

Ancient Godly Monarch Chapter 26 - Reinforcement

Chapter 26: Reinforcement

Translator: Lordbluefire

Without any hesitation, Qin Wentian discarded the long spear he was wielding. A lone traveller wielding a long spear as his divine weapon? It was too eye-catching and would enable his pursuers to easily trace his movements by questioning the innocent bystanders.

Qin Wentian wouldn't let pride inflate his ego just because he'd managed to kill a cultivator of the Arterial Circulation Realm. After all, his opponent was just a Martial Cultivator and had a limited amount of energy. If the opponent he was facing was just slightly stronger than the one he'd killed earlier, there would have been no way for him to prevail. Even if he had the aid of the long spear, the ending would still be the same: death.

After discarding the spear, Qin Wentian purchased a robe from a random store in the street and hid his original layer of clothing underneath it. As Qin Wentian moved about in the streets, he would see his pursuers searching high and low for him. Acting nonchalantly as if he belonged there, Qin Wentian walked about in the streets openly, ducking into alleys when it was needed.

But Qin Wentian felt extremely depressed. He discovered that this region was already sealed by the men from the Ye Clan and the Bai Clan, and that his pursuers were growing in numbers — blockading all entrances. There were many times when he had to turn back halfway before he could be recognised. Escaping from this region was as tough as ascending to the Heavens.

“Blocking the entrances as well sending some men to scour the streets. This way, it'll only be a matter of time before they find me.” Qin Wentian was leaning against a thick wall at this moment as his hands nonchalantly fiddling about with the star-shaped object that Uncle Black had passed him. He had no idea what this object was for, but he knew that there was no way Uncle Black would give him a useless item.

At this moment, the sound of light footsteps could be heard approaching him. From the corner of his eyes, as he spotted a figure slowly walking in his direction, Qin Wentian's heart skipped a beat. Because Qin Wentian kept his

head lowered, it invoked the suspicion of the person approaching, causing the person to shout, "Raise your head."

Qin Wentian did not heed the command, and as his opponent drew closer, his body tensed as spirals of astral energy gathered in his body.

Abruptly, Qin Wentian raised his head and moved to strike. A whistling sound spread through the air. He swept his spear out horizontally, preparing to slice through the throat of his opponent. At this moment, the face of his supposed opponent came into view.

(TL: I have no idea where he got the spear from. The author just said he discarded his spear earlier as it was too conspicuous)

"Second Uncle," Qin Wentian drew in a breath in shock. This person was Qin He, he hadn't expected Qin He to chase after him right after Qin Wentian had created the distraction.

"Live on." Qin He only spoke two words as he quickly retreated out of the alley, wearing the same long robes as Qin Wentian and a conical-shaped bamboo hat, lowering his head. The weapon he used was also a long spear, and his long robes masked the difference in their heights. As long as no one observed his features clearly, there wouldn't be too much differences between him and Qin Wentian.

"Second Uncle" Qin Wentian exclaimed in a low voice as he realised what Qin He was going to do, only to hear the sounds of a collision outside the alley. It was as if Qin He had intentionally knocked something down in order to attract the attention of his pursuers.

"We've found him."

"Over here!" The excited sounds of the pursuers drifted over, causing Qin Wentian's heart to tremble.

"Live on." The sound of Qin He's voice resounded in his mind. Many thoughts surfaced in Qin Wentian's head. Once upon a time, Qin He had hated him, treated him coldly, and even wanted to expel him from the Qin Clan. But now, when it came to a situation of life and death, Qin He unhesitatingly walked out for the sake of saving him—leaving behind a heroic view of his back and two words.

Qin Wentian also thought of Bai Qingsong's hypocritical side. There were some who were pleasant looking on the outside—elegant and graceful in their behavior—but deep inside, their hearts contained an utterly despicable and vile character. There were others, however, who looked cold on the surface, but were incomparably brave and valiant when the situation called for it.

The men of the Qin Clan shed blood, not tears.

“I must live on.” Qin Wentian clenched his fist with only one thought in his mind: living on.

Turning his back, Qin Wentian chose a direction opposite from Qin He and continued on. Qin He had intentionally put himself in danger and might not survive — and it was all for the sake of giving Qin Wentian a faint hope of surviving. For the sake of Qin He's sacrifice, Qin Wentian grit his teeth and swore that he would definitely escape from this place today.

Qin Wentian's footsteps became faster and faster. Since Qin He had gone through the trouble of creating such a huge distraction while drawing all the pursuers away, Qin Wentian needed to make good use of this chance to escape before Qin He's identity was revealed.

The anger in his heart, as well as his thirst for survival, transformed into motivation. Qin Wentian increased his speed and sped through the streets before finally reaching an entrance. There was actually no one guarding the entrance. With no traces of hesitation, Qin Wentian rushed forward, and ten breaths later, a high wall appeared to his side. This high wall separated the inner streets and the main streets from the outside.

At this moment, in front of Qin Wentian, a graceful silhouette lept up in the air, landing on the top of the high wall. The silhouette belonged to a girl about 18 years of age. Her clothing wrapped around her body, fully displaying her contours, with a headful of black hair dancing in the wind. Her eyes shone with a luster as she discovered Qin Wentian, placing her hand into her mouth as she whistled, revealing an exceedingly mesmerizing smile on her face.

Qin Wentian didn't recognise this beautiful and bewitching lady in front of him, but from her gaze, it appeared that she knew of him. Since there wasn't an air of enmity being emitted from her, Qin Wentian increased his speed as he continued rushing forwards.

However, much to his surprise, he soon discovered that the lady was mirroring his movements. She was going in the same direction as him, albeit she was on the top of the high wall, while he was beneath it, on the streets.

“Haha, you found him?” A crisp voice rang out, and almost immediately, Qin Wentian saw the silhouette of another person leap through the air and land on the top of the high wall. The new arrival directed a glance at him.

“I, this little missy, personally led the search. Of course there would be no problems.” The lady from earlier laughed. The two of them seemed to have no intention of conversing with Qin Wentian as they followed him down the streets, causing Qin Wentian to feel somewhat irritated in his heart. On the other side of the wall was the main street. The actions of the two clowns on the wall would surely attract the notice of others, and if this continued on, he would surely be exposed.

Increasing his speed yet again, Qin Wentian sped past a few other streets and alleys before finally arriving at the main road, preparing to make his way to the Star River Association to seek refuge.

The sounds of horses galloping rang out as clods of earth dislodged, creating layers of dust. Very quickly, Qin Wentian noticed a platoon of troops riding his way, and the person in the lead was none other than Ye Mo.

“Ye Mo.” Ye Mo’s appearance, as well as the presence of so many troops, caused Qin Wentian to turn pale. He was exposed. This time around, even if he had wings, he would still find it difficult to escape from here.

“I want him alive.” Ye Mo icily commanded, making no attempts to mask the killing intent in his eyes. Immediately, the shadows of two figures rushed forth with terrifying speed, causing Qin Wentian to slightly shudder. These two opponents were definitely at the Arterial Circulation Realm.

But, at the same moment, Qin Wentian had no time to react as a violent gust of wind blew past him, materializing into a shadowy silhouette that sped in the direction of the two cultivators of the Arterial Circulation Realm.

Violet tremors shook the ground as the shadowy figure’s every step, left an extremely deep footprint in the ground, causing the hearts of the people to tremble.

“Puchi!” Time seemed to slow as a light sound rang out. Qin Wentian observed that the palms of that mysterious figure were comparable to sharp sabers and had directly pierced right into the hearts of the two cultivators. With a light exertion of strength, that person easily killed the two cultivators from the Ye Clan, slowly leaving their bodies to collapse onto the ground.

“How strong.” Qin Wentian’s countenance froze as he realised that the mysterious figure was none other than one of the two figures who’d been speeding along the top of the high wall earlier. And at that moment, lady from earlier appeared before him. Not only that, a bunch of figures, all appearing to be below 20 and emitting an unusual yet grand aura, appeared an instant later from all directions.

“Junior apprentice brother seems to be quite handsome.” The lady from before had hints of a charming smile present on her face and a fragrance about her that—in addition to her form-fitting clothes that further accentuated her well-endowed figure—made her as bewitching as a demoness. Her looks were on the same scale as that of the four great beauties in the Sky Harmony City, but she had one point that they lacked; she was incomparably seductive—capable of making any man feel a nefarious fire burning down in their loins.

“Junior apprentice brother?” Confusion clouded his features upon hearing the term that the lady had referred to him as.

However, he soon understood why after he saw Mustang.

This made the background of the youths clear: they were all members of the Emperor Star Academy.

“I don’t believe that this is the Emperor Star Academy’s intention—is it?” Ye Mo calmly spoke. The Emperor Star Academy should’ve already had nothing to do with this matter. Mustang and the rest had no business here.

“This is my, Mustang’s, idea. It has nothing to do with the Emperor Star Academy.” Mustang replied just as calmly. The truth was what Ye Mo had guessed; because of the Royal Clan, as well as the indirect pressure caused by the complicated webs of economic affairs, Mustang’s request for the Emperor Star Academy to send help was overruled. And thus, without any other choice, Mustang and his allies had to come to the Sky Harmony City alone.

As for what the actual reason behind the rejection was, Mustang had no idea. However, he truly liked this youth, Qin Wentian. Be it personality or talent, Mustang had no complaints. As such, he wanted to protect Qin Wentian. Roping in all his students and rushing through the night — eventually, they witnessed that earlier scenario.

“Since it’s as I have guessed, I have no more worries.”

Ye Mo coldly replied as he waved his hands. Almost immediately, the soldiers under his control encircled Qin Wentian and the rest. Although the combat ability of the Emperor Star Academy was overwhelming, Ye Mo held an absolute advantage in terms of numbers. Since Mustang and his students wanted to interfere in this matter, they would all be buried here today.