

Ancient GM 371

Chapter 371: Origin of the Fiend Transformation Art

Qin Wentian's cold gaze swept over to Peng Zhan and within moments, huge booming sounds rang out as the Golden Primal Ape stomped its way over, accompanied by the cruel shriek of the Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk as it soared towards him in a beautiful arc.

Demonic qi gushed forth from him as he released his Astral Souls, causing his aura to surge up violently.

However at this moment, a resplendent ray of light shot forth from the centre of Qin Wentian's brows. Peng Zhan's countenance instantly turned incredibly unsightly as he blasted forth a palm strike at Qin Wentian. Yet, at the side, Yao Jun discovered that Peng Zhan's attack blasted out at empty space—there wasn't anything there at all.

“What's going on?” Peng Zhan's heart clenched as an immense feeling of danger descended upon him. Just when he wanted to retreat, the terrifying palms of the Golden Primal Ape landed on his body, knocking him up in the air. The Thunder Hawk's full powered strike slammed into him like a missile, sending him flying far away, until he vanished from the edge of Qin Wentian's vision.

“This...”

Yao Jun had an expression of shock in his eyes. He had initially thought that even if he couldn't defeat Qin Wentian, he would still be able to fight on equal grounds. But that sudden attack wiped all thoughts of this fantasy out of his mind. If he were to really fight him, the end-results would surely be just as pathetic and he would become the second Peng Zhan—utterly and completely suppressed.

A look of puzzlement crossed his face. Why did Peng Zhan's earlier attack miss by such a large margin?

Basically it was impossible, Peng Zhan's strength wasn't any weaker than his. How could he have committed such a blunder? Glancing at Qin Wentian again, he only felt that this young man standing in front of him was unfathomably powerful, far beyond his capabilities to measure.

Qin Wentian glanced at him before entering the cave with the Purgatory Vermilion Bird. The Golden Primal Ape and the Blue-Scale Flood Dragon stationed themselves outside the cave, guarding it from intruders.

Yao Jun understood in his heart that he no longer had a chance with this legacy.

The interior of the cave was dark and gloomy, yet as Qin Wentian followed the path leading in, the atmosphere began to brighten. After a period of time, Qin Wentian saw a palace situated before him. His expression froze, his eyes gleaming with a strange glow.

There was actually a hidden palace within the mountain cave.

The palace in front of him was extremely vast and exuded an imposing aura of prestige. There was also a thick and eerie intent, as though boundless demonic qi was being suppressed within.

There were many statues within the palace. All of the statues resembled that of a demonic beast, yet somehow their eyes seemed strangely alive, as though they weren't mere sculptures.

“Ka Cha!”

A crisp sound echoed out, causing Qin Wentian's heart to clench slightly. As he turned his gaze over, a sharp glint of light flickered in his eyes. Over there, the statue of a Wind Devil Demonic Tiger was shedding away its stony exterior, revealing an extremely malevolent countenance grinning at Qin Wentian.

The statue actually came to life!

The unending sound of crumbling echoed throughout the palace, as the various statues all started to reveal their living forms. Countless pairs of demonic eyes swept over to Qin Wentian, and a terrifying surge of demonic qi permeated the entire space.

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird gave a sharp cry, as the Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk and Silvery Roc rallied to it. Yet, the amount of demonic qi only grew increasingly concentrated as the reviving process continued unabated throughout the palace.

Qin Wentian's countenance remained emotionless as he soared up into the skies. Abruptly, the transformed demonic beasts all erupted into a flurry of motion, frenziedly rushing at Qin Wentian. That violent surge of demonic qi would have struck terror in the hearts of the most stalwart.

Flaming embers covered the Purgatory Vermilion Bird as it issued a long screech, wailing in the air. Purgatory flames spewed out of its beak as it zoomed out, burning the masses of demonic beasts rushing at them. After incinerating the first wave, it turned resplendently golden in color as it

initiated another attack, swooping down towards the swarming beasts. Everywhere it flew by, fresh blood would splatter on the ground, as the transformed demonic beasts died one after another.

However, the waves of beasts seemed endless, as they rushed out continuously, heedless of death.

The Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk and the Silvery Roc also advanced and engaged the unending waves of transformed demonic beasts in battle. At the same time, a demonic beast broke through the three birds and lunged towards Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian mightily stomped the ground as he lashed out furiously with his palm. That poor demonic beast was smashed into pieces from the impact, deader than dead.

“Wait, what? I can’t engrave Inscriptions here?” Qin Wentian’s gaze turned cold. He didn’t know whether the floor was constructed from a special material, or if this place was under a certain restriction. In any case, it was impossible to use Divine Inscriptions. He could only use pure combat to slaughter a path through the endless tides of demonic beasts.

The three birds were all extremely powerful, especially the Purgatory Vermilion Bird. The eternal flame blazing on its body was akin to the true flames of Purgatory, and contained an extremely destructive might. Its wings were like blades of incomparable sharp steel, able to easily lacerate through the flesh of these demonic beasts. And yet regardless of how powerful it was, and how many it killed, it didn’t seem to make a dent in the number of demonic beasts rushing at them. Suddenly, a fearsome demonic ape jumped downwards and slammed into the Vermilion Bird’s body. Although it was instantly incinerated by the perpetual flames, such a collision had injured the Purgatory Vermilion Bird.

And after that, such attacks continued to happen, one after another. The tides of demonic beasts didn’t fear death at all. After an extremely brief period of time, the Silvery Roc died from its injuries—the Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk joined it in death not long after.

Qin Wentian’s third eye flared with resplendent light as an overwhelming pressure crushed down from the Heavens. His body was enveloped by demonic armor and those waves of transformed demonic beasts that rushed at him were treated to vibrations of such intensity that they exploded, layering the ground with their corpses.

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird understood Qin Wentian’s intention. It flew ahead, clearing the path for him, slaying any demonic beast that got in its way. Blood was dripping unceasingly from its beak but the coldness in its eyes never wavered in the slightest.

One man one bird, none of the demonic beasts had the power to stop them. Finally, they arrived at a place where a terrifying ancient demonic divinity floated in the air. It was the illusory form of a

Vermilion Bird, the Underworld Vermilion Bird! The aura it exuded was extremely terrifying, able to crush the minds of weaker-willed people. When it stared at Qin Wentian's Purgatory Vermilion Bird, an intense killing intent gushed out from it.

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird gave a shrill screech as it prepared to dive forth, yet Qin Wentian coldly interjected, "Let me do it."

As the sound of his voice faded, Qin Wentian dashed out. This cave was opened up by him, he should be the one to undertake the challenge.

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird turned about and continued combating the waves of those demonic beasts, guarding Qin Wentian's rear.

Qin Wentian's third eye opened and shot forth a golden beam of light, yet to his shock he realized that the Underworld Vermilion Bird was still staring at him coldly, completely unaffected.

"Immunity?"

Qin Wentian's countenance stiffened. This terrifying Vermilion Bird actually had immunity to his eye-attack.

"Szzz!" The Underworld Vermilion Bird spat out a gust of cold air, like the qi of the dead from the underworld. Qin Wentian slammed forth with a dragon imprint, yet it was effortlessly frozen solid. As the cold air came into contact with his palms, Qin Wentian felt that even the Astral Energy circulating in his arterial pathway was frozen solid—he had no way to channel any power at all.

"What a terrifying underworld qi. Is this the test I need to overcome?"

Qin Wentian's eyes flashed with a glint of resoluteness. The Purgatory Vermilion Bird behind him was attacking in a frenzy, effectively blocking the waves of demonic beasts rushing at them, and not allowing a single one to get past it to reach Qin Wentian. It was as if it knew how powerful the Underworld Vermilion Bird was and didn't want its master to be distracted.

Qin Wentian stared deeply at the Underworld Vermilion Bird as he slammed forth with another palm, causing the Divine Inscriptions already inscribed within his Yuanfu to burst out into a manifestation of ancient bells.

“Heartbreak Echo!”

But...the Underworld Vermilion Bird remained motionless, its gaze still as cold as ever as it stared at Qin Wentian, it didn't even appear the slightest bit affected.

This made Qin Wentian understand that if he wanted to kill the Underworld Vermilion Bird, he could only attack based on pure strength. The Underworld Vermilion Bird had an immunity against most innate techniques.

Behind him, a terrible screech of rage echoed in the air. The Purgatory Vermilion Bird had been seriously injured to the point that its body turned illusory once more. Yet, it was still holding the waves off, determined not to let a single one of the demonic beasts get past it.

The spectators in the outside world weren't able to see anything that happened within the location of each legacy. If not, they would surely be dumbfounded at what they are seeing. The ancient luck in the form of Vermilion Birds could actually materialize into a true Vermilion Bird demonic beast. Not only that, they had the capacity to be unswervingly loyal to their masters, capable of giving their all to aid their masters in acquiring the ancient legacies.

None of the spectators would really know what each of the contenders were currently facing, whether they failed or succeeded or even what legacy they were fighting to obtain.

Qin Wentian stared at the Underworld Vermilion Bird as he rushed forwards. A terrifying demonic aura blasted off from him as he was enveloped in overwhelming amounts of demonic qi. He no longer resembled anything human, but rather a true demon.

The Underworld Vermilion Bird icily stared back as it spat out yet another gush of underworld qi current. Qin Wentian felt as though his entire body was about to be frozen solid, with the underworld qi currently corroding his armor and flesh. Yet, he didn't falter even for a second in his advance. Nobody could block him if he decided to set his mind towards a goal.

The terrifying air currents of the qi enveloped Qin Wentian as the Underworld Vermilion Bird instantly swooped down and unleashed its talon attack, penetrating through Qin Wentian's chest. It then channeled the underworld qi directly into Qin Wentian's body, causing him to feel a sense of approaching death.

However, since it voluntarily came into such close range for its attack, how could Qin Wentian still allow it to fly away? Qin Wentian grabbed hold of its body and slammed out a punch that was coated with the will of his Mandate, further reinforced by the boundless rhythm of the Heavens and Earth.

The Underworld Vermilion Bird cried out a bloodcurdling screech, struggling madly to get away. Yet with another flurry of punches, its corporeal form started to fade, turning back into an illusory outline.

“Devour it,” Qin Wentian coldly commanded. The Purgatory Vermilion Bird cried out shrilly as it flew over, opening its beak and then ruthlessly tearing at the Underworld Vermilion Bird. As it tried to resist, Qin Wentian continuously treated it like a punching bag.

Finally, the Purgatory Vermilion Bird successfully devoured its prey. As the commanding light in its eyes swept over to the demonic beast tides, they paused and started to transform back into statues.

Qin Wentian’s wound recovery was impeded by a layer of Underworld energy. The Purgatory Vermilion Bird cooed with worry, as it glanced at the terrible wound running down Qin Wentian’s chest. Qin Wentian smiled as he replied, “Don’t worry, I’ll be fine.”

After speaking, he continued onwards. An ancient pathway mysteriously appeared after the Underworld Vermilion Bird was killed. Qin Wentian followed the path all the way, until he came face to face with a golden-colored stone wall.

On top of it, three large words were engraved—Fiend Transformation Art.

“Fiend Transformation Art!”

Qin Wentian drew in a deep breath, endless shock apparent in his eyes. So this was how it came about, back then the Azure Emperor must have also fought in the ranking battle to accumulate ancient luck, and had visited this place once before.

The Fiend Transformation Art originated from this place!

Chapter 372: Irreversible, Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation Art

A demonic light glimmered in Qin Wentian’s eyes as he stared at the three large words engraved upon the golden world, feeling thunderstruck in his heart.

With a difference of several thousand years, he and the Azure Emperor had actually obtained the same ancient luck, leading to the same legacy? It seemed that right from the start, they were already bound by the threads of destiny.

But if the legacy here was the Fiend Art Transformation, wasn't it just a waste since he already had it?

Qin Wentian didn't bother about this. His eyes were like torches, as he stared intently at the three large characters engraved. In the next moment, streams of golden light gushed forth from the wall, entering straight into the centre of his brows, and his mind was flooded with a rushing mass of information.

This was the purest version of the Fiend Transformation Art. The inheritance that the Azure Emperor left behind for him all those years ago couldn't be compared to what he was experiencing now—the direct assimilation of information from the original source straight into his mind.

At this moment, Qin Wentian finally understood. The endless waves of demonic beasts out there might be a test, but it was also a way for the fated inheritor to perfect the Fiend Transformation Art.

“Since my destiny brought me here, how can I return empty handed? I shall make use of this place and fully master it,” Qin Wentian murmured as he gently stroked the head of the Purgatory Vermilion Bird. Despite its serious injuries, its eyes were still filled with gentleness when it looked at Qin Wentian, as though Qin Wentian was not just a master, but its closest kin. The aura of the Purgatory Vermilion Bird underwent a change when it devoured the Underworld Vermilion Bird. Now it contained within its aura a faint sense of evil.

“Get some rest, I also want to recover from my injuries first. After that we will wipe the outer palace clean, by annihilating all the demonic beasts out there,” Qin Wentian spoke, as the Purgatory Vermilion Bird nodded. Following which, it laid down on the floor and closed its eyes in rest and meditation.

Qin Wentian sat down cross-legged, as he tried to recuperate. He was also injured and his wounds weren't light—the Underworld Vermilion Bird was guarding the Fiend Transformation Art legacy, so how could it be weak? It had immunity to several types of innate techniques and one could only use brute force to defeat it. Hence, Qin Wentian seized on the most tyrannical method and beat it to death with only his fists. Naturally, if the Purgatory Vermilion Bird's hadn't almost lost its life to save him, he wouldn't have exploded forth with so much fury.

After a period of adjustment, one man and one bird returned once again to the outer palace where the great hall was situated. Crumbling sounds rang out as the exteriors of countless statues cracked, transforming into demonic beasts as overwhelming amounts of demonic qi filled the air.

Qin Wentian walked right into the centre of the hall with an eager expression on his face. As one of the demonic statues finished its transformation, his arm suddenly shot out, grabbing the head of the poor demonic beast as he tyrannically absorbed its demonic qi directly into his body.

Four hours later, the bodies of Qin Wentian and the Purgatory Vermilion Bird were both stained with blood. Qin Wentian sat serenely in the centre of the hall, as the demonic qi permeating the hall all frenziedly gushed into him. His body was like a bottomless well, his desire to devour unsated as he unceasingly absorbed it all.

After three days, the endless waves of demonic beasts ended. All of them had been slain and the demonic qi that permeated the area had totally dissipated. Abruptly, the young man who was sitting in the centre of the hall opened his eyes. The entirety of the demonic qi had been absorbed and concentrated in him, before being refined and circulated according to the principles of the Fiend Transformation Art. The word ‘terrifying’ was totally insufficient to describe the demonic aura currently exuding from him.

Time flowed by in the Vermilion Bird Formation, the number of contenders within currently numbered less than a hundred.

The spectators on the outside seriously observed the happenings in the formation world. Half of the hundred contenders had all already comprehended their respective second level Mandates—this was an alarming number that went way beyond expectations. It had never happened before, even in the previous ranking battles.

In the past, as long as a contender comprehended a second level Mandate, it was already sufficient for him or her to be ranked within the top twenty. But for this batch, because there was a variation in the laws of the formation world, everything had changed. Not only was there less than 360 contenders remaining, the amount of ancient luck was insufficient to be even spread across a hundred people. All the weaker ones had all already been eliminated.

The remaining contenders grew increasingly stronger, causing the spectators to wonder if this was an effect of the ancient luck. Does immersing oneself in ancient luck hasten one’s cultivation speed?

Naturally, the topics of interest were those who managed to find the hidden legacies. Although the number of contenders remaining was already very few, the number of contenders that managed to do so was even scarcer—only a total of nine had managed to locate the hidden legacies.

Initially everyone thought Yao Jun and Peng Zhan would also have an opportunity. Who would have thought that Qin Wentian would domineeringly take their chance away right in front of their eyes? After Qin Wentian, no one else had managed to locate the tenth legacy.

These nine people respectively were: Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Si Qiong, Zhan Chen, Emperor Azure, Qin Zheng, Yun Mengyi, Mu Feng and Qin Wentian.

Although the spectators didn't know what they were experiencing, they could already faintly sense that these nine cultivators would be the nine most dazzling of the remaining contenders in the formation world. They all had an extremely high probability of being ranked in the top nine.

Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Emperor Azure and Zhan Chen; their performance was within expectations. Originally, Mu Feng was already highly ranked on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, so it was understandable that he could explode forth with such strength after his change in temperament. The dark horses of this batch were Si Qiong, Qin Zheng, Yun Mengyi and Qin Wentian.

Naturally, other than the nine of them, there were also some other contenders that had fortunate encounters. The chaotic battles continued for the wresting of ancient luck. Nobody knew what other changes would there be when the nine of them re-appeared again.

These nine were originally already extremely powerful. Even the one with the lowest amount of recognition among the nine – Qin Wentian, was able to effortlessly slay Yang Fan and got Yao Jun to scam with a single sentence.

They would only emerge stronger than before if they successfully acquire the legacies.

“Wait, Mo Qingcheng also found a hidden legacy!”

At this moment, under the thunderstruck expressions of the crowd, the silhouette of Mo Qingcheng vanished from the spectating screens.

Mo Qingcheng became the tenth contender. Yet her encounter happened nonetheless despite the fact that she was completely different from the other nine in the sense that she didn't hunt others for their ancient luck hence strengthening her own Vermilion Bird. Yet, in spite of her inaction, the ancient luck concentrated around her, allowing her to find the tenth legacy. Nobody knew the reason why, could it be that if one was born beautiful, the Vermilion Bird Formation would take special care of her? Impossible. Maybe only Mo Qingcheng herself knew of the true reason.

“Senior Tianji, how many contenders do you think need to be eliminated before the Vermilion Bird Formation release them?” Someone belonging to a transcendent power asked.

“The destiny of Grand Xia is changing, forgive this old man for his incompetence, I can’t tell for sure. But for this ranking battle, if the remaining contenders was only thirty-six, there shall then only be thirty-six positions on the Heavenly Fate Rankings this time around. If there’s only a single contender remaining, that means that there shall only be only one position on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.” Old Man Tianji spoke after a long moment of silence. There was a serenity in his gaze, nobody could tell what he was thinking about.

“However, because the destiny is changing, the remaining contenders would absolutely be at a level of power unprecedented in the past. This meant that all the remaining characters would have a high probability that they will be able to influence the future of Grand Xia. In fact, the destiny of Grand Xia is changing because of them.” Old Man Tianji spoke again, his words causing the others to stare in dumbfounded amazement.

Things such as luck and destiny was intangible and obscure, exceeding mysterious. No one could say for sure they existed or not. Yet, the Venerate Heavens Sect had been observing the movements of constellations for untold eons, predicting events of unerring accuracy for Grand Xia. There was no reason for him to lie.

“Even the Heavens and Earth has a beginning. For the fate and destiny orchestrated by the movements of the stars, let it end with the one that made it began. Everyone, you guys best be careful on the way you handle things in the future.”

Old Man Tianji’s words were layered with profoundness, nobody could understand what he was trying to say. They all formed their own interpretations.

An elder from the Great Solar Chen Clan smiled as a sharp glint of light flashed past his eyes. “Senior is right, these characters are all extraordinary. Seeing Chen Wang is the first to locate a legacie, I wonder how would he influence the destiny of Grand Xia in the future.”

This person was none other than Chen Wang’s uncle, he had great expectations for Chen Wang.

“There’s nothing to do with the order they found the legacies.” Those from the Shi Clan refuted. If what Old Man Tianji said was through, there was someone among the ten contenders that would be able to influence the destiny of Grand Xia, that person must definitely be Shi Potian.

“Total bullshit.” Someone from the Hua Clan snorted. Hua Shaoqing wasn’t one of the ten that found a legacy. He naturally felt unhappy in his heart.

Not only that, what sort of character was Hua Taixu? How could he be any weaker than any of the ten contenders? Despite how outstanding Chen Wang is, when Hua Taixu was on the stage, Chen Wang totally couldn’t hold a candle to him.

With Hua Taixu present, Chen Wang would always be the number two.

If these ten were able to influence the destiny of Grand Xia, what about Hua Taixu?”

Those from the Hua Clan had believed all along that Hua Taixu would be the one that control Grand Xia in the future.

All of them had their own thoughts, and those in the formation world was naturally unaware of the words Old Man Tianji spoken. At this moment, a fatty climbed up on the coral reef as he roared in pride. “This fatty finally reached the strongest level in Yuanfu!”

So it turns out that because Fan Le knew very well how weak he was in terms of cultivation base, he focused and immersed himself totally in his cultivation until he broke through to the eighth level of Yuanfu. Directly after that, he took the limit-break pellet and stepped into the ninth level. The poor fatty still didn’t know that the formation world had already undergone heaven-shaking and earth-shattering changes.

Brimming with confidence, Fan Le no longer sought to hide away. He walked in a swaggering manner, like he was the lord of this world, fully prepared to fight against any that might come by his way, allowing others to know of his great name – Fan Le the Fatty.

Very swiftly, Fan Le’s wishes came true, he met a cultivator. This person was none other than Wang Jue. He was in an extremely miserable state, he had been defeated by Qin Zheng, followed by almost dying in the hands of Mu Feng, how could he not be infuriated when he noticed the haughty look on Fan Le’s Face. With a howl of rage, Wang Jue directly used his strongest attack to blast the shocked Fan Le off the face of earth. Fan Le scratched his head in puzzlement, he didn’t understand what was going on exactly.

The genius Fan Le was destined to rise to fame by right but even before he got to showcase his talents, he was unceremoniously blasted out...

As he was sent out, he stood among the crowd and observed the formation world, all the while grumbling in his heart. Suddenly, his countenance froze, where was Qin Wentian?

Qin Wentian still remained within the hidden palace. His Fiend Transformation Art had finally reached the third level, Fiend Transformation.

With an intention of his will, terrifying golden-colored garuda wings appeared behind his back. As his silhouette flickered, he instantly arrived right in front of the wall.

At this moment, the huge words engraved on the golden wall started to change. The resplendent light was extremely blinding, causing a sharp light flickered in Qin Wentian's eyes when he observed the transformation..

Finally, a recording appeared on the stone wall ahead of him. Over there was a silhouette sitting down beneath the vast starry skies. That figure was chanting incantations as a mysterious sound issued from his throat. The skies abruptly changed colors, vast amounts of demonic qi streamed towards him from all eight directions, underneath the cascading star light. That mysterious sound gradually got louder as the surrounding earth begin to tremble as the column of star light cascading from the Nine Heavens mixed together with the demonic qi, glowing resplendently.

Instantly, a boundless energy infused into that figure transforming his entire body. Wings of a Vermilion Bird sprouted behind his back as his body started to elongate. Gradually, his frame turned a shiny golden as a powerful beak, as well as sharp claws, appeared... Terrifying explosions drifted into Qin Wentian's ear yet the chanting of that man never stopped. A second later, or maybe it was an eternity later, the sounds of the chanting turned into the shrill cry of a Vermilion Bird. The entire space around him was trembling, on the brink of collapse as that person spread its wings, transformed into an actual Vermilion Bird, before flying straight up into the clouds.

"The chant of the demonic divinities, the ancient will stretching across the skies. Gathering the demonic qi from the eight directions, devouring the astral energy from the starry skies. I connect and fuse them as one, i offer my mortal body as a sacrifice. Transform my destiny into that of a demon." An archaic voice echoed in Qin Wentian's mind, causing his heart to shudder.

This art, was the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation Art, allowing one to transform fully into a true demonic divinity. It was irreversible!

Chapter 373: Too Weak.

Irreversible!

Qin Wentian's heart shuddered violently as he lost himself in contemplation of what he'd just seen.

So there was another more terrifying Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation Art that would only appear after one had mastered the third level of the Fiend Transformation Art. The Azure Emperor must have missed out on this all those years ago. Maybe after obtaining the Fiend Transformation Art, he'd taken it out from this place before he started cultivating it. By the time he reached the third level, he had already lost his opportunity, ultimately missing out on the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation Art.

This transformation art was too tyrannical in nature. With the chant of demonic divinities, the ancient will stretches across the skies, forming a connection with the divinities from the eight directions, and transforming a human into a demon. Not a mere demonic beast, but rather the true soul of a demonic divinity that may even evolve into the actual divinity itself in the future.

This divine beast, Vermilion Bird, was a demonic divinity from one of the eight directions, becoming the totem of Grand Xia.

Qin Wentian didn't know what to feel in his heart. He gently stroked the wings of the Purgatory Vermilion Bird as he said quietly, "This art is too heaven-defying, allowing humanity to transform completely into a demon. By cultivating a true divinity soul, it allows the user to possess unquestionable might after the transformation. But wanting me to transform into a demon, can I really still proceed with this?"

Thinking of this, Qin Wentian shook his head as he gazed at the Purgatory Vermilion Bird. "Don't tell me you wish for me to transform into a demon so we can soar through the skies and travel the world together, hm?"

An expression of being wronged appeared on the countenance of the Vermilion Bird, it continued gently rubbing against Qin Wentian's chest with its head.

It was as though Qin Wentian could understand the thoughts of the Purgatory Vermilion Bird as he calmly stated, "I don't blame you, this Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation Art is truly an exceedingly terrifying demonic art. If there was someone really willing to cultivate it, their power would reach such overwhelming heights, he'd be feared by all those underneath the Heavens. But sadly, I'm unwilling to do so. I feel it would be wasted on me. Maybe we should have gone to some other location to hunt for the other legacies."

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird let out a low cry, while Qin Wentian continued, “Well, I might be unwilling to discard my humanity, but since my destiny is connected to this art, I’ll still learn it all the same. One day, if I should meet a fated successor in the future, I’ll pass it on to them.”

After which, Qin Wentian sat down cross-legged as he studied the demonic divinity chant.

Immersed in his cultivation, he soon forgot the flow of time. And after a long period of contemplation, a low mysterious sound issued out of Qin Wentian’s throat. The sound was low, but thick and powerful, as though it hailed from the primordial era. It wasn’t the sound of a human, yet there was a penetrative quality to it that could connect the Heavens and Earth, even causing the entire hidden palace to shake violently. Boundless amounts of demonic qi was concentrated here, with Qin Wentian at the core of it.

In Qin Wentian’s body, the entirety of his blood was surging with an ever-increasing might. His sleeping bloodline even showed signs of being awakened.

Rumbling sounds echoed as Qin Wentian’s blood circulated frenziedly, unleashing a terrifying sound. The reverberations echoed throughout the palace, as the Purgatory Vermilion Bird sat up and issued a long screech. Its eyes were shining with a bright light, filled with an expression of something akin to shock and fear while it stared at Qin Wentian.

The surging of his blood continued as it began to flow in a terrifying spiral, madly revolving through his body. Abruptly, the terrifying bloodline within his body manifested the silhouette of a gigantic, ancient primordial demonic beast within. The demonic beast opened its eyes, and a dreadfulness beyond reason could be seen lurking within its depths.

Who had used the demonic divinity chant to awaken the soul of the ancient primordial bloodline?

An unmatched overwhelming pressure blasted out, the Purgatory Vermilion Bird was forced to the ground, struggling to keep its head up. In its eyes, there was something more than shock. It was awe.

That suppression pressure was too terrifying.

“Too weak!”

A low, droning voice echoed in Qin Wentian’s heart as he coughed out a mouthful of blood. The surging blood in his body returned to its former calm as though nothing had happened.

Suddenly, Qin Wentian opened his eyes as a terrifying demonic light gleamed within. A sheen of perspiration could clearly be seen on his forehead.

“That feeling disappeared...”

Qin Wentian murmured to himself, he had clearly heard a voice resounding from his inner heart—too weak...Afterwards, the ancient primordial demonic beast returned to its slumber once more, as though Qin Wentian’s strength didn’t have the qualifications to control it. He was simply too weak.

“To think that this Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation Art could stir up the power of my bloodline. It seems that my suspicions were correct, one of my bloodlines is that of an ancient primordial beast. Not only that, it must have been of a supreme grade, if not it wouldn’t have been awakened by the demonic divinity chant. At the very least, my bloodline should certainly be at the level of a demonic divinity or even higher.” Qin Wentian mused, as he found himself growing increasingly curious about his background. Back then in the secret realm of Divine Inscriptions, when he was at the boundary of life and death, he had activated his bloodline once, yet even after such a long time, he could still only control a wisp of its true strength.

Embedded in his dual bloodlines, there was unlimited potential that was only waiting for him to excavate it. Regretfully, he was still too weak.

Even combat prowess at the pinnacle of Yuanfu was too weak?

Then what cultivation realm could attain the lowest qualifications necessary to unlock it?

Heavenly Dipper? Or the fabled Celestial Phenomenon Realm?

Qin Wentian was absorbed in his contemplation, when booming sounds thundered and the entire hidden palace began to sink into the ground.

Qin Wentian’s eyes flashed as he stared up at the sky. A beautiful, yet terrifying light cascaded downwards, its beautiful rays landing on the palace. Qin Wentian studied the immense Vermilion Bird hovering in the air, the soul of an ancient divinity controlling the Vermilion Bird Formation. It was as though that was the true soul of the Vermilion Bird.

Ten millions filaments of light shot out, the entire palace transformed into a flash of golden light, before turning into dust scattered to the wind. Qin Wentian continued standing there, it seemed as though the Vermilion Bird Formation was undergoing another change.

“If your destiny is to become that of a demon, you can then control the true soul of the Vermilion Bird Divinity, and everything in Grand Xia shall be under your control.

A voice of temptation sounded out in his mind, causing Qin Wentian’s heart to thump in amazement. His gaze turned sharp as he stared at the immense Vermilion Bird hovering in the air.

The Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation Art uses the demonic divinity chant to gather the demonic qi from the other demonic divinities situated in the eight directions. But in the Vermilion Bird Formation, the only divinity here was the Vermilion Bird. If he was willing to forsake humanity and accept the transformation, his will could stretch across the Heavens and borrow its power.

Qin Wentian then glanced at the Purgatory Vermilion Bird near him. His gaze turned gentle as he rubbed its head, lightly whispering, “So it turns out that the ancient luck you bestowed on me was this heaven-defying. Sadly, I’m unwilling to become a demon.”

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird held warmth in its eyes as it gently shook its head, indicating that it didn’t mind his choice. If Qin Wentian was unwilling to become a demon, it wouldn’t force him.

The outside spectators felt shock growing in their hearts. They saw that the ten contenders had already re-emerged and the place where they found their legacies had already been totally destroyed. In fact, the Vermilion Bird Formation changed yet again—there were now only a total of thirty-six remaining.

These thirty-six contenders were obviously many times stronger compared to when they first entered. Especially for the ten contenders that found a legacy—even the demeanor and aura they exuded had greatly changed.

“For the next three years, there will only be thirty-six positions on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.”

At this moment, Old Man Tianji spoke. Everything was as he had earlier prophesied—the destiny of Grand Xia was changing.

This indicated that the thirty-six contenders in front of them would be the rankers on the upcoming Heavenly Fate Ranking—the top thirty-six Yuanfu Realm cultivators in the entire Grand Xia.

If someone else wanted to enter the rankings, they would have to defeat one of them to take their place.

“After Chen Wang obtained his legacy, his aura has grown even more terrifying.”

The gazes of the crowd shifted over to Chen Wang, only to see him sitting in a cross-legged posture. The Great Solar Energy was visibly circulating as arcs of energy around his entire body. The solar energy from the sun cascaded downwards, manifesting as the solar star on his back.

“Chen Wang was already so powerful before this. Who could even be his match now?”

The crowd murmured in their hearts, in the ranking battle this time around, Chen Wang should have the highest probability to be ranked first. There shouldn't be anyone able to contend against him.

Other than Chen Wang, others such as Shi Potian, Zhan Chen and the rest all had a ridiculous amount of luck concentrated on them.

This ranking battle was extraordinary, and unprecedented. All ten of them gained a concentration of immense amounts of ancient luck.

“Look at Qin Wentian, the demonic qi exuding from him isn't as much as before, but why do I feel fear even when spectating from outside? But regardless, Chen Wang is still stronger, and he won't spare him.” The eyes of the crowd also momentarily drifted to the Purgatory Vermilion Bird hovering behind Qin Wentian's back, taken aback by its majesty.

Qin Wentian had safely exited the cave dwelling he was in earlier. Not only that, his aura perceptibly strengthened, his Purgatory Vermilion Bird also incarnated into a true body and he was one of the ten contenders that found a legacy.

Now that there were only thirty-six contenders left, the next test would be direct combat. Qin Wentian would undoubtedly die.

The formation world changed yet again, condensing upon itself and becoming smaller in scale as it underwent a total transformation. In the centre of the world, a platform rose up in the air, shining with resplendent Astral Light . It was in the shape of a Vermilion Bird—the formation world was no more.

This was the Vermilion Bird Arena platform, to decide the rankings of the remaining contenders.

Passion heated the spectators' hearts. They knew they would be witnessing a ranking battle that was unprecedented in the history of Grand Xia.

For thousands of years, things had remained unchanged. Maybe what Old Man Tianji had said was true—the destiny of Grand Xia was currently changing.

Old Man Tianji inclined his head as he looked at the hovering Vermilion Bird Arena platform in the air. His eyes widened in shock, with a strange glow flashing in them.

For so many years, the Vermilion Bird Formation was a place where the transcendent powers had no way to break it. And today, there was actually a variation in the laws of the formation. As to what would happen in the near future, even Old Man Tianji had no way of discerning it.

“The thirty-six contenders have finally been revealed. However, everyone should take a break first before continuing.” At this moment, a voice echoed out, causing the gazes of everyone to turn in its direction. Over in that area, a middle-aged man floated in the air, and behind him was a group of young men, all exuding an extraordinary demeanor.

“Since all of you have stepped into the Ancient Kingdom, we consider you all as our guests. Naturally, we must receive our guests properly by allowing the contenders to take a break before they continue with the ranking battle,” the middle-aged man slowly spoke, his words causing dumbfounded expressions to appear on the faces of the spectators.

“Guests?”

Since they were the guests, didn't it mean that this group of people were the hosts?

People who were survivors from the ancient dynasty of Grand Xia?!

Qin Wentian's gaze shifted over, Ouyang Kuangsheng had told him once before that the Nine Grand Clans of ancient Grand Xia would never have allowed any survivors after their rebellion. The identity of these people might not be as they claimed.

Or maybe the upper echelons from the major transcendent powers knew of some information relating to their origins.

Yet, they were extremely close-lipped regarding this matter, strongly preferring it to remain forever hidden in cloaked obscurity!

Chapter 374: Rejection

Old Man Tianji and those experts from the transcendent powers turned their gazes onto the new group of people, yet they showed no hints of surprise on their features. It was as though they had long known of the existence of this group of people, and not only that, there were even some among them who had furrowed their brows with unhappiness.

“Resting for a while would be good.” Old Man Tianji calmly replied.

“It seems like you can survive for some time longer,” Chen Wang coldly spoke as his gaze turned to Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian’s countenance looked extremely demonic as a glacial light flickered in his eyes, yet no one could tell what he was thinking about.

Everyone rose as they proceeded to enter the Ancient Kingdom. Ouyang Kuangsheng came to Qin Wentian’s side as he asked, “How was it?”

“Seems like your improvement isn’t bad at all.” A hint of a smile finally appeared in Qin Wentian’s eyes.

“You’re one to talk. Why is it that your demonic qi seems to have evolved qualitatively? Is it because of the ancient luck?” Ouyang Kuangsheng laughed. As his eyes turned ahead, he added in a low voice, “By the way, be wary of the ones who just arrived.”

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian nodded. The middle-aged man led everyone to a place where a banquet was already set up, with beautiful female maids standing around. That middle-aged man stood near the table meant for the host, laughing as he addressed the crowd, “Please, enjoy yourself.”

The crowd all respectively took their seats and enjoyed the banquet; Qin Wentian sat at the host table in a position far out to the back, with Ouyang Kuangsheng sitting on the right of him and Mo Qingcheng on the left. This scene caused Zhan Chen’s eyes to flash with a glint of cold light. The sharpness in his gaze was more pronounced than before, he too had acquired a legacy that belonged solely to himself.

“Si Qiong, how are you feeling?” Beside the middle-aged man, sat the dark horse character Si Qiong, causing those sitting to be extremely surprised. So it turned out that Si Qiong was someone from the ‘Ancient Kingdom’.

“The Ancient Luck of Grand Xia, it’s a secret art aside from the nine ultimate arts,” Si Qiong softly spoke.

Secret arts would naturally be extremely powerful, especially a secret art left behind from Ancient Grand Xia. The might of this secret art would absolutely not be eclipsed by the nine ultimate arts. Thus, it was vastly understood that the ten secret arts were all absolute treasures of Ancient Grand Xia. Who would have thought that it was hidden in the Vermilion Bird Formation, controlled by the divinity of the Vermilion Bird? Luckily, the nine grand clans hadn’t forcefully destroyed the formation back then. If not, today would never have arrived.

Qin Wentian’s heart trembled when he thought of the Fiend Transformation Art, as well as the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation Art. Despite the plethora of powerful innate techniques and cultivation arts in Ancient Grand Xia, it was difficult to find one that could match up to their power.

“Honestly speaking, our identities should already be known to the upper echelons of those from the transcendent powers. After the ranking battle concludes, you may inquire it from your elders, and might even have a chance to join us as a member.” The middle aged man smiled as he continued, “Other than that, for the ancient luck in your hands, we are willing to exchange any one of the nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia for it.”

The contenders turned sharply/gaze turned sharp as a strange glow of light flashed in their eyes. It was as though these people were here only for the secret art which consisted of their ancient luck.

“What do you think?”

The middle-aged man’s gaze roamed about, then landed on Chen Wang.

Chen Wang contemplated the offer for a moment, he was here today to compete for the first rank. And because of how highly regarded he was by the Great Solar Chen Clan, he naturally knew certain stories kept behind the scenes, and understood who these people are.

“Fine,” Chen Wang agreed, using his ancient luck in exchange for one of the nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia wasn’t disadvantageous for him. Based on their strength, if these people wanted to forcibly snatch it away, he could do nothing to prevent them as well.

Despite the nine ultimate arts being extremely valuable treasures, they had all mastered it long ago. They didn’t mind if the arts were imparted elsewhere.

The Great Solar Chen Clan wasn't on the same level compared to them.

"I concur." Shi Potian lightly nodded his head.

Si Qiong of course had no objections, Zhan Chen and Emperor Azure all agreed as well. Their hearts were all filled with anticipation at the mention of learning one of the nine ultimate arts. To them, this was a deal that held zero disadvantages and boundless benefits.

"I need to consider it," Qin Zheng calmly stated, his words causing an unhappy glint of sharpness to gleam in the eyes of the middle-aged man.

"I need to consider it as well," Yun Mengyi serenely added, Qin Wentian's gaze turned to her.

Yun Mengyi had always exuded an air of mystery about her, she definitely had a relationship with the ancient dynasty of Grand Xia, but as to what that relationship was exactly, Qin Wentian had no idea. At this moment, Yun Mengyi's beautiful eyes were also staring in his direction, and was filled with a look of anticipation.

"Myself, as well," Mo Qingcheng added in a low voice. The three of them all needed to reconsider the deal further. Upon noting this outcome, the eyes of the middle-aged man gradually turned cold.

"You guys better think this through carefully." Si Qiong frowned, with a threatening look flashing in his eyes.

Qin Wentian furrowed his brows as he faintly added, "I too, need to consider this further."

As the sound of his voice faded, Si Qiong's cold eyes swept over him. Refuting him straight after he made his comment, wasn't this a smack right in his face?

"The Heavenly Fate ranking battle has yet to be concluded." Si Qiong warned.

"I stand with Qin Wentian," Mu Feng added. The last remaining five all said they needed more time to consider the offer, causing the previously genial atmosphere to be instantly filled with tension.

"You all truly don't know how high the Heavens are." A voice of extreme coldness echoed in the air, originating from a young woman that stood behind the middle-aged man. She then continued proudly, "It's already your good fortune that we are putting up the nine ultimate arts to trade for it."

“Trading? Where’s our free will? Is this still considered a trade where we can’t even consider the conditions offered?” Qin Zheng shot back. “This banquet sucks, I think it’s better if we take our leave first.”

“Why don’t we start the ranking battle right away?” Qin Wentian calmly added. The five of them stood up, and as they turned to depart, Si Qiong slammed his palms down on the table, a cold smile hung upon his lips. “Wait a moment.”

Qin Wentian and the others turned their heads to look at Si Qiong, only to see him grinning malevolently. “If the ranking battle really starts now, I won’t be polite to any of you guys.”

“Stop your bullshit.” Mu Feng’s voice was filled with sinister venom as he continued walking forwards. Si Qiong’s smile froze when he saw how Mu Feng brushed him off, he then continued, “Very well, I’ll see you in the ranking battle then.”

Qin Wentian and the others left the banquet, leaving behind Chen Wang, Shi Potian and the rest of those who agreed.

“Descendent of the Chen and Shi Clan, both of you are excellent seedlings. When you return back to your clans, ask your elders if they would permit you to join us. Maybe one day in the future, you might have the chance to enjoy the same level of glory as your ancestors.” The middle-aged man glanced at them, laughing in delight. “The ranking battle shall be temporarily delayed. Go on ahead and cultivate the ultimate art you want to choose.”

Chen Wang and the rest were visibly excited—if they could really cultivate another ultimate art, their combat prowess would definitely skyrocket. When the time came, how could the other five stand against them?

Currently, the person whom Chen Wang and the others feared the most, was Si Qiong. Si Qiong had actually originated from this place.

Zhan Chen and Emperor Azure had also chosen to remain behind. The middle-aged man smiled at them as he calmly stated, “For this ranking battle, the four of you in addition to Si Qiong, will definitely be ranked within the top five.”

After which, he continued, “Follow me.”

Chen Wang and the others left with the middle-aged man. As for Qin Wentian and the rest, they returned back to the Vermilion Bird Arena Platform as they cultivated in their respective corners.

“Chen Wang and Shi Potian didn’t return with them, what’s going on?” Many of the spectators were confused. Old Man Tianji and the other leaders naturally knew what was going on, but they weren’t in a position to interfere.

“Upon the conclusion of the ranking battle, this shall mark the true start of Grand Xia’s changing destiny.”

Old Man Tianji could only sigh when he witnessed what was happening. The implications of fate were simply impossible to change, as evidenced by the fall of the ancient dynasty—no one had the power to reverse their destiny.

Old Man Tianji had no way to predict future events at all. The demonic star was the origin of all changes. He couldn’t see where Grand Xia would eventually end up.

For the ranking battle this time around, how many among the contenders would be able to lead and control Grand Xia’s destiny? Becoming characters who played a critical role in the future.

Not even Old Man Tianji knew... He could only monitor the movements of the constellations, trying to make an educated guess. He couldn’t peer through the murky clouds of fate that obscured his vision to see the future. Yet at this moment, he could already guess who the demonic star represented.

As time flew by, Chen Wang and the other four still didn’t make an appearance, increasing the audience’s suspicions. Yet seeing how calm Old Man Tianji was, the rest of them had no choice but to wait.

Qin Wentian and the others were exceedingly calm as well. They sat cross-legged and immersed in their own cultivation. They didn’t seek for power to change anything, they only wanted to follow their hearts and live a life of no regrets.

Chen Wang and the rest still didn’t return, and their conspicuous disappearance made Qin Wentian and the others feel an invisible pressure boring down on them. They must be currently cultivating the nine ultimate arts.

Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Si Qiong, Zhan Cheng, Emperor Azure. These five were originally already extremely powerful. How much stronger would they become now that they acquired one of the nine ultimate arts?

A few more days passed and finally, the sound of a whistling wind could be heard as the middle-aged man appeared again. Behind him, Chen Wang and the others wore superior-looking smiles on their faces, and the unexcelled arrogance they exuded was evidently many times more intense compared to before.

Si Qiong's eyes shifted over in the direction of Old Man Tianji as he spoke, "The Heavenly Fate of Grand Xia shall be determined by the battle today. The ambition of the contenders have reached as high as the clouds, but none of us fear death. We will all determine our heavenly fate with this one battle today."

"Are you meaning that whether the contenders live or die shall be determined by their own capabilities?" Old Man Tianji calmly replied as he stared at Si Qiong.

"Indeed. The losers will not even be worthy enough to be a part of the Heavenly Fate Ranking." Si Qiong's sharp gaze turned to Qin Wentian and the others.

"What do you guys think?" Old Man Tianji asked.

For the previous ranking battles, if one couldn't achieve victory, they could still admit defeat. In that case, the talented geniuses of Grand Xia wouldn't be reduced in their numbers.

But today, Si Qiong was actually putting forth such an arrogant proposition.

The spectators present all glanced at the contenders upon the arena platform, as countless shock waves rocked their hearts. They could clearly feel the overwhelming confidence exuding from Chen Wang. As long as Old Man Tianji agreed, today's ranking battle would become one of the cruelest of battles, unprecedented in the history of Grand Xia!

Yet, although such a change was beyond the expectations of the spectators, it actually made things even more interesting and filled their hearts with more anticipation.

Who among these contenders would the Heavenly Fate of Grand Xia belong to?

Qin Wentian's fiend-like eyes landed on Chen Wang, as a resplendent demonic light flickered within.

"The weak do not deserve to be ranked on the Heavenly Fate Rankings—keep in mind what you've just proposed and remember it well. To decide our heavenly fate with just a single battle? To

determine who among us will control the destiny of Grand Xia? I don't believe in nonsense like this, why would I fear to battle?" Qin Wentian's voice was ice cold, incomparably demonic.

Chapter 375: The BlackRobed Figure is a Female?

Countless gazes landed on the thirty-six contenders gathered on the arena platform. Some among these contenders were standing proudly, gazing down at the crowd while some others were sitting cross-legged, immersed in their own cultivation. Their Vermilion Birds hovered behind them, exuding an extremely baleful aura.

These thirty-six contenders would all become critical characters of Grand Xia in the future. They would be rankers on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, unless they were pushed down by someone else in the future.

Old Man Tianji still had a composed expression on his face as he glanced at the crowd. "Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Zhan Chen, Emperor Azure, Qin Zheng, Yun Mengyi, Mu Fang, Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng. The Vermilion Birds of these ten have already taken form, from illusory to reality. They possess the most amount of ancient luck, and hence, shall temporarily be ranked as the top ten."

"As for the other twenty-six contenders, for the time-being you will also be ranked according to the amount of ancient luck you have. Wang Jue, eleventh, Hua Shaoqing, twelfth and so forth."

As the sound of Old Man Tianji's voice faded, the contenders gazed at the amount of ancient luck they had on the foreheads of their Vermilion Birds as they were being ranked accordingly. If they were unhappy with the ranking, they could only change it by fighting against someone stronger.

"The ranking battle this time around shall follow the same rules as that of the past. The last ranked person shall begin the challenge, and if he is victorious, he shall replace the ranking of the one he defeated. They will be given another opportunity to continue the challenge; if one is defeated again, their rankings shall be fixed. And one last thing, you are all able to skip ranks when issuing challenges." Old Man Tianji continued, "At this moment, your rankings have all already been temporarily decided. Xiao Du, step up, you will be the first to start the challenge."

Xiao Du originated from the Xiao Faction of the Nine Mystical Palace. This time around, the Nine Mystical Palace had placed all their hopes on him. Although there were only a total of thirty-six positions, he had managed to meet their expectations by successfully gaining last place on the rankings.

His silhouette flickered as he stepped up to stand in the centre of the platform, gazing sharply at the other contenders below.

For the other thirty-five contenders, there were several that had already exchanged blows with him. All of them were extremely powerful, to the extent that he didn't have any absolute confidence in picking someone to challenge.

Ultimately, Xiao Du's sights landed on Qin Wentian. This person was the prey that the Nine Mystical Palace wanted to capture, yet who would have thought that Qin Wentian would act outside of their expectations? Ignoring the safety of the Emperor Star Academy, refusing to give himself up, and even participating in the ranking battle instead? And he was even more surprised to find out Qin Wentian was the one who slayed Luo Qianqiu back then.

Xiao Du was already considered famous in the Nine Mystical Palace and wasn't someone Luo Qianqiu could be compared to. In the past, the Qin Wentian that he hadn't even bothered to look at had actually ranked within the top ten. He'd wondered at his results; how much of it was due to Qin Wentian's own capabilities and how much of it was due to his luck?

Earlier in the formation world, other than those who clashed directly with Qin Wentian, the other contenders didn't know how much his strength had developed. Of course, Xiao Du hadn't witnessed Qin Wentian's tyrannical outburst. As a Heaven's Chosen from the Nine Mystical Palace, he naturally had his own pride. His gaze turned sharp, as the notion of him besting Qin Wentian appeared in his mind. He wanted to try it, and if he really succeeded, wouldn't his ranking shoot up to within the top ten with just a single battle?

Once he defeated Qin Wentian, even if he was defeated by the other contenders, his eventual ranking wouldn't be too low as well. This was an opportunity, the aura exuding from Qin Wentian was only at the eighth level of Yuanfu. Even if Qin Wentian had comprehended a second level Mandate, Xiao Du should still be able to fight against him to some extent.

"Qin Wentian, get the fuck up here."

Xiao Du's gaze was fixated on Qin Wentian, akin to a sharp sword wanting to lacerate him. Qin Wentian raised his head as his fiend-like eyes studied Xiao Du. The moment their eyes met, Xiao Du felt his heart clenching from fear. He immediately steadied himself—he was also an extraordinary character, how could he let his heart be shaken just from a single glance?

"Shit." Those from the Nine Mystical Palace cursed. Evidently, they didn't expect Xiao Du would issue out a challenge to Qin Wentian. They were spectators that had witnessed the events unfolding in the formation world earlier, they naturally understood Qin Wentian's true level of power. Xiao Du was far from being able to compare to him.

Qian Mengyu and those from the Greencloud Pavilion were also here today. Upon seeing the scene, she couldn't help but shake her head. This Xiao Du was overestimating his own strength.

The distance between both of them was too great. They weren't characters on the same level.

Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered as he landed on the arena platform. Sweeping his gaze across Xiao Du, his ice-cold, fiend-like eyes flared as they emitted a will, causing Xiao Du's movement to freeze momentarily, and then howl miserably in pain and agony.

"DIE!" Xiao Du roared in agony as his Astral Souls erupted. He flew towards Qin Wentian, slamming out a Thunder Palm Imprint directly at his chest. Yet there seemed to be a terrifying force akin to a barrier before Qin Wentian's chest, his palm strike had no way to breach that barrier.

"This defense..." Xiao Du's countenance stiffened, he felt as though he had just slammed his palm into an ancient primordial beast that had an insanely high resistance to attacks. Even normal demonic beasts like the Golden Demonic Garuda, Grand Strength Bull Demon, Golden Primal Ape, all already had incredible defenses, let alone Qin Wentian who had already mastered the third level of Fiend Transformation Art in addition to his ancient primordial bloodline.

Inclining his head, Xiao Du only saw cold eyes staring at him, as a chill blossomed in his heart.

"PENG!" A force of inexorable might slammed into his body, Xiao Du only felt the bones in his chest shattering as he was flung through the air, out of the arena platform, and then ruthlessly slammed into the ground. With a groan of misery, he spat out fresh blood. Qin Wentian had already returned to his original spot.

Such a scene made Xiao Du ashamed and resentful, what a humiliating battle.

"Xiao Du's ranking is fixated at #36 on the Heavenly Fate Rankings." Old Man Tianji waved his hands as a shimmering score board appeared in the air. On the top segment of the scoreboard were the words 'Heavenly Fate', with Xiao Du's name written below, as well as the number 36 on the left side of it.

Xiao Du was still ranked last.

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"Qin Wentian excels in strength and defense. Without a second level Mandate, no one should even think of fighting against him." The crowd silently mused, they knew that even though Qin Wentian

only had a cultivation base at the eighth level, his combat prowess had long already reached the pinnacle of Yuanfu.

The fights continued as the contenders strived to advance their rankings. The silhouettes that stood upon the arena platform grew increasingly stronger and at the end, even Xuan Yan from the Mystic Maiden Palace was defeated and given the rank of #20. Before this, she was ranked #17. This indicated that the opponents faced were so powerful that her ranking had even fallen down by three positions.

After which, Peng Zhan was ranked #19. He chose to challenge the currently ranked #17 Ouyang Kuangsheng.

The ending of the challenge was of no surprise. He had an advantage in terms of his quality of Astral Souls, in addition to his second level Mandate of Flames, as well as the power of his bloodline. Ouyang Kuangsheng defeated Peng Zhan, maintaining his ranking, while Peng Zhan's ranking was fixed permanently at #19.

After that, the ranked #18, Yao Jun, stepped onto the platform as an unsightly expression appeared on his face.

Originally, Yao Jun had such high hopes for the Heavenly Fate Rankings this year and wanted to dash into the top ten. Who would have thought that the contenders of this batch would be so powerful—each and everyone that was ranked before him made him feel fear in his heart.

In the top 10: Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Si Qiong, Zhan Chen, Emperor Azure, Qin Zheng, Yun Mengyi, Mu Feng, Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng.

These ten were all too powerful, especially Qin Wentian. Yao Jun had personally witnessed Qin Wentian's prowess up close. If he really had to choose, the weakest among the ten would undoubtedly be Mo Qingcheng.

Next, the cultivators ranked #11 to #17 were: Wang Jue, Hua Shaoqing, Yan Cheng, Li Yu, the black-robed figure, Leng Hong and Ouyang Kuangsheng.

In the previous Heavenly Fate Rankings, those who were ranked in the top ten, aside from Hua Shaoqing, were Wang Jue, Yan Cheng, Li Yu. Even though their ranks were now being pushed backwards, it didn't signify that they were weak.

As for the black-robed figure and Leng Hong, both of them were dark horses. Yao Jun had also witnessed them in combat before; they were both extremely powerful. As for the remaining Ouyang Kuangsheng who had just defeated Peng Zhan, Yao Jun knew for sure that he wasn't a match for Ouyang Kuangsheng.

Drawing a deep breath, Yao Jun's gaze finally landed onto the black-robed figure. The black-robed figure was the most mysterious of the remaining contenders, right now, he could only gamble and pray for the best.

"You will be my stepping stone." A terrifying demonic qi gushed out from Yao Jun as he stared at the black-robed figure. His palms metamorphosed into that of a demon's, the technique he used somehow resembling Qin Wentian's Fiend Transformation Art, albeit several times weaker.

The silhouette of the black-robed figure flickered and landed on the platform. A devilish qi enveloped him—it was no longer a secret to the spectators that this figure cultivated the Devil Arts.

Currently, the cultivation of this figure was already at the ninth level of Yuanfu, and was many times stronger compared to the time where Qin Wentian first saw him.

Qin Wentian also paid close attention to this match, he had always been extremely curious regarding the identity of this black-robed figure.

Yao Jun then underwent demonic transformation, his demonic form causing fear to bloom in the hearts of those who saw him. Yet, the black-robed figure exuded an imposing might that didn't lose out to him in the slightest.

Loud roaring sounds echoed as Yao Jun released his Astral Souls. All three were actually beast-type Astral Souls that were able to augment his attack. With incredible speed, he instantly rushed towards the black-robed figure.

The black-robed figure didn't avoid it, choosing to rush out as well. Yao Jun's eyes involuntarily flashed with a cold smile when he saw the black-robed figure's decision.

“DIE!” A fearsome demonic light glinted in Yao Jun's eyes as his attack speed explosively increased at this moment, slamming directly into the chest of the black-robed figure. However, the expression on his face reflected shock before faltering the next moment.

This person that cultivated the fearsome Devil Arts, was actually a woman?

Incomparably boundless demonic energy gushed into her body from his strike, yet the eyes of the black-robed figure remained as cold as ever, indifferent to the violent energies gushing inside her. She instantly responded with a black-colored devilish palm imprint of her own, that seemingly also contained a fearsome demonic qi mixed within. She slammed it right into Yao Jun's head, exploding it like a watermelon, instantly killing Yao Jun.

An icy light flashed in her eyes as she walked down the arena, not speaking a single word.

“Did she just convert Yao Jun's demonic energy gushing into her body and then incorporate that into her own attacks?” To the spectators, it was as though a rock had dropped inside their hearts. Yao Jun's attack could already be considered at an extremely terrifying level, yet she had totally disregarded his attack.

Who was this person exactly?

And why had he slain Yao Jun under a fit of rage?

Those from the Skydemon Sect all had ashen expressions on their faces. Ranked #13 in the previous Heavenly Fate Rankings, Yao Jun, a chosen from their sect who had always aimed for the top ten positions, had already fallen.

The ranking battle this time around was too intense!

TL Note:

Only Yao Jun knew the black-robed figure was a female hence the usage of 'she'. The spectators didn't know yet, hence I used 'he' in their point of view.

Chapter 376: Wang Jue's Conviction

The spectators watched on with shock as Yao Jun was slain. A terrifying existence ranked #13 on the last Heavenly Fate Rankings, easily killed by the mysterious black-robed figure.

Even now, nobody knew who the black-robed figure really was. They didn't even know if he was a male or female, but seeing that this person chose to cultivate such an overbearing tyrannical art, the spectators guessed that the figure was most likely a male.

Now that Yao Jun was dead, the others behind him all moved forwards by one ranking. As for those in front of him, there were still seventeen contenders and currently Ouyang Kuangsheng was temporarily ranked #17.

“Ouyang Zheng, who was among the top ten in the previous ranking, was too slow in his improvement, and his current ranking has already been fixed at #12. And now, Ouyang Kuangsheng has actually improved his ranking from being a nobody to #17, what a huge transformation. If one didn't improve, then they're only destined to be overtaken by others. Right now in his clan, Ouyang Kuangsheng has truly become the leader of his generation, officially surpassing Ouyang Zheng.”

After this, Ouyang Kuangsheng challenged the dark horse Leng Hong, and after an intense battle, soundly defeated him. Right after, Ouyang Kuangsheng chose Li Yu from the Thousand Jue Alliance, and ended up being defeated by him. Ouyang Kuangsheng's ranking was thus fixed at #16.

Because he didn't advance, the defeated Leng Hong felt extremely miserable—Leng Hong didn't even have a chance to challenge others and his ranking was fixed in the #17 position. The two dark horses had already come as far as they could go.

Next, it was the black-robed figure's turn. Immediately, the gazes of the crowd all landed on him, would he be able to advance successfully?

The black-robed figure stepped upon the arena platform once more as his gaze shifted onto a certain someone, his choice causing the expressions of the crowd to stiffen.

“You.” The black-robed figure’s voice was extremely husky, his finger was actually pointing to Mo Qingcheng.

The black-robed figure wanted to challenge the Heavenly Fate Rankings’ number one beauty, Mo Qingcheng.

When others came face to face with Mo Qingcheng, they wouldn’t go all out simply because she was too enchanting. No one wanted to be the person that would be targeted by Grand Xia’s countless outraged admirers, all because they destroyed Mo Qingcheng. This was the first time someone directly issued a challenge to Mo Qingcheng, and not only that, it was a person who cultivated the path of the devil.

Qin Wentian’s gaze faltered as an expression of bewilderment appeared on his face. He didn’t expect that the black-robed figure would challenge Mo Qingcheng.

Why would he do so? To be honest, Qin Wentian felt nothing but goodwill and gratitude to the black-robed figure who had helped him immensely all this while. So, why would he target Mo Qingcheng?

Mo Qingcheng’s silhouette flickered, before she then appeared on the Vermilion Bird arena platform. Her appearance was like a celestial maiden descending onto the mortal world, causing everyone who was spectating to be dumbstruck by her beauty. With her body radiating a saint-like aura, she was extremely dazzling, and simply gazing upon her beauty was a pleasure to behold.

Without a word, the devil-might emanating from the black-robed figure skyrocketed in intensity. On the dome of heavens above, the devil-might could be seen gathering in a concentrated mass as it revolved about violently. This sight caused Qin Wentian to frown slightly, he was worried for Mo Qingcheng.

At this moment, Mo Qingcheng was performing gestures of incantations as her saintly glow intensified, bathing her in its radiance. Her appearance was now like an immortal fairy in the world of mortals.

It didn’t seem possible for such a female to exist among them.

“How beautiful, and look at that holy corona of light. Her Astral Soul is extremely rare, the Immortal Fairy.”

This was the first time Mo Qingcheng unleashed her strength, giving the spectators a huge rush of impact. There were no words that could do justice to her beauty, she was so beautiful to the extent of causing people to feel a sense of blasphemy just by looking at her.

Before her, there was a nine-colored flame, as she released yet another Astral Soul. What made the spectators gasp in shock was that the nine-colored flame Astral Soul seemed to superimpose with the Immortal Fairy Astral Soul, and as they fused into one they caused the Immortal Fairy to glow with resplendent nine-colored flames. Such a scene caused Qin Wentian to softly sigh in his heart, it had been a few years since he'd met Qingcheng. Despite her current power, she would forever be that naive, beautiful lady who watched the snow with him.

Of course, Qin Wentian seemed to have forgotten that Mo Qingcheng was currently a chosen from the Pill Emperor Hall. In front of others, she was as unreachable as the moon in the skies, as pure as a celestial maiden. How could her level of strength be weak?

She too had obtained a legacy, becoming one of the chosen ten contenders.

A devil and a fairy, such a contrast was exceedingly intense.

The black-robed figure made his move, and as he flew out, a devilish palm imprint formed amidst the sounds of rolling thunder, slamming towards Mo Qingcheng.

Mo Qingcheng's palm wavered as the nine-colored flame turned into nine beautiful flowers flying before her, unleashing a terrible heat to meet the attack.

That terrifying devil art was actually being pushed back bit by bit, as though even the devil feared the nine-colored flames. Mo Qingcheng's movement techniques were extremely intricate, she floated up in the air in a beautiful arc and rushed towards the black-robed figure.

The black-robed figure held his hands up and clasped them together, causing the entire space around them to tremble from the reverberations, before pushing his palms out. The gigantic devil palm imprint contained an aura of destruction within, capable of annihilating everything.

"Break," Mo Qingcheng coldly spoke, her nine-colored flames penetrated past the devil palm and continued gushing forth to the black-robed figure. Such a scene caused the figure's eyes to widen. With a rapid spin, the figure covered himself entirely with his robes, absorbing the brunt of the nine-colored flame attack.

"BE CAREFUL!" Qin Wentian abruptly felt a strong sense of unease. Even though the black-ropes were burning, the actual figure himself was nowhere to be seen. "Bzzz." He appeared right behind Mo Qingcheng, his body enveloped in a fearsome devil armor. The almighty, black-colored Grand Devil Palm Imprint formed from the devil-might, concentrating on the dome of Heavens as it slammed down with ruthless speed, targeting Mo Qingcheng.

Mo Qingcheng's silhouette flickered in response as she turned transparent, causing the spectators to feel as though they were looking at a mirage.

“Grand Destruction!”

An ice-cold, hoarse-sounding voice drifted out, as the black-robed figure also vanished.

“BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!” The Vermilion Bird arena platform shook violently as the two of them met in a frontal collision. After which, the spectators saw the black-robed figure was enveloped by a thick layer of demonic qi. Mo Qingcheng was the one injured! She gasped for breath as the saintly light covering her began to heal her injuries. It took her a few moments before her breathing steadied and she recovered.

The black-robed figure gazed at the heavens. Momentarily, a huge bellowing sound akin to an ancient devil echoed from underneath the earth as the figure's devil-might skyrocketed immensely.

Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil, the devil-might upheaving the heavens, causing the color of the skies to change.

“How tyrannical, to cultivate this kind of devil art, how heavy will the backlash be?” The hearts of the spectators pounded as they watched on. For devil path cultivators, the stronger the cultivated devil-art, the more danger they themselves would be in. And even if they succeeded in gaining mastery, devilish characteristics would still be birthed.

Mo Qingcheng wore a heavy expression on her face. Shifting her fingers in the sign of the lotus, the halo covering her body grew brighter as several mirages appeared, making it impossible for the spectators to know which one was the real Mo Qingcheng.

“BOOM...!” The black-robed figure strode forth as devilish lightning bolts descended, striking the platform. Every step the figure took, the devil-might exuding from him grew stronger in intensity.

Qin Wentian's heart shook violently as an extremely cold light flashed in his eyes. No matter who the black-robed figure might be, no one was allowed to hurt Mo Qingcheng.

The attention of the spectators were all intensely fixated on the platform. This was one of the most savage battles they'd witnessed so far.

The towering devil-might covered the entire skies, as Mo Qingcheng's mirage figures also increased in number.

“BOOOOOOM!” Finally, the black-robed figure unleashed a terrifying attack, condensing the entirety of devil-might in the skies. The devil-might transformed into droplets that rained down with the sharpness of divine spears, covering the entire platform in an area-of-effect attack. Mo Qingcheng gave a cold shout as the nine-colored flames she had been suppressing burst out to grand effect, its radiance covering the entire platform with dazzling colors.

“Peng...”

The two of them slammed into each other once more, only to see Mo Qingcheng being flung through the air, while the black-robed figure remained standing on the stage.

Coughing out a mouthful of blood, Mo Qingcheng’s countenance was as white as a sheet. She ingested a medicinal pill, as her body was enveloped by a sheen of Astral Light, quickly mending her injuries. The black-robed figure stood there unmoving, as blood similarly flowed from his wounds. He was still covered entirely in his black robes.

“You’ve won,” Mo Qingcheng stated in a low voice as she glanced at the black-robed figure. The black-robed figure merely nodded before turning and stepping down the platform.

This battle caused a heavy silence to permeate the atmosphere, carving a deep impression in the minds of the spectators. Regardless of the black-robed figure or Mo Qingcheng, both of them were extremely powerful.

The black-robed figure didn’t continue issuing challenges. After replacing Mo Qingcheng and stepping into the top ten, Mo Qingcheng’s ranking was pushed back by one position, becoming ranked #11.

There were a total of fifteen contenders remaining who hadn’t issued their challenges. From #11 to #15, the contenders respectively were: Mo Qingcheng, Wang Jie, Hua Shaoqing, Yan Cheng and Li Yu.

Li Yu from the Thousand-Jue Alliance had no choice, he could only challenge Yan Cheng who was ranked ahead of him. It eventually ended in his defeat and hence his rank was fixed at number #15.

Yan Cheng challenged Hua Shaoqing and lost, he was ranked #14.

Hua Shaoqing challenged Wang Jue and lost, he was ranked #13.

For the rankers that had fallen further behind, it seemed as though the level of difficulty escalated exponentially. Almost no one could defeat those ranked ahead of them.

And now, it was Wang Jue's turned. He was ranked #12, but all those in front of him were all extremely fearful characters.

Mo Qingcheng's battle with the black-robed figure had left a lasting impression in the hearts of the spectators. Wang Jue knew that if he challenged either of them, the only thing that he could be sure of was his defeat.

Wang Jue stood on the arena platform as his sharp gaze roamed about, staring at the eleven contenders ranked ahead of him. He, Wang Jue, definitely had to be in the top ten, definitely!

If he wished to accomplish his objective, he had to challenge one of those from the top ten. Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Si Qiong, Zhan Cheng, Emperor Azure, Qin Zheng, Yun Mengyi, Mu Feng, Qin Wentian or the black-robed figure.

Wang Jue was initially ranked #6 in the past rankings and if he couldn't even retain a spot in the top ten this time around, where then could he place his face?

Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Si Qiong, Zhan Chen, Emperor Azure, he left these five out in his considerations. Qin Zheng gave off an extremely unfathomable feeling, and Yun Mengyi was as mysterious as him. Mu Feng was originally ranked #7 on the past three years ranking, and with his expertise in poison, Wang Jue wasn't willing to tangle himself with such a character.

Qin Wentian had overwhelming strength and a strong defense, in addition to tyrannical innate techniques.

But if he were left with no other options, then his choice had to be Qin Wentian.

Wang Jue's gaze contained a sharpness akin to divine weapons, landing onto Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian sensed his gaze as he lifted his head, matching it.

"Come on up," Wang Jue calmly stated, and Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered as he too landed on the platform.

No matter how he calculated it, Qin Wentian was the only contender that he felt he had a higher probability of defeating.

Hence, Wang Jue chose to challenge him.

“You shall be the stepping stone for my entry into the top ten. You have no hope to win against me.” Wang Jue’s Astral Souls erupted into being, covering his entire body with a bright light. An armor-type Divine Weapon covered his entire body yet, this wasn’t a true divine armor made from materials, merely something resembling it.

Even his palms, were as sharp as divine weapons.

Wang Jue, of the Wang Clan from the War Continent, exuded an aura that made it seem as though he himself was a Divine Weapon. In this case, both his attack and defense would also be insanely terrifying.

“The reason why I chose you was because, in terms of attack or defense, you are far from being a match from me. I will show you the meaning of the words ‘total suppression’. Don’t blink.” Wang Jue stepped out as the sharpness radiating from him intensified. His eyes were flickering with unconcealed battle intent.

He couldn’t be defeated, he couldn’t afford to be. He had to achieve victory for this battle, this was his conviction!

The spectators’ countenance flickered when they stared at Wang Jue. Maybe his choice was correct—although Qin Wentian’s strength was overwhelming and had incredible defenses, Wang Jue wouldn’t lose out to him when he himself could be considered a peerless divine weapon, with divine armor enveloping him to boost his defenses.

Wang Jue wanted to trample upon Qin Wentian overwhelmingly, using him as his stepping stone to enter the top ten!

Chapter 377: Strong Against Strong

Wang Jue was a Heaven’s Chosen from the Wang Clan of the War Continent, previously ranked #6 in the Heavenly Fate Rankings. Yet this year, he couldn’t even enter the top ten. This was a matter of disgrace and humiliation to him.

The gazes of the spectators focused on Wang Jue, who radiated an aura of unexcelled sharpness. He advanced slowly towards Qin Wentian and with every step he took, the sharpness of Heaven and Earth seemed to intensify within his aura. The armor enveloping him glowed with the sheen of

Astral Light, and behind him the Vermilion Bird let out a shriek of fury, issuing a challenge of its own.

This battle could only end in victory, and not defeat.

After defeating Qin Wentian, he still had to obtain one more victory before he could be considered as stepping into the top ten. Now, there were twelve contenders remaining, and two had to be eliminated.

Just from gazing at Wang Jue, the crowd could feel his conviction to win. His Astral Souls were all designed to boost his attack, and although every step he took seemed slow and heavy, the sharpness within it was exceedingly overwhelming. Once he began his attack, even the skies would be torn asunder.

Would Qin Wentian be able to stand up to Wang Jue's attacks?

The current Wang Jue seemed to have completely transformed into a peerless supreme Divine Weapon.

Although Qin Wentian's demonic form was terrifying, Wang Jue's entire being was the epitome of sharpness and even the Mandates he comprehended were something related to divine weapons, ensuring that his attacks contained incomparable sharpness and power. In the Yuanfu Realm, be it your defenses are that of a human or a demon, all shall break apart before him.

But naturally when fighting against Wang Jue, Qin Wentian wouldn't be so arrogant as to defend against him with mere physical defenses.

A powerful beam of light shot out from Wang Jue as his entire body lunged forwards, like a stab from a divine spear, containing an invincible force in his momentum.

At that instant, Qin Wentian also stepped out. Just a single step seemed to concentrate the entire force of this world within him. He was one with the Heavens, one with the Earth, in a state of total harmonization.

Qin Wentian could feel Wang Jue's eyes boring into him as another stream of light slashed his way.

"You won't be able to block me," Wang Jue calmly spoke. Yet even before the sound of his voice faded, Qin Wentian's palm had already shot out.

Force. Since Wang Jue's attacks and defenses surpassed him, he would compete in pure strength then.

A burst of blinding white light inundated the area, piercing into the spectators' eyes. After their vision recovered, they discovered that Qin Wentian remained as steady and unmoving as a mountain, but Wang Jie was already driven back to the boundaries of the arena platform. Traces of blood could be seen leaking from Wang Jue's mouth, as his countenance turned a ghastly shade of pale.

"How can your pitiful attacks suppress me?"

Qin Wentian slowly stepped out as he advanced towards Wang Jue. Every step he took gave people a sense of total harmonization and when Wang Jue noticed his approach, his face grew even paler. Earlier when they clashed, his conviction had instantly shattered. Qin Wentian's strength was unbelievable, how can he be this powerful?

Wang Jue was at a loss of what to do. He'd used his most powerful attack, yet was counter-suppressed instead, and now he could think of no other methods that could overpower Qin Wentian.

With every step, the demonic qi exuding from Qin Wentian intensified. That demonically handsome face gave off a charisma that left people powerless before him.

With a howl of rage, eighteen spears appeared behind Wang Jue, manifested from Astral Light. The effort of summoning the spears made him cough out blood, as he struggled to remain in control. Upon being coated by the will of Wang Jue's Mandate, the spears vibrated intensely as they let out loud wails.

"Bzzz!" Golden light flickered as a pair of gigantic, golden-colored garuda wings instantly appeared behind Qin Wentian. Poof, Qin Wentian vanished from sight.

Wang Jue's countenance drastically fell. With a signal, all eighteen spears pierced out, but right at that exact moment, golden light beams slashed out from Qin Wentian's wings, creating an extremely fearsome noise.

Wang Jue had no time to react when he realized Qin Wentian had already appeared before him. Blasting out with a dragon imprint, the draconic roars reverberated the heavens as the terrifying sound waves contained a powerful aura of destruction. As the imprint slammed into Wang Jue, he was instantly flung backwards and forced ruthlessly onto the ground, where he fell unconscious.

Qin Wentian calmly stood upon the arena, his demonic qi permeating the entire space. The spectators could only stare at him with dumbfoundedness as they realized this young man was becoming increasingly unfathomable. Even the most casual of glances was sufficient to strike terror in the hearts of others.

Currently, with Qin Wentian's second level insight in the Mandate of Demons, as well as being in the third stage of the Fiend Transformation Art, he could instantly demonify any body parts he desired with but a thought. A thought to form a pair of demonic garuda wings, a thought to form

terrifying kirin claws, a thought to undergo total demonic transformation. Also, this particular transformation was unlike the gathering of demonic qi from the demonic divinities in the eight directions—this demonic transformation was reversible. Therefore, he gained the ability to demonify instantly, Qin Wentian's attack naturally became even more terrifying. The eighty-one demonic arts he learned in the Unmatched Realm could be unleashed to greater effect, flowing as naturally as time itself.

“Wang Jue's ranking will be fixed at #12,” Old Man Tianji calmly announced.

The once #6 of yesteryear had fallen to #12 today. Not even able to get within the top ten.

Since Wang Jue was defeated, Mo Qingcheng who was pushed back a spot to #11 because of her defeat to the black-robed figure, had to challenge one of the top ten now.

Yet, how difficult was it to succeed?

Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Si Qiong, Zhan Chen, Emperor Azure, Yun Mengyi, Mu Feng, Qin Wentian, and the black-robed figure.

Initially, everyone had thought that Qin Wentian would be the easiest to handle among the ten of them. Yet Wang Jue had just proved the hypothesis wrong. In fact, there were no weaklings among the top ten, each and everyone of them were true geniuses of the younger generations.

They were all too terrifying.

“Seeing how you are one of the contenders that managed to locate a legacy, and you have also reached a certain level of prowess, I shall do you a favor and place you on the same level as the top ten,” Old Man Tianji abruptly spoke, his words causing shock to flash past the faces of the spectators.

Even though she was now ranked #11, all of these eleven people couldn't be underestimated. Although she might have lost to the black-robed figure, it didn't mean that she would lose for sure to the others. Old Man Tianji's decision made sense.

Or maybe, Old Man Tianji did so because she had a sufficient amount of ancient luck.

Although this was unfair to those ranked behind Mo Qingcheng, since Old Man Tianji made the decision himself, no one else dared to protest.

And hence, now there were a total of eleven that would be contending for the ultimate rankings.

“Next, I will decide the order of each battle. Five against five. Since, Chen Wang was ranked #2 in the previous rankings, he shall temporarily be excluded from this round of battles. The five victors would then, together with Chen Wang, compete for the top six rankings. For those who lost the first round of battle, they still retain a chance to challenge the top six. If they win, they will take over the position and if they lost, they can only contend for rankings from #6 to #11.”

Old Man Tianji gazed at the contenders as he stated. His decision to allow Chen Wang to fight after the ten had fought could be accepted.

After all Chen Wang was the contender with the highest amount of recognition. After Hua Taixu, he was number one.

“Shi Potian vs Qin Zheng; Si Qiong vs Mu Feng; Zhan Chen vs Yun Mengyi; Emperor Azure vs the black-robed figure; Qin Wentian vs Mo Qingcheng.”

Old Man Tianji’s arrangement created waves of excitement in the hearts of the spectators. No matter which battle it was, the contenders in very round would make it extremely fascinating to spectate.

Because they were highly regarded, Shi Potian, Si Qiong, Zhan Chen, Emperor Azure weren’t matched up against each other. The only arrangement that made the spectators puzzled was Qin Wentian’s battle against Mo Qingcheng.

Maybe it was just something Old Man Tianji had only casually arranged, with no deeper meaning behind it.

“The first battle, Shi Potian against Qin Zheng.”

It was just the first fight, and already it was one between the heavyweights. Qin Zheng had once fought against Chen Wang in the formation world and came out unscathed. He was extremely strong, with comprehensions concerning the Mandate of Space.

Now that he was being matched up with Shi Potian, this show would definitely be an amazing one to spectate.

Those from the Shi Clan had a primordial beast bloodline. Shi Potian’s physique alone already gave an impressive imposing aura that made people unconsciously feel inferior to him.

Chen Wang, Shi Potian and Si Qiong were the three contenders with the highest amounts of recognition for the ranking battle this time around.

Qin Zheng stood upon the platform, exuding a light and casual air. It seemed as though no matter the situation, he would never feel hurried, forever relaxed and at ease.

“Boom!” Shi Potian initiated the attack, as he called upon the power of his primordial beast bloodline. Instantly, a golden dragon armor containing infallible might enveloped his body, as a golden spear appeared in his hands.

“Peng...”

Shi Potian pierced out with his spears as dragon roars tore spatial cracks in the region. Just the sound waves alone held the power to damage people.

“This must be the ultimate art the Shi Clan possessed—Golden Dragon Battle Art. This battle art contains boundless power, granting the learner overwhelming attacks and enabling a golden dragon armor to be formed, increasing one’s defenses. For the Shi Clan, who possess a primordial beast bloodline, this art is exceedingly suitable for them. Shi Potian’s proficiency can be seen from that single strike—causing draconic roars to have the ability to create spatial cracks merely from a single stab.

Seeing that spear attack, every spectator instantly knew that this was one of the ultimate arts of Ancient Grand Xia, akin to the Great Solar Universe Art of the Great Solar Chen Clan.

Qin Zheng might be in danger.

The two of them frenziedly clashed against each other on the platform. Qin Zheng’s Spatial Laceration was also fearsome, and could even slice apart the golden dragon armor, injuring Shi Potian. Also, Qin Zheng’s speed was incomparably quick because of his comprehensions in the Mandate of Space. If it weren’t for Shi Potian being so powerful, he would have long been defeated.

And despite fighting against Shi Potian, Qin Zheng wasn’t being suppressed at all. They shook the entire platform with the intensity of their battle.

“Fascinating! Such a battle is truly too marvelous to spectate. I’m sure the following battles will all be of this standard—this is truly a fight of those standing at the pinnacle of Yuanfu.” The spectators cheered wildly as they roared with excitement. This was too fascinating.

Although Shi Potian was powerful, Qin Zheng was no weakling.

Given how intense this battle already was, what scenario would then occur during the fight for the top three positions?

Their hearts were all filled with pure anticipation!

Chapter 378: Sharp Point

Shi Potian erupted with overwhelming strength as he faced Qin Zheng. Yet, despite Shi Potian's tyrannical attacks, Qin Zheng's methods were too varied, and packed with power as well.

Finally, at that instant where they clashed directly, Astral Light erupted as astral shackles appeared on Qin Zheng's body, so binding that it wouldn't have any problems restricting the movements of a true dragon.

Qin Zheng's body blasted forth a sharp light that condensed itself into a terrifying Origin Void Sword.

“Lacerate!”

Qin Zheng coldly snorted, aiming for Shi Potian, and even the space itself couldn't stand up to his slashes. Would Shi Potian in his golden dragon battle armor be able to withstand that strike?

An exceedingly sharp light glinted in Shi Potian's eyes. He didn't dodge, but stood still instead, allowing the slash to strike him.

“Bzzz!”

Abruptly, at the instant Qin Zheng's slash descended, Shi Potian had totally vanished from sight. Qin Zheng's countenance drastically changed as he immediately retreated backwards with the will of the Mandate of Wind.

“Peng...”

A terrifying force rammed into Qin Zheng, catapulting him through the air. While still in mid air, he continuously coughed out blood from the impact.

After steadying himself on the ground, Qin Zheng turned his gaze onto the platform. The qi in his body was circulating chaotically about, as fresh blood leaked out of his mouth. No trace of rage could be seen in his eyes—even though he had lost, he was still extremely calm.

“Earlier, was that one of the nine ultimate arts you made the exchange for?”

Shi Potian stood on the platform as he returned Qin Zheng’s gaze. “Able to fight against me to such an extent, you should already be proud of your own abilities. You might still have a chance to crawl your way into the top six. And to answer your question, yes, that was the sole movement technique of one of the nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia—Stellar Transposition.”

“Indeed, it really was the Stellar Transposition. No wonder.” The crowd was stunned. Other than the Golden Dragon Battle Art, Shi Potian had also mastered a movement technique as incredible as the Stellar Transposition. How could his combat prowess not be fearsome?

Stellar Transposition only had a single stance, yet it was an extremely powerful one. Its function was able to instantly transposition the user anywhere in a short distance. It required the burning of a huge amount of Astral Energy to execute this, and Shi Potian even though his attacks appeared extremely savage, he had always been extremely cautious when fighting against Qin Zheng, only revealing his trump card at the last moment.

In a battle of life and death, such a precious movement techniques could be called a life-saving measure. Or one could even use it to reverse the situation and instantly slay their opponents.

Although Shi Potian was more powerful than Qin Zheng, Qin Zheng had too many techniques he was proficient in, it could be said that if Shi Potian didn’t use Stellar Transposition, the fight between them would most likely ended up as a draw.

In this case, Shi Potian had a ranking among the top six, while Qin Zheng’s ranking would be temporarily be pushed backwards. With Qin Zheng’s strength, he still had a chance for contending for the top six.

Next the second round, Si Qiong vs Mu Feng.

The instant both of them stepped on the stage, the hearts of the spectators began to boil with excitement. Si Qiong was the strongest dark horse within the contenders while Mu Feng wields terrifying venom arts. How intense would their battle be?

“Do you think you wouldn’t need to pay a price for your obstinate rejection?” Si Qiong lowly stated as an icy light flashed past his countenance. At the same time, an imposing aura threateningly blasted out towards Mu Feng.

Si Qiong was referring to back then where Mu Feng and the rest had rejected the exchange offer of their ancient luck for one of the nine ultimate arts of Ancient Grand Xia.

The nine ultimate arts was nothing to them, what they truly wanted was the ancient luck for the secret art yet they were stopped by the Vermilion Bird Formation. They also didn’t dare to destroy the formation for fear of the ancient luck all dissipating away.

But, they were extremely patient. So what a few thousands years passed? They could afford to wait for an opportunity. And now that there were signs that the destiny of Grand Xia was changing again, the power that sent the group of them here would brook for no failure. They had to succeed this time around.

The variation in the formation world was the best prove, and now that all the ancient luck had already concentrated into corporeal forms, the formation would be destroyed after the ranking battle.

Hence, they had to do their best right now to take the secret art of Grand Xia away.

Did these foolish people think that they can retain the ancient luck for their own? How ridiculous.

Si Qiong obviously didn’t put Mu Feng in his eyes.

Mu Feng and the others actually dared to reject the exchange offer earlier? Since they did so, there was no need for anyone of them to remain alive.

Mu Feng’s eyes shone with a cold light as he regarded Si Qiong.

“BOOM!” The will of his Mandate of Blood erupted forth, causing Si Qiong to feel the blood in his body surging out of control. With a cold smile, Si Qiong took a step forwards as a terrible terrible heat gushed out from his body – Great Solar Energy.

“That’s the Great Solar Universe Art!”

The crowd started in surprise. Si Qiong also knew the ultimate arts of Grand Xia?

A light flashed as an ancient sword appeared in Si Qiong’s hands. Stepping out, a sword descended down from Heavens as flames of the sun incinerate the skies.

“Heavenly Swordplay, Great Solar Universe Art!”

The hearts of Old Man Tianji and the rest thumped when they witnessed this scenario. Although they knew that the earlier group of people possessed the complete collection of the nine ultimate arts of Ancient Grand Xia, they still couldn’t help but sigh in their hearts when they saw Si Qiong executing it one by one.

Mu Feng’s silhouette flickered as his palm sent out a manifestation of an inky black-colored blood imprint.

Sizzling sounds rang out as the blood imprint was evaporated totally by the Great Solar Energy of Si Qiong. He moved like the wind and chased after Mu Feng, slashing forth with another sword that descended from the Heavens. Mu Feng continually retreated backwards, if it wasn’t for him comprehending the Mandate of Wind, it would be totally impossible to avoid the strikes from the Heavenly Swordplay.

Si Qiong landed on the ground only to see his lips quivering as a strange melody flowed out.

The melody transformed into musical notes before turning into a formless energy drifting into Mu Feng’s ear. Mu Feng frowned as he felt an intense pain in his head, even his soul itself was quivering.

Si Qiong took another step forwards as the strange melody got louder in intensity. Mu Feng shook his head trying to clear the pain while Si Qiong took this opportunity to slash out another sword strike.

Blood sprayed out, Mu Feng was already forced into a corner. The strange melody continued unabated as he walked step by step towards Mu Feng.

“Soul attacks...?”

The hearts of the crowd was pounding in fear. This Si Qiong was extremely terrifying.

They suddenly realised that Chen Wang may not be the strongest among this batch of contenders. Not only was Si Qiong proficient in the nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia, he could even use soul attacks.

The soul was an extremely obscure and indistinct thing. Yuanfu Realm cultivators couldn't even sense the faintest hints of soul's existence. But Si Qiong definitely had terrifying talent in regards to matters such as souls before he could execute such a terrifying soul attack.

At that instant, Si Qiong's silhouette completely vanished as a intense burst of Astral Light erupted forth.

“Stellar Transposition!”

Only to see Si Qiong instantly appeared before Mu Feng as though he just teleported, as his palms clutched atop Mu Feng's head while his lips trembled unceasingly, mumbling a strange melody that drifted into Mu Feng's ears. Such a scenario caused everyone spectating to be thunderstruck.

How powerful, Si Qiong is just too domineering.

This is...

“Soul searching, legends said that there were some who excelled in soul power who could be able to pull this technique off.”

“Si Qiong wanted to do a soul search on Mu Feng?”

“But wouldn't the target of the soul search be reduced to nothing but an idiot?”

Qin Wentian's eyes flashed with a cold light when he saw this, he somehow understood why Si Qiong was doing this.

Himself, Mu Feng, Mo Qingcheng, Yun Mengyi and Qin Zheng were people who rejected the exchange offer. Did Si Qiong wanted to turn all of them into mumbling idiots?

Si Qiong's true strength was indeed beyond expectations.

Qin Wentian shifted his gaze onto Mu Feng. Mu Feng's story was extremely brutal, could it be that even he found the true killer, he would already fall on this arena platform?

Si Qiong would certainly not spare Mu Feng.

"Sizzle..." On the arena, Si Qiong's palms abruptly started to corroded away and the corrosion was rapidly spreading to the rest of his body. Dark qi could be seen circulating on his face as Si Qiong's countenance faltered, the next moment, a terrifying blood that was black in color gushed out of Mu Feng.

"BOOM!"

A flood of Astral Light erupted forth as Si Qiong executed his Stellar Transposition once again instantly retreating explosively. His countenance grew incredibly unsightly when he stared at his arm.

Mu Feng only felt an intense pain in his head when he opened his eyes. He icily swept his gaze over at Si Qiong before he turned and stepped down the arena platform. Although he was grievously injured, he was still exceedingly calm. So calm that it was terrifying.

Nobody dare to get near to Mu Feng, not even Si Qiong. He immediately retreated from the platform as well and sat down cross-legged as Astral Light shrouded his body. He had to purge the poison with immediate speed if not his life would be in danger.

The victor of this round was Si Qiong, entering into top six. He was extremely powerful and left a deep impression in the hearts of the spectators.

And as for Mu Feng, although he was defeated, he too had successfully made everyone remember him.

The third round, Zhan Chen vs Yun Mengyi.

When Zhan Chen stepped onto the platform, his eyes gleamed with a terrifying confidence, shiny with golden light. He stared at Yun Mengyi as he calmly asked, "What's the relationship between you and Qin Wentian?"

He still remembered when he was chasing after Qin Wentian back then, Yun Mengyi and that black-robed figure interfered and spoiled his plans.

"None of your business." Yun Mengyi serenely stated as an astral sharp sword appeared in her hands. She was radiating winter's chill, fully ready for battle.

"Don't worry I won't kill you."

Zhan Chen stared at Yun Mengyi as he stepped out. "Heavenly Swordplay? I know it as well."

As the sound of his voice faded, a golden sharp sword formed from the Mandate of Gold appeared in his hands.

With a wave of his hands, the shine of the golden sword flared out, enveloping the entire platform.

Streams of golden light covered Zhan Chen's body, transforming into an invulnerable, indestructible one. Taking another step forward, he lunged towards Yun Mengyi.

The golden light flickering in Zhan Chen's eyes abruptly shot forth, like golden swords right into Yun Mengyi's eyes.

Instantly, Yun Mengyi only felt a bout of intense pain, she could only blurry make out a golden figure like an executioner in her sea of consciousness, raising his sword and was about to hack down at her.

Lifting her arms, the fearsome ice and snow concentrated as she blasted out. Not only did she not retreat, she took the chance to advance forwards instead. Executing the Heavenly Swordplay, the nine shadow shadows interlinked and formed an intricate connection, spinning in a perfect circle.

Zhan Chen was still using his eye-technique, the pressure causing Yun Mengyi to perspire but her hand wielding her sword never trembled.

“Puchi!”

Her sword slashed down with terrifying force, striking at Zhan Chen’s golden body. Yet everyone discovered that no damage was dealt to Zhan Chen? Next, his sword followed the same principles, nine shadows as one, spinning a perfect circle and slashed down right at her while a cold and sadistic smile hung on his lips.

Blood splattered outwards, raining upon the ground dyeing Yun Mengyi’s robes red. Yun Mengyi was flung out of the arena, upon seeing this Qin Wentian waved his hands as a gentle force supported Yun Mengyi’s fall, dissolving the impact.

Inclining his head, Qin Wentian stared at Zhan Chen who was on the platform only to see Zhan Chen himself had already walked to the boundaries of the platform and was similarly staring at him.

Zhan Chen’s sword was pointing right at Qin Wentian. His eyes flickered with sinister smile, brimming with absolute confidence!

Chapter 379: Facing the World Together

“How can this be possible?”

“Yun Mengyi’s sword obviously landed on Zhan Chen’s body, yet... there was no damage?”

The exchange of blows between Zhan Chen and Yun Mengyi was so fast that it felt as though the battle ended in an instant. All the way up till Yun Mengyi was injured, the spectators couldn’t keep up with their movements. Zhan Chen stood upon the platform uninjured, effortlessly defeating Yun Mengyi.

This previously ranked #11 contender from the Pill Emperor Hall had temporarily stepped into the top six today. He gave people a feeling of being unfathomable, no one could see through him at all.

Zhan Chen was also a dark horse, and he was an extremely terrifying one.

For this battle, each and every one of the remaining contenders were so powerful to the point that they were inscrutable. Nobody knew how strong they were exactly, and what trump cards they possessed.

Qin Wentian's gaze fixated on Zhan Chen, and could clearly sense the killing intent Zhan Chen was sending his way. The grudge between them had festered for a long time with no resolution. Not only that, Qin Wentian had once divulged the truth of Zhan Chen's ugly deeds, which had caused Mo Qingcheng to despise him. It could be well imagined how deep the hatred Zhan Chen had for Qin Wentian.

Today on the Vermilion Bird arena platform, Zhan Chen wanted to show the entire Pill Emperor Hall, to show Mo Qingcheng, how he would torment and abuse Qin Wentian before sending him off to meet his death.

Today's ranking battle was to be orchestrated for him alone—for his name to resound throughout Grand Xia.

Turning, he departed the arena platform.

Zhan Chen was temporarily ranked in the top six while Yun Mengyi was temporarily ranked in the bottom five.

The next round, Emperor Azure vs the black-robed figure.

Emperor Azure was one of three contenders who'd placed in the top five for the previous ranking battle, having been formerly ranked as #5. The other two were Chen Wang and Shi Potian.

Emperor Azure had always been exceedingly mysterious, and nobody even knew which clan or continent he belonged to. He was one of the most low-profile rankers to be on the Heavenly Fate Rankings. For this year, his background was still as mysterious as ever, yet nobody dared to belittle him because of it.

As for the black-robed figure, he was even more mysterious than Emperor Azure. Nobody knew of this person at all, but it was as though he suddenly sprang to prominence this year. Nobody knew the figure's real name, or even whether they were a male or a female.

Naturally, the crowd was wild with anticipation when it finally came to their battle.

The two of them stood atop the arena platform. The vermilion bird behind Emperor Azure let out a low screech, as Emperor Azure coldly smiled and stated, “You came to participate in the ranking battle yet why are you afraid to show your true face to others?”

The black-robed figure ignored Emperor Azure, his only response to the question was his exuding devil-might soaring upwards to the skies, as he stared coldly at Emperor Azure.

“Fine, I shall seek guidance from you today then.” Emperor Azure stepped outwards with incredible speed. Swiftly after, the entire platform was filled with the blurry after-images of Emperor Azure. Any one of them could be the real one and they were all armed with an incomparably sharp sword.

“How fast are his movements? His Illusion Swordplay has actually reached such a realm, where the truth intermingles with the deceptive. Nobody can tell where his real body lies.”

Emperor Azure’s sword techniques were beyond terrifying. With a single movement, all of the after-images lunged at the black-robed figure.

The devil qi gushing forth from the black-robed person concentrated onto the devilish spear in his hands. Taking a step forwards, the spear strike was filled with such power that the sword-light from the silhouettes in the direction of the spear’s stab, was instantly suppressed.

Yet there were just too many after-images. One of the illusory images broke past and slashed a sword aiming right for the black-robed figure’s throat.

The black-robed figure sidestepped the attack, as a devilish armor enveloped his body. The devil-might in the skies grew increasingly concentrated as a terrifying aura gushed forth from it. With a blast of his palms, the devil-might rained down like black thunder, instantly destroying thousands of Emperor Azure’s after-images.

The black-robed figure had no way to identify which was the real body, hence he chose to reply in the most overwhelming manner – destruction of everything.

Yet how could Emperor Azure be so easy to deal with? He flew up into the skies as his silhouette propagated yet again, causing countless Emperor Azure to appear before the black-robed figure. Columns of Astral Light descended downwards and reflected off their swords, so resplendent that it seemed as though Emperor Azure was an immortal sent down from the nine heavens.

“Isn’t that the Heavenly Swordplay...? Has Emperor Azure cultivated in that as well? Yet it didn’t seem to be solely that, his sword movements aren’t as pure as Yun Mengyi’s.”

As the seemingly alike Heavenly Swordplay rained downwards, the devil-might from the black-robed figure erupted forth as his aura skyrocketed.

Countless devilish spears manifested, penetrating through space, and clashing against the countless swords birthed by virtue of the Heavenly Swordplay.

In combat, nobody could tell what Mandates the black-robed figure had comprehended, and nobody could tell which Astral Souls he had. All they could see, was the roiling black-colored devil-might explosively erupting forth from him.

As Emperor Azure’s true form slashed downwards with his sword, his Astral Souls were released in order to augment his attacks. His first was a Sword-type Astral Soul, his second, was an Evil-eyed Astral Soul. Momentarily, his eyes transformed into something extremely demonic. With a burst of Astral Light, Emperor Azure instantly appeared from faraway before the black-robed figure as he slashed downwards.

“Stellar Transposition?”

Expressions of dumbfoundedness appeared on the faces of the crowd—why did Emperor Azure know so many of the ultimate arts? He wasn’t from any of the seven Grand Clans that betrayed Ancient Grand Xia.

Unless... the techniques he used weren’t from the Heavenly Swordplay, nor was it Stellar Transposition.

“Chi, chi...”

A crisp sound rang out as blood dyed the figure’s black robes a deep red. He rapidly retreated as he icily stared at Emperor Azure, whose eyes grew increasingly demonic as his third Astral Soul was released. It was actually an Astral Soul originating from the 5th Heavenly Layer, Blood-Winged Devil Ape.

“Ranked #2 on the Warbeast Index, Blood-Winged Devil Ape...”

Thunderstruck expressions appeared on the faces of the spectators, the mysterious Emperor Azure had finally revealed all three of his Astral Souls.

The eyes of the black-robed figure were still as cold as always, as though the injury he'd just sustained didn't bother him in the slightest. As he activated the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil, the surroundings of the arena platform became pitch black, covered in total darkness. A black-colored dragon gushed out from his body, before metamorphosing into a terrifying black-colored sabre—the Heavenly Devil Sabre.

The black-robed figure then slowly advanced towards Emperor Azure. At this moment, the intensity of the devilish aura emanating from the black-robed figure, struck fear even into Emperor Azure's heart.

“BOOM!” Demonic qi shrouded his body as Emperor Azure's physique grew tremendously powerful, akin to that of a demon. Right at this moment, an overbearing aura gushed forth from him.

“Fiend Transformation Art?!”

Qin Wentian's eyes stiffened in shock. Emperor Azure had also cultivated the Fiend Transformation Art.

Based on the Azure Emperor's last words, he had not passed down the inheritance to the Di Clan. So then how did Emperor Azure manage to learn the Fiend Transformation Art?

Emperor Azure's eyes bore into the black-robed figure. He had been waiting for this ranking battle for far too long. How can he fail here?

“Boom!” Emperor Azure stepped forth as a demon scale armor enveloped his body within. Each and every step he took seemingly had enough force to make the arena platform crumble to dust.

Yet the frigid gaze in the black-robed figure's eyes never changed. With a heave of his sabre, the devilish air blasting forth caused ripples of terror in the hearts of spectators.

“Nine Slashes of the Underworld.”

Some of those from the transcendent powers were somewhat familiar with the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Dipper. When they saw the sabre slashing out, they immediately knew that this was the inexorably tyrannical ‘Nine Slashes of the Underworld’ attack.

The first sabre blow slashed out, causing the Heavens and Earth to roar in agony. As the sabre descended, the devil-might surrounding it transformed into an underworld dragon, blasting forth in rage.

Emperor Azure rushed forwards and punched out with overwhelming savageness. Yet the countless fist imprints he generated were all destroyed the instant they came into contact with the underworld dragon.

In fact, the devil-might exuding from the sabre got even stronger. The Nine Slashes of the Underworld was a sequential increase in power. Each slash would be many times more powerful compared to the last.

The second slash, the third slash, the hearts of the spectators pounded without stopping. The black-robed figure’s qi frenziedly circulated about, and it was unknown if he could last long enough to produce all nine slashes.

Emperor Azure underwent a demonic transformation and took on the form of a Blood-Winged Devil Ape. The force of his attacks didn’t lose out to the devil-might of the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil.

The two of them fiercely collided, strength against strength. The fourth sabre slash appeared, and the colors of the skies changed. The black-robed figure spat out a mouthful of blood in order to execute it, but he still succeeded.

“ROAR...” The sound of a wrathful howl shook the entire surroundings. The Blood-Winged Devil Ape mustered all the strength within him as he defended against the power of that fourth slash.

Devil-might and demonic qi interweaved, forming a maelstrom of destruction. In the middle of the maelstrom, the spectators abruptly saw a darkness deeper than midnight slashing outwards, dissipating the maelstrom completely. Fifth slash of the Underworld! With a thunderous sound of collision, Emperor Azure’s demonified body was blasted down the platform as he ruthlessly slammed onto the ground.

The Heavenly Devil Sabre disappeared, as the devil-might exuding forth from the black-robed figure dissipated. The spectators only saw the black-robed figure clutching his body as he descended down the platform, his posture bent as though he too, was heavily injured. Even his steps were unsteady and the black veil covering his face, was also stained with blood.

Such a terrifying battle, but he had won. How awesome was that, triumphing over the Azure Emperor who was ranked #5 from the last ranking battle.

After this battle, the black-robed figure had secured his position. With the level of prowess he'd just displayed, there shouldn't be anyone else daring to challenge him anymore.

Emperor Azure retreated to his original location. His eyes were filled with a terrible fire. He lost—he had actually been defeated here, of all places.

The Heavenly Devil Sabre, when used in conjunction with the Nine Slashes of the Underworld, was just too overwhelming.

The Heavenly Art of the Chaotic Devil truly lived up to its name as the most tyrannical art of all nine ultimate arts of Ancient Grand Xia.

“Hu...” The spectators all drew in a huge breath. The battle earlier had stolen their breath away. Now, it was time for the fifth round, which was also the last round for the remaining two.

Qin Wentian vs Mo Qingcheng.

The pride of the Pill Emperor Hall, the most astounding woman participating in the Heavenly Fate Rankings. Not a single person in the entire Grand Xia was able to match her in terms of beauty. Would Qin Wentian be able to defeat her?

The two of them walked up the platform and stood facing each other. Mo Qingcheng's perfect figure, in addition to her flawless countenance, made the spectators sigh in envy and admiration as they marveled at the exquisiteness of the Creator's design.

She stared into the eyes of the young man, as a slightly mischievous and radiant smile blossomed on her face. This smile caused time to stop as an earthquake quaked the hearts of the spectators.

Mo Qingcheng smiled! She actually smiled at Qin Wentian?!

Thunderstruck and extreme shock weren't sufficient to describe the emotions the spectators were feeling. Wasn't this supposed to be a grand battle? What was going on?

When they shifted their gaze onto Qin Wentian, they discovered that he too, wore a smile on his face. It was a smile of such warmth and gentleness, as though he were looking at someone he'd loved more than life itself.

"You've finally reached this step," Mo Qingcheng spoke with affection, smiling sweetly at him.

"I've always believed in you, I knew you were capable of doing it." Mo Qingcheng's hair fluttered in the wind, and the spectators saw Qin Wentian slowly walking up to stand closely beside her. He placed one of his hands gently on her forehead as he stroked her luxuriant hair. Mo Qingcheng lowered her head shyly yet raised no objections, allowing Qin Wentian this intimate act.

He reached for Mo Qingcheng, and gently enveloped her hand in his own. And just like that, in front of the countless spectators in Grand Xia, this unlikely pair joined hands in a bond forged of eternal love.

As Qin Wentian had once said to her before, during the ranking battle at the end of the year, he would let the entire world know of their relationship—that Mo Qingcheng was his woman!

Chapter 380: Egotistical Arrogance

Atop the Vermilion Bird arena platform, the location of the battle for the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng, the two that were originally supposed to fight against each other, held hands as they faced the entire world together.

Qin Wentian's gaze was resolute, while Mo Qingcheng's eyes sparkled with a dazzling smile. Today was the happiest day she experienced in the course of the past few years.

Her time with Qin Wentian had taught that innocent and carefree young lady from Chu the sweetness of love, followed quickly by the bitter aftertaste of separation. Through it all, she had truly matured, further tempered by the longing in her heart.

Their bubble of love back then had been so perfect, until Hua Xiaoyun arrived in Chu and destroyed all that. She was quickly brought to the Pill Emperor Hall, where she found herself worshiped like a saint, with tens of thousands of adoring gazes focused on her every move. Under that silent pressure, that young lady from Chu learned to seal her own heart, using icy aloofness as a mask and defense against her terrible loneliness.

Throughout these few years, even though her skill with alchemy and strength had been constantly rising, she hadn't truly been happy. Her heart would only stir whenever she heard Qin Wentian's name, yet this would soon be followed by a bitterness so intense at the reminder that they couldn't be together.

Right now, both of them stood atop the Vermilion Bird Arena Platform staring straight at the world. Qin Wentian held her hand, she wasn't shy, nor was she afraid. In her heart, there was only conviction, as well as courage.

She wanted to let the entire Grand Xia know that Qin Wentian was the only man she loved. No matter the consequences, and regardless of what would happen in the future she, Mo Qingcheng, had no regrets.

Qin Wentian had never felt this composed. He knew that the majority of the world disdained him. When speaking of Mo Qingcheng's prospective partner, the names that would often be heard would always be Hua Taixu, and even Zhan Chen. Nobody would think of him.

Today, he wanted to make an announcement to the whole world. He was Qin Wentian, and Mo Qingcheng was his woman.

Just like this, their hands tightly held onto the other, directly facing the world. May the consequences be damned for they had no regrets. Not now, not ever.

"How can this be?" The spectators didn't dare to believe their eyes. How was this possible?

Mo Qingcheng was the epitome of beauty among the younger generations, why was she holding hands together with Qin Wentian, why were they even together?

This was totally out of the crowd's expectations—wasn't Mo Qingcheng supposed to be together with Hua Taixu?

So, it turned out that this world-astounding woman had long been acquainted with Qin Wentian. And not only that, they were mutual lovers.

Those from the Pill Emperor Hall stared at the scene happening on the platform. Luo He's countenance was intensely ugly to behold, she had given everything to Mo Qingcheng, yet she still chose to disobey her.

Bai Fei stared at the two figures on the stage, as she silently lamented in her heart. Back then, when she had met Qin Wentian in that small and remote country, even in her wildest dreams she would not have imagined that there would be such a day today. He dared to hold Mo Qingcheng's hand in front of the entirety of Grand Xia, right on the Vermilion Bird Arena Platform, a stage where countless gazes would be riveted upon the two of them.

Zhan Chen trembled violently as his eyes flashed with an intense desire to kill.

There were too many that didn't bless this union.

They don't think that this relationship would go far. Or more accurately, they looked down on Qin Wentian.

Although, Qin Wentian was already very outstanding, but to them, they still felt that he could never match up to Mo Qingcheng.

Those from the White Deer Institute stood together, including Bailu Yi and Bailu Jing. Upon seeing the two figures standing on the stage, two against the entire world, a glint of congratulatory happiness could be seen in Bailu Yi's eyes, and yet... there was also the glimmer of unshed tears.

"He's finally holding her hand in front of the entire world." Bailu Yi smiled as she murmured. Back then she had already heard of their story from Qin Wentian, and seeing the couple in front of her today, she truly and sincerely wished them well from the bottom of her heart, and hoped they would have a perfect ending.

Bailu Jing also had a smile on his face. Although he was eliminated quite early on, he didn't appear to mind it that much. He embraced Bailu Yi as he patted her shoulders, offering his consolation.

Bailu Yi glanced upwards as she smiled, "Brother."

"I know you are in love with that brat, however sometimes, letting go is the best closure." Bailu Jing sighed, how could he not understand his own sister's heart? Back then when it was rumored

that Qin Wentian was together with his sister, although he was supportive of it, he still felt that Qin Wentian was lucky to catch the eye of Bailu Yi. Yet now, upon seeing the remarkable speed of Qin Wentian's improvement, so fast that he had even surpassed himself, Bailu Jing now understood how wrong he'd been.

"Little Yi, do you think he'll be able to obtain the top three rankings?" At the side, the large-eyed elder from the White Deer Institute asked in a low voice. This batch of contenders were all monsters, and it wasn't going to be easy if Qin Wentian wanted to exceed the rest.

Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Si Qiong, Zhan Chen, the black-robed figure, Qin Zheng, Emperor Azure, Mu Feng. Which of them weren't terrifying figures in their own right?

Qin Zheng had cornered Shi Potian to such an extent, while Mu Feng caused Si Qiong to be grievously poisoned. The black-robed figure's battle with Emperor Azure still filled the hearts of the crowd with shock and amazement. Each and every battle had already imprinted themselves in the mind of the spectators, forever inerasable. This ranking battle for the Heavenly Fate Rankings had proven to be too fearsome.

"Naturally," Bailu Yi stated with certainty. "Back then in the secret realm of Divine Inscriptions, did anyone from the Star-Seizing Manor believe in him? No. But didn't he still succeed in the end?"

"Alright, I hope he'll succeed too. If not, then after holding the hands of the most beautiful maiden in Grand Xia, even the gazes of the world would be sufficient to pressure him to death." The large-eyed elder laughed, this brat was truly good at making others feel surprise at his inconceivable achievements.

They could still remember back then, when Di Feng arrived at their White Deer Institute, how many among them believed in Qin Wentian? Yet today, he could already stand equally with Di Feng on the same stage and not only that, his ranking had temporarily exceeded Di Feng after his earlier defeat.

Countless gazes landed on Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng.

From the Mystic Maiden Palace, Xuan Yan, Xuan Xin and Li Shiyu.

Shu Ruanyu from the Moon Continent, Ouyang Kuangsheng and Ouyang Xiaolu from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan—they all had different thoughts currently running through their minds.

Now, no matter what the others thought about them, both Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng couldn't care less. Since they were already holding hands on this platform in full view of the world, they had nothing more to fear.

"I admit defeat." Mo Qingcheng gently smiled. She didn't care whether she was ranked first or last, the Heavenly Fate Rankings battle didn't matter to her.

She'd give up this battle to pave the way for Qin Wentian.

"Indeed, Mo Qingcheng has chosen to concede."

When the spectators witnessed the two of them holding hands, they already guessed that Mo Qingcheng wouldn't fight against Qin Wentian. She would rather pave his way to the top six by choosing to give up instead.

As the sound of Mo Qingcheng's voice faded, the top six rankers of the Heavenly Fate Rankings appeared: Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Si Qiong, Zhan Chen, the black-robed figure and Qin Wentian.

Only... their rankings had yet to be finalized, and there might still be others who wanted to challenge them. If the challengers won, they would instantly take over their positions.

The gazes of the crowd were fixated on Qin Wentian. He became the person with the highest probability of being challenged by the four others ranked at in the bottom five. Other than Mo Qingcheng, the rest had no reason to pave the way forwards for him.

After she conceded, both Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng walked down the platform and stood alongside each other.

After Old Man Tianji announced the victor, it was now time for the bottom five rankers to issue their own challenges. But before this, everyone would have a night's worth of time to rest, before commencing to the next round.

On the winding pathways, the spectators were all engrossed in their topics of discussion. The majority of the murmurs involved Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng's shocking reveal. Many in the crowd couldn't help but fantasize how good it would be if they were the male lead instead.

The next morning, the sun rose as the myriad of living things began to awaken. The contenders were already waiting in position, as they stood by the side below the arena platform.

Old Man Tianji's opened his eyes and stated to Qin Zheng. "Qin Zheng, you will have first priority to issue a challenge. If you win, you will be boosted to the top six, and if you lose, your position will be fixed at your current ranking."

Qin Zheng nodded his head lightly, he stood upon the platform and the person he issued a challenge to, was actually Zhan Chen.

Zhan Chen was exceptionally astonished, he never expected that the first person to be issued a challenge would actually be him.

Radiating sharpness, he stepped onto the arena platform. After which, a world-shattering battle ensued and Zhan Chen ended up as the victor.

It wasn't that Qin Zheng was weak, but he was similar to Yun Mengyi, in that even though his attacks could bypass Zhan Chen and smash into his body, due to his indestructible form, Zhan Chen took no damage at all. After witnessing that, the crowd re-evaluated Zhan Chen's combat prowess yet again. What a terrifying defense, it was as though he was invulnerable to all others in the whole of the Yuanfu Realm.

Next, was Mu Feng.

Mu Feng sat there cross-legged, appearing as though he was still in the middle of his meditation. Si Qiong used a soul attack against him—for soul-based attacks, the resulting wounds would be the most difficult to heal.

"I give up, I'm not interested," Mu Feng unperturbedly stated as he closed his eyes, as if speaking of an extremely ordinary thing.

"Fine. Mu Feng's ranking will be fixed at #11." Old Man Tianji nodded. After which, upon the shimmering scoreboard, Mu Feng's name was inscribed as the #11 position. Despite not being in the top ten, nobody dared to belittle or even forget the name of this young man, who had so grievously poisoned Si Qiong.

After which, it was now Yun Mengyi's turn. Upon seeing those in the top six, Yun Mengyi calmly spoke, "I concede as well."

Yun Mengyi knew that there was still some distance between her and Qin Zheng. Since Qin Zheng was already about to be out of the picture, it was useless for her to continue struggling on.

“Yun Mengyi, ranked #10 on the Heavenly Fate Rankings,” Old Man Tianji announced.

“I too, choose to give up.” Mo Qingcheng stated in a low voice. She originally didn’t even want to participate, she had only ever wanted to aid Qin Wentian.

“Mo Qingcheng, ranked #9 in the Heavenly Fate Rankings.”

After which, only Emperor Azure was left.

Emperor Azure walked up onto the arena platform once again. His gaze didn’t glance about randomly, but instantly riveted onto Qin Wentian.

The others might not know this, but he knew that Qin Wentian was the successor who possessed the Azure Emperor Token.

Qin Wentian was the one that snatched the inheritance that should rightfully have belonged to him.

Qin Wentian, also stepped into the top six because of Mo Qingcheng’s forfeit of their battle.

“You should step down to rank #8. Only useless weaklings would depend on a woman,” Emperor Azure slowly spoke, as many nodded their heads in agreement. Qin Wentian’s ‘battle’, wasn’t a real battle at all. Absurdly stepping into the top six, this rankled the hearts of many of the spectators’, displeased with the unfairness of such an outcome.

He felt compelled to blast Qin Wentian off the stage to ease the negative emotions bundled up in his heart.

Qin Wentian stepped upon the arena platform, coming face to face with Emperor Azure.

This was the first battle after he and Mo Qingcheng made their announcement to the entire world. And this battle was also against the descendents of the main bloodline of the Azure Emperor—the chosen from the Di Clan’s younger generation.

“Do you want to concede, or do you want me to make you concede?” Emperor Azure’s intense demonic qi permeated the air. He no longer concealed the fact that he too, had cultivated in the Fiend Transformation Art.

Qin Wentian stared at Emperor Azure, his arms crossed as he wore a look of serenity in his eyes.

“Ten breaths. If you remain undefeated, I will concede right away.” Qin Wentian’s voice resounded through the air, causing countless gazes from the spectators to freeze. Just when everyone had firmly condemned Qin Wentian for achieving his position because of Mo Qingcheng’s concession, that man in question was now announcing to the entire world that if he couldn’t defeat Emperor Azure in ten breaths, he would bow out of the Heavenly Fate Rankings!

Was this an arrogance borne of ignorance, or was it a self-confidence so immense that it was carved into his very bones?