

Ancient GM 271

Chapter 271: Control of the Great Hall

Qin Wentian only felt a stab of pain in the space between his brows, it was as though he could feel a peculiar energy writhing there.

This unusual stab of pain was resonating with the candle flame in his body. Qin Wentian faintly sensed that his heart's eye was centred between his brows.

The golden threads connected the candle flame and the brow's centre, and Qin Wentian innately comprehended that this reaction was linked to a power of his bloodline.

Within his body, there wasn't just a single type of bloodline limit.

That domineering, savage and violent bloodline that was once locked down by fetters, felt as though it originated from an ancient primordial beast, the king of all demons.

Yet even this domineering bloodline deferred to the candle flame in his heart. The candle flame was the manifestation of yet another bloodline existing within him, and was of a higher grade compared to that of his primordial bloodline.

Two kinds of high-grade bloodlines existing within a single body.

Qin Wentian asked himself, who was he?

Who were his parents?

The middle-aged man he had seen in the tiny Astral-Being should be his father. Why would he fragment all his memories and store it within that Astral-Being, leaving it for Qin Wentian to discover?

There were thousands upon thousands of thoughts in his mind, yet there was no way for him to verify anything. He wanted to open his eyes, yet he did not.

Because he discovered that even with his eyes closed, he could clearly see what was happening outside. It was as though he had a sort of 'second sight', and the happenings outside were directly etched into his heart.

He saw the bloodlessly pale countenance of Bailu Yi, whose heart was clenching with worry for fear of his death. He saw Bailu Jing engaged in a desperate life-and-death struggle with his opponent, as well as the rest of the golden guardians.

However, he could see that abruptly, Bailu Yi had an expression of joy on her face. Her bloodlessly pale countenance regained some color, she had noticed that Qin Wentian had stopped bleeding and his wounds were mending. She could feel his aura rising, as he brimmed with vitality once again.

Suddenly, Bailu Yi froze. In the centre of Qin Wentian's brows, a beam of golden light shot forth. It was a golden-colored eye.

"This..." Bailu Yi's heart pounded. However, an instant later, that golden-colored eye closed again. Only then did Qin Wentian open his eyes, gazing at her.

"You woke up?" Bailu Yi smiled.

This fellow had finally awakened.

She was really frightened earlier, thinking that Qin Wentian would never regain consciousness ever again.

"Mhm." Qin Wentian nodded his head before shifting his gaze to the battlefield. At this moment, he actually discovered that he could see through the cultivation bases of those that entered his vision.

Zhan Chen, Yang Fan, Zhu Sha, all of these people had a cultivation base at the ninth level of Yuanfu.

And the golden guardians' claims were true, they too had a cultivation base at the ninth level of Yuanfu.

"Huh?"

Qin Wentian furrowed his brows, how was this possible? Weren't these golden guardians a type of Puppet? How could they have cultivation bases?

It was impossible for Puppets to cultivate, but after his golden divine eye had been activated, he could clearly sense that the golden guardians didn't have any Yuan Meteor Stones embedded in them to draw power from, but rather, they had their own cultivation bases!

This could only mean that these guardians were humans, not Puppets.

Why would peak-level Yuanfu cultivators be willing to transform into Puppets? Qin Wentian didn't understand.

He swept another glance towards the rune-covered grounds. And in that moment, the complicated criss-crossing runic outlines were directly imprinted into his mind, and there was no need for him to use his heart sense to contemplate it any more. Now, a single glance was enough for him to decipher the mysteries behind them.

Each runic outline, represented a completed Divine Inscription. And regardless of the complexity of the runic outlines entwining and interweaving against each other, Qin Wentian could unravel all of them with but a single glance.

And right now, a bright light suddenly flashed in his eyes, as laughter could be seen within. So, that's how it was.

The Ascendant himself was an extremely accomplished Divine Inscriptionist. Over here, he left a complete peak-tier fourth-ranked Inscription that was able to divide itself into countless peak-tier third-ranked Inscriptions.

Such a level of accomplishment left Qin Wentian at a loss for words. He could only gasp in amazement.

If it weren't for his body's transformation, he wouldn't have realised that this great hall itself was basically one gigantic Divine Inscription.

In the twinkling of an eye, Qin Wentian's consciousness integrated with this gigantic fourth-ranked Divine Inscription.

He unravelled it, comprehended it, and it would be an extremely simple task if he wanted to apply it.

Qin Wentian's lips curled up in a fiendish smile, causing Bailu Yi to be stunned. What was this fellow thinking about now? And what was that golden eye she had seen earlier?

"You left behind a fourth-ranked Divine Inscription here, and if no one noticed this, they could either depend on their personal combat prowess or with the assistance of the third-ranked runic outlines inscribed on the floor to deal with these golden Puppets. But if someone discovered the

final secret regarding the fourth-ranked Inscription, they could choose to end everything with a mere snap of their fingers and become your true successor. Meticulously planned out indeed.”

Qin Wentian knew that the endless tests in this secret realm were meant to filter out the most eligible successor the Ascendant would feel satisfied with.

However when he, Qin Wentian arrived at this ending point, the golden guardians said that he was unworthy to receive the inheritance. But, how about now?!

Qin Wentian stood up, and a terrifyingly harsh light flickered in his eyes as he swept his gaze over to those who were still locked in combat.

“Follow behind me.” Qin Wentian smiled to Bailu Yi. Bailu Yi froze, “Do you still intend to compete for the inheritance? Let’s leave here instead.”

After speaking, Bailu Yi wanted to pull Qin Wentian away. Although she could faintly sense the transformation that happened in Qin Wentian’s body, she knew for a fact that his current cultivation level was too low. How could a mere third-level Yuanfu cultivator be able to compete against a transcendent powers’ Heaven’s Chosen, no matter how talented he may be?

Even if he borrowed strength from the runic outlines, it was impossible for Qin Wentian to contend for the inheritance against these monsters.

This place was too dangerous, they needed to leave immediately.

However, Bailu Yi only saw Qin Wentian remaining motionless. He smiled at her. “Trust me.”

Bailu Yi was slightly hesitant. Before this she had always believed in Qin Wentian, but now it felt like an impossible feat, no matter how much she wanted to believe.

After all, what Qin Wentian had in mind wasn’t too realistic.

Even her brother Bailu Jing, as a ranker on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, didn’t have any hope when it came to contending for the inheritance. He was only strong enough to fight evenly against the golden guardian, he couldn’t defeat them.

“Wow, you actually didn’t die.” At this moment, Zhu Sha’s malicious voice drifted over. That golden guardian earlier was in shock as well, turning his gaze onto Qin Wentian.

His most powerful spear strike hadn’t actually killed Qin Wentian?

“Deal with him for me.” He directed that golden point towards Zhu Sha, as he commanded another of his ilk. In the next moment, another golden guardian lunged towards Zhu Sha, as the first golden guardian walked towards Qin Wentian.

“Good recovery strength,” that golden guardian icily remarked. Abruptly, his long spear exploded forth. This time around, there would be no more mistakes. He would definitely ensure the death of Qin Wentian.

His blunder earlier, was a humiliation.

Bailu Yi stiffened, as she grew white with fright. Yet she only saw Qin Wentian casually continue his advance. An instant later, she felt countless beams of light erupting forth from the runic outlines engraved on the ground.

“ROAR” An Azure Dragon dashed towards the golden guardian, as a gigantic axe cleaved down from the Heavens, all accompanied by a rain of arrows.

Each of Qin Wentian’s steps ‘awakened’ a runic outline engraved upon the floor. His momentum was filled with towering might, he was an unstoppable force!

“RUMBLE~!” The myriad of manifestations created by the Divine Inscriptions were all violently attacking the golden guardian with unbelievable speed. The force of their joint attacks caused the golden guardian to continuously retreat.

“Hmm?” The pupils of the golden guardian narrowed. What was going on?

The countenance of the previously stoic golden guardian underwent a drastic change, the runic outlines on this entire floor all began to light up, beginning to fuse together, enshrouding him within their radiance.

“How is this possible?” The golden guardian stared in shock, he couldn’t understand why this was happening.

Bailu Yi was also thunderstruck, did Qin Wentian’s attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions shoot up another level?

“DIE!” That golden guardian roared, causing a terrifying vortex to shoot out from his spear, aiming to devour Qin Wentian.

“Hmph.” Qin Wentian snorted coldly. With a mere thought, the body of an enormous python manifested, sacrificing itself to the attack. With another thought, a meteor of arrows thundered forth, but were then deflected by the golden guardian, as he weaved his spear about in an intricate dance.

“SCRAM!” With a loud bellow, a colossal hammer slammed into the body of the golden guardian with overwhelming force, causing it to be flung through the air.

Their combat instantly attracted the others’ attention. The eyes of Zhan Chen and the other cultivators couldn’t help but widen when they saw the abnormal change in Qin Wentian.

The revolving light from the runic outlines grew increasingly brighter, and even the entire great hall was trembling as though resonating with Qin Wentian.

“This...” Zhu Sha turned ashen. Somehow, Qin Wentian had gained control of the great hall.

“We must kill him first!” Zhu Sha shouted, pointing to Qin Wentian. Yet in response, only a thunderous deafening sound could be heard, as the hall’s Divine Inscriptions in their entirety completed their fusion. An incomparably gargantuan constellation arm was birthed from the fusion.

“This?!” Everyone was flabbergasted.

“This fellow is controlling all the power from the Divine Inscriptions within the great hall.” Bailu Yi’s heart pounded rapidly.

Even that Ascendant himself would never have expected that the hidden fourth-ranked Inscription he left behind would actually be activated by someone with a cultivation base at the third-level of Yuanfu.

Even though Qin Wentian had evolved, he still wouldn’t have been able to contend for the inheritance with this group of monsters, not without the aid of these countless runic outlines.

And now, everything in this place was under his control.

A frigidness flashed in Qin Wentian’s eyes as he stared at Zhu Sha, a mere look causing shivers down the spine of this peak-level Yuanfu cultivator. Earlier it was Zhu Sha who struck out at Qin Wentian, and had even grievously injured Bailu Yi.

Zhu Sha, deserved death.

In mid-air, that constellation arm descended from the Heavens. It emanated a pressure that resembled the Astral Novas of Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns.

Zhu Sha's silhouette flickered, as he retreated with explosive speed. However, that gargantuan arm instantly appeared behind him, slamming him head first into the ground.

After the gargantuan arm moved away, the only thing that remained of Zhu Sha was a pool of blood. Without any trace of his corpse or bones, he was obliterated completely.

Qin Wentian then turned his gaze onto that earlier golden guardian. The look in his eyes actually caused the heart of the golden guardian to involuntarily tremble. The golden guardian instantly averted his eyes as he stated with deference and fearful respect, "Congratulations, you passed the test. The inheritance is now yours."

The words of the golden guardian didn't cause any signs of joy to appear on Qin Wentian's face. On the contrary, the coldness in his eyes became more severe.

He had come face to face with death countless times before arriving at this ending point. Even if he was unqualified to become the successor, the golden guardian could have allowed them to safely exit the trial grounds. But instead, he directly moved to kill them.

Inheritance?

Qin Wentian laughed manically as he softly commented. "I almost died here earlier, and now you tell me that I have passed the test?"

"Test? What qualifications do you have to test me?!" As the sound of Qin Wentian's voice faded, that gigantic constellation arm smashed down, shattering the body of the golden guardian into pieces!

Chapter 272: Inheritance? Abandoned.

Inheritance?

Test?

"Do you think that if you approve of me, I would approve of this inheritance?"

“Before this, you said that I was unworthy and thus wanted to kill me. Treading on the fine line between life and death, only to become a ‘worthy successor’ now?”

The Qin Wentian at this moment, wasn't the successor. He chose to be a plunderer instead.

Since the golden guardians wanted to filter out an eligible successor, he would choose to plunder the inheritance away instead.

They saw him obliterating Zhu Sha, then following it up by smashing the golden guardian into pieces.

Everyone in the great hall watched, their faces shifting through a myriad of emotions. All of their attention was fixated onto Qin Wentian.

Only to see Qin Wentian abruptly sweep his gaze onto Zhan Chen, as an intimidating killing intent gushed forth from him.

As Zhan Chen felt Qin Wentian's pitiless stare riveted on him, his countenance drastically changed. He knew that Qin Wentian wanted to kill him.

“Buzz!” A raging wind gusted as Qin Wentian's palm moved. Momentarily, that gargantuan constellation arm mirrored his actions, directly grabbing at Zhan Chen. Within the great hall, Qin Wentian was its controller.

Zhan Chen's Astral Souls immediately erupted forth as he bathed in a radiance illuminated by a boundless sword glow. At this moment, it was as though his whole consciousness had integrated into the sword.

“LACERATE!” Zhan Chen roared. A drop of blood flew from his finger, landing onto the sword glow. An instant later, a gigantic blood-colored sword manifested as it exploded towards the constellation arm. The blood-colored sword blocked the movements of the gargantuan arm, causing thunderous, vociferous sounds to echo out unceasingly. Zhan Chen then pointed his finger at Qin Wentian, his countenance as heavy as a mountain.

“KILL HIM!” Zhan Chen hollered, as Yang Fan instantly moved. His palms shimmered with the boundless energy of the stars and moon as he dashed towards Qin Wentian.

But simultaneously, Bailu Jing appeared next to Qin Wentian, and responded with his Great Sun Nine Beheading Technique. Golden threads appeared in mid-air, slicing apart the manifestation created by Yang Fan's Star-Seizing palms.

"Hmph." Qin Wentian coldly snorted. Rumbling sounds echoed in the air as the runic outlines on the ground started to 'hiss' once again. This time, their fused power targeted Yang Fan, while several manifested long lances flew towards Zhan Chen.

Zhan Chen turned pale, then with a clap of his hands, a sphere of light appeared in mid-air. Zhan Chen immediately slashed apart the spear with a chop of his palms, causing the light rays from the sphere to envelop his body. An instant later, the crowd all discovered that Zhan Chen had already disappeared, reappearing again outside of the great hall. His speed was so fast, it was as though he had teleported. However, as he appeared again, he involuntarily spat out continuous mouthfuls of fresh blood.

Qin Wentian's gaze followed Zhan Chen. Their gazes locked, with eyes filled with killing intent so thick it even distorted the air.

Both of them wanted nothing more than to destroy the other.

As expected of the chosen from the Pill Emperor Hall, Zhan Chen was extremely tough to deal with. Qin Wentian couldn't kill him even with the aid of a fourth-ranked formation.

If one were to compare their individual strength, Zhan Chen could easily kill him. After all, Qin Wentian had only cultivated for a short period of time, his cultivation base was still shallow and lacking.

Qin Wentian turned his gaze onto Yang Fan, and the gargantuan arm moved with a speed as quick as lightning towards him. Yang Fan's countenance grew incredibly unsightly as he hastily sent out continuous palm strikes, trying to buy himself time. Borrowing force from the gargantuan arm's attack, Yang Fan used it to augment his movement technique as he too retreated out of the great hall. He knew that if he continued staying in a place under Qin Wentian's control, the only result would be his death.

Qin Wentian then nonchalantly turned his gaze onto Hua Feng and those from the Hua Clan. Their countenances sank, appearing extremely ugly to behold. But they retreated as well, leaving the great hall of their own volition. They stood at the threshold, an intense glacial light erupting in their eyes when they stared at Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian was invincible within those walls, none of them could be his match.

Hence, they chose to bide their time outside of the great hall. Even if Qin Wentian obtained the inheritance, he would have to leave eventually. And when he did... they'd make sure of his utter demise, not allowing even a corpse to be left behind.

The rest of the golden guardians all stared at Qin Wentian. They understood that they were all sitting ducks here, and to stick around would mean getting killed by Qin Wentian.

“Swoosh.” The constellation arm swept towards them. One of the golden guardians howled, “This successor is rebelling, I’ll delay him. The rest of you join forces to summon the Golden Armored King.”

As the sound of his voice faded, the long spear in his hands erupted forth like a dragon snaking through the clouds, directly clashing against the constellation arm. His entire body was on the verge of shattering from the impact while the long spears from the other golden guardians penetrated through space, all of them stabbing into the Ascendant Sculpture.

Sounds of cracking rang out as the exterior of the sculpture broke into pieces. Gradually, an intense beam of golden light shot out. Qin Wentian discovered that within the sculpture, there was actually a golden body similar to that of the golden guardians. The only difference was that this golden body appeared several times larger.

“Puppet.” Qin Wentian could tell with a single glance the difference between this golden body compared to the other golden guardians. The other golden guardians all had cultivation bases, they weren’t true Puppets.

While the huge, golden-armored frame in front of him, was that of a true Puppet.

“Chi, chi, chi!” The bodies of the golden guardians all exploded, voluntarily choosing self-destruction as they transformed into golden beams of light drilling into the golden-armored Puppet.

“Since you refuse to become the successor, you can succeed us all in hell then.”

Before exploding, the golden guardian blocking Qin Wentian roared out his last words of defiance. As the beam of golden light from his body entered the golden-armored Puppet, that Puppet’s eyes opened and then stood up. The two ancient scrolls in its hands were placed on the ground, and the eyes it regarded Qin Wentian with, was filled with a baleful aura so strong, that even the very air distorted around it.

“Boom!” The golden-armored Puppet stepped out, the power of his steps causing the entire ground to shake.

Qin Wentian’s eyes narrowed, his conjecture was correct. The nine golden guardians weren’t Puppets, but were humans instead.

And as for that sculpture, the others thought that it was the corpse of an Ascendant, remaining here to pass down his inheritance. But that ‘corpse’ was actually merely a Puppet.

Such a scenario couldn’t help but make people ponder over this further.

Qin Wentian stared at the golden-armored giant, his gaze so clear it was as though he could see through it. In this secret realm where only Yuanfu-level cultivators could enter, a fourth-ranked Puppet was indeed an invincible existence.

“Bzzzz!” The golden-armored Puppet flicked out a finger in Qin Wentian’s direction. With that single flick, space contorted as the terrifying energy of Heaven and Earth gathered and condensed into the shape of a golden arrow, able to pierce through all matter.

Qin Wentian’s countenance changed, that gargantuan constellation arm instantly appeared before him as he blasted forth with it.

The two attacks collided, as the great hall was racked with tremors. The support from the countless runic outlines engraved on the floor fused their power together, working in conjunction with the constellation arm against the golden-armored Puppet.

Yet, the golden Puppet showed no fear at all. It continued advancing forwards, disregarding the attacks.

“BOOM!” The constellation arm flexed, closing its fingers around the golden-armored Puppet, while Qin Wentian’s silhouette flickered and he dashed towards the golden Puppet with explosive speed.

The eyes of the golden Puppet were like lightning bolts shooting right into Qin Wentian’s mind.

Qin Wentian could only feel stabs of searing pain in the centre of his brows, and then an instant later, a concentrated beam of light also erupted forth from it, fighting back against the lightning from the golden Puppet’s eyes.

Very quickly, he approached the front of the golden Puppet. Qin Wentian then placed his palms onto it, a cold smile appearing on his face.

Did the fourth-ranked Puppet truly think of itself as invincible?

Qin Wentian slammed forth with his palms, only to see that the golden-armored giant Puppet had a look akin to amusement flickering in its eyes. A mere third-level Yuanfu cultivator wanted to breach the defences of a fourth-ranked Puppet?

Was he dreaming?

“Fractured Void!” Qin Wentian’s palm zoomed out, directly landing onto the head of the Puppet. In an instant, a surge of energy rumbled as it directly bypassed the exterior, destroying the Divine Inscription within that was powering the Puppet.

What sorcery was this?

Could Qin Wentian see through the position and intricacies of the fourth-ranked Inscription?

The location of the Divine Inscription embedded within any Puppet were secrets only known to their creators. How could it have been located so easily?

Even if the location was discovered, how could it be so easy to destroy it?

Yet with a mere palm strike from Qin Wentian, it discovered that the runic outlines of the Divine Inscription embedded within its head, was in the midst of being eradicated at this very moment.

Negation. Qin Wentian’s attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions had already reached the level of Reverse Inscription, and now that his perception had evolved another level, he could clearly sense the location of, and comprehend the complicated runic outlines of the fourth-ranked Inscription with ease. How difficult would it be for him to neutralise it?

Qin Wentian repeatedly sent out palm strikes, each and every one of his attacks aimed at the head of that golden-armored Puppet.

The reverberation of its unwilling roars shook the space but very swiftly, gradually lowered in volume, corresponding the loss of energy with the rate of destruction for the Divine Inscription embedded within it.

A few moments later, the Puppet was powerless, to the point where it could no longer stand, and so it adopted a kneeling position instead.

“YOU WILL DIE A HORRIBLE DEATH!” Qin Wentian ignored the last words of the Puppet. Mere words couldn’t hurt him. He upped the tempo of his attacks, until the last wisps of consciousness were wiped away from the golden guardians, reducing it to an ownerless object. Only then did Qin Wentian transfer it into his interspatial ring.

From now onwards, this fourth-ranked Puppet belonged to Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian leisurely stepped out, arriving at the place where the two ancient scrolls lay. After picking them up, Qin Wentian opened one of the scrolls as his consciousness sank into it.

“These ancient scrolls contain this esteemed lord’s understanding of the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, as well as the many formations and Divine Inscriptions that I had personally created. From now on, it shall be imparted to you.” An archaic voice entered his mind, as several extremely powerful Inscriptions and formations appeared within his consciousness.

Qin Wentian smiled as his consciousness sank into the second ancient scroll. “The title of this esteemed lord is the Gold-Element Ascendant. From a young age, I have stumbled over many obstacles on my path for cultivation. It is fortunate that the Heavens do not abandon those who strive for their goals, any by a stroke of luck, I eventually obtained a heaven-defying cultivation art. This Gold-Element Ancient Scroll contains within it a cultivation art that would enable the practitioners to have an indestructible golden body. Once one succeeds in cultivating it, one’s body would be akin to a Divine Weapon, able to sweep across the Grand Xia unhindered, becoming an existence at its peak.”

“This esteemed lord was besieged and harmed by enemies, resulting in my final resting here. With my last breath, I chose to leave my inheritance to the future generations. If the fated successor passes all my tests and receives my inheritance, one must put in their utmost effort to cultivate my legacy. There are three important points that one must note: First, the cultivation of this heaven-defying art must not ever be divulged to another, including one’s elders or ancestors of one’s sect or clan. Back then, this esteemed lord was harmed by none other than those I called family. Second, this cultivation art is extremely tyrannical in nature, and one may be subjected to abnormal changes during the course of cultivating it. Only those that possess an undying will, the strongest of the strong, are able to successfully cultivate it. Third, let me reiterate once more, never let anyone else know that you are cultivating this secret art. If my enemies were to find out, you would die without a doubt. Naturally, if you were to one day succeed in your cultivation and step into the Celestial Phenomenon Realm, only then could you investigate the identity of my enemy. If you possess the heart to undertake this, be the sword of revenge for this esteemed lord!”

The voice gradually faded, as Qin Wentian’s eyes gleamed with an intense light.

Gold-Element Ancient Scroll, heavenly-defying art?

One can cultivate it, but must definitely keep it an absolute secret from others?

A cold light radiated from Qin Wentian's eyes. Once again, he thought of those nine golden guardians from before. They weren't true Puppets, but had the base of a living human instead.

"Little Brother Qin, congratulations on obtaining the Ascendant's inheritance." Old First laughed uproariously. Old First, Bailu Jing, Bailu Yi, still remained inside of the great hall.

Qin Wentian smiled at Old First. After which, he walked to the entrance of the great hall, turning his gaze onto the rest of the cultivators. "The disputes we had within this secret realm, were only for the sake of this inheritance. Now that this inheritance is in my hands, I know for sure that all of you would want to kill me to plunder it. I, Qin, am not so arrogant to think I can still survive with the entire Moon Continent at my back. My fellow cultivators, I am willing to give up this inheritance to all of you."

After speaking, Qin Wentian flung the ancient scroll outside, causing everyone to be stunned by his actions.

The inheritance of the Ascendant?

Qin Wentian had voluntarily relinquished it!

Chapter 273: The Dust Settles

Qin Wentian had chosen to give up on the inheritance.

The nine golden guardians were all puppetified humans, and if it weren't for his heart sense evolving to another level, activating his third eye, he would definitely have fallen for their lies, believing that they were all Puppets.

The nine golden guardians didn't release their Astral Souls, but it was obvious that they cultivated in a strange art, resulting in their bodies becoming puppetified. After reading through the Gold-Element Ancient Scroll, Qin Wentian wondered... had the nine golden guardians cultivated this before?

And Qin Wentian was even more suspicious after he heard the words of that Ascendant. That Ascendant reminded his successor that this was an extremely tyrannical art, one would come across

abnormal changes in one's body when cultivating it. Not only that, the voice further reiterated that one must never let the elders of their clan or sect know about it. This made Qin Wentian feel that something was wrong, even though the voice did explain it was harmed by those he called kin, and that the ultimate reason for him leaving behind this inheritance was to find a fated successor that could wreak vengeance for him in future. Qin Wentian couldn't help but doubt its words.

If it were merely to find a successor, why restrict the entry level of this secret realm to the Yuanfu level? Why not allow Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns to enter?

Maybe the reason could be explained in that the Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns were usually a bunch of older men whose potential was already exhausted. But that totally didn't match up to the golden guardian's logic when he told him that his cultivation base was too low to be qualified as a successor?

In addition, although his cultivation base was currently lacking, he knew of his own extraordinary background and he had already obtained the inheritance of the Azure Emperor. Hence, in front of this Ascendant's inheritance, his heart didn't waver in the slightest.

Also, Qin Wentian's character was extremely decisive. Since he had doubts regarding the veracity of that Ascendant's words, he might as well directly abandon it.

He felt not the slightest compunction towards this decision.

He didn't choose to give it to Bailu Jing nor Bailu Yi because from his perspective, there was an extremely high probability that there were problems with this cultivation art.

Qin Wentian turned his gaze onto the cultivators outside the great hall. They made no movements, only dumbly stared at that ancient scroll he flung away. Evidently, no one had expected Qin Wentian would do this.

But Bailu Yi and the rest held countenances that drastically changed. It wasn't easy to obtain this inheritance, and now that Qin Wentian had received it, he was freely giving it away?

For the cultivators outside the great hall; Zhan Chen, Yang Fan, Zhao Lie and Hua Feng, the transcendent powers behind them could be said to be the representatives of the entire Moon Continent. If all of them truly combined their forces to hunt down Qin Wentian, he would have no choice but to flee, which would affect his plans for establishing a foothold in the Moon Continent, as well as affect the Bailu clan's White Deer Institute.

"That ancient scroll contains the cultivation art of the Gold-Element Ascendant. I choose to drop all my rights to it, my fellow cultivators. As for this other scroll, it contains all the insights on the Dao

of Divine Inscriptions that the Ascendant had comprehended. In the eyes of a Grandmaster, there's nothing more tempting than this, hence I will be retaining it. In this way, let it be known that I, Qin have not let all of you down, and therefore let us wipe the slate clean after exiting this realm. Naturally, if you still wish to hold onto your grievances, then I will be happy to play with you.”

Qin Wentian's voice resonated in the air. Although he made this move, he also understood in his heart that it wasn't so easy for all the grudges and grievances to be wiped away merely with a single sentence. For example, Zhan Chen's secrets had already been discovered by him. How could he still be spared?

But now, since he honestly spoke his thoughts out, naturally Qin Wentian wasn't so foolhardy as to become the target of a multitude of arrows. At the very least, seeing that he was giving up the inheritance, how could the proud chosen of the other transcendent powers still have the face to beseech their elders to personally make a move against Qin Wentian?

After speaking, Qin Wentian caused the doors of the great hall to slam shut with a flick of his sleeves, no longer bothering with the bloodbath he knew would soon occur amongst the cultivators outside these walls.

The eyes of the cultivators outside all gleamed with an unknown light as they stared at the ancient scroll.

So, this ancient scroll was the cultivation art left behind by the Gold-Element Ascendant.

“That cultivation art is mine.” Zhao Lie immediately stepped out, as a flaming sabre appeared in his hands, its temperature was so high that the air around him became scorched. Laughing madly, he dashed towards the ancient scroll.

The moment he moved, the others were jolted awake from their shock and reacted as well. Yang Fan extended his palms as a huge palm imprint appeared in mid-air, whistling towards the scroll, intent on grabbing it.

“Stay your hand.” Zhao Lie slashed down with his sabre, the power of his strike causing space to break apart.

While at this moment, Zhan Chen and Hua Feng also made their moves.

They could sense the truth of Qin Wentian's words, that inheritance must be real. If that ancient scroll was fake, the matter would eventually be revealed. At that time, after they exited the realm, Qin Wentian would definitely be hunted down.

There was an 80% probability that the ancient scroll was real!

However, at this moment the entire space started to rumble. The golden guardians had said that once the inheritance was obtained, this entire space would soon start breaking down.

In the middle of the air, gales of powerful wind began to howl and that Ascendant statue started to break apart. As it crumbled, countless cracks appeared in the space around it. This entire realm was collapsing.

The great hall Qin Wentian was in, rumbled as well.

Bailu Yi inclined her head, staring at the quavering great hall and asked, “What should we do?”

“Time to leave,” Qin Wentian replied, he moved in the direction opposite the entrance of the great hall and and blasted his way through the walls as those following him all disappeared from sight.

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The windstorms became even more intense, sending the golden sand of the desert into their eyes, making it difficult to even open them.

“The space will soon shatter, but there shouldn’t be any life-threatening danger!” Bailu Jing shouted over the wind, wanting to grab hold of Bailu Yi. However, the force of the windstorms were too powerful, and they could only drift along with the air current.

Qin Wentian had his eyes shut as he contemplated his surroundings with his heart sense. But soon after, his heart involuntarily shuddered.

“Damn,” Qin Wentian murmured. A huge wave of sand was kicked up into the air by the windstorm, about to bury them underneath. They originally chose to stick together, but when that huge blanket of sand came crashing down, the impact caused them to be blasted in different directions, the four of them scattering.

Three days later, news was circulated that the secret realm of Divine Inscriptions had vanished. The entire ancient city had been buried by the desert.

Many people gathered over there to stare at the space near the original spot where the ancient city once stood. However, apart from a few remaining sand-covered ruins, nothing but golden sand could be seen.

“What happened in there?” Many of the onlookers were seized with curiosity.

The rumors stated that the secret realm was actually a Dao Cultivation Ground of a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant, and there might even be an inheritance there. But if the rumors were true, how could this have happened?

Why did the secret realm vanish? And who obtained the inheritance of that Ascendant?

This news gradually spread throughout the entire Moon Continent, but soon after, it was circulated that the ranked #11 on the Heavenly Fate Ranking, Zhan Chen, had already returned to the Pill Emperor Hall.

After which, Yang Fan from the Star-Seizing Manor, Zhao Lie from the Skyember Sect, and Hua Feng of the Hua Clan, had all respectively returned to their sects and clan.

And finally, it was said that the Ascendant’s inheritance landed in the hands of Zhan Chen from the Pill Emperor Hall.

Many people sighed in their hearts, Zhan Chen was truly worthy of his reputation as the #11th ranker. Now that he had obtained the inheritance, the status of the Pill Emperor Hall would undoubtedly advance higher.

And as for the exact events that transpired within the secret realm, nobody knew except those that returned alive.

Bailu Jing and Bailu Yi had also returned to the White Deer Institute, and upon hearing the outside rumors and gossip, Bailu Yi couldn’t help but snort disdainfully. All the rumors didn’t have Qin Wentian’s name in them.

Presumably, the transcendent powers’ chosen getting forced out of the great hall was a matter of considerable shame to them. They were too embarrassed to spread such news.

Each and every chosen, with their cultivation bases at the peak-level of Yuanfu, had to depend on a third-level Yuanfu Inscriptionist to enter the great hall. And then, that same Inscriptionist forced them to retreat from the battle, thus winning the inheritance for himself. To add insult to injury, they were given the chance to contend once more for the inheritance, but only because he voluntarily gave it up soon after. Zhan Chen had even been injured in the following bloodbath. How embarrassing was that?

Hence the truth of this matter was only known by those inside the realm, or with the dead buried in the desert.

Because for Qin Wentian's sake, Bailu Jing and Bailu Yi chose not to spread the true events as well.

If this matter was known, Qin Wentian's name would rock the entire Moon Continent, but it would also push Qin Wentian right into the limelight, causing him to become the target for a multitude of arrows.

And it shouldn't be forgotten that although he had given up the cultivation art, he still had the scroll of Divine Inscriptions with him.

An ancient scroll containing the comprehensions of a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendent was a priceless treasure in the eyes of Divine Inscriptionist Grandmasters. What if those fourth-ranked Grandmasters made a move against him?

In any case, no one knew where Qin Wentian was now.

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Bailu Yi stood atop the roof of a pavilion as she stared at the horizon.

Somewhere in that golden desert, inside a dilapidated-looking hall, Qin Wentian was sitting crossed-legged within, with a Puppet standing at his side.

This Puppet, was none other than the Puppet he had obtained from the trial grounds, the Golden-Armored King Puppet.

Qin Wentian naturally understood the methods on refining Puppets, and now that he came across this ownerless Puppet, how could he waste this opportunity not to bind it? This was an extremely powerful fourth-ranked Puppet!

In Qin Wentian's perspective, Puppets were just like Divine Weapons, the methods of refining them were one and the same.

After Divine Weapons were forged, Divine Inscriptions were inscribed onto it, granting it various powers and attributes one wanted that weapon to have. For refining Puppets, the only difference was that one had to leave a mind-link on the Puppet, allowing the creator or owner to control it completely. The Puppet would only lose this connection if someone forcibly erased the mind-link from it.

At this moment, Qin Wentian was repairing the Inscription embedded in the Puppet's head while sending out tendrils of his will to form a mind-link with it. The materials used to forge this Puppet made its defenses abnormally strong. Unless he met a powerful Heavenly Dipper Sovereign, the mind-link he created wouldn't be so easily wiped away. Of course, the exception was if his opponent was also someone that could ignore exterior defenses, and simultaneously have an exceedingly high level of attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions.

After several moments, the golden-armored Puppet finally stood up. Its eyes glimmered with a golden light, giving off the feeling that its gaze alone was sufficient to penetrate through the eyes of others.

A hint of laughter flickered in Qin Wentian's eyes as he stored the Puppet into his interspatial ring.

He had already formed a mind-link with the Puppet, hence he was easily able to absorb it into his interspatial ring. If the Puppet was still under the control of the golden guardians, he could only have kept it inside his ring after he erased the last of their mind-link.

Qin Wentian wasn't in a hurry to leave after refining the Puppet. He closed his eyes again and sensed the transformation that had occurred in his body.

The moment he closed his eyes, a bright glow radiated from the centre of his brows. His third eye opened, golden in color, and everything within its sights was imprinted into his mind, deep into his heart.

The moment he opened his eyes, Qin Wentian's countenance shifted.

Golden light erupted forth out of all three of his eyes, containing within them the will of a Mandate.

His eyes could actually unleash the will of the Mandates he comprehended!

Chapter 274: Descendant of Di

After the matter in the secret realm, the major powers of the Moon Continent regained their earlier days of peace. Naturally, those major powers not at the scale of transcendent powers hadn't obtained anything and suffered tremendous losses instead. The magnitude of danger in the secret realm this time around was unprecedented, and even the transcendent powers had lost a large number of their peak-level Yuanfu cultivators.

According to some of the later survivors, they only managed to find a way out after the collapse of the secret realm. Were it not for the destruction of the trial grounds, they would still be trapped within the formations.

And... the Pill Emperor Hall was undoubtedly the victor in the eyes of the crowd.

Because, only the chosen from the Pill Emperor Hall had obtained the Ascendant's inheritance. This topic was endlessly discussed by the countless number of people in the Moon Continent.

Zhan Chen himself was someone ranked #11 on the Heavenly Fate Ranking, only a rank away from the top ten. Now that he had obtained the inheritance, the Pill Emperor Hall held him in even higher regard and many people speculated on when he would attempt to rank up, fighting his way into the top ten ranks of the Heavenly Fate Ranking. Although there was only difference of a single position between rank #11 and #10, the status it afforded could be said to be the difference between Heaven and Earth.

However, Zhan Chen didn't share in the excitement of the rest. Not only that, his face was currently tinged with vestiges of pain and sorrow.

"Zhan Chen, everything is destined, don't be too upset. Let everything be gone with the wind." Currently, his master was consoling him.

"No matter what, Qing Yue's death was caused by my uselessness, I wasn't strong enough to protect her," Zhan Chen lamented, but swiftly after, his eyes glinted with a burst of cold light. He harshly continued, "I have to be 50% responsible for Qing Yue's death, and as for the other half, it was all because of that Inscriptionist. If it weren't for him, Qing Yue wouldn't have died in the formation. This person, I have to kill this person personally with my own hands. A debt of blood must be paid in full by blood."

The killing intent in Zhan Chen's eyes was real. That was the killing intent he had towards Qin Wentian, he had to die.

Even if he disregarded the fact that Qin Wentian had personally witnessed his secret, there was also the matter of the heavy injuries he sustained at the trial grounds, being flung out of the great hall, and the ultimate humiliation of being ‘gifted’ the inheritance. There was no doubt about it, Qin Wentian’s fate had been sealed.

Qin Wentian may have thrown away the inheritance, but he himself had thrown half his life away in the struggle to gain it. Eventually, he made his way back to the Pill Emperor Hall alive.

How could he spare Qin Wentian?

“Mhm, it’s good to see you have such devotion. Personally avenge Qing Yue, kill that man with your own hands,” his master calmly replied.

“Master, Martial Uncle, I have something to do, I shall bid farewell first.” It was then that an exceedingly beautiful maiden faintly interjected, causing Zhan Chen’s gaze to land on her.

Mo Qingcheng, the disciple of his Martial Aunt, Luo He. Her talent was truly extraordinary, making rapid progress in terms of her cultivation base and alchemy arts ever since she arrived here. Not to mention, Luo He excessively doted on this disciple of hers. She wasn’t stingy in terms of resources, and even extremely valuable medicinal pills were all given to Mo Qingcheng for her consumption.

“Okay, go ahead. Zhan Chen, send her off.” Luo He nodded lightly.

“It’s fine, Senior Zhan Chen still has to cultivate, there’s no need to waste time on me.” Mo Qingcheng’s voice was as aloof as before, her attitude causing those wanting to be closer to her to feel that she was a thousand miles away instead. After speaking, she slightly bowed and departed.

Bai Fei who was beside Mo Qingcheng, glanced deeply at Zhan Chen. There was an unknown emotion hidden in that look of hers.

Zhan Chen was the most outstanding cultivator below the realms of Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns. He was always so cultured and refined, amicable and approachable.

However, Bai Fei also knew that it was impossible between her and Zhan Chen. In her eyes, Senior Zhan Chen was way beyond her, standing right at the top, an unreachable presence.

Previously it was Qing Yue, and now, it was Mo Qingcheng.

Bai Fei couldn't help sigh in her heart. Hastening her pace, she chased after Mo Qingcheng. As Mo Qingcheng's beautiful back came into sight, Bai Fei's eyes flickered and her lips moved, as though trying to say something, but eventually stayed silent.

She knew that the Inscriptionist Zhan Chen spoke of was none other than Qin Wentian.

Zhan Chen, wanted to kill Qin Wentian.

If she really told Mo Qingcheng that Qin Wentian came to the Moon Continent and had even stepped into the secret realm of Divine Inscriptions, she didn't know what her reaction would be. Hence, she chose to remain silent.

Since Senior Zhan Chen wanted to kill Qin Wentian, he was as good as dead. There shouldn't be any more possibility of Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng getting together.

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In the White Deer Institute, on the roof of a pavilion, Bailu Yi stared at the pond ahead as a hint of worry surfaced in her heart.

It had been already a month, but Qin Wentian had yet to return.

She was worried that he might be in danger.

"Haha, are you thinking of that fellow again?" The sound of someone laughing drifted over. Bailu Yi shifted her gaze over and glared at her brother. "No, what are you talking about?"

"You still don't want to admit it? These past few days, someone has been cooped up in her room and has even neglected her cultivation." Bailu Jing smiled at his sister, as he teased, "Even if your own brother were to go missing for a year and half or more, you wouldn't be as worried as you are now, right?"

"Your combat prowess is at such a high level, how could anything happen to you?" Bailu Yi laughed. "His cultivation base is still quite low, and even though he gave up that inheritance, if he were to somehow meet that group of fellows again, they would definitely not show mercy."

"Shouldn't you have more confidence in him?" Bailu Jing teased.

“You’re right, that fellow has too many methods up his sleeves, even if it was that bunch of people, killing him would be no easy task.” Bailu Yi’s countenance finally relaxed. Although she had not been acquainted with Qin Wentian for very long, that fellow had a unique charisma, causing people to feel that he was extraordinary because of his demeanor, despite his low cultivation base. It truly wouldn’t be so easy if people wanted to make a move against him.

Zhan Chen, Yang Fan and Zhao Lie were all titled as Heaven’s Chosen, but during the time when they competed for the inheritance, which of them hadn’t been forced into retreat by Qin Wentian?

“Anyway, there’s some troublesome matters concerning our Institute, an annoying fellow just arrived,” Bailu Jing stated somewhat depressedly, causing Bailu Yi to start. “What happened to the Institute?”

“You should still remember what the elders said regarding our origins,” Bailu Jing explained, his words causing Bailu Yi’s heart to clench.

Of course she knew, she had even discussed the matter with Qin Wentian when inside the secret realm.

Qin Wentian held the Azure Emperor Token, he was the successor of the Azure Emperor.

“Naturally,” Bailu Yi replied.

“There’s someone claiming to be from the direct line of descent from the Di Clan (Azure Emperor’s = Dicang) who wants to take control of our White Deer Institute,” Bailu Jing stated, causing Bailu Yi to show an expression of alarm.

A direct descendant of the Di Clan?

And he wanted to take control of the White Deer Institute?

How can that be? Then, what about Qin Wentian?

Qin Wentian was the one that possessed the Azure Emperor Token.

And by right, no one else but the true successor should be aware of the matter of the ‘hidden’ Azure Faction.

Bailu Yi sensed that things weren't as simple as they seemed.

"When did the person arrive?" Bailu Yi asked again.

"He just arrived today and it appears that he's thoroughly investigated our White Deer Institute. He even knew about you." A helpless smile appeared on Bailu Jing's face.

It was what Qin Wentian had deduced, that time had diluted everything with regards to everything related to the Azure Faction. Although they followed the teachings and the ways of their ancestors, any true conviction they might have had as part of the Azure Faction had long faded away. Particularly the younger generations, they had no feelings of sentiment being part of the 'hidden' Azure Faction from the Azure Emperor Palace.

"He knows of me?" Bailu Yi felt slightly confused.

"That fellow is extremely arrogant. First, he wants everyone in the Institute to follow his orders, falling under his control. And as someone from the main branch, he would like to give restitution to the White Deer Institute for being forced to hide their identities for thousands of years. Therefore, he will allow you to marry him, granting you entry to the main branch as compensation." Bailu Jing couldn't help but burst out into laughter as he spoke of this. Originally, he didn't have much emotions with regards to the bloodline of the Azure Emperor, but after meeting such an absurd person, how could he have any good feelings? He only felt that this whole matter was so ridiculous that it was funny.

"Let's go and take a look," Bailu Yi replied, leaving together with Bailu Jing. They soon arrived at a courtyard with several people in it. And the one in the lead was actually not an elder of the Institute, but a young man clad in long golden robes, exuding the arrogance of nobility.

An elder quietly stood behind this young man, exuding almost no presence at all. This was an indication of how extraordinary the elder might be.

Upon noting the arrival of Bailu Yi, the eyes of the young man swept over to her in contemplation. Angelic features with the figure of a devilish succubus, his eyes couldn't help but light up as he commented, "Is this Little Yi?"

"Little Yi," Bailu Yi was stunned, her only response was to speechlessly gaze back at the young man.

Despite her closeness with Qin Wentian, Qin Wentian had never once referred to her as Little Yi.

Yet this was the first meeting between the young man and her, and he actually called her Little Yi.

“May I ask who you are?” Bailu Yi inquired.

“Hi, my name is Di Cheng, from the direct line of descent of the Azure Emperor as well as his sole successor” The tone of this young man was filled with an unmistakable arrogance.

Bailu Yi looked at him as she cut to the chase, “Do you have the Azure Emperor Token?”

This courtyard was located right at the heart of the White Deer Institute. There was no need to doubt its security as only core members of the Institute were allowed to enter. Hence, Bailu Yi wasn't afraid that she would divulge the secret, since everyone here already knew of their Institute's origin.

“For the moment, the Azure Emperor Token isn't in my hands,” Di Cheng replied, he hadn't expected Bailu Yi to be so direct.

“Since you don't have the token, what right do you have to say that you are the Azure Emperor's successor?” Bailu Yi icily shot back.

Bailu Yi secretly let out a breath of relief when Di Cheng couldn't produce the Azure Emperor Token. Although she fully trusted in Qin Wentian, the existence of the 'hidden' branches of the Azure Faction was an absolute secret, almost no one would know of it. She was really afraid that the young man before her might have taken out the token, indicating that Qin Wentian might have lied to her.

Yet, since Di Cheng couldn't produce the token, this suggested that this man's identity may not be what he claimed.

“Hehe.” Di Cheng laughed. “Due to the passing of years, with too many storms of wind and rain, the token was lost ages ago. But there's no need for the other bloodlines originating from the Azure Emperor to hide any longer. As someone of the main bloodline, I hope that the White Deer Institute will follow their ancestral teachings, by supporting me and rising to prominence once again.

“You say that you are, and so it means that you are? Are we supposed to take your word for it?” Bailu Yi replied, without a hint of courtesy. “The 'hidden' Azure Faction has stayed in the shadows for so many years, and only the true successor with the Azure Emperor Token would know of our location. Who the hell are you and how did you know about my White Deer Institute?”

Chapter 275: Di Feng, Emperor Azure

During the era of the Azure Emperor, the Azure Emperor Palace was the strongest transcendent power in the whole of Grand Xia. The experts within were as numerous as the clouds.

And among those experts, not everyone had Di as their surname. There were the Azure Emperor's disciples, his loyal guardians, or even his servants. All of them formed the Azure Faction.

After the Azure Emperor Palace narrowly avoided getting destroyed, the majority of this group of people silently left, hiding in places around Grand Xia, to the extent where they changed their surnames and lived incognito. Yet despite staying in hiding, all of them had one mission—to follow once again the successor of the Azure Emperor. He who holds his token would gain control over all the branches of the 'hidden' Azure Faction, allowing them to rise from the ashes to the pinnacle of Grand Xia once more.

These were the ancestral teachings of the White Deer Institute.

However, their wait would stretch on for a long time, lasting over thousands of years. The loyalty of these 'hidden' Azure Faction branches gradually diminished with the passing of time, and now the only thing binding them are the ancestral teachings of their ancestors.

The one with the Azure Emperor Token would naturally be the successor. And back then, some of the Azure Emperor's disciples changed their surname to Di. They were one of the most loyal groups to the Azure Emperor and the task of selecting the successor also fell to them.

The old man standing behind Di Cheng couldn't help but exclaim in anger when he heard Bailu Yi's suspicions. "Impudent."

The snort of anger echoed like the crack of a whip, echoing out loud in the silent courtyard.

Yet Di Cheng merely smiled as he waved his hands. "Little Yi is still young, don't be angry with her. Since Little Yi wishes to hear the truth, I can tell you this. Currently, the person in charge with the safekeeping of the Azure Emperor's Token has already been captured by the Nine Mystical Palace. Perhaps, he has already confessed under torture. If that's the case, your existence and any other branches of the 'hidden' Azure Faction will soon be exposed and all of you will be destroyed by our ancestor's enemies. Hence, I need to act preemptively, uniting all the branches of the 'hidden' Azure Faction."

"Our ancestral teachings stated that only the inheritor of the token would know of our location. Since the Azure Emperor Token is not in your hands, how did you know of us? Or has the main branch already gone against the original ancestral teachings?" It was then that a supreme elder from

the White Deer Institute faintly interjected. Although his tone was calm, his words were filled with sharpness.

“I will explain it further to Senior in the future.” Di Cheng laughed, “The White Deer Institute is the first branch I wanted to unite, I definitely won’t mistreat the Institute. In the future, Little Yi shall be my wife and your White Deer Institute can become one of the leading powers of the ‘hidden’ faction.”

“Who says I wanted to be your wife?” Bailu Yi didn’t expect this young man to be so shameless, he actually spoke as though he were giving a great boon to her and the Institute. This level of shamelessness made her take huge breaths to calm herself, resulting in the heaving of her ample chest, causing Di Cheng’s eyes to light up.

“We will continue this discussion later, Young Master, why don’t you go take a rest first?” Another supreme elder interjected, it was apparent that he had no more interest in continuing the discussion. Di Cheng also understood that it was impossible to subdue the entire Institute just like that, hence, he agreed and left.

After arranging the living quarters for Di Cheng, the upper echelons of the White Deer Institute gathered once again for a discussion.

Within the great hall, the core members of the Institute assembled. The four supreme elders, the nine grand elders, as well as the more powerful ones from the direct line of descent of the younger generations.

The one leading the discussion was none other than Bailu Yi’s great-grandfather, who was also the current headmaster of the White Deer Institute.

This old man had a head and beard full of white hair, yet his eyes brimmed with the vitality of tigers and dragons, exuding an imposing aura in each of his movements.

“Tell me, what are your thoughts on this matter?” The old man calmly spoke, directing the question to the four supreme elders.

“I disagree with their words, our White Deer Institute has already formed a faction of our own. Why do we still need to be under the control of others? Not only that, Di Cheng didn’t even have the token,” a supreme elder replied, showing his displeasure.

“Indeed, we have to ponder over this deeply. Our ancestral teachings are one thing, but still, we cannot be sure of Di Cheng’s identity.”

“I agree with Eldest Brother.”

The last supreme elder drummed his fingers on the supports of his seat before he added, “Let’s hear the opinions of the younger generations.”

Bailu Yi silently took note of the attitude of the crowd. What made her astonished was that the supreme elders seemed to disapprove of the matter.

A bitter smile involuntarily appeared on her face when she thought of Qin Wentian. It seemed that the path Qin Wentian had chosen, wouldn’t be as smooth as what he had expected.

“Little Yi, what do you think?” One of the elders turned his gaze onto Bailu Yi. This elder was none other than her grandfather.

Bailu Yi pondered for a moment before asking, “I don’t presume to know the thoughts of the supreme and grand elders regarding the White Deer Institute. I only hope that our Institute will be the same as before, to remain hidden within the Moon Continent. When the successor truly appears before us, proving his identity and strength, only then should we all follow him in a bid to rise again to the pinnacle of Grand Xia. But of course, if the successor doesn’t appear, there’s no need for further discussion.”

Many of the elders froze for a second, but smiles could be seen on their faces soon after.

“We are all getting old and muddle-headed, seeing as a single sentence from this young lass has summed up the core of this issue. She’s right.” Bailu Yi’s great-grandfather smiled.

“If the successor really has the ability to allow the Azure Emperor Palace to rise again, I have no issues,” a supreme elder added.

Each of the core members then expressed their thoughts and Bailu Yi discovered that the majority of the core members actually wanted the White Deer Institute to reveal their relations with the Azure Emperor Palace, and to rise once again in Grand Xia.

“Little Yi, you should have heard the opinions of our core members. Tell me more about your thoughts.” Bailu Yi’s great-grandfather glanced at her, as a gentle smile appeared on his face.

“Great-Grandfather, it seems like the majority of our core members are dissatisfied with the status our White Deer Institute has today.” Bailu Yi gave a shallow smile.

“In the end, the Grand Xia Empire is still the world of the transcendent powers. Although our White Deer Institute is powerful, in truth, the four transcendent powers of the Moon Continent have been silently putting pressure on us,” the old man replied.

“Mhm, since the majority of us are dissatisfied, this means that we need to find an opportunity.” Bailu Yi nodded.

“You mean, to surrender to Di Cheng?” the old man asked.

“No, but I believe in the true successor of the Azure Emperor. The holder of the Azure Emperor Token, would definitely be someone phenomenal.” A sweet smile painted Bailu Yi’s face as her eyes lighted up. She discovered that the appearance of Di Cheng, may not be a bad thing for Qin Wentian.

At the very least with Di Cheng’s attitude, there was no way he would be able to convince the White Deer Institute to follow him.

Bewilderment shone on the face of Bailu Yi’s great-grandfather. Why did this lass have so much trust in a non-existent successor?

“But Di Cheng said that the person in charge of the Azure Emperor Token has been captured by the Nine Mystical Palace. No one knows where the token is now.”

“Great-Grandfather, do you believe in his words?” Bailu Yi asked, causing the old man to shake his head with a laugh. “No, I don’t.”

“Enough, we will discuss this further. The younger members can leave first, but remember to be cautious and not let word of this meeting leak out. If not, don’t blame the supreme elders from acting accordingly.” The old man’s voice carried a warning, this matter was too serious and concerned the survival of the White Deer Institute. Even though everyone here was a core member, a reminder wouldn’t hurt. It was better to be safe than sorry.

After Bailu Yi and the rest left, the White Deer Institute were still polite to Di Cheng, at least on the surface. They believed that Di Cheng was truly a descendant of the Di Clan. If not, there was no way for him to know so many secrets.

However, despite their hospitality, Di Cheng could clearly tell that the White Deer Institute had no intentions of bowing down to him. He didn't even have the opportunity to meet with any of the supreme elders after that.

But Di Cheng was too shameless, he still continued strutting about in the White Deer Institute and would often find opportunities to get close to Bailu Yi.

His actions and attitude caused many of the core members to frown. Even if Di Cheng was a descendant of the Di Clan, how could the Di Clan dare to choose someone like him as a successor? It wasn't until the arrival of another young man, that those from the White Deer Institute discovered that their thoughts were correct.

This new arrival was named Di Feng, and his demeanor and bearing were worlds apart from the pompous Di Cheng. Composed, calm, with the feel of a leader. This man was extraordinary.

Not only that, his combat prowess was many times higher compared to Di Cheng.

After his arrival, Di Cheng toned down his attitude. Di Cheng no longer dared to strut around his identity as successor, which spoke volumes to those from the White Deer Institute.

Di Feng, was the true successor the Di Clan had chosen. And comparing Di Cheng and Di Feng, the core members from the White Deer Institute couldn't help but feel that Di Feng was too outstanding. Maybe, he truly had the capability to lead the Azure Faction to rise up once again.

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In the training grounds of the White Deer Institute, several gazes were fixed upon the two young men standing there now. These two, were none other than Di Feng and Bailu Jing.

Bailu Jing was evidently at a disadvantage when he exchanged blows with Di Feng, the impact causing him to retreat without pause. When the force completely dissipated, a sharp glint of light gleamed in his eyes as he stated, "You should have another identity. Am I right?"

Di Feng flicked his sleeves, a cold smile on his face. "Brother Jing has extraordinary strength, I'm sure your ranking will be upgraded during the next refresher. Yes, you are right, I have another title. I'm also known as Emperor Azure.

“Emperor Azure, Azure Emperor,” Bailu Jing murmured, “Indeed as I expected, you are truly him. Only today have I fully understood the implicit connotations behind the name of Emperor Azure.”

The spectating elders all started, this young man was actually the ‘Emperor Azure’.

“Emperor Azure.” Bailu Yi was stunned. The 5th ranked on the Heavenly Fate Ranking was exactly named Emperor Azure.

Emperor Azure’s name resounded throughout Grand Xia, but how many would have expected that his real name was Di Feng?

“Emperor Azure, Azure Emperor, so this is how it is,” Bailu Yi’s grandfather mumbled, he understood the unspoken meaning of this name.

It was only that such a grand character as Emperor Azure didn’t even receive the inheritance nor authority token of the Azure Emperor.

Actually, this was also one of Di Feng’s regrets. It wasn’t that he didn’t have the strength, it was due to the environment he grew up in. When he was young, he followed his master in roaming the world. When he returned, it was already too late. He had already broken through to Yuanfu and hence, was unqualified for the test in the Emperor Star Academy, administered by Di Yi.

But still, Di Feng couldn’t care less.

Even without the Azure Emperor Token, he would still be the leader of the Azure Faction.

“Little Yi, do you think this young man has the ability to lead the Azure Faction back to its former glory?” Bailu Yi’s grandfather smiled at her, his question causing her expression to suddenly falter.

A sudden notion occurred to her. Could all of this be pre-planned? The Di Clan was too smart, they first sent Di Cheng over, causing everyone to have bad impressions of him. After which, they followed up with a Di Feng, ranked #5 in the Heavenly Fate Ranking.

Such a blatant contrast would definitely cause Di Feng to gain the approval of many.

Bailu Yi was contemplating on what to say, but right at this moment, somebody hastily walked in front of her and reported, “Miss Bailu, Qin Wentian, has returned.”

Bailu Yi froze, as a smile broke out on her face soon after. That fellow was finally back!

Chapter 276: Fairy Qingmei's Attitude

After Qin Wentian obtained that ancient scroll, he immersed himself completely into comprehending it, while also adjusting himself to the transformation within his body. This secluded acclimatization lasted two months, during which he had completely forgotten about the passage of time.

Throughout these two months, he marveled deeply at the strength of his bloodline, while pondering over the insights regarding the profound Inscriptions created by that Celestial Ascendant.

Indeed, the Gold-Element Ascendant was truly and exceptionally a monstrous talent in terms of both cultivation and Divine Inscriptions.

Qin Wentian was thinking back to that ancient scroll he gave up. That cultivation art should be extremely powerful as well.

Yet Qin Wentian had no regrets, he trusted his instincts. If it weren't for the fact that his third eye had activated, allowing him to see that the nine golden guardians possessed cultivation bases, he may not have suspected the inheritance. But he saw those nine golden guardians with strength at the peak-level of Yuanfu acting like Puppets protecting the inheritance, in addition to their willingness to give up their lives to activate the golden-armored Puppet. Adding these two observations together, a sliver of doubt couldn't help but enter Qin Wentian's heart.

Hence, he had chosen to abandon the inheritance.

Throughout these two months, both his power levels in terms of cultivation and Divine Inscriptions took a huge leap forward. He was now even more confident in his own abilities. He believed that it wouldn't be too long before he'd gain a foothold of his own in the Moon Continent.

The pressure Qin Wentian felt when he first came to the Moon Continent pushed him to go even further, constantly upgrading his strength with the quickest speed. In fact, for his age, he could already be considered one of the most exceptional geniuses in the history of Grand Xia.

He started cultivation at the age of sixteen, then condensed his first Astral Soul from the fifth Heavenly Layer. Similarly, his second and third Astral Souls were also from the fifth Heavenly Layer. Up till now, he had not met anyone whose accomplishments rivaled him in this aspect.

He then stepped into Yuanfu before the age of eighteen, his name rocking the entire Chu Country and even had the power to decide who should wield the authority to rule. This was something many wouldn't be able to achieve in their entire lives.

And now, at the age of nineteen, he had broken through to the fourth level of Yuanfu, all in the span of two months.

His Yuanfu receptacles expanded and his understanding of his Mandates deepened further.

At this moment, a beautiful silhouette was walking over from afar. Although Bailu Yi's beauty couldn't be compared to Mo Qingcheng, she was an extremely stunning woman in her own right. Clean, with a fresh and cool look, in addition to her innocent personality and sexy figure, it all guaranteed that she would certainly be a head-turner wherever she went.

"Hmph, you're finally back," Bailu Yi pouted as she glared at Qin Wentian. In front of Qin Wentian, she no longer acted like the Teacher Bailu she was before. She was more casual and easygoing, like how friends interacted. There were even moments where her girly attitude could be seen, enhancing her charm even further.

A teasing smile could be seen on his face when Qin Wentian looked at Bailu Yi. "From your tone, why does it sound like this place is my home?"

"In your dreams." Bailu Yi glared at him. "How were your 'gains' this time around?"

"Huge. Do you want to take a look at that ancient scroll left behind by the Ascendant?" A mischievous smile could be seen on Qin Wentian's face, such a treasure would prove irresistible to virtually all Divine Inscriptionists.

If this matter was circulated to others, there would definitely be fourth-ranked Inscriptionists going into a frenzy because of it.

"Forget it, that inheritance was obtained by you, it should belong to you," Bailu Yi replied after giving the matter some consideration.

"Well, I didn't say that I would give it to you." Qin Wentian laughed heartily, causing Bailu Yi to roll her eyes. Was this fellow just making fun of her earlier?

"Well, I guess I can lend you the scroll for a few days, I'm a genius after all." Bailu Yi didn't know whether to cry or smile at this remark, so she chose the next best thing, punching Qin Wentian instead.

To be honest, Qin Wentian wouldn't be stingy. Bailu Yi wasn't just beautiful, during the fight for the inheritance, she had blocked Zhu Sha's strike for him, suffering injuries.

"Where are Big Bro Chu Mang and that fatty?" Qin Wentian couldn't help but ask as he noticed the approach of Little Rascal.

“I can only use the word ‘crazed’ to describe them. They hadn’t slacked off in their cultivation in the slightest, and these days they’re usually found in the Hell Arena, accumulating their battle records.” Bailu Yi’s words made Qin Wentian somewhat moved. That fatty was finally motivated and wasn’t skiving off anymore.

Undoubtedly, Leng Ning’s death also had a huge impact on him.

In this Grand Xia Empire where experts were as numerous as clouds, to be without sufficient strength meant that you could only stand aside when things important to you were about to be lost.

If the Qin Wentian back then had the power he had today, he definitely wouldn’t have allowed the Leng Clan to touch even a strand of hair on Leng Ning’s head. With his current level of power, even dealing with that perverse freak, Yan Tie, would be mere child’s play.

“Qin Wentian, come with me, I’ve something important to talk to you about.”

Bailu Yi’s countenance suddenly turned solemn. After which, she led Qin Wentian to a secret corner near her residence. She didn’t bring him to the central courtyard, where the elders had their discussions, as one would have to be a core member of the Institute to gain entrance there.

Di Feng and Di Cheng were exceptions because they knew the greatest secret of the White Deer Institute—that they were a branch of the ‘hidden’ Azure Faction.

Qin Wentian knew of it as well but had chosen not to reveal the authority token. Naturally, Bailu Yi wouldn’t divulge this information to others.

“What happened?” Qin Wentian involuntarily questioned upon noticing the look of worry on Bailu Yi’s face.

“During the past few days, a group of people came to our White Deer Institute. One of them is named Di Feng, but he has another title, that of Emperor Azure, someone ranked #5 in the Heavenly Fate Ranking. They said that they’re from the main bloodline, the Di Clan lineage of the Azure Emperor.” Bailu Yi’s words instantly caused Qin Wentian’s face to sink.

Main bloodline, Di Clan.

Qin Wentian suddenly thought of the Emperor Star Academy's Headmaster, Di Yi.

He should still be imprisoned in the Nine Mystical Palace. Was he still alive or had he already been tortured to death by them? As he thought of this, Qin Wentian's thirst for power grew even stronger.

"Somehow, they knew that our White Deer Institute is one of the branches of the 'hidden' Azure Faction. Their purpose in coming here was to dominate and gain control of the Institute, to unite the Azure Faction and then ultimately lead the Azure Emperor Palace to rise to prominence once more," Bailu Yi explained, causing many thoughts to abruptly bloom in Qin Wentian's mind.

He already knew when he received the token that his road to unite the Azure Faction wouldn't be smooth. And now, someone from the Di Clan of the main bloodline had appeared, he wondered what their true intentions were.

And if they knew that the Azure Emperor Token was in his hands, what actions would they take?

Qin Wentian asked in a heavy voice, "Would the White Deer Institute recognize them without the Azure Emperor Token?"

"This branch feels very conniving. Initially, they sent the silk pants young master, Di Cheng, to give everyone a bad impression of them. After which, Di Feng, the young, charismatic hero, appears. The majority of the elders have a very good impression of Di Feng, as though they could see hope if he were the one leading us. I think the White Deer Institute might very well agree to be under their control," Bailu Yi explained as she continued, "Their explanation regarding the absence of the Azure Emperor Token was that the guardian of the token has already been captured by the Nine Mystical Palace. They are worried that he might divulge the secret of the 'hidden' Azure Faction. Hence, this matter convinced those who were initially against the Di Clan to change their minds."

Qin Wentian pondered over Bailu Yi's words for many moments. This matter was a challenge to him, but similarly, it was an opportunity as well.

The Di Clan of the main bloodline had already poked a hole for him to enter, their actions causing the White Deer Institute to have thoughts and discussions about returning to the Azure Emperor Palace once more. The only question remaining was: who would be the one to lead them?

"After Headmaster Di Yi handed the Azure Emperor Token to me, because of my matters, he was eventually captured by the Nine Mystical Palace. I believed that even when faced with death, he would never divulge the Azure Emperor's secret," Qin Wentian stated with unshakable conviction.

Apparently, he had no choice but to move his plans forward. The White Deer Institute would be the first battleground in his quest to unite the Azure Faction. He had to win them no matter what.

“What are your next plans?” Bailu Yi asked again.

Qin Wentian gravely regarded Bailu Yi before he smiled, “Don’t worry, even if Di Feng from the main bloodline wanted to compete with me, the one victorious, will still be me.”

So what if Di Feng was ranked #5 on the Heavenly Fate Ranking? Given a few years time, Qin Wentian’s name would definitely be one of the most illustrious names to appear within the Heavenly Fate Ranking as well. He was aiming for the position of the top ranked.

This was his utter conviction, and also his ambition.

“Let’s go, I’ll share with you the comprehensions I acquired from the Ascendant’s scroll.” Qin Wentian laughed. Looking at that handsome countenance, Bailu Yi involuntarily broke into a smile as well. She believed that regardless of the challenges, Qin Wentian would definitely be the one victorious.

In the course of obtaining the Ascendant’s inheritance, he had already offended the ranked #11 Zhan Chen, ranked #18 Yang Fan, as well as Zhao Lie and Hua Feng. So what if he added the ranked #5, Di Feng, into the mix?

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In a place far, far away from the Moon Continent, where demonic beasts and humanity peacefully co-existed together, the Palace Mistress of the Celestial Lake Palace was respectfully looking at an alluring beauty in the main seat of the great hall.

Fairy Qingmei lazily laid there, as a few glints of demonic light sparkled in her eyes. Her jade-like hands drummed on the chair as she remarked in a low voice, “That old fellow, can he no longer wait?”

“From gathered news, there are currently two great powers that are already on different sides. No one will be able to prevent this,” the Palace Mistress quietly explained.

“Hehe, I didn’t think there’d already be worms eating the Azure Faction from within before they got the chance to rise up once more. Do they really want to go against the last orders of the Azure Emperor, directly seizing power into their own hands without waiting for the appearance of the authority token?” A grave smile with hints of cold anger could be seen on Fairy Qingmei’s face.

“I think that’s what they wanted to do. Throughout all these years, their power has consolidated, even nurturing powerful elites such as Di Feng. My news stated that Di Feng has already arrived at the White Deer Institute in the Moon Continent.” It seemed as though the Palace Mistress knew the matters and happenings of the Moon Continent like the back of her palm.

“How are things going with Qinger and that little fellow? Could that lass’s heart already be moved by him?” As Fairy Qingmei thought of Qinger, the grave-looking smile faded away, replaced by one of warmth and gentleness.

“I don’t think so. Master should be extremely clear about Qing`er’s personality. She may be ignorant, but that ignorance has made her as pure as jade, and as emotionless too. It would be exceedingly hard for someone to move her through emotions,” the Palace Mistress replied. “As for that little fellow, he is pretty outstanding indeed.”

“Oh?” Fairy Qingmei’s pupils slightly narrowed, “It’s rare to find someone that you have such a high evaluation of. Since this is the case, send some reinforcements over to the Moon Continent to help him. Naturally, it would be good if nothing untoward happened, but if something did happen, they should be made clear of my attitude.”

Chapter 277: Blocked Path

After Qin Wentian passed the ancient scroll to Bailu Yi, she excitedly sunk her will and consciousness into it. Lost in the profoundness of the Inscriptions, she entered a state of forgetting everything.

Right from the start, she had always been deeply interested and mesmerized by Divine Inscriptions. Now the insights of an Ascendant were right in front of her and like Qin Wentian, she was unable to extricate herself once she started reading it.

The Gold Element Ascendant had many unique ways when it came to the application of knowledge and within the ancient scroll, there were powerful fourth-ranked Inscriptions, formations, ways to refine fourth-ranked Puppets and methods to forge fourth-ranked Divine Weapons.

Regretfully, Bailu Yi still didn’t have a high enough level of attainment to comprehend them. She couldn’t understand nor perceive clearly the Inscriptions within. She could only gain a slight amount of insight.

After they met up with Chu Mang and Fatty, the four of them then entered a closed-door cultivation session, secluded within the White Deer Cavern, while Little Rascal laid beside them.

In actuality, Qin Wentian had initially wanted to spend an even longer time meditating in the desert. He had only rushed back because he was worried that Bailu Yi and Fan Le would be worried about him. Now that he'd returned, he would take this chance to discuss with Bailu Yi his thoughts and interpretations regarding the ancient scroll, further consolidating his foundation for both of them. Such an exchange left him feeling marvelous and extremely satisfied with his growth.

However, Di Cheng's current emotions were far from feeling marvelous nor satisfied.

If the Di Clan wanted to gain control over the White Deer Institute, not only did they need approval from a majority of the core members, they also had to place importance in forming good relations with the group as a whole. Only then would the White Deer Institute wholeheartedly submit to their authority and help them willingly. Di Feng was undoubtedly the most suitable candidate there that would gain the recognition of the Institute's core members.

In this cultivation-oriented world, other than the sake of obtaining benefits, it was also important to develop connections and good relations.

Hence during these few days, Di Feng had been staying in the White Deer Institute and would occasionally visit the supreme and grand elders, even interacting with those from the younger generations. Gradually, the feelings of admiration towards this talented young man grew stronger and stronger. There were increasingly more people who trusted and believed in Di Feng.

But for Di Cheng, the White Deer's Institute treatment and attitude towards him were spiraling downwards by the second. Now, there was nothing for him to do and even his existence was completely ignored. And what's more, he had just received news that Bailu Yi was currently in closed-door cultivation together with another young man. How could he be feeling great?

"Is Little Yi still in closed-door seclusion?" At this moment, Di Cheng asked Bailu Yi's father.

"That lass." Bailu Yi's father lightly shook his head. He knew that ever since Qin Wentian had come back, Bailu Yi hadn't left his side, even for a single moment.

He was perplexed by the situation. Normally, he would misunderstand the relationship between his daughter and Qin Wentian. However, he found that he had no objections to it because he had taken a liking to that young man. At the very least, Qin Wentian excelled in every aspect compared to Di Cheng. And also, despite both being descendants of the Di Clan, Di Cheng's level was too far apart when compared to Di Feng.

“Father, it seems that your daughter has already been abducted by Qin Wentian,” Bailu Jing remarked with a laugh, standing at the side. His words were spoken precisely for Di Cheng’s sake.

Indeed, after hearing his comment, Di Cheng’s countenance immediately changed. “Who is Qin Wentian? Is he even worthy of my Little Yi?”

Bailu Jing and his father took offense whenever Di Cheng referred to Bailu Yi as ‘his Little Yi’, yet they couldn’t bring themselves to take up the issue with him. After all, he was still a guest of their Institute.

“It doesn’t matter if he’s worthy or not, as long as Little Yi likes him.” Bailu Jing’s words deliberately mocked Di Cheng further.

As expected, after Di Cheng heard that, his unsightly countenance became even uglier to behold.

“Master, the young missus has ended her closed-door seclusion.” Just then, a maid ran up to report. Bailu Yi’s father smiled, his eyes lighting. “This lass can finally bear to come out now.”

“I’ll leave first,” Di Cheng bid his farewell in a strangled voice, causing the Bailu father-and-son pair to exchange amused glances with each other. After which, Bailu Yi’s father stated, “Follow him, don’t let him cause any trouble.”

“Right.” Bailu Jing nodded as he turned and left as well.

Not long after Qin Wentian and Bailu Yi exited the cavern, a group of people crowded around them, causing them to feel slightly dismayed.

“That guy is Di Cheng,” Bailu Yi whispered, subtly pointing to the guy standing in the lead. When Qin Wentian swept his gaze over, he could see that Di Cheng had a cultivation base at the fifth level of Yuanfu. And indeed, from the perspective of the Grand Xia Empire, this level of cultivation base wasn’t anything to boast about, especially when considering Di Cheng’s age.

Right then, Qin Wentian saw two elders of the Institute halting their steps as they passed by.

When Qin Wentian tried to determine their cultivation bases, he realized that he couldn't do so.

Apparently, with his current level of strength, his third eye would only be able to perceive the cultivation of those at the Yuanfu Realm.

These elders of the Institute should have a cultivation base at the Heavenly Dipper Realm, which was why he couldn't perceive it.

"Little Yi, I've missed you terribly. We haven't met once these past few days." Di Cheng flashed a handsome smile on his face, causing Qin Wentian to be somewhat at a loss for words. This fellow was a 'genius' like Fan Le.

Now, Qin Wentian was even more certain that the Di Clan allowed Di Cheng to arrive first to let the Institute build up their bad impression of him. This wasn't something that Di Cheng faked but was his real personality instead.

Bailu Yi's countenance immediately changed, her anger boiling even more when she noticed Qin Wentian winking at her from the side.

"Di Cheng. From now onwards, kindly refer to me as Bailu Yi," she angrily exclaimed. After which, she turned and locked arms with Qin Wentian, glaring at him and forcibly marching him away.

"Eh..." A bitter smile appeared on Qin Wentian's face. This girl was using him as a shield, her actions causing many onlookers to eye them with expressions of interest.

Now, even if he wanted the members of the Institute not to misunderstand, any further explanation on his end would just cement this false impression even more. Although the truth was that they really were only friends, the members of the White Deer Institute wouldn't think of it this way.

"Qin Wentian?" Di Cheng blocked their path. He narrowed his eyes, as a smile filled with malice appeared on his face.

"You're in my way." Qin Wentian smiled back in response.

“I know. I heard that you’re some unaffiliated cultivator with average talent in cultivation. The only noteworthy thing about you is your high level of attainment in Divine Inscriptions and that you’re currently a third-ranked Grandmaster,” Di Cheng replied.

Qin Wentian frowned slightly. This Di Cheng was really efficient, he had been investigated quite thoroughly.

“And?” Qin Wentian calmly replied.

“Although Divine Inscriptionists are highly revered by others, you shouldn’t let that get you in over your head. Because in the eyes of transcendent powers like me, Inscriptionists like you are only tools to be used. Sure, we may need you to forge Divine Weapons and to refine powerful Puppets, but in the end, people like you are just tools. After all, it would be impossible for you to use Divine Inscriptions for combat. Who would allow you the time to inscribe them in the heat of battle? In the end, one’s personal cultivation is still the key to strength.”

Di Cheng said loftily, puffing out his chest. Qin Wentian was speechless. This fellow blocked his path to tell him a whole load of bullshit, just because he wanted people to hear how outstanding he was?

But could Di Cheng even be considered outstanding at all?

Naturally, when one talks about superiority, they’re referring to the comparison between two parties of equal capabilities. Di Cheng knew he couldn’t be compared to Di Feng. But as for a puny nobody like Qin Wentian? How could he let him climb over his head? He definitely had to suppress Qin Wentian.

In truth, Di Cheng wasn’t stupid. He understood the purpose of why his clan sent him here. He made it clear that he didn’t want to pursue Bailu Yi merely for her looks. It was because of her status in the White Deer Institute as well. He knew that if he could marry her, he would at least have some prestige here in the White Deer Institute.

And if he really were to succeed, his Di Clan would definitely feel very satisfied with him.

“Are you finished?” Qin Wentian’s tone was indifferent, staring at Di Cheng as though he was someone unworthy of his notice. Such a reply caused Di Cheng’s smile to stiffen, as he trembled slightly with rage. “Do you still not understand my meaning?”

Seeing how his opponent had no intentions to budge, Qin Wentian's countenance sharpened as a terrifying light from his eyes shot towards Di Cheng's. Di Cheng only felt an overwhelming sense of crisis engulf him as he involuntarily took two steps back in retreat. These steps of retreat, caused him to be filled with utter humiliation.

"Let's go." Qin Wentian smiled.

Bailu Yi played along as she acted innocent, watching the interaction with wicked amusement twinkling in her eyes. Her arms were still linked with Qin Wentian's, blatantly so in fact, as though she were deliberately doing it to tell Di Cheng to give up on her.

From a distance, Bailu Yi's father and Bailu Jing had smiles on their faces when they saw what happened. The bitter-looking smile appeared on Qin Wentian's face again. Misunderstanding, this was all a misunderstanding.

As Qin Wentian and Bailu Yi took a few steps forward, Di Cheng stepped up once again. Immediately, the pressure from a cultivation base at the fifth level of Yuanfu gushed out, pressing onto Qin Wentian.

"Since you don't understand, let me tell it to you plainly. Get lost from the White Deer Institute." The pressure intensified.

However, in the next moment, Qin Wentian's feet stomped continually on the ground as golden light gleamed in his eyes. Instantly, Di Cheng screeched as an intense bout of pain hit him. He felt as though the presence of death had descended onto him. Such might...was unquestionable. To even challenge it would be blasphemy.

"BOOOM!" A huge feeling of pressure rumbled his brain. Di Cheng's countenance paled as he staggered backward again.

Qin Wentian acted as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened and continued walking forwards. As his eyes swept across Di Cheng once more, Di Cheng's pale face lost even more of its pallor and he coughed out huge mouthfuls of blood.

"Buzzz!" Wrath warping his features, Di Cheng ignored his injuries and released his Astral Souls. His body was instantly enveloped by Astral Energy, forming a protective membrane around him as he glared hatefully at Qin Wentian.

By that time, Qin Wentian had already stopped in front of him. Reaching forth with his palms, he then retracted them with such speed that a crack resounded in the air. An instant later, countless runic outlines madly interweaved as the form of a great Roc manifested. Its immense stature moved with an unbelievable speed that belied its size, so fast that Di Cheng didn't even have the time to feel fear. He only felt the claws of the Roc grabbing his robes, violently flinging him out of the way, akin to when someone was taking out the trash. The implied meaning was clear, Qin Wentian was treating Di Cheng as rubbish.

"How dare you." A cold voice rang out, and a silhouette appeared behind Di Cheng, catching him from mid-flight while absorbing the force of the impact. At the same time, that person sent out a palm strike, easily disintegrating the manifestation of the great Roc Qin Wentian had created.

Di Cheng stood up with the old man's help, with blood still leaking from his lips. Near his chest area, his robes had already been totally shredded. Any semblance of a smile was completely gone. His countenance only reflected a feeling of sinisterness.

"Combat with Divine Inscriptions isn't impossible. At the very least, to deal with someone of your standard, I can kill as easily and as many as I want. So don't act so conceited with your half-witted intelligence." At his indifferent remark, Di Cheng once again coughed out fresh blood, this time in frustration!

Chapter 278: Reverting to Simplicity, Comprehension

After finding out that Bailu Yi was close to Qin Wentian, naturally, Di Cheng would then seek out many members of the White Deer Institute to learn more about his love rival.

The members were all extremely familiar with Qin Wentian and Di Cheng easily discovered that he was a third-ranked Inscriptionist with a cultivation base at the third level of Yuanfu. He didn't hail from any of the major powers and knew of Bailu Yi only because of their mutual interest in Divine Inscriptions.

Hence, that was the reason for his earlier words. He wanted to knock Qin Wentian off his 'pedestal' by putting down Divine Inscriptionists and even claim that it was impossible to fight using Divine Inscriptions during actual combat.

But with his actions, Qin Wentian showed that it wasn't impossible, and on the contrary, easily dealt with Di Chang.

The Bailu Jing and his father all stared in amazement, their understanding of Qin Wentian's level of attainment deepened once again. The path of Divine Inscriptions was akin to the path of cultivation in the sense that they were both tremendously difficult to advance in. Moreover, most peak-tier, third-ranked Inscriptionists all already had a headful of white hair. It was extremely uncommon to

come across such a young peak-tier, third-ranked Grandmaster that could even effectively use Divine Inscriptions in combat. Qin Wentian was too abnormal.

He would definitely step into the fourth-rank sooner or later, it was merely a matter of time. By then, his status would be completely different.

If he could step into the realms of ordinary fourth-ranked Inscriptionists before the age of twenty, the fame and status he would enjoy wouldn't lose out to the few names at the top of the Heavenly Fate Rankings. At the very least, such a character hadn't appeared before in the Moon Continent.

However, to cross from the third-rank to the fourth-rank, it was akin to the difficulty of Yuanfu stepping into Heavenly Dipper. This was a huge watershed, it wasn't so easy to break through.

But presently, none of them noticed that not far away, there was an elder whose eyes shone with an indescribable emotion when he saw Qin Wentian's execution of his ability with Divine Inscriptions.

"From now onwards, do not bother Little Yi any longer. You are unworthy of her." Qin Wentian stared at Di Cheng, his voice matter-of-fact. He was speaking for Bailu Yi on account of their friendship. A beautiful lady like her, in addition to her genteel personality and outstanding talent, her boyfriend would never be at the level of Di Cheng. As he said, Di Cheng was simply unworthy.

Di Cheng's countenance alternated between shades of green and white. Although he was humiliated by Qin Wentian when they crossed blows, what could he do? In any case, he had already lost his persuasiveness. He was unlikely to convince the Di Clan's elder to deal with Qin Wentian for him. The purpose of the Di Clan visiting the White Deer Institute was to form a good relationship. How would it look if they saw him persuading an elder to mistreat Qin Wentian, a guest of the Institute? Especially after he had mishandled the situation.

No matter how bitter he was, Di Cheng could only accept this.

And just after Qin Wentian and Bailu Yi took a few steps forward, a chill wind suddenly gusted as yet another silhouette appeared, intercepting them once again.

Upon seeing the face of the person obstructing his way, Qin Wentian's countenance froze slightly, feeling slightly depressed. What was going on today? First, there was Di Cheng blocking his path and right after him, this aged-looking figure blocked it again. Although Qin Wentian didn't know exactly who this aged figure was, Qin Wentian knew that he had seen this old man before in the Institute. It should be one of the elders.

"Grandpa Tong, is anything the matter?" Bailu Yi faltered slightly as puzzlement shone on her face.

Grandpa Tong was her senior, the same generation as that of her real grandfather. He was one of the nine elders of the White Deer Institute. His words carried considerable weight as a fourth-ranked Divine Inscriptionist in addition to being a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign.

“Little Brother Qin, I wish to borrow something from you.” Bailu Tong’s eyes shone brightly as he stared at Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian politely replied, “What would Senior like to borrow?”

“The ancient scroll of that Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant.”

As the sound of his voice faded, Qin Wentian’s eyes widened as he involuntarily glanced at Bailu Yi. Did she reveal to Bailu Tong what had happened in the secret realm?

Back then he heard from Bailu Yi that the other transcendent powers made a pact to keep silent, there shouldn’t be anyone else who would know of the events that had transpired within the secret realm.

At this moment, Bailu Yi was stunned as well. She hadn’t expected that Bailu Tong would know about this.

The ancient scroll of the Gold-Element Ascendant was a priceless treasure. Qin Wentian lent it to Bailu Yi only because of their closeness, as well as the fact that he trusted her. However, he wasn’t at all familiar with Bailu Tong. Anyone would be angered to have some stranger suddenly come up, randomly asking to borrow a priceless treasure. Qin Wentian was no exception.

Bailu Tong noted the expressions on their faces and instantly understood. It seemed that the ancient scroll really did end up with Qin Wentian.

“I heard Little Brother Qin met with great fortune in the secret realm and obtained the ancient scroll of Divine Inscriptions of that Celestial Ascendant. I would just like to borrow the book to browse through some of the Ascendant’s insights. I’ll return it to Little Brother Qin right after that,” Bailu Yi continued, as a terrifying light flashed past Qin Wentian’s eyes.

What status did Bailu Tong have? And how valuable was the ancient scroll? Blocking his path under the pretext of borrowing the scroll? Bailu Tong was obviously planning to take it for himself.

“Senior must be joking. Junior has such a low cultivation base, how could I even obtain anything of value from that secret realm?” Qin Wentian laughed, looking Bailu Tong in the eye.

Even if Bailu Tong knew that he had the ancient scroll, he wouldn’t go and admit it.

The ancient scroll may be a valuable treasure, but it was also a great source of trouble. Regardless of whether others knew about it or not, Qin Wentian would never admit that he was the one in possession of that ancient scroll.

“Oh? But my sources are reliable.” Bailu Tong similarly stared at Qin Wentian, as a smile appeared on his face.

Valuable treasures would naturally cause feelings of greed to appear in the hearts of men. If Qin Wentian didn't have such a close relationship with Bailu Yi and wasn't a guest of the White Deer Institute, Bailu Tong would have already resorted to using force to snatch it.

Plundering and theft weren't an uncommon thing in this cultivation-oriented world. Strength was everything.

"Senior must have been mistaken." Qin Wentian continued smiling. He was sure this matter wasn't divulged by Bailu Yi and Bailu Jing. And even if they had revealed it, Bailu Tong wouldn't be the first to receive the news.

Since that was the case, it must have been those chosen from the transcendent powers. They intentionally leaked this piece of news out.

"Since that's the case, will Little Brother Qin allow me to inspect your interspatial ring?" Bailu Tong laughed.

His words were truly too presumptuous.

Who in this world didn't have secrets? An interspatial ring is one of the most personal items owned by a cultivator. How could one easily allow others to inspect it?

"Grandpa Tong, you forget yourself." Bailu Yi frowned, although he was her elder, he had gone overboard with his forceful manner of approach.

"Little Yi, this matter has nothing to do with you." In fact, if it weren't for her sake, how could he be this polite with Qin Wentian?

"Are you sure this has nothing to do with me?" Bailu Yi replied harshly, her tone filled with sarcasm. Her arms were still linked to Qin Wentian's.

"You should understand the importance of that Ascendant's scroll. Now that it's right in front of me, your Grandpa Tong definitely needs to obtain it." Bailu Tong stared at Bailu Yi, his tone as grating as chopping nails and slicing iron.

"Bailu Tong, don't overstep your bounds."

At this moment, a silhouette walked over. This was none other than the large-eyed elder whom Qin Wentian had met before.

Bailu Tong's countenance didn't shift in the slightest when he saw the large-eyed elder. As a Divine Inscriptionist, that ancient scroll of the Ascendant was only a few feet away from him. Such a temptation was irresistible.

"Great Elder."

“I’ve already said what I wanted to say,” the large-eyed elder coldly berated. “Don’t forget it was Qin Wentian who aided our White Deer Institute in that exchange, enabling us to enter the secret realm.”

“Hmph.” Bailu Tong flicked his sleeves and left. Evidently, he wouldn’t be forgetting this matter any time soon.

“Many thanks to Great Elder.” Qin Wentian respectfully clasped his hands in the direction of the large-eyed elder.

“As a guest of our Institute, it should be us who must apologize for the treatment you’ve just received. I, on behalf of the Institute, still hope that you will forgive us,” the large-eyed elder replied. After which, he shifted his glance to Bailu Yi. “Little Yi, you must take good care of Little Brother Qin, alright?”

“Mhm.” Bailu Yi mumbled, as a tinge of redness appeared on her cheeks before departing with Qin Wentian.

They set off once again to the back mountains. Over there, it was peaceful and quiet, the gentle breeze causing people to have a sense of tranquility.

Qin Wentian sat on the ground and an involuntary smile appeared on his face when he saw Little Rascal nuzzling its head into his chest.

He extended his right arm and as he flicked his left fingers, a beam of sword light flashed past and made a light cut. Soon, droplets of vibrant blood dripped downwards.

“Little Rascal, open your mouth,” Qin Wentian instructed.

“Yiyi ya!” Little Rascal shook its head, an appearance of reluctance appeared in its eye, as though it were angry at Qin Wentian.

“I know you followed me back then because you could sense something in my bloodline calling out to you. I know my blood is useful to your evolution and it doesn’t affect me if I lose a few drops of it, so don’t worry about me.” Qin Wentian lovingly patted its head.

A pouting expression appeared on Little Rascal’s face before it opened its mouth.

“How well-behaved.” Qin Wentian laughed as he proceeded to drip his blood into Little Rascal’s mouth. Moments later, a golden gleam could be seen flashing in its eyes as Little Rascal yawned and ran off, falling asleep to the side.

“There may be people intentionally spreading the news around, are you not worried at all?” Bailu Yi couldn’t help asking when she saw how relaxed Qin Wentian was. Bailu Tong’s actions couldn’t help but cause her to feel pressure.

How would others take this bit of knowledge, if even an elder of her Institute reacted like this?

“Valuable treasures would naturally stir the greed in the hearts of men. Why is there a need to worry? I just have to be stronger than what they can throw at me,” Qin Wentian replied. Bailu Yi

nodded, "I agree, each predicament appears incomparably complex but yet, doesn't simplicity lies on the other side of complexity? Strength can indeed solve everything, but sadly you are still too young, you are not powerful enough as of now."

"Wait, what did you just say?" Qin Wentian's eyes suddenly lit up, as he stared at Bailu Yi.

Bewilderment colored her face as Bailu Yi looked back at him. Qin Wentian couldn't be angry, right? He didn't seem like someone who would be so easily angered.

"Erm, strength can indeed solve everything, but sadly you are still too young, you are not powerful enough as of now," Bailu Yi repeated.

"No, what was the sentence before that?" Qin Wentian's heart was pounding with excitement.

"Each predicament appears incomparably complex but yet, doesn't simplicity lies on the other side of complexity?" Bailu Yi mumbled. She didn't know what Qin Wentian was thinking about.

"Yes, that's it, seemingly incomparably complex, but in fact, simplicity is just on the other side of it." Qin Wentian drew in a deep breath, as comprehension dawned on his face. He inclined his head slightly, enjoying the feel of that gentle breeze, immersing himself in that pure feeling of enlightenment.

"Going from simplicity to complexity, that's because one understands the essence of its application. Yet, reverting to simplicity from complexity is the highest level," Qin Wentian murmured. Bailu Yi's eyes flickered but she couldn't understand what Qin Wentian meant.

Qin Wentian squatted down as he slashed a single vertical line in space. This was just an ordinary straight line, yet it clearly contained a surge of hidden energy within it.

Bailu Yi stared at that vertical line in confusion. She still didn't understand. She walked up to Qin Wentian before squatting down and studying it, channeling a slight bit of Astral Energy into it to observe the changes.

A split-second later, a vast column of sword light exploded forth from the thin air, causing such shock to Bailu Yi that she fell over backward, sitting on the ground. She could only stare at Qin Wentian in amazement when she felt the power the column of sword light contained.

"You broke through..." Bailu Yi's heart was pounding, her tone was filled with emotion.

"Yeah." Qin Wentian smiled, as though nothing extraordinary had just happened. The confidence he normally radiated suddenly intensified by several degrees!

Chapter 279: Pressure

Bailu Yi's heart pounded madly as her beautiful eyes stared unblinkingly at Qin Wentian.

“Fourth-rank?” Her rosy lips moved, a quaver could be heard in her voice.

Within the Moon Continent, the youngest of all fourth-ranked Inscriptionists were at least aged fifty and above, with the majority of them all old eccentrics above a hundred years old. Almost all those monstrous geniuses were talented in both fields, but would rather spend the bulk of their time advancing their cultivation. Almost none of them would be willing to invest the effort in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions at all.

Qin Wentian, was definitely a different species compared to them.

“Not yet.” Qin Wentian smiled, his words causing Bailu Yi to gently let out a breath that she wasn’t conscious of holding, as her twin peaks jiggled slightly from reflex. Obviously, she wasn’t aware how much killing power her unconscious movements contained from the perspectives of males.

“You scared me.” Bailu Yi glared at him.

“What rank of Inscription is that?” Qin Wentian smiled as he asked, pointing to what he’d earlier etched, the ordinary-looking, simple vertical line that hid a mighty sword-type Inscription within.

“The third rank,” Bailu Yi replied, but amazement was still reflected in her eyes. Although Qin Wentian hadn’t broken through to the fourth-rank, he had stumbled upon a higher truth in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions. How many third-ranked Inscriptionists could inscribe a third-ranked Inscription instantaneously with a wave of their hands? Not even a fourth-ranked Inscriptionist might necessarily be able to do so.

“Instantaneous inscriptions, and you even condensed the essence of that sword-type Inscription into a single line. A major breakthrough indeed.” Bailu Yi smiled.

“It was all thanks to your advice, reverting to simplicity from complexity. Before this, from the first and second rank all the way to the third rank, the level of Inscriptions was originally simplistic in nature, yet they become gradually more complex. Each and every thread of the runic outlines interweaves to form a clearer and more complete picture as our understanding in Divine Inscription deepens. The complexity of the Inscriptions naturally corresponds with the level of difficulty. But now, following this line of thought, if we want to advance from the third-rank to fourth, wouldn’t that mean our Inscriptions will contain even more runic outlines, making it countless times more complicated? If that were the case, the difficulty of inscribing fourth-ranked Inscriptions would be beyond imagination.”

“Hmm, what you’re saying is correct, isn’t it? That’s why those geniuses talented in both fields would rather focus their efforts on cultivation. The difficulty in breaking through from the third-rank to fourth-rank might be even tougher compared to breaking through to Heavenly Dipper from Yuanfu,” Bailu Yi continued, “Also, during a battle, a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign could easily kill a fourth-ranked Divine Inscriptionist before he could even etch an Inscription. There won’t be anyone waiting for you to inscribe fourth-ranked Inscriptions during a real battle.”

Qin Wentian naturally understood this logic; this was also one of the reasons Di Cheng had used to humiliate him. And it was true. If not, him having an attainment at the peak-tier of third-ranked inscriptionists would already mean that his combat prowess could rival those at the peak-level of Yuanfu. Apparently, this was not the case.

It was impossible to compare the cultivation path and the Dao of Divine Inscriptions like this.

In spite of this, it wouldn’t affect the status and amount of respect a fourth-ranked Inscriptionist would enjoy. After all, being a fourth-ranked Inscriptionist meant that you could forge fourth-level Divine Weapons or set up fourth-ranked formations. There would be many people seeking their help, Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns included.

“There is a myriad of ways and methods to advance on the path of cultivation, and the same holds true for the Dao of Divine Inscriptions. Other Inscriptionists would naturally have their own method to inscribe Inscriptions while this, reverting to simplicity from complexity, is what I’ve comprehended. This is my way. In any case, where the water flows, the canal is formed. Although I’m still at the third-rank, it’s only a matter of time before I step into the fourth-rank.”

Qin Wentian stated this matter-of-factly, with no hints of arrogance. His way of Inscription had a lot to do with the Spirit Refinement Method he’d unlocked in one of the old fogey’s memory fragments. The Spirit Refinement Method consisted of using Divine Inscriptions to convert Astral Energy into Divine Energy. The indicator for when one reaches the perfection stage of the first level would be the ability to instantly convert Divine Energy from Astral Energy from any type of first-ranked Divine Inscription. The indicator for when one reaches the perfection stage of the second level would be when one can instantly convert Divine Energy from Astral Energy, using any type of second-ranked Divine Inscription.

Now, for the Spirit Refinement Method, Qin Wentian still had not reached the perfection stage of the third level. But at the very least, he could already insta-inscribe some of the simpler third-ranked Inscriptions. This meant that he was at the minimum, already at the great success stage of the third level Spirit Refinement Method, he was only a hair’s breadth away from the perfection stage.

Indeed, the Spirit Refinement Method had contributed the most to Qin Wentian's way of Inscriptions.

"In other words, are you saying that you are very close to breaking through to the fourth-rank?"

"Since I've already comprehended this insight, breaking through to the next rank merely requires more time in expounding and meditating on what I've learned. It's like I've already found the doorway, I only need to open it wider. It shouldn't be too difficult," Qin Wentian replied with a smile, his casual words causing Bailu Yi's heart to palpitate again.

A nineteen years old fourth-ranked Inscriptionist?

She couldn't help trembling the moment she imagined it.

"I guess I have to go back into closed-door seclusion again," Qin Wentian smiled resignedly. Although he placed a heavier emphasis on the advancement of his cultivation, the Dao of Divine Inscriptions was the only thing that could allow him to gain the recognition of the White Deer Institute within a short period of time. Hence, he was temporarily choosing to focus on his attainment, aiming to break through to the fourth-rank.

In that case, as a nineteen years old fourth-rank Inscriptionist, his status and fame wouldn't lose out to those names ranked at the top of the Heavenly Fate Ranking.

The White Deer Institute would also view him in a new light, which would smooth his path to gaining control when he eventually revealed his Azure Emperor Token.

"Okay, you should do your best and focus, you must definitely break through, okay?" Bailu Yi pumped her little fist up in the air, her smile full of innocence and beauty. "As long as you step into the fourth-rank, with the additional weight provided by the authority token, any objections to you gaining control would go unheard."

"Yeah." Qin Wentian nodded in agreement. The difference in 'weight' for a fourth-ranked Inscriptionist to take out the authority token compared to a fourth-level Yuanfu cultivator taking out the authority token was worlds apart.

Bailu Yi then raised her hands, clenching it into a fist while Qin Wentian mirrored her actions. “Boom.” Their fists gently bumped each other before she turned and departed. It was a fist bump of support and friendship.

Qin Wentian drew in a deep breath, before sitting down cross-legged and proceeded to clear his mind. Time, he needed more time.

Before the Institute fully recognized Di Feng, he needed to overturn the current situation by revealing the authority token. If not, everything would be too late.

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In the quiet back mountains, the green grass was spread like a lush carpet. Sunshine, raindrops, and the gentle breeze nourished the area and over here, a young man sat cross-legged with his eyes closed, appearing cut off from the rest of the world. It was as though nothing could disturb the peace of his heart.

Beside the young man, a snowy puppy was imitating his actions, attempting to sit cross-legged, its antics extremely adorable.

In the day, the snowy puppy would run about randomly, chasing its tail. At other times, an appearance of kinship would appear on its countenance as it licked the face of the young man, as though it considered him family. And yet, what was truly shocking was that every night, as the puppy laid down to rest, beams of Astral Light would cascade downwards and enter its body, causing a golden-colored radiance to emanate forth from it as it infused itself with starlight.

As for Chu Mang and Fan Le, they spent their days at the grueling landmark of the Moon Continent – Hell Arena. Over there, through the relentless tempering of real life-and-death situations, their combat prowess grew exponentially.

Chu Mang had long broken through to the sixth level of Yuanfu, while Fan Le had also just stepped into the fourth level.

The two of them also sparred often with each other during this period of time. Although Fan Le’s cultivation base was still not at Chu Mang’s level, he was strong enough to barely keep pace with him in a fight if he activated his bloodline limit. This period of time was well-spent.

Indeed, the Moon Continent offered a more enriching experience than the little country that was Chu.

Many things happened in the Moon Continent within this period of time as well. One of which, was the news that there was a character named Qin Wentian who met a stroke of good fortune and obtained the inheritance of the Ascendant – an ancient scroll of Divine Inscriptions from the secret realm. Naturally, this news immediately caused huge waves of commotion the instant it was circulated. Several Grandmasters all felt the stirring of greed arising within their hearts.

The Gold-Element Ascendant wasn't just a supreme powerhouse in terms of his cultivation level; he was also a terrifying fifth-ranked Divine Inscriptionist. One could only imagine how tantalizing the inheritance was to fourth-ranked Divine Inscriptionists.

But when their investigations showed that Qin Wentian was in the White Deer Institute, there were many whose hopes were immediately shattered.

The White Deer Institute was a place that specialized in Divine Inscriptions. Since Qin Wentian was there, it was highly likely that the inheritance had already landed into the hands of the Institute. And indeed, their investigations further showed that it had been a long period of time since Qin Wentian had stepped out of the White Deer Institute. Either his movements were restricted, or he was imprisoned by the elders of the White Deer Institute.

And just at this moment, where many eyes were focused onto Qin Wentian, the man himself still remained in closed-door seclusion inside the back mountains of the White Deer Institute.

Today, Bailu You brought along two younger disciples towards the back mountains, but upon reaching its base, found themselves running into Bailu Yi who blocked their way.

“Little Yi, what is the meaning of this?” Bailu You had an unhappy expression on his face as he irritably remarked.

“Uncle You, I know the purpose of your visit. He's in closed-door seclusion now; please refrain from disturbing him.” Bailu You was the eldest son of Bailu Tong and had some attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscription, albeit not very high. His purpose of visiting the back mountains was as clear as day.

“When did the back mountains of my White Deer Institute get occupied by an outsider? I can't even enter there even though my surname is Bailu?” Bailu You coldly laughed. “And in any case, I'm

here today only because there's a number of guests that wish to meet with him. Even without me saying so, you should know how important these people are."

"He won't meet them," Bailu Yi stated with utter certainty. She naturally understood who those people were. Recently, there had been many fourth-ranked Divine Inscriptionists paying a visit to the White Deer Institute because they wanted to meet with Qin Wentian.

The White Deer Institute couldn't reject the visit of these fourth-ranked Grandmasters as each and every one of them had extraordinary backgrounds. But it was obvious to Bailu Yi that there was someone who wanted to use these fourth-ranked Divine Inscriptionists to pressure Qin Wentian.

With the pressure mounting, if the Institute chose to forsake him, then Qin Wentian would be left with no allies in the Moon Continent. The only choice remaining for him that could ensure his safety would be to hand over the ancient scroll to the White Deer Institute. Undoubtedly, it would be the best course remaining to him.

"Oh? Little Yi, your friend is truly arrogant. He won't even meet fourth-ranked Grandmasters?" Bailu You coldly laughed. "Even if he chooses to decline the meeting, he should be the one to reject it personally. Get out of my way."

After speaking, Bailu You continued moving forwards. Bailu Yi's eyes glittered, and as her silhouette flickered, she appeared once again before Bailu You, blocking his path.

"IMPUDENT!" Bailu You shouted, as a fearsome aura gushed forth from him. Since it came to this, he wouldn't bother to take into consideration familial ties any longer. Even if it meant that he had to make a move against Bailu Yi, he had to see Qin Wentian today.

Bailu Yi's countenance turned incredibly unsightly. She didn't expect that someone from her own family would act against her.

"Since Senior wishes to meet me, why would I reject?" It was then that an ephemeral-sounding voice drifted over from afar, causing Bailu Yi's eyes to light up. She couldn't be more familiar with the owner of this voice!

Chapter 280: Extraordinary Character

Bailu You snorted as he pushed his way past Bailu Yi and made his way up the mountains. After hearing Qin Wentian's words, she naturally stepped aside and followed behind her uncle as they made their way to the mountain top.

Qin Wentian was sitting in the grassy region of the mountain slope. Upon noting Bailu You's arrival, he gave a slight bow and smiled, "Does Senior have any requests for me?"

"Grandmaster Qin, it's truly difficult just to secure a meeting with you." Bailu You spat out the words 'Grandmaster Qin' one by one, his tone heavily tinged with mockery. Evidently, to him, Qin Wentian wasn't worthy of the title 'Grandmaster'.

"Senior must be joking. Junior was in closed-door seclusion these past few days and Little Yi only barred Senior's path because she was worried that I would be disturbed. If we have offended you unknowingly, please accept my apologies." Qin Wentian was still smiling, as though he didn't hear the mockery in Bailu You's words.

Bailu You was unwilling to give way, and he continued sarcastically, "Grandmaster Qin is in closed-door seclusion? Wow, can it be that you broke through to the fourth-rank?"

Qin Wentian continued smiling, he didn't bother to reply with words.

Bailu You couldn't help but curse in his heart, Qin Wentian wouldn't be so easily provoked. "Today, several esteemed guests have paid a visit to my White Deer Institute, hoping to meet with Grandmaster Qin. All of them are fourth-ranked Grandmasters, and so I wonder if Grandmaster Qin would be willing to give them some face."

"Oh, I don't know anyone in the Moon Continent, why would people be wanting to pay me a visit?" Qin Wentian curiously inquired.

Bailu You's face darkened ominously. Qin Wentian truly didn't know how high the Heavens were. He even dared to use the term 'to pay me a visit' when the guests were all fourth-ranked Grandmasters?

"It is not 'to pay you a visit', but rather, to summon you to meet with them." Bailu You clearly placing emphasis on the word 'summon'.

"Oh." Qin Wentian nodded but didn't comment further. These fourth-ranked Grandmasters really chose the right time to visit. After exchanging glances with Bailu Yi, and noting the worried expression on her face, Qin Wentian instantly understood. The fourth-rank Grandmasters were definitely here for one thing only—the ancient scroll of the Ascendant.

Although Qin Wentian had already stopped commenting, Bailu You jabbed in with even more sarcasm, "'Grandmaster' Qin? Why are you still not preparing to move?"

"Hmm, and why must I move?" Qin Wentian had a puzzled expression on his face as he stared at Bailu You.

"You..." Bailu You's stare turned chilly, as he glared at Qin Wentian. "There are many fourth-ranked Grandmasters who wish to see you now. Tell me, if you don't move, are you expecting all of them to come look for you instead? Are you avoiding them?"

The tone of Bailu You was as cold as winter's frost, yet he didn't expect Bailu Yi to interject, "Uncle You, you should be extremely clear on their motives. Why do you want to be their mouthpiece?"

Bailu You's purpose was extremely clear, he wanted Qin Wentian to be pressured by the Grandmasters. Only then, for the sake of self-preservation, would Qin Wentian submit to Bailu Tong, his father.

"Senior must be joking, why would I avoid meeting them?" Qin Wentian softly commented. But gradually, the smile on his face disappeared as his tone turned as sharp as swords. "I don't wish to meet them because I don't wish to. What do you mean by using the word 'avoid'?"

Bailu You's cold smile stiffened, he glared at Qin Wentian and was about to say something more when Qin Wentian spoke once again, "If they want to see me, let them come. I will wait for them here."

"You... you expect fourth-ranked Grandmasters to personally pay you a visit?"

"Why not? Weren't they the ones who wanted to meet with me?" Qin Wentian shrugged, as he continued, "It's not like I need a favor from them, nor have they shown me any form of courtesy before this. If you want me to pay a visit just because of a single word from them, wouldn't that mean I'm debasing myself? Oh, could it be that Senior loves to debase yourself?"

Bailu You's eyes narrowed as he forced out a smile. "Sharp words. Since that's the case, I shall go inform the many fourth-ranked Inscriptionists that they are to pay a visit to 'Grandmaster' Qin."

After which, Bailu You flicked his sleeves and left. The young men behind him stared at Qin Wentian with venom dripping from their eyes.

After the three of them had departed, Bailu Yi's countenance showed a mixture of trepidation and anxiety. She explained, "During the period of time when you were in closed-door seclusion, the news of you obtaining the Ascendant's inheritance has been leaked. Bailu You is the son of Bailu Tong, so you should be extremely clear about their motives. The fourth-ranked Inscriptionists banded together against you, and it seems they intend to use pressure tactics to overwhelm you."

Qin Wentian lightly nodded, as he slowly stood up. He couldn't help but smile reassuringly when he saw how worried Bailu Yi was. "Don't fret, watch how I'll deal with them if they push me too far."

Bailu Yi's eyes brightened as she understood the unspoken meaning of Qin Wentian's words. "Were you successful?"

"Yeah." Qin Wentian smiled.

"Really?" Bailu Yi inquired again.

"Yup, yup." Qin Wentian continued nodding.

"Fourth-rank? You are not lying?" Bailu Yi asked for the third time as the amazement in her eyes intensified, this was too incredulous.

A fourth-ranked Grandmaster at the age of nineteen.

Qin Wentian rolled his eyes and walked over, laughing as he lightly rapped Bailu Yi's head. "Absolute truth, I am not lying to you."

"This is too wonderful!" Bailu Yi seemed overcome by her emotions, involuntarily jumping up with excitement and then embracing Qin Wentian into a hug. "Oh heavens, I've actually just witnessed a nineteen-year-old stepping into the level of fourth-ranked Grandmasters. This is history in the making! This is too crazy, Qin Wentian, you are too crazy!"

"Eh..." Qin Wentian didn't expect Bailu Yi to lose control like this. As he felt her soft and supple peaks pressing into his body, he didn't know where to look. Hence he chose to look at Bailu Yi's face.

Bailu Yi's actions resulted from a combination of her innocence and pure happiness. Upon seeing that Qin Wentian was staring at her, Bailu Yi blinked, and stopped jumping about as a tinge of redness blossomed on her cheeks. Her current bashfulness, when coupled with her innocent-looking face, caused the Qin Wentian at this moment to become akin to an idiot.

Although he was already accustomed to beauty, at that moment the Bailu Yi in front of his eyes was too beautiful.

"Wait for me, I will go blow this matter up." Bailu Yi's eyes suddenly glowed as sudden inspiration struck her. As she jogged away, it was as though she felt something as she gingerly rubbed her head. She turned back to Qin Wentian and scolded, "Damn it, you used so much strength."

"... did you only just realize that now?" Qin Wentian turned speechless. After which, he only saw Bailu Yi smile sweetly at him before she left at top speed.

"Blow up the matter?" Qin Wentian stared at her exquisite figure as he blinked. This lass, if given a chance, would surely turn the whole world into chaos.

Without having to wait too long, Qin Wentian soon noticed a row of silhouettes advancing up the mountain. Among them, there were several that had heads full of white hair, some even looked so ancient, as though they were ready for the grave, while a few others had an amiable and kindly look on their faces. However, regardless of how they looked, all of their auras held hints of similarity—they were exuding an air of faint arrogance.

Powerful Inscriptionists were all used to being revered and respected by others. Even the transcendent powers would not easily offend fourth-ranked Grandmasters, using a vast fortune instead to enlist their aid or even buy them over to their side. These methods were effective, as long as they were willing.

Fourth-ranked Inscriptionists would never lack in wealth, and they wouldn't lack in fame as well. No matter where they were, they were like shining moons, drawing the attention of the stars around them. And even now, they were accompanied by Yuanfu experts from the seventh to the ninth level of Yuanfu to act as their bodyguards and ensure their safety.

For some that had limited success on the path to cultivation, if they had talent in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, they would then invest all their efforts into it, spending large amounts of time studying and researching Divine Inscriptions. This was because even if you were a fourth-ranked Grandmaster with a cultivation base at the Yuanfu level, the amount of status and fame you would enjoy would still be extremely significant.

Hence, it was inevitable for them to unconsciously exude that aura of faint arrogance.

When they came face to face with Qin Wentian, he could clearly sense the heightened atmosphere around these fourth-ranked Grandmasters.

“Two are Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns, while the others are all at the Yuanfu level. Even the weakest among them are at the fifth level of Yuanfu.” Qin Wentian swept his gaze past them and instantly perceived their cultivation bases.

Not only that, Qin Wentian realized that he was even acquainted with one of the Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns.

“Junior pays his respect to Grandmaster Fenrir.” Qin Wentian politely dipped into a bow of respect. Back then in the exchange organized by the Star-Seizing Manor, Grandmaster Fenrir had been the judge. Not only that, Qin Wentian knew that Grandmaster Fenrir was an exemplary example of fairness, and even held him in admiration.

Grandmaster Fenrir laughed in response, a bright glow shone in his eyes as he stared intently at Qin Wentian, as though he was witnessing something extremely shocking.

“During the time when we met at the Star-Seizing Manor, I could already tell that you are no ordinary character. And now, indeed as I expected, the Heavens bestowed upon you good fortune. But of course, you must have worked hard too. Congratulations.” Grandmaster Fenrir nodded with a smile, his tone calm and composed, as though he was talking to an equal. There were no hints of superiority in his manner.

Qin Wentian could easily feel the sense of good-naturedness emanating forth from Grandmaster Fenrir. He also understood the meaning of Fenrir’s words, hence Qin Wentian replied as he laughed, “Junior has good luck, and back then during the exchange, I’ve benefited tremendously from the experience I gained there. Now that I’ve met Grandmaster Fenrir again, I have to convey my gratitude.”

After speaking, Qin Wentian dipped into another bow, his movements filled with sincerity and respect.

“Good.” Grandmaster Fenrir smiled, as he nodded. His feet then subtly shifted to the side, as though he intentionally wanted to distance himself with the other fourth-ranked Inscriptionists. He silently made a mental note, this young man was definitely not some mere carp in a little pond, he would surely transform into a dragon that would soar into the nine heavens one day.

He knew that this was an opportunity, and so it would be good if he could form a good relationship. But if not, he must never offend Qin Wentian.

But apparently, the others didn’t notice Grandmaster Fenrir’s minute movements, and naturally, they couldn’t understand the profound depth and implicit meaning within the simple conversation between Fenrir and Qin Wentian.

Not only that, they were even under the impression that Grandmaster Fenrir was hinting that Qin Wentian had already obtained the Ascendant's inheritance, and Qin Wentian had even admitted it!

Hence, their eyes that were now staring at Qin Wentian, began to brighten with the glint of greed. They were looking at Qin Wentian as though they were looking at their prey!

Inheritance of the Ascendant? They would make this little upstart hand it over today!