

## Ancient GM 141

Chapter 141: Pointing the Halberd at Luo Qianqiu.

Qin Wentian weaved the ancient halberd in his hands in a perfect dance, powered by the Mountain-type Divine Energy as a faint shadow of a Xuan Wu Black Tortoise manifested, its defense as sturdy as a mountain. Despite the sharpness of the ancient slaughter word imprints, they could not penetrate Qin Wentian's defense.

"Hmph." Sikong Mingyue coldly snorted as he strode forwards, arriving in front of Qin Wentian. Extending his palms, an innumerable amount of the ancient slaughter word imprints formed as they amalgamated into the form of a monstrously sharp sword that seemed to solely exist for the sake of killing. As it stabbed forwards, cracks appeared on the illusory Xuan Wu Turtle as Qin Wentian retreated several steps.

A light wind fluttered Sikong Mingyue's long hair. How awe-inspiring he looked! He and Qin Wentian were existences belonging to two different worlds. Today, Qin Wentian would die under his hands; he would absolutely not show mercy.

"Treating you like the thin air? What about it? Since you want to court death, I shall help you."

Sikong Mingyue slowly continued walking forwards as the area around him burst with a storm of killing intent. His whole being was akin to a god of slaughter. No matter who was it that blocked his path, he would kill with no questions asked.

Qin Wentian closed his eyes as he drew in a deep breath. His actions left the crowd dumbfounded. Closing his eyes at this very moment? Has he already resigned himself to his death?

The crowd didn't understand. Countless gazes from various spectators were riveted onto Qin Wentian. There were some who were worried, and others who couldn't wait for Qin Wentian to die.

However, at this very moment, a terrifying aura emanated forth from Qin Wentian's body. The blood within his body started to seeth.

His long hair fluttered about in the wind, as the colour of it seemingly darkened into a hue of black that's blacker than black. At this moment, it was as though the crowd was under an illusion. It seemed to them that Qin Wentian, was actually undergoing a transformation in this very instant.

And as for Sikong Mingyue, who stood in front of Qin Wentian, this feeling was extremely obvious. The storm of killing intent seemed to slow as he frowned and furrowed his brows. Was this a Bloodline Limit?

The power of bloodline Qin Wentian possessed was currently being awakened.

Qin Wentian's frame seemed to grow sturdier and larger in an instant. The aura of an ancient desolate beast emanated from him, as though he was the ruler of Heavens and Earth.

Buzz! Abruptly, Qin Wentian's eyes snapped open. In that instant, the aura of a Godly Monarch gushed forth, demanding absolute obedience from all things under the Heavens, causing Sikong Mingyue to involuntarily tremble.

And amidst the crackling and rattling sounds, the body of Qin Wentian expanded in height and girth. He stood there like a Monarch, an Ancient God, looking down on this pitiful world from the Heavens above.

Qin Wentian's body was filled with an inexhaustible strength. His grip was like steel as he held the ancient halberd, pointing it at Sikong Mingyue.

“What a terrifying Bloodline Limit. It's like the body of the host underwent a reconstruction. Such a Bloodline Limit would definitely be ranked extremely highly.” Some of the more powerful spectators in the crowd could still feel their hearts shuddering from what they'd witnessed. Although Bloodline Limits were extremely rare, they still knew what a Bloodline Limit was and the grades in which the Bloodline Limits could be categorized into.

Qin Wentian's Bloodline Limit not only augmented his strength; it also generated an aura of absolute obedience. This was something that only high-ranked Bloodline Limits would have.

“The advantage you both shared is merely that of a higher cultivation base. I truly don't understand why do both of you still have that expression of disgusting arrogance stuck on your faces. It's as though only the two of you exist under the Heavens.” Qin Wentian calmly continued, “Sometimes, a higher cultivation base doesn't represent anything. When I, at only the 7th level of Arterial Circulation, defeat you both, I want to see how ugly you will look after I crush your arrogance.”

As he spoke, Qin Wentian took a step forwards, it was as though he was truly the ruler of the world!

On the platform, a gentle wind gusted. Countless gazes were fixed onto Qin Wentian. At this moment, almost everyone was paying attention to him.

“With so many eyes on me, how can I still disappoint them?”

Drawing in a deep breath, Qin Wentian's battle intent surged to its utmost limit.

Once, he was just a nobody, stepping into the Royal Capital in the face of so many risks and dangers.

Back then, so long as the Ye Clan slightly regarded him more importantly, he might have already become a dead man. But even with the low level of regard they had for him, he had almost died in the hands of Orfon and Ye Zhan.

At that time, he was all alone, with no friends, with nobody paying any attention to him. But now, although he made many enemies, he also knew that there were several people who only wanted the best for him.

Mo Clan, Divine Weapon Pavilion, Emperor Star Academy, Mo Qingcheng, Mu Rou, that fatty Fan Le... So many people's hopes were all on his shoulders, so how could he let them down?

From the moment he stepped on the stage of the Jun Lin Banquet, he wanted to contend for the number one position. And now, his confidence in his abilities was many times that of before. The champion of this Jun Lin Banquet would definitely be him.

Inside him, his blood was boiling as his Divine Energy surged, smoothly flowing through the Stellar Meridians as it exploded out from his palms. His aura was still continuously rising, seemingly with no intentions to stop.

Sikong Mingyue finally moved. He initially wanted to see how strong Qin Wentian would be since he dared to challenge him. However, his self-confidence was slowly wavering.

Qin Wentian's aura soared frenziedly upwards, but he rushed to suppress it. If not, it may inversely lead to his body's vitals being damaged due to the pressure it generated.

Boom! Qin Wentian also moved as he transformed into a lightstream, blasting forth with Mountain Splitter. The ancient halberd emanated a sense of peerless terror as though it wanted to smash everything apart.

"KILL." Sikong Mingyue howled in anger. The giant sword formed from the slaughter imprints slammed directly against the ancient halberd. A terrifying shockwave blasted out, causing Sikong Mingyue to retreat a step backwards. Even though it was only a step, to him, it was a humiliation.

Boom! Yet another halberd strike was unleashed. At this moment, Qin Wentian was like a peerless martial god, his strength towering the Heavens.

Sikong Mingyue grew exceedingly ugly, as the Astral Energy in his body began surging. Lifting his palms, the giant sword broke apart as the numerous ancient slaughter word imprints condensed themselves and formed a towering symbol "杀" that flew forwards to meet the halberd strike.

And as the thunderous sound of a collision rang out, the ancient halberd smashed the "杀" symbol into smithereens. Sikong Mingyue retreated three more steps, his countenance extremely unsightly

"COME!" Sikong Mingyue roared in madness. Despite his retreat, his aura had never weakened. His killing intent grew even stronger, as countless word imprints manifested, floating before his palm, each containing a terrifying Sword Qi within them.

"Die." Sikong Mingyue blasted his palms forwards. The countless imprints transformed into a blood-colored light, flying towards Qin Wentian with a might that was powerful enough to shake the hearts of the most stalwart.

However,, Qin Wentian simultaneously sent out yet another strike. This time around, he executed Fallen Star.

The spectators seemed as though they were seeing countless constellations transforming into spirals as they frenziedly smashed downwards. Ultimately, a frightening rumbling sound could be heard as the aftershocks shook the entire platform, which easily broke apart, and devoured the slaughter word imprints. The rest of the constellation spirals flew towards Sikong Mingyue, who hurriedly defended. The impact caused him to vomit blood and madly retreat.

The dull sounds of impact rang out once again, as Sikong Mingyue was forced to retreat to the very boundary of the platform. A large amount of his blood pooled around him.

In the air, there was only silence.

How could Qin Wentian's attacks be this powerful?

They had all personally witnessed the violence and tyranny of Sikong Mingyue's attacks. But how much more powerful must Qin Wentian's attack be in order to smash the slaughter word imprints, even causing Sikong Mingyue to be injured to such an extent?

"The contestants participating in the Jun Lin Banquet have really outdone themselves this year." Many people remarked. This banquet had been too fascinating.

Initially, they thought Chu Chen was a dark horse, but to think that even before Chu Chen could enjoy the feeling of being part of the top three rankers, he was pulled down from it by Qin Wentian. Not only that, he wasn't even in his strongest state when he defeated Chu Chen.

And currently, Qin Wentian even wanted to suppress Sikong Mingyue underneath him.

“Those overbearing words of yours, now that you think about it, don't you feel ashamed? You, at the 9th level of Arterial Circulation, do you have any qualifications to be so arrogant?” Qin Wentian calmly spoke as the aura he exuded still remained as terrifying as ever. His serene voice was akin to a slap directly hitting Sikong Mingyue's face.

“Since you want to die so much, I will aid you by letting everyone know that your existence has no value in this world,”

“Indeed, the ignorant are fearless.”

“Treating you like the thin air? So what of it? Since you want to court death, I shall help you.”

These statements had all been made by Sikong Mingyue not long ago, but what was the result?

Qin Wentian held the ancient halberd in his grasp as he continued forwards. The countenance of Sikong Mingyue was so unsightly to the point where his face started to contort. Qin Wentian didn't struck out directly but rather walked towards him step by step. Was Qin Wentian trying to make him concede in front of all the spectators?

As the distance between them got increasingly closer, Qin Wentian's killing intent also gradually became stronger. There was no doubt, Qin Wentian would definitely dare to kill Sikong Mingyue.

Before this, he had already slaughtered 2nd Sword and 3rd Night.

As he felt Qin Wentian's ever-strengthening presence, an expression of extreme agony could be seen reflected on Sikong Mingyue's countenance. “I concede.”

A simple sentence, yet it seemed to sap Sikong Mingyue of his entire strength. These three words were undoubtedly announcing that he, Sikong Mingyue, was not a match for Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian halted his steps as Sikong Mingyue lowered his head in shame. Sikong Mingyue then turned and jumped off the platform. He had actually lost to Qin Wentian!

The position of the 2nd ranker was stolen away by Qin Wentian.

“Fcking handsome!” Fan Le drew in a deep breath. An expression of mesmerization clouded his features. He was currently losing himself in thoughts of rolling in money. This fellow obtained the 2nd ranking in the Jun Lin Banquet! He was so fcking handsome that even Fan Le would fall in love with him!

There were many people in the crowd who was still stunned and had yet to recover. Qin Wentian actually stole the position of the 2nd ranker directly from Orchon's hand?

Not only that, did Qin Wentian intend to stop here?

Only to see his gaze shifting to the first towering platform. He pointed his halberd straight at Luo Qianqiu.

Once, Luo Qianqiu had stood so high up, looking down at him, wanting him to handover the Blood Ember Fruits or suffer death.

Once, Luo Qianqiu pursued him to kill him in the Dark Forest, almost resulting in his death.

Once, in the middle of the snowstorm, Luo Qianqiu wanted him to accept three of his strikes, considering himself to be unequalled throughout the world.

And not long ago, Luo Qianqiu was still as insufferably arrogant, as if he was already the Jun Lin Banquet's champion.

To him, Qin Wentian had never been worthy enough to be placed in his eyes.

And now, finally, he stood in front of Luo Qianqiu, facing him as an equal.

He wanted to show Luo Qianqiu. What right did Luo Qianqiu have to be so insufferably arrogant?!

"Your turn." Without any grand, heroic words, Qin Wentian's two words were spoken as though he was making an announcement.

Today in the Jun Lin Banquet, he, Qin Wentian, wanted to contend for the number one position!

Chapter 142: I want you to lose

His hair was as dark as black ink. Blood dyed the ancient halberd red.

Qin Wentian stood there, akin to an ancient war god. Last year's youth no longer existed after the transformation. His battle intent rose without limits, exploding forwards with no reservations.

At this moment, the crowd could sense that Luo Qianqiu was no longer that confident in himself. After personally witnessing Qin Wentian crushing Sikong Mingyue, they could faintly sense that perhaps Qin Wentian did indeed have the power to defeat Luo Qianqiu and contend for the position of the first ranker.

In this instant, they had already forgotten about their bets. Their eyes were filled with intense anticipation for this Heavenly-defying young genius who had just risen, waiting for him to accomplish this final 'twist' of fate. If he was successful, this incident would be a legend that would persist for a thousand years.

Would Qin Wentian truly be able to defeat Luo Qianqiu?

Luo Qianqiu took a step forward in the face of Qin Wentian's ancient halberd. His battle intent similarly soared to the skies.

"Take a break for four hours."

Just before their two auras collided, the indifferent-sounding voice belonging to the aged figure standing beside Chu Tianjiao drifted out.

What the f\*\*\*! This caused the countenances of the spectators to turned dumbfounded, as dissatisfaction and anger was apparent in the air. Since both Qin Wentian and Luo Qianqiu were ready to battle, why would they still need to take a break?

What the hell was going on?

However, no matter how dissatisfied they were, the decision still lied with the aged figure. They had no choice but to wait for those four hours to be up.

Qin Wentian furrowed his brows as he shifted his gaze to that aged figure. Why?

“The two of you should rest now so you can fight with all your might later.” The aged figure forcefully continued, leaving Luo Qianqiu and Qin Wentian no choice but to nod their heads. Since the judge had already spoken, there was no choice but to wait it out.

“I’m sure all of you spectators should be tired now. Why not take a rest first and enjoy the show later?” Chu Tianjiao laughed as he addressed the crowd.

Although the spectators were extremely unwilling, they could only smile forcefully as they continued chatting with each other.

Luo Qianqiu left the platform after being seemingly summoned by someone.

“Qin Wentian, do you mind coming over here for a chat?”

At this moment, the sound of a voice drifted out. The gazes of the crowd shifted over, focusing on a person standing next to Chu Tianjiao.

This person was precisely the middle-aged man of few words. The instant he spoke, his words caused the pupils of the crowd to narrow in bewilderment. He wanted Qin Wentian to go over for a chat?

The spectators who had authority and status all knew the origin of this man. As he invited Qin Wentian over, the hearts of many in the crowd, especially those from the Ye and Ou Clan, started palpitating wildly in panic.

Indeed, with Qin Wentian’s talent, he would definitely be noticed in the Jun Lin Banquet. After all, he was the one who defeated Sikong Mingyue.

Even if they had enmity with Qin Wentian, they could not fail to recognize his talent. If they were in the same shoes as the Nine Mystical Palace, they would also want to recruit Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian kept his ancient halberd as his seething blood gradually grew calm. After his fetters were unsealed, in the face of boundless agony bore by his unshakable determination, he was now currently capable of controlling the power of his Bloodline Limit.

Jumping across the platforms, Qin Wentian appeared in front of the middle-aged man. The youths standing nearby all looked at him with a glint of sharpness in their eyes.

These youths should have also originated from the same place as Luo Qianqiu. Their strength was formidable, without a doubt.

“Let’s go to the back and drink a few cups.” The middle-aged man turned as he led Qin Wentian to the space behind Chu Tianjiao, where there were already banquet tables set up.

After they sat down, attendants poured out cups of wine for them. The middle-aged man raised his cup and smiled, “Amazing talent. Are you interested in joining our Nine Mystical Palace?”

Qin Wentian froze. Indeed, this person was from the Nine Mystical Palace.

The Nine Mystical Palace was the power behind Chu and was thus unoffendable. If he joined the Nine Mystical Palace, it would mean that Qin Wentian's future path would be smooth and unobstructed

However, the conversation with Mustang earlier caused a barrier to appear in his heart.

It was as though the Nine Mystical Palace had a vested interest in the Heavenly Star Pavilion of the Emperor Star Academy. If he agreed to join the Nine Mystical Palace, the Nine Mystical Palace would make him stand in opposition to the Emperor Star Academy. This was something that he was unwilling to do.

"Senior, what about the competition of this year's Jun Lin Banquet?" Qin Wentian inquired. He wanted to be certain that Luo Qianqiu's mission was to enter the Heavenly Star Pavilion, related to the Nine Mystical Palace.

"I want you to lose." The middle-aged man laughed as he raised his cup to Qin Wentian, his voice sounding exceptionally calm as though he was talking about something of no importance.

However, Qin Wentian's pupils narrowed. Looking at how the other party was smiling, he felt a coldness invading his heart.

I want you to lose!

Five simple words, yet the meaning contained within them was very clear. Qin Wentian already had his answer.

Despite the recognition of his talent, the Nine Mystical Palace still wanted Qin Wentian to lose.

"Don't worry, as long as you are willing to join the Nine Mystical Palace, what you would obtain in rewards would far surpass what being the champion of the Jun Lin Banquet could bestow on you. You should clearly know what power the Nine Mystical Palace holds. Not only that, I truly admire you for your talent." The middle-aged man continued smiling, "However, because of some other factors, you, have to lose your next battle. Luo Qianqiu must obtain the first ranking. As for the little misunderstandings between the two of you, I will step in to mediate."

Qin Wentian went silent, feeling the pressure.

Naturally, he didn't want to concede. The moment he stepped on the stage of Jun Lin Banquet, he had already told himself that he would contend for the top ranking. Even if it was difficult, he would accept it with no regrets. But to think that now, the Nine Mystical Palace actually told him to that they wanted him to lose?

He didn't want to lose, moreover losing intentionally. But the pressure of the Nine Mystical Palace was like a huge mountain pressing down on his back.

"There's still some time, do consider it carefully. What we can give you is something the Emperor Star Academy would never be able to give. Based on your talent, the correct choice is to join my Nine Mystical Palace." The middle-aged man continued smiling as he departed, leaving Qin Wentian sitting there alone.

Although the smile on the middle age man's countenance never wavered, Qin Wentian understood that nobody knew what malicious thoughts existed underneath that smiling facade.

Finishing the wine in his cup, Qin Wentian also departed from the area.

"Have you thought about it?" The middle-aged man inquired with a smile as Qin Wentian walked past him.

"I will think about it." Qin Wentian didn't directly agree or decline before returning to the platform. At this moment, several individuals in the crowd was silently speculating. What did the representatives from the Nine Mystical Palace talk to him about when he was called out earlier?

They should have wanted to recruit Qin Wentian to the Nine Mystical Palace, right? Since that was the case, did Qin Wentian agree to it?

Qin Wentian ignored the stares of the crowd and closed his eyes. Retrieving two Yuan Meteor Stones, he wanted to adjust his body to its optimal condition and soon entered into a state of Anatta.

Nobody could tell what he was thinking about, and other than Qin Wentian, no one else knew exactly what just transpired.

Time slowly flowed by, and the crowd got increasingly impatient.

Based on the latest payout rate computed by Drunken Wonder, Luo Qianqiu and Qin Wentian's odds for obtaining the championship was 1:2.

After the new payout rates were out, countless people began to bet on Qin Wentian. They felt that the current Qin Wentian had a higher possibility of becoming the champion. The hopes they had on Qin Wentian was even greater and stronger compared to their belief in Luo Qianqiu.

Luo Qianqiu was born with a golden spoon in his mouth. From the start, he had already been determined to be the strongest contestant. However, Qin Wentian was a dark horse. With a cultivation base at the 7th level of Arterial Circulation, he slaughtered his way up here. Such a twist of fate caused many of the spectators' hearts to palpitate with excitement. They wished that they would be like Qin Wentian, slaughtering the ranks one by one all the way until they reached the peak.

One could say that the bets laid on Qin Wentian was no longer purely because of the pursuit of profit, but because of their inner emotions, as well as a type of faith.

They hoped to see something different.

They also hoped that they would witness history being created. If Qin Wentian's name shook the world a thousand years from now, this battle would become a fabled legend.

Four hours passed quickly, but they felt like an eternity to the spectators. It was as though several days had passed before the aged figure announced the start of the next battle.

At this moment, the entire space was silent as everyone quietly focused their attentions on the two silhouettes who were standing in opposition to each other. The last battle of the Jun Lin Banquet – Luo Qianqiu versus Qin Wentian. Would this battle be recorded in Chu’s annals of history?

Arcs of lightning could be seen flashing about Luo Qianqiu’s body, who appeared akin to a God of Lightning as he stood there motionless.

Qin Wentian had the ancient halberd in his hands, and his blood started to seeth again. Although his efforts to calm the power of his bloodline earlier left him somewhat exhausted, he still had enough energy for this one last battle.

As the Astral Energy in his body started to flow, at that very moment, Qin Wentian’s countenance turned exceptionally unsightly to behold!

“COME!” Luo Qianqiu roared. He swoop down on Qin Wentian, blasting out with his lightning palms. Qin Wentian went ashen as he struck out with his ancient halberd. The power was a far cry from back when he was fighting with Sikong Mingyue.

With a thunderous sound, Qin Wentian’s body was flung through the air before slamming onto the ground with a dull thud, spitting out a mouthful of fresh blood.

“This...”

All the spectators were dumbfounded. Qin Wentian actually lost by this much in merely the first exchange? Were the disparity between the two contestants really that great?

Many expressions of dejection and disappointment were apparent on their faces. Did they judge wrongly?

“Why?” Qin Wentian’s eyes were filled with boundless rage as he stared straight at the middle-aged man standing near the Azure Dragon Jade Emperor Seat.

He had only drunk a small cup of wine in these four hours.

At this moment, the Astral Energy in his body was running amok in havoc.

“I want you to lose.” As Qin Wentian thought back to that middle-aged man’s resolute and decisive voice, his heart became submerged with fury and hatred. The Nine Mystical Palace wanted him to lose!

## Chapter 143: I AM NOT WILLING

Qin Wentian gazed in the direction of the middle-aged man, who showed no reactions. It was as though what just happened had nothing to do with him.

Luo Qianqiu, regardless of anything, had to become the champion of the Jun Lin Banquet. They could not afford to have any accidents.

At this moment, everyone was dumbfounded. How could Qin Wentian fall so easily? Was he destined to be placed under Luo Qianqiu? The moment when Qin Wentian defeated Luo Qianqiu, the aura he exuded had caused many of the spectators to bet without hesitation on Qin Wentian becoming the victor.

If Qin Wentian were really to fall here, they would have no complaints because their decision was made solely because of their anticipations.

But never in their dreams would they have imagined such an ending. Qin Wentian wasn't even able to block a single strike from Luo Qianqiu? This caused the spectators to be somewhat unable to accept this.

Not only the spectators, the people from Emperor Star Academy, the Divine Weapon Pavilion, and the Mo Clan were all stunned. They had a lack of comprehension on their countenance.

Within those who came from the Emperor Star Academy, Ren Qianxing's eyes flickered as he sighed in his heart. He could somewhat guess what the Nine Mystical Palace offered to Qin Wentian. They would definitely not allow Luo Qianqiu to be defeated. Since that was the case, they would naturally tempt Qin Wentian into joining them, offering excellent conditions for him to concede the battle.

Based on the power contained within Qin Wentian's halberd strike earlier, there was only a single possibility – he intentionally wanted to concede.

This caused Ren Qianxing to feel terrible in his heart. Luo Qianqiu's father had been his disciple a long time ago. He had placed such tremendous importance on him, but he was nothing but a vicious tyrant, a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Qin Wentian was the second person he had placed such high importance on. If Qin Wentian truly chose to walk the same path as Luo Qianqiu's father, his heart would be broken into infinite pieces.

"Is that all of your strength?" Luo Qianqiu approached Qin Wentian, shrouded in a storm of lightning. At this moment, Luo Qianqiu appeared unparalleled in the world.

Qin Wentian forced his body to stand upright, looking straight at his opponent. His arterial pathways seemed to be somehow sealed, causing the Astral Energy in his body to be unable to circulate freely. In such a state, there was no way he could summon any strength, no way for him to battle.

What made him even more infuriated was that even though the Nine Mystical Palace did such a thing, he could not expose them.

It was very possible that he would inadvertently cause great waves of calamities to descend the moment he revealed what happened.

They were the Nine Mystical Palace, the true controller of Chu! Although he still had not discarded all appearances of cordiality with them, the moment he said that the Nine Mystical Palace drugged him, it would be equivalent to him jumping down a cliff voluntarily.

There was no one who could understand the feelings Qin Wentian was currently going through.

Sorrow, pain, struggle, despair.

Rumble! Luo Qianqiu blasted out with his attack. His lightning and thunder palms of his seemed as though they wanted to bury Qin Wentian right where he stood. Qin Wentian summoned all the Astral Energy he could to defend, and after yet another thunderous sound, his body flew through the air and smashed onto the ground. This time, he went numb as he unceasingly spat out mouthfuls of blood, his countenance utterly devoid of blood.

“Wh..what happened?” Fan Le’s initial relaxed expression had turned into one of anxiety. So what if he had won numerous Yuan Meteor Stones? Seeing Qin Wentian in such a state, he could not feel the slightest bit of joy from it at all.

He wasn’t afraid that Qin Wentian would lose, but he didn’t want to see this brother of his suffering from such a humiliation.

Luo Huan, Mu Rou, Mo Qingcheng, and Mustang were all stunned. They could not accept what was happening.

“As I expected, how useless.” Among those from the Emperor Star Academy, the sarcastic note in Qiu Mo’s voice was exceptionally ear-piercing. Old Gu swept over a look of icy coldness, which caused Qiu Mo to freeze and shut his mouth.

And yet he, felt extremely unwilling in his heart. The recognition and importance placed on Qin Wentian had already surpassed him, who was a Yuanfu Realm student. No matter what, he was still Qiu Mo, a Yuanfu expert who was ranked 4th among Chu’s 10 prodigies.

“Qin Wentian.”

At this moment, the sound of a voice drifted into his ears, a voice that only he could hear.

“Just concede, I won’t allow Luo Qianqiu to do anything to you. As long as you concede, not only Qianqiu will spare you, I will also compensate you.”

The countenance of the middle-aged man was still as serene as before, with no hints of any disturbance on his face.

“Trying to use this method to force me to concede? If I don’t concede, does that mean that Luo Qianqiu will kill me where I stand?” Qin Wentian raged in his heart. He had reason to believe that if the Nine Mystical Palace lied and if Luo Qianqiu were to kill him, there was no one who would take any actions against Luo Qianqiu.

The Nine Mystical Palace was standing behind Luo Qianqiu alongside the support granted to him by the Royal Clan. Who would dare to touch Luo Qianqiu?

Qin Wentian glanced at the spectators’ stand. He could see Mustang’s expression, the struggle and pain on Ren Qianxing’s face, Mo Qingcheng’s worry, the sadness and anxiety on Luo Huan, Qin Yao and Fatty Fan Le. as well as many expressions of dejection reflected on the faces of the crowd.

For the first time, Qin Wentian sensed the concern that so many people felt for him.

And within these people, there were elders, relatives, acquaintances, and even strangers who merely wanted to support him.

A year ago, he had been alone when he came from the Sky Harmony City, facing danger from all sides.

But today, after seeing so many people showing concern for him, he felt warmth and happiness, a joyfulness that came from deep within his heart.

But because of this source of joy, he was unwilling to lose just like this. He wasn't willing to let all down those individuals who were concerned about him

He didn't want to see expressions of dejection on their faces. He wasn't willing to be the puppet of the Nine Mystical Palace, dancing to their strings.

If they truly valued his talent, they could have talked nicely to him. However, with all the deeds the Nine Mystical Palace committed, their actions did not reflect respect but rather a form of humiliation.

He wasn't willing to lose in such a way!

"The night is the darkest before dawn."

Qin Wentian recalled the words Uncle Black once said to him. As he thought of Uncle Black's wrinkled face, he couldn't help but start crying in his heart.

Luo Qianqiu appeared in front of Qin Wentian once again, shrouded within an aura of violence. On him, a surge of terrifying pressure frenziedly emanated forth.

"There will be no more miracles. I want you to die."

Luo Qianqiu's voice was resolute and decisive. He wanted Qin Wentian to die. This time, he wouldn't give Qin Wentian the slightest chance to survive.

As the terrifying lightning energies gathered within his palm, a storm of wind and thunder raged around Luo Qianqiu. His gaze was riveted onto Qin Wentian, who had his head bowed, similar to how a hunter stared at his prey.

"From this moment onwards, there will no longer be a Qin Wentian in Chu Country." Luo Qianqiu calmly spoke.

"I can't lose here." Qin Wentian abruptly inclined his head, releasing his Great Dream Astral Soul. His eyes seemed to radiate terrifying dream waves as Luo Qianqiu's motions froze in an instant.

Not only Luo Qianqiu, but Qin Wentian also froze. Despite the wind fluttering their hair, their bodies froze in place as though they had transformed into statues.

As the Great Dream Astral Soul displayed its brilliance, many people had bewildered expressions on their faces.

This Astral Soul could hypnotize people into entering sleep.

"They stopped moving?"

"Have they entered a dream?"

Many spectators were astonished. This final ranking battle had undergone a huge change yet again.

Luo Qianqiu did indeed entered Qin Wentian's dreamscape. Atop a huge expanse of a land of desolation, only the two of them stood there,

At this moment, a dangerous aura was gushing forth from Qin Wentian's body. In here, he was God. He coldly regarded Luo Qianqiu as the aura from his body grew terrifying to an inconceivable degree.

"An illusion?" Luo Qianqiu frowned and closed his eyes. His strength of will erupted outwards.

He wanted to break out. This was the dreamscape Qin Wentian created and not reality. Regardless of how strong Qin Wentian was in here, it was nothing but an illusion.

"So what about it?" Qin Wentian spoke as he strode forwards. His towering aura completely exploded as he smashed out with his ancient halberd. In that instant, the Qi from Heaven and Earth gathered in a frenzied spiral, transforming into a stream of light.

Although Luo Qianqiu knew this was an illusion, it felt too real, he could only retaliate in defense, hoping to counter. The stream of light pierced into his arms, drawing first blood.

Luo Qianqiu immediately retreated, his countenance extremely ugly to behold.

"Despicable, can you only defeat me in a reality created in your dreams?" Luo Qianqiu sneered.

"Despicable? Before the battle, your Nine Mystical Palace drugged me, causing blockage in my arterial pathways. It left me with no way to battle, which ended up me being sorely suppressed by you. Or do you really think that your strength was that powerful? How ridiculous." Qin Wentian mocked him. He continued, "Not only that, is creating a dreamscape not part of my strength? How can I be compared to you people of the Nine Mystical Palace? To achieve your aims, you are prepared to use any strategies or methods no matter how underhanded they are."

Luo Qianqiu furrowed his brows as he replied, "You are lying."

"Hmph." Qin Wentian couldn't be bothered to explain. His terrifying aura exploded forth. This was his dreamscape; regardless of how strong Luo Qianqiu's will was, there was no way he could get out so easily.

Soon after, Luo Qianqiu's body was dyed red in blood within the dreamscape. Qin Wentian slowly walked towards him, glancing down at him from a height.

To the people outside, the spectators only saw that both of the contestants were standing there without moving. Correction, Luo Qianqiu seemed to be retreating step by step, but no one on the outside knew what he was experiencing.

"They seemed to be inside a dreamscape." A sharp light flickered inside Ren Qianxing's eyes. Qin Wentian did not concede, nor was he intentionally trying to lose!

He, Ren Qianxing, had not made the wrong judgement!

Since that was the case, could it be that the Nine Mystical Palace did something earlier?

Glancing sharply at the direction of the Nine Mystical Palace, he only saw that the middle-aged man had an expression of something akin to panic.

“NO!” The howl of anger shook the Heavens and Earth as a powerful aura exploded forth from the body of Luo Qianqiu. Regaining his senses, he stared at Qin Wentian, howling in rage, “Regardless how strong you are in your dreamscape, you will still die here today.”

An inexhaustible amount of lightning metamorphosed into dragons and snakes dancing about in the air. Luo Qianqiu’s killing intent surged frenziedly.

“Too late.” Qin Wentian’s blood was also seething. His long hair grew blacker than black, while his body was akin to a monarch, the ruler of all lands under the Heavens.

Sounds of waves crashing could be heard from within Qin Wentian’s body. His blood, as well as the Astral Energy in his arterial pathways, seemed to be howling in anger.

“BREAK FOR ME!” Qin Wentian roared, facing the skies as his long hair fluttered behind his back. The terrifying sounds within his body magnified in volume to the point where the spectators thought they could hear sounds of a tsunami crashing. Qin Wentian was currently undergoing a transformation; the seven circular arterial pathways of his were currently squirming as they expanded before breaking into fragments and reforming into eight brand-new circular Stellar Meridians arterial pathways.

His breakthrough swept the remnants of the blockage in his previous arterial pathways away, allowing his Astral Energy to once more circulate without restrictions. Currently, the aura Qin Wentian was exuding was rising relentlessly.

That was an aura of someone at the 8th level of Arterial Circulation!

Qin Wentian...he was unwilling to allow others to control his fate.

Such underhanded schemes weren’t able to destroy his beliefs nor shake his unwavering heart!

His determination had never been this strong before.

Today, the number one position would be his!

Chapter 144: Number One!

Standing atop the platform, Qin Wentian felt like a peerless existence as his black hair and robes fluttered in the wind. The aura he exuded transformed into a gale with the force of a hurricane, sweeping across the entire platform.

At this moment, Qin Wentian’s figure looked terrifyingly demonic and incredibly handsome. He stood there as though he was the only existence in this world, emanating a sense of ‘who but myself could do it, if I so wish to conquer this world.’

The radiance of Luo Qianqiu was initially so dazzling but now, his radiance seemed to be fully suppressed.

“He broke through..”

The spectators felt as though they were in a dream. Qin Wentian actually broke through at the most crucial moment and stepped into the 8th level of Arterial Circulation.

How long had it been since the time he broke through to the 7th level? Cultivation breakthroughs required going through a process and was definitely not possible because of a single day's effort.

However, before dawn today, Qin Wentian forcefully woke his Bloodline Limit. The terrifying power had almost swallowed him whole. Despite his will and perseverance, he still spent a huge amount of time before he was finally triumphant. That was also why he almost missed the third round of the Jun Lin Banquet.

Once the power of his bloodline was awakened, it ignited the potential of his acupoints and expanded his arterial pathways almost to the point of a breakthrough. This, as well as a combination of other factors, was what made the breakthrough to the 8th level possible in that previous instant.

At this moment, the looks of worries and anxiety disappeared from the faces of the Emperor Star Academy's representatives.

Especially Ren Qianxing. A heartfelt smile appeared on his face as he gazed at the silhouette of the youth standing on the stage.

He was happy, truly happy, that he had not made the wrong judgement. Qin Wentian's weakness must have been caused by the Nine Mystical Palace.

He felt ashamed of the suspicions he previously had about Qin Wentian. He shouldn't have had the slightest doubt. The Emperor Star Academy had long since conducted a personality analysis and detailed background check on Qin Wentian. How could such a youth be tempted because of the prospect of self-interest?

"Since you are loyal to our academy, we will definitely do all we can to grant you a piece of clear sky to spread your wings and soar." Ren Qianxing silently remarked in his heart. That cold, stone heart of his had finally cracked today; a feeling of warmth seeped inside.

Mo Qingcheng also had a radiant smile on her face. Even Qin Yao, Luo Huan, Mu Rou, Fan Le, and Immortal Drunken Wine broke into smiles.

Since Qin Wentian had already broke through, this indicated that everything was already predestined.

Luo Qianqiu would never be able to block Qin Wentian's path ever again.

Qin Wentian was already so overwhelming when he had a cultivation base at the 7th level, easily crushing Sikong Mingyue. Although the spectators didn't know why Qin Wentian appeared to be so weak in the beginning of his fight with Luo Qianqiu, in their hearts, they all wanted to know the exact reason.

However, these questions were no longer important. They were all silently speculating that since Qin Wentian had broken through, Luo Qianqiu should no longer be a match for Qin Wentian.

Currently, Luo Qianqiu was also staring at Qin Wentian. His gaze stiffened as he felt the change in Qin Wentian's aura. It was as though, for the first time in his life, he felt that this person in front of him had the power to defeat him.

Qin Wentian similarly stared back at Luo Qianqiu. He took a step forwards, and the terrifying presence of his blasted forth. The ancient halberd in his hands seemed to shine with a glimmer as he locked gazes with his opponent.

Today, he wanted to be number one. No, he will be the number one.

“In your heart, you should already know whether I’m speaking the truth.” Qin Wentian calmly spoke. He didn’t announce the fact that the Nine Mystical Palace had drugged him.

To him, this held no advantage. So what if everyone knew that the Nine Mystical Palace was this despicable?

The power of the Nine Mystical Palace was something he still couldn’t contend against. So what if everyone knew the truth? The Nine Mystical Palace was still the Nine Mystical Palace. In this land, power determined everything.

Qin Wentian finally struck out with his ancient halberd, executing the first stance of his Great Dream Halberd Art, Mountain Splitter.

The halberd stroke like a dream, with a speed like that of lightning, as heavy as a mountain, splitting apart the Heavens and Earth

Luo Qianqiu howled in madness as an illusory Lightning Revenant formed behind him, striking out with a palm of lightning that smashed against the ancient halberd.

Boom!

The lightning palm crumbled, forcing Luo Qianqiu to explosively retreat.

However, a pitter-patter sound could be heard. The spectators could see that his chest was actually dripping blood.

Upon witnessing this, the spectators all drew in a huge breath. It seemed like the position of the Jun Lin Banquet’s champion was already destined to belong to Qin Wentian.

They felt that they were all extremely fortunate to be able to witness this miraculous turn-about with their very own eyes.

“Actually, Luo Qianqiu, you are nothing much.”

Qin Wentian’s serene voice drifted out, causing Luo Qianqiu to turn ashen. But currently, Qin Wentian did indeed have the qualifications to say such a sentence.

Not even a year had passed, but Luo Qianqiu, the unparalleled existence from back then, was forced into retreat by Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian undoubtedly had the qualifications to say what he said.

However, the crowds also understood. It wasn’t that Luo Qianqiu was weak, but that Qin Wentian was the true demon of the Emperor Star Academy.

Geniuses, what were they? There were so many who were referred to as geniuses in Chu, but if they were to be placed in a place like the Nine Mystical Palace, would they still have the cheek to call themselves geniuses?

Luo Qianqiu’s radiance had been so resplendent at first. But now, before Qin Wentian, he was nothing but a stepping stone.

Boom! Qin Wentian took another step forwards as he executed the Garuda Movement Technique, appearing in front of Luo Qianqiu in an instant.

The 2nd Stance of the Great Dream Halberd Art – Fallen Star. The instant this strike was executed, Luo Qianqiu felt an impending sense of doom approaching his way. The pressure billowing over had an aura of total annihilation. He was not certain whether he would be able to defend against this strike.

Spirals of brilliant constellations smashed towards Luo Qianqiu, who howled in madness. Using the entirety of his power, both his palms blasted out at the same time.

BOOM! A terrifying storm engulfed the platform, and after the swirling fog was cleared, the spectators only saw Luo Qianqiu standing there with his countenance immeasurably pale, spitting out fresh blood.

“Is he still not going to concede?”

The spectators were silently speculating in their hearts.

Luo Qianqiu was proud. He would never be able to force himself to speak out his admission of defeat. After all, he was Luo Qianqiu.

“Die!” Qin Wentian coldly shouted. The Mountain-type Divine Energy within his body frenziedly circulated, smashing forth with his halberd. Luo Qianqiu continually retreated as blood flowed relentlessly from his mouth.

Chu Tianjiao looked indifferent as he silently glanced at what was happenings. He knew that he had no authority to handle the situation at the Jun Lin Banquet.

Next to Chu Tianjiao, the middle-aged man from the Nine Mystical Palace finally had a fluctuation in his expressions.

Ultimately, his strategy failed. Qin Wentian actually proved to be such a game-changing variable.

He had drugged his wine, causing his energy flow to run amok, but to think that Qin Wentian would actually break through at an unexpected moment, cleansing the effects of the drug.

As long as Luo Qianqiu obtained the number one position, regardless of everything, he would step onto the 7th level of the Heavenly Star Pavilion and follow through to the 8th level. Even if the Emperor Star Academy was unwilling, there was nothing they could do about it.

However, if Luo Qianqiu was defeated, according to the agreement made long ago, they, the Nine Mystical Palace, would still be unable to access the 7th level of the Heavenly Star Pavilion.

The middle-aged man shot a glance at the youngsters standing beside him. He didn't say anything else but conveyed what he wanted to say with his eyes alone.

“Stay your hand.” One of them called out as he dashed in the direction of the platform. His silhouette flickered before it vanished, arriving on the platform in an instant.

“The battle has yet to be concluded.” Qin Wentian glanced coldly at him. Luo Qianqiu had not conceded, and thus this battle wasn't concluded.

“I said stop.” The youth on the platform was clad in a sky-blue robe and appeared to be more than twenty years of age. The presence he was exuding was that of Yuanfu.

As he took a step forwards, instantly, a pressure akin to a heavy mountain seemed to fall on Qin Wentian’s shoulder.

Qin Wentian ignored this as he shifted his gaze over, glancing at Luo Qianqiu. “The debt of humiliation you gave me back then, I will pay it all back to you today.”

As the sound of his voice faded, the Astral Energy within his eight arterial pathways started to erupt. As they gathered on his ancient halberd, Qin Wentian decisively smashed forwards with it.

Luo Qianqiu did his utmost to defend, but he was a spent force. His defense crumbled almost instantly as his body was flung through the air. Blood sprayed about like a fountain before he slammed heavily below the platform.

The first time Luo Qianqiu met Qin Wentian, how insufferably arrogant he had been, forcing him to choose between two options – handing over the blood ember fruits or death.

Today, their positions were reversed. Qin Wentian was the one glancing down disdainfully at him.

“He won.”

Countless people personally witnessed the scene, as their hearts trembled.

Qin Wentian ultimately defeated Luo Qianqiu, thereby obtaining the top ranking of the Jun Lin Banquet.

At this moment, that silhouette standing on the platform, how dazzling was he?

“Champion of the Jun Lin Banquet!” Mustang drew in a deep breath. He had initially thought that Qin Wentian would only be able to properly display his radiance a year from now. Who would have thought that he had truly defeated Luo Qianqiu today, snatching the position of champion from Luo Qianqiu’s fingertips.

He had never felt this proud before. Being able to stand here on the first towering platform right now was something he earned with his own efforts.

“He’s number one!” Mo Qingcheng’s dainty fist were rightly clenched. She drove her fist up in the air, cheering for Qin Wentian

“I knew long ago that you would be able to do it.” Mu Rou’s eyes were filled with a gentle smile.

Qin Yao was so moved that tears could be seen flowing down her face. A year ago, he had been a trash unable to cultivate, but now, her brother was the champion of the Jun Lin Banquet, his name resounding throughout the world!

“Good fellow.” Luo Huan and Mountain smiled as they glanced at each other.

Fatty Fan Le laughed so much that his eyes became squinted. He felt an exceptional pride; the one standing on the platform was none other than his brother.

“You just became a millionaire.” Immortal Drunken Wine laughed as he spoke to the young man standing beside him. That young man also appeared astonished; he had never expected that Qin Wentian would actually become the champion.

Naturally, there were also many others who were unhappy.

Janus and Qiu Mo had heavy expressions on their faces.

Those from the Ye and Ou Clan also had unsightly expressions on their countenances.

Murin and Gretchen froze, as though they could not believe what just happened.

Liu Yan felt an indescribable emotion welling up in her heard.

Bai Qingsong had a troubled look on his face. Ten thousands of what-if’s floated up in his mind.

As for Autumn Snow, she knew for sure that she belonged to a totally different world when compared to the youth currently standing on the platform.

As for Sikong Mingyu, Orchon and the rest, no one knew exactly what they were thinking at this moment.

The Jun Lin Banquet finally concluded after three days.

Qin Wentian was number one.

Who was second? Who was third? The rest were no longer important. People would only pay attention to the existence standing at the pinnacle.

The Jun Lin Banquet finally concluded, but has it really ended?

At the very least least, there were still some who haven’t reconciled with Qin Wentian’s victory and were full of malice and reluctance. Qin Wentian had not followed their instructions!

## Chapter 145: Dominance

Luo Yunhai was truly shocked by the outcome.

Although Qin Wentian had displayed a level of power that could be considered outstanding earlier, he would never have thought that Qin Wentian would be able to defeat his nephew, Luo Qianqiu.

Back in the past, how talented had his older brother Luo Tianya been? He was recognised by the Nine Mystical Palace and was subsequently recruited over.

Under the decree set by the Nine Mystical Palace and following the Luo Tianya’s orders, he had come to the Jun Lin Banquet in Chu. His mission was to ensure that Luo Qianqiu would obtain the first ranking regardless of the method. Failure was not allowed.

Everything else paled in comparison to the success of Luo Qianqiu’s mission.

If he could have anticipated Qin Wentian’s true level of martial prowess, he would have already disqualified Qin Wentian back then when he was late. Although he followed up with some underhanded saving measures after Qin Wentian defeated Sikong Mingyue, it was apparently not enough.

Who could have anticipated that Qin Wentian would actually break through abruptly, snatching the number one position away from Luo Qianqiu's hands?

In reality, he recognised Qin Wentian's talent and wanted to recruit him over to the Nine Mystical Palace. What a pity that Qin Wentian wasn't keen.

"He did so for glory?"

Luo Yunhai gazed at the youth standing on the platform as he silently thought, "What a fool." Qin Wentian, because of a moment of glory, actually went ahead and defied the decree set by the Nine Mystical Palace?

Such behavior was truly foolish.

The majority of the spectators didn't know what Luo Yunhai was thinking about. Only those with relevant backgrounds and great power knew of and understood the reason why Luo Yunhai and this bunch of disciples from the Nine Mystical Palace came here today.

The gazes of the other ignorant spectators were all riveted on the silhouette of the youth standing on the platform as congratulatory expressions could be seen on their faces. Qin Wentian from Sky Harmony City actually walked to the end, obtaining the championship at a young age of 17. In the history of the Jun Lin Banquet, this was unprecedented.

The name of that youth was Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian, from the Qin Clan.

His smile at this moment was as bright and radiant as the sun. As he gazed at the smiles of the academy's Elders, seeing the dainty fist Mo Qingcheng raised into the air, the congratulations in Mu Rou's eyes, the excited screams of Fan Le, he was extremely happy. He did not need the empty pride or glory. Everything was fine as long as he didn't disappoint those who were concerned about him.

Thus, he was happy.

But because he was happy, there was also others who were unhappy.

A surge of immense killing intent locked onto him as that Yuanfu Realm young man on the stage took another step forward. A thunderous sound echoed out, causing a tremor of immense magnitude to rock the platform.

"Hmm?" In the waves of jubilation, shock and astonishment followed after Qin Wentian obtained the first ranking. The spectators had already forgotten about the Yuanfu Realm disciple that appeared earlier.

"The Jun Lin Banquet has already concluded, and it should be time to announce the result. What do you mean by barging up on to the platform? Are you intentionally trampling on the face of Chu's Royal Clan?"

In the direction of the Emperor Star Academy, Old Gu stood up as he coldly remarked. The gaze of the spectators all shifted to Chu Tianjiao, who was sitting in the Azure Dragon Jadeite Seat, only to see him quietly sitting there as though all the disturbances had nothing to do with him.

He, Chu Tianjiao, didn't want to be involved in these muddy waters. This matter was between the Emperor Star Academy and Nine Mystical Palace. It had nothing to do with him.

Currently, Chu Tianjiao was thinking; Since Qin Wentian defied their orders and went ahead to snatch the position of the first ranker from Luo Qianqiu, would the Nine Mystical Palace still spare him?

No one blocked the Yuanfu Realm young man on the platform. The voice of the Emperor Star Academy was seemingly ignored by the Royal Clan.

"In a battle between sect members, your methods are actually so ruthless." The young man stared at Qin Wentian as he took yet another step forward. This time, he clenched his hand into a fist as he punched out, realising a terrifying energy that smashed towards Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian raised his ancient halberd in defense, but that powerful impact almost flung the ancient halberd from his grip. The impact was so powerful that Qin Wentian's body trembled severely from the aftershock as he retreated unceasingly.

Luo Qianqiu and Qin Wentian were all from the same academy and thus could be considered as members from the same sect.

However, the reason provided by the Yuanfu disciple was too laughable. Although the two contestants were from the same sect, how had Luo Qianqiu treated Qin Wentian in the past? Now that he was defeated, they still had the gall to bring up the 'reason' of being in the same sect. Wasn't he obviously just finding an excuse?

"How impudent."

"Ridiculous."

Several of the spectators began booing. Old Gu, Mustang and a few other Yuanfu cultivators from the Emperor Star Academy began to soar in the air as they flew towards the direction of the towering platform.

However, at this instant, another silhouette appeared on the platform. This person was none other than Luo Yunhai.

He stood there serenely. A towering, terrifying pressure emanated forth from him, sweeping across the skies. Old Gu and the rest froze in mid-air, their countenance pale.

"All of you, what do you treat the platform of the Jun Lin Banquet as?" Luo Yunhai calmly remarked. When that towering sense of pressure erupted forth, the whole space went silent. All of them could clearly feel how suffocating that terrifying pressure was; it was as though the pressure was sufficient to suppress them.

"Luo Yunhai." Old Gu icily replied, "Since Luo Qianqiu lost, he lost. Is the Nine Mystical Palace planning to be so despicable?"

"Luo Yunhai..his surname is Luo as well. Could he be related to Luo Qianqiu?" The crowd silently speculated.

"Don't worry, we are merely helping the Emperor Star Academy to discipline a junior and won't do anything too intense to him." Luo Yunhai's voice remained as serene as before.

Bizarre expressions appeared on the faces of the crowd as they took in this latest development.

The Jun Lin Banquet had been organised for so many years in Chu, and since the beginning, no one who had ever dared to created trouble here before.

But today, there was actually someone who wanted to make trouble at the banquet?

Not only that, the Royal Clan of Chu seemed to be blind to it, not intending to take any actions.

Chu Tianjiao calmly sat atop the Emperor Seat. It was as though he was just an outsider.

“The Nine Mystical Palace.”

There were several within the crowd who had heard of the existence of the Nine Mystical Palace before. As the waves of realization hit them, their hearts couldn't help but shudder. It turned out that Luo Qianqiu originated from there. If that was the case, had this Jun Lin Banquet been nothing but a farce right from the start?

Previously, there was no trouble because there was no Luo Qianqiu.

But this time was different. This year, the Nine Mystical Palace definitely had to ensure that Luo Qianqiu would be the champion, but all their plans were spoiled by Qin Wentian.

“The top nine rankers of the Jun Lin Banquet, come up here now.” Luo Yunhai continued, unperturbed. An instant later, Luo Qianqiu, Sikong Mingyue, Chu Chen, Orchon and the rest all stood atop the towering platform. Everyone was present with the exception of 2nd Sword, who was killed, Luo Huan, and Gu Xing.

“We, the Nine Mystical Palace had always paid close attention to the elites of the Jun Lin Banquet. For those who are talented enough, they would receive an invitation to join my Nine Mystical Palace for cultivation. Naturally, this year will be the same as well.” Luo Yunhai indifferently spoke, his tone filled with an unmistakable arrogance. But they, the Nine Mystical Palace, did indeed have the qualifications to be arrogant in Chu.

In Chu, they were the silent dictator, the power behind the throne.

“Today, making use of this opportunity, I'd like to announce that Chu Tianjiao and Xiao Lù are both already disciples of the Nine Mystical Palace.”

Crown Prince of Chu, Chu Tianjiao, and Crown Prince of Snowcloud, Xiao Lù. They, were already disciples of the Nine Mystical Palace.

These two were going to be the future emperors of their respective country, but they also had another set of identities – disciples of the Nine Mystical Palace.

“Luo Qianqiu is a disciple as well. And today, I want to extend the invitation to Sikong Mingyue, Chu Chen, Orchon, and Hou Tie. Are all of you willing to join my Nine Mystical Palace?” Luo Yunhai ignored the astonishment of the crowd as he continued, extending his invitations to the various elites.

“I'm willing.” Sikong Mingyue bowed.

“I'm willing.” Chu Chen agreed.

“I'm willing.” Orchon agreed.

“I'm willing.” Hou Tie agreed.

The thunderous sounds of agreement rang out. Not only that, even Chu Tianjiao and Xiao Lù stood up from their seats of honor and walked beneath the platform, indicating their respect to the Nine Mystical Palace.

“Very well. From today onwards, all of you are welcome to come to my Nine Mystical Palace at any time. Naturally, if you wish to spend a few years cultivating outside before coming, you are more than welcome to do so. You are free to do as you wish.” Luo Yunhai laughed and continued, “This time around, there are so many elites discovered at the Jun Lin Banquet. I’m exceptionally happy. I want all of you to work together and respect each other. Don’t follow the example of a particular person, so ruthless even towards his fellow sect member.”

Luo Yunhai’s intentions were obvious, as the gazes of the crowd shifted once again to Qin Wentian.

The first ranker, Qin Wentian, was actually not invited to join the Nine Mystical Palace?

He should have been the most dazzling one, but it was as though the Nine Mystical Palace had the intention to humiliate him because he had gone against their decree.

The Nine Mystical Palace had given him a chance before, but Qin Wentian rejected it.

Those from the Emperor Star Academy all had unsightly expressions on their faces. They would never have imagined that the Nine Mystical Palace would pull such a move, using their imposing brilliance to overshadow Qin Wentian’s radiance.

The Nine Mystical Palace...they did indeed have this level of qualifications.

Boom. Yet another thunderous sound rocked the platform as the Yuanfu Realm young man once again took another step towards Qin Wentian.

The Nine Mystical Palace said that they would merely teach Qin Wentian ‘a lesson’. But to what extent?

Did they want to cripple his cultivation?

How would the experts from Emperor Star Academy be willing to accept such an outcome?

Disregarding Luo Yunhai, they flew towards the platform, only to see Luo Yunhai soar into the skies as his Qi, which was at the peak of Yuanfu, frenziedly swept out, causing reverence to fill in the hearts of many.

If that expert from Mo Clan or the principal of the Emperor Star Academy didn’t appear, there would be next to no one strong enough to contend against Luo Yunhai.

“Is this the power of the Nine Mystical Palace?”

“Mighty, hegemonic, unreasonable.”

This was true power. In this world, there were no rights nor wrong, nor was there logic. There was only power.

“Who dares to interfere in the matters of my Nine Mystical Palace?” Luo Yunhai shouted. Silence descended upon the stage.

An indescribable feeling arose in the hearts of the spectators when they gazed at Luo Yunhai before glancing again at Qin Wentian,

“Ai, is this all the Nine Mystical Palace amounts to?”

A voice could be heard drifting out from among the crowd.

In the countless masses of the crowd, a pathway involuntarily opened. An old man with white hair slowly walked out.

A gentle smile adorned his face as he gazed at the silhouette of the lonely youth standing on the platform.

“Since you managed to become the champion of the Jun Lin Banquet, today I shall accompany you to lord over the world” The serene voice of the old man was like a gust of wind that drifted into the eardrums of the crowd.

Today, I shall accompany you to lord over the world!

#### Chapter 146: The power of Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns

Clad in a plain unadorned robe, with a head full of white hair, appearing as though he was ready for the grave yet still wanted to dominate the world.

As he walked slowly up the platform, the gazes of the countless people in the Chu Emperor District were riveted on him. Who was this old man?

“Gongyang Hong.” In the spectators’ stand, many people recognised Gongyang Hong with trembling hearts. This was Gongyang Hong. His black hair had actually turned completely white. What happened to him?

“It’s the Grandmaster Divine Inscriptionist, Gongyang Hong. He actually stepped out for Qin Wentian.”

Many people were in shock. Although Gongyang Hong had an extremely high level of attainment in Divine Inscriptions, how could his strength defend against the horde of people who hailed from the Nine Mystical Palace?

Not only that, he seemed to have the intention of making a move on behalf of Qin Wentian. Could they have known each other long ago from the incident with the divine inscription painting?

Luo Yunhai gazed at Gongyang Hong as an expression of ridicule could be seen flickering in his eyes. In the Chu Country, there was actually someone who dared to taunt the Nine Mystical Palace?

Did this old man not know the level of power their Nine Mystical Palace had?

“Scram.”

The Yuanfu Realm young man changed his direction, taking a step towards Gongyang Hong while his killing intent gushed out.

Was this old man courting death?

“How unbridled. For tens of years, no one has ever dare spoken to me in this manner.” Gongyang Hong coldly replied. As the Yuanfu Realm young man approached him, his palms slightly waved, and in an instant, an immense explosion of Astral Light occurred as the entire platform was bathed

in resplendence radiance. The spectators could see the a gigantic arm manifesting as it absorbed the inexhaustible starlight, it was as though the arm appeared straight from the heavens.

The palm of the arm opened and abruptly grabbed towards the direction of the young man. This celestial arm was as though it was filled with heavenly might, seemingly unable to be defended against.

The countenance of the young man abruptly changed. He punched out a multitude of fist lights. Gongyang Hong's celestial arm was like a heavenly divine artifact, paying no attentions to the feeble attacks of the Yuanfu cultivator as it directly grabbed hold of the young man.

Buzz. With the speed of a raging wind, the young man was clutched in the palms of the celestial arm, which relocated its position, moving towards the skies. Before the might of this arm, the powerful Yuanfu cultivator was akin to an ant-like existence.

Gongyang Hong extended his hands towards the air. It was as though the celestial arm was an extension of himself, and he was easily able to control it like a part of his own body.

“Didn't your parents teach you manners?” Gongyang Hong calmly spoke. The Astral Celestial Arm lurched and flung the poor Yuanfu cultivator through the skies.

In that instant, the young man's body was blasted off to the horizon, and he sailed through the air, his final destination unknown.

Gongyang Hong acted as though he was taking out the garbage, casually tossing a Yuanfu Realm expert around like a plaything.

This display of strength caused everyone to freeze.

“How powerful is he?!”

Their hearts were all trembling violently. How could Gongyang Hong be this strong?

Luo Yunhai's countenance also paled. Since he was someone at the peak of Yuanfu, how could he not understand what just happened?

That earlier outburst of Astral Light was an indication of someone at the Heavenly Dipper Realm.

Those from the Royal Clan, those from the Emperor Star Academy, and all the experts at the scene felt as though a tremendous wave just arose in their hearts.

Many years ago, Gongyang Hong had also been the champion of the Jun Lin banquet. After he returned to Chu following his disappearance, he had always been immersed in the field of Divine Inscriptions. Who would have thought that right from the start, he was already a hegemonic Heavenly Dipper Realm powerhouse.

“Roll down here for me.” Gongyang Hong spat out the words, targeting them at Luo Yunhai. The tone of his voice was exceptionally tyrannical.

It was as though many black lines appeared on Luo Yunhai's face as his facial muscles contorted. However, his body gradually descended and landed upon the ground.

How awe-inspiring had Luo Yunhai been earlier? But because of a single sentence from Gongyang Hong, he actually became so obedient as though he was nothing but a little child.

“Your Excellency, you are? Yunhai hopes that Your Excellency wouldn’t interfere with the Nine Mystical Palace’s affairs.” Luo Yunhai’s imposing aura from earlier had already been deflated. This was the Chu Country, not the Nine Mystical Palace. If they were in the Nine Mystical Palace, he wouldn’t have feared Gongyang Hong.

Over here, any Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns could easily annihilate their bunch of Yuanfu cultivators from the Nine Mystical Palace.

“Shut your mouth.”

Gongyang Hong coldly snorted as he continued, “Has the prestige of the Nine Mystical Palace fallen so much that they have to exhibit their might in such a place as Chu to feel good?”

As he spoke, Gongyang Hong slowly ambled forward and stood beside Qin Wentian.

As their gazes met, he smiled. “Little fellow, I didn’t think that you would actually become the champion of the Jun Lin banquet this year. What a pleasant surprise.”

Qin Wentian was also very joyful when he took note of Gongyang Hong’s smile. Back then, he had been very worried about Gongyang Hong, whose heart already seemed dead.

Today, however, Gongyang Hong appeared on the platform and wanted to accompany him to dominate the world. How awe-inspiring was he! This was the aura that should match with someone of Gongyang Hong’s caliber.

“Wasn’t Senior also the champion before? There’s nothing amazing about my achievements.” Qin Wentian laughed.

“That’s different. I obtained the championship with a cultivation base at the peak of Arterial Circulation while you obtained the same accomplishment with merely a cultivation base at the 8th level. From this point alone, you are already many times more outstanding when compared to me.” Gongyang Hong continued smiling. Ever since the day Qin Wentian had spoken these words ‘The past is now past, and the future is too far away. Only the present matters’ to him, he had already felt that he couldn’t be compared to the youth standing before him.

“Luo Qianqiu, Sikong Mingyue, Chu Chen, and Orchon. Although they couldn’t be considered bad, they are still not at your level. What’s laughable is that as a pretext to humiliate you, the Nine Mystical Palace actually tossed a gem like you in the garbage while recruiting the rest of them. Isn’t that sad? Isn’t that ridiculous?”

After which, Gongyang Hong turned and shifted his gaze to Luo Yunhai.

“Are you not afraid that the Nine Mystical Palace’s reputation will be smirched by the actions you took today if somehow this matter were to be leaked outside?” Gongyang Hong serenely continued, “And based on the degree of talent Qin Wentian displayed today, he could choose any of the great powers—Misty Peak, Sunset Mountains, or the Phoenix Valley—to join, and they would gladly accept him with open arms. The Nine Mystical Palace have no qualifications to be choosy. Are you sure you understand what you are doing?”

“But just as well. From my perspective, the Nine Mystical Palace isn’t worthy of Qin Wentian’s talent.” Gongyang Hong’s words blasted out like a slap across Luo Yunhai’s face, causing the spectators to involuntarily draw in deep breaths.

Gongyang Hong was Gongyang Hong indeed. Back in his days, after the Jun Lin Banquet, Gongyang Hong left Chu and explored the world. His experience wasn’t limited to merely the Nine Mystical Palace.

Earlier, they had witnessed Luo Yunhai’s haughty and imposing aura, so far above the Heavens. He had invited the elites to join the Nine Mystical Palace, painting the picture of a peerless existence in the minds of the spectators.

However, after a few words from Gongyang Hong, the illusory picture was torn apart.

This time around, Qin Wentian was the champion of the Jun Lin Banquet. What qualifications did the Nine Mystical Palace have to ‘select’ him? Didn’t the power of selection resided in Qin Wentian instead?

Back then, Gongyang Hong had also been the champion but he didn’t choose to join the Nine Mystical Palace. In the end, he also became a peerless existence and returned back to Chu. Why couldn’t Qin Wentian do the same? He might very well be the next Gongyang Hong, or someone even stronger than him!

“If you really wish to depart from Chu, I can send you on your way and refer a few powerful schools for you to join.”

Gongyang Hong turned his head as he smiled at Qin Wentian. Although he was smiling, the words he just spoke were not a joke.

As long as Qin Wentian agreed, he would immediately bring Qin Wentian away. Based on Qin Wentian’s talent, Chu was too small to contain him. He needed to explore the world to find a piece of bigger sky.

Qin Wentian naturally knew that Gongyang Hong wouldn’t lie to him. The Nine Mystical Palace wanted to deal with him via humiliation? Gongyang Hong’s words were informing everyone in Chu, as well as telling Qin Wentian not to be too overly affected by Luo Yunhai’s words. He should broaden his horizons and not allow his perspective to be limited by a mere Nine Mystical Palace.

So what they controlled ten over countries? How immense was this world?

If one were to liken this world to the Nine Heavenly Layers, Chu Country would merely be at situated the lowest Heavenly Layer. Over there, one could never be able to see the entirety of the beautiful fields of stars if they remained only on the lowest layer.

However, Qin Wentian still had some things he had yet to accomplish in Chu. He had still kin and friends here. It wouldn’t be too realistic if he departed straight away.

“Seems like you still have some unfinished business here in Chu. After today, I will depart from Chu, but on your behalf, I will recommend you to some of the powerful schools and sects out there in the world to see if they have any interest in recruiting you. Or maybe, after I finish what I need to do, I will return to Chu once again to look for you.”

Gongyang Hong laughed, after which he shifted his gaze to Chu Tianjiao. “You are the Crown Prince of Chu? What rewards did you prepare for the champion of this year’s Jun Lin Banquet?”

Chu Tianjiao glanced at Gongyang Hong, as an indescribable emotion rose in his heart. The powerful Gongyang Hong had no need to bother about his background or status, and could talk to him like he was talking to a servant. This, indeed, was power.

But before Chu Tianjiao could even reply. Gongyang Hong interjected, “Forget it. Since it’s a reward, let’s just allow Qin Wentian to choose what he want. Qin Wentian, as the champion of the Jun Lin banquet, what rewards do you want?”

“I want my father and grandpa to be released.”

Qin Wentian stared at Chu Tianjiao, his countenance as sharp as a sword.

He came to the Royal Capital of Chu, he got increasingly stronger, and he participated in the Jun Lin Banquet. Everything he did was only for a single reason.

His father, Qin Chuan, and his grandpa, Qin Wu, were still imprisoned within the Black Stronghold of Chu.

“Impossible. They are rebels, so how can I release them?” Chu Tianjiao coldly snorted.

“I said, release.” Gongyang Hong stared at Chu Tianjiao. His attitude was like a hegemon, looking for no further discussion.

Chu Tianjiao’s expression was extremely unsightly. His voice quavered as he replied, “If I have to release, I can only release Qin Chuan alone. Qin Wu will still be imprisoned. This is already my bottom line.”

Gongyang Hong glanced at Qin Wentian, who was staring at Chu Tianjiao. A resolute, cold, and unwavering light could be seen flickering in his eyes.

“Fine.” Qin Wentian nodded. He had already expected that he would be unable to save his father.

“Gongyang Hong, you meddle too much.”

At this moment, a voice filled with the power of a raging storm echoed out from a distance.

Gongyang Hong slightly creased his brows as he gazed off in the horizon, only to see a gigantic palm made from thunder smashing down towards him from the Heavens.

“Hmph.” Gongyang Hong coldly snorted. His Astral Celestial Arm Nova blasted out in rage. In the skies, the two gigantic palms met and exploded simultaneously from the impact amidst a typhoon of roiling, chaotic Qi.

At this moment, a silhouette descended from the skies. This person was clad in skyblue robes, displaying his might with no anger. His facial features also appeared similar to Luo Qianqiu and Luo Yunhai.

Upon seeing this man, back in the direction of the Emperor Star Academy, Ren Qianxing trembled violently as his countenance grew extremely ugly to behold.

Luo Tianya came from the Nine Mystical Palace, but at the same time, he had also previously been a student of the Emperor Star Academy!

He actually came to Chu!

## Chapter 147: Finally Unveiled!

Luo Tianya stood proudly in the air, exuding an extremely tyrannical aura.

The crowds in the Chu Emperor District all inclined their heads as they gazed at him with huge waves of emotions rising in their hearts. A never before seen Heavenly Dipper Sovereign was actually present in Chu. Not only that, they actually saw two.

For people like this, they were the stuff of the fabled legends. But now, the sovereigns appeared in front of their very eyes

“This person is Luo Qianqiu’s father. Like father like son, seems like there’s hidden agenda behind Luo Qianqiu enrolling in the Emperor Star Academy.” Many people were silently speculating. With a background like Luo Qianqiu’s, why did he still need to cultivate in the Emperor Star Academy? Obviously, there was a purpose behind it.

“Father.” Luo Qianqiu stood below the platform as he gazed at Luo Tianya, who was standing in the skies. After which, he lowered his head and remained silent, as though he had no more face left to even look at his own father.

He was defeated by Qin Wentian and failed his mission. He didn’t have the face to look at his father.

He actually failed at a place like Chu.

“Who are you?” Luo Tianya looked at Luo Qianqiu and asked with an extremely sharp expression.

Luo Qianqiu inclined his head, looking as his father as he replied, “I am Luo Qianqiu.”

“You are Luo Qianqiu. The words ‘gutless’ and ‘coward’ are not in your dictionary. Furthermore, in the grand path of cultivation, how could there not be any failures? Is your martial heart so weak?” Luo Tianya’s voice boomed out as he berated, “Raise your head up high. You are Luo Qianqiu, son of Luo Tianya.”

Luo Qianqiu was shocked into realization. Clenching both his hands into fists, he raised his head. So what if he had lost today? No matter what, he was still a student from the Nine Mystical Palace. And as for the humiliation he suffered today, he would cleanse the slate with Qin Wentian’s blood in the future.

Luo Qianqiu once again directed his gaze to Qin Wentian. The killing intent he emitted grew incomparably sharp.

Qin Wentian was a blemish in his life. He would cleanse it sooner or later

“Luo Tianya, no wonder this child’s features were so familiar. It turns out he was your son.” Gongyang Hong gazed at the silhouette floating in the skies as he spoke. It seems as though he was acquainted with Luo Tianya.

“Gongyang Hong, it’s fine if you return to Chu, but why did you have to interfere with the matters of my Nine Mystical Palace?” Luo Tianya coldly inquired.

“The Nine Mystical Palace is too much of a bully. I can’t ignore that,” Gongyang Hong replied.

“Hmph.” Luo Tianya coldly snorted, “In Chu, no one can interfere with matters of my Nine Mystical Palace. Do you think that with you alone, you can block my Nine Mystical Palace from doing what they want?”

After saying this, Luo Tianya took a step downwards. A crushing pressure gushed forth towards Gongyang Hong and Qin Wentian.

Gongyang Hong extended his hands and retaliated against the attack with his Constellation Celestial Arm Nova. Rumbling sounds could be heard in the middle of the air, as though something just crumbled apart.

“I don’t care what the Nine Mystical Palace wishes to do. However, today, Qin Wentian is the legitimate champion. If the Nine Mystical Palace wants revenge because your son lost to him, I will never allow it.” Gongyang Hong remarked, the power in his voice apparent.

“Just by yourself? You want to make an enemy out of my Nine Mystical Palace? How ridiculous.” Luo Tianya sneered as he descended further down, the might of lightning and thunder sweeping across the space. Luo Qianqiu and the rest had already backed away, leaving only Gongyang Hong and Qin Wentian in the middle of the tempest.

“I’m indeed unable to interfere as I like with regards your Nine Mystical Palace. But if you continue to be so thick-skinned and shamelessly bully the junior generations, it’s as easy as flipping my palms for me, Gongyang Hong, to kill the members of your junior generations.” The Celestial Heavenly Arm was flexing about in the air, as the two of them opposed each other’s words with equal harshness.

“So what he is the champion? I want to see to what extent he can mature to.”

Luo Tianya swept a gaze that was as sharp as swords over to Qin Wentian. He had never once believed that the path of cultivation was like a smooth-sailing highway, even for a genius. The path of cultivation was filled with storms of struggle and violence, leaving behind countless dried up husks of skeletons. Without a strong willpower and some luck, there was no way for a ‘genius’ to truly become a peerless existence.

“My Nine Mystical Palace won’t touch him, but in return, you are not to interfere with our other matters. Chu is the territory of my Nine Mystical Palace.” Luo Tianya tyrannically remarked. The Nine Mystical Palace was the owner of Chu.

The Nine Mystical Palace didn’t care about who the Emperor of Chu was. As long as they provided the necessary resources and convenience such as talented youths the Nine Mystical Palace could choose from, any one from the Royal Clan could be the Emperor, provided that he followed their orders.

And as for the selection of who the Emperor was going to be, only the lower management of the Nine Mystical Palace would participate. Those at the top echelons couldn't be bothered about this.

"Don't worry, I wouldn't be so free to interfere with your business." Gongyang Hong coldly replied. If he did not possess a fondness for Qin Wentian, he wouldn't even have bothered appearing in the first place.

Luo Tianya didn't cast Gongyang Hong another glance. Instead, he glanced in the direction of the Emperor Star Academy and greeted Ren Qianxing, "Teacher, I trust you've been well since we last met."

"I don't have a student like you." Ren Qianxing coldly spat out.

"Teacher, why do you have to be like this? For us cultivators, it's only natural if we pursued power. Hence, it's inevitable if we use some unsavoury methods. Although I'm now currently with the Nine Mystical Palace, I have never forgotten your kindness. This was also why I named my son Qianqiu. The character 'Qian' is the same 'Qian' as your name, to remind me of your kindness in bringing me up."

Luo Tianya calmly spoke, but Ren Qianxing's countenance got increasingly unsightly in an instant. It was as though his hatred of Luo Tianya has seeped into his bones.

"Since our paths are different, just forget it." Luo Tianya shook his head, He then turned and looked at Luo Qianqiu and the rest of the members from the Nine Mystical Palace. "Let's leave."

As the sound of his voice faded, those from the Nine Mystical Palace rose up in the air.

Luo Tianya was holding Luo Qianqiu by his arm as he swept his gaze towards Qin Wentian. Far up in the skies, he called out to Qin Wentian, "I really want to see how far the champion of Jun Lin Banquet will be able to go on the path of cultivation. Luo Qianqiu will wait for you."

After which, they spun in the air. Luo Tianya and those from the Nine Mystical Palace, vanished in the horizon.

Despite the departure of the Nine Mystical Palace, the hearts of the crowd were still shuddering. This was the first time the Nine Mystical Palace had shown their true colours in front of the commoners.

Only now did they realize that behind Chu, there was another terrifying existence controlling it from the shadows.

Chu Tianjiao had no authority whatsoever in front of them.

"Senior Gongyang is actually a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign." Reverence could be seen in the eyes of the spectators as they gazed at Gongyang Hong.

An existence at the Heavenly Dipper Realm was a character at the pinnacle of Chu. Their words was equivalent to that of a country's Emperor.

Almost all who stepped into the Heavenly Dipper Realm had already left Chu.

But naturally, if one were to say who the most dazzling star today was, the answer would undoubtedly be Qin Wentian.

Using absolute strength to claim the position of number one in the Jun Lin Banquet, climbing up the ranks from the pits of darkness. No one could have imagined that the one standing at the end would be him, Qin Wentian.

Not only that, the Emperor Star Academy was standing by his back, and even a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign was willing to become the shield for him.

“Qin Wentian, you are the pride of our academy.” Ren Qianxing laughed as he nodded to Qin Wentian. At this moment, those from the Emperor Star Academy all stood up, re-evaluating their perspective of Qin Wentian.

“Indeed, you are worthy of praise.” In the direction of Mo Clan, the crowd also stood up and congratulated Qin Wentian.

Those from the Divine Weapon Pavilion also rose at the same time. An Liuyan was full of smiles; she had never expected that this year’s Jun Lin Banquet would be so fascinating.

Currently the Chu Emperor District was filled with silence. The crowds of people engraved this moment in their hearts. They would never be able to forget this year’s Jun Lin Banquet.

They were grateful to Qin Wentian, grateful to all the elites up on the platforms, for allowing them to view such a remarkable show.

Tossing aside all their grudges and resentments, all the elites that participated ought to be proud of themselves.

Gongyang Hong stood at Qin Wentian’s side. After patting him on the back, he smiled and glanced ahead as he spoke, “Lass from the Mu Clan, have you thought about the promise I owe you?”

Mu Rou was stunned for a moment, and after she recovered, she replied, “Senior, stop joking with me. As for that painting, just treat it a gift from me.”

Mu Rou clearly knew how much weight did Gongyang Hong’s words held as a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign.

“Once you thought of it, write it down and leave it in my bamboo lodge. I will see it when i return.” Gongyang Hong smiled, and after which, he shifted his gaze to Chu Tianjiao. “Don’t forget your promise. Tomorrow morning, Qin Wentian must be able to see his father.”

Gongyang Hong words was akin to an imperial decree. This was how powerful the influence a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign possessed.

Luo Tianya left just like this, and those from the Nine Mystical Palace no longer troubled Qin Wentian. Could it really be because of Luo Tianya’s tolerance?

Even if he was willing to wait for Qin Wentian to mature, how about the others?

When traced back to the roots, it was still because of the existence of Gongyang Hong. Those threatening words of his to kill off their junior generations had forced Luo Tianya off today. If not for that, this matter today wouldn’t have been settled so easily.

One couldn't begin to imagine how terrifying it was to have a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign as an enemy.

"Since this junior has agreed, I wouldn't go back on my words." Chu Tianjiao replied.

"Good." Gongyang Hong nodded before shifting his gaze back to Qin Wentian. "Continue to work hard in your cultivation."

After that, his body rose in the air, and he flew up to the skies. A voice transmission drifted into Qin Wentian's ears.

"Be cautious in everything you do in Chu. The Chu Country has several thousand years of history and extremely deep roots. I believed that there are still hidden experts that have yet to show themselves. This was also why I didn't want to push Chu Tianjiao too far. Remember this, without sufficient power, do not clash directly with the Royal Clan."

This transmission could only be heard by Qin Wentian, and its contents caused his heart to tremble.

So there was a reason why Gongyang Hong didn't push for the release of Qin Wu. The Royal Clan was similar to the Emperor Star Academy; both of them had incredibly deep roots.

In this chess board of the great powers, there were still many things that were unclear and hidden from him. Things were never as simple as they seemed.

Now that he became the champion of the Jun Lin Banquet, it was though a burden had been lifted off his chest.

After all, his father, Qin Chuan, would finally be released from imprisonment.

Just thinking of this caused his heart to be filled with joy.

Finally, he could see his father.

Qin Yao's eyes were rimmed with tears as she proudly regarded the silhouette standing on the platform. Her little brother Qin Wentian was the champion of the Jun Lin Banquet, basking in the adoration of the masses.

Not only that, he was actually successful in saving their father.

Already one year had passed from the time Qin Wentian departed the Sky Harmony City to now. Tomorrow, when their father was released, he would surely be proud of Qin Wentian!

#### Chapter 148: Equilibrium

On the platform, Qin Wentian, who was on the platform, was the center of the crowd's attention. And as for Chu Tianjiao, who was sitting on the Azure Dragon Jadeite Seat, his countenance which had remained indifferent throughout finally showed a wave of fluctuation before quickly returning back to normal.

Even before Chu Tianjiao personally announce the Jun Lin Banquet's rankings, the spectators were already leaving.

Such an ending was obviously something that he had not wanted to see.

Even so, this didn't even affect the glory of Qin Wentian's victory in the slightest. The influence of Sikong Mingyue, Xiāo Lǜ, the Ye Clan and the Ou Clan had already faded away, similar to Chu Tianjiao.

Only those powers that had a better relationship with Qin Wentian as well as some of the more passionate members of the crowd remained, as though they still couldn't get enough of the Jun Lin Banquet's fascinating battles.

There were several who had already rushed up the platform, crowding around Qin Wentian, causing the atmosphere to be extremely lively.

But at this moment, Qin Wentian's inner state was not caught up by the passion of the crowd. On the contrary, he was extremely calm. After witnessing Luo Tianya's strength, the power of the Nine Mystical Palace, and the might of Gongyang Hong, he had an intense desire boiling within him to become a peerless existence just like them.

If one day he depended on his own efforts and reached the realm Gongyang Hong was in, Chu Tianjiao would surely personally come up to him to offer his apologies.

Qin Wentian finally left with those from the Emperor Star Academy. The other remnants of the crowd sighed as they also gradually departed the area.

A radiant smile appeared on Mo Qingcheng's unmatched countenance. Such an amazing Jun Lin Banquet, it would be truly difficult for her to forget.

"Oi." Another figure appeared beside Mo Qingcheng. Mo Qingcheng rolled her eyes at that figure as she laughed, "Why have you come?"

"Your lover became the champion of the banquet. I'm here to congratulate you, of course." Nolan mischievously glanced at Mo Qingcheng and teased her.

Mo Qingcheng was stunned. Her face went cherry red as the gazes of her clan members were focused onto her.

"You are a dead woman, Nolan." Mo Qingcheng extended her hands and sent out a palm strike at Nolan. Nolan dodged, laughing while she retreated. She continued, "But seriously, his performance was beyond my expectations. If you really like him, why not just get married with him?"

"..... if you want to get married that much, go marry him yourself." Mo Qingcheng was speechless. Looking at the playful antics of the two young girls, the other members of the Mo Clan all had happy smiles on their faces.

In the direction of the Star River Association, Vice President Zuo Yin had a heavy expression on his countenance, as though he was extremely pissed off.

"Murin, ah Murin." Zuo Yin ruthlessly spoke. Murin, who was following behind him, had his head lowered. A cold light could be seen flickering in his eyes.

“Vice President Zuo, although Qin Wentian did fully show off his abilities this time around, the Emperor Star Academy to value him more, doesn’t that also mean that he dug a hole for himself by being ignorant of hidden dangers? I think that there would be many who would not allow him to mature.” Murin tried his best to assuage Zuo Yin’s anger.

“And what has this got to do with your actions?” Zuo Yin coldly glared at Murin. “If Qin Wentian had joined our Star River Association back then, based on his talent in both cultivation and Divine Inscriptions, it would be a simple thing for me to boost him up our ranks.”

Murin coldly laughed and silently cursed in his heart, “This old bastard wanted to use Qin Wentian to climb up the ranks and pave the way for himself. How ludicrous his plans are.”

Naturally, Murin would never have the guts to say what he was thinking out loud. He could only be a yes-man, coping with Zuo Yi’s barrage, and hiding his feelings deep in his heart.

The Mo Clan and those from the Star River Association were not the only ones having varying reactions. At this moment, the spectators that had departed the Chu Emperor District all had different types of thinking and attitudes with regards to the Jun Lin Banquet.

Those who had placed bets with Heaven’s Wonder would naturally think of their bets after the Banquet was concluded.

Drunken Wonder was swamped by crowds. Fatty didn’t collect his winnings right now. After all, it didn’t matter when he would collect it. Heaven’s Wonder was a large establishment and would never run away with his bets. There was no need for him to squeeze with this crowd. Hence, he wasn’t anxious at all.

And in any case, there had been many people who witnessed him betting on Qin Wentian. He didn’t want to be robbed of his winnings right after he claimed them.

Immortal Drunken Wine and the young man beside him didn’t bother about that too much. After collecting their winnings, the two of them went back to the simple and dilapidated wine hut with none of their winnings in sight. However, an interspatial ring could be seen on their fingers. It was obvious that all their winnings were stored inside the ring.

Immortal Drunken Wine placed his mouth at the edge of a wine cup, closing his eyes and immersing himself in the aroma as though he begrudged the idea of drinking the wine.

“What good stuff. It surely shouldn’t have been easy getting the boss of this place to bring out such good wine.” Immortal Drunken Wine smiled as he continued, “however, since you made so much money, you are going to be the one treating me this time around.”

“What a marvelous plan.” The young man laughed, “I won’t deny that I made a killing, but with your 800 stones, it should be sufficient enough to buy wine for a very long time.”

“This was all thanks to that little fellow Qin Wentian. How unexpected, how unexpected.” Immortal Drunken Wine smiled as he shook his head. Qin Wentian had actually become the champion; this was completely beyond his expectations.

“This time, not only was he the champion, he also saved his father. I guess it could be considered a beautiful ending, no?” Immortal Drunken Wine drank a small sip of wine. Indeed, he was happy for Qin Wentian.

However, the young man opposite of him actually shook his head and smiled bitterly.

“What? You have a different take on this?” Immortal Drunken Wine curiously inquired.

“You don’t understand the intricacies of things. How could it be so simple?” The young man sighed. “In reality, maintaining a thin line of equilibrium would be the best, but once this line of balance is disrupted, no one can predict what changes will happen next.”

“Why do your words sound even more drunk than those spoken by drunk people?” Immortal Drunken Wine smiled bitterly.

“How can an outsider see things clearly? Since you are unfamiliar with trickery and politics, you naturally wouldn’t understand it.” The young man murmured to himself, “The water here is truly deep. Now that Qin Wentian disturbed it, with his personality, my younger brother wouldn’t merely take it lying down, nor would the other great clans be content with it. When that time comes, the equilibrium will be broken.”

“Equilibrium?” Immortal Drunken Wine seemed as though he was lost in fog. The more he listen, the more he didn’t understand.

“Although those with the Chu royal bloodline aren’t kind people, do you really believe that they would spend so much effort to make a move against a loyal subordinate? My younger brother Chu Tianjiao is a dragon among humans; how could his degree of forbearance be so limited?” The young man finished the wine in his cup gloomily and proceeded to walk away.

“Why do you think Chu has not cleared the rebels out even after one year? It wasn’t that the Chu Royal Clan was useless, but rather that they didn’t want to completely eradicate the rebellion. This was the equilibrium, the line of balance.”

The young man walked slowly as he departed from sight. Immortal Drunken Wine stood there, stunned. He gazed at that young man’s vanishing silhouette.

An instant later, Immortal Drunken Wine laughed bitterly as he mumbled in a low voice, “No wonder he was willing to be the Unfettered Prince. A life filled with constant fighting and scheming against each other, how boring would that be? Getting drunk is still the best.”

.....

Qin Wentian finally returned to the Emperor Star Academy.

At this moment, he was inside his courtyard. Ren Qianxing, Mustang, and Luo Huan were also there. Ren Qianxing sighed, “Wentian, no one expected that you would actually obtain the first ranking. Why didn’t you let on some hints and allow the Emperor Star Academy to be fully prepared? If there’s still a next time, don’t be this rash again.”

“I also did not expect that becoming the Jun Lin Banquet’s champion would be so difficult, nor did I think that the Nine Mystical Palace would actually be so underhanded.” Qin Wentian smiled wryly. Indeed, he was still too young and unable to see many things clearly.

After all, he was only 17. His life experiences were bound to be limited.

“Luckily, Senior Gongyang appeared, enabling you to go through a bad experience without mishaps.” Ren Qianxing smiled. Initially, he had been worried that would there be no one able to

block Luo Qianqiu. Who would have thought that Qin Wentian had actually done so? Just this alone was enough for him to be happy.

“When do you want to take a look at the 7th level of the Heavenly Star Pavilion?” Ren Qianxing smiled again, causing a bright glow to flicker in Qin Wentian’s eyes.

That legendary and mysterious 7th level of the Heavenly Star Pavilion, what secrets did it hide?

Back then, after Luo Qianqiu’s father went up to the 7th level, he actually used all sorts of underhanded means to trespass into the 8th level. Not only that, he was willing to sacrifice everything to let his son Luo Qianqiu enroll in the Emperor Star Academy to fight for the same chance he once had.

“After my father is released tomorrow.” Qin Wentian wasn’t that impatient. The Heavenly Star Pavilion wouldn’t disappear.

“Fine, I will get someone to go with you. Currently, with how things stands, we need to be wary of your safety.” Ren Qianxing solemnly remarked. He naturally knew of the dangers that would follow after Qin Wentian revealed his abilities.

The state of things in the Royal Capital was extremely complicated, and the waters were exceptionally deep. From now onwards, as long as Qin Wentian wasn’t in the Emperor Star Academy, they would have to protect him.

“Right.” Qin Wentian nodded his head. The Nine Mystical Palace and the Royal Clan wouldn’t move against him on the surface, but who knew what would happen in the dark? Not only that, there were many clans such as the Ye and Ou Clan that were eyeing him like a tiger watching its prey.

At this moment, the sound of a crane drifted over. Raising his head, a smile broke out on his face as Ren Qianxing saw a white-colored crane flying over. “I will leave first. Make sure you rest well.”

After which, Ren Qianxing locked his gaze at Mustang, shared a mutual smile, and departed.

There were two females sitting cross-legged on the crane that was hovering in midair. They were none other than Mo Qingcheng and Nolan.

“Why are you here?” Qin Wentian gazed at the females atop the white crane as he asked with a smile on his face.

“I thought that you would be less busy now, so I wanted to come and congratulate you.” Mo Qingcheng had a flawless smile on her face.

“Why don’t you come down and take a seat?” Qin Wentian exclaimed to Mo Qingcheng.

Mo Qingcheng nodded her head in agreement. Both of the females leaped down gracefully from the back of that white crane, when suddenly Nolan said to Qin Wentian, “You smelly brat, Qingcheng has never taken her initiative to visit people. You must grab hold of this opportunity, you understand?”

“Er...” Qin Wentian blinked, only to see Mo Qingcheng glaring at Nolan, “You were the one that told me to come over to play!”

“Huh, what are you talking about? I don’t remember anything.” Nolan gazed at the skies, not intending to admit anything even if she died.

“Ignore her words.” Mo Qingcheng spoke and glanced at Qin Wentian. However, as she noticed Qin Wentian staring intensely at her, she quickly grew red. An expression of bashfulness could be seen in her eyes.

In the eyes of the Royal Capital’s elites, Mo Qingcheng was aloof and indifferent. After all, knowing that those who got close to her did so with motives, she would naturally not be happy.

However, in the end, she was just a simple and guileless girl. How could her heart truly be ice-cold? Thus, how could she stand against the intense stare of Qin Wentian’s direct gaze? Naturally, the redness on her face could be explained.

For a moment, the atmosphere turned slightly weird, with a slight sense of love floating in the air. Nolan snickered, as she continued, “Do both of you need me to disappear?”

“...” Mo Qingcheng was completely speechless. If she had known, she wouldn’t have brought Nolan out with her today.

#### Chapter 149: Danger

Mo Qingcheng was completely speechless.

Nolan was obviously intentionally causing trouble for her. Nolan giggled as she continued, “Fine, fine, fine. I will disappear right now.”

After saying this, Nolan shot a ‘you know I know’ look at Mo Qingcheng, as she smiled and glanced at Qin Wentian. “Hey you smelly brat, you better make good use of this opportunity. This chance only happens once in a blue moon. You don’t know how many people are secretly in love with this lass even though she is currently obsessed with someone right now.”

As the sound of her voice faded, Nolan laughed and departed, giving Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng the space they needed.

Her actions caused Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng to become speechless.

Especially Nolan’s words. She was hinting at a possible romance.

This caused the atmosphere between the two of them to turn slightly awkward, as neither knew what to say in order to break the silence.

Qin Wentian stole a glance at Mo Qingcheng. That flawless jade-white skin, that full figure, that unmatched countenance, even her every breath was capable of stirring the hearts of men. Unknowingly, Qin Wentian had already lost himself, staring at her in her beauty.

To a hot-blooded young man like him, the temptation of beauties was still a powerful force to be reckoned with. Especially the peerless beauty standing in front of him, not to mention the fact that she was nice to him as well.

At this moment, a thought involuntarily creep into Qin Wentian’s heart. What if Mo Qingcheng really became his? How good would that be?

Lost in his thoughts, Qin Wentian was staring openly, lost in a state of entrancement.

Feeling Qin Wentian's gaze on her, Mo Qingcheng couldn't help but feel bashful, which only served to add to her beauty. Why was that fellow staring at her in this way? This caused Mo Qingcheng to stamp her foot as she pouted, "What are you looking at?"

"Er...." Qin Wentian blinked rapidly and recovered. It was only now that he realised he had been entranced. Smiling awkwardly, he continued, "Naturally, I'm looking at a pretty girl."

"Hmph." Mo Qingcheng lightly snorted, pouting in mock anger that further added a tinge of cuteness to her beauty.

"Oh and, you were too rash back then, which led you to suffer from the underhanded methods of the Nine Mystical Palace. Since you had the capabilities to obtain first place, you should have told the Emperor Star Academy. Do you know how dangerous it was? Luckily, nothing happened."

Mo Qingcheng's tone was filled with a heavy sense of rebuke. This fellow was too reckless, causing everyone to perspire cold sweat in fear of something happening to him.

"I didn't expect that for an entity as powerful as the Nine Mystical Palace would actually still resort to underhanded methods." Qin Wentian smiled bitterly.

"Hmph, you can't be this careless in the future. The Nine Mystical Palace's objective was obviously to make Luo Qianqiu the champion. After seeing you preparing to destroy their carefully laid plans, of course they would use underhanded methods to deal with you." Mo Qingcheng speechlessly explained. This fellow should have suffered a lot, but why was his thought process so simple?

But of course, since he hadn't thought of the possibility that people would harm him, this could also prove that there was kindness to the point of stupidity in his heart. Although he was somewhat dumb, it was still rare to find someone like this.

If Qin Wentian was like Chu Tianjiao and Ye WuQue, intelligent but calculative and scheming, Mo Qingcheng wouldn't have interacted so much with him.

For Mo Qingcheng, the sort of person she was reflected itself in the personalities of whom she chose to mingle with.

"Thank you, my beauty, for the reminder." Qin Wentian teased. He would have to be more mindful in the future. If it were not for Gongyang Hong, he would surely have ended in dire straits. After all, Luo Qianqiu's father had personally made a visit at the end of the confrontation.

The current him could only look up to an existence at the Heavenly Dipper Realm and gazed at him from afar. Qin Wentian could not forget Luo Tianya's towering presence.

"I couldn't tell that you are such a smooth talker." Mo Qingcheng giggled as she gazed at Qin Wentian.

"Of course I am, if not there would be a certain someone referring to me as a dumbo again." Qin Wentian shrugged as he laughed, causing Mo Qingcheng's beautiful eyes to flicker, and she too joined in the laughter.

So it turns out that this dumbo still remembered the snowy scenery from before. Mo Qingcheng didn't know that no matter who was it that experienced the scenery with her, this would become an event the other party would never forget.

At this moment, footsteps could be heard approaching the courtyard.

Qin Wentian raised his head. He gazed over in that direction as he inquired, "Who's there?"

Nobody replied, but the sounds of the footsteps got nearer, causing Qin Wentian to frown. Usually, for those who came to his residence, they would let him know in advance unless the visitor had an exceptionally close relationship with Qin Wentian.

However, he currently only saw a figure wearing a conical bamboo head with his head lowered. A stranger who had no reason to be here in this place...there was something suspicious about this.

"Who are you?" The coldness in Qin Wentian's voice dropped by several degrees as he asked somewhat unhappily. This was his private residence. For those with a Emperor Jade Medallion that was the 4th level or above, they would all be allocated a residential courtyard for their own lodging.

"Be careful." Mo Qingcheng whispered. The stranger continued walking forwards, causing Qin Wentian to feel a sense of wrongness.

"I am..." The strange slowly spoke as he raised his head. Qin Wentian only saw a pair of sharp eyes glancing back at him. The rest of the stranger's features were obscured by a black cloth.

Abruptly, a surge of immense pressure and killing intent erupted forth from the body of the stranger and blasted straight at Qin Wentian.

"Your murderer."

As the sound of the voice faded, the stranger stepped through the air and issued out a palm strike at Qin Wentian. This palm strike of his was actually the same innate technique that Qin Wentian cultivated, the Thousand Hand Imprint! As the palm struck out, countless palm shadows superimposed with an inexhaustible might.

Qin Wentian's countenance froze as the ancient halberd appeared in his hands. Despite knowing that his opponent was a Yuanfu Realm expert, he unhesitatingly rushed forward instead of retreating because Mo Qingcheng was standing beside him.

"Get back."

Mo Qingcheng's beautiful eyes flickered as her body shot forwards. Although Qin Wentian was a dumbo, under such circumstances, his reaction speed was astonishing. He slashed out with the ancient halberd, colliding with his opponent's palm strike.

Qin Wentian was at the Arterial Circulation Realm, so regardless how strong his attacks might be, there was no way for him to match up to a Yuanfu Realm expert's attack. As a thunderous sound rang out, the halberd was flung out of his hands. The impact forced his body backwards, causing him to relentlessly vomit blood. He smashed into a stone table which disintegrated into dust, giving a testament to the might contained within that palm strike.

At this moment, Mo Qingcheng's aura also exploded forth. She was actually emanating the pressure of a Yuanfu Cultivator, causing the masked man to be stunned for a moment. But that was all, a mere moment. He had to kill Qin Wentian in the shortest time possible or he would lose his chance.

The masked man stepped forwards as his killing intent rose to the limits, furiously sending out terrifying palm strikes in the direction of Mo Qingcheng. The palm shadows covered the skies as they blasted towards Mo Qingcheng, causing her five organs and six viseras to shudder violently as she was forced to retreat by his attacks, unable to block his path.

“Run, he has to kill you in a short period of time or he fails.” Mo Qingcheng screamed as though she wanted to warn the experts of the academy as well.

Qin Wentian knew Mo Qingcheng was right. He had never imagined that there would be someone assassinating him within the Emperor Star Academy. Ren Qianxing had also been too careless and only thought of protecting Qin Wentian when he was outside.

However, this only proved that his enemy was extremely intelligent. Not only that, they even had the power to actually bypass the security of the academy and infiltrated it.

Buzz. As a tornado ravaged past, Qin Wentian once again slashed out with his ancient halberd. However, he wasn't even to negate the slightest impact of his opponent's blow. The Yuanfu masked man sent out another palm, knocking the halberd from Qin Wentian's grasp as he treaded the air, flying towards Qin Wentian.

Executing his Garuda Movement Technique, Qin Wentian's speed was so fast that he transformed into a blur of shadows leaving behind afterimages as he retreated. He only needed a little time. He knew that with him here, his opponent would not have the time to injure Mo Qingcheng. Qin Wentian just needed to delay.

“Who dares to be so impudent in the Emperor Star Academy?” A voice filled with intense rage rang out, shaking the entire space above the Emperor Star Academy. Hearing this, many eyes flickered. That Yuanfu cultivator, surely he wouldn't disregard his life just to kill Qin Wentian, right?

At his level, there was no way he would be willing to be someone else's death-warrior.

“Little White.” Mo Qingcheng could sense his intentions as she called out to the white crane. The white crane swoop down from the skies, its sharp claws targeting the masked man.

“SCRAM!” That masked man blasted out his palms. However, the white crane was a 7th grade demonic beast, which was also equivalent to a Yuanfu Cultivator. How could it be so easily dealt with?

The masked man let out roars of rage as he lost himself in fury, continuously blasting out palm strikes. The white crane let out pitiful cries as it flopped downwards to the side. The masked man then continued lunging towards the direction which Qin Wentian was escaping to.

“There's no more time.” Panic could be seen in his eyes. Gathering his terrifying strength, an extremely sharp aura akin to the presence of a sharp sword was blasted towards Qin Wentian, seemingly wanting to drive a hole through him.

“Get down!”

When her white crane was blocking the masked man earlier, Mo Qingcheng made use of this time to get closer to Qin Wentian. At this moment, her body dashed forwards, knocking down Qin Wentian as they fell flat on the ground while an instant later, the wind of that terrifying sword slash scraped their back.

“F\*ck that.” That masked man had an extremely ugly expression in his eyes, and he once again sent out a palm strike. This time around, he didn’t linger to find out whether Qin Wentian was dead or alive, but rather turned and flew away with a speed as fast as lightning. If he were slower by even a little, he may have to leave his life behind.

As the sound of rumbling echoed, Qin Wentian only felt a surge of immense might blasting upon his body, causing him to spit out fresh blood. However, he had no time to care about his own injuries. In his mind, there was only the person lying atop his back.

“Qingcheng.”

Qin Wentian shouted. At this moment, his heart was lurching violently. He was actually terribly afraid.

A droplet of blood dripped down, falling beside Qin Wentian. This caused Qin Wentian to feel as though his heart was being stabbed by a thousand knives. Currently, he was truly afraid; this terror came right from his heart. His body shuddered violently, fearing his worst fears would come true.

“I’m fine.”

A light voice drifted out. The sound of this gentle voice in Qin Wentian’s ears was even more melodious than celestial music.

The load on his back suddenly lightened as she rolled down to the ground, coming to a stop beside him, her face directly in front of his.

That unmatched countenance was only an inch away, causing the breaths of people to stop. Looking at that haggardness of that pale face, as well as the trace of blood at the corner of her lips, Qin Wentian deeply felt that he had been useless.

“What a close call.” Mo Qingcheng smiled at Qin Wentian, but that smile almost caused his heart to shatter.

Who was it? Who was it that dared to assassinate him in the grounds of the Emperor Star Academy?

Qin Wentian was trembling with rage, as a towering killing intent surged in his heart.

Who exactly was it that wanted his death after the Jun Lin Banquet so badly that they are willing to pay any price?

Qin Wentian gingerly extended his trembling hands, as he lightly wiped the blood traces from the corner of her mouth. He laughed when he looked at her, but his heart was still just as cold as before.

“Are you really okay?” Qin Wentian asked in a low voice.

“Yes, don’t worry, I still have some medicinal pills to aid me in my recovery.”

Mo Qingcheng withdrew a medicinal pill from her robes and she consumed it. After which, she smiled to Qin Wentian, “Are you able... to support me in getting up?”

After speaking, a faint tinge of red could be seen on that pale face of hers.

Qin Wentian nodded his head and supported Mo Qingcheng's body as she got up. "Recuperate well."

"Okay." Mo Qingcheng closed her eyes and started to channel and calm the Qi in her body.

At this moment, several silhouettes appeared in the surroundings. Some were flying about in the air trying to search for traces of that masked man while others were attending to the injuries of Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng.

"Who was it that had such guts?" Old Gu, upon looking at Mo Qingcheng's injuries, felt a rage so intense that his anger could be felt by those standing near him.

"The masked man slipped away before we arrived, it was obvious he didn't have time to assassinate Qin Wentian. If he had been slower by even one second, he wouldn't have successfully escaped. However, in such a short time, there's no way he could have escaped out of the academy under our eyes." Standing in the middle of the air, Ren Qianxing had a grim expression on his face. He had been too careless.

He had considered Qin Wentian's safety when he stepped out of the academy but never thought of a sneak attack in the grounds of their own academy.

"Are you saying that there's a traitor in our Emperor Star Academy?" Old Gu's gaze were as sharp as swords. His killing intent soared to its limits.

Qin Wentian's killing intent also surged to its limits.

After fully displaying his talent on the stage of the Jun Lin Banquet, it seemed that there were truly many people who wanted him to die.

Chapter 150: Release of Qin Chuan

In the Emperor Star Academy, Qin Wentian's residence was currently extremely chaotic, as many elders were standing inside it.

Qin Wentian just only recently obtained the championship of the Jun Lin Banquet, but it appeared that plans to assassinate him were already in motion. To the Emperor Star Academy, this was something definitely forbidden. If they didn't find out the power behind it, there would still be similar incidents occurring in the future.

"Wentian, what techniques did the masked man use?" Old Gu halted his steps when he arrived next to Qin Wentian.

"The Thousand Hands Imprint. Not only that, during the last few strikes, he seemed to use a sword-type innate technique. But I feel that he was trying to cover up his identity, which was why he didn't dare to release his Astral Soul." Qin Wentian replied.

"Indeed." Old Gu nodded his head. The Thousand Hands Imprint was an innate technique that originated from the 5th level of the Heavenly Star Pavilion and wasn't a forbidden technique. There were several within the academy who had the opportunity to cultivate it.

"Send men immediately to check with the Protector of the 5th level. I want to know who recently perused the manual for the Thousand Hands Imprint. For the past month, find out the names of

everyone who has done so.” Ren Qianxing stood in the middle of the air as he commanded. At this moment, he was extremely infuriated.

As some men departed to fulfil Ren’s order, there were also several Elders who soared up in the air at the same time. Their countenances were extremely unsightly as they asked, “There’s people who wanted to deal with Qin Wentian?”

“How brazen.”

As the Elders spoke out their displeasure one by one, Ren Qianxing coldly glanced at them. “All of you, who told you guys to converge here together?”

The Elders all froze in shock, as they noticed a cold pressure emanating from Ren Qianxing. Ren Qianxing was suspecting that the culprit was someone among them.

“The assassination this time around is no small matter, and everyone will be suspected. Not only that, I can confirmed that there’s a traitor within our academy. Although this matter may have nothing to do with you, the probability still exists. No matter how small the probability is, we have to investigate this matter clearly.”

Ren Qianxing’s words caused many to nod their heads in agreement as one of the Elders spoke. “Me and Yao Feng noticed the rest of the Elders rushing here. Knowing that something big happened, we decided to tag along to find out.”

Qin Wentian’s gaze shifted to the person who spoke. This person was none other than Janus.

“There’s hatred between Janus and me, he may be the one that wanted to kill me. However, this is the Emperor Star Academy. Surely he wouldn’t take the risk and strike out during such a sensitive time.”

Qin Wentian was silently speculating. He could only say that there was a possibility that the traitor was Janus, despite the probability being miniscule.

Ren Qianxing went silent for a moment before stating, “During these two days, all Yuanfu cultivators in the academy have to pay a visit to the Disciplinary Committee and account for your movements today. I want to eliminate all probability that there’s a traitor within our ranks. I hope that all of you can cooperate.”

Ren Qianxing’s words caused the hearts of the Elders to involuntarily shudder. He wanted to interrogate the whole academy. And as for those at the Yuanfu Realm, their positions were all esteemed and high-up, but Ren Qianxing still wanted to do so. It seemed as though he wouldn’t stop until he found out who the culprit was. This was sufficient enough to indicate how highly he regarded Qin Wentian.

“Okay, you all can go now.” After Ren Qianxing spoke, the crowd departed. He then turned and spoke to Qin Wentian, “Both of you, recuperate well. Leave this matter for me to handle.”

“Right.” Qin Wentian nodded, as he sat down and regarded Mo Qingcheng. He was fine, but if Mo Qingcheng hadn’t been there for him earlier, he would surely have perished. Just thinking of this made his heart go cold.

As the pale countenance of the young lady before him gradually regained its color, Qin Wentian also relaxed. The medicinal strength of that pill from earlier was extremely shocking. No wonder powerful alchemists were even rarer compared to Divine Inscriptionists.

After several moments, once Mo Qingcheng's countenance recovered its colour, Qin Wentian could see a red blush on both her cheeks. Looking at this caused his heart to beat slightly faster. What a heart-moving moment this was!

"If you continued to stare at her like this, she will never open her eyes." Nolan spoke, it was unknown when she suddenly appeared.

As the sound of her voice faded, Mo Qingcheng opened her eyes. Her eyes were like limpid water as they regained their former brilliance. She rolled her eyes at Qin Wentian, but expressions of shyness could still be seen on her face.

"Don't speak nonsense." Mo Qingcheng rose and glared at Nolan, causing Qin Wentian, who was sitting by the side, to blink his eyes rapidly as he laughed. It seemed that Nolan's words was accurate, Mo Qingcheng didn't dare to open her eyes when he was staring at her.

"Little White, thank you.." Mo Qingcheng fed a medicinal pill to her white crane.

Qin Wentian stood up as he gazed at Mo Qingcheng's departing back, only to see Mo Qingcheng turning, those gentle and intelligent eyes of hers smiling at him. There was no words of thanks being spoken between both of them. It wasn't that they were too formal, but that mere words of thanks were insufficient to express their feelings.

"There won't be something like this happening again. Next time, I will protect you." Qin Wentian blurted out, causing Mo Qingcheng to blink her eyes as she grew red. She hurriedly exclaimed, "Who needs your protection?"

After which, she mounted the white crane. "Little White, we're leaving."

Nolan also mounted the white crane and smiled at Qin Wentian, "Good good, your skin is becoming thicker."

The white crane soared to the skies, and both of the young ladies disappeared in the horizon. Qin Wentian gazed at the empty skies when he suddenly laughed. The words Mo Qingcheng said earlier seemed as though there were hints of romance hidden within.

Not only that, Mo Qingcheng was a Yuanfu Realm existence. As of now, how could he even protect her?

As he thought of this, Qin Wentian silently turned and began his cultivation.

The desire to get stronger grew increasingly stronger and stronger.

.....

In the depths of the Dark Forest, silence reigned around the Black Stronghold. The Black Stronghold was situated in a land of desolation, in a place where everyone had forgotten about it.

Within the Black Stronghold, there were numerous cells forged from hardened ice steel. And in these cells, one could see living prisoners locked up within.

This was a prison forged from ice steel. In there, there was only Yin Qi. The only sounds that sounded were the footsteps on the ice paths that ran through the middle of all the cells as the echos of the footsteps bounced off the walls.

“Qin Chuan.”

Abruptly, a cold voice called out. In one of the cells, Qin Chuan opened his eyes, revealing a cloudy light. Stroking his untidy beard, he looked at the silhouette standing outside the cells. Surely he wasn't delivering food again?

He heard the sounds of the metallic chains being unlocked. This caused a cold light to flicker in Qin Chuan's eyes. What tricks did they intend to play? Sending someone to unlock his chains? There should be something suspicious going on.

“You can go.”

“Go? Where?” Qin Chuan coldly inquired.

“You are free to go.” That person didn't reply, causing Qin Chuan to furrow his brows as he was led out of the prison.

The person led Qin Chuan outside, after which another prison warden locked the gates of the prison and coldly snorted, “What a lucky bastard. That adopted godson of his actually got the first place in the Jun Lin Banquet.”

Soon after, the doors of the Black Stronghold slammed shut.

At this moment, in the ice prison, a pitiful figure lying on the floor trembled slightly before opening his eyes. Hidden in the cloudy eyes of his, one could see an intent that was as sharp as swords.

This person was naturally Qin Wu, the father of Qin Chuan.

Outside the Black Stronghold, Qin Chuan breathed in the fresh air and felt the wetness of the morning air while a bewildered expression appeared on his face.

At this moment, all chains on him had already been unlocked. Not only that, the two other people beside him weren't even powerful enough to be considered guards.

The words ‘You are free to go’ resounded in his ears as disbelief was still apparent in his eyes.

Was this a trap?

After standing there for a long moment, Qin Chuan opened his mouth again and asked, “Where are you bringing me to?”

“To the Royal Capital. Let's go.” One of the two figures spoke. They stepped into the Dark Forest.

The sunlight gradually warmed the surroundings, as Qin Chuan and the rest followed the path and walked out of the Dark Forest. Finally, he walked out of that icy prison, and now he that he was out, seeing humans and buildings everywhere, the oppressive feelings in his heart also lightened somewhat.

All this, however, wasn't that important to him because Qin Chuan currently saw two familiar silhouettes standing there waiting for him.

“Father,” Qin Yao’s tears dripped down her face as she rushed over, burying her head in Qin Chuan’s bosom.

Qin Wentian also walked to Qin Chuan’s side as he called out, “Father.”

“Yao`er, Wentian, what’s going on?” A lack of comprehension could be seen on Qin Chuan’s face.

Qin Yao shifted her head away from the bosom of Qin Chuan. A radiant smile could be seen on her face. “Father, it’s Wentian. He became the champion of the Jun Lin Banquet. At this moment, not only the Emperor Star Academy and the Divine Weapon Pavilion support him, but there’s also a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign that’s fond of him, forcing the 3rd Prince Chu Tianjiao to release you.”

“Champion of the Jun Lin Banquet, support of the Emperor Star Academy and Divine Weapon Pavilion, and a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign?!” Qin Chuan was stunned. After a long moment, he glanced at Qin Wentian as he raised his head, drawing in a deep breath. In his eyes, the light of hot tears could be seen flickering within.

Walking forwards, Qin Chuan embraced Qin Wentian in a hug, his tears finally overflowing.

“Countless people said my son wasn’t able to cultivate. But I, Qin Chuan, have always believed that when my son finally explodes forth with his radiance, he would be like a star, far up in the Heavens as others gazed at him in wonder.”

Qin Chuan’s voice was filled with indescribable emotions. What else could he wish for with a son like this?

Although they weren’t related by blood, the bonds between them were even closer than that of a real parent and child.

“Champion of the Jun Lin Banquet, I think Autumn Snow isn’t even worthy enough to carry my son’s shoes anymore.” Qin Chuan had always remembered the words and actions of the Bai Clan from back then.

“Father, when Wentian obtained the championship of the Jun Lin Banquet. Bai Qingsong and Autumn Snow was there as well. Autumn Snow didn’t even have the qualifications to participate in the banquet and could only look up to Qin Wentian from afar.” Qin Yao laughed.

“Father, everything is finally over.” Qin Wentian drew in a huge breath.

“Yeah, let’s walk while we talk.” Qin Yao smiled.

The guards standing by the side of Qin Chuan turned and departed, and as for the Yuanfu cultivators who accompanied Qin Wentian to this meetup point, they all nodded their heads as they saw Qin Chuan.

“These seniors are the Yuanfu Elders from the Emperor Star Academy who are here to protect Wentian.” Qin Yao explained, causing Qin Chuan to freeze in shock. From this, one could see how important Qin Wentian was to the academy; he actually required an entourage of Yuanfu-level guards just for merely going out of the academy.

The child from before had already grown up, which caused him to feel gratified in his heart.

.....

In the Royal Palace, within a luxurious room, Chu Tianjiao sat on the ground, his gaze respectfully riveted in the direction of the Dragon Couch in front of him.

On the Dragon Couch, a feeble old man with a pale countenance was lying there.

“Father, your son is useless, powerless to help you despite your condition getting more severe.” Chu Tianjiao guiltily exclaimed.

“It’s not your fault I might pass away at any time. Tomorrow, I’m going to meet with our Ancestor. And as for the future of Chu, I will pass it into your hands.” The silhouette lying atop the couch quietly stated.

“Is Ancestor still around?” Chu Tianjiao asked.

“Naturally. But, only the Emperor is able to enter the Dragon Pool Chamber. This is the rule set by our family. After you succeed the position, you can also pay a visit to Ancestor. Although our Ancestor doesn’t care much about worldly affairs, he wouldn’t ignore if the Chu Clan was in a crisis.”

“And if you have the time, help me educate your eldest brother. Although he caused me disappointment, after all, the blood of our Chu Clan still flows in his veins.” That silhouette sighed again. Although many in Chu looked down on and disregarded the Eldest Prince, the aged figure knew how outstanding his eldest son truly was.