

Ancient GM 251

Chapter 251: Grandmaster Ghaus

When Qin Wentian saw Bailu Yi unceremoniously ‘tossing him aside’ as she walked away, he couldn’t help but smile wryly in his heart. That man should be Bailu Yi’s father.

There was another young man standing beside Bailu Yi. This young man was robed in white, dotingly tousling Bailu Yi’s hair, like what a senior would do to an adorable junior. Bailu Yi glared fiercely at that young man before breaking into a smile. Evidently, they had a very close relationship between them.

And in that moment, the young man’s gaze abruptly shifted, riveting onto Qin Wentian. Just a look from the young man caused Qin Wentian to feel a sensation of extreme sharpness pressing down onto him, indicating that the combat prowess of this young man was extraordinary. At the very least, the young man was several times stronger when compared to himself at present.

“This person should be the elder brother of Bailu Yi.” Qin Wentian mused. If this guy was her boyfriend, how would he even have the chance to peacefully spend his days studying Divine Inscriptions at such close range with her? Moreover, the natural interactions between them reminded Qin Wentian of him and his sister, Qin Yao. He often liked to pinch Qin Yao’s cheek or tousle her hair, causing Qin Yao to glare irritably at him.

“Qin Wentian, Chu Mang, Fan Le of the junior generations pay their respects to the Elders of the Institute.” Qin Wentian and his two brothers bowed slightly to show deference.

There was no response. The only reaction that Qin Wentian could feel were waves of pressure boring down on him. However, his countenance remained calm and composed, and he quietly stood there with an attitude that was neither servile nor overbearing. Qin Wentian had weathered so many storms, how could he not have the slightest bit of strength of character.

“What have you come here for?” An elder looked towards Qin Wentian as he spoke. This elder had large eyes that seemed to contained great power within them. Usually, the target of his stares would feel immensely pressured.

“Junior has recently studied the Dao of Divine inscriptions in the White Deer Institute and thus encountered Miss Bailu’s grace and good favor, leading to an exchange of discourse in Divine Inscriptions with her, thereby allowing my attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions to soar rapidly. This Junior is confident enough in my own abilities and am willing to represent the Institute

to participate in the exchange for Divine Inscriptionist in the Eastern City of the Moon Continent,” Qin Wentian stated.

“Ridiculous, do you think my Institute is lacking in talent? How could you, as an outsider, represent the Institute?” berated an old man. This person stood nearer to the side, indicating his status was somewhat lower and wasn’t one of the four Supreme Elders that had the authority to make decisions. But of course, he was still more than qualified enough to berate a junior out in public.

“The White Deer Institute is considered a ‘major clan’ that specialises in Divine Inscriptions. Their expertise and attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions far surpasses others. During the course of exchange with Miss Bailu, Junior has truly learnt a lot and broadened my horizons. However, similar to cultivation, the Dao of Divine Inscriptions is boundless. I, Qin Wentian, have absolute confidence when I say that I’m willing to represent the Institute for the exchange but if the White Deer Institute chooses not to allow it because it feels that I’m not a member, just treat it as though this Junior has said nothing.”

“What a good word, ‘absolute confidence’. You mean no one in my White Deer Institute is more suitable than you?” The tone of the elder with the large eyes seemed to be filled with the buzzing of a predatory bird, containing a hint of a threat within his voice.

Qin Wentian locked eyes with the Elder, with no hints of fear in him at all. “That’s right.”

“Hmm?” The old man’s eyebrows twitched as an aura of sharpness gushed towards Qin Wentian. The elder laughed menacingly, “That’s right? How impudent.”

Qin Wentian felt the pressure. His body tightened as his heart clenched from it, but he still remained standing upright, straight-back and proud. If he couldn’t even resolve this matter here, how could he eventually control the White Deer Institute?

That old man was evidently a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign, but it wasn’t only him, all elders of the White Deer Institute were Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns as well. Qin Wentian could feel how tiny and inconsequential he was in front of a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign, but so what about it? He would never forget the reason why he came here.

Bailu Yi’s father, Bailu Shan held a hint of admiration in his eyes as he saw how unyielding Qin Wentian was.

However at this moment, Qin Wentian's lips curled into a faint smile. "Impudent? Senior, you have yet to understand my abilities, but termed me as impudent. Doesn't that make you impudent as well?"

After speaking, Qin Wentian inclined his head slightly, that perfectly composed countenance radiated an innate self-confidence that could clearly be felt when people gazed at him.

The elder with the large eyes involuntarily felt his heart tremble as he saw how calm Qin Wentian was. Such an extraordinary demeanor and confidence reminded him of his interactions with the few Heaven's Chosen he had met in the past. And now, Qin Wentian was projecting a similar presence.

"Hmph I want to see if you are an ignorant fool or truly a Heaven's Chosen. I'm truly curious to see what capabilities you possess." A light shone in the elder's eyes as he continued, "Bailu Yan, go test out his level of attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions."

"Right." A middle-aged man stepped out, standing before Qin Wentian. This person was one of the three chosen to represent the White Deer Institute for the exchange this time around, being one of the two supporting Bailu Yi.

"What do you want to compete in? Combat-oriented Divine Inscriptions? Formations? Or Puppets?" Bailu Yan stared at Qin Wentian with contempt. Truly the ignorant were fearless, Qin Wentian was too arrogant.

"Up to you," Qin Wentian nonchalantly replied, his manner as casual as the drifting winds.

"Hehe, let's just directly inscribe Divine Inscriptions then." Bailu Yan coldly laughed as his palm slammed down towards the ground's surface. Light rumbling sounds rang out as a brilliant glow emanated from a set of runic outlines, which appeared engraved on the ground.

"There's no need to compete any further," Qin Wentian lightly commented causing looks of puzzlement to be exchanged around the crowd, as they stared at Qin Wentian.

Bailu Yan halted his movements as he coldly laughed. "You're admitting defeat just like that?"

"No, but you are not good enough," Qin Wentian casually replied, causing the smile on Bailu Yan to freeze on his face. His countenance turned to rage. This fellow was truly impudent.

Not only Bailu Yan, many shared his sentiments within the crowd. Even Bailu Shan was frowning.

Bailu Jing who was standing at the side of Bailu Yi, had an expression of interest on his face.

However at that moment, the crowd only saw Qin Wentian lifting his hand and blasting out with his palm. A moment later, a dazzling light erupted as runic outlines formed instantaneously in midair. Nay, not runic outlines, but rather, a complete picture.

The hearts of the crowd trembled, especially that elder with large eyes. He was staring dumbfoundedly with an expression of fascination.

“Is this sufficient?” Qin Wentian clasped his hands together, causing that dazzling light from before to fade away. He directed his serene gaze onto Bailu Yan as he asked.

“Impossible, not even a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist could inscribe Divine Inscriptions in midair without drawing support from a medium.” Bailu Yan felt as though a giant sledgehammer had smashed his heart. He couldn’t believe what he just saw.

“What you are unable to do, doesn’t mean it cannot be accomplished by others,” Qin Wentian unperturbedly replied, as he continued walking forwards. Every step he took birthed a Sword-type Divine Inscription beneath his feet. The sword intent caused a cacophony of sword keening to fill the air as they accompanied Qin Wentian with each step.

It was as though Qin Wentian took each step with a controlled rhythm. The sword keen grew louder and louder, the sword intent growing increasingly stronger along with it.

At this moment, Qin Wentian had already arrived at the stairs leading up to the platform. Stepping upwards, the cacophony of sword keens intensified as boundless sword intent swirled together, forming a sword filled with an overwhelming might. The weapons then transformed into a beam of light, tearing apart space, zooming explosively towards Bailu Yan.

Bailu Yan’s countenance became increasingly unsightly, he retreated without pause as his arms waved about frantically, inscribing Divine Inscriptions to block the attack. Yet his attempts were futile, the beam of sword light effortlessly enveloped Bailu Yan within. With a howl of rage, Bailu Yan’s Astral Souls exploded forth. The sounds of a terrifying impact rang out, as Bailu Yan’s attacks caused the dome of light to finally break apart. In spite of this, the sword intent still lingered in the

air, leaving behind Bailu Yan who looked to be extremely battered and exhausted, in an exceedingly pathetic state.

The crowd's stares shifted back to Qin Wentian, only to see him acting as though nothing out of the ordinary happened, standing to the side and dipping into a slight bow towards Bailu Yan, "Pardon me."

"Hmph." Bailu Yan flicked his sleeves and departed. He naturally felt unhappy in his heart for having lost to a junior, even though he now knew that Qin Wentian's attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions was higher than his own.

"Indeed, you're not bad at all," spoke the large-eyed elder. "To be able to inscribe Divine Inscriptions in the middle of the air, I will give you a chance. You and Bailu Yi will act as support during the exchange."

"Acting as support?" Bailu Yi's expression faltered, wasn't the initial plan for her to be the main lead while two others supported her? With the appearance of Qin Wentian, she would naturally be willing to relinquish the lead position to him, but today the elder actually said that both of them were to act as support? Who would take the main position then?

"Yup, Little Yi, Grandmaster Ghaus will represent our White Deer Institute in the exchange this time round, we would have to trouble you to act as support for him instead." The large-eyed elder smiled at her, as Bailu Yi's expressions froze for a moment before she added, "Is Grandmaster Ghaus back?"

"The Institute had specially invited him for this event." The words of the elder caused Bailu Yi to tremble slightly, to think that they would actually go so far as to invite Grandmaster Ghaus. It appeared that the Institute placed extremely high importance on the exchange this time around.

"Grandmaster Ghaus, how about coming out." The large-eyed elder laughed. A few moments later, an old man clad in black slowly made his way forward. Upon arriving at the platform, he laughed, "Ghaus greets all the elders, I hope all of you are as well as before."

"Back then, Grandmaster Ghaus had cultivated for a period of time in our Institute, resulting in our reputation growing even brighter. And now that Grandmaster Ghaus's inscriptions have already reached the Transformation Boundary of the third-level, we have to count on you for the exchange then," the large-eyed elder courteously replied.

“It is my honor to represent the Institute.” Ghaus amicably laughed.

It was as though Qin Wentian was shunted to the side. The large-eyed elder then glanced at Qin Wentian, “According to our info, there will be several major clans and sects sending out powerful people to participate in this exchange. With the presence of Grandmaster Ghaus, our chances of victory would certainly be boosted immensely.”

“Do you have any objection?” the large-eyed elder asked.

Qin Wentian muttered to himself irresolutely for a moment, before smiling and replying, “No problem.”

After all, his objective today was to allow the members of the White Deer Institute to know of his name. Although he had displayed some of his capabilities, maybe it was because of his age that the Institute felt more inclined to place their trust in an older and more experienced Divine Inscriptionist. But this was fine as well, he had already achieved his objective and furthermore, if he could showcase even more of his true skill in this exchange, what did it matter who the positions of the lead and support were? The supporter may very well end up being the one carrying the team to victory.

Also, the White Deer Institute had evidently already made their decision. If he were to object, wouldn't that make it seem as though he had no sense of propriety.

The large-eyed elder rested his gaze upon Qin Wentian for a moment. After which, he smiled and nodded his head. Today, the members of the White Deer Institute had acquainted themselves with Qin Wentian. And by all accounts, it appeared their first impression of him was quite favourable!

Chapter 252: Dao Cultivation Ground of a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant

In the training grounds of the White Deer Institute, the crowd gradually dispersed. The large-eyed Elder invited Grandmaster Ghaus to go with him to rest, but his eyes lingered on Qin Wentian during their departure.

Bailu Shan similarly cast a glance at Qin Wentian before he departed. By then, Bailu Yi and the young man beside her walked over and smiled at Qin Wentian, “Excellent, our team this time round is really powerful. Oh, and this is my older brother, Bailu Jing.”

Qin Wentian nodded politely to Bailu Jing, only to see Bailu Jing contemplating him. Both their gazes locked as they studied each other.

“If it weren't for the fact that my brother doesn't like Divine Inscriptions, his attainments for that particular Dao would be even higher than mine. He prefers the Martial way and is currently one of

the top hundred rankers in the Heavenly Fate Ranking.” Bailu Yi smiled as a thoughtful gaze appeared in Qin Wentian’s eyes. There was no need to doubt Bailu Jing’s strength, to be ranked within the top hundred of the Heavenly Fate Ranking was already the best proof.

“Brother, Qin Wentian is really powerful, in both the Dao of Divine Inscriptions and the Martial way. His achievements in the future would definitely not lose out to you,” Bailu Yi similarly praised Qin Wentian.

“I’m happy to hear that.” Bailu Jing laughed as he regarded his little sister. How could Bailu Yi not understand the look in his eyes. She could only roll her eyes and continue, “Brother, don’t overthink things. Things between me and Wentian are not as what you imagined.”

“What did I imagine?” Bailu Jing continued teasing, causing Bailu Yi to fiercely pinch him. “I shan’t talk to you any longer.”

“Haha.” Bailu Jing laughed, looking at his sister with a knowing smile in his eyes. “No matter your decision, I will support you.”

“I already said it’s not what you’re thinking.” Helplessness could be seen reflected on Bailu Yi’s innocent face.

“Okay, okay, I understand.” Bailu Jing winked, smiling as he glanced at Qin Wentian, “Seems like you still need to put in more effort.”

After speaking, Bailu Jing turned and departed, causing Qin Wentian to be completely speechless. This elder brother of Bailu Yi was somewhat interesting as well, Qin Wentian could clearly see how much he doted upon Bailu Yi. As long as Bailu Yi liked someone, he would support her no matter who the guy was.

“Ignore him,” Bailu Yi stated to Qin Wentian, “Let’s be well prepared, the exchange will soon begin.”

“Right.” Qin Wentian nodded his head lightly.

“The exchange this time round is different from the past. Each of the major clans have hired extremely tough to deal with Grandmaster Inscriptionists as their representatives, you guys have to be more cautious,” Bailu Jing suddenly added, turning back to them, which caused Bailu Yi to be somewhat stunned. Could it be that there was some special reasons behind the reason for hiring Grandmaster Ghaus?

“What’s the difference between this exchange and the previous ones?” Bailu Yi asked.

“You spent these past few weeks hanging around him without even bothering to attend any of the Clan’s meetings, and you still have the cheek to ask me now?” Bailu Jing laughed, but soon after, he channeled his voice into soundwaves, merging them into a single thread that could only be heard by Qin Wentian and Bailu Yi. “There’s news that the secret realm may very well be the Dao Cultivation Ground of a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant.”

Bailu Yi froze, her heart pounding. The Dao Cultivation Ground of an Ascendant?

So there had actually been word of this. If this was the case, the exchange this time around to determine the qualifications of the participants to enter the secret realm, might very well cause an upending commotion.

“What, but...” Bailu Yi wanted to continue, only to see her brother placing a finger on his lips, indicating that she was to keep silent. After which, he explained, “Most of the other major clans still have no inkling of this, and in addition, the trial for the secret realm might just be the beginning.”

After speaking, Bailu Jing turned and continued on his way. Bailu Yi looked to Qin Wentian and smiled bitterly, “I had thought that this exchange would be very simple, but according to my brother, some unexpected situations may occur.”

Bailu Jing intentionally or unintentionally didn’t exclude Qin Wentian from his words.

“Dao Cultivation Ground of a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant,” Qin Wentian murmured.

“Ascendants are the title given to those supreme powerhouses at the Celestial Phenomenon Realm. If this piece of news were to be known by everyone in the Grand Xia Empire, the magnitude of the ensuing storm would be inconceivably huge. The transcendent powers would probably act first to secure their advantage,” Bailu Yi lightly commented as Qin Wentian nodded in agreement.

He had heard of many titles such as the Azure Emperor and the Pill Emperor. The word ‘Emperor’ in their titles most definitely referred to the Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns at the pinnacle of Grand Xia Empire.

“Let’s go, we have to be well prepared. Luckily Grandmaster Ghaus is extremely experienced, so our chances should be quite good.” Bailu Yi’s countenance was filled with a mixture of heaviness and anticipation.

.....

At this moment, there was indeed an undercurrent that existed within the Moon Continent. However, the various powers all kept relatively low profiles, and for those that received the news, they kept their lips sealed, doing their best to prevent the spread of this information. Although they knew there was the possibility that they wouldn’t be able to hide it, they still did their best. Even if the other transcendent powers of the Nine Continents were to receive the news in the future, by that time it would already be too late for them.

The exchange held in all the major regions of the Moon Continents, finally arrived.

The entrance to the Divine Inscriptions’ secret realm was controlled by the four transcendent powers in the Moon Continent. Hence, today’s exchange was jointly organized by the four powers.

As one of those transcendent powers, the Star-Seizing Manor was responsible for organizing the exchange in the Eastern Region.

And today, all participating sects and clans would be making their way towards the training grounds of the Star-Seizing Manor. Upon seeing the Manor’s majestic structures, the hearts of the participants were all filled with hints of envy. This was truly a place worthy of being termed a transcendent power’s residential area – the king of the Eastern Region. Normally, how would the participants even get the chance to step inside the Star-Seizing Manor? It was only today that the Manor opened up their doors, allowing the participants access inside, albeit limiting the areas where they could enter.

The major powers of the Eastern Region – Yan Clan, Leng Clan, Scarlet Thunder Sect, Watermoon Mountain Villa, Demon Cult, they had all arrived at the training grounds of the Star-Seizing Manor. Over there, experts were as common as clouds.

The Yan Clan and Leng Clan stood side by side with each other. Both Yan Tie and Yan Kong were present today, and those in the surroundings could clearly sense the sinister and insidious intent flickering in Yan Tie’s eyes.

“Grandmaster Yan Tie, I wonder if you are happy with the female we sent to you a few days ago,” Leng Lin’s father greeted Yan Tie, as he walked over to stand beside him, inquiring in a low voice.

“She tasted pretty good, how many more young misses does your Leng Clan have?” Yan Tie’s eyes widened maliciously, as he smiled at Leng Jian. Leng Jian’s countenance turned heavy, cursing this perverse old freak in his heart. Was this monster hinting that he wanted Leng Lin?

“Grandmaster Yan Tie, my Leng Clan has truly run out of beautiful young misses to send over.” Leng Jian originally wanted to remind Yan Tie about his promise, but who would have thought that Yan Tie would be such a bastard, immediately asking the Leng Clan to send even more of their daughters over.

“Hmm? Isn’t your daughter one?” Yan Tie smiled coldly as he glanced at Leng Lin, his gaze causing her to shiver in fear.

“Grandmaster.” Leng Jian’s expression turned extremely unpleasant.

“One slot, one woman,” Yan Tie icily replied, causing Leng Jian’s expression to turn even uglier.

“Those from the White Deer Institute have arrived.”

In that very moment, a terrifying cold light abruptly erupted within Yan Tie’s eyes as he heard the words spoken. He shifted his gaze in the direction of the White Deer Institute, locking his eyes on two silhouettes.

Qin Wentian and Chu Mang, it was precisely these two people who killed his son. They actually still dared to appear in his presence?

Leng Jian’s gaze also followed Yan Tie’s. When his eyes landed on Qin Wentian, the expression on his face couldn’t help but sink. Qin Wentian actually came. Although he knew that Qin Wentian was a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, he didn’t know how high a level of attainment he’d reached. Naturally, he hadn’t expected Qin Wentian to actually participate in the exchange today.

“KILL!” An overwhelming killing intent erupted forth from Yan Tie. Qin Wentian could clearly feel the murderous urges. A cold smile appeared on his face when his eyes shifted in the direction of the killing intent, as he took note of both Yan Tie and Leng Jian.

Similarly, an extremely fearsome glint of light flashed in Qin Wentian’s calm eyes, akin to a bolt of lightning, as he stared in Yan Tie’s direction.

Leng Jian was affected as well. He felt his body go cold as he grimaced. It seemed that this third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist wanted to slaughter him too, for the sake of avenging Leng Ning.

Those from the White Deer Institute had also arrived at the Star-Seizing Manor, and stood directly opposite, facing those from the Yan Clan.

Yan Tie closed his eyes, disregarding the attack. He appeared to be contemplating on how best to kill Qin Wentian and Chu Mang.

The northern area of the training grounds were reserved for the host. Over there, a majestic looking wall of over ten metres tall could be seen. A row of silhouettes then appeared, their gazes filled with sharpness as they stared down at the gathered crowd below.

“Yang Fan.”

The eyes of the crowd brightened as they saw the young man in the lead. This was none other than one of the four Heaven’s Chosen, Yang Fan. Even he was here to spectate the exchange.

This time around, the purpose of this exchange was to select powerful Divine Inscriptionists to enter the secret realm, together with people from the Star-Seizing Manor. Naturally, as a reward, those chosen Divine Inscriptionists would have the right to bring people in together with them.

It was especially clear to the crowd what Yang Fan’s appearance meant. For those entering into the secret realm this time round, those from the Star-Seizing Manor would be led by none other than him.

Qin Wentian contemplated Yang Fan. This person was around 22 years old, an extremely young age. The air of a supreme expert could clearly be felt emanating from him, projecting an extraordinary aura.

“This person is Yang Fan, ranked #18 in the Heavenly Fate Ranking. He’s one of the four Heaven’s Chosen, belonging to the Star-Seizing Manor in the Eastern Region of the Moon Continent.” Bailu Yi who stood beside Qin Wentian, explained in a low voice. She then continued, “The other three Chosen are Hua Taixu from the Hua Clan, ranked #1 in the Heavenly Fate Ranking; Zhan Chen from the Pill Emperor Hall, ranked #11 in the Heavenly Fate Ranking; and lastly, Zhao Lie from the Sky Ember Sect, ranked #28 in the Heavenly Fate Ranking.

“These people are all extremely famous throughout the Grand Xia Empire,” Bailu Yi introduced, as though she intentionally wanted to agitate Qin Wentian. She felt that Qin Wentian would definitely have the chance to be grouped with those in the Heavenly Fate Ranking. She knew of the 60 consecutive victories that ‘Kirin’ had obtained for his battle record. Normally, Qin Wentian would spend his days sparring against Chu Mang, who was at the fifth level of Yuanfu. One had to know that Chu Mang had terrifying combat prowess, so he was no ordinary opponent.

The Heavenly Fate Ranking should be Qin Wentian’s aim. And it wouldn’t be enough for him to only be part of the rankers, he had to quickly climb his way to the top. The #1 rank was the only position that would do justice for someone of his exceptional talent!

Chapter 253: Friendly Reminder

There were two elders that stood beside Yang Fan. One of them had an extremely solemn countenance and had eyes as sharp as a sword.

The other looked somewhat frail and had a scholar’s disposition. His black hair hung about his shoulders, and his eyes shone like a beacon in darkness. Upon seeing him, many in the crowd had expressions of admiration and respect on their faces.

“Grandmaster Fenrir.” Many Divine Inscriptionists bowed.

A brilliant light flashed in Bailu Yi’s eyes as she explained, “Grandmaster Fenrir, a fourth-ranked Divine Inscriptionist. To think that the Star-Seizing Manor actually managed to invite him, it seems like they’re truly attaching a lot of importance to the exchange this time round.”

“Has everyone arrived? Can all Divine Inscriptionists that are keen on participating make your way towards the training ground? Grandmaster Fenrir will be the judge for this exchange,” that solemn-looking elder faintly spoke. The volume of his words wasn’t loud, yet they contained a penetrative quality to them.

“Grandmaster Fenrir as the judge...” The eyes of the spectators all gleamed as the participants stood at the platform.

Three people made up a team, and those present were all representatives of major powers in the Eastern City of the Moon Continent. There were no factionless Divine Inscriptionists participating in the exchange this time.

This was a normal occurrence. Powerful Divine Inscriptionists had no need to participate alone. The major powers would offer sky-high prices to invite them. As all the participants took their place on the platform, many in the crowd drew in a huge breath. Many of those rarely seen Inscriptionists were actually showing their faces at this exchange today. The lure of the secret realm undoubtedly caused the major clans to throw caution to the winds, using astronomical prices in exchange for the aid of these powerful Inscriptionists.

“Ghaus, you are here as well.” A voice drifted over, and Grandmaster Ghaus turned. From the direction of where the voice originated from, there were three old men whose features greatly resembled each other. Upon noting the three of them, Grandmaster Ghaus involuntarily frowned in displeasure. How troublesome, these three eccentrics were actually participating too.

“The Li Clan’s three brothers.” Bailu Yi furrowed her brows, “The three of them are blood brothers, whose real names are unknown to many. However, they’re exceedingly famous in the Moon Continent because all three of them are third-ranked Divine Inscriptionists, and can even read each other’s hearts and intentions. As long as one of them starts to inscribe something, the other two would instantly know what it is and can immediately act to complement it.”

The eyes of the other major powers also narrowed upon noticing the Li Clan’s three brothers. Damn it, their hope of obtaining first place in this exchange was gone. Initially, most of them believed that Yan Tie’s chances of victory were the highest, but it didn’t seem like that was the case now. Ghaus was the representative for the White Deer Institute, Li Clan’s three brothers for the Watermoon Mountain Villa, not to mention that the representatives for the Scarlet Thunder Sect and the Demon Cult were all extremely powerful as well.

Especially for both the Yan and Leng Clan, who had visible expressions of worry and agitation on their faces. The pressure on Yan Tie was too great, even being in the top three would be difficult to achieve.

“F*ck, damn it, it appears that the rumors were true. We have no choice but to miss this opportunity.” Many cursed in their hearts.

However, Yan Tie didn't appear to be worried at all. He only had eyes for Qin Wentian. The Heavens were helping him indeed, since Qin Wentian was here to participate in the exchange, he would make it so that Qin Wentian would never leave this place alive. He had to find a chance to slay him during this exchange.

However, the rules regarding how one obtained victory in the exchange were unknown yet.

There were a total of nine teams that participated. Each team consisted of three people which equated to a total of twenty-seven participants. All of them represented the nine major powers of the Eastern City in the Moon Continent.

Grandmaster Fenrir stood on a high vantage point. An amused expression could be seen in his eyes as he gazed at the participants. "I once entered into the Divine Inscriptions' secret realm. That place is a brutal testing ground, filled with many traps, layered with formations and powerful Puppets. In any case, despite the benefits gained, it is an extremely dangerous place. Only the most elite have the ability to return alive. Regretfully, I've exceeded the requirements set, if not, I would definitely enter that place again."

Grandmaster Fenrir other than being a fourth-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, was a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign as well. Hence, it was impossible for him to re-enter the secret realm.

There were a total of eighteen refinement grounds and secret realms in the Grand Xia Empire. There were places where only cultivators at the Arterial Circulation Realm could enter, places where only cultivators at the Yuanfu Realm could enter and even places where only cultivators at the Heavenly Dipper Realm could enter. The Divine Inscriptions' secret realm was evidently a place where the requirements were set at the Yuanfu level.

"There will be a total of three tests today." Grandmaster Fenrir slowly walked out, standing in the air. With a wave of his hands, a shimmering gigantic portrait abruptly descended from the skies.

Rumble! A thunderous sound rocked the void, and within the portrait, the crowd saw a picture of a landscape filled with rivers and mountains become reality, pressing down upon the immense training platform, the vibrations from the impact trembling the ground.

"The trial in the secret realm has countless dangers hidden within. I have no way to emulate that degree of danger, but one thing is for sure, if you can't even pass this first test I've administered – to identify hidden Divine Inscriptions within the landscape – you would be better off not entering the secret realm. The test is this, we will go in a round robin fashion until no one is able to identify any more hidden Inscriptions, before we conclude it."

Fenrir continued faintly, “You guys can begin at any moment, as long as you can identify one, the hidden Inscription will automatically disappear.”

“Let me take first blood,” remarked Old Third from the Li Clan’s three brothers. After which, he pointed forth with his fingers as Astral Light sparkled, causing the runic outline of a phoenix to shimmer into existence, flying skywards into the clouds before disappearing from sight.

Yan Tie stood beside him, but since it was only the beginning, he didn’t want to make a move yet. Signalling his assistants with his eyes, one of them carried on and pointed in a certain direction, causing the faint shadow of a ferocious tiger to manifest before fading out of existence. After which, the other assistant provided by the Leng Clan to help Yan Tie also made his move.

Next, the representative from the Scarlet Thunder Sect made his move. The ones remaining were those from the Demon Cult and White Deer Institute. The representative team from the Demon Cult had a total of three members as well. What astonished many was that the one in the lead was actually a youth! He sat there with his eyes closed, as one of the middle-aged figures acting as his assistant then walked out and identified an Inscription.

“My turn.” Bailu Yi moved, causing the runic outlines of a long spear to shimmer before it faded away from existence.

In the blink of an eye, all nine teams easily identified the Inscriptions, but gradually, after the time it takes for a candle to burn, the test became increasingly difficult and some people were already having trouble with identifying the hidden Inscriptions. Luckily, there were three members in a team, so if one failed to identify any, the other two could take his place as well.

After nine rounds, a total of 81 Divine Inscriptions had already been identified. Currently, it was the turn of the Han Clan from the Eastern City. However, all three of the Divine Inscriptionists in the team shook their heads in embarrassment. Apparently, none of them were able to identify any more Inscriptions and were thus eliminated from the competition.

“Our Han Clan withdraws from this exchange.” Below the training platform, an elder from the Han Clan coughed awkwardly.

Evidently, the preparations made by the Han Clan weren’t enough.

Old Second of the Li Clan's three brothers stepped forth, as he struck out at the landscape with his palm. The location where his palm strike landed, wavered about as a palm-type Divine Inscription surfaced, causing the region it was hiding in to crumble into pieces.

Next, Yan Tie personally acted, identifying a hidden Divine Inscription by himself. Apparently, his assistants were unable to identify any more, and so they had no choice but to step aside and leave it to Yan Tie.

After two more rounds, Bailu Yi was similarly stuck. Qin Wentian glanced at Ghaus only to see Ghaus sitting there calmly with his eyes closed, remaining unperturbed despite the fact that Bailu Yi was in his team. Seeing Bailu Yi in such a difficult position, Qin Wentian couldn't help but whisper, "Ancient Tree."

Bailu Yi shifted her attention to a grove of trees as she sent out a palm strike, revealing a hidden Inscription within. After which, a bitter smile surfaced on her countenance as she glanced back at Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian nodded lightly, consoling her. He understood her intentions, she couldn't proceed any longer, it was time for Qin Wentian to act.

After a few more rounds, more and more people withdrew from the test. Although Fenrir didn't publicly announce their elimination, all of them knew that they no longer had any chances to obtain one of the top three rankings for this exchange.

Out of the nine major powers in the Eastern City, four teams had already withdrawn, leaving only five behind. Qin Wentian and the others from the White Deer Institute, Li Clan's three brothers from the Watermoon Mountain Villa, Yan Tie from Yan Clan, the youth from Demon Cult and the white-bearded old man from the Scarlet Thunder Sect. The white-bearded old man was named Zuo Yu, a third-ranked Inscriptionist, and could be considered quite famous in the Moon Continent. He knew that he no longer had any hope in making further breakthroughs in his cultivation, hence he decided to devote his efforts in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions instead.

"The ones remaining are all experts. To think that at this stage, they are still able to identify the hidden Inscriptions." The crowd had these thoughts in their hearts as Old Third of the three brothers, found yet another hidden Inscription within the landscape.

Yan Tie continued on, after which Zuo Yu, and that youth from the Demon Cult all succeeded. Qin Wentian then flicked his sleeves, as the runic outlines of a swordfish splashed out of the rivers before fading away.

“He’s so powerful, could it be that even Little Yi’s talent in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions can’t even compare to him?” Bailu Shan remarked in a low voice, in the area where those from the White Deer Institute stood at. Bailu Yi had already withdrawn, she no longer had the means to continue, while Grandmaster Ghaus’s brows twitched in surprise; he was shocked by Qin Wentian’s capabilities. This young brat’s perception wasn’t bad indeed.

And finally, when it was Zuo Yu’s turn, he calmly surveyed the landscape before stating, “There are no more hidden Inscriptions.”

“Are you sure?” Grandmaster Fenrir who stood in the air, replied with a laugh.

Zuo Yu frowned as he nodded his head, “Yeah, I think so.”

“Oh, how about you?” Fenrir directed the question towards the youth from the Demon Cult. The youth remained silent but as he flicked his finger, a huge slab of stone disintegrated as the runic outlines of a sabre shimmered, before fading away. This scene caused Zuo Yu’s countenance to sink as he sighed silently. However, he didn’t voluntarily withdraw. This only meant that his perception was slightly weaker compared to the others, he still had a chance at victory for the remaining two tests.

“How about you guys?” Fenrir turned his gaze upon the White Deer Institute’s team. At this moment, Ghaus opened his eyes as he replied, “There are still some remaining.”

Just when Qin Wentian was about to act, he retreated upon seeing Ghaus stepping forwards. With a wave of his hands, Ghaus identified another hidden Inscription, the act causing the countenance of Zuo Yu to sink even further.

After that, the Li Clan’s three brothers also identified a hidden Divine Inscription and when it came to Yan Tie’s turn, he frowned slightly as he stated, “There shouldn’t be any more hidden Inscriptions remaining.”

Ghaus narrowed his eyes as he contemplated the landscape, and as Qin Wentian noticed Ghaus hesitating, he whispered, “Grandmaster Ghaus, inside the swamp!”

“Do I still need you to remind me?” Ghaus glared unhappily at Qin Wentian. After which, with a violent flick of his sleeves, a flood dragon emerged from the swamp, letting out a great bellow before fading away, causing many in the crowd to marvel at the profoundness of Fenrir’s portrait.

“Grandmaster, Qin Wentian was only trying to help.” Bailu Yi tried to smooth things over. After all, Ghaus was an elder, and although Qin Wentian’s reminder wasn’t wrong, it felt as though a junior was guiding a senior, causing Ghaus to feel extremely embarrassed.

“Haha the last Divine Inscription is over there.” Old First of the Li Clan’s three brothers laughed uproariously as he caused yet another hidden Inscription to manifest. Grandmaster Ghaus nodded as he stared at them, “Indeed, the three of you do have the capability to be my opponents.”

“Is there nothing else?” In the air, Fenrir asked again.

“No more,” the three Li brothers spoke in unison.

“No more,” Ghaus spoke with utter confirmation.

Fenrir only laughed, and just when everyone thought that the exchange had come to an end, Qin Wentian suddenly sliced down with his fingers with terrifying speed, followed by a horizontal slash.

Two beams of light formed in the shape of a cross, erupting forwards and abruptly, the runic outline of a gigantic sword burst out of the mountains, emanating a fearsome keen.

At this moment, the eyes of everyone shone with an intense light as their gazes riveted onto Qin Wentian. The expression on Ghaus’s face couldn’t be any uglier.

Qin Wentian disregarded Grandmaster Ghaus’s displeasure, and continued to stand serenely in place. Since Ghaus had berated him for his earlier reminder, he might as well forego the formalities and take matters into his own hands!

Chapter 254: I will kill you today

Qin Wentian had already been extremely respectful to Ghaus. Earlier, upon seeing him muttering irresolutely to himself, he warned Ghaus out of the kindness of his heart, but who would have thought that Ghaus would snub his good intentions.

The current Qin Wentian was extremely decisive when dealing with things. He understood the loss of face that Ghaus had suffered from when he warned him, but for matters such as face or prestige, all these illusory things were won by one's true capabilities. Hence, he decided to take matters into his own hands. Even though this would offend Ghaus further, he couldn't care less.

In any case, respect was earned, not given. Since Ghaus wanted to act in such a manner, Qin Wentian was more than happy to comply.

Numerous gazes were all riveted on Qin Wentian. Naturally, there would be some malicious intent mixed within some of the stares. For the first test, it examined the participants' perceptive abilities, as well as familiarity with Divine Inscriptions. Although this wasn't sufficient to determine whether Qin Wentian's attainment was higher compared to the other elders here, at the very least it proved that his perception was at a level much higher compared to the others.

Bailu Yi also looked towards Qin Wentian. This fellow was the same as before, appearing extremely casual and nonchalant, yet such an attitude would definitely cause anyone who wasn't familiar with him to mistake this for arrogance.

Standing in mid-air, Grandmaster Fenrir smiled as he glanced at Qin Wentian. This young man could sense what the other third-ranked Divine Inscriptionists could not, he was worthy of his attention.

Yan Tie's countenance stiffened, as malevolence painted his face. He would never have imagined that Qin Wentian would be this skillful. But so what of it, Qin Wentian had to die, HE HAD TO DIE. A sinister look sparkled in Yan Tie's eyes, he was already envisioning Qin Wentian's death and refining him into a Puppet afterwards.

In the direction of the Leng Clan, many of them trembled in disbelief. Especially Leng Jian and the rest, their countenances were all extremely ugly to behold. This must be a fluke, an accident, that was how he managed to sense the last hidden Inscription.

"Oops, so there was still one more." Old Third laughed.

"Yeah, we overlooked that," Ghaus added, his frown had already smoothed over, regaining his earlier composure. He then continued in a low voice, "Brat, what luck, to think that the last Divine Inscription was discovered by you."

Fenrir, who was in the air, had a light smile on his face. He calmly regarded Qin Wentian, only to see that Qin Wentian didn't bother replying to their comments. With another wave of his hands, the created landscape trembled, causing rumbling sounds to resonate in the air. After which, the faint shadow of a demonic dragon appeared, its roars filled with such power that even mountains would

crumble before it. A second later, the runic outlines of this demonic dragon shimmered, as it disintegrated into beautiful motes of star light.

In the next instant, all sounds of discussion were halted. Qin Wentian's actions effectively caused a bout of silence to permeate the region. Ghaus stood there unblinkingly, frozen in position.

What did he say earlier? Firstly, he overlooked the 'last' Inscription because he was careless, and in addition, saying Qin Wentian only discovered it due to good luck. But now, what was this scenario? Was he himself, careless? Or was his own ability insufficient? Weren't his earlier words simply smacking his own face?

"My 'luck' is pretty good indeed. Thank you." Qin Wentian mockingly laughed. His laughter caused Ghaus to feel extremely awkward. Qin Wentian, luck?

In the direction where the White Deer Institute's members were standing, the large-eyed Elder was speechless when he witnessed this scene.

Qin Wentian's ability was beyond what he expected. But if Qin Wentian continued acting this way, he would involuntarily offend Grandmaster Ghaus.

"This fellow is too prideful." The large-eyed Elder shook his head.

"Ghaus was the arrogant one first, things are getting interesting." Bailu Jing who was standing beside the Elder, couldn't help but laugh. The large-eyed Elder glanced at him before asking, "Jing'er, how do you feel about Qin Wentian?"

Bailu Jing replied, "I don't have any requirements, as long as Little Yi likes him, all is fine with me."

"You've always doted on Little Yi too much." The large-eyed Elder shook his head in resignation.

"Is there anymore?" Fenrir stared at Qin Wentian.

"Junior has no idea," Qin Wentian replied. He couldn't find anymore, but that didn't mean there was no other hidden Divine Inscriptions. Fenrir was a fourth-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, it wasn't impossible that there would be some exceptionally well hidden Inscriptions that even peak-level third-ranked Divine Inscriptionists would have trouble identifying.

“Mhm.” Fenrir nodded his head, before waving his hands. “All of you can step away first.”

After the last of the participants stepped down the training platform, Fenrir waved his arms, collecting the mysterious portrait back.

As for the results of the first test, they were already very clear in his heart.

All three brothers of the Li Clan were extremely powerful. Ghaus, Yan Tie, Qin Wentian and that youth from the Demon Cult, were the strongest Inscriptionists among all the participants today.

If one were to consider the strength of the teams as a whole, the strongest among the participants would undoubtedly be the Li Clan’s three brothers, as well as the White Deer Institute’s team.

The three brothers of the Watermoon Mountain Villa were all experts in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions. As for the team from the White Deer Institute, there was no need to say anything more about Ghaus and Qin Wentian’s ability. Even Bailu Yi was extremely strong. The only unknown point at this moment was that other than sensory abilities, how strong was Qin Wentian in other aspects of Divine Inscriptions?

Fenrir stood in the air, nodding with satisfaction at the remaining participants. “The secret realm consists of countless traps and several formations. Hence, the second test will be testing your abilities and the time taken to break apart formations. In the formation I have created, I’ve filled it with many traps, and deadly Puppets. It is extremely dangerous, so I will not be held responsible if any of you suffers an injury or death in there. You can withdraw now if you want to. Remember, you only have to safely exit the formation to pass the test.”

When the sound of Fenrir’s voice faded, a sharp glint of coldness flickered in Yan Tie’s eyes. Since it would be exceedingly dangerous inside the formation, he would have to make good use of this chance to finish off Qin Wentian.

This was an opportunity for him.

So what if Qin Wentian’s perception was high? Yan Tie’s attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions wasn’t something he would be able to compare to.

Having a stronger perception at this age merely meant that Qin Wentian had potential. But what use does one’s ‘potential’ have if one is dead?

No one chose to retreat, Fenrir smiled, it was as he had expected. Drawing a flag from within his sleeves, he tossed it towards the ground. The flag rapidly expanded, causing a terribly powerful wind to gust about their surroundings.

“Enter then.” The menacing aura of the formation flag erupted forth, engulfing Qin Wentian and the others within. Momentarily, the participants felt that the space around them had somehow changed. Over here, greyish fog permeated the region, obscuring their vision. Even their perceptions were severely limited.

“Bailu Yi,” Qin Wentian called out.

“I’m here,” Bailu Yi’s voice sounded out. Following the source of the voice, Qin Wentian took a few steps forward, before stopping before Bailu Yi. “Be careful, this formation is extraordinary powerful.”

Buzzz.

Abruptly, a ring of flames shot towards their direction. Qin Wentian turned and sent a palm strike over it, the force of his attack extinguishing the flames. He wasn’t the slightest bit complacent. Qin Wentian knew that this was only the beginning.

The ring of flames after being extinguished, turned into wisps of smoke drifting skywards. Abruptly, the runic outlines of the smoke rearranged themselves, causing a rain of fire to descend upon them.

“The boundless variations of Divine Inscriptions, how marvellous.” Qin Wentian spent a moment lost in admiration. The level of this Formation may have exceeded the third rank.

“This formation is known as the Nine Levels of Dragon Trapping, Thunderfire Formation. Although it is a fourth-ranked formation, I’ve suppressed its power to be at the peak of the third rank. You can use any method, your only task is to break the formation and safely exit it.” Fenrir’s voice drifted over from afar, into the ears of all the participants.

As the sound of his voice faded, terrifying thunderous explosions echoed within the formations as huge balls of thunderfire, akin to meteors descending from the skies; the scene resembled the arrival of Judgement Day.

Bailu Yi immediately released her Puppet, controlling it to soar upwards, blocking the space above them. Seeing the balls of thunderfire raining upon her Puppet, Bailu Yi spoke, “Although we are able to use Puppets to temporarily block the thunderfire, we must think of a method to break the formation before the Puppet’s origin energy runs out.”

“Grandmaster Ghaus!” Bailu Yi shouted, she knew that Ghaus had an extremely high level of attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions. Surely, his Puppets would be many times stronger compared to hers. They should work together and quickly derive a solution.

However, there was no reply... Even though they had Bailu Yi’s Puppet soaking up the damage, they didn’t dare move about recklessly.

“Grandmaster Ghaus, if you can hear me, please reply. Let us work together!” Bailu Yi shouted out once more.

“Bailu Yi, don’t disturb me, I have to think of a method to break the formation. Take care of yourself.” Ghaus’s voice travelled over, causing Bailu Yi’s expression to falter. Was Ghaus intentionally doing this?

“Watch out.” Abruptly, Qin Wentian pulled Bailu Yi aside as a sword-wielding silhouette zoomed past, slashing at the space Bailu Yi was standing at just a moment ago. Turning his gaze over, Qin Wentian discovered that it was a human-shaped Divine Puppet.

Wasting no time, his aura radiating coldness, Qin Wentian immediately retaliated with his Thousand-Hand Imprint, blasting it far away.

“Don’t randomly move about, there are many hidden traps on the ground,” Qin Wentian warned when he saw Bailu Yi wanting to move.

Bailu Yi took out another Puppet, as the only safe method to travel in the formation was to use Puppets to test for danger.

“Go look for Ghaus,” Qin Wentian spoke to Bailu Yi.

“No way, Yan Tie is exceedingly tough to deal with. He has many Puppets under his control and his methods are sinister and ruthless. It would be hard to handle him alone,” Bailu Yi frantically replied.

“I would only be more distracted with you here. Don’t worry, I’m beyond his power,” Qin Wentian stated.

Bailu Yi was still unwilling to give up, and she called out in a loud voice, “Grandmaster Ghaus where are you? The two of us will head to your position.”

There was no response, but the sound of her shout attracted a Puppet's attention. The Puppet swivelled around, locking onto Bailu Yi as it dashed over, slashing with a huge sabre.

Bailu Yi's silhouette flickered, dodging the attack. At this exact moment, a feeling of impending doom assailed her senses.

"Be careful!" Qin Wentian could sense that Bailu Yi had triggered a trap. Looking downwards, a ball of flame shot up as a black-colored palm strike was blasted at her by the Puppet.

Distracted, Bailu Yi could only hastily defend. The impact caused her to groan in misery as her body was flung to the side, colliding into Qin Wentian. Behind her, yet another Puppet was rushing over.

"Yan Tie, no matter how dangerous this place is, I will kill you today," Qin Wentian silently vowed. He carried Bailu Yi up, causing her body to tremble shyly. This was the first time a male was so close to her. After which, she heard only the shrill keening of the wind. Qin Wentian was actually using his movement techniques to rapidly move around the formation. This was an extremely dangerous action, each step within the formation might be filled with perilous traps, and they would be exceedingly difficult to deal with if one was slightly inattentive.

Qin Wentian was also feeling depressed. Fighting against the Puppets wasn't that difficult, and he could neutralise them with ease. However, the traps they were facing within this formation were extremely insidious. Because of their treacherous nature, he was unable to utilize his full strength, forcing him to split at least 70% of his attention just watching out for any potential dangers.

Chapter 255: Thoughts of Revenge

With his perception, Qin Wentian managed to avoid many traps. But in addition to having to avoid the traps, he also had to deal with the rain of thunderfire from above, as well as carrying Bailu Yi in his arms. And as a consequence, Qin Wentian was ambushed, and suffered a palm strike from a Puppet. If it weren't for the physique that he gained from the Fiend Transformation Art protecting his internal organs, the blow would have seriously injured him.

"Let me down, I'm fine," Bailu Yi shyly remarked. After getting down, she stared at Qin Wentian and asked with concern in her voice, "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm alright. Guard me while I break the formations." The Astral Energy in Qin Wentian's Yuanfu began to rumble as he moved back and forth with terrifying speed. Momentarily, the runic outline of a Divine Inscription took place as a gigantic Roc manifested from it.

Bailu Yi warily regarded their surroundings with a Divine Weapon in her hand. She had already released her Astral Souls, as well.

Qin Wentian had a heavy expression on his face, as he knew that the traps set up here were all extremely powerful. He needed to inscribe a third-ranked Inscription in order to have sufficient power to be able to defend against them.

After which, Qin Wentian sat down cross-legged, closing his eyes. The gigantic Roc defended the falling balls of thunderfire, while Bailu Yi was in charge of repelling the attacking Puppets.

The candle flame within him peacefully burned, Qin Wentian could sense his surroundings with an unprecedented clarity. It seemed as though he could see through this formation in its entirety. The intricacies of the runic outlines left him in awe and wonder as he continued studying them, trying to find a way out.

“Continuous linkage of over hundreds of Inscriptions.” Qin Wentian’s heart pounded with excitement. Indeed, in one of Bailu Yi’s secret manuals which he had read, the distance between a third-ranked Inscriptionist and a fourth-ranked one was like the difference between Yuanfu and Heavenly Dipper. The level of difficulty was astonishingly high. Formations were born because of Divine Inscriptions, and although the power of this formation was suppressed to the peak of the third-ranked, it was after all, still a fourth-ranked formation.

Qin Wentian could sense that within this fourth-ranked formation, a vast majority of third-ranked Inscriptions were linked together, complementing and synergising perfectly, even to the extent of containing a multitude of variations which ultimately resulted in an amount of power greater than the sum of one whole.

“If I wish to break this, I have to negate the entirety of the third-ranked Inscriptions in one sitting. That’s basically impossible, so the only method left to me is first understanding some of the Divine Inscriptions here, negating it before it gets repaired, and then forcing my way out from the flaws I create.” Qin Wentian mused. He understood that there was no way for the current him to completely break apart a fourth-ranked formation. This must be the reason why Grandmaster Fenrir said, as long as they could exit the formation safely, it was good enough. There was no need to break it completely.

“Among the third-ranked Inscriptions here, there must be some stronger and some weaker ones.” Qin Wentian cautiously searched as he sent out his heart’s sense. His perception could faintly sense several blurry silhouettes within the formation. He marvelled at the speed and fluidity of the Li Clan

brothers' actions. If nothing went wrong, the three of them should be the first team to exit this formation.

Other than those three, Ghaus also appeared in his perception. He was protected by three Puppets and his current position was actually quite close to Bailu Yi's. If he wished to, he obviously had the capability to aid her. However, he chose to work alone. He couldn't be bothered with the additional 'baggage' that was Bailu Yi.

"What an excellent character." A cold light flashed in Qin Wentian's eyes. Ghaus's reputation was undeserved. He cared too much for his own pride, and wanted to compete directly against the Li Clan's three brothers and be the first to exit the formation.

Shifting his attention to the silhouette of Yan Tie, Qin Wentian knew that it was impossible to ambush or assault him. Yan Tie was even more cautious; he had several Puppets by his side protecting him, as he searched for a method to exit the formation.

The youth from the Demon Cult, as well as Zuo Yu and his assistants from the Scarlet Thunder Sect also appeared in Qin Wentian's perception. Abruptly, a look of shock flashed in his eyes as he witnessed a dagger being driven through Zuo Yu's heart. The murderer was none other than the youth from the Demon Cult. After finishing off Zuo Yu, he tossed his body into a ball of thunderfire, then collected Zuo Yu's interspatial ring after his remains had turned to ash.

In the blink of an eye, all from the Scarlet Thunder Sect had fallen.

The youth from the Demon Cult didn't stop, a sinister gleam appeared in his eyes as he searched his surroundings for other prey. As long as he completely killed off another team, the total number of teams participating within this formation would be reduced to three. Hence, with only three teams remaining, his entry into the secret realm would definitely be secured.

"Hmm?" The youth frowned as he glanced about, as though he sensed someone spying on him.

Qin Wentian immediately retracted his heart sense, he understood that amongst the participants, there wasn't a single person with good intentions.

"Wait, there's an opportunity over there." Qin Wentian's perception sensed that the fluctuations of energy waves from a Divine Inscription was weaker compared to the surrounding area. However, he didn't open his eyes yet, as he still needed time to study the Inscription.

A look of worry appeared on Bailu Yi's face, she could sense the manifested third-ranked Roc was getting increasingly weaker.

“Negate.” At that moment, Qin Wentian's closed eyes snapped open. Standing up, he moved in a certain direction with his fingers stabbing forwards. The runic outlines of the Divine Inscription there shimmered, as sounds of something dispersing rang out.

“Reverse Inscription,” Bailu Yi breathed in shock. In this exchange, she had once thought that she would be among the most brilliant of all third-ranked Divine Inscriptionists participating in the event. Only now did she understand that when compared to the rest of the participants, she was nothing, nothing at all. This realisation caused tremors to shake her normally resolute heart.

Naturally, there were many of the elder generations within the remaining participants. Only that youth from the Demon Cult and Qin Wentian were of the same generation as her. But in terms of potential, she was far outclassed by the both of them.

The spectators outside the formation could only see the formation flag fluttering with the wind. They had no way to see the current situation inside.

At this moment, in a certain direction, cracking sounds filled the air as the space trembled. Abruptly, three silhouettes exited the formation. This team was the first among the participants to have succeeded.

“The Li Clan's three brothers. These three brothers can read each other's intentions, resulting in perfect coordination. Indeed, their outstanding teamwork resulted in this final outcome – they were the first to exit from the formation.

The crowd mused in their hearts, as those from the Watermoon Mountain Villa had smiles on their faces. It seemed that they had the greatest probability of obtaining first in this exchange.

“Hehe, that old man Ghaus isn't out yet?” Old Third stared in the direction of the White Deer Institute with a hint of provocation in his gaze.

“I'm out.” A voice drifted over as the crowd saw the figure of an old man with his Puppets exiting the formation.

“You were slightly slower compared to me and my brothers, but still, you are pretty capable.” Old Third laughed.

“Hmph, you guys have the power of three, while I’ve no capable assistants.” Ghaus snorted in contempt.

At that moment, Yan Tie and the youth from the Demon Cult both exited the formation. However, they were all alone. Their assistants had all died from the traps and Puppets inside the formation.

“Where’s Little Yi, Grandmaster Ghaus, have you seen her?” Many in the White Deer Institute had expressions of anxiousness written on their faces.

“We were separated when we entered the formation. She followed the other young man, so I’ve no idea where she is,” Ghaus replied, causing those from the White Deer Institute to furrow their brows in worry.

Rumble~~

The space shook again as Qin Wentian and Bailu Yi appeared. Only then did those from the Institute relax. Although he was slightly slower than the others, it seemed that not only did Qin Wentian have powerful perception, he was skilled in the other aspects of Divine Inscriptions as well.

“Okay, everyone has exited.” With a clap of his hands, the formation flag shrunk as it flew back to Fenrir. However, there was a sharp look in his eyes, he was extremely clear on what had happened within the formation.

The three brothers and Ghaus exited the formation with their own power, while the youth and Yan Tie merely made use of the momentary weakness of the formation when it was broken through by the three brothers and Ghaus to exit it. Fenrir glanced at Qin Wentian before his silhouette flickered, as he appeared again on the vantage point. A slight smile adorned his face as he spoke in a faint voice, “Good seedling, indeed.”

“???” The expressions of the crowd looked confused.

Good seedling?

Who was Fenrir referring to?

What about Grandmaster Zuo Yu and the rest that represented the Scarlet Thunder Sect? Did they all already die in the formation?

Those from the Scarlet Thunder Sect all had unsightly expressions on their countenances.

Currently, there were only four teams still in the running.

Watermoon Mountain Villa: Li Clan's three brothers.

White Deer Institute: Ghaus, Qin Wentian and Bailu Yi.

Yan Clan: Yan Tie.

And lastly, that youth from the Demon Cult.

Next, as long as a team was removed, the top three rankers of this exchange would appear.

The crowd turned their gazes onto the vantage point, looking at Yang Fan and Grandmaster Fenrir. Fenrir wasted no time, he smiled and stated, "The final test, I shall give all of you two hours' worth of time. Use this time to inscribe the strongest attack-based Divine Inscription you can muster and fight until a loser is determined."

"Inscribing Inscriptions?" Yan Tie leered sinisterly, looking at Qin Wentian. "Finally the time has come. Do you know how pitiful Leng Ning's death was?"

An ice-cold intent gushed out from Qin Wentian, his sharp stare resembled swords boring down on Yan Tie. He wanted nothing more than to kill him.

"Do you know how lucky she is to already be dead? If not, I would have properly played with her until my lust was sated, before refining her into a Puppet. After becoming one, I would continue to play her again and again, forever and ever. Only then would it be interesting, no? What a pity." Yan Tie cackled. "Oh, the Leng Clan also sent a few other maidens to me after that. Do you want to guess what happened to them?"

Qin Wentian's killing intent was so saturated, that Bailu Yi who was standing behind him couldn't help but feel her heart clenching. As Qin Wentian stepped forth, Ghaus interrupted, "Step back, this battle is mine."

Qin Wentian coldly glanced at him, "My Inscription has nothing to do with you. We don't have to work together."

"Hmph, you better not affect me then." Ghaus snorted in contempt. To him, his only real opponent was the Li Clan's three brothers.

Qin Wentian and Ghaus separated from each other. Since there were only four teams remaining, the training grounds provided by the Star-Seizing Manor was more than large enough.

Qin Wentian inclined his head, staring at the skies above. It was as though he could see Leng Ning smiling at him among the freely drifting clouds.

"Today, I will send those who caused your death to accompany you in hell," Qin Wentian whispered, not intending to hide his voice. When he lowered his head and stared in the direction of Yan Tie and Yan Kong, the coldness in his eyes was so absolute that those who saw it felt its chill to their very bones, freezing their blood solid.

Chapter 256: Scram if you can't do it

When Yan Tie saw the utter lack of fear in Qin Wentian's eyes after locking gazes, his expression couldn't help but falter slightly. Ridiculous, this brat was actually planning to kill him instead of preserving his own life?

With a sinister cackle, Yan Tie began his Inscription.

Not only him, the Li Clan's three brothers, Ghaus, and that youth from the Demon Cult all started as well.

The three brothers were simultaneously occupying three large spaces as they inscribed their respective Inscriptions. However, a sense of unity could be felt emanating forth from it, as though the three separate Divine Inscriptions wanted to be melded together. This caused many of the crowd to be in awe, the three brothers could read the minds and intentions of each other, their final product would definitely possess an earth-shattering might.

For Ghaus, his imposing movements were filled with an air of grandeur, the runic outlines of his Inscription was extraordinary and he had a style befitting a Grandmaster.

What Ghaus was currently inscribing, was definitely a peak-tier third-ranked Divine Inscription.

After all, Grandmaster Fenrir gave them two hours' worth of time, allowing them to unleash their full potential.

The Inscription the youth from the Demon Cult was inscribing, emanated a vast demonic Qi that felt extremely evil. No one dared to look down on him just because he was younger than the rest.

“This time round, they are testing each participant on their true abilities, I wonder whose attack-type Divine Inscription will be the strongest.”

The crowd below the platform were all in fervent discussion, as they spectated the Inscriptions the Grandmasters were currently inscribing.

From their conjectures, the three brothers from the Li Clan had the highest possibility to obtain the first position in the third test.

Ghaus who represented the White Deer Institute, could only settle for the second position.

And as for the third position, many felt that Yan Tie had the highest possibility to be ranked the third. Although the youth from the Demon Cult was powerful, the other three powers were all stronger when compared to him.

One must know that before it was revealed that the Li Clan's three brothers and Ghaus would participate, Yan Tie stood the highest chance to be ranked first in this exchange. Many believed that the Yan Clan would definitely obtain the ten extra slots reward, allowing them to bring additional people into the secret realm of Divine Inscriptions.

Currently, those from the Yan Clan were extremely nervous. The Leng Clan who stood beside them, could also feel their hearts clenching. Qin Wentian's performance had surprised them, but this was not the major reason for the current unsightly expressions on their faces. The Leng Clan had paid

too great a price for the chance to obtain entry via those extra slots into the secret realm. Naturally, they prayed that Yan Tie would be the one ranked first in the exchange today.

“Leng Jian, how was your discussion with Yan Tie earlier?” The elder of the Leng Clan, Leng Mao, glanced towards Leng Jian.

Leng Jian’s expression was extremely unsightly, he walked to the side of Leng Mao before answering in a low voice, “Yan Tie said, if we want a slot, use a young female from the Leng Clan’s direct line of descent to exchange for it. One girl, one slot.”

“Impudent.” Leng Mao’s expression grew increasingly uglier. “Is the earlier price paid by our Leng Clan still insufficient?”

Leng Jian had nothing to say, he could only lower his head in submission. After a while, he added, “This is all the fault of Qin Wentian and that unfilial child, Leng Ning. If Yan Tie’s son hadn’t died, how could things have developed to such a stage? Just Leng Ning alone would have been sufficient to gain us entry into the secret realm.”

“Hmph.” Leng Mao coldly snorted. “We will see what happens later and deal with it accordingly.”

Leng Jian nodded his head, turning his attention back onto the platform.

“Qin Wentian.” Leng Jian glared at him. The current Qin Wentian was quietly inscribing his own Inscriptions, but...his Inscriptions seemed off, somehow. There was no sense of beauty in the runic outlines, no sense of completeness. It didn’t even resemble a picture, no one knew what he was inscribing.

“What the f*ck?” Leng Jian sneered. Although Qin Wentian was a third-ranked Divine Inscription, his Inscription ability was too abysmal.

Over in the direction where the members of the White Deer Institute were standing, the large-eyed Elder glanced at Bailu Yan as he asked, “Which of the Inscriptions on the platform do you feel is the most profound?”

Bailu Yan was the Divine Inscriptionist that lost out to Qin Wentian back then in the White Deer Institute. After he glanced at the various Inscriptions the Grandmasters were inscribing, he replied in a low voice, “From my perspective, the Inscriptions created by the three brothers and

Grandmaster Ghaus should be the most profound. Their Inscriptions have the strongest resonance with the Qi from Heaven and Earth. As for Yan Tie, his Inscription contains a hint of craftiness and malice, it would be extremely difficult to deal with. And the youth from the Demon Cult, his Inscription contains vast amounts of evil demonic Qi, filled with killing intent. He shouldn't be belittled as well."

The large-eyed Elder nodded, "Then among the three brothers and Grandmaster Ghaus, who do you think will be the victor?"

"I'm unable to tell." Bailu Yan shook his head.

"This time round, if the Watermoon Mountain Valley obtains the first ranking, we would undoubtedly be suppressed by them when we venture into the secret realm of Divine Inscriptions." The large-eyed Elder frowned as he continued, "Hmm, what about Qin Wentian?"

"I don't understand what he's doing, there's no hint of energy fluctuations nor a resonance with Heaven and Earth's Qi." Bailu Yan furrowed his brows. By logic, when Qin Wentian sparred with him, Qin Wentian had already achieved the state of inscribing Divine Inscriptions without the support of any medium. Creating an Inscription with every step, his talent in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions was astonishing, monstrous even. But what was he doing now? By right, although the third-ranked Inscriptions he inscribed may not be peak-tier, it wouldn't be too far off from it, either.

At this moment, Bailu Yan totally had no idea what Qin Wentian was inscribing.

At this moment on the vantage point, the other middle-aged elder bowed to Fenrir as he inquired, "Grandmaster Fenrir, how do you find the aptitudes of this batch of participants?"

When the exchange was concluded, the Star-Seizing Manor would have to bring the top three Divine Inscriptionists and their people together with them when entering the secret realm. The more powerful the Inscriptionist they brought with them was, the smoother their path in the secret realm would be.

"Not bad at all." Fenrir smiled as he nodded his head. Not only were the participants not bad, there were even two youths with extremely promising potential.

The middle-aged elder nodded his head, since Grandmaster Fenrir's evaluation regarding the participants was not bad, it meant that the Divine Inscriptionists this time around were pretty strong indeed.

Time flowed by as the deadline neared. Although there were four teams on the platform, there were currently five Incriptions being created. This was because Qin Wentian and Ghaus of the White Deer Institute were both inscribing their own separate Incriptions, unlike the three Incriptions that could be combined into one, that were being inscribed by the three brothers.

Naturally, Ghaus was the main representative, while Qin Wentian was the support. Although Qin Wentian had powerful perception, from the current look of his Inscription, his ability to inscribe was far lacking compared to that of Ghaus.

The next moment, the crowd could clearly sense the immense energy fluctuation as the runic outlines of the inscribed Divine Incriptions manifested faint shadows that ‘thickened’ and became more corporeal with each passing moment.

Over in the direction of the three brothers, there was a tyrannical three-headed flood dragon crossing into the realm of reality, as it simultaneously drew upon the energy fed to it by the three Incriptions separately inscribed by the three brothers.

Ghaus had also chosen to inscribe a beast-type Divine Inscription. Before him, an azure dragon could be seen floating in the air, coiling protectively around him.

For attack-type Divine Incriptions, beast-type Incriptions were undoubtedly the most suitable.

Yan Tie’s Inscription manifested the huge face of a spectre, giving off a sinister and bone-chilling aura.

As for the youth from the Demon Sect, his Inscription manifested the form of a Purgatory Serpent that glanced at the other Divine Incriptions with a baleful, murderous look in its eyes.

“How powerful, each and every one of the Incriptions is at the peak-tier, third-ranked level. Their combat ability is sufficient to suppress cultivators at the pinnacle of Yuanfu.”

The Divine Inscriptionists could easily control and direct the actions of the manifested forms of the Divine Incriptions to do as they pleased.

Currently, Qin Wentian's Inscription was the only one that hadn't manifested a form. He stood there tranquilly, as a strange swirl of Qi could be felt gathering into a vortex. But even now, there was no one that could identify the Divine Inscription he was inscribing.

"Time's up," Fenrir's faint voice echoed out.

"Time to get the show started then." Yan Tie cackled, as a sinister light flickered in his eyes.

"GO!" The three brothers stabbed forth with their fingers, their wills commanding the three-headed flood dragon to dash in the direction of Ghaus with explosive speed.

The terrifying form of the three-headed flood dragon blotted out the skies. Ghaus merely snorted coldly in response, as the azure dragon coiled around him flew forwards to meet the attack. Draconic roars shook the earth and trembled the heavens, as the two dragons fought claw with claw, the battle between them causing tremors to shake the entire platform.

"This level of power..." The hearts of the crowd trembled. The Astral Energy within Ghaus's Yuanfu surged and gushed out, as his spiritual consciousness in the form of an astral projection merged into the body of the azure dragon. He was the azure dragon.

"Hmph, spiritual reinforcement?" The three brothers mirrored his actions as their astral projections entered the three heads of the flood dragon respectively, augmenting its power in preparation for the next clash.

Yan Tie and the youth from the Demon Cult weren't in a hurry. Since the Li Clan's three brothers and Ghaus wanted to wipe each other out, they might as well just enjoy the show.

"White Deer Institute." A cold light erupted in Yan Tie's eyes. Taking the opportunity of everyone focusing on the battle between Ghaus and the three brothers, he channelled his Astral Energy and the malevolent huge face of the spectre he summoned then rushed forward.

As the face neared the azure dragon, it abruptly took a huge bite out of it, damaging the runic outlines of the manifested dragon.

Ghaus's expression was extremely unsightly. The Li Clan's three brothers naturally weren't polite and immediately took advantage of the weakened defense of the azure dragon by concentrating their

attacks around the area of damage. With a low groan, Ghaus spat out a mouthful of fresh blood as the runic outlines of the azure dragon crumbled into nothingness.

Retreating several steps back to steady himself, he clutched his chest as he shot a look at Fenrir. His Inscription wasn't weak, it was just that he suffered a joint attack from two parties.

"I have my own judgement," Fenrir calmly replied.

Ghaus nodded, despite the fact that he lost because Yan Tie ambushed him, he couldn't help but feel ashamed. Since this had already happened, there was no way he would be the champion of this exchange any longer.

Not only that, even placing second might be a problem. He was the first to be ousted in the third test, and so Ghaus could only tremble in impotent rage.

"Ghaus, it seems that your capabilities were merely so-so." Old First of the three brothers sarcastically laughed. Ghaus's performance hadn't exceeded them in any of the three tests.

"Hmph." Ghaus icily snorted. "I'm fighting one against three, there's nothing for you to be proud of. I can only lament the fact that I have no capable assistants."

"Grandmaster Ghaus, how can you say such a thing," Bailu Yi interjected, "During the first test, Qin Wentian reminded you out of the good will in his heart, yet you berated him because you disdained help given by a junior all because of a useless word – pride. During the second test, we proposed to combine forces, yet you wanted the glory of breaking through the formation alone, leading to the Li Clan's three brothers exiting the formation first. Are you blind? Can't you see that we would be the first in the second test if all of us had worked together?"

Ghaus frowned heavily when he heard Bailu Yi's words. Were it not for Bailu Yi's status within the White Deer Institute, he would already have gone up to give her a tight slap.

"I know that because the White Deer Institute has already lost, that you are feeling unhappiness in your heart. I won't blame you for your earlier words, but I, Ghaus, have already done my best," Ghaus faintly spoke, making it appear that Bailu Yi was hysterical instead of him being the one at fault. He then faintly continued, "For this third test, this brat could have helped me, but he chose to inscribe a separate Divine Inscription on his own. This defeat has nothing to do with me. If you want to assign blame, then blame him."

“Grandmaster Ghaus, you can rest your heart at ease, the reward we promised you will still be the same regardless of the results,” the large-eyed Elder calmly replied, understanding what Ghaus was hinting at.

Ghaus lightly nodded, but before he departed, he coldly swept a glance at the seemingly nonsensical Divine Inscription inscribed by Qin Wentian. “Useless baggage. Tell me, what use do you have?”

After speaking, Ghaus flicked his sleeves imperiously and walked away.

“The White Deer Institute, hasn’t lost yet,” Qin Wentian casually spoke, causing Ghaus to falter. Turning back, he only saw Qin Wentian’s sharp gaze directed right at him. “Your loss, doesn’t mean that the White Deer Institute has also lost.”

“Since your abilities can’t even meet the mark, get the fuck out of here.”

Chapter 257: Death of Yan Tie

“Since your abilities can’t even meet the mark, get the fuck out of here.”

As the sound of Qin Wentian’s voice faded, an aura of extreme sharpness permeated the area. Ghaus’s eyes were like daggers, flickering with a glint of terrifying light.

How impudent was that? With a status of Grandmaster, Ghaus was used to being granted respect wherever he went, and today, he was actually lectured so harshly by a young pup. Abruptly, an overwhelming pressure gushed out from him, enveloping Qin Wentian within.

The others in the crowd were also stunned by the audacity of Qin Wentian’s remarks. Did Qin Wentian even have the capabilities to utter such words?

“Haha, how interesting. Not only has the White Deer Institute lost, it is now besieged by internal conflict.” Yan Tie grinned, malice written all over his face. He was more than happy for Qin Wentian to make a move. Only then would he have the opportunity to finish him off.

“If you don’t give me an answer for your earlier words, even if you are from the White Deer Institute, I, Ghaus, cannot be blamed for my actions,” Ghaus retorted, his face warped by a mask of fake calmness.

“Grandmaster Ghaus, since you have already been defeated, please retreat. The White Deer Institute still has to continue the battle,” Bailu Yi interjected. She knew Qin Wentian’s abilities very well, he would definitely be able to inscribe peak-tier third-ranked Divine Inscriptions as well. Ghaus’s actions throughout this exchange had left her speechless, Bailu Yi would naturally choose to side with Qin Wentian.

Ghaus’s expression stiffened, and he turned to Bailu Yi. “I’m here by the request of your White Deer Institute. If it were not for me, how could the White Deer Institute have survived until the third test? You would have all been long eliminated. And now, even though I was defeated, I still lost under a joint-attack by the others. WHAT IS YOUR ATTITUDE TOWARDS ME? WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?”

A coldness flashed in Bailu Yi’s eyes.

“Ridiculous, in the first test it was obvious Qin Wentian was the participant that had the strongest perception. With or without you, it wouldn’t make a difference. In the second test, although you could exit the formation with your own power, didn’t Qin Wentian and myself also break through with our own abilities as well? Surviving to the third test? With or without you, it still wouldn’t have made a difference, there was nothing you contributed.”

Bailu Yi didn’t continue on that point. Ghaus’s Inscription for the third round had already disintegrated. Some sentences were louder when left unspoken.

“Since my White Deer Institute did invite Grandmaster Ghaus to enter the exchange on our behalf, naturally we would have shown you respect. However, respect is earned not given, and Qin Wentian is also someone invited by our Institute. Since you have already lost, so be it, but why do your remarks need to be so sarcastic? Even if you’ve lost, Grandmaster Qin still hasn’t. He can still represent our Institute for the third test.”

Bailu Yi added, “You are too obsessed with personal glory, neglecting the meaning of a team. Hence, can I direct your attention to those words spoken by you before? ‘Useless baggage, tell me what use do you have?’”

“Excellent, how excellent...” Ghaus was so angered that his face had reddened from Bailu Yi’s words. He would never have ever imagined that a junior would dare speak in such a way towards him.

“Little Yi, mind your language.” The large-eyed Elder, seeing how Bailu Yi was obviously on Qin Wentian’s side, couldn’t help but speak out. He sighed in his heart. Indeed, when they are of that age, girls will always side with the guy they love. But then again, seeing how long it took for him to speak out, it was obvious that the large-eyed Elder was also unhappy with Ghaus’s actions.

“Grandmaster Ghaus, why don’t you retreat for now?” the large-eyed Elder added.

Ghaus’s expression sank, and he coldly swept a glance at Qin Wentian. “After this exchange is concluded, there will be a reckoning between us.”

After speaking, he flicked his sleeves and left directly, but the cold intent he radiated could still be clearly felt.

“Interesting.” Yan Tie cackled. “Leave this pup to me.”

“Fine.” The three brothers laughed. Yan Tie wanting to kill Qin Wentian, what did it have to do with them? They might as well just sit back and enjoy the show.

In the direction of the Leng Clan, a cold light flickered in Leng Lin’s eyes as she muttered, “Kill him.”

She heard the words her father, Leng Jie, had spoken earlier. Yan Tie’s condition was, that for every slot the Leng Clan wanted, they had to exchange a female of direct descent. If this was the case, she was in the direct line of fire. All this happened because of Qin Wentian. HE HAD TO DIE.

The members of the Leng Clan all had cold expressions on their faces. Qin Wentian had to die. Since they had chosen Yan Tie, it meant that Qin Wentian was the enemy. There was no point in leaving someone like that alive.

The youth from the Demon Cult stood to the side, watching the happenings intently.

Yan Tie smiled demonically at Qin Wentian. “Relax, I won’t let you die just like that. I will make you beg for mercy tens of thousands of times, before I release you into the sweet obliviousness of death.”

Qin Wentian stared at Yan Tie, his eyes filled with an incredibly, terrifying killing intent.

He had said it before, he would definitely kill Yan Tie today.

If he couldn't even accomplish this, how could he still face Leng Ning?

Not only Yan Tie, Yan Kong and Leng Jian all had to accompany Leng Ning in death.

That pitiful young woman was forced to her end by her own family. Those that had directly or indirectly forced her to her demise, would all pay the price today.

And the first person to do so, would be Yan Tie.

Yan Tie rose into the air, along with that huge face he had manifested. The cold eyes of the spectre's face bore down on Qin Wentian, causing him to feel a bone-chilling frigidness.

Qin Wentian stepped forwards as the Astral Energy within his body rumbled. The crowd only felt the pull of a terrifying vortex dragging everything into it. The roar of that vortex grew louder and louder as the size of the vortex expanded. Heaven and Earth's Qi was frenziedly sucked into it without cease.

In the centre of the tempest, the crowd abruptly felt a hint of razor-sharpness.

Countless sharp swords appeared within the heart of the vortex. The sword intents they emanated combined together to form unending waves of swords, relentlessly gushing forwards.

"What Divine Inscription is that?" The pupils of the crowd narrowed as they fixated their gazes onto the Inscription Qin Wentian had created. The sword intent multiplied and magnified over and over, as though the birth of these swords within the heart of the vortex cost nothing. This resembled a snowball rolling down a mountain, the gathered momentum would only become stronger.

Yan Tie coldly snorted. With a wave of his hand, the ominous-looking huge face wrenched open its bloody maw as it dashed towards the Inscription Qin Wentian inscribed.

The energy created by the unending waves of swords caused Qin Wentian's body to rise up in the air. His killing intent fused together with the terrifying sword energies, instantly enveloping the space on the entire platform.

“DIE!”

In that moment, Qin Wentian pierced forth with his sword fingers, and instantly, the gushing sword waves swept forwards with the force of a tsunami. The entire space turned silent, only the keening of the swords could be heard.

Yan Tie froze, and his expression became extremely unsightly. Unholy beams of light were shot out of the huge spectre's face, meeting the attack from the sword waves.

“Puchi, puchi...”

The swords extinguished everything, as the millions of sharp swords impaled themselves into the ominous looking face, causing Yan Tie to struggle to control the form manifested by his Inscription.

Qin Wentian gestured, causing the countless sword waves to congregate together, as the entirety of the sword intent present 'solidified' into a towering, gigantic sword. The sword light it emitted was so resplendent, it was as though it could illuminate the entire Nine Heavenly Layers.

The moment the sword was formed, the skies changed color. As the sword slashed past, the shockwave it generated created countless fissures, causing an untold amount of cracks in space to appear. With a single slash, the entire ominous-looking huge face disintegrated. However, it didn't stop there, the towering sword continued piercing towards Yan Tie.

Yan Tie's countenance underwent a drastic change, and he immediately summoned a myriad of Puppets, arranging them in front of him, intending on blocking the gigantic sword.

“Puny,” Qin Wentian icily remarked. His sword fingers stabbed forth for the third time that day as the gigantic sword exploded, creating a beautiful and deadly rain of swords. The sword Qi that the rain of swords emanated was so sharp that Yan Tie's puppets couldn't even last an instant, immediately disintegrating into dust.

“I CONCEDE.” Yan Tie howled in a fearful rage, turning and retreating rapidly, running down the platform. However, Qin Wentian merely flicked a finger in his direction. The runic outlines of his Inscription transformed again as the vortex 'sucked' in the rain of swords. Concentrating the sword

intent to the maximum, he blasted out an overwhelming sword beam that penetrated through space, locking Yan Tie within a sphere of sword light.

“Shuuurm!”

The countenance of everyone spectating the battle turned pale-white, staring at Qin Wentian as though they were truly seeing him for the first time. Standing in the air, Qin Wentian majestically stared down at Yan Tie, the coldness of the unbridled rage seen in his eyes made it clear that there would only be one outcome for Yan Tie today – death.

“I’ve already conceded, you can’t kill me!” Yan Tie shrieked.

“Why not?” Qin Wentian grinned, the smile on his face resembling the smile of the devil.

As the sound of his voice faded, the sphere of sword light imploded.

“NOOOOOOOOOO!”

“BOOM!”

Yan Tie’s body was blasted into nothingness, only leaving his head behind. His face was contorted into a rictus of fear, causing those who looked at it to feel a chill down their spines.

“I’ve said it before, I will definitely kill you today.”

Yan Tie had died!

That third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist that was originally thought to place first in the exchange had fallen by the hand of Qin Wentian.

Although not many had heard of or was convinced by Qin Wentian’s claim of being a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist in the past, they had no choice but to believe their eyes now. The overwhelming power that Qin Wentian destroyed Yan Tie with, still lingered in the air.

The countenances of those from the Yan Clan all underwent a drastic change. Yan Tie had died?

The death of Yan Tie meant that in the exchange this time round, the Yan Clan would definitely not be ranked in the top three positions. They were unqualified to enter the secret realm.

Naturally, they had heard of the grudge between Yan Tie and Qin Wentian, but they had not paid any heed to it. How could a young upstart be victorious over Yan Tie? But the truth of it now was that Qin Wentian truly had the power to kill Yan Tie.

As they glared in Qin Wentian's direction, their eyes were all filled with an immeasurable hatred. Qin Wentian had robbed them of their chances to enter the secret realm, where the true trial took place.

Yan Kong's heart was filled with hatred as well. However, he was also inwardly trembling with fear.

Even his monstrous uncle Yan Tie, had died? How could this be real?

Those from the Leng Clan were speechless, as shock and disbelief painted their faces.

Yan Tie had died, what about the slots he had promised them? Even if they accepted his conditions and exchanged one girl for each slot, it was already too late. All their hopes had vanished into thin air, along with the disintegrated body of Yan Tie.

And not only that, the person who shattered their hopes, was the one that they had once given up on – Qin Wentian!

There was once a time when they were in a position to befriend Qin Wentian. But to remain in Yan Tie's good graces, they went through with their initial decision to sacrifice Leng Ning. Ultimately, their choice destroyed any remaining chance of gaining Qin Wentian's favour, turning potential friend into foe.

They had personally shattered their hopes with the decision they had made!

Chapter 258: Excellent Seedling

The face of the Leng Clan's disciplinary elder, Leng Mao, turned ashen as he clenched his fist in anger.

They had paid such a huge price, giving in to Yan Tie's outrageous demands, but in the end what had they received? Nothing.

Yan Tie had died.

For the sake of a few 'illusory' slots, they sacrificed Leng Ning, and gone all the way to offend Qin Wentian. Now that Qin Wentian defeated and even killed Yan Tie in a battle using Divine Inscriptions, what did that make them? A bunch of clowns?

"Well done." In that moment, a voice rang out from the direction of the Leng Clan. The person who called out was none other than Leng Ning's father. He felt immense satisfaction when Qin Wentian slaughtered Yan Tie. After his daughter passed away, something inside him broke as well. It had woken him up, and he now knew that he had been a sorry excuse for a father. But everything was already too late for him to make amends. Currently, his heart was only filled with hatred for the members of the Leng Clan.

Leng Mao coldly swept a glance at him, as Leng Jian screamed, "Shut the hell up!"

"You want me to shut up?" Leng Ning's father laughed. "Back then who was it that gave the approval to force my daughter to her death, ultimately choosing to forsake Qin Wentian to curry favor with Yan Tie? What's the result now? With Yan Tie's death, Qin Wentian is the one who could have granted us the additional slots. WHO WILL PAY FOR THIS BLUNDER?"

Leng Jian stiffened, he could feel the cold stares of the elders being directed at him. What Leng Ning's father said was true, they sacrificed so much, paying an astronomical price yet obtained nothing in return. Who would pay for this blunder?

Leng Mao was an elder, nothing would happen to him. But what about Leng Jian?

At that moment, the eyes of everyone in the crowd were fixed on Qin Wentian, only to see that the coldness radiating from him hadn't dissipated in the slightest. His eyes were turned in the direction of the Yan Clan, staring right into the eyes of Yan Kong.

“You’re next.” Qin Wentian had his finger stretched out, pointing at Yan Kong. Yan Kong instantly felt as though his entire body was encased in ice. Qin Wentian’s words were like a proclamation of his impending death.

Thinking back to the past two incidents whereby Qin Wentian had already left a shadow in his heart, Yan Kong trembled in dread. This gut-wrenching fear, exceeded even the fear which Yan Tie had invoked in him.

At that moment, he felt true terror.

“HE KILLED UNCLE, KILL HIM NOW, SOMEBODY PLEASE KILL HIM!” Yan Kong’s body shook uncontrollably as he stared at his clan members hysterically. Yet, he only saw them stare right back at him, their gazes dripping with unconcern.

“The perpetrator for this matter is you.” An elder glared at him in fury. He had heard that in the beginning, it was because there was conflict between Yan Kong and Qin Wentian, which even resulted in Yan Kong bringing Hades along with him to kill Qin Wentian, ultimately leading to the death of Yan Tie’s son. Going mad with rage, Yan Tie forced Leng Ning to die, which had sown the seeds of revenge, causing the initial problem to escalate to the level it was today.

Initially, all of them were unconcerned. But now that Yan Tie had died, it meant that the Yan Clan was unqualified to even enter the secret realm this time around, thereby missing out on the benefits they might have gained.

All of these troubles were created by Yan Kong!

“From today onwards, Yan Kong is no longer a part of our Yan Clan. His life and death are no longer our concern,” that elder coldly remarked, causing Yan Kong’s heart to pound madly. Had he heard him correctly?

The Yan Clan had expelled him?

But... why?

Without the support of the Yan Clan, he would face certain death.

“Father,” Yan Kong cried out, his eyes reddening. However, the elder who made the announcement merely snorted coldly, as he added, “If you wish to help him, you will be similarly expelled by the clan.”

The countenance of Yan Kong’s father turned pale-white. He understood that whenever the Yan Clan made a decision, they did so after weighing the costs and benefits. Every decision was made with pragmatism driving their considerations.

Now that Yan Tie had already died, there was nothing to be gained by seeking revenge. So what if they killed Qin Wentian now? They would merely offend an additional power – the White Deer Institute. There was no benefit to be made at all.

So what should they do?

Giving up Yan Kong, clearly drawing the boundaries between their clan and him. Only with this would the entire Yan Clan not be affected and dragged down by Qin Wentian’s vengeance. With his intelligence, Qin Wentian should know that the Yan Clan had already taken a step back and wanted to defuse all conflict by sacrificing poor Yan Kong.

“Father,” Yan Kong cried out again upon seeing his father not saying a word.

Back then, they forced the Leng Clan to sacrifice Leng Ning, but karma always strikes back. Was his clan going to sacrifice him now?

“Yan Kong.” At that moment, a voice layered with coldness drifted over. The killing intent of Qin Wentian was so palpable that even the space around him began to appear distorted.

“I gave you so many chances for survival yet you chose to ignore it. Be more intelligent in your next life.” Qin Wentian flicked his finger, Yan Kong only felt a towering sword intent locking on to him. Before he could do anything, the beams of sword light had already penetrated through his body, killing him where he stood.

Yan Kong’s eyes were still wide open in death, filled with reluctance and disbelief at what happened. He was just a few feet away from his clan, yet during the final moments of his life, no one from his family had moved to help him.

“Let’s go.” The elder from the Yan Clan signaled their members as they turned and departed immediately.

The body of Yan Kong’s father involuntarily trembled upon seeing his son’s death. He went over and carried the corpse, as he muttered ominously under his breath, his eyes shooting daggers at Qin Wentian before he departed with those from the Yan Clan.

Qin Wentian understood this perfectly. Even though the Yan Clan hated him, they were unwilling to form an enmity with him. Although Yan Kong’s father wanted nothing more than his death, the Yan Clan would definitely forbid him from making a move that would be detrimental to them.

This was the reward he gained from exhibiting his true talent and abilities.

The Yan Clan’s actions caused waves of uncertainty to rock the hearts of the Leng Clan. After the Yan Clan departed, they didn’t know what action to take.

Qin Wentian’s grudge with the Leng Clan didn’t lose out to his hatred for the Yan Clan. They were the ones who had personally forced Leng Ning to her death.

Qin Wentian’s silhouette flickered as he returned back to his original spot. When he was killing Yan Tie and Yan Kong, both the Li Clan’s three brothers and the youth from the Demon Cult merely stood there and spectated. They had personally witnessed Qin Wentian’s strength and could clearly sense the overwhelming power Qin Wentian’s Inscription contained. Naturally, they were more than content to let Qin Wentian exhaust his power fighting against Yan Tie.

However at this moment both the three brothers and the demonic youth felt a sense of unease in their hearts. Qin Wentian’s performance in the third test was exceedingly dominant and in addition to the powerful perception he displayed in the first test, was he already ranked first in Grandmaster Fenrir’s heart?

Not only that, for the team that represented the White Deer Institute, they didn’t just have Qin Wentian. There was also Ghaus and Bailu Yi. Even the weakest Bailu Yi couldn’t be underestimated.

Even though their team had internal conflicts, it didn’t diminish their actual level of power. If Qin Wentian and Ghaus had worked together from the beginning, they would have all been long defeated.

“Powerful indeed, you are much stronger than that old fogey Ghaus. He only knows how to boast.” Old First stared at Qin Wentian, his voice filled with admiration. Such a youthful peak-tier, third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist was actually so capable and had such monstrous perception.

Ghaus turned ashen when he heard the words, but he already knew that he couldn’t match up to Qin Wentian the moment he saw his Inscription in the earlier battle.

He had spoken too much nonsense.

“Elders, I await your guidance.” Qin Wentian calmly walked towards the three brothers. The coldness on his countenance had already faded with the death of Yan Tie and Yan Kong. The next thing he must do was obtain the first ranking for the White Deer Institute.

“Haha, don’t call us elders. Addressing us as uncles will do. With our level of attainments, we are not worthy of you calling us elders. Come, let us spar together in a bid to better understand the intricacies of the Dao of Divine Inscriptions.” Old First’s mood immediately improved when he heard Qin Wentian addressing them as elders.

But naturally if Qin Wentian hadn’t displayed his true talent, the three brothers probably wouldn’t be so polite towards him.

Strength was indeed everything.

Qin Wentian lightly nodded as he stepped forth. The terrifying sword Qi once again revolved in its vortex as tens of thousands of sharp swords flew out.

The three brothers rose up in the air as the three-headed flood dragon flew forwards with explosive speed, clashing directly with the tens of thousands of sharp swords.

The myriad of swords warred ferociously with the three-headed flood dragon, as terrifying sounds of draconic roars and sword keening filled the void. Qin Wentian continued walking forwards, directing the swords’ momentum with his sword fingers with every step he took. With him at the centre, the beams of sword light grew increasingly resplendent, imbued with boundless might.

And finally, with a heaven-shattering roar of defiance, one of the flood dragon’s heads was penetrated through by Qin Wentian’s sword vortex.

“Haha, excellent. We will admit defeat.” Old First graciously laughed. With a wave of his hands, Qin Wentian caused the sword Qi to dissipate as he bowed with a smile. “Uncle Li’s Divine Inscription is truly powerful, indeed. I merely won by half a shade.”

“You are too humble, we were fighting three against one and there’s also the matter of our age and experience. I even dare to say that in merely a few years time, we wouldn’t even be qualified if we wanted to take you as our master.” Old First shrugged, as he continued, “If you don’t mind, you can consider me and my two other brothers as your friends. We will definitely have to depend on you for sparring in the future, aiding us in our comprehensions in Divine Inscriptions.”

A smile also broke out on Qin Wentian’s face.

After which, the three brothers turned their gaze onto the youth from the Demon Cult. “Brat, you are a youngster too. Do you wish to try out the power of your Divine Inscription against us?”

“Sure.” The youth agreed with no hesitation whatsoever. Almost immediately a thick layer of demonic Qi erupted forth from the youth’s serpent, as it snarled and dashed towards the now two-headed flood dragon. But despite the flood dragon being in a weakened state, the serpent was still not a match for it.

Qin Wentian slayed Yan Tie, before defeating the three brothers, while the three brothers won their battle against the youth from the Demon Cult. It seemed that the rankings had already been determined.

“Truly the mountain roads twist after each new peak. How unexpected.” The large-eyed elder laughed. He had originally thought that after Ghaus’s defeat, there was already no chance for the White Deer Institute to obtain the first ranking. What a pleasant surprise.

“Excellent seedling.” Another elder standing beside the large-eyed elder spoke. His words abruptly caused both of them to start in shock as they simultaneously directed their gazes at Grandmaster Fenrir.

Grandmaster Fenrir had once said the same thing before.

It appeared as though he had already evaluated Qin Wentian’s potential back then.

On the vantage point, Fenrir smiled as he stated. “The exchange has been concluded. White Deer Institute will be ranked first, the Watermoon Mountain Villa ranked second, and the Demon Cult ranked third.”

Fenrir’s announcement was within the expectations of the crowd. In that moment, many emotions were running high; disappointment, shock and of course, happiness.

Bailu Yi herself was exceedingly joyful.

The White Deer Institute had obtained the first ranking because of Qin Wentian. How could she be unhappy? Comment by Lord Bluefire: NICEEE

The expression on Ghaus’s face couldn’t be any uglier. Before this, he had arrogantly told Qin Wentian that there would be a reckoning between them after the conclusion of the exchange. But now, did he even have the guts to stay?

“Haha, Ghaus, the lass was right. In this exchange, what exactly have you contributed? Useless baggage, tell me what use do you have!” Old First of the three brothers laughed uproariously, his words were extremely sarcastic, each one like a sword stabbing Ghaus in the heart. That very same phrase he had condescendingly remarked to Qin Wentian, hadn’t it returned to smack him back in the face?

Chapter 259: Zhan Chen

Ghaus was filled with fury, Old First of the three brothers shouldn’t have made such comments. His words caused many in the crowd to turn their gaze onto Ghaus, making him feel close to dying from the embarrassment.

He was the one that called Qin Wentian ‘useless baggage’, yet that same person had managed to obtain the first ranking in this exchange for the White Deer Institute. This achievement truly had nothing to do with him.

He would never have imagined that at such a young age, Qin Wentian would actually have such a high level of attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions. But if Qin Wentian was already so talented, why did the White Deer Institute still invite him, Ghaus? Unless, the White Deer Institute was similarly kept in the dark regarding Qin Wentian’s true ability.

Ghaus wasn’t the only one that felt shock. Many from the Star-Seizing Manor were stealing glances at Qin Wentian.

This young man would surely have the opportunity to be like Grandmaster Fenrir, a fourth-ranked Divine Inscriptionist Grandmaster.

The status of a fourth-ranked Inscriptionist was totally different when compared to the status of a third-ranked. A fourth-ranked Grandmaster could inscribe fourth-ranked Inscriptions, forming fourth-ranked formations that are even able to deal with Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns. The power they wield can be considered equal to or even exceed that of Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns.

This was the reason why the Yan Clan chose to neutralise the enmity by sacrificing Yan Kong. With the White Deer Institute backing Qin Wentian, they did not have sufficient power to kill him. Hence, Qin Wentian would have no obstacle in the way of his growth. Offending a future fourth-ranked Inscriptionist was an incredibly stupid idea.

Qin Wentian's countenance was as calm as ever. Obtaining the first ranking was what he had promised Bailu Yi. Furthermore, it would only do him good to display his talent; it would undoubtedly smooth his path when he unveiled his true identity to the 'hidden' Azure Faction in the future.

"Everyone has worked hard." At that moment, on the vantage point, the elder standing next to Grandmaster Fenrir faintly spoke. "According to the results, as the champion of this exchange, the White Deer Institute are allowed to bring ten additional people excluding the Divine Inscriptionist himself; the Watermoon Mountain Villa can bring eight additional people, while the Demon Cult can bring six."

"Three days from now, gather your people and meet here. After which, we will set out for the place of the trial together with the other transcendent powers of our Moon Continent. Prepare yourselves well," added the sharp-looking middle-aged man, causing the expressions of the crowd to falter slightly.

All of them understood what he was trying to say. Although there were great benefits to be obtained in the place of the trial, the danger was correspondingly greater as well.

In the Eastern City, other than the White Deer Institute, Watermoon Mountain Villa and the Demon Cult, there was still the transcendent power, Star-Seizing Manor. And outside of the Eastern City, the Moon Continent had a total of three other transcendent powers which would also send their men to the place of the trial. When these great powers congregated together, there were the inevitable clashes between them in addition to the dangers faced in the secret realm. One truly had to be extremely cautious in this expedition.

"For the expedition into the secret realm this time, there will definitely be peak Yuanfu Cultivators sent as representatives by those transcendent powers. Maybe even the Moon Continent's Heaven's Chosen will also take part."

Many were speculating in their hearts as they departed the area.

As the crowd dispersed, Grandmaster Fenrir smiled to the elder beside him, “This batch of Divine Inscriptionists participating in today’s exchange can all be considered the cream of the crop. When you guys enter the secret realm this time, it seems that the Star-seizing Manor’s team formation will be at an unprecedented level.”

The middle-aged elder disagreed, “Regretfully, it could only be considered truly flawless if Grandmaster participated on our behalf as well.”

“Hahaha, if I could enter, it would mean that the Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns of the other powers could enter as well. Trust in the younger generations. If there’s nothing else, I will take my farewell first.” Grandmaster Fenrir bid his farewell as he too, departed the area.

“Yang Fan, what are your thoughts?” The middle-aged elder spoke to Yang Fan who stood beside him.

“Let’s hope they can really be of some use,” Yang Fan replied in a low voice.

In his eyes, no matter how powerful a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist was, they were still merely trash. To many people, Divine Inscriptionists were extremely revered and had a special status, but to Yang Fan, as a Heaven’s Chosen as well as someone from a transcendent power, being a Divine Inscriptionist was just an occupation, so there was nothing special about it.

He wasn’t lacking in Divine Weapons and during real combat, the time needed for third-ranked Divine Inscriptionists to inscribe a peak-tier third-ranked Inscription was sufficient for Yang Fan to kill them a few hundred times over.

To him, personal cultivation was still the most important. Strength was everything.

These Divine Inscriptionists were merely tools to be used inside the secret realm, they had no other purpose whatsoever.

.....

Cheers abounded within the White Deer Institute after Qin Wentian and the rest returned. They had obtained the first ranking which gave them the opportunity to send ten people into the secret realm.

Any additional slots for entering into the place of the trial was extremely important – every additional slot meant an extra pair of helping hands.

At this moment, the majority of members with authority from the White Deer Institute were all gathered in the great hall. Qin Wentian was there as well but Ghaus, had already disappeared.

Ghaus knew very well that he was no longer needed. Rather than returning and suffering the cold stares of his inferiors, he might as well leave directly.

Naturally, those from the White Deer Institute weren't bothered by Ghaus's absence. Qin Wentian exceeded Ghaus in all aspects in terms of attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions.

“Are there any suggestions regarding the participants for entry into the secret realm?” inquired the large-eyed elder.

“Since the first ranking was obtained because of Qin Wentian's help, I think it would be best for him to make the decision,” faintly spoke an old man elegantly dressed in white. The large-eyed elder nodded his head, “As it should be.”

After which, he turned his gaze onto Qin Wentian with smile. “Qin Wentian, because of your highly significant contribution, the White Deer Institute was able to rank first. I will let you in on a little secret: there have been recent rumours that the secret realm might be the Dao Cultivation Grounds of a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant. There, the greater the amount of fortune one tries to acquire, the greater the degree of dangers faced. There will be many experts entering the secret realm in three days time, and I suspect even the Heaven's Chosen ranked on the Heavenly Fate Ranking will participate as well.”

“It was with your help that we could obtain the first ranking. Do you have any requests regarding the ten people selected?”

A look of contemplation flashed on Qin Wentian's face. Good fortune correlates to the degree of danger. Anyone too weak to enter may never leave again. Even Chu Mang may not be able to make it out safely.

And if they met with danger within the realm, the first priority of the White Deer Institute would surely be to protect Bailu Yi, followed by him.

“The White Deer Institute can decide, I have no requests,” Qin Wentian replied. It was better if Fan Le and Chu Mang didn’t enter, as the White Deer Institute might not have sufficient manpower to protect them all.

“Good, since you have no requests, we shall decide the names then. After this, the discussion will be boring, Little Yi, why don’t you accompany Qin Wentian for a walk?” The large-eyed elder smiled, causing Bailu Yi to glare fiercely at him in response.

After exiting the great hall, Qin Wentian couldn’t help but smile wryly at the fuming expression on Bailu Yi’s pure face. “Why are you glaring at me like this?”

“It’s all your fault that everyone in the Institute thinks I’ve got something going on with you, and now it wouldn’t help even if I explained the truth to them.” Bailu Yi pouted. She naturally understood the thought processes of those within the hall.

However, she and Qin Wentian were merely friends, yet everyone thought that she was infatuated with him. This made her feel extremely depressed.

“Do you want me to clarify things?” Qin Wentian shrugged.

“The more you try to explain, the worst it will be. Hmph, are you trying to break off your relationship with me?” Bailu Yi’s answer caused black lines to appear on Qin Wentian’s forehead. The hearts of women were truly difficult to comprehend indeed.

Seeing the dumbfounded expression on Qin Wentian’s face made Bailu Yi break out into a smile. “Forget it, I was just teasing you. It doesn’t matter as long as we both know the truth. Let’s go for a walk, do you have any place you wish to go?”

“Let’s visit the Hell Arena, the Yuan Meteor Stones that I previously won have all been used up. Let’s make some money before we enter the secret realm,” Qin Wentian replied with a grin, causing Bailu Yi to roll her eyes.

What did this fellow treat the Hell Arena as? A place that freely gifted Yuan Meteor Stones to him?

However, Bailu Yi had no further comments after witnessing his performance. Now that Qin Wentian had already stepped into the third level of Yuanfu, the results were the same as before, opponents of the same realm couldn’t match up to him, and he was unrivalled when facing opponents of the same level.

Qin Wentian's winning streak continued on, all the way from 60 consecutive victories to 90 consecutive victories.

The name 'Kirin' was already extremely well known in the Hell Arena. When he was in the second level of Yuanfu, his battle record showed a staggering 60 wins and 0 losses. Now that he broke through to the third level of Yuanfu, he immediately won thirty more battles. Did this mean that if he appeared again, he would then join the exclusive club of those with a battle record of a hundred consecutive wins with no losses?

In the Hell Arena, only exceedingly famous characters could claim such a battle record.

Many wondered if Kirin would be able to set a whole new Arena record!

.....

In the Pill Emperor Hall, there was a similar discussion on the matter of entry into the secret realm.

The four transcendent powers of the Moon Continent all had control of the entrance. The agreement between them was that when the secret realm opened every year, they would each be able to send a total of twenty people within.

"Zhan Chen, we would have to trouble you to lead our members for the expedition to the secret realm this time round," a middle-aged man spoke to a young man.

This young man had a kindly appearance, and was extraordinarily good looking.

He was one of the four Heaven's Chosen in the Moon Continent, Zhan Chen from the Pill Emperor Hall who was also ranked #11 in the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

"Your disciple understands." Zhan Chen nodded his head. After which, he turned his gaze towards an attractive older woman that stood beside him. Despite her age, this woman was filled with charm and exuded a mature beauty. When she was younger, she would have definitely belonged to the category of women capable of overthrowing empires with their looks.

This woman was none other than the daughter of the Pill Emperor, Luo He.

"Martial Aunt, will Junior Sister Qingcheng join the expedition to the secret realm this time round?" Zhan Chen smiled as he inquired.

“Qingcheng’s cultivation is not enough yet, I don’t want her to take the risk. However, Bai Fei wishes to go and gain experience, how about doing a favor for me and take care of her on my behalf.” Luo He laughed.

“Junior Sister, you are too protective of Qingcheng.” That middle-aged man from earlier smiled. “I noticed you have been rejecting all marriage proposals from the other powers, does Junior Sister already have someone in mind for Qingcheng?”

“I have no plans as of yet. However, I do not wish for her to marry into the Hua Clan. It’s a shame that Zhan Chen already has a companion. Otherwise, I would definitely betroth Qingcheng to him,” Luo He replied. Her words made clear her opinion towards the young man before her; evidently she held him in extremely high regard!

Chapter 260: Gathering at the Trial Grounds

In the blink of an eye, three days had already passed.

Within the training grounds of the Star-Seizing Manor, the three major powers that won the exchange had arrived.

The White Deer Institute sent Qin Wentian, Bailu Yi and ten other cultivators. A total of twelve people.

The Watermoon Mountain Villa sent the Li Clan’s three brothers and eight other cultivators, making a total of eleven people.

While the Demon Cult sent the young man, minus his two assistants who had perished, as well as six other cultivators, making a total of seven people.

All in all, the total number of people sent by the three major powers could be classified into thirty cultivators and six Divine Inscriptionists. And for the cultivators they sent, all of them were at the peak of the Yuanfu Realm and were extremely adept at combat. After existing for so many years, there was no problem for the White Deer Institute to muster up ten peak-level Yuanfu experts.

Especially Bailu Jing, a ranker from the Heavenly Fate Ranking. He was the one nominated to lead the White Deer Institute team for the expedition this time around.

“Little Brother Qin, if we meet any dangers inside the secret realm, let’s pool our efforts to neutralise it together,” the Li Clan’s three brothers politely suggested, after greeting Qin Wentian.

“I shall listen to the arrangement made by Uncle Li then. After all, I’m still young and inexperienced, so it would be best if all of us could pool our efforts and work together.” Qin Wentian nodded in agreement. The purpose of Divine Inscriptionists in the secret realm was extremely simple. The Inscriptionists were to take the lead, breaking formations and sniffing out traps. With them leading the way, the path inside the secret realm would be many times smoother.

“Good, everyone’s here.” At that moment, a voice drifted over.. The crowd turned and looked in the direction of the voice, only to see Yang Fan in the lead, followed by nineteen other cultivators. The auras they exuded all felt extremely imposing, it was obvious that they were all elites trained by the Star-Seizing Manor.

The stronger they were, the better it would be.

That middle-aged elder from before was also present, and after noting everyone’s arrival, he waved his hands and spoke, “Since everyone is ready, let’s move out.”

“Right.” Everyone rose in the air as they followed after those from the Star-Seizing Manor.

The Secret Realm of Divine Inscriptions was one of the eighteen testing grounds of the Grand Xia Empire. Qin Wentian had already entered two of the eighteen testing grounds – the Spirit Beast Testing Grounds, as well as the Celestial Lake Refinement Grounds.

The entrance to the Spirit Beast Testing Grounds was shared by many transcendent powers, while the Celestial Lake Refinement Grounds was controlled by Fairy Qing Mei.

Because the Secret Realm of Divine Inscriptions was located in the Moon Continent, it was only natural for it to fall under the control of the four transcendent powers living there. They were the ones who decided who was qualified to enter.

The four transcendent powers of the Moon Continent were the Star-Seizing Manor from the eastern region, the Skyember Sect from the southern region, Pill Emperor Hall from the central region and Hua Clan from the northern region. Only the western region had no transcendent powers.

The entrance to the Secret Realm of Divine Inscriptions was located in the western region, which was a scorchingly hot and lifeless desert.

The sands of the western desert blazed with a golden hue. It was so vast it was impossible to see the end of it with just the naked eye.

The wind gusted as the golden sands shifted. No human figures could be seen for a thousand miles, only an aura of desolation.

Several moments passed when suddenly, a wavering black sphere that emanated a sense of destruction appeared from a certain direction. In the blink of an eye, the black dot transformed into a black-colored sandstorm, somehow even causing the skies to turn dark as it absorbed all light, giving people the sense that the apocalypse had arrived.

The golden sand was pulled into the terrifying sandstorm, drifting about with the force of the wind. Everyone knew that this was the abominable black sandstorm of the western desert. The locals would tell you that it would appear intermittently, wrecking havoc for a period of time before subsiding, until the whole cycle restarted once more.

And at that very moment, far away from the sandstorm, another group of silhouettes was making their way towards it, heading into the depths of the desert.

“How unlucky, why are we encountering this dratted sandstorm at this moment,” someone cursed, feeling extremely depressed.

The one in the lead was a young man with a herculean physique. This person unconsciously exuded arrogance, and his whole body gave people the sensation that it was bursting with power. This person, was none other than Zhao Lie, ranked #28 in the Heavenly Fate Ranking, hailing from the Skyember Sect and one of the four Heaven’s Chosen. Also, just like his name, his temper was as fiery as an inferno.

Among the four Heaven’s Chosen, Zhao Lie was ranked last. However, he was never willing to accept this ranking. At this moment, his eyes burned with an intense fire; he heard that for the expedition this time around, Yang Fan and Zhan Chen were also participating. He truly wanted to see these two other Heaven’s Chosen who shared the same status as himself, and how powerful they had become. Had they already stepped into the Heavenly Dipper Realm?

“Sadly, Hua Taixu didn’t come today. But, I guess I won’t be too lonely with Zhan Chen, Yang Fan, Bai Fei and the rest.” Zhao Lie grinned, he was filled with excitement for this expedition. Perhaps he’d get a chance to test his strength against them?

In the vast Moon Continent, other than the four Heaven’s Chosen, there were also other rankers in the Heavenly Fate Ranking. Bailu Jing from the White Deer Institute, was precisely one of them.

Among the 360 names, there were the young and old, and for the expedition this time around, there would surely be many rankers participating as well. How could Zhao Lie not be filled with anticipation.

After passing the sandstorm, Zhao Lie increased his speed and finally arrived at an extremely sprawling ancient city, built in the desert.

Many supreme experts guarded the main entrance that led to the ancient city. Evidently, these people all belonged to the four transcendent powers of the Moon Continent. Their mission was simple, to keep out intruders from entering the Secret Realm of the Divine Inscriptions.

And right in front of the ancient city's main entrance, several silhouettes could be seen making their way over. These people belonged to three different camps. With a single glance, Zhao Lie had already identified who they each belonged to.

"Haha, Zhan Chen, Yang Fan, how have you guys been." Zhao Lie laughed, as soon as they came within hearing range.

Zhan Chen smiled, "Brother Zhao, how about you?"

As for Yang Fan, he remained silent. This was his personality, as he was a man of few words, yet the tinge of arrogance he exuded was similar to that of Zhao Lie.

"Knowing that the both of you are here, how could I not be as well?" Zhao Lie's voice was extremely loud. And as his gaze shifted to the third camp, it landed on the person in the lead. "Hua Taixu is not coming, but they sent you instead? Is your Hua Clan trying to nurture another Hua Taixu?"

The young man from the Hua Clan inclined his head. His sharp gaze was akin to a sword, boring into Zhao Lie.

The name of this person was Hua Feng, with a cultivation base at the peak-level of Yuanfu and he was ranked #60 in the Heavenly Fate Ranking. With his talent, he could also be considered as someone distinguished in the Moon Continent.

However, he didn't shine as much because the radiance of a blazing sun like Hua Taixu was so bright that it overshadowed everything.

With the existence of Hua Taixu, no matter how talented someone in the Hua Clan was, they would all be shunted to the side, only serving as a backdrop to further enhance Hua Taixu's light.

“You still talk as much crap as before,” Hua Feng faintly replied, causing a fiery light to blaze in Zhao Lie’s eyes. “Oh? Well, I’m good at talking crap, but I’m even better in combat. Do you want me to guide you?”

“Anytime,” Hua Feng replied, before shifting his gaze away, no longer interested in Zhao Lie.

“Zhao Lie from the Skyember Sect, ranked #28 in the Heavenly Fate Ranking; Hua Feng from the Hua Clan, the second most talented of the Hua Clan’s younger generation after Hua Taixu. He’s ranked #60 in the Heavenly Fate Ranking.” Over at the Star-Seizing Manor Camp, Bailu Yi whispered to Qin Wentian. She knew that Qin Wentian wasn’t from the Moon Continent, hence she took it upon herself to introduce some of the more crucial characters here to him.

These people, were all characters that could summon the wind and rain over here in the Moon Continent.

Qin Wentian nodded, he kept his head low as he glanced at these powerful individuals, paying special attention to those from the Pill Emperor Hall and the Hua Clan.

Zhan Chen from the Pill Emperor Hall was ranked #11 in the Heavenly Fate Ranking. This man had a scholarly appearance, seemingly casual and extremely amicable. Beside him was his companion, an extremely attractive-looking woman.

Yang Fan from the Star-Seizing Manor was more taciturn, a man of few words. The faint pride that seemed carved into his features was like a wall that allowed no one near him.

Zhao Lie’s temper was brash and insolent, resembling a fiery inferno.

For Hua Feng, there wasn’t enough information about him yet. But undoubtedly, these rankers of the Heavenly Fate Ranking all unconsciously emitted a faint aura of pride. Even the even-tempered Bailu Jing did as much. Qin Wentian was like this as well, and this pride – which some may call arrogance – was something that innately belonged to these characters.

Pride and arrogance were born from self-confidence, and not one of these characters were lacking in that aspect.

“Hua Taixu and Hua Xiaoyun didn’t show up, and Bai Fei from the Pill Emperor Palace is present. But, where is Qingcheng?” Qin Wentian felt somewhat disappointed. During the journey, he still had some hopes of running into Mo Qingcheng in this expedition. But sadly, she wasn’t here, only Bai Fei had come instead.

He recognised Bai Fei, but she took no notice of such an insignificant character like him. Once, Bai Fei had told him that he and Mo Qingcheng belonged to different worlds, and asked him to wake up to reality.

Now that he had arrived in the Moon Continent, he wondered what Bai Fei would think if she saw him now.

“If everyone is here, let’s not delay any longer. We will enter the secret realm’s trial grounds straight away,” spoke the sharp-looking, middle-aged elder beside Yang Fan. The powerful experts from the other three transcendent powers all nodded in agreement.

Momentarily, four representatives from the four transcendent power stood in front of the main entrance. In their hands was a strange-looking symbol, each different from the rest. Channeling their Astral Energy within, a resplendent light shot forth from the four symbols into a seal inscribed on the main entrance. In the next instant, thunderous rumbling sounds could be heard as the door to the main entrance opened.

Passing through this door would lead them all to the interior of the ancient city. The destination they sought lay just ahead – the Secret Realm of Divine Inscriptions!