

Ancient GM 211

Chapter 211: Meeting

Immortal Drunken Wine brought Qin Wentian to a wine shop that he frequented. Back then, after Luo Qianqiu's failed attempt at his life, Qin Wentian had emerged from the Dark Forest and had passed by this very wine shop. There, he met Immortal Drunken Wine and a young man with an extraordinary demeanor. Today, the three of them were here again. Apparently, the man who wished to meet him was the same extraordinary young man from back then.

"Previously we bid our farewells, and today, we meet here again. In such a short span of time, the name of the youth from before has already resounded throughout Chu. Wouldn't you say the happenings of this world are unpredictable indeed?" the young man stated with a smile upon noting Qin Wentian's approach.

Qin Wentian had already felt that this young man before him was someone remarkable. He couldn't help but feel pity for him; as Immortal Drunken Wine had said before, this man was outstanding in all aspects but because of his innate constitution, there was no way for him to cultivate.

"I'm notorious, rather than famous, you mean? Living in the Royal Capital with a huge target painted on my face." Qin Wentian laughed as he sat down. If not for the protection of Qing'er, he would have to be extremely cautious, even when merely walking down the street. How could he still have the time to enjoy drinking wine and chatting leisurely right now?

The young man looked at Qin Wentian, sighing in his heart. Qin Wentian had already become the mortal enemy of the Royal Clan, and he couldn't help feeling sad because of that. Back when Chu Tianjiao had planned to make a move against the Qin Clan, he never imagined that the Qin Clan would actually have such a person like Qin Wentian.

Not to mention his talent, the various powers behind him all had sufficient capabilities to end Chu, let alone the fact that he would only grow stronger and stronger in the future.

"Back then you asked me who I was. My reply was: those who meet because of a mutual love of wine are friends, even without inquiring on each other's background. When we met back then, we were already friends. But to move this discussion further, I shall hide nothing from you. My name is Chu Wuwei, I am the elder brother of Chu Tianjiao."

Qin Wentian was stunned into silence, but swiftly recovered after an instant. The happenings of the world are unpredictable, indeed. Yet, after knowing that this man was the elder brother of Chu Tianjiao, Qin Wentian still had a favourable opinion of him.

Chu Wuwei noticed Qin Wentian's silence, and he laughed as he continued, "Could it be that after knowing my identity, we are no longer friends?"

"The Royal Clan wants my life, wants to annihilate my Qin Clan, exterminate my Emperor Star Academy, slaughter my teacher and my martial brothers." Qin Wentian looked at Chu Wuwei, his voice still as serene as before, yet the meaning of his words were as clear as water. From the Royal Clan's treatment of him, the ending had already been determined. It was impossible for them to co-exist, only one would survive.

"Chu Mang," Chu Wuwei called out. After which, a person entered the wine shop. This person looked extremely well built, with a herculean physique. Qin Wentian could feel a strong sense of pressure just from matching his stare alone.

"This is Chu Mang from the Royal Clan of Chu, Chu Tianjiao's second brother," Chu Wuwei explained. "He has yet another title, it being the number one among the ten prodigies of Chu."

"I've long heard of his great name." Qin Wentian smiled. Considering the amount of time he spent in the Royal Capital, how could he not know who the first-ranked prodigy was?

"My second brother and I, we have always been against the plans of my Royal Father and third brother, Chu Tianjiao. Not only that, all my younger sisters are innocent and play no part in this dispute. Although Chu Tianjiao may be the Emperor now, he doesn't represent our Royal Clan," Chu Wuwei explained seriously.

"And?" From his words, it was as though Chu Wuwei wanted to draw a clear line with Chu Tianjiao, wishing to diminish Qin Wentian's hatred towards the Royal Clan of Chu.

However no matter what was said, from a certain perspective, as the Emperor, Chu Tianjiao did indeed represent the Royal Clan.

"Before my Royal Father passed away, he wanted me to protect our clan's bloodline, while also aiding my third brother to secure Chu. I agreed to the prior, but not the latter request." Chu Wuwei continued, "I won't ask you to release my younger sister. Although I can say that she's innocent, but then again, your teacher Mustang and Senior Sister Luo Huan were innocent as well. Regardless, there's no absolute wrong or right in this world. I just hope that you won't hurt her. I'm pleading for her in the capacity of her older brother."

After his speech, Chu Wuwei raised his wine cup in the direction of Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian hesitated for an instant, but he soon mirrored Chu Wuwei's actions as they both downed their cups of wine.

"Many thanks." Chu Wuwei smiled. "I can guarantee to you, I will never use my abilities to help Chu Tianjiao. In reality, I don't wish for Chu to be at war. Isn't it much more beautiful if the academies can co-exist, nurturing future experts of Chu, prospering in harmony? What a pity that things always turns out contrary to the way one wishes."

As he spoke, Chu Wuwei helplessly shook his head, as he downed yet another cup of wine on his own.

"Since you have this wish in your heart, why don't you fight for what you want?" Immortal Drunken Wine interjected, causing a look of astonishment to flash on Qin Wentian's face. The word 'fight for', when used on Chu Wuwei, only had a single meaning – the fight for the Emperor's throne.

"It would be really tiring to lead such a life." Chu Wuwei sighed again. Maybe outsiders didn't know about this, but being the Crown Prince of Chu and yet unable to cultivate, Chu Wuwei had faced countless 'incidents' ever since his youth. Who knew the price he had to pay in order to preserve his life.

"Qin Wentian, I truly and sincerely hope that we can remain friends. If the 'opportunity' permits, I will look for you again." Chu Wuwei laughed as he stood up, before departing with Chu Mang.

Qin Wentian pondered over Chu Wuwei's words. What did he mean by 'opportunity'?

Immortal Drunken Wine patted Qin Wentian's shoulders as he smiled. "I can swear upon my character, I guarantee that Chu Wuwei is absolutely trustworthy. If he wasn't, considering the fact that he is unable to cultivate, no way would he be able to survive within the webs of intrigue and danger growing up in the Royal Clan."

"Come, let us drink some more." Qin Wentian didn't reply to the question, he only raised his wine cup to Immortal Drunken Wine, as he continued laughing.

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Just as Immortal Drunken Wine had said, each and every one of Qin Wentian's actions were closely monitored by many in Chu.

The reason why Ouyang Kuangsheng and Jiang Ting came here was naturally because of the rumor saying the demonic star had descended inside the Dark Forest. However currently, the Dark Forest was already monopolised by a bunch of powerful old freaks, and so people like them, of the junior

generations, could only stand aside. This caused them to be extremely depressed, and thus, they decided to visit the Royal Capital of Chu which was in close proximity to the Dark Forest.

In Chu, Ouyang Kuangsheng was only acquainted with Qin Wentian. Not only that, Qin Wentian was extremely 'famous', so just a little inquiry on his part had already allowed him to know that Qin Wentian was currently in the western region of the Royal Capital, inside the Mo Residence.

But upon thinking about it, Ouyang Kuangsheng decided that it was only to be expected. With Qin Wentian's talent, how could he not be famous in a such a small place like Chu? Even if Qin Wentian was placed in the Grand Xia Empire, he would only need at most five to ten years before his name resounded throughout the Nine Continents.

Ouyang Kuangsheng and Jiang Ting flew through the skies, exhibiting an aura of majesty as they proceeded towards the Mo Clan Residence, together with a group of their followers. The Mo Clan was thrown in a state of frenzy upon seeing numerous Yuanfu cultivators descending from the skies. These people all possessed an extraordinary bearing and didn't seem to be from Chu.

Mo Qingcheng and her clan members arrived at the entrance. Upon noticing Ouyang Kuangsheng and Jiang Ting, a look of extreme surprise flashed on her face. Ouyang Kuangsheng was similarly bewildered and was momentarily stunned when he caught sight of Mo Qingcheng.

"Haha, Mo Qingcheng, so the Mo Residence is your home, no wonder he would be here." Only after this, did Ouyang Kuangsheng deduce that this was Mo Qingcheng's home. Back then in the Refinement Grounds, although Mo Qingcheng's features were obscured, even when she was crossdressing as a guy, it couldn't hide her loveliness.

Now that Mo Qingcheng wasn't in a disguise, Ouyang Kuangsheng's eyes brightened as he saw her. Looks like that fellow Qin Wentian's judgement was truly exceptional indeed.

Mo Qingcheng naturally understood that the 'he' Ouyang Kuangsheng was referring to, was none other than Qin Wentian. She couldn't help but smile as she invited Ouyang Kuangsheng in. "He just left not long ago, why don't you guys come in to rest first?"

"Ah I see." Ouyang Kuangsheng was somewhat disappointed.

At this moment, Old man Mo walked over. He wasn't too bothered when he heard that there were many people appearing at their Mo Residence. After all, below Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns, there was no one he feared in Chu. He only came to take a look because he heard that these people might not be from Chu.

Upon seeing Ouyang Kuangsheng and Jiang Ting, his heart involuntarily shook. These people had an extraordinary bearing indeed.

An individual's character and presence was shaped from the nurturing of one's environment in which they grew up in. A group of followers stood silently behind them, while the two in the lead, although they were young, it was obvious from their appearance that they were the young master and young mistress that the followers reported to. A thought instantly flashed in his mind. These people definitely belonged to one of the transcendent powers of the Nine Continents.

"Ouyang Kuangsheng and Jiang Ting?" Hua Xiaoyun's gaze shifted to the two in the lead.

The Grand Xia Empire was too vast, and the younger generation's influence was limited. Hence, everyone might know some of the most famous names, yet they wouldn't recognise the person.

"Who are you?" Ouyang Kuangsheng looked towards Hua Xiaoyun, as he asked.

"Hua Clan, Hua Xiaoyun," Hua Xiaoyun indifferently replied. The Hua Clan was similar to the Ouyang Clan, they possessed tremendous influence and might, and were part of the transcendent powers within the Nine Continents.

"Oh, so you are the silk-pants young master?" Ouyang Kuangsheng laughed, his answer causing Hua Xiaoyun to frown.

"I heard that your older brother is here as well. Where is he?" Ouyang Kuangsheng continued. He didn't expect that even the Hua Clan would appear here.

"Hmph, who do you think you are? Are you questioning even the whereabouts of my brother?" A cold arrogance flickered in Hua Xiaoyun's eyes. Hua Xiaoyun's older brother was the chosen one of the younger generations of the Hua Clan.

"Why not? He is my idol, but of course, this is only temporarily." An expression of pride flickered in Ouyang Kuangsheng's eyes. This was the conviction he had in his own abilities. However, he had no choice but to admit that the chosen one of Hua Clan was really a top-tier character, being extremely famous in the whole of the Grand Xia Empire.

“A lunatic spouting crap,” Hua Xiaoyun disdainfully replied.

“What the f*** are you so arrogant for? With your dog-shit talent, it would merely take me a year or two to surpass you.” Ouyang Kuangsheng didn’t bother to maintain any forms of cordiality, as he directly shot down Hua Xiaoyun with words. Hua Xiaoyun’s countenance immediately sank, he felt as though all face had been completely thrown away.

Old man Mo who was beside Hua Xiaoyun said nothing, and continued to listen. He met Hua Xiaoyun by chance, and after seeing his extraordinary bearing, as well as how he had comprehended the insights of a Mandate at such a young age, Old man Mo was filled with admiration and decided to befriend him. After the exchange, he realised that Hua Xiaoyun still had an older brother and from what he heard, the talent of his older brother should be many times more terrifying compared to him.

And as for the group of cultivators standing before them, they all originated from transcendent powers as well. Not only that, from the tone of Ouyang Kuangsheng, it appeared that he was even more outstanding compared to Hua Xiaoyun.

This caused old man Mo to be extremely stupefied. Why was that lass Qingcheng acquainted with such a character?

No wonder she was his granddaughter. When it came to looks and talent, she was unequaled. So long as she set forth from Chu, her future accomplishments would definitely surpass anything he could ever achieve!

Chapter 212: Ouyang’s Thinking

Old man Mo walked to the side of Mo Qingcheng as he asked in a low voice, “Qingcheng, who are these people?”

“Granddad, this is Ouyang Kuangsheng from the Ouyang Aristocratic Clan. His talent is extremely exceptional, the first Astral Soul he condensed was from the 4th Heavenly Layer,” Mo Qingcheng introduced, her answer causing a bright glow to glimmer in the eyes of old Mo as he cast a glance at Ouyang Kuangsheng.

“Similarly, his girlfriend Jiang Ting, is also from an Aristocratic Clan considered as a transcendent power,” Mo Qingcheng continued, as old man Mo’s heart trembled lightly. To think that he had been roaming the world for decades, yet he still couldn’t claim that he was truly acquainted with

any transcendent powers. Yet his own granddaughter already had actual connections, and at such a young age too.

At this moment, yet another group of cultivators descended from the skies. The ones in the lead were three young-looking cultivators, all projecting an extraordinary demeanor. Old man Mo was stunned, what exactly was going on today? Why had all these cultivators appeared at his Mo Residence?

“Hua Xiaoyun, why are you looking for us?” asked the one standing in front, the only female in the group of three. She looked to be below 20 years of age, and was clad in pristine white, giving off a simple and elegant aura.

Beside her were two young men, both with extremely good looks. As they noticed Mo Qingcheng, they couldn't help but cast a few more glances at her. Even in the Grand Xia Empire, it was exceedingly rare for girls to possess beauty on the level of Mo Qingcheng. Following which, a bizarre expression could be seen on their faces as they noticed Ouyang Kuangsheng and Jiang Ting standing beside Mo Qingcheng.

“Bai Fei, let me introduce a new junior martial sister to your sect. How about it?” Hua Xiaoyun spoke to the girl.

However, Bai Fei merely coldly snorted, “You should know how strict the requirements are to enter our Pill Emperor Hall.”

Hua Xiaoyun's countenance involuntarily turned slightly frosty. Weren't Bai Fei's words a public smack to his face? Regardless, he still had to continue, if not his dignity would truly be gone. Old Mo hadn't lied about the beauty of his granddaughter, hopefully he was also speaking the truth about her talent in the field of pill concoction.

“Don't worry. How could I introduce an inferior disciple to the esteemed Pill Emperor Hall?” Hua Xiaoyun forced a laugh. “The person I want to introduce is right here, you can go ahead and test her talent.”

After speaking, he pointed to Mo Qingcheng. Bai Fei was also stunned by Mo Qingcheng's beauty, while the eyes of the two male cultivators behind her shone with a bright light. Naturally, they wouldn't mind having such a beautiful lady as their junior martial sister.

“Anyway, Master is just nearby, why don’t we invite her to test our prospective Junior Sister’s talent?” One of the male cultivators laughed.

Bai Fei glared at her Senior Brother suspiciously, yet she couldn’t read his thoughts.

“Hehe, I would have to trouble you then.” Huo Xiaoyun laughed, while Ouyang Kuangsheng, upon hearing their words, seemed to have understood something. He then shifted his gaze towards Baifei and the other two as he asked, “Bai Fei from the Pill Emperor Palace, may I inquire if your master is the daughter of the Pill Emperor?”

“So what if it is? What has it got to do with you?” Bai Fei’s voice had a hint of arrogance in it. Her master was none other than the daughter of the Pill Emperor. Her innate talents with pill concoction were exceedingly high.

“Your mouth stinks, however, I do not squabble with females.” Ouyang Kuangsheng laughed.

“Qingcheng, if her master really is the daughter of the Pill Emperor, you should seriously consider it. I shall bid my farewells now.”

After which, Ouyang Kuangsheng led Jiang Ting and his followers away, appearing extremely confident and at ease.

Bai Fei coldly swept her glance at him before she commented with contempt in her voice. “How ridiculous, I’ve never heard of people who had the gall to ‘consider it’ when my Master wishes to accept a disciple.”

Apparently, she took offense at Ouyang’s words to Mo Qingcheng.

Old man Mo trembled with excitement. Daughter of the Pill Emperor?

He would never have imagined that Mo Qingcheng would be so lucky. Moving forward, old Mo politely spoke, “Why don’t we all rest up in my humble abode first?”

“Since you are already here, might as well accept Old Mo’s invitation. Who knows, your teacher may hold her talent in high regards.” Hua Xiaoyun laughed, as Bai Fei and the rest from the Pill Emperor Hall nodded lightly in response.

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Qin Wentian was unaware of the events that had transpired. After separating from Chu Wuwei, he returned to the Bamboo Lodge where Gongyang Hong used to stay in, sitting down by the riverside and beginning his cultivation.

“Haha, Wentian, you really are here. Why is it so easy to get news of your location?” A clear voice drifted over from afar, causing Qin Wentian to be slightly stunned. “Ouyang Kuangsheng?”

Qing`er who had, a moment ago, been standing somewhere not far from Qin Wentian, silently vanished upon noting the arrival of Ouyang Kuangsheng.

She had seen Ouyang Kuangsheng before, back in the refinement grounds of the celestial lake, hence she knew that he had a pretty close relationship with Qin Wentian.

“Ouyang, what are you doing here?” Qin Wentian asked in surprise.

“There’s a forest inundated with demonic beasts outside the borders of Chu. Over there, the corpse of a demonic lord at the Celestial Phenomenon Realm appeared, and created a huge uproar in the Grand Xia Empire. I followed members of my clan all the way here, but we of the junior generations have no way to fight against the supreme experts already there. On hindsight, I remembered that you were from Chu, which is why I decided to see if you were around.” Ouyang Kuangsheng and Jiang Ting sat on the ground. Qin Wentian was speechless, to think that it was he who had caused the commotion.

And if he understood what Ouyang Kuangsheng was saying, that statue... was a corpse of a demonic lord?

“The corpse of the demonic lord you were referring to, was it the demonic beast or the human?” Qin Wentian asked.

“How did you know there were two lords? They were both at the Celestial Phenomenon Realm, only that the humanoid corpse was more extraordinary compared to the demonic beast. After the investigation, the elders all came to the conclusion that the blood resonance of the corpse caused the commotion. After studying that, they deduced that the demonic lord belonged to the Ancient Primordial Bloodline, but as to which race he was from, the remaining blood in his body was insufficient for us to come to any conclusion,” Ouyang Kuangsheng explained, as a strange glow flashed past Qin Wentian’s eyes. Ancient Primordial Bloodline?

“I wonder what caused the dried up blood of the demonic lord to resonate? Apparently the ripples were so huge, it even affected the movements of heavenly bodies, which brought this matter to the attention of the Venerate Heavens Sect. Soon after, they leaked the news by saying that the demonic star had descended and the location was none other than the Dark Forest of Chu.” Ouyang Kuangsheng shook his head. “Oh ya, there’s still a matter I need to talk to you about. Earlier I went to the Mo Residence and met your girlfriend Mo Qingcheng. What’s going on with that Hua Xiaoyun? Is he your love rival? He’s gone to the extent of introducing a sect for her to join.”

“I’m not very clear, either. That person should be acquainted with Qingcheng’s granddad, and her granddad seems to have a really high opinion of him. Basically, it appears that he doesn’t approve of any cultivators from Chu.” Qin Wentian bitterly smiled, shaking his head as he continued, “However for matters of entering a sect, I believe Qingcheng will make her own decisions.”

Qin Wentian had absolute trust in Mo Qingcheng. The silly girl blocked a palm blow for him back when he was assaulted by Janus, and not that long ago, she suffered immensely in the Dark Forest just to warn him that returning to Chu was dangerous. How could anyone not be moved? Qin Wentian would certainly cherish her.

“I can settle this easily. Do you want me to talk to that old man?” Ouyang Kuangsheng laughed.

“It’s fine, Qingcheng can handle it herself. It’s her granddad’s decision after all, it wouldn’t be too good if outsiders barged in.” Qin Wentian naturally didn’t wish for the relationship between him and Old Mo to turn bitter.

“Well, I didn’t say that I would bully him.” Ouyang Kuangsheng’s eyes flickered with a bright light. Qin Wentian couldn’t tell what he was thinking.

“Oh and one more thing, somehow, from a lucky combination of many factors, Hua Xiaoyun actually managed to refer Mo Qingcheng to the Pill Emperor’s daughter. I feel that if the Pill Emperor’s daughter recognises Mo Qingcheng’s talent, you can be at ease and allow Mo Qingcheng to join the Pill Emperor Hall with no worries.”

Ouyang Kuangsheng further analysed, “Furthermore, you will be roaming the Grand Xia Empire in the near future, right? Do you want to leave Mo Qingcheng behind in the dust as your talent blooms further and further? If she joins the Pill Emperor Hall, they would nurture your girlfriend to become an incredible alchemy expert. This would be worth your while, so you should take advantage of this deal right here, hahaha.”

“As long as the Pill Emperor’s daughter recognises her talent, Mo Qingcheng will definitely not be bullied. No matter which angle I look at, this is the perfect plan. But naturally, you guys have your own perspective as well. Are you confident that your relationship will be able to withstand the test of distance and time?” stated Ouyang Kuangsheng straightforwardly.

“I’m not worried about this. If... and I’m saying if, if Qingcheng really has a change of heart, I won’t stop her from seeking her happiness.” Qin Wentian felt that Ouyang Kuangsheng’s words were highly reasonable. After he settled things in Chu, he would leave for the Grand Xia Empire. And by joining the Pill Emperor Hall, all things considered, Mo Qingcheng would also be in the Grand Xia Empire, embarking on her own path.

“It’s good that you think that way. Unknowingly, that Hua Xiaoyun fellow just committed a kind deed.” Ouyang Kuangsheng felt this matter was too funny.

“Why are you smiling so widely?” Jiang Ting glared at him.

“Jiang Ting, you have to know that Hua Xiaoyun simply doesn’t have the qualifications to invite the Pill Emperor’s daughter. If she really pays a visit to Mo Clan, she must be doing so because of his brother’s prestige. That silk-pants young master used his genius brother’s name to aid Mo Qingcheng. Isn’t this funny? HAHAAH!”

Ouyang Kuangsheng was in an extremely good mood. He continued, “Okay, let’s wait and see from the sidelines for now. Anyway, I heard that you have some dispute in Chu? Do you need my help to settle it?”

Qin Wentian glanced at the followers of Ouyang Kuangsheng. The majority of them were all experts at the Yuanfu level.

“I shall not be polite then.” Qin Wentian laughed. Wasn’t this truly a case of the heavens themselves aiding him?

To remove the Royal Clan of Chu, Qin Wentian didn’t mind depending on borrowed strength. This wasn’t a war in which he fought alone, but rather, it encompassed the fate of the Emperor Star Academy, as well as his Qin Clan.

The storm brewing in Chu didn’t dissipate in the slightest, instead, it became more and more saturated. Within the Dark Forest, there were a few other sources of power moving in the shadows. As for the Qin rebel troops outside the Royal Capital, after clearing the troops sent by the Royal

Clan to encircle them, they returned back to the outskirts of the Royal Capital, and made preparations to wage an even more violent offensive.

Not only that, many people received news that Qin Wentian was in contact with representatives from some of the transcendent powers. This news caused many within the Royal Palace to tremble. It was as though they too, could sense the doomsday coming for Chu's Royal Clan.

However, with regards to the storm in the Royal Capital, those in the Mo Residence didn't give a damn. Their attention was all on Mo Qingcheng and the various guests hailing from the transcendent powers.

Mo Qingcheng soon discovered that her freedom was restricted. She was basically grounded, akin to a prisoner under house arrest.

And at long last, the master of Bai Fei, the Pill Emperor's daughter, arrived at the Mo Residence. Everyone there bowed to welcome her.

It is said that, not only was she an extremely formidable alchemist, her level of cultivation base was sufficient enough to look down on everyone in Chu, as her background and accomplishments were all extremely terrifying.

The results of the test were out. Mo Qingcheng had godly talent in terms of pill concoction. The Pill Emperor's daughter was willing to accept her as her disciple. Upon hearing this piece of news, everyone in the Mo Clan caused quite the commotion, unable to contain their excitement!

Chapter 213: Seven Apertures Mystical Heart

The Pill Emperor's daughter, Luo He, had already departed the Mo Residence, yet the emotions of joy and happiness could still be felt permeating the atmosphere.

This was especially true for old man Mo and Mo Qingcheng's parents. Their daughter had such a destiny, how could they not be happy?

"Xiaoyun, I really have to thank you," Old man Mo politely said to Hua Xiaoyun, who was by his side. However, Bai Fei merely smirked as she heard his words. Thanking Hua Xiaoyun? If it weren't for the fact that Mo Qingcheng really did have the talent, how could her esteemed teacher accept Mo Qingcheng as a disciple just to give face to Hua Xiaoyun?

Not only that, if it weren't to honor Hua Xiaoyun's elder brother, her esteemed teacher wouldn't even have made the trip down to the Mo Residence.

“Qingcheng has a Seven Apertures Mystical Heart, that’s why she was so highly regarded by Senior Luo He. It has nothing to do with me, old Mo, you don’t have to be so polite.” Hua Xiaoyun laughed, when in fact, he was also stunned by the results. Mo Qingcheng actually had the legendary Seven Apertures Mystical Heart. If that was the case, Mo Qingcheng would surely mature to be one of Heaven’s chosen in the future. No wonder she looked so pure and serene, yet also brimming with intelligence.

At this moment, Hua Xiaoyun was already thinking, if he could somehow better the relationship between him and Mo Qingcheng, or even better, if he could successfully woo her...

Thus for this reason, Hua Xiaoyun decided to stay in the Mo Residence, so he would have better opportunities to get closer to Mo Qingcheng.

“Haha, I didn’t expect this as well.” Old man Mo laughed gaily, with such volume that even people from a distance could hear it. Indeed, those from the Grand Xia Empire were different and were many times more knowledgeable. What Seven Apertures Mystical Heart? What talent grade was this, when no one in Chu had even heard of it before? If Mo Qingcheng stayed in Chu her entire life, wouldn’t her talent be buried?

Old Mo and his entourage group approached the entrance of a certain courtyard. “Is Qingcheng still in a bad mood?” Old Mo questioned the guard standing there.

“Little Miss has said that she definitely wants to get out of here.” The guard bowed, feeling helpless.

Old Mo’s countenance sank as he entered the courtyard, only to see Mo Qingcheng standing there, glaring at the guard. Old Mo exclaimed angrily, “Stop your nonsense.”

Mo Qingcheng gazed at her granddad, resolution could be seen flickering in her beautiful eyes as she replied, “Granddad, you’ve restricted my freedom to this extent. In that case, no matter how powerful the Pill Emperor Hall is, I will not join them.”

“IMPUDENT.” Old Mo scolded, as he glanced at Bai Fei and the fellow disciples beside her. Bai Fei furrowed her brows, appearing extremely displeased. Even though Mo Qingcheng had a Seven Apertures Mystical Heart, without the Pill Emperor Hall to nurture her skills, her talent would only be wasted. But now, it was as though the Pill Emperor Hall was begging for her to join them, where was their self-respect? One must know that countless people have wanted to join the Pill Emperor Hall, but were ultimately rejected.

“Qingcheng, do not say such a thing ever again,” Old Mo solemnly berated.

“These are not words of anger, Grandad. Even if you abducted me and sent me there by force, I would not work hard in cultivating.” Mo Qingcheng stared at Old Mo, hints of stubbornness were apparent in her voice.

“Yo...you..” Old Mo was so angry that he almost couldn’t even breathe. “Fine, I’ll allow you to go out, but someone must be there to follow you.”

“I shall leave now.” Mo Qingcheng leapt up, as she soared through the skies, the speed of her actions causing Old Mo to instantly turn speechless.

“Old Mo, we shall follow after Junior Sister, you don’t have to worry.” The young men beside Bai Fei smiled. Old Mo nodded in agreement, “If that’s the case, I couldn’t ask for anything better.”

Jing Yu and Yan Qi lightly nodded, and then flew after Mo Qingcheng. Bai Fei stared blankly at them, then stamped her feet angrily and followed after. These two rascals must have fallen too deeply and were mesmerised by Mo Qingcheng’s beauty, thus, they immediately wanted to grab the opportunity to be in her good books. How irritable, seeing as before this, she was the centre of their world.

After leaving the Mo Residence, Mo Qingcheng quickly flew to the Bamboo Lodge to look for Qin Wentian.

Upon seeing the forlorn expression on her face, Qin Wentian gently pinched her delicate cheeks as he laughed, “What happened? Who dares to bully my Qingcheng?” Comment by Lord Bluefire: BAGUSSS

“Smelly dumbo, you still have the mood to joke around.” Mo Qingcheng glared with hidden bitterness at Qin Wentian.

“Don’t be sad, isn’t it a good thing that the Pill Emperor’s daughter recognises your talent? You will definitely become a terrific alchemist in the future.” Qin Wentian smiled, consoling Mo Qingcheng. In reality, he was sighing in his heart; he couldn’t bear to let Mo Qingcheng go, but he couldn’t be too selfish. He could be of no help to Mo Qingcheng’s cultivation.

“Seven Apertures Mystical Heart, I’ve never heard of this before. I’m sure your talent must be godly.” Qin Wentian continued smiling.

Seeing how Qin Wentian kept consoling her, Mo Qingcheng also felt better. She leaned against Qin Wentian's body as their gazes met, feeling each other's heartbeats.

A gentle and radiant smile could be seen in Mo Qingcheng's eyes, so beautiful that it caused Qin Wentian's pulse to quicken. Mo Qingcheng leaned her head against his chest as she hugged him tightly, mumbling in a low voice, "As long as you say no, I won't go."

"Go, why don't you want to go?" Qin Wentian gently tousled Mo Qingcheng's hair, staring at the horizon. Currently, his emotions were extremely complicated; he wanted Mo Qingcheng to have good prospects, yet he couldn't bear to be separated from her.

"After you enter the Pill Emperor Hall, I'm sure many would try to woo you. Don't be pressured, alright?" Qin Wentian joked.

Mo Qingcheng withdrew her head from Qin Wentian's chest, surveying his expression as she involuntarily giggled, "What.. is someone jealous? You have to work harder if you want to woo me, okay?"

After speaking, she pumped her little fist up in the air.

"Naturally." Qin Wentian laughed, as he nodded. The two of them sat by the river side, quietly cuddling together, enjoying a rare moment of tranquility.

That evening, the sunset was extremely beautiful. The redness of the setting sun painted the skies a gorgeous crimson, as Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng sat together, gazing at the clouds in the horizon.

"Sigh... regardless of how beautiful the sunset, in the end must it pass by no matter what?" Upon seeing dusk approaching, Mo Qingcheng felt a sense of melancholy. Abruptly, she stood up and ran off.

"Where are you going?" Qin Wentian rose as he followed after Mo Qingcheng. After which, when he caught up, Mo Qingcheng was already lying on the bed inside the small thatched cottage, looking at Qin Wentian with her clear, limpid eyes.

"You okay?" he asked in a low voice, walking towards her.

“I want to stay here tonight.” Mo Qingcheng’s voice was extremely gentle, so soft that it was difficult to hear.

Qin Wentian gazed silently at her, causing Mo Qingcheng to blush. Shyness could be seen in her eyes, as she understood what he was thinking about.

A sense of warmth coursed through her heart, and she wondered at this feeling.

“Silly girl.” Qin Wentian half knelt at the bedside, as he lightly kissed Mo Qingcheng’s fragrant lips. Her eyes widened and an adorable redness could be seen coloring her cheeks. Slowly... her eyes closed as she gave in, enjoying the sensation.

After an unknown amount of time, their lips parted. Qin Wentian laughed upon seeing how red Mo Qingcheng was. “Return home first. Would Old Mo kill me if he knew what we did? I still have to go to the Mo Clan in the future to propose marriage.”

“Okay...” Mo Qingcheng sat up, by that point understanding that Qin Wentian didn’t want her to be caught between him and her family. Sitting up from the bed, she kissed Qin Wentian’s forehead before walking towards the door. Upon reaching the entrance, she turned and smiled towards Qin Wentian, “Before I leave, I shall wait till your matters in Chu are settled. Let me accompany your walk to the finish, on this last stretch of the path you’ve chosen.”

“Also, Qin Wentian, you stole my first kiss away. In this lifetime, you are not allowed to ditch me, or I will not spare you.”

Mo Qingcheng stated all this in mock anger, half in jest while also being serious. Turning about, with a radiant smile on her face, she then soared up into the skies, flying away. However, at the instant she turned, wetness filled her eyes as a teardrop fell; she couldn’t bear to be parted from Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian walked towards the entrance, and with longing in his eyes and bitterness in his heart, he gazed at the back view of Mo Qingcheng vanishing from his line of sight. How could he too, bear to part from Mo Qingcheng? His silhouette flickered, as he leapt up, flying after her.

Outside the Bamboo Forest, Yan Qi and Jing Yu were blocked by Ouyang Kuangsheng when they attempted to enter. Their countenance was extremely unsightly, when they saw how late it was, but Mo Qingcheng had yet to come out.

However at that moment, a graceful figure flew out of the Bamboo Forest. Ouyang Kuangsheng turned, and upon seeing the ambivalence of joy and sadness on Mo Qingcheng's face, his heart involuntarily pounded. He could sense the depth of emotion within Mo Qingcheng's eyes.

Mo Qingcheng didn't notice them, or rather, she didn't pay any attention to them as she continued flying away towards the Mo Residence.

Qin Wentian too, soon flew out of the Bamboo Forest. His mind was resounding with Mo Qingcheng's parting words, and he sighed relentlessly in his heart.

"Also, Qin Wentian, you stole my first kiss away. In this lifetime, you are not allowed to ditch me, or I will not spare you."

He could feel the depth of her affection for him and he knew that in this lifetime, no matter how long or how far apart, he would never forget Mo Qingcheng.

Jing Yu frowned as he blocked Qin Wentian. Staring at him, he inquired indifferently, "You are Qin Wentian?"

Qin Wentian glanced at him. This man should be a disciple of the Pill Emperor's daughter, Luo Ke. The gaze he directed Qin Wentian with, was clearly filled with malice.

"Regardless of what relationship you had with Mo Qingcheng in the past, from now onwards, you should stop imagining things. Both of you are people from different worlds; a phoenix is destined never to be together with a crow," Jing Yu remarked, the tone of his voice serene. With a Seven Apertures Mystical Heart, Mo Qingcheng would surely become one of the chosen of their Pill Emperor Hall.

"He's right. There may be many people who start out as childhood sweethearts. But after growing up, the disparity in their statuses gradually become wider and wider, like the difference between Heaven and Earth, forever destined to be unable to bridge the gap. It would do you good if you had no more illusions on this. Don't seek suffering for yourself, just stay out of her life from now on."

Yan Qi's words were even cruder and more insulting, yet the tone of his voice was just as serene as Jing Yu.

Bai Fei cast a side glance towards Qin Wentian. Although she didn't like Mo Qingcheng, her teacher held Mo Qingcheng's talent in high regards. She too, also urged, "Just give up. It's better for the both of you."

After speaking their piece, the three from the Pill Emperor Hall departed, leaving behind a wrathful Ouyang Kuangsheng. F*** their mother, why the hell are they so arrogant? Even he, the infamous Ouyang Kuangsheng, wasn't that audacious to this extent.

“Wentian, ignore them. All alchemists have this sort of personality. They are too used to being begged by powerful cultivators for the pills and pellets they can concoct, and thus they feel that they are superior compared to others. Don't mind them too much.” Ouyang Kuangsheng appeared as though he was trying to console Qin Wentian. His actions involuntarily caused Qin Wentian to feel astonished, as he laughed. This frivolous and wild Ouyang Kuangsheng also knew how to actually comfort others?

“Don't worry, it's like they said, the phoenix would never be together with the crow. In that case, what about the unicorn? Would it care about the opinions of these 'common' horses?” Qin Wentian said with a laugh, causing Ouyang Kuangsheng to be stunned upon hearing his words. An instant later, he laughed uproariously in agreement, “Yes, you're absolutely right. Why would the unicorn even give a damn about the opinions of such common 'horses'?”

Chapter 214: Brothers

News of Mo Qingcheng attracting the attention and favor of an external transcendent power soon spread around Chu. However, the majority of the people cared more for the tussle over authority between the Royal Clan and Qin Rebels. After all, this matter was closer to their lives and had a greater impact to them.

The Qin Rebel troops ran rampant outside the city gates, madly attacking the Royal Capital. Chu Kuo led troops to defend, a role that entailed a strenuous amount of effort on his part, and he was barely managing to hold on.

However, Chu Tianjiao didn't appear to be nervous in the slightest. That day, he stood atop the highest vantage point of the Royal Capital, as he cast his gaze over the horizon. Back then, he also stood in the same spot to welcome the experts from the Nine Mystical Palace. Yet, those from the Nine Mystical Palace had actually passed an order that shook the foundations of his great Chu. In the end, the Chu's Ancestor had died. Even though Diyi was caught and imprisoned, the gain was not worth the loss, and they were unable to mitigate the after-effects of Chu's Ancestor's death.

The Chu's Ancestor was the country's pillar of strength, its foundation, its support. It was beyond imagination how great the impact his death had caused.

However, Chu, who was under the administration of the Nine Mystical Palace, hadn't enough courage to pin the blame on them. Not only that, as a result of this chaotic time of danger, the Royal Clan once again sent out a request for help to the Nine Mystical Palace. After all, they knew that the Nine Mystical Palace had also sent several experts over to the Dark Forest.

Over the horizon, Chu Tianjiao witnessed several experts leisurely flying over, and a hint of glee flickered within his eyes. He knew that with the support of the Nine Mystical Palace, in addition to their hidden trump card, this war with the Qin Rebels would definitely end with their deaths.

“Brother Luo, it has been many moons since we last met, your radiance shines even brighter compared to before.”

Chu Tianjiao’s gaze landed onto a youth. The youth had an extraordinary bearing, looking like he was one of heaven’s chosen. Yet his countenance was icy-cold, giving off a chilly aura, capable of freezing a person’s heart. This young man, was none other than Luo Qianqiu.

Luo Qianqiu had returned to Chu. His aura had somehow changed; it was no longer as overbearing compared to the past, but instead it felt many times more cold and sinister. Naturally, his strength had increased significantly, contrasting with the him in the past.

This time around, he returned only for a single reason. To wash clean the shame he had suffered, the humiliation he had endured.

He had no way to forget the results of the Jun Lin Banquet. During this period of time, the disgrace he felt from back then had been his greatest source of motivation.

With his stubbornness, he succeeded in breaking through to Yuanfu and had even condensed an Astral Soul from a higher Heavenly Layer. Under that state of madness, he cultivated in a frenzy, stepping into the second level of Yuanfu, and comprehended the insights of a Mandate.

Mandate of Lightning, which allowed his attacks to be filled with the element of thunder, and thus became even more tyrannical. To comprehend this Mandate, he chose to unceasingly condense a lightning-type Astral Soul for his third Astral Gate. Obviously, he had succeeded.

Currently within his clan, he had defeated not just cultivators at the second level of Yuanfu, but a few at the third level as well. His status within the Nine Mystical Palace soared immensely.

Because of this, the Nine Mystical Palace allowed him to tag along the expedition into the Dark Forest, joining the team investigating the descent of the Demonic Star. The Luo Qianqiu of today, already possessed the qualifications worthy of being held in high regard by the Nine Mystical Palace. This was also why they allowed Luo Qianqiu to be in command of a number of followers to aid him in untying the knot of resentment in his heart, caused by Qin Wentian from back then.

Qin Wentian, had to die.

.....

At the same time that those from the Nine Mystical Palace arrived in Chu, on the rooftop of one of the many inns in the Royal Capital, Qian Mengyu quietly stood listening to an information report by one of her subordinates.

“The Nine Mystical Palace delegates have also arrived?” Qian Mengyu murmured. Earlier, she had heard of a guy named Luo Qianqiu in the Nine Mystical Palace, who cultivated as though possessed by a demon and had comprehended insights into a Mandate. This person was the one defeated by Qin Wentian in the Jun Lin Banquet, and had left Chu in disgrace.

Now that he had returned, it was obvious what his intentions were.

“This matter is somewhat complicated. Aunt had instructed me to recruit Qin Wentian into our Greencloud Pavilion, while also helping him settle his problems in Chu. However, his relationship with Ouyang Kuangsheng seems to be exceptionally good. If he truly wanted to go to the Grand Xia Empire, it’s possible he will join the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan,” Meng Qianyu silently stated in her heart.

Currently, she had already learnt of what had happened in the past between her Aunt and Gongyang Hong. She also knew that Gongyang Hong was the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign that shielded Qin Wentian during the Jun Lin Banquet. To think that she and Qin Wentian had a faint connection, the workings of fate were marvellous indeed.

She wondered if Qin Wentian would still care about the happenings within the Celestial Lake Palace.

Currently the waters of Chu were truly deep. Even if Qin Wentian didn’t agree to join her Greencloud Pavilion, should he really run into trouble, Qian Mengyu had already decided to help him. Leaving aside her Aunt’s order, Qian Mengyu had always felt guilt in her heart for their actions towards Qin Wentian back then in the Refinement Grounds. He was willing to split the Stellar Fruits equally, yet they still wanted to take advantage of him. Truly actions of despicable beings.

The whole of the Royal Capital had long been engulfed in turmoil. However, the brewing storm had already reached its apex. As to the country’s destiny, as well as the one to wield the Emperor’s authority, there was a high possibility that all would be revealed in the next few days...

This stifling pressure permeated the atmosphere of Chu, enveloping the citizens living within it.

Today, another piece of news was abruptly spread throughout Chu. The news reported the disappearances of young females of ages ten and above, yet it didn’t cause any outrage or held great import in the hearts of the citizens. With the final decisive battle soon occurring, the story was insignificant and quickly covered over.

However, the next day, news of a similar nature transmitted throughout Chu. This time round, there was even a disappearance of a young girl who had not even reached the age of ten yet. This time around, the story gradually garnered attention.

On the third day, over hundreds of young females had already disappeared, causing many in the Royal Capital to panic. Those with young females within their families hid them securely, not allowing them to take a single step outside of their residence. Nobody knew exactly who or what was causing these disappearances.

The news engendered many rumors and triggered a nationwide condemnation towards the abductors. Who would be so cruel so as to specially target young females. Such actions would truly incur the wrath of the people and the Heavens.

On the fourth day, those that had lost their children or relatives banded together, forming a terrifying group of protestors. With the Royal Clan's information network, there was no way they were unaware of what was happening.

Outside the Tianwu Gate, many soldiers were deployed to keep the mob under control.

Chu Wuwei, who was clad in white, stood atop the roof of an inn. Upon seeing the grievances and resentment of Chu's citizens, an expression of agony flashed through his face, and he closed his eyes to shut away the troubling sight.

To achieve success, would his third brother Chu Tianjiao stop at nothing? Sacrificing the citizens of their country like they were his personal chess pieces. How cold and treacherous then, are the hearts of humans? No one knew that better than him, considering the environment that he grew up in. Did he have no other choice but to take that final step?

When his eyes opened, a sharp glint of determination could be seen within. If that was the case, he would have to betray his father's last wishes.

"Spread the word that I, Chu Wuwei, will contend for the position of Emperor."

Chu Wuwei indifferently commented, but his words caused the hearts of those behind him to tremble briefly, before terrifying sharp glints of light glimmered in their eyes.

A subordinate bowed as he retreated to spread the word. The moment he turned, an incomparable resoluteness could be seen in his eyes, alongside with excitement. Was the day they had all been waiting for finally going to arrive?

"Elder brother, I've been waiting for you to say this for far too long. Only you are the most suitable candidate to inherit the throne of Chu." Chu Mang grinned. In his eyes, there was only his elder brother Chu Wuwei, he didn't hold Chu Tianjiao in high regard.

Chu Wuwei turned, gentleness shone in his eyes as he regarded Chu Mang. “Second Brother, after the storm in Chu blows over, why don’t you go and explore the world.”

“Why?” Chu Mang’s eyes widened, as a lack of comprehension appeared on his face.

“Based on your talent, you should roam the world and temper yourself more. Your elder brother is crippled. I don’t wish to be a burden to you for the rest of your life,” Chu Wuwei gently replied.

“I’m not leaving, I want to accompany elder brother,” Chu Mang replied in a loud voice. In his eyes, only his elder brother would never look down on him.

Chu Mang knew that he was simple-minded. He had been so ever since he was young, with no one bothering to befriend him. Only his elder brother was willing to accompany him, educating him ever so patiently, line by line, explaining their meaning from all the knowledge garnered from the books Chu Wuwei had read. Chu Mang persisted on, learning bit by bit until the time came where more people were willing to associate themselves with him. Some even said that he was a genius, yet he knew that without his elder brother, he was nothing.

Chu Mang couldn’t be bothered about those people. In his eyes, there was only his elder brother Chu Wuwei.

He, Chu Mang, had always obeyed the words of his elder brother. But this time around, he was truly unwilling to consent to them.

“Silly big fellow, don’t you know how high your cultivation talent is? If you meet a good master, I can tell you there would be no one that could compare in the whole of Chu. At most, only Qin Wentian would hold a candle to you. Listen to me, don’t stay here. You will only be wasting your future away if you stay in Chu,” Chu Wuwei quietly persuaded, “Not only that, my lifespan isn’t as long as yours. When I grow old and die, what’s going to happen to you? Who will take care of you?”

“No.....!” Chu Mang unwillingly roared, his saucer-like eyes were filled with wetness. It was very hard to imagine a guy with his mountain-like physique could also be capable of tears.

“Elder brother cannot die, I won’t allow you to die. If you die, I shall accompany you in death!” Chu Mang howled.

Chu Wuwei's gentle gaze gradually turned razor-sharp. Underneath his stare, Chu Mang slowly quieted down as Chu Wuwei berated, "You are not to say words like this ever again in the future. After the storm in Chu is concluded, you have to leave. I've already thought of someone that can take care of you. In the future, you shall follow him."

Before Chu Mang could interject, Chu Wuwei spoke, "No more saying no. If you continue to reject, I will no longer have a younger brother."

"ARGHH!" Chu Mang did not speak, only a low-sounding, gravelly scream of unwillingness and agony could be heard issuing from his throat. He didn't dare to go against the words of his elder brother.

Chu Wuwei was still as serene as before. Turning, he cast his gaze over the horizon. The sharp glint of resolution in his eyes never wavered, yet his heart was filled with sorrow at the choices he had to make.

Chu Mang would only waste his talent if he insisted on following Chu Wuwei. He shouldn't be his shadow, but rather, should be a source of light instead.

When news of Chu Wuwei wanting to contend for the position of Emperor was disseminated throughout the Royal Capital, it caused an earth-shattering commotion. The hearts of many noble clans in Chu couldn't help but to tremble at the news.

The illustrious third Prince of Chu hadn't even warmed the seat of the Emperor's throne before being besieged with threats from all sides, both internal and external. Had his reign already reached its end?

Chapter 215: On the Verge

The Qin Rebels caused a chaotic storm to engulf the Royal Capital. In addition, the first Prince made an announcement, stating that he would be contending for the Emperor's throne. The intensity of the commotion caused, could well be imagined.

The chaos was such that several people within the Royal Capital that had already planned their path of retreat, were ready to leave at any moment.

Those of nobility started to have differing opinions. They had to choose between one of the two brothers. All this year, the first Prince had always been in the shadows, yet those noble clans that

belonged to the elite tier, at the peak of power, naturally knew how great the influence of Chu Wuwei was. If he really intended to compete for the throne, it was already known who would win or lose. However, despite Chu Wuwei's high intelligence, Chu Tianjiao was the legitimate successor, naturally there would be many others supporting him.

But currently, there was an unexpected factor in the mix. The presence of the Qin Rebels caused Chu to be riddled with both internal unrest and external threats. Would there still be anyone in Chu with confidence in Chu Tianjiao?

Thus, there were some noble clans that stood on the middle ground, unwilling to participate in this dispute over the Emperor's authority. They were afraid of supporting the wrong camp which may result in their clans being completely annihilated.

Soon after, a 'Proclamation of Crimes' was issued in the form of a letter, the contents within announced to the whole of Chu, causing yet another huge wave to rock the hearts of the citizens.

This 'Proclamation of Crimes' was written by the first Prince, Chu Wuwei, listing out the various crimes the Royal Clan had committed.

Crime no. 1: The Wu King (ancestor of Qin Clan) had countless merits in the form of war achievements for the country, yet the previous Emperor was jealous of a capable subordinate and feared his authority, and therefore plotted for his death.

Crime no. 2: The Qin Clan gave their lives for the country, yet unfairness and injustice was prevalent. They were suppressed, their military authority stolen, forced to relocate and eventually fade into obscurity.

Crime no. 3: Because of the war for Chu, the Royal Clan ignored the lives of soldiers, deploying them to be used as sacrifices, causing countless families to be broken up.

Crime no. 4: To maintain the hold of power, the Royal Clan aided evil practitioners in their requirement of young virgins, fulfilling their evil desires. They slaughtered masses of innocents, using any and all unscrupulous methods, taking unforgivable actions, committing the most heinous of crimes.

Each and every one of the crimes listed pointed to the atrocious behaviour of the Royal Clan, and not even the previous Emperor of Chu was spared. Such daringness was unprecedented in the history of Chu.

Not only that, each and every one of the crimes listed all shared a common factor. They were denouncing the fact that the Royal Clan held no regard for their loyal subjects and citizens. A heartless empire.

Especially for the fourth crime, it caused tsunami-level waves of commotion as towering amounts of enraged voices questioned the Royal Clan. Everyone knew that the imperial power was tyrannical, yet no one could have imagined how vile and depraved it was. To think that the Royal Clan was even willing to sacrifice the lives of young females to aid cultivators in practicing their evil arts. If it were not for the first Prince Chu Wuwei, the citizens of Chu would never even remotely suspect that the source of the abductions was none other than the Royal Clan they had put their trust in.

This incident finally caused many to feel how cold and cruel power and authority can be. Those from the more powerful noble clans should also have known about this, yet no one dared to say anything.

Voices of extreme outrage and hatred erupted everywhere in Chu. The target of their scoldings was naturally none other than Chu Tianjiao. The fury of their anger reached an unprecedented high, and there were many who had decided that they would throw in their support with the Qin Rebels, overthrowing the current Emperor, slaying Chu Tianjiao.

No one had expected that Chu Wuwei would make such a crazy move. Not only did he push Chu Tianjiao to the abyss, he practically pushed the Royal Clan into an exceedingly difficult position.

Undoubtedly, this move of his was immensely beneficial to the Qin Rebels.

After which, Chu Tianjiao sent out yet another piece of news saying that he was crippled innately, unable to cultivate since birth. He was willing to devote his remaining lifespan to serve his country and his citizens. He would also erect a statue of Qin Wu (Wu King) outside the Royal Palace, while at the same time announcing that the Qin Troops weren't rebels, but were rather the administrators of justice, here to topple the tyrant emperor.

Also, he promised to give a satisfactory reply to the citizens of Chu regarding the cases of the disappearances of young females.

After this piece of news was circulated around the Royal Capital, many people approved of Chu Wuwei's character, yet there were several who also thought he was a madman. His actions showed that he was supportive of the Qin troops and wanted to allow the Qin troops to enter the capital, joining forces together with him to deal with Chu Tianjiao. But...would the Qin Clan agree?

Even if they agreed to ally themselves with Chu Wuwei, after Chu Tianjiao was toppled, the Qin Clan would then be in a position where they could start a new dynasty by themselves. Would they even allow Chu Wuwei to be the next king and thereby continue Chu's legacy?

Power brought with it temptation, especially power to become an Emperor. Considering how the Chu Royal Clan treated the Qin Clan back then, if the Qin Clan really were to assume rulership, even if they massacred the whole of Chu's bloodline, would there even be anyone to say that their actions were wrong?

Were his actions a smart move as a whole, or that of a mad man? No one understood what Chu Wuwei was thinking, not even Chu Tianjiao.

Sitting on the Emperor's throne, for the first time ever, Chu Tianjiao felt pressure. Just when he was preparing to deal a fatal strike to the Qin Rebels, Chu Wuwei, his elder brother, not only did he fail to aid him, he blatantly stood on the side of the Qin Rebels. In addition, he somehow managed to deduce what was happening and exposed the secret trump card which Chu Tianjiao had been preparing – proclamation of crime no. 4.

“Elder brother, ah elder brother, if you had stood on the sidelines and watched, so be it. But since you wish to be my enemy, don't blame me for forsaking our brotherly ties.” An extreme chill flickered in the depths of Chu Tianjiao's eyes. After which, he inquired in a low voice, “Have all the Shadow Dragon Guards entered the Royal Capital?”

A shadow flashed by, as a figure suddenly appeared beside Chu Tianjiao without warning. That unknown figure bowed as he replied, “Your Majesty, they have all dispersed and are stationed at different points within the Royal Capital. You can command them at any time.”

“Mhm, don't activate the Shadow Dragon Guards first, wait for my order. Relay my command down that our other hidden forces can execute the plan,” Chu Tianjiao lightly commanded, and like a phantom, that unknown figure disappeared from sight.

After the unknown figure departed, Chu Tianjiao stood up. The coldness in his eyes were incomparably icy, as he walked in the direction of the great hall's exit.

The climax of the storm was already upon Chu.

Within the Royal Capital, many silent currents were already subtly in motion, hidden from sight. Regarding the dispute for the throne between Chu Wuwei and Chu Tianjiao, the officials and ministers who hold power had to make a decision as to which camp they were in. Even if they didn't want to do so, Chu Tianjiao forced them to make a choice.

In the Royal Capital of Chu, there was a gigantic mansion emanating an aura of majesty, yet did not lose its feeling of elegance.

In the outer perimeters of this mansion was a vast field. Columns of white-jade pillars could be seen supporting a pavilion, with carved sculptures of nine majestic dragons spitting water surrounding it. Currently at this moment, a scrumptious feast was prepared at the balcony of this pavilion. Chu Wuwei sat there with his gaze turned outwards, as though waiting for someone.

From far within the field, a single silhouette appeared, making his way over.

Qin Wentian moved towards the pavilion, while admiring the beauty of the architecture. Although the atmosphere was currently quiet, Qin Wentian knew that if any incident happened, countless experts would immediately appear, guarding the safety of Chu Wuwei.

Despite remaining in the Bamboo Lodge for the past few days, Qin Wentian was very clear on the current situation the Royal Capital was in. He too, understood that the brewing storm had reached its climax and would soon erupt.

The final confrontation to decide the destiny of Chu would arrive at any moment.

“Brother Qin.” Chu Wuwei stood at the balcony as he glanced down at Qin Wentian with a smile. “Join me and enjoy the feast.”

Qin Wentian smiled, as he soared up to the balcony. He wondered what Chu Wuwei's plans were, inviting him to partake in a feast at this critical hour.

Yet, Chu Wuwei's 'Proclamation of Crimes' had struck a chord in his heart, causing him to feel awe at the intelligence of this man.

On the balcony, the two of them sat facing each other, with the table full of delicacies in between them.

“Your Highness...” Qin Wentian started saying, only to see Chu Wuwei waving his hands, as he interposed. “If you do not disdain me, how about addressing me as elder brother Chu?”

Qin Wentian took in the gentleness of Chu Wuwei’s eyes that were filled with an indescribable charisma, causing people to feel extremely comfortable in his presence. Nodding with a laugh, Qin Wentian continued, “Elder brother Chu, is there any reason why you sought my presence here today?”

“The skies of Chu are changing, few could remain as calm as you.” Chu Tianjiao smiled. “Everything regarding Chu, be it good or bad, shall draw to a conclusion in the coming days.”

“Elder brother Chu, it seems that you are very confident.” Qin Wentian laughed. Chu Wuwei, Chu Tianjiao and the Qin Clan were the three powers within this dispute. One could say that Chu Wuwei was the weakest among the three. Even if he wanted to ally with the Qin Clan to topple Chu Tianjiao, would the Qin Clan agree?

“You are wrong, I’m not confident at all. The things I have done these past few days were already all that I could do. But ultimately, my fate depends on you.” Chu Wuwei calmly continued, “Hence, I invited you here today.”

“Me?” A lack of comprehension appeared on Qin Wentian’s face.

“Yes, the person who decides the fate of Chu isn’t Chu Tianjiao, nor is it me, Chu Wuwei, nor is it the Qin Clan. Qin Wentian, that choice belongs to you.” Chu Wuwei raised his winecup to Qin Wentian as he smiled.

Qin Wentian said nothing, waiting for Chu Wuwei to continue.

“I’ve never wanted to be part of the dispute for power. But I no longer have a choice. I have to take over the reins of authority as the Emperor of Chu.” Chu Wuwei continued. “As to why I dare to say such words, it is because I believe in you, Qin Wentian. If I become the Emperor Chu, I swear to never touch the Qin Clan again in my entire life. Furthermore, the positions and statuses of those in command of the troops that joined in the Qin Clan in this expedition to conquer the Royal Capital shall remain unchanged and no further punishments will be administered. Not only that, I will bestow a piece of land to the Qin Clan, allowing your grandfather Qin Wu, to inherit the position of his father, the Wu King.

“Let me explain... If I am the emperor, as a cultivation cripple, I wouldn't waste my time cultivating nor hankering after cultivation resources. My only goal is for Chu to develop, for it to be even more prosperous. The Emperor Star Academy will naturally be rebuilt and will even replace the Royal Academy as the symbol of Chu. These are my plans for Chu.”

“Now put yourself in the perspective of the Qin Clan. If your adoptive grandfather Qin Wu claims the throne for his own, the first thing he would do is to annihilate everyone in my clan, no survivors shall be spared. The Royal Capital would soon be flooded in rivers of blood. Corpses of those from the noble clans would lay strewn about the streets. At the same time, Qin Wu would begin his suppression of the various powers, removing those entrenched and inserting his own people behind the important positions, stabilising his authority, using fresh blood to secure his throne. Tell me, would that be any different from what is going on now?”

Qin Wentian's brows were knitted as he heard the words of Chu Wuwei. Chu Wuwei laughed as he shook his head, “Those that are too involved are unable to see the situation clearly. You should be aware of many things, but you unconsciously refuse to think about it. Or maybe, you knew but chose to run away. Look at the facts; back then when Chu Tianjiao commanded the Ye Clan to deal with your Qin Clan, Qin Wu willingly threw himself into the trap, all for the sake of the plans he made over the course of ten years. His actions thereby also caused the rest of your Qin Clan members to be in danger, becoming ignorant participants of his schemes. For example, if it were not for your participation and the appearance of the Emperor Star Academy, the battle where your second uncle Qin He, lost one of his arms, would have more devastating results. In reality, all of this could have been avoided.”

Chu Wuwei's voice was still as calm as before. He gazed at Qin Wentian as he added, “Qin Wu (grandfather) isn't as simple as you think he is.”

Qin Wentian was struck dumb when he heard Chu Wuwei's words. In truth, how could he not be aware of it? Just like what Chu Wuwei had said, those that were too involved are unable to see the situation clearly. Perhaps on occasion, he just didn't wish to look too deeply into it.

“Maybe my grandfather is doing this for the sake of avenging his father (Wu King),” Qin Wentian stated.

Chu Wuwei smiled as he shook his head, “Even though his father passed away, he still has other kin. Would you, for the sake of revenge for a dead man, endanger the lives of all your other still-living loved ones? Do you believe that with the intelligence your grandfather revealed, he would allow emotions to cloud his thinking?”

Qin Wentian was speechless, he could only stare blankly at Chu Wuwei.

Chu Wuwei was silent for a moment before he continued, “Chu Tianjiao will soon send out men to deal with me. I bet that if you personally informed old man Qin of everything I’ve told you; that I’ll allow the Qin Troops to enter the Royal Capital unimpeded; that he has to withdraw immediately after the battle; that I will take over the Emperor’s position; I can guarantee that he will immediately agree.”

“After defeating Chu Tianjiao, if old man Qin follows the original agreement and withdraws his troops, I will publicly make a proclamation and send an invitation for him to enter the Royal Capital in grandeur, bestowing land and kingship to him.”

Qin Wentian paused for a moment before he asked, “What if Grandpa Qin reneged on his promises while I too, stand at the side of the Qin Clan?”

“That is why I said my fate, as well as the fate of Chu, are in your hands.” Chu Wuwei smiled. After which, he shifted his gaze towards the horizon as he murmured, “It’s about time…”

Chapter 216: Start of the Battle

Today was a bright and beautiful day. The clouds above Chu drifted about, partially obscuring the sun, diffusing the harsh rays of sunlight.

This kind of weather felt extremely delightful. Occasionally, there would be light gusts of gentle wind breezing about, giving people a refreshing feeling.

On the balcony of the luxurious mansion, other than Qin Wentian and Chu Wuwei, a few other silhouettes appeared. Immortal Drunken Wine, Chu Mang, as well as an unfamiliar young man. This was Qin Wentian’s first time seeing this man, and upon Chu Wuwei’s intro, he learnt that he was also from a power that could be considered at the apex of Chu – the Jiang Clan.

The Jiang Clan, similar to the Mo Clan, had tremendous influence and power, yet they were independent, stand-alone entities on neutral grounds that did not interfere in matters of the Royal Clan. Back then, when Chu Tianjiao wanted to enlist the support of the Jiang Clan, he was rejected. But to think that today, a descendant of the Jiang Clan would appear here in this mansion at the invitation of Chu Wuwei.

“Jiang Huai, if your old man knew that you are here at my request, he would certainly hate me to death.” Chu Wuwei laughed.

“Who asked the members of my clan to be so obstinate, refusing to send men to support you.” Jiang Huai laughed, yet that casual sentence allowed Qin Wentian to sense the charisma of Chu Wuwei. This young man was definitely here because he supported Chu Wuwei; his actions inevitably forced the Jiang Clan out from their position of neutrality, whether they liked it or not.

At this moment, several servants carried out colossal-sized drums and propped them up, forming two rows at both sides of the vast field before they retreated. An expression of bewilderment appeared on Qin Wentian’s countenance. These drums glimmered with Astral Energy, could they be a complete set of divine weapons?

Powerful divine weapons need not necessarily be a single piece of equipment. An example could be sword-type divine weapons. Sometimes, a complete set of divine artifacts might consist of nine sword-type divine weapons. Only with the complete set could the divine weapons truly unleash their power. These thirty-six drums in front of him gave Qin Wentian a strong feeling that they should be a complete set. With so many drum-type divine weapons collected together, the power it was capable of unleashing should be extremely terrifying.

Gradually, Qin Wentian felt waves of killing intent permeating the air. Gazing towards the horizon, in the far distance ahead, several formations of troops marched over as they roared in unison. The armored troops numbered over a thousand and were all equipped with long spears, emitting a baleful aura as their murderous intentions could be clearly felt gushing outwards.

These troops stood in the centre of the vast field, gazing upwards at the balcony where Chu Wuwei was located. At the sharp bark of a command, the soldiers moved as one, drawing the bows upon their backs while aiming upwards. The sharpness in their eyes pierced towards Chu Wuwei, Qin Wentian and the rest standing on the balcony.

While at the same time, over ten experts of the Yuanfu Realm could be seen flying through the air, as they came to a halt at the air space above the thousand troops.

Among the Yuanfu experts, one of them coldly stated, “Chu Wuwei, as the eldest son of our previous Emperor, you actually planned to aid the rebels, committing treason against our Great Chu. Follow me to see his Majesty.”

“You wanted to subdue me with just this number of people? My third brother might have underestimated me a little too much.” Chu Wuwei laughed as he continued sitting there, appearing

as unperturbed as before. Abruptly, a wheezing sound could be heard as all of a sudden, silhouettes wearing white could be seen standing behind each of the thirty-six colossal drums that were lined out in two rows at the side of the field. The facial features of the men clad in white were extremely ordinary, as all of them exuded a similar aura. Cool, calm and ordinary, if one were not looking out for them or paying close attention, no one would have even sensed their presence.

“Thunder Dragon Drums.” The leader of the Yuanfu experts drew in a cold breath. His countenance sank as he realised what the drums were. These drums were the legendary third-grade top-tier divine weapon. If there were thirty-six Yuanfu cultivators channelling the power of the thirty-six drums, no matter how many soldiers they faced, as long as their opponents were below the 6th level of Yuanfu, they would be completely annihilated.

The leader had an incredibly ugly expression on his face as he swept a glance to Chu Wuwei. Chu Wuwei looked as calm as before, slowly sipping his wine as though nothing in the world could ruffle his heart.

“Chu Wuwei, take a look around you, you better give up. On account of your brotherly ties, His Majesty might still pardon you for what you have done,” persuaded the leader. Although Qin Wentian hadn’t stood up, he could still hear the galloping of warhorses with his senses. The entire pavilion should have already been surrounded by enemy soldiers.

“Why is there a need to cause unnecessary bloodshed? Give up and come with me.”

Chu Wuwei continued ignoring the enemy leader. Instead, he smiled at Qin Wentian, “Wait and see, my third brother should soon appear.”

After which, Chu Wuwei rose from his seat as he walked towards the edge of the balcony, staring at the enemy leader. “Uncle Heng, please stop. Don’t join in the madness created by third brother.”

Chu Heng stared into the eyes of Chu Wuwei. There was only peace and sincerity in them. Although Chu Heng lamented in his heart, he had no other choice. Raising his hand, he signalled for his troops to begin the carnage.

“KILL!” A heaven-shaking killing intent shook the world, thunderous rumbling sounds echoed as the troops rushed the pavilion. Countless arrows covered the heavens and earth, firing towards Chu Wuwei.

“BOOM!” The void shook, as an arc of lightning flashed past.

“BOOM! BOOM!” Lightning thundered down from the skies, forming an all-encompassing web of electrical currents, causing the countless arrows to dissipate into nothingness.

Below the pavilion, a group of figures cloaked in black moved like phantoms towards the archers firing the arrows, as they dashed forward with various divine weapons equipped in their hands.

“Mmm?” Chu Heng and the other Yuanfu cultivators had a look of astonishment on their faces. They had wanted to descend to aid their troops but at that moment, they only sensed terrifying electrical currents binding their movements. Alongside with the booming of the colossal drums, the web of lightning from earlier actually metamorphosed into the form of a thunder dragon, incomparably tyrannical.

Rumble! A deafening sound echoed, the thunder dragon howled in rage as it barrelled forwards, glowing with a resplendent violet light.

The countenances of Chu Heng and the rest of the Yuanfu cultivators underwent a drastic change. The thunder dragon manifested by the thirty-six drums was truly as terrifying as what the rumors described.

Xiu, xiu! A ear-splitting slashing sound reverberated as nine streaks of golden lightning erupted forth, smashing into the thunder dragon. An instant later, the might of the explosion was so great that even space was torn apart, the blinding light from its aftermath so piercing that no one could even open their eyes.

From afar, several cultivators could be seen soaring through the skies, the might of their combined attack shaking the hearts of those witnessing it.

The person in the lead was clad in a golden dragon robe; he was none other than the current Emperor of Chu, Chu Tianjiao.

Behind Chu Tianjiao and the cultivators he brought, countless numbers of soldiers could be seen running over, as the earth trembled at their approach. Surely, other than the troops used to defend the city gates from the Qin Rebels, Chu Tianjiao had also mobilised the remainder of the troops that were under his control.

Chu Tianjiao knew that Qin Wentian was together with Chu Wuwei. Since that was the case, as long as both of them fell into his hands, this war was as good as over.

At the side of Chu Tianjiao, a figure nocked an arrow on the bowstrings of a resplendent golden-colored bow. This bow, should also be an extremely powerful divine weapon.

“Elder brother, even if you had stood on the fence without aiding me, I would have closed an eye. But why must you side with the rebels?” Chu Tianjiao stared at Chu Wuwei, as he calmly inquired.

“From the very start, you of all people should have already known my intentions. I had no wish to vie with you for power. Yet the path you took deviated further and further. If you continued onwards this path of doom, our Chu Clan bloodline would surely be obliterated in your hands,” Chu Wuwei replied.

“Is that so? So you are saying the internal unrest that you caused was all for the sake of our Royal Clan? Utterly ridiculous, your actions are what’s pushing our Royal Clan to the edge of disaster. Don’t blame me for being heartless,” Chu Tianjiao icily stated, killing intent could be seen flickering in his eyes.

“Are these the group of pitiful people you have groomed? Now, they have all become your death-warriors. Don’t you feel ashamed asking them to give their lives for you?” Chu Wuwei remarked with a hint of sarcasm. To which, Chu Tianjiao’s only reply was, “KILL!”

The cultivators around Chu Tianjiao surged forth, yet Chu Wuwei was as calm as before. Seeing the faces of the death-warriors before him, he sighed, “There’s still time if all of you choose to turn back. I, Chu Wuwei, guarantee that no harm will come to any of you. However if you all still persist, then I have no way of saving any of you, even if I wanted to.”

The death-warriors hesitated slightly, but they were already charging ahead on the tiger’s back, making it impossible for them to stop halfway.

From the distance, clouds of dust covered the skies, giving testament to the numerous number of galloping horses heading their way, as an army of unknown origin encircled the entire region. However, the spears in their hands, were all actually pointing towards Chu Tianjiao’s men.

Apparently, in this dispute between the two brothers, each of them had their own supporters.

“People from the Jiang Clan,” exclaimed someone at that moment. From afar, the experts from the Jiang Clan arrived in an imposing manner, the person in the lead swept a glance at Jiang Huai. The actions of this buffoon forcibly caused their Jiang Clan to enter into the dispute.

“Those from the Mu Clan have also chosen to stand behind Chu Wuwei.” Back then, because of Qin Wentian, Gongyang Hong granted a promise to Mu Rou. This incident had already caused Chu Tianjiao to have misgivings about them. Now in the face of the final decisive battle, those from the Mu Clan decided to support Chu Wuwei instead, making their position clear.

There were also many masked figures clad in black appearing from the eastern direction. Naturally, these were all the Yuanfu cultivators which Qin Wentian had hired.

As more and more experts appeared, Chu Tianjiao’s countenance grew uglier and uglier. He could only remark in a voice filled with cold anger, “Good, very good.”

“We will settle everything today. KILL, KILL THEM ALL!” Chu Tianjiao roared in rage as his towering killing intent overflowed to the heavens.

The frenzied sounds of battle reverberated through the air, as the forces of both sides began their confrontation.

A cold wind gusted, as Chu Tianjiao stood in the air, surveying his elder brother Chu Wuwei as well as Qin Wentian. He had thought that his elder brother would have prepared an even stronger form of backup to deal with him. However, it seems like he had overestimated Chu Wuwei. Did Chu Wuwei really think that with this amount of support, he could topple him?

For this battle, he had even summoned the unblooded troops still in training at the Military Training Palace. He intended to gather an overwhelming amount of military might, as much as he could muster, all to suppress Chu Wuwei. From the number of mobilised troops seen today, one could even say that Chu Tianjiao had gathered together every single force under his control. His plan was simple; slay Chu Wuwei first, then deal with the Qin Rebels!

Chapter 217: Unveiling all trump cards

The battle erupted in the blink of an eye, heralding a storm of blood. The sounds of the colossal war drums boomed unceasingly as boundless amounts of electricity built up in the atmosphere, before summoning down lightning and thunder from the skies. The summoned lightning slammed down on their opponents with awe-inspiring power and unerring accuracy, all as directed by the drummers.

In the air, the man beside Chu Tianjiao released the arrow he nocked in the golden bow. An invincible intent of sharpness exploded forth as a beam of golden light pierced through the air, flying towards Chu Wuwei.

The vibrations echoing from the Thunder Dragon Drums rumbled through the air, as the thunder dragon formed from the electrical currents dashed towards the arrow with the speed of a comet. Apparently, the power behind the complete set of thirty-six drums was still a grade higher compared to the arrow loosed by the golden bow.

Boom! Chu Mang jumped into the air, releasing his Astral Souls as glimmers of Astral Light could be seen flickering in his eyes. An illusory shadow of a gigantic bow, as well as a massive heavy axe, appeared atop his head. These were none other than the second and third Astral Soul he had condensed, respectively.

A gigantic bow, coalesced from Astral Light, appeared in his hands alongside with nine arrows. Within a millisecond, the arrows were all nocked and ready to be fired. The figures of his nine targets slumped, feeling fear and trepidation towards Chu Mang as the sensation of being 'locked on' filled every fibre of their being.

Chu Mang, as the first-ranked out of all ten prodigies of Chu, was naturally even more outstanding compared to Chu Tianjiao in terms of cultivation talent and power level.

"I shall kill with no mercy to whoever dares to make a move against my elder brother!" Chu Mang howled. The arrows broke apart space, like light, like shadow.

Screech~ chi chi chi... The sounds of nine bodies being pierced rang out simultaneously as the nine Yuanfu cultivators slumped over in death, with no chance to react. How could Chu Mang's arrows be this fast?

"This is... power of the will of a Mandate?" Qin Wentian stared at Chu Mang in shock. From the aura Chu Mang was releasing, he should be at the 5th level of Yuanfu but what was truly terrifying was that each of his fired arrows had the insights he gained from his Mandate incorporated within them.

Qin Wentian's senses weren't mistaken. Under the guidance of Chu Wuwei, Chu Mang relentlessly practiced his archery day after day, year after year. Even after he broke through to Yuanfu, nothing changed. Chu Wuwei still told him to practice his archery, asking him to sense the arrows with his heart. This carried on all the way, till one day, a marvellous feeling overcame him as he was suddenly struck with an insight. Somehow, he felt that he could 'make' his arrows penetrate his chosen targets in the shortest possible time.

That was when he had comprehended the first level of insight into the Mandate of Arrows – Insta-shot.

A single shot slaying nine Yuanfus, the impact of this scenario shook the hearts of even the most stalwart. Although the nine Yuanfu cultivators weren't that powerful, they were after all, still experts at the Yuanfu Realm!

Chu Mang didn't pause in his actions. Nocking his arrows, he fired again, aiming for the Yuanfu experts flying towards the balcony that Chu Wuwei was at.

ROAR! Chu Mang howled in rage, nine streaks of light after nine streaks of light flashed as sounds of piercing rang out, and countless Yuanfu cultivators fell. This was dealing death in a single strike.

Chu Mang's bow, was like an ambassador of death.

The thunder dragon formed by the thirty-six drums acted in defense while Chu Mang was in charge of attack. Although Chu Wuwei didn't have as many Yuanfu cultivators on the balcony, it wouldn't be so easy for Chu Tianjiao to kill him.

The thunder dragon danced about in coordination with the thirty-six drummers below. Even though they wouldn't die from it, cultivators of the 7th to 9th level of Yuanfu would still feel a heavy sense of threat from the might manifested by this complete set of colossal drums.

"The Qin troops should arrive anytime now," Chu Wuwei said in a low voice. Qin Wentian didn't reply, he was staring at the river of blood formed from the casualties, sighing helplessly in his heart.

Ouyang and his associates had yet to appear. Qin Wentian knew that this was because people from the Nine Mystical Palace had yet to make their appearances.

As for Qinger, Qin Wentian could only bitterly smile as he thought of her. He couldn't even sense her presence, and he knew that only at moments of absolute danger would she appear. He was already very grateful for her protection, and knew that he shouldn't complain too much over Qinger's aloofness. After all, she didn't owe him anything.

The white clouds drifting in the skies looked as though they were dyed a crimson red from the reflected light of blood on the ground. Although Chu Mang was like a god of death, he was only one man and couldn't stop the advance of the ground armies. Currently, the army of troops

supporting Chu Wuwei were being slaughtered; those from the Jiang Clan and Mu Clan were in a precarious position.

In spite of his, they gradually edged towards the area where Chu Wuwei was in. This way, the thunder dragon formed from the electrical currents could also offer them a modicum of protection.

Chu Tianjiao coldly watched as countless people died. He didn't command the stronger experts in his entourage to take action yet. Although he was confident that he could disintegrate the thunder dragon, doing so would require him to pay a huge price in terms of the lives of his Yuanfu experts. Therefore, he chose to focus his attentions at wiping out the ordinary troops first, rather than aiming for Yuanfu cultivators. When the armies supporting Chu Wuwei had all been annihilated, he wanted to see what Chu Wuwei would do next.

At that moment, even more Yuanfu experts could be seen flying over in the distance. Below them, armored troops with the flag 'Qin' rocked the earth, as clouds of dirt and dust were dislodged from their galloping warhorses. The Qin troops had appeared.

Chu Tianjiao coldly glanced at Chu Wuwei, as he signalled for his entourage to retreat to the left of the field. He didn't want to be caught in a position where his forces would be in the centre of a crossfire, getting attacked from the front and back between the Qin troops as well as Chu Wuwei's.

A terrifying whirlwind of ferocious military might enveloped the atmosphere. The Qin troops stood at the right of the field as they coldly stared at Chu Tianjiao.

"Wentian." A voice called out and Qin Wentian shifted his gaze to the two generals of the Qin troops. These two men were none other than Qin Wu and Qin Chuan. However, their personal combat ability wasn't that strong, hence they were protected by many layers of defenses. Other than their personal guards, Old Gu as well as some of the supreme elder-level experts from the Emperor Star Academy were there as well.

The Nine Mystical Palace imprisoned Diyi, the Royal Clan issued a command to hunt down all of Emperor Star Academy's survivors. How could the remnants of the Emperor Star Academy not join forces with the Qin troops?

This was also the reason why Chu Wuwei had such confidence in Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian was the crucial character that had the power to determine his fate.

“Grandpa, father.” Qin Wentian smiled. Today had finally arrived. It has been almost two years ever since the Ye Clan brought people to storm their Qin Residence. Everything would soon be concluded.

“It’s a relief that the Qin troops arrived. Since you are all already here, prepare yourselves to be buried together.” Chu Tianjiao icy glance swept past everyone. However, in the next moment, a large group of newly-arrived Chu troops appeared, running madly towards them as though they were being pursued. Seeing this caused Chu Tianjiao to stiffen. As the troops neared, Chu Tianjiao coldly inquired, “What’s going on?”

The arriving Chu troops looked to be an extremely pathetic group akin to a pile of loose sand. How could these be the troops Chu had spent many years painstakingly nurturing?

“We were fooled, Icehawk, Icehawk... he is a traitor, a spy for the Qin rebels. As vice commander, he led us into an ambush,” the general in the lead coldly remarked, his murderous urges transformed into a baleful aura.

At that moment, from the distance, yet another regiment of troops advanced forwards, surrounding Chu Tianjiao and his armies. Qin Wentian’s gaze stiffened upon seeing the person in the lead.

Once, to escape the pursuit of their killers during the enrolment examination, he and Fan Le had stepped into the Mirage City within the forbidden boundaries of the Dark Forest. Over there, there was a person that recognised him. That person wore the same helm from back then, and the regiment of troops he led, were exactly the same as what Qin Wentian had seen in the Mirage City.

The person in the lead removed his helm, revealing a familiar face underneath.

“It’s Icehawk,” Qin Wentian breathed. He still remembered that Icehawk had personally led the troops to attack the Qin Clan when they were in Sky Harmony City. To think that he was actually a spy for their Qin Clan.

Even Qin Chuan was fooled. According to Qin Chuan, Icehawk was the vice commander of Qin Wu back when they still had military authority. After the Qin Clan was suppressed, he immediately switched his loyalties and gained the trust of the Royal Clan and Ye Clan by personally slaughtering many from the Qin Clan. Who would have expected that he would suddenly turn and backstab the Royal Clan at the most crucial moment.

“Never underestimate those with more experience,” Chu Wuwei murmured in a low voice, as he stared meaningfully at Qin Wentian.

If this was the case, Chu Tianjiao’s armies had completely lost their advantage. If he wanted to turn the situation, the only way was to go all out, using something he didn’t want to use.

This meant that this battle, was truly drawing to a conclusion.

A bone chilling smile suddenly appeared on Chu Tianjiao’s face as he stared at Chu Wuwei. “Elder brother, you forced me to do this. At this point in time, I must slaughter all of you. This is the only way I can salvage the situation.”

As the sound of his voice faded, light flickered and shadows flashed. Abruptly, four figures clad in blood-red robes appeared behind Chu Tianjiao. The aura exuded from them reeked of withered blood, as their eagle-like eyes gleamed with an unnatural coldness.

“Have you sunk so low as to ally yourself with these monsters? You have been nurturing them all this while, using the fresh blood from the innocent females abducted. Third brother, you are damned.” Chu Wuwei stared at the four figures. He could vaguely recognise them. By right, these people should have already passed away, yet they still lived on in this unnatural state.

“I don’t have the ability. These were left behind by our Ancestor for us. If it weren’t for your actions forcing me to the edge, how would I have chosen to do this?” Chu Tianjiao indifferently remarked. “The winners are crowned, the losers vilified. There’s nothing more to say. Today, you Chu Wuwei, Qin Wentian, and the rest of my enemies shall be buried here.”

As the sound of his voice faded, the four figures dashed towards Icehawk and his army, blood splattered and bodies decayed wherever they passed causing the Qin Allies to suffer tremendous casualties. The crowd turned pale with fright, they knew that these things weren’t human.

“How cruel, these puppets were refined using insights gained from the Mandate of Blood. The one who refined them really ought to be slayed by Heaven’s wrath.” Old Gu and Ren Qianxing had incredibly ugly expressions on their countenances. However, the strength of the four blood puppets couldn’t be denied.

At the same time, yet another group of Yuanfu cultivators soared through the skies. Upon seeing the person in the lead, those from the Emperor Star Academy involuntarily froze.

Nine Mystical Palace, Luo Qianqiu.

“Qin Wentian.” Luo Qianqiu only had eyes for Qin Wentian. Lightning could be seen flickering in his eyes, as his killing intent soared unbridled.

The humiliation at the Jun Lin Banquet, he would cleanse it with Qin Wentian’s blood today.

“I’m aware of the supreme expert guarding you, and so the Nine Mystical Palace has deployed a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign in retaliation. There will be no escape for you today.” Luo Qianqiu stared at Qin Wentian, and as he calmly spoke, his words caused the hearts of many to sink.

Not only did the Nine Mystical Palace want to participate in this dispute, they had also sent out a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign.

Nothing could shake Luo Qianqiu’s resolve to kill Qin Wentian. And in order to meet this goal, he would undoubtedly cooperate with Chu Tianjiao.

Chu Tianjiao also looked at Qin Wentian. A cold glint of laughter gleamed in his eyes as he laughed. “Today, there is no escape. Qin Wentian, today shall be the anniversary of your death!”

Chapter 218: Leaving the Safety Area

The vast majority living in the Royal Capital had their eyes on this battle, except for the Mo Clan.

The Mo Clan only focused their attention on Mo Qingcheng. The Pill Emperor’s daughter Luo He had taken an immense liking to Mo Qingcheng and had urged Bai Fei as well as the others to hurry up and bring her back to their Pill Emperor Hall.

Currently, Hua Xiaoyun had many thoughts running through his head. This was because yesterday, his elder brother told him to try and form a good relationship with Mo Qingcheng. The reason for this was because the Pill Emperor’s daughter Luo He, highly regarded her talent, and if Mo Qingcheng were to perform well in the Pill Emperor Hall, Luo He would introduce her into the tutelage of her own father – the Pill Emperor.

If she really became the disciple of the Pill Emperor, Mo Qingcheng’s status in the Pill Emperor Hall would soar all the way to the top. By then, no matter where in the Grand Xia Empire she chose to go, there would always be a place for her.

Forget how 'great' or 'distinguished' Hua Xiaoyun was when at the Mo Residence. When the time came, someone with his level of talent would have already long been shunted to the side.

Thus, during the times where Hua Xiaoyun and old man Mo conversed, he would praise Mo Qingcheng's beauty and hinted that he had a liking for her. Leaving aside the level of his talent, using his status as a basis, as well as the fact that he introduced an amazing teacher to Mo Qingcheng, how could old man Mo object? However this was not the time to force things on Mo Qingcheng. The only thing he could do now was to create more chances for Hua Xiaoyun to hang out with his granddaughter.

Mo Qingcheng only felt utter vexation. She was exceedingly irritated in her heart, but still had to feign civility. She was extremely worried about the state of affairs in the Royal Capital, wondering if that dumbo was still doing okay. She didn't want anything to happen to him.

"Miss, the battle will soon reach its conclusion. Those from the Nine Mystical Palace have finally appeared. Luo Qianqiu is also present and he wants to kill Qin Wentian." At this moment, a subordinate relayed the latest news to Mo Qingcheng.

Mo Qingcheng abruptly stood up, feeling something squeezing her heart as she clenched her little fist.

Upon seeing this scenario, an imperceptible cold intent flashed past Hua Xiaoyun's eyes. Why was Mo Qingcheng so agitated and nervous the moment Qin Wentian's name was mentioned? To the point where she even treated him, Hua Xiaoyun, like thin air. How could he lose out to this country bumpkin from Chu? How important was he in Mo Qingcheng's heart? The feeling of being given the cold shoulder because of that oaf really sucked, he felt extremely uncomfortable in his heart.

"Junior Sister, it's impossible for you two. Just forget him," Bai Fei faintly stated, and she frowned.

"Qingcheng, your future will be incomparably glorious. Why are you behaving like this? Qin Wentian? He has no qualifications to fall in love with you," Hua Xiaoyun added.

"What has this got to do with you?" Mo Qingcheng snapped as she coldly swept a glance at Hua Xiaoyun. She was already in a bad mood, how could she not be infuriated when these people were shooting sarcastic remarks one after another. At this moment, Mo Qingcheng reverted back to the cold and indifferent personality she had before she met Qin Wentian. This was the image she portrayed to the world. Only in front of Qin Wentian would she show her mischievous and adorable side.

The tone of Mo Qingcheng caused Hua Xiaoyun to stiffen as a terrifying glint of cold light flickered in his eyes.

“Hehehe.” Hua Xiaoyun laughed sinisterly in his heart. Mo Qingcheng had the gall to treat him like this? If it were not for him, would the Mo Clan have this opportunity? How could the Mo Clan have today? How could Mo Qingcheng be accepted as a disciple of the Pill Emperor Hall?

“I gave you face but you chose to ignore it. I shall soon let you know my prowess.” Hua Xiaoyun stared at the beautiful countenance of Mo Qingcheng as he fantasized in his heart. He wanted to see how cold would she still be when in the throes of passion.

Hua Xiaoyun flicked his sleeves and left, his actions causing Jing Yu and Yan Qi to burst out into laughter. This silk-pants young master truly had a temper. They only felt joy seeing Hua Xiaoyun’s hopes of wooing Mo Qingcheng get smashed into pieces.

Mo Qingcheng naturally didn’t notice Hua Xiaoyun’s attitude, and didn’t know that she had offended him. In her heart, there was only Qin Wentian.

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Qin Wentian calmly stared at Luo Qianqiu and Chu Tianjiao. The intensity of their glares clearly portrayed how much they wanted his death.

The Nine Mystical Palace was the power supporting Chu’s Royal Clan from the shadows. They were the ones that instigated the hunt for the Emperor Star Academy’s students, unwilling to relent despite the dissolution of the academy. Not only that, through their machinations, even Diyi was grievously injured and then captured by the Nine Mystical Palace.

It filled Qin Wentian’s heart with pain just thinking of the chains penetrated through Diyi’s body as he was brought away. The old man’s final mission to pave Qin Wentian’s future path for him. His actions had been done all for the sake of Qin Wentian, to the extent where he didn’t even care about his life.

The Nine Mystical Palace, must be destroyed.

This wasn’t the first time Luo Qianqiu wanted to kill him. Back then he was still a weakling at the Arterial Circulation Realm, he had no choice but to spare Luo Qianqiu and was even humiliated by Luo Tianya. Yet, Luo Qianqiu deserved to die for his many attempts on Qin Wentian’s life.

Chu Tianjiao had treated the lives of his citizens like weeds, personally ordering for the young females of his country to be abducted, to be used as nutrients for nurturing the four blood puppets. With this kind of person as the Emperor, how could the country not be in dire straits?

Chu Tianjiao, similarly also deserved death.

“Wow wow wow, how awe-inspiring, mighty and imposing the Nine Mystical Palace is.” From afar, a voice tinged with heavy arrogance rang out, as two rows of silhouettes flew through the air.

Ouyang Kuangsheng brought over several of his followers from the Ouyang Clan, as well as those from the Jiang Clan (transcendent power). While his arrival wasn't unexpected, what caused Qin Wentian's gaze to freeze in slight astonishment was that the second row of silhouettes, were actually people from the Greencloud Pavilion.

“Qian Mengyu?” Luo Qianqiu's countenance turned unsightly. “Does your Greencloud Pavilion want a piece of the action as well?”

“Luo Qianqiu, to avenge your defeat from back then, you brought people from the Nine Mystical Palace to help you now? Do you have no shame at all? Can't you defeat him by yourself?” Qian Mengyu coldly sneered.

“Hmph, to kill him? Do I look like I need to enlist the aid of my Nine Mystical Palace's members? It's just that he only knows how to hide in there, so I'm merely bringing more people to pressure him into coming out,” Luo Qianqiu's voice was ice-cold as he pointed in Qin Wentian's direction. His loss to Qin Wentian at the Jun Lin Banquet back then was a black stain on his heart.

“Nicely said.” Ouyang Kuangsheng's arms were crossed in front of his chest. He smiled, “Since the Nine Mystical Palace wants to come here and play, then we shall play. But let me say something first, after today's matter is concluded, Chu shall no longer be under the administration of the Nine Mystical Palace. Since you're all already here, if you win, you will be the victors. But if you lose, you shall die. DON'T BE A P*SSY AND CALL EVEN MORE OF YOUR MEMBERS OVER!”

“What an impudent speech. Who are you?” Behind Luo Qianqiu, a supreme expert unleashed an extremely tyrannical aura, his eyes locking onto Ouyang Kuangsheng.

“Don't look at me like that. So what if you're a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign? When your father me, stands in front of you, I don't believe you would even dare touch a single hair on my head.” Ouyang Kuangsheng gave no pretence of cordiality as he stared at the old man. “Azure Continent, Ouyang

Kuangsheng from the Ouyang Clan. Since your Nine Mystical Palace wants to play, my Ouyang Aristocrat Clan shall accompany you in this game.”

That Heavenly Dipper Sovereign stiffened, as shock widened his eyes. The Ouyang Clan? Why would those from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan appear in Chu?

“This is what my Greencloud Pavilion feels as well. Since the Nine Mystical Palace wants to conclude matters, let’s let everything end here today. If Luo Qianqiu dies, so be it. If the Nine Mystical Palace still wants to continue playing their tricks in the future, likewise, my Greencloud Pavilion shall accompany you all in the game as well.”

Qian Mengyu’s attitude bewildered Qin Wentian, while the countenances of those from the Nine Mystical Palace turned ashen.

Never would they have predicted that both the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Greencloud Pavilion would have such an attitude.

Chu Tianjiao furrowed his brows, feeling that his plans were falling apart. This Ouyang Kuangsheng’s character was too rampant, he even dared to behave in such a manner when talking to a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign. This caused Chu Tianjiao to feel that the Ouyang Clan was an existence that even the Nine Mystical Palace dared not offend.

“Qianqiu, matters are getting troublesome, we don’t have absolute odds of success,” the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign from the Nine Mystical Palace intoned in a low voice.

Luo Qianqiu went silent for a moment before drawing in a deep breath. Since he came back to Chu today, how could he run back to the Nine Mystical Palace with his tails between his legs? If he didn’t take the chance to kill Qin Wentian today, where would he find him in the future?

“I, concur. Old Yan, go destroy the thirty-six drums,” Luo Qianqiu indifferently commanded. The Heavenly Dipper Sovereign named Old Yan sighed as he nodded his head. Now, Luo Qianqiu’s status within the Nine Mystical Palace was no longer the same as before. Since he wished to battle, Old Yan could only accompany him in this madness. It should be fine as long as he didn’t cross the young master of the Ouyang Clan.

Old Yan acted. As a thunderous sound blasted out, the manifestation of a gigantic leg slammed down from the Heavens, right onto the thunder dragon.

Sounds of booming rang out, as the thunder dragon exploded from the impact. The manifestation of the Leg-type Astral Nova, continued sweeping downwards, the pressure emanated from it caused the white-robed men behind the thirty-six drums to spit out fresh blood as their countenance turned incomparably pale.

At this moment, a graceful figure floated upwards. Her appearance was just as mysterious and abrupt as before.

Raising her jade hands, Qing`er's entire body glimmered with Astral Light. Folding hand seals, a pure and vibrant lotus containing killing energy of such menacing quality, blasted towards the gigantic leg. The lotus expanded unceasingly, the power contained within it forcing the leg-type Astral Nova to be forcefully pushed back.

Two opposing silhouettes simultaneously dashed out. Old Yan as well as Qing`er soared towards the skies as the two Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns began their battle.

"Is this Qinger's true strength?" Qin Wentian mumbled, his gaze on Qinger. Even during such a ferocious fight, her countenance still remained as otherworldly as before, like a faerie from the celestial realms.

"What a beautiful girl. Damn that Qin Wentian," Ouyang Kuangsheng exclaimed somewhat jealously, "Wait, isn't that the peerless beauty from the Celestial Lake Palace?"

"Ouyang, help me in settling the four blood puppets below." Qin Wentian pointed to the four figures clad in blood-colored robes.

"Got it. You guys, go kill them," Ouyang commanded, and behind him several experts flew out. At the same time, a few other vice-headmaster level experts from the Emperor Star Academy also pooled their efforts together, entrapping the four blood puppets.

Chu Tianjiao signalled with his hands, and momentarily, several Yuanfu experts on his side flew towards the balcony Chu Wuwei and Qin Wentian were on. That entire space instantly erupted into chaos. Towering killing intents and overflowing auras of destruction enveloped the Heavens and Earth, and even those spectators looking from afar felt stifled by the presences they felt.

Utter pandemonium, these were the only words that could describe what was happening on the battlefield now. As the experts from the Nine Mystical Palace clashed against those from the Ouyang and Greencloud Pavilion, the Qin Troops slaughtered their way towards Chu Tianjiao. As

for the balcony Chu Wuwei and Qin Wentian were on, they were the only two that remained as relaxed as before, while they surveyed the battlefield.

Luo Qianqiu and Chu Tianjiao hadn't made their moves as well. Luo Qianqiu was glaring at Qin Wentian as he icily stated, "I truly don't understand why so many people are willing to be meat-shields for you. Are you only capable of acting like a coward, hiding behind them?"

Obviously, Luo Qianqiu was trying to agitate Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian merely smiled at Luo Qianqiu, his response causing Luo Qianqiu to frown.

"During the Jun Lin Banquet, if it were not for your father being there to protect you, you would long be a dead man. What's ludicrous is that you are still foolishly trying to ridicule me, wanting to seek your own death." After speaking, Qin Wentian rose into the air. His actions caused the expressions of many to tighten. Qin Wentian was too important, those that cared about him would rather he remain on the balcony, with no risk of danger befalling him.

Qin Wentian naturally understood their intentions. However, with so many people supporting him, he had to show them unquestionably that he, Qin Wentian, was worth it for those that placed their hopes in him. He, Qin Wentian, wouldn't disappoint them.

So, he chose to leave the balcony, bereft of the protection of Chu Mang, and stood amidst the countless gazes of the crowd.

Qin Wentian stared at Luo Qianqiu. When had he ever been afraid to battle? In the Jun Lin Banquet, all odds were against him, with every step taken filled with incredible difficulty. Yet, had he not managed to persevere all the way and eventually become the champion? Today, he wanted to tell those that had supported him that he, Qin Wentian, was worthy of their support!

"You will die within ten breaths of time," Qin Wentian spoke indifferently, like stating a fact, causing the hearts of many to tremble. How arrogant were his words?

Ten breaths, he wanted Luo Qianqiu, the genius of the Nine Mystical Palace to perish within ten breaths of time!

Chapter 219: Power of a single grab

Luo Qianqiu stood dumbly upon hearing Qin Wentian's words. As their meaning kicked in, Luo Qianqiu began to howl with maniacal laughter. Taking a step forward, lightning flashed as his Astral Souls were released, evoking streams of violet lightning to shroud his body. The endless streams of lightning contained a highly fearsome energy within.

For Stellar Martial Cultivators, the characteristic of lightning bestowed a piercing attribute to their attacks, causing them to be extremely domineering. After he broke through to Yuanfu, for his 3rd Astral Soul, Luo Qianqiu similarly condensed a lightning-type Astral Soul.

"I've never heard a joke this funny in my entire life." The streams of lightning weaved about his body, as he glowed with a resplendent violet light. The aura Luo Qianqiu exuded, was at the second level of Yuanfu.

"First breath," Qin Wentian serenely stated, he even stretched his fingers out, taking note of the passing time. Meanwhile, the Astral Energy within his body began to surge.

His long robes fluttered, his hair turned an inky black, as his eyes became increasingly fiend-like. His whole aura was tinged heavily with a demonic Qi, as his bloodline limit activated.

Within his body, the Yuanfu that corresponded with the Heavenly Hammer Astral Soul, as well as the Yuanfu that corresponded with his Demon Sovereign Astral Soul rumbled. Terrifying amounts of Divine Energy was converted from the Astral Energy within these two Yuanfus. An instant later, the overbearing Divine Energy circulated throughout his entire body.

With three Yuanfus, Qin Wentian naturally had three times more energy reserves to 'waste' as compared to ordinary Yuanfu cultivators.

Luo Qianqiu's countenance turned wrathful as he heard Qin Wentian keeping note of the time. Drawing in a deep breath, an illusory form of a Lightning Revenant manifested behind him, further augmenting his strength.

"You truly don't know what death is. I shall let you taste the power of my Mandate," Luo Qianqiu spat out. Abruptly, Qin Wentian felt terrifying streams of energy slamming into his body, causing biting stabs of pain within his sea of consciousness. This attack was similar to what Xiao Lan had used back then.

These incredible streams of energy, were akin to countless arcs of lightning. Luo Qianqiu stood there motionlessly, while Qin Wentian felt his entire body growing numb from the thunder shocks.

“How are you feeling now?” Crazy laughter could be seen in the eyes of Luo Qianqiu as he stared at Qin Wentian.

“Third breath.” Just as indifferent as before, Qin Wentian replied. He was still taking note of the passing time, his response caused Luo Qianqiu’s countenance to turn incredibly ugly.

Doesn’t he know how terrifyingly powerful a Mandate was? Even if he didn’t know, why was he acting like he felt nothing?

Qin Wentian continued to stand calmly, every single bit of his actions were overwhelmingly arrogant. It was as though the arrogance had seeped into his bones and blood. This was his natural bearing, that of a regal monarch looking down from the Heavens. As the Divine Yuan Energy fully circulated around his body, a forcefield of absolute obedience blasted outwards.

“Fourth breath,” Qin Wentian continued, as Luo Qianqiu’s smile froze. The stare he directed at Qin Wentian, was bone-chillingly cold. Qin Wentian’s attitude felt like slaps raining on his face. What was Qin Wentian treating him, Luo Qianqiu, as?

Chu Wuwei serenely stood on the balcony. It was as though no matter what might happen, he would still be able to keep his composure.

In truth, he wasn’t that confident in his chances of success for the dispute over the Emperor’s throne. After all, the forces he could control were limited. His source of confidence came from Qin Wentian, there was no way his judgement would be wrong. Since he had already recognised Qin Wentian’s talent, he had absolute trust in him. Thus, he unwaveringly believed that today’s victor would surely be Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian being victorious, would also mean that he, Chu Wuwei, would be victorious.

“Chu Mang, go protect Qin Wentian from sneak attacks. I’m worried that our third brother might do something against him,” Chu Wuwei commanded.

“Right.” Chu Mang soared out, standing stationary in the air at a place not far from Qin Wentian. His gaze was directed at Chu Tianjiao, taking note of his every movement. He would do anything his elder brother asked him to do.

“Fifth breath.”

As the sound of his words rang out, Luo Qianqiu's countenance turned malevolent. Qin Wentian was humiliating him.

Drawing in deep breaths, Luo Qianqiu forcibly calmed himself. He knew that rage and anger were the greatest taboo when it came to combat. Yet he involuntarily felt this way because Qin Wentian was a tangled knot in his heart.

The seemingly inexhaustible amounts of violet lightning crackled, as they formed an incomparably immense sword of lightning. The illusory form of the Lightning Revenant behind Luo Qianqiu stretched its hands out, as it wielded the immense sword. The terrifying might the apparition exuded caused the hearts of those witnessing it to tremble.

Boom. Luo Qianqiu advanced forwards as the power from his Mandate of Lightning infused the gigantic sword, the pressure bearing down on Qin Wentian.

"Ten breaths?" This must be the greatest joke ever in the Nine Heavens. He wanted to show all the spectators how pitiful Qin Wentian would look when the ten breaths of time was up, dodging his own attacks like a dog running away with its tail between its legs.

Just as Qin Wentian stated the six breath, Luo Qianqiu begun his attack. The dazzling sword of lightning slashed out with might, the tearing sound of the void akin to a god howling in anger, his attack was incomparably tyrannical.

"Thunder Beheading Slash!" Luo Qianqiu roared in anger, the gigantic sword of lightning slashed down with terrifying speed. The insights of the Mandate of Lightning were also incorporated into this attack.

First level of the Mandate of Lightning – Eruption. The cultivators' speed or attack would be enhanced tremendously. Luo Qianqiu's strike contained the insight of Eruption within it.

Qin Wentian inclines his head, the threatening force of the lightning sword felt as though it would penetrate his body. He could obviously sense how strong Luo Qianqiu's strike really was. However, the conclusion of the battle today would put a punctuation mark on this war of Chu. Thus, to butcher Luo Qianqiu, he decided he would use the most overwhelming and dominant method at his disposal.

That fiendishly handsome countenance reflected cold arrogance. Qin Wentian stepped forwards and actually moved towards Luo Qianqiu, towards the direction of that terrifying gigantic sword.

The crowd only saw Qin Wentian thrusting his left hand up in the air in a grabbing motion. This scene caused the hearts of everyone to shudder, as incredulous expressions of disbelief and stupefied amazement appeared on their faces.

“Wentian.” Qin Chuan’s heart palpitated with fear. Many people had thought that Qin Wentian had gone crazy from the incredible pressure. He was only at the first level of Yuanfu, yet he dared to use his bare hands to catch that? The scenario of Qin Wentian getting sliced in half was already playing in their minds.

Those from the Nine Mystical Palace all had mocking expressions on their faces. How laughable that they had felt some fear for Luo Qianqiu earlier. After all, the pressure exuded from Qin Wentian didn’t lose out to a cultivator at the second level of Yuanfu. Yet in the blink of an eye, Qin Wentian seemed to have turned into a clown. How utterly ridiculous. Luo Qianqiu’s already terrifying sword-slash innate technique was further enhanced by lightning-type Astral Energy, as well as incorporated with his insights in the Mandate of Lightning. A technique of this power could effortlessly slay even a cultivator at the third level of Yuanfu, let alone a Qin Wentian.

This ignorant fellow actually wanted to catch it with his bare hands?

The blood seal within Qin Wentian’s body thrummed, as a demonic will could be felt gathering in spirals within his palm. An almost endless amount of ‘Mountain’ type Divine Energy was being converted from the Astral Energy of the Demon Sovereign Astral Soul, and then channelled unceasingly to his palm. Suddenly, a fearsome demonic Qi emanated; his palm was akin to a towering demon the size of a mountain, possessing heaven-shattering might.

Chi! Ruthlessness flashed in Luo Qianqiu’s eyes, as the gigantic lightning sword descended.

Qin Wentian remained motionless and under the thunderstruck gazes of the crowd, his left palm grabbed hold of the monstrously sharp, terrifying gigantic lightning sword.

The pounding hearts of the crowd threatened to leap out of their chests, no words were sufficient to describe what they felt. Was that still the hand of a human? Even the hand of a demon wouldn’t be so terrifying, right?

“He.. he grabbed it! He really managed to grab it!” The inky black hair of the youth fluttered in the wind, his bare palms were akin to defensive-type divine weapons. While held in Quo Wentian’s grasp, the sword was as immovable as the great mountains, and Luo Qianqiu was unable to maneuver it.

“Monster,” Ouyang Kuangsheng breathed in stupefaction. F*** his grandmother, was this an illusion? He was also at the first level of Yuanfu and all three of his Astral Souls originated from the 4th Heavenly Layer, yet that strike of Luo Qianqiu still sent shivers down his spine.

But Qin Wentian used his bare hands to grab it? And he succeeded? F*** his grandmother. Could he, Ouyang Kuangsheng, still be considered a genius?

He could faintly sense that as long as Qin Wentian wasn’t killed by those in the Grand Xia Empire, he would definitely mature into a character that could summon the rains and hail the winds.

No one knew of the profound mysteries hidden within that grab of Qin Wentian’s. With the domineering Astral Energy absorbed from the 5th Heaven Layer’s Demon Sovereign Constellation; in addition to the fact that such a tyrannical energy was converted into ‘Mountain-type’ Divine Energy; as well as the augmentation of his bloodline limit, along with the enhancement of his physique thanks to the Fiend Transformation Art; and lastly... the first level of the Mandate of Force, Strength, boosting his strength by two folds. The combination of these factors was the reason why he could appear to ‘casually’ grab it with a single hand.

Only he knew of the factors that enabled him to do so. In the eyes of others, his casual movements were incredibly profound and caused great waves of extreme shock to rock their hearts. This was especially so for Luo Qianqiu, he didn’t dare to believe his eyes. How could this be real?

Qin Wentian transformed into a blurry shadow as he dashed forwards, punching out with his right hand towards Luo Qianqiu.

How could Luo Qianqiu, who was still in shock, react in time? How could his hastily prepared defense defend against Qin Wentian’s attack? With the insights of the Mandate of Force incorporated within, how could Qin Wentian’s attack be weak? His strike instantly broke apart Luo Qianqiu’s pathetic attempt at defense, slamming into his throat as he held Luo Qianqiu in a chokehold. Luo Qianqiu had to struggle just to breathe.

“Nine breaths,” stated Qin Wentian, just as calm as before.

“If you dare to kill me, the Nine Mystical Palace will never let you go,” Luo Qianqiu threatened. However, Qin Wentian only shook his head in disappointment. Luo Qianqiu said he was a coward hiding behind meat-shields, yet now that he was going to die, he actually still wanted to use the Nine Mystical Palace to intimidate him. Qin Wentian was truly disappointed.

“How many times have you attempted to kill me now? You still want to live on after you’ve lost? Ridiculous. Also, don’t worry, I will definitely pay a personal visit to the Nine Mystical Palace and get back everything they owe me.” The calm expression of Qin Wentian’s face turned ice-cold as he abruptly tightened his fingers with a burst of strength. Luo Qianqiu howled in madness, but a moment later, his neck was snapped as his eyes turned lifeless.

“Ten breaths, whew just nice.” Qin Wentian slowly released his chokehold, allowing Luo Qianqiu’s body to fall unceremoniously onto the ground. Like he predicted, he only needed ten breaths of time to kill Luo Qianqiu, a genius who was at the second level of Yuanfu!

“This fellow.” Qian Mengyu was dumbstruck as she witnessed the domineering way in which Qin Wentian slaughtered Luo Qianqiu. This level of combat prowess was beyond terrifying. He was immeasurably stronger compared to back when he was facing against the three Swallow swordsmen. He was a true demon. Not only that, he had yet to join any of the transcendent powers. To be able to reach such a level of attainment now, how unimaginable would his prospects be in the future?

“Senior Gongyang’s judgement is truly admirable. It’s such a pity, but I don’t think it’ll be easy to recruit him into our Greencloud Pavilion.” With regret, Qian Mengyu sighed silently in her heart.

Chapter 220: Total Suppression

It had been far too long since Qin Wentian fought against someone. At this moment, just as many doubted his strength, the radiance of Luo Qianqiu’s supposed talent could only serve as a backdrop for Qin Wentian’s.

The death of that once dazzling number one in the Emperor Star Academy, a genius that was widely worshipped by many, could only serve the purpose of paving the pathway for Qin Wentian’s glory.

The clenching feeling in Qin Chuan’s heart finally dissipated. A gentle smile flickered in his eyes, as he stared at the silhouette of his son standing in the air.

“Wentian,” Qin Chuan emotionally mumbled, he was truly happy. He had adopted Qin Wentian at a very young age, taking care of him until he turned 16. He was one of the select few that understood

how much effort Qin Wentian put in, how much sarcasm he had to put up with when it was discovered that Qin Wentian's meridians were crippled. This lasted all the way till he was 16, but even before they could celebrate the fact that Qin Wentian was no longer crippled, the Qin Clan was flipped into chaos by the machinations of the Royal Clan. Luckily, all that had already passed. Qin Wentian was finally basking in the radiance he deserved.

A strange glow flashed in Qin Wu's eyes, but no one knew what he was thinking.

Yet, unexpectedly, Qin Wentian felt the premonition of extreme danger assailing his senses. Several of Chu Tianjiao's Yuanfu experts already in battle abruptly withdrew from their fights, shifted direction and flew explosively towards Qin Wentian. Their movements were adjusted to uniformity, as though all of it was already pre-planned.

"BE CAREFUL!" Ouyang Kuangsheng hollered. Chu Mang immediately reacted as a gigantic axe appeared in his hands. As he wielded it, terrifying undulations of the will of a Mandate could be felt gushing forth in waves.

The Great Axe Astral Soul was the 3rd Astral Soul condensed by Chu Mang. Back then, after he comprehended the Mandate of Arrows, Chu Wuwei instructed him to chop trees. Chu Mang naturally followed the instructions of his elder brother to the letter, staying a period of time within the Dark Forest, doing nothing but chopping trees day after day. At last, he felt that as long as he willed it, the tree would be split apart right through the middle. If he infused this will into his Axe, its might increased explosively.

After which, his elder brother Chu Wuwei informed him that 'the will' he gained, was the first level insight into the Mandate of Axe – Beheader.

His elder brother was widely read, and extremely knowledgable. Not only would he guide Chu Mang, Chu Wuwei would also spend his time guiding other talented orphans with pitiful fates, helping them to achieve the goals they wanted but couldn't because of a lack of strength. He taught them cultivation, guided them through each and every step. Eventually, this group of people became the trusted aides of Chu Wuwei, and followed him willingly, not hesitating even if they had to die for him.

Naturally, Chu Mang knew that his elder brother truly cared for this group of people from the bottom of his heart. If not, Chu Wuwei wouldn't have such an esteemed position in their hearts.

Chu Mang stared at the incoming attackers, and directly chopped down with his axe, just like before, when he chopped down the trees. A mysterious energy slashed down as a golden light trailed behind. The Yuanfu cultivator he targetted didn't even have the time to scream before his body was split apart from the middle, as his blood sprayed out like bloody rain.

“WHO DARES TOUCH HIM?” Chu Mang roared in rage, as he dashed towards the other Yuanfu attackers. However at this moment, Chu Tianjiao pointed towards Chu Wuwei, as he laughed, “Chu Mang, don’t you care about the life of your elder brother anymore?”

Chu Mang turned his head only to see another group of Yuanfu attackers flying towards Chu Wuwei, with killing intent apparent in their eyes. Chu Mang howled in madness as he turned and flew towards Chu Wuwei with explosive speed.

Chu Tianjiao coldly smiled, he knew too well Chu Mang’s weakness. As long as Chu Wuwei was in the slightest bit of danger, he wouldn’t care about anyone else. Currently, the majority of powerful experts of Chu Tianjiao were all engaged in battle. With Chu Mang in the way, how could he kill Qin Wentian?

After witnessing how tyrannically Qin Wentian butchered Luo Qianqiu, the intention to kill him didn’t fade away from his heart. On the contrary, it strengthened his resolution that Qin Wentian had to die. He had to destroy Qin Wentian at all costs today, nipping this future problem in the bud.

Back when Chu Mang made his move, there were already several experts appearing beside Qin Wentian. This group of people had been concealing their auras from the start; they only had a single purpose today – to assassinate Qin Wentian.

“GO HELP QIN WENTIAN.” His other protectors was already rushing there, Chu Wuwei involuntarily scolded, “Ignore me, pay attention to third brother instead.”

At this moment, Chu Tianjiao walked towards Qin Wentian with a lantern held in his hands.

With a toss, that lantern was flung up into the air as Chu Tianjiao sent out a palm strike, shattering it into fragments. The lantern light illuminated the space between them, manifesting a sphere of light that enveloped Chu Tianjiao, Qin Wentian, as well as the assassins within it.

As the protectors of Chu Wuwei rushed over, the sphere of light had already fully formed. Summoning their strength and joining their attacks in unison, it was as though the energy of their attacks were sinking into a blackhole. There were no signs of damage on the sphere of light at all.

“This is the Liuli Lantern, a one-time use, 3rd grade top-tier divine weapon. Although this sphere of light can only last for the time an incense stick takes to burn, but because it’s a one-time use item, its sealing effects are even stronger than other similar 3rd grade sealing items. It’s impossible for Yuanfu cultivators to break this, only Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns have the power to do so.

Chu Tianjiao serenely stated, “Qin Wentian, your performance was indeed outside of my expectations, to think that you could even kill Luo Qianqiu. I have no choice but to waste this Liuli Lantern on you. Even if you die, you should be proud of this fact.”

Chu Tianjiao's voice could be clearly heard by those outside the sphere of light. Their countenances were incredibly unsightly, as they put in even more effort into breaking apart the light sphere. However, their attempts were pointless. Just as Chu Tianjiao had said, it was impossible for Yuanfu cultivators to break this.

"Chu Tianjiao is working together with those other Yuanfu level experts, and now Qin Wentian is in danger. Chu Mang, you were too reckless." Chu Wuwei frowned. The gazes of others in the vicinity were all directed at that location. It was as though, at least for this moment, the majority of cultivators had already lost their will to battle and would rather witness what would happen next instead.

"Wentian..." Ren Qianxing, Mustang and others from the Emperor Star Academy all had expressions of deep worry on their faces.

Although Qin Wentian's talent was strong and his combat prowess terrifying, Chu Tianjiao was the second ranked of the ten prodigies of Chu. Furthermore, who could be certain that other than the Liuli Lantern, he didn't have other powerful divine weapons in his arsenal?

They were all now gritting their teeth in frustration. They had been too careless, too engrossed in the battle between Qin Wentian and Luo Qianqiu, to the point where they had forgotten about Chu Tianjiao.

"Qin Wentian, what a pity you chose the wrong path. No matter how talented you are, you are fated to die here today," Chu Tianjiao calmly stated. In his heart, there was truly a hint of admiration for Qin Wentian. Sadly, no matter who it was, as long as they were his enemies, all of them had to die.

Qin Wentian didn't bother to reply. Walking forward, the demonic Qi he exuded grew stronger and stronger, as the coldness of his fiend-like eyes became even more pronounced.

At the same time, a heavy pressure bore heavily onto everyone in this entire space. The existence of the two sources of energy caused those within the sphere to feel unrest in their hearts.

The first level of insight of the Mandate of Force, Strength, granted a two-fold enhancement of strength to the cultivator at the initial boundary.

The first level of insight of the Mandate of Demon, Demonification, allowed one's physique to be akin to a demon, causing the basic essence of the human body to demonify. Afterwards, they would

enter into a berserk state, allowing one's attack power to be multiplied by several-fold at the initial boundary.

A pair of demonic Garuda Wings manifested on Qin Wentian's back. However, they were no longer illusory like before but appeared to be corporeal instead.

“KILL HIM NOW!” Chu Tianjiao's countenance sank. He could sense that Qin Wentian had just underwent a terrifying transformation.

Bzzz~ In that instant, the assassins moved. They were equipped with sharp swords and daggers, with a speed so fast they resembled phantoms, able to assassinate their targets within the space of a single breath.

However, in the instant when they moved, Qin Wentian also began his own movements. The gusting sounds of a galewind rose up as Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered, before vanishing from sight in the blink of an eye.

Boom! A terrifying sound rang out, Qin Wentian had grabbed hold of the head of one of the attackers and slammed him head first into the sphere of light's walls. Blood-colored crimson light sparkled ominously within his palms. The other attackers who now stood at Qin Wentian's original location, turned their heads as their eyes widened, revealing an expression of inconceivable disbelief on their faces.

“How fast!”

Earlier, they only saw a shadow flash past them. Qin Wentian's speed was even faster when compared to flying-type demonic beasts and his strength... his strength was simply monstrous.

Qin Wentian smiled at the attackers, his cold eyes regarding them. After which, he sent out a palm strike shattering the cranium of the poor victim held in his grasp.

With another flap of his wings, he disappeared from sight. In fact, a small confined area like this sphere of light had given him an advantage instead. He was able to unleash his terrifying speed to their utmost limits.

“Nine Heavenly Garuda Movement Technique – Yuanfu Manual,” Ren Qianxing breathed, as his heart pounded. Qin Wentian actually managed to cultivate the Garuda Movement Technique of the

Yuanfu level to such an unimaginable extent. His movements resembled an actual garuda, it was as though he was born to cultivate this innate technique.

This was the first time Ren Qianxing witnessed someone that could execute the Nine Heavenly Garuda Movement Technique at this level.

Chi! Yet another head from one of the attackers tumbled down to the ground.

Terrified screams rang out as yet another attacker's head exploded into pieces.

The assassins died one after another. Originally, they were supposed to be the experts in killing others, yet today they became Qin Wentian's prey instead. The sphere of light that was supposed to trap Qin Wentian, ended up trapping them instead.

Naturally the combat prowess of these assassins weren't that high, they were only proficient in sneak attacks and ambushes, using the element of surprise. Now that they had met such a freak like Qin Wentian, they could only wait to be slaughtered.

Chu Tianjiao's countenance turned green as he witnessed the assassins dying one after another. What was going on? Even if the combat prowess of the assassins weren't that high, how could they be so weak to the point where they could not even be able to withstand a single blow from Qin Wentian?

A raging wind billowed, Chu Tianjiao stepped forth as the mark of a dragon appeared on his palms. The roar of an angered dragon rang out as he blasted his palms forward.

Qin Wentian's answering palms were like the roiling waves of a tsunami, and only at the moment when their palms collided did Chu Tianjiao understand how terrifying Qin Wentian's strength was. He was at the third level of Yuanfu and had cultivated an extremely powerful innate technique named Seal of the True Dragon, yet Qin Wentian was able to match palms effortlessly against him.

"DIE!" Qin Wentian shouted, as the blood-colored seal within his body manifested on his palms. As Chu Tianjiao was blasted into retreat, a golden ancient symbol appeared in front of him. It emanated a majestic air that caused the dragon roars of his Seal of the True Dragon to intensify in volume by several times.

“Seems like your Majesty was too busy scheming and plotting to the point that you’ve neglected your cultivation,” Qin Wentian coldly remarked. He stood there like an overlord, resembling a supreme demon from the ancient times, with an incomparably overbearing demeanor.

“Shut your trap!” Chu Tianjiao coldly hollered, as he activated the golden symbol. However at that moment, a blood-colored stone monument flew up as it hovered above the head of Qin Wentian. At the very next instant, BOOM. Chu Tianjiao felt the blood within his body circulating at an explosive speed, as his heart pounded in tandem.

“Do you think you are the only one that has divine artifacts?” Qin Wentian waved his hands causing the Yellow Springs Monuments to fly towards Chu Tianjiao. Panic could be seen in Chu Tianjiao’s eyes, he didn’t understand what was happening. Green veins protruded from his face, as he felt his blood vessels expanding. The intensity of the pounding of his heart almost drove him to madness. Be it in cultivation or competing in divine artifacts, Chu Tianjiao was still the loser.

“It’s time to conclude this farce.” Qin Wentian pointed at the monument, whose crimson glow brightened as he channelled his will into it. Chu Tianjiao groaned, spitting out fresh blood as he stood there in defeat.

Qin Wentian soared upwards, standing in the space above Chu Tianjiao.

Endless regret flooded Chu Tianjiao as he glanced upwards, seeing how imperious Qin Wentian was as he looked down at him. Why didn’t he snuff out Qin Wentian’s life earlier back then when he had the chance? Now, there was no more time for regrets, it was already too late.

Would everything really end today?