

## Ancient GM 221

Chapter 221: Last Words of a Fallen Genius.

Qin Wentian stared downwards at Chu Tianjiao. Ranked second of the ten prodigies of Chu, there was no need to doubt Chu Tianjiao's talent and strength, and yet, the disparity between him, and his brother Chu Mang, the first ranked of the ten prodigies, was actually so far apart. For the dispute of power and authority, Chu Tianjiao had neglected his cultivation. And as for Chu Mang, although he was simple-minded, his elder brother Chu Wuwei told him to put in more effort in his cultivation. Thus, he didn't bother with anything else and just frenziedly cultivated.

This turn of events left the crowd thunderstruck. When they saw Chu Tianjiao employing the effects of the Liuli Lantern, they thought Qin Wentian was finished for sure. Even when taking into consideration that Qin Wentian could defeat Luo Qianqiu, apparently Chu Tianjiao still underestimated him.

Maybe, during the fight with Luo Qianqiu, what Qin Wentian revealed was merely the tip of the iceberg. The demonised Qin Wentian from earlier was too terrifying, how deep was the extent of Qin Wentian's true capabilities? Not only that, the crowd couldn't even tell which Heavenly Layer his Astral Souls were condensed from.

"Chu Tianjiao, you wanted to seal me within, yet you yourself fell into a trap of your own making. With all your cleverness, did you ever imagine this day would come?" Qin Wentian stated as he looked at Chu Tianjiao.

Chu Tianjiao wiped the traces of blood from the corner of his mouth, as a crazed look of amusement could be seen flickering in his eyes.

"I've underestimated you. Not just me, I think the whole of Chu, including your grandpa Qin, have underestimated your true capabilities," Chu Tianjiao slowly continued, "No one would have thought that in the short span of two years, you would actually reach such a level. I admit that back then when I could still kill you, not regarding you highly enough was a mistake on my part. A mistake that led to this situation today."

"Chu Tianjiao, even now do you not regret your actions? Framing loyal citizens and even offering the blood of innocent females as a sacrifice to the blood puppets. Your actions are too inhumane," Qin Wentian coldly stated as he stared at Chu Tianjiao.

“You are too naïve,” Chu Tianjiao coldly retorted, “Ever since the beginning of time, the winners will be the victors, while the losers will be vilified. The seats of Emperors and Monarchs were always made from mountains of bones from corpses. As for framing loyal citizens? Are you referring to your grandfather, Qin Wu? From your impression of him, he’s a kindly old man. What a joke, if he was just an ordinary peace-loving old man, would he command a character like Icehawk to be undercover for so many years? If he was an ordinary old man, how would he be able to escape from the Black Stronghold?”

Chu Tianjiao stared mockingly at Qin Wentian, “How much do you understand about your grandfather, Qin Wu? Do you know why he was so certain I wouldn’t dare kill him? Why did he recklessly allow himself to be captured by me? Do you know how many spies he had under his control? And as for my father’s illness, ever since the Wu King’s death, why did my father contract that illness with such incredible timing? Do you think this was all merely coincidence? My father was a Yuanfu expert, how can he succumb so easily to an illness?”

Chu Tianjiao’s words caused Qin Wentian’s brows to furrow. The death of the previous Chu Emperor had something to do with Qin Wu? Qin Wentian shifted his glance to Qin Wu, only to see his grandfather clad in a suit of armor sitting on horseback, looking as though he was never as calm as this before.

“If you’re talking about informant networks, I’m afraid that even my Royal Clan would lose out to Qin Wu.” Chu Tianjiao laughed sarcastically.

“The blood debt you owe shall be repaid in full, regardless of what you say today,” Qin Wentian calmly replied. Even if he discounted the Qin Clan, what about the Emperor Star Academy? The death of Mountain and Zi Jun? To avenge them, Chu Tianjiao had to die.

Chu Tianjiao laughed, “Since I’ve lost, why should I fear death? I’m saying all this not because I want to beg for my life. I, Chu Tianjiao, have never truly admired anyone before in my life. I respected my elder brother, Chu Wuwei, for his intelligence, I respected, Qin Wu, for his ruthless methods. As for the Wu King, I didn’t have the chance to witness his glory before he departed from this world. But today, I admire you Qin Wentian, I admire you completely.”

“You are not as intelligent as Chu Wuwei, nor are your methods as ruthless as Qin Wu. What you have is an undying resoluteness and a heart that never fears defeat. No matter how powerful an obstacle is blocking your way before you, your determination never wavers. This is something that I admired you for, and also something I lacked. Your talent for cultivation is truly monstrous, and I hope you can advance further on the path you’ve chosen. As for the Emperor’s throne, grant it to my elder brother, Chu Wuwei. There’s no one more suitable compared to him.”

Chu Tianjiao spoke slowly. After which, he slammed a palm strike right onto his heart. Blood splattering sounds rang out as his heart was crushed into a pulp, yet there was still a smile on his face. After which, his eyes closed forever as he descended into death.

A talented proud son of Heaven, had chosen to die by suicide.

He lost to the current circumstances and lost to Qin Wentian. To a person like him, defeat was worse than death. He had his own pride and wasn't willing to beg for his life, nor live by being tortured by others. By committing suicide, at least he would die on his own terms.

The surrounding battles paused. Countless people raised their heads, staring at Chu Tianjiao, involuntarily feeling sadness in their hearts. Was he wrong or was he right? Yet as time had proven, the only ones who were right were the winners that could write history.

Everything ended, Chu Tianjiao had fallen.

Yet the words before his death were extremely thought provoking.

Chu Tianjiao's death didn't really cause Qin Wentian to feel pleasure. He only felt slightly more relaxed. After all, he had given Mountain an answer, given the Emperor Star Academy an answer.

The curtains on this war of Chu could finally close as a new chapter began.

Now, Qin Wentian was having a headache. So, who to assume the rulership of Chu? Qin Wu or Chu Wuwei?

And just like what Chu Wuwei had told him before, the one in control of Chu's future wasn't Chu Tianjiao, Chu Wuwei nor Qin Wu. It was him, Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian's position was also the Emperor Star Academy's position. If he supported Chu Wuwei, the experts of the Emperor Star Academy would naturally forsake Qin Wu. His position, was also the position of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Greencloud Pavilion. These two transcendent powers would settle any backlash from the Nine Mystical Palace.

His position was also Qing`er`s position, the position of a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign.

As the sphere of light dissipated, Chu Tianjiao`s body fell to the ground. Chu Mang flew upwards as he caught hold of his second brother, before bringing the corpse to Chu Wuwei.

Chu Wuwei hugged the body of his brother, as he closed his eyes and sighed. Power was unfeeling. Being born in a royal family was not as luxurious as what others might think.

BOOM!

A body hurled downwards from the skies, slamming ruthlessly onto the ground. This was none other than the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign from the Nine Mystical Palace that fought against Qing`er.

“Cough cough.” Qin Wentian coughed as he inclined his head only to see the graceful figure of Qing`er descending.

Qing`er`s beautiful eyes stared at Qin Wentian, as though asking what she should do next.

“This matter is already concluded. Those from the Nine Mystical Palace can now leave. Go and tell the Nine Mystical Palace`s three factions of power that they are not allowed to step within the boundaries of Chu ever again. If they dare to defy the agreement made earlier, be prepared to face the consequences and suffer the flames of fury of my Ouyang Clan,” Ouyang Kuangsheng icily commanded. He seized the chance to speak before Qin Wentian, he didn`t want Qin Wentian to be too overbearing.

Ouyang knew that with his status, nothing would happen to him. But as for Qin Wentian, who wanted to roam the Grand Xia Empire in the future, and considering Qin Wentian`s current level of power, it wouldn`t be good if he pushed the Nine Mystical Palace too much. Only when he became strong enough in future should Qin Wentian storm the Nine Mystical Palace to get back what he was owned.

If a transcendent power was determined to deal with someone, Qin Wentian`s life in the future would be unbearably tough. At the very least, with him acting the role of the overbearing bully, he would be able to buy some time for Qin Wentian to grow.

“This goes for Greencloud Pavilion, as well. From today onwards, we will terminate all forms of relationship with the Nine Mystical Palace. Tell your leaders if they want to barge into Chu, my Greencloud Pavilion will be the first to take action,” Qian Mengyu’s position was the same as Ouyang Kuangsheng’s, with her words causing those from the Nine Mystical Palace to turn incomparably unsightly.

That earlier Heavenly Dipper Sovereign who was defeated by Qing`er said nothing. He merely waved his hands as he brought the remnants of those from the Nine Mystical Palace away.

Today, the Nine Mystical Palace had truly lost on all grounds. They no longer had the face to come back to Chu.

With the protection of both the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and the Greencloud Pavilion, the leaders of the Nine Mystical Palace wouldn’t rashly take action for the sake of a deceased Luo Qianqiu. But, with Luo Tianya’s personality, he would surely make a move against Qin Wentian, the murderer of his son.

Soon after the departure of the Nine Mystical Palace, the four blood puppets were beheaded. By then, the situation was fully under control.

Now, the only question was whom should the authority to rule belong to? As well as the matter of future settlement of the grievances and grudges created here today.

“Wentian,” Qin Wu called out. Qin Wentian shifted his glance over to Qin Wu, yet he no longer felt the same emotions as he used to. Looking upon his adopted grandfather, the past feelings for that kindly old man no longer stirred up warm memories in his heart. On the contrary, he felt as though he was looking at a stranger.

“All thanks to you, our Qin Clan was finally avenged. Now, only the Ye Clan is remaining, we should finish them swiftly. Why don’t I take charge first?” Qin Wu smiled, his countenance serene.

However, Qin Wentian lightly shook his head. “Grandpa Qin, it’s already chaotic enough. According to the agreement, I think it’s a better idea for you to pull back your troops outside of the Royal Capital.”

Qin Wentian’s words caused Qin Wu to be stunned, as well as expressions of bewilderment and astonishment to appear on the face of many. Was Qin Wentian hinting to Qin Wu that he should give up on his attempts of securing the rulership?

“Wentian, I’m still worried,” Qin Wu continued, “I, Qin Wu, do not hanker after power or riches. I’m already so old, I don’t ever want my descendants to suffer what I went through again. How about after I stabilise Chu, your father Qin Chuan shall be the one to ascend the throne?”

Qin Wentian froze, as he glanced towards Qin Chuan.

Qin Chuan cast a glance to his father Qin Wu, and then towards Qin Wentian, and his eyes made clear his internal conflict. He then drew in a deep breath, as a gentle smile appeared on his face. “Wentian, I will respect your wishes, just make the decision according to what your heart tells you.”

Qin Wentian nodded, as a radiant smile blossomed on his face. “Thank you, father.”

“May I request to speak privately with general Qin Wu?” At this moment Chu Mang escorted Chu Wuwei towards Qin Wu. Chu Wuwei made a gesture of invitation, signalling to an area not far from there.

Qin Wu frowned, but he still followed Chu Wuwei to the side.

“General Qin Wu, everything should have already been concluded. After I become the Emperor, I will grant several cities to the Qin Clan, as well as bestow upon you a Kingship. As for those that threw in their lot to support you, I vow I will not touch them in revenge. I only hope that they will be able to defend Chu from external threats,” Chu Wuwei stated.

Qin Wu gazed at him, before calmly replying, “What if I disagree?”

“There are some things I don’t wish to make too transparent,” Chu Wuwei just as calmly replied, “I also don’t wish to influence the relationship between you and Qin Wentian. In the Royal Capital, exactly how many people were capable of killing Xiao Lan? Gu He was precisely one of the few that could. Gu He was a protector of my third brother, Chu Tianjiao and was once a follower of the former Emperor, my father. Yet when Xiao Lan had died, Gu He wasn’t by the side of my brother.”

“Not only that, I also knew that Gu He, before he changed his name, was a follower of the Wu King back in his days of glory,” Chu Wuwei slowly continued, leaving the rest unsaid, as his words caused the pupils of Qin Wu to narrow.

## Chapter 222: Time is like a Dream

Qin Wu naturally understood what Chu Wuwei was hinting at.

The fury of the Nine Mystical Palace had descended onto the Royal Clan of Chu and the Emperor Star Academy all because of Xiao Lan's death, and thereby diminished the powers of both parties, getting rid of the Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns from both sides. The only one that stood to profit the most, was undoubtedly Qin Wu.

“General Qin, pull your forces out of the Royal Capital according to our agreement. I have no wish to pursue the grudges and grievances of the past. Just let the hatred of the past generation dissipate like the wind,” Chu Wuwei calmly spoke. Qin Wu stared at Chu Wuwei silently, as a murderous glint flashed in his eyes.

“General Qin, Qin Wentian isn't that simple-minded. He has already deduced many things, it's just that he didn't want to say too much. If you insist on stubbornly clinging to your course, you have to be prepared that he may sever his ties with your Qin Clan. Killing me here now equates to you admitting that back then, the masked man who stabbed Qin Wentian through his heart, was sent there on your orders.”

Chu Wuwei's gaze sharpened, staring at Qin Wu. That day during the clash between the Royal Clan and Emperor Star Academy, Qin Wentian was almost assassinated. Because of that assassination attempt, the relationship between the Royal Clan and the Emperor Star Academy became like fire and ice. And that was already considering the fact that Qin Wentian didn't die. If Qin Wentian had died back then, the Emperor Star Academy would definitely have gone mad and stormed the Royal Clan, leading to heavy casualties to the point of almost total annihilation on both sides.

Qin Wu stared back at Chu Wuwei in silence, his countenance ice-cold. After a long time, he smiled and stated, “Fine, fine. I've never treated Chu Tianjiao as my opponent, yet I didn't expect that despite all my plans and preparations, I would still lose to the inconspicuous elder prince that didn't want to join the fight for power. Chu Wuwei, you've won.”

After speaking, Qin Wu turned and walked away.

Qin Wentian followed after Qin Wu, seeing that the private conversation between Qin Wu and Chu Wuwei had ended.

Everything, was finally concluded.

“Relay my orders, prepare to retreat outside the Royal Capital.” Qin Wu returned to where he originally stood, as he commanded in a loud voice. The surrounding troops were all stunned by his

decision. Turning their heads to glance at Qin Wentian, they couldn't help sighing in their hearts before obeying Qin Wu's orders.

Had Qin Wentian come to a decision?

"Wentian." Qin Chuan hadn't departed, staring at the silhouette of his son up in the air.

Qin Wentian descended, landing beside Qin Chuan as he smiled apologetically, "Father, your son is unfilial."

"Silly child." Qin Chuan rubbed Qin Wentian on his head. In his eyes, no matter how Qin Wentian acted, he would always be a little kid to him. Qin Wentian was his son, and his pride.

"After our paths separate, I will no longer be able to help you. You have to take care of yourself." Qin Chuan sighed.

"Don't worry father, I will frequently return to Sky Harmony to visit you." Qin Wentian held the hand of his father, giving it a tight squeeze. Regardless of what Qin Wu's personality might be, Qin Chuan would always be his father.

"Hey little fellow, you've grown up." Qin He and Qin Ye grinned, as they walked over.

Seeing the broken arm of Qin He, Qin Wentian felt an indescribable feeling in his heart. This was the price one had to pay for the vying of power. He wondered if Qin Wu would feel shame for his own actions.

Drawing in a deep breath, Qin Wentian walked forwards to embrace his second and third uncle into a hug. "Second Uncle and Third Uncle, take care of yourselves in the future."

"Don't worry about us." Qin He carefreely smiled, as though the fact that he had a broken arm didn't bother him.

"When you are roaming the world, remember to keep a lower profile. Be cautious in all things you do," Qin He instructed.

"Smelly kid, when you have great accomplishments in the future, don't you dare forget about this third uncle of yours." Qin Ye laughed loudly, as he heavily patted Qin Wentian on his shoulder.



They had seen Qin Wentian climbing up from a cripple up to the point where his talent had awakened. Now that Qin Wentian reached this step today, they truly felt gratified in their hearts. Qin Wentian was of their Qin Clan, and even though he didn't give the rulership to them, it wouldn't affect their feelings of kinship towards him.

The men of Qin Clan, were all men of character.

"Mhm." Qin Wentian heavily nodded his head.

"Haha, enough from us, there's still a brat that wishes to talk to you." Qin He and Qin Ye stepped aside, and following which, Qin Wentian saw a beautiful young woman walking over to him. This person, was none other than his sister, Qin Yao.

"Sister, you are still so enchanting, even when clad in armor." Qin Wentian grinned.

"Flowery words don't work on me." Qin Yao rolled her eyes as she smiled, "What are your plans in the future?"

"I plan to roam the Grand Xia Empire in the near future," Qin Wentian replied.

"Mhm, considering your talent, your decision is right. Chu is too small for you." Qin Yao nodded in agreement. "However, doesn't that mean it would be very difficult for us to see you in the future?"

Thinking of this, a vague hint of sadness could be seen in Qin Yao's eyes. The two of them had grown up together and were exceptionally close.

"How can this be? How would I bear to stay away from seeing my beautiful sister for long periods of time," Qin Wentian joked, trying to cover her sadness. Qin Yao understood his intention. Stepping forwards, moving even closer, Qin Yao tiptoed and gave a light kiss on Qin Wentian's forehead.

After which, Qin Yao ran off, turning her head while giggling, "Smelly brat, remember to come back and visit your sister often in the future."

Looking at the departing back view of Qin Yao walking away, Qin Wentian heavily nodded his head.

The troops of the Qin Clan gradually all departed. Qin Wu didn't even say a word of farewell or interacted with Qin Wentian. Maybe he was blaming Qin Wentian, or maybe he was ashamed of all

the things he had done. But no matter what, Qin Wentian knew that Qin Chuan, Qin He, Qin Ye and Qin Yao would always be his family.

In order to not affect their familial ties, it would be better to let bygones be bygones.

Just like what Chu Wuwei had said to Qin Wu, Qin Wentian wasn't that simple-minded. He had already deduced the truth of many things, but choosing to let go of these matters would be better for everyone.

The departure of the Qin Troops, the fall of Chu Tianjiao; Qin Wentian believed that with the capabilities of Chu Wuwei, he would easily be able to control any ensuing consequences. No one was more familiar than Chu Wuwei regarding the various power factions of Chu.

Chu Wuwei walked to the side of Qin Wentian, smiling at him. "Give me some time to settle the aftermath of this war. I'll treat you to wine when I'm done."

"Right." Qin Wentian smiled, as he too, walked away.

Those from the Ouyang Clan and Greencloud Pavilion accompanied Qin Wentian as they left. And as for that ephemeral beauty Qing'er, she had long disappeared from sight. The storm that had been brewing in Chu, was finally over.

Qin Wentian chose to disappear from the public eye, yet pieces of rumors and news regarding him spread like wildfire all around Chu.

Not two years had passed since this young man stepped into the Royal Capital, yet he was capable enough to re-write the history of Chu.

There was no one in Chu that did not know of his name. It was said that he slayed Luo Qianqiu, a genius of the Nine Mystical Palace at the second level of Yuanfu in only ten breaths of time.

It was said that he overwhelmingly destroyed Chu Tianjiao with absolute strength.

It was also said that Qin Wentian, who had the authority of rulership in his hands, had chosen Chu Wuwei rather than the Qin Clan.

Naturally these pieces of rumors and news became more and more exaggerated as time passed, but one thing was for certain; Qin Wentian was the person who decided the rulership of Chu.

A cool breeze of wind gusted over the vast expanse of land that was the Royal Capital. After Chu Wuwei was ordained as the Emperor, he immediately issued an imperial decree stating that because of the actions his father, the previous emperor, had committed, the Qin Clan was wronged and suppressed to the extent that they were forced to rebel. The reasons behind their actions were understandable, no punishment or blame shall be allocated to those that had supported the Qin Clan. Not only that, Qin Wu was bestowed Kingship, taking over the position of the Wu King and granted the administration rights of Sky Harmony City and over ten other cities. The troops under Qin's command were to return and guard the borders, not to leave without permission ever again.

At the same time, the rebuilding of the Emperor Star Academy commenced, re-establishing their position as the number one cultivation academy in Chu. Chu Wuwei himself was granted the position of a honorary elder by Ren Qianxing and would instruct and guide students from time to time. This caused many to speculate, wasn't Chu Wuwei a cultivation cripple? How would he be able to guide the students?

After the imperial decree was passed, the Wu King, Qin Wu, swept his gaze over the Royal Capital before leading his troops away. That glance contained a myriad of emotions, too complicated to decipher.

Life and death are determined by destiny, wealth and riches are decreed by the Heavens!

If he knew Qin Wentian would turn out to be so powerful today, he would surely have planned things differently.

Sadly, everything had ended. Chu Wuwei wasn't Chu Tianjiao and wouldn't give him another opportunity to mobilise his forces again. In the gamble this time round, he could clearly sense how formidable Chu Wuwei was. In terms of intelligence and strategy, Chu Wuwei was unequalled in Chu.

Qin Wu missed the chance he had to become the Emperor; he would never have the opportunity ever again.

Qin Wu's heart was filled with regrets, similar to the hearts of those in the Bai Clan.

Bai Qingsong and Autumn Snow, stood outside a luxurious mansion. The once illustrious Ye Clan's Mansion was now deserted, emanating a cold and cheerless aura.

“The Ye Clan is finished.” After Bai Qingsong destroyed his cultivation, he aged tremendously. With a head filled with white hair, he gazed calmly at the Ye Clan’s Mansion with an indescribable feeling in his heart.

Autumn Snow nodded in agreement. The Ye Clan was finished.

In this gambling bet, the Ye Clan had chosen to side with Chu Tianjiao. Their forces were utterly decimated in the war and after everything was concluded, Chu Wuwei restructured the authority and power in the Royal Capital, causing the Ye Clan to fall from nobility and into destitution.

They had lost everything.

“The affairs of the world are unpredictable,” Bai Qingsong deeply lamented. Who would have thought that the illustrious Ye Clan, second only to the Royal Clan in the past, would have fallen so swiftly? And who would have imagined that the Qin Clan that was in imminent peril back then, would actually become a force that had the power to sweep past everything in Chu?

Also, who would have ever guessed that the young cultivation cripple back then, wouldn’t even require two years to become someone that could determine the fate of Chu.

If he could predict the future, how would he, Bai Qingsong, make the choice he did back then?

“Time, is like a dream...” Bai Qingsong turned as he departed. His countenance turned wizened, his back stooped with age.

Witnessing how drastically her father’s appearance had changed into that of a feeble, old man, Autumn Snow silently wept, tears streaking down her face.

## Chapter 223: The Useless Second Young Master

Chu Wuwei quickly settled the remaining aftermath and prioritised the rebuilding of the Emperor Star Academy.

The ultimate winner of this fight for royal authority actually landed in the hands of Chu Wuwei, the weakest out of all the forces that contended for power. From this, one could see how capable Chu Wuwei was, his remarkable achievements causing the citizens of Chu to feel gratified in their hearts.

Over at the Emperor Star Academy, Qin Wentian looked upon the various buildings that were being rebuilt, rising from the ground. The Emperor Star Academy restarted their recruitment for new students, as the previous batch of students returned, gradually regaining their glory of the past.

“I thought I would never see this day come again in my lifetime. Who would have thought that day would come so fast.” Ren Qianxing stood beside Qin Wentian, as hints of happiness could be seen in his eyes. Naturally, he was exceptionally happy to witness the revival of the Emperor Star Academy.

“The Emperor Star Academy will be just like what we were in the past, the number one academy in Chu.” Qin Wentian smiled, as he stared at the prospective new students, their still childish faces reminded him of himself from back then.

“I’ve never doubted Chu Wuwei. He is different from Chu Tianjiao, and so Chu will definitely have a more prosperous future in his hands,” Ren Qianxing mumbled as he continued in a low voice, “Sadly, my adopted father won’t have the chance to witness this. The Nine Mystical Palace... I don’t even know whether my father is alive or dead now. I, Ren Qianxing, am too useless.”

The adopted father in his speech, was naturally referring to the Headmaster of the Emperor Star Academy, Diyi.

“Nothing will happen to the Headmaster. One day, I will storm the Nine Mystical Palace.” Qin Wentian’s gaze turned sharp. If it were not for the support from the Ouyang Clan and Greencloud Pavilion, Qin Wentian knew that with his current power, he would still be helpless to stop the Nine Mystical Palace from doing what they wanted.

“I believe you.” Ren Qianxing smiled. Qin Wentian’s talent was monstrous, yet his character was just.

He once misjudged Luo Tianya, but this time around, he knew his judgement was right.

“Wentian.” A voice drifted over from behind. Mustang, Luo Huan and Fan Le had arrived.

“Teacher, Sister Luo Huan.” Qin Wentian smiled.

“What are your plans in the future?” Mustang looked at Qin Wentian as he asked.

“I’m planning to roam the Grand Xia Empire.” After the storm in Chu had concluded, he wanted to roam the vast world, tempering himself with the experience gained.

“Do you want to bring me along, your lovely sister Luo Huan?” Luo Huan giggled, her personality was as though it had reverted back to how it was in the past, before Mountain’s death.

“Why not? I couldn’t ask for anything more if I had a great beauty like Senior Sister accompanying me on my journey.” Qin Wentian grinned.

“You are getting better and better at sweet-talking.” Luo Huan rolled her eyes, “I’m kidding, even if I tagged along with you, I would only be a burden. I plan to stay here first, and only leave after a period of time.”

“Okay. What about you, Fatty?” Qin Wentian turned to Fan Le.

“Me?” Fan Le squinted his eyes and stated somewhat depressedly, “Initially I wanted to roam the world with you, but the distance between our talents are too far apart. Forget it, I think I’ll stick with our beautiful Senior Sister.”

“...” Qin Wentian stared at the ‘serious’ expression on Fan Le’s face as he went speechless. Even if he wanted to tag along with beautiful girls, he could at least find a better excuse right...?

“Did I say you are welcome to stick to me?” Luo Huan laughed, causing Fan Le’s straight face to turn crestfallen.

“Forget it, I can only suffer and follow him instead.” Fan Le cast a glance at Qin Wentian, as he sighed helplessly, and Qin Wentian didn’t know whether to laugh or cry at Fatty’s antics.

In reality, Fan Le’s talent wasn’t bad at all. Following the events where Qin Wentian saved Mustang and Luo Huan from their imprisonment, he realised that Fan Le had already broken through to Yuanfu. Luo Huan teased Fan Le, asking him whether the reason behind his breakthrough was due to her? Fan Le honestly replied with his customary sweet tongue, saying that even in his dreams, he wanted to save Luo Huan, and thus he ‘accidentally’ broke through to Yuanfu.

Fan Le was the first friend Qin Wentian had made when he stepped into the Royal Capital. Without a doubt, both of them would give their lives for each other. He naturally hoped that Fan Le would be able to roam the world with him. To be honest, other than being a little horny and extremely shameless, Fan Le had no other flaws.

“Would you be interested in practicing cultivation with the Greencloud Pavilion?” At this moment, a silhouette walked over. A slender looking woman with a beautiful countenance and dignified demeanor appeared; this was none other than Qian Mengyu.

Qian Mengyu smiled at Qin Wentian, extending an invitation to him.

Qin Wentian was grateful for all the support he received from the Greencloud Pavilion this time around. He had already forgotten about the unhappy matters that had occurred in the refinement grounds. However, he had no wish to join any transcendent powers this soon and thus, he couldn't possibly agree and accept Qian Mengyu's invitation.

"I want to travel on my own for now, roaming the Grand Xia Empire, seeing the world outside. I will decide again in the future as to which of the transcendent powers I want to join." Qin Wentian smiled.

"Haha, fine. When you wish to join any transcendent powers, you have to remember to consider my Greencloud Pavilion, okay? After all, I'm the first to extend the invitation to you." Qian Mengyu smiled back. There was no longer any hints of superiority in her tone or actions. She had already considered Qin Wentian as someone who had the same status as her.

"I definitely will." Qin Wentian laughed as he nodded.

"Since this is the case, I shall bid farewell first. Let's meet if we have the chance to, in the future." Qian Mengyu smiled gently, it was time for her to leave as well.

"There will certainly be a chance in the future. At that time don't pretend you don't know me, the stray wandering cultivator," Qin Wentian joked as he laughed.

Qian Mengyu departed, and gazing at her back view, Fan Le lamented, "Why is it always you that has such amazing luck with women?"

Fatty shook his head dispiritedly, leaving the area as though he suffered from some psychological impact, causing Qin Wentian to be speechless.

Some time after the departure of those from the Greencloud Pavilion, Ouyang Kuangsheng also bade his farewell. After all, the reason he came to Chu was to look for Qin Wentian, and now that the matter in the Dark Forest was soon coming to an end, it was about time that he left.

However, he believed that he was definitely fated to meet with Qin Wentian in the future.

.....

Mo Clan.

Mo Qingcheng had always been monitoring the news from the Royal Capital, and only upon knowing the conclusion did her heart calm down.

She felt really happy in her heart, happy for Qin Wentian. She heard that he easily defeated Luo Qianqiu, who was at the second level of Yuanfu, and also tyrannically suppressed Chu Tianjiao in an overwhelming manner. Such impressive combat prowess caused Mo Qingcheng to be filled with anticipation regarding Qin Wentian's future.

As Mo Qingcheng was filled with her own worries in monitoring the situation of Chu, old man Mo was worrying about when she would leave to join the Pill Emperor Hall. As for matters regarding Chu, he had no interest in them at all. He had seen too many things when roaming the world, how could he put matters of a small Chu Country in his heart. So what if Qin Wentian was victorious in everything? So what if he his talent was above average? In the end, he achieved what he had achieved due to the efforts of others. What could he accomplish on his own?

Old Mo sat frowning in a pavilion, feeling extremely depressed in his heart. Earlier, Bai Fei came over and told him that if Mo Qingcheng continued delaying her decision, and refused to return with them, she would definitely report this to her teacher.

“Old Mo, you don't need to be too worried. I think Qingcheng is waiting for Qin Wentian to leave Chu before she would bear to leave. Why not just give her a few more days?” Hua Xiaoyun sat opposite to Old Mo, smiling at him.

“This lass is too outrageous.” Old Mo felt even more infuriated upon hearing Hua Xiaoyun's words. “Why the hell is she so obsessed with Qin Wentian?”

“Well, Qingcheng is still young after all, and she didn't really have the opportunity to interact with many people. I'm sure her thinking will change after her stint in the Grand Xia Empire,” Hua Xiaoyun consoled.

“Maybe.” Old man Mo sighed, “Xiaoyun, you should interact more with Qingcheng. Although her personality is a little stubborn, her character is really good. You shouldn't be too bothered about what happened previously.”

“No problem, how would I be bothered about such a small thing?” Hua Xiaoyun shook his head and laughed. “Old Mo, why don't I try persuading Qingcheng?”



Old Mo muttered to himself irresolutely, he knew that Hua Xiaoyun was trying to woo Mo Qingcheng. He also hoped that the two of them would end up together but yet, his grand daughter seemed to dislike Hua Xiaoyun.

“Right, you should talk more to her.” Old Mo nodded in agreement.

“I shall leave first, then.” Hua Xiaoyun bid farewell as he turned and walked in the direction of Mo Qingcheng’s courtyard. A cold light flickered in his eyes, unseen.

He received news from his elder brother that the matter in the Dark Forest would soon have a conclusion. This meant that the Pill Emperor’s daughter, Luo He, would soon lead her disciples away. Mo Qingcheng would leave at that time too, this meant that now was the best opportunity for him to make his move.

The attitude of Mo Qingcheng towards him had always been ice-cold, and she even dared to snap at him. That b\*tch, if it were not for him, how would she have today? How ridiculous. Acting all high and mighty in front of him? Well, he wanted to see how she could continue acting like this later.

Mo Qingcheng’s courtyard was elegantly designed and located within a quiet area inside the Mo Residence. Upon seeing Hua Xiaoyun approaching, she coldly inquired, “What are you doing here?”

Seeing Mo Qingcheng’s ice-cold attitude, Hua Xiaoyun’s grin grew even wider.

“Miss Mo, no matter what, I’m still the person who recommended you to join the Pill Emperor Hall. And as an esteemed guest of your Mo Clan, even if you don’t like me, is it necessary to treat me like this?” Hua Xiaoyun slowly approached, causing Mo Qingcheng to frown.

Abruptly, Hua Xiaoyun’s silhouette flickered as he appeared in front of Mo Qingcheng. A grayish-colored smoke came out of nowhere, taking Mo Qingcheng by surprise as she involuntarily breathed the smoke in. Her countenance instantly turned ice-cold as she exclaimed, “What are you trying to do?”

As the sound of her voice faded, her expression underwent a change. She felt her whole body turning numb, as her strength faded away. It was a struggle even to stand straight.

She turned pale-white. Staring at Hua Xiaoyun, her eyes cold to the extreme, she asked again. “What are you trying to do?”

Mo Qingcheng realised that her voice was growing weaker and weaker, so faint to the point that she could barely hear herself.

“Hehe.” Hua Xiaoyun’s countenance turned extremely sinister, as he stared lustily at Mo Qingcheng. “You are so gorgeous, what do you think I want to do?”

“You dare?” Mo Qingcheng’s voice became even fainter, as she retreated backwards, each step taking tremendous effort.

“Don’t I dare? Why don’t I dare? What status do I, Hua Xiaoyun, have? Even if I made you mine, in order to preserve your reputation, how would your Mo Clan even dare to object? Hahaha, even if they did object, what can they do to me? And as for the Pill Emperor Hall, so what if they are angered? They wouldn’t dare kill me. I have nothing to lose. On the contrary, I would have gained your sweet chastity.” Hua Xiaoyun smirked evilly. “Since you love to act pure and virtuous, I want to see how good your acting is later on when you’re underneath me. Maybe after the deed is done, you’ll turn into a slut, serving I, this young master, unswervingly.”

The expression on Hua Xiaoyun’s face was extremely wretched. He had torn off his ‘gentleman’ mask completely, revealing his true colors.

“You are so beautiful, babe, how can my heart not be moved? Tsk tsk.” Hua Xiaoyun advanced, his eyes gleamed with an insatiable lust as he stared at the lithe figure of Mo Qingcheng.

Mo Qingcheng had an expression of extreme distress on her face as she whipped out a dagger, staring at Hua Xiaoyun with eyes filled with incomparable rage.

“You want to kill me? Do you have the capability to?” Hua Xiaoyun snickered.

“Father, Mother, Wentian, I’m sorry.” A teardrop fell from Mo Qingcheng’s eye, and with her final words, she plunged the dagger straight into her own heart. Even though she didn’t have sufficient strength, that dagger was a divine weapon and as such, was extremely sharp. A piercing sound rang out, as fresh blood dyed her clean robes red. Tears glimmered in her eyes, causing those who saw her to feel sorrow.

She would never have thought that Hua Xiaoyun would be so despicable. Since that was the case, she could only choose death to protect her chastity.

“ARE YOU CRAZY?” Hua Xiaoyun shrieked, as his countenance turned incomparably ugly. Even he was frightened by Mo Qingcheng’s resoluteness. Mo Qingcheng would rather choose to commit suicide than to be tainted by him. This crazy woman!

## Chapter 224: Wrath

As Hua Xiaoyun witnessed the unceasing flow of blood from the area surrounding Mo Qingcheng’s heart, he was truly frightened. This ending was way worse compared to all the other endings he had previously envisioned.

Not only did he not obtain Mo Qingcheng's body, he had also become her murderer. If that was the case, even though the Mo Clan wouldn't dare do anything to him, the Pill Emperor Palace would remember this for sure. Especially for the Pill Emperor's daughter, Luo He, as she was someone that treasured her disciples. If she knew that Mo Qingcheng died because of him, no one could tell what she would do under a pique of anger.

"STOP. Don't pierce the dagger in any further. I'll give up, I'll give up!" Hua Xiaoyun shouted in dread. Mo Qingcheng's body gently collapsed onto the floor, she had no more strength left. Yet her eyes remained wide open, locked onto Hua Xiaoyun.

"What happened?" A few others heard the commotion and came running over. Upon seeing Mo Qingcheng lying on the blood-soaked floor, their countenances turned as white as a sheet of paper.

"Something happened to little Miss," a voice called out in panic, akin to a thunder-shaking alarm that resounded throughout the Mo Residence.

An instant later, several figures rushed over. As Mo Tianlin saw what happened to his daughter, his face instantly turned bloodlessly pale.

"Qingcheng." Mo Tianlin rushed forward, supporting his daughter in his arms. Seeing her father, only now did a hint of a smile appear on Mo Qingcheng's face. Her lips trembled slightly, as though she was trying to say something, but no words came out.

"WHO DID THIS?" Mo Tianlin's eyes flickered with a cold and terrifying light, looking in the direction of Hua Xiaoyun.

"What's going on?" Bai Fei and the disciples from the Pill Emperor Hall had just arrived.

"This was not done by me. I was only joking with Miss Mo, but she thought I was serious." Hua Xiaoyun tried to sidestep. There was no way he could possibly admit that he had evil designs on Mo Qingcheng.

Bai Fei shot a cold glance at Hua Xiaoyun, before walking over to Mo Qingcheng's side. Retrieving a bottle of medicinal pills from her robes, she placed a few pills into Mo Qingcheng's mouth. One of her hands rested on Mo Qingcheng's chest area, while the other took her pulse.

“Hua Xiaoyun, you despicable asshole.” Bai Fei glared at Hua Xiaoyun in rage, it was as though she knew what Hua Xiaoyun had done. “You were joking with her? Why do you need to use the Energy Dissipating Powder on her if it was a joke? You are worse than a beast.”

Although Bai Fei didn't really like Mo Qingcheng, she was still a woman after all. How could she not be repulsed and angered when Hua Xiaoyun resorted to this method to deal with Mo Qingcheng?

“How dare you?” Hua Xiaoyun's countenance turned threatening, as his scheme was exposed by Bai Fei. After a moment, he regained control and stated with icy calm, “Do you know who you are talking to?”

“You incompetent degenerate. Who do you think you are? If not for your elder brother, you wouldn't even have the qualifications to talk to me.” Bai Fei was triggered. As a disciple of Luo He, she had a pretty high standing. How could she tolerate Hua Xiaoyun's arrogance.

Hua Xiaoyun turned red from anger as his countenance became increasingly malevolent. Glaring at Bai Fei, he silently exclaimed in his heart, “Filthy bitch, I'll make you taste what hell is like if you ever end up in my hands.”

Yet, he didn't dare to speak out any of his thoughts. Bai Fei wasn't a good character to make an enemy out of.

“Yan Qi, immediately go and inform master. I'm afraid Mo Qingcheng's situation is critical,” Bai Fei instructed. Yan Qi nodded as he quickly dashed away.

A gentle glow emanated from Bai Fei, and she directed the glow to envelop Mo Qingcheng. After which, warm currents of healing were channelled into Mo Qingcheng, trying to minimise her pain and stop the bleeding. Yet, Bai Fei didn't dare to move the dagger embedded in her chest.

Mo Tianlin stood at the side, shaking with nervousness. The hatred in his eyes when he stared at Hua Xiaoyun was a testament of how he wanted nothing more than to dismember his corpse into a million pieces.

Old Mo also arrived, his countenance extremely ugly to behold. He already knew of what had happened.

“Old Mo, I apologise. I was just joking with Qingcheng, I’ll compensate your Mo Clan for this.” Hua Xiaoyun hurriedly explained, his countenance wavering as he saw how angry Old Mo was.

He had already seen how insane Mo Qingcheng could be. What if this old man really went crazy and killed him here and now? It would be too late for Hua Xiaoyun, even if his elder brother annihilated the entire Mo Clan to accompany him with their deaths. He could only try to mitigate the anger of Old Mo for now.

“I hope young master Hua will stay here in our Mo Clan for now,” Old Mo icily stated, suppressing the flames of fury boiling in his heart. It was obvious that he made the wrong judgement. Yet after considering Hua Xiaoyun’s background, he could only tolerate this for now.

“Don’t worry, I will stay here till this matter is concluded.” Hua Xiaoyun swallowed his words and replied, it was unknown what he was thinking about.

“FATHER, KILL HIM!” Mo Tianlin roared in rage, causing Hua Xiaoyun to stiffen. His countenance turned sinister as he replied, “It was merely a joke. I believe nothing will happen to Miss Mo, you better think clearly before you speak.”

“Shut your mouth.” Old Mo glowered at Mo Tianlin.

Kill? If Hua Xiaoyun died in the Mo Clan, everyone in the clan would be annihilated and die with him.

Now he could only pray for Mo Qingcheng’s safety.

The tranquil atmosphere of Mo Qingcheng’s courtyard was disrupted, as an intense feeling of nervousness permeated the air. News of what happened to Mo Qingcheng was soon discovered by those close to the Mo Clan.

Bai Fei tried her best to preserve Mo Qingcheng’s life. After all, Mo Qingcheng was the disciple that her Master had favored above all others. If she didn’t give it her all now, she would surely be blamed by her Master later on. Fortunately, after her efforts, Mo Qingcheng’s condition finally stabilised.

Now, all that was left to do, was to wait for the arrival of her Master.

.....

At this moment, Qin Wentian was at the Bamboo Lodge, standing in front of the flowing creek. A tender smile involuntarily appeared on his face whenever he thought of Mo Qingcheng.

He wondered, what was she doing now?

Thinking back to that night when Mo Qingcheng wanted to stay over, Qin Wentian felt warmth blossoming in his heart. This silly girl had already decided to give her heart to him. He heard that she hadn't left for the Pill Emperor Hall yet, it must be because she was waiting for him, to meet him one last time before she could bear to depart.

"Pill Emperor Hall," Qin Wentian murmured.

At this moment, sounds of movement could be heard behind him. Turning, a bewildered expression appeared on his face as he realised that it was Nolan. Why would she be here to look for him?

Not only that, her countenance was extremely unsightly, as though something terrible had just occurred.

"Qin Wentian, something happened to Qingcheng," Nolan cried, causing Qin Wentian to feel as though a rock had dropped inside his heart. He instantly dashed over.

"What happened to Qingcheng?" Qin Wentian urgently questioned.

"That beast, Hua Xiaoyun, I heard that he had evil designs on Qingcheng. That silly girl tried to commit suicide after that and is still currently unconscious. I tried to go to her, but the Mo Clan is currently forbidding all outsiders from entering the Mo Residence." Nolan's eyes were red with tears, her relationship with Mo Qingcheng was as close as real sisters, yet now she didn't know if Qingcheng would live or die. Naturally, she would be upset.

Buzz. Qin Wentian's mind shook from the impact of Nolan's words, his countenance became exceedingly terrifying to behold. An overwhelming intent of coldness exuded from him, causing Nolan to be so frightened that she involuntarily retreated backwards without pause.

“Qingcheng.” Qin Wentian’s mind was in turmoil. He soared up through the skies as a pair of demonic Garuda Wings appeared on his back. The demonic Qi that emanated forth from his body was so thick that Nolan couldn’t even breathe. With the speed of a raging hurricane, Qin Wentian transformed into a black ray of light as he shot off into the distance.

“Hua Xiaoyun.” A voice filled with a terrible, terrible wrath and killing intent could be heard echoing in the air. No words were sufficient to describe the ice-cold rage Qin Wentian was feeling now, along with his fear and worry.

This feeling was akin to back then, when Mo Qingcheng blocked a blow on his behalf. He had never felt this afraid before.

Qin Wentian’s speed reached an unprecedented level as he zoomed like lightning towards the Mo Clan. Every moment that passed felt like agony to him, each second felt as long as an eternity. Finally, he saw the Mo Residence in the distance.

Not far away from Qin Wentian, there was also someone flying over. However, the speed of that person was even faster compared to the crazed Qin Wentian. Her eyes were filled with endless depths as she swept a glance at him, as though with just a single look, she would be able to uncover all of Qin Wentian’s secrets.

She had an elegant bearing, exuding the aura of nobility and a terrifying presence. She was shrouded in a bright glow as she transformed into a beam of light, shooting straight into the Mo Residence. The guards outside didn’t block her because... her speed was so quick to the extent that no one could even see her shadow.

As the guards of the Mo Clan saw Qin Wentian descending from the skies, several of them soared up into the air to stop him. “Outsiders are all forbidden entr...”

“Scram.” Even before they completed their sentence, the Demonic Astral Energy in Qin Wentian’s body surged as it exploded forth, manifesting into countless demonic swords as they slashed towards the guards. Those guards instantly dodged to the side, but in that split second lapse in their attention, Qin Wentian vanished from view, and had already entered into the Mo Residence.

Qin Wentian soon located Qingcheng’s courtyard. Flying over, his body involuntarily trembling as he saw the white robes of Qingcheng dyed red in her blood. Seeing her wan countenance, he felt as though countless knives were stabbing his heart.

“Don’t disturb my master,” Bai Fei coldly stated. Only now did Qin Wentian realise that the woman he saw earlier was planning to administer medical treatment to Mo Qingcheng.

“Bai Fei, we are going in.” A gentle glow shrouded Mo Qingcheng’s body as that woman from earlier carried her, entering the Mo Qingcheng’s room alongside with Bai Fei and the rest of the Emperor Pill Hall’s disciples.

Qin Wentian dared not go in, for fear of causing a disturbance. He could only pray that Mo Qingcheng would be okay.

“What are you doing here?” Old Mo frowned when he saw the sudden appearance of Qin Wentian. However, Qin Wentian didn’t reply. Instead, his glance shifted towards Hua Xiaoyun, who was standing behind Old Mo. A sky-high killing intent erupted forth as the coldness in his eyes grew in intensity.

Boom. Qin Wentian moved, advancing forwards with measured steps towards Hua Xiaoyun. Old Mo’s frown deepened as he moved to block Qin Wentian’s path.

Qin Wentian stared at Old Mo, his finger shaking with incredulous disbelief as he pointed it towards Hua Xiaoyun. “This beast caused Qingcheng to end up in this state. You didn’t kill him, but choose to block me instead?”

“What do the matters of my Mo Clan got to do with you?” Old Mo snorted. Qin Wentian’s behaviour was way too impudent.

“Well spoken. Indeed, what do the matters of the Mo Clan have to do with me? I couldn’t give a damn. But now, Qingcheng is the one who was injured.” The coldness in Qin Wentian’s voice intensified to its limits. Taking another step forwards, he growled. “Old bastard, get the fuck out of my way.”

Chapter 225: Reinforcement

Old Mo instantly froze when he heard Qin Wentian’s words.

What status did he have? He was the Clan Lord of the Mo Clan, Mo Qingcheng’s granddad, the strongest cultivator in Chu below the Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns. Qin Wentian, a youth with mediocre talent actually dared to talk this way to him?



“What did you just say?” Old Mo’s countenance was extremely unsightly. He was already in a terrible mood after what happened to Qingcheng, and now with the impudence Qin Wentian was showing him, how could he tolerate it? Involuntarily, a terrifying pressure emanated forth from him.

“If you don’t dare to kill him, I’ll do it. Get. The. Fuck. Out. Of. My. Way.” Qin Wentian was still coldly staring at Old Mo. He naturally understood that there was only one reason why Old Mo didn’t dare to kill Hua Xiaoyun.

Old man Mo feared Hua Xiaoyun’s background. Even when he knew Hua Xiaoyun was the one that led Mo Qingcheng into this state, he still didn’t dare to kill him.

Narrowing his eyes, a murderous urge could be seen gleaming in Old Mo’s gaze. He would feel more guilt if a member of the Mo Clan was the one confronting him, but since it was Qin Wentian, he had no such concern. Qin Wentian was seeking death.

Qin Wentian continued walking forwards, and his sarcastic tone of voice felt like slaps raining upon Old Mo’s face. How could Old Mo tolerate Qin Wentian’s impudence?

“Ignorant fellow.” Old Mo sent out a palm strike towards Qin Wentian. However in that instant, a fierce wind gusted as an exceptionally sharp intent descended, causing the heart of Old Mo to tremble in fear. In that instant, he felt as though he was in mortal danger.

After the wind gusted past, a graceful silhouette appeared in front of him as though she had always been there,

The young lady casually stood there, her presence alone caused Old Mo to feel a bone-chilling sensation. He felt as though he would be lacerated into minced meat as long as the young lady in front of him willed it.

His palm froze halfway in motion, as his eyes grew as round as saucers. This veiled young lady, was at the Heavenly Dipper Realm. She was a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign.

Why would there be such a powerful character at the side of Qin Wentian?

“You are truly unqualified to be Qingcheng’s granddad. If she recovers, so be it. But if anything happens to her, I shall personally send you to hell to accompany her.” Qin Wentian stared straight into the eyes of Old Mo, the resoluteness of his determination so palpable that Old Mo involuntarily trembled.

He was actually threatened in this manner by someone of the junior generation. Glancing at the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign at the side of Qin Wentian, many question marks appeared in his mind.

If Old Mo showed some concern about matters of Chu, he would already have known about Qing`er. Sadly, how could such a small Chu Country be in his sights? In his eyes, Chu was just a speck of dust. How could he have high regards for Qin Wentian, a so-called ‘genius’ that originated from Chu?

Qin Wentian passed Old Mo by, his killing intent locking onto Hua Xiaoyun.

Hua Xiaoyun’s eyes flashed, as he cast a glance at Qing`er. If Qing`er made a move, he wouldn’t even have a chance to resist. But he wasn’t that concerned about Qin Wentian. He was shocked only because he didn’t expect that there would be someone in Chu that had the protection of a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign.

“I’m Hua Xiaoyun from the Moon Continent’s Hua Clan, may I inquire who you are?” Hua Xiaoyun looked at Qing`er. As a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign, in addition to her age and beauty, he deduced that she most likely was also from the Grand Xia Empire.

Qing`er’s brows creased every so slightly. She coldly shot a glance at Hua Xiaoyun before pointedly looked away. Her actions caused Hua Xiaoyun to stiffen. Qing`er was disregarding him, treating him like thin air.

“It doesn’t matter who you are. You have to die regardless.” Qin Wentian’s aura magnified as an overwhelming demonic Qi filled the air. His inky black hair danced about in the wind, as the blood in his body seethed and surged. Rumbling sounds could be heard within, as his killing intent reached the skies, causing everyone in the vicinity to unconsciously take a few steps backwards.

Was this the number one genius of Chu? What a terrifying aura.

However, they heard that Hua Xiaoyun was someone at the fourth level of Yuanfu, the gap between him and Qin Wentian was too wide. Not only that, Hua Xiaoyun had already comprehended a Mandate. How could Qin Wentian stand against him?

Boom! The Yellow Springs Monument directly appeared, flying towards Hua Xiaoyun with explosive speed. Crimson beams of light could be seen channelling from Qin Wentian's body into the stone monument. Hua Xiaoyun's expression froze as he felt the circulation of blood in his body speeding up, as his heart pounded with increasing intensity.

"KILL!" Qin Wentian roared.

Buzz. A terrifying after-wind billowed, Qin Wentian transformed into a blurry shadow as he dashed towards Hua Xiaoyun. A boundless feeling of violence warped his demeanor so much that his current appearance resembled an ancient demon war god, an ancient-looking halberd appearing in his hands.

Hua Xiaoyun's aura also blasted out as well. With a wave of his sleeves, a resplendent golden halo appeared in front of him. Channeling his energy towards the halo, countless golden colored sharp swords flew madly towards Qin Wentian, with the intent to lacerate him from where he stood.

The terrifying golden swords were all imbued with fearsome penetrating capabilities. At the same time, the will of a Mandate slammed down onto Qin Wentian, causing him to feel as if his body was soon to be pierced through by these golden swords.

The ancient halberd in his hands weaved about in an intricate dance, creating beautiful arcs of Astral Light that obliterated the golden swords that came into contact with it. Simultaneously, as he was defending against this attack, Qin Wentian commanded the Yellow Springs Monument to slam into Hua Xiaoyun. Booming sounds rang out, as Hua Xiaoyun let out a pain-filled groan. The resonance caused by the blood Qi of the Yellow Springs Monument was too monstrous.

As Hua Xiaoyun retreated, a protective-type divine weapon in the form of a millstone, appeared in front of him. His expression was stone-cold, as he pointed towards the air. The golden light emitted from the millstone then enveloped the crimson glow of the stone monument.

A whistling sound could be heard from the Yellow Springs Monument, as the crimson light it emitted grew stronger and stronger. With a roar of rage, Qin Wentian channelled even more of his bloodline's power into it until the point where his senses became one with the stone monument. At this moment, he could sense a monstrously terrifying power residing in the Yellow Springs Monument, but sadly, he still didn't have the ability to fully control it.

“I want you to die.” Qin Wentian stared at Hua Xiaoyun like he was staring at a dead man. Stepping forwards, the ground trembled with the force from his steps. His halberd moved at an extreme speed, while at the same time, the oppressive pressure of the stone monument bore down on Hua Xiaoyun.

Terror flashed in his eyes as he forcibly resisted against the pressure. Sending out a golden beam of light to knock the ancient halberd away, he eventually spat out a mouthful of blood as his countenance changed.

Without hesitation, Hua Xiaoyun immediately retreated, lengthening the distance between him and Qin Wentian.

Even if the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign didn't make a move, an incensed Qin Wentian was already sufficient to take his life.

This caused Hua Xiaoyun to feel as though he was in a dream. No matter what, he was still someone at the fourth level of Yuanfu.

“It must be due to the suppression caused by the stone monument. If not for that, I would have killed him easily,” Hua Xiaoyun mused, this whole thing was too bizarre.

“I can't stay in Chu any longer.” Hua Xiaoyun felt extremely depressed. Who would have thought that it would be so dangerous in Chu? What a humiliation.

An overwhelming killing intent pressed down behind him and he felt himself being enveloped by an ice-cold intent. Hua Xiaoyun stiffened as he turned his head. Boundless amounts of demonic Qi permeated the air, as a pair of demonic beast wings grew on Qin Wentian's back. His cold black eyes were like an abyss, telling Hua Xiaoyun that he would soon be a dead man. Qin Wentian wouldn't give up until he was dead.

“Reckless fool.” Hua Xiaoyun's anger bubbled out.

Drawing the Astral Energy within his Yuanfu to its limits, Hua Xiaoyun's speed explosively increased as he shot towards the direction of the Dark Forest.

Swoosh! A raging wind gusted by, as a terrifying blood intent descended. Hua Xiaoyun grimaced, feeling as though his body was about to explode. Sweeping his glance backwards, he saw that the

Yellow Springs Monument had somehow also grown a pair of wings similar to that of Qin Wentian, granting it an explosive increase in speed as it trailed closely behind him.

Halting his steps, his countenance grew incomparably sinister, and a golden sword emitting a terrifying sharpness appeared in his hands.

“BREAK!” A golden beam of light flashed, as Hua Xiaoyun sent out a slash of sword energy aimed at the stone monument. The stone monument shuddered for a moment, before brushing off his attack and continued trailing behind him. Terror seized him, as explosions went off in Hua Xiaoyun’s mind. His attack was ineffective? If this went on, he would be pressured to death sooner or later.

“Young Master.” At this moment, a voice drifted over. Hua Xiaoyun’s gloomy expression faded, replaced with joy as he roared, “KILL HIM, KILL THE PERSON BEHIND ME!”

Several silhouettes appeared in the distance. The cultivation of the man in the lead was extremely frightening, he was also a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign. There were about five others behind him, all of them servants with a cultivation base at the third level of Yuanfu or below. Usually, these yuanfu cultivators would do odd jobs for him, while he would give them a pointer or two whenever he was free.

In the Grand Xia Empire, matters such as these were extremely ordinary. There would always be people willing to follow Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns around, even those from the transcendent powers. They didn’t have outstanding talents, and it was almost impossible for them to climb to the top in the transcendent powers, hence, they would rather choose to serve under a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign in order to receive guidance on their path. Who knows, they might have a chance in the future to become one as well.

Even if these servants were at the third level of Yuanfu and below, in Chu, they were still considered experts. This was the difference between Chu and the Grand Xia Empire.

This Heavenly Dipper Sovereign was here because the matter in the Dark Forest had been concluded. He was under orders to go to the Mo Clan to fetch Hua Xiaoyun back. Never would he have imagined that in such a small place like Chu there would be someone wanting to kill the second young master of the Hua Clan. Maybe, the adage ‘the foolish are fearless’, was referring to this.

Even though Hua Xiaoyun in the Hua Clan couldn’t be considered outstanding, he was still from the direct line of descent, after all. Not only that, the radiance of his elder brother’s talent was

extremely dazzling and thus, nobody had ever dared to bully him, be it inside the clan or outside of it. Maybe it was because of this, that he slowly became known as ‘the useless second Young Master’ behind his back.

The Heavenly Dipper Sovereign coldly glanced at Qin Wentian before he extended his hand, intending to grab him. A terrifying energy current howled, as it sped towards Qin Wentian.

However, at the same moment, a lotus manifested in front of Qin Wentian, as Qing`er’s silhouette abruptly appeared, so beautiful that it was as though she transcended ephemeral beauty.

“You want to kill me? I WANT YOU TO DIE!” Hua Xiaoyun howled at Qin Wentian, when he saw that his followers had arrived, his countenance becoming increasingly malevolent.

Qin Wentian turned his gaze to Qing`er, Qing`er was as aloof as before. She glanced back at Qin Wentian as she stated in a clear, melodious voice, “This old man is not a problem for me, I can settle him.”

A smile appeared on Qin Wentian’s face as he glanced at Qing`er’s ice-cool demeanor. However, as he turned his gaze onto Hua Xiaoyun, his fierce desire to kill rose up once more!

## Chapter 226: Summons

After Qing`er spoke, she moved towards the enemy Heavenly Dipper Sovereign. After sensing the aura exuded by Qing`er, the other party didn’t dare underestimate her, not even slightly. He silently cursed in his heart, wondering what trouble this useless second Young Master had created this time around. How could he have antagonised someone who had the protection of a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign?

This useless second Young Master, was truly... hopeless. Maybe it was due to the support his background had afforded him, gradually causing his character to become like this, someone who created trouble everywhere he went. There were many in the Hua Clan who secretly lamented that if only Hua Xiaoyun had half the capability of his elder brother, they would already be satisfied with it.

Qing`er and the other Heavenly Dipper Sovereign commenced their battles, causing terrifying shockwaves to bombard the area around them. The enemy Heavenly Dipper Sovereign soared

upwards, wanting to lure Qing`er away. He didn't believe that Hua Xiaoyun wouldn't be able to kill someone at the first level of Yuanfu, not to mention with help from his other servants.

Two brilliant streams of light shot skywards, leaving behind the Yuanfu cultivators.

Hua Xiaoyun's smile became even more malevolent.

"KILL HIM. All of you go together, bring me his head." His words almost caused the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign flying skywards to vomit a mouthful of blood. Although Hua Xiaoyun's talent couldn't really be considered outstanding, but he was at the very least, a fourth level Yuanfu cultivator who had comprehended the first level of a Mandate. Did he really need to behave like this to kill someone at the first level of Yuanfu?

Hua Xiaoyun's actions left the old guy speechless.

Hua Xiaoyun wasn't afraid of Qin Wentian. What he was afraid of, was that strange and bizarre monument that Qin Wentian had used. With the suppression pressure of that monument, he couldn't summon his full strength in a one-on-one battle. Thus, he could only gather more people to surround Qin Wentian.

As the other Yuanfu Cultivators flew forwards, encircling Qin Wentian, the haunted, fiendish look in his eyes grew more and more pronounced as the Yellow Springs Monument hovered above his head. Abruptly, resplendent Astral Light surrounded him as a burst of demonic Qi erupted forth, so saturated that it permeated the air. A beast-type Astral Soul appeared near to Qin Wentian and upon seeing the demonic beast's form, Hua Xiaoyun and his cronies stood there, dumbstruck.

Head of a dragon, body of a lion, tail of a snake, wings of a roc, scales of a Xuanwu Tortoise, claws of a Kirin. This sinister looking demonic beast appeared to be the incarnation of brutality. The baleful air it emitted gave people chills in their heart, akin to witnessing a monster from their darkest nightmares.

"What demonic beast constellation is this Astral Soul condensed from?" Hua Xiaoyun cursed in a low voice. His heart was filled with trepidation and shock. Even if he ignored his earlier question, the radiance of the golden corona was so dazzling that there was no doubt this Astral Soul was condensed from a Constellation in the 5th Heavenly Layer. There was no way Hua Xiaoyun could communicate and form innate connections with any of the constellations in the 5th Heavenly Layer. The only one he knew of that was able to do so, was his elder brother.

If those who were widely read and more knowledgeable were here, they would surely be able to tell that the demonic beast Astral Soul before them had the form of a Demon Sovereign, ranked #1 in the Warbeast Index.

Sadly, neither Hua Xiaoyun nor his cronies could recognise it.

Qin Wentian closed his eyes, drawing in a deep breath. Borrowing the aid of the Demon Sovereign's Beast Spirit he obtained from the Spiritual Beasts Testing Grounds, his consciousness and intent shot upwards to the realm of the Nine Heavenly Layers.

His Demon Sovereign Astral Soul lifted his head and howled in response. Although it was day time, an intense beam of starlight could be seen explosively shooting downwards, breaking apart the dome of Heavens. This phenomenon caused the hearts of those in the vicinity to tremble violently. What... was going on?

ROARRR~ The Demon Sovereign Astral Soul let out a roar as the beam of starlight entered its body, forming and strengthening the connection between Qin Wentian's Astral Soul and the Demon Sovereign Constellation that existed in the 5th Heavenly Layer. BOOOOOM! Qin Wentian's body was filled with strength, the Astral Energy within the Yuanfu that corresponded with the Demon Sovereign's Astral Soul overflowed, as it began a summoning.

Bzzz. The air shook as space broke apart, and an illusory form of a demonic beast appeared. This demonic beast had large, silvery wings; it was none other than the Silver Roc listed in the Warbeast Index.

The illusory form became increasingly corporeal, as it transformed into an actual existence. At the point of time where it crossed from illusory to reality, its eyes abruptly snapped open, the malice and brutality contained within made the souls of those who saw it shiver.

"This..." Hua Xiaoyun stared in stupefaction.

"This is a summoning-type Astral Soul, it can summon Astral Warbeasts from other constellations," one of the Yuanfu cronies intoned in a low voice, his heart pounding. Exceedingly harsh conditions were required for the cultivator to be able to use the ability 'summon' for any summoning-type Astral Soul. Not only must one's sensory ability be unfathomably high, they would also need an astronomical amount of Astral Energy to support the 'summon' ability. Both factors would determine the strength and power level of the summoned Astral Warbeast.



This was the first time Qin Wentian used the 'summon' ability of his Demon Sovereign Astral Soul. Earlier when he had done so, he could faintly sense that the strength of the summoned Astral Warbeast was correlated to his own strength.

Ranked #98 in the Warbeast Index, the Silver Roc belonged to the type of demonic beast that can undergo evolution. Currently, the aura the Silver Roc emitted was similar to a cultivator at the peak of the second level of Yuanfu.

"The summoning jumped a level?" Surprise flashed in Qin Wentian's eyes. After all, he was only at the first level of Yuanfu.

"Quick, what are you all waiting for? KILL HIM!" Hua Xiaoyun roared. Only then did his cronies wake from their stunned state, as they dashed explosively towards Qin Wentian.

"All of you will die." The coldness in Qin Wentian's voice was so chilling that it pervaded the bone. The Silver Roc erupted into motion, zooming towards the attacking cultivators, and as it flew, its massive wings caused a mini hurricane to manifest. At the same time, the Yellow Spring Monuments hovering above his head intensified its crimson glow, as a towering blood Qi permeated the atmosphere.

Qin Wentian continued to stand in his original spot. His Demon Sovereign Astral Soul was still roaring, facing the Heavens. This caused Hua Xiaoyun to tremble intensely. Was Qin Wentian still intending to summon another Astral Warbeast?

Lunatic, that lunatic! Even if he summoned them, how could he control so many demonic beasts at the same time?

BOOM! A terrifying tremor rocked the earth. A Sky-ember Lion Astral Warbeast appeared beside Qin Wentian. This was one of the demonic beast spirits whom Qin Wentian devoured back when he was in the Spirit Beasts Testing Grounds, ranked above the #300 mark in the Warbeast Index. Similarly, the aura it exuded was at the peak of a cultivator at the second level of Yuanfu.

Qin Wentian had no intentions of stopping. After which, a Silver-Armored Bear King appeared as well, its towering frame akin to that of a gigantic mountain as it barrelled forward, rushing the enemy Yuanfu cultivators.

Qin Wentian's mind shuddered violently, feeling as though it was about to split apart. These Astral Warbeasts all had a trace of his spiritual conscious within them. But because of the number of Astral

Warbeasts summoned, the pressure weighing down on his mind grew increasingly heavier. This kind of feeling was incredibly difficult to bear.

Yet Qin Wentian could care less. These people had to die. His killing intent, was also the killing intents of these Astral Warbeasts, so intense that it was palpable in the air.

“Fssssh…”

A Yuanfu cultivator was torn apart. Although the Astral Warbeast was only at the peak of the second level of Yuanfu, their combat prowess didn't lose out in the slightest when compared to a human cultivator at the third level of Yuanfu. Furthermore, their rage was fuelled by the emotions of Qin Wentian, his influence causing the Astral Warbeasts to enter into a battle frenzy.

Hua Xiaoyun had originally planned to kill Qin Wentian by besieging him from all angles. However, the aura Qin Wentian now exuded felt more and more dangerous.

“DIE!” The Silver Roc glided across the air, in the direction of Hua Xiaoyun. The Yellow Springs Monument, as well as Qin Wentian himself, also dashed out.

Hua Xiaoyun slashed out an energy beam in anger. However, the Silver Roc was too agile, it easily sidestepped the energy beam as it lunged straight at Hua Xiaoyun, aiming for his head.

“Vile creature!” Hua Xiaoyun coldly shouted. Slashing out with his palms with a force akin to the chop of a sabre, he incorporated it with the will of his Mandate as he pushed the roc away.

BOOM! The Yellow Springs Monument descended, causing Hua Xiaoyun's heartbeat to pound as his blood circulation went into a frenzy. Simultaneously, the attack of Qin Wentian's ancient halberd also arrived, causing Hua Xiaoyun to be at a loss on how to react.

Snarling in anger, Hua Xiaoyun went into berserk mode. His divine sharp sword flew towards the Yellow Springs Monument, while his five fingers formed the stance of a claw, shining with a golden light as he intercepted Qin Wentian's halberd attack.

Ka Cha! A crisp sound rang out, Hua Xiaoyun stared at Qin Wentian. He was at the fourth level of Yuanfu; he didn't believe that he would fail to kill Qin Wentian.

At this moment, Qin Wentian had relinquished his hold on the ancient halberd, choosing to collide against Hua Xiaoyun with his body instead.

BANG! The terrifying sounds of their collision thundered out. Hua Xiaoyun spat out a mouthful of blood, yet his determination to kill Qin Wentian had not wavered in the slightest. His hands appeared to be sharper even compared to swords. He slashed out with both hands, aiming to chop off Qin Wentian's arms.

Qin Wentian didn't retreat. On the contrary, he summoned strength supported by his vast amounts of Astral Energy as he pushed his palms out. The sounds of a mini explosion rang out as Hua Xiaoyun felt his arms about to shatter. Qin Wentian took a step to the side as he spat out beams of sword light from his mouth, aiming for the eyes and head of Hua Xiaoyun.

Hua Xiaoyun's countenance underwent a drastic change. He hurriedly retracted his arms as a screen of golden light blocked the beams of sword light. However, the intense vibration caused by the impact of the attack caused Hua Xiaoyun to turn pale as he vomited even more mouthfuls of blood. Just at the moment he retracted his arms, yet another fearsome beam of sword light slashed out towards him, intent on extinguishing his life.

"NOOOOO!" Hua Xiaoyun screeched in terror. He flung one of his arms up to block the attack and in the aftermath, his defending arm was left dangling uselessly from its socket, appearing as though it would fall off at any moment. Hua Xiaoyun bellowed in misery as he retreated in full force, withdrawing a 'Wing Seal' from his robes. This was a one-time use, defensive-type divine weapon. It was something his elder brother had given him as a final trump card to save his life.

Because Hua Xiaoyun had always created trouble when he was outside his clan, his brother told him that regardless of how powerful a divine weapon might be, it was still useless if he met a truly strong opponent. Thus, his brother had given him the 'Wing Seal' instead. It was a one-time usage, priceless treasure intended solely for the purpose of escape. Even Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns wouldn't be able to catch him if he chose to utilise it. Yet now, he was actually using it to run away from someone at the first level of Yuanfu.

Crushing the 'Wing Seal' in his hands, an explosion of Astral Light inundated the area where Hua Xiaoyun stood. After the explosion, Qin Wentian who was dashing over, only saw the faintest shade of shadow disappearing from the corner of his eyes. Hua Xiaoyun had disappeared, the only thing remaining was the blood-soaked ground where he stood originally.

"You will die a horrible death." Hua Xiaoyun's wrathful voice resounded from afar. His arm was almost torn off, it was needless to say how much he hated Qin Wentian.

“Even if I have to chase you to the ends of the Grand Xia Empire, you will still meet your end.” Qin Wentian stared at the horizon as he sent out the stone monument, finishing the rest of the Yuanfu Cultivators. Qing`er and the enemy Heavenly Dipper Sovereign descended, and as the Sovereign saw the situation below, his countenance changed as he glared at Qin Wentian, shaking in anger. “You truly wish to die.”

After which, he blasted out a gigantic palm imprint towards Qin Wentian. Qing`er appeared, blocking the attack, but the old man had already transformed into a streak of light, flying after Hua Xiaoyun.

From a distance behind Qin Wentian, Old Mo finally caught up. Earlier he had heard Hua Xiaoyun screaming in terror, and upon taking in the pools of blood and bodies on the ground, his heart couldn't help but tremble. “You killed them all? Did you injure Hua Xiaoyun?”

Qin Wentian turned his head back, his gaze like ice as he stared at Old Mo. Mo Qingcheng almost died of attempted suicide. As her grandfather, he didn't have the guts to actually confront Hua Xiaoyun?

“Do you know who he is? Do you know how terrifying the talent of his brother is?” Old Mo just as coldly shot back, in answer to Qin Wentian's condemning gaze. He was worried that the Hua Clan would come for revenge.

Even now, Old Mo was still worried about offending the Hua Clan. Qin Wentian's countenance was now so cold that it was extremely frightening to look at. Suddenly, a smile appeared on his face as he walked towards Old Mo. His smile was so unnatural that it contorted his face, akin to the face of a demon.

“Talent? Martial Mandate? Does the Mandate of Force count?” The will of his Mandate manifested a surge of energy pressing down onto Old Mo, causing his face to stiffen.

“How about the Mandate of Demon?” An extremely demonic aura gushed out, as the essence of Qin Wentian's body demonified.

“Comprehension of dual Mandates,” Old Mo breathed, as his heart pounded in shock.

“Or do you mean Astral Souls?” As the sound of Qin Wentian’s voice faded, three of his Astral Soul exploded into being, as terrifying shockwaves trembled the void.

Rumble~~ Qin Wentian removed the effects of his sealing technique, as the color of his Astral Souls underwent a change. Seeing the Astral Souls of Qin Wentian hovering above his head, Old Mo could only stare like an idiot, his mouth wide open in amazement.

All three of his Astral Souls, blazed with a pure golden radiance so bright, that he couldn’t even look directly at them.

All three of his Astral Souls were condensed from the 5th Heavenly Layer!

“IS THIS THE TALENT YOU WANTED??” Qin Wentian hollered. He took another step forwards as Old Mo took a step back. Feeling his legs turning soft, he stumbled and fell to the ground, still lost in amazement. The spectacle before him terrified him beyond words!

Chapter 227: First Ranked in the Heavenly Fate Ranking

“IS THIS THE TALENT YOU WANTED??”

The sound of Qin Wentian’s voice resounded through Old Mo’s ears. He sat on the ground, his heart pounding in madness.

Qin Wentian, comprehended two Mandates at the first level of Yuanfu. All three of his Astral Souls were condensed from constellations existing in the 5th Heavenly Layer.

Were these achievements possible for a human?

He could be considered as someone who had seen many things throughout his life and was extremely knowledgeable. But at this instant his mind blanked out, he could only stare dumbly.

“5th Heavenly Layer, 5th Heavenly Layer...” Old Mo mumbled in a low voice. How was this possible? He met many other geniuses before and knew the stories of many legendary characters.

Yet never had he heard of someone managing to condense their first Astral Soul from the 5th Heavenly Layer.

This was too... impossible. At this moment, his brain had turned to mush, as he sat there muttering incomprehensibly to himself.

Looking at the young man before him, his eyes filled with ice and fire, although Old Mo was at the peak of Yuanfu, he couldn't help feeling traces of fear in his heart. How powerful would this young man be if he matured in the future?

Chu? The Grand Xia Empire should be where he soars. He was destined to be mentioned in the same breath as those godly talents among the younger generations in the Grand Xia Empire.

Seeing how this young man was willing to descend into madness for the sake of Qingcheng, he found it extremely laughable how he had unconsciously disdained Qin Wentian back then, looking down on his talent.

Back then, he had felt that Qin Wentian was unworthy to love Mo Qingcheng. But now, he no longer had any such notions in his head.

Drawing a deep breath, Old Mo calmed his heart, yet he didn't know what to say.

"Let's go back and see Qingcheng," Old Mo mumbled in a low voice, causing Qin Wentian's countenance to freeze.

Oh, Qingcheng, how was she doing now?

"If anything has happened to her, even if you are her granddad, I will never spare you," Qin Wentian coldly stated, his silhouette flickering as he transformed into a blurred shadow, flying rapidly in the direction of the Mo Clan.

Despite all this, he didn't forget about the matter with Hua Xiaoyun. That person pushed Qingcheng to the brink. He had to die. Even if he had fled back to the Grand Xia Empire, he still had to die.

Old Mo stood up, staring at the black shadow that was Qin Wentian's back. He didn't blame Qin Wentian in the slightest. Now, he couldn't help having a feeling of self-reproach. Had he gone

senile? Seeing how a talented person like Qin Wentian cared for his own grand-daughter, Old Mo naturally felt happy in his heart. He could only pray that his grand-daughter would survive this.

Bzzz. A gentle gust of wind billowed, as a graceful silhouette appeared; it was the masked young lady at the level of a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign. Old Mo stiffened in fear.

The strength of this mysterious woman was too astounding, yet she was willing to follow at Qin Wentian's side, deferring to him.

"I didn't see anything earlier." Old Mo, feeling waves of coldness radiating from her, hurriedly exclaimed. He thought that Qing'er had come to silence him, because she didn't want him to reveal what he witnessed today.

Qing'er frowned slightly, as though she was displeased. "What do you mean? If you direct killing intent at Qin Wentian again, I will kill you okay...?"

After which, she turned, as she too vanished from sight while Old Mo's gaze still stared at the spot she was last in.

An expression of disappointment flashed past Old Mo's face. He felt truly old, this was no longer his generation. Today, the little bit of confidence he had, was smashed into smithereens.

In the Mo Clan, Qin Wentian came to the courtyard Mo Qingcheng was residing in. There were many guards outside of it, but at a signal from Mo Tianlin, no one went to block his path.

"How's Qingcheng?" Qin Wentian stared at Mo Tianlin, as he inquired. "She's still receiving treatment from Senior Luo He." Worry and anxiety could be seen on Mo Tianlin's face. "Where is Hua Xiaoyun, that bastard?"

"He fled. But he will surely die." A look of resolution appeared on Qin Wentian's countenance.

"Mhm, you have to be cautious, Hua Xiaoyun's background is extraordinary," Mo Tianlin reminded. He'd always had a good impression of Qin Wentian, and had long wanted him and Mo Qingcheng to be together. Yet because of his father's attitude, he couldn't say anything.

However today, the actions of his father truly caused him to be disappointed. Hua Xiaoyun had done something so despicable, yet Old Mo refused to kill him. Although Old Mo was thinking with their Clan at stake, Mo Tianlin still felt slightly betrayed. He wanted nothing more than to tear Hua Xiaoyun apart with his own hands.

“I will.” Qin Wentian lightly nodded, staring in the direction of Mo Qingcheng’s room. This wait lasted for several hours. Mo Qingcheng’s room was enveloped by a soft and gentle glow, and a fragrant smell of medicinal herbs could also be detected drifting out from it.

Luo He was concocting medicine inside the room.

Even though she was the Pill Emperor’s daughter, it was impossible that she would have millions of medicine pills at the ready for all kinds of injuries. Thus, in regards to Mo Qingcheng’s injuries, she could only concoct a suitable medicine on the spot.

After several moments, the medicinal fragrance finally dissipated. Mo Tianlin and Qin Wentian instantly dashed into the residence, standing outside the room, their hearts burning with anxiety.

What caused Mo Tianlin to feel strange was that Old Mo also returned. Yet he didn’t show any displeasure at Qin Wentian’s existence. His attitude was markedly different from the past.

Sheezzzz. A crisp sound echoed as the door to Mo Qingcheng’s room opened. The gazes of those standing outside immediately shifted, riveted at the entrance. The next moment, Luo He and the disciples of her Emperor Pill Palace, walked out.

“Senior, is Qingcheng okay now?” Mo Tianlin immediately inquired, concern apparent in his voice.

“You must be Qingcheng’s dad. Her life is temporarily preserved, I’m planning to bring her back to the Pill Emperor Hall,” Luo He calmly replied.

Qin Wentian heaved a sigh of relief, as he put aside the rock in his heart. The past tormenting hours of waiting felt like years to him.

“Senior, thank you. We would have to trouble you to take care of Qingcheng in the future then.” Mo Tianlin bowed, his gratitude was sincerely from his heart. It was truly fortunate that Qingcheng could be saved despite her heart being punctured.



However, at this moment, rustling sounds could be heard as a row of silhouettes appeared on the airspace above Mo Residence. Each of these figures had an imposing aura, their strength extraordinary. Yet at the instant of their appearance, Old Mo knitted his brows, frowning as the rest of the Mo Clan held unsightly expressions on their faces.

Because they saw that Hua Xiaoyun was among that group of people. It was none other than that bastard who caused Mo Qingcheng to end up in this state. Everyone in the Mo Clan couldn't wait to tear him to pieces.

At this moment, Hua Xiaoyun's countenance was extremely sinister. One of his arms dangled uselessly from its socket, held together by bandages while a fearsome killing intent gushed out from him, as he stared evilly at Qin Wentian.

"Elder brother, that's the guy. He's the person that crippled one of my arms. His strength can't be compared to mine, but he has a very powerful divine weapon. He ambushed me and caught me by surprise, which resulted in my loss in our encounter." Hua Xiaoyun added oil to the fire, roaring in madness. Currently, he no longer resembled the gentleman he had been when he stayed in the Mo Residence. He had torn off his façade, revealing his true colors.

Qin Wentian stared at Hua Xiaoyun standing in the air, not bothering to hide his killing intent.

The young man standing beside Hua Xiaoyun swept a glance towards Qin Wentian. He had a lanky build, with a face so exquisite it was as though it was carved from jade, and his slanted brows resembled the fine angles of the Sirius Star. His eyes were as piercing as swords, and just as elegant, with an inner magnetism that brought people to stare intently at him, even if they were unwilling.

"Elder brother, kill him." Hua Xiaoyun glared at Qin Wentian, a malevolent look in his eyes.

"Shut the hell up!" Hua Xiaoyun's brother shouted at him. He was extremely clear about Hua Xiaoyun's character. The words of this fellow could never be trusted. At most, he could only trust 50% of it. He deduced that it must be due to the presence of those from the Pill Emperor Hall. If not, how could Hua Xiaoyun not be able to fight back against someone at the first level of Yuanfu.

However, his deduction seemed wrong when he studied the eyes of those from the Pill Emperor Hall.

“Senior Luo He, do you mind fixing my brother’s arm?” Somehow, the situation felt like something was amiss. The young man couldn’t pinpoint what was wrong exactly, but because Hua Xiaoyun was his brother, he still decided to ask Luo He for help first.

“Fix his arm for him? Does he still have the face to see me?” Luo He lifted her head, staring at the young man with a frigid expression on her countenance. If it weren’t for the fact that she highly respected this young man, she would have already slayed Hua Xiaoyun herself.

“Xiaoyun, what have you done? Why are you still not apologising to Senior Luo He?” the young man berated Hua Xiaoyun.

Hua Xiaoyun’s gaze fidgeted about, as though he was afraid of meeting the eyes of Luo He.

“Senior, due to a moment of folly, this Junior only meant to play a prank on Miss Mo, yet I didn’t expect my actions to cause such a huge catastrophe.” Hua Xiaoyun lowered his head, offering his apologies.

Luo He’s background was extraordinary. As the Pill Emperor’s daughter, who dared not give her face? Furthermore, he still needed her help to treat his arm injury.

“Stop your pretentious act.” Luo He coldly snorted. “You wanted to taint my disciple, causing her to now hover the thin line between life and death. Not killing you is already the equivalent of me honoring your Hua Clan. And moreover, your arm was not crippled by me.”

The expression on Hua Xiaoyun’s brother faltered upon hearing the words of Luo He. This useless brother of his actually did such a despicable thing. Now, his sword-like eyes couldn’t help but be filled with hints of ice when he looked at his brother.

Abruptly, a terrifying sword light flashed out.

“ARGHHHHH” A voice screamed in agony. Hua Xiaoyun’s arm was directly severed from the socket. With a flick of his finger, that severed arm turned into dust, making it so that there was no hope for Hua Xiaoyun in restoring his arm ever again.

This scenario caused everyone to freeze. Hua Xiaoyun’s elder brother, actually personally severed his arm?

“Elder brother...” Hua Xiaoyun’s eyes were red as he stared at his brother. He didn’t understand, why would his elder brother slash apart his hope, personally destroying his arm?

“KNEEL DOWN! Apologize to Senior Luo He!” The young man roared. Hua Xiaoyun had no sense for the gravity of things, he didn’t know what was important. Luo He was famed for taking great care of her disciples, yet Hua Xiaoyun did things with no consideration of the consequences. Apparently, he was too ‘spoiled’ by the Hua Clan. This severed arm, shall serve as a lesson. If Hua Xiaoyun still didn’t learn from this mistake, sooner or later he would surely be killed by another.

Luo He cast a calculative glance filled with slight admiration at the young man’s actions. She silently mused in her heart... Indeed this young man befits his reputation. He was truly a peerless character ranked first in the Heavenly Fate Rankings of the Grand Xia Empire!

## Chapter 228: Hua Taixu

Hua Taixu, had a cultivation base at the peak level of Yuanfu, and was a supreme expert ranked first in the Heavenly Fate Ranking.

The Heavenly Fate Ranking was a Ranking Record created by the Venerate Heavens Sect of the Ginkou Continent. This Ranking, was one of the most ‘heavyweight’ rankings ever to exist, and the names contained within, represented the supreme experts at the Yuanfu level in the entire Grand Xia Empire.

Throughout these countless years, all the terrifying existences in the Grand Xia Empire that could hail the wind and summon the rains, could be found by looking through the Ranking Records of the Venerate Heavens Sect.

Heavenly Dipper Ranking, Heavenly Fate Ranking, Warbeast Index. All of these records were created by the Venerate Heavens Sect and were eventually circulated around the world by people in the Grand Xia Empire.

Not many people would focus their attentions on the Warbeast Index, save those that had an Astral Soul condensed from beast-type Constellations. As for the Heavenly Dipper Ranking, the amount of focus it garnered didn’t need to be said. Each and every one of the names recorded within was an earth-shattering and heaven-shaking existence – the true powerhouses of the Grand Xia Empire.

Especially for the first thirty-six Rankings, they were given an additional title. The top thirty-six cultivators whose names were recorded in the Heavenly Dipper Ranking were also known as the thirty-six Heavenly Starlords, and they symbolised the Grand Xia Empire.

The Heavenly Fate Ranking was the Ranking Record a tier below the Heavenly Dipper Ranking. The names of 360 cultivators at the Yuanfu Realm were recorded within. Also, this Ranking Record would be updated once every year.

However, one should not look down on those recorded within the Heavenly Fate Ranking, just because it contained 360 names. One has to understand how vast the Grand Xia Empire was. Over there, forget about ordinary Yuanfu Cultivators, even experts at the peak of Yuanfu were as common as clouds. It wasn't so easy if one wanted to enter into the Heavenly Fate Ranking. Basically, only those at the peak level of Yuanfu would have a chance to enter unless, of course, you have extraordinary combat prowess and could jump levels to defeat those peak level Yuanfu opponents.

The top ten cultivators recorded in the Heavenly Fate Ranking, were all dazzling existences whose names shook the Grand Xia Empire. Their future potential was unlimited. Even though some of them could be considered quite old when compared to the rest, it didn't matter. As long as one was able to enter the top ten, it meant that their comprehension of their Mandates had all reached a terrifying level and possessed incredible prowess in combat. So, although the cultivation of these 'older' group of cultivators could be considered slow, they would all still be able to become supreme powerhouses if given enough time.

One could easily imagine the difficulty in ranking first in the Heavenly Fate Ranking. The amount of radiance and glory that came along with it went without saying.

No one in the Grand Xia Empire would not know of your existence. Even such an arrogant character like Ouyang Kuangsheng, had also marked Hua Taixu as his idol and was determined to surpass him, to also become an outstanding existence known by the masses.

If one took a step back, one could say that although the name 'Ouyang Kuangsheng' could be considered rather famous, if it was placed in comparison to the name 'Hua Taixu', the name 'Ouyang Kuangsheng' would immediately lose its 'luster'.

Once there was a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign who wanted to test Hua Taixu's strength. After the battle, the Sovereign announced to the world that the combat prowess of Hua Taixu was so strong to the extent that it was unfathomable. And as for who won or lost that battle, it was up to the masses to draw their own conclusions.

And because he had such an elder brother, Hua Xiaoyun blustered about in the outside world, not fearing any retaliation and behind his back he was termed, 'the useless second Young Master' by many.

And because of how radiant the name Hua Taixu was, Luo He, would also give him face. Either way, with Luo He's own status as the Pill Emperor's daughter in the Grand Xia Empire, she would always be shown respect, regardless of how much higher one's cultivation was in comparison.

If not for Hua Taixu, even if there were ten Hua Xiaoyuns, she would have slaughtered without mercy.

Hua Xiaoyun completely collapsed as he looked at his brother. His elder brother was serious.

"It's all his fault." Hua Xiaoyun glared at Qin Wentian, he wanted nothing more than to rip him into a million pieces. A random guy in Chu actually caused him to lose his arm. Not only that, he had to kneel in apology. This humiliation... this humiliation was too great to bear!

Yet, he had no choice but to do as his brother said. Hua Xiaoyun knelt in front of Luo He as he apologised, "Junior was in the wrong, and seeks Senior for her forgiveness."

Upon seeing this, Hua Taixu added, "Senior Luo He, if you feel that a single arm is insufficient, you can slay this vile beast."

Luo He glanced at Hua Taixu; his countenance was serene, without a hint of unease. She was unable to tell what he was thinking.

Yet it was clear to Luo He that Hua Taixu personally destroyed one of Hua Xiaoyun's arms and made him kneel in apology, not because he feared her, nor was it to prevent a strain in the relationship between the Hua Clan and the Pill Emperor Hall.

No matter what, Hua Xiaoyun was still his younger brother. Everyone in the Grand Xia Empire knew that Hua Taixu had always doted on his younger brother. With his earlier actions, he was already giving Luo He a platform to retreat. If she truly decided to slaughter Hua Xiaoyun, it would instantly complicate matters. There was no need for further words, if she truly went ahead and chose to kill Hua Xiaoyun, she would have made another formidable enemy.

“Forget it. Since he has already lost an arm, that shall be considered the price for his transgression. Furthermore, Qingcheng is already recovering. This matter shall be at its end. Also, do not make things difficult for the Mo Clan,” Luo He indifferently replied, choosing not to further pursue this incident. Since Hua Taixu had given her face, she didn’t want to be the one to strain their relationship.

For an existence like Hua Taixu, even if one couldn’t become friends with him, one **MUST NOT EVER** become his enemy.

“Senior won’t have to worry about this point.” Hua Taixu nodded. “Hua Xiaoyun brought this upon himself.”

Since his younger brother Hua Xiaoyun was apologising, he had to have the appearance that he was also apologising. After all, a single sentence from Luo He was sufficient to make several Heavenly Sovereign Dippers act. This was the only way for Hua Taixu to settle the matter.

Based on his status, what would people think if his younger brother still took revenge on the Mo Clan right after being forced to apologise? Wasn’t this smacking his own face?

“Get up!” Hua Taixu roared at Hua Xiaoyun, who was still kneeling.

“Brother, but...” Hua Xiaoyun’s glance shifted to Qin Wentian, appearing as though he wanted to continue speaking.

“Shut up.” Hua Taixu frowned. Hua Xiaoyun could only grit his teeth and tolerate it for now.

Hua Taixu slowly shifted his glance over at Qin Wentian, as he calmly asked, “You are manifesting killing intent?”

Qin Wentian inclined his head, staring at Hua Taixu. This person was extraordinary, even the Pill Emperor’s daughter had to give him face.

But what about it? So what if Luo He decided not to pursue the matter further? Did it mean that the matter had come to an end?

How could such an incident be so simple. Regardless of Hua Xiaoyun's background, he had to kill him.

But Qin Wentian calmed down somewhat after hearing that Qingcheng's life was no longer in danger. Considering the current situation, there was no way he would be able to rush forward to take Hua Xiaoyun's life. If he did so, he would surely accompany Hua Xiaoyun in death. Even Qing'er's strength wouldn't be sufficient to protect him.

"My younger brother says that you depended on an extremely powerful divine weapon to defeat him. But even so, a first-level Yuanfu defeating a fourth-level Yuanfu already proves that you have astonishing combat prowess. If there's a chance, you should roam the Grand Xia Empire."

There wasn't the slightest trace of anger in Hua Taixu's voice. It was as if he was speaking to an old friend.

"In that place, there are many so-called 'geniuses' such as you." Hua Taixu stretched out his hands. Cracks appeared in the skies above the dome of Heavens, as intense beams of light shot down, seemingly answering to his summons. The beams of light transformed into countless sharp swords as they flew with the speed of a comet towards the far-off distance. The amount of energy packed within them was so colossal, that even another cultivator at the peak of Yuanfu would be hard-pressed to block this attack.

"Only by surpassing the other geniuses, would you be considered barely qualified to gain a foothold in the Grand Xia Empire."

"Senior Luo He, I bid my farewell." Hua Taixu slightly bowed. After which, he caught hold of Hua Xiaoyun as he departed, his movements like the formless wind. In the blink of an eye, he disappeared from sight and appeared on top of the waves of swords he summoned earlier. The terrifying speed he exhibited left no doubts as to his level of power.

Those from the Hua Clan glanced at Qin Wentian, before following after Hua Taixu.

Hua Taixu didn't make a move on Qin Wentian to get revenge for Hua Yunxiao. Instead, he merely left behind a few obscure sentences before he departed. Yet, everyone could sense the condescending tone and the cold arrogance in his words.

"In that place, there are many so-called 'geniuses' such as you."

“Only by surpassing the other geniuses, would you be considered barely qualified to gain a foothold in the Grand Xia Empire.”

Yet, weren't his words true as well?

Qin Wentian stood there, gazing at the horizon.

Did they really think this matter was over?

How could he still spare Hua Xiaoyun, considering what he tried to do to Mo Qingcheng?

The Grand Xia Empire, he will surely go there in the near future.

Yet if he went there, how could he merely set his sights on just obtaining the qualifications to barely establish a foothold for himself?

“It's also time for us to leave,” Luo He spoke. After which, she entered the room and carried Mo Qingcheng out.

Old Mo, Mo Tianlin, Qin Wentian, all walked forward, gazing at the unconscious Mo Qingcheng. Could it be that there wasn't even a chance to bid farewell to her?

Gazing at that pallid, yet still beautiful countenance, Qin Wentian's determination grew even stronger.

“Leave her to me, there's no need for you all to worry,” Luo He reassured them, upon witnessing the looks of worry on all their faces.

“Senior, we didn't mean it like that,” Old Mo explained.

“Mhm, if there's a chance in the future, you can come to our Pill Emperor Hall to visit her,” Luo He added, after which, she soared to the skies, as the other disciples of the Pill Emperor Hall followed after her.



Bai Fei was about to leave, but she halted as though she thought of something. Turning, she walked towards Qin Wentian as she spoke, “This time you were lucky. Because of the presence of my master, those from the Hua Clan didn’t do anything to you. I know that your feelings for Mo Qingcheng run deep but I still have to warn you, don’t come to our Pill Emperor Palace to look for her. Both of you aren’t compatible.”

Bai Fei paused, before continuing, “That person earlier, his name is Hua Taixu, ranked first in the Heavenly Fate Ranking. He is the strongest Yuanfu existence in the whole of Grand Xia Empire. In the future he will definitely be at the peak of those true powerhouses. It’s better for you to stay here and continue being a genius.”

After speaking, Bai Fei soared to the skies, following after those from the Pill Emperor Palace.

Jing Yu and Yan Qi both cast deep glances at Qin Wentian. Seeing how much Luo He valued Mo Qingcheng, they understood that Mo Qingcheng would definitely play an influential role within the Pill Emperor Hall in the future.

Although Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng had a deep relationship, this would put an end to it.

This, shall be where their story ends.

“Hua Taixu,” Qin Wentian mumbled, nobody could tell what he was thinking.

His silhouette flickered, Qin Wentian left the Mo Residence.

Old Mo stood there, lost in his thoughts, staring at the spot where Hua Taixu and Qin Wentian had stood earlier.

“Hua Taixu, a supreme expert ranked first in the Heavenly Fate Ranking!”

“Qin Wentian, all three of his Astral Souls originated from the 5th Heavenly Layer. Were they truly beings of different levels? What can destiny have in store for them, would their paths intersect in the future?”

Chapter 229: Winter Snow, Again.

Chu Country, after its baptism from the storms of war, finally regained its former peace.

In the most ancient city of Chu, the Royal Capital, the Emperor Star Academy was undoubtedly the most bustling and the place that flourished most. The newly rebuilt Emperor Star Academy continually attracted talented new bloods, and as for the older members of the academy who returned after the storm, they all swore that they would definitely make the Emperor Star Academy regain its former glory and even supersede that. They had to nurture even more experts that were powerful enough to withstand any upheavals that might come.

As for the incident in the Mo Clan, not many knew of it. What they did know was that Mo Qingcheng had been highly regarded by a senior originating from a transcendent power, and was brought away after being accepted as a disciple. This made many people sigh in pity. The number one beauty of Chu was leaving just like that, but then again, with Mo Qingcheng's talent and looks, she was destined never to be trapped in such a small country.

Qin Wentian was still a hot topic discussed by many during their leisure time, over a cup of tea or after a meal. He had already become a legend of Chu merely after two years of time, and was the idol of countless younger cultivators. Every time Qin Wentian appeared in the Emperor Star Academy, his presence would cause a huge commotion.

Especially for his involvements in the war. Qin Wentian's accomplishments were embellished more and more by the people, until he became something resembling a godly existence.

However those in Chu gradually discovered that the stories of Qin Wentian steadily lessened. It was as though Qin Wentian was purposely trying to fade away from their discussions, to the point where he no longer appeared within the Royal Capital.

Many were speculating, had Qin Wentian already left Chu?

After all, with his talents, this place was too small for him. He would definitely go to the Grand Xia Empire sooner or later.

In the Bamboo Lodge, on a mountain peak opposite to the flowing creek, there was a space about the size of a duelling ground located at the waist of that mountain. Within that space, a youth was

currently piercing the air with an ancient halberd in his hands, training without rest. Every time he pierced out with the halberd, a terrifying gale would manifest, appearing to be created through overwhelming strength as the ancient halberd broke the resistance of the air.

After a thousand times, the youth sat down crossed-legged, closed his eyes in deep contemplation, and then entered into a state of absolute silence.

Day after day, month after month, he did the same thing over and over, never pausing to take a break in his cultivation.

Behind the mountain's peak, a voluptuous figure leapt downwards, floating towards the mountain's waist where the youth was. However, she stood silently from afar, looking at the youth practicing with his halberd. At this moment, that ancient halberd abruptly pierced out, its force blasting against a huge mountain rock.

Puchi! A crisp sound rang out, yet soon after, the terrifying noise of several explosions soon echoed. In the distance, far behind the huge mountain rock, a mountain peak exploded into pieces from where it stood.

That youth pointed the tip of the ancient halberd downwards, as a satisfied smile appeared on his face, before he walked towards the voluptuous figure.

BOOOM! A thunderous sound rang out. That huge mountain rock from earlier had totally disintegrated into dust, not leaving any traces of its existence behind. Upon seeing this, a series of bright glows flashed in the voluptuous figure's eyes.

"What innate technique is this?" An Liuyan asked, curiosity and wonderment apparent in her gaze.

"Great Dream Halberd Art." Qin Wentian smiled. This third stance was created from a modification in basics of the first two stances, and its name was, 'Fractured Void'. The attack power of the third stance was many times stronger compared to the first two stances, 'Mountain Splitter', and 'Fallen Star'. And what's more, currently, Qin Wentian had already reached the stage whereby he could execute the Great Dream Halberd Art even without the need for a halberd.

"What a powerful innate technique, but I don't recall having heard of it before." An Liuyan laughed.

“The Great Dream Halberd Art was created from my own comprehensions, it’s only natural if you’ve never heard of it,” Qin Wentian humbly replied, his answer causing An Liuyan’s beautiful eyes to brighten. “You are truly a once-in-a-lifetime marvel.”

“I’m here today to deliver the cultivation resources you requested.” An Liuyan rubbed her interspatial ring as several Yuan Meteor Stones appeared, each emanating extremely powerful Astral pressure.

“I’m truly honoured that Great Beauty An delivered the resources here personally.” Qin Wentian kept the Yuan Meteor Stones. Cultivators would naturally require cultivation resources. The higher a cultivation base one had, the greater amount of cultivation resources one would need, to be able to break through to the next level. This was why it was so difficult to nurture a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign in such a small country like Chu. To step into the Heavenly Dipper Realm, not only would one need monstrous talent as well as incredible insight, cultivation resources were also of paramount importance.

“That poor Francis, I feel bad making him run so many trips. In any case, I also wanted to see you. Are you not happy to see me?” An Liuyan’s smile had hints of teasing within. Looking at her beautiful, matured countenance, Qing Shui shrugged as he replied, “Of course I’m happy... but what a pity, I’m unable to repay the favour.”

“You? Forget it. The total worth of those third-ranked Divine Imprints you gave us back then far surpassed that which we have given you.” An Liuyan smiled. “Oh and also, Chu Wuwei has investigated the background of those killers that worked with Chu Tianjiao back then. Although they don’t really pose a threat to you, they are still a force to be reckoned with. The conclusion was that they had connections with the Star River Association and were sent by Murin. Murin has already been expelled from the Star River Association and is currently imprisoned in the Black Stronghold by Chu Wuwei.”

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian nodded his head. With so many things happening, he had long forgotten about Murin. Who would have thought that Murin hated him so much that he would collaborate with Chu Tianjiao to send assassins after his life.

“Okay, I’ve got to go. I will come and visit you again in the future, if time permits.” An Liuyan bid her farewell.

“See you next time, then.” Qin Wentian smiled, as he sent An Liuyan off with his gaze. After which, he walked to the edge of the path and drew in a breath of fresh air. With Yuan Meteor Stones in both

hands, he closed his eyes and sat down, sinking into his consciousness, channelling his will towards the tiny Astral-Being.

During the course of these few days, Qin Wentian had unlocked and viewed several memory fragments. Although the 'playback' he witnessed were bits and snippets of the middle-aged man's life, but if he was truly that damn old fogey, it meant that all these 'playbacks' he had witnessed were the experiences of his father.

Cultivation, was an extremely boring, and assiduous affair. However, it varied for each individual. For some, especially those with sufficient thirst for power, each and every improvement would bring about more motivation. To these people, cultivation was an enjoyable affair.

Qin Wentian, was precisely one of 'these' people. Feeling himself improve every day, his thirst to be more powerful only grew stronger and stronger.

Hua Xiaoyun was still alive, he still didn't have the power to crush the Nine Mystical Palace, Mo Qingcheng would become an important character in the Pill Emperor Hall, and the knowledge that there were countless supreme experts in the Grand Xia Empire. These all became his source of motivation, allowing the flames of passion in his heart to burn forever.

Time flowed by, winter arrived in the blink of an eye.

It had been snowing heavily for several days, causing Chu to be covered by a blanket of whiteness.

As for the waist of the mountain peak Qin Wentian was on, it was also completely covered by snow, invoking a beautiful landscape that resembled a scene from a dream.

Qin Wentian climbed to the peak, sitting there as he surveyed the whole of Chu. Beside him, a snowy puppy mirrored his actions, eyeing the horizon.

Behind Qin Wentian, a peerless beauty stood gazing in wonder at the falling snow. Stretching her hands out with open palms, she watched as snowflakes landed on her palm. The scene happening before her, was truly gorgeous.

If there were others present, they would have realised that the scene of Qing'er staring at wonder at the falling snow, was even more gorgeous compared to the snowy view.

Qin Wentian turned his head, and as he saw Qing`er staring around in wonder, he couldn't help but lose focus. This mysterious maiden was so beautiful, like a celestial fairy from the immortal realms.

"Is the snow beautiful?" Qin Wentian asked in a low voice.

Qing`er retracted her hands, staring at Qin Wentian as her lashes flickered. Yet, she said nothing. Her actions caused Qin Wentian to feel helpless, this beautiful girl was truly like an ice princess. It was extremely difficult for him to exchange a few words with her.

"Do you want to go for a walk?" Qin Wentian asked again.

Qing`er's beautiful eyes stared at him, but Qin Wentian couldn't tell what she was thinking. And just when Qin Wentian thought that she was going to continue remaining silent, Qing`er lightly nodded her head. "Okay ..."

"Isn't this much better? You should speak more often, you know." Qin Wentian grinned as he carried Little Rascal and soared into the skies.

Qin Wentian walked through the streets of the Royal Capital, which were covered entirely in snow, leaving his footprints behind as he headed past the little wine shop from before. Three people were already sitting there. They were none other than Chu Wuwei, Chu Mang, and Immortal Drunken Wine.

Although he was the current emperor of Chu, Chu Wuwei still retained his personality from before. This caused Qin Wentian to feel gratified in his heart. His past choice was the right one. Chu Wuwei, the prince unable to cultivate, was perhaps the only one qualified to become a brilliant emperor of the generations. He would focus on developing Chu and improve the country beyond its current level, and thus leave behind an era of radiance.

"Wentian, join us for a cup or two?" Chu Wuwei smiled as he noticed the approach of Qin Wentian.

"It's fine, I planned to take a walk outside." Qin Wentian laughed,

"Okay, in any case remember to bring along this blockhead for me when you want to leave." Chu Wuwei also laughed.

“Alright, I’ll look for you then.” Qin Wentian nodded. Chu Wuwei wanted him to bring Chu Mang with him. This decision showed how much trust and confidence he had in Qin Wentian. Chu Wuwei’s degree of forbearance, wasn’t something that ordinary people could hope to surpass.

As Qin Wentian departed, and upon noticing an unparalleled beauty following behind him,, Chu Wuwei and Immortal Drunken Wine locked gazes as their faces broke into similar smiles. This fellow was truly extraordinary.

Qin Wentian walked about aimlessly, and occasionally smiled at people who cast glances at him. At this moment, two silhouettes hastily walked past him.

“Liu Yan, let’s go quickly.” A young man couldn’t help but call out as he saw his girlfriend coming to a halt, standing in the middle of the snow, dumbstruck by something she saw.

Qin Wentian also noticed that it was Liu Yan. Looking at her, he noticed that she had changed a lot, as though she were more haggard. She no longer had that youthful aura of dynamism she had back then.

After casting a glance at Liu Yan’s boyfriend, he saw it was no longer Ye Zhan. They should have broken up after the Ye Clan was demolished.

Smiling at Liu Yan, Qin Wentian nodded politely and continued walking forward. Liu Yan continued standing there dumbly, her eyes showing traces of redness. Somehow, looking at the beautiful drifting snowflakes, she felt a kind of pain in her heart.

Unknowingly, Qin Wentian found himself at an ancient looking tree. Lost in his memories, a radiant smile blossomed on his face as he sat down on the ground with his back leaning against the time-worn tree.

Little Rascal squatted beside Qin Wentian, looking at him with intelligence flickering in its eyes.

“Am I very dumb?” Qin Wentian abruptly asked, reliving the same scene that happened exactly a year ago.

And just like a year ago, Little Rascal nodded its adorable head in agreement as hints of laughter glimmered in its eyes.

Qin Wentian glanced at the snowy puppy as he involuntarily let out a laugh as well.

Leaning backwards, Qin Wentian stared at the falling snow ahead. It was as though he could somehow envision that girl from back then, all clad in white, as she smiled sweetly back at him.

Memories were like paintings, everything the same as before, yet where was the person who could melt his heart?

### Chapter 230: White Deer Institute

The land size of the Grand Xia Empire was so large that it could be considered almost boundless. It had innumerable territories and countless cities that were divided into nine vast regions, separately known as the Nine Continents.

The Nine Continents were respectively known as: Green Continent, Azure Continent, Spirit Continent, Ginkou Continent, War Continent, Wind Continent, Demon Continent, Yan Continent and the Moon Continent.

Of these Nine Continents, four of them; Green Continent, Spirit Continent, Yan Continent and Demon Continent were situated at the four extreme corners of the Grand Xia Empire, with the Green Continent being the nearest to Chu.

As for the Ginkou Continent, Moon Continent and War Continent, they were in a triangle alliance, and their locations were considered at the heart of the Grand Xia Empire.

The Moon Continent was also known as the most prosperous continent of all. Over at the Moon Continent, experts were as common as clouds, and the strongest of the strong were all gathered there.

The Pill Emperor Hall was one of the transcendent powers residing in the Moon Continent. It had witnessed countless eras of history and its position and status had never wavered, regardless of



whatever storms rocked the Grand Xia Empire. Among all the transcendent powers in Chu, the Pill Emperor Hall was ranked as the fifth strongest.

Maybe in terms of raw power, the Pill Emperor Hall did not have the qualifications to be ranked fifth. But because of its uniqueness, during chaotic clashes of power between the transcendent powers, nobody had ever been willing to act against the Pill Emperor Hall before.

The Pill Emperor Hall occupied the central region in the Moon Continent. Over there, were several ancient-looking pavilions and buildings that projected a majestic and celestial air. People passing by would inevitably shift their gazes over, as expressions of envy and admiration could be seen reflected on their features.

Occasionally, there would be young male and female cultivators exiting the Pill Emperor Hall. Their faces were all full of pride, emanating a faint hint of arrogance that indicated their feelings of superiority over others.

Within the Pill Emperor Hall, in the middle of their majestic buildings, there was a towering sky-high platform. At this moment, a lonely looking silhouette stood there, gazing at the horizon.

This silhouette was clad in white, with an ice-cold temperament. Her empire-toppling features were so enchanting that it caused people to be breathless. Her bearing was extraordinary, giving people a sense of holiness, as though she was a divinity and merely looking at her would be a blasphemy.

However, in the depths of her eyes, no hints of happiness could be found. Only a faint sadness and extreme loneliness could be seen within.

“Junior Sister, Master asked you to go over. She will impart on you the Moon Qi Technique, allowing you to use your own Qi to nourish pills during concoction.” At this moment, a youthful figure stood at a place not far away from the towering platform, calling out to her.

“Understood,” the peerless beauty replied coldly, her tone containing traces of unwelcome and rejection, pushing people to a distance of a thousand miles away.

Behind her, Jing Yu’s feelings became extremely complicated upon hearing the tone of her voice. In the depths of his eyes, hints of admiration and longing could be seen, yet, after a period of interaction with this supreme beauty, he had gradually learned to mask it.

Ever since this junior sister of his had awoken from unconsciousness, her demeanor had grown frostier and frostier by the day. Even her temperament had undergone a huge change compared to the time when Jing Yu had first seen her. After their Master's guidance, it was as though she had gained enlightenment, unconsciously projecting an air of holiness, so pure and saint-like that even looking at her felt like a blasphemous act.

He had already understood that the girl before him, was no longer someone he was qualified to woo after.

Was she still thinking of him? Maybe her memories and love for him would fade away and dim with the passing of time. After all, they were no longer existences belonging to the same world.

Over this period of time, there were many representatives from various transcendent powers that all hinted to Luo He their intention to propose a marriage engagement with her. Each of the names mentioned by the representatives were all names of grand characters that could shake the Grand Xia Empire.

After informing her, Jing Yu silently departed.

The beautiful young woman continued to stand there, unmoving, as a gentle gust of wind fluttered her robes. Her eyes were so beautiful, yet also filled with a heart-wrenching loneliness.

.....

The Moon Continent was extremely vast, and the population of each of the cities it governed was at a size about ten times larger compared to that of Chu.

At the eastern city of the Moon Continent, there was an unending flow of humanity moving about in the streets. Among the hustle and bustle of the city, stood three silhouettes contemplating their surroundings with ardent curiosity and anticipation.

The person in the centre of the trio had a snowy puppy in his arms. Even the snowy puppy was glancing around with excitement as though it couldn't wait to scamper about for new experiences.

"Wow this place feels so prosperous. The Royal Capital of Chu feels like trash compared to here. There's no way to compare both places." A fatty standing on the group's left side had his eyes narrowed, as he scrutinised the crowd for beauties.

“Indeed, our Chu Country cannot be compared to here.” The muscular young man on the right nodded in agreement. Although he had deep feelings for Chu, he had no choice but to admit it. The disparity between here and Chu was too great.

“Hey Boss, the beauties here all look so delicious. Their quality is much higher compared to our beauties in Chu.” The fatty excitedly tugged on the arm of the person standing in the centre. “Look at that hot babe in that jade green skirt. She’s got long slender legs and a busty chest to match. What a perfect specimen tsk tsk, I wouldn’t mind my lifespan being shortened if only I could be friends with her.”

Qin Wentian rolled his eyes immediately when he heard the words. This damn fatty never changed...

Only to see the beautiful girl the fatty was referring to suddenly glare in their direction as her brows furrowed in displeasure, her actions causing the fatty to cover his mouth with his hands before whispering, “Wow, why is her hearing so sharp...”

“Hey beautiful lady, I’m just praising that you are really beautiful and wish to be friends with you. I have no other intentions,” Fatty said with a straight face.

“You mean you still dare to have other intentions?” The countenance of the young woman turned unsightly. The gaze of this fatty was too damn shameless, staring at her in a lusty manner.

“Apologies, he’s bad with words,” Qin Wentian apologetically nodded to the young woman. The young woman shifted her gaze onto Qin Wentian and her frosty gaze melted somewhat upon noting his handsome countenance, along with the righteous air and extraordinary demeanor he projected. She grumbled, “I really hate the way this fatty is looking at me.”

At this exact moment, Fan Le’s gaze was glued to her chest and was spotted by her.

“Bastard.” The young woman grew red as she stomped her foot and left.

“Fatty, stop causing trouble.” Qin Wentian rolled his eyes. This fellow was too much of an asshole. He actually openly stared at her chest...

“Boss, I can’t help my eyes.” Fatty didn’t seem to feel any regrets. Instead he continued to grumble, “That lady was only at the second level of Yuanfu, how could she cause us any trouble...?”

“You...” Qin Wentian had almost forgotten that Fan Le had a gift to sense the cultivation levels of others. This fellow must have purposely chosen the earlier young woman to tease.

Currently, the demeanor of Qin Wentian had undergone a huge change compared to before. His exquisitely sculpted features no longer contained hints of a teen’s childishness, and his long, black hair had grown to the point where it draped over his shoulders. If one wasn’t familiar with this young man, or had not met him during this past half-year, they would be hard-pressed to recognise him.

“Let’s purchase a map first.” Qin Wentian walked into a business shop that specialised in selling maps, and came out with one detailing the Moon Continent. After which, they opened up the map, studying it as they continued walking. Their gazes all landed onto the central region of the Moon Continent. That area was an extremely vast land size occupied by a series of halls, pavilions and buildings.

Above it, were three big words inscribed on the map – Pill Emperor Hall.

“Hu...” Qin Wentian’s gaze turned towards the central region of the Moon Continent. The distance between this eastern city and the Pill Emperor Palace could be considered short, yet also not that short. With his current strength, even if he chose to go there, there was probably no way the guards would allow him to enter.

Not only that, he didn’t wish to attract the attention of the Hua Clan. With his current demeanor and appearance, even if he met Hua Xiaoyun again, he might not even be recognised by him. Also, within this vast region, he wouldn’t venture into the western city where the Hua Clan resided, how could it be so easy to meet people from the Hua Clan? Even if he was truly and extremely unlucky, he would have no choice but to depend on Qing`er and leave the Moon Continent for now.

Yet, he didn’t wish to leave. The reason for him coming to the Moon Continent today, was none other than Hua Xiaoyun.

“Hua Clan.” Qin Wentian stared at the western city outlined in the map as a bone-chilling light flashed in his eyes. He would definitely make Hua Xiaoyun pay for what he had done.

“Boss, where are we going?” Fan Le pulled the map as he inquired.

“This place.” Qin Wentian pointed to a space described on the map.

“White Deer Institute!” Surprise flashed upon Fan Le’s countenance. He was somewhat taken by surprise when Qin Wentian wanted to go to the Moon Continent. However, he understood Qin Wentian’s character. He would never give up until Hua Xiaoyun was dead.

Yet, Fan Le felt somewhat bewildered. Why did Qin Wentian’s reply seem as though he had long known where he wanted to go. It seemed that the reason behind coming to the Moon Continent wasn’t simply because of Hua Xiaoyun alone.

This should be the first time Qin Wentian came to the Moon Continent, how did he know what sort of place the White Deer Institute was?

“What sort of place is the White Deer Institute?” Fan Le asked.

“No idea,” Qin Wentian replied as he noted the path on the map. This time around, it was Fan Le’s turn to roll his eyes. No idea?

What does this reply even mean...?

“Enough, let’s move out.” Qin Wentian kept the map, as hints of a smile could be seen in his eyes.

He truly had no idea what sort of place the White Deer Institute was. But he knew that back then when Diyi passed him the Azure Emperor token, there was a map that appeared after his blood flowed into it.

And one of the places marked on the map, was none other than the White Deer Institute located within the Moon Continent.

This indicated that the Azure Emperor Palace’s ‘hidden’ Azure Faction had chosen the Moon Continent to be their hiding place throughout all these years. Yet in the course of these past few thousand years, no one knew how the ‘hidden’ Azure Faction was faring.

Maybe, other than the owner of the authority token, even those from the 'hidden' Azure Faction within the White Deer Institute had no clue where the other branches of their 'hidden' Azure Faction were located, or who their members were. After all, a few thousand years was a long time, all of them had already gotten used to their new identities.

The White Deer institute was going to be Qin Wentian's first contact with the 'hidden' Azure Faction. Naturally, he had to be prudent!