

## Ancient GM 231

### Chapter 231: Hidden Within

The White Deer Institute could be considered an exceptionally famous power in the Moon Continent. Although it wasn't on the level of a transcendent power, its total strength only lost out slightly in comparison.

Not only that, the White Deer Institute almost never got into conflict with the other powers. No one knew how strong the White Deer Institute was exactly, but many people guessed that there may be several powerful characters hiding within it. Naturally, this was only guesswork on their part. Since the White Deer Institute rarely clashed with others, there would be no reason for the other powers to make a move to deal with the White Deer Institute either.

Not only that, the Institute's reputation had always been good. They focused on the teachings of powerful Divine Inscriptions that, once inscribed, granted Divine Weapons unimaginable effects. Yet, they only taught Divine Inscriptions and didn't forge weapons. If one wanted to learn, naturally they would have to pay a certain amount of Yuan Meteor Stones.

One had to say that the White Deer Institute had a variety of ways to generate income. Based only on their expertise with Divine Inscriptions, the school fees they collected from the students were already sufficient to fund the entire institute, not to mention their other sources of income. Hence, the position of the White Deer Institute was extremely important and not many would go against them.

Through some minor investigation, Qin Wentian easily obtained information regarding what sort of place the White Deer Institute was. Yet, he couldn't help but sigh in his heart.

As the saying went: Small-time hermits hide in remote places, while true hermits wouldn't mind attention. This was so true for the White Deer Institute; there should be no one who remembered that a branch of the 'hidden' Azure Faction from back then, had actually become the famous White Deer Institute of today.

Qin Wentian and co. arrived outside the Institute. It gave off an elegant feeling, and there were already a line of people queueing outside.

"Hey, you are here as well?" Fan Le's eyes brightened. In front of them stood the young woman wearing the jade-green dress from earlier.

She frowned as she noticed Fan Le, she was starting to suspect Fan Le's motives.

"Are you here to study Divine Inscriptions as well?" Qin Wentian asked, causing the suspicions in the young woman's heart to lessen as she nodded.

"Wow, so coincidental? Hihi, my name is Fan Le. What's yours, pretty lady?" Fatty stretched his hands out, which were then conveniently ignored.

"Qin Wentian."

Qin Wentian smiled as he nodded towards the young woman.

"Leng Ning," the young woman replied, "Is the little puppy in your arms a demonic beast? It's so pretty."

Little Rascal's head poked out of Qin Wentian's embrace as it stared at Leng Ning. After which, its eyes brightened as it leapt out of Qin Wentian's arms, jumping towards Leng Ning.

Before anyone could react, Little Rascal had already snuggled its head between the twin peaks of Leng Ning. It rubbed its head in contentment while letting out barks of excitement before settling down, lying there looking extremely comfortable.

"What an adorable little fellow." Leng Ning's originally cold countenance had immediately melted as she gently stroked Little Rascal's fur.

Seeing the look of contentment on Little Rascal's face, Fan Le could only stick his arms on his hips while muttering ominously. What a lecherous puppy.

"There's quite a lot of people here, do they all wish to join the Institute to research more on Divine Inscriptions?" Qin Wentian swept a glance at the surroundings as he asked Leng Ning.

"Are you a visitor from the other continents?" Leng Ning glanced at Qin Wentian.

"Yes, we've come from a place very far away," Qin Wentian replied.

“No wonder, the White Deer Institute only recruits new blood once every month. Your luck is really good, your arrival coincided with the recruitment period. They will guide you for one month, and if your performance in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions showcases your talents, you can continue cultivating here. If not, the White Deer Institute won’t waste your time. Of course, if your attainments with Divine Inscriptions reach an extremely high level, the White Deer Institute may offer you to join them as a guest elder.

Leng Ning had a pretty good first impression of Qin Wentian, thus she patiently explained all this to him.

“Oh yeah, how are your attainments in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions? If you don’t have the talent, there’s no need to waste Yuan Meteor Stones,” Leng Ning added. It wasn’t that she looked down on Qin Wentian but instead, she was sincerely advising him.

“I think I could be considered pretty good,” Qin Wentian mumbled. In reality, considering his attainments in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, he could already become an instructor for the students. Not that he would boast about it.

“I believe that you are truly from a very faraway place.” Leng Ning rolled her eyes. Pretty good? Regarding their attainments in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, not many people would dare to say that they are ‘pretty good’. Although this fellow was quite good-looking, his words were slightly too boastful. Maybe he didn’t know that some students of the White Deer Institute had already achieved terrifying attainments in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions.

“If you want to register for the examination, as well as remain here for a month to receive their guidance, you will have to pay a total of ten third-layer Yuan Meteor Stones,” Leng Ning informed them, out of the kindness of her heart.

“That expensive?” Qin Wentian perspired. If they were in Chu, ten third-layer Yuan Meteor Stones would already be considered a staggering fortune. Most people would find it almost impossible to gather this much wealth, even if they were to risk their lives in the Dark Forest over and over again.

Seeing Qin Wentian’s astonishment further affirmed Leng Ning’s suspicions. This fellow was like a big fish in a small pond and didn’t know how huge the outside world really was.

“Yeah, but as long as you have sufficient talent and achieve a high attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, by then you could just inscribe them onto Divine Weapons and sell them away. Why would you need to worry about not earning back your initial investment?” Leng Ning glanced at Qin Wentian before she continued, “Moreover, Divine Inscriptions are the basis of the Dao of

Formations. For a powerful Divine Inscriptionist, not only can he be an expert weaponsmith, after one achieves a high enough attainment, he can also set up powerful formations. How could ten third-layer Yuan Meteor Stones be considered a hefty price?”

“Oh, I see.” Qin Wentian nodded. He had never even heard of Formations back in Chu. Chu was indeed too small a place.

“Does the White Deer Institute have a very high level of attainment regarding Divine Inscriptions?” Qin Wentian asked again, he really wanted to know concrete details on how strong exactly this branch of the ‘hidden’ Azure Faction might be.

Leng Ning was completely speechless. She rolled her eyes and didn’t reply, causing Qin Wentian to laugh awkwardly.

“Everyone.” After a short while, an old man appeared from the White Deer Institute, looking at the crowd and smiling. “Follow me in.”

The crowd nodded and followed the old man into the institute.

In actuality, the White Deer Institute was the Bailu Clan. However, they liked the name of ‘Institute’ more. Within the Institute were pavilions and buildings, with little bridges built across flowing waters, projecting an air of lushness and tranquility.

The old man brought the crowd to a stone wall. On this stone wall, many outlines of Divine Inscriptions could be seen engraved upon it, giving people a sense of sharpness, yet their eyes still involuntarily shifted over, taking in the wall’s markings.

The power in Divine Inscriptions comes from a mysterious source. Miraculous effects occur only when lines of runic Inscriptions intersect and weave about, forming a complete picture of a Divine Inscription.

Qin Wentian could tell with a single glance that the Divine Inscriptions on the stone wall were all second-ranked inscriptions, and the person who inscribed it should also be at the master level. Each stroke of each outline was almost perfect and even if Qin Wentian himself were the one to perform the engravings, he could only improve upon it slightly.

“If the outlines were slightly more graceful, with a twirl at the end of the curl at that final point of intersection, it would be even more perfect. What a pity,” Qin Wentian murmured, causing Leng Ning, standing by the side, to freeze. To her, the inscriptions on the stone wall were already incomparably exquisite, this was something she wouldn’t be able to do. But from Qin Wentian’s words... this fellow was truly a braggart. Especially the expression on his face, as though he truly believed what he said was right, which caused Leng Ning to be speechless.

“What big words.” A mocking voice drifted over. Qin Wentian shifted his gaze as he saw a young man clad in yellow robes looking at him, while laughing coldly. “This Divine Inscription has already reached the pinnacle of perfection, each and every stroke of its outline interweave perfectly to form a complete picture without flaw. But in your perspective, there’s still room for improvement?”

After speaking, his gaze turned to Leng Ning as he laughed. “Leng Ning, is this a friend of yours?”

Leng Ning furrowed her brows, this fellow was here as well. He purposely came over to find trouble when he noticed that she was with Qin Wentian and his group. Although this Divine Inscription looked very complete, she could still see it was a little distance away from perfection. The yellow-clad youth should be able to tell so as well, yet his words said otherwise, indicating that he was obviously here to create trouble.

“Yan Kong, what does it have to do with you?” Leng Ning coldly replied.

“Indeed, this has nothing to do with me. I’m only worried that your good nature might be taken advantage of by strangers. What a bunch of braggarts.” Yan Kong laughed loudly, causing many in the crowd to focus their attention over to them.

Fan Le narrowed his eyes as he stared at Yan Kong. With a cultivation base only at the third level of Yuanfu? He would be squashed like an insect the moment Chu Mang slapped him. How was it that he dared to be this arrogant.

“Hey baby, who is this retard?” Fan Le asked Leng Ning, causing her to be slightly stunned.  
“Retard?”

“Since he already knows that this has nothing to do with him, why is he still standing here spouting crap? If he is not a retard, then what is he?” Hints of sympathy could be seen in Fan Le’s gaze as he looked at Yan Kong. This caused Yan Kong’s countenance to stiffen as he glared at Fan Le, a cold light glimmering in his eyes.

“Haaaa-” Leng Ning tried to cover her mouth, but her laughter still resounded. She realised that this fatty wasn’t as irksome as she thought he was.

“Leng Ning, you are so beautiful, you know?” Fan Le smiled. Upon hearing the sound of Leng Ning’s radiant laughter, he swept his gaze over her figure again.

The gazes of the crowd momentarily froze as they perspired. This fellow... even if he wanted to make a move on the girl, he needn’t be so direct, right?

Qin Wentian immediately turned and left, pretending he didn’t know this shameless fellow.

“Idiot.” Yan Kong coldly stared at Fan Le. After which, he shifted his stare towards Leng Ning as he continued, “Leng Ning, I have to commend you on your ‘taste’.”

Leng Ning didn’t expect that Fan Le would be so corny, at this moment she was at a loss for words.

“Quiet down.” At that moment, the old man leading the way spoke out. The clamor died as the crowd directed their attention towards him. Soon after, a young lady appeared beside the old man, wearing a body-hugging, contour-accentuating, long, black-colored robe. Her curves were all visibly outlined, and that smoking-hot body didn’t lose out in the slightest when compared to Leng Ning. Her chest appeared even fuller and her exquisite, white neck resembled a heavenly crane. Her appearance was so outstanding that no one wanted to look away from her.

Not only did she have a devilish figure, her face was the face of an angel. It radiated purity, giving people a strong sense of delightful contrast.

Fan Le’s eyes lit up, he loved the Moon Continent so, so, so, so much. Beautiful ladies were as common as the clouds and they were all of extremely high quality. Fatty’s spring days were coming!

“Bailu Yi, the White Deer Institutes’ greatest Divine Inscriptionist from the younger generations. Not only was she able to inscribe third-ranked Inscriptions, the outlines were all incomparably intricate. In addition, her suitors were all extraordinary characters, you guys have no hope at all,” Leng Ning explained in a low voice, after seeing the look in Fatty’s eyes.

Qin Wentian contemplated Bailu Yi, indeed she was a woman that exuded charm, and just looking at her would cause people to be unable to forget her appearance. And what’s more astonishing was that she could actually inscribe third-ranked Divine Inscriptions at such a young age. He himself knew how difficult it was to comprehend and inscribe third-ranked Inscriptions.

“Not bad indeed,” Qin Wentian lightly commented, causing Leng Ning to be utterly dumbfounded. The ability to inscribe third-ranked Inscriptions only earned a commendation of ‘not bad’? She should already be considered a ‘monster’.

This handsome fellow in front of her, boasted with such a straight face, and with no hints of shame. It was as though his words were decidedly correct and a matter of course.

#### Chapter 232: The name of Mo Qingcheng

Bailu Yi swept her gaze across the crowd, “After this, you will all select a Divine Inscription engraved on the stonewall and try to inscribe it yourself. If your performance is good enough, I shall be the Teacher for this batch instead.”

The eyes of the crowd brightened as they heard Bailu Yi’s words. There was no one that doubted Bailu Yi’s attainments in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions despite her age. As the most outstanding Divine Inscriptionist among the younger generation, Bailu Yi’s level of expertise was extremely terrifying. Moreover, she was a great beauty, so the crowd was more than willing, especially the younger guys, who had already started to fantasize.

If they could take this chance to catch her eye...

“Are these fellows serious?” Leng Ning didn’t know whether to laugh or cry as she turned her gaze onto the crowd, their eyes had already totally lit up with anticipation. Naturally, Fan Le was one of them. “White Deer Institute wishes to find a talented young man to be Bailu Yi’s companion. Sadly, she has only one requirement – the man who wishes to have her as his wife only needs to have a higher level of attainment than her in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions.”

“Is her attainment really that high?” Qin Wentian asked, astonishment coloring his face.

“What do you think? The White Deer Institute specialises in Divine Inscriptions, not to mention she has a forging-type Astral Soul. How could she not be an expert? Don’t tell me you wish to court her as well?” Leng Ning studied Qin Wentian. All these men were the same, a bunch of horny things, there wasn’t a single good’un among them.

Upon seeing the slightly ‘unkind’ gaze Leng Ning was shooting his way, Qin Wentian felt extremely depressed. Beautiful things would naturally have their share of admirers. First of all, not counting whether he liked Bailu Yi or not, even if he wished to court her, there was no need for Leng Ning to stare at him in such a way, right?

“I already have someone I love.” Qin Wentian shook his head, as he smiled. Only then did Leng Ning stop.

“Yeah, his girlfriend is really so hot, the number one beauty in the Pill Emperor Hall,” Fan Le interjected. Leng Ning’s gaze momentarily froze as she stared at Fan Le. “Why not say his girlfriend is Mo Qingcheng?”

“How did you know?” This reply caused Fan Le to be stunned. He was just casually interjecting, yet Leng Ning had actually guessed it.

Seeing how serious Fan Le’s countenance was as she looked at him, Leng Ning drew in a huge breath before saying a single word, “Scram.”

This fellow was way too shameless.

“You are acquainted with Mo Qingcheng?” Qin Wentian inquired in a low voice, his heart thumping.

Leng Ning had a bizarre look in her eyes as she stared at Qin Wentian. After which, she replied icily, “A few months ago, the Pill Emperor’s daughter, Luo He, brought back a treasured disciple she found on her travels. Several major powers went to offer their congratulations. This matter caused a commotion that shook the Moon Continent, it was circulated that this new disciple was named Mo Qingcheng and had features so beautiful that she was capable of toppling kingdoms and empires. Now, there’s no one around that doesn’t know the name, Mo Qingcheng.”

“However, you guys are truly without any sense of shame, to think that you can even utter such words.”

“Hu...” Qin Wentian drew in a deep breath, as a bitter smile curled his lips. It seemed like he had to hurry up and gain control and the acceptance of this branch of the ‘hidden’ Azure Faction. If not, he wouldn’t even have the qualifications to meet Qingcheng. Even a stranger like Leng Ning felt that he was a daydreaming idiot.

However, this branch had concealed itself for a few thousand years. Qin Wentian didn’t understand a single thing about the White Deer Institute, so he could only take it step by step, entering the Institute first and then becoming a core member.

“Enough, come and inscribe your chosen Incriptions on the stone wall over here.” At this moment, the old man beside Bailu Yi spoke, as he led the prospective students to a place with many stone monuments, each displaying countless attempted Divine Incriptions on it. This should be where the previous test candidates had inscribed their Divine Incriptions.



The people in the crowd walked towards their selected stone monuments. Fan Le and Chu Mang stood on the left and right of Qin Wentian as they scratched their heads. They didn't even have a basic understanding regarding comprehension of Divine Inscriptions.

Qin Wentian had already chosen which Divine Inscription he wanted to inscribe. Directing the Astral Energy within his body, he channelled it to his finger as a mote of starlight appeared. He then inscribed the outlines of his chosen Divine Inscription – that of a flying sword, on the stone monument. This was all done in an unbroken rhythm, with him completing it in a single attempt.

“I'm done, will Miss Bailu please take a look?” A voice broke the silence of the air, the person who spoke was none other than Yan Kong. He completed his inscription roughly about the same time as Qin Wentian. As the gazes of the crowd drifted over, they only saw the outline of an eagle majestically flying in the skies. An aura emanated forth from the stone monument, causing people to involuntarily sigh in admiration. The level of standards for this newly inscribed Divine Inscription had already surpassed the one on the original stone wall.

“Indeed, he's someone from the Yan Clan, his talent in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions is abnormally high,” many mused in their hearts. The Yan Clan, was exceptionally famous in this region.

Leng Ning's gaze was somewhat unsightly. After a while, she had also completed her inscription. Although it wasn't bad, there was an obvious disparity between hers and Yan Kong's. She did her very best and barely met the mark of inscribing a second-ranked Divine Inscription. She had already reached her limits. She could only stare dumbly at her own inscription, while feeling a slight sadness in her heart.

“Once you have completed the inscription, please stand over to the other side.”

“Have you completed your inscription of a second-ranked Divine Inscription?” Leng Ning appeared preoccupied, as she turned her head and asked Qin Wentian. He had chosen a flying sword, what a simple Divine Inscription.

“Yeah.” Qin Wentian lightly nodded.

“If there are no other variables, he should be able to obtain the top score.” Fan Le was extremely familiar with Qin Wentian's attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions. He could already inscribe perfect third-ranked Inscriptions, not to mention second-ranked ones.

After everyone was done, that old man and Bailu Yi walked about, gazing at the completed works of each of the students. As they studied the inscription done by Yan Kong, the old man smiled as he intoned in a low voice to Bailu Yi, “Yan Kong’s ability in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions is indeed impressive. If you study within the White Deer Institute for a period of time, your attainment will be even higher. There are several talents within this batch of students, but Yan Kong is the strongest.”

“Hmm, you are wrong.” Suddenly, Bailu Yi walked forward to pause in front of a stone monument.

The old man’s countenance faltered, as he turned his gaze upon the stone monument that caught Bailu Yi’s attention. On the monument, an inscription of a sword could be seen. The outline appeared extremely simple. Although it emitted a sensation of sharpness when one gazed upon it, it was after all, one of the easiest Divine Inscriptions to inscribe.

Bailu Yi extended her index finger out, as Astral Energy flowed from within her into the Divine Inscription.

Chichi~ The sensation of sharpness intensified. Cracking sounds rang out, as the keening of a sword could be heard. In the next moment, the stone monument split apart, leaving behind a deep-looking sword scar.

“Returning to its natural state, the attainment of this person has, at the very least, reached the large-success stage for the second level.” Bailu Yi’s eyes gleamed, as she asked the old man, “Who was the one who inscribed this?”

“I don’t know who he is, I’ve never met this young man around here before. Bailu Yi, will you be the teacher for this batch of students?” the old man inquired.

“Yeah, I’ll do it.” Bailu Yi nodded her head. “Bring them to the institute after collecting their Yuan Meteor Stones.”

“Right.” The old man turned and started to make the arrangements.

Within the Institute, there were many stone desks and stone seats. In front of them was a stone wall with various kinds of Divine Inscriptions carved upon it. Qin Wentian sat beside Leng Ning, while Fan Le and Chu Mang sat behind him.

Bailu Yi stood at the front of the stone desks with her back facing the stone wall. Looking at the students, she stated, “Some of you don’t even have the slightest concept of what Divine Inscriptions are, yet choose to waste your time here. Since you’ve made your choice, I won’t say anything much regarding that. In any case, there’s one person among you guys whose attainment has, at the very least, reached the largest stage of success for the second level. I regard that person highly.”

Chu Mang fidgeted about uncomfortably while rubbing his head, as an expression of ‘you-caught-me’ appeared on his face. While Fan Le who was beside him, didn’t have any shame at all. He continued staring intently at Bailu Yi, taking in her features, as he lost himself in admiration.

Upon hearing her words, many in the crowd shifted their gazes onto Yan Kong. The person whom Bailu Yi spoke of, it should be Yan Kong, right?

Feeling the stares of others, Yan Kong sat up straighter as a smile filled with pride appeared on his face.

Leng Ning felt a sense of defeat as her countenance turned cool.

“Divine Inscriptions are the most mysterious sources of energy in this world. With Divine Inscriptions, one can forge Divine Weapons, set up Formations, and even use the Divine Inscriptions themselves in battle. The Dao of Divine Inscriptions, encompasses the Dao of Heaven and Earth. The power it contains, is boundless,” Bailu Yi lectured.

“Are Divine Inscriptions really that powerful? Even if your level of attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions is higher compared to mine? As long as my cultivation is stronger, I could defeat you with ease,” Fan Le spoke. Bailu Yi glanced at him before replying, “Look at what you have inscribed, I mean drawn. The picture of a white puppy. Good drawing skills indeed.”

“HAHAHA!” Immediately, everyone exploded with laughter. Luckily, Fan Le’s skin was thick, so he didn’t mind the ribbing.

“Have you heard before the story where a Yuanfu Cultivator slayed a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign?” Bailu Yi asked Fan Le.

“It’s impossible, right?”

“Naturally this is impossible for ordinary cultivators, but for powerful Divine Inscriptionists, they could do so by borrowing the power contained within Heaven and Earth. Over here in the Moon Continent, there’s a grandmaster in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions with a cultivation base at the Yuanfu Realm who slayed an awe-inspiring Heavenly Dipper Sovereign. Not only that, this matter was personally witnessed by many, you can just ask around.”

Bailu Yi casually explained, while the countenances of the crowd remained stoic and solemn. Apparently, they all knew of this matter.

“That strong?” Fan Le grinned.

Leng Ning turned her head to roll her eyes at Fan Le. This fellow simply had no idea how powerful the White Deer Institute was.

In the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, the White Deer Institute was the most famous and strongest among all powers within the Moon Continent. They had Inscriptions for Divine Weapons, Inscriptions for Formations, Inscriptions for Battles. They were extremely proficient with all types of usage regarding Divine Inscriptions.

Bailu Yi didn’t reply to Fan Le. She continued lecturing while Qin Wentian quietly listened. Although his talent in Divine Inscriptions could be considered monstrous, his knowledge regarding the Dao of Divine Inscriptions was extremely lacking.

Divine Inscriptions were undoubtedly the key that would allow him to enter the White Deer Institute.

The lesson lasted for four hours. Qin Wentian felt that he had benefited tremendously. After the lesson, they respectively departed from the White Deer Institute.

“How do you feel?” Leng Ning asked Qin Wentian.

“Not bad, Bailu Yi’s attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions was indeed at a high enough level. In fact, her explanation caused me to gain some insights,” Qin Wentian replied with a laugh.

Leng Ning turned speechless. Qin Wentian’s words were sounding more and more boastful, maybe that was his personality? Actually, Qin Wentian only said what he said because his level of attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions was high enough. Yet, Leng Ning kept thinking that

Qin Wentian's aptitude in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions was just ordinary, which was why she felt Qin Wentian was bragging.

"Miss Leng, we came here in a hurry and have no place to stay. Would it be an inconvenience if we stayed at your residence for a few days??" Fan Le interjected as he walked to Leng Ning's side.

"....." For a moment, Qin Wentian was at a loss for words, before he then replied, "It's fine, we will find an inn to stay in. Little Rascal, come here."

However, Little Rascal merely snuggled even more contently against Leng Ning's bosom and refused to budge an inch. Its actions caused Qin Wentian to be speechless. This fellow was as lecherous as Fan Le.

"Don't worry about it. Anyway, my residence isn't far away and there are many empty rooms about. There's no problem, you guys can stay for a few days," Leng Ning replied, she was very fond of Little Rascal. Although Qin Wentian loved to boast, his character wasn't bad. Perhaps he tended to brag as a way to seem superior than he really was, somehow believing he could actually impress the ladies in this manner?

#### Chapter 233: Leng Ning's Worries

Qin Wentian didn't expect that Leng Ning would actually agree to Fan Le's request. It seemed that this young woman may look cold and unfeeling on the outside, however it belied an innocent heart. If not, she wouldn't have agreed so easily to strangers staying over at her residence. After all, she had only been acquainted with them for a day...

"Hehe, Beauty Leng Ning, you have to take note of your status. It wouldn't look good for you if this matter was known to my uncle." A mocking voice drifted over, as Yan Kong appeared.

Leng Ning's countenance turned cold, and appeared extremely unpleasant before she spat out a single word, "Scram."

"Hmph, Leng Ning, you better be more polite to me," Yan Kong snorted coldly as he flicked his sleeves and left. His followers trailing behind him snickered as they passed, "This lass from the Leng Clan can be considered a supreme beauty. Yan Kong, you are really fortunate indeed. Earlier, Bailu Yi praised that your attainments had already reached the large-success stage of the second level. Just maybe... you might have a chance with her."

Upon hearing these words, the arrogance on Yan Kong's face intensified, and he left, as proud as a peacock.

“Let’s leave as well,” Leng Ning intoned in a low voice. They didn’t know whether it was because of Yan Kong’s words but during the journey, Leng Ning’s face remained extremely cold, as though her heart was full of worry. Even Fan Le’s jokes were disregarded, causing Qin Wentian to speculate that she may have recently met with some form of trouble.

The Leng Clan could be considered a large clan within this region. At the very least, it was much larger compared to the Mo Clan in Chu. In fact, almost any clan that could have their roots traced back to the Moon Continent was already something that the clans in Chu couldn’t be compared to.

They followed Leng Ning and entered the Leng Residence, after which two silhouettes, a young male and female, walked over to meet them.

“Walk there.” Leng Ning appeared as if she wanted to avoid them. But before she could do so, the female already called out to her, laughing, “Leng Ning, why are you running away right after seeing me?”

“Leng Lin, is there something you need?” Leng Ning frowned.

“I heard that you went to the White Deer Institute to cultivate your attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions? Why are you working so hard? Wouldn’t it be the same if you just married someone of high standing? By then, your status would rise even higher.” The tone of Leng Lin’s words was somewhat bizarre.

“Let’s leave,” Leng Ning whispered to Qin Wentian and the others, who stood behind her. She didn’t wish to interact with Leng Lin any further.

“Hehe Leng Ning, you better take care of your image. How are you so brazen that you’re even bringing a few guys home? Or are you trying to be like me, finding someone dependable?” Leng Lin leaned upon the arms of the young man beside her as she spoke. The young man quietly contemplated Leng Ning’s group with a slight smile on his face.

Leng Ning didn’t bother to reply as she continued walking forward. Qin Wentian walked to her side, and seeing how angry she looked, he couldn’t help but ask, “Your Clan arranged a marriage for you, but you are unwilling?”

Upon hearing his question, Leng Ning shot an icy glance at Qin Wentian, causing him to shrug his shoulders as he commented, “Never mind, pretend I didn’t say anything.”

It seemed like this matter was a taboo topic to Leng Ning.

As the young Miss of the Leng Clan, Leng Ning had her own separate courtyard, with plenty of empty rooms. She pointed to one and said, “Qin Wentian you stay here, as for that big guy, he can stay there. That fatty can stay right there, all the way over to the side.”

“Why is my room all the way over there?” Fan Le grumbled.

“I don’t trust you,” Leng Ning coldly replied, as Fan Le’s countenance immediately became crestfallen.

“Ridiculous, what do you think you’re doing?” Suddenly, a voice filled with anger echoed through the air. As the sounds of footsteps rang out, a middle-aged man quickly appeared. He swept a gaze at Qin Wentian and the rest before he asked in a frosty voice, “Who are these people?”

“They are my friends who I met over at the White Deer Institute.” Leng Ning’s countenance was as cold as ever.

“You mean this group of people are studying Divine Inscriptions with you? What a joke, do you think that by finding a few other guys you’ll be able to solve the issue? You intentionally wanted to anger the Yan Clan?” The middle-aged man shouted in a rage, “Tell them to get lost.”

“You don’t need to concern yourself with my matters,” Leng Ning bluntly rebutted.

“I’m your Father,” the middle-aged man raged.

“Hahaha, so you’re aware that you are my father?” Cold intent glimmered in Leng Ning’s eyes.

“Are you trying to anger me to the point of death? Why can’t you be more sensible, everything I’ve done is all for your own good. That person is a third-ranked Divine Inscriptions Grandmaster.” The middle-aged man coldly snorted.

“SHUT UP!” Leng Ning screamed.

“You...” The middle-aged man moved to lift his hands, as if preparing for a slap. Yet Leng Ning merely looked at him, with hints of ice in her gaze.

“Hmph, you better know what’s good for you.” In the end, the middle-aged man turned and walked away.

Qin Wentian and the others stood there, dumbfounded. This matter was more complicated than they had expected, and as outsiders, it was better for them to keep their mouths shut.

After the incident, each of them retreated to their own rooms to rest. Within his room, Qin Wentian sat cross-legged as he viewed the Yuanfu in his body. All three of his Yuanfu were like pools filled with Astral Energy, with great amounts of Divine Energy mixed within. Qin Wentian’s strength with Divine Inscriptions was so great because he actively used them to unceasingly convert his Astral Energy into Divine Energy.

For Qin Wentian, he had already reached the level where he could easily inscribe second-ranked Divine Inscriptions almost instantaneously.

“The Yuanfu Realm is truly hard to level up. Especially for me, I need to fill up all three of my Yuanfu.” Qin Wentian was extremely depressed. Previously, his cultivation had developed at an insane speed, but after stepping into Yuanfu, he was still only at the second level, even after so much time had passed. Despite this, the total amount of Astral Energy his Yuanfu had were many times greater compared to others.

The door opened, and Little Rascal nudged his way in as a series of ‘yiyiyaya’ sounds appeared in his mind.

After which, Qin Wentian saw Little Rascal turning as though it wanted him to follow after.

Qin Wentian felt its actions were a little strange, yet he still followed the snowy puppy outside. But who would have thought that Little Rascal would actually lead him towards Leng Ning’s room?

“You want me to enter?” Qin Wentian asked. Little Rascal nodded its adorable head in response.

Qin Wentian bitterly laughed, he didn’t know what Little Rascal intended. The door to Leng Ning’s room was open. Upon walking in, Qin Wentian saw Leng Ning sitting in the living room, silently sobbing. The sight of this left Qin Wentian stunned; why was she crying all of a sudden?



When she noticed the arrival of Qin Wentian, she hurriedly wiped her tears away as she asked coldly, “What are you doing here?”

Qin Wentian could only smile bitterly. He walked towards Leng Ning and sat down beside her, asking in a low voice, “Is there something wrong? Why are you crying?”

Leng Ning stared at Qin Wentian, and seeing how clear his eyes were, she couldn't help but think that this fellow was really good looking. The only bad point about him was his love of boasting.

“That man earlier was my Father. He and the Clan wanted to force me into marriage, and the other party is none other than Yan Kong's uncle. Although Yan Kong's uncle is about 70 – 80 years old, that's not the issue. A cultivator would normally look middle-aged at that stage in their life. However, his uncle is different. He looks extremely old, more like a freak.”

“And do you know what? This fellow has already had several wives, but all of them ended up insane. Yeah, insane... they were all tortured into insanity by that old freak. My father actually wants me to marry such a man.”

After explaining, Leng Ning started to cry again. Her eyes reddened, “What's even more ludicrous was that they said it was all for my own good. Didn't they want the marriage simply because that old freak is a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist? Isn't it so that he could help them? Thus, they chose to sacrifice me, pushing me into the arms of a devil.”

Qin Wentian was flabbergasted as he heard Leng Ning's words. Were all large clans this cruel? Because of some benefits, they could even trade away their daughter's life. This was too outrageous.

Qingcheng was born in the Mo Clan, but her father doted on her. His own father, Qin Chuan, also had an extremely close relationship with Qin Yao.

“Are there no other solutions?” Qin Wentian asked in a low voice.

“There is, and that's to find someone with an even more amazing talent. That Leng Lin from earlier, she's my cousin. Initially she was the one chosen for the marriage, but she managed to find someone else – that person you saw standing beside her earlier. He's a cultivator at the third level of

Yuanfu, and is also a peak second-ranked Divine Inscriptionist. After which, Leng Lin told the clan I should go in her stead and they all agreed. Hahaha, how ridiculous.”

Within that moment, Leng Ning was exceptionally fragile. Looking at Qin Wentian, a thought suddenly flashed past her mind: wasn't this fellow also a Divine Inscriptionist?

However soon after, her excited countenance faded into gloominess again. Why would she suddenly think of him? Although he was good-looking, he was only good at bragging.

“Second-ranked Divine Inscriptionist. It seems like the criteria set by your Clan is not that strict after all.” Qin Wentian laughed.

Hearing Qin Wentian boasting again, Leng Ning was speechless, “Wait, you mean you are also a peak second-ranked Divine Inscriptionist? If you are willing to, I would rather marry you.”

“Er...” Black lines appeared on Qin Wentian's face. This... this matter was too troublesome, there was no way he would marry Leng Ning.

“Forget it, I don't know why I'm speaking like this.” Leng Ning shook her head as she stared at Qin Wentian. “However, you are really quite adorable, the inscriptions you chose to inscribe during the examination are the simplest kind, yet you speak such big words with a straight face. I can't tell when you are being serious.”

After speaking, Leng Ning finally smiled. The radiance of her smile caused the splendour of her beauty to deepen. Qin Wentian couldn't help but sigh in his heart.

“Actually you're really very beautiful when you smile, why do you need to look so cold on the outside? Just let nature take its course, and maybe there will be a solution to resolve this when the time comes,” Qin Wentian persuaded.

“I'll try...” Leng Ning felt much better after sharing the burden in her heart.

“Actually, I'm a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist,” Qin Wentian added, he didn't know whether this information would be able to help Leng Ning or not.

Leng Ning froze for a moment before grinning, “Yeah I know, and your girlfriend is Mo Qingcheng right? The reason why you came to the Moon Continent was to look for her, right?”

“Yeah.” Qin Wentian nodded seriously.

Leng Ning totally gave in. “Fine, fine, thank you for being a good listener. It’s time for you to leave. After all, this is my room.”

“Er...” Qin Wentian bitterly laughed. Was he so unworthy of trust? Anyway, they would still need to stay here for a period of time, he would try his best to see if he could help this poor young woman. As for marrying Leng Ning, the thought had never crossed his mind.

After Qin Wentian’s departure, Leng Ning shook her head and mumbled, “Silly fellow, if you really are a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, even if I had to be your concubine, I wouldn’t mind.”

Qin Wentian’s senses were extremely sharp. Upon hearing Leng Ning’s words, his legs suddenly grew soft as he almost fell down. The black lines on his face multiplied as he quickly walked away. After knowing her thoughts on the subject, would he still dare reveal himself as a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist in the future?

Chapter 234: Invite

The night was as silent as still water.

Qin Wentian cultivated quietly in his room, columns of Astral Light cascading down from the skies, forming intense beams that illuminated the room’s roof.

Leng Ning sat on a vine swing within her courtyard. The vine swing was hung in between two trees, and it gently swayed in the wind. When she was young, her mom would often swing her on it, but after her mom passed away, her life became increasingly tedious. It didn’t help that her father’s status in the clan was low and he always ended up blindly agreeing with whatever the elders said.

Leng Ning sighed softly as she thought of this, laughing bitterly at her own fate. After which she lifted her head, her gaze attracted to the roof of Qin Wentian’s room. Why was the Astral Energy so saturated around that region?

“That braggart is pretty interesting as well.” Leng Ning wanted to smile, Qin Wentian’s skin was so thick it was funny. When she said that both Mo Qingcheng and him were a couple, he actually had the gall to nod his head.

Dawn approached, and Qin Wentian walked out of his room. Upon seeing how Leng Ning had fallen asleep on that vine swing, Qin Wentian couldn't help but walk up and cover her with his outer coat.

Leng Ning's eyelashes fluttered as her eyes slowly opened, still unfocused. After a moment, she smiled when she noticed Qin Wentian and greeted, "Good morning Mr. Grandmaster Inscriptionist."

"Eh..." Qin Wentian sweated, "Morning."

"It's already morning, do you want something to eat? I'll go make breakfast." Leng Ning leapt down from the swing and brought some light pastries over. Although cultivators in the Yuanfu Realm could survive without food intake, many still preferred to do so, enjoying the taste of delicacies, satisfying their food cravings.

"Not bad." Qin Wentian ate a piece, as he smiled.

"Thanks for the praise of a Grandmaster, should I inform the two other young masters as well? It's about time to go to the White Deer Institute."

"It's fine, the two of them have no interest in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions. It doesn't matter if they attend the lessons or not," Qin Wentian replied, it was better for Chu Mang and Fan Le to stay here and cultivate instead of wasting time there.

"Okay, let's go then." Leng Ning nodded, and the two of them departed for the White Deer Institute.

However, right before they could enter the Institute, Qin Wentian found that the entrance was being blocked by someone.

Today, Yan Kong was clad in blue. His followers all had unpleasant expressions on their faces as they intercepted Qin Wentian's and Leng Ning's path.

"I heard that you stayed in her courtyard last night?" Yan Kong narrowed his eyes, staring at Qin Wentian.

"Yan Kong, you have no right to interfere in my business." Leng Ning furrowed her brows, glaring at Yan Kong.

“Sooner or later, you will be part of my Yan Clan, you’d better watch your actions.” Yan Kong coldly stared back. After which, he shifted his eyes to Qin Wentian, “It’s no matter if you love women, but there are some women that you are unqualified to touch. Otherwise, you won’t even know how you’ve died. Let me just warn you in advance, you’d better separate yourself from the Leng Clan as soon as possible.”

After speaking, with mocking smiles on their faces, Yan Kong and his followers turned and entered the Institute.

“I’m sorry, I’ve caused you trouble.” Leng Ning felt somewhat apologetic.

“Why are you apologising? We are the ones that wanted to stay in your residence.” Qin Wentian shrugged, appearing as though he couldn’t be bothered at all. Fan Le had told him before, Yan Kong’s cultivation base was at the third level of Yuanfu, and in addition to that, with his attainments in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions only at the peak of the second level, he was of no threat to Qin Wentian. The only problem was that his Clan might be a little too troublesome to handle. Yet, if Yan Kong really wanted to make a move against him, Qin Wentian wouldn’t mind playing along with him.

“Do you want to move out?” Leng Ning glanced at Qin Wentian, while shaking her head.

“It’s fine, just ignore him.” Qin Wentian couldn’t be bothered and directly entered the Institute. Leng Ning stared at the back view of Qin Wentian, while continuing to shake her head. This fellow sure loved to act cool. In front of Yan Kong, he had nothing to say, but the moment Yan Kong wasn’t there, he went back to acting cool, causing her to be speechless.

Inside the Institute, Qin Wentian quietly studied Divine Inscriptions. It seemed that White Deer Institute’s knowledge regarding the Dao of Divine Inscriptions had opened up new paths regarding his comprehension.

Back then, he only knew that Divine Inscriptions could be used to forge weapons for conversion of Divine Energy. Only now did he understand that what he previously knew before was just the tip of the iceberg. The Dao of Divine Inscriptions was truly wide-ranging and profound.

According to the teachings of the Institute, he learnt that the Dao of Divine Inscriptions could be classified into four categories. 1) Divine Inscriptions for Forging of Weapons 2) Divine Inscriptions for Etching Formations 3) Divine Inscriptions for Battle 4) Divine Inscriptions for Refining Puppets!

The first category, Divine Inscriptions for Forging Weapons, obviously meant the forging of Divine Weapons which Qin Wentian had already understood. The second, Divine Inscriptions for Etching Formations, referred to inscribing Divine Inscriptions to set up formations or arrays for various kinds of purposes. As for Divine Inscriptions for Battle, this may be what Qin Wentian had comprehended before, e.g. using Sword-Type Divine Inscriptions to spit out sword beams manifested by Sword-Type Divine Energy, which were converted from Astral Energy. Yet, he understood that what he had comprehended then, was merely a hair from the back of nine oxen. Lastly, Divine Inscriptions for Refining Puppets, which referred to using the power of Divine Inscriptions to create/power up puppets.

Although the actual methods of refining a puppet wasn't mentioned in detail by the White Deer Institute, Qin Wentian still felt great excitement blooming in his heart.

He had already made the connection that Divine Inscriptions and Innate Techniques both shared the same roots, and had proven that he could unleash the power of innate techniques through Divine Inscriptions, using his arterial pathways as a vessel. Similarly, when he used Divine Inscriptions to convert the Astral Energy within his body to Divine Energy, it was also channelled through using his arterial pathways as a vessel. Currently, Qin Wentian had a bold hypothesis, could the arterial pathways in the bodies of humankind also be a type of runic outline modelled from the same source as Divine Inscriptions?

If this hypothesis was true, then he had already gained some insights regarding the Dao of Puppet Refinement.

Other than expounding lectures on the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, the White Deer Institute teachers taught their students regarding various subjects such as conducting research, inscription techniques, how to destroy an already inscribed Inscription, etc. Without noticing it, the one-month timeframe soon came to an end. For people like Fan Le, it was indeed a waste of Yuan Meteor Stones, but as for people like Qin Wentian, the benefits gained far outweighed the cost.

Within the Institute, Bailu Yi gave her lecture in front of the inscription stone wall. She radiated an aura of purity, causing countless males to involuntarily fall in love with her.

“Okay, since tomorrow is the last day of the one-month time frame, I don't intend to conduct the last lecture within the Institute. Instead, I plan to bring all of you to the Hell Arena over at the Eastern City to observe a battle fought with the usage of Divine Inscriptions,” Bailu Yi stated, causing the eyes of many in the crowd to narrow. The Hell Arena.

“What kind of place is the Hell Arena?” Qin Wentian asked Leng Ning in a low voice.

Leng Ning had a solemn look on her face, she could even feel her scalp turning numb when the Hell Arena was mentioned. Wasn't this Bailu Yi somewhat too daring? She actually wanted to go to the Hell Arena?

“The craziest place within the Moon Continent is called either Heaven or Hell, also known as the Grand Xia Empire's Grandest Casino. For the sake of profit, the people there would even place wagers with their lives on the line,” Leng Ning replied, as a mask of contemplation appeared on Qin Wentian's face.

“And in addition, after tomorrow, I plan to select one person out of the whole group to continue studying the Dao of Divine Inscriptions with me,” Bailu Yi added, causing many flashes of excitement to flicker in the students' eyes. They wondered who'd be the lucky one chosen to study Divine Inscriptions with Bailu Yi as their teacher.

After hearing her words, many people shifted their gazes to Yan Kong. If Bailu Yi wanted to select one out of their numbers, she would most certainly choose the one with the highest attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions. If this was the case, the person selected would undoubtedly be Yan Kong.

Yet Qin Wentian didn't feel the same. He noticed that more than once, Bailu Yi would glance in his direction. Qin Wentian knew that the Sword-type Divine Inscription he inscribed a month ago had succeeded in capturing Bailu Yi's attention. Not only that, throughout this one-month time frame, he had quietly used a few methods to hint about his talent in the Dao Divine Inscriptions.

This was the only way to get into contact with the branch of 'hidden' Azure Faction's members. Apparently now, the opportunity had come.

“Leng Ning, I wish to treat Bailu Yi for a meal after this, you can return first,” Qin Wentian whispered to Leng Ning beside him. His statement caused Leng Ning to be thunderstruck, and after she recovered, she glared at Qin Wentian, “Bailu Yi rarely interacts with males. A few days ago, Yan Kong asked her out but was also rejected.”

This fellow's opinion of himself was as great as before. Where did he get such self-confidence from?

“I know.” Qin Wentian nodded, seemingly unconcerned. Leng Ning was speechless, and decided not to say anything more. Since he wanted to ram his toes into a wall of steel, let him do so then.

Yan Kong, who was sitting a few seats in front of them, turned and glanced at Qin Wentian. This fellow was truly obstinate. Even now, Qin Wentian still hadn’t moved out from Leng Ning’s courtyard despite his earlier warnings.

And now, he also wanted to take Bailu Yi out for a meal? What a joke.

“Okay, that’s all for today. Class dismissed,” Bailu Yi spoke.

“Teacher Bailu,” Qin Wentian called out when he saw that Bailu Yi was about to leave.

Bailu Yi paused when she heard’s Qin Wentian’s voice. From the start, she already had a deep impression of Qin Wentian. In addition, throughout this one month, Qin Wentian was always very serious about his studies and would speak out once he had any questions, regardless of how idiotic the questions might sound. He didn’t seem to mind people taking him as a fool.

Bailu Yi felt that it was strange how Qin Wentian seemed to have so much trouble with the basics, yet could still inscribe such a profound Divine Inscription. Not only that, from all the hints he was dropping, Bailu Yi could sense that Qin Wentian’s attainment may not merely be at the peak of the second level. This was also the reason for her earlier announcement saying that she would select one among the group to continue studying the Dao of Divine Inscriptions with her.

“Is there something you need?” Bailu Yi asked.

“Can I take Teacher Bailu out for a meal? I wish to consult you on some questions regarding Divine Inscriptions, and I wonder if Teacher Bailu would be free?” Qin Wentian walked in front of Bailu Yi, smiling as he inquired.

“Xu...” The group of learners all exhaled slowly. Qin Wentian’s invitation immediately caused a wave of commotion. Was this fellow crazy? Or was he dreaming? He actually wanted to invite the goddess of their hearts out for a meal?

Was he trying to be a clown? They were all waiting for the rejection that would turn Qin Wentian into a joke. Back then, when Yan Kong asked Bailu Yi out, she had rejected him without hesitation.



Yan Kong stared at Qin Wentian, feeling that he was extremely ridiculous. He then shifted his glance to Leng Ning before laughing in a low voice, “This friend of yours, is there something wrong with his head?”

The surrounding people all burst out in laughter.

Leng Ning’s countenance turned extremely unsightly, but she couldn’t control what Qin Wentian wanted to do, could she? She had already warned him!

“Yeah, sure!” At that moment, a melodic voice drifted over. Yan Kong’s face twitched, his mocking smile still frozen in place, and his eyes widened so much it was as though his eyeballs were about to pop out from their sockets.

#### Chapter 235: The Murderous Urges of Yan Kong

As the melodic voice echoed in the air, it was as though time had stopped.

The owner of the voice was naturally Bailu Yi, and not only did she not reject him, she straightforwardly agreed to Qin Wentian’s request.

Yan Kong stood frozen in place, looking like an idiot, while Leng Ning’s expression was extremely fascinating to behold.

After recovering from her shock, her eyes filled up with mirth as she regarded Yan Kong, “What’s impossible for you may not be impossible for others. You truly overestimated yourself, what a joke.”

Obviously, Leng Ning was referring to Yan Kong’s advances being rejected by Bailu Yi. Back then, Yan Kong didn’t feel humiliated because Bailu Yi’s rejection was only to be expected. How could the cool and noble Miss Bailu, be so easily invited? Yet now, when Qin Wentian had succeeded, how could Yan Kong not be embarrassed?

Yan Kong slowly turned his head, shifting his gaze towards Bailu Yi and Qin Wentian, his eyes flickering with an unknown emotion. Maybe it was because today was the last day of Bailu Yi’s

lecture, so she was more amiable compared to before. If he was the one who asked, he would definitely succeed too. After all, he was the strongest Divine Inscriptionist within this class of learners.

As this thought flashed in his mind, Yan Kong let out a brilliant smile, exuding his handsomeness. He then called out, "Teacher Bailu, I too have some questions to consult with you regarding Divine Inscriptions. Would you do me the honor?"

Bailu Yi was already preparing to leave together with Qin Wentian. Upon hearing Yan Kong's words, she couldn't help but find it laughable. Obviously, she understood the reason behind Yan Kong asking her out. Did he treat her like a prize to show off?

"I've already promised him," Bailu Yi still politely replied, she didn't want to cause Yan Kong to lose too much face.

"How about dinner then?" Yan Kong's smile was warm and genial. Bailu Yi furrowed her brows, this person didn't know when to retreat.

"I'm not free," Bailu Yi coldly replied and walked out of the Institute, leaving behind the stunned Yan Kong. As the gazes of the crowd fell upon him, his complexion turned pale with a green tinge.

"This is called finding trouble for oneself." Leng Ning giggled, causing Yan Kong to tremble with fury. This feeling was so satisfying!

Yan Kong stared daggers at the departing view of Qin Wentian, his lips pressed tight like the edge of a blade, revealing an unmasked killing intent. He didn't dare do anything to Bailu Yi, thus he could only take his anger out on Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian didn't have the time to bother with Yan Kong's thoughts. He walked out of the Institute together with Bailu Yi. Her beautiful eyes looked at him as she asked, "Where are we going?"

"I'm unsure of the places around here, why don't you bring me around instead?" Qin Wentian somewhat awkwardly replied. Bailu Yi's eyes flickered as she stared at him, "Is this how you usually treat girls out for a meal?"

“After arriving in the Moon Continent, the first thing we did was to enrol in the White Deer Institute. After which, we stayed the whole time at the Leng Clan. I’m not really familiar with the Moon Continent yet,” Qin Wentian stated with embarrassment.

“Fine, follow me then,” Bailu Yi straightforwardly said. Qin Wentian smiled as he tagged along. However, his smile soon turned to tears. Bailu Yi brought him to an inn named ‘Immortal Palate’. The design of this inn looked extremely lavish, and she chose a seat situated behind a luxurious screen, with man-made lakes flowing by each side.

As the food was served, the sweet fragrance of alcohol permeated the air. The dishes served consisted of valuable demonic beast meat, brewed and of top-grade quality. The cost of the meal was worth the same price Qin Wentian paid for a month’s worth of lessons at the White Deer Institute.

Bailu Yi involuntarily let out peals of laughter as she saw Qin Wentian staring at her unblinkingly. Her smile brought to mind the blooming of a snow lotus atop an ice mountain, as beautiful as the setting sun.

“The ‘Immortal Palate’ is the most famous inn in the entire Moon Continent. There are many branches open throughout, and they’re famed for delicacies that are capable of nourishing a cultivator’s body. The only downside is that their prices are outrageous. Why? Are you regretting that I brought you to this place?” Bailu Yi smiled, looking extremely beautiful.

But as Bailu Yi noticed how Qin Wentian still stared at her, she felt somewhat uncomfortable. Could it be that this fellow was so petty? She couldn’t even joke around with him?

“That smile of yours, made this all worth it.” Qin Wentian finally broke into a smile, causing Bailu Yi to be slightly stunned, before reverting back to her cool countenance. Wait, was she just teased by this guy?

“Consider us even.” Qin Wentian couldn’t help but feel more at ease in his heart. Who would have thought that the strict Teacher Bailu would also have such a mischievous side to her. She obviously chose to bring him here to ‘prank’ him.

“How daring.” Bailu Yi knew that Qin Wentian actions were intentional. “Tell me, how high exactly is your attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions?”

“I’m already a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, even before entering the White Deer Institute.” Qin Wentian didn’t hide the truth. After all, without sufficient strength, how could he control the White Deer Institute?

“Then why are you still here to learn?” Bailu Yi glared at Qin Wentian.

“Because my knowledge, in regards to the basics, is truly lacking. For example, I didn’t even know the four classifications of Divine Inscriptions until I learnt it from you. Before this, I was only skilled at engraving Divine Inscriptions onto weapons, and forging third-grade Divine Weapons,” Qin Wentian explained.

“Are you carrying anything that you inscribed yourself?” Bailu Yu inquired.

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian nodded. Rubbing his interspatial ring, a scroll of a painting appeared in his hands, which he then passed over to Bailu Yi.

“An innate technique hidden within a Divine Inscription?” With a single glance, Bailu Yi could tell how profound the painting was. Staring at Qin Wentian in shock, she mused. The attainment of this fellow in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions was actually this high?

“You truly had not studied from any grandmaster before? Did you reach this level through your own comprehensions?” Bailu Yi felt extremely curious.

“I have a forging-type Astral Soul which grants me an incomparable advantage in terms of inscribing Divine Inscriptions. As for the rest, I comprehended them myself.” If Qin Wentian were to say these words to Leng Ning, she would definitely tell him off for bragging again. However, Bailu Yi didn’t doubt it at all, and a strange brilliance flashed in her eyes as she looked at Qin Wentian. While she studied him seriously, her cool demeanor no longer seemed as reserved.

“It seems that you’re truly a genius in terms of Divine Inscriptions. So what’s your actual purpose in inviting me out for lunch?” Bailu Yi asked.

“I thought you were going to choose me to continue studying Divine Inscriptions with you?” Qin Wentian laughed, causing Bailu Yi to glare at him. “What a narcissist.”

“If not me, then do you mean Yan Kong?” Qin Wentian shrugged as he continued, “Actually even if you hadn’t said that, I would still think of other ways to continue studying with you. After all, there

are still many things that are unclear to me. I've truly benefitted immensely this month, but I still feel that what I learnt was only the tip of the iceberg. Hence, I wanted to treat you to a meal to further our acquaintance with each other."

Bailu Yi glanced at Qin Wentian as surprise flashed in her eyes. Qin Wentian's eyes were extremely clear, lighting up with a gentle smile that exuded sincerity. It was different from the gazes of other men who looked at her. Not only that, he was very honest with his requests, choosing to hide nothing at all.

"You don't have any lecherous thoughts directed at me, right?" Bailu Yi suddenly asked.

"Cough, cough." Qin Wentian choked on the wine he was drinking. Her words were simple, yet contained such great killing power. Qin Wentian had never thought that Bailu Yi would be so blunt, so he could only smile bleakly and reply, "Miss Bailu, I already have someone in my heart."

"Oh?" Bailu Yi was still somewhat doubtful, "Is she beautiful?"

"Yes, exceedingly." Qin Wentian nodded in reply.

"How about compared to me?" Bailu Yi laughed, causing Qin Wentian to be taken aback. He didn't expect that this Teacher Bailu would also have such a side to her.

"Hmm, I think she is still more beautiful," Qin Wentian replied seriously, causing Bailu Yi's expression to falter. However, she soon recovered and replied, "Really? Then I have to meet her sometime in the future."

"So does this mean that you believe me?" Qin Wentian started to relax.

"For now, yes, but if I find out that you've lied to me, you'd better be careful." Bailu Yi gave him a threatening look, replying with a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes. Not only was this 'innocent and pure-looking' Bailu Yi extremely powerful, she was highly proficient in the Dao of Puppet Creation as well. Nobody dared to cross her in this region of the Moon Continent.

Soon after, the topic of their discussion shifted to Divine Inscriptions, with both of them deeply engrossed in the conversation, gaining insights from the words of the other. Qin Wentian was extremely satisfied with his meeting with Bailu Yi today. Since he was going to be studying and researching on Divine Inscriptions together with her, it meant that he already had one foot inside the

inner echelons of the White Deer Institute. Thus, the first step in his plan to control the White Deer Institute had just officially begun.

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After returning to the Leng Clan, Leng Ning kept staring at Qin Wentian, her beautiful eyes flickering.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Qin Wentian perspired.

“What did you and Bailu Yi talk about?” Leng Ning inquired curiously.

“Nothing much, just trying to form a better relationship with her. After all, we’ll be studying and researching Divine Inscriptions together in the future,” Qin Wentian replied, causing Leng Ning to grin widely, “Wait, are you saying that Bailu Yi will choose you?”

“Yeah.” Qin Wentian nodded.

Leng Ning stretched out her hand, placing it onto Qin Wentian’s forehead. Over this one month, they were all already familiar with one another and treated each other as friends. Hence, Leng Ning’s attitude was many times more casual than before.

“What are you doing?” Qin Wentian felt her hands on his forehead as black lines appeared on his face.

“Just checking to see if your brain’s been burned by a fever,” Leng Ning replied somewhat dazedly, retracting her hands. “However, you’re really lucky, to think that Bailu Yi agreed to have a meal with you. How strange.”

After speaking, Leng Ning returned to her room, with her mind still full of question marks.

However on the second day, Leng Ning’s eyes almost fell out of her sockets. After Bailu Yi brought them over to the Hell Arena, she alone stood in the front, no one dared to approach her. However, Qin Wentian was truly bold, he walked to the front and stood shoulder to shoulder with Bailu Yi, as both of them chatted cheerfully in a relaxed manner.

Leng Ning was totally stunned. Had the embodiment of innocence – Bailu Yi, been deceived by the flowery words of the braggart, Qin Wentian?

Yan Kong could only clench his fingers in shame and anger, his stare as intent as a poisonous serpent, locking onto Qin Wentian's back.

Only Fan Le stared at his boss in complete worship and admiration. Not only did Qin Wentian form a good relationship with Leng Ning, his boss even managed to get his claws into Bailu Yi. Simply too powerful. But why was his fate so different? He didn't lose out if they were being compared by looks, right? Fan Le gloomily touched his face.

Everyone was thinking about this very matter. Although Bailu Yi was a genius in both cultivation and the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, she was merely eighteen, after all. It couldn't be that she really fell for Qin Wentian, right?

If she did, the person that would be chosen to study Divine Inscriptions with her, wouldn't that be Qin Wentian?

As this thought flashed in their minds, many people looked at Yan Kong with expressions of pity on their faces. Yan Kong's face burned. Evidently, he had deduced the same thing as well. He stared at Qin Wentian, his eyes growing colder and colder. Since that was the case, he couldn't be blamed for anything that might happen later. Qin Wentian was courting death!

## Chapter 236: Hell Arena

The Hell Arena was located within the eastern region of the Moon Continent, situated on an island in the middle of a lake.

The place was swamped with streams and streams of people, leisurely walking towards the centre of the island. Ahead of them was a vast, spacious area with several gigantic spectator stands, reachable only via several flights of stairs.

"This place is so crowded," Qin Wentian murmured in astonishment.

"The Hell Arena is one of the most famous landmarks in the Moon Continent. Let's go up," Bailu Yi spoke. They continued up the flight of stairs, before arriving at a curved-shape spectator stand. In

front of the various spectator stands were three towering battle arenas, supported by sky-high stone pillars. An air of magnificence exuded from the massive structures.

“This place is known as the Hell Arena. The one in the middle is designated for combat between Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns. The one on the left is designated for combat between Yuanfu Combatants, while the arena on the right is used for unique battles, such as combat between Divine Inscriptionists, or combat between Puppets,” Bailu Yi explained.

“Even Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns will partake in battles here?” Astonishment appeared on Qin Wentian’s face. On their way here, Bailu Yi had introduced the Hell Arena to him. This place was undoubtedly the cruellest arena in the entire Moon Continent, as well as the most luxurious betting centre. For contestants, the price of losing, was death. Conceding was not allowed, and so one’s life or death depended purely on one’s level of power.

Even for those entering just to spectate, on-lookers would already have to pay a sum in Yuan Meteor Stones. Just from this alone, as well as considering the number of people present, one could imagine the fearsome level of income earned per day by the Hell Arena’s management.

Qin Wentian nodded as he took note of Bailu Yi’s words. Over here, the contestants were all masked, and referred to by their code name. This was to prevent any problems that may arise from a match’s conclusion, such as acts of revenge by the loser’s family and friends.

Hence, the contestants would be able to fight with no worries, in accordance to the rules set by the Hell Arena. Even if the families and friends of the loser wanted to find trouble with the Hell Arena, no other powers within the Moon Continent would dare to aid them.

At this moment, ear-shattering applause and raucous cheering rang out. Qin Wentian shifted his glance over to the left Arena. A masked man killed his opponent in a single move. Both of them had a cultivation base at the peak level of Yuanfu.

“Asura. This is his 138th consecutive winning streak, it’s a new record!” The judge present in the left Arena announced Asura’s battle record, causing the volume of cheering to explosively surge in intensity.

Fanaticism. These people gave Qin Wentian a feeling of zealotry. This man with the code name ‘Asura’ had won 138 battles consecutively. From this, one could tell how strong he was.



“This combatant is so unlucky, he actually met Asura in combat. There won’t be anyone else daring to step up for the challenge anymore,” someone exclaimed. Indeed, nobody stood forth to challenge Asura. After slaughtering his opponent in a single move, Asura remained in the arena, his gaze disdainfully sweeping through the crowd, awaiting new challengers. However, the combatants weren’t stupid. Everyone knew that only one ending awaited you if you challenged Asura – Death. After several moments, when it was clear that no one dared to issue a challenge, Asura finally left the Arena via a tunnel. Nobody knew what his real identity was.

After Asura appeared from the tunnel, he removed his mask, revealing an expressionless face. It seemed that even the bloody matches held in the Hell Arena no longer had any tempering effect on him, and so there was no need for him to appear here anymore in the future. As for the compensation obtained from participating in the match, at his level he already treated wealth in the same way as floating clouds. It wouldn’t affect his emotions at all.

If Qin Wentian were to see Asura unmasked, he would definitely recognise him. Asura was none other than the Heavenly Fate Ranking’s number one, Hua Taixu!

“Asura, who is he?” Bailu Yi mused. Evidently, she was filled with great curiosity towards the powerful and mysterious Asura. This person had already become the stuff of fables in the Hell Arena, winning a total of 138 consecutive victories. Not only that, after winning his first scheduled match on that day, he had never feared the challenges of others. Within the Yuanfu Realm, he was invincible, a true legend.

“There are people in the right Arena. It’s Hades and some other combatant. Hades is a third level Puppet Master, and has terrifying combat strength. The reason why I brought all of you here, is to witness a battle between Divine Inscriptionists,” Bailu Yi stated, turning to the group of learners. The learners moved towards one of the spectator stands that overlooked the right Arena, as they looked for empty seats. Bailu Yi sat together with Qin Wentian, fanning the flames of rumors that there was something going on between them.

“This will be a good show to watch, there’s actually someone that dares to challenge Hades,” someone remarked, as an excited expression appeared on his countenance. There were also some people who ran down to the betting counters preparing to gamble. Although Hades’ payout rate wasn’t high, there were still many among the crowd that chose to bet on his victory.

“Heh heh.” Sinister laughter issued from Hades’s throat. A moment later, a silhouette appeared beside him, floating in the air.

“Huh? A human?” Qin Wentian narrowed his eyes, but it couldn’t possibly be human as it had come out from an interspatial ring.

“Human-type Puppets. Hades’ techniques are too evil, he loves to use humans as the base for his Puppets,” Bailu Yi whispered. But then, a metallic silhouette also appeared beside Hades’s opponent. However, the frame of his opponent’s Puppet was extremely large. Hades’s opponent then actually ‘entered’ into the Puppet. Apparently, he could control its movements with ease.

“DIE!” Hades spat out in a cold voice, the human-shaped Puppet moved like a leaf dancing in the wind, as a blurry form blasted forth towards the metallic Puppet. Terrifying sharp swords slashed towards the metallic Puppet, but was easily repelled with a lift of the metallic Puppet’s arms. Although the movement looked clumsy and the reaction speed of the metallic Puppet was slow, each motion it made seemed to be filled with great strength.

As the swords came in contact with the metallic Puppet, fiery sparks could be seen trailing behind each slash on the Puppet’s metallic surface. In spite of this, no damage was done to the metallic Puppet. The metallic Puppet could also be considered a kind of defensive-type Divine Weapon that required an exorbitant cost to manufacture. It was famed for its monstrous attack and defence, and was a killing machine. Its only weakness was its lack of agility and slow movement speed.

“Reckless fool,” Hades coldly spat. After which, his silhouette transformed into a blur as he stepped back and forth on the ground, moving with amazing speed. His actions caused numerous Divine Inscriptions to form as they interweaved, shining resplendently while coiling around the metallic Puppet. Continuously forming Divine Inscriptions, harnessing the energy of Heaven and Earth, they exploded forth towards his opponent.

The metallic Puppet tried to avoid Hades’s binding, and directly dashed towards Hades himself. However, Hades merely sneered as he stepped even faster, causing the Divine Inscriptions formed beneath his feet to glow even brighter. Roars of a demonic dragon shook the void as a shower of swords abruptly rained downwards, their slicing power directed at his opponent.

“So this is a battle among Divine Inscriptionists?” Qin Wentian felt that Hades in the Arena could do as he pleased, like a fish in water, controlling the energy of Heaven and Earth to battle for him.

ROARRR~ A terrifying snarl thundered, Hades advanced step by step, as an ancient and supremely gigantic dragon appeared beside him, mirroring his movements. The aura he exuded became stronger and stronger with each step he took.

The controller of the metallic Puppet howled in rage, as fearsome fist shadows erupted forth, smashing towards Hades. The gigantic dragon rumbled, easily suppressing the fist shadows, while

simultaneously, the human-shaped Puppet descended from the skies, wrapping its legs around the metallic Puppet's neck, and then piercing its eyes with its two sword fingers.

“ARGHHHH...” A spine-chilling screech rang out, as fresh blood spurted out of the metallic Puppet's eyes. Even though this Puppet Divine Weapon was famed for its defenses, it still needed its vision, and thus, its eyes became its weak point.

The conclusion of the fight was only to be expected, Hades pulled his opponent out from the metallic Puppet, and unceremoniously proceeded to slaughter him, claiming the metallic Puppet for his own. Many people felt a chill in their hearts, Hades's methods were extremely brutal, truly a ruthless character.

“Doesn't this Arena set limits regarding the cultivation bases of the combatants?” Qin Wentian asked Bailu Yi.

“Nope, there's no restriction. After all, this Arena is used for unique-type battles. If a Divine Inscriptionist enters combat, anything is permitted as long as his opponent is a Divine Inscriptionist of the same level, and uses only Divine Inscriptions or Puppets for their combat. If they are not confident in their own abilities, no one would choose to go up,” Bailu Yi replied in a low voice. After which, Bailu Yi actually stood up and walked in the direction of the entrance tunnel where interested combatants gathered.

Bailu Yi wanted to participate in a Divine Inscription battle.

“Interesting.” Qin Wentian laughed. In the following rounds, Hades consecutively defeated two more opponents, but he didn't intend to stop and continued accepting challengers.

“Hades versus Flaming Rose,” the judge called out, as many people hooted in excitement.

Flaming Rose. Flaming Rose actually entered the battle. Not only that, the person she was challenging, was Hades!

There were quite a few famous people whose names resounded throughout the Hell Arena. Hades and Flaming Rose both belonged to this group of famous people because they both had brilliant battle records.

“Hades, third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, with a battle record of sixty-eight victories and five defeats. While Flaming Rose, third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, has a battle record of seventy-six victories and three defeats.” The judge announced their battle records, pushing the crowd's atmosphere to a crazy high.

Flaming Rose walked up the arena, wearing a cape the color of blazing red, appearing valiant and formidable-looking. Her body-hugging gown only served to further accentuate her figure, as a rose patterned mask covered her long hair and obscured her features.

“Wait, is that her?” Black lines appeared on Qin Wentian’s forehead. That icy Bailu Yi had a code name titled ‘Flaming Rose?’”

“Heh heh, I really want to see if the Flaming Rose is a beauty.” Hades’s hoarse voice rang out as his Puppet dashed towards Flaming Rose.

At the same time, Flaming Rose unleashed her own Puppet. It was a female Puppet, and although it wasn’t made from humans, its resemblance was uncanny. This Puppet raised its arms to block, as a gigantic shield appeared in front of her.

Flaming Rose sidestepped, as runic outlines of Divine Inscriptions manifested. Qin Wentian watched on with seriousness, and regardless of whether it was Hades or Flaming Rose, the Divine Inscriptions they engraved were all formed instantly. When it came to speed, neither combatant lost out to him in the slightest. Not only that, the series of follow up Divine Inscriptions they continuously linked were extremely terrifying, achieving an overall synergising effect.

“Sword Rain.” Qin Wentian observed the Divine Inscription beneath Flaming Rose’s feet. A rain of swords pierced forth, tearing apart space as they flew towards Hades. Her Puppet only focused on defence and was strong enough to hinder Hades’s Puppet.

“Great Roc, Ancient Sword, Giant Axe, Thunderbolt...” Qin Wentian murmured as he saw what Flaming Rose inscribed, feeling somewhat awed. This was too profound, her attacks were connected in a continuous circle and could be described as never-ending. Qin Wentian eyes lit up as he studied both Hades and Flaming Rose. Currently, the tempo of their battle had reached such a frenzy that a storm of Divine Inscriptions surrounded them, the power from the energy of Heaven and Earth was so great that even the space around them was devoured.

RUUMMBLEEEE! At the end, the Great Roc Inscription injured Hades. He immediately threw out a defensive Puppet, choosing to sacrifice it as he fled for his life at top speed.

“A battle between Divine Inscriptionists could actually reach such a level.” Qin Wentian was spellbound, still lost in wonder. The Grand Xia Empire was too goddamned intriguing!

After Flaming Rose defeated Hades, she left the Arena. And just after a few moments, Bailu Yi returned to the spectator stands and discovered Qin Wentian sizing her up.

“What are you looking at?” Bailu Yi involuntarily asked, upon seeing his strange expression.

“Flaming Rose,” Qin Wentian whispered in her ear, causing Bailu Yi to glare at Qin Wentian fiercely.

“How much does the Arena compensate its Yuanfu combatants per match?”

“It depends on one’s battle record, as well as the actual circumstances happening then. Normally, those with exemplary battle records obtain a high amount of compensation for each victory won, and as for newcomers, their payout would naturally be much lesser than that. For example that Asura from earlier, the amount of winnings he’s able to obtain per victory is so high that it’s terrifying,” Bailu Yi explained.

“How about you? Such an outstanding battle record.” Qin Wentian laughed.

“About 100 Yuan Meteor Stones per victory,” Bailu Yi replied, thereby admitting her identity as Flaming Rose.

“Third-layer Yuan Meteor Stones?” Qin Wentian’s expression froze. The amount of compensation obtained per victory was way too astounding.

“Naturally.” Bailu Yi laughed.

“What an excellent way to make money.” A radiant light gleamed in Qin Wentian’s eyes. “I wish to try it out.”

Qin Wentian stood up and made his way towards the tunnel. Upon seeing such a scene, Leng Ning, who was behind him, involuntarily called out in a panic, “Where are you going?”

Qin Wentian turned and smiled at her. “Participating in the Hell Arena.”

“Are you crazy? If you need Yuan Meteor Stones I can pass some to you. Don’t be so reckless, going to the Hell Arena. Are you seeking death?” Leng Ning’s worried countenance turned cool again as she berated him. “Even if by luck you won a few rounds, the payout for newcomers is absolutely not worth the risk. Only true experts with outstanding battle records would be able to profit from this.”

Qin Wentian smiled as he heard the scoldings of Leng Ning. Although Leng Ning’s words sounded somewhat rude, it was all because she was concerned for him. The nervousness in her eyes couldn’t be faked.

“How do you know I will lose?” Qin Wentian smiled, his eyes twinkling.

“Teacher Bailu, help me convince this guy.” Leng Ning turned to Bailu Yi.

“Why are you even attempting to convince him?” Bailu Yi coldly replied. How could a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist die so easily? Even if he lost, he would definitely have some life-preservation method at hand.

“Hmph, off you go then. If you die it won’t be so noisy anymore,” Leng Ning fiercely cursed.

Qin Wentian said nothing, he merely smiled and continued walking to the tunnel. After entering, he exited to the space below the Hell Arena. This place was a connection of tunnels that led to a myriad of locations, exuding an aura of mystery.

“Newcomer or veteran?” a person inquired, upon noticing Qin Wentian.

“Newcomer.”

“Follow me.” He led Qin Wentian through a tunnel and came to a place with a variety of masks, capes, cloaks and the like.

“Choose whatever you want,” the person spoke. Qin Wentian glanced around and as he noticed a Kirin-style Mask, he couldn’t help but recall the days he spent in the Dreamsky Forest. Smiling, he chose the mask along with a battle robe and cape.

“Level of cultivation base and code name?” that person asked.

“Second level of Yuanfu, code name: Kirin,” Qin Wentian replied.

“Right. Newcomer, follow me and I will brief you on the rules.” After which, the man led Qin Wentian out from the cave. Only after Qin Wentian had learned the rules, did he then take his place in the Arena.

In front of him was another combatant who wore a bronze-colored mask with the code name: Bronze.

“Bronze, second level of Yuanfu, with a battle record of eighteen victories and two defeats; Kirin, second level of Yuanfu, newcomer,” the judge stated, causing the cheers of excitement to grow even louder. These people loved spectating the matches of newcomers the most, because no one knew their actual levels of strength.

“I love abusing newbies the most.” Bronze’s eyes flashed with a cold light, staring at Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian didn’t reply. To him, the Hell Arena was only a place that would enable him to earn a large amount of Yuan Meteor Stones. Although he brought along quite a lot of Yuan Meteor Stones with him when he left Chu, the expenses needed on the journey had consumed quite a substantial amount. If he didn’t find some method to replenish it, his future cultivation would surely be affected.

After the time it takes for a stick of incense to burn, the battle commenced after all bets had been placed.

Bronze stepped out as a sonorous sound echoed from his body. A heavy coercive pressure enveloped Qin Wentian, while a bronze corona of light surrounded Bronze’s fist, an oppressive energy exuding from it.

“Will of a Mandate.” Qin Wentian’s expression stiffened. This person could be considered a genius, to think that he comprehended a Mandate so quickly when he was merely at the second level of Yuanfu.

Bronze’s battle record was brilliant, eighteen victories and only two defeats while Qin Wentian was a newcomer with nothing to his name. Evidently, only a limited few felt that Qin Wentian would be able to win. For the vast majority of the crowd, it was as though they could already see the scene of Qin Wentian’s skull getting smashed by the might of Bronze’s fist.

Qin Wentian clenched his hand, causing thunderous cracking sounds to echo as demonic Qi surged. The Divine Energy within his Yuanfu frenziedly circulated and covered his arms, coating his fist with layers of terrifying energy. Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered, transforming into a blurry shadow as he directly punched out, choosing to match Bronze's attack, fist for fist.

BOOOOOMMM!

Both of their fists collided in a showdown of strength. This method was the most direct, as well as the most decisive. Bone-cracking sounds rang out, Bronze felt his arm tremble violently, feeling as though it was about to break. Groaning in pain, another surge of energy flooded into his arms and as a deafening sound rumbled, his body was flung through the air before he landed heavily onto the ground, coughing out several mouthfuls of blood.

A pressure that felt as heavy as a mountain bore down upon the fallen Bronze. Bronze inclined his head only to see Qin Wentian looming over him, and he involuntarily trembled with fear as he shouted out, "I concede."

Qin Wentian merely nodded his head, his cape fluttering with the movements of the wind. He didn't go all out and deal the finishing blow.

"Thank you." Bronze helped himself up as he clasped his hands and bowed to Qin Wentian, totally convinced in his defeat. There were too many ruthless characters in the Hell Arena that killed without blinking an eye. Fortunately, his opponent today had shown mercy.

"Kirin is the victor, will you continue accepting challenges?" the judge questioned.

"Mhm." Qin Wentian nodded. He was here to create a battle record.

"This Kirin is quite powerful, he defeated Bronze with ease." The crowd mused in their hearts.

After which, Qin Wentian continued to accept challenges while the same words spoken by the judge echoed again and again in the ears of the crowd.

"Kirin, victory."



“Kirin, victory.”

“Kirin, ten consecutive victories.”

“Kirin, fifteen consecutive victories...”

His winning streak caused a huge commotion as many turned their attention towards the Arena on the left. It was easy to win a few consecutive battles, but the difficulty would naturally escalate exponentially when reaching over ten consecutive victories. The people here, be it the combatants or spectators, were a hot-blooded group. Within the crowd of spectators, some experts felt the itch in their hearts after witnessing Qin Wentian’s consecutive victories, and even went on to challenge him.

Hence a strange occurrence happened in the Hell Arena that day. Among those who challenged Kirin, there were many who had no prior battle records, yet were all exceedingly powerful.

In spite of this, all the challengers ended up defeated.

Kirin’s battle record currently stood at thirty victories, zero defeat.

“Hmm, is he Kirin?” Bailu Yi couldn’t be certain if Qin Wentian was Kirin. After all, there were many with zero battle records who fought in the Arena, and each of them had their features obscured, so there was no way for anyone to tell who was who.

“He shouldn’t be that powerful, right?” Bailu Yi exclaimed. After his 30th consecutive victory, there were no longer any challenges. Kirin could only choose to step down, causing many to sigh, feeling regret.

After a short moment, Qin Wentian returned to the spectator stand with a wide smile on his face. Thirty consecutive victories, he had made quite a tidy sum today.

“How was it, the feeling of being abused?” Leng Ning glared at Qin Wentian, before commenting, “Which one were you? Ice Sabre? Cold Moon? Ancient Tree?”

The names Leng Ning mentioned all suffered defeat in the hands of Kirin.

“I’m Kirin.” Qin Wentian laughed. Although the Hell Arena would keep the identity of the combatants secret, it didn’t matter if the combatant themselves chose to divulge it.

Leng Ning rolled her eyes, this fellow was still boasting as per usual.

“You’re really lucky that Kirin’s character wasn’t ruthless. If not, how would you still be standing here? In future, don’t do this again, okay?” Leng Ning frowned.

Thirty consecutive victories, could Kirin’s combat prowess have already reached the realm where he could jump levels and fight evenly with combatants at the third level of Yuanfu?

“Okay, let’s go back, ” Bailu Yi stated. It was already late afternoon, the time for them to return.

On the way back, Bailu Yi and Qin Wentian still walked together at the front, causing Leng Ning to constantly have a smile on her face. This braggart was really an expert in the field of skirt-chasing.

“Are you really Kirin?” Bailu Yi glanced about before stealthily asking Qin Wentian, curiosity flickered in her beautiful eyes.

“Yeah.” Qin Wentian knew that Bailu Yi also had a naïve side to her. Upon hearing his answer, her eyes glowed with radiance as she stated, “You are truly mysterious, come to my White Deer Institute tomorrow, we shall study Divine Inscriptions together. Follow me, I will bring you to tour around the Institute later.”

“Right.” Qin Wentian nodded. After all of them arrived at the academy, Bailu Yi turned and faced the group of learners, “The one-month time frame shall conclude at this moment. If you are interested in pursuing a higher level of attainment or doing further research on Divine Inscriptions, you can apply to enrol in our Institute. That’s all. Thank you.”

After speaking, Bailu Yi cast a glance at Qin Wentian, signalling him with her eyes as both of them walked into the White Deer Institute.

“Hold on.” A cold voice abruptly rang out. Yan Kong’s countenance was incredibly hideous to behold. Bailu Yi planned to leave before announcing the name of the person that would study with

her? Back then, everyone assumed that he would definitely be the person chosen, so now Bailu Yi's current actions made him feel severely humiliated.

"Is there something else you need?" Bailu Yi coldly asked.

"Miss Bailu, I thought you wanted to choose one among us to study Divine Inscriptions together with you?" Yan Kong politely inquired.

"I've already made my choice. Do I need to report my actions to you?" Bailu Yi remarked with dissatisfaction. Her meaning was extremely clear. Who did Yan Kong think he was?

"So who the hell did you pick?" Yan Kong glanced at Qin Wentian before forcibly calming himself down, yet the rest of the group could clearly feel waves of anger gushing from him.

"Scram." Bailu Yi made her stance clear.

"Tut tut, initially Miss Bailu said that she would pick the person with the highest attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions to study together with her, but in the end she actually picked him?" Yan Kong's sneer grew colder and colder.

"Miss Bailu, are you sure your decision is not affected by your emotions? Have you become so infatuated with him that you've lost your logic?"

"You..." Bailu Yi's body trembled from anger at the disrespect in Yan Kong's words.

"Let me take over." Qin Wentian nodded towards Bailu Yi upon seeing how angry she was. His countenance gradually turned frosty. People like Yan Kong needed to be taught a lesson, otherwise they would never know when to give up.

#### Chapter 238: Suffering a Violent Beating

Seeing Qin Wentian taking the lead and standing up for her, Bailu Yi smiled and acquiesced. This scenario caused Yan Kong's countenance to grow even colder. It seemed that the rumors were true, Bailu Yi was infatuated with Qin Wentian. If not, there was no way the ice beauty of White Deer Institute would show such an expression in public.

Hatred and jealousy filled Yan Kong's heart.

Qin Wentian stepped forth to stand in front of Bailu Yi, looking at Yan Kong, "Do you really think that out of this entire group, your attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions is the highest?"

Yan Kong stared at Qin Wentian with contempt in his eyes before replying, "Why? You want to try me?"

"Please guide me then," Qin Wentian spoke indifferently, advancing a few steps. At this moment, he had discarded his casual attitude and demeanor. Looking at his focused expression, it was as though Qin Wentian was surrounded by a palpable radiant halo of light.

Qin Wentian's change caused Leng Ning's heartbeat to quicken, was this still the boastful fellow she knew?

Brimming with self-confidence and a belief in the invincibility of youth, this was the feeling Qin Wentian was currently projecting.

"He sure looks confident but is his attainment really higher compared to Yan Kong?" Leng Ning was worried yet for some unknown reason, seeing Qin Wentian like this filled her heart with traces of anticipation.

"Hehe." Yan Kong coldly laughed as his aura blasted forth. The surrounding crowd all retreated, giving Qin Wentian and Yan Kong space to duel.

At that moment, an Astral Soul blazing with golden light materialized above Yan Kong; this was a palm-shaped forging-type Astral Soul.

At the same time, Yan Kong's palm also began to glow with golden light as outlines of runic imprints appeared, interweaving together as it transformed, all the while emitting a brilliant glare. As time passed, the runic outlines continued their weaving and gradually, a faint shadow of a dragon coalesced from thin air. Even though the shadow's dragon-form was somewhat crude and simple, it was still a dragon-type Divine Inscription – an extremely rare and extraordinary Divine Inscription.

“Look closely.” Yan Kong laughed, as he slammed his palm into the ground. Momentarily, the Dragon Divine Inscription symbol disappeared from his palm and was transferred onto the surface of the ground.

“ROOARR...” A low-sounding draconic howl thundered as a golden dragon burst out, lunging towards Qin Wentian. As a deafening sound echoed, the golden dragon slammed right into Qin Wentian’s body, causing gaps to be torn in his robes yet not injuring him in the slightest.

“Yan Kong’s attainment is at the very pinnacle of a second-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, he’s only a step away from the third-ranked.” The spectators’ hearts all trembled at Yan Kong’s talent. He should be able to reach the level of third-ranked Divine Inscriptionists within half a year.

Yan Kong crossed his arms as a cold smile hung on his lips. He could already see the scene of Qin Wentian being defeated. How would Bailu Yi explain her decision then?

“Are you finished?” Qin Wentian brushed the dust from his robes as he spoke, causing Yan Kong’s expression to falter. “Then, it’s my turn now.”

BBOOOOMMMMMMMMM!

Qin Wentian slammed his foot onto the ground. An instant later, a white-colored Roc-type Divine Inscription was etched onto the surface of the ground, as the faint shadow of a huge Roc erupted forth, speeding towards Yan Kong.

“So faint? For a moment, I still thought you were at least at my level.” Yan Kong laughed uproariously when he saw the faint shadow of the white Roc nearing him.

However, even before the sound of his voice faded, Qin Wentian stomped on the ground again, causing the faint shadow of the Roc to ‘solidify’.

Boom, boom, boom! Qin Wentian stepped on the ground in a unique rhythm, causing the faint shadow of the first Roc to become corporeal and morph into reality. With each step, several other Rocs began to materialise as they erupted towards Yan Kong. Yan Kong could only hurriedly dance about, waving his arms while inscribing at a crazy speed, frantically trying to block the attacks.

“Wait, what???” The jaws of the spectators dropped as their expressions all froze on their faces. The Roc-type Divine Inscription under Qin Wentian’s feet was re-organising its runic line structure?

Leng Ning had her fist tightly clenched as her heart pounded madly. She stared at Qin Wentian with an expression of amazement and wonder on her face.

Finally, after the re-organisation was complete, the previously etched Divine Inscription on the ground enlarged itself several times in size, transforming into the picture of a gigantic Roc so huge that its wings blotted out the sky. A menacing aura exuded forth from the newly formed Inscription, yet Qin Wentian's countenance was as indifferent as before, akin to the drifting clouds and passing winds.

Abruptly, the earlier manifested Rocs all trembled as they turned into flashes of white light, zooming backwards, and then becoming a part of the gigantic Roc. With a shrill snarl of rage, the surrounding space trembled as the claws of the Roc tried to forcefully grab Yan Kong's head, intending to smash it into pieces.

Yan Kong's countenance underwent a drastic change, as he explosively retreated. With a howl of rage, both his hands folded various hand-seals, causing a fearsome palm imprint to blast out and then collide directly with the gigantic Roc. The impact brought forth terrifying sounds to resonate in the air.

The gigantic Roc's corporeal form gradually grew indistinct, yet Yan Kong appeared to be in an extremely sorry state.

The surroundings were totally devoid of sound, as the gazes of everyone were riveted onto Qin Wentian. Even Bailu Yi was astounded, Qin Wentian's attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions was even higher than what she had expected. This was also the first time Bailu Yi had seen Qin Wentian's true abilities. Could this fellow really be a monstrous genius in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions?

"A third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, his Divine Inscriptions were able to suppress a Yuanfu expert. His rank of attainment is surely at the third level!"

"That fellow is actually a third-ranked Divine Inscriptions Grandmaster."

Only now did the crowd understand how wrong they were. What infatuation? Obviously Bailu Yi had long noticed Qin Wentian's talent. These people were using the small hearts of despicable men and made their speculations while wearing colored-glasses. Needless to say, all of them were feeling ashamed now.

The moment they validated the fact that Qin Wentian was a third-ranked grandmaster, all of their jealousy had vanished into thin air.

“Third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist.” Leng Ning froze before she exclaimed in incredulous disbelief. Her countenance was extremely fascinating to behold, as her heart continued palpitating madly.

Third-ranked! This braggart was actually a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist...

“Wait, what am I saying.” Leng Ning suddenly blushed, Qin Wentian had always been a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist Grandmaster, he was no braggart.

“That bastard!” Without knowing why, Leng Ning stomped her foot in agitation. No wonder this fellow always seemed to be unperturbed, was he doing it on purpose? Grrr.

But when she remembered that she had told Qin Wentian she would marry him if he was a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, the blush on her face further deepened as she snuck a few glances at him. How embarrassing was that...

Qin Wentian calmly looked at Yan Kong as he indifferently commented, “Didn’t you say your attainment among us was the highest?”

Yan Kong turned pale from the cutting sarcasm. Not long ago he was still strutting about, proclaiming he was the strongest, yet now, he was humiliated in front of so many people.

“You want to kill me?” Only to hear Yan Kong instantly shift topics as a foreboding aura emanated forth from him. A cold glint of light flickered in his eyes as he dashed towards Qin Wentian.

“Yan Kong, you are shameless.” Leng Ning’s countenance became incredibly unsightly as she felt the killing intent of Yan Kong. This Yan Kong was way too high-handed. He lost to Qin Wentian’s Divine Inscriptions and actually wanted to deal with him right after just to salvage the broken remnants of his false pride? Yet based on his Yan Clan’s influence, even if he did injure Qin Wentian, no one would be able to do anything about it.

“Golden Dragon Seal.”

Yan Kong struck out with his palm as dragon-might emanated forth from it. An aura of extreme sharpness bore down on Qin Wentian, the mandate Yan Kong had comprehended was the Mandate of Metal.

Metal of the Five Elements, was terrifyingly sharp and domineering. The first level of insight of the Mandate of Metal, was Penetration, which reinforced this terrifying, destructive attribute to each of Yan Kong's attacks.

When Qin Wentian saw Yan Kong's sneak attack, a terrifying light gleamed in his eyes as the demonic Qi around the area surged. As his Astral Energy gushed within his Arterial Pathways, a crimson light shone from his palms as the blood-seals in his body thrummed.

"Falling Mountain Palms!" Qin Wentian sent out his palms in answer. Currently, Qin Wentian had already completely understood the essence of this innate technique; he had already reached its perfection realm. A terrifying mountain peak materialised as it slammed downwards, further augmented by the Mountain-type Divine Energy within his Yuanfu, as well as enhanced by the first level of insight of the Mandate of Force, Strength.

As the Golden Dragon Seal collided together with the Falling Mountain Palms, it shattered into a million pieces amidst a deafening thunderous reverberation. An instant later, only the blur of a flickering silhouette could be seen moving at extreme speed.

BOOM! Yan Kong was slammed into a towering stone pillar. A single hand pressed on the front of his chest. Qin Wentian stood to the side of Yan Kong as a look of utter dominance flashed in his eyes.

"This..." The hearts of everyone spectating involuntarily pounded, while Leng Ning drew in a breath of cold air. Was this still the Qin Wentian she was familiar with? That boastful, yet ever-smiling, simple and well-mannered youth?

With a violent toss, Yan Kong was flung to the ground. When he tried to rise, he only saw Qin Wentian coldly staring at him as he remarked coolly, "Apologise to Teacher Bailu."

Yan Kong wiped the traces of blood from his lips as the light of hatred flickered in his eyes. He ignored Qin Wentian and started to stand up.

Boom!



Qin Wentian inverted his hand and sent out another palm strike, knocking Yan Kong back to the ground. The force of the palm strike caused Yan Kong to spit out several mouthfuls of blood.

“Apologise,” Qin Wentian stated simply. Yet this simple word seemed to contain within them a tyrannical force and oppressiveness that couldn’t be masked.

Back then he already knew Yan Kong harboured ill intentions towards him. It was just that he had only recently arrived at the Moon Continent and couldn’t be bothered about Yan Kong. After all, he still had many things he needed to do. To him, Yan Kong was only a small-time character, not worthy of any notice. Yet Yan Kong had to trample on the limits of his patience.

Since that was the case, Qin Wentian would have to give him something to remember.

“DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU’RE DOING?” Yan Kong screeched, he tried to get up once more.

Boom! Even before the sound of his voice faded, Qin Wentian stomped his foot directly onto Yan Kong’s back, trampling him ruthlessly into the ground.

If Yan Kong wasn’t convinced, he would abuse him until he submitted!

“Three breaths of time, this is your final chance,” Qin Wentian’s indifferent voice rang out.

“YOU DARE?!” Yan Kong roared, but with the force Qin Wentian was applying, there was no way for him to get up.

“First breath,” Qin Wentian continued, ignoring Yan Kong’s words.

A wretched expression appeared on Yan Kong’s face, as his body trembled uncontrollably. This degree of humiliation was exceedingly great.

“Second breath,” Qin Wentian continued, as a wave of killing intent erupted forth from him. Everything in the vicinity froze, even the crowd held their breath.



words caused Leng Ning to grin. True, if Qin Wentian had really done so back then out of indignation, wouldn't that be a little too cocky?

"Hmph fine, everything is my fault." Leng Ning glared at Qin Wentian. However inwardly, she was ecstatic. This braggart was actually a real third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist. Even at this point in time she didn't dare believe it, and upon recalling the words she had once said to Qin Wentian, Leng Ning couldn't help but be embarrassed.

"Haha, you can go back first. I still have something I need to do here," Qin Wentian remarked before he walked to Bailu Yi's side. She glanced at Qin Wentian, and then nodded her thanks.

Earlier, Qin Wentian had helped her brutally beat up Yan Kong.

"Well this matter occurred because of me, so I should be the one to settle it." Qin Wentian laughed, appearing extremely unconcerned. The two of them walked shoulder to shoulder as they stepped into the White Deer Institute.

"You have to be more cautious in the future. Yan Kong will definitely remember this and may find chances to create trouble for you." A hint of worry flickered in Bailu Yi's beautiful eyes. It would be nigh impossible for Yan Kong to forget his earlier humiliation.

"Mhm, noted." Qin Wentian nodded. This was also the reason why he didn't cripple or kill Yan Kong. If he had really done that earlier, Yan Kong's clan would definitely not rest until he was dead. So, he merely humiliated Yan Kong, and didn't believe that Yan Kong would be so shameless to the extent where he ignored his pride, getting elders of his clan to seek revenge for him. If he really did so because he was defeated by someone of the same generation, Yan Kong would never be able to lift his head up high again in the future.

Leng Ning fell into a daze as she stared at their departing backs. White Deer Institute's most talented genius in the younger generation was undoubtedly Bailu Yi. Cold and proud like frost from Heaven; walking side by side together with the blazing sun that was Qin Wentian, they contrasted each other, yet somehow seemed to complement perfectly. For some reason, faint traces of disappointment took root in Leng Ning's heart.

"What am I thinking?" Leng Ning shook her head. Did she really want to marry that 'big-headed' fellow?

Bailu Yi brought Qin Wentian into the White Deer Cavern, this was also the first place he entered as he stepped into the White Deer Institute on his very first day. However, back then he was only allowed to study the Divine Inscriptions engraved on the first stone walls and was not allowed to venture further inside.

But now, Bailu Yi personally led him into the depths of the cavern. The first cave dwelling within the cavern consisted of many stone walls and monuments. Different varieties of Divine Inscriptions could be seen engraved upon them, resembling dazzling jewels that were pleasing to the eyes of Divine Inscriptionists. Despite the number of Inscriptions, each Inscription's runic outlines were perfectly clear and exquisitely carved. Obviously, they originated from the hands of a grandmaster.

"This place consists of many Divine Inscriptions, and they originated from our very own Elders in the Institute. As long as one can comprehend and control the power of these Inscriptions, they will definitely become a top-level Divine Inscriptionist. At the very least, they wouldn't be lacking Divine Inscriptions to complement the forging of weapons," Bailu Yi explained, before continuing the tour deeper into the White Deer Caverns.

In the second cave dwelling, gigantic slabs of stone displayed pictures of two Divine Inscriptionists in battle. It was as though every picture on these stone walls recorded battles of Divine Inscriptionists.

Qin Wentian stood before one of the gigantic stone walls, as he stared at the outlines engraved upon it. Abruptly, he could feel a surge of destructive energy frenziedly gushing towards him. It was as though this Divine Inscription wanted to leap out from the stone wall it was engraved upon.

"Marvellous." Qin Wentian's heart trembled with excitement.

"Let's go take a look further in," Bailu Yi led him into the third cave dwelling. This cave dwelling was even larger compared to the previous two. Qin Wentian could feel that the Divine Inscriptions in here contained within them a mysterious aura. Multiple typhoons whirled through the cavern, filling the third cave dwelling with sharp gales of wind, each gale like the edge of a blade.

"Dao of Formations." Qin Wentian understood. Closing his eyes, he basked in the razor-sharp sensation, he had seen many different kinds of Divine Inscriptions before, but the ones before him seemed to be almost alive, incessantly 'dancing' about, eventually becoming a Formation.

Qin Wentian abruptly flicked out a single finger right at the heart of the Divine Inscription, causing the gales of wind to die down. Bailu Yi walked towards him, smiling as she asked, "How was it?"

“You are not worried about bringing me here?” Qin Wentian laughed. The White Deer Caverns were undoubtedly considered a treasured land to Divine Inscriptionists.

“To embark further on the path of the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, it’s sometimes necessary to depend on insights comprehended by our predecessors. Several of the Divine Inscriptions here originated from many grandmasters of previous generations that cultivated at this Institute.” Bailu Yi smiled, “It’s never a good idea to hoard knowledge for the sake of hoarding knowledge. I believe interacting with you will definitely prove beneficial in order to advance both our attainments in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions.”

“There’s still one last cave dwelling. Follow me closely, step only where I step lest you are trapped within a Formation.” Bailu Yi led the way, and soon after, they arrived at the fourth cave dwelling. There were several Puppets within; human-form Puppets, Divine-Weapon-form Puppets; beast-form Puppets and so forth.

“Seems like I will have to depend heavily on the White Deer Institute in the future, you cannot turn your back on me, alright?” Qin Wentian laughed. Here, the knowledge regarding the Dao of Divine Inscriptions had opened up a huge door of information in his mind.

“As long as you are willing to stay here, I won’t even mind covering all your meals.” Bailu Yi laughed as well.

“Okay, don’t regret it.” Qin Wentian stared at the fresh and pure countenance of Bailu Yi, feeling that she was growing more and more adorable every second he looked at her.

What made Bailu Yi exceptionally astonished was that Qin Wentian had spoken seriously. From that day onwards, he never took a single step out of the White Deer Cavern. And other than cultivation, he spent the rest of his time researching and comprehending Divine Inscriptions. This caused Bailu Yi’s heart to tremble. Initially, she had always thought of herself as extremely hardworking, yet after she saw Qin Wentian’s almost frantic efforts, she could only smile bitterly. She knew that in terms of effort, she couldn’t even be remotely compared to him.

There were times when Bailu Yi stood for half a day behind Qin Wentian, yet he didn’t even bother to glance at her. This degree of focus and concentration gave her a huge blow in terms of her ego. In addition to being a genius, she was also a supreme beauty and therefore always surrounded by a fawning crowd; this was the first time she was ever ignored.

Yet this also caused Bailu Yi to be deeply moved. There were no natural born geniuses. Even if someone was blessed with talent, only with effort and diligence would he be able to nurture and

maximise his potential. All the legendary figures whose names that could shake the Nine Continents, which one of them didn't have a resolute martial heart? All of them exhibited similar traits to the young man that stood in front of her.

Sitting beside Qin Wentian, Bailu Yi gazed at the engrossed young man. It was as though she was looking at a legendary character embarking on his pathway to greatness.

The intensity of Qin Wentian's efforts also influenced her. Day by day, Qin Wentian was improving at a crazy, almost unbelievable speed. And currently, he could already rival her. If they were to compete directly using only Divine Inscriptions, he would not lose out in the slightest.

Naturally, this also spurred Bailu Yi to work even harder.

"What are you thinking about? Do you want some fruits?" In the fourth cave dwelling, upon seeing Qin Wentian deep in thought about something, Bailu Yi passed a plate of fruits over to him.

"The Dao of Puppets is truly, incredibly profound." Qin Wentian glanced up, and when he saw that beautiful countenance of Bailu Yi, his spirits involuntarily brightened as he took a piece of fruit from the plate.

"Naturally." Bailu Yi laughed. "Have you comprehended anything after so many days?"

"Do you wish to hear about my insights?" Qin Wentian asked. Bailu Yi nodded. "Yeah."

"To you, what defines a Puppet?"

"Hmm, Puppets are Puppets. What do you mean?" Bailu Yi froze for a second.

"From my perspective, Puppets are the same as Divine Weapons." Qin Wentian smiled, "Puppets could fall under human-form, Divine-Weapon-form, beast-form categories, yet they only differ in terms of external appearances. Other than some evil methods that use real humans as the base, all other Puppet exteriors are forged by blacksmiths. Their abilities depend on the Divine Inscriptions engraved, control of them is done via linking of spiritual consciousness during refinement, while their source of power originates from embedding Yuan Meteor Stones. This was the difference between Puppets and Divine Weapons."

“Puppets are merely another advanced form of Divine Weapons. With the appropriate formations, one could draw upon and convert the energy in the Yuan Meteor Stones to become the originating energy of Puppets, thus the level of difficulty in creating one is many times higher in comparison. Naturally, the stronger the level of formation, as well as materials used for the exterior, the more powerful the Puppet would be.”

“However, human-form Puppets are the strongest because the power they are able to exhibit is greater. But naturally, the price and difficulty in creating them will also increase accordingly.” Qin Wentian laughed.

A look of comprehension dawned on Bailu Yi’s face as she nodded in response, “I’ve never thought of it this way before, but after your explanation, it does make sense. Divine Weapons are really similar to Puppets.”

“The Creator’s designs are extremely fascinating. Have you ever thought before that the runic outlines of Divine Inscriptions resembled the arterial pathways, energy channels and meridians of a human’s body? The inner structure of our bodies allows us to bring forth the might of innate techniques, so putting it in another perspective, isn’t this greatly similar to the Divine Inscriptions inscribed upon Divine Weapons and Puppets?”

Qin Wentian continued, “Not only that, for those of us with forging-type Astral Souls, the greatest advantage is that we can create Divine Inscriptions within our bodies before manifesting it. If that’s the case, if every droplet of Astral Energy within our bodies were tempered and converted by Divine Inscriptions, wouldn’t that simply mean that Astral Energy, in some form or another, are also Divine Inscriptions?”

The quiet words of Qin Wentian gave Bailu Yi an immense rush of impact, it shook the foundations of everything that she had ever known. She had cultivated her Dao of Divine Inscriptions according to the guidance of her elders, and had never seriously studied and contemplated them before. This was also part of the reason why she wanted to study with this young man beside her.

There’s something to be learned from everyone, and because she had cultivated according to the insights of her elders, her foundations had been fixed at a young age. How could any notion of doubt towards their teachings ever appear in her mind?

Yet because of Qin Wentian’s words, she began questioning the ‘fixed truths’ which she had always took for granted.

A fascinating glow of light shone in Bailu Yi's eyes as she regarded Qin Wentian. After which, she smiled, "Thank you."

"There's a commotion outside, let's go and take a look." At this moment, Bailu Yi stood up and proceeded to walk out of the cave dwelling. Qin Wentian followed and soon, they arrived at the entrance of the White Deer Cavern. However, they soon discovered that the cause of the commotion was because of a veiled maiden trying to enter the cavern. She was otherworldly, so beautiful to the extent that even her obscured features couldn't conceal her beauty.

"What happened?" Qin Wentian hurriedly stepped forth upon noticing that it was Qing'er.

Finally seeing Qin Wentian, Qing'er's clear and melodic voice rang out, "I didn't see you for several days and thus I was worried. I wanted to go in to look for you."

Hearing her words caused Qin Wentian to be stunned, and he felt touched in his heart. So, this aloof maiden had never left his side.

"Since you are fine, I'm leaving then." Qing'er turned and walked away, disappearing from Qin Wentian's field of vision so swiftly, as though she was never there!

#### Chapter 240: Reverse Inscriptions

After Qing'er departed, Bailu Yi stared at Qin Wentian with a bizarre expression in her eyes. That otherworldly maiden from before was an exceptional beauty. Although her countenance was obscured, just by standing next to her, Bailu Yi felt as though she had lost her own luster.

This fellow was becoming increasingly mysterious.

"Little Yi, who is he?" At this moment, an old man that previously guarded the Cavern directed his question at Bailu Yi. He knew that Bailu Yi was the one that had brought Qin Wentian to enter the depths of the White Deer Cavern, and usually he would not disturb or oppose her matters. But this was different, there was someone who wanted to barge into the Cavern because of Qin Wentian, so the old man had no choice but to question her.

"Uncle Liang, he's my friend, Qin Wentian," Bailu Yi replied.



“Little Yi, I won’t interfere in matters concerning your personal life, but do take note of your actions. You should know that there are many people within the clan that are monitoring you closely. Now, you’re interacting way too much with this man beside you, leading to many rumors running rampant among the Institute.”

“Uncle Liang, I understand,” Bailu Yi replied, somewhat helplessly. Uncle Liang nodded and didn’t inquire further, choosing to depart instead.

“I’m sorry, I caused you trouble,” Qin Wentian apologised in a low voice.

Bailu Yi’s beautiful eyes regarded Qin Wentian as she nonchalantly replied with a laugh, “What trouble? There’s nothing between us, right? And so what, even if there is?”

“Ah…” Qin Wentian froze as his eyes flickered. Gazing upon her pure-looking and compelling features, that snowy jade-white skin as well as those full, buxomy twin mountain peaks, this description was really apt – angelic features along with a devilish figure, she was smoking hot.

“What are you looking at? I’m just listing an example.” Bailu Yi stomped her foot as she glared fiercely at Qin Wentian, before turning and returning to the White Deer Cavern. That earlier expression on Bailu Yi’s face caused Qin Wentian to lose focus, she was truly a fine specimen.

“Shit, what am I doing?” Qin Wentian knocked on his head, speechless. He suddenly thought of Qingcheng, and the smile on his face dimmed compared to its earlier brilliance. Drawing in a deep breath, Qin Wentian turned his gaze towards the direction of the Pill Emperor Hall.

Was she doing fine? It had been quite a long time since he last saw her.

Peng! Within the Pill Emperor Hall, the sounds of a mini explosion echoed from within a pill concoction cauldron. Mo Qingcheng’s exquisite features had on an expression of helplessness. For some reason, her heart was feeling extremely restless today, leading to her being easily distracted.

“Junior Sister, what happened?” Bai Fei glanced at Mo Qingcheng. Mo Qingcheng had a Seven Apertures Mystical Heart, by right, her talent regarding alchemy was off the charts, and her concoctions would rarely fail.

“I wish to go out for a walk.” Mo Qingcheng abruptly left the chamber, causing Bai Fei’s expression to falter. Quickly hastening her steps, she followed Mo Qingcheng out. The soft and

gentle rays of sunlight shone onto Mo Qingcheng, adding a halo of gentleness to her beautiful countenance. She was so breathtakingly beautiful that her looks caused others to be breathless.

As she stared at Mo Qingcheng, Bai Fei couldn't help but feel ashamed of her own inferiority. Previously, she was someone extremely prideful, but ever since Mo Qingcheng entered their sect, her self-confidence had slowly withered away. A halo of light seemed to perpetually emanate forth from Mo Qingcheng, somehow transforming her demeanor into something sacred and saint-like. And as of now, no one even dared to look directly at her.

"Maybe, only that man would be qualified to be her prince charming," Bai Fei mused in her heart. During this period of time, there were several people from the older generations that brought up the topic of marriage engagement to the Pill Emperor Hall, yet they were all unceremoniously rejected by Luo He. The number of rejections piled up to the point whereby a rumor started – only Hua Taixu would be able to match up to Mo Qingcheng's radiance.

Hua Taixu did indeed pay a visit to Luo He, however, he said nothing even after he saw Mo Qingcheng. But somehow, rumors still propagated.

"I'm going out for a walk," Mo Qingcheng's voice broke Bai Fei's musings.

"Wait, let me seek permission from Master first."

Mo Qingcheng silently sighed, she only wanted to take a stroll outside to lessen her restlessness, was this not allowed either?

It had already been so long, he should have left Chu too, right? She wondered where he was right now.

Upon thinking of him, a pure, radiant smile lit up Mo Qingcheng's face, their memories together filling her heart with currents of warmth.

His silhouette was like a ray of light, and regardless of how cold she was, that ray of light would definitely be able to melt the ice and snow surrounding her heart.

.....

Qin Wentian was still deeply immersed in studying the Dao of Divine Inscriptions. Today, he was in a dreamscape of his own creation, studying the Diagram of the Mountains and Rivers he obtained from the dream will of that green-robed middle aged man within the Dark Forest. Every stroke of the brush within the Diagram created a Mountain and a River, and even cast the four seasons. That green-robed cultivator he had met was definitely someone who had an exceedingly high attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions.

The Diagram of the Mountain and Rivers encompassed all land under the Heavens, consisting of a myriad of different kinds of Divine Inscriptions, shimmering in and out of existence as Qin Wentian studied it. Upon noting the disappearance of the Inscriptions, Qin Wentian froze as he was struck by a sudden thought.

Awakening from the dreamscape, he opened his eyes, and saw Bailu Yi's beautiful ones staring right at him, "Wow, I didn't think Mr. Hardworking would sometimes take naps during training too."

"Bailu Yi," Qin Wentian suddenly called out, his tone causing Bailu Yi's expression to falter. She curiously stared at Qin Wentian, "Huh? What's the matter?"

"Do you know of Reverse Inscriptions?" Qin Wentian breathed in excitement.

"Reverse Inscriptions?" Bailu Yi was bewildered.

"You should know that the Divine Inscriptions on Divine Weapons and Puppets have to be perfectly inscribed, akin to a work of nature. It's tremendously difficult to destroy. You also said before that during Puppet battles, the Puppets themselves wouldn't feel pain, nor fatigue, and so they're opponents that are extremely tough to deal with. Even if you damage part of it, the Puppet itself would still be extremely difficult to handle. But, if I could somehow sense the composition of the particular Divine Inscription inscribed upon the Puppet, if I was proficient enough, couldn't I then just use this understanding to reverse its effects, internally destroying it with ease? If this was the case, regardless of Divine Weapons, Puppets or Formations, I could freely cripple them, no?"

Qin Wentian's eyes shone with a brilliant light. Bailu Yi stood there, stumped before she recovered. "But, if you want to sense and instantly inscribe a Reverse Inscription to negate it, the difficulty of this feat is many times tougher compared to just inscribing Divine Inscriptions."

"Haha, Bailu Yi, think about it. How did you learn to inscribe Divine Inscriptions in the first place?" Qin Wentian suddenly asked.

“Naturally, from the basics. Through understanding and comprehension, copying already inscribed Inscriptions until I familiarised myself with it, thereby deriving mastery through countless practice, step by step,” Bailu Yi replied.

“In that case, why can’t you do the same for Reverse Inscriptions? Start from the basics and learn how to counteract effects of the simplest Divine Inscription before working your way up, broadening your knowledge, step by step?” Qin Wentian boldly shared his theory, causing Bailu Yi’s heart to tremble with an unknown emotion. Her beautiful eyes stared unblinkingly at Qin Wentian. He was truly a monstrous genius. His way of thinking was too bold, some may even deem it crazy.

What touched Bailu Yi was that every time Qin Wentian had an idea or insight, he would tell her about it, causing her perspective on the Dao of Divine Inscriptions to advance as well.

Seeing how Bailu Yi was staring at him, Qin Wentian suddenly grinned, “Am I really that handsome?”

“Don’t be cocky.” Bailu Yi laughed. After which, she withdrew a few books from her interspatial ring and passed it to Qin Wentian. “These are for you.”

“What are these?” Qin Wentian asked curiously.

“You will understand after you read them, just some simple notes regarding Divine Inscriptions.” Bailu Yi smiled. “I won’t disturb you during these few days, so study them well, I shall be just outside. If you need anything, just call for me.”

After speaking, Bailu Yi walked out. Qin Wentian flipped through one of the books, browsing through the contents within. There were several portions highlighted and further embellished on with Bailu Yi’s handwriting, containing the insights she gained. She passed Qin Wentian a total of four volumes; Divine Inscriptions (Basics), Divine Inscriptions (Battle), Divine Inscriptions (Formation) and Divine Inscriptions (Puppet).

The moment began to read the books, Qin Wentian couldn’t extricate himself. Using the span of several days, he finished them all in one go.

After finishing the books, Qin Wentian was very clear on one point. Bailu Yi had obviously lied to him. What simple notes? These were definitely all secret manuals that were recorded by Bailu Yi.

He stood up and left his place of study, and as he passed through the third cave dwelling, he caught sight of Bailu Yi.

“Are you done?” Seeing Qin Wentian walking out, Bailu Yi smiled at him.

“Were you acting as a lookout for me?” Occasionally people would walk past that area, yet there had been none in the past few days.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” denied Bailu Yi.

Qin Wentian rolled his eyes before walking to her side and passing the books back to her. He stared intently into her eyes, causing Bailu Yi to blush and avert her eyes. However, she couldn’t help but muster up her anger and glared at Qin Wentian, “What are you staring at?”

Qin Wentian went silent for a moment, taking in Bailu Yi’s adorable appearance before replying, “Thank you.”

Bailu Yi coughed, as she continued, “Stop acting so mushy, I need your help for something. During this period of time, there will be an exchange between Divine Inscriptionists held in the Eastern City of the Moon Continent. Can you come with me?”

“Sure,” Qin Wentian directly agreed, without asking what the exchange was about.

“Don’t agree so fast, I have to obtain the championship, okay.” Bailu Yi laughed. With Qin Wentian’s help, her confidence in obtaining first place was naturally much greater than before.

This exchange that Bailu Yi spoke of, was not only held in the Eastern City, but simultaneously in other famous places within the Moon Continent as well. Ultimately, those who obtained victory would have the chance to follow a few transcendent powers into a secret treasure land for Divine Inscriptionists. It was rumored that the secret realm contained various high ranked Inscriptions; fourth-ranked, fifth-ranked and even ancient ones.

Not only that, it was rumored that extremely terrifying fourth-level Puppets could be found in there, ones that could even suppress Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns.

Thus in the Eastern City, not only was the White Deer Institute making its own preparations, the Yan Clan, Leng Clan, and all other major clans intended to participate in the exchange as well. Even transcendent-level powers such as the Hua Clan and Pill Emperor Hall were preparing to take part.

“Right, we will do our best to obtain first place.” Qin Wentian laughed. Currently, he felt increasingly confident regarding his own attainments in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions. His understanding was many times higher compared to how he was a few months ago.

“I’ll go to the Leng Clan to take a look,” Qin Wentian added. Chu Mang, Fan Le and Little Rascal were still there, as well as Leng Ning. Qin Wentian wondered how she was now. Hopefully, she wasn’t too depressed by the actions of her clan. During this period of time, he was too engrossed in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions. Finally, he could now be considered to have some achievements in it.

“I’ll send you out.” Bailu Yi nodded. The two of them walked out of the White Deer Cavern as she personally escorted Qin Wentian out of the White Deer Institute.

Bailu Yi and Qin Wentian didn’t know that at this moment, a row of middle-aged figures were standing on the roof of a towering pavilion, surveying them. Among them, there was one whose features strongly resembled Bailu Yi’s. This was none other than her father, who was currently feeling an immense headache.

“That lass seems to be exceptionally close with that young man. She has not left his vicinity ever since a few months ago,” someone spoke, causing a bitter smile to appear on the face of Bailu Yi’s father. As his daughter matured, it was all right and proper if she had a boyfriend, but this Qin Wentian was of unknown origin, which was also the reason for his headache.

He understood his daughter very well. Even though she might seem cold and unapproachable on the outside, she was actually an extremely kind and pure little girl. Could Qin Wentian be a Lothario? Her feelings must not be cheated so easily.

“Nevermind, let her do what she wants, it will do no harm. If he isn’t suitable, then we will act accordingly,” Bailu Yi’s father replied.

“Considering her level of talent, you sure are open-minded. To think that I was still prepared to be the middleman and link her up with one of the four characters in our Moon Continent,” someone at the side casually added, causing Bailu Yi’s father’s eyes to narrow. Evidently, he understood which of the four characters that person was referring to.

Of the top thirty-six in the Heavenly Fate Ranking, four of them could be found within the Moon Continent. All four were young men that originated from powers with great backgrounds. All four

were undoubtedly and exceptionally outstanding, especially the one ranked at the top. Like a blazing sun, his radiance overshadowed all that were compared to him. However, there were whispers concerning him and the Pill Emperor Hall's new disciple, whispers of discussions proposing a marriage engagement between the both of them. The new disciple whose dazzling beauty had caught the eye of many, it was no exaggeration to say that her looks had the power to topple kingdoms and empires! Comment by Lord Bluefire: naise!