadow of the Azure Dragon exploded, and 6th Night went berserk. He continued pushing forth with his palms, intending to use his bare hands to catch hold of Qin Wentian’s halberd.

Qin Wentian’s steps slightly shifted, executing the Garuda Movement Technique as his speed explosively increased. However, with no intention of giving up, 6th Night continued chasing, The sounds of their continued clashes rang out.

“I wonder how strong the defense of this particular beast-type Astral Soul is?”

Qin Wentian gave a cold laugh, as he stomped heavily onto the ground. As he pierced out again with the ancient halberd, the sound of a terrifying sharpness tore through the air. It was unknown how much power that strike of his contained.

Buzz! The body of 6th Night shifted sideways slightly, narrowly avoiding the strike of Qin Wentian. That clumsy looking body belied the swiftness of his movement speed. 6th Night directly used power to contest against power, smashing apart the pressure emitted by the ancient halberd. Extending out his left palm, he grabbed and locked onto the ancient halberd, as his body barreled towards Qin Wentian.

The crowd discovered that at this moment, the body of 6th Night was enveloped by a corona of demonic light, exuding a terrifying aura. With this body strike of his, even mountains would crumble upon impact.

“This is Brother Bull’s Crazy Bull’s Howl, a middle-tier earth-grade innate technique. One can only succeed in cultivating this technique by absorbing the demonic essences of mighty bull-type demonic beasts.” 7th Night laughed, as the body of 6th Night, augmented by the force of his innate technique, inched closer and closer to Qin Wentian’s body.

As the body of 6th Night neared Qin Wentian, that terrifying pressure that felt akin to the gallop of 10,000 horses frenziedly smashed onto his body.

The Divine Energy within Qin Wentian's Stellar Meridians erupted with crazy speed. Qin Wentian's left palm abruptly blasted out, executing the Falling Mountain Palms as a manifestation of a gigantic mountain slammed downwards, onto the body of 6th Night.

In that instant of impact, it was as though currents of pressure could be visibly seen flowing about.

"Blocked?" An expression of immense shock appeared on the countenance of 7th Night. The power of 6th Night's attack was extremely clear to her; the force of this type of attack was definitely unquestionable, born from one of the most violent methods of attack. How could Qin Wentian block it with his mere cultivation base at the 7th level of Arterial Circulation?

She had no idea that the Divine Energy within Qin Wentian's body was condensed and converted from Astral Energy that originated from the 5th Heavenly Layer. Also, in addition to that, the Divine Energy was converted with the aid of a 2nd-level Mountain-type Divine Imprint. How could his mountain-type innate technique, the Falling Mountain Palms, not contain terrifying power? He easily blocked the mad rush of his opponent.

ROAR! 6th Night howled in rage, as he once again sprinted madly towards Qin Wentian, intending to knock Qin Wentian off the platform.

"Let go." Qin Wentian spoke to 6th Night. His gaze abruptly filled with a sense of imposing dominance, prepared to to subjugate 6th Night.

"Get lost." 6th Night continued roaring in rage. Although Qin Wentian valiantly defended, he was still pushed to the boundary of the 9th platform. Many in the crowd were nervously spectating this scene.

Was Qin Wentian going to be eliminated so early in the 1st battle of the 2nd round of the Jun Lin Banquet?

"Courting death." Qin Wentian roared in anger, causing the crowd to freeze in stupefaction. No one had thought that Qin Wentian was also capable of uttering such words.

At this moment, the Divine Energy within his body frenziedly gathered in a spiral, forming a sword-type Divine Imprint. Currently, Qin Wentian was able to form these types of 1st-level inscriptions almost instantly.

As the sword-type Divine Imprint fully finished forming, it transformed into a terrifyingly sharp sword, hidden within his Stellar Meridians. However, no one other than him had any idea about what had just happened. They only knew that 6th Night was about to succeed in blasting Qin Wentian off the platform.

Chi... Qin Wentian opened his mouth, and in that instant, he spat out a ray of incomparably sharp sword light.

"Argh..." A pitiful cry rang out as 6th Night's movements instantly stopped. The sharp sword formed from the sword light that Qin Wentian had spat out broke apart 6th Night's demonic qi protective barrier, and pierced right into one of his eyes. The aura and pressure that 6th Night was releasing madly leaked out as the ray of sword light dissipated. However, the damage was already done.

"Scram." Both of them were already at the edge of the platform. At this moment, Qin Wentian grabbed hold of 6th Night's body and directly tossed him off.

The abrupt change caused many of the spectators to feel a sense of astonishment, as they regarded Qin Wentian with a bizarre expression on their faces.

He was even able to spit out a sharp sword, this fellow, what ability did he really have? How unexpected.

Orchon's countenance also visibly changed. He had once personally witnessed Qin Wentian spitting out a palm imprint before. But now, Qin Wentian's proficiency with this ability seemed to have strengthened many times compared to before, having directly spat out a sharp sword and caught his opponent unaware.

Not only that, it was similar to the battle against Jiang Xiu. Qin Wentian was not a sword user, and was definitely not proficient in sword arts. Where had the sword come from?

In the spectator's stand over at the Mo Clan's sitting area, a sharp light flickered in the eyes of Mo Qingcheng's father as he intoned in a low voice. "The transmission rate of Astral Energy within this child's meridians is incredibly smooth. But, how on earth did he managed to spit out that sharp sword?"

Not only him, even those powerful Yuanfu Realm spectators in the Emperor Star Academy's sitting area, were also wondering how on earth Qin Wentian had done that.

This ability was extremely rare. It was as though no one among the elders had heard of it before. Could this be a personal technique which Qin Wentian had created based on his comprehensions? If that was the case, they would have to reassess their evaluation of Qin Wentian.

Instead of showing concern for the blinded 6th Night, those in the spectators' stand were wondering how Qin Wentian had accomplished that. It was not that the spectators were cold blooded, they were just too used to the injuries and death that were prevalent in the world of cultivators. After all, how many fallen geniuses appeared in the Jun Lin Banquet each year? Injuries and deaths were extremely common here.

However, those from Snowcloud did not think of it this way. Not only was 6th Night defeated, he was also blinded. This meant that he had lost the capabilities to fight against the other contestants. The battle between him and Qin Wentian was also his final battle.

"Bring him to the palace for treatment." Chu Tianjiao calmly instructed, as a few silhouettes appeared. They brought 6th Night away, flying off on demonic beasts.

After the defeat of 6th Night, the crowd started re-evaluating their perception of Qin Wentian's strength. With the ability to spit out sharp swords, and attacking with no signs of preparation, Qin Wentian was a figure that one could never engage with in close combat. If one did, not only would they have to concentrate on gaining control of the rhythm of the battle, they would have to anticipate sneak attacks from that weird ability of his. How could one be constantly vigilant especially in an intense battle? 6th Night was the perfect example.

18 contestants. After a battle, only 17 remained.

"Seems like Qin Wentian really had a high probability of advancing to the top 9 rankings." Many people were silently speculating in their hearts. Some even regretted not betting on Qin Wentian

before. After this battle, the payout rates set by Drunken Wonder would naturally be re-adjusted. If they still want to bet, they would have no choice but to follow the new payout rate.

Fan Le was especially emotional. He had bet his whole fortune on Qin Wentian. If Qin Wentian could advance to the top nine... nay, the top three, wouldn't that be perfect?

Sikong Mingyue stared at Qin Wentian, as an extremely sharp glint of light could be seen flickering in the depths of his eyes.

"The first fight has ended, but the battle is not concluded yet. Let's continue on." This time round before Sikong Mingyue had a chance to speak, Qin Wentian was already slowly walking towards 7th Night with the ancient halberd in hand.

The tip of the ancient halberd produced a grinding, ear-piercing sound as Qin Wentian dragged it across the ground. The aura he was releasing continued to relentlessly rise.

At this moment, an imposing pressure emitted forth from Qin Wentian's body. Arrogant and unruly, if the ancient halberd slashes out, who dares fight against me? This aura was so intense that it felt as though it was carved into the bones, giving people the feeling that a peerless martial god had just been born.

It was as though he was overlooking the world from an unreachable height, as he slowly ambled forward.

At this moment, 7th Night felt a fearsome, suffocating pressure advancing towards her!

Chapter 126: Explosiveness of Emperor Star Academy

Feeling the pressure Qin Wentian was emitting, 7th Night fluttered her eyelashes. With a smile aimed towards Qin Wentian, she stated, "Wentian gege, would you really bear to attack me?"

7th Night's pitiful looking countenance was extremely moving. At this instant, Qin Wentian felt as though the person he was facing against wasn't 7th Night.

'Wentian gege', only that little lass Bai Qing would refer to him this way.

After the Bai Clan relocated to the Royal Capital, Qin Wentian never saw Bai Qing ever again. Now that a year had passed, he wondered how she was.

At this instant, a wave of coldness abruptly appeared. Qin Wentian's countenance immediately changed. This coldness was an illusion. 7th Night was endowed with the ability to create illusions. Strengthening his will, his heart became tough as stone, and his gaze became as sharp as spears. The peerless, unmatched aura once again surfaced as he stepped forth towards 7th Night.

7th Night's soul-stirring eyes continued staring at Qin Wentian, but this time around, she felt herself sinking into the depths of a dreamscape. The dream-will that Qin Wentian's eyes emitted was capable of luring her into a trance-like state, leaving her defenseless, sorely unable to extricate herself. Similar to 7th Night, Qin Wentian's innate technique was also unleashed through his eyes.

Buzz. The ancient halberd slashed out as Qin Wentian leaped through the air. Descending from the sky, the pressure Qin Wentian emitted was akin to a ferocious tiger, incomparably tyrannical.

“Wentian gege, you are so ruthless.” 7th Night pitifully mumbled, but Qin Wentian proved invulnerable to her attempts to ensnare him. The ancient halberd slashed down as 7th Night finally began her counter-attack. Cold ice froze Qin Wentian’s ancient halberd, and ice lances formed and shattered countless times in the air. With each shattering, the number of ice lances multiplied.

Qin Wentian continued wielding the ancient halberd in a continuous dance of motion. The howl of the azure dragon, the roar of the white tiger, accompanied by the shrill cries of the vermilion bird rang out as the ancient halberd swept out in an arc. The numerous ice lances in the air were destroyed by the force of that sweep, crumbling into nothingness as Qin Wentian’s dominating attack continued towards 7th Night.

7th Night rapidly retreated, yet Qin Wentian didn’t intend to give her even an inch of breathing space. 6th Night had overwhelming power. while 7th Night were proficient at control and illusion techniques. Since that was the case, he would overwhelm her with pure strength.

7th Night released her Astral Soul, as a huge icy python manifested. Its eyes were eerily staring at Qin Wentian, emitting an extremely demonic feeling

At the same time, 7th Night’s palm wavered. The icy python shrieked as it explosively dashed forwards, clashing directly against Qin Wentian’s ancient halberd.

“Wentian gege.” 7th Night once again called out. Abruptly, a terrifying radiance of Astral Light enveloped her body. Two golden wings began to sprout from her back. At the same time, a storm of golden sword blades barraged towards Qin Wentian. All this happened instantaneously, and the suddenness of the explosive attack made it almost impossible for anyone to dodge.

“This should be her 2nd Astral Soul. Her first Astral Soul was that icy gigantic python, which bestowed her the power to ensnare others in illusions.” The pupils of the crowd contracted; they had all been tricked by 7th Night. Her powers of illusion actually came from her first Astral Soul, that demonic icy python.

To think her 2nd Astral Soul was actually a pair of wings. The radiance it emitted was incomparably resplendent, and it was also capable of firing feather-like sword attacks that sought to lacerate Qin Wentian’s body into nothingness.

By now, the ancient halberd in Qin Wentian’s right hand was already fully frozen solid by 7th Night. 7th Night’s feathers were shot out at a crafty angle, aimed for Qin Wentian’s right side.

Qin Wentian immediately relinquished his hold on the frozen halberd, allowing it to fall to the ground. A palm imprint that was emanating golden light was blasted out by Qin Wentian. The thunderous sounds the palm imprint emitted were akin to a terrifying tsunami, and at the same time, staring at his opponent, Qin Wentian spat out a ray of incomparably sharp sword light.

This battle caused the spectators to be filled with wonder. How marvelous! Regardless whether it was Qin Wentian or 7th Night, their attacking methods were incredibly violent and excelled at catching their opponent unaware.

7th Night's body abruptly spiralled through the air. In that instant, the entire sky was covered by a golden radiance, as 7th Night's beautiful golden wings resembled the wings of a real phoenix. The graceful figure of 7th Night danced about as she spun rapidly in a circle while hovering in the air. Qin Wentian's sword light actually dissipated the moment it came into contact with her body.

Only now did Qin Wentian discovered how dangerous 7th Night actually was. 7th Night's golden feathers were akin to a storm of 10,000 swords, like the herald of certain death, slashing towards Qin Wentian and tearing apart the void.

"7th Night's strength isn't any weaker than that of 6th Night." Many people exclaimed, indeed, the Jun Lin Banquet's battles were all extremely fascinating.

Rumble! A terrifying, gushing sound echoed out within Qin Wentian's Stellar Meridians. The Divine Energy compacted by the 2nd level Mountain-type Divine Imprint were seething and surging, as it flowed without hindrance and gathered within Qin Wentian's palm. Qin Wentian took several steps backwards before stomping fiercely on the ground. The intensive tremors caused by the might of that stomp shook the entire platform.

Immediately after, Qin Wentian executed the Falling Mountain Palms, and an actual mountain peak manifested before ruthlessly slamming down towards 7th Night. In the face of that falling mountain, how tiny and inconsequential the figure of 7th Night appeared.

As per what he had decided, he would use absolute strength to break 7th Night apart.

Boom! The mountain peak struck against 7th Night's rapidly revolving body. Instantly, her dance slowed, involuntarily letting out a low scream as her inner organs were all shaken from the impact.

"Get down." Qin Wentian appeared in front of 7th Night. His palms blasted 7th Night away, causing 7th Night to be flung out of the platform. Her steps stumbled as she retreated backwards upon coming into contact with the ground.

Her countenance was filled with an unnatural redness, and finally after regaining control, she spat out a mouthful of fresh blood. Although her attacks were powerful, her defense was a far cry from her attack power. How could she resist Qin Wentian's Falling Mountain Palms that was further augmented by Mountain-type Divine Energy. Also, instantly after the impact, Qin Wentian sent out another palm strike in order to move in for the kill, resulting in her suffering from serious injuries.

Picking up the ancient halberd which he dropped earlier, Qin Wentian stood there silently. His gaze wasn't directed at 7th Night but rather at the other eight platforms. The slight wind billowed his robes, as his long hair danced about in the air. His eyes, were riveted on Sikong Mingyue as though he was making a silent announcement: You are more than welcome to test how deep my waters are.

Qin Wentian participated in the first two battles of the Jun Lin Banquet's second round.

In the first battle, he defeated the 6th Night.

In the second battle, he defeated 7th Night.

“Are you still able to participate as a challenger?” The aged figure standing beside Chu Tianjiao inquired. 7th Night opened her eyes and replied, “Give me some time. Please let the other battles to proceed first.”

“Very well, I will let you rest for the duration of one battle.” The aged figure nodded. Each participant had a chance to return one time as a challenger. Since 7th Night didn’t want to give up despite her injuries, he would give her a chance.

Only Qin Wentian remained on the 9th platform. He sat down crossed-legged and retrieved a Yuan Meteor Stone from his robes. Releasing his Astral Souls, Qin Wentian began cultivating by using his Astral Souls to absorb the Astral Energy within the Yuan Meteor Stone.

What he needed was the purest form of Astral Yuan Energy. Thus, for the Yuan Meteor Stone in his hands that had fallen from the 2nd Heavenly Layer, he could only extract the purest form of Astral Energy by absorbing it through his Astral Souls.

“Seems like the final Falling Mountain Palm Imprint expended a great deal of Qin Wentian’s energy.” Many people were speculating. Qin Wentian would try to recover his energy as soon as possible by making use of this period of resting time.

The capacity of a cultivator’s body was limited with regards to storing of Astral Energy. The higher one’s cultivation, the larger the capacity for storage.

Naturally, for those powerful innate techniques, they would similarly have a high level of Astral Energy expenditure. If one could defeat his opponents by using lower level innate techniques, there would be no one willing to go all out and expend all the Astral Energy stored within their body.

“The Seven Nights of my Snowcloud Country actually suffered defeat one after another.” Sikong Mingyue stated calmly. Those from Snowcloud only felt that their face had been entirely thrown away.

Currently, there was only a total of five people who hailed from Snowcloud Country that still remained on the platforms. They were none other than Sikong Mingyue, 2nd Sword, 3rd Sword, 3rd Night and 4th Night.

These people had an extremely solemn expression on their faces as they once again shifted their gaze onto the ninth platform.

“Is the Snowcloud Country planning to gang up on my Chu Country?” Luo Huan laughed as she strolled slowly towards 4th Night. Since 7th Night had the duration of a battle to recuperate, she would help Qin Wentian.

4th Night’s gaze turned heavy as he regarded Luo Huan. During the first round of the Jun Lin Banquet, he had observed Luo Huan. The flexibility of this woman was extremely frightening.

With a long whip in her hands, Luo Huan walked towards 4th Night. Abruptly, the whip in her hands danced about, causing the skies to be covered by the whip’s shadows, akin to ten million sharp swords, lashing out towards 4th Night.

4th Night moved, as his palms wavered. A greenish light appeared out of nowhere and shrouded his body, protecting it. At the same time, he bore the brunt of the ten million whip lashes as he dashed towards Luo Huan.

“What is this defense?” The crowd had a flabbergasted expression on their face. Was it perhaps because Luo Huan’s attack were numerous but sorely lacking in power?

Luo Huan also sped towards her opponent. During the instant they exchanged blows, 4th Night’s hands transformed into a sabre light that slashed out at Luo Huan. Luo Huan shifted sideways, narrowly avoiding the attack, while at the same moment, one of her hands had actually grabbed hold of 4th Night’s shoulder.

Rumble! 4th Night blasted out with his fist. The fist light of his attack directly smashed towards Luo Huan’s body. Luo Huan’s body contorted as she bent over, avoiding the strike. Her willowy waist was like the arching of a powerful bow as she sprang forward with an explosive momentum. Her body lunged forwards through the air, coiling around 4th Night.

“Scram.” A terrifying sabre Qi emanated from 4th Night’s body as he released his Astral Soul.

Luo Huan’s body begun to revolve about frenziedly in a spiral, spinning countless circles in an instant with a speed that was even faster than that of 7th Night. The crowd discovered that 4th Night’s body seemed to have been buried by the countless whip lashes. The speed of his sabre attacks was actually slower when compared to her revolutions.

Mustang laughed lightly as he saw the scene. Luo Huan’s performance was within his expectations. Truth to be told, only an extremely limited number of people knew how terrifying Luo Huan’s talent truly was. Usually she would always play the fool, laughing about, making jokes. But during key critical moments, she was able to explode forth with such terrifying power.

4th Night was overwhelmed by his opponent’s swift attacks. The sabre light he was emitting eventually got weaker and weaker, to the point where it dissipated. Only then did Luo Huan stop her revolutions. Luo Huan’s sexy legs were cradled around 4th Night’s head, and countless wounds could be seen on 4th Night’s body, his body buried under Luo Huan’s the merciless whip.

“Yet another dark horse.”

Several in the crowd exclaimed in shock, Luo Huan was actually capable of unleashing such power despite using a peculiar Astral Soul which many of them despise.

The combination of Drooping Willow Astral Soul and Great Vine Astral Soul, could actually be so overwhelming! This effect wasn’t brought about by merely combining the power of the two Astral Souls. Naturally, Luo Huan’s strength and ability were a huge contribution to be able to meld the two Astral Souls so perfectly.

“Oh my sister, why didn’t you remind me earlier.” Fan Le had a bitter face below the platform. He had forgotten to bet on his Senior Sister Luo Huan!

Chapter 127: Gu Xing

Atop the platform, Luo Huan was still suppressing 4th Night. The spectators could see that she had no intentions of letting go. Despite her beautiful countenance, the spectators couldn't help but feel a trace of coldness creeping in their hearts, does she really want the life of 4th Night?

Being suppressed for such a long time, 4th Night should be suffering from asphyxiation.

"He has already been defeated, why are you not letting him go?" Sikong Mingyue cast his gaze onto Luo Huan as he icily spoke.

"I've not heard his admission of defeat." Luo Huan laughed, "what happens if he attacks me after I release him?"

The cold glint of light in Sikong Mingyue's eyes intensified, but Luo Huan's actions were not against the rules. However, the extent of her suppression was such that 4th Night didn't even have a chance to speak.

It wasn't that 4th Night was weak, but the method of Luo Huan's attacks was too crafty and unexpected. The combination of her double Astral Souls actually granted her such perfect flexibility, akin to the long whip in her hands.

Even before the full might of 4th Night could be displayed, he had already entered into a hopeless situation.

"Sometimes it's good if you know when to stop. It's better not to go too far." Sikong Mingyue calmly replied.

"Earlier when you guys were preparing to engage my Junior Brother Qin in continuous battles, did you think of this?" Luo Huan continued laughing. Obviously, she disdained what the cultivators of Snowcloud were planning to do, and thus had decided to seize the initiative, beginning the counterattack of the Emperor Star Academy.

Sikong Mingyue had nothing to say in response to that, as an extremely terrifying killing intent erupted forth from his body. Looking at 4th Night, he icily replied, "I will get revenge for you."

"This sister of mine is not so cruel." Luo Huan laughed, as she finally released 4th Night. Giving a swift kick, 4th Night was booted off of the platform.

As 4th Night was released, he gasped and drew in a huge breath, before promptly fainting away. Obviously, he could no longer participate as a challenger.

"These people were so ruthless, they had no intention of even allowing their defeated opponents to stand on the platform again." Many were silently exclaiming in their hearts. Qin Wentian was thus, and so was Luo Huan.

4th Night lost his right as a challenger, but 7th Night still had a chance. However, her countenance was still bloodless and pale, the duration of the earlier battle was insufficient for her to recover from her injuries.

"Forget it, rest well." Sikong Mingyue instructed 7th Night.

7th Night unwillingly nodded her head, as she gave up her right to become a challenger.

At this moment, 4th Night, 6th Night, and 7th Night, were all eliminated. There were only 15 left out of the 18 contestants that had advanced to the 2nd round of the Jun Lin Banquet.

While only four contestants that hailed from Snowcloud remained.

The bitter truth of this ending wasn't something Snowcloud wanted to see. Travelling from so far away to Chu, and even co-hosting the Jun Lin Banquet with Chu, their face and pride would totally be lost if the results of the Jun Lin Banquet were as such.

“Choose your own opponents.” Sikong Mingyue calmly remarked and an instant later, the several figures still remaining on the platforms made their move.

3rd Night approached Kuang Shen.

2nd Sword approached Shi Jun.

3rd Sword had wanted to approach Qin Wentian, but abruptly, a silhouette appeared in front of him, barring his way on the 5th platform in the midst of him making his way to Qin Wentian. This silhouette belonged to none other than the silent youth, Gu Xing.

From the beginning to now, Gu Xing had not spoken a single word. Taciturn, silent, his personality similar to his name, like the most aloof of all constellations in the skies. However, during the first round of battle, he had defeated 5th Night. Nobody would dare to look down on him.

At this moment, Gu Xing was standing in front of 3rd Night. It was unknown if he was intentionally helping Qin Wentian, or was just merely interested in dueling with 3rd Night.

But no matter what his intentions were, the spectators knew that this would definitely be a fascinating battle to watch.

Sikong Mingyue initially wanted to act, but soon after, he came to a stop as he surveyed the ongoing battles in three directions.

“The Snowcloud Country ran out of patience.” Many were speculating in their hearts.

2nd Sword's released his sword intent, as a terrifying storm could be felt swirling around his body. Flicking his finger, boundless sword lights flew towards Shi Jun – ranked 8th of the 10 prodigies.

Shi Jun's body was akin to a block of the toughest stone. He blasted out with a fist as a block of granite materialised. However, that block of granite was instantly demolished, the impact of it actually causing him to retreat a step.

The Sword Qi gushing from 2nd Sword's body was incomparably sharp. Shi Jun had once fought against Jiang Xiu, the sword intent of Jiang Xiu was far from being able to match 2nd Sword.

If one were to say the sword intent of Jiang Xiu was comparable to autumn rain, the sword intent of 2nd Sword could only be described as that of a torrential storm.

As for 3rd Night, he struck out against ranked 9th of the 10 prodigies at the same time. 3rd Night's attacks were somewhat similar to that of 6th Night, both of them chose to focus on the cultivation of strength. With a great axe in his hand, he lunged towards Kuang Shen.

Kuang Shen was an expert in the usage of sabres. Using the tyranny of sabres, he contended against 3rd Night. And after each and every exchange, the spectators discovered that the sabre of Kuang

Shen would always be slowed by half a beat, as he was forced back by his opponent's attack. This indicated that in terms of strength, he wasn't on the same level as 3rd Night.

3rd Night was using absolute strength to break apart his sabre techniques

"Although the attacks of his great axe techniques appear clumsy, they were actually incredibly profound. The sabre of Kuang Shen was sorely suppressed. Shi Jun and Kuang Shen of the 10 prodigies will most likely suffer a defeat this time round." The spectators were silently speculating in their hearts. This time, there will most definitely be a change in the second half of the rankings within the 10 prodigies.

Orchon, Luo Huan, Qin Wentian, and even Luo Cheng were currently already ranked within the 10 prodigies.

There would always be geniuses overtaking each other in the country. Those that were not up to par would naturally fade away over time, replaced by other stronger talents. This was reality.

As for 3rd Sword, he had also released his sword-type Astral Soul at this moment, as his sword intent begun gushing forth from his body.

Gu Xing continued standing there, with no fluctuations in his expression. However, when he stared at his opponent, a terrifying cold glint of light could be seen in his eyes.

In the midst of that cold light, one could feel waves of coldness emanating from it.

The sword lights he manifested were akin to shadows as 3rd Sword pierced forwards with his sword. This was a flawless execution of his sword-type innate technique, it was as though with the existence of his sword light, no other light would be able to share the same stage as it. The resplendent radiance all belonged to his sword alone.

Puchi~

A crisp sound rang out, causing people to freeze in shock. 3rd Sword was also similarly stunned.

His sword, had actually managed to pierce into the left arm of Gu Xing. He had originally intended for his sword to block the paths of retreat of Gu Xing, but who would have thought that Gu Xing didn't even retreat, or chose to dodge. He stood there unmoving as the sword of 3rd Sword easily pierced him.

The combat experiences of 3rd Sword could be said to be extremely abundant. But even he had never witnessed such a scene before. That was why he was dumbfounded.

While at the same time, Gu Xing grabbed hold of the sword that was pierced into his body. His eyes stared directly into 3rd Sword's, and after an instant, 3rd Sword only felt a piercing pain in his eyes. Following which, a palm strike landed on the head of 3rd Sword, as a thunderous sound rang out. 3rd Sword was flung through the air, as he let out a blood-curdling scream, before slamming heavily on the ground outside the platform. His face was already smashed into a pulp of bloody flesh.

The sudden end of the battle caused the spectators to be dumbfounded as they stared around absentmindedly.

The sword embedded in Gu Xing's left arm had already disappeared. Without the continual support of Astral Energy, the power of the Astral Soul could no longer be transformed into a sword.

Gu Xing returned to his original position, and sat down with his legs crossed. There wasn't a lot of blood leaking out of his wound, and to everyone's surprise, his wound was actually recovering right in front of their eyes.

"What a terrifying regeneration ability. What exactly is his Astral Soul?" The hearts of the spectators trembled, and the silhouette of Gu Xing was deeply imprinted upon their minds.

His name was Gu Xing, a lonely star. Currently, his countenance had returned to that previous calm look of his, and no one knew what he was thinking.

Actually, in the first round when he had defeated 5th Night, many great powers in the Royal Capital had already begun to launch investigations into Gu Xing. However, it was as though Gu Xing didn't exist in the Chu Country at all. Despite their powerful information network, they were unable to find anything about Gu Xing's background. This person had no history attached to him, it was as though he only appeared in Chu just as the Jun Lin Banquet commenced, and defeated 5th Night.

And now, Gu Xing also defeated 3rd Sword.

Other than 3rd Sword being defeated, the two others from Snowcloud won against their opponents. Shi Jun and Kuang Shen were both defeated, but still had a chance to challenge others. As for 3rd Sword, he no longer had the capability to fight anymore.

Shi Jun and Kuang Shen contemplated who to challenge, while the other contestants sat quietly on their platforms.

Shi Jun began walking towards Chu Chen of the Royal Academy.

Meanwhile Kuang Shen was still pondering. And as he saw the little prince of Chu, Chu Chen easily defeating Shi Jun, the coldness in his heart became more intense by several degrees.

None of the remaining contestants were easy to deal with.

The capabilities of Luo Qianqiu, Sikong Mingyue, the 2nd Sword, and the 3rd Night were needless to say.

Orchon, Luo Huan, and Gu Xing were similarly also extremely terrifying.

Hou Tie from the Godly General Martial Palace was also exceptionally powerful, and as for Leng Ya, he was also a ruthless character. The only two remaining contestants – other than those peak Arterial Circulation cultivators from the Godly General Palace – were the ranked 6th prodigy, Jiang Feng, as well as Qin Wentian.

Wanting to advance to the 3rd round was too difficult. Even if he won the next battle, there was a high probability that he would be eliminated in the battle after that.

Finally, gritting his teeth, Kuang Shen made his decision as he walked towards Qin Wentian. After all, he had witnessed all of Qin Wentian's earlier battles. Although Qin Wentian was powerful, he was still somewhat clear about the abilities Qin Wentian possessed. Not only that, Qin Wentian had

already exhausted a great amount of his Astral Energy, and was still trying to recover. This, was the best chance to deal with him.

As Kuang Shen appeared in front of Qin Wentian, Qin Wentian opened his eyes, staring at Kuang Shen as he stood up.

“It appears that I’ve been too ‘nice’ after all.” Qin Wentian murmured. He didn’t choose to use his ancient halberd. The Astral Energy in his 7 circular pathways begun to seethe and surged. The sound of the Astral Energy gushing within Qin Wentian’s body could even be clearly heard by the spectators. At this moment, Kuang Shen’s countenance stiffened, as his gaze grew heavy.

An illusory pair of Garuda Wings flickered on the back of Qin Wentian. And the next moment, Qin Wentian disappeared from his original spot, blasting forwards with the Emptiness Imprint.

Kuang Shen raised his sabre and slashed out. The sabre lights of his broke apart the Emptiness Imprint. However, Qin Wentian’s silhouette disappeared instantly again and appeared at the side of Kuang Shen, then he blasted out another palm strike.

Kuang Shen executed his movement technique to its limits as he dodged the palms of Qin Wentian. An instant later, the spectators saw the palm imprints of Qin Wentian covering the entire sky.

The sabre of Kuang Shen weaved madly as he danced about, impenetrable by even the wind and rain. But despite this, the spectators could see that Kuang Shen would inevitably be defeated if it continued on.

And as expected, after a while, the sabre weavings of Kuang Shen became increasingly chaotic. Qin Wentian sent out another palm strikes as Kuang Shen slashed out with his sabre, but at this moment, Qin Wentian spat out a ray of sword light, causing Kuang Shen’s countenance to change as he hurriedly raised his sabre in defense.

Boom! A terrifying palm imprint landed on Kuang Shen’s body, and the force of it catapulted his body into the air. When Kuang Shen finally slammed onto the ground outside the platform, he spat out mouthful after mouthful of fresh blood. It was as though the entire set of meridians in his body had been destroyed.

At this moment, Qin Wentian gradually lowered his legs. Did the fool think that he was only capable of spitting out sword lights?

Who said that palm techniques couldn’t be executed by his feet?

At this moment, of the 18 original contestants, only 12 remained.

And once three more were eliminated, the top nine contestants would appear. The hearts of the crowd were palpitating with excitement and nervousness – especially those that had placed their bets!

Chapter 128: Sikong Mingyue

At this moment, the 12 remaining contestants on the 9 platforms were:

Snowcloud – Sikong Mingyue, 2nd Sword, 3rd Night.

Chu – Luo Qianqiu, Qin Wentian, Gu Xing, Luo Huan, Orchon, Hou Tie, Leng Ya, Chu Chen and Jiang Feng.

Following which, there would still be a need to eliminate three more participants before the 2nd round of the Jun Lin Banquet could be concluded. Currently, all the contestants remaining were extremely tough to deal with, so it wouldn't be easy to eliminate any of them.

Sikong Mingyue and Luo Qianqiu were untouchable existences.

2nd Sword and 3rd Night were the strongest opponents from Snowcloud other than Sikong Ming Yue.

As for Orchon, Heaven's Wonder had high expectations of him this year. Not only that, he had also exhibited his talent inside the Astral River Hall back in the Emperor Star Academy.

Gu Xing was a madman that has no regards for his own life; nobody dared to antagonise him.

Luo Huan had a perfect combination of her dual Astral Souls, and wasn't easy to stand up against.

As for Qin Wentian, he grew stronger and stronger after each battle he fought.

Both Hou Tie and Leng Ya were from the mysterious Godly General Martial Palace, and no one knew where their actual levels of strength lay.

Jiang Feng was the strongest Arterial Circulation Cultivator in all of the Divine Wind Academy, and was also ranked 6th among the 10 prodigies. This also meant that of the five other prodigies that joined the Jun Lin Banquet this year, he was ranked first.

Prince Chu Chen was an obscure figure in the past. However, he'd easily defeated Shi Jun of the 10 prodigies with minimal effort. No one knew what other trump cards he held.

If it was possible, the spectators didn't want to see any of the remaining 12 contestants being eliminated.

Regretfully, only nine of them would be able to advance to the 3rd round. Three of the 12 contestants were destined to be eliminated, leaving the stage of the Jun Lin Banquet.

At this moment, Sikong Mingyue slowly shifted his gaze onto Luo Huan.

Earlier, Luo Huan had totally disregarded him and wrecked 4th Night.

Now, he would let Luo Huan pay the price.

Buzz! A raging wind billowed passed. Sikong Mingyue's steps appeared gentle and light, but it was as though each of his steps contained a formless wind-type energy that caused his long hair to flutter.

Gushing forth from Sikong Mingyue's body, a terrifying surge of killing intent madly rose. It transformed into an overwhelming baleful aura, instantly sweeping over all the contestants at the 9 platforms.

Qin Wentian narrowed his eyes. Sikong Mingyue's killing intent was truly terrifying. It was as though he would decimate anything that dared to stand in his way.

And now, Sikong Mingyue was deliberately targeting Luo Huan.

“Senior Sister, if you can’t defeat him, just admit defeat.” Qin Wentian called out. Luo Huan nodded her head as her countenance grew heavy. The pressure that Sikong Mingyue was giving her was exceptionally great.

“Sikong Mingyue is finally making his move.” The gazes of the spectators were fixated onto him. It was as though as long as he made a move, everyone’s attentions would be focused on him.

“Sikong Mingyue’s strength is truly tyrannical. However, Heaven’s Wonder pegged him as the 2nd strongest contestant, a rank behind Luo Qianqiu. How much stronger the martial prowess of Luo Qianqiu would be for Heaven’s Wonder to give him such a high level of recognition.”

The spectators were silently speculating. Luo Qianqiu hadn’t even been ranked within the 10 prodigies a year ago. Now, in just the span of a single year, could he really attain the top ranking in the Jun Lin Banquet and sweep across the world?

In reality, with the efficiency of Heaven’s Wonder’s information network, they would naturally have already investigated and understood roughly the power level of each of the contestants. If not, how could they have computed the betting rates?

As for Luo Qianqiu, they were also clearly aware of his background. Not only that, they also knew of the mission Luo Qianqiu was trying to accomplish. Hence, for the Jun Lin Banquet this year, Luo Qianqiu had to obtain the championship no matter what – he had to enter the 7th level of the Heavenly Star Pavilion!

Thus, Luo Qianqiu couldn’t afford to lose.

At this moment, Qin Wentian also felt tremendous pressure. At his current level of strength, he did not have confidence to win against Luo Qianqiu and Sikong Mingyue. But despite so, he wanted to fight for it, and would do so with all his efforts. A year was too long, he wanted to fight for the present.

However, how could merely having faith and a strong belief be sufficient to guarantee victory? Qin Wentian had to think this through carefully; how would he be able to win against Sikong Mingyue and Luo Qianqiu? On this stage, the two of them would be his greatest barrier. Only by surpassing both of them would he be able to reach the peak.

Upon reaching the platform Luo Huan was standing at, Sikong Mingyue didn’t slow his steps as he continued walking towards Luo Huan.

Currently, Luo Huan had already released both of her astral souls, and was awaiting for Sikong Mingyue’s arrival. Although she knew she would never defeat her opponent, she still wanted to see how strong exactly Sikong Mingyue was. She decided that she would probe out Sikong Mingyue’s abilities and see what his trump cards truly were.

Sikong Mingyue merely flicked his finger in the direction of Luo Huan, and an instant later, a vast, overwhelming wave of killing intent erupted forwards. The waves of killing intent solidified and transformed into the ancient form of the word ‘Massacre’, which flew towards Luo Huan at lightning-fast speed.

Luo Huan's countenance wavered. Her body was incomparably flexible, but Sikong Mingyue had decided to use long-range attacks to deal with her. Not only that, the power of the word imprint could not be belittled. If the imprint were to land on one's body, the body of the recipient would most likely be penetrated through.

Wielding a long whip in her hands, a storm of wind and rain was unleashed by her lashes. Each of her lashes was akin to rain falling in multi-directions, like numerous sharp swords. Her attacks clashed directly with the word imprint. Despite so, Luo Huan's attack was effortlessly broken through. The word imprint continued flying forwards with no reduction to its power.

"Kill!" Sikong Mingyue took another step forwards. He had no need to engage in close combat with Luo Huan. Flicking out another finger, numerous imprints of the ancient form of the word 'Massacre' manifested as they frenziedly gushed towards Luo Huan.

Luo Huan unceasingly retreated as it became exceedingly tough for her to defend. A moment later, she has already retreated to the boundary of the platform, and would soon be defeated.

"Under the pressure of Sikong Mingyue, even someone at Luo Huan's level of strength has no way to defend against it. One can clearly see the disparity in martial prowess despite the two contestants having a similar level of cultivation. Sikong Mingyue's attack contains the power of his Astral Soul within it. Not only that, he even empowers the innate technique to such an extent, integrating his killing intent perfectly together with it."

Some of the stronger spectators were exclaiming silently in their hearts. Sikong Mingyue was too powerful, he was clearly at a different level when compared to the rest of the contestants. No wonder he was pegged by Heaven's Wonder as the 2nd strongest contestant in the Jun Lin Banquet.

As one of the Duo Prides of Snowcloud, his reputation was clearly well deserved.

As he saw that Luo Huan was still not defeated, an even stronger surge of killing intent flashed past his eyes. His silhouette flickered and instantly, Sikong Mingyue disappeared as all the word imprints seemed to merge together, before blasting towards Luo Huan.

Upon seeing this, many spectators began to get nervous. An inexhaustible amount of vines abruptly appeared, as though they wanted to envelop the attack of Sikong Mingyue. However, Sikong Mingyue struck out lightly with his palms through the air, the power of the palm seemingly transformed into a formless pattern, vibrating the void.

Puchi! Luo Huan immediately vomit out a mouthful of blood, her countenance turned extremely pale. She had been struck by the baleful Qi of the word imprint. Luo Huan continued retreating, wanting to step down the platform as she called out, "I admit.....defeat."

But even before the word 'defeat' had the chance to sound out, Sikong Mingyue had already struck out with both his palms in the direction of Luo Huan, causing her pale face to turn even paler.

Her Astral Souls gave her perfect flexibility, and granted her the ability to dodge opponent's attack with ease in close combat. However, Luo Huan was extremely weak in the areas of purely attacking and defending, and currently, this terrifying long range impact attack blasting towards her seemed as if it wanted her life.

Luo Huan abruptly began to spiral rapidly in the air, manifesting a tornado, with her body shrouded within. The terrifying word imprint blasted onto the tornado with a deafening sound as Luo Huan's

body was flung out by the impact, smashing heavily onto the ground, causing her to repeatedly spit out huge mouthful of fresh blood.

Her haggard countenance caused many to take pity on her.

“Senior Sister.” Qin Wentian froze at the edge of his platform, looking down at Luo Huan.

At the same time, a few silhouettes from the spectator’s stand flickered as they appeared next to Luo Huan. One of them was Mustang while the other actually was Mo Qingcheng.

“I have some medicinal pills with me.” Mo Qingcheng withdrew a pill as she fed it into Luo Huan’s mouth. The pill immediately dissolved upon entering her mouth, and an instant later, a wave of coolness inundated Luo Huan’s entire body. That pill appeared to be extremely efficacious in healing injuries. Not only that, it was also capable of restoring one’s Qi, blood and vitality.

“Will Senior Sister be alright?” Qin Wentian inquired, looking at Mustang.

“Miss Mo gave her a 2nd-grade top-tier medicinal pill, which should be sufficient to enable Luo Huan to recover from her injuries.” Mustang cast a glance at Mo Qingcheng.

Qin Wentian visibly relaxed as he smiled at Mo Qingcheng.

“Don’t worry, that day when you were unconscious in the outskirts of Sky Harmony City, you had also ingested this pill before.” Mo Qingcheng laughed as she walked away, causing Qin Wentian to be dumbfounded for a moment, before he recovered. So that day, to save him, Mo Qingcheng had fed him such a precious pill.

“I want to retain my rights as a challenger, please give me the duration of a battle to recover.” Luo Huan gazed at the aged figure standing beside Chu Tianjiao.

“Fine.” The aged figure agreed. Luo Huan closed her eyes as she harmonized the energy flows in her body.

Qin Wentian’s gaze slowly shifted. While looking at Sikong Mingyue, his anger surged, and a cold glint of light radiated from his eyes.

“The duration of a battle?” Sikong Mingyue stared back at Qin Wentian, his eyes flickering similarly with a cold light.

However, at this moment, a silhouette appeared in front of Sikong Mingyue, blocking his line of sight to Qin Wentian.

There was actually someone that dared to take the initiative in challenging Sikong Mingyue?

This person was actually none other than Gu Xing.

A puzzled expression appeared on Qin Wentian’s face. Why did it feel as though this Gu Xing wanted to help him time and time again?

“Seems like, Qin Wentian’s position should already be secured.” The spectators were thinking.

Currently, only three more contestants needed to be eliminated before the top 9 rankings would be known.

As per the rules, since Luo Huan wanted to return as a challenger, whoever lost would be eliminated, thus accounting for one of the names.

And if Gu Xing was defeated by Sikong Mingyue, he would naturally return as a challenger as well. And after the battle, yet another name would have to be eliminated.

If that's the case, there was only a single name remaining.

Even if Luo Qianqiu or Orchon wanted to challenge and defeat Qin Wentian, he would still have a chance to return as a challenger. The probability of him being in the final nine was extremely high.

However, at this moment, against all expectations, Qin Wentian actually took the initiative. He walked off his platform, and finally appearing in front of 3rd Night.

This battle he sought was not for himself, but for the sake of Luo Huan!

Chapter 129: The Halberd's Inclination

Sikong Mingyue's strength was obviously many times greater than Luo Huan's.

Earlier, the spectators had clearly seen that when Luo Huan had stepped down from the platform, on the verge of admitting defeat, Sikong Mingyue had continued executing a powerful attack before the word 'defeat' could be called out.

He did not want to merely defeat Luo Huan, but sought to kill her instead.

On the stage of the Jun Lin Banquet, death and injury were extremely common. But if the contestants battling didn't have any deep-seated bitterness or grudges, they would stop once the line was crossed, like earlier, when Luo Huan defeated 4th Night. Even though she'd let 4th Night suffer a bit and caused him to lose his chance to be a challenger, she had still showed mercy in the end, and spared 4th Night even though she could have killed him.

During Qin Wentian's battle with 6th Night, he'd had no choice but to injure 6th Night's eyes. However, he had still showed mercy in the end.

If Sikong Mingyue wanted revenge, he could directly seek Qin Wentian out for it. If that was the case, he wouldn't be as angered as this. However, Sikong Mingyue obviously didn't wish for things to be so simple. He wanted to kill Luo Huan first before killing Qin Wentian.

If that was so, what was there to be feared about in a battle of life and death?

The tip of the ancient halberd emitted an icy, ear-piercing sound as it grinded against the ground. It was as though it was echoing the anger of its owner.

Qin Wentian stood in front of 3rd Night. And currently, on the face of the youth, there were no longer any traces of the sunny smile from before. All that remained was icy coldness.

A great axe appeared in 3rd Night's hand. Similar to 6th Night, he also possessed overwhelming strength, and was undoubtedly stronger than him. However, he wouldn't underestimate Qin Wentian.

You can have a strong sense of self-confidence and conviction that you will win. But despite this, a cultivator must not be blinded by their strength and underestimate their opponents. If not, they will surely be the ones suffering at the end.

“The attack strength of your ancient halberd is not strong enough.” 3rd Night spat out, adopting a frivolous air. However, his silhouette on the platform gave off the sense that he was as steady as a heavy mountain.

Qin Wentian didn't reply as he continued forwards. At this moment, his steps were slow and unhurried, making people feel as if he was leisurely strolling through the park.

Upon seeing this, 3rd Night slightly furrowed his brows. Seeing how serene Qin Wentian was now actually gave him a faint sense of danger. It was as though he was currently facing a sleeping, gigantic, demonic beast that could awaken at any moment.

And at this moment, the spectators saw that the eyes of Qin Wentian were tightly shut. Peace and harmony could be seen etched on his face, as though he was asleep. Despite so, his footsteps continued forwards, as though he was in a mysterious realm.

Half asleep and half awake. Currently as Qin Wentian stood there, his stance was filled with countless flaws that could be exploited but yet at the same time, his stance appeared to be perfect.

3rd Night frowned as he brandished his great axe. A hegemonic aura filled with killing intent gushed out from him and towards Qin Wentian. However, Qin Wentian's eyes were still closed, as though he couldn't be bothered at all.

“Die!” 3rd Night roared in anger as he chopped his great axe down towards Qin Wentian.

The stance which he executed this strike in was extremely profound. He wanted to see how Qin Wentian would react to this attack of his.

The instant the great axe swung down, Qin Wentian's eyes snapped open. The next moment, the Qi of Heaven and Earth fluctuated as it seemingly underwent a transformation.

3rd Night's perception was as though it was embroiled inside a dream. He was facing against an extremely overwhelming opponent that he would never be able to defeat.

Qin Wentian who was 3rd Night's opponent, seemed as if he had a power that transcended the Heavens.

Buzz! A raging wind billowed by as Qin Wentian transformed into a blur of shadows. The aura he emanated in that moment was extremely majestic, akin to countless mountains, with the intent of smashing apart 3rd Night's meagre killing intent.

At that moment, Qin Wentian was like a war god. 3rd Night didn't even have the heart to defend against his attack.

“Mountain Splitter.”

Qin Wentian himself was also fully immersed in his dream. This strike of his was like he was a real god of war.

The first stance of the Great Dream Halberd Art was the Mountain Splitter Stance. This was currently also the only stance of it. The spectators only saw a faint shadow carrying an ancient halberd smashing towards 3rd Night with boundless might.

The Astral Light emitted by the great axe, which 3rd Night had used to test Qin Wentian, directly shattered into pieces, as though it was as thin as a piece of paper.

3rd Night struggled to lift his axe as he continued chopping out. However, the speed of the ancient halberd was too quick and too ferocious. The spectators only saw a huge flash of light, and the great axe was flung out of 3rd Night's grasp, spiraling through the air.

Puchi!

A crisp sound rang out as the ancient halberd embedded itself in the centre of 3rd Night's brows.

The tip of the halberd, as well as the crescent edge, sliced into 3rd Night's head simultaneously, stealing his life away in an instant.

3rd Night had fallen.

Qin Wentian, after suppressing him, had decimated him totally with only a single strike.

This was during the crucial moment before the top nine contestants would be born. However, at this very moment, a genius had fallen.

Duo Prides, 3rd Sword, 7th Night, and all those contestants that participated in the Jun Lin Banquet from Snowcloud country were all stunned into silence. Without 1st Night and 2nd Night, 3rd Night could be considered one of the strongest. But, he had actually died.

In that instant, even the void seemed to freeze. The gazes of everyone landed on that dominating youth.

That attack of his was too shocking.

"So he has always been hiding his true strength." Many spectators silently remarked.

In the direction of the Emperor Star Academy allocated seats, Mustang and the rest had looks of bewilderment on their faces. Glancing about, Mustang involuntarily asked, "Does the Emperor Star Academy have this type of innate technique?"

"I don't think so? At the very least, I've never seen anyone using it before."

"Definitely not, this halberd art he executed seems to be a creation of his own." Someone spoke, causing the hearts of the rest to slightly tremble.

The might of the halberd art that they had seen could already be considered an earth-grade, lower tier innate technique and could be even be considered perfection at the earth-grade.

However, his cultivation base was only at the 7th level of Arterial Circulation. How could he have attained the perfection stage? But that strike of his earlier... was indeed at the perfection stage! If Qin Wentian's cultivation base was higher, the might of his earlier attack might have even exceeded that of a earth-grade, low-tier innate technique.

And for those who had once seen the 3rd level Divine Inscription Painting created by Qin Wentian, they would sense that the aura of the innate technique unleashed by him, was extremely similar to that of the painting.

Could it be that the Divine Inscription Painting had a connection with his innate technique?

As Qin Wentian pulled out his ancient halberd, someone came up the platform to collect the corpse of 3rd Night.

At the same time, the battle between Gu Xing and Sikong Mingyue had also ended. The instant Gu Xing witnessed Qin Wentian killing 3rd Night, he voluntarily left the platform.

And since that was the case, only nine contestants remained standing on the platform out of the original 18.

Below the platforms, Gu Xing and Luo Huan stood there. Both of them still had the right to return as a challenger.

This meant that the 2nd round of the Jun Lin Banquet would come to an end after two more battles, one by Luo Huan and another by Gu Xing.

Sikong Mingyue directed his gaze at Qin Wentian as a wave of overwhelming killing intent gushed over to Qin Wentian,

Qin Wentian continued standing there, returning his gaze. His countenance was still unperturbed as he slowly raised the ancient halberd in his hands, pointing the tip of the halberd directly at Sikong Mingyue.

His meaning was clear, even without words to articulate it.

The spectators seemed to sense two waves of killing intent colliding against each other in mid air.

The aura of Sikong Mingyue was filled with rage and killing intent, while the aura of Qin Wentian, although it looked calm and steady on the surface, had an unyielding determination to battle that could be felt.

Sikong Mingyue was one of the two top contestants that had obtained the highest recognition in the Jun Lin Banquet. By pointing his halberd straight at Sikong Mingyue, it was obvious that he intended to challenge Sikong Mingyue.

And what's even more interesting was that both of them at this moment would surely be advancing to the 3rd round of the Jun Lin Banquet. The battle between them was a foregone conclusion and would definitely occur sooner or later.

Would Qin Wentian be able to even stand before Sikong Mingyue? Sikong Mingyue was one of the Duo Prides that enjoyed a reputation at the same level as Xiao Lù. In the Jun Lin Banquet this year, he had been the strongest cultivator from Snowcloud Country.

It was as though a warm current was flowing through the bodies of the spectators. This feeling was that of hot blood rising. Even if they didn't think Qin Wentian would win, the spectators still wanted to see the ending.

It was precisely these conflicts that caused the Jun Lin Banquet to be so filled with colours, increasing the anticipation of the spectators..

“Luo Huan and Gu Xing won’t challenge Qin Wentian. This means that Qin Wentian will surely be one of the nine contestants that advances. What a pity, I didn’t bet on him earlier.” Someone in the crowd lamented. Before the 2nd round commenced, the payout rate for Qin Wentian obtaining the top nine ranking had been 1:4. If he had betted on Qin Wentian, he would have made a killing.

At this moment, Fan Le was laughing extremely loudly in his heart. Qin Wentian has already obtained top nine. And after this, he could only hope Qin Wentian would do his best and somehow miraculously obtain one of the top three positions. If that was the case, he would be striking gold. He would be one of the wealthiest cultivators under the realm of Yuanfu.

Not only that, even cultivators at Yuanfu might not be able to match his wealth. Fan Le had already begun dreaming his beautiful dream.

And amidst the crowd, Immortal Drunken Wine and that young man from before were standing there as well.

That young man smiled as he stated, “I’ve already made 100 Yuan Meteor Stones, let’s go buy some wine later.”

“Since that’s the case, I won’t hold back.” Immortal Drunken Wine laughed happily. Although he had never underestimated Qin Wentian, he was also surprised, as he hadn’t predicted that Qin Wentian had the power to kill 3rd Night in a single strike.

After thinking this, he involuntarily thought back to the Yuan Meteor Stones he’d casually betted. What if his bet really came through? Wouldn’t that mean he would be able to drink good wine for a very long time?

Naturally, the probability of this happening was extremely small. Because, the two Yuan Meteor Stones he had bet, were for Qin Wentian to obtain the championship!

Chapter 130: Top Nine

At this moment, only nine contestants remained on the platforms. Qin Wentian, Luo Qianqiu, Sikong Mingyue, 2nd Sword, Orchon, Hou Tie, Leng Ya, Chu Chen and Jiang Feng.

And two out of these nine would have to accept the challenges of Luo Huan and Gu Xing. The victors would proceed to the next round, enjoying the glory of being the top nine contestants.

And among them, there were some that didn’t participate in the battles of the 2nd round. They couldn’t be bothered to make a move, and there was also no one that dared to move against them. Some examples of this were Luo Qianqiu, Orchon and Hou Tie.

In the 2nd round, these examples didn't experience even a single battle. Qin Wentian was in most of the battles that occurred. After his performance, the spectators all looked at him in a new light. Currently, Qin Wentian already had half a foot in the top nine rankings, or it would be better to say that he was already in the top nine rankings.

Many in the crowd were impressed by him. And in the Royal Capital, almost everyone already knew that this youth, Qin Wentian – who originated from Sky Harmony City – had only enrolled in the Emperor Star Academy a year ago, a full year less compared to the two years of Luo Qianqiu!

“The two of you, start choosing your opponents.” The aged figure beside Chu Tianjiao spoke.

After Luo Huan finished her recuperation, she opened her eyes and let out a charm-filled laugh. After which, she stood up and lightly nodded in the direction of Mo Qingcheng, indicating her thanks. The 2nd-grade top tier medicinal pill Mo Qingcheng gave her could be considered a miracle pill. The injuries she sustained in her battle earlier had already totally healed, allowing her to gain back her original level of strength within such a short span of time.

And as for Gu Xing, he wasn't injured at all. He voluntarily gave up the battle earlier after Qin Wentian won. From the predictions of the crowd, Gu Xing would most likely be part of the final top nine positions. Nobody dared to underestimate him despite him keeping a low profile.

Both of them walked up to the platform. Luo Huan chose the 6th ranked prodigy Jiang Feng, while Gu Xing chose Leng Ya from the Godly General Martial Palace as his opponent.

Their choices were not surprising in the least. If the spectators were to choose, they would also choose from Jiang Feng, Leng Ya, or Chu Chen. However, the little prince Chu Chen should have many hidden trump cards for unexpected situations. It was only logical for Luo Huan and Gu Xing to challenge the other two instead.

And with regards to the results of the final battle, Gu Xing defeated Leng Ya, while Luo Huan who just recovered from her injuries, also defeated Jiang Feng.

Luo Huan was even stronger than Jiang Feng, but was easily defeated by Sikong Mingyue. All of them were geniuses, yet the disparity between them was this great.

After Luo Huan defeated Jiang Feng, all the prodigies that joined the Jun Lin Banquet this year had been fully eliminated.

This scenario wasn't that surprising to behold. After all, in the cruel cultivation world, one would naturally regress if one failed to advance forward.

There were 10 members in the ranks of the 10 prodigies. The first five had already broken through to Yuanfu, while the last five were all eliminated during the Jun Lin Banquet this year.

Luo Qianqiu, Orchon, Qin Wentian, Luo Huan, Hou Tie, Chu Chen – any of them would be able to replace the positions of the fallen prodigies.

And at the same time, the top nine rankings were finally unveiled. The top nine contestants were: Sikong Mingyue, 2nd Sword, Luo Qianqiu, Orchon, Qin Wentian, Luo Huan, Hou Tie, Chu Chen and Gu Xing.

And of the remaining contestants, two were from Snowcloud Country—Sikong Mingyue and 2nd Sword. At the same time, both of them were extremely terrifying existences. Sikong Mingyue could almost certainly be ranked within the top three, and 2nd Sword had a high probability of being ranked within the top three as well.

And there were a total of seven that hailed from Chu.

The most resplendent was still the Emperor Star Academy. Because among those in the top nine, there were a total of four that originated from the Emperor Star Academy.

Luo Qianqiu, Orchon, Qin Wentian and Luo Huan!

There were no weaklings among these four.

The Emperor Star Academy truly deserved its reputation as the number one martial academy in Chu. This reputation was accumulated through the years, and because they would often produce elites and geniuses, many unpolished gems would also be extremely willing to enrol in the Emperor Star Academy.

And for Chu – other than the contestants from Emperor Star Academy – Godly General Martial Academy had Hou Tie, and the Royal Academy had Chu Chen as well. At the very least, the Royal

Clan would still have some face considering that the two other martial academy ran on their support.

Not only that, there was still the youth with the mysterious background – Gu Xing.

The nine remaining contestants didn't have any hints of satisfaction on their faces. They all knew that the battles in the 3rd round would definitely be even more brutal.

These remaining nine would compete for their ultimate placing in the last round of the Jun Lin Banquet.

They may face opponents like Luo Qianqiu, Sikong Mingyue, or even 2nd Sword.

And the battles at the 3rd round, be it the intensity, or the difficulty, would naturally surge immeasurably as well.

And at this moment, from behind the Chu Emperor Seat, a total of nine people walked towards the platforms.

These nine people each possessed a small case, and in the centre of those small cases, there was a jade token that was delivered to the nine remaining contestants respectively.

And so, one of the nine also appeared in front of Qin Wentian. After which, that person spoke, "Engrave your name onto it."

Qin Wentian naturally understood the rules of the Jun Lin Banquet. He didn't say anything as he engraved the three words, 'Qin Wentian', onto the jade token.

After that, the person took the jade token back as he brought the case away. And when the nine deliverers gathered, they placed each of the nine jade tokens into a case together, flipping them over, before mixing up the order.

After that, they left the platform immediately, while leaving the case with the nine tokens atop the platform.

“Who is willing to do the last honor?” Chu Tianjiao, sitting on the Chu Emperor Seat, glanced about as he smiled at the crowd

“Let me do it.” A powerful expert from the Ye Clan stood up.

“We will have to trouble Senior Liuyang to do so then.” Chu Tianjiao smiled. Liuyang

Liuyang retrieved three jade tokens randomly and placed them in his hands. With a gentle push of his palms, the three jade tokens hovered in the air, and the names engraved on the tokens appeared in front of the crowd.

“Luo Qianqiu, 2nd Sword, Luo Huan.”

As the three names were shown, the spectators couldn't help but sigh in regret for Luo Huan. She was truly unlucky to be grouped with Luo Qianqiu and 2nd Sword.

The 3rd round of the Jun Lin Banquet would be a group battle. The nine contestants would be divided into three groups, and the contestants in each group would then battle with each other to determine who would be the first, second and third.

After which, those that obtained the first position of each group would proceed to the strongest stage, and fight for the top three positions.

For those that attained the 2nd position of each group, they would proceed and fight for the 4th to 6th positions.

And for those that obtained the last position of each group, they would then fight for the 7th to 9th positions.

Luo Huan would need to contend with Luo Qianqiu and 2nd Sword to determine her ranking. She was truly unlucky as she had a high probability to be ranked last in this group.

Ye Liuyang withdrew another three jade tokens and caused them to hover in the air again. This time round, the spectators had a strange expression on their faces and they couldn't help but cast a glance at Qin Wentian.

Earlier, Qin Wentian pointed his ancient halberd straight at Sikong Mingyue. His intent to battle was overwhelming.

And now, they would finally have the chance to battle. The 2nd group consisted of Sikong Mingyue, Qin Wentian and Chu Chen.

Since the names of the first two groups had been unveiled, the spectators were already able to guess who the last group consisted of. But despite this, Ye Liuyang still did the same procedure, allowing the jade tokens to hover in the air. The last group consisted of the remaining three contestants – Orchon, Gu Xing and Hou Tie.

The groupings of the 3rd round cause the spectators to be filled with intense anticipation. Regardless of which grouping it was, they were sufficient to cause the crowd to feel that their blood was boiling with excitement.

Luo Qianqiu, 2nd Sword, Luo Huan.

Sikong Mingyue, Qin Wentian, Chu Chen.

Orchon, Gu Xing, Hou Tie.

As Qin Wentian stood on the platform, he sensed a malevolent glance filled with sharpness locking onto him. Shifting his gaze over, he discovered Sikong Mingyue walking towards him. Even before the battle started, killing intent could already be felt in the air.

At this moment, in the Emperor Chu District, on the Azure Dragon Jadeite Seat, Chu Tianjiao stood up as he smiled, “Let me begin by announcing the rules of the final round of this year’s Jun Lin Banquet. All the contestants will battle within their groups to determine who will be the number one, number two and number three”

“For the three number ones, they will contend for the top three rankings of the Jun Lin Banquet.”

“For the three number twos, they will contend for the 4th to 6th rank.

“And for the three number threes, the 7th to 9th rank.”

“Other than that, the one ranked 7th will have a single chance to challenge those in the 4th to 6th rank. The one ranked 4th will similarly have a chance to challenge those in the top three rankings.”

Chu Tianjiao explained, as he confirmed the rules of the final round.

“Okay, this will be all for today. We will continue the final round of the Jun Lin Banquet tomorrow.” Chu Tianjiao announced, causing many of the spectators to have dissatisfied and unhappy expressions on their faces.

What was he doing, the groupings of the last round has already been determined, but they must still wait one more day to see the final battles? This feeling was too unbearable.

“Go, let’s go to Drunken Wonder to take a look. Now that the groupings are determined, the payout rates may change as well, this is a chance!”

“Right, my chance is here. This means that there will be new payout rates calculated for each of the segments, I’m going to try my luck.”

And thus, many in the crowd headed towards Drunken Wonder, preparing their bets. And within them, the majority had already made a killing from their earlier bets on who would obtain the top nine rankings. How could they not seize the chance to make another killing this time round!