

Ancient Godly Monarch Chapter 25 - Violence

Chapter 25: Violence

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Evidently, Ye Lang did not expect Qin Wentian's strength to become so terrifying in an instant. If he had, there would have been no way he would have chose to clash head-on with Qin Wentian. But once he made a mistake, regret was all but useless. Qin Wentian frenziedly rushed towards him once again.

"Buzz." Ye Lang released his Astral Soul with a mad glint in his eyes. Ye Lang himself seemed to metamorphose into the shape of a gigantic demonic wolf, crouching on the ground with four limbs like a wild beast. He exerted all of his strength, seeking only to escape. Despite his grievous injuries, the speed at which he was still capable of mustering formed an afterimage, leaving the hearts of the spectators trembling in shock.

"Young Master." Far off in the distance, the faces of the elites from the Ye Clan witnessing this scenario all felt their faces turn pale with fright. Especially Ye Lang's guardian, who was sprinting madly with haste to reach Ye Lang.

"Stop them." Qin Chuan roared with rage as his body ferociously surged forward like a hunting leopard, knocking a man off his warhorse. At the same time, the arrows of a few of the defenders flew over, killing another man.

The earth was shaking with tremors. Qin Wentian continued on, chasing after Ye Lang with speed akin to that of a raging wind. The fact that his thin figure was actually capable of producing a speed that fast caused the spectators to tremble.

"How swift." Only now did the members of the Qin Clan realise that the quiet youth who had lived with them for more than ten years had spent grueling effort each morning, running regardless of rain or shine.

During the time Qin Wentian was sprinting after Ye Lang, he had already recovered his spear from the warhorse's corpse. His sharp eyes focused on a shadow in front him. Ye Lang was galloping on all fours as a bellow of rage roared from his mouth. Raising his spear, it was as if Qin Wentian had transferred all of his anger onto the shaft of the long spear, a spear that was

countless times sharper, faster, and more ferocious than an arrow. It effortlessly sliced through the air as it flew for the kill towards Ye Lang.

“Be careful.” Ye Mo, who was standing ahead, shouted. Ye Lang could feel an impending sense of doom as he tucked his body and increased his speed even further.

“Sheee!”

A bestial howled filled with pain resounded through the air alongside a crisp sound of flesh being punctured. The spear, which was initially aimed for Ye Lang’s brain, missed and pierced through his legs instead. It dropped from the air, pinning Ye Lang’s legs to the ground.

A surge of cold air billowed past. In that short instance, Qin Wentian had already caught up to Ye Lang. Directly raising his foot, Qin Wentian stomped right on Ye Lang’s back. The impact caused the latter to violently spit out blood.

Time seemed to pause at this moment, even for those who were embroiled in battles against one another. Everyone turned their head, fixing their sight on Qin Wentian and Ye Lang.

They only saw an icy fire flashing through the eyes of the youth as he extracted the spear that was pinning Ye Lang on the ground, forcefully turning Ye Lang’s body over. The terror of death could clearly be seen in Ye Lang’s eyes. Never had he thought that he would die here today.

The members of the Ye Clan held their breath. If Ye Lang were to die here today, his protectors would be put to death.

“Qin Wentian, if you dare to pierce the spear downwards, the only thing that awaits you, will be hell on earth.” Ye Mo gazed at Qin Wentian as his voice turned icy cold.

Raising his head, Qin Wentian glanced at Ye Mo with a sinister smile tinged with a slight bit of evil. He curled his lips, his eyes full of contempt.

His head lowered once again, he stared at Ye Lang, who was lying on the ground. “I said before that I would definitely kill you.”

“If you dare touch me, a terrible death awaits you.” Ye Lang’s eyes were still filled with a bestial aura as he glared at Qin Wentian threateningly.

“Qin Wentian, if Ye Lang dies, there is no way that your Qin Clan would survive against the raging flames of my Ye Clan’s fury.” Ye Mo pressured at the side. Even at this point, they still had the gall to be arrogant.

“Remember this: Ye Lang will certainly not be the first.” Qin Wentian’s chilly voice rang out. Time seemed to stop as the spear in his hand violently pierced downwards. It pierced right into Ye Lang’s skull, pinning him to the ground, with fresh blood and brain matter leaking out. Despite his death, Ye Lang’s eyes were still wide-opened in shock, it was if he had not expected Qin Wentian to actually dare to pierce him with the spear.

With chests breathing heavily, the spectators were stunned. They finally understood that Qin Wentian had not been escaping, but rather luring Ye Lang to a battleground that could be used to his advantage.

“Well done,” Qin Ye bellowed. Qin Wentian’s spear strike was fast and decisive, much to Qin Ye’s liking.

“Come and kill me if you can, if I do not meet my death today, I will become the Ye Clan’s worst nightmare.” Qin Wentian pointed the tip of his spear in Ye Mo’s direction as he coldly stated. After doing so, he turned his body and began madly sprinting towards a distant alley.

Ye Mo’s body flickered, but as he began soaring through the air, the Yuanfu Realm defender moved to obstruct his path. Qin Wentian wanted to lure the people of the Ye Clan. making them chase after him so that the other members of the Qin Clan could have a chance to escape. The defender understood this; however, he couldn’t let Ye Mo, a cultivator at the terrifying Yuanfu Realm, to chase after Qin Wentian.

“I want the head of Qin Wentian!” Ye Mo angrily commanded. Upon hearing the command, the other members of the Ye Clan frantically chased after Qin Wentian. If they allowed Ye Lang’s killer to escape, they would be the one to face the clan’s wrath.

The shock in Bai Qingsong’s heart did not dissipate even after a long time. The once gentle and smiling youth had actually displayed such battle prowess. Even his gaze was sufficient to cause fear in Bai Qingsong’s heart. Deep in his heart, Bai Qingsong deeply regretted what has happened;

however, that regret was swiftly buried by his cunning. The most important thing today was to destroy the Qin Clan and to kill Qin Wentian, giving no chance for them to revive.

Many members of the Ye Clan and the Bai Clan chased after Qin Wentian, causing the pressure faced by the other Qin members to lessen substantially. Taking this chance, Qin He quickly commanded, "Everyone, retreat towards the Star River Association."

"But, what about Wentian?" Qin Yao asked, worry evident in her features.

"Do not waste the chance Wentian bought for us. I will find him. Qin Ye, I will leave things here to you." Qin He instructed as he swiftly rushed towards Qin Wentian's direction.

Qin Ye's eyes reddened as he howled, "Go!"

When they finally arrived at the location where Qin Wentian was last seen, the people of the Ye Clan couldn't find a trace of him. Considering how familiar Qin Wentian was with the streets of the Sky Harmony City, how could he possibly proceed in a straight line, making it so easy for his pursuers?

"When coming across to a split path, split into two groups and continue chasing after him. If he is alive, I want to see him; if he is dead, I want to see his corpse." The pursuers split themselves into two groups, and continue the chase. If they stuck together as one, it was highly improbable for them to be able to find Qin Wentian, given that Qin Wentian was intentionally hiding himself away.

This particular street was one of the most luxurious streets in the Sky Harmony City. There was plenty of split paths that were unsuitable for horse riders. Thus, many of the riders had to dismount and continue their chase on foot.

Currently, Qin Wentian was hiding in an abandoned alley right at the end of the street. He withdrew a Yuan Meteor Stone and unceasingly absorbed the Astral Energy within. He had no time to take into consideration the fact that he should use the Tempered Thousand Hammers Refinement Technique to refine the energy and aid in his breakthrough. In his mind, he only wanted to rapidly recover all the energy that he had exhausted earlier when he was fighting with Ye Lang.

“This way.” The sound of a voice drifted over, causing Qin Wentian’s body to grow tense. A moment later, the silhouettes of two figures moved past him, but almost immediately, they halted their steps as if they could sense his presence.

“Bzz!” Qin Wentian exploded forth in that instance like an arrow leaving an arched bow. As ferocious as hunting prey, he led his spear forward like a raging dragon. His spear arts contained the essence of the movements behind the Dragon Subduing Fist, making it incomparably domineering.

One person managed to turn just in time to see Qin Wentian’s long spear piercing his own throat with lightning-fast speed.

The other figure froze in shock, but the experienced opponent swiftly recovered as he retreated backwards, intending to lengthen the distance between him and Qin Wentian.

“Collapsing Tiger Fist.” that person roared in rage. Waves of terrifying pressure, equivalent to that of a ferocious tiger rending apart its prey, gushed forth as a fist filled with a wild, bestial aura sped frenziedly towards Qin Wentian.

“Innate strength. He is an opponent at the Arterial Circulation Realm.” Despite of this, Qin Wentian was still incomparably calm. In his eyes, there was only his opponent.

Although this person was not a Stellar Martial Cultivator, the might of the Arterial Circulation Realm was nothing to sneeze at. Cultivators at the Arterial Circulation Realm were able to unleash innate strength, which enable them to send out energy blasts from a distance. They possessed an indomitable advantage that cultivators at the Body Refinement Realm were unable to match.

“Howl!” The might of the long spear was comparable to a dragon as it swepted outwards and clashed against the fist, causing lacerations to appear on the fist of Qin Wentian’s opponent. Qin Wentian’s strength, when paired with the boosting effect from the divine weapon, was already sufficient enough to reach the level of a normal cultivator at the Arterial Circulation Realm. After all, he was a Stellar Martial Cultivator. In addition, cultivators of the 1st level of the Arterial Circulation Realm had a limited pool of energy.

During this short span of time, Qin Wentian's resolution further increased. He must kill the opponent, and he had to adopt a blitzkrieg strategy, ending the battle as fast as possible.

"What a domineering strength." The opponent, seeing how Qin Wentian countered his innate strength, felt fear in his heart. No wonder Qin Wentian was able to kill Ye Lang. Retreating rapidly, he refused to engage Qin Wentian in close combat. Both of his arms explosively shot out, shooting forth waves of violent and brutal energy that threatened to overwhelm Qin Wentian.

Resplendent rays of Astral Light emerged as the shape of a Heavenly Hammer materialized in Qin Wentian's left hand. Qin Wentian chopping furiously at his opponent, emitting waves of killing intent.

"Boom!" The energy blast from the fist dissipated, its intensity diminished by the tyrannical strength of the Heavenly Hammer to something his body would be able to bear. With an incredibly sharp look in his eyes, Qin Wentian lurched forward.

"Die!" Immediately after, Qin Wentian gathered his strength as he shot his spear forward like a speeding arrow. His opponent madly defended, but Qin Wentian's strike contained herculean strength. Like a hot knife through butter, the long spear shot forth with an irresistible force, directly piercing through the middle of his opponent's brow. Just like that, an expert of the Arterial Circulation Realm had fallen.

"Hu....." Qin Wentian sucked in a huge breath as he extracted his spear from his opponent's corpse. Swiftly after, he disappeared into the alley and started sprinting towards the other direction. He was afraid that the commotion caused by the battle would attract more attention from the members of the Ye Clan.

The current Qin Wentian felt fatigue dragging down his steps. After all, his cultivation was only at the 7th level of the Body Refinement Realm. Continuously killing Ye Lang and two others, in addition to the strike he suffered earlier, was a huge drain on his strength. Not only that, when the effect of the potential igniting needle techniques disappeared, he would be even weaker than he was now. He had to arrive at a safer location before that happened.