

Ancient GM 500

Chapter 500: Strange Old Man

Qin Wentian continued with his halberd arts practice, continuously lashing out with it, practicing only a single movement for hundreds of times, or even thousands of times, constantly adjusting his posture, seeking improvement in his stance.

Little Rascal lazily laid on the ground watching him. Qing`er was still standing on the snowy peak in silence, she hadn't participated in the battle. Yet, from Qin Wentian's persistence, she could sense that something had happened.

His love and his hatred, would all transform into motivation, causing him to seek all avenues to improve himself.

Qin Wentian was precisely this kind of human. In this world, other than Qin Yao and Qin Chuan who had accompanied the most when he was before the age of sixteen and unable to cultivate, the other person who has been by his side the longest was none other than Qinger. Although Qinger didn't always show herself, he knew that she had always been with him, in the shadows.

Qing`er was too innocent, she didn't understand many things because no one had taught her. But even so, she understood Qin Wentian very well. She understood his habits, she understood his conviction.

Lowering her head and staring at the Space Mandate Fruits in her hands, her beautiful eyes twitched slightly as currents of warmth flooded her heart. She didn't really have much experience with this kind of feeling but this time around, she did experience it. Everything she had done for him, all seemed to be worth it.

Under his repeated practice, Qin Wentian's halberds art got increasingly perfect, the might he was able to unleash also got stronger and stronger. If there was someone sparring with him now, that sparring partner would even discover that whenever Qin Wentian unleashed a strike, he would be besieged by illusions.

Only after several days passed did Qin Wentian stop his halberd practice. He now sat upon the snowy ground and took out a dark-red constellation fruit. This fruit could affect the heartbeat of others and even allowed him to sense the cells in the bodies of others. The will exuding from it might be from an extremely rare Mandate, the Mandate of the Heart.

"If I can somehow infuse this energy into my Heartbreak Echo, the killing power of my technique would definitely surge explosively." Qin Wentian mused. After which, he closed his eyes and silently contemplated the fluctuations of energy from that Heart Mandate Fruit.

Within the royal tomb of Grand Xia, Di Tian was also cultivating. Both of his true-selves were working hard together, Qin Wentian's speed of improvement was naturally terrifying.

During the night, the white snow unceasingly drifted down from the skies. A white robed young man quietly laid on the snow as resplendent astral light cascaded down from the heavens, unceasingly gushing into the body of that young man as he slowly nurtured and fortified his astral nova's while cultivating in his dreamscape.

In the morning, he would wake up and continued cultivating. Throughout the days and nights, he simply passed his time by doing so. It was as though there wasn't the word 'fatigue' in his dictionary.

And right now, in a place far away from Qin Wentian, there were a few silhouettes who were currently rushing to some place. The one in the lead was an old man dressed in ordinary robes, appearing to be around fifty years of age. Although there wasn't a hint of aura exuding from him, both his eyes were filled with spirit. With a headful of hair as white as snow, his appearance matched perfectly with this snowy mountain.

"What? There's actually a little boy cultivating here?" The old man murmured to himself. His gaze was as though they could penetrate through space, landing on Qin Wentian who was currently sitting on the snowy ground.

Laughing casually, the old man continued moving forward but moments later, his steps halted once more as an expression of seriousness flashed through his eyes.

"Interesting, his Mandates have all reached the Transformation Boundary of the second level but his cultivation base is only at the third level of Heavenly Dipper." For some reason, that old man, was able to see through Qin Wentian with just a glance. Although he was paying attention to Qin Wentian, Qin Wentian completely had no sense of his existence.

"From his appearance, he should only be around twenty-five years of age, it's already very incredible that he could cultivate to such a level. What's more, he's even stronger compared to those useless fellows in my sect." The old man shook his head slightly, feeling a little depressed as he continued on his way.

He moved together with the wind, bringing those along with him as they travelled past a location not far away from Qin Wentian.

And at this moment, a frown abruptly creased Qin Wentian's face. He stopped his practice and brandished the halberd in his hands, his eyes turning in the direction of that old man as he coldly spoke, "Who's the one in shadows monitoring my movements?"

“Mhm?” The old man blinked, his eyes penetrating through space as a smile appeared on his face. “Truly interesting, a little boy with a cultivation base at only the third level of Heavenly Dipper can actually sense me?”

Taking a step out, his silhouette instantly appeared before Qin Wentian, as he intently stared at Qin Wentian with extreme interest.

Qin Wentian’s countenance faltered slightly. He was now extremely vigilant after the experiences he had a few days ago. Yet, he still failed to detect this old man.

And as his gaze landed on that old man, he felt his heart trembling with terror. He couldn’t see the cultivation base of this old man at all.

Also, when he looked at him, that old man appeared to be an ordinary old man. There were also two powerful youngsters following him by his side.

In front of such an expert, he completely had no way to resist. He can only pray that this old man wasn’t someone sent by the six chosen.

With no hesitation, an ancient scroll appeared in Qin Wentian’s hands.

“Such a wary young man, are you afraid that I would eat you up?” The old man laughed, yet Qin Wentian didn’t dare to relax in the slightest. Little Rascal was now right by his side and Qing`er was on her way over to here.

“Junior has made too many enemies, I have no choice but to be on my guard. Might I inquire who senior is?” Qin Wentian spoke.

“Haha interesting little boy. If I’m your enemy do you think you would still have a chance to use the spatial transference scroll in your hands?” The old man laughed, stretching out his hand and made a grabbing movement, Qin Wentian’s entire body instantly froze, unable to move, as an invisible force directly lifted him upwards.

“Release him.” Qing`er stepped out, her eyes coldly staring at the old man as an intense chill radiated from her.

“Bas...tard...!” Little Rascal’s silhouette flickered as he appeared protectively in front of Qin Wentian, glaring at that old man with a ferocious look on its face that seemed somewhat incongruous with the baby voice it was speaking with.

Yet Qin Wentian was extremely shocked in his heart. This old man was too strong, if he was someone from the six major powers, there was no doubt about it, he would definitely die here today. There was truly no chance for him to use the spatial transference scroll at all.

“Did you just scold me bastard?”

That old man glared at Little Rascal as a murderous look flashed on his face. “It has already been many years since anyone dared to scold this old man. To think that today, a little demon actually did so. You even dared to block my path? Are you not afraid that I will kill the both of you together?”

“Release him.” Qinger’s voice was as cold as ever, as though she had no inkling of how powerful this old man was. The old man intently surveyed Qinger before laughing in a low voice, “Yet another interesting person. Little doll, you are so beautiful and is even proficient in such a rare Mandate. Also, I can feel how strong you are. Why don’t you become my disciple?”

“You are unworthy.” Qin Wentian coldly spat, his words causing the old man to glance at him before laughing, “I’m not worthy? Why not?”

“As a senior, you blatantly bullied the younger generation, tell me how are you qualified to be someone’s master?” Qin Wentian icily retorted, feeling extremely depressed. He was minding his own business cultivating here and somehow, an unknown old man who was so perversely strong, randomly appeared.

“Don’t you know that this world is ruled by strength? Its sufficient if I’m powerful enough.” The old man grinned as he stared at Qin Wentian.

“If the accepting of a disciple depends not on one’s character but based on talent and strength, how can a master with such a narrow heart bear to see his disciple surpass him? And if one was a disciple, only noting their master’s censure but not his kindness, how could he not have hatred festering his heart? It’s only a matter of time before the disciple and master turned against one another. If that’s the case, why is there a need to even acknowledge a master?”

Qin Wentian coldly continued, “As a junior, I was quietly cultivating in this place and have never offended senior before. Why must you subject me to such a humiliation under the basis that you are stronger than me?”

“What a sharp-tongued boy, are you trying to use reverse psychology so I would feel ashamed and release you from my grasp?” The old man was still grinning, his words causing Qin Wentian’s expression to turn somewhat unsightly. It seems that this old man was more shameless than he thought.

“Fine fine, this old man shall release you.” With a wave of his hands, the force holding Qin Wentian vanished. Little Rascal and Qing`er dashed to his side, as the three of them stared at the old man warily.

This old man had such a bizarre temperament. He clearly knew Qin Wentian was using reverse psychology, yet he still released him.

“Since you are able to cause such a powerful demon and beautiful maiden to accompany you, your character shouldn’t be too bad. This old man shall give you a chance, enter my sect and become my disciple. How about it?” That old man laughed, staring at Qin Wentian with interest.

“If I reject, would senior make things difficult for me?” Qin Wentian’s eyes flickered as he asked.

“Of course not, I won’t say anything and will leave immediately. But you ought to know that there’s countless people begging me to take them under my name. Most would kill to be given the opportunity I’m giving you now.” That old man narrowed his eyes, projecting the air of a sage, yet his appearance resembled nothing more than an old trickster.

“No, thank you.” Just as the voice of the old man faded, Qin Wentian directly spat out three words, rejecting him, causing an expression of astonishment to appear on that old man’s face.

Staring at Qin Wentian in disbelief, the smile on the old man’s face vanished as his countenance turned heavy. How embarrassing, he wanted to accept a disciple yet he was instantly rejected. If news of this matter were to spread out, where could he put his face?

His mouth opened and closed repeatedly, yet he didn’t utter a single word. Earlier, he just stated if Qin Wentian rejected, he wouldn’t say anything and would leave immediately.

Turning around, that old man actually kept his word and walked away. But after a short while, he suddenly stopped as one of the youngster following behind him turned and spoke to Qin Wentian. “The old man wishes to know the reason why.”

Although this was spoken by the youngster, Qin Wentian understood that he was just a mouthpiece of that old man. That old man really loved his ‘face’, he agreed not to say anything, hence he really didn’t utter a single word when Qin Wentian rejected. Yet, he couldn’t bear it and eventually transmitted his voice to the youngster, asking him to ask on behalf of him.

“No other reason. I don’t need a master, I can cultivate by myself.” Qin Wentian replied.

“Is this even a reason? Such an opportunity is sought after by so many others.” The old man felt extremely dejected and continued transmitting his voice to the youngster.

“Senior only thinks about yourself, I don’t even know your background. How can I acknowledge you as my master just because you are strong?” Qin Wentian’s voice was emotionless as he continued, “If this is the case, wouldn’t senior look down a little too much on the talents underneath the heavens? Even though senior is immensely powerful, I’ve only cultivated for less than ten years and yet I already achieved my current cultivation base, with all four of my Mandates at the Transformation Boundary of the second level. Junior doesn’t dare to say that I’m outstanding, but I wouldn’t undervalue myself as well. If I lived as long as you have, how can my cultivation base be merely at senior’s current level?”

“Impudent!” This time, the old man involuntarily spoke. However, the instant the sound of his voice faded, he flicked his sleeves and actually departed the area!