

Ancient GM 411

Chapter 411: Variable

The Sword Son of the Li Clan, Li Ran, had his throat slashed and fell in battle.

The Sword Son of the Heavenly Sword Sect, Jian Feng, chose to voluntarily concede, walking down the arena platform.

Shock suffused the eyes of the spectators, they all felt the scene in front of them was cloaked in a sense of surrealism.

Today, the Li Clan and the Heavenly Sword Sect came to an agreement. The final battle was originally to be fought by Li Ran and Jian Feng. The victor of their battle would determine who the control rights of the sword range belonged to.

The Zong Clan, they who had been disregarded, had actually produced a new Sword Son for this generation. That Sword Son used the most tyrannical method to obtain victory in the third and final battle.

Not only that, from the beginning till the end, he had only used a single sword move.

A single move allowed him to become the victor, acquiring the control rights to the sword range.

The victor of this contest had determined that the sword range belonged to the Zong Clan for the next ten years.

The Li Clan, Zong Clan and the Heavenly Sword Sect all won a battle each. Yet the battle won by the Zong Clan was the one at the Heavenly Dipper level. Hence, they were crowned as the final victor.

“After all your calculations and schemes, yet ultimately, you forgot to measure your potential losses,” Zong Yi faintly spoke, his words causing many to sigh in agreement.

If the Heavenly Sword Sect and the Li Clan hadn't made that deal beforehand, and instead, fought truly with all their strength, maybe one of the powers would have obtained two consecutive victories in the first two battles. If that was the case, the winner would have obtained the control rights even before there was a need to fight the third battle.

But, because they had too much confidence in their Sword Sons, they had totally disregarded the Zong Clan and wanted to eliminate their party first. But finally, their actions paved the way for the Zong Clan, allowing them to gain the control rights of the sword range.

Nobody had ever imagined such an ending.

Qin Wentian's sword returned back to its sheath as he slowly walked towards the direction of the Zong Clan's crowd. The members of the Zong Clan all turned their gazes onto him, their eyes blazing with a flaming passion.

He was the Sword Son of their Zong Clan. At this moment, it was as though Qin Wentian's different surname was completely forgotten by them. He had brought glory to the Zong Clan, and the turbid breath that they suppressed in their hearts, was unleashed today in a most satisfying manner. In front of the spectators from the Sword Reverence City, this victory was akin to a resounding slap to the faces of both the Li Clan and the Heavenly Sword Sect.

However, at this moment Qin Wentian was exceptionally quiet, as though nothing had happened at all. To him, this battle wasn't a challenge at all. Even if he was victorious, there was nothing to be proud of. The matters following after this could all be handed over to Zong Yi to handle, there was no need for him to worry about that. But one good thing was that since the Zong Clan had already gained the control rights for the sword range, he could freely enter the region, and more accurately, comprehend the sword intent from that demon sword at a closer distance.

His second level of insight for the Mandate of Swords had been comprehended precisely from the demon sword.

"Isn't it time for the Heavenly Sword Sect to recall the guards you posted at the sword range?" Zong Yi calmly stated. According to the rules, since the Zong Clan was the victor, they would be the 'owner' of the sword range for the next ten years. In that case, those from the Heavenly Sword Sect naturally had to withdraw from here.

The sect leader of the Heavenly Sword Sect, Jian Wuyou unperturbedly stared at Zong Yi as his lips curled in a cold smile. Zong Yi furrowed his brows upon seeing this, was the Heavenly Sword Sect going to break the balance between them?

The three major powers of the Sword Reverence City had maintained the delicate balance for several years, and not one of them dared to say that they were strong enough to devour the two other powers. This was because the individual strength of the three powers wasn't equal, and if two powers worked together and eliminated the third, the weaker of the two powers would soon be the next to fall.

Hence, the delicate balance was able to be preserved all these years.

“Brother Zong, let me just remind you. If this was in the past and the Zong Clan won the contest, the control rights would definitely have belonged to your Zong Clan for a period of ten years. But today, the contest was merely a formality, I urge Brother Zong to best not delude yourself into thinking that you can acquire the control rights of the sword range.”

Jian Wuyou stated with a sly smile, his words causing expressions of interest to appear on the faces of the crowd. By breaking the rules, the Heavenly Sword Sect was obviously provoking the Zong Clan.

“Does sect leader Jian think that the Heavenly Sword Sect has already grown to such an extent where it can disregard the existence of my Zong Clan?” Zong Yi’s voice contained the hint of a chill, yet it seemed that Jian Wuyou wasn’t bothered by it at all. He merely laughed coldly and replied, “Not my Heavenly Sword Sect, but there are others who wish to gain control of this sword range. These people are now the esteemed guests of my Heavenly Sword Sect and I’m merely trying to persuade you out of pure goodwill. In fact, I’m doing this for Brother Zong’s sake.”

“Oh? Then I, Zong, really have to ask who is it exactly who wishes to control this demonic sword range?” Zong Yi’s eyes bore into Jian Wuyou.

“Me.”

At this moment, a person spoke from behind Jian Wuyou. Previously, this person stood all the way at the back, closing his eyes in meditation, appearing inconspicuous as the people in front blocked the sight of him. But now, the spectators discovered that this man was wearing robes that were completely different compared to the members of the Heavenly Sword Sect. The man was clad in a luxurious golden robe and an intense and heavy sense of pride was etched on his features, while his entire person radiated an aura of sharpness.

This man walked out and slowly raised his head, looking straight at Zong Yi before stating, “There was no need for that earlier battle, it was just that Wuyou wanted to abide by the previous rules, and hence I allowed it. But regardless of what the results might be, for the next ten years, the control rights to the sword range will still belong to the Heavenly Sword Sect. No one else may be involved in it.”

The tone of the middle-aged man in the luxurious clothing carried a sense of undoubtable imperiousness. Regardless of whether it was the Zong Clan or the Li Clan, both of them had no qualifications to refute his orders.

“If that’s the case, why was there still a need to act like you still followed the previous rules? How laughable,” Zong Yi coldly inquired, “Who are you exactly?”

“You have no need to know,” the middle-aged man indifferently spoke, “As for your earlier battle, Jian Wuyou was determined to send his disciples from the Heavenly Sword Sect to battle. If the disciple sent out was from my clan instead, how could your Sword Son have stood a chance of winning?”

“Oh?”

Zong Yi countered, “Since you’ve said that, I, Zong, would really like to take a look at how any first level Heavenly Dipper Sovereign from your Clan would be able to defeat the Sword Son of my Zong Clan. If my representative is defeated, we will leave immediately and not spout another word in protest. Not only that, my Zong Clan will offer you ten thousand fourth-layer Yuan Meteor Stones for compensation. How about it?”

“Mhm?” Zong Yi words caused the expressions on the faces of the crowd to freeze slightly, what strong confidence he had. Zong Yi didn’t even inquire at the identity of the other party, yet he dared to speak such forceful words. Most probably, the middle-aged man also hailed from an impressive background that was most likely a major power. However, Zong Yi didn’t even ensure and directly rebutted, challenging the middle-aged man’s words. He really wanted to see who the middle-aged man would send out and if they would be able to defeat the Sword Son of his Zong Clan.

The Zong Clan’s members were all extremely shocked as well. Zong Yi actually had such overwhelming confidence in their Sword Son, Qin Wen.

If they knew that the Sword Son of their clan was the top ranker on the Heavenly Fate Ranking, sweeping past all the demon-level talents in Grand Xia when he was at the ninth level of Yuanfu, they would be feeling as confident as Zong Yi. Since he was unrivalled in the same cultivation level when he fought in the Heavenly Fate Rankings, now that he was in the first level of Heavenly Dipper, who could possibly still be his match?

The middle-aged man frowned, he was the one who’d said that and now Zong Yi was using his own words against him, issuing a challenge while introducing such high stakes. If he rejected it, wouldn’t that mean he was smacking his own face?

“Ten thousand Yuan Meteor Stones? How generous of you.” The middle-aged man laughed coldly. “Since you are so confident, I shall accept your bet.”

“What if you are the one who loses?” Zong Yi inquired calmly, with no hints of anger in his tone.

“Lose?” The middle-aged man hadn’t even considered that. In the Sword Reverence City, at the first level of Heavenly Dipper, how could there be anyone able to defeat the chosen of his Wang Clan, Wang Jue? Although Wang Jue didn’t obtain a good position on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, nobody could doubt his strength. After his breakthrough to Heavenly Dipper, he was a character that

the clan paid special attention to, nurturing him with their best resources. How could he be defeated by someone from a mere place like the Sword Reverence City?

If the middle-aged man had personally witnessed the battle of the Heavenly Fate Rankings back then, he might not have been so confident.

And now, Grand Xia was in chaos. After the Venerate Heavens Sect divulged that the fate of Grand Xia was changing, his Wang Clan had to make sure that their preparations were being done well. Hence, they came to the nearby Sword Reverence City and wanted to gain control of the demonic sword range. At the same time, they would try their best to see if they could excavate the unique demon sword away for their own usage.

“If the person I sent out is defeated, we will shelve our plans for the sword range and leave immediately. Also, I will gift you a total of ten thousand Yuan Meteor Stones as well.” The middle-aged man coldly laughed. Ten thousand Yuan Meteor Stones was definitely an astronomical number. Since the Zong Clan wanted to offer it to him, why would he reject it?

Not only that, these ten thousand Yuan Meteor Stones didn't need to be handed over to his clan coffers. Hence, he accepted Zong Yi's proposal. If not, he wouldn't even be bothered about Zong Yi.

“Return to the Heavenly Sword Sect immediately, and inform my Wang Clan's members to come over. We will move forward the plan of taking over the sword range,” the middle-aged man commanded. Jian Wuyou nodded, as he instructed a cultivator to carry out the middle-aged man's instructions.

Upon seeing this scene, the spectators didn't depart but chose to wait there patiently instead. They wanted to see what background this middle-aged man in luxurious robes belonged to exactly. Even the Heavenly Sword Sect had to be this servile to them.

Those from the Zong Clan were all extremely nervous. Ten thousand fourth-layer Yuan Meteor Stones, a whole ten thousand, this number was too terrifying. Clan lord Zong Yi actually betted all of it on the Sword Son, How could they not be breathless just from hearing the astronomical amount betted?

But still, if the Zong Clan retreated just like that, where would their prestige be then?

For the sake of their honor, for the sake of the sword range, clan lord Zong Yi had no choice but to make such a decision.

Now, they could only depend on Qin Wentian.

After a few moments of waiting, a whistling sound echoed in the air as a terrifying sharpness radiated over from the edge of the precipice. Inclining their heads, they saw a terrifying group of cultivators descending. Not all of them stood on swords, but they controlled and executed a variety of innate techniques, standing in the air as their sharp gazes bore down on those below. The sharpness of their gazes created an apprehensive feeling in the hearts of the crowd.

“Those youths have gazes as sharp as the edges of blades and sabres. They are definitely extraordinary characters, and each one of them exudes a terrifying presence while projecting an aura that makes people fear being their enemy. As for those elders, just a single look from them would be sufficient to pierce through the sea of consciousness of a weaker cultivator.”

The hearts of the crowd clenched as these people continued downwards. That middle-aged man in the luxurious clothings had a cold and arrogant expression on his face. “Daring to gamble against my Wang Clan? The Zong Clan of Sword Reverence City, I’m truly impressed by your bravery.”

“Wang Clan?” Looks of contemplation appeared on the faces of the spectators. Abruptly, a fearful light flashed past their eyes.

The Sword Reverence City was located in the central region of Grand Xia. And the nearest continent was none other than the War Continent.

Claiming themselves to be from the Wang Clan, in addition to their arrogant behaviour. Could it be that they were the Wang Clan of the War Continent?

“A transcendent power, and not only that, they are one of the strongest nine.” The hearts of the crowd trembled. No wonder, no wonder these people were so arrogant.

The Zong Clan against the Wang Clan, how could they not lose?

The members of Zong Clan all had thunderstruck expressions on their faces, the countenance of each of them turned somewhat pale white.

They inferred that maybe those who arrived were a major power from another region yet, they never expected that this newcomer would be someone that came from none other than the Wang Clan from the War Continent!

Chapter 412: Path of Retreat

A year ago, in the ancient kingdom of Grand Xia in Ginkou, those from the Sword Reverence City hadn’t participated in the Heavenly Fate Rankings battle. Yet they were still very clear on the end results, due to the news and rumors circulating around Grand Xia.

Qin Wentian, a genius with monstrous talent, shocked the entire world by defeating the strongest genius from the younger generation of the Chen Clan, Chen Wang, as well as the dark horse, Si

Qiong. He tyrannically slayed the Heaven's Chosen from the Pill Emperor Hall, Zhan Chen, solidifying his first ranker position. He offended several of the transcendent powers and even used the fame and prestige of his results in the ranking battle, announcing to the world his relationship with Mo Qingcheng.

The Heavenly Fate Rankings contenders of the past year were proclaimed as the strongest batch in a thousand years.

Wang Jue, who ranked sixth in the Heavenly Fate Rankings a batch ago, couldn't even get in the top ten for the recent one. Yet, that didn't mean Wang Jue was weak, but rather... the contestants were all just too powerful.

After the Heavenly Fate Rankings were concluded, those who were ranked in the top few positions all stepped into Heavenly Dipper. Naturally, Wang Jue of the War Continent did so as well. As a chosen of the Wang Clan, there was no need to doubt his combat prowess, and he would certainly be able to sweep through the Sword Reverence City unrivalled in comparison to cultivators of the same cultivation level as him.

And what more, as a transcendent power, how powerful was the Wang Clan? Even if Wang Jue wasn't the one selected, how could any of their other Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns at the first level of Heavenly Dipper be weak?

And now, Zong Yi, the clan lord of the Zong Clan was actually challenging the Wang Clan of the War Continent to gamble the outcome of this next battle, with an additional stake of ten thousand fourth-layer Yuan Meteor Stones.

"Wang Jue." The middle-aged man in luxurious robe glanced towards a young man standing in the air.

"Wang Jue, it's really him!" The countenances of those from the Zong Clan all turned incredibly unsightly. As for those from the Heavenly Sword Sect, all of them had cold smiles on their faces.

"The Zong Clan of the Sword Reverence City has immense confidence in their Sword Son and actually dares to propose a bet with our Wang Clan, with a stake of ten thousand Yuan Meteor Stones. Wang Jue, go and show him the meaning of there will always be a sky beyond a sky, a mountain beyond a mountain," the middle-aged man faintly spoke. Wang Jue's countenance was serene as he walked forwards. He heard the legends of the demon sword, and with his interest piqued, he joined this trip to the Sword Reverence City.

He engraved his failure and experiences of the Heavenly Fate Rankings battle deep inside his heart, constantly reminding himself that he had to keep getting stronger.

And now, in this pathetic city, there was actually someone daring to challenge him. The audacity of this act caused a cold light to flash past his eyes.

“With Wang Jue present, I think Brother Zong would fare better if you just relinquished your claim on the sword range and left here after handing over the Yuan Meteor Stones.” Jian Wuyou grinned maliciously. Yet Zong Yi seemed as calm as ever, he wasn’t worried about the results of this battle but rather, he was thinking that even if their Zong Clan won, would a transcendent power like the Wang Clan really give up the control rights of the sword range?

Most probably, it was impossible.

Looking at the forceful stance of the middle-aged man, it seemed that the Wang Clan wouldn’t give up until they obtained those control rights.

“I, Zong, am willing to take a step back. Let’s forget about this battle, and we will share the control rights together with the Wang Clan. In addition, for the Yuan Meteor Stones agreement, I’m willing to pay half of it to the Wang Clan. How about it?” Zong Yi contemplated for a moment before stating his terms, showing his willingness to compromise.

However, the middle-aged man evidently didn’t feel the same. He coldly laughed, and said, “Knowing your Zong Clan is no match for us and only choosing to give in now? How laughable. WHERE is the Sword Son of your Zong Clan?”

Qin Wentian was mingled in with the Zong Clan’s members. After he departed the ancient kingdom, he came to the Sword Reverence City in secret because he wasn’t willing to leak traces of his whereabouts. Who would have imagined that he would meet people from the Wang Clan here.

But matters had come to this, and it was useless even if he wished to avoid it now.

Qin Wentian stepped out, his silhouette flickered and appeared an instant later on the platform. Upon seeing his figure up on the stage, the members of the Zong Clan couldn’t help but sigh in their hearts.

Although Qin Wentian defeated the Sword Son of the Li Clan, it wouldn't be so easy if he fought against Wang Jue of the Wang Clan. It was basically impossible for him to win.

At this moment, Qin Wentian had his arms crossed behind his back as he slowly raised his head to look at Wang Jue who was in front of him. Instantly, an aura of incredible sharpness radiated out from Wang Jue, as well as Wang Xiao who was standing behind him.

"It's him." Wang Jue stiffened, he would never have expected to encounter Qin Wentian here. Hiding under the title of Sword Son of the Zong Clan was a marvelous plan indeed.

A few months ago, news had spread that Ouyang Kuangsheng returned to the Ouyang Clan and Bai Qing returned to the Mystic Moon Sect, causing an immense stir among the other transcendent powers. People from the Chen Clan were still standing guard around the ancient kingdom, yet somehow Qin Wentian and the others had all already escaped in secret. This news was like a resounding slap on the faces of the Chen Clan. Hence, in a fit of fury, the Chen Clan sent out a missive to capture Qin Wentian, yet they could find no traces of him anywhere.

Wang Jue stood in his original position, he didn't step up onto the platform. Although he had confidence in himself, he wasn't so confident that he was strong enough to obtain a victory when facing against a monster like Qin Wentian. After all, Qin Wentian had been unrivalled in the Heavenly Fate Rankings, sweeping through the other demon-level geniuses with ease.

He had personally witnessed the battle of Qin Wentian fighting against Chen Wang and Si Qiong. Qin Wentian had no weaknesses, and how strong had he become now that he'd stepped into Heavenly Dipper? Most probably, just the astral warbeasts he summoned would already be sufficient to wipe out opponents at the same level as him.

"Wang Jue." The middle-aged man called out again, glancing impatiently at Wang Jue, who was still standing in the air.

Those from the Heavenly Sword Sect and Zong Clan all had looks of puzzlement on their faces. Wang Jue stood there unmoving and in his eyes, it was as though they could see an intense sense of fear and terror.

"Just a mere Zong Clan from a lousy sword city, do they even have the qualifications to negotiate conditions with our Wang Clan? Let alone even wanting to challenge Wang Jue in a battle. Uncle, just tell them to scram." To cover up for Wang Jue's awkwardness, Wang Xiao immediately stepped up and spoke. The middle-aged man frowned as a lack of understanding appeared on his face. "A free gift of ten thousand Yuan Meteor Stones, why do you want to give up on it?"

“That’s right, just take the free gift. The Zong Clan doesn’t understand how high up the Heavens are, why not let noble nephew Wang Jue help teach clan lord Zong Yi and those from the Zong Clan a lesson?” Jian Wuyou coldly laughed. Yet, he only saw Wang Jue icily shooting a glance at him, causing him to involuntarily take a step back. Had he said something wrong?

Wang Jue spoke coldly as he turned his gaze onto Qin Wentian. “The Chen Clan are looking for you everywhere. What do you think they would do if they were to find out that you’ve been hiding here?”

“Huh?” The expressions of the crowd all faltered when they heard Wang Jue’s words. Was Wang Jue acquainted with the Sword Son of Zong Clan?

“Do we fight or not?” Qin Wentian inclined his head, his gaze akin to a sharp sword landing on Wang Jue. Just that simple gaze made Wang Jue’s heart tremble uncontrollably. Back then on the Vermilion Bird arena platform, Qin Wentian had this precise look in his eyes when he killed Zhan Chen and defeated both Si Qiong and Chen Wang.

Wang Jue didn’t reply. That middle-aged man frowned even deeper as he asked Wang Jue, “Who is this person exactly?”

“Qin Wentian!” Wang Jue glared at Qin Wentian as he spat the words out. Momentarily, a terrifying light gleamed in the eyes of the middle-aged man as the expression on his face stiffened for a moment.

The first ranker on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, Qin Wentian.

“Qin Wentian?” The countenances of members from the Zong Clan faltered. Wasn’t their Sword Son named Qin Wen? He was Qin Wentian?

Among them, one of the more knowledgeable ones involuntarily exclaimed—“In the ancient kingdom last year, the contestant that defeated Chen Wang to obtain the position of the first ranker on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, was Qin Wentian.”

As the sound of that voice faded, the surrounding crowd all focused their attention onto the young man standing on the platform. Is this Qin Wentian, that Qin Wentian?

He was crowned king of the Heavenly Fate Rankings?

Wang Jue, at the instant he noticed Qin Wentian, didn't even dare to take half a step forward.

Those from the Li Clan and Heavenly Sword Sect were all frozen in shock. No wonder Zong Yi was so confident, the Sword Son of his clan was none other than Qin Wentian! This young man dominated the Heavenly Fate Rankings and was unmatched when compared to cultivators of the same level.

The eyes of the Zong Clan members from the younger generation were all filled with blazing fervor as they stared at Qin Wentian's silhouette. He casually stood there on the platform, yet the chosen from a transcendent power didn't even dare to advance an inch forward.

So what if you are a Heaven's Chosen? You don't even have the courage to put up a fight.

"What? The top ranker on the Heavenly Fate Rankings has actually been hiding in my clan? I had absolutely no idea about this." A young cultivator from the Zong Clan sighed, his face was filled with emotions. He found it unbelievable that he'd interacted with such a legend—the crowned king of the Heavenly Fate Rankings, Qin Wentian.

At this moment, Qin Wentian's physique seemed to grow even taller and formidable. He stood there, like a fabled legend.

He was just the same as Hua Taixu of that year, standing at the pinnacle of Yuanfu Realm throughout the entire Grand Xia.

This person actually appeared in the Zong Clan and became its Sword Son. Even so, he'd endured plenty of ridicule before this.

"Did you know of his identity from the start?" The middle-aged man stared at Zong Yi, his countenance ice-cold.

"Can I ask if we are still proceeding with the bet?" Zong Yi didn't reply. Since Qin Wentian had already stepped out, there would be no difference even if he answered that he didn't know of Qin Wentian's true identity. At this moment, he would rather adopt a forceful stance, his eyes boring back into the middle-aged man clad in luxurious robes.

“If I say yes, do you even dare accept?” The middle-aged man glared at Zong Yi.

“Sure,” Zong Yi calmly replied with a single word.

“Are you serious?” The middle-aged man asked again, his tone containing a deadly chill within.

“Why not?” Zong Yi’s countenance was as calm as ever as he replied. In the next instant, the middle-aged man let out a laugh instead as he waved his hands. “Very well, since you dared to accept the bet, I shall give the control rights of the sword range to you. For the matter of the ten thousand Yuan Meteor Stones, I will command my men back in the War Continent to prepare the sum before handing it over to you. Just you wait.”

As the sound of his voice faded, the silhouette of the middle-aged man vanished from sight as he departed the region.

The silhouettes of the Wang Clan’s members all flickered as they left together with the middle-aged man. Jian Wuyou had a cold smile on his face as he turned and glanced at Zong Yi. “Brother Zong is truly decisive, but it seems that you’ve made a rather stupid decision. I truly hope the appetite of your Zong Clan is large enough to devour the control rights to the sword range.”

Following which, those from the Heavenly Sword Sect departed as well.

The members of the Li Clan rejoiced in the misfortunes that would soon befall the Zong Clan. It seems like there would soon be a good show to watch for the citizens of the Sword Reverence City.

Very quickly, the flatland in the bottom of the precipice was left with only those from the Zong Clan. The Heavenly Sword Sect had pulled out their guards stationed at the sword range, leaving it for the Zong Clan. However, everyone understood this was merely temporary—how could a transcendent power give up so easily like this?

First off, without mentioning the control rights to the sword range and the ten thousand Yuan Meteor Stones, their entire Zong Clan might even be in great danger.

Qin Wentian’s brows were tightly furrowed, the Wang Clan didn’t dare to make a move because the members that were on this trip weren’t powerful enough. Also, the Wang Clan knew that the Divine Stele Remnant of the Wang Clan was in his hands as well, how could they give up so easily?

With the completed Divine Stele in his hands, who wouldn't be tempted by greed, not wanting to take it? That was the completed Divine Stele!

Yet, those from the Wang Clan directly departed without saying a word. Obviously, they were heading back to the War Continent to gather even stronger experts before making a trip back to the Sword Reverence City. This place wasn't safe anymore.

Qin Wentian himself hadn't expected that he would run into people from the Wang Clan over here.

Turning back, he walked to Zong Yi as he stated apologetically, "I've greatly implicated Uncle Zong."

"My heart is already determined, so there's nothing to fear," Zong Yi lightly replied, patting Qin Wentian on his shoulders as he smiled and continued, "The blood in my veins is still running hot."

Qin Wentian felt warm currents in his heart, as a smile appeared on his face. After which, Zong Yi turned and addressed the members of the Zong Clan, "Return to the clan immediately for an emergency meeting."

The Zong Clan definitely needed to ensure that their preparations were done well in the face of what was coming.

The members of Zong Clan all nodded their heads as they stared intently at Qin Wentian, before their silhouettes flickered before departing from this place.

That day, the members of the younger generation of Zong Clan, as well as the weaker females and children, all left the Sword Reverence City by means of a Distance-Transference Array. Only now did the members of Zong Clan know that all this while, their clan had actually possessed such a powerful Array.

A crafty rabbit owns three burrows. As a hidden faction of the Azure Emperor, the Zong Clan would naturally leave a path of retreat for themselves. This Distance-Transference Array was obtained through spending an astronomical amount of wealth. They had to hire a Grandmaster that excelled in the concept of space to create this for them.

In the span of a day, only those with combat strength were left behind. At the same time, the Array was also destroyed for safety reasons. Following which, under cover of the night, they headed back to the flatland where the sword range was located.

Evidently, the Zong Clan had decided to forsake their status here in the Sword Reverence City—Qin Wentian observed their lightning quick actions, marveling at the decisiveness and spirit of Zong Yi!

Chapter 413: Clashing of Swords at the Precipice

During the night, at the bottom of the precipice, silence pervaded the sword range's surroundings. A row of figures turned their gazes on the demon sword embedded deep within the earth, wondering when the time would come for someone to appear with the ability to pull out the demon sword.

“Let's get started, directly destroy the sword range and search for swords buried underneath the land,” Zong Yi commanded, he was someone with an extremely decisive character. Not only that, he had the most authority in the Zong Clan. Hence, when Qin Wentian sought him out previously, he only hesitated for a moment before acquiescing and agreeing to follow the successor of the Azure Emperor. He was filled with anticipation for the day when they could stand at the pinnacle of Grand Xia again.

Clan lord of Zong Clan, Zong Yi, had vision and boldness far surpassing those old men at the White Deer Institute.

Currently, there was no way for them to continue living in the Sword Reverence City. The Heavenly Sword Sect joined forces with the Wang Clan from the War Continent and might make a move against their Zong Clan. In that case, they needed to excavate the sword range even quicker in this short amount of time. There was no longer a need to care about the other powers.

Natural swords were birthed in the sword range, all due to the energy fluctuations from the demon sword. Once these ancient swords took form, sword intent would begin to emanate from them. Previously, when the three powers excavated the ancient swords, they needed to take into consideration long term benefits and took care not to destroy the sword range because of a moment of greed. They would only excavate those fully formed swords that emanated sword intent.

But now, things were different. Since the Wang Clan and Heavenly Sword Sect had colluded together and wanted to force them out, why would they still be worried and afraid about damaging the sword range? They might as well destroy it, leaving nothing behind that would benefit the other powers.

Those from the Zong Clan all nodded their heads as they dispersed in all directions, carrying out the order. They unsheathed their swords and hacked the surroundings apart in their quest to gather all the ancient swords.

Zong Yi and Qin Wentian remained in their original positions from when Qin Wentian spoke out. “Uncle Zong, I’m afraid that the Heavenly Sword Sect might be able to deduce your intentions. If the Wang Clan really wants to make a move against the Zong Clan, they would surely make use of the Heavenly Sword Sect to monitor our movements.”

“I know.” Zong Yi nodded. “Hence, I sent all the weaker ones away in one day, and immediately carried out this plan with the swiftness of a thunderbolt. I only need a night of time, and if they truly were to appear here right now, we have no choice but to clash with them.”

“It seems like Uncle Zong has already considered all the various situations.” Qin Wentian lightly nodded his head as he continued, “I’ll go take a look at the demon sword.”

“Wentian, that sword is really too demonic, so be extremely prudent when approaching it. Take note that you do not come into the slightest contact with the demon sword’s body, or allow the blood from your body to touch it,” Zong Yi warned. He and Qin Wentian walked forwards together as they neared the thousand-meter tall gigantic demon sword.

A terrifying surge of sword intent permeated the air. Qin Wentian’s perception extended outwards, he could hear the keening of the sword that was akin to the miserable howls of demons. The next instant, he felt a hail of swords zooming towards him. He immediately shut all six of his senses, no longer using his perception to hear the sword’s keening. If he’d continued for a second longer, he wouldn’t be able to withstand the sound of the sword keening in the void.

Finally, Zong Yi and Qin Wentian stood in the air atop the demon sword. Looking at that gigantic sword hilt, Qin Wentian asked, “Uncle Zong, this sword has already been here for so long, even those from the War Continent knew of its existence, but why has nobody been able to acquire it in the past even till today?”

“You can try it out, but don’t touch the sword’s body,” Zong Yi replied. Qin Wentian nodded his head slightly as he flew downwards, going nearer to the sword hilt. He wrapped both his hands around the hilt and used the entirety of his strength in trying to pull it out. Yet, the demon sword was still embedded within the ground as securely as before, not even moving a single jot.

“You can’t imagine how deeply the sword has been entrenched into the ground. Experts from my Zong Clan, the Li Clan and the Heavenly Sword Sect have all tried before, nobody could pull it out.” Zong Yi smiled, “Not only that, this sword behaves like a real demon, if you come into contact with the sword’s body, it will drain you of your blood completely. Hence, no matter what, do not come into contact with, or allow your blood to flow onto the sword’s body.”

Qin Wentian gave up after a while, stepping away from the demon sword. After hearing Zong Yi’s explanation, he understood what a difficult feat it would be.

At this moment, Zong Yi's eyebrows twitched as he sighed. "I didn't think they would respond this fast. I'm feeling quite reluctant about this."

Zong Yi then called out, "Members of the Zong Clan, gather."

As the sound of his voice faded, the Zong clan all over the sword range halted their excavation attempts. Their silhouettes flickered as they appeared by Zong Yi's side.

Zong Yi took a step out as he slowly rose in the air. Moments later, the sounds of swords whistling echoed out as several silhouettes appeared, standing on both edges of the precipice.

Upon seeing the arrival of these people, the countenance of those from Zong Clan all grew exceptionally unsightly.

"The control rights of the sword range belongs to my Zong Clan, what are the Heavenly Sword Sect and the Li Clan here for? Are you planning something?" Zong Yi coldly stated.

So, the two groups of people were experts from both the Heavenly Sword Sect and the Li Clan. They came jointly as a group, yet there were no hints of anyone from the Wang Clan.

Li Zhentian gazed down at the sword range as he spoke, "The Zong Clan isn't excavating the sword range. You are trying to destroy it, right?"

Zong Yi's countenance turned cold, "Does the Li Clan also wish to involve themselves in this matter?"

If both the Heavenly Sword Sect and the Li Clan had joined forces, there was only one reason—the Wang Clan. They must have offered the Li Clan something so valuable that their gains far outweighed the risk of this action. In other words, to act against the Zong Clan, the Li Clan had to consider if they themselves would be the next victim.

Qin Wentian was also sighing, the Wang Clan moves fast indeed. They didn't even give the Zong Clan a full 24 hours, and directly contacted the Heavenly Sword Sect and Li Clan to monitor the Zong Clan's movements.

As for why those the from Wang Clan weren't present, it was highly probable that they feared the strength of the completed Divine Stele and wanted to use the Heavenly Sword Sect and Li Clan as cannon fodder to probe its capabilities. If the Divine Stele was still as powerful as it was a year ago, the Wang Clan would then wait for another opportunity to act instead.

Sadly, the ancient will of the Divine Stele wasn't that strong, even a year ago. And after that exhaustive battle, the ancient will was already severely weakened, and there was no way to use it to attack any more.

"Hehe, those from the Zong Clan can leave. But the Sword Son of the Zong Clan must remain behind," Jian Wuyou, the sect leader of the Heavenly Sword Sect stated, his words causing Qin Wentian's gaze to flicker.

The Heavenly Sword Sect and Li Clan directly stated his name, wanting to keep him in their grasp. Without a doubt, this must be an order passed down by the Wang Clan.

Zong Yi coldly swept his gaze onto Jian Wuyou as he icily stated, "So long as the Zong Clan lives, the Sword Son shall live."

"Zong Yi, the Zong Clan has a long history of many years, why would you allow your clan to be consigned to eternal damnation with no hope of reprieve, all for the sake of one person? I know all of your clan's elites are here today, and this holds true for the both of us. Currently, people from both our sides are already pursuing your other clan members. You'd better consider this carefully."

Jian Wuyou's aura grew increasingly colder as he threatened Zong Yi. Unless it was absolutely essential, he wasn't willing to start a battle.

If they fought, the Zong Clan would be exterminated, but both the Heavenly Sword Sect and the Li Clan would suffer disastrous losses. This wasn't the ending he wanted. After all, although there were grudges between them and the Zong Clan, it wasn't serious enough to the point where they had to annihilate each other.

It was only that the Wang Clan was too ruthless—they commanded both the Heavenly Sword Sect and Li Clan to act, yet they themselves hadn't made an appearance. They only made a verbal promise to lend a helping hand at the most crucial moment.

"Zong Yi, even if you don't care about yourselves, do you not care about the safety of the other members of your Zong Clan? Risking clan annihilation for a brat. Is it worth it?" Li Tianzhen also added.

Zong Yi coldly laughed. "Are you guys truly willing to go all out and fight with my clan to the death, suffering disastrous losses just because of a command from the Wang Clan? Even if my entire clan is annihilated, I will ensure that the deaths of each of my clan members will be paid back in your blood. After that, what would you get if the Wang Clan gained the control rights to the sword range? I'm afraid shortly after that, the three major powers of the Sword Reverence City will disappear, to be replaced by others. Have you all considered that carefully?"

Zong Yi's voice resounded throughout the sword range, his tone exceptionally cold, blatantly shoving the facts right in the faces of the members from the other two powers.

In truth, the three major powers weren't really willing to erupt in battle.

“We have to retain Qin Wentian. Zong Yi, if you refuse to give in, we have no choice but to battle.” The sect leader from the Heavenly Sword Sect, Jian Wuyou, stated. He didn’t have Zong Yi’s courage, he wouldn’t pick the same choice Zong Yi did, abandoning the status and prestige of the Heavenly Sword Sect in Sword Reverence City and relocate to some godforsaken place.

Zong Yi then turned and spoke to his clan members. “The situation tonight is something I hadn’t anticipated. I have implicated all of you. However, none of my clan members are those cowardly types that fear death. I, Zong Yi, vow that I will be the last person from our clan to leave this place. Now go, protect the Sword Son and retreat from here.”

As his command rang out, the experts of the Zong Clan all soared up in the skies, as a terrifying sword intent emitted a keening whistle through the surroundings, so powerful that it stifled the people’s movements.

“KILL!”

Those from the Heavenly Sword Sect and Li Clan acted decisively with no hesitation.

Since matters had come to this, in that case, they could only conclude this with a battle.

The powerful glow from their swords lit up the night sky. Regardless of the Li Clan or the Heavenly Sword Sect, their elite experts combined forces as their sword energy condensed into a sword beam, slashing outwards with unquestionable might contained within.

Only to see that at this moment, those from Zong Clan soared up to the skies, they assembled themselves in a methodically arranged position. If one were to pay meticulous attention, they’d realize that a total of 81 cultivators were linking up their strength to manifest an immense ancient sword.

“Sword Formation!”

Upon seeing this sight, everyone understood that this was a sword formation.

The Zong Clan’s members in the formation rotated about in ever-changing positions, as their Astral Souls and Astral Novas erupted into being. Abruptly ten rays of sword light slashed down from the skies, containing within them a fearsome will of destruction.

In a mere instant, several opponents were directly slashed apart, and a terrible sword scar sundered the void, as blood sprayed on the ground like rain from the skies.

“Zong Clan’s Singularity Sword Formation, using the Doyens as the core and gathering the strength of 81 cultivators, it condenses the entirety of their power into a single sword, thus achieving terrifying might with every strike.” Those from the Heavenly Sword Sect and Li Clan all thought of the rumored supreme sword formation of the Zong Clan. Before this, there were only rumors, but this was the first time they saw members of the Zong Clan executing it in public.

“Nine Swords linking the Heavens!”

Jian Wuyou hollered, only to see his left hand pointing up at the sky as his right hand held his left wrist. Abruptly, a powerful sword-might emanated forth from his body, as a Heavenly Dipper Sword broke apart the space. Behind him, another eight silhouettes appeared. Together they were known as the Nine Great Heavenly Swords of the Heavenly Sword Sect.

“Concentrate.” Jian Wuyou pointed to the dome of heavens, and momentarily, the keening of his sword filled the heavens. The other eight mimicked his actions as the nine swords flew up in the air, revolving in a circle, as formless and boundless sword-might mingled and bore down towards the sword formation consisting of the 81 cultivators from the Zong Clan.

Meanwhile, the Li Clan fought the other Zong Clan’s members one on one. Their combat prowess didn’t lose out in the slightest, but underneath the power exuded from the sword formation, their losses were extremely severe.

The three major powers had never once gone all out to battle, because they all feared each other—nobody among them dared to say that they had absolute advantage over the others, and they didn’t know of each other’s respective hidden trump cards as well.

This Singularity Sword Formation was one of the greatest secrets of the Zong Clan. Whenever they practised this, they had to do so in a hidden training ground located deep within the Zong Clan. Outsiders had only heard of the name of this formation before, but had never witnessed its actual might.

Qin Wentian soon discovered that around ten sword formations were revolving around him, with him at the center.

Although his solo combat prowess was unrivalled compared to people of the same level, nobody could predict what could happen in a large scale chaotic battle.

“No good.” At this moment, Qin Wentian saw Jian Wuyou using the nine linked swords to force a pathway into the sword formation in an attempt to destroy it. The Li Clan worked in perfect

cooperation, they understood that to kill the Zong Clan's members, they couldn't allow the sword formation to continue outputting such power; they needed to disrupt it. Hence, the experts of the Li Clan all jointly rushed up as a group, not caring whether they lived or died.

Since the battle had already begun, it had devolved into a clash that could result in either survival or utter decimation!

Chapter 414: Blood Feeding the Demon Sword

In the sword range underneath the precipice, a boundless amount of sword qi emitted wailing keens, as a strong slaughtering intent pervaded the air.

Several ordinary cultivators, who were cultivating in the surrounding regions near the sword range, all felt their hearts involuntarily shuddering from fear. They had sensed the blood lust prevalent in the slaughtering intent emitted by the hundreds upon hundreds of swords.

Who would have thought that the delicate balance between the three major powers of the Sword Reverence City would all collapse, erupting into a frenzied battle on the day the Wang Clan arrived here?

The starlight cascaded downwards, onto the flat lands beneath the precipice. Several experts from the three powers fell, one after another, slain from the chaotic battle. Within that battlefield, only the gigantic demon sword embedded in the middle of the sword range seemed eternal, stuck deep in the earth, unwilling to be extracted.

There were people who once said that this sword was extremely demonic—it was a sword that had its own intelligence. It was unwilling to be pulled out because nobody had gained its approval. Otherwise, given that it was a sword that had its own intelligence, why else would it be willing to stay buried in the earth forever?

In the air space above the sword range, a group of people appeared in silence as they calmly regarded the battle below, so calm it was as though the frenzied clashing had nothing to do with them.

Naturally, they were cultivators from the Wang Clan. They were here now to merely act as spectators, nothing more and nothing less.

Those from the Heavenly Sword Sect and Li Clan were also feeling helpless. The help from the Wang Clan had obviously arrived, yet they did nothing to aid them. In the Wang Clan's eyes, both the Heavenly Sword Sect and Li Clan were mere pawns for them to control as they wished, all to achieve their own purposes.

For pawns, naturally it didn't matter if a few were sacrificed.

"The Zong Clan's sword formation is truly profound. Even with the onslaught from the two clans, they are still able to depend on that sword formation to fiercely counter-attack to such an extent." The middle-aged man from before stood in the midst of Wang Clan's members as he stated his observations.

"But, so what of it? Although their sword formation might be powerful and can kill many of their opponents, the losses that the Zong Clan will suffer will be just as disastrous. They've already broken a total of nine Zong Clan formations, and are already starting to reverse the situation." A person in the crowd coldly continued, "Does Qin Wentian really wish to witness such a massacre? I'm sure there are many other secrets hidden on his person."

"Stellar Martial Cultivators usually hide the majority of their secrets in their interspatial rings. After we kill him, we'll be able to obtain all his secrets. If we risked capturing him alive, things might end up the same as the scene back then in the ancient kingdom—there might be unexpected variables in the outcome. We can't underestimate him."

"In that case, just kill him directly. Even now, he's refraining from using the Divine Stele, and I wonder whether it's because he wants to lure us into a trap or the Ancient Will of the Divine Stele has already dissipated."

"We will know if we continue spectating. In any case, there's no hurry for us to make our move."

The members of the Wang Clan continued their casual discussion, appearing extremely at ease. Moments later, the large scale battle in the flatlands below had already erupted into total chaos.

Zong Clan's clan leader, Zong Yi, was guarding Qin Wentian, alongside a few Doyens, yet Jian Wuyou and Li Zhentian slaughtered their way over to engage them directly in combat, giving Qin Wentian no choice but to retreat. The strength of these people were stronger by many times compared to him, so if they used this opportunity to sneak attack him, he would definitely not be able to survive. Hence, he had to maintain a certain distance away from them.

An extremely fearsome surge of demonic qi gushed forth from him as his Astral Soul and Astral Nova erupted into being. Far above the dome of heavens, an intense beam of astral light cascaded downwards. Qin Wentian gazed up towards the heavens and an instant later, after an innate connection was formed with the constellation, a gigantic Golden Primal Ape manifested before Qin Wentian. Not only that, this Golden Primal Ape was emanating an aura that was actually at the second level of Heavenly Dipper!

Even after stepping into Heavenly Dipper, Qin Wentian could still jump levels and summon astral warbeasts more powerful than himself.

After which, the Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk, Silvery Roc as well as several other ancient demonic beasts all appeared in the region, with Qin Wentian standing in the center.

Many enemy experts started to move towards Qin Wentian's position with the intention of encircling him, as murderous intent flashed in their eyes.

The Wang Clan had clearly decreed that Qin Wentian must be killed. As long as Qin Wentian was killed, the mission this time around would be considered accomplished. The Wang Clan would then aid them in expanding their strength, as well as with the annihilation of the Zong Clan.

The demonic qi from Qin Wentian skyrocketed as wings took form behind his back. His eyes grew incredibly fiendish as he dashed ahead with the speed of lightning. In the center of his brows, a single, terrifying demonic pupil could be seen, and when that eye opened, in an instant, cultivators from the Heavenly Sword Sect and the Li Clan that had a cultivation base below Heavenly Dipper all suddenly shuddered violently, as their concentration lapsed and they fell into a deep sleep.

After which, with a clap, the ancient sword strapped behind his back flew into his hands. The sword then swept out as the sound of sword keening pervaded the air.

“Puchi, puchi...” Immediately after, fresh blood splattered out from the sliced throats of his targets. These people were all members of the younger generation from the Heavenly Sword Sect and the Li Clan.

“This...!”

The expressions on those remaining from the Heavenly Sword Sect and Li Clan all faltered—the Will of his second level Mandate, Sword Melody, was simply too terrifying. The instant the sound of his sword keen resounded out, anyone below Heavenly Dipper wouldn't stand a chance.

“Bzzz!” A powerful sword intent locked down on Qin Wentian and a moment later, a young cultivator dashed out, breaking through all defenses as he rushed towards Qin Wentian.

This person was the strongest of the three Sword Sons from the Heavenly Sword Sect, Jian Xie. He had a cultivation base at the third level of Heavenly Dipper and could be considered a top-tier character in the Heavenly Sword Sect.

Currently, he had transformed into a stream of light, manifesting several shadowy bodies, slaughtering his way towards Qin Wentian with a sword in his hands.

“Hmph.” Qin Wentian’s countenance was ice-cold. His third eye glimmered with light as the sword in his hand let out a keening sound once more. Instantly, the shadowy bodies were all destroyed but in that mere instant of distraction, Jian Xie had already caught up to Qin Wentian.

At the same time, to his left and right, another batch of experts from both the other powers also appeared. Although he was guarded by the Zong Clan, currently, his guardians were all overwhelmed by the opponents’ advantage in numbers.

Those from the Wang Clan still stood atop the precipice with cold laughter in their eyes as they surveyed this scene. If the Divine Stele was still as powerful as before, this would be the time for Qin Wentian to use it. He might not use it for the sake of saving the Zong Clan’s members, but now that he himself was in danger, how long could he still refrain from using it?

But right now, the experts realized that the direction Qin Wentian was heading towards to, was actually towards the demon sword.

In the blink of an eye, Qin Wentian disappeared from sight and reappeared again, standing on the demon sword’s hilt. His entire body was enveloped completely in an armor formed from demonic scales.

The Sword Son of the Heavenly Sword Sect Jian Xie, rushed forwards. His eyes gleamed with a sinister light as he flew towards Qin Wentian. Looking at him, Qin Wentian could sense immense amounts of death qi being generated from Jian Xie’s pupils, currently trying to crush his mind. However, Qin Wentian’s will was too resolute, and Jian Xie’s evil eye techniques had no effect on him.

“Bzzz!”

The Demon Sovereign Astral Nova, as well as the King of Swords Astral Nova, blitzed forth. The Demon Sovereign took the form of an ancient primordial demon, while the King of Swords Astral Nova manifested into a Supreme Divine Sword. The combined might of the two novas caused Jian Xie’s Astral Nova to shudder from the pressure. This... was a suppression effect of higher-tiered Astral Novas.

“Go.”

Jian Xie stabbed out with his finger, his Astral Nova that resembled a Death God slammed towards both Qin Wentian’s Demon Sovereign Nova, while his Sword-type Astral Nova, slammed into Qin Wentian’s King of Swords Nova.

Jian Xie’s advantage lay in his cultivation level. The higher one’s cultivation was, the more energy one’s Astral Nova would be able to output.

Qin Wentian’s advantage lay in he himself. Each of his Astral Novas were all birthed from a separate Yuanfu that was specially attuned to them. Not only that, they were condensed by using Divine Energy. Adding to the fact that his Astral Souls came from a higher layer, he wasn’t any weaker even when clashing head-on against an opponent like Jian Xie.

Especially for his King of Swords Astral Nova, every inch of its body was formed through using Sword-type Divine Yuan energy. Even the sword light it unleashed contained countless intricate combinations of sword-type runic Inscriptions, which augmented its power of destruction. As the two sword-type Astral Novas clashed, a thunderous sound echoed through the void, as cracks began to form on Jian Xie’s Sword-type Astral Nova.

“Bzzz.” A massive wind kicked up, Jian Xie’s silhouette dashed through his Astral Nova as he sped towards Qin Wentian. His eyes were filled with an incomparable coldness, resembling the chill of death. With a single slash, a black-colored sword scar manifested as it descended onto Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian pierced out with his sword. The keening of his sword was like the shrill cry of a demonic dragon, forcibly blocking Jian Xue’s sword head-on. At the instant of impact, an overwhelming aura of devastation destroyed their surrounding area.

“Chi, chi...”

The clanging of metal upon metal echoed in the air as the swords clashed against each other repeatedly. With an intention of his will, Qin Wentian caused the ancient sword in his hands to vibrate at an increasing tempo. An endless sword keen resounded out in the air and an instant later, Jian Xie's countenance abruptly changed. He felt that his entire body was being enveloped by an unimaginable amount of swords.

"KILL!" Jian Xie was a Sword Son character. His sword was akin to the sword wielded by the Death God. The attack he slashed out manifested a fearsome death-attribute whirlpool, enveloping Qin Wentian within.

"BANG!"

A strong burst of astral light inundated the area as Qin Wentian's silhouette vanished instantly from sight.

This movement technique was one of the nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia—Stellar Transposition.

Jian Xie felt an intense feeling of a crisis assailing his senses and yet, how could he react in time? With the keening of the sword resounding out loudly by his ears, his body was instantly lacerated, causing fresh blood to spill out. With a wave of his hands, Qin Wentian directed Jian Xie's blood over to the demon sword, supported by a burst of his astral energy.

"Pitter patter."

An incredibly soft sound echoed out, so soft that it wasn't registered by the others. Yet, Jian Xie's countenance was completely filled with a gut-wrenching terror. He rapidly retreated, but how could he move fast enough? A crimson glow emanated forth from the demon sword and instantly, a bloodcurdling scream rang out from Jian Xie. The entirety of the blood in his body was madly drawn to the demon sword, and instantly absorbed. His body turned into a dried up husk in the blink of an eye as he fell from the air, smashing into the ground.

"Dead?" The other experts all had horror on their faces. They initially thought that there absolutely wouldn't be a problem for Jian Xie to slay Qin Wentian.

Yet, the reality was that the strongest Sword Son from the Heavenly Sword Sect died in Qin Wentian's hands.

Those from the Zong Clan all felt chills in their heart as they witnessed this. In their minds they were all thinking of that elder who'd almost fought with Qin Wentian back then. If the two of them had really fought, there was no doubt that the elder would be the loser.

The demon-level genius Qin Wentian, the first ranker of the Heavenly Fate Rankings. His reputation was really well deserved, and apparently this was also the reason why clan lord Zong Yi placed so much trust in him. As long as he matured, he would definitely be able to lead the Zong Clan to greater heights of glory.

But right now, Qin Wentian was facing an even greater danger. In front of him, four other experts surrounded him, emitting a killing intent that swept over the sky and earth, caging Qin Wentian within.

Those from the Wang Clan, seeing how Qin Wentian still refrained from using the Divine Stele even in his greatest moment of danger, all concluded that the ancient might from the Divine Stele had already long dissipated away. There was only death for him now.

Qin Wentian inclined his head, surveying the four figures as a cold light flickered in his eyes.

The coldness, made those onlookers feel a chill in their bones.

His sword decisively sliced open the surface of his palm as a drop of blood sprinkled down onto the demon sword. This scene caused the countenance of countless people to drastically change. Even clan lord Zong Yi had an expression of great shock on his face when he saw what had happened.

“WENTIAN!”

Zong Yi's countenance turned white. What was Qin Wentian doing?

“The demon blood that flows in my veins, do you want it?”

Qin Wentian's eyes was fixed on the gigantic demon sword below him. He drew in a deep breath as he made his preparations for the worst.

As to the reason why he dared to do this, it was only because whenever he heard the wails from the demon sword, the blood in his body actually resonated in response!

The demon sword devoured his blood, as the sword body began glowing resplendently, exuding astronomical amounts of demonic qi that covered the skies. A terrifying beam of light shot heavenwards, brightening the surroundings, instantly transforming night into day.

The wails of the demon sword filled the battlefield, the waves of sound echoing out without cease!

Chapter 415: Pulling out the Sword, Blood dying the Precipice Red

Underneath the precipice, at the sword range, the countenances of everyone was filled with incredulous shock as they stared at Qin Wentian.

This man, fed the demon sword with his blood.

How demonic the demon sword was, that the moment blood comes into contact with it, it would surely drain the source in its entirety, causing the victim to die of blood loss.

Qin Wentian was extremely cautious in nature, he'd only done this because he could feel his blood resonating to the wails of the demon sword. This was the reason why he chose to take such a gamble at this moment.

A mysterious perception descended onto Qin Wentian, it was as though he could feel the sadness and lamentation of the demon sword.

However, the demon sword had actually stopped draining him of his blood.

The wails of the demon sword reverberated the heavens and earth, continued forth unabated. Yet...it stopped draining Qin Wentian's blood!

Qin Wentian placed both his hands on the sword hilt as the demonic qi from his body towered up the heavens, using the entirety of his force to pull out the sword. An instant later, a terrifying rumbling sound thundered out as the sword range trembled violently. A massive, almost boundless sword-might radiated out from the sword, sweeping over everything.

“Chi, chi...”

A sharp and clear sound rang out, the demon sword trembled, and it was pulled out by about half a foot.

Although it was merely half a foot, the fact that Qin Wentian was able to pull it out, however slightly, was already sufficient to send waves of terror rocking the spectators' hearts.

The sword had actually allowed itself to be extricated.

The origins of this demon sword seemed to be otherworldly, having the power to sunder the great earth, and thus creating the precipice. Embedded into the ground, birthing the sword range, remaining there from ages ago up till now. Nobody had been able to move it, not even slightly.

Yet today, Qin Wentian, someone at the first level of Heavenly Dipper, had actually pulled the sword out by half a foot.

This half foot was sufficient to amaze everyone in the Sword Reverence City.

“How can this be possible?”

The three major powers of the Sword Reverence City all had expressions of extreme shock and disbelief on their faces.

That massive sword-might pervaded the surroundings, enveloping everyone within.

“KILL HIM NOW!”

In the middle of the air, the faces of those from the Wang Clan instantly changed when they witnessed this scene. They were afraid that there might be other unpredicted occurrences, and hence immediately issued the order to kill Qin Wentian.

As the sound of their voices faded, those surrounding Qin Wentian stepped out, as they began to unleash their attacks.

Yet at that very moment, Qin Wentian stabbed out with a finger. In an instant, swirls of that boundless sword-might congregated around it before erupting forth, penetrating through the throat of one of his unfortunate opponents. The speed of his attack was at an unprecedented level, the fallen enemy's only reaction was to widen his eyes in disbelief, before his body unceremoniously fell down onto the ground.

A finger was sufficient to slay an expert whose cultivation base was higher than him.

“This...”

The three other opponents halted, not daring to advance. Their faces were all filled with terror, Qin Wentian was actually capable of borrowing the power of the demon sword's sword-might!

Qin Wentian continued on, trying to extricate the sword. Although the wails grew louder, the sword couldn't be pulled out further.

Suddenly, Qin Wentian placed his palm on the edge of the demon sword, slicing another wound on the surface of his palm, allowing his blood to flow into the demon sword, willing it to drink.

Comment by Lord Bluefire: smoother if poss

The sword-might grew even stronger, as the wails echoed throughout the Heavens and Earth.

In the middle of the air, the sad roars of dragons, the miserable cries of phoenixes, they all combined together causing a constellation to manifest. The constellation hung high in the sky, blazing with resplendent light, even changing the colors of the sky.

In the Sword Reverence City, countless eyes turned to look at the sky as their hearts trembled with an indescribable emotion.

The mournful wails of the demon sword had manifested a constellation.

In the flatlands beneath the precipice, the people there also inclined their heads, taking in this impossible scene.

Qin Wentian increased his efforts in extricating the sword. This time around, he managed to pull it out by another two feet.

“How much blood do you want to drink?”

Qin Wentian murmured as he stared at the demon sword. Inclining his head, he stared at those from the Wang Clan, his countenance ice-cold. A terrifying killing intent erupted forth from him, causing those from the Wang Clan to feel a spine-chilling terror deep in their hearts.

“The Wang Clan wishes to slay me. If I don’t reply in kind, then I am no longer Qin Wentian.”

Each of Qin Wentian’s words were spoken in a glacial tone. As the sound of his voice faded, he pierced forth with a single finger, causing a bloody hole to appear in Wang Xiao’s forehead. The next instant, Wang Xiao fell slamming down onto the ground, deader than dead.

The countenances of those from the Wang Clan turned incredibly unsightly, yet the next moment, they saw Qin Wentian turning his gaze onto Wang Jue. Similarly, with another stab of his finger, a dot of blood appeared on the centre of Wang Jue’s brows as his body fell through the air.

Wang Jue, a Heaven’s Chosen from the Wang Clan had once obtained the prestigious position of number six on the Heavenly Fate Rankings and had managed to survive the recent rankings. Yet now, in the Sword Reverence City, he was felled by Qin Wentian.

All because the Wang Clan had targeted Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian decisively sliced his palm again using the edge of the demon sword, causing yet another wound to appear. The look in his eyes was as cold as ever.

“GO!” the middle-aged man roared. Those from the Wang Clan immediately soared up to the skies, trying to escape, yet how could they be faster than Qin Wentian’s attacks? Rapidly stabbing his fingers through the air, immeasurably harsh rays of light shot forth, exterminating many of their experts.

“EVERYONE, RETREAT!” The sect leader of the Heavenly Sword Sect bellowed out his order, not daring to stay here any longer.

“Leave—quickly leave now.” Those from the Li Clan were also seized with panic. They had to leave this area for if not, the only thing that awaited them would be death.

Qin Wentian’s cold gaze shifted onto their bodies. Everywhere his eyes roamed, his sword intent, accompanied with the resonance of his blood, would borrow the sword-might of the demon sword, reaping their lives away.

Countless experts of the Heavenly Sword Sect and Li Clan all fell, one after another, and the sight of this caused those from the Zong Clan to watch on in dumbfounded amazement.

Qin Wentian could actually borrow the strength of that demon sword.

“RUN QUICKLY!” Jian Wuyou screamed madly. Qin Wentian’s gaze turned onto the survivors that were frenziedly trying to escape, as his eyes began to flash uncontrollably.

Yet another wound appeared on his palms, as fresh blood poured out all over the demon sword’s body. The mournful wails skyrocketed in volume, as the constellation in the skies shone even brighter than before.

Qin Wentian tried extricating out the sword yet again. This time around, the sword was pulled out by another five feet. The earth rumbled as the surroundings of the sword range started exploding, and even the precipice began to shake violently. That daunting sword-might enveloped the entire world.

“The Heavenly Sword Sect and the Li Clan wanted to kill me, yet now you are all hoping to escape with no injuries?”

A glacial voice echoed out, seemingly merged together with the mournful wails of the demon sword’s melody. This, was the voice of the demon sword. This, was the voice of Qin Wentian’s heart.

A cold wind gusted by, causing everyone to tremble involuntarily.

A cultivator from the Heavenly Sword Sect shrieked in terror as he fled upwards, trying to escape through the skies. However at this moment, he only felt a wave of incomparable coolness on his body. Stretching out his hand, touching the spot, a bloodcurdling scream echoed out of him as he realized that half his body was already slashed apart, leaving behind nothing but fresh blood.

One cultivator after another, they fell through the air, slamming onto the ground, dead. Jian Wuyou felt a strong sense of regret assailing his senses as his heart twisted. He regretted listening to the Wang Clan, as well as his actions and decisions today.

The Li Clan was in a similar state. In the blink of an eye, it was unknown how many experts from their side had fallen in this battle.

Those from the Wang Clan ran away the fastest. But similarly, they suffered a disastrous loss, more than half their numbers had died. At the moment they dashed out of the precipice, the sound of the mournful sword melody finally weakened, yet they didn’t even dare to slow their steps in the slightest, immediately flying away at the highest limit of speed they could muster.

The remaining cultivators from both the Heavenly Sword Sect and the Li Clan had also finally arrived at this point. They soared through the air, returning to where they'd come from, with an ashen expression on their faces and heavy despair in their hearts.

The result of this battle, how could it be so disastrous?

Tonight, the elite experts of both powers had been sent out, yet right now, the majority of their forces had been completely decimated. From this moment onwards, the three major powers of the Sword Reverence City no longer existed.

Thinking of this, they felt an incomparable heaviness weighing down their hearts.

At this moment, the citizens of the Sword Reverence City rushed out in seemingly endless waves, with apprehension apparent on their faces as they witnessed this scene.

What had happened exactly?

The Wang and Li Clan, the Heavenly Sword Sect, all wore unmatched terror in their eyes when they gazed in the direction of the sword range, as though there was a devil living within it.

Above the dome of the heavens, they could still hear the sad roars of dragons and the miserable cries of phoenixes continue to echo out—that very constellation had been formed from the demon sword's mournful wails. Had the experts been slain by that demon sword embedded in the sword range?

“Is everyone satisfied with the results of this battle?”

A voice that seemed to echo from beneath the precipice, yet also seemed to descend from the Heavens, merging together as one with the wails of the demon sword.

The hearts of the spectators shuddered even more the instant they heard the voice, and the remaining experts from the Wang Clan, Heavenly Sword Sect and the Li Clan all immediately erupted forth into movement, retreating away with explosive speed, their hearts twisted by deep terror.

Why was just a voice so fearful to them?

Who did the voice belong to?

Who could pose such a strong threat to the experts from the three powers?

The spectators even saw the hands of the sect leader from the Heavenly Sword Sect, Jian Wuyou, as well as the clan leader of the Li Clan, Li Zhentian, trembling involuntarily. Even people at their levels were frightened beyond belief. One could only wonder what exactly had they experienced earlier.

“How could it be? Why was the demon sword willing to be pulled out by him?”

Those from the Wang Clan coldly spat out, staring at the Heavenly Sword Sect and Li Clan’s members.

However, they only saw Jian Wuyou and Li Zhentian staring back at them. Their countenances were similarly ice-cold, extremely unsightly to behold.

For the sake of this battle, their elite forces had all perished. And at this junction, the Wang Clan still wanted to blame them?

Who knew why the fuck Qin Wentian was able to pull out the demon sword?

“Sir, it was your Wang Clan who wanted to deal with Qin Wentian. Yet when he pulled out the demon sword, we were the ones that suffered the most losses.” Jian Wuyou’s voice contained a chilling frigidness. Underneath the boiling anger he felt, the fear he initially had towards the Wang Clan, had completely dissipated.

Upon hearing that voice earlier, the surrounding people all felt their hearts pounding.

Did the voice belong to Qin Wentian?

Qin Wentian had pulled out the demon sword that was embedded in the sword range, immovable for centuries?

What soul-stirring and heart-shaking battle had occurred there today exactly?

At this moment, at the bottom of the precipice, the sword range was completely destroyed. Qin Wentian's hands were still latched around the sword hilt of the demon sword, his long hair fluttered in the wind as he gazed up at the constellation in the heavens. The coldness in his eyes had no boundaries.

He had no way to continue extricating the demon sword. This demon sword was too terrifying, it needed to drink the entirety of his blood.

Those from the Zong Clan gathered together, feeling tsunami-like waves of shock crashing their hearts, feeling that they might explode at any given moment.

Too shocking, they had never before imagined such a scenario would happen.

Looking at the silhouette who was gripping the demon sword's hilt, all of them had a strange feeling that the rightful master of this sword was none other than the young man standing before them.

Back then when he was in the Zong Clan, under the repeated provocations of Zong Hong and Zong Peng, he was able to maintain his calmness, choosing to hide his brilliance.

Yet now, they finally bore witness to the overwhelming dominance this young man was capable of.

Was this the magnificent style that solely belonged to the top ranker of the Heavenly Fate Rankings, unmatched in his generation?!

Was this the domineering air he'd projected back then on the Vermilion Bird arena platform, when defeating the monstrous talent of the world?

Sadly, none of them had gone to the ancient kingdom to spectate personally for themselves the incredible feats of this young man.

At this moment, the young man whose hands grasped the demon sword appeared to be a peerless monarch of demons. He actually projected a force of absolute obedience, making them feel in their hearts the urge to worship him. Even that elder who had a falling out with Qin Wentian before felt extremely regretful of his actions. This young man was shining as resplendently as the constellations up there in the nine heavenly layers. How could he have the qualifications to criticize such a talent? Even clan lord Zong Yi wouldn't have the qualifications to find fault with such a character.

There were hidden dragons within the Zong Clan, and they would make good use of this opportunity and bide their time. When the dragon finally soared up to the nine heavens, it would be

the day their Zong Clan reunited with the Azure Faction, climbing back up to the pinnacle of glory in Grand Xia once more.

Zong Yi looked intently at the silhouette of the young man, before drawing a deep breath to declare, “From this day forth, the Sword Son of the Zong Clan, Qin Wentian, is now authorized to lead the entire Zong Clan. His authority surpasses all others—the elders, the doyens, and even I, the clan lord!”

Chapter 416: Hate That The Heavens Are Too Low

“From today onwards, the Sword Son of the Zong Clan, Qin Wentian, is authorized to command the entire Zong Clan. His authority supersedes the elders, the doyens, and even I, the clan lord!” Zong Yi’s words made those from Zong Clan felt as though thunder bolts were going off in their minds.

Zong Yi was actually handing over the full rein of command over to Qin Wentian, allowing Qin Wentian’s authority to supersede his own.

By doing this, wasn’t he handing over the life and death of the entire Zong Clan over to Qin Wentian?

Staring at the young man before them, several people were still dazed, lost in their thoughts. Although they were shocked by Qin Wentian’s might and talent, never would they have expected clan lord Zong Yi to make such a decision.

Qin Wentian was also somewhat stunned. Shifting his gaze over onto Zong Yi, he seemed to have understood something. It seemed like Zong Yi wanted to make use of this opportunity and push him up to the top. Right now, the mere fact that he could pull the demon sword out slightly had completely awed the crowd—this undoubtedly was an excellent opportunity to push Qin Wentian up into the higher echelons of the Zong Clan. And evidently, Zong Yi was essentially informing Qin Wentian that the Zong Clan was willing to follow their ancestral edicts, committing themselves wholeheartedly into following the successor of the Azure Emperor.

In that case, if Qin Wentian was truly able to rise up in the future, then after he reunited the ‘hidden’ remnants of the Azure Factions, their Zong Clan would surely be among the top in Qin Wentian’s heart.

Since he had already chosen this path, with Zong Yi’s decisive character, he decided that he might as well use the most appropriate method, doing things with a great flourish to allow Qin Wentian to see their sincerity.

“Wentian, from now onwards, the Zong Clan will be handed over to you.” Zong Yi bowed to Qin Wentian, and the scene caused the expressions of the other members of the Zong Clan to freeze.

Qin Wentian nodded his head lightly, this wasn't the time to be modest. Since Zong Yi was willing to do this, he would step up and assume the mantle.

“This battle caused the Heavenly Sword Sect and Li Clan to suffer disastrous losses, it would be exceedingly difficult to re-establish themselves as a major power, even if they wanted to. However, to the Wang Clan, these losses were merely superficial. Furthermore, I'm sure they must have already requested backup from the War Continent, and so Uncle Zong, we cannot stay in the Sword Reverence City any longer,” Qin Wentian analyzed. His current strength was still far from sufficient if he wanted to clash head-on with a transcendent power.

“Yes, we will ravage through the remains of the sword range today and excavate every single sword there before leaving the Sword Reverence City right after.” Zong Yi nodded. He looked to Qin Wentian as he asked another question, “Wentian, are you able to subdue the demon sword?”

“It will be difficult. The sword desires my blood and even though I can feel a resonance with it, it is still far too difficult for me to subdue it,” Qin Wentian spoke. Lowering his head, he stared at the gigantic demon sword as he summoned a terrifying force, trying to pull the sword out.

The earth rumbled as the precipice shook. Sword intent filled the heavens as the astral light from the recently manifested constellation shone down like before.

The keening of the demon sword filled people with a strong sense of sorrow.

“Even though the sword is demonic, since you have already gained intelligence, why are you still unwilling to soar through the nine heavens?” Qin Wentian gazed at the sword as he gently asked, the roiling sound waves of his voice seemed to merge together as one with the mournful wails of the demon sword, resounding throughout the entire region.

Those outside the Sword Reverence City, on the edge of the precipice, could all hear his voice clearly.

Only now did they know that the Sword Son of the Zong Clan was actually the first ranker on the Heavenly Fate Rankings—the young man that was already a legend, Qin Wentian.

This young man actually wanted to subdue the demon sword.

The demon sword that had been immovable since the ancient era actually allowed him to pull it out slightly. Who was this Qin Wentian exactly, what sort of character was he?

Many people wanted to go down to the flatlands beneath the precipice to take a look at Qin Wentian, yet no one dared to because of the piercing intensity of sword intent permeating the area.

As the sound of Qin Wentian's voice faded away, the mournful wails of the demon sword grew even louder in its potency. The constellation in the skies shone even brighter and the sound of the wailing resembled the sharp whistling of millions upon millions of swords.

The clamor and noise all mingled together to form a cacophony of sharp wails that eventually smoothed out into a low droning hum that seemed to have originated from the ancient era.

“Hate...the Heavens...too low.”

The ancient voice pervaded the air, causing the hearts of everyone to pound in utter amazement.

The demon sword could actually converse in human speech!

The demon sword had remained silent ever since the ancient era, but the words it uttered once it spoke clearly outlined its hatred toward the Heavens for being too low!

Qin Wentian similarly felt his heart shaking in amazement. His voice murmured, as he continued communicating with the demon sword.

This sword...

Immovable since the ancient era, not because it was unable to, but because it didn't want to, it was reluctant to, it was unwilling to.

This sword hated the fact that the Heavens were too low.

What concept was this? Why would it think this way? What a sword.

Even the members from the Wang Clan of the War Continent were shaking in their hearts when they heard the voice of the demon sword.

They came to the Sword Reverence City because they wanted the control rights to the sword range, excavating all the demonic swords there. Not only that, their main purpose was to try and see if any of them could subdue the demon sword, allowing their Wang Clan of the War Continent to use it.

However, when they heard the words it spoke, all thoughts about subduing and controlling the demon sword flew out of their minds.

The demon sword was lamenting because the Heavens were too low, let alone a mere Wang Clan.

Although the Wang Clan was a transcendent power of the War Continent. In the perspective of the entire Grand Xia, how could it dare make the claim that it was able to reign supreme over all others?

No wonder that within these thousands of years, nobody could subdue the demon sword. This demon sword was something forsaken by the Heavens, how could it be subdued by mortal men?

“It was mourning only because it hated that the Heavens were too low,” Qin Wentian murmured, “Since you are willing to lend me your power, allowing me to extricate you however slightly, I would never allow myself to be unworthy of you.”

The mournful wails of the demon sword continued as it vibrated intensely within the earth.

However, Qin Wentian couldn't pull it out any further.

The demon sword was unwilling to be moved.

The nervousness in the hearts of the Zong Clan's members reached its peak as they stared at this scene. But moments later, when it was proven beyond a doubt that the demon sword wasn't willing to be moved, they couldn't help but feel a heavy sense of disappointment.

Zong Yi consoled him, “This sword is too demonic, and with the intelligence it gained, and even the way it thinks—that the Heavens were too low—it’s only normal that you at your current level would fail to pull it out.”

Qin Wentian nodded, yet it was inevitable that he felt a little disappointment and frustration. It was truly a regret that he couldn’t extricate the sword.

“The demon sword had been immovable for ages. Just the feat of you being able to pull it out a distance of seven feet is already world-astounding news, unprecedented from the ancient era until now,” Zong Yi continued. The expressions on the other Zong Clan members all showed agreement. Indeed, Qin Wentian had already accomplished something that no one had been able to since the ancient era. He was the first person that, upon drinking his blood, the demon sword hadn’t sought to kill. He was also the first that could extricate the sword to such an extent.

He was still so young and yet he was the top ranker on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

His future would be immeasurably glorious.

Qin Wentian stood there silently, but the blood within his body was frenziedly gushing about, as though it wanted to rush right out of his skin.

His hands were still holding on to the sword hilt, but the luster from the demon sword gradually diminished, as the constellation overhead also disappeared.

The mournful wails also eventually stopped, drowning the region in total silence.

This silence seemingly contained traces of boundless desolation within, the sorrow of thousands upon thousands of years, who could understand it?

Hating the fact that the Heavens were too low, who then, would be able to gain its approval, bringing it to soar up the skies, flying through the nine heavens.

Outside the Sword Reverence City, upon noting that the mournful wails of the demon sword had stopped, those from the Wang Clan, Li Clan and Heavenly Sword Sect finally heaved a sigh of relief. Luckily, Qin Wentian wasn’t able to pull the sword out completely. If not, using the sword-

might emanating from the demon sword, only one outcome would be available to them—utter decimation.

This sword had gained intelligence, it had a spirit born within it, hating the fact that the Heavens were too low. If its complete strength could be fully utilized by Qin Wentian, even levelling the entire Grand Xia wouldn't be a problem.

However, it was impossible to subdue and tame the demon sword given its temperament.

Although the demon sword merely uttered a single sentence, that single sentence was already sufficient to astound the entire Grand Xia.

Hating that the Heavens were too low!

“Continue with the excavation of the sword range,” Qin Wentian commanded. With his current strength, even if he could pull out the sword, it wouldn't be so easy to control it either.

“Mhm.” Zong Yi nodded his head as he reiterated the command, “Do what the Sword Son commanded, and at the same time, remove the interspatial rings of those who have died in here.”

The Zong Clan members obeyed, as their silhouettes flickered and they went to work. There were too many experts that were killed from the chaotic battle earlier. There would surely be immense wealth hidden in their interspatial rings, how could they simply let it go to waste?

Qin Wentian floated down from the demon sword and arrived before Zong Yi.

Currently, the Wang Clan, Li Clan and Heavenly Sword Sect had suffered tremendous losses. They wouldn't dare to come back in the short term, hence the Zong Clan members could concentrate on the excavation of the remaining swords.

“Wentian, where do you intend to go in the future?” Zong Yi questioned. Qin Wentian had offended too many transcendent powers, this was something that he also understood. Right now, Zong Yi had handed the authority of the entire Zong Clan over to Qin Wentian but even so, they still weren't strong enough to contend against any of the transcendent powers. He didn't know what plans Qin Wentian had.

“To fully unite all the hidden factions of the Azure Emperor under my banner and establish a brand new power. I hope Uncle Zong will be able to aid me in this,” Qin Wentian replied. The hidden Azure Factions weren’t weak, but they weren’t that strong either.

If they continued existing as stand alones, eventually, none of them would be able to survive.

If he gathered all the hidden factions, restructuring and tempering them collectively as a whole, their level of power would definitely be able to match a transcendent power in just a year. Sadly, even then, they still wouldn’t be able to match up to the top-tier supreme transcendent powers in Grand Xia.

This wasn’t a task that could be achieved by himself, it would need the collective effort of many people with outstanding talents before they could even began to match the power levels of those top-tier transcendent powers.

Qin Wentian naturally understood that all of this required time.

“Naturally.” Zong Yi nodded, “If I can witness the re-emergence of the Azure Faction to prominence in my lifetime, what more could I ask for? In addition, some of our more older and more powerful doyens and elders were out on missions. If they are still alive, their strength will definitely have grown stronger. I will summon back all those who still live.”

The Zong Clan was a ‘hidden’ Azure Faction. After thousands of years of hiding away, they would naturally produce some characters with outstanding talents. For this batch of older doyens and elders, although their ages were slightly older, their thirst for strength had yet to ebb. Even at that age, they’d still gone out to roam the Grand Xia, seeking to break through to higher levels of cultivation.

“That would be for the best.” Qin Wentian smiled. In truth, Qin Wentian had no idea how strong the ‘hidden’ azure factions were exactly. Maybe, some of the hidden factions had already disappeared, swallowed up by the river of time. For hidden factions like the White Deer Institute and Zong Clan, these two could be considered to have survived fairly well through the ages.

But of course, one of the hidden factions might produce a monster-level character as well. He had no idea of knowing yet, he had to slowly investigate.

“Qin Wentian!”

At this moment, on the edge of the precipice, a voice drifted over, calling out for Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian's eyes flickered, he lifted his head up to stare at the person who spoke, "Is the Wang Clan still not giving up?"

"Consider yourself lucky to have borrowed the power of the demon sword. But the actions you and the Zong Clan carried out today, you would do well to be wary of the consequences." A strong sense of threat could be heard within the voice. "In addition, there's another thing I forgot to tell you. Most probably you wouldn't know of this because you were in the Sword Reverence City."

Qin Wentian frowned, from the tone of the speaker, he could tell that what he was about to hear would definitely not be good news.

"Qin Wentian, back then during the Heavenly Fate Rankings, you and Mo Qingcheng stood hand in hand, announcing your relationship to the entire Grand Xia. This matter has even reached my ears, even though I was in the War Continent. People are all saying what an immortal couple you two were, and everyone was so envious and wished both of you well from the bottom of their hearts." On the surface, the expert from the Wang Clan seemed to be talking about a warm and joyful thing, yet his tone remained sinister and cold.

He then continued, "Sadly, the Heavens don't usually follow what one wants. Those who are in love might end up not being together. Currently, the Pill Emperor Hall of the Moon Continent has already issued an announcement out to the other transcendent powers saying that they're looking for a groom for Mo Qingcheng. However, the catch is that the groom has to marry into the Pill Emperor Hall. Qin Wentian, did you really think that after all the painstaking efforts the Pill Emperor Hall expended to nurture Mo Qingcheng, they would let her leave so easily? If you and Mo Qingcheng really ended up together, wouldn't the Pill Emperor Hall have nurtured her for nothing?!"

As the sound of that voice faded, Qin Wentian's countenance turned ice-cold as a terrifying light flickered in his eyes.

"Luo He has promised Mo Qingcheng that she wouldn't interfere in her matters." Qin Wentian's voice was now as cold as thousand-year-old ice.

"Laughable, look at how outstanding Mo Qingcheng is. Do you think her master Luo He would allow her to leave with you? If she intended to keep her promise, why did she take Mo Qingcheng back to the Pill Emperor Hall back then? The future groom of Mo Qingcheng has to marry into the

Pill Emperor Hall. However, that's a place you are unable to go." The other party icily continued on, "Not only that, I heard rumors that after the matter was decided, Mo Qingcheng devastated the Pill Emperor Hall in her frenzy and even tried sneaking away from there. Her actions intensely infuriated Luo He, who then personally moved out to capture her. She told Mo Qingcheng, this was her final chance. If Mo Qingcheng continues to be a fool, I don't even dare to imagine what her ending will be like."

Qin Wentian drew in a deep breath as a terrifying aura of killing intent gushed out from his body. He knew long ago that Luo He wouldn't be easily amenable to the matters between him and Mo Qingcheng, yet in the mere short span of a year, Luo He had already broken her promise and had actually done such a thing.

"Qin Wentian, do you dare venture to the Moon Continent?" That voice resounded out in the air as that expert flew away, leaving behind only echoes that reverberated in the air.

Moon Continent, Pill Emperor Hall. Would Qin Wentian storm his way over to there?!

Chapter 417: My Will Can Sunder the Heavens

Qin Wentian's gaze was like a sharp sword, penetrating through the void.

Moon Continent, Pill Emperor Hall. He would definitely be there.

"Wentian, he's trying to agitate you. But if what he said was true, then there would certainly be many powerhouses that would gather there. If you went there you would surely be in danger." Zong Yi had his brows furrowed as he commented.

"I know." Qin Wentian lightly nodded his head. "However, even if there's danger, I still have to go to the moon continent."

A look of contemplation flashed in Zong Yi's eyes, after staying silent for a moment, Zong Yi then spoke again, "Let me go with you."

"Uncle Zong, you still need to be here to settle the matters of the Zong Clan." Qin Wentian shook his head.

"No matter, the doyens are here in my stead. I can't set my heart at ease if you travel alone to the Pill Emperor Hall. However, I won't be going there together with you, I will pretend to be a passerby that had met you on the road, travelling together. In this case, it would be easier for me to

blend into the crowd and make it harder for others to recognise me.” Zong Yi stated. Qin Wentian glanced at Zong Yi before he turned his body and stared at the skies when he suddenly laughed, “Fine, Uncle Zong, since you put it this way, I won’t reject your kind intentions any longer.”

As the sound of his voice faded, Qin Wentian’s silhouette flickered before he appeared on the demon sword once again.

His eyes were fixated on the sword, Qin Wentian directly sliced open the surface of his fingers allowing his fresh blood to flow onto the demon sword again, feeding the demon sword with his blood.

“Wentian, what are you doing?!”

Zong Yi’s countenance drastically changed at the sight.

“I need this sword.” Qin Wentian’s voice was so cold to the extent that Zong Yi involuntarily trembled. He then closed his eyes, allowing the demon sword to drain his blood freely. Instantly, the mournful wails of the sword sounded out once again, as a beam of light shot up to the heavens.

Within his body, beside the candle flame, the golden strands around it transformed into fresh blood, while the primordial demon blood within his body flooded into the demon sword, causing the wails to grow even more terrifying, as the constellation was birthed once more in the skies.

Outside of Sword Reference City, the citizens were initially returning back to their homes, but right at this moment, great waves of shock rocked their hearts when they felt the ominous sword intent whistling through the air once again , as the constellation appeared in the skies.

What in the world is happening?

“Bzz!” A beam of sword light that was incomparably resplendent rushed straight up to the dome of the heavens. The entire space here was enveloped by the sound of the endless sword wails. The crowd only felt their bodies growing cold from the heavy murderous will that the demon sword was emanating.

Below the precipice, Qin Wentian’s gaze was filled with an unbendable determination as he stared at the gigantic demon sword. “You hate that the heavens are too low, hence you are unwilling to soar through the skies. You hate the fact that my strength is still too weak, that’s why the mournful wails sound out relentlessly. However, although I might be inferior to your expectations now, my ambitions and aspirations aren’t below yours. I, want to sunder the heavens.”

Qin Wentian's tone was solemn, his voice was mixing into the sword qi, as the words he spoke reverberated in the air.

He was, communicating with the demon sword.

Qin Wentian wasn't willing to give it up.

The expert from Wang Clan tried to agitate Qin Wentian by using Mo Qingcheng as a topic. When his eyes rested on the constellation now, the expression on his face was twisted into a malicious grin as a cold laughter rang out from him. "The demon sword resents the fact that the heavens are too low, that was why it wasn't willing to be pulled out. If so, how could he succeed? If he really stepped into the Moon Continent, good luck to him in trying to escape that inescapable net."

However, his words no longer reached Qin Wentian.

Right now, Qin Wentian could clearly feel the pride of the demon sword. When the mournful wails of the demon sword echoed out, he could feel that his heart, as well as his blood, was resonating in tandem with it.

The mournful wails of the sword were because it resented the fact that the heavens were too low, it hated the fact that there was no master worthy of it, the fact that no one would be able to control its power.

Qin Wentian could sense its emotions. However right now, after the demon sword heard his words, the keening of the sword increased in an even greater intensity.

"If you too, feel like me. If you too, want to sunder the heavens. Allow me to bring you along on my journey."

Qin Wentian's countenance was calm as ever, as he conversed with the demon sword. The blood in his body continuously flowed onto the body of the sword, allowing it to drain it. However, he didn't panic in the slightest, allowing it to consume as much as it wanted to. He wanted to pull the sword out no matter what.

A sharp wail resounded, the blood in Qin Wentian's body vibrated. Both of his hands were placed on the sword hilt and with a roar of anger, the entirety of his strength was gathered on both of his palms as he pulled at the sword in an upward direction.

“RUMBLEEEEE~”

The Heavens and Earth shook, all the swords nearby vibrated in response.

“It’s moving...” Zong Yi and the rest of the Zong Clan members as great startelement showed on their faces. The demon sword was moving.

“Peng...” The sword range self-destructed, the earth shattered. An overwhelming sense of sword might condensed into a domineering beam of light shooting straight up into the clouds.

“The demon sword desires to come out?”

Zong Yi’s heart was drowned by waves of disbelief. Qin Wentian vowed never to rest if he couldn’t extricate the sword today!

“Chi...chi...” The demon sword was pulled out bit by bit and finally, when the sword tip appeared. A cataclysmic tempest kicked up, enveloping the entire area.

Those from the Zong Clan retreated with explosive speed, their countenances were filled with utter terror.

Endless rays of light concentrated together, forming a pillar of azure light, as if trying to compete with radiance of the skies as it broke apart the dome of the heavens.

The countless silhouettes in and out of the Sword Reverence City all froze, they could even clearly hear their hearts beating in their bodies. Inclining their heads, they saw that after the pillar of azure light broke apart the dome of the heavens, a black hole was formed there in the middle of the clouds, appearing like a huge cavity on the surface of the skies.

The mournful wails echoed out from the black hole, bemoaning the fact that the heavens were too low to contain it.

“Rumble!” The earth sank downwards as though it was being pulled by gravity. Under the pressure of that sword intent, everything in the surrounding were being lacerated by the sharpness. There were even some who prostrated themselves on the ground, in worship of that terrible sword might.

The demon sword remained immovable throughout the ancient era. But when it moved, its power was able to shock the heavens.

Sweat and blood soaked Qin Wentian's entire body. His palms were dyed red from blood as he summoned a boundless force, pulling out the sword. His head was inclined, staring at the horizon as his body soared into the skies.

The demon sword seemed hesitant, unwilling to rise up along with him.

"You hated that the heavens were too low. Although you contain a supreme sword might, you are unwilling to allow me to control it." Qin Wentian's voice permeated the heavens, even echoing through the void.

"My weakness today, can not foretell my future. It doesn't mean that I won't be able to ascend the heavens one day." Qin Wentian shifted his gaze onto the black hole in the sky, his eyes were filled with an intense, incomparable and unwavering resoluteness.

Luo He of the Pill Emperor Hall, why did she break her promise?

He offended the vast majority of the transcendent powers, and because of his weakness, he was regarded as someone who would soon die.

"RISE!"

Qin Wentian howled with madness, as his body continued to soar upwards. The entirety of his muscles were convulsing in resistance, as he summoned all of his strength, erupting out in ferocity, wanting the sword to submit.

The boundless sword intent enveloped his body. The demon sword rose up together with him.

Those from the Wang Clan, Li Clan and the Heavenly Sword Sect felt their hearts pounding when they witnessed this terrifying scene. Their bodies involuntarily trembled, especially the expert from the Wang Clan who attempted to agitate Qin Wentian earlier. His countenance turned pale white, he had never imagined that Qin Wentian would actually be able to pull out the sword because of the emotional impact of his words.

“Will the demon sword follow him, and appear in Grand Xia?”

The experts of the Wang Clan all mused in their heart. They could very well imagine what catastrophe Qin Wentian’s enemies would face with him wielding the demon sword.

“Go, let us leave quickly.”

The sect leader of the Heavenly Sword Sect, Jian Wuyou, awoke from his stupor abruptly as he suddenly roared loudly. Moments later, the people from the Heavenly Sword Sect all woke up from their daze as they prepared to leave.

“If the keening of the sword sounded out, where would life still exist?”

A voice rang out from the void, as though it originated from that fearsome sword intent that was enveloping the entire space. Abruptly, endless amounts of sharp swords were manifested, as they zoomed towards those from the Heavenly Sword Sect.

The experts of the Heavenly Sword Sect glanced back only to see the endless amounts of sword qi that was descending down from the heavens, so vast that the sword qi covered up the entire sky.

Where would life still exist?

As the sword melody resounded out, Qin Wentian’s killing intent grew stronger in intensity.

“Swish, swish...”

The swords descended and instantly, the experts died one after another, the pressure of that overwhelming sword might turned them into ashes.

A miserable, blood curdling scream echoed out from the distance. Jian Wuyou was in dire straits, his sword had been destroyed, his body was riddled with injuries as his astral nova was shattered. With only a single arm remaining, fresh blood leaked out from his wounds yet he didn’t even dare to turn his head back, and continued rushing forwards madly in an attempt to escape.

The surrounding bystanders watched on as this scene was etched into their minds, unable to forget the terror that it inspired throughout their lives.

Those from the Li Clan and Wang Clan were all shaking in terror, they too had just awoken from the shock. They had never imagined that Qin Wentian would really be able to pull out the demon sword. And they have forgotten one thing – the moment the sword was pulled out, the people that Qin Wentian wanted to kill first, would be them.

“RUN!” Li Zhentian roared. Those from the Wang Clan also attempted to escape. However, as the keening from the sword melody whistled over them, a huge bloody scar was manifested in the air. The expert from the Wang Clan was powerful, but he wasn’t powerful enough to withstand the entirety of the overwhelming sword intent that was concentrated on him and him alone.

“Die.”

A voice softly whispered into his heart. Instantly, that sword keening reached a crescendo as an incomparably sharp yet minute vibration sliced him into halves.

Before he died, his heart was filled with endless hatred and regret. Why did he have to mention Mo Qingcheng’s name, in an attempt to provoke Qin Wentian.

The focus of everyone was concentrated on a demonic-looking silhouette of a young man soaring up in the air. Even after soaring 1,000 metres up in the skies, the demonic sword’s body had yet to be fully revealed. It was evidently more than 1,000 metres long.

“BOOM!” Qin Wentian’s body suddenly fell down from mid air, and ruthlessly slammed on the ground outside Sword Reverence City, with the added impact from the gravity. He spat out fresh blood as his body curled up in agony...yet both of his hands were still tightly wrapped around the hilt of the demon sword. He had no more strength left.

The spectators discovered that Qin Wentian’s palms were no longer the palms of a human, but rather the gigantic palms of a demon. Even now, the resoluteness in his eyes hadn’t faded a single bit.

“Why are you still so unwilling to let me control your power? Then... I might as well wander around with you for a hundred thousand miles, allowing you to see my will and my resolution, that my aspirations are worthy of your pride, as we sunder the heavens together.”

It seemed as though Qin Wentian was speaking to the sword. He used the sword to prop himself up, before slowly walking forward step by step while dragging the sword along together with him. Wherever he passed by, an immeasurably deep sword scar could be seen as the sword tip effortlessly sliced the ground apart.

The crowd ahead all parted for him, nobody dared to stand in his way.

The mournful wails of the demon sword also gradually weakened.

It was as though the demon sword had sensed the deepness of his desires as well as the intensity of his will and resolution.

“Wentian.”

Those from the Zong Clan appeared beside him. Staring at the sword scar fissures on the ground, their hearts felt as though there was a hammer smashing upon them, as they were still somewhat dazed from the shock.

They had only thought that the first ranker of the Heavenly Fate rankings was someone who had immensely outstanding talent, as someone who had unmatched pride in his generation.

Yet right now, at this moment, it was as though they could truly see what the first ranker of the Heavenly Fate Rankings meant. It was only now that they could truly see the person that was Qin Wentian.

“Is he going to walk all the way to the Moon Continent, dragging that demon sword along with him?”

Zong Yi murmured. It was almost unimaginable, how overwhelmingly and terrifyingly monstrous Qin Wentian’s will was.

If this person couldn’t control Grand Xia, who could?

“Doyens, the Zong Clan shall temporarily be under your control. I will accompany the Sword Son to the Moon Continent.” Zong Yi commanded before he lifted up his feet and trailed after the silhouette of the young man in front of him, joining him in this journey of a hundred thousand miles to the Moon Continent.

How long, would this journey last?

Chapter 418: Dragging the Sword to Moon Continent

The thousand metre demon sword, wasn’t something a Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns could move, it remained immovable ever since the ancient era.

How heavy was this sword exactly?

Nobody knew. Qin Wentian was the first one who extricated the sword, bringing it with him as he soared out of the flatlands beneath the precipice. However, he still had no way to wield it. He could only drag it as he walked on and on, one footprint at a time, the weight of the sword was weighing down on him.

If he continued on foot like that, it would take him three years before he can reach the Moon Continent.

And as Qin Wentian dragged the sword along, nobody dared to go near him. The beam of sword light, the sword intent and the sword keening was still pervading the air, yet the mournful wails had greatly weakened, as though the demon sword was moved by Qin Wentian's will.

Several people followed behind Qin Wentian only to see that everywhere he walked past ravines were formed from the immeasurably deep sword scars on the ground. Right now, only a single thought was running through their minds – the legend of the demon sword was real.

One step, one footprint, Qin Wentian started on his journey.

Some of the spectators flew up in the air as they stared at the sight below them. Their hearts thumped when they witnessed a boundless gap opening up in the earth right before them, unceasingly moving forward as though there was no end to it.

Where was Qin Wentian heading to?

If he really went to the Moon Continent, is he going to create a ravine that's a hundred thousand miles long?

A month later, there were some that followed Qin Wentian along while others remained outside the Sword Reverence City. As for Qin Wentian, although he stayed in the Sword Reverence City for only three months, he became a legend in the Sword Reverence City whose name would often appear in topics of discussions.

Today, outside the Morning Sun City, there was a young man with demonic arms dragging along a thousand metres long gigantic sword, walking forward. The place where he passed by, the earth was split open and a huge gap was formed. The sword qi it emanated seemed endless; and what was even more terrifying was the sword keen that echoed out unceasingly, permeating the air. As though anything that entered a ten mile radius from him would be lacerated into nothingness.

Huge waves of commotion rocked the Morning Sun City as they saw the young man dragging the ancient demon sword, through the city, creating a pathway for himself. Everyone avoided him, and no one dared to block his path. That young man continued on step by step, the steel-like expression in his eyes glimmered as they stared at the horizon as though nothing in this world would be able to shake his resolve and conviction.

Who was this young man?

Expressions of utter shock could be seen on the faces of the citizens from Morning Sun City, yet soon after, they discovered that behind this young man, there were several people who were following after him.

These people had followed Qin Wentian all the way here from the Sword Reverence City. From them, those from Morning Sun City realized that the young man was none other than the first ranker of the Heavenly Fate Rankings, Qin Wentian.

But where did that sword come from?

The nine swords that were embedded on the precipice was precisely there to pay homage to this immovable gigantic demon sword. For ages, for eons, it remained untouched, but the moment it appeared, blood dyed the precipice red, bringing waves of utter annihilation to the Li Clan and Heavenly Sword Sect, felling the experts from the Wang Clan, a top-tier transcendent power, effortlessly.

Why was Qin Wentian doing this?

Because the Pill Emperor Hall reneged on their promise, they once said that as long as Qin Wentian could defeat Zhan Chen in the Heavenly Fate Rankings, they wouldn't interfere with the matters between him and Mo Qingcheng. However, Luo He broke her promise, and was even selecting marriage candidates for Mo Qingcheng. In a fit of rage, Qin Wentian pulled out that immovable demon sword, shocking the whole of Sword Reverence City. He wanted to drag the sword all the way to the Moon Continent.

After those from the Morning Sun City heard the story, amazement pounded their hearts. There were also some of them who followed behind Qin Wentian, they wanted to see it with their own eyes, how would Qin Wentian act when he arrived at the Moon Continent.

The people following him increased more and more. And two months later, there were already about ten thousand people behind him, they were all deeply infected by the resolute will of Qin Wentian.

He, as the top ranker on the Heavenly Fate Ranking truly deserve his reputation. If he really did carry through this voyage to the Moon Continent, and didn't fall in his clash with the Pill Emperor

Hall...from then onwards, the Pill Emperor Hall don't even need to dream about eating or resting in peace.

And what was even more shocking was that the thousand metres long sword was also evidently moved by Qin Wentian's actions. The weight of the demon sword substantially decreased, yet Qin Wentian still had no way to wield it, no way to soar through the skies while carrying it. But now, at the very least, he could run while dragging the demon sword on the ground. Compared to when he first started, his speed was already much faster.

The sword qi that permeated the air, grew increasingly terrifying while the immeasurably deep fissures that was left behind by the sword was now about 50,000 miles long. Incredibly spectacular.

This fissure was undoubtedly the longest in length in the entire Grand Xia.

Currently, Qin Wentian's movement speed got even faster.

Although every step forwards exhausted a huge amount of his strength, he had no thoughts of giving up and has even achieved a distance of 1,000 miles per day just from running.

In the blink of an eye, a total of three months had passed when Qin Wentian left the Sword Reverence City. The energy within his Yuanfu had long been depleted, and his movement also gradually slowed.

In this land of wilderness, Qin Wentian continued to advance forward. Passing through mountains, cutting across rivers, stepping onto the desert.

His eyes were still fixed over the horizon. And finally...an incomparably vast ancient city appeared at the edge of his vision.

Three months... Qin Wentian had finally arrived outside the Moon Continent.

Those that followed behind him all felt that these three months were akin to three years of time. The distance traversed was simply too vast, but somehow unknowingly they eventually arrived.

Several figures soared up through the air from that vast ancient city. Naturally these people were those from major powers that had received the news.

Some of them originated from the Pill Emperor Hall, some from the Star-Seizing Manor and some, from the Hua Clan.

All these transcendent powers had grudges with Qin Wentian. Now that Qin Wentian had appeared once again in the Moon Continent, it could be said that he's setting foot in a pool of murderous dragons and the den of tigers.

However, after the scouts appeared, they didn't even dare to go near Qin Wentian. They stood at a distance of ten miles away as they stared at Qin Wentian as well as that astounding thousand metres long gigantic sword.

It was rumored that with the aid of this sword, Qin Wentian had effortlessly slayed the powerful experts from the Wang Clan and annihilated the Heavenly Sword Sect and the Li Clan.

Nobody knew how powerful this demon sword was exactly.

Among the scouts, there were some powerful ones and some weaker ones. Bai Fei, was also among the scouts from the Pill Emperor Hall. Looking at the silhouette of the young man that she once held in contempt, she couldn't help but sigh in her heart.. a single figure wielding a single sword moving towards the Moon Continent yet no one dared to block his path.

Qin Wentian also noticed them, but he continued walking in the direction of the Moon Continent, paying no heed to them. Sword Qi billowed forth, those scouts couldn't help but take a step back just from the pressure of every step that Qin Wentian advanced forwards.

"Madness." The crowd were all infected by Qin Wentian's emotions. He was forcing all the enemy scouts backwards just from walking straight ahead.

When Qin Wentian stood just outside the entrance of the Moon Continent, those scouts had long retreated into the depths, vanishing totally. No one dared to even go near Qin Wentian.

"Tell Luo He, that I will look for her."

Qin Wentian's voice was mixed within that keening of his sword and swept over everything in the Moon Continent. His words were heard by everyone there.

As the sound of his voice faded, a terrifying sword intent gushed out from him in all eight directions, forming a ten mile death zone around him. Those that were too late to escape, were all lacerated into nothingness by the sharpness that he radiated.

The killing aura that was mixed within this sword intent was simply too terrifying.

A fearsome storm was manifested and regardless of those from the transcendent powers or those that followed Qin Wentian, they were all buffeted by the powerful wind, pushing them far away.

Outside the Moon Continent, only Qin Wentian remained, together with that thousand metre long gigantic demon sword in hand.

The sword keened, the wind gusted. The storm lasted for an undetermined amount of time before it gradually weakened, turning back into nothingness.

“It ended?”

“The sword qi dissipated?”

At this moment, the faces of everyone were painted by puzzlement. After which, their silhouettes flickered as they moved towards the Moon Continent.

But when they arrived at the entrance, all of them were stunned by what they saw.

The demon sword was pierced into the ground, and stood upright and tall. The terrifying sword intent was retracted, appearing as though it had returned to sleep.

But Qin Wentian himself had disappeared.

Qin Wentian had left the demon sword outside the Moon Continent, yet he himself disappeared.

What did he want to do exactly? Why would he leave the sword behind as he entered the Moon Continent?

But regardless of the reason, this matter soon caused a great wave of commotion in the Moon Continent in an extremely short amount of time.

Qin Wentian, this young man who once cultivated in the Moon Continent had created miracles after miracles. The youngest in history to step into the ranks of a fourth-ranked Grandmaster, becoming the top ranker of the Heavenly Fate Rankings, he stood together hand in hand with Mo Qingcheng announcing their relationship to the world.

But during the ranking battle, Qin Wentian offended too many of the transcendent powers. Everyone already decreed in their hearts that he was a soon-to-be-dead man.

He even slayed Zhan Chen, and wanted to take Mo Qingcheng away. How could the Pill Emperor Hall not have a grudge towards him?

Luo He decided to take matters in her own hands and searched a husband for Mo Qingcheng.

And because of this, Qin Wentian pulled out the demon sword in the Sword Reverence City, traversing a distance of a hundred thousand miles, to the Moon Continent before proclaiming to Luo He that he, would look for her.

Nobody would ever have imagined that Qin Wentian who had just stepped into Heavenly Dipper, would dare to directly challenge the transcendent powers.

Back then Hua Taixu also obtained the position of the top ranker in the Heavenly Fate Rankings, yet in comparison to Qin Wentian, the deeds he had done weren't so world-shaking and astounding.

Today, in the Pill Emperor Hall, all the way up at the highest steps, Luo He stood there gazing down on the Moon Continent. Her gaze was ice cold, and behind her, all her disciples were present except for Mo Qingcheng.

“Master, Qingcheng’s marriage candidates selection?” Behind her, Bai Fei asked in a low voice.

“Carry on as per normal, make the matter as grand as possible.” Luo He’s voice was as frigid as winter snow as she spat the words out. Qin Wentian’s actions were like a smack on her face?

She heard the rumors that the demon sword was extremely powerful and could even sunder the heavens. She truly wanted to see if Qin Wentian would dare to bring the sword and stormed her Pill Emperor Hall.

“Understood.” Bai Fei bowed as she replied, all the while silently sighing in her heart. She heard that the recruitment of marriage candidates for Mo Qingcheng, was Mo Qingcheng’s final chance. If Mo Qingcheng still refused, nobody knew what her consequences would be like.

The current Bai Fei, didn’t know if she should be happy or sad.

These few days, representatives of the other transcendent powers all set foot in the Moon Continent. Obviously, they were here because of the marriage candidate selection.

Although it wasn't glorious to be marrying into the Pill Emperor Hall, its gain far outweighs the losses if they could gain the fairy-like Mo Qingcheng. Not only that, the transcendent power that the selected candidate was from would also form an unshakable alliance with the Pill Emperor Hall.

After all, the Pill Emperor Hall's position in the entire Grand Xia, could be considered somewhat unique.

The news regarding Qin Wentian spread like wildfire. After those people learnt of the reasons, they couldn't help but feel that Qin Wentian was too delusional, wanting to fight against the transcendent powers all alone? Nothing but a fool's dream. They then headed to the entrance of Moon Continent and tried pulling out the demon sword. Yet, all of them discovered that regardless of how strong they were, none among them could extricate the demon sword out from the ground, not even the slightest. Not one among them.

Qin Wentian, remained the only person who had accomplished that!

Chapter 419: Demon Sword Erected Outside the Pill Emperor Hall

The fact that Qin Wentian had pulled out the demon sword, and left it at the entrance of Moon Continent created tsunami-like waves of commotion that rocked all of Grand Xia.

Currently in Grand Xia, although there were plenty who didn't know what sort of person Qin Wentian was, how many wouldn't know of the man ranked number one on the Heavenly Fate ranking?

At the very least, in the entire Grand Xia, other than those recluses and hermits, almost everyone had already heard of this name – Qin Wentian.

As the days passed, there were many that came to try their luck and attempted to extricate the sword yet no one was able to do so. There were also several people gathered around to spectate and as they saw one cultivator after another failing, they all commented on the bizarreness of the sword and why Qin Wentian was the only one that could move it.

At this moment there was a young man clad in white, hovering in the air. This person projected an extraordinary demeanor and was flawless in his appearance. He had a bearing which elevated him above the common crowd, outstanding no matter where he went.

The instant he appeared, the gazes of many in the crowd landed on him as expressions of admiration and worship showed on their faces.

Hua Taixu, the top ranker of the Heavenly Fate Rankings two batches ago. Back then, nobody could even shake his position, he was peerless in Yuanfu throughout Grand Xia.

Not long ago, he just demonstrated his prowess. His true cultivation base now wasn't what many people guessed – the second level of Heavenly Dipper, but was actually the third level of Heavenly Dipper instead. His combat prowess was so strong that the word 'terrifying' wasn't sufficient to describe it... he destroyed a fourth level Heavenly Dipper Sovereign in an overwhelming, domineering fashion.

That battle, caused Hua Taixu's name to once again resound throughout the Moon Continent.

As long as top rankers of the Heavenly Fate Rankings didn't die, they would all become grand characters whose names shook the entire Grand Xia. Stepping into Heavenly Dipper wasn't an issue for them.

Right now, Hua Taixu gradually started to display his brilliance. His current strength could already be considered pretty strong even in the perspective of Grand Xia and if he were to be given a few more years to mature, he would definitely become a top-tier character that stood on the peak of Grand Xia.

And at this moment, Hua Taixu appeared at the entrance of Moon Continent, staring at the demon sword that Qin Wentian had left behind.

Hua Taixu, Qin Wentian!

In Grand Xia, everyone tended to compare the both of them because in the eyes of the younger generations of Grand Xia, both of them represented two different eras, yet they were both the top rankers on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

The difference was that Hua Taixu was born into a prestigious clan, a Heaven's Chosen level character of the Hua Clan. He was already dazzling when he was born, with a magnificence unmatched in his generation.

Qin Wentian was different, he had no background to speak of yet he reached the same heights as Hua Taixu. His competitors were all blazing sons of their generations, borne of a transcendent power yet he was the one that reached the peak in the end. His story struck a chord with many youths in Grand Xia, and his story was passed on with much fascination and admiration.

Currently, the appearance of Hua Taixu observing the demon sword Qin Wentian left behind naturally caused people to feel unexpected.

At this moment, Hua Taixu slowly approached as he fixed his attention onto the sword.

There was no terrifying aura to be found, only silence. There were only faint hints of sword intent permeating the air, but the sword might produced by the sword intent was very different from what it was rumored to be like. Rumors stated that the sword qi of the demon sword was so astronomical that it could tower over the heavens. People could hear the mournful wails of the sword from hundreds of miles away and everywhere it would go, a chasm would be formed.

Yet right now, the demon sword seemed to be asleep, nobody could awaken it.

Hua Taixu contemplated the demon sword for a long time before turning and departing the area. His countenance remained as serene as ever, nobody knew what he was thinking about.

After Hua Taixu's departure, yet another silhouette appeared in this area. And just like Hua Taixu, her appearance immediately drew the attention and focus of the crowd.

Although her features were obscured by a veil, just a glimpse of her was sufficient to cause all of the people in that area to be stunned into silence. They had no way to shift their eyes away.

This female projected an aura of otherworldliness, untouched by the mortal world. Her presence was akin to a block of ice, as though nobody could approach her. She was like a snow lotus atop an icy mountain. Arrogant and proud, standing alone at the summit with no need to associate with the world.

"How beautiful."

Her appearance here had stolen away the breath of the entire crowd. Although they couldn't see her features, just her beautiful eyes as well as her skin that resembled the white snow, was already sufficient for people to know that the beauty of this woman was without peer.

Yet nobody dared to go near her, it seemed somewhat blasphemous to do so, she was like a being high up in the skies where mortals like them could only watch on in wistfulness.

However, the gaze of this woman was too, fixed on the demon sword. Her eyes seemed to flash with a hint of contemplation, as though she was considering something.

She only stayed here for a moment before she turned and walked away, her mysterious appearance made the crowd wonder, who exactly was she?

Which transcendent power has a female whose beauty was so breathtakingly stunning?

When the crowd finally snapped out of their daze, they discovered that the female had already completely vanished, with no traces of her presence as if she had never appeared here before.

It was as though she was borne of their imagination, surreal and was nothing but an illusion.

“The most important event in the Moon Continent currently is no doubt the marriage candidate selection the Pill Emperor Hall is holding to select a companion for Mo Qingcheng. That female from earlier might be from a transcendent power, maybe she's from the Mystic Maiden Sect and is here to spectate the event. In that case, there might be a chance for her to appear at the date of selection, we must definitely go there and take a look.”

This thought flashed through the minds of several in the crowd. Although they didn't dare to blaspheme, it surely didn't matter if they snuck a few more glances at her. Anyway, with Qin Wentian bringing the demon sword to the Moon Continent, his purpose was evidently for the marriage candidate selection. Even if they didn't notice the appearance of the female earlier, they would have gone to the Pill Emperor Hall anyway.

At the entrance of the Moon Continent, several streams of people came and left.

The only thing that remained unchanged was the demon sword that stood tall and upright, embedded in the ground. It was as though this was its new location, and it would remain immovable and asleep as it was previously.

Only that person could awaken it.

Countless experts from all over Grand Xia had arrived in the Moon Continent, making the atmosphere over there extremely lively. Especially in the central region where the Pill Emperor Hall was located, it was bustling with activity.

Not too long ago, Luo He announced to the entire Grand Xia that the marriage candidate selection would be held at the heaven ascending steps of the Pill Emperor Hall. People from the transcendent powers would be granted access to the top 99 flights of steps, while ordinary people would stand beneath them, spectating the selection.

For those below thirty years of age, in addition to possessing outstanding talent and a handsome appearance, they were eligible to participate in the selection.

Since this was a marriage candidate selection for the saintess of the Pill Emperor Hall, Mo Qingcheng, the candidate's looks naturally couldn't be too bad. If not, the image of the Pill Emperor Hall would go down the drain. Secondly, the candidate couldn't be too old. After all, Mo Qingcheng was still a flower who had just bloomed, her beauty exceedingly radiant. How could the Pill Emperor Hall allow her to marry a middle aged or old man? And obviously, the most important thing was the candidate's strength and talent.

Those that came to participate in the selection would be chosen based on their combat prowess. The highest priority would be one's strength, choosing the top three out of this multitude of participants.

As for the background of the candidates, although this wasn't explicitly stated, this was the last priority for the selection. But of course, everyone was clear in their hearts that it was almost impossible for the Pill Emperor Hall to allow a nobody to marry Mo Qingcheng even if his strength was unrivalled among candidates of this selection.

But no matter what, first leaving aside the prestige of the Pill Emperor Hall, just Mo Qingcheng's godly appearance alone as well as her monstrous talent in pill concoction, it was already sufficient to move the hearts of those young elites. And although Mo Qingcheng seemed to have something going on with Qin Wentian, given how grandly the Pill Emperor Hall was promoting this event, there shouldn't be any cause for worry.

Today, many people flooded the Pill Emperor Hall. In a grand hall at the peak of the ninety-nine flight of steps, Luo He had her eyes closed as she sat in the seat of the host. Below her, were her disciples, Bai Fei and the rest, as well as the participants who were registering for the selection.

"Master, from the looks of it, disciples of the various transcendent powers have elected to participate in the selection. Although they aren't the most outstanding in their sects or clans, they are all still extraordinary characters." Bai Fei inclined her head and respectfully reported.

"Mhm." Luo He nodded her head lightly. "Are there no characters like Hua Taixu and Chen Wang?"

"No." Bai Fei replied. Luo He didn't reply, she also knew that this time around, the selected candidate had to marry into the Pill Emperor Hall. There was no way the other transcendent powers would allow their most outstanding members to do so. If not, if the Pill Emperor Hall really chose Hua Taixu, wouldn't that the Hua Clan would lose out on their most elite member of the younger generation?

“Are there any that are worthy of notice?” Luo He inquired again.

“I haven’t discovered any as of now.” Bai Fei shook her head and continued, “There are quite a few that didn’t originate from any transcendent powers, their cultivation is only at the first level of Heavenly Dipper. Characters like them would surely be the first to get eliminated.”

For this selection, the main targets were outstanding characters below thirty years of age. For those recently ascended Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns, they basically stood no chance at all.

“Mhm.” Luo He nodded before stating, “Go talk to your junior martial sister. Tell her there’s seven more days for her to consider. This is already the last line of my patience. If she really wishes to defy my orders, don’t blame me for being ruthless.”

Night arrived, silence befell the Moon Continent. However just outside the Moon Continent, there were several cultivators that went to observe the demon sword that was embedded outside the entrance. However at this moment, they discovered that the sword intent of the demon sword shot up to the skies as the sword transformed into a beam of light that zoomed towards the direction of the Pill Emperor Hall. This, naturally attracted the attention of several and the air was soon filled with people soaring through the air, as they observed the situation.

During the next morning, the experts from the Pill Emperor Hall stood at the peak of the ninety-nine steps as they stared right ahead. However in their eyes, a mixture of disbelief, anger and even shock could be seen. There was a terrifying gigantic ancient sword over 1,000 metres in length embedded in the ground outside the entrance of the Pill Emperor Hall. Although it was still a distance away, because of the immense size of the sword, it was too eye-catching.

The meaning of this, goes without saying.

This was a blatant challenge to the Pill Emperor Hall. Last night, when the sword intent shot up to the skies, the experts of the Pill Emperor Hall naturally had also sensed it. But as the overwhelming sword might swept closer and closer to them, nobody dared to get near to it underneath the pressure. And when the upper echelons of the Pill Emperor Hall went to investigate, the sword intent that radiated out was so sharp that it made even characters of their level fearful for their lives.

Finally, when the commotion was over. They discovered that the demon sword was already embedded into the ground. As for the controller of the sword, he had vanished completely, nowhere to be seen.

This, was a great humiliation to the Pill Emperor Hall. They who had countless experts within their sect, actually allowed somebody to stick a sword into the ground to provoke them, not even ten miles away from the place that they called home.

But luckily, Qin Wentian had no way to wield that demon sword. If not, by their estimations, given the power of that endless, terrifying sword might, if Qin Wentian could completely control its strength, nothing in the Heavenly Dipper realm would be able to stand up to it.

Luo He's countenance turned ashen as she saw what happened. She was frightened by the sword might to the point where she didn't even dare to venture outside of the Pill Emperor Hall last night.

She simply couldn't believe that this was done by someone whom she once despised to even cast a glance at.

Now, in the morning, the demon sword was simply erected there, yet no one could extricate it and move it away!

Surely they couldn't mobilise their supreme elder-level characters just because of an act of provocation incited by a member of the junior generation. If they truly did so, where would their face and prestige lie? They would become the laughing stock of Grand Xia!

Mo Qingcheng was currently imprisoned in a certain place in the Pill Emperor Hall. At this moment, she was bound with chains and locked up in a room yet she couldn't help but be bewildered after sensing that endless sword might. Where could sword might this powerful originate from? How could she feel it even from where she was right now? How powerful did this sword might have to be to permeate through the atmosphere in the Pill Emperor Hall?

Chapter 420: Selection of the Marriage Candidate

The demon sword stood outside Pill Emperor Hall. This matter soon circulated all around Moon Continent and everyone who knew of it couldn't help but sigh in admiration in their hearts.

This story of love touched the heart of many – a young man dragged a gigantic sword for a hundred thousand miles all the way to the Moon Continent, and even went so far as to place the sword right in front of the Pill Emperor Hall's doorstep.

He was telling everyone that he, Qin Wentian, had returned. He would definitely make Luo He pay a price for her actions.

However, nobody thought it was possible. Although Qin Wentian had outstanding talent, his current strength was just too weak, merely at the first level of Heavenly Dipper. How could he clash with grand characters like the Pill Emperor Hall and win?

Experts were as common as clouds in the Pill Emperor Hall. What people saw was merely the tip of the iceberg, if the pillars of the Pill Emperor Hall were lured out, the consequences would be unimaginable for Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian truly had no way to wield the demon sword – he could only drag it. If push came to shove, even if he borrowed the sword might from the sword, he would end up dying without a doubt.

What he was facing, was one of the top-tier transcendent powers, ranked within the top five in the entire Grand Xia, the Pill Emperor Hall.

Qin Wentian had the aspirations to sunder the heavens, but could he with his puny strength shock the heaven ascending hall of the Pill Emperor Hall at the top of the ninety-nine flight of steps?

The marriage candidate selection event organised by the Pill Emperor Hall for Mo Qingcheng had already caused gigantic waves of commotion throughout all of Grand Xia. Countless people all came to the Moon Continent either to participate or to be spectators of the grand selection. In addition to the smack Qin Wentian issued to Luo He's face, the erected demon sword just outside the Pill Emperor Hall's entrance, this storm of commotion brewed even greater in intensity.

Today, the day of the selection finally arrived.

Before the entrance to the Pill Emperor Hall, below the ninety-nine flight of steps, human silhouettes could be seen crowding on the ground. However, the cultivators all avoided a certain area. Over there, a gigantic towering sword could be seen, nobody dared to near it.

At the peak of the ninety-nine flights of steps, the experts from the Pill Emperor Hall stood there surveying the crowd. Luo He stood in the centre-most position, her countenance ice-cold as she stared at the gigantic demon sword right in front of their door step.

Qin Wentian dared to smack her face? She really wanted to see if Qin Wentian dared to come today.

If he really came, she will make sure he would never be able to return.

Shifting her gaze onto the crowd, Luo He's voice resounded out, "Friends from the other transcendent powers, please feel free to ascend the ninety-nine steps. We welcome all of you to act as witnesses for this selection."

As the sound of her voice faded, several figures among the crowd moved as they climbed the heaven ascending steps before they sat down on the seats at the peak of the steps that were already prepared for them.

“Participants of the selection are to stand on the ninetieth step and below.” Luo He continued, and momentarily, whistling sounds echoed in the air as numerous silhouettes appeared and squeezed on the ninetieth step. Just an instant, and the ninetieth step was completely full with no space available. If anyone else wanted to stand there, they would have to knock someone else down to take their place.

“So many people, the participants for the selection are all Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns below thirty. Not only that, their looks and talents are a cut above the common crowd. For those at Yuanfu, wanting to marry Mo Qingcheng is just a fool’s dream.”

The Pill Emperor Hall is selecting a son-in-law and the marriage partner is Mo Qingcheng. No wonder so many outstanding characters appear. Firstly, leaving aside those from the transcendent powers, the major powers a tier below them have also sent out many of their younger generations over. If any of them could really become the son-in-law of the Pill Emperor Hall, and married Mo Qingcheng, the status of that power would naturally be positively affected as well.”

However, how could it be so easy to last all the way to the end and win the selection?

“An incense stick worth of time, only those who stand upon the ninetieth step will be able to proceed upwards to my Pill Emperor Hall. This is but a preliminary test to weed out the weak.” Luo He faintly continued, “Let the selection begin.”

As the sound of her voice faded, the atmosphere became charged with nervous energy. Luo He had already told them her standards – only participants with the qualifications to stand on the ninetieth step after the time it takes to finish burning an incense, would be able to proceed to the next round.”

At this moment, those who stood on the ninetieth step all felt an overwhelming pressure bearing down on them. The Astral Souls and Novas of those who stood on the steps below them were already released into being. Instantly, battle intent and powerful auras radiated out in the air.

Complete and utter mayhem. The fight was even swifter and more brutal than what the spectators had expected.

Not even half a second had passed since Luo He’s voice faded away, yet the frenzied and chaotic combat erupted instantly. No quarters were given.

Viewing this terrifying battle that erupted instantaneously, the spectators only felt their heart violently pounding from the sight. Over there, blood splattered about, falling down like rain from the skies, while miserable screams and blood-curdling screeches mingled together to form a

cacophony of pain that resounded in the air. In the mere blink of an eye, it was unknown how many of the participants had died or were seriously injured. It was just too cruel.

Although Luo He was the daughter of the Pill Emperor, she definitely wasn't some nice soul that advocate kindness. She chose to use the most direct and brutal selection method to test the participants.

“There are a few that are quite powerful. Nobody could knock them down from the ninetieth step.”

Very quickly, the spectators soon noticed those participants who were more dazzling. Their cultivation was all approximately the second or third level of Heavenly Dipper.

For young cultivators who were below thirty and had a cultivation base at third level of Heavenly Dipper, their talents were already considered extremely terrifying. Even in the transcendent powers, only those more elite, demon-level characters would be able to achieve such a feat.

As for those below thirty who was at the fourth level of Heavenly Dipper, the spectators hadn't noticed any yet. Even Hua Taixu didn't achieve this. The concept of a fourth level Heavenly Dipper Sovereign was simply too fearsome to believe.

Hence, those participants with a cultivation base at the third level of Heavenly Dipper could already be considered as the peak-level participants in the selection this time around.

As for those at the first level of Heavenly Dipper, these people suffered the most, they belonged to the weakest group. They were sitting ducks and were blasted down the steps by those stronger than them. Many had injuries from the collision, they simply didn't have power enough to dash up the ninetieth step.

“The majority of those that are able to stand upon the ninetieth step are from the transcendent powers. Chen Lie from the Chen Clan was extremely famous back in those days as well. He's the elder brother of Chen Wang and although his talent wasn't as outstanding as Chen Wang, his current cultivation is higher than him. He was also one of the top few rankers on the Heavenly Fate Rankings three batches ago. The Chen Clan actually chose him to represent them.”

“Hua Cheng of the Hua Clan is here as well. Although his brilliance was totally suppressed by Hua Taixu, he could also be considered one of the more powerful ones in the younger generation of the Hua Clan. Seems like it's true that there are many cultivators who want to obtain the belle. The competition is intense indeed.”

“That person that is Wang Yifei of the Wang Clan from War Continent. His combat prowess is said to be extraordinary. I also heard that not long ago, Wang Jue was slain by Qin Wentian when the latter was pulling out the demon sword. I wonder if this matter is true or not, if it’s true, then the hatred the Wang Clan feels for Qin Wentian would surely be carved deep into their bones. If Qin Wentian appears here today, I wonder how he would be able to walk out alive. The Chen Clan, Hua Clan and Wang Clan all want him to die. Not to mention that the Pill Emperor Hall and the Star-Seizing Manor also have grudges with him.”

“Qin Wentian is actually also worthy of admiration. Who would dared to take the actions he took? But sadly, it’s destined that he would fall today. Back then, the Azure Emperor also died in the same way, surrounded by enemies too overwhelming for him to handle.”

The discussions of the crowd began to shift towards Qin Wentian again. After Qin Wentian showcased his brilliance to the world, each and every action he took caused way too much commotion. And let alone today, when he he might be here to smash the selection apart. His sword was currently erected outside the Pill Emperor Hall, there’s no way the marriage selection would proceed as smoothly as the Pill Emperor Hall has planned.

“Hey look, who’s that person? He’s quite good looking and succeeded in standing on the ninetieth step despite only having a cultivation base at the first level of Heavenly Dipper.” At this moment, someone in the crowd pointed at a figure on the ninetieth step. This person had an ancient halberd in his hands and projected an air of unmatched tyranny. For those who wanted to target him would all suffer underneath his halberd. So far, none had succeeded when they tried to knock him down.

And right now, a cultivator at the second level of Heavenly Dipper was rushing at him. This person wielded a lightning-attributed sword in his hands and the instant he neared, the power of lightning abruptly stabbed out, the Astral Nova of the attacker exploded with a terrifying light, augmenting his attack. However, the crowd only saw an ancient halberd blasting out, containing a strange and surreal; fluctuation akin to a phantasm. This halberd strike didn’t seemed to be real but the moment it came into contact with the sword, an irresistible force penetrated directly through, cancelling out the force of the sword attack, smashing into the attacker’s chest, blasting him right down the steps.

An incense worth of time passed very quickly. When Luo He announced that the first round was over, there were only a total of forty-eight participants remaining on the ninetieth step.

“All of you are qualified to come up here.” Luo He waved her hands before turning and walking to the seat of the host.

The forty-eight participants ascended the ninety-nine steps and arrived at the peak where the Pill Emperor Hall was located. At the peak of the steps, was a vast piece of land and surrounding them were all people from the various transcendent powers that came to spectate. As for the other spectators who had no background, they weren’t qualified to be up here.

Although only around ten to fifteen minutes have passed, the forty-eight participants remaining were all elites among elites. All of them were extraordinary characters.

Many among them were cultivators from the younger generations of the various transcendent powers. The spectators from their respective powers all had smiles on their faces. If their representative could really marry Mo Qingcheng, it wasn't too bad even if they had to marry into the Pill Emperor Hall. This way, their relationship with the Pill Emperor Hall would only become closer.

Luo He sat on the host's seat. Mo Qingcheng was her disciple, hence she was the host for the selection event today.

Her eyes were currently staring ahead, fixed on the demon sword erected outside their sect. That sword was even taller compared to where she was seated now. Her eyes flashed with a glint of coldness as she stared at it.

She truly wanted to see when Qin Wentian would appear. Did he really dare to show up and cause chaos during this selection?

Retracting her gaze, she then turned to the forty-eight participants as she stated, "All of you are good looking enough and possess strength above average. For the groom selection this time around, there's no need for a ranking system. We only need to know who are the top three among the forty-eight of you. The rules are simple, right now, each of you choose your own opponent. The loser shall be ousted while the winner continues on to the next round."

As the sound of her voice faded, the participants moved and immediately started selecting their opponents.

There were still other challenges after this round. Hence, in these earlier battles, participants would naturally all choose the weakest ones of the group. Han Qing of the Swallow Swordsmen from Yan Continent picked an opponent who was at the first level of Heavenly Dipper. His opponent had an ancient halberd and was extremely tyrannical. But regardless, with a cultivation base at only the first level, how strong could his opponent be?

Han Qing stood in front of the halberd user and calmly regarded him. He then spoke, "Han Qing of the Swallow Swordsmen. Please guide me."

As his voice faded away, the sword in his hand buzzed as it erupted into motion. The corners of Han Qing's lips curled up in an unpleasant smile, although the words he spoke were polite, the tone of his voice contained a unmistakable hint of disdain!