

## Ancient GM 341

### Chapter 341: Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil

Mo Qingcheng despondently returned to her room, filled with reluctance and unwillingness. Yet she was powerless to go against Luo He, and so with nothing else to do, she turned her attentions back onto pill concoction.

The alchemy cauldron floated in the air with scorching flames heating up the base of it, yet the temperature was perfectly contained, with no hints of leakage.

Concocting pills was different from forging weapons. The intensity of the flames need not be that ridiculously high, but rather, it was control of the flame that was important. There mustn't be the slightest margin of error when it came to flame control. For forging of divine weapons, for higher ranked weapons, the materials used would naturally be of a higher quality and hence, harder to smelt, which in turn required flames of insane temperatures.

And the most important step in forging divine weapons was naturally the engraving of the Divine Inscription.

As for pill concoction, the most important attributes were a keen intuition and sensitive perception.

It appeared simple, yet was extremely tough to accomplish. A huge part of concocting pills came from one's innate talent. For some, they were innately birthed with a sharper intuition and perception than the rest, for example; Mo Qingcheng's Seven Apertures Mystical Heart.

For every pill concocted, one would need a massive amount of ingredients. Not only that, even when the quantity measured per component used was extremely accurate, there was no guarantee that the concocted pill would be perfect. There were too many variances; flame temperature, flame control, accuracy of medicinal component, accuracy of quantity, and the so on. In some extreme cases, a life-saving pill may even turn out to be poison if there was a minor error in the concoction process.

Mo Qingcheng's perception was currently focused on the cauldron floating in the air. She had failed many times before this when it came to concocting this particular pill.

Currently, she was already a fourth-ranked alchemist. This meant that she would be able to concoct fourth-ranked medicinal pills despite the fact that she would only succeed one-fifth of the time. However, she had already failed a total of twenty-seven times when it came to concocting the third-rank pill she was currently attempting.

Because the pill she was currently attempting to concoct was a taboo among alchemists—Limit-break Pellet.

As per what its name suggested, a Limit-break Pellet was concocted for the user to break through their limits to the next level by ingesting it.

On the pathway of cultivation, a single footprint a single step. This was a process that couldn't be rushed, a law dictated by the Heavens. Medicinal pills and pellets could be used to boost one's physique, improve one's constitution, clearing one's arterial pathway in order to boost one's speed. Concoction was a cycle unto itself. Truly powerful pills could even allow one to rise again after suffering grievous injuries, even with half-a-breath of life left.

But the Limit-break Pellet defied this law of nature, it was a shortcut that broke the balance. Hence, it was termed as a taboo of alchemy. This pellet could only be concocted using the heart's blood of alchemists that were born with a special constitution. If the concoction succeeded, the alchemist would suffer overwhelming damage to their vital qi. Not only that, the success rate of these kinds of pellets was extremely low and hence, even though the effect of this pellet was heaven-defying, there weren't many people who attempt to concoct it. And if it weren't for the fact that Mo Qingcheng had prepared several bottle of qi-replenishing pills in advance, she wouldn't have been able to persist till now.

As she immersed her perception into the cauldron, her face lighted up in delight. The herbs within the cauldron were slowly transforming into the shape of a perfectly round pellet.

"I will definitely succeed this time." Her beautiful eyes flashed with a hint of determination. Instantly, she sliced open her wrist while pushing against her heart with her right palm, causing her heart's blood to flow out into the cauldron, each drop filled with an overwhelming quantity of spiritual energy. Her face immediately turned a few shades paler after that, as she visibly sagged from the exertion.

Droplets of spiritual, energy-infused blood dripped into the cauldron, Mo Qingcheng grabbed hold of a handful of pills and swallowed them immediately to sustain herself, locking her jaw in a rictus of stubbornness.

She would definitely succeed this time around. Definitely.

She understood quite clearly how strong Zhan Chen was. Although she had confidence in Qin Wentian, she understood how great the distance was between him and Zhan Chen. Since he had already put in so much effort, how could she stand aside, doing nothing to aid him? This pill she was attempting to concoct at the expense of her own vital qi, was all for his sake.

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Zhan Chen, Qin Wentian and Ouyang Kuangsheng all turned their gazes onto the man clad in black, their eyes flashing with glints of sharpness.

The cultivation of this person wasn't that strong, it was only at the eighth level of Yuanfu. But in spite of this, the devil-might he exuded gave off a terrifying sense of danger.

"Who the hell are you?" Zhan Chen coldly asked.

Devil Arts were rarely seen in Grand Xia, and since devil-oriented techniques and arts were classified as forbidden, their potential power was definitely fearsome.

Despite this advantage, not many dared to cultivate in the Devil Arts.

The Devil Arts were considered too tyrannical, and practitioners of the devil path couldn't even let down their guard for a single instant, as the devilish power obtained would counter-devour the practitioner instead. Devil Arts were exceedingly tough to cultivate, and had a high rate for failure. Practitioners had a much higher probability to enter into a state of qi deviation, which in turn allowed the power of the devil path to counter-devour one's consciousness. For the less serious cases, the practitioner would lose their mind and turn into killing machines; for more serious cases, the bodies of the practitioners would explode due to the devilish energy running amok. It was a miserable way to die.

And even if one succeeded in mastering the Devil Arts, they had to undergo hellish torment in every single instant of their existence. The heavens were fair; if one wanted to obtain the tyranny of the devil's powers, they would first have to endure hell to get it.

Hence, cultivators would never willingly choose to cultivate the Devil Arts if they didn't also have the required strength of will, or great resolution in their hearts. Even if the Devil Arts were offered to them for free, and the temptation of the power it offered wrapped its tendrils around them, they would still hesitate.

There was an ancient saying in Grand Xia: once one steps onto the path of devils, they will have no regrets.

This meant that for Devil-Cultivators, once they set foot upon the path of devils, they could never turn back. That one step would determine their destiny, they had no regrets because they could no longer regret. Either they lived on and became a devil or they died a miserable death.

For Devil-Cultivators, the path for them to obtain strength required them to endure pain that was tens of hundreds times more torturous compared to ordinary cultivators. Not only that, this pain was something they had to bear with their entire lives.

As a compensation, the strength of Devil-Cultivators would thus surpass ordinary cultivators by several folds.

So even though Zhan Chen was at the peak of the ninth level, he still had traces of trepidation in his gaze when he stared at the black-robed man.

For Devil-Cultivators who cultivate the forbidden arts, no one would dare belittle their combat prowess.

And now that this person appeared in Ginkou, there was no need to doubt that he too, was here to contend for the rankings in the Heavenly Fate Rankings. It seemed that the ranking battle at the end of the year would prove extremely troublesome indeed.

“Scram.”

The voice of the black-robed figure was extremely hoarse, there was no way to differentiate whether it was a male or female. The figure then turned his eyes onto Zhan Chen, and the cold light flickering within invoked a heart-stopping fear when it met the eyes of others.

“Since Devil-Cultivators are so rare, why not use this chance to test out their fabled strength?”

Golden rays of light radiated from Zhan Chen's body, as a terrifying sharpness gleamed in his eyes. Although his opponent was a Devil-Cultivator, he himself was at the ninth level of Yuanfu. Not only that, he had already achieved a modicum of mastery in the Gold Element Art—his physique was now akin to the toughness of metal, so why would he fear battle? He might as well take this opportunity to see the granted strength of those cultivators who tread on the path of devils.

As the sound of his voice faded, Zhan Chen stepped up and advanced towards the black-robed figure.

The devil-might of the black-robed figure pulsed out as that their hooded eyes gleamed with a terrifying coldness. An incomparable frigidness gushed out and bore down on Zhan Chen, the strength of that aura causing Zhan Chen's countenance to falter.

The Devil Arts were at the extreme end of the word 'tyranny', emphasizing on toughness, and pure power. Yet currently the devil arts of this black-robed figure contained an exceedingly chilling aura within. Which form of devil art was that?"

Zhan Chen cleaved down with his sword as the sword light tore apart space with boundless sharpness.

The hands of the black-robed figure wavered, then a tyrannical devil imprint was blasted out in response, disintegrating the might of Zhan Chen's sword slash.

Zhan Chen gestured with his sword fingers and an instant later, the howling keen of swords filled the air. Resplendent golden streaks of light illuminated the area as an ancient golden sword manifested. As he flicked his fingers forwards, nine beams of sword light containing earth-shattering might shot out towards the black-robed figure.

He wanted to test the strength of the Devil-Cultivator.

The black-robed man waved his palms as an inky darkness blotted out the skies. A gigantic Heavenly Devilish Palm imprint manifested from devil might, and the power it contained trembled throughout the entire space, easily eradicating the nine beams of sword light.

The black-robed figure flew towards Zhan Chen. How tyrannical were the devil arts? How could a practitioner of the devil path remain passive and do nothing but soak up attacks? It was time for the black-robed figure to take the initiative.

Although the figure appeared skinny and frail, the power of the attacks he unleashed brought to mind a Devil King bursting out of hell into the mortal world.

He ruthlessly slammed out with another palm as a surge of destructive energy gushed towards Zhan Chen. That destructive energy was laced with the cold Yin of the abyss, the anathema of life, as it enveloped Zhan Chen.

“Devil-based innate techniques are truly as terrifying as the rumors say,” Ouyang Kuangsheng involuntarily praised. One could well imagine the strength of the black-robed figure, seeing that his cultivation base was at the eighth-level and he was still able to fight against Zhan Chen to such an extent.

Qin Wentian nodded in agreement but suspicions couldn't help but to bloom in his heart. “The timing of this person's appearance seems aimed towards helping us against Zhan Chen. Do you recognize him?”

Ouyang Kuangsheng shook his head, “I'm not acquainted with any Devil-Cultivators. How about you?”

Qin Wentian thought long and hard about it before he shook his head. He didn't know any cultivators that tread the path of devils, either.

Zhan Chen's eyes had completely turned golden as the aura he exuded grew increasingly formidable. Qin Wentian and Ouyang Kuangsheng saw a layer of golden armor taking shape as it covered the entirety of Zhan Chen's body. He folded his hands in gestures of incantations, as golden light cascaded downwards from cracks that appeared from the dome of Heavens, shrouding him in a golden radiance. Within moments, a golden storm of swords floated around him, exuding an air of menace that seemed intent on lacerating the Heavens and Earth.

Each and every sword contained the will of his Mandates within.

Qin Wentian stared in amazement, was this the power of the Gold-Element Art?

“RUMBLE!”

A towering black-colored devil cloud formed as the surroundings were totally devoid of light. The spectators that had gathered all watched from afar with terror in their hearts.

Who was this person exactly, to have cultivated the forbidden arts? The strength he wielded was unfathomably powerful.

A fearsome spear worthy of a devil king appeared in his hands, as the terrifying devilish cloud drifted down and coated the long spear. The tyranny of the devil-might caused even the surrounding space to vibrate. Simultaneously, an armor of a devil king appeared on the body of the black-robed figure, shining with a devilish luster.

“Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil.” In that moment, a voice drifted over. A maiden clad in snow-white robes stood in the air above them, radiating an aura akin to a snow lotus.

Her eyes were currently locked onto the black-robed figure as a thunderstruck expression could be seen on her face. “Where did you learn this from?”

The black-robed figure glanced at the maiden, as the figure’s eyes widened in surprise. This person actually recognized this art?

What he practiced was truly the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil, one of the nine ultimate Arts of Ancient Grand Xia. Through a series of fortunate events, he had ended up cultivating this art. Not only that, he was already at the small-success stage.

“Yun Mengyi.” Qin Wentian’s glance shifted onto her. She was familiar with this art? In that case, who exactly was she?

“Let’s finish him first.” Yun Mengyi turned her gaze onto Zhan Chen as a terrifying coldness gushed out from her. As she grabbed forwards, a glacial intent enveloped Zhan Chen from within, freezing his body solid.

The black-robed figure directly responded, turning to face Zhan Chen as he stabbed out with his long spear. The terrifying devil-might created fissures in the air as it pierced right towards Zhan Cheng. If this strike were to hit, anyone below the level of Heavenly Dipper would definitely be unable to retreat wholly undamaged.

Yue Mengyi moved like the wind, she was so swift, akin to a bolt of lightning.

For her, whose Mandate of Wind had also reached the Perfection Boundary, there was almost no one in Yuanfu that could compete against her in terms of speed.

An impending sense of doom assailed Zhan Chen. His eyes gleamed as his body erupted forth with an abundance of intense golden light. The countless amounts of golden swords around him started to vibrate as their glow consolidated into a resplendent light screen.

“BANG!” The tyrannical devil spear pierced out alongside with Yun Mengyi’s fist shadows. A deafening sound thundered as the golden swords were destroyed one by one. Zhan Chen groaned, his body was flung through the air, yet the killing intent in his eyes had never faded. He didn’t expect to meet such powerful foes when he decided to pursue Qin Wentian today. Their combat prowess was extraordinarily impressive.

The spectators from afar could only exclaim in wonder. Among them, for those who recognised Zhan Chen, their heartbeats couldn’t help but to quicken at the level of power he exhibited.

This was a battle between people whose combat prowess had reached the peak level of Yuanfu. It was evident that this skirmish set the precedent for the bloody tempest that was to come—this year’s battle for a position on the Heavenly Fate Rankings!

#### Chapter 342: Heartbreak Echo

Zhan Chen’s golden eyes were fixated on Yun Mengyi and the black-robed figure, he knew that it was impossible for him to kill Qin Wentian today. The combat prowess of his two opponents were all extraordinary, especially the black-robed figure who cultivated the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil, Zhan Chen even felt fear when exchanging blows with him.

As the one and only Devil Arts in the nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia, Zhan Chen had long heard about the infamy of the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil. This art was exceedingly difficult to cultivate in, and nine out of ten people would end up counter-devoured by the devil energy instead. However, if one could cultivate this forbidden art to the stage of large success, that person would transform into a true devil king.

Who would have thought that he, Zhan Chen, would personally witness such a person today.



“I, Zhan Chen, will remember your actions. When the time comes for the ranking battle at the end of the year, Zhan Chen shall personally seek the two of you out for guidance.” As the sound of his voice faded, Zhan Chen stepped upon his sword and soared away.

The black-robed figure and Yun Mengyi didn't pursue him. Zhan Chen's combat prowess was extremely remarkable as well, not losing out in the slightest to them. And even if they could defeat him, it didn't mean that they would be able to kill him as well. Defeating and killing someone were two totally different concepts.

Unless one's strength far surpassed that of his opponent, to the extent he could completely suppress them, their opponents merely needed to focus on defense and retreat as it wouldn't be so easy to kill them.

After the battle ended, Yun Mengyi's gaze shifted onto the black-robed figure as she icily asked, “Who are you? How did you learn the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil?”

The countenance of the black-robed figure flickered as he coldly replied in a hoarse voice, “None of your business.”

As the sound his voice faded, he turned and attempted to walk away, only to see Yun Mengyi stepping out with a speed as fast as lightning, as an ice cold intent gushed out of her causing snow and frost to cover the area.

The black-robed figure turned and stabbed out tyrannically with his devil spear, the devil-might infused in his attack vibrating the void, shattering the ice and snow.

Yun Mengyu's palm wavered as the keening of sword howls rang out like a musical composition. Boundless sword-might gathered and in an instant Yun Mengyi stretched her hands, invoking beams of sword light to shoot downwards from the Heavens.

“Bzzz...”

A sword descended, startling even the Heavens and Earth, exploding forth with a brilliance so blinding that the world lost its luster.

The current Qin Wentian had already seen many extraordinary swordplay techniques before, but in spite of this, he was still badly shocked when Yun Mengyi unleashed her swordplay.

Her swordplay was simply breathtaking.

The black-robed figure didn't hesitate and stabbed out once again with his devil spear, aiming for Yun Mengyi's heart. The eyes of this black-robed figure were still as cold and detached as before, like the eyes of a corpse, blankly staring on without emotion, disregarding her sword attack.

“You...”

Yun Mengyi's countenance drastically changed, who would have thought that the black-robed figure would be this ruthless? If she continued on with her attack, there was no doubt that the both of them would definitely have died.

Soaring in the air, Yun Mengyi shifted her position and unleashed yet another attack, slashing downwards from the Heavens.

“This, Heavenly Swordplay...” Ouyang Kuangsheng's heart pounded. As a chosen of the Ouyang Clan, his talent and perspective were unquestionable.

Zhan Chen's strength was within his expectations, after all he was ranked #11 on the Heavenly Fate Ranking, and this was long before he obtained the inheritance of the Gold-Element Ascendant.

And now, a mysterious black-robed figure that cultivated the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil appeared.

And after that, Yun Mengyi had also showed up and the swordplay she had executed was none other than the Heavenly Swordplay!

Her swordplay technique also happened to be one of the nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia. And just like the Chaotic Art of the Devil, both arts had been lost to history. Who would have thought that they would be executed in front of his eyes today, one after another.

Even if he was the Ouyang Kuangsheng, he still felt a strong sense of worry regarding the ranking battle at the end of the year. He expected the ranking to bring with it countless confrontations, many unforeseen and unprecedented.

“Enough.”

Qin Wentian involuntarily berated when he saw them both continue to act so crazily. Abruptly, the black-robed figure retreated as Yun Mengyi also retracted her sword.

Such a scenario almost caused Ouyang Kuangsheng's heart to stop, as he speechlessly stared at Qin Wentian.

This pair in front of his eyes, one was a practitioner of the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil, while the other cultivated the Heavenly Swordplay. Yet with a single command from Qin Wentian, both of them actually halted?

Such an occurrence was unquestionably weird.

Even Qin Wentian was somewhat startled himself. A sharp glint of light flickered in his eyes, Yun Mengyi's identity was still unclear, and as for that black-robed figure that suddenly appeared to block Zhan Chen. Was it because he wanted to help him?

"Do you know me?" Qin Wentian asked the black-robed figure.

The eyes of the black-robed figure swept towards Qin Wentian, lingering for an instant before he abruptly turned and departed, leaving without a word.

Yun Mengyi wanted to chase after him, only to hear Qin Wentian say, "Stop right there."

Yun Mengyi halted her steps and glanced at Qin Wentian, who continued, "Who exactly are you, why are you following me?"

Her ice-like gaze glared at Qin Wentian as Yun Mengyi also left in silence. Her actions causing Qin Wentian to stand there awkwardly as he shrugged helplessly at Ouyang Kuangsheng.

He couldn't see through their intentions at all.

"Let us return first," Ouyang Kuangsheng suggested. The two of them left together and swiftly after, news of their earlier battle was circulated about. However, this time around, Qin Wentian was pushed to the back of everyone's mind. With the appearance of the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil, who would bother talking about Qin Wentian?

It was also remarked that a maiden clad in white was also seen executing the Heavenly Swordplay.

After Qin Wentian's return, the topic of Chu naturally came up when he was chatting with Luo Huan.

But regretfully, Luo Huan's knowledge regarding their home country was limited as well. She only knew that Chu Wuwei was doing his best to create an age of prosperity for Chu's citizens.

After a short while of chatting, Qin Wentian returned to his own courtyard.

The night was as black as ink, Qin Wentian sat cross-legged in his courtyard as he meditated in silence. The matter today had brought a rush of tumultuous emotions through his heart.

Mo Qingcheng was safe and sound, this naturally made him heave a sigh of relief. Seeing that she was doing well, Qin Wentian could also put his heart at ease.

But, seeing how powerful Zhan Chen was today made him feel the hint of a threat. Even more so when he realized that during their earlier battle, Zhan Chen hadn't completely unleashed his trump cards.

In addition, Yun Mengyi and the black-robed figure were on the same tier of power as Zhan Chen.

And one must also consider Yang Fan of the Star-Seizing Manor and Hua Feng from the Hua Clan; both of them would definitely be several times more powerful compared to the past. Their objectives were the same as Qin Wentian's, obtaining one of the top three positions in the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

Currently, Qin Wentian clutched several Yuan Meteor stones in his hands. He was prepared to use them for his cultivation.

Although Qin Wentian could fight evenly against an opponent two levels higher than him, when facing against a genius who was every bit as talented as he was and could utilize powerful innate techniques or unique skills, Qin Wentian didn't have absolute confidence on his chances for victory.

Hence, there was a need for him to cultivate even more powerful attacking techniques.

In terms of attack power, the Heaven Breaking Finger technique that the Gold-Element Ascendent left behind was one of the strongest that Qin Wentian had ever seen, however its consumption rate

of Yuan Meteor Stones was too terrifying, it wasn't suitable to be used frequently. And so far, other than the 81 stances of the demonic arts he learned in the Unmatched Realm, he still needed more powerful innate techniques as his trump cards.

And right now in his memory, there was one innate technique that was exceptionally powerful.

The Astral-Being was something left behind for him by that damn old fogey, and was also Qin Wentian's greatest secret. For the past two years, he had expended an astronomical amount of Yuan Meteor Stones to activate the memory fragments of the tiny Astral-Being. Other than gaining insights into the memories of his dad, he had also obtained the cultivation method of an exceptionally powerful innate technique.

The innate technique was named 'Heartbreak Echo'

Heartbreak, a technique equating to the heart getting pulverized, exterminated.

This technique required bell-type Divine Energy as well as a linkage with third-level Ancient Bell Divine Inscriptions before it could be executed.

Qin Wentian had actually started cultivating this particular technique since a long time ago. As of now, he had finally cleared the first difficult step which was to instantly inscribe a peak-tier, third-ranked Inscription of an Ancient Bell, to guarantee that this attack could be unleashed anytime as one heart's desired.

This was merely the first difficulty. The second difficulty was that one had to use the rhythm of their hearts to activate the attack. This technique, was unfathomably marvellous.

And currently, the candle flame blazed silently in Qin Wentian's heart, its rhythm synchronizing with the Divine Yuan energy within his body. This step was of immense difficulty, and it wasn't until late in the night before he finally accomplished this.

Rustling sounds could be heard coming from the courtyard, causing Qin Wentian to frown. Even in the midst of cultivation, his perception was still active. He snorted coldly, blasting out with his palms. An instant later, an illusory form of an Ancient Bell manifested in mid-air.

Yun Mengyi, who was leisurely strolling inside, suddenly felt a sense of terror clasp her heart. Her gaze froze when she saw the abrupt manifestation of that Ancient Bell, as she reacted instantly, sending out her palm to grab it.

“BOOM!”

The sound of a bell’s echo reverberated through the air. Yun Mengyi groaned as her heart pounded madly, it felt as though someone had just tried to pulverize her heart. Snapping her eyes wide-open, her countenance trembled as she stared at Qin Wentian in shock.

What innate technique was that? She didn’t understand how she’d been attacked.

“What are you here for?” Qin Wentian opened his eyes as he glanced at Yun Mengyi.

Yun Mengyi’s countenance turned icy as she returned his gaze, “What was that innate technique?”

“Heartbreak Echo.” Qin Wentian calmly replied.

“Heartbreak? It’s truly powerful” Yun Mengyi commented, “If your cultivation base was at the eighth level of Yuanfu, then even with my defensive technique, I wouldn’t be able to last long against the unrelentless echoing of the bells.”

Qin Wentian didn’t say anything more, he only stared at Yun Mengyi. It was already so late in the night, why had Yun Mengyi come over to his residence?

“Although my beauty isn’t unrivalled, I’m still considered a ravishing woman. Why are you so against me?” Yun Mengyi unhappily asked, she couldn’t help herself when she saw Qin Wentian’s emotionless countenance.

Qin Wentian started, he didn’t think that the ice-cold Yun Mengyi would be capable of uttering such words.

“Your character seems to have changed. Unlike the Yun Mengyi whom I once knew.” Qin Wentian’s voice remained unperturbed.

“I was only feigning indifference. If you really are in love with me, then I don’t mind giving myself to you.” A warm smile suffused Yun Mengyi’s face, as she languidly approached Qin Wentian. With slow deliberation, she gently pushed the outer layer of clothing off her shoulders, allowing it to

slide down her back. Her beautiful alabaster shoulders were displayed before his eyes, revealing an alluring collarbone. It was hard to imagine a more beautiful sight to see.

Qin Wentian frowned, what in the world was going on? Why was Yun Mengyi behaving like a crazed woman?

“What do you really want?” Qin Wentian coldly interjected.

At his words, Yun Mengyi loosened her hold on her outer clothing, allowing it to fall and pool around her feet. She sauntered over to Qin Wentian, gracefully lowering her exquisite figure as she sat down beside him. She leaned closer, pressing her soft body against his as she whispered, “Is your heart still unmoved? Do you not feel anything towards me?”

Qin Wentian turned to face her, placing both his hands on Yun Mengyi’s soft shoulders. He could clearly feel the coldness on her skin, his gaze trailing over her tempting collarbone before shifting up to meet her eyes. Yun Mengyi couldn’t help but smile at what she saw.

“No.” Qin Wentian’s hand moved as Yun Mengyi’s white-colored outer clothing flew over. With an impressive flourish, he placed the clothing back over Yun Mengyi’s shoulders as he stated, just as emotionless as before, “If there’s nothing else, please refrain from disturbing my cultivation.”

Yun Mengyi blushed, feeling her cheeks turning warm with embarrassment. She immediately stood up, flicked her sleeves and left without another word. It wasn’t clear what she was blaming him for; his stupidity or his insensitivity!

#### Chapter 343: Seven Grand Clans of Grand Xia

Qin Wentian watched on as Yun Mengyi departed the area. Despite his outer serene appearance, his heart couldn’t help but feel a little chaotic. Yun Mengyi’s beauty was just a shade less when compared to Mo Qingcheng and Qing`er, so how could a young hot-blooded man like Qin Wentian remain unmoved? After all, he was still someone who hadn’t tasted the sweetness experienced during the union of a man and woman.

However, his temperament was different compared to others, and hence, he could restrain himself, albeit with some difficulty. But still, Yun Mengyi’s actions... the mystery that was this woman, was getting harder and harder to decipher. She was like an enigma, a black cloud that was blocking his vision.

After spending another moment in contemplation, Qin Wentian shrugged and went back to cultivating quietly. He had to prepare even more trump cards before the ranking battles began. Only then would he have the capability to contend against other demon-level talents.

The second morning, the various major powers received an invitation from the Chen Clan, inviting the cultivators of the younger generation to gather over at Chen Estate for an exchange.

And this matter seemed to have come about because of the young master of Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, Ouyang Kuangsheng. It was rumoured that Ouyang Kuangsheng was audacious to the extent that he stormed the Chen Clan's gate, saying that he wished to spar against the younger generations of the Great Solar Chen Clan, all in order to witness the mighty Great Solar Universe Art.

Hence, the Great Solar Chen Clan issued invites to the various transcendent powers. Other than the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, they also invited the Shi Clan from the Ginkou Continent, Pill Emperor Hall and Hua Clan from the Moon Continent, Wang Clan from the War Continent and the Swallow Swordsmen from the Yan Continent.

This made many people muse that the Great Solar Chen Clan was up to something. They seemed to have another motive in mind as they invited the younger generations of the various powers.

Among the transcendent powers, there were nine that were considered to be the strongest.

These nine powers respectively were:

Ginkou Continent: Venerate Heavens Sect, Great Solar Chen Clan, Shi Clan

Moon Continent: Pill Emperor Hall, Hua Clan;

War Continent: Wang Clan

Azure Continent: Ouyang Aristocrat Clan

Demon Continent: Skydemon Sect

Yan Continent: Swallow Swordsmen



And out of all nine of them, those from Ginkou were termed the strongest transcendent powers, with those from the Moon Continent coming in second. And for the invitation this time around, seven out of nine of the strongest transcendent powers had all been invited, with the exception of the Venerate Heavens Sect and the Skydemon Sect.

The Venerate Heavens Sect had a unique status, being the party that dictated the rankings on Grand Xia. Once, a long time ago, the founder of the Venerate Heavens Sect was directly in charge of the guardians. The Venerate Heavens Sect had many mystical abilities, including the capability to foretell the luck and destiny of the Empire. It was rumored that if the insurrection of the rebels back then didn't have the support of the Venerate Heavens Sect, it would have been impossible for them to succeed. The Venerate Heavens Sect were able to pry into the depths of the future from observing the movements of the stars and were skilled in their readings of signs and omens. Naturally, they had seen many things and had already predicted what was to come.

From this, many speculated that one of the nine traitors had been none other than the founder of the Venerate Heavens Sect.

And as for the invitations recently issued out, aside from the Ouyang Aristocratic Clan, the rest of the guest list included five other transcendent powers that were supposedly founded by members of that group of traitors.

From this, one could infer that the gathering in the Chen Clan this time around, could also be said to be a gathering of the nine traitors that belonged to the Nine Grand Clans in Ancient Grand Xia.

Presently, those from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan were making their way to the Great Solar Chen Clan.

Qin Wentian and Ouyang Kuangsheng discussed that very topic as they proceeded to the Chen Clan. Qin Wentian couldn't help but feel something rocking his heart. After all, he was the one that witnessed the final scene at the top of the Heavenly Stele Platform, the scene where the nine traitorous subjects intended to make a move on Princess Tianyu. Qin Wentian wondered, the middle-aged man in charge of the operation, the vile beast that felt up Princess Tianyu, which among the Nine Grand Clans had he belonged to?

“The Nine Grand Clans of Ancient Grand Xia, dwindled down to seven in the current era. As for those seven, they all hold positions among the nine supreme transcendent powers in Grand Xia.” Qin Wentian mused.

Currently, out of the nine supreme transcendent powers, only the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Skydemon Sect hadn't been founded by the nine traitors.

“Of course they're strong enough to claim seven out of the nine positions. If it weren't for the annihilation of those two Grand Clans, the nine supreme transcendent powers would undoubtedly still be the Nine Grand Clans.” Ouyang Kuangsheng shook his head as he replied, “ My Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and the Skydemon Sect eventually stepped up as part of the nine supreme powers, but in a proper ranking, we would definitely be ranked amongst the last.”

“The Nine Grand Clans were based in separate locations, each of them in control of a different region in Ancient Grand Xia. Later on, something inconceivable occurred; someone or something had annihilated the strongest of the Nine Grand Clans, for reasons that still remain unknown. After that, the Venerate Heavens Sect, Great Solar Chen Clan, and Shi Clan relocated to the Ginkou Continent; the Hua Clan moved to the Moon Continent, and along with the changes brought by time, everything then transformed into the Grand Xia we know today.”

Ouyang Kuangsheng recited this passage that had been drilled into his memories at a young age. He then sighed, “The current Grand Xia can no longer be considered an Empire. The powers are too dispersed, with everyone vying for power. It's impossible for Grand Xia to be united under one banner ever again.”

“The power of Ancient Grand Xia was too terrifying to imagine. The Pill Refiner Grand Clan became the Pill Emperor Hall of today, the Weapon Forger Grand Clan became the Wang Clan of the War Continent; the Venerate Heavens Pavilion became the Venerate Heavens Sect, and as for the other Grand Clans that specialised in combat, they became the Chen Clan, Shi Clan and Swallows Swordsmen of Yan respectively. If it weren't for the gradual decline of the Nine Grand Clans over the course of several thousand years, they would never have permitted other transcendent powers to rise up.”

“But Stellar Martial Cultivators should grow stronger as time passes. Why did their power grow weaker instead?” Fan Le asked seriously, listening attentively by the side.

“We can only speculate, but maybe the true powerhouses back then had already reached an unfathomable level in their cultivations and then left Grand Xia for other places. No one knows for sure.”

Ouyang Kuangsheng also didn't know, it was just a casual guess on his part. Qin Wentian and the others nodded, his speculations seemed highly plausible.

“Isn’t this just like Chu and Grand Xia? If Chu was as powerful as Grand Xia, we wouldn’t have the need to leave Chu to roam Grand Xia. If that was the case, this could mean that outside of Grand Xia, there are even more terrifying places,” Chu Mang murmured.

Were there even limits on the pathway of cultivation? How vast was this world they existed in? Were the truly strong exactly as described in the fabled legends? Able to shatter the Heavens and Earth, able to steal the moon and seize the stars.

As their conversation concluded, they reached the exterior of the Chen Estate. Upon arriving, all of them descended onto the ground, as a way of showing respect to the Chen Clan.

As a gracious host, the Chen Clan had long arranged for people to stand at the entrance to welcome the guests within.

“Oh... someone’s going to meet his little lover soon, aren’t you excited?” Luo Huan teased as they entered the premises. She knew of the recent news regarding Mo Qingcheng, and back then she had always loved to tease the two of them. Who would have thought they would become a couple today? Sadly, there seemed to be mountains of obstacles between them trying prevent their union.

“Senior Sister, stop teasing me,” Qin Wentian replied in a low voice. Their group arrived at an island in the middle of a lake, it was undoubtedly the location the Chen Clan had chosen to host the gathering. Beautiful women could be seen dancing and playing the zither on boats sailing around the lakes, providing a beautiful melody that enriched the atmosphere and was a joy to the senses.

The island was of a considerable size and there was even a battle arena set up in the centre of it.

At this moment, as the members of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan arrived, a middle-aged man walked out and greeted, “The austere presence of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan brings light and grace to our humble dwellings.”

“Brother Chen is too polite.” The one leading the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan today was none other than Ouyang Kuangsheng’s second uncle, Ouyang Long. His face was filled with smiles as he respectfully clasped his hands towards their host.

“There are a fair number of guests in my humble abode today. Should there be anything lacking in my hosting duties, I pray that brother Ouyang will not take offense. Come, let me have someone lead you to your allocated seats.” The elder from the Chen Clan then summoned an attendant to escort the Ouyang Clan. Ouyang Long smiled as he replied, “Brother Chen, please be at ease.”

After Ouyang Long and the rest were seated, several pairs of eyes glanced their way. The other transcendent powers all had people from the Chen Clan personally playing host to them, with the exception of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan.

How could such a detail escape the eyes of those from the Ouyang Clan. Traces of unhappiness could be seen in their expression—it was as though the Chen Clan purposely wanted to antagonize them.

Although the words of greetings were spoken politely, their actions showed not a modicum of respect.

At this moment, Qin Wentian could feel a sharp gaze boring down on him. As he shifted his eyes over, he discovered that the owner of that sharp gaze was none other than Wang Xiao. His girlfriend, Qiao Xuan, from the Mystic Maiden Palace, had also accompanied him, in order to widen her perspective in this gathering of the supreme transcendent powers of Grand Xia.

Aside from the Chen Clan, the other six supreme powers that originated from the seven remaining Grand Clans were all present today.

“The Wang Clan of the War Continent lives up to their reputation indeed. What a sharp aura.” Qin Wentian mused as he turned his gaze onto Wang Xiao and his group.

After that, he turned his gaze to the side as he saw a group of swordsmen clad in white, with ancient swords strapped upon their backs. These people should be the Swallow Swordsmen from the Yan Continent, a power that focused only on swords.

Those from Hua Clan, and the Pill Emperor Hall had also arrived.

Right now, his eyes riveted onto Luo He who was currently speaking with the elder leading the Hua Clan.

The Hua Clan obviously wanted to better their relations with the Pill Emperor Hall, indicating their interest in forming an alliance through a marriage engagement.

Luo He somehow sensed Qin Wentian's gaze on her, she turned her head and instantly focused her eyes on him. Her gaze couldn't help but sharpen the moment she saw him, as Qin Wentian felt a huge pressure pressing down on him. Luo He's countenance obviously become icier the moment she noticed his appearance.

Because this young man was the one that ruled the heart and thoughts of her disciple. Even as her Master, her position in Mo Qingcheng's heart couldn't be compared with Qin Wentian's.

"Qin Wentian." Standing beside Luo He, Zhan Chen's eyes flashed with a sharp glimmer of golden light. He didn't bother trying to mask his killing intent.

Within moments, those from the Hua Clan also turned their gazes onto Qin Wentian. Was this the person who slayed Hua Xiaoyun?

The eyes that stared at Qin Wentian were as cold as ice. It was as though they were looking at someone deceased instead.

In truth, nobody in the Hua Clan, other than Hua Xiaoyun's immediate family, cared about his death. Hua Xiaoyun was a wastrel, a useless silk pants young master that often created trouble outside. His death was seen as a good thing in the eyes of many.

Despite their indifference towards Hua Xiaoyun's death, Qin Wentian's act of killing one of their own still brought a great deal of shame to their Hua Clan.

But of course, they wouldn't do anything about it. Because even as they stood aside, there was still one person who would make sure Qin Wentian dies.

Hua Taixu, who had always doted on his younger brother, would definitely not allow Qin Wentian to live for too long.

With him around, Qin Wentian would definitely die.

Other than Zhan Chen, over in the direction of the Chen Clan's members, Chen Ran's gaze towards Qin Wentian was also exceptionally cold, yet he didn't dare to brazenly reveal his killing intent. After all, he had been defeated by Qin Wentian, his face torn to shreds in front of so many people. He didn't have the face to seek Qin Wentian for revenge, because, he knew undoubtedly he would be defeated again.

How could he request help from his clan by telling them that a nobody beat a chosen of the Great Solar Chen Clan, even after using the Great Solar Universe Art?

As usual, Qin Wentian's countenance remained composed, with no fluctuations of any kind affecting it. Simply based on what Hua Xiaoyun had tried to do to Mo Qingcheng, even if time reversed and he were given the choice once more, he would still choose to slay Hua Xiaoyun without hesitation. This matter wouldn't affect the state of his heart.

As for Zhan Chen, his true character was extremely ruthless, he was a person determined to achieve his goals using any means, be it fair or foul. He could even kill his lover for his own gain, and now that he wanted to kill Qin Wentian, shouldn't Qin Wentian want to kill Zhan Chen as well?

Outside the entrance of the corridor leading to the island, yet another group of silhouettes walked over. They were the last transcendent power to arrive—members from the Shi Clan.

The eyes of the cultivators from the Shi Clan were all incredibly fiend-like. Their long hair that fluttered in the wind was an inky black, as the demonic aura they exuded, even when suppressed, was still overwhelming.

“Rumor has it that members of the Shi Clan possess the bloodline of an ancient primordial beast. They're natural-born fighters that followed the Ancient Emperor back then when he moved to conquer Grand Xia,” Ouyang Kuangsheng explained in a low voice, his words causing bewilderment to flash past Qin Wentian's face. The Shi Clan actually possessed the bloodline of an ancient primordial beast?!

#### Chapter 344: Strongest Contender

The Shi Clan involuntarily reminded Qin Wentian of himself.

There were two kinds of bloodlines existing in his body. One of them seemed to be the bloodline of an ancient primordial beast emperor. And despite his current cultivation base at the seventh level of Yuanfu, he still hadn't fully excavated the complete secrets of his bloodline.

Two powerful bloodlines, his potential was endless, but it depended on him to uncover the secrets of his bloodline step by step.

The cultivators from the Shi Clan sat in their allocated seats. After everyone had settled down, several servants prepared good food and fragrant wine, setting up a banquet table in front of the

crowd. The atmosphere was extremely relaxed, akin to that of a dinner party, there wasn't any hint of fire powder in the air.

The various transcendent powers mingled and interacted harmoniously and no one looking at them now would think that they'd fought amongst themselves for several thousands of years.

"Seeing how all of you were able to give face and grace us with your presence, this matter is our honor. The younger generations are always destined to replace the older ones and seeing so many talented young cultivators among the group, I can't help but feel gratified in my heart." Around the Chen Clan's circle, their leader was clad in luxurious robes emblazoned with an image of a giant sun.

"Brother Hua, has Nephew Taixu come as well?" The middle-aged man from the Chen Clan glanced in the direction of Hua Clan as he inquired. With regards to those with talent from the younger generation, Hua Taixu was ranked first. At the Yuanfu Realm, he had already dominated Grand Xia for many years.

"Taixu is trying to break through. If nothing goes wrong, he should step into the second level of Heavenly Dipper in a few days time." A person from the Hua Clan replied with a smile that was laced with faint traces of pride. His words caused everyone to be slightly stunned, no wonder Hua Taixu was ranked first in the Heavenly Fate Ranking, he had already broken through to Heavenly Dipper and was now trying to step into the second level. Undoubtedly, the distance between him and those behind him, were gradually getting further and further away.

"Haha, seems like for the younger generation, Hua Taixu will surely become the leader of the Hua Clan." The person from the Chen Clan laughed. With Hua Taixu's radiance, he had long overshadowed those in the same generation as him, and even outshone some of his elders. Hua Taixu would definitely become the clan lord of the Hua Clan sooner or later.

"Isn't Nephew Chen Wang the same as well?" The elder from Hua Clan politely stated.

Chen Wang from the Great Solar Chen Clan was ranked second in the Heavenly Fate Rankings. His name was Chen Wang (Chen King), and it was rumored that this was not his original name but a name given to him after he'd proved himself through countless combat, ultimately signifying the hope his clan placed on him.

"He's not that good, he's still in the realm of Yuanfu and has yet to breakthrough." The elder from Chen Clan laughed as he waved his hands, yet a faint trace of discontent could be seen from his countenance.

“Since Nephew Chen Wang chose to remain at the pinnacle of Yuanfu, he surely has his own plans.” The elder from Hua Clan casually laughed. He received news that Chen Wang already had the ability to step inside Heavenly Dipper quite some time ago, but for some reason, he was suppressing his cultivation base and limiting it to the pinnacle of Yuanfu.

“How about Nephew Shi Potian?” The elder from Chen Clan changed the topic as he turned his gaze onto the Shi Clan.

Shi Potian ranked third on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

“Same as Chen Wang, all those ranked behind him have already broken through to Heavenly Dipper yet he’s still at the pinnacle of Yuanfu,” someone from the Shi Clan indifferently replied.

As for the words, ‘those behind him’, the man was referring to the fourth ranker on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, Jing Wu from the Venerate Heavens Sect. “Hehe.” Those from the Chen Clan casually laughed, “I wonder if Emperor Azure, ranked fifth in the Heavenly Rankings has broken through or not. The Azure Emperor Palace has grown increasingly secretive in the last few years.”

“We shouldn’t bother ourselves too much on matters of the younger generations.. We will merely be spectators in the ranking battle at the end of the year,” Luo He calmly interjected, momentarily turning her gaze in the direction of her Pill Emperor Hall after she spoke.

“Luo He is right, the strongest contenders among the younger generations that are participating in the ranking battle are all here today. We only need to spectate in silence and enjoy their battle.” The middle-aged man from the Chen Clan gave a casual laugh, yet despite his attitude, the transcendent powers of Grand Xia all took the battle for positions on the Heavenly Fate Rankings extremely seriously.

In Grand Xia, there had always been a saying “The ranking battle for the Heavenly Fate Ranking had a strong connection with the luck and destiny of Grand Xia”. For transcendent powers with outstanding disciples, the higher they were ranked, that stronger their respective groups would be in the future.

For the clans and sects that had been founded by the Seven Grand Clans, they had occupied the core regions of Grand Xia for countless years. And among them, the transcendent powers from Ginkou were the strongest.



“Luo He, I’ve heard that your recently accepted disciple, Mo Qingcheng, has a Seven Apertures Mystical Heart, with a peerless countenance to match. I believe many of us here are curious about her, so why didn’t you bring her along today?” Someone turned to Luo He and asked.

“That lass is focusing on her cultivation and she doesn’t like crowds,” Luo He indifferently waved the comment aside, but an instant later, her countenance stiffened as though she sensed something. She faked a smile and replied, “But today, she’ll be paying her respects to the elders here.”

As the sound of her voice faded, a few silhouettes soared through the air, in the direction of the island. The maiden in the lead was clad in white, with an unmatched elegance and a flawless countenance.

The males in the crowd instantly froze, even elder-level figures stared in silence, awed by her beauty. No wonder even a genius at the level of Hua Taixu would be smitten by her. Such a maiden, with her excellent aptitude and talent, how could anyone not feel goodwill towards her?

How could the hearts of the disciples from the younger generations still be unmoved when even their elders were so affected?

All humans loved beautiful things, regardless if one was a talented genius or mediocre and incompetent. There were no exceptions.

Luo Huan tugged on Qin Wentian’s arms, causing him to smile painfully as he glanced at her. “Senior Sister, please don’t cause trouble.”

“She’s even more beautiful compared to before, could it be true that cultivation has the effect of enhancing one’s beauty? Seems like I need to work harder too.” Luo Huan laughed teasingly. Currently Mo Qingcheng exuded an aura of holiness.

Mo Qingcheng landed and walked towards the direction of the Pill Emperor Palace as she greeted, “Master.”

“Mhm, Qingcheng, quickly come and greet the elders.” Luo He nodded slightly. Mo Qingcheng turned to the crowd and bowed delicately, each and every movement was laced with exquisiteness and elegance, stirring people’s hearts. Countless young men followed her smallest of gestures, as though they had found the woman of their dreams.

“Qingcheng greets the elders,” Mo Qingcheng stated in a low voice. After which, she sat down beside Luo He and turned her gaze in the direction of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan. Upon seeing Qin Wentian gazing at her, a mischievous glint of light involuntarily flickered in her eyes. This reaction startled Qin Wentian, as a warmth flowed into his heart. That expression in her eyes brought him back to memories past.

Several young men rubbed their eyes, that reaction of Mo Qingcheng earlier, had they seen wrongly?

“Luo He, congratulations on accepting such a fine disciple. I wonder if she already has someone in her heart? If there’s no one yet, maybe I can introduce some of the Chen Clan’s more outstanding talents from the younger generations?” The elder from the Chen Clan smiled.

Before Luo He could comment, Mo Qingcheng replied, “Elder, I already have someone in my heart.”

“Oh?” The expression on the Chen Clan’s elder face faltered for a second. Could it be that Mo Qingcheng had fallen for Hua Taixu? But taking into consideration Hua Taixu’s talent, both of them were truly a match made in Heaven.

Of course, she could be referring to Zhan Chen. Since both of them were from the Pill Emperor Hall, they could be considered as fellow disciples.

Familiarity breeds fondness, there wasn’t anything strange about that.

“I wonder which young hero has the luck to catch the eye of Miss Mo.” The elder from the Chen Clan laughed.

“All of you will know of him after the ranking battle at the end of the year.” Mo Qingcheng smiled as she replied, her words causing many to break into astonishment. In that case, it wasn’t Hua Taixu?

Not only that, it didn’t even sound like it was Zhan Chen.

“Let’s stop discussing this matter for now,” Luo He quietly commented, feeling a little unhappy.

“Mhm.” The middle-aged elder from Chen Clan nodded. Shifting his gaze in the direction of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, he asked. “Back then Nephew Ouyang proposed an exchange of pointers between the younger generations of the Ouyang Clan and my Great Solar Chen Clan. This was also the reason why I invited all of you here today. Aside from improving relations between us all, we

can take a look at the talented elites of our younger generations that are currently not on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.”

Chen Wang, Shi Potian and the rest hadn't come today. Evidently, they had no intention of competing for a false glory of any sorts, they wanted to save their trump cards for the ranking battle at the end of the year. That place would be their real stage.

And Ouyang Kuangsheng was only at the seventh level of Yuanfu, if he wished to exchanged pointers, the Chen Clan would naturally oblige him.

“Would all of you be interested in letting the younger generations spar?” The Chen Clan elder smiled as he gazed at the crowd.

“How?” someone from the Wang Clan inquired.

“Since Nephew Ouyang's cultivation base is at the seventh level of Yuanfu, why not all of us select some members of our respective sects or clans and see which among them in the younger generations is stronger? How about it?” The elder from the Chen Clan laughed as he continued, “In any case, exchanging pointers between the younger generations is only to liven things up, there's no need to make matters too serious.”

“Sure, should we have some sort of reward to spur them on?” someone in the crowd asked.

“Why not? How about this, the final victor can propose a request to the other powers. As long as the request isn't unreasonable, and there's no objection from that power, we will allow that request. Any objections?” The elder from the Chen Clan cast his gaze around. The leaders of the various powers all nodded, a spar between the younger generations would indeed liven things up. But the Chen Clan's plan today left no doubts that they wanted the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan to be humiliated.

They clearly knew that in the Chen Clan, other than Chen Wang, there was another demon-level talent currently at the seventh level of Yuanfu.

“Since everyone has agreed, quickly select the combatants. Those who are selected shall fight atop the battle arena.” As the sound of his voice faded, two figures walked out in the direction of the Chen Clan as they proceeded up the arena.

“As expected, it's Chen Zhan.” The gazes of the crowd turned sharp when they saw whom the Chen Clan sent out. The combat prowess of Chen Zhan was so terrifying to the extent that he could war against someone at the ninth level of Yuanfu. His comprehension, in addition to the power of the Great Sun Universe Art, was too domineering.

“Will you assist me?” Ouyang Kuangsheng gazed at Qin Wentian. For this battle, if Qin Wentian accompanied him, there wouldn’t be any suspense.

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian nodded slightly. After hearing the words from the Chen Clan’s elder, he had already decided that he had to participate in this battle.

He would propose his own request. It was extremely simple, but also exceptionally important to him.

The two of them exchanged glances for a second before breaking out into laughter as they continued forwards and stepped up the battle arena. As for the combatants from the other six powers, they too, advanced forwards.

Wang Xiao naturally was among them. His gaze wasn’t fixated onto Chen Zhan of the Chen Clan but rather, he was glaring at Qin Wentian. He knew that there was a high probability that Qin Wentian was even more terrifying compared to Chen Zhan.

Even before enduring the baptism of the Heavenly Stele, Qin Wentian was already strong enough to injure Situ Po in a duel. Now, after experiencing the Heavenly Stele, Wang Xiao couldn’t even accurately gauge how strong the current Qin Wentian was. The only thing he was sure of was that Qin Wentian would definitely be countless times more stronger when compared to before. It seemed that the Chen Clan’s plans were already destined to fall to pieces.

“Qin Wentian, you dared to kill a member of my Hua Clan. Hmph, I’m going to teach you a lesson today.” In the direction of the Hua Clan, a young man coldly snorted. Qin Wentian couldn’t even be bothered to cast a glance at him.

The combatants, regardless of which power they were from, all exuded a powerful aura. At this moment, as the middle-aged elder from the Chen Clan was about to state the rules...

“Ouyang, I don’t wish to waste any more time.” Qin Wentian added in a low voice, his words causing Ouyang Kuangsheng to start. What was this fellow planning?

But Qin Wentian pulled Ouyang Kuangsheng along as he advanced a step forward. “Since, the characters of our generation wish to battle, what’s the point if we don’t aim to be the strongest?”

The countenance of the crowd froze as they stared at Qin Wentian. What did this brat mean?

After which, Qin Wentian continued, "There's no need for any rules. All of you, just come at us together."

Ouyang Kuangsheng's heart trembled. This fellow... but truth be told, to Qin Wentian, fighting against opponents of the same level really didn't have any meaning to it!

Tl Note:

Chen Wang: Chen is a surname, Wang means King.

Chen Zhan: Chen is a surname, Zhan means battle/war.

Chapter 345: Qin Wentian's request

After hearing Qin Wentian's serene command, the atmosphere turned so completely silent one could hear a pin drop.

Ouyang Kuangsheng was the one who proposed an exchange against the younger generations of the Great Solar Chen Clan. And for the sparring match today, the Chen Clan wanted to use this opportunity to sorely humiliate Ouyang Kuangsheng. Yet who would have thought that the young man beside Ouyang Kuangsheng was even more brazen than him, arrogantly claiming, you guys come at me together.

Those that stood on the battle arena may have cultivation bases at the seventh level of Yuanfu, but if one wanted to measure their combat prowess, any one of them could jump levels and defeat opponents, easily slaying opponents at the eighth level of Yuanfu.

Of the six transcendent powers, twelve disciples were elected. Among these, some might have missed out on the ranking battle at the end of the year due to their lower cultivation bases, unable to become the blazing suns of their generations this year, they could still showcase their performance here, enabling their respective sects or clans to gain a little glory. Yet, this young man was now completely disregarding them.

"Who might you be?" Chen Zhan from the Great Solar Chen Clan asked.

He wasn't familiar with this person.

And of those present in the crowd, other than the Hua Clan and the Pill Emperor Hall from the Moon Continent, the majority of the people here didn't know who Qin Wentian was.

Perhaps it was because this was the first time he had chosen to reveal himself to the many major powers. And considering his potential, it wouldn't be the last.

And at this moment, the people here still didn't realize that from today onwards, the young man standing in front of them would be the embodiment of the raging tempest that would embroil Grand Xia in the future.

“Qin Wentian.”

In a calm voice, he issued out his name, as the radiance of the Great Solar Art flashed upon Chen Zhan's countenance, akin to a flaming ball of fire.

Chen Zhan took a step forward, and the might of this footstep caused the entire battle arena to quake as he bathed in the eye-piercing radiance of the sun. “Arrogant punk, you don't know how high the Heavens are and how wide the Earth is. The two of us from Chen Clan will fight against you two first.”

The others didn't make a move. To them, ganging up on Qin Wentian wasn't some glorious thing, and Chen Zhan's combat prowess was extremely outstanding. Since he wanted to fight, then let him fight first then. Let Chen Zhan ascertain how strong Qin Wentian was before they themselves did anything.

Qin Wentian clenched his fist as he walked forward. At the same time, Ouyang Kuangsheng also moved to the centre of the battle arena.

“Hurry it up.” Swirls of energy gathered around Qin Wentian's fist, as bursts of demonic qi exuded from him.

“BOOM!” Chen Zhan stepped forwards as he stared at Qin Wentian, unleashing the Great Solar Energy within him, as an overwhelming pressure swept out. Everyone in the crowd could clearly sense the scorching temperature in the surroundings.

Abruptly, Chen Zhan soared up to the sky and stood there. Beams of sunlight cascaded downwards, enveloping him in an armor made of sun-flames. Momentarily, nine Great Solar Universe Swords cleaved downwards with the speed of a raging tornado.

“DIE!”

The Great Solar Universe Swords chopped down, leaving nine trails of light behind them, all targeted at Qin Wentian.

He wanted to let everyone know that he was Chen Zhan, of the Great Solar Chen Clan.

Qin Wentian had a fiend-like smile on his face. He glanced up at Chen Zhan as he flew upwards in the skies as well, disregarding the nine solar swords. He rotated his palms and blasted out, covering the entire skies with his palm shadows, directly destroying the Great Solar Universe Swords.

Chen Zhan's countenance fell, but from that display of strength, he still didn't think Qin Wentian was his match.

Instantly, a terrifying gaze penetrated through his eyes. Chen Zhan felt stabbing pains in his sea of consciousness, as though his head was about to split apart. In front of the crowd's gaze, Qin Wentian stepped out and instantly appeared before Chen Zhan. The Great Solar Energy within Chen Zhan's body burst forth, but his attempt at defense was useless; with a single punch, Qin Wentian sent Chen Zhan flying off the arena, who howled madly with pain and rage.

"Plop." Chen Zhan was blasted right into the lake.

"Suppression using pure strength!"

The eyes of the spectators all gleamed with a bright light. They all understood that Qin Wentian used his advantage in strength to overwhelm Zhan Chen.

In front of absolute strength, all other methods were meaningless.

Strength was an irresistible force. One could potentially break all innate techniques, but only with the prerequisite that one had sufficient strength.

Meanwhile, Ouyang Kuangsheng fought against the other young man from the Chen Clan. Similarly, he enjoyed total advantage, advancing towards his opponents step by step before ending things with a single punch.

The Ouyang Aristocrat Clan won an overwhelming victory against the Great Solar Chen Clan.

At this moment all the spectators understood. If they were to compare the younger generations with a seventh level cultivation base, no one would be able to match up against the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan.

Yet Qin Wentian had no intentions of stopping now. He soared downwards, his eyes fixated on Wang Xiao. “Scram.”

As the sound of his voice faded, Wang Xiao felt a terrifying pressure boring down on him. His countenance drastically changed as boundless sharpness exploded forth from him. Wang Xiao and the other young man from the Wang Clan soared upwards to meet Qin Wentian, only to see Qin Wentian blasting out an incomparably huge demonic ape’s palm. It slammed into their bodies, hurling the Wang Clan duo through the air.

“Bzzz...” A raging wind billowed as five to six silhouettes rushed together towards Qin Wentian, their Astral Souls unleashed. At the same time, the remaining two cultivators also rushed Ouyang Kuangsheng.

Seeing how dominant Qin Wentian was, they knew that if they continued waiting, none of them would have a chance at all.

In the middle of the air, as he serenely watched the group of people rushing at him, Qin Wentian stood there with his arms crossed, with no intentions of moving aside.

In the next instant, the group of cultivators arrived beside him, and an array of terrifying innate techniques were executed. Qin Wentian indifferently looked on, responding with a single palm strike.

“BOOM!”

An echo of an ancient bell reverberated through the air. Those near to Qin Wentian all felt their hearts pounding violently, almost to the point of getting pulverized. With groans of pain, blood leaked out the corners of their mouth.

“BOOM!”



Another echo reverberated. Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered as demonic qi shot up the skies and he started to unleash his attacks.

"Bam, bam, bam..."

In a single breath of time, Qin Wentian's palm strike landed upon all his attackers—none of them could successfully defend themselves from him.

The proud young man stood in the air, emanating an unmatched aura, giving the spectators an impression that they were currently in a dream.

A sentence involuntarily came into the minds of those spectating. "Unrivalled among peers."

With such combat prowess, Qin Wentian could truly be considered peerless among those at the seventh level of Yuanfu.

The countenance of the major powers all subtly changed, becoming increasingly grave. Only those from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan had smiles upon their faces. Apparently, Ouyang Kuangsheng's was right to make his decision. The young man that dared to abuse Ouyang Ting in her own backyard was truly a character that wasn't the slightest bit weaker compared to him.

Over there, only Duan Qingshan and Ouyang Ting were unhappy. At this moment, Qin Wentian's magnificence was like a slap to the face. How did he become so powerful this fast?

In the direction of the Pill Emperor Hall, Luo He's eyes flashed with a glint of sharpness. This young lad was truly extraordinary. No wonder Qingcheng found it so difficult to forget him.

Qin Wentian had the bearing of a Hua Taixu of yesteryear.

Effortlessly suppressing those on the same level as him, unrivalled throughout Grand Xia among his peers. There was no suspense, the first ranking of the Heavenly Fate Ranking would undoubtedly belong to him when he stepped into the ninth level of Yuanfu.

Mo Qingcheng's beautiful eyelashes fluttered. If that was the case, she was filled with even more confidence in Qin Wentian, he would definitely be able to defeat Zhan Chen.

Below on the arena, Ouyang Kuangsheng had already defeated the two attackers. But sadly, his radiance was overshadowed by Qin Wentian's.

Qin Wentian landed on the arena and stood side by side with Ouyang Kuangsheng. Ouyang Kuangsheng laughed and stated, "Elders, the request will be made by my brother Qin Wentian. I hope all of you will keep your word."

"If his request isn't too unreasonable, we won't reject it." The countenance of the Chen Clan's elder was ice-cold. After seeing one of the core members of his own clan getting smashed, how could he still maintain a smiling expression?

Only to see Qin Wentian's gaze directed onto Luo He. "Junior's request: I hope that Senior Luo He will allow me to speak privately with Mo Qingcheng for an hour. I believe my request isn't considered too excessive."

Luo He and Zhan Chen's countenance stiffened, and Zhan Chen hurriedly interjected, "Martial Aunt, Junior Sister Qingcheng is pure as jade, a daughter of the Heavens. How can we let her meet others alone?"

The various powers all displayed expressions of puzzlement on their faces. This young man had gone all out to perform with such dazzling skill, all because he couldn't withstand the temptation of beauty? Acting so arrogantly to prove his strength for an hour's date with Mo Qingcheng. How interesting.

But regardless of how outstanding Qin Wentian was, it was only a fool's dream if he hoped to woo Mo Qingcheng.

"An hour. I don't have any problems with his request, Master." Mo Qingcheng obediently replied, appearing afraid of the fact that if she rejected, it would make things difficult for Luo He. Yet how could Luo He not understand Mo Qingcheng's true thoughts..

"Senior Luo He." This agreement was made in the presence and with the approval of all elder-level figures. Now that Mo Qingcheng herself has agreed, I don't see a reason for Senior to continue hesitating," Ouyang Kuangsheng cut to the chase and interjected. Luo He grimaced as she added, "You are not to go too far from here."

“Disciple understands.” Mo Qingcheng nodded with a faint smile in her eyes.

Qin Wentian also smiled. “Miss Qingcheng, please come with me.”

After speaking, he turned and walked out, with Mo Qingcheng following behind him. The two of them left the island, under the countless gazes of those burning with jealousy and envy, but could only watch on helplessly at this scene.

That young man fought because he wanted to catch the attention of a beauty, such a method of wooing girls wasn't too bad indeed.

“Hmph, nothing but another horny fellow that lusts after the beauty of Mo Qingcheng,” Ouyang Ting cursed in a low voice. When she met Mo Qingcheng, she too, could feel traces of envy in her heart.

“Since we have all already gathered, we might as well enjoy the banquet,” the Chen Clan elder stated, attempting to soothe the atmosphere.

By then, Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng had already left the island far behind.

Soon after, they arrived at the residence currently occupied by those from the Pill Emperor Hall. Once they entered a Pavilion built next to a running stream, Mo Qingcheng halted her steps. A smile akin to the blooming of a hundred flowers involuntarily appeared on her face as she gazed at Qin Wentian.

“Dumbo, to think that you even thought of such an idea.”

Mo Qingcheng discarded her pretense, instantly melting away that air of holiness she wore around her. She revealed her true self, the one Qin Wentian had seen back in Chu, where a streak of mischievousness could sometimes be seen flashing in her eyes. If anyone from the Pill Emperor Hall were to see her now, they would surely be stunned by the transformation that had taken over their goddess.

Qin Wentian said nothing, and continued to gaze silently at Mo Qingcheng. After several moments, Mo Qingcheng rolled her eyes, “Why are you looking at me like that?”

“I haven’t seen you for so long now, it’s only natural that I want to look at you more.” Qin Wentian walked up, standing in front of her. Looking into his eyes, Mo Qingcheng’s soft body gently pressed against his, leaning into his embrace as she stated in a voice filled with gentleness, “It must have been hard on you through all this years.”

“I’m fine, look at how strong my muscles are now.” Qin Wentian smiled, he then continued, “How about you, are you faring well at the Pill Emperor Hall?”

“Not too bad, my Master really dotes on me.” Mo Qingcheng pulled Qin Wentian’s hand as she led him to the running stream. She then retrieved a porcelain bottle and passed it over to Qin Wentian as she stated, “These are third-ranked limit-break pellets. After I sensed your perception back then, I successfully concocted them by accident. Sadly, there are only five pellets per concoction, but that should suffice. Anyway, for this kind of medicinal pill, you only need to consume one to enjoy the effects. Consuming two could be said to be a waste of a Heavenly Treasure. Take it, it’s for you.”

Mo Qingcheng told him the concoction was a casual accident, and Qin Wentian had no reason to doubt her words. He couldn’t have known the true cost of concocting this small batch of limit-break pellets—the overwhelming effort it had taken her, and the heavy price she had paid.

#### Chapter 346: Love’s Obsession

“Limit-break pellets?” Qin Wentian surveyed the bottle in his hands, feeling shock as he heard the name. “Will these pellets really able to aid the consumer in breaking through to the next level?”

“Mhm, as long as your foundation level is solid enough in the Yuanfu Realm, there won’t be a problem using this to break through to the next level. I kept one for myself as well, so with these pellets, we can see each other again during the ranking battle at the end of the year.” Mo Qingcheng mischievously winked, as Qin Wentian’s eyes lit up. He leaned closer to Mo Qingcheng, who smiled back in response.

“Such a heaven-defying medicinal pill, I’m sure it wasn’t easy to concoct. Your attainment in terms of alchemy has soared so high in these few years. How did you pass the time during those years?” Qin Wentian leaned his forehead against hers, his gentle voice bringing traces of warmth to Mo Qingcheng’s heart.

It seemed as if he could very well imagine how much effort and suffering Mo Qingcheng had undergone to reach her current level.

“Well, somebody is already a fourth-ranked Grandmaster, how can I lag behind? I myself am already a fourth-ranked alchemist. For some reason, after my Seven Apertures Mystical Heart awakened, my perception and intuition seemed to be enhanced several times over, becoming extremely powerful.”

Mo Qingcheng grinned as she stated in a relaxed manner, “Fourth-ranked Grandmaster with a fourth-ranked alchemist, are we not very compatible?”

As she ended her statement, Mo Qingcheng felt a little weird, Qin Wentian continued to stare at her with eyes that barely concealed a burning passion, and his face... seemed to be inching ever closer to hers.

“What?” Mo Qingcheng felt her heartbeat rapidly quicken, as a faint red blush covered her cheeks. How could anyone stare at someone like that? What did that look in his eyes mean?

Qin Wentian’s closed the distance between them, until his head almost touched Mo Qingcheng’s. The two of them were so close now that they could feel each other’s breath on their faces. Mo Qingcheng froze, as her heart continued pounding furiously.

What is this feeling? She had never been so nervous before. What did this dumbo want to do?

Slowly, carefully, Mo Qingcheng felt her entire body being pulled into an embrace. Her heart almost leapt out of her chest as her dainty lips were firmly pressed against his. And so a sweet kiss from that pitiful little maiden from Chu was being forcibly snatched away by an evil villain.

Only after several breaths of time did their lips part, and to Mo Qingcheng’s dumbfounded amazement, that certain villain didn’t seem to have enough of it yet. He had to force himself to turn away, and when he found himself leaning in again, he immediately turned his head to gaze at the running stream, stating in a low voice, “Such beautiful scenery.”

“.....”

Mo Qingcheng fiercely glared at him. Scenery? Too despicable, what a lousy way to change the topic.

Qin Wentian weakly turned his head back, and seeing the soul-stirring eyes of Mo Qingcheng, he grinned weakly. “Qingcheng, what’s wrong?”

Mo Qingcheng extended her hands and placed them on his hips before she started to pinch him furiously.

“Hmph.”

“Qingcheng, I just didn’t want you to scold me and say that I’m a dumbo anymore.” Qin Wentian tried his best to explain. Mo Qingcheng giggled, sparing him as she replied, “Then what do you intend to do to compensate me?”

“Er...” Qin Wentian’s face was filled with black lines. “How... do I compensate that?”

“Dumbo.” Mo Qingcheng’s sparkling laughter filled the air. She brushed her hair to the side, and even her most simplest of movements were filled with such beauty and elegance that it rendered one speechless. And Qin Wentian was left thunderstruck—Mo Qingcheng’s hands were clasped around his neck as she voluntarily leaned in to kiss him, willingly delivering herself into his villainous clutches.

Qin Wentian closed his eyes, losing himself to that feeling of deep, boundless love they shared. His heart melted as he tightly embraced this girl in front of him. They locked lips, sensing the deep emotions they felt for the other calling out in the depths of their hearts.

Their madly thudding heartbeats could be distinctly heard, as though composing a melody of love.

A long time passed before they broke apart the kiss. Mo Qingcheng’s countenance was filled with a reddish tinge of shyness as she snuck a glance at Qin Wentian. She leaned her head on his chest, silently watching the flowing stream as she listened to Qin Wentian’s heart beat.

A radiant smile beamed on Qin Wentian’s face as endless currents of warmth flowed into his heart. All the effort he put in, everything he had undergone, had been worth it.

He reveled in the feeling of holding her close to him as he watched the flowing stream with her. At this point of time, words were unnecessary, they were communicating using their hearts.

An hour flowed by, feeling as short as a single instant. Mo Qingcheng reluctantly left the warm embrace of Qin Wentian, as her eyes reddened. A tear drop flowed down her face, yet her eyes also flickered with a smile borne of love.

“If only time would stop flowing, and leave us in this beautiful moment, how wonderful that would be.” Mo Qingcheng sighed.

Hearing the lamentation in her tone, Qin Wentian only felt an indescribable pain in his heart. He softly replied, “It’s all my fault, I’m not strong enough yet. I don’t have the strength to keep you by my side.”

When Mo Qingcheng heard Qin Wentian’s words, she stood up and placed a finger against his lips. “You are not allowed to say such things ever again.”

“Fine, I won’t say anything more. But I will definitely work harder, you are my everything.” Qin Wentian saw the traces of tears in the corners of Mo Qingcheng’s eyes, and felt an incomparably intense desire emerge in his heart. Borne from its depths was an obsession to become stronger.

“I believe you, I have always believed in you.” Mo Qingcheng smiled. Just a single smile from her caused the surrounding scenery to increase in beauty.

“For the battle of the Heavenly Fate Rankings, you must defeat Zhan Chen. Master has promised me that as long as you defeat him, she will never again interfere if I wish to look for you.”

“I will.” Qin Wentian nodded. He smiled and continued, “Putting Zhan Chen aside, even if I had to fight against the entire Pill Emperor Hall, I still wouldn’t give a damn.”

“I will wait for you...” Mo Qingcheng slowly stood up, and pulled on his hand as she said, “I will return to the residence first, but you can stay here for a little while longer. At least this way, I can still see you even when I’m up in the pavilion. Even if Master were to find out, she won’t say anything.”

“Right, I will be here then.” Qin Wentian nodded. Mo Qingcheng reluctantly released her grip as she turned and walked back to the pavilion.

Qin Wentian stared at Mo Qingcheng’s departing back as an indescribable feeling of bitterness filled his heart.

Back in his youth when he first experienced this feeling of love, it started from nothing but Qingcheng calling him a dumbo when they were admiring the snowy scenery together. The seeds of love took sprout in his heart right then.

And now, this seed had gradually germinated, growing larger and stronger.

He knew that Mo Qingcheng would forever be in his heart, indelible, unerasable.

Love was something strange and fascinating. An entwinement of warmth, and sometimes also pain.

“Hu...”

Drawing in a deep breath, Qin Wentian slowly turned back. He continued sitting there, as the obsession in his heart grew stronger and stronger. The tears that streaked down Qingcheng’s face were because of his uselessness, it was a terrible feeling. He had to be stronger. He wanted to be stronger.

If he was like that damn old fogey, able to disdainfully look down on all things on the land from the skies, who would bar him from being together with Qingcheng then?

Closing his eyes, that strong obsession fused into his heart sense as it spread out, covering the entire space around him and gushing towards the horizon.

He ‘saw’ Qingcheng returning back to her pavilion, then lie down on a couch, with a smile on her face as she gazed at his silhouette.

Upon seeing the warm smile on her face, that sense of obsession grew stronger and stronger.

His perception was growing increasingly stronger, frenziedly gushing out. The entire space where his heart sense ‘touched’, began to look increasingly clearer to him.

He saw the busy activity of the servants in the Chen Clan, being scolded by their masters.

He saw in a training ground, a young miss from the Chen Clan gazing with contempt at a cultivator she defeated, using words to humiliate the loser.

He saw the members of the direct line of descent, sitting cross-legged in their individual residence, flipping through manuals of innate techniques.



And strangely, this time around, there was actually no one able to sense Qin Wentian's scrying.

Within his heart, the candle flame swayed gently and as it continued to blaze, the mysteries of the world opened up to him. It was as though he could see through the myriad of living things in this world.

Qin Wentian felt his heart sense connecting with the entire world, powered by the obsession in his heart. Unknowingly, he slipped into a marvellous state of epiphany.

Such a state of enlightenment couldn't actively be sought after. There were countless people who went through their entire lives without experiencing it even once.

Mo Qingcheng's peerless countenance, the behavior of the crowd still enjoying the banquet, the numerous lifestyles of those residing in the Chen Estate, the sound of the flowing stream, the sound of the gusting wind, Qin Wentian could clearly feel and even 'touch' the essence of their existence.

"What do the Realms in cultivation really mean?"

Qin Wentian asked himself this very question. He was able to observe the myriad creatures, he could feel and hear the rhythm of the world. Through cultivation and training, he followed the natural order, rising higher and higher. These were the Realms of Cultivation.

"What about Mandates?"

Qin Wentian asked himself again. With the intention of one's will, releasing the unconscious binding one used to restrict oneself and then establishing a connection with the external forces of the world. This was a Mandate.

In that case, the second level of insights didn't seem that difficult to comprehend.

Gurgling sounds echoed, as the flowing water of the stream twisted about to rise upwards. It was as though a strange force was being infused into it, achieving this miraculous effect.

Despite being in a 'solid' state, the water still flowed vertically upright, taking the form of a liquid pillar.

Qin Wentian slowly stood up and the pillar of water grew increasingly taller.

“Force is omnipresent.”

Qin Wentian murmured to himself. Immediately, an explosion echoed out as the pillar of water transformed into a geyser, shooting upwards to the dome of Heavens. An instant later, the water came flowing back down with a crash, reverted back to a flowing stream once more.

Turning around, Qin Wentian cast his gaze onto the pavilion. His eyes penetrated through space, staring sweetly into Mo Qingcheng's eyes.

Mo Qingcheng blinked rapidly, in complete awe at the sudden explosion. She exclaimed in delight at the spectacle, and it was if the sound of her sparkling laughter had the power to transform the entire world.

#### Chapter 347: Deliberate Hindrance

Qin Wentian's will of Mandate was able to cause the flowing stream of water to turn into a pillar, before shooting up like a geyser. Mo Qingcheng naturally understood, Qin Wentian had broken through.

His Mandate of Force, had stepped into the second level.

A breakthrough in terms of his Mandate meant a lot to Qin Wentian. He understood quite clearly that in the ranking battle at the end of the year, other than their peak-level Yuanfu cultivation bases, all of his opponents would have their Mandates at the Perfection Boundary of the first level of insights. They had not yet stepped into Heavenly Dipper, but who can guarantee that those in the top few rankings weren't the same as him, similarly comprehending the second level of insights in their respective Mandates.

Comprehending a Mandate to the second level was one of the most crucial prerequisites to stepping into Heavenly Dipper. There were too many Stellar Martial Cultivators stuck at this watershed, spending their lives forever in the Yuanfu Realm.

Hence, Qin Wentian could well imagine the importance and meaning of his breakthrough today. This gave himself a few more degrees of confidence to contend against the other monsters for the ranking battle at the end of the year.

“I’m leaving first.” Qin Wentian said in a low voice, Mo Qingcheng nodded with a sad smile on her face.

“During the ranking battle at the end of the year, I will tell the world that you are my woman.” Contained within Qin Wentian’s calm voice was a vow he made to her and to himself. His words caused Mo Qingcheng to tremble.

Qin Wentian stepped out, leaving the area. His heart had never been this determined before.

After he returned to the island, several flinty looks were directed at Qin Wentian. This fellow actually exceeded the time span of an hour, what kind of interaction did he have with Goddess Mo Qingcheng? But no matter, although Qin Wentian was outstanding, his current cultivation was too low. He had no background and no status. It was basically impossible for him to woo Mo Qingcheng. Just another fool thinking too much, losing himself in his fantasies.

They didn’t understand the feelings between Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng. Maybe only a small group from the Pill Emperor Hall knew of this.

Bai Fei gave a deep glance at Qin Wentian. Back then when she had met Qin Wentian in Chu, she would never have imagined such a day.

After the banquet ended, several cultivators departed from the Chen Estate. And as Qin Wentian and the rest were making their way out, they abruptly felt an eye-piercing blinding light, akin to the radiance of the sun being directed their way.

As their gaze shifted over, they saw a young man standing on the peak of a certain building, his arms crossed as he stared at them. His eyes gleamed with the light of the sun, as a huge flaming ball that resembled a miniature sun floated behind his back. The light it emitted was incomparably resplendent, causing the entire surroundings to be lit up with dazzling brilliance.

“Great Solar Universe Art, borrowing the power of the sun.” There were those who had expressions of shock on their faces as they stated in a low voice, “That’s the most talented member of the Great Solar Chen Clan in the younger generations, Chen Wang.”

“Ranked second on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, Chen Wang.”

Qin Wentian turned his gaze over, but suddenly, Chen Wang reacted as though he felt something. As his eyes slowly shifted to their direction, a surge of heat shot off.

The orbs in Chen Wang’s eyes were akin to blazing suns.

“What a fearsome temperature.” The crowd felt the temperature in the air rising, and quite a few Heavenly Dippers Sovereigns from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan had expressions of surprise on their face.

Chen Wang of the Great Solar Clan truly lived up to his reputation indeed. A gaze capable of roasting the atmosphere, at least one of his Mandates should have already reached the second level.

As Hua Taixu would no longer compete at the ranking battle, this meant that Chen Wang of the Great Solar Chen Clan was the one placed with the highest hope and probability to be ranked first in the rankings this time around. He had stayed in the ninth level of Yuanfu for several years, and should have already completed his preparations to step into Heavenly Dipper. No one knew how many of his Mandates had already reached the second level.

“This Chen Wang is truly powerful.” Ouyang Kuangsheng’s eyes flashed with a sharp glint of light. “For the ranking battle that occurs every three years, all the monstrous geniuses would usually choose to wait until the very last moment before making their moves. Many choose to hide their own strengths before that defining moment, and somehow I can sense that the ranking battle this year will be many times more intense compared to the others before.”

“I wonder which members of the various transcendent powers would be able to rank first this time around, and in turn, steal and acquire the flow of luck and destiny in Grand Xia for their respective powers.”

“What? Are things like the luck and destiny of Grand Xia true?”

Qin Wentian didn’t really believe in these kinds of superstitions. Luck was somewhat important on the path of cultivation, because no matter how strong you are, there will always be someone stronger. It would be a person’s bad luck if they managed to offend someone more powerful than them, because after all, a dead genius is no longer a genius.

But to say that obtaining the first ranking would allow the respective transcendent power to steal away and acquire more luck, Qin Wentian thought this was just bullshit.

“I have no idea, concepts such as luck and destiny are too vague and ambiguous for me to fully believe in them. However, back then the Venerate Heavens Sect must have foreseen that the luck of ancient Grand Xia had been depleted. This must be the reason why they dared to support the rebels in overthrowing the ancient kingdom.” Ouyang Kuangsheng casually smiled, there were no guarantees about matters like this.

As they returned to the place they were staring at, Qin Wentian summoned Ouyang Kuangsheng, Fan Le, Chu Mang and Luo Huan to gather at his own courtyard.

“What’s wrong?” Chu Mang scratched his head and asked.

“I have something good for you guys.” Qin Wentian smiled as he took out the porcelain bottle. “These are third-ranked Limit-break pellets concocted by Qingcheng, able to aid those at Yuanfu in breaking through to the next level. Big Bro Chu Mang is already at the eighth level of Yuanfu, and I, Ouyang and Fan Le are at the seventh level, so as long as we can consolidate our foundations and then consume a pellet, we will definitely have sufficient strength to be ranked on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.”

“Mo Qingcheng could actually concoct the Limit-break pellets?” Ouyang Kuangsheng had a dumbfounded expression on his face. He naturally understood what those were. The medicinal ingredients needed to concoct such pellets were all exceedingly valuable, there were even some that were valued as priceless, unable to be bought even if one had the money. There usually weren’t many alchemists willing to waste their time, effort and money in concocting pills like this with a high failure rate.

“These pellets also require the heart’s blood of alchemists with a special constitution, and draining a person too much of their heart’s blood would undoubtedly wound their vital qi.” Ouyang Kuangsheng stared at Qin Wentian as he continued, “Wentian, Qingcheng is truly too good to you. You better not let her down.”

Qin Wentian froze as he drew in a deep breath. Qingcheng told him that she had succeeded by accident, but instead she’d had to pay such a high price before she could successfully concoct the Limit-break pellets for him.

“I won’t.” Qin Wentian regained his senses as he smiled. Ouyang Kuangsheng nodded. “You’re right, this is a lady with a peerless countenance and an unmatched talent. It would really be strange if you were willing to let her down.

“Senior Sis, there are only four pellets in this bottle...” Qin Wentian stared at Luo Huan, his actions causing Luo Huan to roll her eyes before glaring fiercely back at him. “What sort of person do you take your awesome Senior Sister as? You better put in more effort and be ranked first in the Heavenly Fate rankings. This way, as your Senior Sister, I can walk around in Grand Xia with my head held high.”

“How difficult it must be to obtain first.” Ouyang Kuangsheng laughed. Although he agreed that Qin Wentian was extraordinary, the difficulty of obtaining first was truly too immense.

Those that were currently ranked on the Heavenly Fate Rankings were all monsters of their generations, and for this ranking battle that only happened every three years, there were bound to be many unexpected dark horses. There may be some talents which the transcendent powers had intentionally hidden away, or there may be disciples of powerhouses that wanted to use the ranking battle as their one shot to fame.

The Heavenly Fate Rankings was an event that concerned all Yuanfu cultivators in Grand Xia. Merely being ranked within the three hundred and sixty rankings was already an extremely glorious thing.

And if one were able to step into the top thirty-six rankings, their titles would be known as ‘Heaven’s Chosen’ of the Nine Continents of Grand Xia.

For those in the top ten, their futures would definitely soar as high as the skies.

For those in the top three, as long as they didn’t die, when they stepped into Heavenly Dipper they would definitely become characters that could summon the wind and rain in Grand Xia.

And as for the top ranked, the number one. The entirety of the major powers of Grand Xia would be focused on that person. In the vastness of the nine continents, there was only one cultivator that could be ranked #1—just this alone was sufficient to indicate how shockingly powerful the top ranker was.

The top ranker of the Heavenly Fate Rankings would definitely have the qualifications of being conferred the title 'King' or 'Emperor' when they entered into the Heavenly Dipper Rankings in the future.

Each of the Heaven's Chosen were all eyeing the precarious position of the #1. Yet if one really wanted to obtain that, it would be as difficult as ascending the Heavens.

This was the reason why Hua Taixu was so dazzling—his name was something that countless young men of Grand Xia idolised. Even the brazen and proud Ouyang Kuangsheng had always set Hua Taixu as his target.

Qin Wentian distributed the Limit-break pellets around and added, "Big Bro Chu Mang can use this to break through to the ninth level, and as for the three of us, it's better for us to wait until we step into the eighth level of Yuanfu before consuming this."

"Mhm, I can already feel that the eighth level of Yuanfu isn't far away from me. For now, I don't need the Limit-break pellet." Ouyang Kuangsheng nodded in agreement. "Furthermore, we've withstood the baptism of the Heavenly Stele, so our Mandates and body have been further tempered to another level. It shouldn't be a problem for us to withstand the tyrannical after-effects of the Limit-break pellets."

"I will go and cultivate then," Chu Mang stated. His combat prowess was extremely fearsome. If he could break through to the ninth level of Yuanfu, he had a decent chance of becoming a ranker on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

"Right."

Each of them departed, returning to their respective courtyards. The inn they were staying at had been fully booked by the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan for the members that had come to Ginkou for the ranking battle this time around.

This amount of money was nothing to a transcendent power.

It was then that a figure stopped outside the inn, glanced at the signboard to ensure that there was no mistake, before proceeding inside.

Those from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan should be residing here. In that case, Qin Wentian should also be here as well.

“Excuse me, are you people from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan?”

At this moment, three silhouettes walked out of the inn, the person in the lead was a beautiful young woman clad in a dress of fiery-red. This person was none other than Ouyang Ting.

Ouyang Ting cast a glance at the speaker. This person was a middle-aged man, with a few streaks of white mixed in his hair. He had a haggard appearance, and was breathing unsteadily. His cultivation base didn't seem to be very powerful as well.

So it was just an extremely ordinary man. Ouyang Ting gazed at him with disdain as she asked, “What's the matter?”

Despite seeing how rude the young lady was, Mustang wasn't angered in the slightest. He had heard rumors about descendants from transcendent powers, and this young lady, with all the pride that she exuded, was most likely a young missus from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan.

“Miss Ouyang, I wonder if you know of Qin Wentian? I heard that he's here, hence I came to look for him.” Mustang's tone of voice was properly apologetic, but when Ouyang Ting heard his words, her brows involuntarily furrowed.

Qin Wentian, it's Qin Wentian again. She couldn't help feeling frustrated every time this name was mentioned.

That young man had long snatched away all the glory that should have belonged to her. Almost everyone in the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan were extremely polite around him, treating him with reverence and respect.

“And who might you be? What's your relationship with him?” Ouyang Ting icily inquired.

“I'm his teacher,” Mustang carefully replied, feeling that something was wrong.

“Teacher?” Ouyang Ting stared at Mustang with contempt. That fellow would have such a weak old man as his teacher?



“This place is the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, how can someone like you have the qualifications to enter? Scram.” Traces of attempted humiliation could be heard in Ouyang Ting’s icy voice.

Mustang’s countenance stiffened. He drew in a deep breath before he continued, “Miss Ouyang, I really need to look for him urgently, would you allow me to pass, please?”

“Fine, if you’re so desperate. Beg for it then.” Ouyang Ting coldly laughed. “If you get down on your knees and plead for my help, I may be merciful and consider allowing you to enter.”

### Chapter 348: Infuriated

Ouyang Ting’s vengeance and hatred for Qin Wentian had never dissipated. Right now, Qin Wentian’s status had become increasingly dazzling and inversely, the heaviness upon her heart, weighed more and more.

As a young missus from the direct line of descent, she was blatantly humiliated by Qin Wentian yet she had no way to get her revenge. Now that this damned old man appeared in front of her claiming that he was Qin Wentian’s teacher, how could she miss this opportunity to thoroughly humiliate him?

Naturally, Ouyang Ting acted in this manner because Duan Qingshan was just beside her.

Regardless of how outstanding Qin Wentian might be, her surname was still Ouyang! Even though he was very close with Ouyang Kuangsheng, in the end, Qin Wentian was still an outsider. Given Qin Wentian’s current level, no matter what aspect it was, Duan Qingshan should be able to suppress Qin Wentian completely.

Duan Qingshan was ranked #25 in the Heavenly Fate Rankings. At the very least, he wasn’t someone Qin Wentian could hope to defeat right now. Since this was the case, why did she need to worry about humiliating this weak old man in front of her?

Mustang’s countenance grew unsightly, yet thinking again of how critical the matter was, he could only lower himself and bow deeply, “I’m begging you Miss Ouyang, please allow me to enter.”

“I can sense no sincerity in your begging.” Ouyang Ting laughed. “Who the hell do you think you are, do you even have the qualifications to look at me eye to eye?”

Mustang clenched his fist tightly, his countenance growing extremely ugly to behold. He didn't think that this Ouyang Ting would be so tough to handle, deliberately making things difficult for him.

“Miss Ouyang, I'm already extremely sincere. Your position is high up and esteemed by all, why do you feel the need to make things difficult for me?” Mustang asked. Although he came from Chu and had an ordinary background, he couldn't stand to be a spineless coward, humiliated unceasingly by a young lady, even if she was from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan.

“What? I'm making things difficult for you?” Ouyang Ting's voice grew even colder as a cruel glint of light flashed past her eyes. “Old man, on what grounds do you have to say that this princess is making things difficult for you? Now, this is no longer a problem of you wanting to enter or not. APOLOGIZE.”

Duan Qingshan who was watching silently at the side couldn't help but sigh when he saw what was happening. The humiliation caused by Qin Wentian back then had been too great, and still weighed on her heart. Now that someone related to Qin Wentian had come knocking up the door, it might be good for her if she could unleash all her frustrations through this old man.

“Miss Ouyang, when have I ever offended you before?” Anger flashed in Mustang's eyes. However, as the sound of his voice faded, Duan Qingshan had already stepped forward as a huge burst of pressure bore down onto Mustang.

Mustang inclined his head to look at Duan Qingshan, but at that very instant, he only felt a piercing pain in his eyes. Mustang was overwhelmed with just his aura alone—Duan Qingshan was definitely someone of importance in the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan.

“Kneel down, and apologize.”

Duan Qingshan calmly stated, in a voice of irrefutable authority.

Mustang's heart pounded with fear, he knew for a fact that this young man was extraordinary, and was many times stronger compared to him.

“I, Mustang am sorry if I’ve offended the two of you in any way. I humbly seek your forgiveness and will take my leave first.” Mustang clasped his hands together as he gave a low bow, intending to retreat.

“I told you to kneel down and apologize.” Duan Qingshan slammed out with a palm strike, blasting into Mustang’s chest. Mustang felt as though the bones in his chest were about to crumble, he spat out fresh blood as his countenance turned pale white.

Mustang was currently trapped in a dilemma, he could neither advance nor retreat.

“You can kill me, but you cannot humiliate me.” Mustang inclined his head, his eyes blazing with rage as he stared at Ouyang Ting and Duan Qingshan. He had done nothing but to request entry, done nothing to invite such an indignity upon himself.

Although Chu was a small country, Mustang was still an elder of the Emperor Star Academy. Usually, he would guide the juniors and in return, they would hold him in respect—he never had to endure such grave humiliation before. Wanting him to kneel down and apologize to a young lady, with no explanation other than the fact that she was from a transcendent power? Over his dead body.

At this moment, people from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan were still going about their own businesses, entering and exiting the inn. As they heard the commotion here, they involuntarily came closer to see what exactly had happened. It seemed as though this old man had done something to offend Ouyang Ting and Duan Qingshan and was currently being forced to kneel and apologize.

Yet even though he was weak, that old man wasn’t a spineless coward. He’d rather die than suffer that humiliation.

“I can kill you easily with a flip of my palm, but that would only stain my hands,” Ouyang Ting icily continued, “But if you still want to be stubborn and refuse to submit, I don’t mind killing you myself.”

“I’m just looking for my disciple Qin Wentian, why do you guys want to humiliate me so badly?”

Mustang retorted in anger, sweeping his eyes around the crowd. Momentarily, the expressions of the spectators all faltered. This person was here looking for Qin Wentian? No wonder Ouyang Ting wanted to humiliate him and even force him to kneel down in apology.

Apparently Ouyang Ting didn't have the capability to seek revenge directly on Qin Wentian for forcing her to kneel back then, and therefore she was resorting to such a method.

But wasn't this person who claimed to be Qin Wentian's teacher a little too weak? With his level of power, how could he possibly have anything to teach Qin Wentian, who was so outstanding?

The spectators watched on with a neutral air, this was a matter between Qin Wentian and Ouyang Ting, they didn't want to seek suffering for themselves.

Mustang felt a chill in his heart as he gazed at the crowd around him.

"What do you think you are doing" At this moment, a voice of extreme coldness drifted out. Two silhouettes stepped out of the inn, these two were none other than Luo Huan and Jiang Ting. When they were introduced, they instantly took to each other and became fast friends. Jiang Ting was the fiancée of Ouyang Kuangsheng, while Luo Huan was the senior sister of Qin Wentian. As the boys were concentrating on their cultivation, both of them decided to go out for a walk, and who would have thought that they would meet such a situation.

And what made Luo Huan apoplectic with rage was that the person being coerced was none other than her teacher, Mustang.

"Go alert Wentian." Luo Huan spoke in a low voice to Little Rascal who was in her arms. Instantly, Little Rascal leapt out and transformed into a white streak of blurred shadows, directly back into the inn.

Luo Huan knew that Little Rascal was extremely intelligent and could understand the words of humans. This was why she gave it that command.

She advanced forwards, running to Mustang as she called out, "Teacher!"

"Luo Huan, why are you here?" Mustang stared in shock. Not only that, the young woman accompanying Luo Huan, had an extraordinary aura that didn't lose out to Ouyang Ting.

Jiang Ting's eyes flickered, she already understood the gist of it. After which, she turned and departed. Right now, anything she did was useless, she had to find Ouyang Kuangsheng.

“Teacher, I’m here together with Junior Brother Wentian.” Luo Huan went over to support Mustang as she turned her ice-cold gaze onto Duan Qingshan and Ouyang Ting. “Why are you doing this to my teacher?”

“Is he really Qin Wentian’s teacher?” Luo Huan’s words verified the spectators’ questions. They knew that Luo Huan was Qin Wentian’s senior sister, and both had cultivated in a small sect together.

“You have no qualifications to speak here. This is the territory of my Ouyang Clan, scram!” Ouyang Ting sarcastically retorted. Luo Huan’s expression stiffened as she coldly replied, “We are esteemed guests of your Ouyang Aristocrat Clan. Can your words represent your clan? You better think carefully before you reply.”

“It’s none of your business, I told you to scram right?” A long whip appeared in Jiang Ting’s hands as she coldly stated. Seeing how the whole thing was blowing out of proportion, she couldn’t help but feel a sense of unease in her heart.

“If you want to spar, I can accompany you anytime.” Another long whip similarly appeared in Luo Huan’s hands. She stood protectively in front of Mustang, glaring at Jiang Ting.

Duan Qingshan had an extremely unhappy expression on his face when he noticed more and more people joining the crowd.

Meanwhile, Qin Wentian who was quietly immersing himself in his cultivation at his courtyard, suddenly heard urgent sounds of ‘yiyiyaya’ ringing in his mind.

This was the voice of Little Rascal, it wanted to tell him something but was unable to.

Opening his eyes, Qin Wentian saw Little Rascal dashing his way, circling rapidly around him. In a flash, Qin Wentian instantly understood that something had happened.

Opening his eyes again, his powerful heart sense gushed out, covering the entire inn in an instant.

Currently, the inn was extremely quiet, with no commotion whatsoever, yet he noticed something strange, Ouyang Kuangsheng and Jiang Ting seemed to be rapidly rushing to the inn’s entrance.

Qin Wentian’s heart sense continued flowing outwards. Instantly, his brows twitched as he discovered Mustang’s presence.

“Teacher.” Qin Wentian’s heart pounded. Luo Huan was standing in front of Mustang, in a confrontation against Ouyang Ting and Duan Qingshan.

“If you refuse to get out of my way, then kneel down with this old rubbish. Maybe I will forget your transgressions.” Ouyang Ting’s voice drifted into Qin Wentian’s ears. “Don’t depend on Qin Wentian. This old dog rammed into me and said that this esteemed Miss is deliberately making things difficult. And even if Qin Wentian was here, it’d still be useless.”

“BOOM!” Glacial intent blasted out from Qin Wentian’s body. With that sentence, Qin Wentian could vaguely understand what just happened. Mustang must have come here to look for him, and after Ouyang Ting realized that Mustang was his teacher, she must have deliberately pressured him.

“Oh? Is that so?”

A voice even colder than the icy hells of the abyss descended from the heavens. Everyone gazed upwards in shock, their expressions faltering when they didn’t see anyone.

That was Qin Wentian’s voice, but where was the person himself?

In fact, it was Ouyang Kuangsheng and Jiang Ting who arrived first. But soon after, the spectators all felt the coldness of impending death brush their hearts.

Inclining their heads, only now did they see a silhouette descending. The cold fury of his anger was palpable amidst the demonic qi that was furiously emanating forth from his body.

It was apparent to all, Qin Wentian was truly angered.

His ice-like eyes swept over to Ouyang Ting, and instantly, she felt a bone-chilling cold shuddering her very soul. An overwhelming killing intent gushed right into her body causing it to involuntary tremble. Qin Wentian’s eyes turned fiend-like, appearing incomparably terrifying.

Ouyang Ting’s heart palpitated as she broke into a cold sweat. Why should she be so afraid of him? She was from the Ouyang Clan and Duan Qingshan was also present. By right, she had nothing to fear.

Today, regardless, she had to humiliate that old fellow.

A raging wind gusted as Qin Wentian landed beside Mustang. The killing intent he was exuding gradually retracted, as flashes of guilt appeared in his eyes when he saw Mustang’s haggard countenance.

“Teacher, I’m sorry... you’ve suffered because of me.” Qin Wentian lowered his head.

However, only pride could be seen in Mustang’s eyes. He had felt the domineering aura of Qin Wentian and could sense that if the current Qin Wentian were to fight against the vice headmaster of the Emperor Star Academy Ren Qianxing, Qin Wentian would definitely win effortlessly. If

comparing auras, Ren Qiangxing's was akin to a gentle spring breeze, while Qin Wentian's was more akin to that of a raging cyclone. Within a short few years, his student had actually improved at such a fearsome rate and had grown to such an extent.

"I'm fine." Mustang smiled, feeling gratified in his heart. "I can set my heart at ease now seeing that you guys are safe. You've undergone such a remarkable improvement."

"Teacher, wait for me to settle things here first." Qin Wentian turned as he shifted his gaze onto Ouyang Ting and Duan Qingshan. An immense pressure burst forth from him, as his ice-cold intent covered the entire area.

"Unforgivable." Qin Wentian voice echoed in the stillness of the air as his killing intent gushed forwards, enveloping Ouyang Ting within. The sound of an explosion rang out and the crowd heard Ouyang Ting let out a groan. They stared in shock at her appearance; her countenance had turned a ghastly white, with blood seeping from the corners of her mouth.

#### Chapter 349: Dueling Duan Qingshan

Seeing the traces of blood leaking out from Ouyang Ting's mouth, the crowd began to feel uneasy. Qin Wentian didn't move to attack—had his will of Mandate grown strong enough to the point where he could directly injure Ouyang Ting?

Duan Qingshan dashed forth, appearing in front of Ouyang Ting as his own aura blasted out, sweeping over Qin Wentian. "If you dare make another move, don't blame me for being ruthless, even if you are an esteemed guest of my Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, ."

"You truly overestimate yourself."

Qin Wentian continued stepping forwards. The instant his step landed, a terrifying fluctuation of energy blasted onto Ouyang Ting again. Ouyang Ting grew even paler as her body hunched over, her only response was to cough out even more blood.

She inclined her head, and even the word 'fury' was insufficient to describe the look she directed towards Qin Wentian. She wanted nothing more than to tear him into a million pieces, cleansing herself of this shame that she was being forced to endure.

Earlier, she had said that even if Qin Wentian were here, it would still be useless. But right now, Qin Wentian's aura alone was enough to injure her.

A raging wind blew past, Duan Qingshan's silhouette flickered as he soared up to the skies. Under Qin Wentian's provocation, he finally acted.

Duan Qingshan released two Astral Souls—his second and third Astral Soul all originated from the 4th Heavenly Layer, and they were extremely domineering.

His two Astral Souls were respectively known as the Tempest Astral Soul, and Gigantic Leg Astral Soul.

Duan Qingshan excelled in leg-type attacking techniques, his combat prowess was also similarly overwhelming.

Naturally, legs had an attack power three times stronger when compared to hand-type attacks. The only drawback would be that leg-type attacking techniques weren't as nimble as that of hand-types. Yet by undergoing intense training, one could enable leg-type techniques to reach the nimbleness of hand-type techniques and even further exceed them in terms of the different attacking angles.

Duan Qingshan had already polished his leg-type techniques to an extremely profound level.

And now that he unleashed his Astral Souls to augment his strength in combat, he had to suppress Qin Wentian with style. He wanted to let everyone know that his woman, Ouyang Ting, wasn't somebody Qin Wentian could humiliate, especially not a second time.

At this moment, illusory manifestations of two gigantic legs could be seen underneath Duan Qingshan as he stood in midair, akin to a giant gazing down at the pitiful humans below.

Duan Qingshan lifted one of his feet and stomped it down ruthlessly over Qin Wentian. An overwhelming pressure bore down on Qin Wentian's body—that clumsy-looking unwieldy leg could actually reach such a terrifying speed. At this moment, the spectators only felt an irresistible force pressing down onto them from the Heavens.

“Mandate”

Qin Wentian instantly sensed the will of Duan Qingshan's Mandates. The first level insights for all three of his Mandates were already at the Perfection Boundary; Gravity for his first Mandate, Mandate of Great Earth; Windspeed for his second Mandate, Mandate of Wind; and for his third Mandate, a kind of terrifying suppression power. The last Mandate was one he comprehended from his Gigantic Leg Astral Soul.



Hence, at this moment, Qin Wentian felt two kinds of force—that of gravity and suppression pressing down upon him. The ground beneath his feet cracked, one could see how much pressure he was currently withstanding. Peng...

The ground below him shattered, but he fought against the pressure and soared into the air. Lifting his palms, a terrifying dragon imprint slammed out, the two terrible forces collided as the resulting aftermath of energy became a force field that rocked everyone's balance.

Battle!

Both of them were now in the air—Qin Wentian actually wanted to fight against the Heaven's Chosen, Duan Qingshan, from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan.

Such a scenario caused the hearts of the spectators to shudder.

Duan Qingshan's strength couldn't be doubted; he was ranked 25th and his strength measured among the top thirty-six Yuanfu Realm cultivators in the entirety of Grand Xia.

Qin Wentian only had a cultivation base at the seventh level of Yuanfu, yet he actually dared to fight directly against Duan Qingshan?

His cultivation was an entire two levels below that of his opponent.

"Today, I shall make you pay the price for your actions," Duan Qingshan imperiously stated.

"With your strength?" Qin Wentian coldly laughed. With another glance at Ouyang Ting, she screamed as she directly crumpled, ruthlessly slammed onto the ground.

"You..." Duan Qingshan's anger reached the boiling point. Qin Wentian was humiliating the woman he loved right in front of his eyes.

With a tremor, both his gigantic legs shifted, about to stomp on Luo Huan and Mustang. Qin Wentian punched out a layer of fist shadows that slammed into the manifestations, disintegrating them effortlessly.

"Impenetrably thick-headed."

The centre of Qin Wentian's brow glowed with a golden light as he swept his gaze onto Ouyang Ting once more. Ouyang Ting's unrelenting screams raised goosebumps for those listening in the crowd, sending a chill down their spines. She was in so much pain that she wished she were dead. Currently, she was in a kneeling position as though she were begging Qin Wentian for him to stop. Members of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan standing beside her made no move to help her. Qin Wentian was too unfathomable, it was as though he could even use his gaze as a source of attack.

Duan Qingshan roared in rage, and with a twist of his body, he swept his legs towards Qin Wentian. Instantly, leg shadows filled the skies, covering the entire space.

Duan Qingshan's leg-type attacks were too profound, he had mastered the intricacies of both fast and slow, granting his attacks the speed of the wind and the heaviness of a mountain.

The towering demonic qi exuding from Qin Wentian soared to the Heavens as his form transformed into that of a demonic one. With a howl of rage the Heavens shuddered while the earth shattered. A screen of demonic qi manifested before him, and despite the ferocity of Duan Qingshan's attack, the countless leg shadows in the skies were still unable to breach Qin Wentian's defense.

Considering Duan Qingshan's level of power, to think that his profound leg attacks had no way of breaking that screen—it was proof of how insanely formidable Qin Wentian's defense was.

Yet Duan Qingshan wasn't any ordinary cultivator. His body spun like a tornado as he soared even higher. Like a spinning drill, further increasing the intensity of his attack, he slammed his foot downwards, wanting to stomp Qin Wentian into pieces.

The spinning drill was so strong that even the space around it was distorted, this attack was too terrifying.

Qin Wentian clenched his fist, as a frightening glint of light flashed past. Since Duan Qingshan wanted to play, let's play then. He would show Duan Qingshan the power of a second level Mandate.

A simple fist pressed forwards, aiming for the gigantic spinning foot manifestation. It was like trying to stop a moving truck with the power of a little child. How pathetic did Qin Wentian's counter-attack look? It was just like an ant trying to shake a tree.

How could a common punch defend against Duan Qingshan's sure kill technique?

That tiny fist collided with that incomparably terrifying manifestation of the gigantic leg. And to no one's surprise, Qin Wentian was flung through the air as he coughed out fresh blood.

The strength of that technique was beyond any doubt. Even with Qin Wentian's monstrous physique, he could still feel his internal organs vibrating wildly from the impact. As he wiped the traces of blood away from the corner of his lips, he stared at Duan Qingshan, unperturbed.

Duan Qingshan seemed to be calmly standing there, but in fact, in that instant of their impact, he felt an overwhelming strength gushing into his body, so powerful that it even wounded his vitality.

His blood rushed up into his throat, yet Duan Qingshan forced it back, silently enduring before swallowing it back down. His internal organs had almost ruptured. He stood there, silently trying his best to adjust and calm the roiling qi and blood in his body until a hint of color returned to his features.

Hence, nobody knew that Duan Qingshan was even more seriously injured. They all thought that Qin Wentian, regardless of how outstanding he was, was still unable to match up to Duan Qingshan. But despite coming up short, he was already worthy of pride, being able to fight against Duan Qingshan to this extent with only a cultivation base at the seventh level of Yuanfu.

A cold smile hung on his lips when Qin Wentian saw the expression on Duan Qingshan's face. He directed his glance towards Ouyang Ting again as the centre of his brows glowed with resplendent golden light. His killing intent felt like thousands of knives slicing into her brain, her body shuddered violently as she crawled behind some members of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, attempting to hide behind them.

She was truly afraid—this was true terror.

Qin Wentian stepped towards Ouyang Ting, but right at that moment, a cold voice drifted out from the crowd—"Enough."

A few Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns from the Ouyang Clan appeared, glancing at the surroundings. They already knew what had happened here.

"Ouyang Ting has already received enough punishment. Enough." An old man glanced at Qin Wentian as he calmly spoke.

“She’s not fit to be a member of our Ouyang Aristocrat Clan.” Ouyang Kuangsheng walked up, asserting his position.

“I have a marriage agreement with Ouyang Ting. Ouyang Kuangsheng, what the hell are you trying to do?” Duan Qingshan retorted. The old man turned his gaze onto the crowd, “Today, this matter comes to an end here.”

After speaking, he glared at Ouyang Ting, “Return.”

Ouyang Ting’s temper had completely faded, like a flame doused by water, yet she couldn’t help feeling resentment in her heart. Duan Qingshan didn’t actually stop Qin Wentian from abusing her to such an extent, allowing her to be humiliated once more.

“See you at the ranking battle!” Duan Qingshan coldly exclaimed, killing intent flickering in his eyes.

“You better pray that you don’t meet me then. If not, I will erase the existence of Duan Qingshan off the face of Grand Xia. That, I guarantee.” Qin Wentian’s voice was icy-cold, causing the hearts of the spectators to pound rapidly. This fellow was truly arrogant, he actually said that he wanted to kill Duan Qingshan?

“We shall see,” Duan Qingshan replied before stepping into the inn. The surrounding crowd dispersed, leaving only Ouyang Kuangsheng and Jiang Ting.

“Ouyang, I’ll be leaving now.”

Qin Wentian calmly stated as he looked to Ouyang Kuangsheng. He knew that Ouyang Ting was still someone of direct line of descent from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan. While he Qin Wentian, no matter how outstanding, was still an outsider.

It was impossible to hope that the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan would stand for him abusing Ouyang Ting to such an extent, even though he was Ouyang Kuangsheng’s good friend.

“I understand.” Ouyang Kuangsheng nodded his head. After which, he patted Qin Wentian on his shoulder, “No matter what happens, you will always be my, Ouyang Kuangsheng’s, brother forever.”

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian nodded. “Ouyang, let’s work hard together and grow even stronger. You better take control of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan faster, and when I visit your clan by then, there won’t be anymore scenarios like today happening again.”

“Hahaha, when I finally control the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, I wonder if I’ll still be able to invite a god-like figure like you by then.” Ouyang Kuangsheng joked as both of them laughed. Their friendship wasn’t affected by the conflict between Qin Wentian and the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan.

Qin Wentian wanted to leave, because he didn’t want to live relying on the charity of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan.

And after he left, if he met Duan Qingshan and Ouyang Ting again, he had no more reason to hold back. And for the ranking battle at the end of the year, he would do as he promised—if they met there, he would definitely slaughter Duan Qingshan.

As for this, Ouyang Kuangsheng naturally understood. Hence, there was no need for so many words between them.

“Oi!”

At this moment, a voice drifted over from afar.

Qin Wentian’s gaze turned into that direction, only to see two silhouettes appearing in the distance, both staring right back at him.

Upon seeing the two of them, a smile appeared in his eyes.

“Are you ready to dominate the top three positions on the Heavenly Fate Rankings?” The female asked cheekily, a fond smile on her face as she met his gaze with equal warmth.

Chapter 350: Threat from the Nine Mystical Palace

Qin Wentian beamed, the only ones that knew he was tasked to obtain one of the top three positions on the Heavenly Fate Rankings were naturally those from the White Deer Institute.

“Long time no see.” Qin Wentian glanced at Bailu Jing and Bailu Yi. It had already been a year, and neither of them had changed too much. The only thing that differed was that Bailu Yi was somewhat stronger compared to how she was a year ago.

“Seems like you’re doing quite well for yourself.”

Bailu Jing stared at the others at the side of Qin Wentian as he smiled.

Qin Wentian landed on the ground and approached Mustang. “Teacher, let me introduce you. This is Ouyang Kuangsheng from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and his fiancée Jiang Ting. And these two are from the White Deer Institute in Moon Continent, Bailu Jing and Bailu Yi.”

Appreciation flashed in Mustang’s eyes; although Qin Wentian’s level was already far beyond his, the moment his acquaintances had appeared, the first thing Qin Wentian did was worry that Mustang would feel neglected.

And just by seeing the friends at his side, it was obvious that this young man in front of him was no longer that somewhat gullible young man in Chu. Now, he already had his own piece of sky, for him to soar higher and further than he ever could before.

Everyone greeted Mustang respectfully, but he could only nod his head in response. Although all of them were his juniors, their individual strengths had already surpassed Mustang’s. Even that lazy Fan Le had stronger Astral Energy fluctuations from his body compared to him.

“The new replacing the old. Perhaps this is the scenario happening now.” Mustang lamented in his heart, yet he was also very happy that all his students could climb up to such a level today.

“Only the two of you are here?” Qin Wentian then turned his gaze onto Bailu Yi.

“Of course not. Don’t forget that we’re supposed to see if a certain someone can fulfill the criteria set, and also the fact that my brother is here to participate in the ranking battle as well.” Bailu Yi smiled, “Several members of the Institute have also arrived, wanna come with us and meet with them first?”

Evidently, the others didn’t understand Bailu Yi’s words, Qin Wentian was the only one who did. The ranking battle this time around would determine whether the White Deer Institute would give the full reigns of their command over to Qin Wentian. Even if Bailu Jing didn’t want to participate, they would still be here to spectate the proceedings as well.

“Sure.” Qin Wentian straightforwardly agreed. The White Deer Institute was different from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, there were too many grand figures within the Ouyang Clan and was too complicated. Other than Ouyang Kuangsheng who was his friend, he had no influence there. On the contrary, White Deer Institute was a place that would be his vassal in the future, and taking into account the bunch of cultivators sent there on Fairy Qingmei’s orders, even if he didn’t obtain the top three rankings, the Institute would still maintain a close relationship with him.

But naturally if that was the case, he wouldn’t be able to control the White Deer Institute entirely.

After bidding farewell to Ouyang Kuangsheng, Qin Wentian and the rest departed the area.

“What’s your current cultivation level?” Along the way, Bailu Yi’s beautiful eyes were staring at Qin Wentian, reflecting her curiosity.

“Seventh level of Yuanfu. I should be able to step into the eighth level before the ranking battle at the end of the year.” Qin Wentian replied. With the limit-break pellet, even if he didn’t step into the eighth level of Yuanfu by the end of the year, he could still depend on that to raise his level. With a cultivation base at the eighth level, only then would he be able to contend against the other monstrous cultivators also aiming for the top three positions of the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

However, Qin Wentian could faintly sense that the ranking battle this time around would definitely be many times more dangerous compared to previous years. He had to increase his strength as fast as possible in order to boost his chances.

“You are still as awesome as before.” Bailu Yi had joy and amazement painted on her face. Before she was acquainted with Qin Wentian, she was someone who could summon the wind and rains within her clan, she had always been told that her talent was outstanding compared to her peers. But after Qin Wentian entered the Institute, she discovered to her chagrin that at most, she could only be termed as above average.

Sometimes, she wondered if she should be blaming this fellow that kept smashing her confidence.

Back when Qin Wentian left the Moon Continent, he’d managed to kill Hua Xiaoyun and even take Shu Ruanyu hostage. If he truly stepped into the eighth level of Yuanfu, wouldn’t his combat prowess be even more terrifying?

“Brother, soon you won’t be a match for him.” Bailu Yi laughed. Bailu Jing shook his head ruefully as he patted his sister’s shoulder, “Your brother is soon going to be surpassed and yet you can still be so happy?”

Upon seeing a smile that was not a smile on Bailu Jing’s face, Bailu Yi couldn’t help but to give a fierce punch to her brother.

The White Deer Institute had also booked an entire inn for their residence. Those from the Institute were already acquainted with Qin Wentian, and nodded to him in respect when they saw him. After all, with the Azure Emperor Token in his hands, Qin Wentian was qualified to control them, regardless if they were willing to be controlled by him or not. At the very least, they had to give Qin Wentian the respect he deserved.

Bailu Yi quickly arranged living quarters for Qin Wentian to stay in, and soon after, Qin Wentian and Mustang went alone to a separate courtyard. He knew that Mustang had something confidential to tell him, and had held back from bringing it up as it wouldn’t be an appropriate subject while they were travelling.

“Teacher, why are you here in Ginkou?” At this moment, only Qin Wentian and Mustang were present in the courtyard. Qin Wentian couldn’t help but ask, because if nothing was wrong, Mustang would most probably still be in the Emperor Star Academy giving his all to guide the new students. There was no way that he’d travel such a vast distance just to witness the Heavenly Fate Rankings battle, after all, to the small and remote country of Chu, none of them would have even heard about the Heavenly Fate Rankings before.

“The Nine Mystical Palace.” Mustang’s countenance grew heavy, as he stated to Qin Wentian. “Something happened to the Headmaster.”

Qin Wentian’s countenance instantly turned cold. Throughout these years, there was always this matter weighing on his heart. Senior Di Yi, the headmaster of Emperor Star Academy was captured by the Nine Mystical Palace for his sake. He had always intended to capture and interrogate a disciple from the Nine Mystical Palace during the ranking battle to find out Di Yi’s situation. Yet, who would have thought that the Nine Mystical Palace would make the first move?

“Luo Tianya from the Nine Mystical Palace paid another visit to our Emperor Star Academy, looking for me to get your location. Since I didn’t know, they brought me along with them and continued investigating. Eventually, they received news that you were in Ginkou, and just when they intended to move and capture you, they discovered that you were together with the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan. They didn’t dare to antagonize the Ouyang Clan and hence, sent me to look for you



first, wanting me to pass on a message. They said, if you don't seek them out, you should be prepared for the consequences."

Mustang's countenance was incredibly unsightly. The Nine Mystical Palace wanted Qin Wentian to hand himself over to them on a silver platter and if he refused, then Di Yi as well as the Emperor Star Academy could both be easily eradicated by the Nine Mystical Palace. They weren't above employing sinister methods in the dark.

Qin Wentian also knew that although he killed Luo Qianqiu in the past, that grudge was purely between him and Luo Tianya. Back then, due to the presence of Qian Mengyu and Ouyang Kuangsheng, the Nine Mystical Palace hadn't dared to stir up trouble over Luo Qianqiu's death, as they would have faced going to war with two transcendent powers stronger than them. But now, everything was different.

The Nine Mystical Palace might have used some unknown methods to obtain the Azure Emperor's Secret from Di Yi.

The reason why the Nine Mystical Palace were so relentless in their search for Qin Wentian was clearly because of the Azure Emperor's inheritance.

As long as they obtained the Azure Emperor's Token, they could easily find someone to impersonate the successor. The temptation of gaining control of the hidden remnants of power of the Azure Faction was simply too great.

"Throughout all this years, Senior Di Yi must have suffered tremendously in keeping this secret."

Qin Wentian sighed in his heart. No wonder the Nine Mystical Palace didn't dare to antagonize the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan. A secret of such import, the Nine Mystical Palace naturally didn't want any of the other transcendent powers to know about it. They wanted the Azure Emperor Token for their own.

"Teacher, there's no way I will surrender willingly to their schemes by throwing myself into their trap."

Agony flashed through Mustang's eyes but naturally, he also understood Qin Wentian's point. Currently, his heart was tangled like a pool of muddy water, he had no idea what he should do.

“If I go to the Nine Mystical Palace, only death awaits me. At the time, Senior Di Yi and teacher will probably be killed as well to eliminate any possible source of the secret leaking out.” Qin Wentian was very clear that once the Nine Mystical Palace obtained the Azure Emperor’s Token, the first thing they would do would be to remove any potential leaks.

“What should we do?” Mustang stared at Qin Wentian in a panic.

Qin Wentian furrowed his brows as contemplation flashed on his face. Now, there was only a single source of power that could help him.

Fairy Qingmei, Celestial Lake Palace.

“Qing`er!”

Qin Wentian mumbled, he’d really missed that ephemeral Qing`er. She had always been by his side, silently protecting him, but after the matters at the Moon Continent, Qin Wentian had never once seen her again.

And just at this moment, Qin Wentian’s countenance abruptly changed as he coldly stated, “Who?”

As the sound of his voice faded, a silhouette drifted over across the air. She was as beautiful as ever, like a fairy untouched by mortal dust. Her countenance had no hints of any other expressions, nobody knew what she was thinking about.

“I’m here.”

Qinger’s clear and melodic voice rang out, greatly startling Qin Wentian. A strange expression appeared on his face when he regarded Qinger.

How was this possible? Qing`er had always been by his side? Yet with his current level of perception, how could he have missed sensing her presence?

“Qing`er, did you just arrive?” Qin Wentian was blown away by her appearance.

“I’ve always been here, it’s just that you didn’t meet any life-threatening situations,” Qing`er replied. Fairy Qingmei’s orders were exceptionally clear, as long as Qin Wentian was in no danger of dying, there was no need for her to appear. If he was injured to the point where he almost died, he should still be able to handle that on his own.

“Why are you suddenly here?” Qin Wentian smiled, his worried heart loosened somewhat when he saw Qing`er again.

“Aren’t you the one who called my name?” Qing`er gazed at Qin Wentian causing him to smile in disbelief. He then asked again, “How did you hide yourself so well to that extent that even my perception couldn’t discover your presence?”

As he looked at Qing`er, it felt that he could hold no secrets from her!

Qing`er quietly stared at him in silence. But seeing her celestial-like countenance, Qin Wentian could only smile resignedly yet again.

“Qing`er, I’ve an extremely important thing that I need your help with,” Qin Wentian spoke.

“Tell me and I will pass on your message to the Celestial Lake Palace,” Qing`er lightly replied.

“Mhm, help me inform the Celestial Lake Palace that the Nine Mystical Palace has already caught wind of the Azure Emperor’s secret. They want to use the Emperor Star Academy as well as Senior Di Yi’s safety to threaten me. For now, I need the Celestial Lake Palace to ensure that the Nine Mystical Palace won’t dare to make any reckless moves during this period of time.” Qin Wentian believed that the Celestial Lake Palace would definitely aid him in this, this wouldn’t be a difficult matter for them.

“Okay. I will ask them to do this.”

Qing`er nodded as she agreed, with a note of certainty in her voice.

Qin Wentian stared at Qing`er in gratitude, “Thank you, Qing`er.”

“Master said that you better have a good ranking on the Heavenly Fate Rankings after this year ends.” Qing`er looked at Qin Wentian as her beautiful lashes fluttered. After a moment, she added again, “I too, hope that you’ll obtain a good ranking.”

Qin Wentian smiled as he nodded heavily. “Fine, I promise you, I definitely will.”

Qinger nodded as her silhouette abruptly flickered, vanishing from sight. Qin Wentian couldn’t help but shake his head helplessly, Qinger had always been like this, appearing and disappearing so suddenly without a trace.

Mustang at this moment was completely dumbstruck. This fellow had so many peerless beauties by his side. Bailu Yi, Mo Qingcheng and now, a celestial-looking beauty like Qing`er.

“Teacher, I will go into closed-door seclusion and make final preparations for the ranking battle at the end of the year,” Qin Wentian announced, with a smile on his face. He had full confidence in Qing`er— if she promised to do something, then the matter would be done. He would wait till the ranking battle was over, before figuring out how to settle things with the Nine Mystical Palace once and for all.