

## Ancient GM 381

### Chapter 381: You, Aren't Qualified

The battle between Emperor Azure and the black-robed figure was still fresh on the spectators' mind. It was all very clear to them how powerful Emperor Azure really was.

He was skilled in many arts and techniques, and there was even a strong similarity between him and Qin Wentian, given how both were able to undergo demonic transformation, causing both their physiques to become incomparably terrifying.

If the black-robed figure hadn't overdrafted himself by unleashing the Nine Slashes of the Underworld, and then gave his all to execute the fifth slash, then the Emperor Azure would have definitely been the winner. It was considered a tyrannical sabre technique, even within the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil itself.

Yet now, when Qin Wentian stood on the arena platform, he actually dared to make such an arrogant proclamation—he would defeat Emperor Azure in a mere ten breaths worth of time.

Emperor Azure's eyes widened in disbelief when he heard what Qin Wentian had said.

Only ten breaths was sufficient to defeat him?

For someone that had depended on Mo Qingcheng to help him climb up the ranks, while the others gave their lives in frenzied battle, Qin Wentian actually dared to utter such words? Not only that, he even dared to say it right in front of his face? Emperor Azure couldn't believe his ears.

A demonic light flashed in Emperor Azure's eyes, and a pair of gigantic wings appeared on Qin Wentian's back as he started to make his move.

"First breath."

As the sound of his words faded, Qin Wentian vanished from sight.

Roc Flash—with a single flash, he instantly arrived before Emperor Azure, blasting out at him with a palm strike.

When the palm manifested, ringing sounds could be heard as several manifestations of ancient bells appeared, exuding a mysterious energy.

The continuous clang of the bells directly rang in Emperor Azure's heart, ignoring the defenses of his formidable external form and going straight at his heart. At this moment, Emperor Azure only felt his heart getting pulverized by the increasingly loud echoes of the ringing bells. Such a feeling was completely unbearable, unable to defend against an attack he had no resistance to.

An instant later, Emperor Azure's back was drenched with sweat and with a howl of madness, he completely transformed into the form of the Blood-Winged Devil Ape. He punched out in a frenzy, hoping to put a stop to Qin Wentian's attack.

“BOOOM!”

The echoes of the ringing bells continued on as Emperor Azure's heart pounded madly, feeling as though it would burst at any moment. His countenance was already as white as paper.

Slamming forth with his left palm, a devil imprint explosively erupted forth, aiming for Qin Wentian's face.

“A contest of absolute strength?!”

Qin Wentian's Mandate of Force and Mandate of Demons erupted forwards together at the same moment. Both their palms collided as the entire arena platform trembled from the impact.

“Peng...”

An immensely strong burst of Astral Energy inundated the area as Emperor Azure's silhouette completely disappeared. It was that movement technique again, the one that looked similar to Stellar Transposition. The next moment, the spectators saw that Emperor Azure had appeared right behind Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian didn't even turn back, he immediately stabbed backwards with a single finger.

Heaven Breaking Finger—a technique capable of destroying the Heavens with just a single finger. With one stab, demonic qi spiralled rapidly in the air, forming a demonic qi black hole on the tip of his finger that stabbed straight at Emperor Azure’s heart. At the same time, a golden ray of light shot forth from the centre of Qin Wentian’s brow, piercing right into Emperor Azure’s eyes and caused his entire mind to tremble violently.

“DIE!” With a howl of anger, Emperor Azure slashed out, and a resplendent sword descended from the Heavens, containing within it a horrific energy. However, the crowd wore expressions of puzzlement on their faces.

Why had Emperor Azure’s sword slash landed on an empty spot beside Qin Wentian?

Such a beautiful sword, filled with an overwhelming power, and it actually missed its mark?

As the Heaven Breaking Finger landed, the Purgatory Vermilion Bird behind Qin Wentian let out a screech as it dashed towards Emperor Azure’s Vermilion Bird. Even though gathering even more ancient luck was useless at this point in time, Qin Wentian’s Vermilion Bird didn’t even want to spare that of the Emperor Azure’s.

A powerful pressure pulverized Emperor Azure’s heart, wanting to explode it. At the same moment, Qin Wentian dashed forth as his hands transformed into golden dragon claws, and locked his opponent into a chokehold.

“Ten breaths of time, it seems like I didn’t even need that much,” Qin Wentian calmly spoke, as he dragged Emperor Azure by the throat to the boundaries of the arena platform.

Countless spectators stared in dumbfounded amazement at the scenario occurring on the platform, they didn’t know what to think in their hearts.

Too many shocking scenes had occurred today.

Qin Wentian had heavily injured Emperor Azure within ten breaths of time, completely suppressing him with such devastating power that Emperor Azure couldn’t even begin to summon his strength.

If they competed purely in strength, it was a certainty that Qin Wentian’s was more overwhelming compared to Emperor Azure. Yet Emperor Azure had many methods, and it seemed as though he

was proficient in several rare and powerful innate techniques. Although the power unleashed through these techniques wasn't as spectacular as the original, it was still exceedingly powerful.

But regretfully, regardless of how many techniques he knew, he had squandered his opportunity away the moment he missed his mark with that earlier sword slash. That terrifying attack had actually missed?

This was what the spectators didn't understand. With Emperor Azure's capabilities, there was no way he would miss such an attack. Not only that, he had even been injured by Qin Wentian's finger attack.

As he reached the boundaries of the platform, Qin Wentian lifted Emperor Azure with ease.

He stood there imposingly, his eyes gleaming with a fierce light. He stared at the spectators, then at the powerful lead characters from the various transcendent powers. He wanted to let everyone know, including the Di Clan and the White Deer Institute, that he was Qin Wentian.

He wasn't worthy of Mo Qingcheng?

Since he dared hold Mo Qingcheng's hand in front of the world on the Vermilion Bird arena platform, he had long made ready his preparations.

"You, aren't qualified." Qin Wentian directly tossed Emperor Azure off the platform. Color visibly drained from Emperor Azure's face, he clearly understood the underlying meaning behind Qin Wentian's words.

He, Emperor Azure, wasn't qualified enough to obtain the Azure Emperor's inheritance.

The battle between the two of them had also been a battle to see who would be the true successor. Emperor Azure, otherwise known as Di Feng, suffered a miserable defeat.

Those from the Di Clan were naturally mixed in with the crowd. Obviously, they already knew of Qin Wentian's existence. When Qin Wentian had revealed the Azure Emperor Token, as well as the appearance of those from the Celestial Lake Palace, Di Feng had then told them everything.

Those from the White Deer Institute also felt an impact in their hearts when they witnessed this.

That youth from before actually achieved such a result in a mere few years of time.

Countless gazes focused on Qin Wentian on the arena platform, and after his Purgatory Vermilion Bird devoured Emperor Azure's Vermilion Bird, it hovered behind his back. One man, one bird, both stood imperiously on the stage as they stared back at the world. Yesterday, when he held Mo Qingcheng's hand in front of them all, had he really been unworthy?

Stepping out, Qin Wentian descended the platform, and currently, it was already a given that he would be placed among the top six rankers.

Currently the top six rankers are: Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Si Qiong, Zhan Chen, the black-robed figure and Qin Wentian.

Old Man Tianji allowed them to take another break, and after which he stated, "Qin Zheng vs Emperor Azure."

This battle was to determine who would take the seventh and eighth rankings respectively.

Emperor Azure told himself he couldn't be defeated, he frenziedly fought against Qin Zheng on the stage in a crazed manner, awing the spectators with his devastating attacks. Both of them were skilled in various techniques, making their battle extremely exciting to watch.

Yet ultimately, Emperor Azure was still defeated.

As of now, Emperor Azure had already suffered three defeats; first, to the black-robed figure; second, to Qin Wentian; and third, to Qin Zheng.

He couldn't even win a single fight.

The powerful Emperor Azure suffered three continuous defeats. Such a scene caused many to sigh in their hearts—the powerful Emperor Azure, ranked #5 in the previous rankings, had been downgraded in his position despite his evident increase in combat prowess. He'd lost all three rounds.

Currently, Emperor Azure had an extremely wretched expression on his face, he had no way to accept this reality.

Yet, reality was often cruel. After Old Man Tianji's announcement, in the space next to the eighth position, the name 'Emperor Azure' appeared on the shimmering scoreboard.

Now, only the actual rankings of the top six had yet to be determined. These remaining six would be considered the cream of the crop—the most powerful cultivators in the entire realm of Yuanfu.

“Hu...” The spectators felt great waves crashing into their hearts.

Chen Wang, who would he fight against for the position of the top ranker?

Si Qiong, with his mysterious soul attacks, what was his true level of strength. Would there be someone else other than Mu Feng that could even injure him?

Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Si Qiong and Zhan Chen. Which among them was the strongest?

As for the black-robed figure, had he already reached his limits? Could he still continue on?

Was Qin Wentian the weakest amongst the six? Or would he continue creating miracles and step into the top five? Or maybe, even the top three?

Many questions and speculations arose in the hearts of the spectators. They couldn't wait to see the final results of the ranking battle this time around.

“Next, everyone in the top six will have several chances to fight against each other. We won't be determining the rankings based on just a single round. As for the order, I will be the one to decide those arrangements.” Old Man Tianji stated as he stared at them.

“For the first round, Chen Wang vs Zhan Chen; Si Qiong vs the black-robed figure; Shi Potian vs Qin Wentian,” the crowd murmured, yet they tacitly approved in their hearts. Chen Wang, Si Qiong and Shi Potian should be the strongest among the six. Such an arrangement prevented the strongest from clashing against each other right from the start so as to further build up the excitement.

But despite the order, there really were no weaklings among the six. No matter which pairing it was, all of them could be considered monsters in the Yuanfu Realm. There would only be the strong, compared to those stronger.

Chen Wang against Zhan Chen, the odds of victory clearly favoured Chen Wang. Although Zhan Chen was very powerful, Chen Wang still had a higher probability of obtaining the first ranking compared to him.

Si Qiong vs the black-robed figure. If there were no unexpected accidents, Si Qiong should be the victor of this match up as well. Si Qiong's techniques were just too mysterious, he even knew of the soul-attacks and soul searching techniques, in addition to the nine ultimate arts of Ancient Grand Xia. After all, the devilish art of the black-robed figure hadn't even reached the maturation stage yet.

The mastery of the ultimate art the black-robed figure was proficient in could be said to exceed that of the other contenders, and was on the same level as Chen Wang's mastery in the Great Solar Universe Art. However, this was sorely insufficient when it came to facing against Si Qiong.

And as for Shi Potian against Qin Wentian, the spectators still felt that Shi Potian had a higher chance of being victorious. Shi Potian had long been regarded at the same level as Chen Wang and he even had the bloodline of an ancient primordial beast. Initially the results would have no cause for suspense, and the ultimate battle to contend for the number one position would definitely be between Chen Wang and Shi Potian. But because of the presence of Si Qiong and Zhan Chen, variations occurred.

But no matter what happened up there, there would only be one outcome; Shi Potian would definitely not lose out to Qin Wentian!

Chapter 382: The Nine Ultimate Arts of Grand Xia

“Chen Wang vs Zhan Chen.”

“Si Qiong vs the black-robed figure.”

“Shi Potian vs Qin Wentian.”

All three battles filled the crowd with fervor and anticipation.

When Chen Wang and Zhan Chen stood upon the Vermilion Bird arena platform, countless gazes landed uniformly on them.

Great Solar Chen Wang, as well as Zhan Chen who had become so mysteriously powerful. How terrifying would their collision be?

Chen Wang's body was bathed in flames, and even his bones and blood vessels had turned into fiery lava, as though he was one great being of magma. Great Solar light flickered in his eyes as the manifestation of a giant ball of flame could be seen on his back. With just a glance at his form, and the crowd was instantly filled with endless terror. The temperature around him skyrocketed to insane degrees, nobody dared to stand near him.

Bizarrely, Zhan Chen's body was pure gold in color, and extremely dazzling to the eye under the glint of sunlight. In this frontal confrontation; a golden, indestructible body facing against the raging sun flames of Chen Wang.

"No matter how strong you may be, you are still destined to lose here," Chen Wang calmly spoke as he gazed at Zhan Chen. "Nobody will impede my path."

A terrifying golden light glimmered in Zhan Chen's eyes, and it was as though his eyes alone were sufficient to kill. A golden-colored ancient sword then appeared in his hands—the Heaven Punisher Sword.

The two of them slowly stepped forwards and moved closer to each other. A towering energy gushed forth from Chen Wang as the glow of terrifying flames covered the entire platform. In midair, their Vermilion Birds were both already engaged in deadly combat..

"Chi."

Zhan Chen initiated the attack, and a sword beam tore apart the void. Infused with the will from the Mandate of Sword, the Heaven Punisher Sword meted out justice on behalf of the Heavens, as it inexorably exploded forth with overwhelming might. His sword contained the might of Heaven's punishment, and could determine life and death with a single strike.

"Peng..." Chen Wang's silhouette vanished as a burst of Astral Light inundated the area.



He had chosen Stellar Transposition as well.

Out of all the nine ultimate arts, Stellar Transposition was the easiest to master in the shortest period of time. The higher your proficiency in this art, the stronger it would be when used in combat. This was a characteristic of all the nine ultimate arts.

For example, Chen Wang's Great Solar Universe Art, as well as the black-robed figure's Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil, they were all exceedingly powerful because they had been cultivated for a long time. As for the others who had just managed to learn the ultimate arts, while the power unleashed from those arts was strong, each contender was limited by their relative inexperience in utilizing them. This was also the reason why Emperor Azure had lost to the black-robed figure.

Strangely enough, Emperor Azure, who seemed proficient in several of the nine ultimate arts still lost to the black-robed figure, who was only proficient in one. Why was this so?

And therein lay the answer. The black-robed figure had only concentrated his efforts into mastering the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil, hence all his attacks contained a true tyranny to it.

In addition, there was another real reason for his defeat: Emperor Azure wasn't actually skilled in several of the nine ultimate arts. He had instead chosen to cultivate in a single one—Formless Heart Sutra.

The Formless Heart Sutra also eventually landed in the hands of the Hua Clan. Back then, Hua Taixu also depended on this to dominate Yuanfu, unsurpassed by his peers.

The Formless Heart Sutra had no true form—it could directly comprehend the 'heart' and essence of various techniques while granting the user a basic ability to mimic others. Emperor Azure's Formless Heart Sutra was naturally eons away when compared to that of Hua Taixu. After all, he had only cultivated the art for a few days worth of time.

The Nine Ultimate Arts of Grand Xia were: Great Solar Universe Art, Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil, Heavenly Swordplay, Golden Dragon Battle Art, Stellar Transposition, Formless Heart Sutra, Seal of Life and Death, Bloodcurse Imprint and Thunder God Slash.

And it simply wasn't possible for everyone to cultivate the nine ultimate arts. An example of this was the Great Solar Universe Art, only people who had an affinity with fire would be able to

cultivate this. The Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil was extremely dangerous to cultivate because of the huge backlash, hence not many wanted to risk their lives to cultivate it. Yet, the tyranny of its collective power was unmatched. Among the nine arts, its power only lost out to single-attacks executed with the principles the Thunder God Slash.

The Stellar Transposition was the easiest to master, while the Seal of Life and Death and the Bloodcurse Imprint were only suitable for people with special characteristics or a particular constitution. It was tremendously difficult to master either one of them but once one succeeded, the power gained would be at an unimaginable level.

Of course, for those arts and techniques that were more difficult to master, the user is granted a corresponding equivalent level of power upon achieving true proficiency.

Chen Wang had chosen Stellar Transposition because he already had the utmost confidence in his own attacks. The other ultimate arts didn't suit him, and Stellar Transposition granted him the ability to attack or retreat instantaneously depending on the situation.

A moment later, Chen Wang appeared in front of Zhan Chen, and the terrifying Great Solar Palm Imprints contained a domineering power as it blasted upon Zhan Chen's body.

The lava flames akin to the fires from the great sun instantly melted Zhan Chen's body into liquid. However, Zhan Chen merely looked on impassively—did Chen Wang really think he could defeat him in just a single attack?

Chen Wang might have underestimated him a little too much.

With a malevolent glint of laughter in his eyes, a guzzling sound rang out as the liquid formed into a golden puddle on the ground. Could it be that the indestructible golden body couldn't stand up to the terrifying sun flames of Chen Wang? Yet at this moment, a figure abruptly flew forwards as a sword lacerated the void, with a speed as quick as lightning.

Chen Wang raised his hands and made a grab in the air. The sounds of the collision rang out as his arms appeared to have been almost severed off. With a howl of rage, that arm formed into magma, grabbing hold of Zhan Chen yet again. As the golden exterior melted once more, Zhan Chen's silhouette retreated rapidly, completely unharmed.

“Swish!” Zhan Chen instantly appeared behind Chen Wang, as a sword light descended from the Heavens. This sword was fused by the energy of the Heavens, as well as the Mandate of Gold, and when it cleaved downwards, golden scars could be seen rupturing the space where it passed by.

“BOOOM!” An astonishing amount of Astral Light flooded the area. Chen Wang executed Stellar Transposition and disappeared, seeming to sense the impending danger, reappearing at the other end of the arena platform.

Turning, he stared at Zhan Chen with puzzlement in his eyes.

Did Zhan Chen truly have an indestructible body?

Every attack that hit him would only affect the exterior of his golden body. It was as though he was truly impervious to damage.

“I truly want to see how many times you’ll use that parlor trick.” Chen Wang smiled as soared up in the air, releasing his Astral Soul. The manifestation of a giant sun appeared above his head, augmenting his power. He vanished and reappeared before Zhan Chen once more, gathering the Great Solar Energy within his palms before slamming out, incinerating everything. Zhan Chen responded with his Heavenly Swordplay as he weaved his sword about in an intricate dance. They quickly collided with increasing might, causing sounds of explosions to ring out one after another.

“The two of them appear to be undefeatable. Zhan Chen was blasted ten times, while Chen Wang was also slashed five times. How strong are they exactly?” The spectators furrowed their brows, continuously shocked at the display—they never thought that Zhan Chen would be able to combat Chen Wang to this degree. With that level of power he exhibited, even if he lost to Chen Wang, the probability of him being in the top three ranks would still be exceedingly high.

“I want to see how long you can sustain this.” An arrogant voice echoed from above. Zhan Chen’s golden body shattered once again from the overwhelming destructive might of Chen Wang. Although Zhan Chen was powerful, he was still a shade inferior to Chen Wang.

Eventually, under the bombardment of Chen Wang’s attacks, Zhan Chen was forced off the arena platform.

As expected, the winner was still Chen Wang.

Chen Wang's level of strength was evidently higher, yet Zhan Chen's ability was too strange, it seemed as though he was impervious to death. This was why he'd managed to extend the fight for such a long time.

But if the others had faced Zhan Chen instead, would they be able to defeat him? Nobody knew.

The second battle: Si Qiong vs the black-robed figure.

This was also a battle that filled the hearts of the crowd with anticipation. When Mu Feng battled Si Qiong, that fight created an immense commotion among the spectators after they discovered that Si Qiong was actually skilled in soul attacks. And from the looks of it, other than Mu Feng, who was incredibly skilled in the venom arts, nobody else was capable of injuring Si Qiong to such a degree.

RUMBLEEEEEEEEE~

Devil-might enveloped the Heavens and Earth as the black-robed figure stepped up onto the arena platform. He unleashed everything he was capable of the moment he stood on the stage—he knew that Si Qiong's strength was too overwhelming, his soul attacks too fearsome.

Si Qiong had a lanky figure, he stood upright as he radiated sharpness, brimming with overwhelming confidence.

“Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil? A mere five slashes from the Nine Slashes of Underworld won't be enough to fight against me,” Si Qiong calmly spoke, he had a thorough understanding of the nine ultimate arts. He knew that if the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil was cultivated to the limits, it would be so powerful that it could be said to be an unrivalled art. Yet, the black-robed figure only had a cultivation base at Yuanfu, so he wasn't able to fully display the terrifying might of this cultivation art.

The Nine Slashes of the Underworld worked in this manner. Each successive slash would be stronger than the last, and when all eight slashes were unleashed, their collective power would gather together before the devil as it descended from the skies, shattering the earth and annihilating all before it.

RUMBLE!

The devil-might covered the skies, darkening the Heavens. Lightning flashed as the devilish clouds whistled, akin to the roar of a demonic dragon.

A devilish sabre appeared in the hands of the black-robed figure, exuding such might it was as if a demonic dragon had really been sealed inside it. The black-robed figure then advanced forward, showing no fear even when faced against Si Qiong.

Fighting against someone proficient in soul attacks? The black-robed figure had to end this as soon as possible, otherwise if his soul were to be damaged, the consequences would be too fearsome to contemplate.

Si Qiong's lips moved as sound waves of a strange melody drifted out from his mouth. That was the Soul Suppressing Melody.

The black-robed figure's silhouette flashed, as he struck forth with the first slash. This move effectively shattered the sound waves apart.

He didn't hesitate, and immediately followed up with a second slash, chopping right at Si Qiong's face.

"Bzzz!" Astral light erupted as Si Qiong vanished from view, appearing right above the black-robed figure. His mastery over Stellar Transposition was already at an extremely proficient level.

"Chi!"

Si Qiong's finger pierced out as an evil, black-colored qi penetrated through the void and slammed into the black-robed figure's body.

At the same time, the third slash was unleashed, smashing forth with incredible might.

Astral Light erupted forth once again as Si Qiong disappeared. This time around, he appeared behind the black-robed figure as his lips continued moving. He then pierced forwards with another finger attack.

The black-robed figure screamed in agony, yet his devilish sabre continued on its path, and with an added twist, shifted its trajectory to a horizontal slash instead.

However, Si Qiong disappeared once again. This was the third time he executed Stellar Transposition and each time he'd used it in rapid succession. This made the spectators sigh in shock—Si Qiong was simply too powerful, the continuous usage of his art must have exhausted an astronomical amount of Astral Energy in his Yuanfu. Although the distance he moved was short, no one should be able to sustain the consumption rate of Stellar Transposition for this long.

Hence, for the next attack, Si Qiong pierced out with five fingers, like a claw aiming to clutch at the head of the black-robed figure.

Yet, abruptly, the black-robed figure's silhouette disappeared.

He had totally dematerialized, as though he was never there. The place where the black-robed figure stood, only a long, black robe remained.

“Mhm?” Si Qiong frowned, following which, a hand suddenly appeared, grabbing onto him as a terrifying underworld energy, so cold that it pervaded the bone, gushed into him.

“Bzzz.” With a slash, akin to a sabre, Si Qiong's other hand chopped out. Fresh blood sprayed in the air before the black-robed figure finally retreated. Si Qiong rapidly moved backwards only to see the black-robed figure dashing off the platform, disappearing from the stage as he instantly sat cross-legged onto the ground.

“His soul has been damaged.”

The hearts of the spectators involuntarily clenched, an injury to the soul was extremely difficult to cure. The black-robed figure's soul had been damaged, and lost to Si Qiong.

The contender, Si Qiong had proven to be terrifying beyond measure—he was definitely capable of matching Chen Wang in the battle for first ranker!

### Chapter 383: Ferocious Grand Battle

Si Qiong's soul attacks definitely didn't lose out to any of Grand Xia's nine ultimate arts. Yuanfu Realm cultivators had no definitive way to sense their souls, let alone defend against such an attack. Being able to unleash soul attacks made Si Qiong too terrifying to fight against.

However, the earlier strike by the black-robed figure also made the spectators stunned—during his abrupt attack, it was as though even his presence had completely vanished for a second. That sudden surprise strike had made Si Qiong break out in a cold sweat.

Even though Chen Wang and Si Qiong had won their respective battles, it was a narrow victory. They were unable to achieve complete suppression of their opponents—which showed that they may be stronger, but if they had let themselves underestimate their opponents for even just a bit, they definitely would have been defeated. A weaker opponent didn't necessarily mean they were incapable of claiming your life.

Si Qiong departed the platform. The next battle would be Shi Potian vs Qin Wentian.

For this matter, could the powerful Shi Potian be able to defeat Qin Wentian?

For his exchange, Shi Potian from the Shi Clan had chosen the Stellar Transposition Art, complementing it with his domineering Golden Dragon Battle Art, as well as the overwhelming power hidden in his bloodline.

Shi Potian was ranked #3 in the last ranking battle. What methods would he use to defeat an opponent that was labeled a dark horse?

And the dark horse in front of him wasn't an ordinary one. Since the commencement of the ranking battle, Qin Wentian had stolen the thunder from all other contenders. First, he'd made the spectators take particular note of him when he acquired first place in the battle of the drum echoes.

Following which, he slayed Duan Qingshan.

And next, he'd donned the platinum robes. With each step, his actions and achievements rocked the hearts of the crowd.

The crowd only truly recognized him when he displayed his brilliance while in the formation world; being pursued by Chen Wang, yet managing to injure him instead; stepping out of the cave, to overwhelmingly decimate Yang Fan and his collaborators; and then ultimately scaring off Yao Jun with a single sentence.

At that point of time, the crowd were already speculating that Qin Wentian had the potential to be among the top ten rankers.

And after that, he'd held Mo Qingcheng's hand in front of the arena platform, proclaiming to the entire world their true relationship.

And following this shocking revelation, he'd once again accomplished another feat—defeating Emperor Azure within ten breaths of time.

With each successive accomplishment, he'd caused the spectators to be taken aback by his performance. He'd continued his victorious momentum, and now he had reached the point of contending for one of the top three positions, by battling against Shi Potian.

Without a doubt, this was the strongest opponent that Qin Wentian would face in the Heavenly Fate Rankings battle. Back then in the formation world, he could still choose to hide away in that cave during his confrontation with Chen Wang. But now on the arena platform, there was no escape.

Shi Potian and Qin Wentian both stood on the stage, facing each other.

Would this dark horse, Qin Wentian, finally reach the end of his limitations?

A golden suit of armor, in the shape of a dragon, covered Shi Potian's body as the ancient primordial blood within him began to surge. He advanced forward, and in that moment, Shi Potian resembled a dragon-shaped, ancient demonic beast, wielding a long spear for a weapon.

The Golden Dragon Battle Art was one of the nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia. Shi Potian had been cultivating it since a long time ago, which helped sharpen his combat prowess immensely.

As he walked over to Qin Wentian, everyone felt as though Qin Wentian was about to square off against an ancient demonic dragon.

Scaly demonic armor enveloped Qin Wentian's body. Similarly, towering amounts of demonic qi gushed forth from him as his bloodline seethed and surged in response. His palms were filled with limitless strength.

Behind his back, a pair of demonic wings appeared and began to flap furiously. The movement created an intense bout of demonic wind, gusting violently throughout the arena platform.



“BOOOM!”

Shi Potian took a step forwards as his silhouette disappeared from sight. Stellar Transposition! The next instant, he reappeared right in front of Qin Wentian as the golden spear in his hands stabbed out with ferocious speed, aiming to pierce right through Qin Wentian’s brain. The furious strike brought to mind a dragon’s attack, with a speed as fast as lightning. Essentially, Qin Wentian was left with no time to react.

It was at that moment, in the centre of Qin Wentian’s brows, his third eye opened and a harsh and powerful ray of light burst forth at the instant the golden spear stabbed towards him. He had totally anticipated Shi Potian’s movements.

It was impossible for Yuanfu Realm cultivators to truly achieve teleportation. However, Stellar Transposition managed to emulate a similar effect; a huge quantity of Astral Energy is collected and then attributed to an explosive magnification in speed. The end result gave people the impression that instant teleportation had occurred. But if one were to face off against a true expert, that expert would be able to anticipate the trajectory of the user’s Stellar Transposition and react accordingly. Naturally, the Stellar Transposition’s power still ultimately depended on the user’s proficiency, as well as the user’s method of combat.

With his third eye, Qin Wentian was effortlessly able to perceive all sorts of fluctuations in the space around him—there was nothing that could hide from his sight. This was also the reason why he had been able to stab his finger right into Emperor Azure’s heart during their earlier battle.

“Bzzz!”

As his wings fluttered, a raging wind kicked up. Qin Wentian’s silhouette turned into a series of after-images, as the golden-colored, dragon-shaped spear pierced at the space he’d been standing at just moments ago.

Shi Potian’s expression faltered as he stared at Qin Wentian’s demonic wings. Such a speedy short-movement technique didn’t lose out that much in terms of explosive movements when compared to the Stellar Transposition.

“Peng!” Shi Potian stepped forwards once again as he vanished completely. This time around, he reappeared at Qin Wentian’s side, thrusting his spear with even more power. With a single stab, the space cracked as spatial fissures were created. Yet for all its power, it still couldn’t hit Qin Wentian!

“How can this be?!”

The spectators saw Qin Wentian leisurely hovering on the platform, while staring at Shi Potian. He was completely unfazed by his attacks.

“Can he see through the trajectory of Stellar Transposition? How is he able to?” The spectators finally concluded that Qin Wentian’s perception was beyond what anyone could have predicted, he was able to sense the fluctuation in space and therefore ‘see’ the trajectory of Stellar Transposition.

Evidently, Shi Potian had also realized this; he didn’t continue using Stellar Transposition. Then, since speed had failed, he would use strength instead. He advanced towards Qin Wentian, the aura gushing from him growing increasingly stronger with every step he took.

The demonic qi exuding from Qin Wentian climbed rapidly, as though reaching the Heavens. His arms turned into the arms of a Kirin, thick and muscular, and his claws glistened with a terrifying sheen.

“PENG...” Shi Potian’s golden dragon spear unleashed another attack. This time around, he attacked directly without bothering with any tricks. The golden light of the spear penetrated through all things, and it only needed an instant to explode Qin Wentian’s head. The attack of that spear was akin to that of a true dragon, shooting out with the speed and ferocity of a comet.

“How powerful. Shi Potian’s strength borders on the unbelievable.”

Indeed, Shi Potian excelled in strength—his attacks were incomparably tyrannical.

Yet Qin Wentian proceeded to slam forth with his arm as well. The violent kirin claws and the illusory shadow of the demonic dragon collided, resulting in an explosive impact.

Booming sounds rang out as Qin Wentian was forced backwards. His Mandate of Force and Mandate of Demons had already reached the second level, yet in terms of a showdown based on strength, he still lost out by the slightest of margins to Shi Potian.

Shi Potian had comprehended the Mandate of Demons, Mandate of Gold and Mandate of Great Earth. All three of his Mandates had reached the Advanced Boundary of the second level while Qin Wentian’s still remained at the Initial Boundary.

Hence in terms of pure strength, Shi Potian surpassed him and even exceeded Chen Wang.

And precisely because of his overwhelming strength, Shi Potian was at heart, a firm favourite of many a spectator when it came to obtaining the position of first ranker.

Qin Wentian's arms trembled violently, jarred from the impact. In the collision this time around, he'd felt several kinds of Mandates infused inside Shi Potian's attack, and the power within was so domineering that his bones had almost been crushed into a powder. If he hadn't already reached the third stage of the Fiend Transformation Art, he would definitely have been injured by this.

On the topic of strength, Shi Potian was truly terrifying. Yet Qin Wentian discovered that Shi Potian had a weakness—his speed and agility was abysmal.

The real reason why Shi Potian chose the Stellar Transposition to cultivate in was because he wanted to make up for his deficiency in speed. If it was truly a battle among equals for those at the pinnacle of Yuanfu, how could his opponent be slow?

“Swish!” A massive wind kicked up as the gigantic demonic wings of Qin Wentian flapped furiously.

Demonic qi gushed out as gradually, the silhouette of a demonic beast appeared. Qin Wentian's body was enveloped in a demonic light, as the outlines of a giant, golden roc took form.

There was a limit to a human's speed. But what if that human transformed into a roc? How terrifying would his speed be then?

Able to enjoy the attributes of a demon, while retaining one's own comprehension over their respective Mandates—this was the true power of the Fiend Transformation Art!

Combining the perfect traits of humanity and demonkind into one.

The third stage of the Fiend Transformation Art—Demon Transformation.

Qin Wentian had transformed into a gigantic, golden roc.

“What a powerful art.” The hearts of the spectators pounded, they had seen with their own eyes how Qin Wentian transformed into a demon.

The defeated Emperor Azure could only stare on with a sharpness in his eyes. Qin Wentian had reached the third stage of the Fiend Transformation Art, far exceeding him—someone who was of the main bloodline of the Di Clan!

Gusts of wind billowed intensely, and Qin Wentian completely disappeared from sight before appearing in front of Shi Potian. This time, it was his turn to initiate the attack. The ringing echoes of ancient bells sounded, as the manifestation of a gigantic ancient bell appeared. At the same time, the claws of the golden roc extended, lunging straight for Shi Potian.

Shi Potian’s expression turned grim, and he immediately reacted with a swipe of his spear. Although his movement speed was atrociously slow, his attack speed was the total opposite. Yet in spite of this, his attack still couldn’t hit Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian’s silhouette flashed by, appearing behind him as the sounds of the ancient bells continued unabated, pulverizing his heart.

Shi Potian abandoned the golden spear in his hands, then instantly turned and blasted forth with a terrifying Heavenly Dragon Ancient Imprint. Draconic roars shook the void, yet the instant the attack ‘brushed’ against Qin Wentian, the great roc flashed again with greater speed, leaving countless after-images trailing behind it.

Too fast, too quick. Qin Wentian’s speed had broken the limits of humanity at the Yuanfu Realm. He wanted to use speed to defeat Shi Potian’s advantage in strength.

In the span of a few breaths, the two of them exchanged countless moves. On the arena platform, poor Shi Potian was encircled and surrounded by numerous gigantic rocs, all tearing at him with their claws, wings and beaks.

Shi Potian’s overwhelming strength was completely without an outlet through which it could be unleashed. Even after he used the Mandate of Great Earth, Gravity, he still wasn’t able to lower Qin Wentian’s speed. Qin Wentian’s Mandate of Force was too powerful, enough to counteract his Mandate of Great Earth.

Shi Potian could only use Stellar Transposition to break out of the encirclement, yet a mere instant later, he was once again on the receiving end of Qin Wentian’s ferocious attacks.

“This...” The spectators were completely speechless—Shi Potian had no chance to use his strength at all.

Shi Potian was extremely infuriated, as his heart continued pounding with increasing intensity. If this continued on, his heart would definitely pulverized. When that time came, only death awaited him.

With a wrathful howl, Shi Potian channelled his bloodline, as the illusory manifestation of an ancient, gigantic demonic beast appeared from Shi Potian’s body. His entire physique became stronger, with his stature also growing taller. The terrifying sound waves from his wrathful roars even had the power to shatter the ground surrounding him.

“Shi Potian’s bloodline is awakening.”

The hearts of the crowd pounded with excitement. As expected, all of these contenders had their own trump cards. At this moment, Shi Potian ignored all attacks and stretched out an impossibly gigantic arm, aiming to grab for Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian flashed past his reach yet again, appearing behind him and delivering a wing slash on Shi Potian’s back. Yet, now that the power of his bloodline had awakened, such an attack was no longer enough to break past his defenses. His demonic frame was as huge and heavy as a mountain, indestructible.

“Too late.” Qin Wentian’s voice issued out from the golden roc. The spectators stared in disbelief when they saw how Shi Potian was still frenziedly attacking his surroundings, his attacks hitting thin air while Qin Wentian quietly stood behind him, watching impassively.

“Shi Potian is trapped in an illusion?”

“Is this the reason why Emperor Azure missed that slash of his when he fought against Qin Wentian back then?”

Qin Wentian’s eyes widened in surprise as he studied the force in each of Shi Potian’s attack. Even now, he had still underestimated Shi Potian’s strength. But no matter, everything was going to come to an end.

Countless manifestations of giant rocs sprang out into being as a resplendent glow surrounded Qin Wentian. The runic outlines of the numerous rocs all fused together into one big monstrosity, and even enveloped Qin Wentian’s roc-form into it.

“Combat-type Divine Inscriptions?”

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Chapter 384: Identity of the BlackRobed Figure

Truly, Qin Wentian never failed to amaze the crowd.

Initially, they had all thought that with Shi Potian’s strength, even if he couldn’t completely suppress Qin Wentian, his victory would be a certainty.

But at this moment, their confidence was already wavering. Shi Potian had actually entered into a state of illusion.

But was it truly an illusion?

“No, that’s definitely not an illusion.” Emperor Azure had once experienced this type of attack from Qin Wentian. Not only that, he himself excelled in the usage of illusions, so how could he be mistaken about something like this? When he slashed at the wrong location, it didn’t feel as though he was in a state of illusion at all. In fact, it felt like reality.

With Emperor Azure’s expertise in illusions, he definitely wouldn’t fall into an illusive state. Furthermore, one could break out of it by using the powerful wills of their Mandates. And leaving that aside, with Shi Potian’s overwhelming power, he would definitely not fall into an illusion trap.

Back then, Emperor Azure had strongly felt that it was a reality, which was why he targeted that spot. Yet in the end, he was evidently mistaken. Now that he observed from the sidelines, he understood that that was no mere illusionist trick; it must have been powered by a specific type of will from a Mandate.

And as for that terrifying gigantic roc that was currently taking form. Was that a fourth-ranked combat-type Divine Inscription?

Along with Qin Wentian, the terrifying roc sped towards Shi Potian at the speed of light. That fearsome strength annihilated everything, and his Purgatory Vermilion Bird was also at an absolute advantage when facing against that of Shi Potian’s, almost to the point of already devouring it. As Qin Wentian grew stronger, his Purgatory Vermilion Bird also seemed to gain in strength.

Finally, Shi Potian appeared to sense something. And currently, what his senses were telling him were fake. This wasn't an illusion, but rather a reality he created from his imagination.

“BOOOM!” The powerful great roc slammed into Shi Potian's body, instantly flinging him into the air. The armor on his body shattered into pieces as he was ruthlessly slammed into the ground, with his blood spraying in the air like a fountain. His Vermilion Bird met the same fate—it was already fully devoured by Qin Wentian's Purgatory Vermilion Bird.

The Qin Wentian-Roc gradually transformed back into a human. His aura fluctuated as his long hair and robes fluttered in the wind.

Upon seeing his imposing figure on stage, the spectators all understood that this dark horse had the ability to continue all the way down to the very end.

Qin Wentian had defeated Shi Potian, the Shi Potian that was regarded as an equal to Chen Wang.

Although Qin Wentian won only because he had an advantage in the speed attribute, which was a perfect counter to Shi Potian's weakness—his slowness—a victory was still a victory.

The overall combat strength of Qin Wentian was extremely well balanced and more than a little intimidating. It was as though he had no apparent weaknesses. For those stronger than him, they were no match for his speed. Not only that, he could also enter into a demonic form to boost his strength, alongside with a control ability that was more terrifying than any illusion.

He also had an unfathomable attack that could directly target the hearts of his opponents.

He could also inscribe powerful combat-type Divine Inscriptions instantly during combat.

The three battles had all been concluded.

Chen Wang defeated Zhan Chen.

Si Qiong defeated the black-robed figure.

Qin Wentian defeated Shi Potian.

The last battle out of these three brought the most shock to the hearts of the spectators. It wasn't the process but rather, the ending.

“Next, Chen Wang vs Shi Potian, Si Qiong vs Zhan Chen, Qin Wentian vs the black-robed figure,” Old Man Tianji stated. The three victors would fight against the three losers in a different battle order to better determine the rankings.

For example, although Shi Potian lost to Qin Wentian, what if he was stronger than Si Qiong? It was only fair to have multiple battles before finalizing the rankings.

But naturally, before the next battle, everyone would have a chance to rest and recover from their injuries.

When the next round finally commenced, the gazes of the spectators landed onto Chen Wang and Shi Potian who stood on the arena platform. This time around, the Vermilion Bird hovering behind Shi Potian had already disappeared, yet the crowd was still full of anticipation regarding this battle.

However, because Shi Potian had suffered defeat earlier, the crowd's perspective of him had already changed. They all felt that Chen Wang would definitely be the winner of this match. The aura of invincibility he used to possess had disappeared completely.

But if Shi Potian were to somehow defeat Chen Wang, didn't that mean that Qin Wentian would be able to defeat Chen Wang as well?

This battle was extremely critical to Shi Potian. He couldn't allow himself to be defeated again. Yet, the opponent he was facing this time around was none other than Chen Wang.

Right from the start of the battle, Shi Potian immediately unleashed the power of his bloodline, causing his physique to be visibly strengthened akin to an ancient primordial beast. His strength, attack and defense, they were all enhanced to an incredible degree.

Similarly, Chen Wang chose not to underestimate his opponent. With a blast, his Astral Souls were released, bathing the entire platform in brilliant sunlight. Both opponents had chosen the most direct method to square off—frontal collision.

On the platform, a flame giant was fighting against another gigantic ancient demonic beast. Even the mere shock waves ricocheting off their collision made those spectating it feel fear in their



hearts. Chen Wang's flame giant form was about to shatter while Shi Potian's gigantic demonic frame was burning from the agonizing flames.

"Shi Potian, you aren't enough."

Abruptly, a voice echoed forth. Moments later, the spectators saw a huge flaming ball of resplendent sun flames above Chen Wang with his Astral Soul fused into it. An overwhelming palm strike slammed downwards, resembling the sun itself smashing onto the Earth. Shi Potian howled, yet he didn't evade the strike with his Stellar Transposition. Instead, he chose to face it head on, intending to use the most direct method to settle everything. How could he retreat when it came to a competition in strength?

"PENG!"

As the strike slammed down, Shi Potian's frame transformed into one of burning flames, his bones, flesh and even blood started to turn into lava, forcibly transformed by Chen Wang. Shi Potian wore an expression of struggling intensity on his face.

"Get down." Chen Wang blasted him off the stage.

Chen Wang was the victor for their battle, Shi Potian had lost once again.

If Qin Wentian defeated the black-robed figure, then Shi Potian would have one last chance to fight against Si Qiong. If he defeated Si Qiong, it would indicate that he would be stronger than the black-robed figure or Zhan Chen, who would have a higher probability of losing to Si Qiong in their upcoming battle. By then, he would at least be ranked third. But if Qin Wentian lost to the black-robed figure, all his hopes would go up in smoke.

Because the black-robed figure had lost to Si Qiong before. If he defeated Qin Wentian, this meant that he would have also defeated Shi Potian. In that case, there was no longer a need to continue battling.

And when that time came, Shi Potian would lose all chance of being ranked in the top three, losing the recognition of the entire Grand Xia.

Indeed, in the next battle, Si Qiong defeated Zhan Chen, but still no one believed that Shi Potian would be able to win against Si Qiong.

Both Shi Potian and Zhan Chen lost two in a row, causing the spectators to sigh in their hearts.

On one of the world's most dazzling stages, even the powerful Shi Potian and Zhan Chen suffered consecutive defeats.

Reality was that cruel. Zhan Chen had prepared so much just for this day, yet he still lost to Chen Wang and Si Qiong. But he told himself he wouldn't allow for another defeat to occur. No more, definitely.

Shi Potian was even worse off in comparison. Not only did he lose to Chen Wang, he even lost to Qin Wentian. As the person ranked #3 in the previous ranking, his performance was sorely disappointing this time around.

“Next is the battle between the black-robed figure and Qin Wentian, and we'll have to see how that will go. By right, their power levels should be roughly similar. Qin Wentian is exceedingly strong, but the black-robed figure can even injure Si Qiong, he's definitely not a simple character.” The spectators mused as they started to engage in their fervent discussions.

What would the end result of the next battle be?

The tyrannical devil art of the black-robed figure, that strange disappearing technique, would it be able to counter Qin Wentian?

Qin Wentian's own attacks were also becoming increasingly unfathomable. Would that illusion-like technique be effective against the black-robed figure?

When both of them stood atop the platform, the heartbeats of the spectators quickened yet again as they eagerly watched on.

Both Qin Wentian and the black-robed figure were the dark horses of this tournament, gaining victory after victory all the way till here.

Qin Wentian didn't belong to any major power, whereas the black-robed figure's identity was a complete mystery. And now, the two strongest dark horses were finally in a direct confrontation.

“Who exactly are you?” Qin Wentian stared at his opponent. Contrary to the expectations of the spectators, Qin Wentian didn’t immediately initiate the battle. Instead, he chose to question the black-robed figure.

The black-robed figure had helped him twice, Qin Wentian was always filled with curiosity over the identity of this person. Yet, this person had also injured Mo Qingcheng on this platform before.

Initially, Qin Wentian was filled with gratitude towards the black-robed figure. But after this person’s battle with Mo Qingcheng, that feeling of curiosity intensified. He had to know for sure who this person was exactly.

The black-robed figure only stared coldly at him, choosing to remain in silence.

“It’s fine if you don’t want to tell me. I will just personally tear your veil off then.” Qin Wentian indifferently replied, as his aura gushed forth.

“Kill me, or injure me heavily, and you may have a chance to see who I am. But if I’m the one that defeats you instead, I won’t be the slightest bit courteous to you,” the black-robed figure hoarsely replied. In the memories of the spectators, this was the first time this person actually spoke. He had always been maintaining his silence.

A devilish qi started to emanate from the black-robed figure, as a terrifying devilish black cloud appeared in the sky.

“As you wish.” Qin Wentian advanced step by step towards the black-robed figure, as his aura climbed up rapidly with no signs of stopping. Gathering demonic energy in his hands, a pair of wings appeared on his back, and Qin Wentian gave it his all right from the start. He didn’t have the notion of underestimating his opponent the slightest.

With a flap of his wings, Qin Wentian’s silhouette vanished, instantly appearing in front of the black-robed figure. The black-robed figure immediately reacted with a devil palm imprint—Qin Wentian coldly smiled as he too, blasted forwards with a dragon imprint, fully confident in his own strength. The power of their attacks was inexorably terrifying.

Instantly, as they clashed, the fearsome will of Qin Wentian’s Mandate shot from his eyes into his opponent’s mind. But at that very moment, the devil might exuding from his opponent’s devil palm imprint abruptly disappeared in its entirety as the black-robed figure shifted away his palm, allowing Qin Wentian to freely unleash his attack.

Qin Wentian's countenance drastically fell, it was too late to pause his attack. The draconic roars echoed in the void as the overwhelming dragon imprint blasted with full force into his opponent's body.

“BOOOOM!”

The black-robed figure instantly flew through the air, like a kite with its string cut, and was ruthlessly slammed into the ground as fresh blood unceasingly seeped out.

At this moment, the entire crowd was dumbstruck. Why would the black-robed figure give up on his attack right at the last moment?

What was going on?

A lack of comprehension could also be seen etched on Qin Wentian's features. He didn't understand why his opponent chose to do this.

After an instant of stupefaction, Qin Wentian flickered then appeared next to the black-robed figure. The black cowl around the figure's head had already disintegrated, yet the veil still remained. Qin Wentian saw a head full of long, raven-black hair, and a pair of extremely beautiful eyes looking right back at him.

Somehow, they looked exceedingly familiar.

“Who are you?”

Qin Wentian felt his heart pounding with an indescribable emotion. He squatted down and lifted away the veil obscuring the black-robed figure's features.

An extremely delicate and exquisite countenance was revealed, full of youth and beauty.

The majority of the crowd felt as though a bolt of thunder had gone off in their hearts as they observed the features of the black-robed figure before them.

How can this be? That person who cultivated such a tyrannical art was actually such a young and beautiful maiden?

Not only that, although blood was still seeping unceasingly from the corner of her mouth, a smile could be seen in her sparkling eyes, unshed tears shimmering as she gazed at Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian finally recognized her. Although her transformation was great, he could still recognize who she was. His heart shuddered violently as he felt an intense pain pierce through him, causing him to convulse involuntarily.

“WHY? WHY DID YOU DO THIS?”

Qin Wentian let out a low-sounding roar, filled with raw pain and agony. His hands gently caressed the face of the beautiful young woman lying on the ground, as he wiped away the traces of blood from her mouth.

“To atone for the crimes of my sister and father, to apologize to you on their behalf.” A voice of incredible gentleness sounded out.

In her eyes, that warm smile could still be seen.

Her lips gently quivered, she stared intently at Qin Wentian, then smiled happily as she called out, “Wentian gege!”

Chapter 385: Zhan Chen’s Determination

“Wentian gege!”

The crisp and gentle voice rang in Qin Wentian’s ear and permeated the void in his heart, causing time to stop momentarily.

The flabbergasted faces of the spectators indicated that they were all stunned by what they saw. The practitioner of the tyrannical devil arts was actually a maiden—this was already enough cause for them to be thunderstruck. But what was even more astounding was that the practitioner was actually a young and beautiful maiden.

And even more surprising, she was actually acquainted with Qin Wentian, and their relationship was so close to the extent of calling him Wentian gege.

The tears at the corner of the girl's eyes, as well as the smile etched on her lips, shining with her blood, contained a poignant beauty. The spectators didn't understand, since the black-robed maiden was so close with Qin Wentian, why did she do all that in the first place?

In the crowd, Bai Qingsong clenched his fist tightly while Autumn Snow bit her lips, staring at the scene playing out in front of them. No one hated themselves more than they did now.

They revealed the truth of everything to Bai Qing. For her sake, Qin Wentian chose not to kill Bai Qingsong despite all the things he'd done, and perhaps it was for this reason that she carried such guilt in her heart. Hence, she'd chosen such a method to reciprocate his kindness. In actual fact, her actions had been completely unnecessary.

"Silly girl."

Qin Wentian sat on the platform arena, gently guiding Bai Qing to rest her head against his thigh. He lightly caressed her face as he stated, "Do you know that by doing what you did, Wentian gege now feels even more miserable? If I had used the slightest bit more force in that earlier attack, I would have regretted it for my entire life."

Even in his wildest imagination, Qin Wentian didn't expect that the black-robed figure would actually turn out to be Bai Qing! That little girl who loved to follow him around, annoying him at all times when they were back in Sky Harmony City.

Now, Bai Qing had already grown up and had become even more beautiful. She was even more radiant compared to her sister, Autumn Snow, who was declared as one of the four great beauties of Sky Harmony City. Not only that, she had become so powerful! Yet, in Qin Wentian's memories, she would always be that naive and adorable little girl. Qin Wentian would never forget that night when Bai Qingsong wanted to silence him—he had managed to escape unharmed only because of Bai Qing's intervention. Behind her father's back, Bai Qing had passed him a dagger and then threw herself at him, begging him to use her life in exchange for his escape.

To think that now, after so many years later, this young lass still hadn't gained some sense; she was still acting in such a silly manner.

"If that really happened, wouldn't Wentian gege remember me forever?" Bai Qing laughed, her smile was still the same even after so many years had passed, still so pure and radiant. Even after donning her black robes and becoming the devil, whenever she faced her Wentian gege, she would still be that little girl.

“You are not allowed to say things like that.” Qin Wentian glared at her. After which, he turned his gaze below the platform and shouted, “Qingcheng, meet my little sister, Bai Qing.”

Mo Qingcheng’s silhouette flickered as she appeared on the platform. A few medicinal pills appeared in her hands, which she gently fed to Bai Qing.

“Sister Qingcheng, you are so beautiful.” A mischievous-looking smile appeared on Bai Qing’s face. “Sister Qingcheng, I had no malicious intentions, I merely wanted to see what my future sister-in-law would be like.”

“Who’s your sister-in-law?” Mo Qingcheng weakly replied, yet when she saw that innocent smile adorning Bai Qing’s face, she couldn’t bring herself to blame her.

This silly girl had almost thrown her life away earlier.

“Then if I refer to you as Sister, you can’t get angry at me, alright?” Bai Qing smiled. Mo Qingcheng nodded lightly, “Don’t worry about it, it’s all in the past.”

“Hahaha, let’s go down.” Qin Wentian felt a little uncomfortable with the multitude of stares riveted on him.

Gently guiding Bai Qing to a standing posture, he saw Bai Qing’s eyes shifting towards the group of Mystic Moon Hall members, her gaze landing on a woman robed in black. She lightly bowed in that direction, “Master, in the battle to contend for the Heavenly Fate Rankings, your disciple’s ability only permits me to walk up till this point. I hope I didn’t embarrass your esteemed self.”

The spectators noticed that the black robes on Bai Qing’s body were extremely similar to the one worn by the woman in the winding pathway. So it turned out that Bai Qing was someone from the Mystic Moon Hall.

That woman nodded as she calmly stated, “Qing`er (referring to Bai Qing), since the knot in your heart has already untied itself, I can ask for nothing more. Your results are more than satisfactory for our Mystic Moon Hall. Take a good rest.”

“Thank you, Master.” Bai Qing smiled as she left the platform, accompanied by Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng.

Throughout history, the majority of the positions on the Heavenly Fate Rankings had always been dominated by members of the nine grand clans of Ancient Grand Xia. The fact that Bai Qing,

someone from the Mystic Moon Hall, had achieved such a result was truly an outstanding achievement bringing glory to her sect.

Many pair of eyes were still fixated on Qin Wentian. Their curiosity regarding this person only grew increasingly higher.

The dark horse, Qin Wentian, had actually managed to lock his ranking among the top four. He had Mo Qingcheng as his companion and even had such a beautiful and powerful younger sister. Yet, this 'sister' of his, didn't seem to be related to him via flesh and blood, causing the crowd's imagination to run wild.

For the Heavenly Fate Rankings, yet another round of battles were being concluded.

Chen Wang defeated Shi Potian.

Si Qiong defeated Zhan Chen.

Qin Wentian defeated the black-robed figure. Or maybe, it couldn't be said that he'd won his victory through a battle.

The black-robed figure had voluntarily given up and bowed out of the ranking battle.

On the shimmering score board, for the ranking position of #6, the name of the Mystic Moon Hall was displayed.

In that case, the next battle would be between the defeated two—Shi Potian and Zhan Chen.

Shi Potian lost to Chen Wang and Qin Wentian, while Zhan Chen was defeated by Chen Wang and Si Qiong.

This meant that if Shi Potian gained victory over Zhan Chen, there was no longer a need for Zhan Chen to fight against Qin Wentian. Zhan Chen would be directly ranked as #5, while Shi Potian would gain an opportunity to fight against Si Qiong.

But if Zhan Chen defeated Shi Potian, then this also meant that there was no longer a need for Shi Potian to fight against Si Qiong. Shi Potian would be ranked #5 while Zhan Chen would gain the opportunity to challenge Qin Wentian.



After Old Man Tianji's announcement, he allowed them to take another break. For the next battle, the spectators' support was split evenly, with some in favor of Shi Potian winning, while others were in favor of Zhan Chen.

Both of them had lost two rounds, which among them would be the strong one?

They both lost to Chen Wang. The reason why Shi Potian lost to Qin Wentian was because their speed was too far apart; while the reason why Zhan Chen lost to Si Qiong was because in all other aspects, Zhan Chen didn't have an advantage. When it came to offensive attacks to the soul, he was left sorely suppressed. In spite of his invulnerable golden body, his soul could still suffer damage. This was the reason why Si Qiong had defeated him.

Shi Potian and Zhan Chen both stood upon the stage, radiating an intense will to battle.

Although both of them had continuously lost two fights, they couldn't allow themselves to be defeated once again for this round. If they lost again, their ranks would be fixed at #5. Only by winning would they still have a chance to contend for one of the positions in the top three rankings.

In this battle, both their conviction and determination to win was beyond overwhelming.

Shi Potian's physique expanded as his primordial blood erupted forth, his body containing boundless strength.

Shi Potian's attacks and defenses could be claimed as one of the most terrifying ones in this ranking battle. Sadly, he lost to Qin Wentian because of speed and that fourth-ranked Inscription, and following which, he'd met Chen Wang for the second battle.

Zhan Chen's entire body turned golden—he could strongly feel the sense of a threat coming from Shi Potian's current form.

"I can't be defeated here, no matter what." Zhan Chen's eyes glimmered with an exceedingly fearsome light. And with that, he closed his eyes, his lips mumbling, as an unfathomable energy surrounded him.

That energy felt incredibly strange, yet contained a majestic and boundless aura within.

"Zhan Chen still had a secret art in reserve?"

The hearts of the crowd trembled, after which they saw columns of starlight descending downwards, fusing together with the golden light before being absorbed into Zhan Chen's body. Zhan Chen radiated a sharpness that grew perceptibly stronger with every second.

“Summon, Will of the Ancient!”

Zhan Chen mumbled in a low voice while his body convulsed violently. When his eyes snapped open, a beam of light shone resplendently in the centre of his brows as golden lightning arced in the irises of his eyes.

His eyes had turned incredibly strange, giving off a feeling that that pair of eyes no longer belonged to a human. Yet somehow, they still contained a human-like quality to it. It was extremely terrifying to look at.

“I borrow the boundless origin of gold, Punishment!”

Within Zhan Chen’s surroundings, a terrifying golden light glimmered, with him in the centre.

“Peng...!” Shi Potian advanced, with an overwhelming strength gushing forth from him. Yet at this moment, he actually felt a strong sense of danger emitting from Zhan Chen.

Zhan Chen similarly stepped forth, moving towards Shi Potian. This single step shook the hearts of the entire crowd.

Demonic qi interweaved with the golden light, and flooded the entire platform. Zhan Chen radiated a force so sharp that it could penetrate through anything in this universe.

“ARGHHHHH!”

Finally, at the instant the two of them neared, Shi Potian used the strongest attack he could muster, as the roars of a gigantic, golden dragon shattered the skies. The terrifying shadow of an ancient primordial demon manifested, and with a single strike, it appeared as though Shi Potian could sunder the Heavens and level the Earth.

Zhan Chen, also unleashed his attack. Boundless golden light concentrated into the form of a Punisher Sword, piercing outwards, eradicating everything in its path.

“Peng peng peng peng—”

The terrifying light from the Punisher Sword exploded forth with violence, in never-ending torrents. Cracks began appearing on the golden dragon and finally, at the point of contact, the Ancient Golden Punisher Sword disintegrated the entire golden dragon, as the armor enveloping Shi Potian’s body fragmented into pieces. The sword continued onwards with an undeniable force, heading straight towards his chest.

BOOM!

A thunderous sound echoed, Shi Potian was forced up to the skies as the sword penetrated through his body.

The spectators witnessed Shi Potian flying through the air before slamming down onto the ground outside the platform. Zhan Chen stood at the boundary of the platform as his aura continued to gush out uncontrollably. He then closed his eyes and began to retract his aura.

Zhan Chen had won. He'd used his strongest attack in a frontal collision with Shi Potian and actually won.

But that strength he'd summoned, it seemed as though Zhan Chen didn't have full control over it, and couldn't use it as easily as he wished to.

When Zhan Chen opened his eyes again, he turned around and stared in Qin Wentian's direction.

Although he had lost two rounds, he still had the opportunity to contend with Qin Wentian for the third position.

And when the spectators noticed the intensity of Zhan Chen's stare, they couldn't help but lament in their hearts that Qin Wentian's path had already come to an end. Zhan Chen would do what he did against Shi Potian, giving his all as he wielded that terrifying strength to pulverize Qin Wentian.

After the conclusion of that battle, the next round would be Zhan Chen fighting against Qin Wentian; Chen Wang against Si Qiong.

If Zhan Chen could defeat Qin Wentian, he would be ranked third while Qin Wentian would be pushed to number four.

As for Chen Wang and Si Qiong, they were fighting to see who would be the champion.

Naturally, if Qin Wentian defeated Zhan Chen, he would be contending against Chen Wang and Si Qiong for the ranking positions among the top three.

As of now, the sentiments of the crowd had all swayed over in support of Zhan Chen. Although Qin Wentian was very powerful, Zhan Chen had defeated Shi Potian in a direct confrontation. Up till now, only Chen Wang had managed to do so. Zhan Chen, was the second one.

The match between Chen Wang and Si Qiong would most likely be the final deciding factor, with Zhan Chen ranking third overall!

## Chapter 386: Battle at the Peak

The battle for the Heavenly Fate Rankings would probably need more than just two final matches to determine the victors. As long as Zhan Chen could defeat Qin Wentian, the final battle would belong to Si Qiong and Chen Wang.

Chen Wang truly hadn't let down the people who held expectations towards him. He'd walked all the way to the bloody end, but who would have thought that his opponent wasn't Shi Potian nor Emperor Azure, but rather a dark horse, Si Qiong instead?

The power level of Si Qiong was so strong that it was terrifying. It was as though he had no weaknesses, had proficiency in a variety of the ultimate arts and could even unleash soul attacks. This was something that couldn't be defended against, and every opponent he'd faced had to give him three portions of fear and respect.

And precisely because Si Qiong had no apparent weaknesses, the spectators didn't know what kind of ember sparks would appear when the two of them clashed.

Chen Wang, the person who had the highest amount of recognition, vs Si Qiong, the most terrifying dark horse character.

In the air, Old Man Tianji studied the remaining four contenders, as his gaze landed on each of them, staying for a moment before shifting to the other.

Grand Xia's destiny began to change with this battle of the Heavenly Fate Rankings. He knew for sure that the person the demon star represented would surely emerge from this ranking battle.

Shi Potian's primordial beast bloodline, Emperor Azure's demonic transformation ability, yet both of them had already been defeated. The only character remaining that cultivated a demonic art was none other than Qin Wentian, and he had slaughtered his way to this very point. Could he be the one? Or would he be stopped here today?

"The next two battles, Zhan Chen vs Qin Wentian; Chen Wang vs Si Qiong," Old Man Tianji stated. After which, his gaze landed on Zhan Chen as he asked, "Zhan Chen, do you still want to battle?"

"I need a period of time to rest," Zhan Chen replied.

Old Man Tianji nodded his head before announcing, “In that case, let the battle between Chen Wang and Si Qiong first begin.”

“Mhm?” The spectators were slightly stunned when they heard Old Man Tianji’s words. Let the battle between Chen Wang and Si Qiong begin first?

The winner of this battle might emerge a character that could influence the destiny of Grand Xia, by right, theirs should be the last fight. Why was it pushed forward?

Naturally, the most spectacular battle should always be left for last.

Earlier when Zhan Chen revealed his trump card, many people all thought that defeating Qin Wentian was a given. He would be ranked #3, while Qin Wentian ranked #4.

And if that was the case. Wouldn’t the battle between Chen Wang and Si Qiong be the final one?

Yet Old Man Tianji wanted to push forwards their battle.

Several in the crowd didn’t understand the reasoning behind this, but throughout history, the judge for the Heavenly Fate Rankings had always been the Venerate Heavens Sect. Since Old Man Tianji had spoken, the spectators could only accept this outcome and bring forwards their anticipation at watching the final battle.

The blazing sunlight flooded the arena platform. Chen Wang and Si Qiong both stood on the stage, soaking in the sunlight, as well as the countless gazes from all the spectators.

Who today, would be the most dazzling character on this stage?

Would it be Chen Wang or Si Qiong?

“Your strength isn’t bad, although I don’t have too much interest in the Heavenly Fate Rankings, but since I’m already here, the position of number one will naturally belong to me,” Si Qiong calmly stated, as though there was nothing more natural in the world.

“In the ranking battle three years ago, I was number two. Today, since I’m standing here once more, how can the position of the first ranker not belong to me? Even if it’s you, you won’t be able to block my way.”

Chen Wang stared straight at Si Qiong, exuding an intense feeling of arrogance.

He, Chen Wang, only wanted the position of the first ranker. Nothing more, nothing less.

He had waited a total of three years just for today.

“Fine, let our strength do the talking then,” Si Qiong serenely replied, it was as though nothing could affect his state of heart, which was as still as water.

Chen Wang’s body started to blaze, drinking in the sunlight while bathing in sun flames. His entire body transformed into that of a flame giant, while his third and strongest Astral Soul—a giant sun—fused together with him, causing the surrounding temperature to skyrocket.

It was as if a person only needed to be near him for them to die. Death by incineration, caused by the Great Solar Flames.

Si Qiong also released his third and strongest Astral Soul, that of an evil spectre. Its eyes could draw away the souls of those who looked into them, and just by being in its presence caused the souls of those nearby to tremble.

“Peng!”

“Peng!”

Astral Light erupted as they both instantly used Stellar Transposition. The two of them immediately clashed against each other, moving so fast that even their silhouettes were blurry after-images.

A terrifying giant ember palm slammed out, capable of incinerating everything. It released a terrible heat that instantly evaporated the water vapour in the air, causing sizzling sounds to resound.

Si Qiong sent out his left palm in response, and instantly numerous water-screens in the form of shields appeared, and when Chen Wang's ember palm slammed downwards through the shields, he experienced a sensation similar to dunking his palms into a soft, water-like substance.

This was Si Qiong's Mandate of Water. He excelled in soul attacks and had even comprehended the Mandate of Water. He'd been hiding his strength all the way up till now, for this final battle with Chen Wang.

“PENG!”

The water shields dried up as the terrifying fire continued forwards. The scorching temperature from Chen Wang's ember palm was too scary to face, but Si Qiong had already achieved his objective. The water shields were only there to slow Chen Wang down for an instant. Just an instant, that was all he needed. Si Qiong grinned as he then stabbed out with a finger.

Soul Destruction Finger, destroying the soul with a single stab.

“Separate!”

The next moment, Chen Wang's body split into three, dodging the attack as two more flame giants appeared, akin to Magma Divinity Wargods.

Such a scene, deeply rocked the hearts of the spectators.

Number one, Chen Wang wanted to be number one. This was Chen Wang's true strength, only exploding forth at this very moment. Apparently, he had been hiding his strength as well, similar to what Si Qiong had done.

The three flame giants then lunged towards Si Qiong at the same time. The two other flame giants exuded an aura so powerful that people were left breathless from terror. Their cultivation bases were also at the pinnacle of Yuanfu, infinitely close to Heavenly Dipper.

The soul-stirring melody drifted out—Si Qiong stared at the real Chen Wang as he waved his hands. Within moments, two gigantic water shields sprang out to engulf the flame giants within, while he himself violently pierced forth with the Soul Destruction Finger, intending to annihilate Chen Wang's soul.

“His speed. Why is Si Qiong’s speed this fast? Using his soul techniques as attacks and water shields for defense, Si Qiong has virtually no weaknesses,” the spectators excitedly commented. Even Chen Wang was forced back from the terrifying power exuding from that finger attack, and his two other incarnations of the flame giants were close to being extinguished. He bellowed with a heaven-shaking rage, the two incarnations zoomed back into Chen Wang’s body and an aura greater than the pinnacle of Yuanfu surged forth.

“Indeed, it’s as expected, Chen Wang has long completed his preparations to step into Heavenly Dipper. All this time, he’s always been suppressing his cultivation base, intending to wait until after the conclusion of the Heavenly Fate Rankings before stepping into it. Right now, the might of his aura should essentially be at the Heavenly Dipper Realm.”

The crowd watched on in dumbfounded amazement—Chen Wang’s Astral Soul was close to fusing with his body.

No one questioned this—the moment the Heavenly Fate Rankings were concluded, Chen Wang would immediately step into Heavenly Dipper.

Not only that, based on his attainment in his Mandates, the moment he stepped into Heavenly Dipper, he would immediately be ranked above those ordinary Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns.

Hence, despite biding his time, the Heavenly Fate Ranking battle this time around didn’t make Chen Wang lose out. In fact, he’d received tremendous gains instead.

Now that his incarnations had fused back into him, the sun flames around him surged with even more intensity. Now, when he blasted out with his palms, even the space in front of him was scorched into nothingness.

Si Qiong rushed up to the skies and with a signal, manifested a protective cage made of water. He entered the protective sphere of water, then rushed towards Chen Wang with his five fingers outstretched, grabbing hold of Chen Wang’s head.

“ROAR!” Chen Wang spat out, as flames of terrifying intensity ferociously surged upwards. Everything near him was obliterated, and even the protective water cage was evaporating at an extremely terrifying speed. Si Qiong had no way to escape, he was trapped inside the very thing that was initially designed to protect him. If he were to leave the water cage now, he would, without a doubt, be incinerated to death.



“You’ve lost!”

Chen Wang hollered, and with a fearsome punch, Si Qiong was explosively catapulted through the air. Even though he’d been thoroughly protected by the water cage, his body still suffered from burns.

The dark horse Si Qiong still couldn’t match up to Chen Wang. This battle between those standing at the absolute peak was an eye-opener to the crowd, so spectacular that it kept them breathless.

Si Qiong got up, staring at Chen Wang with a newfound respect in his eyes. “Indeed you do have the qualifications to stand at the absolute pinnacle of Yuanfu. Congratulations on obtaining the position of first ranker.”

Chen Wang nodded in polite response before inclining his head and staring upwards at the vast Heavens.

“You were very strong today, as well. I fear that I’ll have to recover for a long period of time after this battle before I can regain my original strength. It truly wasn’t easy to obtain first here today,” Chen Wang calmly added.

The spectators burst out into excited discussion, what a fascinating battle. Chen Wang was now number one, he had finally obtained what he’d sought after.

“Do all of you think that the Heavenly Fate Rankings has already concluded?”

A voice abruptly sounded out as Qin Wentian soared into the skies, staring imperiously down at Chen Wang and Si Qiong.

From their conversation, it was obvious that they truly thought the rankings had been concluded.

Chen Wang swept his gaze towards Qin Wentian, with contempt flashing in his eyes. “Count yourself lucky that you weren’t the one fighting against me.”

“Are you preparing to battle against me with such an attitude?” Qin Wentian’s lips curled up in sarcasm. “If you truly want to fight now, as long as Old Man Tianji agrees, I wouldn’t mind blasting you off the stage in front of millions of spectators.”

Chen Wang frowned but said nothing.

“The ignorant are fearless,” Chen Wang then icily remarked.

“Extremely ridiculous.” Qin Wentian’s eyes glinted with a demonic light. “The Heavenly Fate Rankings has yet to be concluded and you truly think of yourself as first? Even the word ‘shameless’ would be insufficient to describe you. If you’re defeated in the next battle, wouldn’t that be the equivalent of you smacking your own face?”

When the sound of Qin Wentian’s voice faded, he was already standing upon the arena platform. The powerful Purgatory Vermilion Bird hovered behind him as a sharp light glimmered in its eyes, staring at Chen Wang.

Qin Wentian quietly stood on the platform as demonic qi rolled off him in waves. The crowd involuntarily shifted the topic of discussion to him as they felt interest pricking their hearts.

Qin Wentian didn’t seem to want to give up—he also wanted the top position. Sadly, even though he was powerful, he was still a distance away from Chen Wang. At the very least, he had to overcome both Zhan Chen and Si Qiong first.

“You seem truly confident.”

A voice sneered as Zhan Chen stepped onto the platform, coldly laughing at Qin Wentian. “Finally, we meet. You’d better think first about how to save your own life.”

Qin Wentian glanced at Zhan Chen, this was someone he had to defeat.

Regardless of whether it was for the position of the top three rankers, or because of his promise to Mo Qingcheng, only by defeating Zhan Chen would he be able to proceed onwards.

“Where does your confidence come from then? It has been so many years yet you are still at this level of strength? How pathetic,” Qin Wentian quietly remarked.

“Oh, is that so? Do you really dare to utter such words with your cultivation base only at the eighth level of Yuanfu? On what grounds do you have to compete against me?” The sharpness radiating from Zhan Chen intensified as he spoke.

He wanted nothing more than to slaughter Qin Wentian in front of the millions of spectators.

Qin Wentian’s fiend-like eyes stared at the skies as his lips curled upwards. When he shifted his gaze onto Zhan Chen again, the aura that exuded from him, explosively skyrocketed.

Taking a single step forward, his demonic qi intensified as the smile on his face widened.

“Who said my cultivation base is only at the eighth level of Yuanfu?”

His statement was punctuated by his next step, as he ferociously unleashed his aura directly towards Zhan Chen—an aura that could only belong to one at the peak of Yuanfu!

Chapter 387: Domineering Overkill

Ninth level of Yuanfu.

Qin Wentian’s cultivation base wasn’t at the eighth level, but was at the ninth level instead.

When Chen Wang and Si Qiong fought against Zhan Chen, they had always been hiding their true strength. Qin Wentian, on the other hand, had chosen to conceal his true cultivation base instead. Only now, at this moment, when the curtains were about to fall, bringing the ranking battle almost to a close, did he choose to reveal it.

Only now did the spectators understand that before facing each other, no other contenders were qualified enough to make Chen Wang and Si Qiong display their real strength and similarly, before this, there were no other contenders qualified enough to make Qin Wentian fight with a power equivalent to the ninth level of Yuanfu.

At this moment, the spectators involuntarily recalled the brazen arrogance Qin Wentian had shown when he faced off against Emperor Azure, proclaiming to the world that he would be able to smash him within ten breaths. Now, the reason for his arrogance was clear, it was because he knew that his true cultivation base was at the ninth level and not the eighth.

“When did he step into the ninth level?”

At this moment, the spectators all had looks of puzzlement and bewilderment reflected on their faces. At the start of the ranking battle, Qin Wentian was clearly only at the seventh level of Yuanfu, there should be no mistake. And when he was forced into the cave by Chen Wang, after he came out, he broke through to the eighth level of Yuanfu. That should be all there was to it, so when exactly did he break through to the ninth level of Yuanfu?

Not only that, from the start of the ranking battle up till now, only a short period of time had passed. Qin Wentian had actually advanced two levels? There were so many notable changes and transformations to everyone who partook in this ranking battle, but Qin Wentian’s transformation was the greatest.

Mo Qingcheng stood together with Bai Qing. At this moment, Bai Qing no longer wore her black robes, revealing her perfect figure. Every time a spectator’s glance drifted over to her, they couldn’t help but sigh as they wondered why would such a sweet young lady choose to practice the devil arts.

“Wentian gege is so awesome, he’s actually at the ninth level of Yuanfu.”

“He made a promise with me, that he’d defeat Zhan Chen. I know he will surely keep his promise.” A smile blossomed on Mo Qingcheng’s face. It seemed like her limit-break pellets hadn’t gone to waste. As long as Qin Wentian defeated Zhan Chen, her Master would no longer prevent them from being together.

Those from the White Deer Institute also sighed, they never would have expected for Qin Wentian to reach such a height in such a small amount of time. And now, he was only a step away from what they had requested.

Zhan Chen may have his secret art, but would it be enough to defeat a Qin Wentian with a cultivation base at the ninth level of Yuanfu?

No one had any idea why, but right now hardly anybody was entertaining the thought that Zhan Chen would win against his fight with Qin Wentian. In fact, an overwhelming majority believed that Qin Wentian would be the victor.

They naturally had their reasons for this. In all his earlier battles, Qin Wentian fought with the power available to someone at the eighth level of Yuanfu, purposely suppressing himself, and yet he

was still able to win all his battles almost effortlessly. Now that his true strength was exploding forth, revealing his true cultivation base at the ninth level, so what if his opponent had a secret art? Nobody dared forget how tyrannical Qin Wentian was when he only had the power of an eighth level Yuanfu.

“Zhan Chen, do you even have the face to fight me?” Qin Wentian’s voice was ice-cold as he continued, “Back then, while you were at the pinnacle of Yuanfu, I only had a cultivation base at the beginning levels of Yuanfu. You are unworthy to stand in the same stage as me.”

Zhan Chen’s countenance stiffened, but he had nothing to refute. How had Qin Wentian accomplished this? He actually broke through to the ninth level of Yuanfu. Zhan Chen could feel a sense of intense pressure bearing down on him.

If he lost to Qin Wentian, where would all his honor go? Where would his face be?

His aim was to slaughter Qin Wentian on the arena platform.

Chen Wang couldn’t understand it as well. His memories told him that Qin Wentian’s cultivation was only at the seventh level of Yuanfu.

“When did you break through to the ninth level of Yuanfu?” Chen Wang coldly asked. Qin Wentian swept him a glance, his eyes gleaming with a demonic light as he replied, “All thanks to you driving me into a corner. If not, I don’t think I would have reached the ninth level this fast.”

In the formation world, Chen Wang frenziedly pursued Qin Wentian with the sole intent to kill him, eventually forcing him into a cave. After which, Hua Feng, Yang Fan and the rest, tried to humiliate him from the outside, even dragging Mo Qingcheng’s name into it while they did it. At that moment, Qin Wentian’s anger soared to the heavens and under the mist of rage, he no longer had need for the limit-break pellet he’d planned to consume. His Yuanfu receptacles expanded on their own accord, and he proceeded to break through to the eighth level naturally.

Hence, the limit-break pellet was saved. Qin Wentian broke through to the eighth level of Yuanfu by himself.

Afterwards, he rushed out of the cave in anger, and the flames of his fury could already burn the heavens. He wanted nothing more than to use the most tyrannical method he had at his disposal to kill Hua Feng and the rest.

As to when he broke through to the ninth level, it was during the time when he found the legacy of the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation Art. He’d decided to learn it in order to pass down

to a fated successor, and during that period of time, he consumed the limit-break pellet and thus broke through to the ninth level of Yuanfu.

Qin Wentian chose not to reply to Chen Wang's question. He stared at Chen Wang for a moment before stating in a cold voice, "I hope that you who proclaim yourself 'number one' will be able to defend this title all the way till the conclusion of the ranking battle. If not, where can you still hide your face, especially with the whole of Grand Xia spectating today?"

"Do you really think you have the qualifications to act so arrogantly, just because you stepped into the nine level of Yuanfu?" Chen Wang's gaze was filled with disdain. So what if Qin Wentian was at the ninth level? It didn't matter to him. The strong, ultimately was strong.

"Defeat Zhan Chen first before you start your daydreaming. Whether you conceal your cultivation base or not, it makes no difference to me."

Chen Wang gave a cold laugh as he walked down the arena platform.

He had to recover his strength—he'd paid a huge price in order to defeat Si Qiong earlier and currently the Astral Energy in his Yuanfu had almost been completely expended in its entirety.

Si Qiong flicked his sleeves as he mirrored Chen Wang's actions, walking down the arena platform.

In an instant, only two contenders remained on that dazzling stage.

Zhan Chen and Qin Wentian.

Would this be the last battle before the Heavenly Fate Rankings concluded? If Zhan Chen won, there was no longer a need for Qin Wentian to carry on fighting.

Before Qin Wentian revealed his ninth level cultivation base, the spectators all thought that this would be the last battle. Now, their hearts were once again seized by fervor as they watched with bated breath, as an intense feeling of expectation pervaded the air.

"Why are you still not making your move? Stop wasting my time." Qin Wentian stared at Zhan Chen, ready for battle.

A golden armor manifested and enveloped Zhan Chen within. His lips mumbled as his eyes shut tight, summoning the Will of the Ancient.

“Swish~” A massive wind gusted, as a pair of wings took form on Qin Wentian’s back. His silhouette moved like lightning, instantly vanishing from sight before reappearing right in front of Zhan Chen.

With a blast of his palms, the entire space trembled. The wrathful roars of savage dragons could be heard, as manifestations of the dragon palm imprint flew towards Zhan Chen. Zhan Chen’s eyes suddenly snapped open as he slashed apart the dragons with a sword in his hands, his entire person radiating an incredible sharpness.

“BOOM!”

Yet, the force that powered the imprint carried forward, and an overwhelming force bore down on Zhan Chen. It sent him flying through the air, forcing him to cough blood as his countenance paled.

Strength, this was the suppression of absolute strength.

This attack was powered by Qin Wentian’s cultivation base at the ninth level of Yuanfu, in addition to fusing it with the will from his Mandate of Force and the Mandate of Demons. The might of this strike had already reached an unimaginable degree.

This single attack made Zhan Chen cough out blood.

“You...” Zhan Chen hovered in the air as his eyes glimmered with untold rage, turning ashen as he stared at Qin Wentian.

“What? Do you think I should just stand here like an idiot and let you attack me?” Qin Wentian’s eyes flickered with an overwhelming killing intent that penetrated through the air, the message clearly shooting into Zhan Chen’s mind.

“This battle, will be one of life and death.”

As the sound of his voice faded, Qin Wentian’s silhouette disappeared once more. The center of his brows glowed with a resplendent light, as the terrifying will of his Mandate gushed forth. Zhan Chen’s body turned completely golden as a ruthless and merciless light flashed in his eyes. In the instant he closed his eyes, a source of strength began to surge up, one that didn’t belong to him.

“Regardless of what secret arts you have, you no longer have a chance to win this battle.”

A quiet voice penetrated into Zhan Chen's mind. In that moment, in Zhan Chen's mind's eye, it was as if he could see Qin Wentian fiercely lunging at him, and he reacted instantly with a slash of his sword.

But before his sword could land on its target, Qin Wentian split himself into millions of shadow images that were frenziedly attacking him. Zhan Chen weaved about with his sword in an intricate dance, continuously defending and slaying each Qin Wentian one by one, all the while exuding an aura that appeared to grow stronger with every second.

But at this moment, not even one pair of eyes in the crowd was staring at Zhan Chen. Instead, they were all looking at Qin Wentian.

Because... Zhan Chen's sword was waving haphazardly around in funny postures, like a clown in a circus performing his antics to make people laugh. Qin Wentian quietly stood at the side, as amusement flashed in his eyes.

This scene felt so unbelievable. Was this really a battle between Zhan Chen and Qin Wentian?

Why did it feel like they were watching a comedy instead?

"Since your heart has wavered, how could the will of your Mandates be invincible? How then, can you differentiate between the true reality, and the reality of your own making?" Qin Wentian murmured. Zhan Chen was powerful, there was no doubt about that, but his heart was already shaken once the seeds of fear germinated after learning that Qin Wentian was at the ninth level of Yuanfu. Hence, the will of Qin Wentian's second level Mandate of Dreams made Zhan Chen feel that everything he experienced was real. A reality within his dream.

Just like when he fought against Shi Potian, he'd angered him greatly with his speed attacks, causing his heart to be filled with fury, before he then used his Mandate, silently watching on as Shi Potian wasted his strength. With but an intention on Qin Wentian's part, his opponents would fall into a dream, unconsciously using their imaginations to fuel Qin Wentian's power.

The Mandate of Dreams was even stronger than the Mandate of Illusions and many times more tyrannical. He made his opponents sink into the reality of their imagination, woefully unable to extricate themselves.

A violent wind kicked up as Qin Wentian's silhouette disappeared once more. Just when Zhan Chen's sword landed, in that very instant, he finally sensed something was wrong as an expression of fear appeared in his eyes.



“Your life, is mine to reap.”

A cold voice sounded out, Qin Wentian fiercely punched out, as the force he sent out vibrated the entire space. Under the awestruck gazes of the crowd, the booming sounds of an explosion thundered out, and with his strength—that beyond comparison, destructive strength—he devastated everything, imploding Zhan Chen’s body, and even his head from within.

Kill. Qin Wentian, by using the most tyrannical and domineering method he could muster, had sent Zhan Chen to hell.

And just as he’d said, he would be the one to reap Zhan Chen’s life.

In the Heavenly Fate Rankings battle, the Heaven’s Chosen from the Pill Emperor Hall died in full view of the crowd, slain by Qin Wentian.

Such a scenario was too overwhelming for the spectators, and their hearts pounded in an ever increasing tempo before reaching a crescendo.

In the centre of the platform, at the place where Zhan Chen fell, a round golden bead emanating resplendent beams of light appeared. A glacial intent radiated out from Qin Wentian as he made a grabbing motion in the air, using his terrifying force to bind it forcibly.

“Bzzz!” The golden bead tussled violently in an attempt to break the binding. Qin Wentian coldly snorted as he sneered in his heart. This must be the reason why Zhan Chen appeared less and less human. Luckily he abandoned the inheritance back then, he had already sensed that there was something amiss.

“Break!” As a single finger descended, a bloodcurdling scream echoed in the air. In the next instant, the golden bead shattered, before completely dissipating away.

“This...”

Even the spectating powerhouses were stunned as their pupils narrowed. That golden bead actually had fluctuations of life. Qin Wentian also sensed it, which was why he showed no hesitation, immediately moving to destroy it.

This young man’s personality could be extremely ruthless and decisive to the extent that it terrified others. Just like the killing of Zhan Chen, he showed no hesitation at all.

Because of their long-standing grudge, he knew with certainty that Zhan Chen had to die. His heart desired his death, and so Zhan Chen must die! Whatever the consequences to his actions, whether it

would come back to haunt him, so be it. Even in the face of the fierce winds and intense rain, he would never falter. He only knew that Zhan Chen had to die.

Hence, he killed him!

#### Chapter 388: Incantation

Zhan Chen had fallen. The #4 ranking had an empty slot, and once the ranking battle was concluded, the Heavenly Fate Rankings would then be reshuffled.

After this battle, Qin Wentian formally entered into the top three. But as to what his actual ranking would be, that had yet to be determined.

Bailu Jing and Bailu Yi both had smiles on their faces, and even the large-eyed elder laughed. He then added in a low voice, “This young man actually did it, stepping into the top three. With such talent, his future is immeasurable.”

But as the large-eyed elder spoke, his eyes also flashed with a hint of worry.

Zhan Chen wasn't an ordinary person, he was the pride of Pill Emperor Hall and one of their core disciples.

But in the ranking battle, Qin Wentian had killed him like it was nothing, without caring for the consequences. He had already slain so many of the Heaven's Chosen from the various transcendent powers, how could the large-eyed elder not be worried?

Even if Qin Wentian obtained first, the grudges he'd formed with those transcendent powers would definitely carry over. They would seek his death.

Geniuses? One must definitely murder them while they were still in their cradle, before they had a chance to grow.

“Revealing his talent and potential like this, I don't know if it would be a blessing or a calamity instead.” Bailu Yi's father sighed.

“Maybe it's just in his nature. Since the start of history, all those that were successful would choose not to suppress their heart. They dared to love, and dared to hate, and by yielding to their emotions, their dao-hearts became clear and tranquil, with no knots obstructing their progress. Even if the entire world was their enemy, so what of it? They would just take it in their stride. The Azure

Emperor back then had the same personality as him, one that led him to soar brilliantly in the skies. But sadly, the hatred he garnered eventually became the cause of his downfall.”

The large-eyed elder spoke in a low voice. There were two kinds of people that would enjoy great success in life. The first kind, were people like Qin Wentian and the Azure Emperor, displaying their talent, not suppressing their heart, doing as they wished wherever and whenever they wanted it. The second kind, were those that could tolerate and endure what shouldn't be tolerated and endured, lying to the world and even to themselves, appearing like a perfect gentleman, yet had the heart of a devil. Such a person, had a heart as deep as night, with an extremely sinister nature.

The root of it all, was still one's nature. If one's heart was strong enough, nothing could cause it to waver.

Mo Qingcheng stood there with a radiant smile on her face, as her white robes fluttered in the wind, emitting an aura of world-shaking beauty.

She looked at the silhouette standing on the arena platform, gazing upon her wonder and her pride. Throughout his entire journey, he had experienced so much. He'd killed Hua Xiaoyun for her, and today, by defeating Zhan Chen, had accomplished the condition her Master had imposed.

The spectators all had excitement on their faces. After the Purgatory Vermilion Bird devoured Zhan Chen's, it emitted a baleful aura so intense it could cause the hearts of others to quail from looking at it. Right now, it seemed to greatly resemble its owner Qin Wentian, able to sweep through all obstacles impeding their way.

Qin Wentian's gaze slowly shifted onto Si Qiong and Chen Wang.

Chen Wang also opened his eyes, and matched gazes with him. It was as though terrifying arcs of electricity were clashing in the space where their eyes locked.

“Just one more battle, and I will be standing in front of you. I hope that by then, you will be able to achieve what you proclaim, Mr. ‘Number One’,” Qin Wentian stated. After defeating Zhan Chen, he would be facing off against Si Qiong. If he was defeated, he would be ranked third place. But if he defeated Si Qiong, he would stand on the pinnacle of this stage, going head to head against Chen Wang.

Qin Wentian was the same as Chen Wang, they both had an unshakable confidence in themselves. It was as though Si Qiong served no other purpose than to become their stepping stones.

His statement completely disregarded Si Qiong's existence.

There were people who thought that Qin Wentian was arrogant, but leaving him aside, whether it was Chen Wang and Si Qiong, or the defeated Shi Potian or even the deceased Zhan Chen, which among them wasn't arrogant?

If they couldn't be confident in their own strength, how could they remain standing on this stage? Confidence was a conviction, a force that would shape one's destiny.

Si Qiong's countenance grew sharp as he regarded Qin Wentian. What brazen arrogance, by saying such a thing to Chen Wang, he had totally brushed off his existence.

He, Si Qiong, appeared here today because he also desired to obtain the first ranking, yet he lost to Chen Wang. He could accept this, because Chen Wang had spent a longer time suppressing his own cultivation base to stay in Yuanfu. But against Qin Wentian who'd recently stepped into the ninth level, how could he be defeated?

"All of you will have a day of rest, the next fight will be Qin Wentian vs Si Qiong," Old Man Tianji announced, as the spectators glanced at him.

Could it be that Old Man Tianji had sensed a premonition earlier? Is this why he arranged for Chen Wang to fight against Si Qiong first?

Back then when Old Man Tianji announced for Chen Wang and Si Qiong to fight first, the majority of the spectators felt puzzled. And now, they were starting to see the light. Had Old Man Tianji seen something when he peered into the future?

"Old Man Tianji is even able to observe the movement of the constellations and foretell the future. He must have known of the matter of Qin Wentian concealing his cultivation base." The spectators mused, those with special Astral Souls or those who were extremely sensitive to the fluctuations of Astral Energy could tell the cultivation of others with a single glance, let alone someone stronger observing someone weaker.

Old Man Tianji must have this kind of ability, he must have known for quite some time that Zhan Chen had a very high probability of being defeated by Qin Wentian.

In that case, had Old Man Tianji also seen Si Qiong's defeat from Qin Wentian's hands?

Was this the reason why he'd pushed forward Chen Wang's battle with Si Qiong?

Qin Wentian returned back to where Mo Qingcheng and Bai Qing were. After consuming the medicinal pills Mo Qingcheng passed her, Bai Qing's injuries had already mostly recovered. She adorably pulled his arm as she smiled, "Wentian gege, you're so awesome, you're already in the top three!"

“As ranked #5, you aren’t too bad yourself. Not only that, you gave up voluntarily.” Qin Wentian rustled her hair, causing Bai Qing to pout lightly as she glared at him. “Wentian gege, I’m no longer a small girl.”

Qin Wentian studied Bai Qing for a moment as a smile appeared on his face. The little girl back then had really grown up, she was even more beautiful than her elder sister and with a far lovelier figure.

“In my eyes, there’s no difference.”

Qin Wentian smiled and proceeded to pinch her cheeks, causing Bai Qing to glare at him fiercely. This fellow was still the same, always pinching her cheeks and rustling her hair, he hadn’t changed despite the passing of the years. How despicable.

“Hmph.” Bai Qing snorted, but a similar grin soon appeared on her face.

It was a great feeling to have, it was as though she’d returned to her childhood, back to a life of innocence with no worries. Sitting with her Wentian gege, chatting leisurely.

How long had it been since she experienced such contentment?

“You should hurry and recover your Astral Energy.” Mo Qingcheng pulled his other arm as she gently reminded him. Qin Wentian stared at her and nodded, “The earlier battle didn’t consume too much of my energy reserves. Now that Old Man Tianji is allowing us to have a night of rest, this time span should be more than sufficient for my Astral Energy reserves to recover.”

“Don’t worry, I know what you’re thinking. I will take care of myself.” Qin Wentian held Mo Qingcheng’s hand tightly as they stared warmly at each other. Mo Qingcheng wasn’t worried about Qin Wentian getting first place or not, but rather, for his safety.

Qin Wentian sat cross-legged as several Yuan Meteor Stones appeared around him. After a short period of time passed, his Yuanfu Receptacles were all re-filled to the brim. At the same time, he made use of the excess energy to convert even more Divine Energy for the battle tomorrow.

After some time, Qin Wentian suddenly opened his eyes. Recently, there were too many things happening that made him feel puzzled, and more than a little curious.

For example, who was Yun Mengyi? Was she truly Princess Tianyu?

And his own father, back then when he descended onto Ancient Grand Xia and brought away a woman. Was that woman Yun Mengyi?

And if this were the case, then Yun Mengyi shouldn't be this young.

If he wanted to know, the only way was for him to forage through the memories stored in the tiny astral-being.

As he thought of it, Qin Wentian's attention zoomed onto the astral-being in his sea of consciousness. With the abundance of astral energy provided by the Yuan Meteor Stones, he once again arrived at a place of boundless starry skies, with many astral fragments floating around the atmosphere.

Each fragment contained a memory.

Throughout these years, he had unlocked several memories and gradually accepted the fact that the middle-aged man in these memories was his father.

These memory fragments, were all regarding his father.

Qin Wentian started to unlock the memory fragments one after another, seeking the memory regarding information about Ancient Grand Xia.

Many moments later, Qin Wentian stopped the unlocking process, as he began to tidy up and study the fragments which he had already unlocked. In these memory fragments, he saw an elegant pavilion with the middle-aged man sitting cross-legged, currently in the midst of cultivation. Above the Heavens, columns of resplendent Astral Light cascaded downwards to be absorbed into his body, when suddenly, a gigantic constellation was birthed next to the middle-aged man, shining with a brilliance beyond compare.

"How powerful." Qin Wentian involuntarily drew in a breath. However at this moment, the middle-aged coughed as the manifested constellation abruptly vanished. He then spat out a mouthful of black blood as his countenance paled. Evidently, he was grievously injured.

Gazing at the Heavens, emotions of frustration and disappointment could be seen in the middle-aged man's eyes, before the emotions transformed back into tenacity. That gaze, was as though it transformed into a terrifying sharp sword, shooting straight up the dome of Heavens, desiring to split it apart. Even though this was nothing but a memory, Qin Wentian could feel a sharpness so acute it terrified him.

Behind the middle-aged man, a figure slowly walked up, and upon nearing, that figure half-knelt on the ground, remaining motionless.

The middle-aged man turned his head before walking above to guide the figure up. He then patted the figure's shoulder heavily, as though the figure was a very close friend which he hadn't met for a long time. But despite the middle-aged man's actions, there was still a hint of respect in that figure's eyes.

"It's him?!" Upon seeing this, Qin Wentian's heart pounded violently as huge waves akin to a tsunami crashed into it.

The Heavenly Stele Steps trial, that hadn't been a coincidence. It was a test designed for, and left behind for him.

Beside the middle-aged man, another silhouette appeared, this was none other than the woman who bore a striking resemblance to Yun Mengyi.

And at this moment, the recording in the fragments abruptly ended.

When Qin Wentian opened his eyes, a sharp gleam flickered within as he turned his head, upon noticing a female figure currently making her way to him. This person was none other than Yun Mengyi.

Yun Mengyi cast a glance at Mo Qingcheng, feeling stunned beyond words, marvelling at her beauty. No wonder Qin Wentian wasn't tempted by her, it was because he already had a companion like Mo Qingcheng.

"I have some things I need to speak with him alone," Yun Mengyi lightly spoke. Mo Qingcheng glanced at Qin Wentian before nodding lightly, pulling Bai Qing away.

"Tell me the truth, who are you?" Qin Wentian's gaze turned extremely sharp as he questioned.

“I told you before, it’s up to you whether you believe it or not. Now, I’m going to impart an incantation to you,” Yun Mengyi stated, “If you take out the three pieces of the Divine Stele and recite this incantation, you will be granted the power to summon the ancient will. This will bring forth the other six broken remnants, unifying them into a single, flawless piece. And with the restoration of the Divine Stele, only then will you possess the true nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia. But heed my words—the remnants are still guarded closely by the other six out of the seven surviving grand clans. Once you’ve made your decision to summon the other six steles, the result may not be a blessing, it may bring nothing but calamity instead!”

### Chapter 389: Your Turn

Qin Wentian’s heart shook slightly when he heard the words Yun Mengyi whispered in his ear. She actually knew such an incantation? Could it truly be as she’d said, that she was Princess Tianyu?

A deep and low melody resounded. Yun Mengyi’s mouth was almost touching Qin Wentian’s ears as her lips moved, and an extremely cryptic incantation drifted into his mind. Such a scene appeared immensely intimate, causing the two beauties near them to fix their gazes over.

“Sister Qingcheng, aren’t you jealous?” Bai Qing mischievously commented, as though she was purposely trying to cause trouble.

Mo Qingcheng felt a little unsettled in her heart when she stared at Qin Wentian and Yun Mengyi. Even just watching her gaze would cause people to feel hurt deep in their hearts.

“If I were you, I definitely wouldn’t tolerate this.” Bai Qing grinned. Mo Qingcheng stared at her before laughing as well, “Are you trying to provoke me into doing something?”

The gazes of some other spectators also turned to them. Many among them envied Qin Wentian—not only was this young man extremely outstanding, he was also surrounded by so many beauties. And it was even more impressive that not one of those beauties could be termed as just a simple character.

Mo Qingcheng—the foremost beauty in the Moon Continent, the pride of Pill Emperor Hall, the companion of Qin Wentian.

Bai Qing—for the sake of Qin Wentian’s forgiveness, willing to risk her life by taking on one of his palm strikes. From this, one could see how deeply her feelings ran for Qin Wentian. Not only that, she was a Heaven’s Chosen from the Mystic Moon Hall as well.



Yun Mengyi—similar in strength with Qin Wentian. She was also one of the top ten rankers in the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

The three of them could already be said to be the most alluring and most striking of all the women here in the Heavenly Fate Rankings battle. And all of them, had a connection with Qin Wentian. How could the other males not feel some jealousy?

“There’s another secret I must tell you, regarding the Purgatory Vermilion Bird hovering above your head.” After Yun Mengyi imparted the incantation, she continued to explain, “With the platinum battle robe, you became the first person to step within the Vermilion Bird Formation. The true spirit of this formation world bestowed upon you the spirit of the Purgatory Vermilion Bird. The stronger you grow, the stronger it will grow, and subsequently its intelligence and wisdom will also improve as well. This is why it relentlessly gobbles up the ancient luck of others, and if it completes its evolution, it will be powerful enough to summon the true spirit of the formation world’s Vermilion Bird. This is the advantage of entering into the formation world first.”

Qin Wentian’s eyes glimmered incessantly. Yun Mengyi actually knew this much about the Vermilion Bird Formation—even if she wasn’t Princess Tianyu, she definitely had a connection with Ancient Grand Xia. Qin Wentian’s trust in her deepened by several degrees.

The profound meaning of the Vermilion Bird Formation was something that not even those powerhouses from the transcendent powers could fathom. Throughout the entire Grand Xia, many accepted it as the highest-tier trial grounds that catered to the Yuanfu Realm. Yun Mengyi actually knew of such a deep secret.

“Before this, those transcendent powers only knew that they had to be the first to step inside the formation world, but they didn’t know the actual reason behind it. Your Vermilion Bird already has a soul-deep connection with you. If you wished it to die, it wouldn’t even hesitate.” With these last words, Yun Mengyi turned and departed.

Qin Wentian gazed at her retreating back, as a look of contemplation appeared on his face. After which, he inclined his head to look at his Purgatory Vermilion Bird.

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird was even larger than before, emitting a terrifying aura. With a single thought, it understood and landed on the ground beside him, leaning its head against his body.

“You already evolved to the extent that you have a true body. How about being my companion in the future?” Qin Wentian asked. This Vermilion Bird already had a true soul and body of its own, so it was now a living thing and no longer something illusory.

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird was extremely excited when it heard Qin Wentian's words. It soared into the skies and rapidly flew circles above Qin Wentian, letting out screeches of excitement, only coming to a stop after a long while. After which, it landed beside Qin Wentian, appearing extremely docile.

Qin Wentian gently stroked its wings, as a gentle smile appeared on his face. Inclining his head, he noticed Mo Qingcheng and Bai Qing walking over with radiant smiles on their faces.

And in that moment, this demonic young man suddenly appeared warm-hearted and kind. Spectators couldn't reconcile the differences between his current appearance and that of the tyrannical demonic young man on the stage.

"It's about to begin."

Mo Qingcheng sat next to Qin Wentian, leaning upon his arm.

In her heart, there was still a faint trace of worry.

Would Qin Wentian be able to return unharmed after the ranking battle? She hoped that he wouldn't suffer unduly just because he wanted to prove a point. His safety was the most important thing to her, after all.

"Mhm, soon soon," Qin Wentian lightly commented. The two of them huddled together, reveling in each other's warmth.

Over in the horizon, the sunlight gradually cascaded downwards as the clouds drifted by. The sunrise was so striking that it made people breathless.

"How beautiful," Mo Qingcheng murmured.

"Yeah, just like that day when we admired the winter snow, it truly warms the heart." Qin Wentian had a peaceful smile on his face.

The two of them were like an immortal couple that had descended down to earth.

"Qin Wentian."

A voice abruptly echoed out; Si Qiong was already standing on the arena platform. His eyes were ice-cold as he stared at Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng.

Qin Wentian actually dared to disregard him, arrogantly declaring he'd be fighting against Chen Wang. How dare he show such an attitude?

The spectators stared at Si Qiong who was on the stage, clearly feeling the intense battle intent emanating out of him.

Were the two dark horses about to begin their battle?

Before this, Si Qiong was seen as the strongest dark horse character.

But now, after Qin Wentian's slaughter of Zhan Chen, no one dared to belittle him.

The strongest dark horse characters in this ranking battle would be facing each other in this next battle.

Who exactly, would be the strongest?

Qin Wentian slowly stood up, smiling to Mo Qingcheng before his silhouette vanished, reappearing on the platform. The Vermilion Bird atop his head shrilly cried out as its baleful stare fixated on Si Qiong's Vermilion Bird.

"Your ancient luck appears to be terrified," Qin Wentian casually commented. He was currently giving off a feeling completely different from before.

"So what? Ancient luck is just ancient luck, it doesn't matter if it's devoured or not. But you actually rejected the offer exchange, so I'd be really keen to see inside your memories, and find out what exactly makes you so confident to do so," Si Qiong coldly remarked. He was skilled in soul attacks and knew of a soul search technique as well. He revealed this when he fought against Mu Feng, but ultimately, he'd failed and was grievously poisoned instead.

This time around, he wanted to search Qin Wentian's soul.

"Let's get started, then."

Qin Wentian added quietly. The gentle wind fluttered their robes, the entire surroundings were silent.

This was a battle of the strongest dark horses. If Si Qiong won, he would instantly be ranked #2. If Qin Wentian won, he would then gain the qualifications to contend against Chen Wang for the position of the top ranker.

Qin Wentian stretched out his palm, as demonic qi enveloped it, transforming it into the arms of a kirin. A crimson light shone as the blood within his body surged.

After stepping into the ninth level of Yuanfu, how strong was Qin Wentian exactly?

Qin Wentian himself didn't know, he had never fully utilized his strength before.

Fiend Art Transformation, with second level Mandates in the Mandate of Demon and the Mandate of Force—in addition to the Divine Energy within his Yuanfu, which were further reinforced and augmented by the release of his Astral Souls. What realm of power would his full strength reach?

Even he himself, wasn't clear on this.

“Sizzle!” A gurgling sound rang out as the Divine Energy in Qin Wentian's Yuanfu began to surge.

He stood there unmoving, yet giving people a sense that he was brimming with power.

A demonic wind gusted as a pair of terrifying demonic wings formed behind his back. With a slight intention of thought, a pair of wings was instantly formed.

Si Qiong could also feel the pressure, and he immediately released his Astral Souls. His first Astral Soul was classed as a wind-type; his second Astral Soul was a water python that revolved in midair; his third Astral Soul, was that of the evil spectre. The golden corona around the Astral Souls indicated that the first two came from the 4th Heavenly Layer, and the third from the the 5th Heavenly Layer respectively!

“How terrifying!” The hearts of the spectators shuddered. Just based on the quality of his Astral Souls, not many could be comparable to Si Qiong.

“You want to win against me? Have you even seen Astral Souls like mine?” Si Qiong’s lips mumbled as the strange soul suppressing melody rang out, aimed at Qin Wentian. The evil spectre he’d released was currently staring at Qin Wentian, as though it wanted to affect Qin Wentian’s soul.

“BOOM!”

Qin Wentian’s third eye snapped open as a resplendent light flooded the area. His third Astral Soul was released—the Demon Sovereign Astral Soul, as expressions of awe filled the faces of the crowd.

“Ranked #1 in the Warbeast Index, Demon Sovereign.”

The hearts of the spectators quaked, they had witnessed how terrifying Qin Wentian could be from the last time he’d used this particular Astral Soul. Just the summoning aspects alone were sufficient to waste experts at the pinnacle of Yuanfu.

“5th Heavenly Layer.” Si Qiong’s brows furrowed. But, so what of it? In this ranking battle, there were many contenders whose third Astral Soul came from the 5th Heavenly Layer.

“BOOOOOOM!”

Qin Wentian took another step forwards as his Great Dream Astral Soul was released. The resplendent corona of golden light was so blinding, causing a rush of impact no smaller than when his Demon Sovereign Astral Soul was released.

“5th Heavenly Layer.”

Qin Wentian’s second Astral Soul also originated from the 5th Heavenly Layer. If it weren’t for Si Qiong possessing a strong will, ordinary experts would already be invaded by that will of drowsiness, falling into a deep sleep. And by then, they could only wait to be slaughtered.

“What a terrifying Astral Soul, but how strong were his perceptions exactly? Two Astral Souls condensed from the 5th Heavenly Layer?” The crowd burst into fervent discussion, Qin Wentian’s second Astral Soul was also from the 5th Heavenly Layer!

“You are nothing but a frog sitting in a well, gazing at the vast skies.”

Qin Wentian stated, causing Si Qiong's countenance to turn incredibly ugly. His earlier words to Qin Wentian were now like a smack on his own face.

"I will show you the world."

Qin Wentian took another step forwards as his first Astral Soul, the Heavenly Hammer Astral Soul erupted into being. Staring at its corona of resplendent golden light, the spectators felt as though a thousand hammers were concurrently pounding at their hearts.

All three of his Astral Souls originated from the 5th Heavenly Layer. What ridiculous concept was this?

Didn't that mean from the moment Qin Wentian began cultivation, he could already condense an Astral Soul from the 5th Heavenly Layer?

How can this be? How did he accomplish this?

"Have you ever seen Astral Souls like mine?"

He flung Si Qiong's own words back against him, smacking his face with double the damage, right in front of the million of gazes currently staring at him.

But in the next instant, Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered and vanished from sight.

"Peng!"

The moment Qin Wentian moved, Si Qiong used Stellar Transposition and vanished from sight, only to see Qin Wentian instantly shift his direction. He moved like a bolt of lightning, stabbing out with a single finger. Vast amounts of demonic qi converged onto the platform as his finger descended.

The space on that platform was on the brink of collapse, transforming into a black hole where countless sharp swords could be seen within. The black hole employed a suction force that drew everything into its gaping maw, concentrated on the tip of Qin Wentian's finger. Although the suction force appeared to be slow, it required only an instant before the suction force locked onto Si Qiong.

Si Qiong paled, although his attacks and defenses were both extremely fearsome, he knew that he was somewhat lacking when it came to strength. This was also the reason why he'd lost to Chen

Wang. It was fine if Qin Wentian didn't make a move, but when he did so, it was an earth-shattering and heaven-sundering strike, stabbing out with a single finger aiming right for Si Qiong's heart.

Regardless of how powerful his soul attacks were or how formidable his water shields defenses could be, in front of this attack, everything was useless.

Maybe if Qin Wentian's opponent was Chen Wang, Chen Wang might be able to use his violent strength to counter this attack. But it was impossible for Si Qiong to do the same.

“RUMBLEEE!” A brilliant light flashed, as a water-screen divine armor enveloped Si Qiong. The armor was made of a formless, water-like substance, which continuously flowed protectively around his entire body.

The black hole powered by Qi-sword-type Divine Energy smashed onto Si Qiong, flinging his body through the air. Qin Wentian's Purgatory Vermilion Bird then proceeded to feast on Si Qiong's ancient luck.

“Si Qiong, he actually broke the rules and used divine armor.”

“That piece of divine armor had no form to it, Si Qiong definitely originates from a terrifying major power, seeing that they granted that to him as a life-saving treasure.”

Upon seeing Si Qiong's body getting blasted off the arena platform, Qin Wentian's countenance remained calm as he stared. His voice, was filled with sarcasm as he remarked, “Unable to even withstand a single strike. How sad is it that you even need to go so far, breaking the rules and equipping divine armor to save your pathetic life?”

But naturally Qin Wentian also understood that with Si Qiong's background, even if he broke the rules, Old Man Tianji and the rest wouldn't dare penalize him for it.

Hence, he no longer paid any attention to Si Qiong. He shifted his gaze over, in the direction where Chen Wang currently was.

His eyes were like sword beams, penetrating through space to fixate on Chen Wang. “Your turn.”

Chapter 390: The Last Battle

“Your turn.”

Qin Wentian's calm voice permeated the air, sounding so serene it was as though Si Qiong had been nothing at all. He had never once treated Si Qiong as his opponent.

Qin Wentian was the strongest dark horse character in this ranking battle. He had walked all the way till the end, and gained the qualifications to issue a challenge to Chen Wang.

This fight would decide the top two ranks on the Heavenly Fate Rankings. This was the only 'true' battle.

To see who stood at the pinnacle, this battle meant everything. The final, decisive match.

The dazzling Astral Souls, the immense Purgatory Vermilion Bird hovering behind his back, as well as the devilishly handsome-looking countenance—it all radiated a sense of majesty, giving the impression that Qin Wentian was the Monarch of this entire world.

He stood there casually, regarding the spectators with a hint of arrogance shining in his eyes.

The powerful Si Qiong couldn't even withstand a single strike and had to resort to his life-saving treasure to protect his life.

At this moment, Si Qiong's countenance was beyond unsightly, it was incredibly hideous as it alternated between shades of purple and red.

He had come to participate in the Heavenly Fate Rankings battle because of Grand Xia's secret art, and since he was already here, he might as well aim for the position of the number one ranker. But who would have thought that his eventual ranking would actually be third place?

And what was even more lamentable was that his last battle on the Vermilion Bird arena platform had been the one to bring him the most humiliation he'd ever experienced in his entire life.

One strike, just one.

He broke the rules, yet Qin Wentian disdained to even glance at him.

How pathetic indeed, unable to withstand a single strike. Si Qiong had never been so humiliated before.



After that, not one of the spectators were even interested in him. Although he should be punished for breaking the rules, it was... no longer important, because nobody cared.

This battle platform had always made it so that the the victor was king while the losers would all be vilified.

No matter how dazzling you were before, the spectators would only remember the one standing at the end. Only one person, the person ranked at the very top.

Glancing left and right, Si Qiong could make out expressions of pity as the spectator's discussion revolved around him. He had suffered too miserable a defeat to fully recover from.

He wanted to rage at the Heavens, asking for an opportunity to battle with Qin Wentian again, but he couldn't do so. He could only silently watch as the man who defeated him issued the final challenge of this ranking battle to Chen Wang.

Chen Wang inclined his head, staring at Qin Wentian. That attack which Qin Wentian had used to blast Si Qiong off the platform, even he, the great Chen Wang, felt threatened by it.

That silhouette standing on the stage did indeed have the capabilities to fight against him.

His three Astral Souls, were almost beyond belief. But even Chen Wang couldn't deny that in the entire Grand Xia, he had yet to meet someone like Qin Wentian, who had three Astral Souls all from the 5th Heavenly Layer.

Those representatives from the various transcendent powers all appeared silent, yet their hearts were violently rocked by this revelation.

From the start of the ranking battle, nobody had given a damn about that little unknown figure. But now, he had become the most dazzling existence on this platform, with his talent even surpassing that of Chen Wang's.

Even if he were to be defeated by Chen Wang today, the gap in their innate talents would never be breached.

“What kind of monster is he?”

Bailu Jing drew in a deep breath, he didn't know how to describe Qin Wentian. Only the word 'monster' seemed appropriate.

Bailu Yi could only smile bitterly, how could she have known that Qin Wentian would have such an outstanding performance? He was only twenty, yet he stood at the pinnacle of the Heavenly Fate Rankings alongside with Chen Wang.

Who would ever have imagined this, even the White Deer Institute wouldn't have predicted this at all. And it was even more astounding to know that Qin Wentian's attainment in Divine Inscriptions, also made him a fourth-ranked Grandmaster. And he was only nineteen back then.

Those from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan were similarly stunned—only Ouyang Kuangsheng had an excited expression on his face. Ouyang Ting on the other hand, was completely dumbfounded, she couldn't believe the reality of what she had witnessed.

Bai Fei of the Pill Emperor Hall shared similar sentiments to Ouyang Ting. She had always secretly been in love with Zhan Chen, in awe of his martial prowess as well as his suave and gentlemanly countenance. Yet today, he'd actually fallen at the hands of Qin Wentian. That young man whom she'd once despised was shining so brightly, akin to the radiance of a blazing sun that even Zhan Chen hadn't been able to match.

Upon seeing his three Astral Souls, as well as his challenge to Chen Wang, Bai Fei couldn't help but sigh and shake her head. Maybe, she herself was the crow instead—they weren't people belonging to the same world.

The things in this world had changed too quickly. Not even five years had passed, and yet the Heavens and Earth had been reversed. The young man from the small country appeared in the Heavenly Fate Rankings, producing cloud and rain with a single hand, a grand character of their times. He wasn't someone she could be remotely compared to. How small and useless did she feel now?

Shu Ruanyu was also gazing at Qin Wentian, her countenance at a loss for words. She suddenly had an absurd notion in her mind. Back then when Qin Wentian had abducted her, what if the two of them had intimate relations?

The instant this notion flashed past her mind, Shu Ruanyu silently scolded herself. Yet never would she have expected that her abduction all those years ago, that which had left her with such bad memories, would actually brand itself in her mind with such impactful feelings.

Chen Wang's silhouette stepped upon the platform once more, walking towards Qin Wentian.

There was only silence, as the two of them stood face to face.

This would be the ultimate deciding battle, to finally see who would obtain the position of the number one ranker.

Who would stand at the pinnacle of Yuanfu?

The spectators had once thought that Chen Wang would be number one without question. But right now, they were all doubting their earlier assumptions—the surprising revelations that Qin Wentian brought to them was too overwhelming. Would Chen Wang be able to stop him? Seeing how Qin Wentian had the title of being unrivalled among those in the same level.

The spectators all couldn't wait for the battle to begin.

Chen Wang didn't have anything to say, flames immediately erupted forth from his body. Under the dazzling starlight that flooded the arena, the spectators were all shocked to see that he had two fire-type Astral Souls. The first one was a Flame King Astral Soul, the second, was a Magma Giant Astral Soul. Both these Astral Souls contained the explosive power of volcanic eruptions. His third Astral Soul, was actually an incarnation-type Astral Soul, granting the ability to summon clones as powerful as himself to do battle.

The combination of these Astral Souls allowed Chen Wang's combat prowess to reach the very limits of Yuanfu. He was so powerful that he could even battle against newly ascended Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns.

Earlier, Chen Wang had already been known as a contender that had tremendous attacking power. But now, the contender facing him similarly had a strength that awed the Heavens.

“BOOM BOOM!”

Two other flame incarnations appeared onstage, and their combined auras, together with the real Chen Wang, made the hearts of the crowd tremble in terror.

However at the same instant, a vast column of astral light cascaded down onto Qin Wentian, as an immense figure appeared out of nowhere.

Peng...

A massive wind kicked up, the tyrannical Golden Primal Ape madly rampaged about on the stage.

Peng Peng Peng....

Countless demonic beasts appeared, summoned by Qin Wentian. In the place of legacy found inside the formation world, Qin Wentian had obtained the true souls of several demonic beasts. He could use these to sense the innate connection between them, as well as form a resonance with the constellations that represented them. Hence, Qin Wentian was currently able to summon those beasts.

Not only that, now that Qin Wentian's cultivation base was at the ninth level of Yuanfu, the strength of the astral warbeasts he summoned were all at the pinnacle of Yuanfu, almost at the level of half-step Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns. He had always been able to jump levels when it came to summoning, but right now, since he was still limited by the Yuanfu Realm, he couldn't yet summon Heavenly Dipper-level astral warbeasts.

Chen Wang's incarnations immediately flew towards the summoned beasts, clashing fiercely with them. Instantly, the entire platform shuddered from the impact of his attacks. As for his main body, along with Qin Wentian, both merely surveyed each other impassively, coldly locking their gazes.

In their eyes, there was only one opponent.

"I truly want to see exactly how strong you really are." Chen Wang strode out, clad in terrifying sun flames, akin to a Flame Divinity Wargod.

"As you wish," Qin Wentian calmly replied, similarly advancing towards Chen Wang. Strength, boundless strength, infused his arms.

Both of them punched out at the exact same instant, one fist of magma, against one demonic fist, instantly colliding against the other.

The sun flames on Chen Wang's body spread onto Qin Wentian's arms, attempting wanting to incinerate his body into ashes.

"You are not strong enough to accomplish that," Qin Wentian commented unperturbedly, staring at Chen Wang. He retracted his fist before sending yet another punch out.

"BOOM BOOM BOOOM!"

A maelstrom of destruction ensued, with Qin Wentian and Chen Wang standing in the centre. The terrifying shockwaves blasted all around, while the summoned astral warbeasts and Chen Wang's incarnations clashed madly against each other in an incomparably tyrannical manner.

Qin Wentian's body had flames eating at it, yet Chen Wang's internal organs felt as though they were about to be crushed into powder. The will of both their Mandates devastated each other's bodies.

“Peng...”

They collided intensely once more. Chen Wang was forced back several steps, his two incarnations also stepping back with him, before fusing once more inside his body. His body turned into that of a magma giant as he stared hatefully at Qin Wentian, wanting nothing more than to pulverize Qin Wentian into pieces.

“Rumble!” Utilizing the third stage of the Fiend Transformation Art. Qin Wentian's physique started changing, as the blood in his body seethed and surged. His physique grew perceptibly taller and many times stronger, giving him the appearance of a demon overlord.

“Peng peng....”

The Heavens shook and the Earth trembled. Those astral warbeasts frantically threw themselves onto Chen Wang, attacking him in a frenzy. They gave no regards to their own injuries, they only wanted to deal the maximum amount of damage they could to Chen Wang.

Chen Wang had second level Mandates at the Advanced Boundary, cultivated the Great Solar Universe Art, and further augmented them with his flame-type Astral Souls. His power was unimaginable at the Realm of Yuanfu. But wasn't Qin Wentian's strength on the same level as well? Since no one knew who the victor would be, why not directly engage in a showdown of absolute strength?

“BOOOOOM!”

Finally, an explosive sound thundered out, one of Chen Wang's gigantic magma arms directly shattered from the impact.

Was this a sign or an omen?

The crowd held their breath, their hearts pounding madly with excitement. The strongest of all the dark horses, hadn't been equal to Chen Wang after all. He had actually exceeded him!