

Ancient Godly Monarch Chapter 24 - A Cold Heart

Chapter 24: A Cold Heart

Translator: Lordbluefire

The Qin Residence had a total of four gates—the North Gate, South Gate, East Gate, and West Gate. With Qin Wu captured and the Qin Residence on fire, the members of the Qin clan continuously rushed out from the four entrances in an attempt to escape. Other than Qin Chuan, who was facing the enemy troops at the East Gate, there were troops mobilised at the Southern and North Gate to help break through the enclosure set by their enemies, enabling some of the members of the Qin Clan to escape. As for the more important members of Qin Clan, they were all gathered at the West Gate.

“Quickly.” Qin He urged as he saw Qin Wentian and Qin Yao sprinting towards him. With Qin He urging them on, Qin Wentian and Qin Yao stepped on the ground and leaped through the air, landing on the backs of warhorses that were already prepared for them.

“Go.” Qin He led the warhorses forward. As they rushed out, a group of defenders appeared in front of their entourage, equipping the bull horn bows on their back, spears in their right hands, and swords on the left side of their saddles. They were ready to engage in battle using different weapons as the circumstances dictated.

Rumbling sounds rang out, causing the earth to vibrate with gallops from the warhorses. Qin Wentian turned his head, putting on a steeled face. However, he was unable to prevent a glistening tear from rolling down his face as he glanced at the place where he had lived for the more than ten years. This, he swore, was his last tear. Today was the last day of the year. After the year passed, he would truly be considered sixteen years old and henceforth a person of Jiang Hu. As a person of Jiang Hu, he was only allowed to shed blood, and not tears.....

The chilly wind blew past his cheeks, bringing with it a sense of melancholy. Qin Wentian and the rest madly rode their forces westward, only to see the bodies of many figures suddenly springing out from both sides of the luxurious street. Upon seeing the figures' faces, the members of the Qin Clan all revealed a look of intense rage.

Those who were present included the old man from the Ye Clan, Ye Mo, Ye Lang, and also Bai Clan leader—Bai Qingsong. Clearly, the Bai Clan had joined the encirclement of troops that surrounded the Qin Residence. This wolf in sheep's clothing was a wolf that was brought by none other than their own hands!

The defenders had no intentions to stop, clutching their spears tightly as they rode atop their warhorses. They drew the bull horn bow from their backs in a flash, placing three arrows on the bow strings, ready to be fired. The arrows twanged out in rapid succession, and the astral light trailed the arrows they shot out, emitting a terrifying whistling sound that struck fear in the hearts of many, particularly from the arrows fired by the defenders at the front.

“Plof, plof, plof.....” Akin to a burst of lightning, arrows after arrows accurately and cleanly pierced right through the throats of their enemies. Not only that, the arrows still retained their strength after piercing through, continuing to fly forward.

“Kill!” Qin He coldly commanded. He knew that the defenders were absolute elites in terms of strength, and there was even one who was at the Yuanfu level, capable of clashing directly against Ye Mo.

Riding on a warhorse, Qin Wentian pulled out the long spear from his back, grasping it with his right hand. The spear felt like an extension of his arm as he circulate the Astral Energy within his body, infusing the spear with it.

Fresh blood sprayed like a fountain in the air in front of him, appearing even more brilliant and enchantingly beautiful under the shining rays of sunlight. Qin He and Qin Ye had released their Astral Souls and were fighting together alongside the defenders against Ye Lang's forces. A rider filled with killing intent galloped forward on his warhorse towards Qin Wentian.

A long spear fiercely pierced towards Qin Wentian's throat in a manner that was fast, accurate and decisive. The wind caused by the movements of the spear, surging with killing intent, slammed against Qin Wentian's body, but at this moment, Qin Wentian felt no sense of panic, only an eerie calm. Abruptly, as his eyes shined with Astral Light, he struck out with the spear in his hand, using the pointed tip of his spear to collide with that of his opponent.

“Bang.” A terrifying surge of energy strongly vibrated the arms of his opponent, causing him to drop his spear with a clatter. But before the spear fell from the hands of his opponent, Qin Wentian's long spear, like a hot knife

through butter, grinded against the side of his opponent's spear, which was still falling midway. Using the extra cushion as an added support, he angled his spear upwards and directly stabbed the spearhead into the throat of his opponent. The warhorse Qin Wentian was riding on continued forward. Using a burst of strength, he directly shot the spear cleanly through his opponent's throat before catching hold of it again. The spearhead glistened with fresh blood, shining with a bizarre glow.

Somewhere in the distance, Ye Lang's sharp claws were deeply impaled into the head of a defender within Qin Wentian's line of sight. As he crushed the head with terrifying strength, the defender fell from his warhorse with his brains sliced apart and no hopes of surviving. Ye Lang's eyes were filled with a wild and unbridled aura as he stared at Qin Wentian in contempt. His lips slightly curled up unpleasantly as if he were provoking Qin Wentian into a duel.

"Next year, this day will be marked as the anniversary of the Qin Clan's extermination, and as for Qin Wu and Qin Chuan, they will be labeled as traitors to the country and executed in the Royal Capital with millions of eyes watching them," Ye Lang coldly stated, and as he did so, he pointed his finger to Qin Yao, who was battling with someone nearby. "And as for this woman, do not kill her. I want to enjoy her slowly tonight."

Qin Yao was distracted for a moment, and due to rage and humiliation, she was almost caught unaware by her opponent.

Qin Wentian coldly stared at Ye Lang as he turned his warhorse, rapidly galloping away.

"Escaping?" The corners of Ye Lang's mouth curled with disdain; today, they had prepared an inescapable net for the Qin Clan, and since the younger members of the Qin Clan had chosen to come his way, how could he still let them leave with their lives?

Ye Lang sat astride his warhorse, frenziedly galloping after Qin Wentian. "No one is to interfere; his life is mine to take."

As countless patrons of the inns lining both sides of the street were observing the battle, they felt shock in their hearts.

"The person just now was Qin Wentian from the Qin Clan, right? People called him a trash in the past, but to think that during the day of the examination, his

true prowess shocked everyone, revealing his monstrous talent. His combat prowess should be extremely strong as well.”

“So what? The person chasing him is Ye Lang. Other than being a genius of the Ye Clan from the Royal Capital, he is also the disciple of Asura Wu. Qin Wentian has just embarked on a path of death.”

As the crowd discussed their thoughts, both Qin Wentian and Ye Lang had already galloped towards the other end of the street. This place was spacious and well suited for battle, and as long as one stood on a high vantage point, the whole street would be visible to them. At this moment, under the crowd’s astonished gazes, Qin Wentian halted his warhorse. He turned around and directly faced Ye Lang, who was galloping after him.

“Weng”. A buzzing sound rang out as Qin Wentian’s long spear appeared in his hands. Reining in his horse with a steely glint in his eye, he rush forward towards Ye Lang, who was madly galloping towards him. His target was not Ye Lang, but rather the warhorse he was riding on! With the warhorse’ speed and inertia, how could it manage to dodge Qin Wentian's spear strike at close quarters?

A wheezing sound akin to that of a speeding bullet rang out as Qin Wentian’s long spear directly pierced through the head of the warhorse, culminating in the horse letting out a death cry. Ye Lang’s body spun in the air as he leapt from the horse, his arms spreading like the wings of a bird while he lunged towards Qin Wentian. Although Ye Lang was still at the Body Refinement Realm, unable to soar through the skies, it was still possible to somewhat achieve a similar effect using explosive strength to aid him.

Moreover, Ye Lang’s Astral Soul was condensed from the Demonic Wolf Constellation— the leaping power of wolves was already strong to begin with. The current Ye Lang, akin to a demonic wolf, lunged at Qin Wentian with his sharp claws extended, emitting waves of terrifying pressure and a chilling aura.

Unable to exert his full strength atop of his warhorse, Qin Wentian kicked the saddle as he somersaulted backwards. Ye Lang’s claws descended through the air, impaling through the skull of the warhorse and killing it with a single strike. Ye Lang swiftly landed on the ground, directly facing against Qin Wentian.

Ye Lang licked some of the horse's blood that had splashed onto the corner of his lips. He stared at Qin Wentian, as if Qin Wentian were already a dead man.

“Normally, those at the 9th level of the Body Refinement Realm would possess a strength of 81 bulls. Ye Lang, in addition to being at the peak of the Body Refinement Realm, can actually generate an astounding strength level of over 100 bulls by combining the boosting effect from his Astral Soul and the attack techniques he employed.” Despite of this, Qin Wentian was incomparably calm. Since he had already managed to lure Ye Lang over here, there was no way he would still give Ye Lang a chance to survive.

Nine silvery needles appeared in Qin Wentian's hands. Without hesitation, he accurately pierced the needles into nine acupuncture points on his own body. Instantly, he could feel his potential being endlessly drawn out. The feeling of boundless strength flooding his body was so invigorating that he involuntarily let out a low roar.

Qin Wentian was already fully proficient in the needle acupuncture techniques taught to him by Uncle Black, but he had never utilised this type of potential-igniting needle acupuncture technique before, as there would inevitably be some side effects after using it. However, he had no choice but to do so this time in order to kill the person standing in front him!

“What a pity, you won't be alive to see the destruction of the Qin Clan as well as the scene of me fondling your sister, Qin Yao.” Ye Lang grinned evilly as he rushed forward, releasing his Demonic Wolf Astral Soul with no intention to show mercy. Ye Lang planned to use the most brutal and violent method he had at his disposal to kill Qin Wentian, showing no quarters at all.

The same went for Qin Wentian, who had confidence in his abilities. He had no intention to go easy on his opponent at all.

Seeing the rapidly approaching Ye Lang, Qin Wentian released his Heavenly Hammer Astral Soul. That golden halo shone with blinding, resplendent light, causing spectators that were far off in the horizon to cry out in shock. This was a battle between Stellar Martial Cultivators!

“Buzz!” A cruel shadow emerged from Ye Lang's body. To the spectators, it was as if they had seen a terrifying, black-colored demonic wolf lunging towards Qin Wentian with a speed so fast that it could be comparable to lightning, stealing the breath of the entire crowd.

The current Qin Wentian was calm, so calm to the point where it was eerie. His sharp intuition had already sensed the swift Ye Lang approaching him rapidly with a chilly burst of murderous aura so intense that it seemed almost capable of rending him to pieces. Qin Wentian moved slightly in spiral; once his body started to move, his astral soul flickered, and his arms, akin to the heavenly hammer, explosively burst forth, metamorphosing into the image of a terrifying dragon. The Heavenly Hammer Astral Soul seemed to resonate together with the moves of the Dragon Subduing Fist, interweaving together as one and emitting a fearsome pressure.

“Claws of the Heavenly Wolf!”

Ye Lang’s strikes contained immense explosive power, and the sharp claws were capable of slicing apart huge rocks and even small hills. How could a body made of flesh and blood be able to withstand that?

“Draconic Roar of the Nine Heavens!”

This was the second time that the two of them had clashed, both using their ultimate moves. A thunderous roar rang out as Qin Wentian felt his fist being lacerated, while Ye Lang felt a surge of power, containing extremely tyrannical energy, moving from his claws all the way to his arm. The vibration caused by the tyrannical energy was so great that it felt as though his arm would disintegrate any moment. Not only that, the energy even managed to enter his body.

“Boom!”

That tyrannical energy vibrated within Ye Lang’s body, and the impact caused him to soar through the air before landing heavily on the ground, spitting out a mouthful of fresh blood.

After his breakthrough, Qin Wentian had gained another level of strength. At the 7th level of the Body Refinement Realm, normal cultivators would possess a strength level of 49 bulls. As for Qin Wentian, he condensed an Astral Soul from the 5th Heavenly Layer, in addition his innate technique—the Dragon Subduing Fist. Coupled with the fact that his potential was being continuously drawn out by his needle techniques, this strike of his contained an unimaginable amount of power that was far more terrifying than what anyone would have expected.

That strike of his exhausted only half of his total strength. Unlike in the past, he did not expend all of his power in this strike, since that would severely affect his combat ability. But even so, just a single strike containing half of his power was sufficient to seriously injure Ye Lang.

After all, Ye Lang was similar to the vast majority of martial cultivators; before he condensed his Astral Soul, he had already absorbed huge amounts of Heaven and Earth Yuan Qi and trained as a Martial Cultivator. As a result, he simply could not be mentioned in the same breath as Qin Wentian, whether in regards to the perfection of his body or the boosting effect of his Astral Soul.

Evidently, Qin Wentian was not unaffected by this exchange. He was forced to retreat several steps before he could regain his bearings. But almost immediately after, Qin Wentian leaped forwards like a ferocious beast, sprinting madly in the direction of Ye Lang.

Ye Lang's face froze, his expression growing even colder. Immediately, he jumped up. Qin Wentian's extremely violent fist emitted a pressure as heavy as a huge mountain, causing even the agile Ye Lang to have no time to evade. Instead, Ye Lang could only choose to go head to head, clashing directly against Qin Wentian.

"Bang!" Abruptly, under the impact of the collision, Ye Lang was sent soaring through the air once more. This was the second time that he had been injured so seriously to the point where his Qi and blood surged uncontrollably about his body, causing him to continuously spit out blood. His face turned bloodlessly pale, but when he lifted his head, he only saw a pair of eyes that were filled with immense killing intent staring back at him. For the first time in his life, Ye Lang felt the shadow of death looming over him, causing his body to shake uncontrollably from fear. His heart went cold..... so cold, so cold.