

Ancient GM 201

Chapter 201: Little Rascal's Evolution

The name, 'Qin Wentian', once again resounded throughout the Royal Capital. The champion of the Jun Lin Banquet, after stepping into Yuanfu, had slaughtered Ye Wuque, Wu Chong and Wang Teng within a single battle.

The death of these three dazzling geniuses, further paved the way in adding on to the radiance of the 'legendary' youth, Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian's status in Chu became an extremely sensitive topic. This character that was venerated by countless commoners as a heaven-defying genius, was on the contrary, hated immensely by the Royal Clan and Ye Clan. But because of the presence of Diyi, no one dared to make a move against Qin Wentian. Even when those from the Ye Clan saw how Ye Wuque died in front of their eyes, they didn't dare to do anything at all. After all, Qin Wentian and Ye Wuque had a prior agreement – the Life-and-Death Contract, and so their battle was supposed to be one that put their lives on the line.

If Qin Wentian died in the battle, Diyi would not take revenge. If that's the case, how could the Ye Clan dare to act against Qin Wentian?

Within the Royal Capital, many risk-takers and adventurers hung out in the district of the small town near the boundaries of the Dark Forest. Being in towns or other areas of civilization were the only places where they could relax. Because the moment they entered the Dark Forest, in the face of extreme danger, even their closest friends might betray them.

"Did you guys watch the battle yesterday? That brat Qin Wentian was really too f*cking powerful. He's too f*cking awesome! He wasted Wang Teng with only a single move!" A powerfully-built man exclaimed enthusiastically to a woman beside him.

"He's only 17 this year right, is he really that powerful?" The girl remarked in disbelief. A few other cultivators crowded around the man as they spoke, "Brother Bull, are you exaggerating?"

"Exaggerating?" Brother Bull glared at them, "You guys didn't witness the battle with your own eyes and thus have no idea that little brat dominated the entire show. In any case just a breath he spat out has the power to annihilate all of us. You all know who Ye Wuque is right? After Ye Wuque defeated Qiu Mo, he became the 4th ranked among the ten prodigies of Chu. But do you know what the end result was? He died in that battle where they fought three against one. What dog-shit talent does he have?"

“Brother Bull, tell us more in detail, what happened in the battle? Not only that, what does Qin Wentian look like? Does he have a big head, and strong, muscular limbs?” The beautiful lashes of the lady fluttered, curiosity in her heart.

“Hmm, his biceps are bigger than my thighs, while his thighs are as thick as tree trunks. He’s very strong.” Brother Bull grinned.

“Cough, cough.” The sound of coughing drifted over, and as Brother Bull and the rest turned their heads over, they saw a youth of about 17 years of age with a bitter smile on his face. He held within his arms an extremely adorable snowy puppy.

Qin Wentian felt somewhat depressed in his heart, the rumors spreading about him were getting more and more outrageous. Not only did this Brother Bull know how to boast, he had totally destroyed Qin Wentian’s image.

“What? Hey little fellow, you don’t believe me? Look at your slender and fragile frame. I believe just a strong gust of wind would already be sufficient to leave you sprawling to the ground. I don’t think you could even withstand an attack from his little finger,” Brother Bull continued boasting.

“I believe, I strongly believe.” Qin Wentian nodded his head continuously, as he hastened his steps, quickly entering the Dark Forest. When he entered the forest, he couldn’t help but look at the puppy in his arms as he asked, “Little Rascal, am I really that ugly?”

As the sound of Qin Wentian’s voice drifted over to the ears of Brother Bull and the rest of the cultivators, their expressions froze, as they stood there, stunned. By the time they turned their gaze towards the entrance of the Dark Forest, Qin Wentian’s silhouette had already disappeared.

The cultivators around Brother Bull all drew in a deep breath, as they shifted their gazes onto Brother Bull.

“What a liar. What sort of character is Qin Wentian, how can he look so delicate like a pretty boy. Am I right?” Brother Bull laughed loudly, but even he himself could feel the lack of self-confidence in his own words. Shaking his head, he continued, “Yup he’s definitely a liar, he was posing as Qin Wentian.”

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Now that Qin Wentian was already at the Yuanfu Realm, it naturally lessened the degree of danger met within the Dark Forest. Although there were still some minor troubles along the way, he still arrived at his destination unharmed.

There was a huge slab of mountain rock in the middle of a vast expanse of land. Qin Wentian laid there as he quietly contemplated his surroundings.

Everything was the same as he remembered, with the exception of the nine illusory towering mountain peaks.

Here in this place back then, he met the dream-will of the green-robed middle aged man, and gained enlightenment. He enlarged the scale and scope of his dreams, indulging himself in fantasy while also receiving the Diagram of the Mountains and Rivers. That Diagram felt increasingly profound, the longer Qin Wentian looked at it. Even the current him when looking at the Diagram, would still perceive different concepts each time, which further increased his insights regarding the Martial Path.

Occasionally, he would also venture a guess. What level of cultivation had the monstrous genius – the green-robed man, reached exactly? His power level shouldn't be lower when compared to that of the Azure Emperor.

And now, the reason as to why Qin Wentian revisited this place, was naturally because of the promise he had made.

Back then when he was on the verge of death, the Blackwind Condor brought him here to give him a chance of survival. He promised the condor that before he left Chu, when he was able to control the power of his bloodline limit, he would gift the condor three drops of his blood. Now, he was back here to fulfil that promise.

The place where they agreed to meet, was here.

In the distance, the silhouettes of numerous demonic beasts could be seen, while various cries could be heard, as though they were summoning their king.

Indeed, just a short while later, an immense shadow blotted out the sun, rapidly flying towards him as the huge wings created strong gusts of wind.

The Blackwind Condor descended, landing before Qin Wentian, as hints of astonishment could be seen in its cruel eyes.

Back then, although it had made an agreement with Qin Wentian, it didn't place much faith into it. Humankind places too high an attachment on profit and benefits, and although it was said that demonic beasts are savage and excessively cruel, they would never be able to compare to humankind when it came to craftiness, and of lies and deceit. As a highly intelligent demonic beast, the Blackwind Condor naturally understood many truths about the ugliness of humanity.

Thus, it was completely taken by surprise when he saw that Qin Wentian was here to keep his promise.

"Senior." Qin Wentian nodded to the Blackwind Condor, upon which he sliced open the skin of his right index finger. As he sliced, he activated the power of his bloodline limit, causing countless blood seals to be channelled to his index finger and almost instantly, that drop of blood was filled with the power of his bloodline limit.

The Blackwind Condor opened its beak, Qin Wentian flicked his index finger as three droplets of blood flew into its mouth. As the Blackwind Condor swallowed the three droplets of blood, a powerful surge of energy started to seeth crazily in its body. Even Qin Wentian who was standing by the side, could faintly sense the undulations.

This caused Qin Wentian to be bewildered, was the power of his bloodline limit really so beneficial?

"Arf arf." On the ground, Little Rascal inclined its head, staring at Qin Wentian with puppy eyes, appearing extremely pitiful yet still just as adorable.

"Huh, you want some as well?" Qin Wentian asked in wonderment. Upon hearing his words, Little Rascal hurriedly bobbed its little head, causing Qin Wentian to roll his eyes at its comical actions. Was his blood really that attractive to demonic beasts?

"Fine fine, open your mouth then," Qin Wentian stated helplessly. Little Rascal's puppy eyes brightened as it complied with Qin Wentian's instructions.

Qin Wentian once again channeled the blood seals towards the wound on his finger. Squatting down, he let that droplet of blood fall into Little Rascal's mouth. Little Rascal's eyes closed, and soon after, under the attentive watch of Qin Wentian, its body gradually grew bigger. Within its

body, a crimson light shone, as though Little Rascal's blood was seething and surging in a similar fashion.

"Bloodline Limit?" Qin Wentian's countenance froze. Could it be that his blood had awakened the demonic bloodline of Little Rascal?

Golden colored outlines of the pathways of its blood circulated, shining resplendently, and under the dumbfounded stare of Qin Wentian, he witnessed the body of Little Rascal enlarging again. Currently, its size resembled an adult demonic wolf, and even more astonishing was that its previously white fur was now coated with streaks of gold. The golden fur on its forehead was exceptionally obvious, forming a curved line, as its sharp claws became coated with a layer of golden armor. That was a scale armor, a golden colored scale armor.

"This fellow, what type of demonic beast is he?" Qin Wentian was stunned into speechlessness. This Little Rascal had an extremely high level of intelligence and from the moment it followed him, it was already capable of understanding human speech.

Abruptly, the Blackwind Condor shrieked shrilly, the volume of its screech was so loud that it echoed throughout the Dark Forest, causing the various demonic beasts to enter into a frenzy. Their king was howling.

Only now did Qin Wentian turn his attention onto the Blackwind Condor. He saw that at this moment, a crimson glow emanated forth from the body of the Blackwind Condor, enveloping it within. The aura the condor was currently exuding, felt increasingly terrifying to Qin Wentian.

However, the gaze of the Blackwind Condor was fixated seriously on Little Rascal, as if it were witnessing something amazing.

Only to see Little Rascal's eyes open abruptly, as a terrifying glow of golden light glimmered in its depths.

"Woof!" Little Rascal opened its mouth, and as it spat out golden beams of light, the outline of a Divine Imprint was formed. When the eyes of the Blackwind Condor fell onto the picture of the Divine Imprint, its body trembled as though it were seeing something inconceivable.

Little Rascal's eyes locked onto Qin Wentian's index finger, as an expression of excitement flashed within.

“You want me to drip a drop of my blood onto this Divine Imprint?” Qin Wentian gazed at Little Rascal as he asked.

Little Rascal nodded with incessantness. Qin Wentian laughed, as he flicked out his finger, causing another droplet of blood to land on that shimmering Divine Imprint. The fresh blood flowed according to the outlines of the Divine Imprint, and very quickly, as the blood was absorbed, the Divine Imprint transformed into a beam of golden light as it shot back into the body of Little Rascal.

“Yiyiyaya!” A voice abruptly sounded out in Qin Wentian’s head, causing him to be stunned. He looked back at that snowy puppy. After the transformation earlier, Little Rascal had returned to his adorable form.

Qin Wentian blinked in confusion as he tentatively asked, “Little Rascal, is that your voice?”

“Yiyiyayiya!” That sound rang out once again. However, Qin Wentian was somewhat gloomy as he stared at the adorable appearance of Little Rascal. Carrying it up into his arms, he patted its little head as he smiled, “Seems like you are still a baby, you can only understand my words but can’t converse yet. And what nonsense is yiyiyayiya, it’s totally incomprehensible.”

Although his exterior appearance appeared calm, Qin Wentian’s heart felt as though it was struck by a thunderbolt. That Divine Imprint earlier actually allowed Little Rascal’s voice to be directly transmitted into his mind? How miraculous was that?

The Blackwind Condor stared in shock as Qin Wentian patted the head of Little Rascal, appearing to be playing with his pet. Its eyes flashed with confusion, and it was unknown what it was thinking about.

After which, the Blackwind Condor turned, and laid flat on the ground before Qin Wentian.

“Mhm?” A light of surprise shone in Qin Wentian’s eyes. After which, he walked forwards and climbed onto the back of the Blackwind Condor. An instant later, squalls erupted, the Blackwind Condor soared into the skies, and continued flying towards the depths of the Dark Forest.

On the ground below, tens of thousands of demonic beasts appeared, and as they followed the trajectory of the Blackwind Condor, their combined weight caused the earth to rumble.

As they approached the depths of the Dark Forest, Qin Wentian discovered that there were a few extremely powerful auras flying in a certain direction, each not one whit inferior to the Blackwind Condor. The total number of demonic beasts present was so staggering that it reminded Qin Wentian about stories of the past that he had heard in Chu – the attack of great beast tides.

However, these demonic beasts weren't moving in the direction of Chu, but rather, they were heading further into the depths, heading towards the heart of the Dark Forest!

Chapter 202: Unsettled Waves

Now that Qin Wentian had truly entered the depths of the Dark Forest, only now did he comprehend that the Dark Forest was much more mysterious and terrifying than what was previously imagined.

The Dark Forest that enveloped Chu, has an even longer history compared to the country itself. No one knows exactly how long the Dark Forest has existed. No one in Chu had ever uncovered all its secrets.

Perhaps before this, not many had ever stepped foot into the forest's deepest depths, and even if they had, such a character would definitely not have remained in Chu. Thus, there has been no recorded history of any information regarding the innermost areas of the Dark Forest.

Qin Wentian stood on the back of the Blackwind Condor and witnessed a countless myriad of demonic beasts galloping at high speeds, following them from behind. Together, they passed through many mysterious places, ancient tunnels and pathways, trees and foliage in the Dark Forest. Eventually the scene before Qin Wentian filled his heart with shock. There were numerous razor-sharp mountain peaks that were mysteriously connected together, forming a massive barrier that blotted out the entire sky.

The multitudinous demonic beasts dashed ahead, entering the space beneath the barrier. Unable to penetrate fully through the barrier of mountain peaks, the sun's rays were weaker in intensity. The space ahead was no longer a location within the Dark Forest but rather, a vast expanse of plains.

Finally, the Blackwind Condor reduced its speed, as it lowered its altitude. The speed of the other demonic beasts slowed down as well, as they advanced forwards. Not only that, there were several demonic beasts that had their heads bowed as they advanced. The attitude of these beasts shocked Qin Wentian immensely.

Their actions caused a notion to be born in his head – were these beasts on a pilgrimage?

Hundreds of thousands of incomparably savage demonic beasts arrived at this region, yet their attitudes appeared exceedingly pious and devout, like they were about to worship the Sovereign of all demonic beasts.

And at this moment, Qin Wentian's eyes glowed with a brilliant light. In front of him, there were two incomprehensibly large statues. One of them was in the form of a terrifying giant that reached over hundreds of meters in height, while the other statue was of a fearsome demonic beast, crouching by his side.

"This en masse movement of demonic beasts, are they really on a pilgrimage?" Qin Wentian felt truly astounded by the scene before him. As they flew nearer and nearer to the two statues, even the Blackwind Condor had landed onto the ground and adopted a similar attitude as the others. It, too, prostrated itself on the ground before the two statues, as though they were all worshipping their king.

All demonic beasts had a certain level of intelligence; although they were many times more cruel and tyrannical compared to humans, their personality traits were more loyal and as a whole they were more honest about their emotions.

All of a sudden, Qin Wentian felt his body turn cold, and an instant later, he discovered the ice cold eyes of a few extremely powerful demonic beasts turning their gazes in the direction of Little Rascal, who he currently held in his arms.

Qin Wentian froze, it seemed that these powerful demonic beasts were unhappy to see both of them failing to prostrate themselves and worship the statues. Columns and columns of fearsome demonic Qi gushed forth, gushing towards Qin Wentian, as low growls sounded out from their throats. It appeared that they were communicating with the Blackwind Condor.

It seemed as though Little Rascal could sense their malicious intentions. Leaping out of Qin Wentian's arms, it transformed into its battleform. The golden fur on its forehead shone with resplendent light, as the demonic scale armor formed, enveloping its sharp claws. Little Rascal stood there, coldly surveying the powerful demonic beasts while an air of grandeur and nobility emanated from it.

"ROAR!" A low rumbling sound echoed. Little Rascal was growling at them all. Abruptly, it transformed into a stream of light as it explosively dashed ahead.

Little Rascal's speed was exceptionally fast, it took only an instant before it reached the head of the nearby beast statue. Within moments, all the demonic beasts erupted in a frenzy, forming a

cacophony of howls and shrieks. They wanted nothing more than to devour Little Rascal, but they didn't dare to approach the statues.

“Woowoof!” Little Rascal howled, a hint of respect could be heard within, his howl resounding throughout the dark forest. Turning its head skywards, its demeanor was filled with pride.

The few powerful demonic beasts couldn't bear the provocation of Little Rascal any longer. Anger clouded their features as they dashed forwards, yet as they neared the statue, they couldn't advance further, as though there was an energy barrier blocking them from advancing. Rumbling sounds rang out, as their bodies were bounced back by a counter force. However, they didn't give up but continued rushing towards Little Rascal repeatedly, which eventually caused them to spit out blood, evidently injured by the impact from the counter force.

Such a scene caused Qin Wentian to be thunderstruck; these demonic beasts were truly determined. But what was even more surprising was that these powerful beasts were unmistakably blocked by a mysterious energy, and yet why was it that Little Rascal could break through that same barrier and even stand on top of the head of that beast statue?

Low-volume growls of provocation issued relentlessly from Little Rascal, causing Qin Wentian to feel extremely tickled. To think that this puppy of his actually had such an arrogant side as well.

“Yiyiyaya.” Little Rascal's attempt at speech rang out in his mind. An expression of bewilderment flashed in his eyes as he saw Little Rascal staring at him, before pointing its paws to the giant statue beside it, while gesturing for him to come forward.

Qin Wentian moved, only to see a group of demonic beasts blocking his path. Only when the Blackwind Condor beside him loomed threateningly over them, issuing a series of sharp shrieks, did they open up a path for Qin Wentian. However in spite of this, their eyes were filled with venom as they glared at Qin Wentian. If looks could kill, Qin Wentian would already be dead.

As he neared the statues, Qin Wentian gradually sensed an overwhelming pressure bearing down on him.

Rumble~ That pressure blasted against Qin Wentian's body, forcing him backwards. The impact causing his internal organs to tremble, and he wiped a trace of blood away from the corners of his lips. Qin Wentian's eyes widened in shock; at the instant when that pressure blasted upon him, it was as though he could sense the statues were alive, and the overbearing pressure must have been formed from their power of will.

“Are these the statues of supreme powerhouses that died?” A ludicrous notion surfaced in Qin Wentian’s mind. This time round, the blood in his body seethed, as a monstrous demonic Qi emanated forth from him. With a protective layer of Astral Light shrouding his body, he walked forwards step by step, towards the statues.

This time round, the power of will felt even more obvious, as the pressure it created intensified, causing Qin Wentian’s blood vessels to constrict and his heart to pound. This pressure was too terrifying.

Qin Wentian arduously made his way forward. However, as a thunderous sound echoed, the pressure akin to a thousand jin hammer blows pounded on his chest. Once again, his body was hurled backwards by the impact, as he spat out fresh blood.

As the blood spat out by Qin Wentian sprinkled in the air, abruptly, a mysterious surge of energy caused the blood to coagulate in the shape of a thread, before it drifted over and entered the statue of the giant.

All of a sudden, tremors rocked the earth as an overwhelming aura emanated from the statue, resembling an ancient heavenly god, so powerful that the demonic beasts weren’t even able to draw breath.

Bzz! Clouds of dust were shed from the statue as a divine glow shone in its eyes. As the earth rumbled, the surrounding mountain peaks trembled unceasingly as well. Boundless amounts of starlight cascaded downwards from the now-present gaps in the mountain peak barrier, landing onto the statue before radiating outwards, permeating the vast expanse of the plains.

An instant later, a projection that encompassed everything was formed from the starlight.

“Heavenly Constellation Manifestation.” Qin Wentian’s heart shook, back then in one of the memory fragments he unlocked, outside the Heavenly Qin Divine Sect, that old fogey – his father, was duelling a bunch of monstrously powerful freaks that could manifest the heavenly constellations.

At the instant the mysterious projection manifested, Qin Wentian and the rest of the demonic beasts felt as though the pressure of a huge mountain was on their backs.

At the same time, he also sensed mysterious waves of energy enter his body, aiding him to resist that overbearing pressure.

Qin Wentian continued walking forwards, advancing to the side of that ancient statue, as he tried to contemplate the mysteries within.

“Woof!” Little Rascal wagged its tail, as it barked happily, excitement flashing in its eyes.

The demonic beasts were all thunderstruck when they saw this. At this moment they were wondering, that young human as well as the little puppy, what kind of existences were they exactly.

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In a place far away from Chu, within the Grand Xia Empire, on a stargazing platform in the Venerate Heavens Sect of the Ginkou Continent, a white-haired old man had his hands clasped behind his back as he stared up to the heavens. His eyes glimmered with Astral Light and appeared as though he was capable of seeing through the past and present.

With a wave of his hands, a map instantly appeared before him, floating in the air. That map was incomparably huge, with numerous territories carefully outlined on it. This could be considered a perfect map of the Grand Xia Empire where all landmarks and the transcendent powers of the various continents were defined.

Flicking his finger, a mote of star light zoomed in towards an extremely small dot on the map. An instant later, the words ‘Chu Country’, gleamed.

The old man furrowed his brows. Chu Country, how was it possible for such a phenomenon to appear in such a small country? If this was really true, the location of that should be within those ancient historical sites of Chu.

“The Demonic Star descended in Chu, quickly send men to investigate this.” The voice of the old man abruptly resounded throughout the Venerate Heavens Sect, causing the countless experts within to be shocked as they stared in the direction of Chu.

“Chu Country.” For the first time, the name of this country caused huge ripples of commotion within the Venerate Heavens Sect.

Not only that, a short while later, the voice of the old man rang out within the Ginkou Continent, and eventually to the various continents in the Grand Xia Empire.

However, no one in Chu knew of what had just transpired.

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At this moment, the ‘controller’ of Chu, 3rd Prince Chu Tianjiao, felt extreme unease in his heart. This was the first time he ever felt waves of such magnitude that his normally resolute disposition wavered. Before him stood a figure with his head bowed. The reason for the waves in his heart was none other than the news brought by this messenger.

“Are you certain?” Chu Tianjiao asked for the third time, as he stared at the bowed messenger.

“Your subordinate is extremely sure. It’s definitely Xiao Lan, he died in the outskirts of the Royal Capital.” Under the heavy atmosphere, the messenger replied in a low voice.

“What about his corpse?” Chu Tianjiao asked again.

“We are temporarily holding it in our possession,” the messenger replied.

“Deal with it cleanly, you should understand what to do,” Chu Tianjiao coldly commanded, as an icy light flashed in his eyes. That messenger nodded and retreated. He naturally understood what he should do, those that knew of this matter had all been killed, with him as the only one remaining. He definitely had to plan for contingencies in case Chu Tianjiao decided to remove him as well.

After the messenger departed, Chu Tianjiao shuddered as he drew in a deep breath. Naturally, he wasn’t the one that orchestrated Xiao Lan’s death.

Xiao Lan was the representative of the Xiao Faction in the Nine Mystical Palace. So long as he died because of matters of the Chu Country, their Royal Clan would definitely be implicated.

The deed would also surely not be orchestrated by those from Diyi’s side. Since Diyi spared Xiao Lan, there was no way he would assassinate him and risk truly infuriating the Nine Mystical Palace.

In that case, who exactly was it?

And furthermore, what gave chills to Chu Tianjiao's heart was that news of this matter was quickly spread to the entirety of Chu. Panicking, he quickly thought of countermeasures and decisively sent people to inform the Nine Mystical Palace of this incident!

Chapter 203: Revenge of the Nine Mystical Palace

After the news of Xiao Lan's death leaked out, Diyi, who was prepared to depart Chu, decided to stay instead. At the same time, he commanded those students that had yet to leave, to flee far away from the Royal Capital of Chu. As long as they fully dispersed, the Nine Mystical Palace couldn't easily hunt them down one by one.

Today, Chu Tianjiao led a group of people to stand ceremoniously at the entrance of the Royal Capital, but it was unknown as to who they were welcoming.

From afar, roars and shrieks of demonic beasts could be heard, as a few powerful demonic flying-type beasts of immense stature soared through the skies. Upon flying over, they gradually descended. The gusts of wind generated from the flapping of their wings buffeted Chu Tianjiao on his face, yet he didn't dare to show any hints of displeasure, and remained respectfully positioned there, waiting to greet the visitors.

As they slowly floated downwards, a few silhouettes stepped out from the back of the demonic beasts, shooting cold glances at the group of people gathered around Chu Tianjiao. Ultimately, the gaze of one of them landed onto Xiao Lù.

"Are you the Crown Prince of Snowcloud?" inquired the man in a low voice, his tone extremely icy. Xiao Lù bowed, replying, "Xiao Lù of the junior generations pays his respect to the clan elder."

"Enough," replied the man with indifference, "Tell me everything. I want the truth, and if I sense dishonesty in your words, you will bear the consequences yourself."

Xiao Lù respectfully bowed again, as he recounted the history of past events, mentioning how Xiao Lan clashed against the Emperor Star Academy, how the expert Yuanfu cultivators of the Nine Mystical Palace were slaughtered by Diyi, how Diyi spared Xiao Lan in the end, but ultimately, Xiao Lan was killed outside the entrance of the Royal Capital.

Upon hearing Xiao Lù's words, that man shifted his gaze onto Chu Tianjiao as he asked, "There should be one Heavenly Dipper Sovereign in your Chu Clan. Why did he not participate in the battle, thus allowing disciples of my Nine Mystical Palace to be freely slaughtered?"

As the sound of his voice faded, an overwhelming pressure enveloped Chu Tianjiao, causing him to tremble in fear.

“Junior wasn’t aware that there was a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign in the Emperor Star Academy. When we realized what had happened, it was already too late. Junior understands that I should be responsible for Xiao Lan’s death, and I am willing to accept any punishment,” Chu Tianjiao humbly replied, appearing extremely courteous, but in his words he clearly expressed that he wasn’t responsible for Xiao Lan’s death.

“Since you weren’t aware in the past, we can forget it. But now that you have learnt of his existence, I command the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign of Chu to kill Diyi,” added the man, tyrannically. Chu Tianjiao’s heart turned cold, yet he dared not show any hint of disobedience. He could only respectfully reply, “This Junior shall inform my ancestor.”

That person didn’t bother to reply. After Chu Tianjiao departed, the group of people he brought were trembling with fear and trepidation and didn’t dare to say anything else.

After some time, a terrifying aura emanated forth from the Royal Palace in Chu, shocking everyone within. After which, the silhouette of an old man walked out from the palace, as an oppressive aura of blood-might gushed savagely towards the direction of the Emperor Star Academy. Wherever it passed by, those within its proximity could feel their bodies corroding, as they let out bloodcurdling screams, before transforming into pools of blood.

“Mandate of Blood. It seems like the second level of the Mandate of Blood he comprehended, was the insight of corrosion.” Those from the Nine Mystical Palace mumbled in a low voice, as they felt that oppressive sense of blood-might.

That overflowing, oppressive aura of blood-might pressured the entire land, causing the entire Royal Capital to tremble in fear. However, a few moments later, as if in answer, a similarly terrifying aura emanated from the direction of the Emperor Star Academy. In the next instant, those within the areas surrounding the Emperor Star Academy, all felt as though the movements of their bodies were restricted, exceedingly uncomfortable, to the point where it felt there was someone choking their throats.

The two hegemonic auras clashed in midair as countless people fled the region. This time around, the situation was different from before, when Diyi slaughtered the Yuanfu experts of the Nine Mystical Palace. This time around, just the aftershocks from the clashing auras, were sufficient to deal out deaths.

From afar, Chu Tianjiao stared at the battlefield, as he sighed in his heart. His old ancestor was supposed to be their Chu Clan's reserve, the final trump card, and only to appear as a last resort if their Chu Clan was on the verge of annihilation. However, because of the death of Xiao Lan, he was forced into action to deal with the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign Diyi. This caused Chu Tianjiao to silently vow in his heart, when he was powerful enough, one day he would definitely make the Nine Mystical Palace dance in his palms.

"Mandate of Blood clashing against the Mandate of Force, with both at the second level, but it seems that Diyi has the advantage." A powerhouse from the Nine Mystical Palace stated in a low voice, "Diyi should be from the 'hidden' Azure Faction of the Azure Emperor Palace."

As the sound of his voice faded, those from the Nine Mystical Palace flew towards the region where the clash of mandates took place.

The confrontation between Diyi and the Ancestor of Chu rose to terrifying heights. Diyi's Astral Mandate was stronger, but he only had two Astral Novas while his opponent had three.

While Diyi and the Ancestor of Chu both had four Astral Souls, the reason why they had not nurtured all four into Astral Novas was because in order to successfully nurture even one, one would require astronomical amounts of Astral Energy before they could do so. The amount of Astral Energy needed was beyond the realm of terrifying, even with the resources of an entire country supporting him, the ancestor of Chu was still unable to nurture his 4th Astral Nova.

The Chu Country, to a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign, was really too small. After one reached a certain level, they would be restricted by the lack of cultivation resources available.

Diyi's robes were fluttering in the wind, and as he saw the approach of those from the Nine Mystical Palace, a sharp glint of light flashed in his eyes.

"Although I may die, I have no regrets. But before that happens, I must eliminate the source of this threat to Chu." Diyi's eyes were calm, he was already prepared to lose his life. If he took the ancestor of Chu down with him, then as long as those from the Nine Mystical Palace didn't act against Qin Wentian, there would be no need to worry about his safety.

As he thought of this, he slowly stepped out. The overflowing oppressive aura of blood-might gushed towards him, but both his hands were already positioned in a stance, grabbing outwards. Momentarily, tens of thousands of fist shadows filled the skies, defending against the blood-might, as he grabbed hold of his opponent's body.

The Ancestor of Chu froze, was Diyi looking for death?

“KILL!” The haggard frame of the ancestor stepped out, as a shocking blood-colored glow shone on Diyi, instantly corroding his body. However despite this, Diyi still closed the distance between them.

BOOM! Both heaven and earth trembled, the ancestor of Chu felt his body sinking. An inconceivable amount of force was pressing against his body, while at the same time, countless formless fist shadows were locking his body in place. Diyi increased his speed, transforming into a stream of light, blasting explosively towards him.

The light sparkled as the wind howled, in his heart, he was ready to face death. He had no other regrets.

BOOM! An earth-shattering force ruthlessly slammed into the body of the ancestor of Chu. Diyi's entire being was corroding, but he still had strength left to fight. Grabbing his way forward, he abruptly released a gigantic palm-type Astral Nova so large that it seemed to have no boundaries, securely locking the body of the ancestor within.

“HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?!” the ancestor of Chu roared in fear. Diyi's countenance was a mask of ruthlessness, as he abruptly clenched his fist, causing a nightmarish sound to ring out from within. Before dying, his opponent transformed into a stream of blood-colored light, zooming towards Diyi, causing the entirety of Diyi's body to be dyed in blood. As of now, the corrosion had already eaten half of his body.

Bzzz~ At this moment, from the direction of the Nine Mystical Palace, a silver light erupted as chains penetrated through Diyi's shoulder, binding him securely as his blood splattered out in great amounts, dying the surface of the ground red. After which, Diyi was mercilessly dragged skywards.

“I have nothing to do with Xiao Lan's death.” At this moment, Diyi was still unperturbed, since he already knew that the Nine Mystical Palace wouldn't spare him, he might as well make his attitude clear to all and hope that the Nine Mystical Palace wouldn't take out their anger onto the students of the Emperor Star Academy.

Those from the Nine Mystical Palace didn't say anything, as they pulled the chained Diyi about, parading him in the air. Everyone in Chu was dumbstruck, was this the strength of the Nine Mystical Palace? In front of them, Chu was really too weak.

Chu Tianjiao felt extremely pissed off in his heart. Although they captured Diyi, but the ancestor of Chu had died, using his life for this. The Nine Mystical Palace was too callous, if they acted earlier, the ancestor of Chu wouldn't have died. But they didn't, they wanted to make Chu pay a price for the death of Xiao Lan.

“Exterminate all from the Emperor Star Academy, leave none alive. Also, investigate who the killer was.” The power experts from the Nine Mystical Palace mounted their demonic beasts as they flew away. Diyi’s chained body was pitifully dragged in the air, a spectacle too horrible to behold.

Very quickly, those from the Nine Mystical Palace disappeared into the horizon.

However, a glint of ice-cold light could be seen flickering in Chu Tianjiao’s eyes. He knew that if he still chose to go to the Nine Mystical Palace for cultivation now, he would surely end up in a sorry state.

“Pass my command down, capture all the students from Emperor Star Academy,” Chu Tianjiao coldly ordered, his voice resounded throughout the Royal Palace.

It seemed as though the Chu Country would again be drenched in a storm of blood once more.

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On the outskirts of the Dark Forest, a white crane was soaring through the skies. On top of the white crane sat a graceful silhouette, as they both flew into the Dark Forest.

Mo Qingcheng’s beautiful eyes were filled with anxiety and concern, knowing that Qin Wentian had entered the Dark Forest. And now that Diyi had been captured, and the Emperor Star Academy had dissolved, if Qin Wentian were to meet the people from the Royal Clan, he would undoubtedly die as well. She needed to inform Qin Wentian not to return.

However, the Dark Forest was truly vast, making it extremely difficult to locate someone in there. Mo Qingcheng searched through the Dark Forest for about half a month but still had not found any traces of Qin Wentian.

At this moment, Mo Qingcheng’s clothings were stained with dirt, with her countenance appearing extremely haggard. Humans always feel the most fatigue when worrying about someone else, and now, she was truly afraid that Qin Wentian would return to Chu.

“Demonic Beasts.” At this moment, Mo Qingcheng’s countenance froze, as she discovered a few powerful demonic beasts staring in her direction, emanating an exceedingly brutal aura.

“Go.”

The white crane soared up into the skies, fleeing with great speed. However, those powerful beasts chased after the white crane, their roars and howls causing a commotion that attracted even more demonic beasts to join in the chase.

Qin Wentian himself had no idea what was currently happening; he was still in the heart of the Dark Forest, sitting in a cross-legged posture beside the two statues.

The beautiful manifestations of the heavenly constellations enveloped the entire space, and from the two statues, Qin Wentian could clearly sense the power of their wills. This feeling was reminiscent of when Xiao Lan's will directly entered his mind back in Chu. That, was also a type of will.

Naturally, Xiao Lan's strength obviously couldn't be compared with the might that the constellation manifestation was emitting. The two statues beside him, caused him to gradually have a faint feeling that the doorway of a higher realm in cultivation had been pushed open.

Astral Novas, why were they so powerful? And as for Constellation Manifestations, how were they manifested?

The power that Astral Souls bestowed to cultivators, was it really so simple as granting amplifications in strength, as well as causing the cultivator to have special attributes relative to the Astral Souls they condensed?

Qin Wentian released his Astral Souls, as he silently regarded them. The countless numbers of demonic beasts were still behind him, as Little Rascal behaved extremely aggressively by growling threateningly at them and baring its fangs and claws. If Mo Qingcheng were to see this, she would definitely find it amusing. That usually docile and meek little puppy looked as though it was actually taming these ferocious and brutal demonic beasts!

Chapter 204: Mandates of the Cultivation Path

Cultivation disregards the sense that time has passed. This was especially true when one was in a state of gaining insights.

At this moment, Qin Wentian was in an extremely wondrous state. He felt both partially awake, as well as submerged within a dream. He had absolutely no inkling of what was happening outside of this current state.

Within the wondrous state, he felt the presence of monstrously powerful heavenly constellations enveloping the Heavens and Earth, encompassing everything. Their radiance was especially beautiful, and an incredible surge of energy permeated the air. This sensation only got stronger and stronger as time passed by.

“Will. Intent. Mandate.” Qin Wentian mused, a stream of will gushed forth from his dazzling Heavenly Hammer Astral Soul, as a force field materialized in the space he was in.

“Stellar Martial Cultivators, upon reaching Yuanfu, their Astral Soul would correspond with the cultivator’s Yuanfu. Astral Souls are the source of strength for a Stellar Martial Cultivator, the will and intent of an Astral Soul, could naturally be said to be the will and intent of the cultivator.” A Heavenly Hammer materialized in Qin Wentian’s hands. Holding onto it tightly, he could feel a mysterious energy emanating forth from the Heavenly Hammer, strengthening him. This source of energy felt extremely enigmatic, yet Qin Wentian could sense it was not an illusion.

This was no longer the simple amplifications Astral Souls bestowed, but rather, an energy borne from an intent and will. He believed that as he advanced further onto the path of cultivation, this stream of energy would become stronger and stronger, to the point where it would be able to manifest these Heavenly Constellations.

All of a sudden, Qin Wentian’s eyes snapped open as he stared fixedly at the statue of the giant. It was as though he could only now sense the potency of this mysterious energy stream

Qin Wentian didn’t know that currently, he had already begun to grasp the insights of a higher cultivation truth. What he comprehended earlier, was the first level of the Mandate of Force – Strength.

There were many different kinds of Martial Mandates in the world, and as each Mandate’s power leveled up, it would generate different abilities. However, the initial boundary for these Mandate’s abilities wouldn’t be different from the Martial Mandate. Thus, the initial boundary for the Mandate of Force, was Strength.

And as for the method of levelling up the Mandates, one had to depend on destiny, their comprehension, their experiences, as well as a little luck to gain insight into the second level. Once the cultivator comprehended the second level of their respective Mandates, only then would they truly step into the Heavenly Dipper Realm, and once they gained insights into the third level, they would be able to manifest the Heavenly Constellations. After Yuanfu, the distance between each cultivation realm to the next was like being in a watershed. Countless people were stuck within, unable to break through to the next realm. It wasn’t just the requirement of an astronomical amount of cultivation resources, one also needed powerful comprehension of their Mandate before they would be able to continue forwards on their cultivation pathway.

For example, someone like Xiao Lan, a genius of the Nine Mystical Palace, had only comprehended insights into the first level of his Mandate when he was at the 3rd level of Yuanfu. On the other hand, Qin Wentian, whose comprehension abilities were originally already at an inconceivable level, and in addition to some twists of fate that allowed him the chance to contemplate the statues; the combination of these factors were what allowed him to comprehend insight into the first level of Mandate, when only at the 1st level of Yuanfu.

“If I truly spend time in understanding my Great Dream Astral Soul, as well Demon Sovereign Astral Soul, maybe I could even gain more insights about other Mandates,” Qin Wentian murmured, closing his eyes, as he quietly focused on his cultivation.

Qin Wentian didn't know of the Royal Capital's current state of chaos and danger. Not only that, at this moment, several terrifying characters had just entered the Dark Forest.

Presently, Mo Qingcheng, cut a sorry figure. After she entered the Dark Forest, she had no way to tell what direction from which and was pursued by demonic beasts from all four sides. Even the white crane was killed by one of the demonic beasts, so clearly could she remember the powerful claw swipe that ended its life.

Her eyes were red from crying, her robes all tattered, her beautiful face filled with weariness. She had no chance to even take a break during the past few days.

“Wentian, where are you exactly.” Her graceful figure leaned against a tree, as her eyes were filled with worry. Mo Qingcheng didn't know what the current situation in the Royal Capital was now, she could only hope that Qin Wentian had still not left the Dark Forest.

“I will find you for sure.” The eyes of the young lady flickered with determination as she prepared to move out. Suddenly, a sharp sound echoed in the air. Inclining her head, Mo Qingcheng saw a row of silhouettes flying past with astonishing speed. Upon noticing her, they halted, as they surveyed her. The pressure emitted from their bodies told her in no uncertain terms that they were exceptionally powerful.

A few breaths of time later, one of them broke the silence, “The demonic Qi inside the mountain range ahead feels extremely heavy. Let's investigate.” After which, their movements were like the wind, as the row of figures continued flying forwards.

Mo Qingcheng's eyes gleamed, as she too picked up her pace, running after those ahead.

“What an oppressive demonic Qi. Seems like we're at the right location.”

“Hmm, I feel that the news disseminated by the Venerate Heavens Sect was a little too exaggerated. Saying that the Demonic Star descended, really? Does that old man really think his eyes can penetrate through the Heavenly Layers?”

“Don’t underestimate the Venerate Heavens Sect. Throughout all these years, all the various rankings issued by them were all ascertained and authorised, passing through the consensus of all major powers of the Grand Xia Empire. That old man is definitely more than capable,” another replied.

Soon after, as they flew in deeper and deeper, their eyes narrowed as they noticed the demonic beasts that were on their pilgrimage. After which, one of them coldly laughed, “Why are there so many cute little demons.”

“Look, there’s a human youth there, as well.”

In the eyes of these people, the incomparably savage and ferocious demonic beasts of the Dark Forest, were actually termed as ‘cute little demons’.

Qin Wentian was roused from his wondrous state. Opening his eyes, he saw that group of powerhouses descending. The demonic beasts hollered and howled in rage, as though they wanted to prevent the humans from getting any nearer.

“What a bunch of ignorant little demons.” A figure among them laughed. After which, he waved his hands, as a column of blood-colored light shone down from above. The shining light landed on the bodies of the demonic beasts, causing them to howl in agony before their bodies exploded.

“Mandate.” Qin Wentian’s countenance sank. This was what he was gaining insight into, but the strength of this person was several times greater than his.

“Senior,” Qin Wentian called out, as that person halted his attacks, turning his gaze onto Qin Wentian.

“These demonic beasts are only here to pay their respects to these two statues. Junior coincidentally arrived here by chance, and discovered these two extraordinary statues. Junior humbly implores and hopes that Senior would spare these demonic beasts, on account that they were merely paying their respects and had not damaged this sacred land in the slightest. Junior will lead them away immediately,” Qin Wentian spoke out.

“Fine. It’s rare to see someone with such a caring heart. But you are right, on account that they did no damage to this sacred land, and if you can convince them to leave, I shall spare them.” That man laughed. Qin Wentian glanced at Little Rascal who had leapt into his arms earlier. Little Rascal then issued a few low-sounding growls, in addition to the sharp shrieks by the Blackwind Condor, before the tumultuous clamor of the demonic beasts finally quieted down, all preparing to leave the area.

However, within the eyes of these demonic beasts, all gleamed with rage and brutality.

Qin Wentian mounted the Blackwind Condor, as they led the way for the demonic beasts. Those powerhouses standing in the air didn't block them. In their eyes, these demonic beasts as well as Qin Wentian, weren't worthy of mention.

"Seems like that little fellow possessed the ability to tame the beasts." One of the experts standing in the air laughed, but his countenance soon turned serious as his gaze shifted to the two statues.

After travelling a certain distance, Qin Wentian noticed that there were even more powerful experts arriving. He didn't expect that the sacred land would attract the attention of so many terrifying characters.

"Let's go," Qin Wentian intoned in a low voice. The Blackwind Condor's speed increased, moving so fast that it transformed into a blurry shadow. A few moments later, the angry roars of the demonic beasts rang out again. Unintentionally, either by luck or by destiny, Qin Wentian caught sight of something that caused his pupils to narrow.

"Qingcheng!" Qin Wentian immediately jumped off the condor, landing beside Mo Qingcheng who was encircled by the demonic beasts. He coldly spat out, "Scram."

Little Rascal also transformed into its battle form, roaring so loudly that the void trembled, shocking the demonic beasts,

"ARFF!" A golden streak of lightning flashed by, and in the next moment, a demonic beast lunging mid motion towards Mo Qingcheng, died with its throat crushed in Little Rascal's maw. Little Rascal coldly surveyed the remaining demonic beasts, as a bone chilling aura emanated forth from it.

"Qingcheng." Qin Wentian ran over to Mo Qingcheng, as he took in her appearance. Traces of blood could be seen on her tattered robes, her beautiful countenance looked so haggard that even her aura felt somewhat unstable. Instantly, Mo Qingcheng's eyes were filled with tears, and it was only after a long moment before a smile managed to blossom on her face, as she collapsed into Qin Wentian's arms.

"Dumbo, I was so afraid I couldn't find you." Mo Qingcheng's graceful frame was shivering in Qin Wentian's embrace. Qin Wentian felt his heart shuddering with guilt, as he patted lightly on Mo Qingcheng's back. His left hand was stroking her head as he whispered gently into her ears, "It's all fine now, it's all okay."

“I was really so afraid, afraid that you had already returned to the Royal Capital.” Mo Qingcheng sobbed, hugging Qin Wentian even tighter.

“What happened?” Qin Wentian felt puzzled.

“After Xiao Lan died, several experts of the Nine Mystical Palace came to Chu. They ordered the Ancestor of Chu to fight against Headmaster Diyi. The fight resulted in the death of the Ancestor of Chu, while Diyi was seriously injured before he was dragged away in chains by those from the Nine Mystical Palace. Currently, the Royal Clan are going all out to capture students of our Emperor Star Academy, killing them with no mercy. Especially you, as you are at the top of their kill list.”

Qingcheng’s words caused Qin Wentian to feel a chill in his heart, as his aura burst forth with unprecedented fury.

Mo Qingcheng gazed at Qin Wentian, “Wentian, can we not return to Chu? I shall accompany you, so let’s go roam the Nine Continents.”

Qin Wentian gazed at the haggard countenance of Mo Qingcheng, feeling stabs of pain in his heart. Her beautiful eyes were as clear as before. She had ignored the dangers within, disregarding her life and entering the Dark Forest just to warn him not to return to Chu.

“Silly girl...” Qin Wentian planted a kiss on Mo Qingcheng’s forehead, as he hugged her even closer. “Qingcheng, I, Qin Wentian, am beyond blessed to have you by my side. However, I cannot abandon Chu.”

Mo Qingcheng’s body shook, her eyes tearing up again, but this time around, a radiant smile of incomparable brilliance lighted up her face. She understood what he was trying to say.

Everything was worth it, Mo Qingcheng already knew what Qin Wentian’s answer would be. Receiving the answer she sought, from this moment onwards she was willing to accompany him no matter where he went. Be it lording over the heavens or barging into the gates of hell. She would not hesitate, so long as Qin Wentian was by her side.

Qin Wentian inclined his head, staring into the horizons, in the direction of Chu.

He, Qin Wentian, made a vow. Regardless of the cost, he would turn the Royal Clan of Chu into history.

Chapter 205: Wind and Rain in the Royal Capital

In the Capital of Chu, within a luxuriously decorated villa in the Royal Palace, a group of armoured soldiers stood guard outside, projecting a highly well-trained air.

In a room inside the villa, the Emperor of Chu lay on his bed, on the cusp of his last breath. He looked so drained of vitality, hanging between the fine line of life and death, appearing as though he would pass on to the next world at any moment.

“Wuwei.” The Emperor shifted his gaze onto a young man, his voice faint and feeble.

“Father,” Chu Wuwei replied, watching his dying father, as he silently lamented in his heart. Regardless of whether one was an Emperor or a commoner, in front of death, everyone is equal. No wonder countless people in the world were pursuing cultivation. Cultivation not only allowed one to gain strength and power, the life force of an individual would also be lengthened after breaking through to certain realms in cultivation. Not only that, there were also verified records of certain individuals who had already obtained eternal life.

“After my death, help out your younger brother. We must remain as the Royal Clan of Chu.” The lifeless eyes of the Emperor of Chu begged, as he gazed intently at his eldest son.

“Hmm, why is eldest brother not the successor?”

After hearing the words of the Emperor of Chu, a person standing beside Chu Wuwei felt dissatisfaction in his heart. Even if he was condemned to death by his father, he still wanted to speak out for his eldest brother.

In his eyes, his eldest brother Chu Wuwei was the perfect candidate to be the successor of Chu. In regards to Chu Tianjiao, he didn't really have good impressions of his third brother.

The Emperor of Chu glanced at the second prince, Chu Mang, as he sighed in his heart. All three of his sons were extraordinary in their own aspects.

The eldest, Prince Chu Wuwei, was indifferent to worldly rewards and did not fight for control of power, possibly because he was unable to cultivate innately. However, his intelligence was at an extremely high level and out of the three princes, he was the one that had obtained the love and heart of Chu's citizens, even more so compared to Chu Tianjiao. Other than the fact that he was unable to cultivate, he could be described as perfect.

The Emperor of Chu knew that if Chu Wuwei were to seriously contend for the throne, Chu Tianjiao would definitely not be a match for his eldest brother.

The second Prince, Chu Mang, was impetuous and clumsy, but he had the highest talent in cultivation as well as the highest combat prowess out of the three brothers. In Chu, there were only

a few that could approach his radiance. If only his talent for cultivation was given to Chu Wuwei instead, that would truly be perfect. Sadly, everyone in this world had their defects.

Third Prince, Chu Tianjiao was undoubtedly the son that he doted on the most. His talent for cultivation, intelligence, were all at an extremely high level and his character was well suited to be the Emperor. His only flaw was that he was overly ambitious.

“Silence,” Chu Wuwei berated. Chu Mang looked away, refusing to meet the eyes of his father. The Emperor of Chu sighed endlessly in his heart. All three of them were his sons, how could he not love them.

“Father, as long as I’m not dead, I will ensure the survival of our bloodline,” Chu Wuwei calmly stated, his answer causing the Emperor to stare at him, as though he was waiting for Chu Wuwei to say something more. However, Chu Wuwei still made no promises that he would help his youngest brother, Chu Tianjiao. He had only promised to ensure the survival of their bloodline.

Chu Tianjiao naturally understood the meaning behind his words.

The Emperor of Chu shifted his gaze away as he closed his eyes, his breathing became fainter and fainter...

Very swiftly, the news of the Emperor’s death spread throughout the Royal Palace. Outside the palace, countless nobles awaited. That Emperor who had once commanded wind and rain, finally closed his eyes in eternal sleep. From now onwards, matters of the Chu Country, would be decided by the younger generation of the Royal Clan.

Arrangements for the last rites and funerals were naturally already planned for.

Chu Wuwei and Chu Tianjiao stood on the highest vantage point within the villa, surveying the entire Royal Capital.

Behind them, stood a man. That man was a cultivator at the peak of Yuanfu, and was none other than the trusted protector of Chu Tianjiao. Although the name of the protector wasn’t that famous within the country, Chu Tianjiao knew that in the whole of Chu, not many people could be compared to him in terms of power.

“Eldest brother, I’m going to succeed the throne.” After a long moment, Chu Tianjiao finally broke the silence.

Chu Wuwei lightly nodded his head, only to hear Chu Tianjiao speaking again, “Father always wanted me to consult you for your advice in all matters. Eldest brother, what actions should I take after I succeed the throne?”

“As of today, our Chu Country is already at the precipice of danger. If you are not careful, Chu might cease to exist.” Chu Wuwei calmly continued, “Smooth out conflicts and halt all suppression against the Qin Clan. In addition, issue an imperial decree allowing Qin Wu to succeed the position of his father. From now on, he will be known as the Wu King. Also bestow on him land, and grant him several cities to be under his administration. As for the extermination of the Emperor Star Academy, just put up a good show for the Nine Mystical Palace. That group of people may be the future pillars of Chu. Do not harm them.”

“Eldest brother, aren’t you looking down a little too much on the prestige of our Royal Clan? The Qin Clan led troops in rebellion, yet you want us to apologise? What would the other citizens think? This is akin to smacking our own faces! Since ages past, we and the Emperor Star Academy have been like fire and water, how can we coexist with them? The best move we can make in these circumstances is to totally annihilate them before they can rise again. This way, there wouldn’t be anyone suppressing our Royal Clan and the Royal Academy ever again.”

Chu Tianjiao stared at the vast skies, the calmness in his voice couldn’t mask the ambition in his heart.

“Oh, is that so? First let’s not mention others, just this. What if Qin Wentian of the Emperor Star Academy breaks through to the Heavenly Dipper Realm before you? With Chu’s present strength, how would you even protect your throne?” Chu Wuwei serenely asked.

“That is why, he has to die.” An intense note of determination could be clearly heard within Chu Tianjiao’s voice.

“And if he chooses to temporarily leave Chu, how would you kill him then?” Chu Wuwei asked again.

“That day when Qiu Mo was captured, he decided to yield to us. He revealed that as long as we capture Mustang, based on Qin Wentian’s personality, how could he not show up?” Chu Tianjiao directed his gaze onto Chu Wuwei.

Chu Wuwei also glanced at Chu Tianjiao, shaking his head as he stated, “If you are adamant with your decisions, then should your actions bring danger to our Chu bloodline, I shall replace you as the Emperor.”

“HOW DARE YOU!” Chu Tianjiao’s protector roared in rage, as an overwhelming aura gushed towards Chu Wuwei, enveloping him within.

“IMPUDENT.” Chu Tianjiao turned his head, glaring at his protector. “Release him, he is my eldest brother.”

“Yes.” His protector meekly nodded his head, as his aura dissipated. After which, Chu Wuwei had nothing more to add, choosing to depart the area. After he left, Chu Tianjiao’s eyes flickered with a terrifying light as he mused, “Although Father never expressed it, I knew that he always felt that in terms of overall ability, I am inferior to you. I shall prove him wrong.”

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Within a certain courtyard owned by the Mo Clan in the Royal Capital, stood Mustang, Fan Le and Luo Huan.

They hadn’t left Chu when Diyi was captured. After that, they no longer had the means to leave. Mo Qingcheng informed Old Gu, and plans were made to temporarily relocate them to this safe house.

“Somebody is coming.” Mustang who was meditating at the side suddenly opened his eyes. Could it be that the hunters dispatched by the Royal Clan had found them?

“Luo Huan, Fan Le. Both of you go to the lake,” Mustang suddenly commanded.

“They will be even more suspicious if I’m not here. Fatty, hurry up and go, there’s still time now.” Luo Huan knew that her Teacher’s sensory abilities could be considered exceptionally strong. The hunters should still have no idea that Mustang had already discovered their presence.

Fan Le’s eyes flashed, his countenance turned incomparably unsightly before he finally nodded his head, heavily. “Teacher, Senior Sister. Take care, I will think of a way to save the both of you.”

After speaking, Fan Le left for the nearby lake, submerging himself completely within the depths. Only with this, would his presence be fully hidden.

Indeed, not long after, the entire courtyard was surrounded. Upon seeing a familiar figure entering the courtyard, an incomparably cold light flickered in the eyes of Mustang and Luo Huan.

“Qiu Mo, you spineless traitor,” Mustang coldly spat out.

“A truly wise man would submit to the circumstances, but you two really made me look long and hard for your whereabouts. Where is Qin Wentian? Was he hidden away by Mo Qingcheng?” A look of jealousy flashed in Qiu Mo’s eyes.

Mo Qingcheng, a woman of unsurpassed beauty was actually willing to take such risks for Qin Wentian. Even the ten prodigies of Chu weren’t able to move her heart.

“Qiu Mo. Have you forgotten Ye Wuque’s ending?” Luo Huan glared icily at Qiu Mo.

“Hehe.” Qiu Mo’s countenance turned cold, as the flames of jealousy in his eyes intensified. He knew that the current Qin Wentian was already many times stronger than him.

“Luo Huan, although your beauty is a shade inferior to Mo Qingcheng, you could still be considered supremely comely. Look at how alluring your figure is, I’m already getting a hard on.” Lust shone in Qiu Mo’s eyes, his gaze slowly roamed Luo Huan’s figure as he licked his lips. Luo Huan could only shudder in impotent anger.

“I shall ask the 3rd Prince, his Highness, to bestow you to me.” At this moment, Qiu Mo no longer bothered to conceal his baser instincts. Even if he couldn’t obtain Mo Qingcheng, being able to enjoy Luo Huan’s body sounded appealing as well.

“I really want to see how long Chu Tianjiao can last before he is overthrown,” Mustang icily interjected. The more powerful cultivators of the Emperor Star Academy had already entered into a joint alliance with those from the Qin Clan.

The news regarding the capture of Mustang and Luo Huan was quickly circulated throughout the Royal Capital. Undoubtedly, this was done at the behest of Chu Tianjiao. He wanted to lure Qin Wentian out.

Chu Tianjiao had already determined that in the future, Qin Wentian would surely be the greatest threat to him. Geniuses like Qin Wentian would definitely step into the Heavenly Dipper Realm, it was just a matter of time. Therefore, he had to die before he matured.

Around the same time when Mustang and Luo Huan were captured, news regarding the Qin rebels were also sent back to the Royal Capital. Currently, the Qin Rebels had re-organised their armies and formed a few regiments of elite soldiers that consisted of powerful cultivators from the Emperor Star Academy. Among their ranks, they even had extremely powerful vice-headmaster level cultivators like Ren Qianxing, that were easily able to take the heads of enemy generals. The armies of the Royal Clan had no way to defend.

Not only that, other than the influx of Yuanfu cultivators from the Emperor Star Academy, the might of the armies under the control of Qin Clan was extremely shocking. There were suddenly several cultivators at the Yuanfu level appearing in their armies, especially within the newly formed elite regiments. This caused many to speculate in their hearts, had the Qin Clan been hiding their powers throughout the years? The power they showed on the surface was only a tiny part of their strength.

Or maybe, the followers of the Wu King from back then, had been silently hiding in the shadows, secretly training their descendants, all for the rebellion today.

Undoubtedly, all of this was an indication that the storm engulfing Chu had already reached its boiling point. The Qin rebels were finally, truly, showing their strength.

And as this storm continued to brew, a young couple emerged from the Dark Forest, making their way back to the Royal Capital, a snowy puppy trailing behind them.

Chapter 206: Besiege

An oppressive air permeated the atmosphere in the Royal Capital of Chu. The hearts of the people were wavering, as though they too could sense the dark clouds of war pressing down its terrifying aura on them.

The Qin rebels broke the defenses of many cities, and were pressing towards the Royal Capital. Their movements were exceedingly unpredictable. Every time upon receiving info from scouts, as Chu planned and prepared their defenses, the Qin rebels would abruptly change their plans, targeting the other cities instead. Considering the fact that the attacking forces consisted of the elite regiments of Qin rebels, as well as their speed of assault, Chu's pathetic attempts at defending were easily crushed.

Such ferocity caused people to truly feel how deeply the Qin Clan had hidden their strength, hiding in the shadows after they were forced to be relocated. Perhaps the Royal Clan back then had predicted and feared this exact scenario today, which led to them ostracising the Qin Clan, and schemed to remove their military authority. Despite this, it seemed that their preparations back then were still not thorough enough.

And in the end, the Royal Clan decided to forego all the other cities, withdrawing the troops used in defense in order to further fortify the Royal Capital. This move was undoubtedly an announcement indicating that the final decisive battle to determine the fate of Chu would be conducted at the Royal Capital.

The Chu Dragon Guards, as well as other elite allied forces of Chu, were all rushing back to the Royal Capital in a frenzy.

The current circumstances of the Royal Capital drew the attention of everyone in Chu. This war for power, who would remain as the final victor? The level of confidence the citizens of Chu had in the Royal Clan was currently not as strong as before. There were even some that speculated that the Chu Royal Clan, who had ruled Chu for over three thousand years, might fall in this coming war.

Even before Qin Wentian entered the city, he had already heard the news regarding how chaotic the current Royal Capital was. Moving in the shadows, he snuck into the city and entered the Divine Weapon Pavilion. An Liuyan had always been well-disposed towards Qin Wentian, and had long disliked the Royal Clan. Not only that, Qin Wentian himself already possessed extraordinary authority within the Divine Weapon Pavilion.

Naturally, his visit to the Divine Weapon Pavilion was an absolute secret, so nobody except a chosen few knew of this. Qin Wentian spent a total of seven days in seclusion, using their massive resources, and enlisting the help of the grandmasters of the Divine Weapon Pavilion to forge all varieties of divine weapons. The grandmasters felt awe and even fear in their hearts, as they had never seen anyone as skilled as Qin Wentian. He frenziedly inscribed Divine Imprints on the weapons with such speed and accuracy, to the point that the forging operation centred around him alone.

Naturally, Qin Wentian didn't let the Divine Weapon Pavilion suffer a loss. To thank them for their support, he left behind many various blueprints of divine imprints for the grandmasters to study. He even included extremely valuable 3rd level divine imprints. At the same time, paying a stupendous amount of money, An Liuyan engaged the services of the Sky Transport Network, one of the three great companies in Chu, to deliver the divine weapons to the rebels outside of the Royal Capital.

Everything proceeded in absolute secrecy. Needless to say, times of chaos were naturally extremely profitable.

When the Royal Clan finally suspected something was amiss, it was already too late. The Sky Transport Network had already delivered the goods, and Qin Wentian had already departed the Divine Weapon Pavilion. And considering the fact that Chu was already at the precipice of danger, how could they dare to antagonise two major powers such as the Divine Weapon Pavilion and the Sky Transport Network?

After receiving the divine weapons delivered to them by the Sky Transport Network, the Qin rebels were akin to tigers that had been given wings, pressing on with their conquest at crazy speeds. Finally, they stationed their troops outside the Royal Capital and proceeded to besiege it.

On top of the Royal Capital's city gate, a row of powerful experts stood shoulder to shoulder, along with the current Emperor of Chu, Chu Tianjiao. As far as their eyes could see, the black-armored soldiers of the rebel forces were so numerous, it was as though their numbers were inexhaustible. Not only that, a fiery light could be seen in the eyes of the rebels. That light, was the fanatical light of zealotry, a feeling of madness towards power, as well as revenge.

As long as they overcame this final obstacle, the empire of Chu would no longer be named Chu.

"Has Qin Wentian been found?" Chu Tianjiao calmly asked, no hints of rage could be seen upon his face.

"We have yet to locate him." A subordinate bowed in reply, "We have already sent men to monitor the movements of the Sky Transport Network, as well as the Divine Weapon Pavilion. If Qin Wentian were to appear there again, he would definitely be captured immediately."

"Release this as news: Three days from now, at the Chu Emperor District, the execution of Mustang will commence, and Luo Huan shall be bestowed to Qiu Mo," Chu Tianjiao commanded, unperturbed.

The subordinate replied, "I shall see to it immediately." After accepting the order, the subordinate retreated. It seemed like this decision was made because the Emperor was compelled by forces outside his control. Who would have imagined that Qin Wentian, who was wanted by the whole of Chu, actually managed to send such a huge present to the Qin rebels right under the noses of the Royal Clan. Undoubtedly, this was tremendously disadvantageous for the Royal Clan.

Swiftly after, the news was spread throughout the entire Royal Capital. Three days later, Mustang shall be executed on the platforms of the Chu Emperor District, and Luo Huan would be given to Qiu Mo to do as he pleased.

Qiu Mo's face blackened upon hearing the news, this was highly unfavorable to him. Basically, the entire Royal Capital now knew what a beast he was, his reputation had been totally destroyed. He thus decided that after enjoying Luo Huan, he would immediately depart from Chu.

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Near the Bamboo Lodge, the river waters gurgled, as a sense of peace and harmony could be felt in the air.

Qin Wentian sat by the river, while Mo Qingcheng quietly sat beside him. Naturally, she had also received the news, and was fuming within. Chu Tianjiao actually used Mustang and Luo Huan as bait for Qin Wentian. From this, one could see that Chu Tianjiao had already fallen to the level of

being completely unscrupulous. This didn't bode well for the future of Chu – the person at the top had a character like this; the fall of the Empire would come sooner or later.

Qin Wentian stood up and walked towards the nearby straw hut. Inside the straw hut, a veiled maiden was quietly sitting there, as though she had always been here.

Upon seeing the approach of Qin Wentian, she inclined her head, focusing her clear gaze on Qin Wentian, yet also gave off a feeling of aloof indifference.

Qin Wentian had long known of the existence of this maiden that had been following him, ever since he left the Celestial Lake Palace. Even when he was in the Dark Forest, gaining insights from the statues, and eventually meeting the group of supreme experts, this veiled lady had always been trailing him from behind. It was as though nothing in this world would be able to faze her. This caused Qin Wentian to silently speculate...how exactly strong was this ephemeral beauty?

“You are here on the behest of Fairy Qingmei?” Qin Wentian gazed at her, as he asked in a low voice. The maiden silently stared at him in reply.

Qin Wentian felt helpless upon seeing this, he then asked again, “Weren't you always protecting me from the shadows? Why are you so near to me now?”

That pair of aloof eyes still continued staring at him in silence, not giving him a reply with words.

“Sorry for the interruption.” Qin Wentian turned and departed.

“Many people have their eyes on this place, I have to protect your safety.” A clear and melodious voice rang out. Qin Wentian turned his head, his eyes flickering with a smile as he regarded her unmatched countenance.

“Then will you help me deal with my enemies?” Qin Wentian asked again.

The maiden lightly shook her head, still emitting that aura of icy-cool indifference.

“Fine.” Qin Wentian laughed, “My name is Qin Wentian, what about yours?”

The eyelashes of the maiden's beautiful eyes fluttered, appearing as though she was considering. After which, she replied, "Qing'er."

"A beautiful name." Qin Wentian smiled, as he turned and walked away.

Upon noticing Qin Wentian's return, Mo Qingcheng teased, "So... am I more beautiful or is she more beautiful than me?"

Qin Wentian's eyes gleamed, back when he and Mo Qingcheng were in the Celestial Lake Palace, they had already witnessed the unveiled countenance of Qing'er. She was so beautiful that she left people breathless. However, her beauty was different compared to Mo Qingcheng; Mo Qingcheng's beauty was more of elegance and gentleness, filled with the vigor of youth, capable of toppling kingdoms and empires, while Qing'er's beauty transcended mortality, an icy coldness, resembling a celestial maiden that descended from the Heavens.

"Wait, are you jealous?" Qin Wentian grinned.

"Hmph." Mo Qingcheng rolled her eyes, but she felt happier as well upon seeing Qin Wentian's mood getting somewhat better.

At this moment, a figure slowly approached, walking to the side of Qin Wentian.

"How is it?" Qin Wentian calmly inquired.

"There were many that wished to participate. The pavilion lord wanted me to ask you, how many do you wish to hire?" asked the figure.

"What are the strength levels of those that wish to participate?"

"With the lure of the divine weapons you created, we managed to find about twenty people at the 3rd level of Yuanfu that were willing to join your cause."

"Twenty... so be it. As for the other Yuanfu cultivators below the 3rd level, hire thirty for me. Bestow upon them a low-tier, 3rd-grade divine weapon of their own choosing. The Divine Weapon Pavilion will bear the brunt of the cost for me. There shouldn't be any problems right?" Qin Wentian replied in a low voice.

“The arrangements shall be made.” That figure nodded with confidence as he added, “Do you have any other instructions?”

“I need information. Regardless of the price, help me monitor the actions of all the important people in the Royal Clan. I want detailed information, even to the extent of what they’re eating for every meal, their locations and their habits,” Qin Wentian replied.

“Understood, there will be scouts coming here to deliver their reports intermittently. In any case, regarding the situation here, everything is under control. If your enemies move against you, we will immediately send a man to report, and will prepare a new safe location for you.”

Qin Wentian nodded, he knew this place was already discovered by his enemies. Just like what Qing`er said earlier, there were many eyes already on this location.

“I’ll take my leave then.” That figure bowed, as he departed. Although his countenance was calm, his heart was shaking in wonderment. The youngest Grandmaster in Chu’s history, based on his talent in divine inscription, he had managed to secure the support of the Divine Weapon Pavilion.

No one knew which direction the wind would blow. The war was filled with countless variables, and nobody had a clear conclusion.

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In the blink of an eye, three days passed.

Today, in the Chu Emperor District, countless powerful guards and soldiers were stationed there for protection. Mustang was left tied up on the platform below the Azure Dragon Jadeite Seat. His clothing was all torn and tattered, dyed red by blood and his hair was unkempt and scraggly, giving testament to the suffering he had been subjected to during this period of time.

Luo Huan’s countenance looked exceptionally haggard, but in spite of this, a bewitching, devilish smile filled with charm was still etched on her face. Occasionally, she would turn her gaze towards Qiu Mo, causing Qiu Mo’s body to turn cold.

“Hmph, what can she do to me in that state?” Qiu Mo snorted. “Very soon, you shall be mine.” Qiu Mo’s gaze roamed about Luo Huan’s fabulous twin peaks, with undisguised lust in his eyes. Since

his reputation was already gone, there was no need to hide under the mask of a gentleman any longer.

Luo Huan's only reply was a cold laugh.

“Qiu Mo, you will surely die a terrible death. Do you believe me?” Luo Huan sneered. Qiu Mo froze, “What a ‘powerful’ mouth. Tonight, I shall experience it for myself how ‘powerful’ your mouth is.”

Gazing at that alluring figure, and imagining what he would do to her, Qiu Mo's lust soared even higher.

“Why hasn't his highness arrived yet?” Qiu Mo turned his gaze onto the Jadeite Seat. Today, was of paramount importance. Why hadn't Chu Tianjiao appeared?

At this moment, Qiu Mo discovered several powerful experts appearing one after another. They were all experts under the command of Chu Tianjiao. Today, if Qin Wentian dared to appear, it would be impossible for him to escape, even if he was given wings.

“The Qin rebels are currently attacking the city gates,” someone whispered to Qiu Mo. This caused Qiu Mo to be stunned, why was the timing of the Qin rebels' attack so accurate?

Outside the Royal Capital, the loud sounds of killing echoed as an overbearing and stifling atmosphere suffused the air. There were even some Yuanfu cultivators directly flying into the Royal Capital to kill the defenders.

The troops under the command of the Qin rebels, had begun to launch their attack on the Royal Capital!

Chapter 207: How do you want him to die?

A sinister crimson glow coloured the skies outside the gates of the Royal Capital. A palpable feeling of tension and violence was in the air .

Chu Tianjiao calmly stood atop the city gates, a few experts acting as protectors standing behind him.

“Qin Wu.” His gaze pierced through the space, landing onto an armored figure far away. The figure’s eyes were like torches, as they penetrated through the rain of blood, staring grimly back at Chu Tianjiao.

Chu Tianjiao understood deeply the terrifying astuteness and great foresight from Qin Wu. Hiding in seclusion for so many years, building up his forces under the eyes and nose of the Royal Clan. Indeed, such a character was to be greatly feared.

While Qin Wu himself sensed an extraordinary aura from Chu Tianjiao, filled with wild ambition and tempered with a refined intelligence. Chu Tianjiao wanted to stabilise his empire, and to do so, he wouldn’t hesitate regardless of how high a price it would cost to achieve his goals.

However, Chu Tianjiao didn’t know that within the city, by a tall pavilion near the city gate, a figure clad in white was staring in his direction, his countenance heavily tinged with disappointment.

This person, was none other than the First Prince, Chu Wuwei. However, he currently had no status, since he was no longer the First Prince after Chu Tianjiao ascended the throne. Not only that, Chu Tianjiao didn’t confer upon him any other titles.

Near Chu Wuwei, two others stood to the left and right side of him. One of them was his younger brother, Chu Mang. The other person was Immortal Drunken Wine, who was ranked third out of the ten prodigies of Chu. Immortal Drunken Wine always had a good relationship with Chu Wuwei, ever since a long time ago.

“What are your thoughts?” Immortal Drunken Wine asked in a low voice, directing the question towards Chu Wuwei.

“My third brother is too eager for success,” Chu Wuwei serenely replied, “This is definitely not a good thing. His style of doing things has always been overly radical, moving like the thunder and the wind. If he’s victorious, everything will fall in place, but should a single part of his plans fail to pull through, he will be in a disastrous situation.”

“Why don’t you take his place?” Immortal Drunken Wine calmly questioned, as though speaking of an extremely ordinary thing. He knew exactly how outstanding this friend of his was. As long as he wished for it, Chu Wuwei would definitely be victorious in a struggle for the throne. Immortal Drunken Wine had no doubts regarding this.

“I will consider that only if the situation truly becomes uncontrollable,” Chu Wuwei calmly continued, “I promised my father that I would protect our Chu bloodline.”

“Let’s go and take a look at the situation over at the Chu Emperor District. Since the rebels are attacking the city gates with their full strength, I gather that there should be something happening soon over there.” Chu Wuwei turned as he left, with Chu Mang and Immortal Drunken Wine following behind him. Since he could deduce such a possibility, how could Chu Tianjiao himself overlook it?

How about Qin Wentian? Would he not think of it as well?

Qin Wentian was no longer the simple and guileless youth of the past.

It was exceptionally quiet in the Royal Palace. Occasionally, there would be scouts coming through the many-layered defences, to report on news of the waging war outside the city gates. They attracted everyone’s attention, since any news regarding this war was undoubtedly of paramount importance to the people living in the Royal Palace.

There were many troops stationed outside the gates of the Royal Palace, creating an impenetrable defence. However, at this moment, a loud shout suddenly broke the stillness of the air.

“Enemy sneak attack!”

The quietness of the Royal Palace was instantly shattered. As the gazes of the troops shifted over, they saw only a group of masked men clad in black advancing forward with terrifying speed.

Although they didn’t release their Astral Souls, the group of black-robed men flew through the air. The troops guarding the Royal Palace all had ashen expressions on their faces. They knew that they had no chance at survival, as the entire group of attackers were evidently at the Yuanfu Realm.

Piercing sounds rang out and very quickly, showers of blood splattered upon the ground where the guards stood, dying it completely red. Trails of black smoke were released as a signal, the slaughter of the palace guards were long witnessed by the others within the palace. In an instant, the whole of the Royal Palace turned chaotic as the experts that had allied with the Royal Clan quickly flew towards the location of the smoke signal.

How many years had the Royal Palace's defences remained unbreakable? Yet today, its defences were breached.

Not only that, the timing of this sneak attack was extremely accurate, complementing perfectly with the attack of the Qin rebels outside the city gate, which had lured over the majority of the Royal Clan troops.

"Who dares to be so impudent?" a voice erupted in anger. Even though the Royal Clan had sent the majority of their experts outside to defend the city gates, there were still some extremely powerful trump cards hidden within the Royal Palace to act as protectors. The Royal Clan was naturally not lacking in peak-level Yuanfu experts.

However at the same time, a figure also appeared in the air, emanating an overbearing aura. Similarly, this man was also at the peak of Yuanfu. This caused many to speculate that the Qin rebels had surely carried out this sneak attack after much meticulous planning. Apparently, they had already investigated the protectors in the Royal Palace and the full scope of their power levels.

Watermoon Pavilion was the residence of the little Princess of Chu. Because of the recent chaotic state of the Royal Capital, she had opted to stay within her residence instead.

However, when the little Princess of Chu noticed the group of black-robed men approaching with terrifying speed from afar, she realised how far off her predictions were. The magnitude of this storm, was much larger than what she had previously imagined.

These group of invaders, had long investigated the location of her residence and also clearly knew that out of all the other princesses of Chu, her abode was the closest to the Royal Palace's exit.

"Little Princess, quickly leave." A female servant ran up to her, trying to break her out of her stupor.

"It's useless." The little Princess shook her head. "Third brother used Mustang to threaten Qin Wentian, and now his enemies are going to use the same tactic to deal with him. With the current circumstances, I don't think those at the Chu Emperor District or the city gates would know of this incident."

Although she was young, she was extremely intelligent for her age. Today, the Royal Clan had 'used up' too many of their experts, either relocating them for the defence of the city, or as protectors stationed at the Chu Emperor District. About fifty Qin rebels attacked the residence, all of them had a cultivation in the Yuanfu Realm, with even peak-level Yuanfu experts numbering among them.

When a group of such powerful experts gathered together and forcefully attacked a single target, how could the Royal Palace's already weakened defences be able to hold them back?

By the time the Royal Palace could muster or call back their forces, these group of attacks would have already left them in their dust.

The little Princess was quickly abducted by the group of black robed men, and no other protectors dared to step forth to stop them. This caused those in the Royal Palace to feel extreme fear in their hearts. In three thousand years of history, this was the first time the Royal Palace had suffered such a defeat.

They were also speculating who exactly was it that had the power to have such a big group of experts under their control?

If this amount of power were to reinforce the battle outside the city gates of the Royal Capital, their aid would certainly be equivalent to a checkmate.

The Royal Palace immediately sent out men on flying demonic beasts to quickly head past the city gates and into Chu Emperor District to deliver this news.

And just a short while later, the news of the little Princess's abduction was soon spread to all.

In the Chu Emperor District, many of the Ye Clan's experts that were present wore grim expressions on their faces. They had set up an inescapable net solely for the sake of Qin Wentian. Yet now, the little Princess was actually abducted, so how were they going to handle Mustang? Should they kill him or not?

And at this moment, at a place not far from the Chu Emperor District, a silhouette leisurely walked over. The gazes of countless people all froze as they realised who the silhouette was.

Qin Wentian had finally showed himself.

Nobody dared to stop him and those behind him. He directly proceeded to a space near the platform where Luo Huan and Mustang were held captive, and a hint of apology was seen flickering in his eyes.

“Teacher, Sister Luo Huan, I’m sorry. I’ve brought this all upon you two,” Qin Wentian apologised.

“I knew you would surely come,” Luo Huan smiled. For reasons unknown, even though Qin Wentian’s level of cultivation couldn’t be considered high, she had absolute confidence in this Junior Brother of hers.

Luo Huan then cast a glance at Qiu Mo, who was standing by the side, as she sarcastically added, “Qiu Mo, didn’t you say that you wanted to kill Junior Brother Qin? He is right in front of you. Why don’t you try it now?”

Qiu Mo’s countenance froze, as a sinister look could be seen in his eyes. It seemed that he greatly hated Qin Wentian, to an extreme degree.

“His Majesty has decreed, that if Qin Wentian were to appear, we are to kill him with no mercy,” Qiu Mo coldly spoke, glancing at the people Chu Tianjiao had arranged for the task, before turning his gaze onto Qin Wentian again.

However, no one acted. The other experts merely shortened the distance between them and Luo Huan and Mustang, coldly staring at Qin Wentian in response.

“Is the little Princess in your hands?” An old man standing beside Qiu Mo abruptly spoke, his voice cutting the air like a sword.

“What do you think?” Qin Wentian stared at him, his reply calm.

“What do you want?” The old man glared at Qin Wentian.

“Hostage exchange,” Qin Wentian simply replied, yet his answer caused the old man to fall silent.

Chu Tianjiao was the current Emperor of Chu and his command was simple – to slaughter Qin Wentian mercilessly. If they missed this perfect opportunity, it wouldn’t be so easy to lure Qin Wentian out again. And today, the reason why the old man chose to personally attend this, was all for the sake of dealing with the experts Qin Wentian brought along with him.

“I can’t agree to your terms,” the old man faintly spoke, he needed to wait for Chu Tianjiao’s order.

“I don’t have the time to wait, nor do I have time to play around with you. After burning one incense’s worth of time, if you still refuse my request, you will bear the responsibility yourself,” Qin Wentian tyrannically replied. He initially didn’t wish to use this method, yet this was something Chu Tianjiao had taught him. Abducting Mustang and Luo Huan to threaten him? Since Chu Tianjiao was willing to stoop to such a degree, from now onwards, for the sake of exterminating Chu, Qin Wentian would make sure to achieve his aim regardless of anything.

The old man fell silent, glaring at Qin Wentian before he replied, “If anything happens to the little Princess, you too, shall accompany her in death.”

“You are truly overestimating yourself.” Qin Wentian stepped out. He directed his gaze on Qiu Mo, as he approached him.

The black-robed men surrounded Qin Wentian, all mirroring his movements.

An extremely cold glint of light flickered in Ye Liuyang’s eyes as he stared at the approaching Qin Wentian. This person actually dared to venture into the tiger’s lair, wasn’t he somewhat too foolhardy? Why was he not afraid that the forces of the Royal Palace would disregard the consequences and kill him?

Like a shadow, an exquisite and graceful silhouette abruptly appeared behind Qin Wentian. However, no one had sensed her existence before that moment.

This, caused the old man’s pupils to narrow as he stared at that graceful silhouette. Who was she?

A frosty demeanor, the aura of an ice princess, a maiden whose beauty was so ephemeral that it seemed as though she descended from the Heavens. She simply stood there, not moving a muscle, yet her presence radiated a feeling of extreme danger in the old man’s heart.

Qin Wentian smiled. Upon noticing the presence of Qing`er, a sense of security blossomed in his heart.

Maybe, Qing`er’s strength would surprise him prodigiously.

Qin Wentian continued walking towards Qiu Mo, and even stood at the side of that old man. However, none dared to make a move against him.

“How do you want to die?” Qin Wentian stared coldly at Qiu Mo. In the next moment, Qiu Mo’s Astral Souls exploded forth as he roared in rage, “Why have you guys still not killed him?”

Nobody paid attention to him. Qin Wentian’s silhouette flashed, his palms grabbed out towards Qiu Mo with terrifying speed. Qiu Mo’s countenance instantly sank. With a howl of madness, he reacted instantly by unleashing his strongest attack towards Qin Wentian.

However, as their palms matched, Qiu Mo felt a domineering pressure overwhelming his body.

“Crack!” Qiu Mo’s arm snapped off. Qin Wentian grabbed Qiu Mo around his throat, smashing him onto the ground then dragged him along as though hauling a dead dog, as he walked towards Luo Huan. At this moment, Qin Wentian’s killing intent pervaded the air. It was so strong and oppressive that Qiu Mo couldn’t help but feel his soul trembling from terror.

“Sister Luo Huan, how do you want him to die?” Qin Wentian ignored those around him, and smiled at Luo Huan, as though they were the only two people there, within these surroundings.

Chapter 208: Qing`er

Traces of a smile could be seen on Luo Huan’s face, as she stared at the spectacle of Qiu Mo getting dragged by the throat by Qin Wentian.

“Tonight, I’m afraid you won’t get the chance to sample how ‘powerful’ my mouth is,” Luo Huan spoke sarcastically, yet the tone behind her words were ice cold. Qin Wentian understood; Qiu Mo must have used lewd words, projecting his lust onto Luo Huan, humiliating her. He had never once seen his bubbly Senior Sister this upset before.

With a violent clench of his fingers, the sound of shattering bones rang out as Qiu Mo let out another blood-curdling scream. His other arm had been broken off.

“Senior Sister, how about letting him live a life worse than death?” Qin Wentian smiled towards Luo Huan, yet the smile on his face was even colder than hers.

All the way from the Sky Harmony City to now, his heart had gradually grown colder and colder. The experiences he had been through forced him to have a heart of stone, as he learnt that viciousness and ruthlessness was sometimes better compared to blind kindness.

“You decide,” Luo Huan’s gaze turned gentle. This feeling of being protected by others felt extremely comforting. Although the person who protected her was her Junior Brother, Luo Huan felt love blooming in her heart, as she recalled memories of watching him mature. Naturally, this love was different from the love between a male and female, rather it felt like the affection shared between siblings.

“No....” A sheen of perspiration could be seen on Qiu Mo’s forehead, he instinctively understood what Qin Wentian meant by his earlier words.

An ice-cold glance akin to the sharpness of swords shot towards Qiu Mo, causing him to shiver in fear. Qin Wentian slammed out with his palm, caving Qiu Mo’s chest in. The power behind Qin Wentian’s strike ruptured Qiu Mo’s Yuanfu and his arterial pathways, while at the same time, Qin Wentian raised his foot and stomped ruthlessly in the space between Qiu Mo’s legs.

“ARGHH~!” A horrified scream of extreme proportions echoed in the air. Qiu Mo was unceremoniously tossed to the ground, in front of his family and friends. This way, the humiliation he felt would be doubled.

Gazing upon the weakened body of Qiu Mo that was akin to a pile of loose sand, everyone in the Chu Emperor District trembled in their hearts. They knew that Qin Wentian had finally matured.

Mustang smiled, Qin Wentian’s actions were extremely ruthless and decisive, causing him to be gratified. One must show no mercy to their enemies, and this was something all cultivators would have to learn when advancing on their pathway to cultivation.

Qin Wentian no longer glanced at Qiu Mo. He inclined his head and looked at Mustang and Luo Huan who were still bound on the platform. Currently, he had several experts behind him; they could make their moves at anytime.

However, Qin Wentian wished to try something at that moment. He wanted to take a gamble for the sake of his teacher and Senior Sister.

“If anything, anything at all, happens to these two, immediately slaughter the little Princess.” Qin Wentian’s cold voice cut through the air. After which, he stepped forwards, walking towards Mustang and Luo Huan.

The black-robed men behind him were all stunned; this wasn’t part of the plan. As they started to accompany him, Qin Wentian waved his hands, signalling them to halt. This fellow was too reckless.

What if those from the Royal Clan really made a move against Qin Wentian? At that distance, they wouldn’t even have the chance to save him, even if they wanted to.

Qin Wentian was betting on the fact that the bodyguard Fairy Qingmei sent would be able to protect him. He truly wanted to see how powerful Qing`er was.

That aloof, ephemeral beauty somehow inspired Qin Wentian to have absolute trust in her.

She was a woman of few words, and would not show herself often. Yet, she would always be there at crucial moments.

Not only that, even if Qing`er strength wasn't powerful enough, without the command of Chu Tianjiao, no one would dare to kill him considering that he had control over the life of the little Princess in his hands.

"Halt." The old man looked at Qin Wentian, his voice quavering in anger. Killing intent emanated forth from his body, pressing against Qin Wentian. However, Qin Wentian nonchalantly continued his way forward.

"Wentian." A startled look of worry appeared on Luo Huan's face. Had this fellow gone crazy? She didn't wish for Qin Wentian to rescue her in this manner. This method was too risky.

"Wentian get back!" Mustang berated. He knew that his talent was limited and he was already at the extent of what he could achieve. However, Qin Wentian was different. Mustang had taught many students before, but none of them were as outstanding as Qin Wentian. He naturally didn't wish for Qin Wentian to risk himself.

In addition, Qin Wentian was the hope of the Emperor Star Academy. Perhaps one day when Qin Wentian was strong enough, he could rebuild the academy again. How wonderful would that be.

Qin Wentian smiled as he gazed at Mustang. The distance between them became closer and closer, as the killing intent of the old man soared higher and higher. In spite of that, Qin Wentian still ignored him, and continued advancing forwards.

A bone-chilling aura blasted right into Qin Wentian, as that old man narrowed his eyes. He didn't believe Qin Wentian would dare take the final steps. Qing`er, who was nearby, also began to move. The terrifying killing intent unleashed by the old man caused her to frown slightly.

"You are truly courting death." The old man directed his icy glare towards Qin Wentian. He slowly raised up his palms; if Qin Wentian chose to take the remaining steps, he would cripple him.

Qin Wentian's expression was still as serene as before, seemingly unaffected by the old man. He took two steps forward, walking to Luo Huan's side, and started to release the locks binding her body.

Rumble! The old man's' killing intent soared to a crescendo, as his palms blasted out. A beam of light flashed, and Qin Wentian was left feeling only a gust of wind fluttering by his body.

Chi! A slight sound rang out, as the body of that old man was flung through the air, before slamming heavily onto the stairs below the Azure Dragon Jadeite Seat.

In that moment, everyone was overwhelmed with amazement, as they realised what just happened.

"How is this possible?" The crowd gazed at the silhouette who blasted the old man away. Even the veil obscuring her features was unable to mask how enchanting she looked. She was ice, and snow, giving off the feeling that she was not from the mortal world.

She looked so young, but her speed displayed earlier had already reached a terrifying realm. She was so quick that their eyes couldn't even follow her movements, so quick to the point that a peak-level Yuanfu expert was flung through the air upon matching blows with her. As the person in charge of the execution, the old man didn't even have the chance to retaliate before he was grievously injured.

Not only that, that ephemeral beauty seemed as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened. Her eyelashes fluttered slightly as though she was frowning, and she stared at the old man with displeasure in her eyes.

"I won't allow you to touch him."

A clear, melodious voice rang out, carrying a hint of magnetism, and a faint trace of coldness could be heard in it. Not only that, there was also a feeling of childlike innocence to it.

After hearing her words, especially spoken in that tone of hers, Qin Wentian really wanted to embrace Qing'er into a hug. She was too adorable. What a pity she was only responsible for protecting his safety, and wouldn't aid him in other disputes unless he was in a life-threatening situation. But, with such a powerful protector, Qin Wentian was truly thankful, especially at this moment.

Clearly, his bet had paid off.

The guards near Mustang and Luo Huan, upon seeing how Qing'er easily repelled that old man, unconsciously retreated a distance away. No one dared to act recklessly, they could only stand there and watch Qin Wentian remove the locks and bindings of both Mustang and Luo Huan.

“We were forced to consume the Energy Scattering Powder, so if you didn’t turn up, it would have crippled our cultivation.” Luo Huan bitterly laughed. Only then did Qin Wentian understand the reason why the locks were able to bind the both of them.

Bzzz! Abruptly a shadow flashed, and a figure lunged towards Qin Wentian with terrifying speed. Qin Wentian didn’t move, he continued supporting Luo Huan and Mustang as they walked down the platform.

Rumble~ Yet another intense thunderclap resounded, and the old man who made that earlier attack, was again repelled by Qing`er.

“If you do it again... I will really kill you, okay...”

Her words caused a smile to appear on Qin Wentian’s face. Why did it seem as though Qin Wentian was being bullied and if the bullies came to try their luck again, she would kill them.

That old man wiped traces of blood away from the corner of his mouth, glaring at Qinger, his countenance incredibly ugly to behold. Qinger was still standing there with indifference, but her frown deepened as she noticed how the old man was glaring at her. “I don’t like people looking at me in this way...”

“Cough, cough.” That old man was angered to the point where he coughed out blood. Couldn’t he even express his displeasure by glaring at her?

Her actions were so tyrannical, yet her words seemed as though she was the one being bullied. What an abnormal girl, she was so powerful yet her actions seemed to contrast her personality. The old man, despite being injured twice, was still unable to figure out the level of her cultivation.

Qin Wentian walked away, supporting both Mustang and Luo Huan, leaving behind the guards and protectors as they looked at each other with dismay. They started to move towards Qin Wentian, but they soon discovered several black-robed men appearing, forming a circle of protection around him.

Qinger also turned, as she followed behind Qin Wentian. No one dared to stop them.
“Qinger, you are really adorable.” Qin Wentian smiled as he noticed Qing`er walking towards his side.

A look of contemplation flickered in the eyes of Qing`er as she looked at Qin Wentian. After what seemed like half a day, she finally replied in a low voice, “Adorable... is that good or bad?”

Qin Wentian stumbled, almost falling down from her reply.

“Naturally, it’s something good. It means you are very, very good.” Somehow, Qin Wentian felt as though he was a sweet-talker trying to deceive an innocent girl.

Qing`er still didn’t understand, the aura that emitted from her was as cold as before. However, she nodded her head lightly in response. The word ‘adorable’ meant that she was very, very good?

Chapter 209: Hua Xiaoyun

An hour after the drama was over at the Chu Emperor District, the Qin rebel troops began an orderly retreat.

This confrontation was first, to complement Qin Wentian’s plan, and second, a probe to find out the actual defensive strength of the Royal Capital.

In the perspective of the Qin Clan, they naturally wished for the war to be concluded as soon as possible. They already received news that the Royal Clan was summoning back all their forces to trap the rebels in an encirclement. Although their own reinforcements were also on the way, it would definitely heighten the difficulty of conquering Chu if the war was lengthened.

Chu Tianjiao stood on top of the city gates, the sun rays were akin to blood, the countless corpses lying on the ground a testament to the brutality of the earlier clash. There were also several experts amongst those that had fallen.

Several decades had passed since the death of the Wu King, however who would have thought that Chu would witness the true military might of the Qin Clan once again. Sadly, this time round, the arrowhead of Qin’s military might was pointed at the Royal Capital.

Looking at the faces of the retreating rebel troops, even though their friends and comrades were dead, their eyes were still as cold and sharp as before. Their morale was unaffected, as though the fury in their hearts could only be unleashed via this war. Chu Tianjiao then glanced at the Chu’s troops. The troops of the Royal Army were despondent, in grief, their battle intent all withered away. Was this caused by the many years of inactivity? The edge of aggression of the Royal troops had all been worn down by the long period of peace, totally opposite to their enemy.

“Chu Kuo.” Chu Tianjiao shot a look towards a middle-aged man beside him.

“Your Majesty.” Chu Kuo was the uncle of Chu Tianjiao and his greatest supporter back when he was still a prince. Chu Kuo was bestowed kingship with a title – the Han King, and was the commander of the elite crack troops of the Royal Capital.

Chu Tianjiao stared at Chu Kuo, as he commanded, “Uncle, I shall leave this area to you.”

“Your Majesty.” A steely glint of determination flickered in Chu Kuo’s eyes as he stated, “If the city’s defenses are broken through, I shall offer my life.”

“Good. You have full authority here. Don’t disappoint me.” Chu Tianjiao delegated authority to Chu Kuo, he had full confidence in his capabilities.

Chu Tianjiao left. He already knew of the abduction of the little Princess, as well as the rescue staged by Qin Wentian. However, who was that mysterious maiden that had appeared?

Seems like he had underestimated the intensity of this storm brewing in Chu.

As for that group of Yuanfu experts under Qin Wentian, Chu Tianjiao had already deduced their origins. There weren’t many Yuanfu experts to be recruited within the Royal Capital. Under the process of elimination, there was an extremely high possibility that those Yuanfu experts belonged to the Divine Weapon Pavilion, as well as the Mo Clan.

The name of the Mo Clan’s clan leader had the ability to shake Chu. However, he disdained power struggles, and would rather focus his attention on cultivation, seeking an earlier breakthrough. He would often tour the world, and had vast knowledge and experiences. Chu was too small in his heart, and considering how proud he was, there was no way he would let his clan participate in Chu’s dispute for power. If that was the case, the only suspect remaining was the Divine Weapon Pavilion.

Yet the current him couldn’t make a move against the Divine Weapon Pavilion or the consequences would be even more dire.

Today, everything had gone contrary to what he had planned. To the Royal Clan, this was a humiliation. He had already disregarded the prestige of an Emperor when he captured Mustang and Luo Huan to threaten Qin Wentian, but in the end, the other party actually used the same tactic against him.

“Take this authority token and go to the Dark Forest. Summon all Military Palace troops undergoing training back for reinforcement.” Chu Tianjiao tossed a token to a trusted subordinate. That subordinate silently accepted the token, and like a shadow, flickered and disappeared from sight.

Although the Qin Clan’s forces were growing, it didn’t mean that the Royal Clan’s forces had stagnated.

Chu Tianjiao had his suspicions; other than the old grounds of the Godly General Military Palace used for the training of troops, there should be yet another mysterious force hiding in the Dark

Forest. Back then, the purpose of him setting the trap for Qin Chuan and Qin Yao was precisely to lure this mysterious power out.

“Pay a visit to the Jiang Clan,” Chu Tianjiao spoke out. The Jiang Clan of the Royal Capital was an aristocratic clan as well. Their power surpassed even the Ye Clan. However, similar to the Mo Clan, the Jiang Clan could also be considered as a source of power that lay outside the control of the Royal Clan. Other than both these clans, there were a few more clans that wouldn’t easily obey the commands of the Royal Clan. It seemed that this time round, he would have to personally pay them a visit.

Meanwhile, rumors of all varieties covered the skies and earth of Chu. The majority of these rumors were all about how the Dynasty of Chu had ended, and a new beginning would soon be heralded.

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The Mo Clan was situated at the western region of Chu.

At the moment, Mo Qingcheng brought Qin Wentian into the Mo Clan.

Although this was witnessed by the spies sent by Chu Tianjiao, Qin Wentian had absolute confidence in Qinger and thus didn’t bother with them. However, Qinger disappeared from sight again, so even if Qin Wentian wanted to find her, he had no idea where she disappeared to. Supposedly, she would only appear again if his life was in danger, truly, why was such a powerful maiden like her so adorable as well? Qin Wentian was really more than a little speechless.

Qin Wentian wondered how would Qing`er react, if she understood the definition of adorable.

Since her earliest memories, Qinger had followed Fairy Qingmei and naturally had blind obedience towards her teaching and words. Fairy Qingmei wanted her to protect Qin Wentian, so she did as asked, and as for the ways of the world, and human emotions, she was completely clueless. That was why before she departed, Fairy Qingmei had warned her not to be taken in by the flowery words of Qin Wentian. Qinger would definitely think: should ‘adorable’ be counted as a flowery word?

“Lass, do you know how long it’s been since you’ve disappeared?” Mo Qingcheng’s father, Mo Tianlin, walked out from a nearby building and glared at her.

Mo Qingcheng lowered her head lightly, a mischievous smile appearing on her face as she greeted, “Father.”

Maybe only in front of her Father and a certain someone, would she reveal this side of her personality.

“Do you still have me, your father, in your heart?” Mo Tianlin icily continued. Mo Qingcheng’s smile grew even wider as she pouted, “Father, am I not back now, don’t be angry anymore, alright?”

“Hmph.” Mo Tianlin snorted, shifting his gaze onto Qin Wentian who was beside Mo Qingcheng. This fellow truly caused a tsunami of disturbance in the Royal Capital.

At this moment, the meaning of Mo Qingcheng bringing Qin Wentian back into the Mo Clan needn’t be stated out loud with words.

This caused Mo Tianlin to sigh. Indeed, when a girl comes of age, her heart would no longer be with her clan, but rather, with the one she loved instead. This lass, was beginning to grow up.

Naturally in his heart, Mo Tianlin also quite liked Qin Wentian. This was especially so after he witnessed his potential during the Jun Lin Banquet. He had even initially planned to play matchmaker between Qin Wentian and his daughter.

However, the clan leader had just returned to the Mo Clan and it seemed as though he already had plans for Mo Qingcheng’s future.

This caused Mo Tianlin to be somewhat in a difficult position. After all, the clan leader’s authority superseded his own.

“Oi, oi, oi!” At that moment, a beautiful girl jumped up and shouted in excitement upon seeing Mo Qingcheng. “Qingcheng, you even brought him home. Wow, the development between you two is so fast.”

“Pfft.” Mo Qingcheng rolled her eyes, and sneakily snuck a glance at her father. She wanted to see Mo Tianlin’s attitude. However, Mo Tianlin’s countenance was as calm as before, and she couldn’t tell what he was thinking.

“Let’s go and visit your granddad,” Mo Tianlin spoke to Mo Qingcheng.

“Granddad is back?”

“Mhm.” Mo Tianling nodded, as he walked away. A radiant smile appeared on Mo Qingcheng’s face as she cast a glance at Qin Wentian, prodding his hands with her fingers.

Qin Wentian smiled and nodded in response, the two of them walking together as they followed Mo Tianling.

Mo Tianlin bought them to a pavilion, and within it, there were already two people playing chess.

“Haha, good fellow, to think that your chess skills are so profound.” Hearty laughter echoed. Qin Wentian studied the man who spoke. He looked to be about 50 years of age, yet was still brimming with vitality. This person should be the clan leader of the Mo Clan, the strongest cultivator in Chu under the Heavenly Dipper Realm.

Sitting opposite the old man was a youth with an extraordinary aura of about 20 years of age.

“Life is like a game of chess. Old Mo’s chess skills are extremely profound and forceful.” The youth laughed lightly.

“I’m already old, how can I be compared to you.” Old Mo laughed it off humbly, causing Mo Tianlin to click his tongue in wonder. Ever since the clan leader returned, he had been spending all his time together with this youth.

Not only that, he who was so prideful, was actually so humble before someone of the junior generation. This young man certainly must be someone extraordinary.

However, at this instant, as old man Mo shifted his gaze over, he involuntarily frowned when he noticed Qin Wentian standing so close together with Mo Qingcheng.

“Father, this is Qingcheng’s good friend, Qin Wentian,” Mo Tianlin introduced.

“Hmm.” Old Mo nodded his head. He had heard the name Qin Wentian before, the most talented genius in Chu, champion of the Junlin Banquet.

However, no matter how radiant Qin Wentian was, this place was ultimately still Chu – a small speck of dust, compared to the Nine Continents of the Grand Xia Empire.

“Hua Xiaoyun, Young Master Hua.” Old Mo introduced the youth sitting opposite to him to everyone. Smiling, he added, “Qingcheng, granddad shamelessly beseeched Young Master Hua to

look for a suitable teacher for you, and he has agreed. I wish to send you to the Grand Xia Empire for your cultivation. Staying here would only restrict your talent.”

Mo Qingcheng’s countenance faltered as she felt panic in her heart. Her granddad actually wanted to send her away for cultivation. Didn’t this mean that she had to part with Qin Wentian?

After seeing the countenance of Mo Qingcheng, Hua Xiaoyun was moved. Such beauty could even be considered peerless in the Grand Xia Empire. When old man Mo was telling him about his granddaughter, Hua Xiaoyun thought that he was exaggerating. But to think that Mo Qingcheng was really as beautiful as what he was told. He started to feel interested.

However, recently, there were several supreme experts that appeared in Chu, heading towards the Dark Forest. He could be considered to have a pretty close relationship with some of them, so it wouldn’t be difficult for him to introduce a teacher for Mo Qingcheng. Just merely for the sake of her beauty, he would definitely introduce a better teacher for her.

Just like what Hua Xiaoyun imagined, even now there were still several cultivators rushing to Chu on the back of flying demonic beasts. Currently, in the air space above Chu, Ouyang Kuangsheng and Jiang Ting were travelling together. Gazing at the country from above, a smile appeared on both their faces, “This Chu Country is truly extremely remote. I almost can’t believe that that friend of mine, Qin Wentian, grew up and matured here.”

Not only Ouyang Kuangsheng, even people from the Greencloud Pavilion arrived. As of now, Qian Mengyu had already broken through to Yuanfu. Gazing at this tiny and inconsequential country, she couldn’t help but sigh in her heart.

Such a tiny country like Chu actually produced a genius capable of easily suppressing the Swallow Swordsman, Mu Baifei. She wondered how he was doing now.

Ever since their time at the celestial lake, quite a few cultivators were unable to forget Qin Wentian, especially after the test held within the Refinement Grounds. Qian Mengyu, was merely one of many!

Chapter 210: Beyond Heavenly Dipper

In the Mo Residence, upon hearing that her granddad wished to engage a teacher for her, Mo Qingcheng couldn’t help but to interject in a low voice, “Granddad, I wish to roam the world.”

Mo Qingcheng’s original plan was, after the storm in Chu blew over, she would roam the Grand Xia Empire together with Qin Wentian.

“You don’t know what’s good for you,” Old Mo berated, causing Mo Qingcheng to lower her head, not daring to meet his eyes. Old man Mo had an extremely high status in the Mo Clan. Not even her father Mo Tianlin would dare to show any hints of reluctance when it came to the wishes of Old Mo.

Usually, he wouldn’t interfere with the daily operations and matters pertaining to the clan. But once he made a decision, no one could change his mind.

“Roam the world? You are merely at the initial Yuanfu Realm, and blessed with such a countenance. Do you know how dangerous it would be for you to roam the world? You don’t have sufficient strength to protect yourself. Not only that, even I, myself, would have to be extremely careful when travelling in that world out there. If not, I would have died long ago, buried in an unknown location far away from home.” Old Mo continued his tirade. “Young Master Hua is kind enough to introduce a teacher for you, what more could you wish for? In the future, after you enter into a powerful sect, isn’t it better to temper yourselves alongside your Senior and Junior Martial Brothers, rather than roaming around the world?”

“But…” Mo Qingcheng obstinately continued.

“Qingcheng,” Mo Tianlin interjected, with bitterness in his heart. He knew how his daughter felt. Qin Wentian was indeed outstanding, and if he could really resolve the storm that was brewing in the Royal Capital, he wouldn’t object to them being together. But since Old man Mo now wanted to find a good teacher for Qingcheng’s future, matters of the heart were naturally less important and could be temporarily set aside first.

Old man Mo swept his gaze over to Qin Wentian. Obviously, he had already deduced the reason for his granddaughter’s out of the norm behaviour.

“Lass, you have never been to the world out there, so it’s natural that you wouldn’t know how high the heavens are and how vast the earth is. The Chu Country, in the perspective of the Grand Xia Empire, is nothing but an ant. Just any random Heavenly Dipper Sovereign from the Grand Xia Empire would be able to lay waste to Chu, not to mention the other supreme experts from the transcendent powers.”

Old Mo had always doted on his granddaughter, and so his tone softened as he continued. “In Chu, your talent can be considered extremely outstanding. That’s why granddad doesn’t want to stifle your talent. In any case, do you know what are the Mandates of Martial Daos?”

“I’ve heard granddad speak of it before. Mandates of Martial Daos are comprehended based on insights and an understanding of the myriad of Astral Souls. Each mandate possesses tremendous might and is of great benefit to cultivators at the Yuanfu Realm, allowing them to break through to the later levels of Yuanfu,” Mo Qingcheng replied in a low voice.

“You are right, the myriad of mandates are as boundless as the different types of Astral Souls. For example, there’s the Mandate of Wind, Mandate of Lightning, Mandate of Fire, Mandate of Blood, etc. Every level of insight gained will result in variations of the primary Mandate. Not only that, there are a total of four Boundaries per level of insight when it comes to comprehending Mandates. The four Boundaries are namely; Initial Boundary, Advanced Boundary, Transformation Boundary, and lastly, Perfection Boundary.”

“For the Mandate of Force, the first level of insight is Strength. In the Initial Boundary, the power of your attack would be enhanced by a factor of two; Advanced Boundary, the power of your attack would be enhanced by a factor of four; Transformation Boundary, eight times; Perfection Boundary, over ten times. Think about it, for some cultivators that comprehend all the way to the Perfection Boundary of the first level of insight, your attack power would be enhanced by over ten times! Would any opponent even be able to defend against a single one of your strikes?”

Old man Mo explained, as Qin Wentian listened seriously. Mandates of Martial Daos, the Mandate of Force, that should be the insight he comprehended earlier.

“After Stellar Martial Cultivators break through to Yuanfu, the path of cultivation would be even tougher onwards, especially from Yuanfu to Heavenly Dipper, that is a huge watershed. Furthermore, breaking through to the Heavenly Dipper Realm not only requires astronomical amounts of cultivation resources, even comprehending the first level of insight to the Perfection Boundary would be insufficient. The cultivator must comprehend the second level of insights of their respective Mandates before they can break through to Heavenly Dipper.”

“Father, what do you mean when you say second level insights?” Mo Tianlin was also entranced by what he heard. Previously, Old man Mo hadn’t shared this with him since he himself hadn’t comprehended any insights.

“First level insight, in regards to Mandates of any Martial Daos, would be the base, eternal and unchangeable. Upon comprehending second level insights, the Mandate will undergo variation specific to the cultivator. For example, even if two cultivators comprehend the first level of insight of the Mandate of Force, Strength, upon comprehending second level insights, their Mandates would be slightly different. Not only that, I heard that beyond second level insights, are the third level insights. Third level insights of Mandates would enable the cultivator to be able to manifest

the heavenly constellations. These legendary cultivators are an entire realm above Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns, and are known as Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants.”

Old man Mo’s gaze was filled with admiration and hope. He truly wished to be able to step into the ranks of the fabled Ascendants one day.

The Celestial Phenomenon realm is the realm after Heavenly Dipper. Despite his many years of roaming the world, he had yet to have a chance to witness the boundaries of power a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant could manifest.

If a powerhouse who was exceedingly proficient with the Mandate of Blood, manifested his Celestial Constellations, millions upon millions of people would probably be transformed into pools of blood. That level of power, was too terrifying in scale and scope, to the point where it was utterly incomprehensible.

“Celestial Phenomenon Realm...” Qin Wentian whispered. Qin Wentian thought back to the statue he had seen in the Dark Forest, as well as the supreme experts that crowded around the Qin Heavenly Divine Sect. They must all be Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants. Yet... they were so easily slaughtered by his father, that damn old fogey. What realm of power had that old fogey already reached back then?

Was he at the peak of Celestial Phenomenon? Or a realm even above that?

Manifesting the heavenly celestial constellations with but a thought. How inconceivable was that?

“Father, which Boundary of the first insight has your Mandate reached?” Mo Tianlin asked.

“Regretfully, even after so many years, I only stepped into the Transformation Boundary of the first level insight. Out of my three Astral Souls, I’ve only comprehended a single Mandate at the first level. And yet, that was already sufficient for me to be termed as the strongest cultivator under Heavenly Dipper, and easily able to lord over Chu.” A hint of pride could be heard in the tone of Old man Mo. After which, he shifted his glance to Mo Qingcheng as he added, “Qingcheng, you should understand what I meant after my explanation. This world is truly immense, you should widen your perspective. Joining an established sect is the best way forward, and with guidance, it would save you a lot of time. It would give you a straight path to walk compared to just exploring on your own, only to learn that your selected paths were erroneous.”

Mo Tianlin had an expression of astonishment on his face. His father's Mandate had already reached the transformation Boundary of the first level. It was no wonder that everyone feared him in Chu.

It seemed like roaming the world really did have its benefits.

“Senior, it doesn't mean that one definitely has to join an established sect before they can comprehend the Martial Mandate,” Qin Wentian stated in a low voice. To him, other than having a teacher, one's accomplishment in comprehending insights was also hugely dependent on one's innate talent. Naturally, luck was also an important factor. A good example was him encountering the statue in the Dark Forest, which enabled him to comprehend the first level of the Mandate of Force, Strength.

Old man Mo furrowed his brows as he replied somewhat unhappily, “What do you know? How many Yuanfu Cultivators have comprehended Mandates in Chu? Back then, because of a lucky chance, I comprehended my Mandate only when I was at the 6th level of Yuanfu. Only after tens of years did I manage to enter the transformation Boundary. Do you know how incredibly difficult it is for cultivators to comprehend a Mandate?”

“Meanwhile, Young Master Hua has already comprehended his Mandate when he stepped into the 4th level of Yuanfu from more than a year ago. This is the difference between backgrounds and having guidance or not,” Old man Mo icily remarked, “Truly, the ignorant speak the loudest.”

Upon seeing the harsh attitude of Old man Mo, Qin Wentian understood that his earlier words had infuriated him. Hence, he chose to remain silent. If he were to demonstrate his Mandate right now, it would undoubtedly be akin to a smack on Old man Mo's face. It would leave him no way to step down the stage and would even create more misunderstandings between him and Old man Mo. This was something Qin Wentian wanted to avoid.

“Senior is wise.” Qin Wentian bitterly smiled in his heart as he stated the words. However, the lecture he heard earlier was extremely beneficial. Now he knew that comprehending Mandates not only allowed one to be more powerful, it was also the pathway for stepping into Heavenly Dipper. No wonder Gongyang Hong told him to focus on understanding his Astral Souls back then.

Currently, he had only comprehended the Mandate of Force from his Heavenly Hammer Astral Soul. The constellations that he condensed his second and third Astral Soul from wasn't a whit inferior to the Heavenly Hammer Constellation. He could still grow stronger if he could comprehend more insights from the both of them.

“It’s always good to be more humble, young man. You can leave for now.” Old man Mo waved his hands, his intentions were as clear as water.

Qin Wentian was stunned for a second, but he swiftly recovered as he bowed, “Junior shall leave first.”

“I will send him out then.” After speaking, Mo Qingcheng ignored Old man Mo’s objection and directly left with Qin Wentian. Her actions caused Old man Mo to be so angry that his eyeballs almost popped out, his complexion turning green. After which, he glanced at Hua Xiaoyun as he mumbled, “Apologies, that lass has been spoilt by me.”

“No worries, if her talent is like what you described, I will introduce a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign to become her teacher, and even give her a chance to join one of the transcendent powers within the Nine Continents.” Hua Yunxiao had an unperturbed expression on his face as he replied with a hint of nonchalance.

“Haha, this Old man will have to thank you then,” Old man Mo replied. Look at how magnanimous Hua Xiaoyun was. He was miles away compared to that ignorant Qin Wentian. This, was the difference.

In reality, in his heart, he had already judged both Hua Xiaoyun and Qin Wentian. Obviously, he favoured Hua Xiaoyun more, since the appearance of Qin Wentian was undoubtedly the reason for Mo Qingcheng’s behaviour, thus impeding his plans for her. So regardless of how humble Qin Wentian acted, his perception was already fixed. To Old man Mo, Qin Wentian would always be an ‘ignorant’ youth.

Mo Qingcheng and Qin Wentian were walking in the grounds of the Mo Clan. Mo Qingcheng leaned against Qin Wentian, as she abruptly held his hands before whispering in a low voice, “Wentian, that’s how my granddad usually behaves, don’t mind him okay...?”

“I understand, there’s no need to explain to me.” Qin Wentian smiled. As the strongest Yuanfu Cultivator in Chu, it was understandable that he was a proud man. Not to mention, after all his experiences and perspectives from roaming around the Grand Xia Empire, he couldn’t possibly hold anyone from Chu in high regards.

“You are not allowed to feel angry then.” Mo Qingcheng mischievously smiled as she stuck out her tongue.

“Fine.” Qin Wentian smiled back. He wasn’t that small-minded.

“Oi oi oi, stop flirting in public.” Nolan who was behind them, teased. Mo Qingcheng rolled her eyes but didn’t say anything as a rebuttal. After all, Mo Qingcheng had already regarded Qin Wentian as her other half, and wouldn’t be bothered by what others thought about them.

“Pfft, if you are capable, go find one for yourself,” Mo Qingcheng remarked.

“How can I be comparable to the number one beauty of Chu? After all, I don’t have endless lines of suitors wooing me.” Nolan grinned.

As the three of them exited the Mo Clan, they saw a person standing outside, appearing to be waiting for someone. Upon seeing him, Qin Wentian couldn’t help but be startled, as a smile appeared on his face.

“Long time no see.” Immortal Drunken Wine laughed. Just like before, an ever-present wine gourd was in Immortal Drunken Wine’s hands.

“You are looking for me?” Qin Wentian felt a little bewildered.

“Yes, why are you so surprised? In Chu, everyone knows that you are in the Mo Clan. What are you doing here? Are you here to propose a marriage?” Immortal Drunken Wine winked at Mo Qingcheng who was standing beside Qin Wentian, causing her face to blush with an adorable redness.

“Not that fast.” Qin Wentian shrugged as he laughed. Didn’t his answer indirectly mean that he would propose marriage in the future? Upon hearing his answer, a smile of breathtaking radiance lit up Mo Qingcheng’s face.

“Haha, are you free to accompany me to drink a cup of two? There’s someone who wishes to meet you.” Immortal Drunken Wine went straight to the point of his visit.

“Sure.” Qin Wentian straight-forwardly accepted. Who had the ability and prestige to make Immortal Drunken Wine willing to act as a runner? He couldn’t help but be extremely curious over this mysterious ‘someone’ who wished to meet him!