

## Ancient GM 361

Chapter 361: Vermilion Bird Formation

Qin Wentian's battle robe became the focus of everyone in the area. On the platform, no other manifestations appeared, indicating that Qin Wentian had defeated the test.

The platinum battle robe—other than him, there was no one else.

Sadly, he joined the ranking battle at the wrong time.

“What a pity.” Many mused, if given a year or two Qin Wentian's cultivation level would be either at the eighth or ninth level of Yuanfu. By then, his will of Mandates would have advanced another level or boundary, thereby granting him an even chance of contending against Chen Wang and Shi Potian for the top position in the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

But right now, although his performance was outstanding and earned him a battle robe of the platinum color, in actuality, the distance between him and the other two hadn't lessened at all.

Regardless in cultivation level, or will of Mandates, or even in the aspects of innate techniques, Qin Wentian would be sorely suppressed by the two of them. There was no competition at all.

Or he could follow the steps of Chen Wang, tolerating three more years and rising to prominence then.

Qin Wentian walked down the platform, the spear strike of that final warrior was coated with the Mandate of Gold, and even it interfered with his recovery. He sat down cross-legged by the side, trying to adjust the flow of qi in his body when suddenly, a medicinal pill was thrown his way. Without even thinking, Qin Wentian caught hold of it and ingested it—the scene causing many to flash looks of curiosity at Mo Qingcheng.

That medicinal pill was from her, she actually wanted to aid Qin Wentian in his recovery.

Could it be that she felt a favourable impression towards him because Qin Wentian attained the platinum robes? But that couldn't be the case right? Mo Qingcheng had no lack of talented suitors. Even Hua Taixu was rejected—how could a mere Qin Wentian replace the illustrious Hua Taixu? She must have helped him out of compassion because he was injured, there was no other explanation.

Yet Qin Wentian didn't even show any signs of gratitude. After ingesting the pill, he continued his process of recovery without even a word of thanks.

For the remaining contenders, they continued the test at their own pace. The majority of them were of the yellow robes rank and the only one among them worthy of notice was a stranger whom nobody had ever seen before. In the end, the stranger obtained a final evaluation of violet-gold battle robes.

One could well imagine the strength of his combat prowess after seeing the color of his battle robes. Yet strangely, he wasn't someone on the Heavenly Fate Rankings. This man's name was Si Qiong, and nobody had ever heard of him before nor knew anything about his back ground.

And after him, there were also a few others who had been keeping their true strength hidden and choosing to erupt forth only at this moment, thus causing the others to look at them in a different light.

And finally, the only person who obtained the platinum battle robes was Qin Wentian.

There were a total of three who obtained the violet-gold battle robes: Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Si Qiong.

Other than this, there were a total of five who obtained the violet battle robes: Yan Cheng, Leng Hong, Qin Zheng, Yao Jun and Hua Shaoqing.

Three of those five had gone beyond the expectations of others, although Yan Cheng and Yao Jun's results weren't all that surprising. After all, Yan Cheng was the Heaven's Chosen from the Swallow Swordsmen, ranked #8 on the Heavenly Fate Rankings while Yao Jun from the Skydemon Sect, was ranked #13 in the past Heavenly Fate Rankings. It wasn't so surprising that they had the power to obtain the violet robes.

Yet no one expected Leng Hong, Qin Zheng and Hua Shaoqing to obtain such results.

Leng Hong was similar to Si Qiong in the fact that no one knew of his background. There were whispers among the crowd that he was a drifter that roamed Grand Xia, and it was unclear whether he was from any of the major powers.

Qin Zheng, was also somewhat unknown in Grand Xia—only those who’ve been to the Unmatched Realm of the Azure Continent would have heard of his name before.

And lastly, Hua Shaoqing was naturally someone from the Hua Clan. Many had thought that other than Hua Taixu, the next strongest in the younger generations of the Hua Clan would be Hua Feng, but evidently, they thought wrong.

This caused many in the crowd to mutter in low voices, it seemed like Hua Clan had been hiding this talent all along. This just goes to show that the Hua Clan wasn’t lacking in ambition. After Hua Taixu wrested away the ancient luck three years ago, they wanted another member of the Hua Clan, Hua Shaoqing, to do the same this time around.

Naturally, the combat prowess of Si Qiong, Leng Hong, Qin Zheng and Hua Shaoqing were overwhelmingly powerful, and the four dark horses of this ranking battle.

For this test of combat prowess, the elimination rate was extremely high. There was only less than a thousand contenders left behind. For those that remained, the lowest ranked of all the yellow battle robes all had at least a single Mandate at the Perfection Boundary, with the majority of them having a cultivation base at the ninth level of Yuanfu.

In the ranking battle, for the heroes of Grand Xia, the elites of the elites, they all gathered in Ginkou.

For this test, most of the contenders went all out, showcasing their true abilities. But naturally, there were also some who wanted to remain in the shadows, only exploding forth with their true strength in the later tests.

Sounds of discussion flooded the spectators on the winding pathways, they knew that the following test would be even more brutal.

The next test would rank those qualified to be on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, a total of 360 positions.

The next test was an extremely crucial turning point for all contenders—it was the test to plunder Grand Xia’s ancient luck.

Old Man Tianji’s gaze swept across the crowd, eventually landing on Qin Wentian as he stated, “As the one with the platinum battle robes, you will be awarded the right to enter the ancient gate first.”

“The luck of Ancient Grand Xia lies behind that gate, all of you will be given the chance to wrest the luck for yourself and away from others. Only when a total of 360 contenders acquired the ancient luck would this test be concluded.”

Qin Wentian’s gaze stared straight ahead, right past the hundreds of battle platforms and landed onto an ancient-looking gate.

Standing up, Qin Wentian readjusted his body back to its peak condition, and then proceeded to advance forward.

“Wait.” At this moment, a heavy voice drifted out, causing Qin Wentian to halt in his steps.

Turning his head back, Qin Wentian stared at the person who spoke—it was Chen Wang.

“You are unsuitable to be the first to enter the ancient gate,” Chen Wang calmly spoke, looking straight ahead. He didn’t even bother to look at Qin Wentian.

With his battle robes at the violet-gold color, he originally thought that no one else would surpass him.

Yet Qin Wentian actually obtained the platinum robes, snatching away his chance to enter the ancient gate first.

“What do you mean?”

Chen Wang still didn’t look at Qin Wentian, he turned his gaze onto Old Man Tianji and inquired, “Senior, according to the rules, the priority of entry depended on the color of one’s battle robes. But as long as the person is willing to relinquish the priority to enter, there shouldn’t be any problem, is that correct?”

“Yes,” Old Man Tianji spoke after a pause, “If it’s of his own volition.”

Those from the Great Solar Chen Clan had smiles on their faces—Chen Wang wanted to be number one, he wanted to be the first person stepping past the ancient gate, the first person whom the ancient luck would be granted to.

The spectators all had expressions of interest on their face, wondering what choice Qin Wentian would make. Everyone knew that Chen Wang was aiming for the first rank, he had to be the one that wrested the most amount of ancient luck away.

Although Qin Wentian had platinum battle robes, his cultivation was too low, which made him unworthy in Chen Wang's eyes.

To be honest, the priority of entry wouldn't affect things that much, but Chen Wang wasn't willing to take any chances. He wanted to be the first to enter.

Because being number one held a different meaning compared to the other rankings.

"You will give up the priority, right?" Chen Wang's eyes finally landed on Qin Wentian as he serenely stated.

Qin Wentian was also looking at him in silence.

"There's a sealed formation past that ancient gate. During the plundering of ancient luck, one is also allowed to plunder the lives of others away," Chen Wang continued speaking, the meaning in his words obvious to all.

Chen Wang was blatantly threatening Qin Wentian.

"Your robe is violet-gold."

At this moment, Qin Wentian finally spoke, his words causing Chen Wang's brows to furrow. Did Qin Wentian mean what he thought he meant?

"While mine, is platinum," Qin Wentian continued, as he turned and proceeded his way forward. Instantly, an overwhelming killing intent gushed forth from Chen Wang as an extremely cold light flickered in his eyes.

Qin Wentian ignored his threat, insisting on being the first to enter the ancient gate.

"Violet-gold robes, next." Old Man Tianji turned his gaze onto the three of them. Chen Wang was trembling in anger, what was the use of entering second? There was no meaning to it.

Qin Wentian pushed open the gate and stepped within. As a bright light flashed, he was astonished to find himself standing atop an ancient mountain

Was this place a space formation? He could sense the fluctuations of spatial laws when he entered the gate earlier.

In the skies, a terrifying mighty aura pressed downwards, causing Qin Wentian's body to stiffen. He didn't have time to survey his surroundings yet. He then lifted his head, and turned his gaze towards the skies.

The next moment, his gaze froze at an incredible sight.

Above in the air was a shimmering veil of light that covered the entire dome of Heavens. Within that veil, fire qi could be seen flowing and circulating about, tracing the outline of an immense demonic beast. It blotted out the sun while floating in the air, gazing imperiously downwards at him.

The tip of its fiery golden wings seemed to shine with a dark scarlet light, that gave it a sense of terrible beauty, further increasing its appearance of majesty.

The demonic beast had a total of nine tails, with an incomparably immense body size. The entire formation was situated below it as though it were the true soul of this formation.

Its eyes had an incredible sharpness to it, able to see through others. And a single look caused Qin Wentian to feel as though sharp knives were piercing into his consciousness, the pressure rendering him breathless.

Divine beast, Vermilion Bird.

The totem beast of Ancient Grand Xia.

In ages long past, the citizens of Grand Xia took the Vermilion Bird as a divine spirit and revered it as their totem.

But now, after a few thousand years, the current Grand Xia was no longer the Grand Xia of that ancient era. Hence, the devotion towards the Vermilion Bird gradually decreased, deteriorating to the extent that the majority of those living in Grand Xia had no idea of its significance.

The Vermilion Bird in the air was like a real living being. And now, it was currently staring right at Qin Wentian.

“The first person to enter is actually someone at the seventh level of Yuanfu.” A cold and imposing voice rang out in Qin Wentian’s mind, the pressure almost forcing Qin Wentian to his knees.

“I will bestow upon you the ancient luck of Purgatory.” The Vermilion Bird’s beak opened as a beam of light shot straight into Qin Wentian. An instant later, a faint illusory silhouette of a Purgatory Vermilion Bird appeared behind his back!

### Chapter 362: Plundering Ancient Luck

Qin Wentian stared at the gigantic Vermilion Bird, feeling waves of shock rocking his heart.

Ancient luck, the purpose of the Heavenly Fate Rankings battle was to wrest away luck. There was actually ancient luck!

At this moment, the Purgatory Vermilion Bird that appeared behind him wasn’t that big in size, yet it emitted a terrifying baleful aura akin to that of Purgatory. Varying hues of crimson and black interweaved, giving people a sense of breathlessness when witnessing its beauty.

In the air above them, the Vermilion Bird turned its glance in other directions, and only then did Qin Wentian begin to survey his surroundings. He was currently within a mountain range, and far off in the horizon there was a city made from spatial laws. He was sent here by virtue of the concept of space, and had stepped into a world created within a formation.

This world was ancient and desolate, giving people a sense that it hailed from a primordial era. Perhaps this was a piece of land left behind from Ancient Grand Xia, one that had been incorporated within a formation. Qin Wentian wondered at the level of power a person must have to accomplish such a feat.

“Yi!”

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird let out a low screech, as though it wasn’t an illusory manifestation but a real existence instead.

Qin Wentian's formidable heart sense scanned the area as he soared into the air. He wanted to have a clear idea of the layout of this land. However, after a few moments, he turned his head and glanced in a certain direction, with a brilliant light glimmering in his eyes.

"That place..." Qin Wentian instantly turned and flew towards that direction. After a few breaths of time, he stood before a mountain wall that appeared to have a terrible fluctuation of energy gushing forth from it. Embedded in the wall was a gigantic axe. It was unknown how many years this axe had been here—it exuded an archaic air and looked extremely crude yet, no hints of corrosion appeared to mar its surface. Qin Wentian could even feel his heart clenching at the aura of power emanating from it.

"What a powerful Divine Weapon."

Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered as he appeared right before the gigantic axe. He clasped his hands around the handle and summoned his strength to try to pull it out, yet the axe remained motionless, even in the face of his overwhelming strength.

"What is inside this mountain wall?!" Qin Wentian felt shock in his heart. Even just by standing near, he could sense that the will of the axe wished to cleave him into two.

Qin Wentian stepped back as large garuda wings appeared behind his back—he decided to come back here later. He first wanted to check out what kind of place this world inside the formation was.

Soaring through the skies, Qin Wentian eventually reached a vast body of water, landing atop a huge reef. A hellish coldness seemed to emanate forth right in front of him; its source was a spatial spiral that seemed to lead right underneath the ocean, yet Qin Wentian didn't attempt it. He wouldn't take a risk for things he wasn't absolutely confident in—he could feel danger abounded everywhere inside this world.

However, he faintly understood why some people couldn't make a breakthrough to Heavenly Dipper, despite having cultivation bases already at the ninth level of Yuanfu, comprehended second level Mandates and had no lack of cultivation resources available. Although such people were truly few in number, they still existed—those top few rankers on the Heavenly Fate Rankings. Qin Wentian faintly understood that in this world, there were things that they wanted to acquire. And one could only do so in the Yuanfu Realm.

Inclining his head, Qin Wentian gazed upwards. That immense Vermilion Bird was still there, as though it were the sovereign of this entire world.

By the sea's coastline, a middle-aged man could be seen slowly making his way forward. His age was evidently greater compared to those taking the test. And despite his age, he still hadn't made a breakthrough to Heavenly Dipper, which could only mean that his talent was average at best. Yet, this didn't mean that his strength at the Yuanfu Realm was weak—after all he was also a ranker on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, with a position among the top hundred ranks.

Behind him was also the illusory manifestation of a Vermilion Bird, yet this one was totally different from the one behind Qin Wentian—it was just an ordinary Vermilion Bird. The color of that middle-aged man's battle robe was yellow.

That middle-aged man seemed to be stalking someone, moving slowly as he tried to retain the element of surprise. Qin Wentian followed his gaze only to see a familiar silhouette further up ahead. It was none other than Li Shiyu from the Unmatched Realm.

Li Shiyu's talent in the Mystic Maiden Palace could still be considered outstanding, with a cultivation base at the ninth level of Yuanfu and battle robes of the color yellow.

The middle-aged man abruptly sped up, and Li Shiyu frowned, she finally noticed that this man was hunting her. She too, quickened her steps, as the two played a game of cat and mouse, dashing ahead with incredible speed.

Eventually, the middle-aged man caught up to Li Shiyu. Without hesitation, he unleashed his attacks as both their Astral Souls flared into being. The Astral Soul of that man was a bloody silhouette that emitted a sense of evilness in the air. Obviously, the Mandate he comprehended was the Mandate of Blood, and his mastery of it was at the Perfection Boundary of the first level insight.

Other than the Mandate of Blood, both his Mandate of Gold and Mandate of Wind were also at the Perfection Boundary of the first level. Although Li Shiyu was strong, she wasn't strong enough to fight against him. Very quickly, she coughed out fresh blood, the blood staining her robes red.

Qin Wentian calmly watched on. Although he was also from the Unmatch Realm, there was no friendship between him and Li Shiyu. In fact, Li Shiyu tried time and time again to split Fan Le and Xuan Xin apart, and so Qin Wentian had no reason to help her.

When Li Shiyu was defeated in the end, Qin Wentian discovered that the Vermilion Bird behind her was quickly devoured by the one accompanying the middle-aged man. After which, the middle-

aged man's Vermilion Bird's aura strengthened perceptibly, as it outlines began to thicken and took a step closer to reality.

Li Shiyu then vanished from this world, ousted by the formation. This scenario caused Qin Wentian to exhale in amazement.

“Was this what they meant by plundering ancient luck?”

Qin Wentian's heart shivered lightly—so this was the contest for ancient luck. If one was defeated here, the amount of ancient luck allocated to them would be plundered and they would be immediately removed from the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

After the middle-aged man finished off Li Shiyu, he turned and glanced at Qin Wentian, before visibly hesitating for a moment. After which, he seemed to have come to a decision, as his eyes gleamed with a cold light.

That person soared into the air as he disdainfully stared down at Qin Wentian. “Although you are extraordinary, your cultivation base is still too weak. You should just give the ancient luck of the Purgatory Vermilion Bird to me.”

Qin Wentian raised his head as he stared at the middle-aged man. He noticed that his opponent had two pinpoints of light shining on his Vermilion Bird's forehead. This meant that his current Vermilion Bird was a fusion of two portions of ancient luck.

As the voice of the middle-aged man faded, his Vermilion Bird screeched in excitement as it dashed towards Qin Wentian's Purgatory Vermilion Bird.

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird answered with a shrill screech of anger, causing the middle-aged man to frown. “If you insist on fighting, don't blame me if I make you suffer through hell first before plundering your luck away.”

A cold light gleamed in Qin Wentian's eyes, and in moments the aura that exuded from his Purgatory Vermilion Bird grew even stronger as the two illusory birds fought each other in the air, neither shrinking back from the challenge.

“Heart and Intent as one.” Qin Wentian understood how the middle-aged man wrested away the ancient luck from Li Shiyu.

“What other marvellous usage of the gathered ancient luck would there be?” Qin Wentian asked.

“Hmph. Did nobody tell you of this? Gather the ancient luck and a true Vermilion Bird will materialize. But with your level of strength, it wouldn’t even matter if I told you this secret.” The middle-aged man exuded a sinister pressure as his Astral Soul took the form of an evil apparition. Its bloodshot eyes caused the blood in Qin Wentian’s body to stir restlessly about.

Qin Wentian coldly laughed, this middle-aged man seemed to look down on him a little too much but in reality, he was being extremely cautious. The middle-aged man was testing out Qin Wentian with his words and didn’t dare to make any direct moves to attack him—he wanted to probe Qin Wentian’s strength before committing fully to the battle.

Although he had lived for so long, this middle-aged man still hadn’t comprehended any second level Mandates. It wasn’t that he didn’t want to step into Heavenly Dipper but rather, he couldn’t do so. He had been stuck in Yuanfu for so many years, seeing others surpassing him one by one. Such a feeling was similar to the stabbing of knives to one’s heart; extremely uncomfortable. This was also the reason why he participated in the ranking battle every three years, it had already become his sole reason to continue living. He planned to either find his good fortune here or search for something that could enable him to breakthrough to Heavenly Dipper. How could he be careless now?

“The power in my blood isn’t something you can control. Since ancient luck can be plundered away, I suggest for you to submit to me.”

Qin Wentian floated in the air as he abruptly rushed towards the middle-aged man. The man frowned before turning, intending to escape. Qin Wentian had a cold-looking grin on his face as he pursued the man.

“Bzzz!” The middle-aged man suddenly shifted direction, dashing straight towards Qin Wentian in an attempt to catch him by surprise instead. Like a bolt of thunder, his will of the Mandate of Blood erupted forth as his hands reached out to grab hold of Qin Wentian’s flesh.

This person had yet to comprehend any second level Mandates, so how could Qin Wentian fear him? Still grinning, Qin Wentian punched out, meeting the middle-aged man’s palms blow for blow. In that instant of collision, Qin Wentian felt the blood in his entire body roiling about madly, as though it were on the verge of exploding out of his body. But by landing this attack, the middle-aged man would pay with his life. The vibrational shockwaves gushed directly into his body, as the terrifying fluctuations shattered everything within.

“You...” The middle-aged man stared at Qin Wentian in disbelief.

“BOOM!” Qin Wentian sent out another palm, flinging the middle-aged man through the air. His Vermilion Bird gave a shrill cry as its form began to shimmer, evidently becoming weaker. The Purgatory Vermilion Bird then flew forwards, and devoured it instantly.

A moment later, the spatial laws in this formation fluctuated as the middle-aged man disappeared from this world. Qin Wentian stared at his Purgatory Vermilion Bird in satisfaction as three points of light glowed on its forehead.

“Its aura is much stronger now, and its illusory form has become more corporeal.” Qin Wentian observed. The plundering of ancient luck was cruel indeed.

As time passed, Qin Wentian continued traversing this world. He met a total of six to seven people and easily plundered their ancient luck away. The illusory Vermilion Bird above Qin Wentian continued to ‘thicken’ with each victory, as the baleful aura emitting from it grew increasingly stronger.

To his surprise, he sensed the aura of a cultivation base at the first level of Yuanfu emitting from it.

Back in the Ancient Kingdom, the outside spectators could watch everything that happened in the world within the formation, albeit a condensed, miniature version, when compared to reality.

“Chen Wang and Shi Potian are too strong, they’ve actually defeated so many that the points of light on the foreheads of their Vermilion Birds have formed into two vertical lines.”

“Si Qiong and Zhan Chen as well, they are all frenziedly hunting to plunder the ancient luck.”

Every pinpoint of light equated to one contender being eliminated. And every vertical line represented ten people that had been eliminated.

“Qin Wentian’s strength was enough to battle against some rankers on the Heavenly Fate Rankings. It looks like only Yuanfu Realm cultivators who’ve comprehended second level Mandates will be able to suppress him.”

“Wait, look at that damnable fatty, isn’t that guy too shameless? He’s hiding underneath the coral reef to cultivate instead?”

The spectators all turned their gazes over and soon noticed the big-sized silhouette currently being called out. What a shameless method to get into the Heavenly Fate Rankings—he wanted to weasel his way into the rankings by hiding away, and avoid fighting others so they wouldn't have the opportunity to plunder his ancient luck?

Such a method was truly too shameless, everyone was looking down at that fatty with contempt. “Chen Wang and Shi Potian came into contact, yet they didn't battle each other. Evidently, they wanted to wait till the very end.”

“Wait, check out that direction Chen Wang is heading to. Seems like Qin Wentian's luck is pretty bad, at this rate, they'll run into each other soon.” In that moment, the spectators burst into discussion.

Earlier, hadn't Qin Wentian just offended Chen Wang? He's in for it now!

#### Chapter 363: Unmatched Realm, Qin Zheng

The Vermilion Bird Formation was immense in scale and had existed since the time of Ancient Grand Xia. Even after the nine grand clans rebelled, they still had no way to possess this formation for their sole use.

They had no way to neutralize it, and so the ancient grand luck that accumulated within it could only be obtained by people of the Yuanfu Realm.

Hence, among the eighteen trial grounds in Grand Xia, the Vermilion Bird Formation was the highest grade of difficulty that could be opened up to those in Yuanfu.

Even today, after a few thousand years, the transcendent powers had never given up their plan to excavate the Vermilion Bird Formation. For each ranking battle that occurred every three years, they would send the strongest Yuanfu cultivator they had to enter the Vermilion Bird Formation, hoping for them to find traces of its secrets.

And throughout these thousands of years after Ancient Grand Xia was destroyed, there had been more than a few powerhouses obtaining significant benefits from it.

It was rumored that the Azure Emperor himself received an insanely powerful cultivation art, but no one knew what exactly was it.

Naturally, Qin Wentian didn't know the history of the Vermilion Bird Formation. He only felt that this was an extraordinary world which had even birthed the true spirit of a Vermilion Bird. Based on his current strength, it was impossible for him to see through this formation, but he did understand that it made use of the concept of space and the world within it was exceedingly vast. Even after exploring for three days, he had only met around ten people.

He also noticed some historical ruins inside this world. Some had long been excavated by others before him, while others were like the mountain wall with the gigantic axe embedded within it—he had no way to discover the hidden secrets with his current level of power.

In fact, in this battle to plunder ancient luck, Qin Wentian could just camp at some location and take his time setting up fourth-ranked inscriptions—nobody inside this world would be able to do anything to counter him. Sadly, this world was just too vast, and taking his chances rather than seizing the initiative wouldn't be a very effective plan. The only way to wrest away the ancient luck of others was to actively go after it.

His powerful heart sense swept out and a few breaths of time later, a silhouette appeared in Qin Wentian's perception.

Chen Wang!

Chen Wang from the Great Solar Chen Clan; this time around he was here because he wanted to contend for the position of first. Back then, he was ranked #2 right below Hua Taixu. Now that Hua Taixu had already stepped into the second level of Heavenly Dipper, one could well imagine how powerful Chen Wang must be, given that he suppressed his cultivation base for three entire years. All three of his Mandates had already reached the second level, and his Mandates of Flames was even at the Advanced Boundary of the second level. All these years of preparation, it was all for this event today.

And moreover, Chen Wang's trump cards were not yet unveiled. Nobody knew what his true limits were.

But one thing that people could all agreed on: in this ranking battle, Chen Wang wasn't a person they wanted to antagonize.

Qin Wentian calmly turned back, choosing another direction and continued on. His actions caused the spectators to all be puzzled—just when Qin Wentian and Chen Wang were about to meet, he actually changed a direction?

Was this coincidental? Or was Qin Wentian's perception stronger than Chen Wang's?

Indeed, Chen Wang hadn't even noticed Qin Wentian's presence. He continued on with his course of direction at a leisurely pace. It was clear that he didn't expect any combat to occur anytime soon.

Chen Wang continued for a while before picking another direction and then increasing his speed. He knew that this world was truly vast, if he wanted to wrest away the ancient luck, he had to be proactive rather than passive.

Under the startled gazes of the spectators, Qin Wentian didn't choose to leave. Instead, just when Chen Wang changed directions, Qin Wentian stealthily followed him from behind, causing the crowd to marvel at his guts. Maybe his confidence in his own perceptive ability bordered on arrogance, because of all people, he actually chose to trail Chen Wang.

“The next unlucky sheep is Qin Zheng! That dark horse with the same surname as Qin Wentian will meet Chen Wang very soon.”

The spectators outside broke into excited discussion. Their attention was mostly fixed on those outstanding contenders, such as Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Wang Jue and the others.

And also, dark horses like Si Qiong, Qin Zheng and Hua Shaoqing were also being closely observed by the crowd.

And as expected, Chen Wang ran into Qin Zheng. Evidently, the amount of ancient luck Chen Wang plundered was more than Qin Zheng's. Not only that, his Vermilion Bird-form ancient luck was also different from the majority, his was a golden-feathered Vermilion Bird while Qin Zheng's was an ordinary one.

“Do you want to hand over your bit of ancient luck willingly or do you want me to take it away by force?” Chen Wang's gaze landed on Qin Zheng's illusory Vermilion Bird—there were five points of light glimmering there. This meant that if his Vermilion Bird devoured that of Qin Zheng's, it would be equivalent to him stealing five portions of ancient luck.

“Chen Wang.” Qin Zheng casually laughed. “My ancient luck? You won’t be able to acquire it.”

Chen Wang’s lips curled up in a cold smile as he snorted. Stepping up, both of his arms glowed with a boiling redness as he channelled his Great Solar Universe Art. The temperature around him soared skywards, and even the air around Chen Wang evaporated.

“It seems like you don’t believe me?” Qin Zheng laughed. Chen Wang directly punched out with his tyrannical fist, as flaming fist lights sped forth towards Qin Zheng, each fist filled with an aura of savageness and tyranny.

“BANG!”

The terrifying flaming fists slammed into Qin Zheng’s body, yet the spectators were all stunned by what they witnessed next. Qin Zheng’s silhouette appeared in another location, instantly changing his position with incredible speed. It didn’t seem possible that he had dodged it, they could clearly see that he’d been bombarded by the punches. He should have been hit by that last attack.

Chen Wang stepped out as he grabbed forwards in the air. A terrifying manifestation of his flame-ember palm imprint directly slammed downwards, locking down on Qin Zheng’s shoulder.

“Shatter.” Qin Zheng spat out a single word as that palm imprint broke into multiple pieces. At the same moment, a terrifying sword qi could be felt in the air. Chen Wang’s silhouette had already appeared before him, and that great solar light illuminating from him was inexorably resplendent, so piercing that no one could look directly at him. Qin Zheng shut his eyes, and as Chen Wang’s Great Solar Swordplay slashed down, Qin Zheng vanished instantly before everyone’s eyes.

When he appeared again, he blasted forth with his palms. Qin Zheng’s palm was like the edge of a sharp sabre, containing within it a fearsome lacerating energy. Chen Wang sneered, his arms were already circulating with the Great Solar Energy, and he reacted by matching palms with Qin Zheng. The blazing temperature also caused Qin Zheng’s arms to turn a boiling red as the Great Solar Energy surged into him from Chen Wang.

“BOOOM!”

When the two of them broke apart, Qin Zheng’s entire sleeves had been burned off and the whole length of his arms were charred a deep black. Chen Wang’s boiling red arm turned back to its normal color, as traces of a bloody wound could be seen on his palm.

“Mandate of Space,” Chen Wang murmured as he stared at the wound he received. “With that Mandate of yours, it’s no wonder that you’re so confident.”

Lifting his head, Chen Wang’s eyes were illuminated by an intense blazing light. Instantly, the surrounding atmosphere in that region began to boil.

His silhouette flickered as he dashed towards his opponent, like a huge ball of flames fired over that resembled the sun. The ground where his steps passed over all became scorched earth, void of any life.

“INCINERATE!” Chen Wang coldly shouted, as the huge ball of sun flames lunged towards Qin Zheng. Two streams of will of Mandates gushed forth from Qin Zheng as his palms chopped downwards. Momentarily, an incomparably powerful slash descended from the Heavens, cleaving that ball of flame into two. As the two halves of the flaming ball hurled towards Qin Zheng, he vanished from sight yet again, re-appearing elsewhere.

“Spatial Laceration infused into the Mandate of the Wind— allowing you to unleash the might of Grand Cleaving?” Chen Wang stared at Qin Zheng as he continued, “Speak. Who exactly are you?”

“Unmatched Realm, Qin Zheng.”

“Your Mandate of Space grants you a powerful dodging ability, but in terms of true combat, do you think you stand a chance against me?” Chen Wang sneered, his combat prowess was evidently stronger than Qin Zheng’s but when he witnessed how powerful the fusion between Qin Zheng’s Mandate of Space and Mandate of Wind was, even he couldn’t help feeling a little fear in his heart.

“Chen Wang, do you really think you are invincible among Yuanfu now that Hua Taixu is gone? Leaving aside the topic of fighting, you have already failed the moment when you didn’t realize that someone was trailing even before you met me.” Qin Zheng laughed, his words causing Chen Wang’s expression to stiffen. Abruptly, his perception swept out, scanning the surrounding area with greater intensity.

Qin Wentian silently cursed, was Qin Zheng revealing him for his own amusement? Qin Wentian instantly turned and sped away.

It was as though Chen Wang finally sensed something. His countenance changed as he moved like the wind, pursuing after. Evidently, he had finally sensed the fluctuations of Qin Wentian's aura.

Currently, if they fought purely based on strength, Qin Wentian didn't think that he would be a match for Chen Wang.

“QIN WENTIAN!”

Chen Wang manically laughed. His cultivation base was at the ninth level, while Qin Wentian's was at the seventh. Given how both of them were using movement techniques, the difference in their levels made it so that Chen Wang's speed was faster than Qin Wentian's.

“You won't be able to escape.”

At this moment, Chen Wang could already see Qin Wentian's figure in his sights. The Great Solar Illumination from Chen Wang's grew increasingly brighter as he closed the distance between them. After which, he gestured out with his sword fingers as his Great Solar Swordplay manifested a few solar swords that slashed down.

Qin Wentian turned and responded with a dragon imprint, yet the Great Solar Swordplay easily destroyed that. The remaining might carried over and slammed into Qin Wentian's body.

Qin Wentian's countenance remained cold as he continued flying ahead. The garuda wings on his back flapped with greater strength as he tried his best to increase his speed. A few moments later, he noticed a cave dwelling at the side of the mountains. Although visibility was poor in there, he hesitated no longer and immediately dashed into the cave.

“Courting death.”

Chen Wang sneered when he saw what happened. He too increased his speed while channeling even more Great Solar Energy into a giant flame ball that manifested behind him.

However, the instant he stepped into the cave dwelling, a force of overwhelming power directly gushed out, boring into him. Chen Wang's killing intent soared to the limits as he hurled the giant flame ball within.

“BOOM!” Chen Wang’s eyes narrowed in trepidation. That force gushing out shattered his flame ball, and continued its way forward aiming for his heart.

With a howl of rage, the blood in his entire body seemingly transformed into magma. An immense heat wave erupted forth from him, pushing against the gushing force but momentarily, Chen Wang’s body was jolted backwards, only regaining control after he was pushed back several steps. His entire arm trembled, as droplets of blood flowed unceasingly from it. He was actually wounded!

A scorching hot flame erupted, evaporating the droplets of blood into steam. Chen Wang clutched his palms as his countenance turned ashen.

When fighting against Qin Zheng, he couldn’t do anything to his opponent. And yet now he actually suffered a disadvantage when he’s fighting against Qin Wentian?

But how could Qin Wentian unleashed such a terrifying attack of such might?

A burst of solar flame inundated the area, Chen Wang wanted to destroy the cave yet he discovered that even though the cave dwelling was trembling intensely from his attack, there were no hints of collapse.

Chen Wang’s expression froze as he walked to the cave’s entrance and hurled a giant ball of sunflames within, wanting to bury Qin Wentian inside it. He stood outside the cave and icily sneered, “Can you only turtle in there like a coward?”

“Chen Wang, can it be that you are afraid of someone like me who’s two levels lower than you in terms of cultivation? So in the end, is this all the mighty Chen Wang amount to? Standing outside hurling useless words of arrogance? Nothing but a scaredy cat.” A voice filled with cold laughter drifted out, containing hints of mockery in it. “Come in if you dare.”

Chen Wang trembled in rage when he heard that. His countenance was ice cold as he continued hurling balls of sunflame within.

#### Chapter 364: Chen Wang’s Violent Rage

The cave dwelling Qin Wentian was currently hiding in, was dank and dark. Not only that, the stony walls were incomparably sturdy and solid. Qin Wentian was forced to expend plenty of energy as he inscribed Divine Inscriptions onto it.

The moment he'd stepped into the cave dwelling, he unleashed all the strength he was capable of mustering. He let loose his power of bloodline limits, his divine energy, then blasted forth with Heartbreak Echo and Heaven Breaking Finger—his strongest innate techniques—in rapid succession. It was only because of this, coupled with Chen Wang's haste and carelessness, that had led to him being injured. Now, Chen Wang no longer dared to easily enter the cave, as he was unsure if there were any more traps within.

As for Qin Wentian's cultivation level, he was at the seventh level of Yuanfu, and had the power of his bloodlines, the Fiend Transformation Art, and Divine Yuan Energy to reinforce his attacks, thereby allowing him to unleash attacks of a grade equivalent to or even surpassing peak Yuanfu cultivators. And if he utilized his innate techniques together with his will of Mandates, it wasn't hard for him to kill his opponent, as long as they didn't have a second level Mandate.

But Chen Wang was different, because his cultivation base was already at the pinnacle of the ninth level of Yuanfu. Furthermore, he cultivated the Great Solar Universe Art, granting him Great Solar Meridians necessary to produce Great Solar Energy. Also, his second level Mandate had already reached the Advanced Boundary and he could even fight against Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns who had just broken through. One definitely couldn't use the Yuanfu Realm's scale of measure to assess him.

At this moment, as the balls of sun-flames blasted into the interior of the cave, a bright light flashed from underneath Qin Wentian's feet—dozens of ancient shields sprang into existence to block the fireballs.

Abruptly, a sharp sword penetrated inwards, destroying the shields. Qin Wentian's countenance grew cold as he slammed out a palm to destroy the sword manifested from Great Solar Energy—his other hand and his feet had never stopped moving, he was constantly still inscribing Divine Inscriptions.

“Chen Wang, how extraordinary you are? Can't you do anything to me even when I'm at the seventh level of Yuanfu? What will you do when I step into the eighth level of Yuanfu? Can you even fight me on an equal footing when I reach the same ninth level as you? By that time, the so-called pride of your Great Solar Chen Clan will be easily smashed apart and trampled over by me. Are you not ashamed of being called a Heaven Chosen?”

Chen Wang stood at the exterior of the cave dwelling, with a fierce crease in his brows. As he stared into the cave interior, his eyes flashed with an exceedingly cold light.

He could feel Qin Wentian was inscribing Divine Inscriptions, and knew that Qin Wentian was trying to use reverse psychology by baiting him to enter.

Chen Wang had already ceased his attacks. He knew that everything that happened here would be visible to those in the outside world. His failure to kill Qin Wentian had already been witnessed by countless others.

Those from his Great Solar Chen Clan, as well as those from the other transcendent powers, were all watching him.

Hua Taixu's name had long resounded throughout Grand Xia yet what about his, Chen Wang's name? People only remembered the person who was number one, nobody gave a damn about who was number two.

Just as what Qin Wentian had said, if he couldn't even deal with someone at the seventh level of Yuanfu, on what grounds did he have to be a Heaven's Chosen?

Chen Wang's heart was successfully infuriated.

"If you truly wish for death so much, I can grant it to you," Chen Wang coldly spoke as he stepped into the cave. His body transformed into molten lava as his Great Solar Universe Art was channelled to its limits, turning his meridians in their entirety and arterial pathways in his body a flaming red.

His eyes shone with the light of the sun, as the Great Solar Energy within his body circulated about, giving him an otherworldly glow of breath-taking beauty. It caused those in the outside world to sigh in admiration at his prowess.

Chen Wang, was ultimately still Chen Wang. He was the person that had the highest probability of obtaining the first position in the Heavenly Fate Rankings. After he entered the cave, the spectators had no way to see what was happening, hence they didn't know why Chen Wang was filled with such trepidation to the extent that he needed to unleash his full power.

The sun flames around Chen Wang illuminated the entire cave dwelling, as he noticed Qin Wentian, a terrifying scorching heat instantly boiled within the cave, scorching the ground and the nearby walls.

“I shall kill you first, before plundering your ancient luck.” Chen Wang’s voice was ice-cold, filled with utter determination. At this distance, Qin Wentian felt a wave of heat assaulting his body, as though he would combust into flames at any moment.

Chen Wang placed one of his hands on the interior walls of the cave and started channeling the Great Solar Energy into it. The walls became a blazing red as the temperature within the cave began to rapidly surge upwards. He wanted Qin Wentian to feel complete remorse over his actions.

“Have you felt despair? Chen Wang’s palm brushed along the stony walls as he advanced forward. Qin Wentian coldly stared at him. The infuriated Chen Wang was truly more terrifying than normal, and in his current most powerful state, there was no doubt that he was truly the contender with the highest possibility of obtaining first in the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

“DIE!” Qin Wentian’s voice was ice-cold as a terrifying sword tempest kicked up. Instantly, the cave dwelling was completely filled with sword qi, manifesting into countless swords that flew towards Chen Wang.

“Killing-type Formation—so you wanted to depend on this to deal with me?”

Chen Wang wasn’t even considering retreat. With a slash of his hands, the Great Solar Swordplay obliterated everything in its path.

“Go.” Qin Wentian pointed at Chen Wang, as yet another surge of a sword qi tempest enveloped Chen Wang, about to devour him.

“Chi, chi...” Ear piercing sounds rang out, yet after an instant the sword qi tempest dissipated into thin air as two flaming red hands forcefully pushed the air currents apart to the side. Chen Wang, who now resembled a burning man of blazing embers, appeared as a Flame Giant Astral Soul from the 5th Heavenly Layer which could be seen above his head.

Qin Wentian gestured as countless sharp swords flew over. Chen Wang had already fully integrated with his Astral Soul—he was now the flame giant.

“Isn’t this a characteristic of Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns? Chen Wang’s preparations have long been completed, so he can step into Heavenly Dipper at any moment. Why, even now, he could be considered as a half-step away from becoming a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign.” Qin Wentian mused as he sent even more streams of sword qi tempest over. Chen Wang forcefully broke apart the storm

of swords as he reached his hands out, aiming to grab hold of Qin Wentian. If that flaming palms even touched Qin Wentian the slightest, it was sufficient to incinerate Qin Wentian into ashes.

Chen Wang's attack had already reached the basic level of Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns—the fourth-ranked windstorm sword tempest which Qin Wentian inscribed in haste couldn't even kill Chen Wang.

“Despair now.” Chen Wang's aura flared, as all traces of the Divine Inscription vanished into thin air. Like a divinity of flame, he slowly walked towards Qin Wentian.

At this moment, in the centre of Qin Wentian's brows, a third eye abruptly opened. Instantly, a light so resplendently blinding shot into the eyes of Chen Wang, as a terrifying will entered his sea of consciousness. At the same time, Qin Wentian frenziedly blasted out with both his palms as numerous ancient bells manifested, flying towards Chen Wang.

“BOOM, BOOM, BOOOM!”

The chimes from the ancient bells reverberated endlessly, echoing in the cave. Chen Wang felt an intense head-splitting pain as his heart started to pound madly—it felt as though it was going to explode at any moment. But in spite of all this, his hand was still stretching out, trying to grab hold of Qin Wentian.

“Envelope!”

Qin Wentian's intent radiated out as towering amounts of sword qi coalesced into a barrier enveloping his entire body within, the only thing left uncovered were his fiendish looking cold eyes. He dashed towards Chen Wang, no longer caring about the expenditure of the remaining Divine Yuan Energy in his Yuanfu.

The echoes from the ancient bells continued, the Heaven Breaking Finger stabbing out, capable of breaking the Heavens with a single stab. Qin Wentian's finger was further reinforced by demonic armor, as well as sword-type Divine Energy that he gathered in spirals, concentrating on the tip of his finger.

Time momentarily halted as that one finger stabbed forward.

Chen Wang's aura skyrocketed, releasing a terrifying flamestorm that could incinerate the entire cave dwelling. As that finger landed, cracks could be seen on the body of that flame giant, and he

howled in agony. Retreating rapidly, he gathered his strength to push Qin Wentian back as he dashed towards the entrance of the cave. The force of his push ruthlessly slammed Qin Wentian's body against the stony walls with such force he felt as though the bones in his body were about to be shattered.

The barrier of sword qi and his demonic armor had been destroyed. His Demon Sovereign-aligned Yuanfu, as well as his Heavenly Hammer-aligned Yuanfu were totally exhausted. His last Yuanfu reserves had only 50% remaining—for the time being, he no longer had the ability to fight with such intensity.

Coughing out a mouthful of blood, Qin Wentian sat up straight. He felt as though his whole body had been rammed by a truck, he was in an extremely miserable state yet his eyes were as cold as ever.

After Chen Wang exited the cave, his form returned back to normal. His flame giant form had faded away, leaving behind bloody wounds that dyed his body red, causing great shock as a stir powerfully rocked the hearts of the spectators.

"This..." Chen Wang had entered the cave with such confidence, yet he was heavily injured to this extent?

What exactly happened within that cave?

The countenances of those from the Great Solar Chen Clan grew incredibly ugly. Why was Chen Wang so grievously injured? How could this happen?

"Qin Wentian is a fourth-ranked Grandmaster," Luo He quietly explained, causing the expressions on those from the Chen Clan to stiffen. A fourth-ranked Divine Inscriptionist was Chen Wang's enemy, no wonder he was at such a disadvantage.

The spectators only saw the fury of Chen Wang's anger reaching up to the Heavens. He soared up into the skies and howled in wrath.

The sound of his voice thundered out in all directions, spreading to all corners of this formation world.

**"QIN WENTIAN, IF YOU DON'T DIE I WILL NEVER REST."**

“I, Chen Wang, am willing to form an alliance AND share all dangers and benefits together. I only need someone willing to guard the entrance of this cave and kill Qin Wentian if he tries to exit.”

A few moments later, there was actually someone who appeared in this location. This person was none other than Yang Fan from the Star-Seizing Manor, ranked #18 on the Heavenly Fate Rankings. He had always wanted to kill Qin Wentian, and now that Chen Wang was voluntarily offering to form an alliance, how could he not agree to it?

Yang Fan stared at Chen Wang’s figure in the air. No wonder Chen Wang was so infuriated, he had suffered immensely in the hands of Qin Wentian.

“Qin Wentian excels in Divine Inscriptions, I need to force him out. I believe his state of injuries are no better than mine, so if he steps out of these caves he will die for sure.” Chen Wang stared at Yang Fan as he continued, “Guard this area for me, I shall hunt his other friends.”

Seeing the sun flames blazing around Chen Wang, Yang Fan knew that he was truly angered. He nodded his head in agreement, “I will do as you say.”

“Good. I will gather more people to come here. Even if I can’t obtain first in the ranking battle, Qin Wentian MUST DIE.” Chen Wang’s voice was as cold as ice, as his silhouette flickered and vanished from sight.

Naturally, Qin Wentian heard Chen Wang’s words. His countenance appeared emotionless, yet a terrible, freezing cold intent radiated out from him.

He, Ouyang Kuangsheng, Chu Mang and Fan Le were all participating in this ranking battle. Everyone knew that Chen Wang wanted to hunt his friends to force him to exit the cave.

Presently, Qin Wentian had propped himself against a cave wall, with several Yuan Meteor Stones littered around him. He was draining them to recover the Astral Energy in his Yuanfu. At this moment, a pellet appeared in his hands as an ice-cold light gleamed in his eyes!

Chapter 365: Second Degree Demonic Transformation

In the blink of an eye, seven days passed.

Outside the Vermilion Bird Formation, the spectators were still paying close attention to the events happening within. It was as though the daily cycle of night and day didn't matter, as though the word 'fatigue' didn't exist in their vocabulary.

Seven days passed after the confrontation between Chen Wang and Qin Wentian. And in that time, the actual strength of the contenders were gradually being made clear.

There were several experts on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, as well as a few dark horses that were all highly regarded.

Naturally, many contenders found themselves being surpassed by others. If you stagnate, you fall behind, this was a simple law of natural selection. Experts on the Heavenly Fate Rankings were also subjected to this rule, and this was one of the reasons why those top few rankers were all cultivators from the younger generations.

Currently, the most highly regarded cultivators were: Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Si Qiong and Zhan Chen. Si Qiong was the contender with the violet-gold robe, yet even now no one could be clear of his full strength yet. Zhan Chen gave people a feeling of strangeness, as though he was becoming less and less human. He also seemed to gain more power whenever he was faced with stronger opponents.

These four people all had enough power to contend for the top three positions.

Besides these four, there were also others who also obtained a high level of recognition: Qin Zheng, Emperor Azure, Yao Jun, Hua Shaoqing, Yan Cheng, Leng Hong, Wang Jue and Yun Mengyi.

Also, there were a few contenders who were considered exceedingly mysterious: the black-robed figure, Mu Feng, Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng.

The black-robed figure and Mu Feng kept an extremely low profile, they wouldn't take the initiative to hunt others and as long as people didn't purposely offend them, they couldn't be bothered about plundering ancient luck. But of course if there were people foolish enough to accost them, they wouldn't show any mercy either. Especially Mu Feng, his personality had undergone a total overhaul, he was even more emotionless and many times more ruthless. Each and contender that accosted him would lose their lives dying in agony. His state of martial heart became increasingly more suitable for those who walked the path of a poisoner.

And Qin Wentian was classified within this because no one knew how strong was he exactly. The battle seven days earlier shocked every one – he actually survived under Chen Wang’s onslaught and Chen Wang turns out to be the person that was grievously injured instead.

As for Mo Qingcheng, she totally didn’t make any moves on plundering other’s ancient luck. Interestingly enough, those that met her didn’t have any intentions of wresting her bit of luck away either. Her charisma was just too great, and even though she appeared as cold as ice, no one would be willing to act against her. Hence, nobody knew of her true level of power.

Also, for those contenders who weren’t that strong to begin with, all started to group up and form alliances to traverse this formation world together. In this case, they could avoid being hunted by those powerful experts and even have the chance to hunt groups weaker than them for their bits of ancient luck.

Hence, an extremely strange phenomenon appeared. For those first class experts, the luck they gathered got increasingly more and more – the majority of the luck of those who were ousted belonged to them.

“The number of contenders are steadily decreasing, there are only around 500 people left now.” Several spectators mused as they studied the happenings in the formation world.

“Chen Wang is on the prowl for Qin Wentian’s friends while hunting ancient luck. While Yang Fan, Situ Po and Hua Feng were guarding the entrance of the cave dwelling where Qin Wentian was in.

Many of the spectators felt extremely puzzled when they noticed the actions of Yang Fan, Situ Po and Hua Feng. All of them could be considered first class experts in the formation world, what grudge do they have with Qin Wentian exactly? But somehow, they seemed to be unable to do anything to Qin Wentian, it was as though they feared entering the cave dwelling where he was in.

“Qin Wentian is truly awesome, look at how many experts are outside the cave waiting for him.” In the crowd, the young and beautiful Xuan Xin spoke in a low voice, evidently surprised by what she witnessed. Fan Le’s friends was truly outstanding, especially Qin Wentian, he was beyond extraordinary.

“After offending Chen Wang, his only path is death. Even if he turtles in there, when the test ends, he would still die eventually.” Li Shiyu was ousted from the formation world after her ancient luck was plundered. After which she had been spectating all these while and realised Qin Wentian was near her earlier and was the one who forced the middle-aged man out. In this case, with his level of

power, if he chose to act and save her she would still be within the world. But he let her 'died' instead.

“Senior sister you are wrong there. Look at what is his cultivation level and think back of his past achievements. Back then when he entered the Unmatched Realm, you should clearly know his level of prowess. And now, in a short few months he had already progressed so much to the extent that he could even wound Chen Wang. Even if he turtles in the cave, the fact that Chen Wang didn't dare enter meant that he is useless. There's nothing shameful about what Qin Wentian is doing.”

Xuan Xin lightly commented as she continued, “Senior sister you shouldn't be obsessed with hatred so much. With your level of strength even if he helped you, you would be ousted sooner or later.”

Li Shiyu was obviously unhappy with Xuan Xin's analysis, she coldly snorted, “I'm merely speaking the truth, look at your beloved fatty, he's still hiding underneath that coral reef.”

Xuan Xin nonchalantly laughed when she spotted Fan Le's silhouette, “With only a cultivation base at the seventh level of Yuanfu, it already isn't easy for him to walk till this point. Now that he's trying to increase his strength, there's nothing wrong with it? This is how intelligent people who act.”

Regardless of the opinions of the spectators, those within the formation world stayed true to their methods and continued doing things according to their method.

Qin Wentian continued cultivating in the cave, even now...no one dared to enter.

“Qin Wentian, didn't you want to have a battle with me? I'm right here now, come out if you dare, I shall slay you for certain.” A voice drifted within the cave, that voice, belonged to Situ Po.

Situ Po naturally knew that such a method basically had no way to infuriate Qin Wentian, causing him to leave the cave. But even so, he still called out, hoping to disrupt Qin Wentian's cultivation process. Even if it couldn't accomplish anything, he could still vent the emotions in his heart.

“Chen Wang is truly taking his time.” Hua Feng commented impatiently as he stared in the direction of the cave's entrance.

Hadn't Chen Wang managed to locate Chu Mang and the rest?

They surely couldn't continue to waste time by standing guard over a cave dwelling where Qin Wentian wouldn't come out but Hua Feng was smart enough to realise that this place was actually the safest place to be compared to actively hunting for active luck in this formation world. If he plundered too much ancient luck, he would undoubtedly become the next target of people like Chen Wang and Situ Po.

"Chen Wang had already spread the news, all the contenders in the formation world is already helping him to locate them. There's no rush, it's only a matter of time." Yang Fan was still composed. Although he had broken up with Shu Ruanyu, he still felt extremely unwilling in his heart. Shu Ruanyu was truly an excellent woman, with beauty and talent in addition to her extraordinary background. He was already prepared to marry her, who would have thought that she would be abducted by Qin Wentian.

This matter was too great a blow to Yang Fan and the Star-Seizing Manor's reputation. His fiancée, a virgin of exceedingly beauty was abducted by Qin Wentian for long periods of time? What would people think? He would never be able to escaped the finger pointing of being a cuckold, this was also the main reason why the two of them broke up.

Hence, disregarding their grudges before this. Simply this matter alone made Yang Fan hated Qin Wentian so much that he couldn't wait to tear Qin Wentian into pieces.

"Qin Wentian, wasn't you very arrogant during the trial of the Heavenly Stele Steps? Now you are nothing but a coward, hiding like a turtle. How sad is that?" Situ Po continued, "Your cowardice will only lead to the death of your friends, they had truly been blinded, they actually made friends with a beast in human-clothing. Chen Wang will definitely slay them and send them to the underworld in peace."

Situ Po wanted to agitate Qin Wentian into anger, and kept hurling nasty words and even vulgarities. Yet Qin Wentian didn't bother about him, he was at the critical moment of his cultivation.

Hua Feng walked up, stopping at the entrance of the cave dwelling as he coldly laughed, "Qin Wentian, tell me what do you think Chen Wang would do when he learns of the relationship between you and Mo Qingcheng?"

Mo Qingcheng was from the Pill Emperor Hall, the beloved disciple of Luo He. Chen Wang definitely knew of this and even if he learnt of the relationship between them, he wouldn't dare do anything too drastic to Mo Qingcheng. Qin Wentian and Hua Feng both understood this point, Hua

Feng only made the statement because he was banking on the fact that Qin Wentian would be angered enough to leave the cave.

Situ Po's expression faltered. What relationship was there between Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng?

Only those from Hua Clan knew of the actual details. After all, the reason why Hua Xiaoyun died to Qin Wentian was because of this.

Hua Feng actually came here for another purpose, after Hua Taixu stepped into Heavenly Dipper, his position in the Hua Clan naturally rose as well. The upper echelons in the Hua Clan gave him an order – to find an opportunity in the ranking battle and kill Qin Wentian.

Hua Shaoqing then became the Yuanfu cultivator with the highest status after Hua Taixu's breakthrough. Despite his increase in status, this made Hua Feng exceptionally unhappy. Why was he the fall guy? Why wasn't it Hua Shaoqing instead? Such a feeling sucked extremely.

Hence, he wanted to vent all these emotions of frustrations and unhappiness onto Qin Wentian.

"Qin Wentian you should know how beautiful Mo Qingcheng is. Do you think she would still continue living if subjected to such humiliation?" Hua Feng purposely hinted and emphasized on Mo Qingcheng's beauty. He made his voice very low, only Qin Wentian could hear his words.

He didn't believe that Qin Wentian could still tolerate this.

And indeed, all of a sudden a terrifying demonic air gushed out of the cave and contained within it, was an immense killing intent targeted at Hua Feng. Hua Feng rapidly retreated in case he became the target of an ambush. A cold smile hung on his lips, he had achieved his objectives, he knew that he had successfully made Qin Wentian infuriated.

Since now that he knew of Qin Wentian's weak point, things would be easy to settle. He didn't believe that Qin Wentian would continue turtling in there.

Within the cave interior, Qin Wentian's entire body was shrouded by an overwhelming demonic qi.

Demonification, savageness, killing intent, ferociousness, barbaric. His physique got even stronger as his vitality skyrocketed.

The first level of the Mandate of Demons was to demonise the essence of one's body, slowly transforming a human into an entity nearer to a demon, granting them an increase in strength, a stronger physique and an increasingly violent temperament.

Qin Wentian's rage clearly indicated that the Mandate of Demons was different from the other Mandates because simply, it was the Mandate of Demons.

Second level of the Mandate of Demons was second degree demonification, Qin Wentian's physique got even larger as his bones and muscles underwent a shocking transformation. Grinding sounds could be heard from within his body as his eyes increasingly resembled a fiendish demon.

His third eye opened as a glaring demonic light flickered within, like the eye of an ancient primordial demon gazing down at the inhabitants of this lowly world with disdain.

Not only that, the aura that was exuding from Qin Wentian was now at the eighth level of Yuanfu.

Both his eyes abruptly snapped open as three harsh rays of dazzling light suddenly gleamed in the darkness, causing the souls of those who saw it to quake in terror!

### Chapter 366: Venting Anger

There were too many events happening within the formation world. One of the more major ones was the clash between Qin Wentian and Chen Wang.

After being injured, Chen Wang left in a fit of violent anger with the intention of forcing Qin Wentian out by threatening the lives of his friends.

And as for the current situation of Qin Wentian's good friends—

Fan Le's purpose was extremely clear, he wanted to breakthrough to the eighth level of Yuanfu. He didn't give a damn about what others thought of him,, so what if everyone in the world called him

shameless? With his current cultivation base at the seventh level of Yuanfu, even if his Mandates were all at the Perfection Boundary of the first level, it was all useless—there was no way he could contend against these geniuses. Hence, before he could even do anything, he had to breakthrough to at least the eighth level first.

Fan Le continued hiding below the coral reef to cultivate. Empyrean flames suffused his body, causing the temperature surrounding him to turn scorching hot. The endless huge waves crashed into him relentlessly, seemingly about to extinguish the flames covering his body but to no avail. The empyrean flames burned, hotter and brighter than ever before—the ocean waves that crashed into him were instantly evaporated into hot steam every second in a never-ending cycle.

As for Ouyang Kuangsheng, his cultivation base was originally already higher than Fan Le's and Qin Wentian's. Hence, after he broke through to the eighth level, he consumed the limit-break pellets and stepped into the ninth level of Yuanfu. After he levelled up, he was constantly hunting for people to fight against him. All of the opponents he faced were exceedingly strong as well, because the remaining contenders within the formation world were all experts that couldn't be belittled. But in spite of this, Ouyang Kuangsheng was filled with even more excitement. He didn't fear people stronger than him, what he feared was that there were no worthy opponents.

To be honest, he didn't care about his position on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, he only wanted to keep discovering what his limitations were, and to keep breaking through. By doing so, he could perpetually continue to grow stronger.

Next was Chu Mang. Chu Mang's heart was even more resolute compared to Ouyang Kuangsheng and Fan Le.

On the mountain peak of a certain mountain where Qin Wentian had previously explored, where a gigantic axe had been left embedded into the mountain walls, Chu Mang was currently cultivating here. He was standing in front of the mountain wall with a gigantic Astral axe in his hands, brandishing it wildly. Sometimes, he would change the movement, sometimes he would repeat it ten or a hundred times. It was as though Chu Mang didn't know fatigue, he was completely immersed inside his own training.

Chu Mang liked both the axe and bow the most. Astral bows could allow him to slaughter his enemies at a distance, while the mastery of the axe enabled him to shatter mountains and split apart the oceans. He had given up on comprehending a third Mandate solely because he wanted to focus on gaining comprehensions for the axe and the bow, thereby remaining fully immersed in those two.

After the Barbarian King took him on as a disciple in the Unmatched Realm, he had once consulted Barbarian King on this matter. In the end, the Barbarian King was shocked by his thinking but supported him immensely, telling him to walk down the path where his own heart dictated. The Barbarian King had many innate techniques, but he didn't hand them down to Chu Mang. He told Chu Mang that his initial path of thinking was right, only by walking down the path one's heart dictates would one be able to continue on it forever.

Even if he only trained in a singular movement, he would always be able to break his own limits. This single movement would open his perspective into the path of the axe, thereafter reaching an incredible realm.

Once, this was what Chu Wuwei had taught him. He had always listened to his elder brother and treated his words like gospel. On and on, he walked down this path, while his heart grew increasingly resolute.

Chu Mang's axe cleaved through the air once again and instantly a column of light cascaded downwards onto a mountain peak far away. Chu Mang didn't perceive it because he was too immersed within his training. He chopped out another blow with his axe, as another column of light cleaved downwards.

When Chu Mang finally stopped, the ancient mountain peak in the distance was no more, it has been completely demolished by Chu Mang's axe blows.

"Awesome!" Chu Mang grinned. After which, sounds of a fight breaking out drifted to his ears. Chu Mang shifted his gaze over, only to see the silhouettes of a male and a female currently fighting against each other.

These two were none other than Xuan Yan from the Mystic Maiden Palace and Yao Jun from the Skydemon Sect.

Xuan Yan was ranked #17 on the Heavenly Fate Rankings while Yao Jun was ranked #13. Yao Jun made tremendous improvement in terms of his comprehensions of Mandates and had comprehended a second level one—he was totally suppressing Xuan Yan with no signs of suspense.

Yao Jun was one of those contenders that were highly regarded by the spectators watching from outside the formation world.

Chu Mang hesitated for a moment before moving in their direction. Xuan Yan was the senior sister of Xuan Xin, who was Fan Le's girlfriend. Also, Chu Mang didn't have a bad impression of Xuan Yan, it didn't cost him much to offer a helping hand when she was in trouble. In fact by doing this, he may even be able to better the relationship between the Mystic Maiden Palace and Fan Le. In any case, by helping her out, Chu Mang could test out his current strength against a powerful opponent as well.

Xuan Yan was already teetering on the brink of defeat. His illusory Vermilion Bird glowed brighter and brighter as two demonic scaly wings burst out from his back, slamming into Xuan Yan with tyrannical might.

Just when he was about to deal the finishing blow, he sensed a faint presence and thus shifted his gaze to the side. After a few moments, he saw Chu Mang's silhouette approaching, and a demonic light flickered in his eyes.

"Someone delivering himself on a silver platter for me to devour his ancient luck," Yao Jun coldly stated. After a moment, the only response was a huge gigantic Astral axe cleaving down at the spot he was just standing at.

"I don't need your help, you are not his match," Xuan Yan called out when she saw Chu Mang attacking Yao Jun on her behalf. Since she was not powerful enough, she should answer for her own incompetence—she didn't want to drag Chu Mang down with her.

Yao Jun blasted out with his palms as the manifestation of a demonic beast howled, gushing forwards to Chu Mang.

"Chi, chi..."

That axe strike was extremely ordinary and without fanfare, yet a fearsome-looking light erupted from it, cleaving the demonic beast into two as Chu Mang rushed towards Yao Jun.

Yao Jun's countenance drastically changed as a sharp glint of light flashed in his eyes. He retreated at a terrifying speed, his demonic wings flapping rapidly. A red-colored light lacerated the ground where he was standing at earlier, creating a fissure of over hundreds of metres in length.

"Second level Mandate?" Yao Jun's eyes turned ruthless. He could tell that Chu Mang's Mandate of Axe had also reached the second level. Lifting his head and glancing at Chu Mang, the demonic

light in his eyes grew even brighter. The contenders for the ranking battle this time around were much stronger compared to the one held three years ago.

Since the last ranking battle, he'd put in effort and worked extremely hard practicing his cultivation, all because he wanted to show off his brilliance today. Yet who would have thought that there would be so many contenders here this year.

Xuan Yan also had a thunderstruck expression on her face as she glanced intently at Chu Mang. She couldn't help feeling a wisp of disappointment in herself, surfacing in her heart.

"Courting death." A terrifying demonic qi burst out of Yao Jun as he flew towards Chu Mang, both of them exchanging blows at point-blank range.

Yao Jun's demonic-orientated cultivation art was extremely domineering, allowing him to unleash powerful innate techniques of various demonic beasts. Naturally, his strength was amplified several times after undergoing demonic transformation, with his strength becoming similar to a berserker, constantly escalating upwards for the duration of the battle. Yet Xuan Yan discovered that no matter how powerful Yao Jun became, Chu Mang still reacted unhurriedly by casually chopping out with his axe. The feeling he gave off was too relax, just like a woodsman chopping a tree for firewood.

Indeed, Chu Mang treated combat like chopping firewood; each blow of his axe were extremely precise, the movements flowing naturally from his heart. There were no fixed stances, yet it gave people an inscrutable feel. His speed was also varied, alternating between fast and slow, which caught Yao Jun by surprise, almost killing him with a single strike.

Eventually, Yao Jun no longer wanted to entangle himself with this madman. He changed his tactics, only seeking to dash past Chu Mang and devour Xuan Yan's ancient luck.

Yet, Chu Mang stood protectively in front of Xuan Yan, like a mother hen protecting it's chick, giving Yao Jun no chance to succeed.

Looking at the broad shoulders of Chu Mang, Xuan Yan couldn't help feeling a sense of disorientation. She actually needed protection from someone else...

Finally, with a howl of rage, Yao Jun soared up to the skies and flew away, giving up on the notion of devouring Xuan Yan's ancient luck.

Chu Mang's Astral axe vanished as he turned to look at Xuan Yan.

"Thank you." Xuan Yan whispered in a low voice as she shyly glanced at Chu Mang.

"There's no need for thanks, I'm doing this to help Fan Le. Can your Mystic Maiden Palace stop pressuring him in the future? Our brother Fan Le would never give your Mystic Maiden Palace cause to be embarrassed. He will prove that Xuan Xin's choice was right," Chu Mang straightforwardly stated. In the past, Xuan Yan might have looked down on Qin Wentian, Chu Mang and Fan Le. But after the trial of the Heavenly Stele Steps, she found her thinking changing.

And right now, Xuan Yan had an indescribable emotion in her heart.

"Mhm?"

Right at this moment, Chu Mang and Xuan Yan saw two silhouettes approaching them. One of them was Yao Jun, who had flown away moments ago. The other was actually Chen Wang!

In front of him, even the powerful Yao Jun had to submit, following behind him.

Chen Wang's eyes instantly locked onto Chu Mang as a terrifying sun-like glow gleamed in his eyes. As he moved towards him, his entire body flared and then shifted into his magma form.

"How powerful." Xuan Yan's beautiful eyes stiffened.

"Quickly, run!" Xuan Yan whispered urgently, only to see Chu Mang's gaze were fixated on the approaching Chen Wang as an intense desire to battle radiated out from him. He stepped forth and slashed out with his gigantic axe.

Chen Wang came in rage, his anger rolling off him in palpable waves. Qin Wentian had stepped on his face, first, with the issue of the entrance priority. Next, even with his Mandate at the Advanced Boundary of the second level, he still lost out in a clash between Qin Wentian? If it weren't for the fact that Qin Wentian ambushed him, how could he be in such a miserable state?

Blasting forwards with his palms, the Great Solar Universe Art was channeled to its limits. His hands were akin to flaming red flowing magma, as he reached out towards the huge axe.

“Peng...” The axe-light from the gigantic axe slashed into that magma palm as terrifying embers ricocheted off in all four directions. Chen Wang’s expression sank as he felt an intense pain vibrating his arms. His anger soared even higher after that.

“Kacha!” With a fierce clench, the gigantic axe started to burn. Chu Mang’s arms also gradually started to ‘solidify’ into the form of magma.

Chu Mang immediately relinquished his weapon as he rapidly retreated. Yet how could Chen Wang give him the chance? A slash of his palm manifested a cutting light that lacerated the chest of Chu Mang. Fresh blood sprinkled in the air as Chu Mang howled in pain, in an extremely miserable state.

“Die.” Chen Wang coldly hollered and slammed forth a burning palm right into Chu Mang’s chest. With such a huge impact, Chu Mang’s frame directly slammed into the ground as a fiery-red imprint could be seen in front of his chest, slowly burning his flesh away.

“Chu Mang!” Xuan Yan’s countenance was incredibly unsightly to behold. She ran to his side, only to see Chen Wang imperiously floating in the air as he commented, “Your friend Qin Wentian has successfully angered me. Now he’s turtling like a pathetic coward by not daring to face me directly. Did he really think he could escape my wrath like this? He shall pay a price for his actions. Even though I want to devour your ancient luck, I shall make sure I kill you first before I do so.”

Chu Mang’s countenance was icy. He stood up as a gigantic Astral axe appeared once more in his hands, with all his Astral Souls unleashed.

He would rather die on his own terms than to be humiliated.

A raging wind kicked up as Chu Mang dashed towards Chen Wang who was in the air. Chopping furiously with his axe, each of his axe blows manifested a light that could destroy anything it came in contact with.

“Do you think you can win against me?” Chen Wang roared in rage as he pressed his palm into the air. The palm imprint was formed solely from Great Solar Energy and directly blocked the attacking rays of light from the axe. He advanced to meet Chu Mang as he blasted out yet another terrifying palm-strike, slamming Chu Mang ruthlessly into the ground once again.

Chen Wang's strength awed all the spectators in the crowd.. Chen Wang was after all, Chen Wang—nobody in Yuanfu other than Shi Potian would be able to match him.

How in the world had Qin Wentian managed to injure him?

Qin Wentian must have paid a huge price in order to injure Chen Wang. Naturally, this must have happened also because of Chen Wang's own carelessness.

At this moment, Chu Mang's qi was erratic, as fresh blood flowed out unceasingly. Xuan Yan turned pale as she witnessed this—she inclined her head to look at Chen Wang, only to see him flying towards Chu Mang, radiating an intense killing intent.

Chen Wang's true target was Qin Wentian, but if Chu Mang were to fall in his hands, Chu Mang would die without a doubt.

As she thought of this, Xuan Yan hardened her hearts as the illusory Vermilion Bird behind her flew furiously in the direction of Chu Mang's Vermilion Bird.

“What are you doing?” Chu Mang stared at Xuan Yan in bewilderment, but his weakened state had indirectly caused his Vermilion Bird to be similarly weakened. His ancient luck was instantly devoured by Xuan Yan's.

“HOW DARE YOU!” Chen Wang howled in madness when he saw what had happened. Chu Mang's figure vanished as he was sent out from the formation world, leaving only Xuan Yan behind to face Chen Wang's wrath.

Xuan Yan stared stoically in the burning eyes of Chen Wang, she didn't regret the decision she just made!

Chapter 367: Where did your courage come from?

Seeing Xuan Yan's vermilion bird devouring the ancient luck, Chen Wang could only seethe in impotent rage, as he was too late to stop it from happening. A cruel light glinted in his eyes as he slammed his palms into Xuan Yan, causing her robes to be burned to tatters as she slammed heavily onto the ground, coughing up fresh blood.

“Do you truly want to die?” Chen Wang's voice was ice-cold, he didn't think that there would be anyone who dared to spoil his plans.

“Chen Wang, Hua Taixu isn’t in this batch, and you are already the strongest among us. Yet in order to threaten Qin Wentian you actually resorted to such a despicable method. Don’t you know the meaning of shame?” Xuan Yan coldly retorted with no fear in her eyes.

“I want to kill him, regardless of what method I use. Nobody can stop me. I will definitely make him die.” Chen Wang’s voice was coated with venom, his tone extremely decisive. How could he ignore the humiliation of being injured by Qin Wentian under the countless stares of the spectators? Qin Wentian hid in the cave and inscribed fourth-ranked Inscriptions to protect himself. If he barged in stupidly, that was the action of a fool. Hence, he wanted to capture Chu Mang and the rest to force Qin Wentian out.

To him, this was merely a means to an end.

“You have to pay a price for spoiling my plans.” Chen Wang had a sinister grin on his face as he stared at Yao Jun. “Her ancient luck is yours for the taking if you help me accomplish a task. And if I meet you again in the course of the ranking battle, I won’t make things difficult for you.”

Yao Jun’s eyes glimmered with a demonic light as he stared at Chen Wang.

“Fine!” Yao Jun agreed.

Chen Wang revealed Qin Wentian’s location to him and after some instruction, Chen Wang flew off to seek Fan Le and Ouyang Kuangsheng.

Qin Wentian and Xuan Yan weren’t that familiar with each other, so Chen Wang wasn’t sure if he could use her to force Qin Wentian out. Hence, he decided not to waste time and command Yao Jun to do the task for him.

He believed that since Yao Jun agreed, he wouldn’t dare go back on his words. Otherwise, if they were to meet again, he would definitely make Yao Jun die a terrible death.

This was the imposing manner that comes naturally to those confident in their strength. Even the powerful Yao Jun had to submit.

But naturally, since Yao Jun agreed so readily, it was apparent that he had his own motives as well.

After Chen Wang left, Yao Jun's gaze landed on Xuan Yan, roaming around her tantalizing exposed skin as he advanced towards her.

Xuan Yan radiated an extremely cold intent, yet Yao Jun directly cut off her attempts to fight back with a single sentence. "The women from the Mystic Maiden Palace are all pure with jade bodies, and for those of us from the Skydemon sect, they are extremely suitable to use as a furnace to increase our power via duo cultivation. If you resist in any way, I wouldn't mind teaching you a lesson."

"You..." Xuan Yan instantly paled when she heard Yao Jun's words. Yao Jun coldly continued, "If you obey and cooperate, I won't touch you inappropriately."

After speaking, he placed his arms around Xuan Yan's waist. She involuntarily trembled with disgust from his touch, yet she made no move to resist him. Following which, Yao Jun carried her as he soared into the skies, making his way to Qin Wentian's location.

In the outside world, cold anger burned in the eyes of those from the Mystic Maiden Palace.

Xuan Yan was a core member, a Heaven's Chosen from their Mystic Maiden Palace, yet was subjected to such humiliation. How could they tolerate this?

"That lass is truly foolish." In front of Xuan Xin, a female disciple from the Mystic Maiden Palace was cursing in displeasure. Because of Chu Mang, Xuan Yan chose to sacrifice herself.

"Senior Xuan Yan was too rash, doesn't she realize that she's representing the prestige of our Mystic Maiden Palace?" Li Shiyu berated.

"But Big Bro Chu Mang helped Senior Sister Xuan Yan in the first place, so Senior Sister was only doing this to repay the debt of gratitude she owed. What wrong was there?" Xuan Xin defended Xuan Yan, yet the female disciple in front harshly shot back, "Shut your foolish mouth."

Xuan Xin's mouth twitched in displeasure, yet she kept her silence. At this moment, Chu Mang was finally sent out of the formation world by the spatial laws within. He stood in the middle of the crowd, as all those near him moved to give him space, out of respect or fear. Chu Mang was someone who had comprehended a second level Mandate in Yuanfu and had the power to fight evenly with Yao Jun. His true capabilities definitely ranked within the top fifteen of the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

Although he was eliminated indirectly because of Chen Wang, Chu Mang had already proved his prowess. He would definitely be ranked in the upcoming Heavenly Fate Rankings.

Chu Mang couldn't be bothered about matters like the rankings. Currently, he was silently surveying the scene inside the formation world, as his heart boiled with rage.

“Chen Wang, Yao Jun.”

Chu Mang trembled with anger. He was filled with reluctance and agony when he saw Xuan Yan being mistreated like this just for the sake of saving him. He wanted nothing more than to rush in the formation right now to slay Yao Jun.

Qin Wentian was still cultivating inside the cave dwelling. Even though he was infuriated and wanted nothing more than to rush out to kill the three of them, he had no choice but to continue tolerating it.

Because his Mandate of Demons was now at the second level, as he went through the process of the second-degree demonic transformation, he could clearly feel another set of invisible shackles on his bloodlines shattering apart. He knew that the power of his bloodline just broke through to another level.

The Fiend Transformation Art, when used in conjunction with the will of his Mandate of Demons, made the blood within his body sing with delight as it coursed through all the meridians and arterial circulatory pathways of his body.

“Still somewhat lacking.”

Qin Wentian could feel that there was still another barrier preventing his bloodline from fully awakening, even after that set of invisible shackles had broken.

But he believed that as he continued growing stronger, the barrier would be broken down eventually, allowing his ancient primordial bloodline to fully awaken.

Yang Fan, Hua Feng and Situ Po were still standing guard outside. They were gradually getting impatient, they didn't expect Qin Wentian to be at so high a level. No matter what they said to humiliate or anger him, he just wouldn't come out.

But they couldn't fault his intelligence. With the three of them, the moment he came out would be the moment of his death. Anyone with half a brain would naturally choose to turtle inside the cave.

As for the plundering of ancient luck, Yang Fang and the two others didn't really bother about it. With so many monsters in this ranking battle, Yang Fan and Situ Po only hoped to be able to rank within the top ten. This was already sufficient for them.

As for Hua Feng, he hadn't really thought about it. Right now he only wanted to kill Qin Wentian to release this breath of turbid air that he had been holding in.

"Qin Wentian, do you really intend to hide in there while your friend out here dies by our hands? Would you only come out then?" Hua Feng icily spoke as he walked towards the cave entrance. He then continued in a low voice, "The moment Chen Wang appears, I will tell him of the relationship between you and Mo Qingcheng. Isn't Mo Qingcheng very pure and saint-like? What do you think she'll do after Chen Wang violates her under the watching gazes of the spectators?"

"BOOOM!"

A terrifying surge of demonic qi gushed out, Hua Feng rapidly retreated as a smile of victory flashed in his eyes. Everytime he mentioned Mo Qingcheng, Qin Wentian's focus would crumble. This was Qin Wentian's weakness. Hua Feng planned to speak even more vicious words after every interval to disrupt Qin Wentian. It would be the best if Qin Wentian kept suffering from qi deviation during cultivation.

But at this moment, two silhouettes could be seen flying through the air. They were none other than Yao Jun and the captured Xuan Yan.

Yang Fan and the others had puzzled looks on their faces. Yao Jun coldly swept a glance at them as he icily stated, "Chen Wang wanted me to bring this woman here. He initially wanted to capture Chu Mang, but this woman spoiled his plans, devouring Chu Mang's ancient luck and thereby sending him out of the formation world. She should have more than a passing relationship to Chu Mang, and now that Chu Mang is outside, he'll be able to see everything happening here."

"I see." Hua Feng stared at Xuan Yan as he laughed, "Oh my, isn't this Xuan Yan, the Heaven's Chosen from the Mystic Maiden Palace? Pure and untainted? Hehe, look at her snowy skin, how alluring. Xuan Yan, tell us honestly, are you dating Chu Mang secretly? Are you even still a virgin?"

"Hua Feng, you shameless bastard," Xuan Yan coldly snapped when she saw Hua Feng's licentious gaze.

“Shameless?” A cold glint of light flashed past Hua Feng’s eyes. “I will show you what it truly means to be shameless. This Qin Wentian won’t even come out despite all our attempts. But I wonder, would he be infuriated enough to come out if we rape you here? Maybe, he might even want to join in on the fun.”

As the sound of Hua Feng’s voice faded, an overwhelming burst of demonic qi exploded forth from the cave. The demonic qi was like a gust of wind, and as it billowed, the passing air currents on their bodies made them feel an intense chill seeping through their bones.

“Tap, tap, tap...” Light footfalls echoed from within the cave. Their gazes swivelled over, all staring at the cave’s entrance.

Had Qin Wentian’s tolerance reached its limit?

The smile on Hua Feng’s face was exceedingly brilliant as he laughed. “Seems like my method works best after all.”

Yang Fan’s eyes gleamed with a cold light. Situ Po’s fist was also clenched in anticipation. Was it finally time? All of them wanted Qin Wentian to die.

A figure walked out of the cave dwelling. The spectators only noticed that Qin Wentian’s physique grew taller and larger. He didn’t even seem human anymore, as the demonic light in his eyes struck terror in the hearts of those who looked at him. He stood there, like an overlord of demons—even people from the Skydemon Sect couldn’t achieve the same degree of compatibility with regards to demonification as he had done.

Qin Wentian gazed at Hua Feng, appearing extremely calm. Yet those who were familiar with Qin Wentian all knew that this was the calm before the storm—a calmness that came from one’s anger that had already boiled over their limit.

“Qin Wentian, I need the demonic cultivation art that you’re cultivating. If you refuse, don’t blame me for following Hua Feng’s suggestion, tearing off this woman’s clothes piece by piece.” Yao Jun stared at Qin Wentian as he coldly stated.

He had made a promise with Chen Wang for his own purposes. He wanted the tyrannical demonic cultivation art that Qin Wentian possessed. The Skydemon Sect had long received news that Qin Wentian was cultivating an extremely powerful demon-oriented cultivation art. This art would definitely be exceedingly suitable for their Skydemon Sect. Hence, when Yao Jun saw Qin Wentian participating in the ranking battle, he actually hoped that Qin Wentian wouldn’t be eliminated too early.

Because he coveted that cultivation art.

Qin Wentian swept a glance at Yao Jun. Just a single glance was sufficient to cause Yao Jun's heart to clench with fear.

After which, Qin Wentian turned his gaze onto Hua Feng as he finally spoke.

“You seem to have forgotten how Hua Xiaoyun died. I can assure you, your death will be even more terrible compared to his.” A cruel smile played on Qin Wentian's face as he walked directly towards Hua Feng, he didn't even look at the others.

Hua Feng and the rest stared at Qin Wentian. Where had his confidence come from?

Hua Feng's aura gushed out as his Astral Souls were released. Qin Wentian had already broken through to the eighth level of Yuanfu, it seemed that it would be better to be more cautious by going all out right from the start to kill him. He didn't want any mistakes to occur in this operation.

Yang Fan and Situ Po apparently had no intentions to move. They chose to wait—they wanted to see Qin Wentian's strength.

As for Hua Feng? Who was he to them?

Abruptly, Qin Wentian's third eye flared with a resplendent light. Hua Feng felt a stabbing pain in his mind as though an ancient primordial demon wanted to lacerate his sea of consciousness apart. The pain was so intense that he instantly broke out in a cold sweat.

“Peng...!”

An immense wave of formless energy blasted right at him. Hua Feng howled in pain and slammed forth with his own palms, the energy he unleashed manifested into a black-colored palm imprint flying towards Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian's palm pressed downwards, resembling the palm of an ancient primordial demon, causing a huge palm imprint to fall from the Heavens. With an explosive sound, the black-colored palm imprint was instantly shattered, dissipating into the air. Hua Feng turned pale as he hurriedly raised his arms in defense, but at that instant where the ancient primordial palm slammed downwards, Hua Feng was pressed ruthlessly into the ground as the earth quaked with violent tremors.

Looking up, Hua Feng saw Qin Wentian slowly moving towards him, glancing downwards at him with contempt in his eyes.

“I wonder, where did a useless person like you get such courage from?” Qin Wentian was like the overlord of demons, staring down at Hua Feng. With a single grab, one of Hua Feng’s arms was forcibly ripped from his shoulder and flung far away in the air. Such a scene caused the hearts of the spectators to pound violently, yet they all felt a wild excitement burning in their hearts.

This was what they were here for. This was what they wanted to see!

### Chapter 368: Utter Domination

After that battle with Chen Wang, Qin Wentian holed himself up in the cave, not daring to come out.

But now, he had finally appeared again. And indeed, his strength was greater compared to a few days earlier, he must have broken through to the eighth level of Yuanfu. If not, it was impossible that Hua Feng couldn’t even withstand a single strike.

After all, Hua Feng was also a ranker on the Heavenly Fate Rankings. Being able to survive till now indicated that he was someone at the pinnacle of Yuanfu. But even so, he still couldn’t withstand the might of a single strike.

As expected of one unrivalled on the same level, everyone could see exactly how terrifying Qin Wentian’s strength was. Back then when he was at the seventh level of Yuanfu, he could even injure Chen Wang. How could he place people like Hua Feng in his eyes after he broke through to the eighth level? And now that he exited the cave, he did so to vent the fire of his anger.

Nobody knew what Hua Feng had whispered at the entrance of the cave to cause Qin Wentian to be so infuriated, to the extent of directly ripping an arm away. Did Qin Wentian want to torture him to death?

Qin Wentian currently had the arms of a demon. He leaned forward and stared at Hua Feng, watching as unbridled terror flashed in his eyes.

To the side, Yao Jun, Yang Fan and Situ Po all felt their hearts trembling with shock. They could clearly sense the intensity of Qin Wentian’s rage.

“I’m from the Hua Clan.” Hua Feng trembled involuntarily as his voice came out like a pathetic croak. He had no cards left, so he could only use the Hua Clan as a deterrent, hoping that Qin Wentian wouldn’t do anything too drastic to him.

Qin Wentian grabbed his other arm as the demonic light in his eyes shone sinisterly, so cold that it pierced the bones.

“No.....” Hua Feng rapidly shook his head. With a lacerating sound, accompanied by a howl of bloodcurdling agony, his other arm was forcefully ripped out. Hua Feng’s entire body was in a state of convulsion as he felt utter despair in his heart.

“This is the price you pay for uttering those words.” Qin Wentian slammed down with his palm, crushing Hua Feng’s head into a bloody pulp, making it so that he died without leaving behind a whole corpse.

Qin Wentian’s ‘reverse scale’ couldn’t be easily touched without consequences. Earlier, when Hua Feng kept uttering his insinuations and those blasphemous words, Qin Wentian had already marked him as a dead man in his heart. It was just that the flames of his anger were suppressed all the way from back then until now when it finally exploded forth.

“He did it, he actually killed Hua Feng.” The hearts of the crowd pounded violently. Those from the Hua Clan had ashen expressions on their faces, Hua Feng was a genius that the Hua Clan had painstakingly nurtured, yet he was killed so easily and without any strength for resistance. Not only that, he was abused both bodily and psychologically before Qin Wentian slayed him. The ancient luck behind Hua Feng was then devoured by Qin Wentian’s Purgatory Vermilion Bird.

Yang Fan and the rest all found themselves unconsciously edging closer to Yao Jun. The current Qin Wentian gave them an intense feeling of danger, and if they couldn’t defeat him one on one, they naturally planned to join forces. If not, they knew that if they lost, their deaths would be the same as Hua Feng—getting abused by Qin Wentian until he released them into the sweet oblivion of death.

Yao Jun’s gaze turned heavy, he never would have thought that someone at the eighth level of Yuanfu would be capable of causing him to feel such great pressure.

Qin Wentian’s current demonic form was extremely terrifying. The aura he was exuding felt even more baleful compared to actual demonic beasts, causing terror to strike instantly in the hearts of others. He possessed the innate talent of humankind, while armed with the physique and immense vitality of a demonic beast.

In the face of such a perfect combination, how could others not feel terror when it came to fighting against him?

Qin Wentian swept a glance at the three of them as he released his Demon Sovereign Astral Soul.

Head of a dragon, body of a lion, tail of a snake, wings of a roc, scales of a Xuanwu, claws of a Kirin.

“Demon Sovereign Astral Soul,” Yao Jun from the Skydemon Sect breathed in wonder. He instantly understood that this was the demonic beast ranked first in the Warbeast Index—the Demon Sovereign. Not only that, he knew that it also possessed the ability to summon.

Powerful rays of Astral Light shot forth from the Demon Sovereign into the Nine Heavenly Layers. The Vermilion Bird Formation didn’t block Astral Light, otherwise it would end up restricting the power of a contender’s Astral Souls during combat.

The rays of light grew increasingly resplendent in response, the Astral Light from the actual Demon Sovereign Constellation cascaded downwards, forming an innate connection. As a thunderous sound reverberated the void, the surrounding earth shattered as a terrifying ancient golden-colored ape appeared beside Qin Wentian.

“Golden Primal Ape, ranked third on the Warbeast Index. It possesses boundless strength and an unparalleled defense.” Yao Jun’s countenance grew increasingly ugly as he witnessed the summoned Astral warbeast. The Golden Primal Ape exuded an aura similar to those at the pinnacle of the ninth level of Yuanfu—given how Qin Wentian was only at the eighth level, this was a summon that jumped levels.

At this moment, a blood-colored light covered the area as a terrifying crimson demonic beast soared into the skies, coldly staring at the three of them.

“Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk, ranked fifth on the Warbeast Index.” Yao Jun turned ashen, this summoned beast exuded an aura similar to those at the pinnacle of the ninth level of Yuanfu.

The summoning wasn’t concluded yet, as even more demonic beasts took form in the formation world.

“Blue-scaled Flood Dragon.”

“Silver-armored Bear King.”

“Silvery Roc.”

Qin Wentian was surrounded by five powerful Astral warbeasts that had rankings on the Warbeast Index. Instantly, the region was permeated by overwhelming amounts of demonic qi.

Yang Fan and Situ Po finally started to feel fear. All five of these demonic beasts had a cultivation base at the pinnacle of Yuanfu and were existences that were equal to their own.

With a long screech, the Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk swooped down towards Situ Po.

The Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk had a speed as fast as lightning, and with a flash of crimson light, it disappeared from sight. Situ Po instantly released his Astral Soul as a starstone-clad guardian manifestation appeared above his head. Roaring in madness, Situ Po didn't hesitate. He immediately followed up with a Sword Extinction Slash of his own.

Peng...

The Thunder Hawk collided against Situ Po. That immense momentum even forced Situ Po back a few steps. Another flash of crimson light inundated the area as the Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk disappeared once more. At this moment, the Silvery Roc also shrieked in rage as it zoomed towards Situ Po. With two demonic beasts that excelled in speed attacking him, Situ Po was instantly shoved into a precarious position.

“BOOM!”

A thunderous sound echoed as Situ Po was flung through the air. Even the starstone armor covering his body was shattered. An expression of extreme shock shone in his eyes, how could this be? Why were these beasts so strong? Did the summoned beasts not only possess such strength but could also use the will of Mandates that their master had comprehended?

The Golden Primal Ape lunged towards Yang Fan, while the Blue-Scaled Flood Dragon and the Silver-Armored Bear King dashed towards Yao Jun.

Qin Wentian stood there, impassively surveying the scene, all while controlling the five summoned beasts through his daunting will.

Yang Fan's Astral Soul erupted into being as his Star-Seizing Palm was further enhanced in strength. His true strength that he'd previously hidden—the will of a second level Mandate. He coated his palms with it as he directly slashed again the Golden Primal Ape that was ranked #3 in the Warbeast Index. The Star-Seizing Palm of Yang Fan contained fearsome might, yet when it collided against the palm of the Golden Primal Ape, Yang Fan was the one being catapulted through the air from the resulting impact.

“How can he be this strong?” The spectators were all dumbstruck by what they witnessed. Qin Wentian used the ranked #1 Demon Sovereign Astral Soul to summon other demonic beasts to do his battles. Not only that, each of the demonic beasts seemed to have the ability to utilize the will of his Mandates. No wonder even Yang Fan was knocked flying. What would Qin Wentian's actual ranking be on the Heavenly Fate Rankings given that he had such unbelievable combat prowess?

At this moment, none of the spectators believed that Qin Wentian would be able to rank merely in the top hundred nor the top thirty-six. Despite his eighth level of Yuanfu, the majority of the crowd believed that he would definitely be ranked within the top ten.

He had proven that he had the capability to contend evenly against the other monstrous geniuses for the top three positions.

The one who felt the most shock was none other than Yao Jun, he had once wanted to condense a summoning-type Astral Soul, yet if one's perception and sensory abilities weren't high enough, these powerful constellations were not so easy to sense. He was extremely clear on how perverse this type of Astral Souls was—they were able to grow in power indefinitely along with the summoner. And seeing the towering amounts of demonic qi Qin Wentian exuded, there was no one else more suitable than him to condense an Astral Soul from the summoning-type demonic beasts constellations.

“Are you not afraid that I'll kill her?” Yao Jun grabbed hold of Xuan Yan as he stared at Qin Wentian.

Only to see Qin Wentian floating in the air as he contemplated Yao Jun with his fiend-like eyes. “Release her and scram. The matter between us shall come to an end.”

Yao Jun gazed at Qin Wentian who was floating in the air. That devilish, handsome young man was staring at him in a position of utter dominance. Yao Jun felt fear gnawing in his heart, it seemed that so long as Qin Wentian willed it, he could die instantly right now. The five powerful Astral Warbeasts were no joke, Qin Wentian already possessed strength on a level that was far above his.

If he really did something to Xuan Yan, he would be the next after Hua Feng to die a terrible death.

Yao Jun trembled involuntarily, he didn't want to die such a stupid death. Just meeting the eyes of Qin Wentian already filled him with an indescribable terror.

Releasing his grip on Xuan Yan, Yao Jun's silhouette flickered as he instantly flew far away, his actions causing the spectators in the outside world to marvel.

Yao Jun chose not to battle but rather, to release Xuan Yan instead.

As the spectators in the outside world, they couldn't feel the aura and pressure Qin Wentian was exuding. Yet it was obvious that Yao Jun could clearly feel it in the formation world. What exactly did he mean by his actions?

Xuan Yan herself was also thunderstruck. With a single statement, Qin Wentian caused Yao Jun to release her. She couldn't help but wonder as she stared at his demonic form—when had he become so powerful?

The other Astral Warbeasts had surrounded Yang Fan. Yang Fan's strength couldn't be compared to that of the Golden Primal Ape and now that he was trapped within the encirclement, he couldn't escape even if he wanted to.

As for Situ Po, he was in an even more miserable state. The starstone armor that had enveloped his body had already been shattered and both the Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk and Silvery Roc were gripping him with their talons as they flew over.

When Qin Wentian first emerged from the cave, the first person he'd personally dealt with, was Hua Feng.

Yang Fan back then considered himself unexcelled throughout the world and had thought of all those below him to be trash. And Situ Po, as someone who enjoyed fame on an equal level with him, how domineering was Situ Po then? His attitude lasted all the way until his defeat at the

Heavenly Stele Steps and even after that, he still hadn't abandoned the notion of killing Qin Wentian.

Yet now, Qin Wentian didn't even need to make a move personally and they were already in such a pitiful state.

“QIN WENTIAN, DO YOU DARE TO FIGHT ME DIRECTLY?” Situ Pi howled in anger. As the sound of his voice faded away, the two birds released their taloned-grip, setting him free. Qin Wentian slowly walked forward, his eyes boring into Situ Po's.

Upon looking into Qin Wentian's eyes, Situ Po felt his heart trembling involuntarily from a gut-wrenching fear.

No other words were necessary, Qin Wentian advanced towards Situ Po, when suddenly, Situ Pu's aura abruptly surged upwards in a frenzy as he released all three of his Astral Souls to augment his attacks. An inexorably powerful Sword Extinction Sword Might generated as Situ Po slashed downwards, wanting to annihilate everything in its presence.

However, the spectators only saw Qin Wentian piercing forwards with a casual finger stab, and even the power of that boundless sword-might wasn't capable of defending against it.

“Chi!” A crisp sound echoed, Qin Wentian's finger directly penetrated through the centre of Situ Pi's brows. Like a surreal dream, the sword qi of Situ Po continued to howl relentlessly, yet the light in Situ Po's eyes slowly faded as his eyes turned vacant.

Did Situ Po really just die, just like that?

He desired a face to face battle, yet through his instant demise, he discovered that Qin Wentian only needed a single finger to slay him.

Chapter 369: I want Ancient Luck

Situ Po, a Heaven's Chosen of the Sword Extinction Sect, had his life reaped by a single finger of Qin Wentian's.

The pitiful Situ Po had outstanding talent and was once also awarded the rights to cultivate in the thirty-six Dao Cultivation Halls. Not only that, he had just stepped into the ninth level of Yuanfu, so if he had more time, he would definitely become even more powerful.

Sadly, Situ Po met another genius whose talent was even more monstrous than his. Back then, conflict occurred between Qin Wentian and Yue Bingying in the Unmatched Realm. How arrogant was Situ Po then? At that time, he had the ability to completely dominate Qin Wentian and had only stopped because those old eccentrics in the Unmatched Realm came out to interfere, telling them to compete in the Heavenly Stele Steps trial instead.

At the trial of the Heavenly Stele Steps, Situ Po ended up being defeated and was hence ousted from the Unmatched Realm.

Hence, the killing intent in his heart didn't dissipate with his defeat but rather, was nurtured to a boiling point. And when it erupted forth today, all that Situ Po gained was his own death.

Although the ranking battle was extremely merciless, strictly speaking, when the contenders of various powers faced each other, they wouldn't be too ruthless. At the very least, they would still spare their opponent's lives. But Chen Wang, Situ Po, Yang Fan and Hua Feng had truly stepped on Qin Wentian's head too much, they wanted to force Qin Wentian out from the cave so that they could kill him, so in that case, when the situation had been reversed, why would he hesitate to kill them?

When he finally exited the cave, he first abused Hua Feng to death before scaring Yao Jun off with a single statement, and then followed up by slaying Situ Po using a single finger. Upon seeing such a scene, the spectators were all stunned into silence.

Qin Wentian's rise was too fast, right from the first test of the drum echoes. And despite Qin Wentian's brilliance, no one gave him a second glance because of his lower cultivation base.

But now, Qin Wentian's actions gradually caused the spectators to forget about his cultivation base. He faced four mighty rankers on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, yet two died and one ran away. Was there any stronger rush of impact that words could convey? After all, actions still speaks louder than words.

By merely having the demonic beasts he summoned, it was already sufficient to wipe out his opponents.

In the outside world, standing among those from the Azure Emperor Palace, Yue Bingying's countenance turned as white as a sheet of paper. She didn't forget that it was initially because of her arrogance that Situ Po formed a grudge with Qin Wentian. She was the one that cost him his life.

Now that the man she had entrusted her hopes with died, she felt true panic and fear in her heart. Would Qin Wentian still remember her? Would he come for revenge then?

Those from the Sword Extinction Sect, Hua Clan and Star-Seizing Manor all watched on as their expressions grew incredibly ugly. This time around, Qin Wentian had managed to cleanly offend all these transcendent powers.

Although the squabbles and concerns that happened within the junior generations were usually kept within the junior generations, Qin Wentian's actions were like a tight slap right across their faces. They couldn't openly send Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns to kill Qin Wentian outright, because too many people witnessed what had happened here today, but they could still do things in the shadows that would cause Qin Wentian no end of trouble.

Qin Wentian naturally understood the consequences of his actions. But, as a man, how could he continue to be tolerant under those circumstances?

Or if he really submitted, would those people have spared him?

Qin Wentian's gaze landed on the last survivor, Yang Fan.

"I will give my ancient luck to you." Yang Fan's countenance paled. He had never felt such a strong sense of despair before. Glancing at the five Astral Warbeasts surrounding him, Yang Fan knew that it was impossible for him to escape.

"Too late."

Qin Wentian calmly stated. The Golden Primal Ape stomped the ground as it slammed forth with a terrifying golden palm; the Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk shrieked as it struck out with its razor-sharp wings; the Silver-Armored Bear King howled in rage as it rushed forwards...

Aside from Yang Fan, the person facing such an assault, even those who were watching felt their hearts almost leaping out of their chests. Yang Fan had no escape.

Qin Wentian's silhouette was still floating in the air as he watched the brutal scene unfolding with an air of serenity. Yang Fan, a Heaven's Chosen-level character from the Star-Seizing Manor was mauled and lacerated so badly that no one could even recognize him anymore. He was nothing but a bloody pulp of mangled flesh.

Qin Wentian's Purgatory Vermilion Bird instantly flew towards Yang Fan's and began devouring it.

Instantly, the three vertical lines of light on Qin Wentian's forehead were about to be completely formed. This meant that he had already absorbed the luck of around twenty-plus contenders that were eliminated. The majority of these contenders were eliminated by Yang Fan, and by devouring his ancient luck, naturally all those previously devoured by Yang Fan belonged to Qin Wentian as well.

Inclining his head, Qin Wentian cast his gaze onto the horizon.

"Chen Wang."

Qin Wentian murmured, as a demonic light containing unexcelled sharpness flickered in his eyes.

"Since you are so interested in contending for the first ranking, I shall accompany you all the way."

As the sound of his voice faded, the Silver-Armored Bear King jumped onto the back of the Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk; the Blue-Scaled Flood Dragon stepped on the back of the Silvery Roc as they soared into the air, while the Golden Primal Ape moved in great strides at an extremely fast speed, rushing straight ahead. Instantly, the summoned Astral Warbeasts vanished from Qin Wentian's line of sight.

All five Astral Warbeasts took off in three different directions, the speed of their momentum causing a demonic wind to kick up, gusting about in the formation world.

Qin Wentian then flew forward. Upon seeing his departing back view, Xuan Yan had a bitter smile on her face as she sighed in her heart. The rapid pace of Qin Wentian's improvement made her supposedly 'outstanding talent' appear merely average.

Within the ancient world, the plundering of ancient luck escalated to ferocious heights. This resulted in the elimination of all the weaker contenders, only leaving the stronger ones behind. But naturally,

as the number of contenders in the formation dwindled, the probability of a chance encounter with another contender was greatly reduced as well.

At this moment, Longin was walking on a flatland with his perception extended out. Although he was ranked #20 on the Heavenly Fate Ranking, it was always better to be cautious. He knew that the ranking battle this time around was many times more dangerous compared to the past—there were simply too many outstanding characters. Just moments ago, he had personally witnessed a female of transcending beauty defeating someone who was ranked even higher than him.

Right at this moment, a frown creased Longin's face. What was happening, why did he feel the tremors of the earth growing with increasing intensity?

Shifting his gaze over in a certain direction, his countenance turned pale when he witnessed a golden-colored ape galloping his way. The ground trembled from the steps of this golden ape, with each step landing on the ground with the force of a mini earthquake.

“Isn't that a Golden Primal Ape?” Longin's heart pounded. Why would there be such a demonic beast appearing in the formation world? What was going on?

The Golden Primal Ape galloped right at him. In just a few giant strides, it closed the distance between them and with a roar, its palms swiped down, resembling two small golden mountains—the overwhelming strength it possessed struck fear in Longin's heart.

As an Astral Warbeast ranked #3 in the Warbeast Index, it was famed for its perfect attack and defense. And in addition to its summoner's will of Mandate—the Mandate of Force and Mandate of Demons—how could the Golden Primal Ape be anything less than utterly terrifying?

With a single swipe, it felt as though the Heavens were collapsing. Longin mustered all his strength to defend, yet he was effortlessly pressed into the ground. After which, the Golden Primal Ape grabbed hold of Longin in its palm and continued galloping forward.

“Vile beast, release me!” Longin struggled in impotent fury as he roared in anger. He had never been so angered before.

As the sound of his voice faded away, the Golden Primal Ape brought Longin near its maw and it roared out a heaven-shattering bellow, the volume drowning out the poor Longin's protest. Only a single thought kept running through his head—what nonsense was this, what nonsense was this?!

Where exactly did such a beast come from?

Soon after, the Golden Primal Ape repeated its actions and grabbed hold of another person named Nyelin. Nyelin was ranked among the 30s on the Heavenly Fate Rankings and was also quite a powerful character. However, when faced with the golden ape, if one didn't comprehend any second level Mandates, it was basically impossible to even scratch the warbeast because of its insane defense.

The ending was without suspense—Nyelin suffered the same fate as Longin and both of them were grabbed in the same palm, their bodies glued to each other. They were close to exploding from their pent-up anger.

Mind you, they were not homosexuals...

In the blink of an eye, another seven days passed. It was getting increasingly harder to hunt for ancient luck. And the strong just kept getting stronger. Of course, the amount of ancient luck they gathered was also the most abundant.

As for Chen Wang and Shi Potian, the Vermilion Birds hovering behind their backs seemed almost ready to break through their illusory form and step into reality. The bodies of the birds were perpetually covered in scorching flames, both appearing extremely terrifying.

Zhan Chen, Emperor Azure, Wang Jue, and Yan Cheng were all extremely outstanding as well.

The momentum from the dark horses—Si Qiong, Qin Zheng, Leng Hong, Hua Shaoqing and Yun Mengyi—seemed pretty much unstoppable as well.

Yet in the past few days, the one that garnered the most attention wasn't Chen Wang, nor Shi Potian, nor any of the dark horses. It was instead, the character which everyone ignored or neglected since the beginning—Qin Wentian.

Within the Vermilion Bird Formation, an extremely shocking scene was occurring.

The Golden Primal Ape, Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk, Silvery Roc... The five Astral Warbeasts were all rushing towards a single direction. There were several figures that could be seen struggling in the Golden Primal Ape's palms, similarly there were also several figures clutched in the talons and claws of the Silvery Roc and Blue-Scaled Flood Dragon. Their struggle was futile, these Astral Warbeasts didn't seem to be interested in killing them. They were merely captured and were being brought with extreme speed to one location.

And ultimately, these demonic beasts gathered atop a mountain peak.

On that mountain peak, atop a huge rock, a young man sat with his eyes closed. Those captives glanced upwards, only to see a glint of sunlight shining right back in their eyes, reflected from a figure clad in platinum robes. This person was none other than Qin Wentian!

At this moment, Qin Wentian didn't seem remotely human, instead, he resembled the overlord of demons.

His aura alone made the captives feel fear.

Aside from the Astral Warbeasts who captured them, they realized that there were also many other demonic beasts present. The beasts seemed to have gathered for a single purpose—their abject worship of Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian was like the monarch of all demonic beasts. And now, all the captive contenders finally realized that Qin Wentian was none other than the controller of the terrifying Astral Warbeasts.

“Thanks.” Qin Wentian's fiend-like eyes bored down upon them as his Purgatory Vermilion Bird devoured the others with great relish. They trembled in anger, yet were unable to do anything but watch on helplessly. This very act would remain in their memories, imprinted in their minds for many years to come—the legendary character of Grand Xia sitting atop a huge rock, with his imperious gaze directed at them all, like an Emperor bestowing judgement on his subjects as he plundered away their ancient luck!

#### Chapter 370: Variation in the Formation World

The scene happening within the formation world also left the outside spectators stunned with amazement.

The figure sitting atop the huge rock was using the summoned Astral Warbeasts to hunt and plunder away the ancient luck of these experts!

In the outside world, those from the transcendent powers couldn't help but re-evaluate and seriously contemplate Qin Wentian. This young man's performance had been bordering on the unbelievable right from the start, he was so outstanding that he didn't lose out in the slightest even when compared to Chen Wang and Shi Potian. And at this moment, they couldn't believe their eyes when they saw the amount of demonic qi exuding from Qin Wentian. His eyes were already fiend-like, and he didn't resemble a human's but rather, a true supreme demon instead.

Old Man Tianji's eyes flashed with a sharp light as he studied Qin Wentian.

He had peered into Grand Xia's destiny and witnessed the emergence of the demon star. And as time passed, the radiance surrounding it only grew with increasing brightness.

Since the beginning, he had maintained his observation of the Heavenly Fate Rankings contenders—who among them did the demon star represent?

And now, it seemed that Qin Wentian was most likely to be that person. He who exuded such towering amounts of demonic qi, was he the one foretold by the demon star that would change the destiny of Grand Xia?

At this moment, the summoned Astral Warbeasts gave a loud roar as they sped off in different directions—it seemed as though the Astral Energy they contained in their forms had not yet been exhausted. That demonic young man sat down cross-legged atop the huge rock, totally immersed in his cultivation. He didn't forget to cultivate even when he was plundering ancient luck.

The battles that occurred in the formation world grew fiercer and fiercer, yet the number of clashes gradually also decreased. And only when a total of 360 contenders were left did the spectators realize that this time around, the ranking battle was somewhat different compared to the ones held before.

“Indeed, the destiny of Grand Xia is changing.”

Old Man Tianji murmured, his words causing those nearby to shoot looks of bewilderment at him.

“It really has changed, and I wonder how many contenders the Vermilion Bird Formation will select this time around.” To the side, a powerhouse from the Great Solar Chen Clan mused. If Grand Xia's destiny were to really change, even more contenders would be eliminated and the remaining powerful ones could each amass a never-before-seen amount of ancient luck. This was something that had never occurred before.

“Look! Chen Wang's devoured enough ancient luck, and now his Vermilion Bird can finally lead him to his piece of destiny. He's opened up a hole in a ground of boiling lava and magma and even the skies have turned red from all the unending flames.” At this moment, the spectators all trained their gazes at Chen Wang, who was currently in an area where lava and magma flowed uncontrolled, like the aftermath of a volcano eruption.

A series of steps descended downwards the hellish hole of unbearable flames. Chen Wang's eyes flashed with determination, he had been plundering ancient luck as he sought out Ouyang

Kuangsheng and Fan Le. But who would have thought that his ancient luck would become so concentrated, it would then lead him to a place that appeared broken apart.

He stepped forward, descending into the hellish hole.

Chen Wang's silhouette vanished from the crowd's sight. What exactly was hidden in the depths of that place? Only Chen Wang would know.

Agitation and excitement flashed on the features of those from the Great Solar Chen Clan. Indeed, Chen Wang was living up to his reputation. Would he finally obtain the legacy that rightfully belonged to him?

As time flowed by unceasingly, the number of people remaining in the formation world kept diminishing. The remaining contenders were all powerful characters with overwhelming combat prowess.

Ouyang Kuangsheng had also comprehended a second level Mandate, instantly becoming a character on par with the Heaven's Chosen in the Ouyang Clan—Ouyang Zheng.

This caused those from the Ouyang Clan to feel extremely gratified in their hearts. Although Duan Qingshan's death was dispiriting, ultimately, Ouyang Kuangsheng was still someone from the main bloodline. Now that his strength already exceeded Duan Qingshan, Duan Qingshan's loss wasn't of any great deal to them. As a result, Ouyang Kuangsheng's status in the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan instantly skyrocketed.

When Ouyang Ting saw this, her countenance stiffened immediately. She felt as though everything that happened was too surreal, as though she was trapped inside a dream.

The strength of the young man who killed Duan Qingshan had already grown so much that it was unfathomable. And now that Ouyang Kuangsheng also comprehended a second level Mandate, Ouyang Ting knew that her hopes of getting the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan to avenge Duan Qingshan had just been shattered into nothingness. Compared to Ouyang Kuangsheng's current status, she was nothing... just a mere speck of dust. The clan elders would definitely not permit her to use their forces to deal with Ouyang Kuangsheng's buddies.

Now, her only hope remaining was that Qin Wentian would die in the formation world. Preferably, to die when duelling Chen Wang.

“Shi Potian also found his legacy, he used the condensed ancient luck of the Vermilion Bird and blasted through an ancient mountain, entering into the tunnels within.”

The hearts of the crowd trembled when they witnessed this scene.

Why had the rules in the Vermilion Bird Formation changed?

Si Qiong’s ancient luck also broke apart the land—he was the third person after Chen Wang and Shi Potian to find the legacy belonging to him.

Apparently, if the ancient luck was concentrated to a certain extent, their illusory Vermilion Birds would birth a true soul and then lead them to places where the legacies suitable to them could be found.

As of now, the contenders in the formation world numbered about a hundred. The amount of ancient luck they all had were overwhelming and their Vermilion Birds were condensed to the point where they seemed almost alive. Those that were eliminated could only watch helplessly from outside, blaming themselves for not seizing this opportunity. No one could have expected the variation in the laws that governed the Vermilion Bird Formation, not even the leaders of the transcendent powers had, let alone the contenders.

“Zhan Chen as expected, he’s been hiding his strength. He also found the legacy that belongs to him” The amazement in the hearts of the spectators grew with every passing second.

Why were there so many hidden legacies?

This was something unprecedented.

And next, Emperor Azure and Qin Zheng also succeeded.

After which, Yun Mengyi and Mu Feng followed suit.

“Eight people, there are actually eight people who found the hidden legacies!”

“From this we can evaluate the actual strength of these people. Without a doubt, these eight all have the qualifications to stand at the pinnacle of Yuanfu. Naturally, there are still some other unknown variations that may still occur—Qin Wentian, Wang Jue, Hua Shaoqing, Yan Cheng. They’re all unknown elements as well.”

The eight of them, plus another two from this group would surely be ranked within the top ten of the Heavenly Fate Rankings. Regretfully for Yao Jun, when he chose to retreat from facing Qin Wentian, it was already obvious that he didn’t have the qualifications to step into the top ten.

Qin Wentian at this moment was also accumulating ancient luck. Under the aid from his Astral Warbeasts, the amount of ancient luck he’d obtained had been concentrated to an incredible degree. The Purgatory Vermilion Bird behind him grew increasingly corporeal, with nine straight lines of light on its forehead. Not only that, it was exuding an aura similar to a human at the ninth level of Yuanfu.

He could faintly sense that the Purgatory Vermilion Bird was already ‘full’, there was no longer a need to plunder ancient luck to feed it.

At present, his eyes were still closed; he had been deep in a state of slumber for several days. There were many vivid scenes flashing through his dreamscape as he seriously immersed himself within.

It was just as the green-robed senior’s dream-will had taught him. Since it was just a dream, why not let go of all his control and common sense, and just immerse himself in boundless imagination—losing himself in the fantasy? There was a solidity in dreams, akin to reality. But whether it was real life or fantasy, it all depended on the dream-will of that person, the one who created the dream.

The distance between the Heavens and Earth can be traversed with a single thought. What are dreams actually? Reality or illusory? Genuine or forged? Interweaving truth and fiction; everything depended on the power of one’s imagination.

The Astral Warbeasts crouched quietly below the huge rock—as long as the Astral Energy within them hadn’t been exhausted, their corporeal forms wouldn’t vanish.

Back then, when he was in danger in the Sky Harmony City, Uncle Black once passed him an item, telling him only to activate it in moments of extreme danger. Only now did Qin Wentian understand that the ancient primal ape that appeared then was a sealed Astral Warbeast that could be summoned. It was a one-time use, a life-saving treasure which Uncle Black had given him.

The Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk and the Silvery Roc prostrated themselves on the left and right of Qin Wentian as the Golden Primal Ape stood up, its head reaching the huge rock where Qin Wentian was sitting on.

Qin Wentian extended his left hand as he gently caressed the Golden Primal Ape's head, before rubbing the feathers on the Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk's back. The Astral Warbeasts lifted their heads slightly glancing at him as though they possessed an intelligence of their own. These Astral Warbeasts summoned by Qin Wentian, were innately interlinked to him in terms of thoughts and intentions.

At Qin Wentian's back, the Purgatory Vermilion Bird let out a long screech as the Astral Warbeasts once again adopted submissive positions, lowering their heads. It was as though they could feel the imposing air of a king's stateliness.

Qin Wentian had a wry smile on his face when he saw this. After which, he saw the Purgatory Vermilion Bird flapping its wings, slapping the Silvery Roc away as it took its place beside Qin Wentian.

“Are you not an illusion? Why do you feel so real?”

Qin Wentian could feel the heat from the flames covering the bird. He stretched out his hand as he rubbed its head, causing an expression of contentment to flash in the Purgatory Vermilion Bird's eyes. A few moments later, it looked up and issued a few long screeches as it flapped its wings, wanting to soar into the skies.

“You want to bring me somewhere?” Qin Wentian asked in puzzlement.

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird let out a sharp sounding chirp as it nodded.

“Alright.” Qin Wentian stood up and sat on his Vermilion Bird's back. Instantly, the Purgatory Vermilion Bird flew straight into the skies, moving towards the distant horizon at lightning speed.

The Golden Primal Ape galloped forth with great strides, madly rushing ahead as it followed the Purgatory Vermilion Bird. As they soared after the Vermilion Bird, the Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk and Silvery Roc both carried the Blue-Scale Flood Dragon and the Silver-Armored Bear King, respectively.

Within the formation world, there was a gigantic mountain that was in the shape of a demon. Its peak was so tall that it appeared close to touching the dome of Heavens.

At this moment, two silhouettes could be seen at that mountain peak.

These two were none other than Yao Jun and Peng Zhan.

Yao Jun was ranked #13 on the Heavenly Fate rankings, from the Skydemon Sect.

Peng Zhan was ranked #14 on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, from the Beast King Hall. The two of them were Heaven's Chosen from the Demon Continent, and both were extremely powerful characters. Because of the similarity in their rankings, they would furiously compete against each other in all matters, often ending with no clear victor. But to think that right now, both of them were actually in an alliance with each other.

Their ancient luck in the Vermilion Bird's form was relentlessly trying to split open the demon-like mountain, frenziedly crashing against it time after time, yet to no avail.

"Since the Vermilion Birds led us here, there shouldn't be any mistake. This place must be extraordinary." Yao Jun sinisterly snuck a glance at Zhan Peng's ancient luck. If his Vermilion Bird could devour Zhan Peng's, it should be able to become strong enough to open up the pathway into the mountains.

Right at this moment, a Vermilion Bird's screech could be heard from afar. Yao Jun and Zhan Peng both turned their heads, only to see another Vermilion Bird zooming over towards them. Not only that, this bird wasn't an ordinary one—its body was perpetually covered by purgatory flames and appeared incomparably terrifying, exuding towering amounts of demonic qi.

What's even more astonishing was that there was a young man proudly sitting on the back of the Purgatory Vermilion Bird, coldly surveying them as though he was the overlord of demons.

Below the Purgatory Vermilion Bird, there was a Golden Primal Ape dashing over. With every step it took, the ground trembled and quaked, appearing as though it would split apart at any moment. And beside the Purgatory Vermilion Bird, there were two other demonic beasts flying alongside it.

“It’s him!” Yao Jun’s eyes narrowed, as great waves rocked his heart. Qin Wentian’s appearance had just thrown all his plans into disarray. This person was even more demonic compared to him and Peng Zhan, and most likely even stronger than the both of them combined.

With a sharp cry from the Purgatory Vermilion Bird, the Vermilion Birds of Yao Jun and Peng Zhan all submissively gave way. The wings of the Purgatory Vermilion Bird morphed into sharp blades as it repeatedly slammed into the mountain walls. Birthed from the impact, the rumbling sounds echoed unceasingly, while the Golden Primal Ape also rushed up to help, madly unleashing its blows on the mountain wall in a torrent of attacks.

The huge rocks on the mountain peaks all came crashing down, the Purgatory Vermilion Bird was already injured from the impact, and yet it seemed as though it had no intentions of stopping. Finally, after several moments, the mountain wall crumpled, revealing the entrance to an extremely huge cave.

Qin Wentian gently patted the Purgatory Vermilion Bird on its head, only to see it cooing softly in response. The previous baleful aura had completely retracted, leaving behind a docile look in its eyes.

“It’s been tough on you,” Qin Wentian softly commented, while advancing forwards.

“Hold it!” Peng Zhan coldly shouted. Qin Wentian turned, his fiend-like eyes surveying Peng Zhan, only to see him laughing with a wretched expression on his face. “Hey Yao Jun, shouldn’t we thank this person for opening the path for us?”

Yao Jun’s countenance faltered, while he laughed coldly in his heart. This Peng Zhan didn’t know how the word ‘death’ was written!