

## Ancient GM 501

### Chapter 501: Battle Sword Sect

After seeing that the old man had truly left, only then did Qin Wentian finally heave a sigh of relief. In addition to having such a bizarre temperament, the old man had truly been too strong. Indeed, to think that reverse psychology had worked, and as for that arrogant speech he'd spouted at the end, half of it was because he wanted to anger the old man into leaving while the other half was based from his own self-confidence—he'd truly believed in what he'd said.

From the start of his cultivation up till now, he hadn't met a single person whose astral souls were more outstanding than his own. On the same level, he'd never met an opponent that could fight on equal ground with him.

Qin Wentian didn't dare to say that there would never be a monster just like him under the heavens. After all, the world was just too vast, and even with his cultivation base at the peak of the third level of Heavenly Dipper, he could still be considered a frog in a well.

However, Qin Wentian had immense confidence in himself. This was his conviction.

Not letting this bother his state of mind, Qin Wentian continued practicing with his halberd. Although he'd been shocked earlier, he wouldn't let anything disrupt him from his cultivation.

Right now, his cultivation base was at the peak of the third level, with all his Mandates already at the Transformation Boundary of the second level. Not only that, the state of his heart was sufficiently steadfast; he could faintly sense that he wasn't far away from the fourth level.

Although cultivation was a boring task, if one's heart was strong enough, no matter how boring and arduous something was, one would always be filled with the passion to push themselves further/strive on.

Even though the old man had left Qin Wentian's sights, he hadn't really departed the area. In a location far away, he sat on the peak of a snowy mountain, observing all of Qin Wentian's actions.

“Initially, this old man had something important to do, but who would have thought that I would meet such an interesting little boy along the way Ignorant and arrogant, attempting to infuriate me? I want to see the limits of your capabilities,” the old man murmured, feeling extremely depressed. The youngsters beside him maintained their silence, yet they too, were feeling more than a little despondent. That young man in white had actually... The numbers of cultivators who wanted to acknowledge their sect ancestor as their master were almost countless in number, yet that young man had actually rejected him without a second thought!

Their ancestor had a strange temperament—despite his maturity, he was still young at heart and did whatever he desired, ignoring how others would view him. He did what he wanted to do, answering to no man save for himself.

Yet today, he'd been treated to vehement words, and rejected by a junior. When had their ancestor ever been rejected before?

This sit of his lasted an entire thirty days. The old man saw many things which he hadn't seen before this. Although observing others in cultivation was an even more dry and boring thing compared to cultivation itself, that old man still sat there quietly with no complaints.

In this thirty days, he saw the bond between that young man and his demonic beast. Such depth of emotions was apparent from the smile on the young man's face. The old man also saw how important that young man was to that beautiful lass. Although that lass has also been cultivating, all her attention was focused on that young man. Such degree of protectiveness left him somewhat astonished. What was that young man exactly, how can he get such a beautiful maiden to act in this way for him?

He saw determination as well as conviction.

Every halberd strike, every sword slash contained the young man's resolution within. He could continue on and on, filled with spirit as though he didn't know what fatigue was.

Every time that young man failed when he tried to break through, he didn't show any signs of dispiritedness. He merely gritted his teeth and restarted anew from the beginning.

He didn't know who this young man was and what he had experienced. However, that character and persistence, gradually caused the expression on the old man's face to turn heavy.

Throughout his life, the old man had met many people. Every time he looked at someone, he didn't merely look at their talent. In fact, back then when he told Qin Wentian that this world was ruled by those who had strength was in fact a test by him. He wanted to see Qin Wentian's response, and the fact was that at the end Qin Wentian managed to infuriate him, he wasn't angered at all. Because, Qin Wentian's words were in accordance with his character. If not, no matter how talented Qin Wentian was, he wouldn't be bothered to spend so much time continuing to observe this interesting little fellow.

As to why he spent an entire month waiting on the snowy peak, it was because he wanted to see clearly who Qin Wentian was.

In this one month, although the actions of the young man in white was extremely simple, merely cultivating and practicing his halberd art again and again, it struck a chord deep in the old man's heart. A hundred times, or a thousand times couldn't be considered much. Ten thousand times of practicing a same instant could said to be putting in some effort; but what if a man continued practicing the exact same movement over and over up till a hundred thousand times, only moving on to the next stance once he achieved perfection. Such determination in addition to his talent, it was immensely difficult even if that young man didn't want to become someone great in the future.

Although the words of the young man were extremely arrogant, the old man could tell that he wasn't fake at all. He could support his arrogance with his talent and hardwork.

"This brat, is truly a good seedling." The old man's eyes shone with a light before he closed them, lapsing into silence.

And in a place where experts were as common as clouds, located extremely far away from Xuan King City, this region was controlled by an ultimate power named the Royal Sacred Sect.

It was unknown how long was the history of the Royal Sacred Sect. They controlled this vast region where the nine great sects and three empires were located. The geniuses from these places would be sent to the Royal Sacred Sect, undergoing the tempering from the experiences there, gradually revealing their lusters and becoming leaders of the Royal Sacred Sect should they survive.

Under the Royal Sacred Sect, were the nine great sects and the three royal empires of Grand Xia, Grand Shang and Grand Zhou. The Battle Sword Sect was one of the strangest sects out of the nine great sects. Not only that, the number of their experts were the least as well.

Hence there was this saying. Out of the nine great sects the Battle Sword Sect looked to be the sect most in decline. But, nobody had ever dared to look down on them before. Although their numbers were little, they would produce a world-shaking genius every few years. Also, the personality and characters of the members there were wild and untamed, using their sword to roam the world underneath the heavens, free-spirit and frivolous, but nobody dared to antagonize them.

Although they didn't have the numbers, the combat prowess of any member in the Battle Sword Sect was strong enough to rival several opponents of the same level.

Right now, in a grand-looking building within the Battle Sword Sect, there was a group of extremely powerful experts in there.

All of them projected an extraordinary aura. A glance would be sufficient to tell people that these are all outstanding characters. Their countenances now were solemn but filled with respect. All of them lowered their heads in reverence as though there was someone extremely important right ahead.

But in fact, there was only a statue in front of them. Right now, a screen of light manifested above the statue, showing a scene to this group of experts.

“Master, you exercised and stretched your will out so far. Do you have something to tell us?” The man in the lead had a countenance as sharp as a sword, he respectfully inquired as he faced the statue. The person right now using this statue was none other than his master who had long decided to roam about the Royal Sacred Region, doing whatever he wanted to. Normally, it was hard even if they wish to meet with him, even he himself who was a personal disciple had already gone many years without meeting his master.

Hence, now that his master was actively using the statue to communicate with them, there must be something of utmost importance happening. If not, with his master’s character, how could he be willing to waste so much time and effort to talk to a bunch of people in the sect?

Right now, the scene in the shimmering light screen grew clearer. It was none other than Qin Wentian sitting crossed legged in cultivation.

“This person is currently cultivating in the mountain range of the Heavenly Mountains outside Xuan King City. I want him to grow up and mature in our Battle Sword Sect, and in the future when the Royal Sacred Sect recruit’s disciples, I want him to join there with my highest recommendation.” The voice issuing from the statue was solemn, the words spoken caused everyone present to stared at the image projected, silently taking note of this young man in white.

“We hear and obey Master’s orders.” The man in the lead bowed to the statue, accepting the orders.

“Remember, this matter is extremely crucial. You have to handle this with utmost care.” That statue spoke once again, his words causing shock to surface in the hearts of those present. They naturally understood what sort of character this old man was, why would he put in so much effort and regard this young man with so much importance?

“Right.” The man in the lead was none other than the current sect leader of the Battle Sword Sect. He nodded his head once more as he spoke, “I shall personally supervise this matter and will accomplish it by hook or by crook.”

“Also another important thing, blow up the commotion of whatever you plan to do as much as possible. He must never know that I have a hand in it. The best-case scenario is for him to willingly choose to join us.” That statue stated. The sect leader nodded his head yet again.

“Okay, I got to go.” As the sound of the voice faded, the statue also dimmed. A strange glow could be seen in the gazes of everyone here, especially in the eyes of the sect leader. A swift look of bewilderment flash passed his face, he couldn’t understand why his master was trying so hard for the sake of such a young fellow.

After a while, the sect leader led the rest out of the great hall and immediately issued a notice, informing the nine great sects as well as the royal clan that their Battle Sword Sect wanted to hold a disciple recruitment event in Xuan King City.

After the notice was sent out, it caused a great deal of commotion within the sect. This was the first time their Battle Sword Sect had organized such an event, taking the initiative to recruit disciples. In the past, all prospective disciples all had to seek their sect out of their own accord; the Battle Sword Sect wouldn't actively recruit people just to strengthen their power. The characters of this sect are all free-spirited and unconventional, doing what they want to do. Without giving a hoot on the opinions of others.

Hence when the notice was sent out, everyone was exceptionally astonished. Why had the sect leader made such a strange decision?

But since the sect leader has already made up his mind, they could only ensure that his orders were carried out perfectly.

Qin Wentian obviously had no idea of what just happened, that a storm of commotion just started to brew in the Xuan King City because of his existence. Similarly, when that news eventually circulated to the Xuan King City, no one expected that the young man in white cultivating in the mountains would actually be the origin of this recruitment event.

Right now, Qin Wentian was absorbing astral energy frenziedly. The Yuanfu in his body thrummed as his astral novae issued a humming sound. Powerful waves of energy gushed out from him, intensely violent. He was on the verge of a breakthrough.

This scene persisted for half a day before rumbling sounds rang out as Qin Wentian's bone structure and arterial channels underwent further refinement, his Yuanfu expanded as his astral nova became more resplendent. Right now, he finally stepped into the fourth level of Heavenly Dipper.

Opening his eyes, a smile lit up on the face of the young man in white.

That celestial maiden on top of the snowy peak protecting him, also had a smile on her face.

Far away, in a location where Qin Wentian couldn't see him, the old man finally stood up.

“Arrogant fellow, do you think you can really escape from my palms? Let me see how great the waves of commotion can you create first.” The old man grinned but an instant later, his countenance swiftly changed, “Damn, I was delayed here for too long.”

After speaking, he transformed into a wind, instantly sweeping past here, bringing the youngsters behind him together along with him. His speed was so fast that it was as though he had never appeared in this place before.

## Chapter 502: Arrival of the Nine Great Sects

Naturally, Qin Wentian didn't know what the old man had just done. After breaking through to the fourth level of Heavenly Dipper, he could clearly feel his physique had also grown in strength. Right now, he wanted nothing more than an intense battle to find out the full extent of his current limits.

Back then, the six chosen who had ganged up on him all had a cultivation base at the fifth level of Heavenly Dipper. Right now, if those fifth-level cultivators were to fight him in another six-to-one battle, Qin Wentian had absolute confidence that he could completely annihilate the whole lot of them.

“I wonder how Purgatory is faring now.” Qin Wentian's blood surged as a crimson ray of light shot out of his index finger. A moment later the illusory form of a vermilion bird was formed, its outline growing clearer by the second. This was none other than Purgatory.

During that intense battle, Purgatory had almost sacrificed itself to protect him, fighting with its last breath. Luckily, Qin Wentian's bloodline awakened a new ability, thereby allowing the vermilion bird to enter his bloodstream for it to recuperate from within.

Right now, although Purgatory could take form once more, it was still extremely weak and evidently had yet to recover.

A few long screeches echoed in the air when it saw Qin Wentian, as excitement flashed in its eyes.

Qin Wentian was still safe and sound. Not only that, he exuded an aura that appeared strengthened.

“Bzz!” Little Rascal instantly appeared on Purgatory's body, stretching its paw and patting Purgatory on its head, before speaking in a baby voice, “Lit...tle Ras...cal.”

Purgatory's wings, which had been flapping constantly, suddenly froze as the feathers on its body stiffened. It seemed as though it had been stunned into shock by Little Rascal's words.

Qin Wentian couldn't control himself and started laughing uproariously upon hearing Little Rascal's baby voice. This little puppy was actually mimicking his actions, patting Purgatory's head and calling it a little rascal.

"Purgatory, just focus on recuperating for now. Ignore Little Rascal." Qin Wentian laughed. Purgatory cried out twice before nodding its head and transforming back into a crimson ray of light, shooting back into Qin Wentian's body. Little Rascal floated in the air, flapping a pair of wings that took form on its back. It bared its fangs and scratched wildly at the air with its paws, staring at Qin Wentian with an expression of dislike, "Don't...call...me...Lit...tle...Ras...cal..."

"Wait until you can pronounce words more clearly before coming to talk to me again." Qin Wentian grinned before walking forwards, hugging Little Rascal as his silhouette flickered, reappearing after an instant before Qinger. "Qinger, I'm going to Xuan King City. It would be better if you stayed in the shadows."

Qing'er stared motionlessly at Qin Wentian, only to see him replying with a smile, "Don't worry, I will be careful. Don't forget that I have the facial transformation art. They only managed to track me last time because there were traces of my aura remaining from my battle. But now, the aura has long since dispersed, so after changing my appearance, who would realize I'm Qin Wentian? And if I really run into danger, I give you my word that I shall flee immediately."

Qing'er stared into Qin Wentian's eyes, noting his confidence, before she finally nodded her head. "Also, can you help me by taking care of Little Rascal first?" Qin Wentian patted Little Rascal on the head. "Quickly transform back to your normal self."

Little Rascal lifted its head, an expression of being bullied evident on its face, before transforming back. After which, it immediately leapt onto Qinger's bosom. Qinger's outstretched hands trembled slightly, but she still held onto Little Rascal. Naturally, Little Rascal wouldn't miss the chance to snuggle deeper into her bosom, its actions earning it a glare from Qin Wentian.

"What a lecherous fellow, how lucky you are." Qin Wentian grinned, causing Qing'er to stare at him.

"Err, it's just a casual comment, just pretend you didn't hear anything." Qin Wentian laughed awkwardly, before soaring up the skies and flying away.

The Heavenly Mountains were simply too vast and mysterious. Flying at full speed, Qin Wentian took a total of three days before he could exit the current area, emerging from the depths of the mountains back to the Heavenly Mountain where the Treasure Seizing Assembly had been conducted.

A few months had passed since the Treasure Seizing Assembly, and right now only a few scattered groups of people could be seen on the mountain. Many were risk-takers or adventurers who wanted to see if they were lucky enough to probe the secrets of the Heavenly Mountain.

Qin Wentian was in disguise, sporting a different face and currently clad in black. He projected a cool and handsome aura, giving off a prestigious feeling that inadvertently kept others away. Right now, his demeanour was completely different from before—even if he came face to face with one of the six chosen, he was very confident that none of them would be able to recognise him.

“Mhm?” Right now, Qin Wentian’s gaze flickered as he stared off in a certain direction. On top of a particular mountain peak, there stood a young maiden peering into the distance, as though waiting for something.

What made Qin Wentian astonished was that he was acquainted with this maiden—it was none other than Ji Xue from the Qinghua Mountains Sect. Her character wasn’t bad, she hadn’t betrayed him like Xie Yu did when all the geniuses fought for the Constellation Fruits, choosing to help him instead. Sadly, she hadn’t been strong enough. If she’d really gone up against the other geniuses, she would just be sending herself to death.

Qin Wentian wouldn’t hold it against Xu Feng and Ji Xue for not helping him that day. He wasn’t an unreasonable person—under those circumstances, helping him would have equated to death, and served no other purpose. If he had been in their shoes, he wouldn’t have stupidly stood out to help as well. Although they were acquainted and he had saved their lives from the demonic spirit, the relationship between them had not reached the level of being able to die for each other.

Xu Feng had a cold exterior, but Qin Wentian knew that his character wasn’t bad as well. As for Ji Xue, she was more passionate and had a gentleness in her. Although she couldn’t be compared to Shang Yue’s beauty, Qin Wentian still felt more comfortable when gazing at her compared to Shang Yue.

Qin Wentian stepped out, and soon after, he appeared not far away from Ji Xue. Ji Xue turned her head to regard him as she involuntarily asked, “Sir, did you just emerge from the depths of the mountain range?”

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian nodded his head.

“Hmm, do you know of the matter where the chosen from the six major powers surrounded and ganged up on a young man, engaging in an intense battle?” Seeing Qin Wentian nodding his head, Ji Xue couldn’t help but continue her questions.

“I’ve heard of it,” Qin Wentian replied.



“In that case, since you came from those mountain depths, do you know the final result of that battle? The rumors outside say that the experts from the six major powers were killed, but the young man who slayed them was only at the third level of Heavenly Dipper. Is this true? How did he resist them? Is he still alive?” Ji Xue stared at Qin Wentian, her eyes widening with worry, causing Qin Wentian to feel his heart trembling. So it turns out that Ji Xue has been waiting here for news of him?”

Qin Wentian turned his head, matching gazes with Ji Xue. “I’ve personally witnessed that battle from afar. Naturally, I would know its ending. However, what relationship do you have with that young man? Why are you so concern about the final result of that battle?”

“I’m not really too interested regarding the results, I only wish to know if that young man in white is still alive.” Upon hearing Qin Wentian saying that he knew, Ji Xue’s voice couldn’t help but tremble. “That young man is a good friend of mine, and has even saved my life before. Whether he’s alive or dead, could you please let me know the answer?”

“You waited here all this while just to wait for his return?” A strange glow flashed in Qin Wentian’s eyes. He never thought that Ji Xue would be so concerned about his safety.

Ji Xue shook her head, “I only come here daily for around four to five hours, hoping to see if anyone has news on him so at the very least, I could be at ease in my heart.”

“He’s still alive.” Qin Wentian spoke, his words causing Ji Xue’s eyes to light up. After which, she bowed, “Thank you for the info sir, might I enquire your name?”

“Qin.”

Qin Wentian’s words caused the expression on Ji Xue’s face to falter slightly as she froze slightly. Surnamed Qin? Why was he so alike to the young man in white. However, the aura he exuded was completely different.

Upon noting the changes in Ji Xue’s behaviour, Qin Wentian felt more reassured in his heart. Even when he went as far as saying his surname was Qin, and Ji Xue didn’t even guessed that he was who he was, the other chosen would definitely not be able to recognize him at all.

“What a pity that he’s not here. The nine great sects have already sent their representatives to the Xuan King City for a disciple recruitment event. With his talent, there shouldn’t be any problems for him to become an official disciple of the Qinghua Mountains. By then, how could he fear the major powers of a mere King City?”

Ji Xue mused in a low voice, yet Qin Wentian's heart pounded slightly as he asked, "The nine great sects that you are talking about, is the Qinghua Mountains a part of them? One of the nine supreme powers under the command of the Royal Sacred Sect?"

"Yes, they have already arrived. They are now at the center of Xuan King City." Ji Xue smiled as she continued, "If Brother Qin is interested, you can go and take the test. In fact, this is the first time that the nine great sects jointly held such an event and just so coincidentally, the location they chose was actually in the Xuan King City."

"In that case, would the geniuses from the major powers in Xuan King City go there for the test as well?" A sharp glint of light gleamed in Qin Wentian's eyes.

"Naturally they would. There were rumors saying that this whole event was proposed by the Battle Sword Sect. The Battle Sword Sect has a history of over ten thousand years and has never initiated taking in disciples before. Although the number of experts in their sect was the least compared to the other eight, there's a saying in the Royal Sacred Region – If one enters the Battle Sword Sect, it meant that their entry to the Royal Sacred Sect was basically secured. I wonder why did they suddenly made such a decision. Furthermore, I heard that the moment the notice was sent out, the experts from the Battle Sword Sect only took a single day and rushed all the way to Grand Shang Empire. Such a speed truly leave one astounded."

"And the other eight sects were similarly shocked by the Battle Sword Sect's actions hence they sent their representatives over to Xuan King City and eventually, all of them agreed to jointly hold a disciple recruitment selection event. I wonder why would the Battle Sword Sect change their stance as well, but in any case they might reveal the reason why in the selection event happening in a few days from now."

Ji Xue spoke in a low voice, like the rest of the world, she naturally couldn't understand why did the Battle Sword Sect decided to break their tradition.

In her wildest dreams, she would never have imagined that the origin of this matter would precisely be the person right in front of her.

"Many thanks." Qin Wentian naturally wouldn't reveal who he was to Ji Xue. The things he wanted to do were too dangerous, he didn't want to implicate others.

His silhouette flickered as he soared into the skies flying away, entering the Xuan King City.

And after entering the city, news was circulating about. The most notable among them was that the nine great sects would soon arrive at Xuan King City.

One must know that the scope of power of the nine great sects were just beneath the Royal Sacred Sect. One can very well imagine how terrifying they were. Hence when news of their visit spread out, several members of the royal clan also paid a visit to Xuan King City.

And throughout these few days, whether was Qin Wentian in an inn or restaurant or even when walking on the streets, the conversation topics were all revolved around the nine great sects. One could very well imagine the scale of commotion this news brought about. They would conduct a disciple recruitment event right in the center of Xuan King City.

And as for the nine great sects, the name Qin Wentian heard the most was actually the Battle Sword Sect.

The Battle Sword Sect was basically a legend, back then an incomparably powerful sword cultivator had founded the sect. That sword character was rumored to be someone who had already reached the realm after Celestial Phenomenon and back when he was young, he would often roam the world with nothing but a sword in his hands, chivalrous and free-spirited, going wherever his feet took him with the earth as his bed and sky as his blanket.

After he founded the sect, his ideals were passed on, becoming the principle of the Battle Sword Sect. They didn't simply accept disciples based on their strength and talent, in fact there were many outstanding demon-level geniuses who wanted to join but were rejected. One could even say that out of all the nine great sects, the Battle Sword Sect was the toughest sect to enter. Hence, the number of experts in the Battle Sword Sect was the lowest which made the collective strength of the whole entity slightly weaker compared to the other eight.

But even so, the Battle Sword Sect couldn't care less. The principles of their sect was basically just do whatever you want to do, be yourself and follow your own heart. Disciples of the Battle Sword Sect enjoyed an extremely large degree of freedom, and even if one wanted to leave the sect, nobody would stop you. However despite their high degree of autonomy, the disciples of the Battle Sword Sect were all extremely united and had very good relations with each other. Although their collective strength couldn't match the other eight great sects, when it came to individual combat prowess, none could hold a candle to disciples of the Battle Sword Sect.

Entering the Battle Sword Sect virtually guarantees one half a foot into the Royal Sacred Sect. But in fact, even if they were invited, because of their personalities and characters, the vast majority of those in the Battle Sword Sect couldn't even be bothered to join the Royal Sacred Sect.

### Chapter 503: Violent Thunder SwordDrum Formation

The Warforge Residence was an extremely famous power in the Xuan King City. For generations, they were proficient in forging and refining divine weapons for others.

In fact, the old master of the Warforge Residence, could even create fifth-ranked divine weapons. However, he was already extremely aged and still failed to break through the barrier of Heavenly Dipper, unable to cross into Celestial Phenomenon. Hence, although he could forge fifth-ranked divine weapons, his heart was not into it.

For the running of daily matters of Warforge Residence, he already left it in the hands of those from the younger generations. And although the younger ones are unable to forge fifth-ranked divine weapons, it wasn't a problem for them to create fourth-ranked ones.

Today, numerous cultivators stopped by the Warforge Residence early in the morning to request for custom-made divine weapons. However, the Warforge Residence had already anticipated it, now that the test date to enter the nine great sects was arriving, these cultivators wouldn't mind spending vast sums of their fortune to forge a good divine weapon for themselves, thereby ensuring an increase in their chances to pass the entrance test of the disciple recruitment selection.

Among this group of people, there was a black-robed young man mixed within them. This person was none other than Qin Wentian, who was currently hiding his identity. He needed to forge some other weapons so as to better cloak his identity from the eyes of others.

"What kind of divine weapons do you want?" An executive who stood in front of Qin Wentian, asked.

"A top-grade fourth-ranked spear, and a top-grade fourth-ranked axe. Also forge for me an ordinary spear and axe that are replicas of the divine weapons as well. Will the Warforge Residence be able to accomplish this?"

The eyes of the executive flashed with sharpness as he stared at Qin Wentian. What an arrogant tone, this person actually wanted two top-grade fourth-ranked divine weapons.

"You can't accomplish this?" Qin Wentian asked coldly with a slight frown of displeasure on his face, exuding a formless pressure.

"With your cultivation base, a mid-grade fourth-ranked weapon would be more than enough to allow you to unleash your combat prowess. You should be coming here to make an order for divine weapons because of the disciple recruitment selection of the nine great sects, right? High-grade and top-grade fourth-ranked weapons are way above your league, and not to mention, using divine weapons meant that you are borrowing external aid instead of depending on your own strength. How would the examiners hold you in high regard?" A young woman with perfect skin stood on the stairs behind the executive as she spoke. This young woman had a fragile look of beauty to her, yet she projected an aura of capability and experience, carrying herself tall.

“Thank you for the reminder.” Qin Wentian nodded his head lightly. The maiden couldn’t help but feel somewhat depressed when she saw Qin Wentian brushing her off nonchalantly, but this young man had an extraordinary demeanor different from others and even gave her a faint sense of pressure. One must know that the level of her cultivation base wasn’t low, she would also be going to the disciple recruitment selection event to partake in the trial.

“How about the rest of you?” That maiden glanced at those beside Qin Wentian. Basically, all of them wanted a mid-grade, fourth-ranked divine weapon. Using a not so powerful divine weapon could complement their strength better and others wouldn’t make snide remarks saying they got through the test by lending the aid of external objects. The maiden then took note of their authors before leaving this area.

“Yun Rou from the Warforge Residence is growing more and more beautiful for every year that passes. Not only that, she’s blessed with superb talent as well.” Someone in a yellow-robe laughed.

“Oh? Is Brother Huang interested in Yun Rou?” Another man clad in simple robes of white commented.

“Is there something strange? Humans tend to go after beautiful things after all.” The yellow-robed man laughed, appearing extremely casual only to hear the man in white sarcastically shooting him down, “But I don’t think Yun Rou would even have you in her eyes at all.”

“Hmph.” The yellow-robed man coldly snorted before turning over to Qin Wentian, “Hey, are you participating in the event as well? By borrowing the strength of such powerful divine weapons, you might not qualify even if you pass the entry test.”

“You don’t need to care about this.” Qin Wentian emotionlessly replied, his words causing the guy in white to laugh, “Brother Huang, this person is too proud, he can’t appreciate your good intentions. Just ignore him.”

“Hehe.” The yellow-robed young man coldly laughed. After a short period of time passed, Yun Rou walked out from the Warforge Residence with several executives, bringing out a large number of divine weapons with them. The Warforge Residence has already listed their selling price at the entrance of their residence, hence the cost was all already understood by customers who chose to frequent this place. Qin Wentian stared at the weapons Yun Rou passed to him. There was two completely similar-looking axes as well as two completely similar-looking long spears.

But of course, only their external appearances appeared the same. The aura they exuded was completely different.

“Thank you.” Qin Wentian passed an interspatial ring over to Yun Rou. Yun Rou accepted the ring and glanced at him before she nodded slightly, “I’m called Yun Rou, if you are participating in the selection of the nine great sects as well, we could group up and go together.”

Qin Wentian stared at her before shaking his head, “I like to travel alone. Farewell.”

After speaking, he directly left the area where the Warforge Residence was located. Yun Rou stood there stunned, it was only after a while did she recover, her eyes flashing with a strange glow as she got increasingly curious about this young man. Her silhouette flickered as she actually followed after Qin Wentian. The two young men in white and yellow both had despondent looks on their faces. They wanted to get acquainted with Yun Rou yet she couldn’t even be bothered to look at them. But that young man acted so coldly and it actually attracted her attention?

Currently in the central region of Xuan King City, all the representatives from the nine great sects had already arrived. In that vast empty space, a magnificent stage that could hold up to over ten thousand was built. Obviously, this stage was constructed for the recruitment event held by the nine great sects.

Around here, an astronomical amount of people flooded the surroundings.

“The nine flags on the stage symbolizing the nine great sects.”

On the stage, in nine different directions, there were nine flags set up there, each flag taking up an area. And on the flags, there were different pictures imprinted upon them.”

“The flag with the picture of mountains, symbolizes the Qinghua Mountain Sect.”

“The picture of that great axe, symbolizes the Heaven Cleaving Manor.”

“The picture showing the great earth, symbolizes the Great Earth Sect.”

“The picture of lightning bolts, symbolizes the Violet Thunder Sect.”

“The picture of the demonic dragon, symbolizes the the Divine Dragon Castle.”

“The picture of the scorpion, symbolizes the Sky Poison Valley.”

“The picture of the demonic halberd, symbolizes the Blood Devil Palace.”

“The picture of beautiful ladies, symbolizes the Forgotten Immortal Tower.”

“The picture of the sword, symbolizes the Battle Sword Sect.”

The experts from the nine sects were all already present but the magnificent stage they were standing on didn’t belong to any of the nine great sects but rather, to the royal clan instead.

The royal clan of Grand Shang had also sent their people over.

Even the royal clan themselves weren’t sure why the nine great sects wanted the Xuan King City as the location for their disciple selection event instead of the royal capital of Grand Shang.

Not only that, the reason for the recruitment seemed to be stem from the Battle Sword Sect. The Battle Sword Sect broke it’s ten-thousand-year tradition and initiated accepting disciples. It was also unknown why they choose the location to be Xuan King City.

Right now the representatives all stood upon the stage. Staring at these mighty figures, the hearts of the crowd was set ablaze with anticipation.

This opportunity was incredibly rare. One must understand that each of the nine great sects had power equivalent to the royal clan of Grand Shang. If one could truly be selected as a disciple, how prestigious would it be?

“This time the nine great sects only intend to accept true core disciples. The criteria for interested applicants is that they must be at the sixth level of Heavenly Dipper or below. As long as one can pass the Violent Thunder Sword-Drum Formation, they would gain the ability to step on the stage. Do your best to show your capabilities, maybe one of the nine great sects might be willing to accept you.”

Right now, a person from the royal clan stood up and spoke, “Also, my royal clan is also willing to take the opportunity today to recruit outstanding geniuses. All of you better treasure this opportunity wisely.”

After speaking, he sat down once again. The representatives from the nine sects remained silent, appearing casual but their eyes glimmered with sharpness as they stared at the crowd.

Waves of commotions were already rising in the hearts of these people. Both the nine great sects as well as the royal clan are recruiting people? This was truly an extremely rare opportunity which only happened once in a blue moon.

“Violent Thunder Sword-Drum Formation.” The crowd stared at the path leading up to the magnificent stage. That pathway was over ten meters long and wide, and on both sides, battle drums with sharp swords embedded within them could be seen lining the path. Not only that in the middle of the air, a bead of lightning hovered there, casting its glows on the battle drums and sword, the energy from the bead powering the formation as lightning-infused sword qi crackled all about, striking fear in the hearts of the crowd.

For the entry test, the nine great sects didn’t give a time limit. Most likely, the event would only stop after they were satisfied.

And only by stepping through this Violent Thunder Sword-Drum Formation would one be considered to be qualified enough for the nine sects’ considerations. And after the weak was weeded out from the strong, an intense battle between each of the geniuses might commence.

“Let me give it a try.” At this moment, a person slowly stepped out. He had a green cloak on him, with sword-angled eyebrows, emanating a sense of sharpness. As he walked up the inclining path towards the Violent Thunder Sword-Drum Formation, his astral novae erupted into being as a screen of swords manifested protectively around him.

The Sword-Drum formation suddenly buzzed into activity, the bluish arcs of lightning generated from the lightning bead slammed into the battle drums as an incomparable chaotic killing intent engulfed the entire area. Because that person moved too fast, only stopping when he was right smack in the middle of the formation, he was trapped there being unable to retreat nor advance.

“SCRAM!” A howl of anger reverberated the air as his astral novae slammed towards the battle drums on two sides of the pathway.

“BOOM, BOOM...” Terrifying sounds rocked the air, the thunderous impact causing him to cough out blood. After which, when the attacks from his astral novae slammed into the battle drums, the shockwaves from the backlash generated was many times more powerful compared to the strength of his attacks.

“Puchi...” A beam of sword light pierced into him, augmented by the reverberations from the booming sounds of the battle drums, the poor cultivator was swiftly lacerated into pieces.

Such a scenario struck fear in the hearts of those watching. What a terrifying formation.

The nine great sects and the royal clan, how could they be places so easily to become a disciple of? That powerful cultivator who was the first to step out, was now nothing more than bloody pulps of flesh.

Qin Wentian who was clad in black was now in a certain corner, quietly spectating the happenings. He slowly contemplated the representatives from the nine sects; those from the Qinghua Mountains exuded a sense of inscrutability; those from the Heaven Cleaving Manor emitted a towering might... Although those from the Battle Sword Sect were few in number. They sat there in their designated area giving off a feeling of casualness and being care-free. Yet, deep within this sense of casualness, was also a sense of extreme sharpness.

After which, Qin Wentian turned his gaze into the direction of the royal clan of Grand Shang. With the main royal clan present, those from the side branches of the royal clan residing in the King's Manor in Xuan King City were naturally all here as well. Other than Shang Qi and Shang Yue, the outstanding talents from the other major powers like the Yin Clan, Golden Fire Aristocrat Clan and Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan were all present as well.

“Yin Ting also wishes to give this a try?” At this moment, an expert from the King's manor asked as he turned his gaze onto the young man currently walking towards the lightning formation. This man was none other than the chosen from Yin Clan, Yin Ting.

The experts from the Yin Clan all had a smile on their faces when they heard this. One of the stronger powerhouse from the older generation spoke, “Let's hope one of the nine great sects would feel that Yin Ting has enough potential to join them.”



That powerhouse had absolute confidence in Yin Ting passing the Violent Thunder Sword-Drum Formation!

## Chapter 504: I'm Here To Kill

Qin Wentian stood inconspicuously among the crowd but as he saw Yin Ting stepping out, a fiery killing intent flashed through his eyes.

Back then when the six chosen led their men and surrounded him, Little Rascal and Purgatory had almost died. If it weren't for their protection, he would have been killed there as well. Right now, Purgatory was heavily injured and hadn't recovered; it could only live on in his bloodstream.

Since Yin Ting dared to step out here today, today shall be the date of his death.

Yun Rou stood beside Qin Wentian, earlier because of curiosity, she followed Qin Wentian all the way from the Warforge Residence.

“Yin Ting is extremely powerful, a chosen from the Yin Clan. I wonder if he would be able to obtain the approval of the nine great sects.”

Earlier, she was stunned when she saw a powerful expert falling in that Violet Thunder Sword-Drum Formation, she didn't expect that even the entry test to merely be qualified would be so dangerous. Indeed, it wasn't that easy to enter the nine sects.

Yin Ting had already stepped into the formation, his entire body was bathing in lightning while he emitted the vast and ponderous energy of the great earth. Each of his steps were as heavy and stable as a mountain. But, under the torment of the violent lightning energies, and devastating sword qi, he was forced to stop many times to re-adjust his breathing and mental state. After some time, he eventually arrived at the center, but the sustained damage caused him to cough out a mouthful of blood.

Right now, his eyes flashed with lightning as he called upon his own lightning energy to protect his body, weaving together with the violet lightning of the formation. Despite the severe storm of lightning and sword qi his steps were still as steady as before. Summoning all his strength, he only coughed out a total of three more mouthfuls of blood. As he furiously pushed himself to complete the last step. Finally stepping upon the magnificent stage as he cleared the entry test.

Although his aura was obviously fluctuating, Yin Ting was still extremely dazzling, attracting the focus and gazes of the crowd.

However, the representatives of the nine great sects said nothing, as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened at all.

The chosen of the major powers in Xuan King City, if placed in the perspective of the Grand Shang Empire, they could only be considered normal geniuses. In the vast Grand Shang, geniuses of this level were a dime a dozen, hence, the nine great sects naturally wouldn't easily acknowledge them. They would still have to observe Yin Ting's later performance.

“Although Yin Ting passed the formation, he was still injured and even coughed out blood.” The spectators were musing, silently measuring themselves according to Yin Ting's performance and wondering if they too, would be able to pass the entry test.

Yun Rou frowned, eventually she shook her head and sighed, “It seems that I have no hope to pass this. The formation is too powerful for me.”

The two others beside Yun Rou also sighed in dejection. In Xuan King City, they could be considered someone extraordinary as well, but in the face of a mere entry test set up by the nine great sects, they were totally helpless.

After Yin Ting, there was a continuous stream of cultivators who stepped into the formation. There were some who failed and died, while there were also others who succeeded.

Qin Wentian hadn't moved from his location at all. He chose to observe in silence instead, and in the blink of an eye, already half a day passed and quite a lot of people had already passed the entry test. Among them, there were geniuses not from the Xuan King City. Participants from all six King Cities of the Grand Shang Empire came here for a chance to join the nine great sects.

Yin Ting, Jin Yan, Jian Jingtian, Feng Yunhe and Xie Yu had already passed the formation. Five out of the six chosen, save for Shang Qi, were already standing on that majestic stage.

The experts of the other major powers had smiles upon their faces as their hearts were filled with anticipation. If one of their disciples could enter the nine great sects, it would be a chance for them to achieve meteoric success and possibly even enter the Royal Sacred Sect in the future.

Although right now, there were already several experts on the stage, they didn't compete against each other yet, it was as though the nine great sects were still waiting for something. As for their cultivation bases, the vast majority were at the fifth or sixth level of Heavenly Dipper, while the minority were at the fourth level of Heavenly Dipper or below. And right now, the hearts of the weaker group that had passed couldn't help but to be filled with worries when they understood their situation.

And for this event, the man in charge of the Battle Sword Sect, was none other than Lin Shuai. His master has personally instructed him that he had to get the white-robed young man to join their sect. But right now, that young man hadn't even appeared at all.

The Xuan King City was a vast area, maybe that white-robed young man hadn't even left the mountain range. And how could it be so simple to find a particular person out of the millions upon millions of people who currently reside in Xuan King City? He could only hope that this disciple recruitment selection event would be able to cause enough commotion to draw the white-robed young man out.

The nine great sects jointly holding a disciple recruitment event together, how could the waves of commotion possibly be small? And if the person his master talked about was really extraordinary, there was no way he would allow himself to miss this chance.

And right now, although Lin Shuai still hadn't seen the white-robed young man appearing here, he wasn't flustered. What he had was time, he could afford to wait slowly.

If the white-robed young man didn't appear here today, he would drag this event on for three months. If the Battle Sword Sect refused to leave here, with their suspicions, the other eight sects wouldn't leave early as well.

Right now, Lin Shuai was filled with curiosity regarding the white-robed young man his master had talked about. He knew that his master had a bizarre temperament and was someone who didn't give a damn about anything except for what he wanted to do. Back then, he said he wanted a break and went roaming in the wilds, but to think that he had actually contacted the sect again just for the sake of this white-robed young man? Lin Shuai naturally wanted to see who this young man was, to be able to weigh so importantly in his master's heart.

But if he were to know the truth, that his master was harshly rejected by the young man before, it was unknown what he would think.

Back then, it was truly coincidental that the old man met Qin Wentian. And because Qin Wentian and Qing`er had too much personality, it attracted the old man's interest which eventually became the origin of this entire event.

Right now, Xu Feng and Ji Xue had appeared on the stage. As external disciples of Qinghua Mountain, they were naturally eligible to be onstage.

Xu Feng walked to a location in front of the experts from the Qinghua Mountain as he bowed and stated, "Junior is an external member of the Qinghua Mountain, I would like to join the sect as a core disciple, and humbly beseech elders to bestow upon me a chance."

"Since you wish to take the core disciple test, I shall grant you your wish." An expert from the Qinghua Mountain studied Xu Feng. This young man was not an ordinary cultivator and seemed to be quite talented. With a wave of his hands, the expert caused a hovering mountain to manifest onstage in the area designated by the Qinghua Mountain Flag. An instant later, with a thunderous boom, the heavy mountain slammed directly onto the stage.

"This mountain is the test. If you can lift this three feet high, I will permit you to enter the sect as a core disciple." That expert spoke. Xu Feng's countenance turned solemn as he walked up to the front of the mountain, only to see both his hands stretching out around the mountain, yet how could his arms be long enough to wrap around it? He could only try to get the best leverage he could, grabbing the mountain and use all his strength to lift it up. However, the mountain didn't move a single jot, as though Xu Feng wasn't trying at all.

"If I can lift the mountain, would that means that I have a chance to join the Qinghua Mountain?" Some other experts asked.

"If you gain our approval, sure." The expert from the Qinghua Mountain laughed. After which, Xie Yu immediately blitz over, his nine arms manifested, stretching out as he wrapped them around the mountain and summoned all his strength. Rumbling sounds rang out as the mountain trembled, he actually managed to successfully lift it out, but only for an instant. After which, the mountain had slammed onto the ground again, Xie Yu had run out of strength.

"This mountain is too heavy." Xie Yu shook his head and sighed, it was as though there was a mysterious force within the mountain which resonated with each individual trial-taker's strength. The stronger someone was, the heavier the mountain would be.

"It isn't the mountain that's too heavy, but rather, you are too dull." A voice drifted over, the words spoken causing Xie Yu to frown. He shifted his gaze over in the direction as a figure walked over,

placing his palms on the mountain. He closed his eyes as he quietly contemplated the force within and after an incense stick worth of time, he finally moved. In the next instant, the mountain was lifted up three inches from the ground.

Upon seeing this, the gazes of the countless people present landed on this person. He was the first to step into the nine great sects.

“Not bad, are you interested to join our Qinghua Mountain?”

“Junior wishes for nothing more.” That person bowed low as he stated, his words causing a radiant smile to bloom on the faces of the experts from the Qinghua Mountain. Since they came all the way to the Xuan King City, they naturally had to return with something, they might as well use this chance to recruit some disciples with high latent potential.

And right now, Yin Ting walked towards the direction where the Violet Thunder Sect was designated on the magnificent stage. There was actually an elder in the Violet Thunder Sect who bore strong resemblance to Yin Ting.

“Junior Yin Ting hopes to be able to have the chance to join the Violet Thunder Sect.” Yin Ting bowed as he spoke. One of the experts glanced at the elder who bore a resemblance to Yin Ting and asked, “Is this young man your nephew?”

“Yes.” That middle-aged elder laughed as he nodded. After which he turned to Yin Ting, “You better do your best.”

“Understood, uncle.” Yin Ting nodded. That expert from the Violet Thunder Sect merely stabbed out with a finger, pressing down, his actions causing a lightning-imbued space to appear. Within that space, thunder boomed and arcs of electricity sparkled in the air, while there was also a statue whose entire body was bathing in streaks of violet lightning.

“After entering this puppet array, for every step you take, the puppet will respond with a single strike. If you can complete seven steps, it would mean that you passed the test. Note that you are not allowed to retaliate.”

Yin Ting took this extremely seriously, after which he stepped into the lightning-imbued space. And indeed, after the first step, the puppet immediately reacted with a thunder palm imprint, slamming into Yin Ting. Yin Ting could only endure the power of that strike with his body.

Upon taking the second step, the arcs of electricity grew even more intense and violent. The third step caused a roaring friction to come from the lightning. During the fourth step, the amount of lightning was akin to a tsunami as it gushed right at him. Stepping out for the fifth time, the lightning was similar to an ancient desolate beast as it bared its fangs, crushing him where he stood... Yin Ting was directly flung out of the array. He had failed to pass the test.

“Not too bad, but not enough.” The expert from the Violet Thunder Sect stated. Even if Yin Ting’s uncle was in their sect, he wouldn’t make things easier just to accommodate Yin Ting.

“Junior Xue Fei, desires to enter the Heaven Cleaving Manor.”

“Junior Feng Yunhe, desires to enter the Divine Dragon Castle.”

“Junior...”

On the stage, the interested applicants respectively moved towards the sects they wished to join most in their hearts. Yet, the passing rate was abysmally low.

“Shang Qi, go try and see.” In the direction where the royal clan stood, an expert from the King’s Manor spoke to Shang Qi. Shang Qi nodded, he first passed the Violet Thunder Sword-Drum Formation, before stepping on the stage and after which, he walked to the front of the Battle Sword Sect. “Junior Shang Qi wishes to try the test of the Battle Sword Sect.”

Lin Shuai glanced at Shang Qi, this person didn’t say he wanted to join the Battle Sword Sect but rather, he merely wishes to try the test?

With a wave of Lin Shuai’s hands, resplendent sword beams shot down from the dome of the heavens and arranging themselves into nine rows that floated horizontally across the air.

“This sword formation targets the heart, if the cultivator doesn’t have enough determination, he will die without a doubt.” Lin Shuai emotionlessly commented, Shang Qi inclined his head and stared at the nine rows of resplendent sword beams hovering horizontally across the air. It was as though each and every one of the sword beams was an incomparably sharp sword. He took a step forward, arriving at the entrance of the sword formation, yet his heart was already telling him to retreat.

If one's heart wasn't resolute enough, death was the only path waiting for them.

At the moment Shang Qi stepped on the stage, each and every one of the six chosen who fought him back when the constellation fruits had all appeared. Only then did Qin Wentian step out, moving towards the Violet Thunder Sword-Drum Formation.

Yun Rou, upon seeing Qin Wentian walking there, couldn't help but call out a warning, "Friend, this formation is exceedingly dangerous, you won't be able to pass it unless you are a chosen from some great power, there's no need to take the risk."

"Thanks for the reminder." Qin Wentian's response was still as calm as ever. He was clad in black, projecting a cold, handsome and arrogant air. Behind him, two ordinary weapons in the form of an axe and a long spear could be seen. As for the top-tier fourth-ranked divine weapons, they were all stored in his interspatial ring. The reason he came to this place today, wasn't for the sake of joining the nine great sects. He was here to kill people.

Chapter 505: A Spear Sealing The Throat

Those who stood on the stage got increasingly more, and many among them started fighting against the others, hoping to display their combat prowess to gain approval of the nine great sects.

After all, the test set by each of the nine sects were too difficult. The people standing on the stage were merely qualified to stand here, but it was far from enough to enter any of the nine sects.

Shang Qi, the instant he stepped out he immediately sensed the might radiating from the nine rows of sword beam. Eventually, he chose to give up.

Shang Qi who was a chosen of the royal branch in Xuan King City actually dreaded the test of the Battle Sword Sect. Before this he was still in a domineering stance wanting to 'try' out the test, yet just a single sentence from that expert in the Battle Sword Sect was already sufficient to scare him off.

This sword formation not only lacerates the body, it lacerates the heart of martial path of those who had a weak heart. Death was guaranteed.

Shang Qi didn't dare to attempt this.

For the experts within the younger generation here, they continued on, taking the entry test. There were those who passed and those who failed, and right now, a young man clad in black walked to the entrance of the pathway as he stepped directly into it.

The instant his foot landed, the battle drum sounded as a bolt of violet lightning zoomed right at him. Qin Wentian allowed the lightning bolt to slam into him as he continued forward effortlessly. His perception stretched out as he contemplated this formation.

“The Violet Thunder Sword-Drum Formation, so the crux to solving it is this.” Qin Wentian soon understood the secret of this formation, the more you resist, that force you used would reverberate as shockwaves on the battle drums, bringing about an even mightier retaliation as the sounds of the drums would endlessly echoed between each other, causing the lightning-imbued sword qi within the formation to be even more fearsome.

This formation was extraordinary indeed.

Qin Wentian walked up that incline pathway like he was walking on normal ground. Regardless of the number of lightning attacks landing on his body, he endured them by circulating the will from the Mandate of Force and Mandate of Demons around his body. The two forces were akin to two layers of armors and in a short span of time, he had already exited the Violet Thunder Sword-Drum Formation.

This scene caused the spectators’ eyes to glow, they had seen many people attempting the entry test, and there were several who passed. Those who passed all relied on tyrannical means of absolute strength, using force against force, forcibly barging passed the formation. They had never seen someone like Qin Wentian who passed through it so leisurely.

That black-robed young man projected a cold and arrogant aura, yet gave off a sense of unfathomability. Nobody could see through him. After stepping on the stage, he merely walked to the edge of the stage and continued surveying the situation. He wasn’t in a hurry to take the tests designed by any of the nine sects.

Right now, Xie Yu stood among the group of experts who passed the entry test, and was silently contemplating the difficulty of each test designed by the nine great sects.

The difficulty of all were exceedingly great. And after Shang Qi gave up the Battle Sword Sect test, there was another cultivator who went to attempt it. However, he ended up dying within the nine rows of sword light, after passing by the third row, not even his bones were left. Since that person could pass the entry test, it meant that his strength wasn’t weak, yet he was slayed just when he



barged through the second row of sword light. His death only served to heighten how fearsome the test designed by the Battle Sword Sect was.

As for Xie Yu, he naturally wouldn't be stupid enough to court death by choosing the Battle Sword Sect. Also, he had already failed the test for the Qinghua Mountain earlier.

“Xie Yu, why don't you try for the test of the Great Earth Sect? Since you are proficient in the Mandate of Great Earth, you might have a chance of passing it.” Right now, a voice rang out in Xie Yu's mind, transmitted to him by one of the elders from the Ecliptic Sect. Although Xie Yu was a member of the Ecliptic Sect, the sect naturally wished for him to have a good future. To talents like him, the sect would never restrict their growth, they would have to venture out sooner or later after their cultivation reaches a certain level. They only hope that these talents would remember their origins after soaring up high in the future.

Xie Yu glanced in the direction of his sect before nodding to a middle-aged man. He then stepped out in the direction where the Great Earth Sect was located.

At this moment, Jin Yan was also making his way towards the direction of the Great Earth Sect. Although he was proficient in the Mandate of Fire, he had also comprehended insights in the Mandate of Great Earth. Earlier in the hidden realm, he and Yin Ting as well as Xie Yu were all fighting for the Earth Mandate Fruits, but the fruits were eventually snatched away by Qin Wentian leaving nothing for them.

Yin Ting's ambition wasn't in the Great Earth Sect, but rather, the Violet Thunder Sect instead. After all, his uncle was an elder in the sect, if he could enter there, there would naturally be someone taking care of him, making so that his path to his future would be much smoother. Hence, he didn't try for the test set by the Great Earth Sect.

The test of the Great Earth Sect was a Great Earth Puppet that was three meters tall in height. Its body was an earthen yellow and resembled an earth giant standing there upright. The criteria to passing this test was to be able to shatter the earth giant with a single strike, no matter your cultivation base.

There were rumors saying that this puppet was none other than a puppet protector of the Great Earth Sect which was used to temper and increase the combat prowess of the disciples from their sect. Brute strength alone wouldn't be able to shatter the puppet.

Jin Yan and Xie Yu walked up, mutually exchanging glances.

“Brother Xie, please.” Jin Yan politely extended his hands outwards, signally for Xie Yu to go first.

“Sure.” Xie Yi nodded. His nine arms manifested as a pulsation energy exuded from him. Every step he took caused the earth to shake.

“BREAK!” Xie Yu roared in rage as his nine arms slammed at the same location. Fist shadows filled the skies and as an explosive rumbling sound echoed, generating devastating vibrational waves that gushed into the earth giant. A portion of the earth giant was actually destroyed, transforming into yellow earth, falling on the ground. Yet in an instant, the destroyed part regenerated once more, as the earth giant appeared no different from before.

“My fist attacks earlier contained eighty-one streams of fist might, all of them landing at the same position on the earth giant’s body yet I failed to destroy it completely?” Xie Yu’s expression turned heavy. He then stepped out of the test zone, allowing Jin Yan to take his place.

Jin Yan’s golden fire bloodline bubbled up as his entire body was immerse in flames. Both his hands folded gestures, condensing a golden lotus to the utmost limits which shone with incomparable resplendent light. His silhouette then flickered as he directly slammed the compressed golden lotus into the earth giant, wanting to use the explosiveness of fire to cause the earth giant to implode from within.

The three-meter-tall giant was bathed in flames, yet underneath the menacing flames it still stood there unmoving, undamaged. This scenario caused the countenance of Jin Yan to turn incredibly unsightly.

“Brother Jin Yan, the test set by the Great Earth Sect naturally has something to do with the Mandate of Great Earth. How can you pass if you depend on the power of fire?” Xie Yu’s voice was filled with satisfaction. At the very least, his performance was more satisfactory compared to Jin Yan.

“Do you want to try instead of talking so much?” Jin Yan turned back, regarding Xie Yu. Xie Yu’s eyes glimmered with sharpness as he stared at the Great Earth Puppet, “Naturally.”

“Scram.”

A voice drifted over from their backs, Xie Yu and Jin Yan turned only to see a black-robed young man standing there, staring at them with eyes as sharp as edges of blades.

Several of the spectators also stared in the direction of the black-robed young man. Earlier, Xie Yu's performance was already not bad, yet this black-robed young man suddenly appeared and told Xie Yu and Jin Yan to scram.

When Xie Yu sensed the aura emanating from Qin Wentian, an aura at the fourth level of Heavenly Dipper, his lips couldn't help but to curl up in a smile of disdain. "You better take back your words, or although you made it passed the Violet Thunder Sword-Drum Formation, I shall make you regret stepping on this stage."

"Get the fuck down." Jin Yan coldly spoke. The confrontation here attracted the attention of many in the crowd. Yun Rou who stood below were stunned into a daze. Although this fellow passed the entry test, why would he antagonize Xie Yu and Jin Yan, the chosen from the major powers of Xuan King City. Was he courting death?

Qin Wentian took the bag which hung on his back down, loosening the knots and opening it, taking out a long spear. His eyes glanced at the representatives of the nine great sects as he asked in a straightforward voice, "I only have a single question. Are we allowed to kill up here?"

In the direction of the royal clan, one of the expert laughed, "Since you guys are already on such a magnificent arena, the life and death of individuals shall be up to their own fate. The other spectators cannot interfere."

The eyes of those from the Ecliptic Sect and Golden Fire Aristocrat Clan gleamed with sharpness when they stared at the young man in black. He asked, if they were allowed to kill up on the stage, could it be he was planning to kill Xie Yu and Jin Yan?

But no matter how strong his combat prowess was, how could the young man in black be powerful enough as to kill chosen from the major powers whose cultivation were an entire level higher compared to him?

"Courting death." The experts from the Golden Fire Aristocrat Clan coldly laughed.

Both Xie Yu and Jin Yan revealed expressions of interest as they stared at Qin Wentian.

“Of course, we are allowed to kill people here.” Killing intent flashed in Xie Yu’s eyes as a cold grin played on his lips.

Qin Wentian tossed the black cloth covering his spear onto the stage, before stepping out, advancing forward. His steps were extremely light, making no sound at all and his eyes, held a look that was so calm that it was a little abnormal.

Xie Yu’s nine arms were all filled with earthen yellow light as a heavy pressure erupted forth when he stared at the oncoming Qin Wentian.

“This fellow...” Yun Rou’s eyes glowed, although she wasn’t acquainted with Qin Wentian, she was still very nervous for him.

The attention of the spectators below the stage were all involuntarily drawn towards Qin Wentian.

And as the distance between Qin Wentian and Xie Yu got closer and closer, each step he took finally erupted out with an explosive sound. In an instant, Xie Yu felt his heart trembling fiercely as a formless pressure abruptly surrounded him.

Qin Wentian continued lifting up his foot and stepping down, although the scene appeared calm, Xie Yu’s breathing was getting erratic as his heart thumped with increasing intensity. He was even seized by a sense of danger.

“GO TO HELL!” Xie Yu howled as he dashed forth, all nine of his arms violently struck out as a violent surge of his qi instantly swept out.

At that instant, Qin Wentian also lashed out with his spear.

That spear had no presence to it, no whistling sound of the spear piercing through the wind was audible, no shifting of air currents giving testament to the speed of the spear could be heard. The word ‘fast’, wasn’t sufficient to describe it. The instant the spear lashed out, it penetrated through the sword light and directly pierced towards the location of Xie Yu’s throat.

“Peng!”

At that moment, Xie Yu only felt his mind being assailed as everything turned dim. He was inside the abyss where he stood there defenseless, staring at the millions of spear light shooting his way. Xie Yu paled, he knew he was pulled into in a dreamscape by this young man in black.

“Puchi...” A light sound rang out, every illusion before him was broken, Xie Yu’s mind regained clarity once again but everything was too late. He stared at the black-robed young man in front of him, his lips trembling as though he wanted to ask a question.

“Who are you?”

“The six chosen of Xuan King City? You are just the first.” A voice transmitted into Xie Yu’s mind. Xie Yu widened his eyes in shock, staring at the young man in black.

This voice...the tone of this voice reminded him of that white-robed young man who was encircled by the experts of the six major powers back then. This person was Qin Wentian!

Pulling out his spear, Xie Yu’s blood splattered on the ground, the entire surroundings turned silent as the gazes of everyone landed on the young man in black.

The demon-level genius Xie Yu of the Ecliptic Sect in Xuan King City, was killed by a single spear sealing his throat!

#### Chapter 506: Tyrannical Slaughter

Silence descended on the battle stage. Although Xie Yu was considered a chosen from one of the major powers in Xuan King City, he wasn’t the most dazzling one. But even so, his death attracted the attention of everyone present.

Because that single spear attack was simply too brilliant.

They didn’t know what Xie Yu had experienced, they couldn’t understand what they’d seen. A mighty existence at the fifth level of Heavenly Dipper didn’t even have the chance to display his full strength, before dying from a stab through the throat by a random cultivator?

It was precisely because they didn’t understand that they were filled with terror.

The long spear in the black-robed young man's hands was merely an ordinary weapon. And right now, this weapon still dripped blood— blood that belonged to a demon-level genius from a major power of Xuan King City.

Yun Rou, who was in the midst of the crowd, felt her heart thumping with disbelief. Earlier, when Qin Wentian rushed out, she felt the nervousness in her heart elevating to a climax. And when that spear of his penetrated through Xie Yu's throat, she'd been left completely breathless. Even now, after some time had passed, she had yet to recover. Her heartbeat was still hammering.

The rush of impact brought to her by this young man whom she was curious about, was too great.

The two beside her were still in a daze. Initially, they thought Qin Wentian would definitely use the top-tier fourth-ranked divine weapon to participate, yet he only used an ordinary spear.

From the spectator stands, several silhouettes abruptly stood up, their countenances icy and their eyes filled with a baleful killing intent.

They were obviously experts from the Ecliptic Sect. Xie Yu was a chosen of their sect, yet he'd been brazenly killed by this young man in front of everyone.

Only now did they understand Qin Wentian's earlier query.

"I only have a single question. Are we allowed to kill up here?"

The gazes of the representatives from the royal clan and the nine great sects all swept towards Qin Wentian. The young man in black stood there calmly, the ordinary spear still dripping blood.

Yet, his gaze had now shifted to Jin Yan. Just a single glance from him felt like a sharp blade, directly piercing into Jin Yan's eyes, shocking him out of his stunned state from seeing Xie Yu killed in a single strike.

The ones blocking Qin Wentian wasn't just Xie Yu alone. Wasn't Jin Yan also the same?

Thinking of this, Jin Yan's aura immediately exploded forth, as blazing flames burst into being around him. The power of his bloodline activated as the surrounding temperature surged madly.

"Bzzz!"

The long spear in Qin Wentian's hands pierced out, just as silently as before. Yet, it was fast, so fast that the sound of its strike didn't have time to reach the spectator's ears.

This time around, those experts all stared intently when he unleashed the attack. His spear attacks didn't seem that profound, or more accurately, they didn't know how to describe such a spear attack, hence they had no way to judge it.

They too, couldn't understand what Jin Yan was currently experiencing. Facing that ordinary spear attack, Jin Yan felt like he was hearing the summons of a death god. His mind was in total chaos as he sank into a world of dreams. In this world that was filled with darkness and blood, the only thing that existed was a long spear that pressed relentlessly forward. And because he had already lost the ability to judge directions, it appeared as though no matter where he tried to dodge, the spear would still strike him.

"Pu!" A light sound rang out. At this moment, Jin Yan finally understood the despair Xie Yu felt. He also understood why Xie Yu would fall to this spear, with absolutely no way to resist. Only when facing this spear attack did he truly know how terrifying it was.

He racked his brains, and for the life of him, he couldn't recall who he might've offended. Why would the other party want to kill him?

"Jin Yan, you are number two." A voice that sounded extremely familiar drifted into his mind. After which, the image of a white-robed young man snatching away the Constellation Fruits surfaced in his memory. The six chosen had fought him, yet he'd managed to escape. After that, the chosen had brought along experts from their clans and sects to surround him, yet they still couldn't touch him. That vermilion bird had defended him with little regard for its own life.

"It's him." A notion flashed through Jin Yan's mind, this was his last conscious thought before he slumped onto the ground, falling over dead.

"Jin Yan!" A hoarse roar reverberated into the air, coming from the spectator stand where the Golden Fire Aristocrat Clan was sitting at. The experts from Jin Yan's clan all stood up, their countenances pale as they stared at his corpse.

Jin Yan suffered the same fate as Xie Yu, with a spear sealing their throats.

Two demon-level geniuses dying in the hands of the same man, and by the same method—killed by a single spear strike without the ability to resist.

Currently, all of Qin Wentian's Mandates were already at the Transformation Boundary of the second level. In addition, after practicing his halberd arts for so long, each of his halberd strikes could generate a dream will that dragged people into a dreamscape of his own creation. Even when using a spear, the effect was still the same. Since his Mandate of Dreams had reached the second level Transformation Boundary, even though his opponents knew that they were in a dreamscape,

they still had no way to resist. This was why, despite them being an entire level higher than Qin Wentian in terms of their cultivation, they'd still died under his hands.

Back when Qin Wentian called upon the power of his bloodline, he could already fight on equal ground with the six chosen altogether. Now that he'd already broken through to the fourth level of Heavenly Dipper, killing the chosen cost the same effort as him flipping his palms. This was the suppression effect caused by the difference in a Mandate's boundaries.

The crowd's whispered discussions rang out in the air—two geniuses from the major powers of Xuan King City had been killed, one after another, in a single strike. Staring at the yet to cool down corpses left a chill in the hearts of those present.

How ruthless was this young man in black? Also, how tyrannical was that?

“Are trash like this also qualified to participate in the tests designed by the nine great sects?” Qin Wentian brandished his spear, his gaze roaming around the experts on the stage as he spoke.

“Despite being so useless, Xie Yu and Jin Yan have the title of chosen from the major powers in Xuan King City? Could it be that the chosen from the Yin Clan, Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan and Heaven Shocking Sword Sect are also as weak as them? If that's the case, just scam from this stage now of your own volition rather than staying up here and shaming yourselves.”

With just this single sentence, Qin Wentian had thoroughly offended all the major powers in the Xuan King City.

Feng Yunhe, the chosen from the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan.

Yin Ting, from the Yin Clan.

Jian Jingtian, from the Heaven Shocking Sword Sect.

Right now these chosen were still on the stage. The words and actions of this young man in black seemed to be completely ungoverned—he didn't mind making an enemy out of them.

“Sir, aren't your words a little too arrogant?” Yin Ting took a few steps forward, as arcs of lightning crackled around his body. He didn't know what Xie Yu and Jin Yan had experienced. Otherwise, he wouldn't be acting so audaciously, and stepping out right then.

However right now, his goal was to join the Violet Thunder Sect. How could he lose face in front of them?

“Do you really think that your spear arts are invincible?” Feng Yunhe coldly snorted. He knew he had no equal among the chosen when it came to speed. Even if Xie Yu and Jin Yan couldn't evade that spear attack, it didn't mean that he couldn't as well.

Jian Jingtian didn't speak, but a powerful sword intent radiated from him. Jian Jingtian (Sword shocking the heavens) from the Heaven Shocking Sword Sect. His sword techniques were as fast as lightning and could even shock the heavens. He didn't believe that his sword arts would lose out to Qin Wentian's spear techniques.

Qin Wentian laughed coldly, then brandished his spear and moved to the center of the platform.

“The three of you can come at me together.”



As the sound of his voice faded, a gentle breeze gusted by, fluttering his black robes.

On that vast stage, there were many geniuses far more outstanding compared to the chosen from the major powers in Xuan King City. In fact, some among them had already passed the tests set by the nine great sects. But at this moment, the spear-wielding young man in black was the focal point of the crowd, attracting the entirety of their attention upon him.

Feng Yunhe, Jian Jingtian and Yin Ting—the three of them had cultivation bases at the fifth level of Heavenly Dipper. And being humiliated by someone with a fourth level Heavenly Dipper cultivation base in such a setting, and in front of so many people, how could they find excuses not to fight?

If they didn't have the guts to fight someone with a lower cultivation base, how would they still have face to remain on this stage? How would they even qualify to join any of the nine great sects as a core disciple?

If they truly didn't dare to fight, then even if their talents were outstanding and even if they passed the tests set by the nine great sects, the nine great sects still might not accept them.

“You don't need to hesitate, just come at me together. If not, there won't even be a chance for you to display your strength.” The young man's arrogant words spurred the three chosen into action. Although three against one wasn't exactly a glorious matter, Qin Wentian's killing of Xie Yu and Jin Yan was simply too domineering. In fact, if Qin Wentian challenged them to a one-on-one fight, they truly wouldn't have dared to accept.

Jian Jingtian's Astral Novas erupted into being, and he slashed out a sword in a probing manner. The violent sword qi was like the terrifying waves of an ocean, gushing towards Qin Wentian.

At the same time, Yin Ting made his move. He flew up to the skies, staring down at Qin Wentian. With a roar, he manifested a tyrannical lightning palm imprint, slamming it down.

Qin Wentian soared up to the skies, directly stabbing out with his spear. His spear had no presence and was as silent as before—his entire persona was like the tyrant of a generation, exhibiting a heaven-shaking might.

As the spear pierced out, the void shattered. The lightning palm imprint had exploded into pieces, and Qin Wentian borrowed force from its momentum to fly towards Yin Ting.

Fast, simply too fast. When Qin Wentian struck out with his spear to destroy the palm imprint, he simultaneously dodged Jian Jingtian's sword attack.

At this moment, Feng Yunhe also arrived. He moved at the instance both Jian Jingtian and Yin Ting attacked. His movements were akin to a great roc as he sped towards Qin Wentian. His golden talons had nothing they couldn't destroy, he directly struck out towards Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian's left palm blasted out with the weight of a mountain. His motion wasn't affected, and he continued soaring upwards while exuding that tyrannical aura. Yin Ting's will from his Mandate of Great Earth, pressed downwards, as the effect of gravity severely increased Qin Wentian's weight. But even so, it wasn't sufficient to douse his determination to kill Yin Ting.

“Block him.” Jian Jingtian's silhouette flickered as he hurriedly dashed over. Yin Ting's eyes flashed with electricity as towering lightning energy gushed forth from him, forming into a gigantic thunder sword with his wills of Mandates imbued into it.

Qin Wentian's blood was surging as his Mandate of Force and Demon simultaneously channeled into his spear, giving it the power to cut through iron like it was bamboo, piercing through the void towards the gigantic thunder sword.

This spear of Qin Wentian's shall slay gods if gods were to block him and shall exterminate buddhas if buddhas were to stand in his path.

"Peng!" The thunder sword shattered—nothing could block the killing intent infused into the long spear. Yin Ting's head exploded into pieces as blood splattered down from air.

"The third." Qin Wentian's voice whispered softly, his voice causing the other two to feel shivers down their spines.

Yin Ting had fallen; this was the third chosen from Xuan King City.

"DIE!" Jian Jingtian actually felt a sense of despair when he saw Yin Ting had fallen. It was as though Yin Ting's death was a prelude to his own ending as well.

A sword shaking the heavens, even the heavens had to be exterminated with his sword intent.

The instant Qin Wentian killed Yin Ting, he directly angled his spear and swung it horizontally, slamming it into Feng Yunhe's golden talons. His body went with the flow of the wind, and continued soaring upwards to evade that torrent of sword qi from Jian Jingtian.

"How fast."

Qin Wentian had cultivated Roc Flash before, and with demonic blood in his veins, his speed was naturally incomparable. He stood in the air, staring down at his two opponents. He then swapped the long spear with the ordinary great axe strapped upon his back and directly cleaved down towards Jian Jingtian.

"I don't believe," Jian Jingtian coldly spoke. His sword Astral Nova directly slashed across the sky, erupting with fearsome might. Qin Wentian didn't try to evade. Instead, he matched strength for strength, and continued cleaving down with his axe.

An axe splitting apart the heavens—as that great axe landed, even the void trembled. When that axe slammed into Jian Jingtian's sword nova, Jian Jingtian gave a groan of misery. It felt as though his Astral Nova was about to be shattered apart. He saw Qin Wentian lifting his arms up and chopping down once more. This time around, he involuntarily trembled and chose to retreat. The strength behind those axe blows filled his heart with terror.

“CLEAVE!”

Qin Wentian roared in anger as the axe in his hands produced a sliver of axe light, slashing down with monumental strength. Despite Feng Yunhe’s retreat, he was still injured. The center between his brows split open, leaving a red line as fresh blood oozed out.

“That’s a form of swordplay!” Jian Jingtian’s eyes widened in incredulous disbelief, before his body tumbled down from the air.

#### Chapter 507: The Young Man with the Golden Eyes

In the direction where the royal clan was situated, cultivators from the major powers stood up after one another, their palpable anger and aura intermingling as an overwhelming pressure gushed towards the stage.

The arrival of the nine great sects was a great event, even the royal clan has arrived. Naturally, as a branch of the royal clan, the King’s Manor as well as representatives from the major powers in Xuan King City would also show respect and go to the event. Among them were the Golden Fire Aristocrat Clan, Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan and the Yin Clan, but right now, they were personally witnessing the chosen of their clan getting tyrannically slaughtered under Qin Wentian’s hands.

Xie Yu died and Jin Yan was exterminated. Earlier, Yin Ting was killed and Jian Jingtian was cleaved down. These four were all demon-level geniuses of Xuan King City, yet all of them died under the hands of the same man. How could those from the Xuan King City not be infuriated? The arrival of the nine great sects this time caused many of the geniuses from the major powers to hold high hopes in their hearts as they participated, hoping to be able to join one of the nine great sects. Yet who would have thought that because of that black-robed young man, a total of four demon-level talents had fallen.

As Jian Jingtian’s body fell down the air, before he died, a voice rang out in his mind, “You are number four.”

The axe which killed him, had struck out using principles of a sword technique, catching him by surprise, killing him before he had a chance to do anything.

Feng Yunhe initially wanted to continue rushing at him, yet as he saw Jian Jingtian’s death, his movements abruptly stopped. An instant later, a shadow of a wind roc blotted out the sun as he immediately turned and fled away in high speed, wanting to leave the battle stage.

The chosen from the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan, Feng Yunhe, didn’t dare to continue fighting. He wanted to escape, even at the cost of losing his pride, even at the cost of losing the chance to join the nine great sects, he wanted to leave the stage.

Qin Wentian's body spun in a spiral as the great axe in his hands ferociously chopped out. A bright light tore space apart as the shadow of the wind roc instantly dissipated. Seeing how Feng Yunhe was fleeing, the coldness in Qin Wentian's gaze got more pronounced.

"Bzzz!" A raging wind gusted, Qin Wentian's speed was like a bolt of lightning. He flung the axe in his hands towards Feng Yunhe while his palms pressed forward in the air.

That palm strike of his made it feel as though the entire world was moving together with it. The vibrations of his attack stacked together, creating a fearsome wave of formless energy sweeping outwards, ramming into Feng Yunhe's body.

Feng Yunhe bellowed in rage, as a suit of armor appeared around his body. That terrifying force gushed into him, causing him to cough out blood. Despite his armor, the vibrational shockwaves drilled right into his body, breaking apart his meridians and arterial channels, wanting to destroy his inner organs.

"Bzz!" Feng Yunhe didn't dare to slow down, he continued madly rushing ahead, and just when he was about to step down from the stage, Qin Wentian grabbed hold of the great axe he had flung out earlier and cleaved down with overwhelming might.

"CAREFUL!" Those from the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan shouted. Qin Wentian's strike was like a god cleaving apart the heavens, and under that overwhelming might, even they, as spectators felt their bodies turning cold as they involuntarily shivered.

Feng Yunhe could clearly feel death lurking behind him. He howled in madness as the entirety of astral energy in his body burst out, protecting him. His wings frantically spread out before enveloping him within.

The young man in black cleaved down mercilessly, the great axe slamming into Feng Yunhe's body. A thunderous boom echoed as Feng Yunhe was smashed directly into the ground, the impact of the fall causing a huge crater on the magnificent stage. Those near the point of impact hurriedly retreated, the shock wave from that fall was so great that they found themselves unable to stand in a stable manner.

"Yunhe!" A large number of cultivators rushed towards Feng Yunhe, yet they discovered that the Feng Yunhe who was even protected by his roc wings was as still as a statue. When they finally pried open his wings, they discovered that the armor on his body had already disintegrated. Feng

Yunhe was bleeding from all seven apertures, his internal organs completely destroyed, he had long since ceased to draw breath and was deadlier than dead.

Qin Wentian was proficient in the Mandate of Force, his second level of insight, Void Vibration, was channelled into the body of his opponent before transforming into terrifying pulsating shockwaves, destroying everything it came in contact with. Despite Feng Yunhe's protective measures, there was simply no way for him to survive.

Waves of extreme shock rocked the heart of the spectators when they turned their gaze in the young man in black. The weapon in his hand was only an ordinary greataxe, yet the manner in which he stood there exuded a presence similar to that of a god of war, invincible and unassailable.

The experts from the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan turned and glared at Qin Wentian. One of them exploded forth with killing intent as he icily stated, "You must be courting death."

As the sound of his voice faded, a terrifying aura engulfed this space. Yet Qin Wentian didn't seem to be worried at all. He threw his head back and roared, "DO YOU TREAT THE WORDS FROM THE ROYAL CLAN AND THE NINE GREAT SECTS AS FART?!"

As he finished speaking, that aura which was exploding outwards froze abruptly. He could only silently stare at the black-robed young man while seething in fury.

"Unable to withstand a single strike, yet they had the face to call themselves Heaven's Chosen? I'm acting on behalf of the Xuan King City to wipe out these imbeciles with false reputations. You should be thanking me instead." Qin Wentian icily stated. His silhouette flickered as he returned to the centre of the stage. The eyes of the experts from the major powers were filled with boiling hatred when they stared at him. They wanted nothing more than to kill him right now, wrenching his heart out.

Those who died were the chosen of their clans that had the highest chance to enter the nine great sects. Yet now, they died just like that...

Currently the nine great sects as well as the royal clan of Grand Shang were all present. And earlier when Qin Wentian asked if he could kill, an expert from the Royal Clan had clearly stated that the life and death of all participants on the stage was up to their own fate and no one could interfere, even if they were killed. Hence, the experts from the major powers had no choice but to swallow their anger for now. The moment Qin Wentian stepped down from the stage, would be the moment of his death.

However, this young man's strength was truly extraordinary. If he really managed to join one of the nine great sects, wouldn't that mean that they wouldn't even have any chance for revenge?

As they thought of this, they started to get increasingly nervous. With the strength the black-robed young man had shown, it was almost certain that he would be able to pass a test and join one of the nine great sects.

The representatives from the nine great sects had naturally noticed Qin Wentian. Right now, an expert from the Qinghua Mountain smiled as he asked, "Are you interested in joining my Qinghua Mountain?"

As the voice of the expert from Qinghua Mountain faded, several in the crowd gasped in shock as they drew in a breath.

In this disciple recruitment selection event, for those who passed the entry test, they were eligible to take the second test designed by the nine great sects to see if they were qualified to join them. Also, the stage was for these applicants to exhibit their might, the black-robed young man had slayed five chosen from Xuan King City in such a domineering manner while also jumping levels, fighting with people who had a higher cultivation base than him. Not only that, for the last battle, he fought them, one man to three, and still prevailed in the air. Such combat prowess and talent truly made people sigh in admiration. It was evident that this young man's insights in his Mandates had already surpassed the various chosen. In the Xuan King City, there were probably no cultivators in the same generation who could be a match to him. This was why the Qinghua Mountain decided to extend an invitation.

This black-robed young man became the first applicant to receive an invitation initiated by the nine great sects to join them.

How could the experts from the other major powers from Xuan King City not be worried? If this young man accepted the invitation of the Qinghua Mountains, how could they even kill him then?

In the direction of the royal clan, the man in the lead was an old man clad in extravagant robes. His bearing radiated a sense of majesty, giving people a huge sense of pressure just from a single glance by him. Yet right now, this old man actually inclined his body forwards, consulting with a young man seated in front of him. "How are this black-robed young man's capabilities?"

This young man was clad in luxurious golden robes and although his looks weren't that handsome, he exuded a heroic spirit. Just a single glance at him was sufficient to tell that he was no ordinary character. The most notable features about him were his eyes, they were actually gleaming with

golden light. His pupils were pure gold in color and radiated a sense of sharpness as though they were able to see through anything, even the void.

“This young man is using some disguising technique to mask his true features.” The young man with the golden eyes stared in Qin Wentian’s direction as he continued, “It seems that his true intentions here were to challenge the chosen from the Xuan King City and not to participate in the disciple recruitment event of the nine great sects. In short, he came here to kill.”

The eyes of the old man gleamed with a strange glow when he heard what the young man said. There was no need to suspect the young man’s judgement, there was nothing that could hide from his eyes. Since he said that the black-robed man was concealing his features, there were no doubts about it.

Right now, Qin Wentian gazed at the expert from the Qinghua Mountain as he replied, “I’ve killed a total of five chosen from the Xuan King City, the various major powers will surely avenge them.”

The expert from the Qinghua Mountain merely smiled, “No worries, if you join my Qinghua Mountain, it means that you will be a core disciple of my sect. My Qinghua Mountain can guarantee your safety.”

“Thank you, I will consider your offer.” Qin Wentian nodded, his response causing many people to start in astonishment. How proud was this man? Even though one of the nine great sects had already offered an invitation, he actually said he would still need to consider first instead of accepting it directly?

“Sure.” That expert laughed. Naturally, he wouldn’t force a junior against their will. Qin Wentian was free to make his own choice.

“As expected, he’s not here to join the nine great sects. In that case, who is the next person he wants to kill?” The old man from the royal clan had an expression of interest on his face when he heard Qin Wentian’s reply. He wanted to know who Qin Wentian’s next target was.

“If he don’t make a move soon, there won’t be any opportunities left. Those experts from the major powers had all already noted him, look at them gathering before the Violet Thunder Sword-Drum Formation pathway, they are already planning to kill him.” The young man with golden eyes spoke. Right now, the other experts from the major powers in Xuan King City were all planning to step on the stage by passing through the formation. The cultivation bases of these people was the highest tier allowed on stage, at the sixth level of Heavenly Dipper.

Qin Wentian had slaughtered a total of five chosen. Xie Yu from the Ecliptic Sect, Yin Ting from Yin Clan, Feng Yunhe from Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan, Jin Yan from Golden Fire Aristocrat Clan and Jian Jingtian from the Heaven Shocking Sword Sect. How could these five major powers spare Qin Wentian? Hence, they decided to pool the sixth-level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns of their sect together, commanding them to go on the stage so that they could legitimately kill Qin Wentian while respecting the prestige of the royal clan and nine great sects.

The golden eyes of that young man gleamed with light as a corona of resplendent gold appeared at the center of his brows. He too, was watching Qin Wentian with interest.

Qin Wentian kept the greataxe and took out the ordinary spear once again. His eyes were as sharp as swords as they raked through the crowd before landing onto Shang Qi.

“I’ve long heard about the strength of Shang Qi from the King’s Manor, the leader of the six chosen of Xuan King City. I wonder if you would prove to be as disappointing as the other five?” Qin Wentian slowly stepped out, his curled lips as sharp as the edge of a blade.

Shang Qi furrowed his brows. This black-robed young man was stronger than him, he knew this because even he, couldn’t have slayed the five other chosen in successive attempts or win when he was fighting them one on three.

As the black-robed young man approached, the intention to flee bloomed in Shang Qi’s heart. However at this moment, a strange glow appeared flickered in the eyes of the golden-eyed young man. So the person the black-robed young man wanted to kill, was Shang Qi.

No matter what, Shang Qi was still a descendent from a branch of the royal clan of Grand Shang. The young man with the golden eyes instantly called out, “Shang Qi, this man concealed his true features and his true purpose here is to kill the whole lot of you.”

As the sound of his voice faded, everyone’s expressions were thunderstruck. The eyes of the experts from the five major powers gleamed with coldness. This person had actually hid his identity and right from the very start, his true purpose here was to slaughter the five chosen.

When Shang Qi heard this, his mind spun wildly and suddenly, an image of a young man in white getting ganged up upon by experts from the six major powers, surfaced in his mind.



“BOOM!” Shang Qi stomped the ground as he frantically fled towards the direction of the royal clan. At the same time, he howled, “HE IS THE PERSON WHO STOLE THE SEVEN CONSTELLATION FRUITS!”

Chapter 508: Which of You Can Kill Me?

The instant Shang Qi’s words resounded out, the initial looks of anger were quickly replaced by looks of greed. The killing intent rising from the major powers’ experts only surged higher, as though they couldn’t wait to get onstage to kill Qin Wentian.

“So it was him.” Right now they finally understood. Qin Wentian had challenged the five chosen not because he wanted to show off his strength. Rather, it was purely for the sake of revenge.

Those experts from the King’s Manor in Xuan King City trembled with rage at Qin Wentian’s audacity when they saw him chasing after Shang Qi. They stood up and roared explosively, “IMPUDENT!”

But how could Qin Wentian care about them? It was precisely because the six chosen were all on this stage that he’d come up here in the first place. His motive was simple, to kill all of them, not leaving a single one alive.

Since his purpose had already been revealed, there was no need to find excuses for what he wanted to do then.

Astral light flashed, as Stellar Transposition was executed. He reappeared behind Shang Qi and stabbed the spear out with a speed as fast as lightning. The long spear seemed without presence, soundlessly penetrating through the air. Yet, a terrible shockwave emerged, seemingly powerful enough to tear the surrounding space apart.

Shang Qi naturally felt the pressure. A rumbling sound rang out as his mind shuddered, an after-effect of him being dragged into a nightmare. In there, countless blood-colored halberds lashed out at him. Each halberd shone with a life-stealing light, projecting a sinister and malevolent aura, waiting to reap his life away.

“ARGHH!” Shang Qi howled, the bloodline in his body started to thrum with power. Like the rumbling of the mountains, terrifying explosions seemed to resound from within his body and abruptly, a glow of golden light burst out, intermingled with blood. It wrapped Shang Qi securely within the protection of a cocoon.

“BANG!” The vibrational strength was incomparably powerful, landing on the cocoon as tendrils of pulsating energy gushed within. Although the cocoon was destroyed, there was still a layer of blood energy protecting Shang Qi. Shang Qi coughed out blood as the impact of the strike pushed him forwards. The experts from the King’s Manor were already moving towards the stage, prepared to rescue Shang Qi.

Although they didn’t step onto the stage, they were at its boundaries.

“QUICKLY!” Among them, an expert stretched out his hands, trying to grab Shang Qi to safety. Shang Qi gritted his teeth as the power of his bloodline erupted to its utmost limits, boosting his speed explosively as he continued rushing forward.

“You think you can run?” A beam of radiant light shot out from the center of Qin Wentian’s brows. His demonic qi towered up till the skies as the blood in his body boiled and seethed, causing a fearsome blood-red vortex to manifest at the tip of his spear.

“DIE!” Qin Wentian shouted. The instant the expert from the King’s Manor grabbed hold of Shang Qi, Qin Wentian’s spear descended.

“Pu...” At that instant, Shang Qi’s body convulsed violently. The expert from the King’s Manor succeeded in grabbing Shang Qi to his side, yet...he was already dead. Shang Qi’s face was a mask of blood, his entire arterial channels, meridians, bone structures and even his heart, had been ripped to pieces.

That spear strike had been powered by Qin Wentian’s bloodline, as well as his Mandate of Force, causing the interior of Shang Qi’s body to completely collapse.

“You...” The expert from the King’s Manor had a dark look upon his face. Within moments, a surge of his blood-might activated his bloodline power and enveloped Qin Wentian within, sealing his movements.

Those below were still staring dumbfounded in amazement, awed by Qin Wentian’s audacity. After his identity had been revealed, he had used an even more overwhelming attack to slaughter Shang Qi, totally ignoring the existence of the King’s Manor.

Xu Feng and Ji Xue stood on the stage, their hearts pounding violently. They recognized this man now—it was Qin Wentian and he had come for revenge. He was now so powerful he could

effortlessly kill the chosen. Ji Xue finally understood why the black-robed young man kept referring to himself as Qin. Apparently, this person was none other than Qin Wentian!

And as for Yun Rou who had come here together with Qin Wentian, her heart was tangled with mixed emotions, her eyes widened so much it felt as though they were going to pop out. That young man whom she'd constantly been giving reminders to, he was actually this powerful?!

At the royal clan's seating area, the young man with the golden eyes actually had a smile on his face as he watched the scene play out. With regards to Shang Qi's death, he wasn't bothered at all. Somehow, this young man in black had actually exceeded his expectations.

As for Shang Yue, the princess of the King's Manor in Xuan King City, she was now personally witnessing that young man take revenge on the six chosen who had hunted him down back then. As she watched him, she felt an indescribable emotion in her heart.

"He has spatial transference scrolls on him, don't let him escape."

"We must dismember his body into ten thousand pieces before tossing his remains out in the wilderness for the demonic beasts to feast on!"

The experts from the five major powers, as well as the King's Manor in the Xuan King City, were completely incensed. They had even arrived at the boundaries of the stage and wanted nothing more than to step onto it and personally slaughter Qin Wentian.

Leng Tu from the Blood Cloud Sect also felt a chill in his heart as he witnessed what was happening. Back then in the hidden realm, he had been in the same party as Qin Wentian. Luckily, he hadn't been like Xie Yu and the others, repaying kindness with ingratitude. If not, their situations today would most likely be his as well.

"In this disciple recruitment selection event of the nine great sects, only those qualified can stand upon this stage. Life and death belongs to one's fate, this is something the royal clan and the nine great sects have all acknowledged. Since they died in the hands of I, Qin, this can only mean that their strength was far from enough. Yet all of you from Xuan King City want to rush up onto the stage and kill me? Do you feel that the prestige of being acknowledged by the nine great sects isn't worthy enough, or are you holding the royal clan in disdain?"

Qin Wentian's voice reverberated through the air like thunder falling from the skies, echoing out for over a hundred miles. Since both the nine great sects and the royal clan had given their word, that the life and death of the cultivators on stage would depend on their own fate, who still dared to rush up and kill Qin Wentian?

His spoken words felt like a tight slap to the faces of all those experts from the major powers in the Xuan King City. They fell silent, yet their eyes glimmered with a baleful hatred.

“We will naturally comply with the nine great sects and the royal clan’s directive. However, if you wish to use the spatial transference scroll to escape, we will have no choice but to barge up to stop you.” Someone from the higher echelons in the King’s Manor coldly spoke. Shang Qi was a junior of his clan—he was someone talented enough to be named chosen and had been highly regarded. Yet, Qin Wentian had actually dared to slay him under broad daylight, right in front of their faces.

As the sound of his voice faded, a sixth level Heavenly Dipper Sovereign had already passed the formation. And immediately, he dashed towards Qin Wentian’s direction.

This person was an expert from the Golden Fire Aristocrat Clan. His combat prowess could be considered extremely tyrannical among sixth level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns, but because of his age, he knew that there was no chance of him being selected by the nine great sects even if he did pass the test. And so, he hadn’t come up earlier.

After all, talent was the foremost consideration when the nine great sects chose their disciples. Considering his age, as well as the fact that he was only at the sixth level of Heavenly Dipper after all these years, this already spoke volumes about his level of talent.

However, right now, he was stepping up in order to kill Qin Wentian.

“I want him to die in the utmost agony, his flesh incinerated by flames.” A powerhouse from the Golden Fire Aristocrat Clan coldly commanded, his voice tingling with malevolence. His hatred for Qin Wentian had already seeped into his bones. Jin Yan was his son! A life for a life, Qin Wentian must die.

“Who says I’m going to leave?” Qin Wentian stared at the expert who spoke. The features of his face suddenly blurred as the lines shifted, revealing his original countenance.

Indeed, he was that white-robed young man who’d made the six major powers suffer tremendous losses when they chased after him. Now, he was back for revenge, like a god of death, killing the chosen from the six powers.

Those demon-level geniuses in front of him were akin to weeds waiting to be chopped—they couldn’t even stand up to a single strike. In fact, their level of strength made people question whether they were truly qualified to be named as chosen in the first place.

The eyes of Lin Shuai, from the Battle Sword Sect, abruptly brightened when he saw Qin Wentian's countenance.

So, that white-robed young man he'd seen in the image had already been noticed by his master. And indeed, Qin Wentian's earlier tyrannical performance truly made him stand out from the crowd. Those chosen from the Xuan King City were nothing in front of him.

"I, Qin, am but one man. That day in the mountain range of the Heavenly Mountains, experts from the six major powers, even those at the latter levels of Heavenly Dipper were also present, when you moved against me. You guys truly hold me in high regard. Since I, Qin, have come here today, I have no intentions of leaving so easily. How can I not 'thank' the six major powers for their 'kindness' on that day?"

Qin Wentian spoke, and the power of his blood started to awaken as a towering demonic qi exploded forth from him. His black hair fluttered in the wind, his dark eyes blacker than the darkest night, yet they glowed with the light of the brightest constellation. In the center of his brows, a third eye opened, and his aura surged relentlessly upwards. He was like the descendant of an ancient primordial demon king, intent on world domination.

The expert from the Golden Fire Aristocrat Clan walked over, his body blazing with fire. Both his astral souls and astral novas had already been released, shining so brightly that they pierced the eyes of the onlookers. His blood was surging as well, as a number of golden lotuses manifested before him, projecting a fearsome aura of menacing heat.

He soared into the air, moving towards Qin Wentian. His fiery palms were so dazzling that the onlookers couldn't open their eyes. An incomparably huge golden lotus appeared in the air, before transforming into a sea of golden petals, sweeping towards Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian also, soared into the air. A forcefield of absolute obedience blasted outwards as his mounting sword qi raked the petals into pieces. The King Sword astral nova floated above his head. This was a sword that could only be wielded by kings, none could be its equal.

"DIE!" A boundless sword intent flooded the space, and the smaller golden lotuses around that expert all exploded into pieces, in a bid for defense.

"BOOM!" Qin Wentian took another step forward, causing the space to tremble. He executed Stellar Transformation as his long spear shot directly through the void, piercing towards his opponent's body.

The expert from the Golden Fire Aristocrat Clan folded double-hand incantation gestures as nine blazing suns abruptly appeared, sweeping forwards with a wave of destruction. The long spear skewered through all nine suns, shattering them with insurmountable force. At the same time, that

expert trembled violently as a scene of countless demonic beings appeared in his mind. He was dragged into a dreamscape, all because his will was too weak.

Although Qin Wentian had killed many people, even now there was nobody that could understand why his spear arts could be that strong.

The power of this devilish dreamscape couldn't be understood, if one didn't experience it personally.

“Puchi!”

That unfathomable spear struck out once again. So what if his opponent's cultivation base was at the sixth level of Yuanfu? Qin Wentian's bloodline activation placed him on equal footing in terms of cultivation base, added to the fact that all his Mandates were at the Transformation Boundary. Considering how terrifying his dreamscape of nightmares could be, who, at the same level, could receive a single spear from him without dying?

“DIE!” Qin Wentian spat out. Under the awestruck gazes of the crowd, the head of that expert split open as he died there, with a spear penetrated through his head.

The light from the nine suns faded away, Qin Wentian's eyes were filled with a wild confidence, sweeping around the crowd as he spoke in a tone of ice, “Who among you can kill me?”

## Chapter 509: Unrivalled Spear

Who among you can kill me? The spoken words were like the roaring of a demon king, bringing with it an aura that felt unmatched, and incomparably arrogant.

On the magnificent stage, the strongest existences were those at the sixth level of Heavenly Dipper. However, when Qin Wentian called upon the power of his bloodline, it allowed him to boost his cultivation base to become similar to the fifth level. In addition, his advantage in astral souls improved the quality of astral energy, as well as his condensed Astral Novas, this all gave him an edge over the others.

Of course, when used by Stellar Martial Cultivators, the power of innate techniques also depended on the quality and quantity of one's astral energy. Especially considering the fact that Qin Wentian's Yuanfu contained divine energy instead of astral energy, all of these factors allowed him to jump the cultivation levels, granting him the strength to combat experts who had a higher cultivation compared to him. And this was before taking into account that all his Mandates were at the Transformation Boundary of the second level.

Furthermore, it was of particular note that his spear arts were borne from his halberd arts. With his comprehension and diligent practice, he'd trained each halberd stance to perfection.

Each spear attack contained hints of his expertise of the halberd within, which was imbued with the forces of dual mandates: the will from the Mandate of Dreams as well as the will from the Mandate of Force. Under this unholy combination, Qin Wentian would first bewilder the mind of his opponent before unleashing powered strikes of extreme destruction.

Hence, with just a single spear attack, no one of the same level could stand against him. And with barely any effort, he could kill cultivators at one or two levels higher compared to him as well.

With his final strike, the experts from the six major powers were no longer as confident. Despite their rage, they knew this young man was truly powerful. They had to kill him now, to sever all troubles at its root.

“Join hands and kill him together,” a powerhouse from the King's Manor commanded. At this moment, there were two sixth level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns who had already passed the Violet Thunder Sword-Drum Formation. They weren't in a hurry to make a move, and chose to stay near the pathway to wait for more reinforcements. The aura from their bodies blasted out, as they stared hatefully at Qin Wentian, fully prepared to battle.

The sixth-level Heavenly Dipper expert from the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan exuded massive amounts of demonic qi. Astral wind gusted around him as sand and small pebbles on the stage flew randomly about. The spectators below involuntarily took a few steps back when they felt the force of the raging wind. The whistling of the wind gave testament to how sharp it was, even just as an after-effect, and some unlucky spectators suffered scratches on their skin where their clothes had been shredded apart. What was even more terrifying was that a pair of demonic wings took form behind his back.

The expert from the Yin Clan was like a god of lightning descending into this world. Flashes of electricity randomly sparked around him, and the explosive, booming sounds of thunder were so loud that a few crowd members couldn't help but clasp their hands over their ears. His aura was so overwhelming that it seemed everything would collapse before him. He would kill anyone trying to block him.

This time around, the two experts sent by the major powers were already so terrifying, it was obvious how determined the Xuan King City was in their desire to kill Qin Wentian. They would never allow Qin Wentian to leave this stage alive.

Yet how could Qin Wentian be afraid of them? He stood tall and proud in the air, putting away the ordinary spear. With a bright flash of light, another similar-looking spear appeared in his hands. This spear emitted a brilliant light, and an aura of sharpness could clearly be felt from it. Astral energy circulated all over the spear, causing Yun Rou to let out a gasp upon seeing it. This was none other than the top-grade fourth-ranked spear Qin Wentian had wanted.

The spear Qin Wentian had used earlier was just an ordinary one. But now, he was finally choosing to use a divine weapon.

“You’re all experts from the six major powers, each with a cultivation base at the sixth level of Heavenly Dipper, and you’re coming at me with overwhelming strength and powerful weapons. I, Qin, have truly been too courteous in using such ordinary weapons to fight. Considering the advantages your side holds now, then even if I were to use a divine weapon to kill you all, no one can say that I relied on treasures to win.”

Qin Wentian’s voice was roiling, reaching out to every corner, his words causing the others to silently nod their heads in agreement. It was true—Qin Wentian was facing joint attacks from experts of the six major powers who all had a cultivation base advantage over him. Not only that, it was a certainty that the divine weapons they wielded were also extraordinary. There was no shame for him to use a top-tier fourth-ranked divine weapon in combat.

Qin Wentian took a step forward, as a billowing sword intent instantly gusted by virtue of his Seven Annihilations Swordplay.

The King Sword Astral Nova floated above his head. With every step he took, his intentions of annihilation and destruction compounded onto each other, causing terrifying waves to engulf the area.

Qin Wentian continued brandishing his spear, yet every step he took birthed a towering sword-might within that area. He closely resembled the overlord of demons, as well as the sovereign of swords. Such an aura deeply shocked the spectators as they continued to watch him, feeling a sense of trepidation in their hearts.

“This young man is truly a demon-level genius. Our Qinghua Mountain wants him for sure.” The eyes of the expert from the Qinghua Mountain gleamed with a bright light. Such a talent was truly hard to find. With the power of his blood, he could skip two levels and battle opponents stronger than him on an equal footing. Not only that, all his Mandates were at the Transformation Boundary of the second insight. Not even sixth-level Heavenly Dippers might be able to accomplish such an achievement.

“This young man in black can stand shoulder to shoulder with the demon-level geniuses of our nine great sects. His combat prowess is incredible indeed.” An expert from the Heaven Cleaving Manor mused, as a similar notion of recruiting Qin Wentian appeared in his mind. Such a high-level talent—if he were to join their Heaven Cleaving Manor, they would definitely nurture him like they would a chosen and ensure that he wouldn’t be weaker compared to any of the elite disciples of the other eight sects.

“He hasn’t even received any nurturing nor guidance from the nine great sects and is already so strong to this extent. If he joins one of our nine great sects, I wonder how much more terrifying he



would become?” An expert from the Great Earth Sect mused. With regards to Qin Wentian, the tests designed by the nine great sects for the purpose of recruitment were no longer as important. With his performance, they each wanted to recruit him within their ranks immediately.

The nine sects were all watching Qin Wentian intently, their faces alight with interest. The eyes of Lin Shuai from the Battle Sword Sect twinkled with admiration when he sensed the sword-might generating from Qin Wentian with each successive step taken. For a character with such talent in the sword arts, there was no other sect more suitable for him than the Battle Sword Sect. Could his Master’s true intentions be to nurture this young man into a chosen of their sect, becoming one of their leaders in the future?

All this would depend on how great Qin Wentian’s latent potential was. But right now, it was imperative that they recruit this little fellow into their Battle Sword Sect first. Lin Shuai glanced around, and it seemed that the representatives from the other eight sects all had the same notion already in their minds: to recruit Qin Wentian.

Currently, Qin Wentian’s fifth step had already landed. Those two sixth level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns from the Xuan King City were still waiting for reinforcements. But now they found that they could no longer wait—already they could sense a surge of towering sword-might boring down upon them, threatening to shatter their Astral Novas.

“KILL HIM!” The two of them shouted simultaneously. The expert from the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan was covered by gusts of wind as he dashed towards Qin Wentian. A pair of wings formed behind his back, shining with silvery light, and slashing outwards at Qin Wentian with enough force to split a human into two. As for that expert from the Yin Clan, his hands wielded a gigantic lightning pole with complex inscriptions inscribed upon it. Each strike was punctuated by a clap of thunder. He slammed the pole towards Qin Wentian as dark clouds appeared. The booming explosiveness from the thunderbolts shook the entire space.

Qin Wentian took another step outwards, as a boundless sword-might swept out. It felt as though there were millions upon millions of strands of sword qi penetrating the bodies of the two experts. They instantly felt cracks appearing on their Astral Novas. Groaning in misery, blood leaked from the corners of their lips, and yet they still pressed on with their attacks without hesitation.

Qin Wentian inclined his head, and with an intention of will, his King Sword Astral Nova immediately slashed out. This sword was like the sword of the god of death, splitting apart the lightning divinity’s form. At the same time, his long spear erupted forth, piercing with unerring precision into the silver wings slicing over from the expert of the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan.

Those silvery roc wings were used as tools of murder for those from the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan, and contained enough force to completely sever a person into two. But when the divine long spear stabbed into them, crumbling sounds echoed as fissures actually appeared on the wings. Silver light flashed as they broke apart, and the expert from the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan immediately stumbled mid-flight—Qin Wentian had actually destroyed one of his wings.

“What power,” the crowd breathed. A single strike had jolted that incomparably sturdy silver wing into nothingness. The terrifying might of Qin Wentian’s vibrational shockwaves could very well be seen.

“You think you can escape?” Seeing the expert from the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan furiously flapping his remaining wing in an attempt to fly away, Qin Wentian’s lips curled into a cold smile. He executed Stellar Transposition as his silhouette started to flicker. Although this would greatly consume his energy, he had a total of four Yuanfu, which meant he could afford to use it extravagantly. Earlier when he had killed those chosen, he hadn’t even used it. But now, there was no need to hold back any longer.

“Puchi!” The life-reaping spear penetrated through the void. The expert from the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan frantically turned, his golden talons grabbing downwards in a bid to block while his other remaining wing chopped out towards Qin Wentian.

“DIE!” Qin Wentian spat out, and everywhere his spear passed, waves of destruction would rock the void. The long spear breached through the pathetic defenses of his opponent, and upon entering his body, it channeled vibrational shockwaves which destroyed his inner organs, completely decimating his life force.

The killing only took the time for a flint’s spark to fly off a stone, and at this instant, the expert from the Yin Clan who was wielding the lightning pole had already descended. He smashed his weapon downwards, aiming for Qin Wentian’s head. The tyrannical thunderbolts filled the skies, brimming with the power of destruction, while all his Astral Novas also lashed out at the same time, augmenting the intensity of lightning and thunder in the area.

“Bzzz!” Astral light inundated the area as Qin Wentian executed Stellar Transposition, moving out of that lightning-filled space. However, his black robes were all already tattered. The long spear in his hand unhesitatingly stabbed out, and the instant the Yin Clan expert turned to focus on him, a nightmarish dream-will gushed into his mind.

“Puchi!” The sound of another body being pierced through echoed in the air. Qin Wentian’s spear would slay gods if the gods tried to block it, and would slay buddhas if buddhas tried to stand

before him. Nobody could withstand the might of his spear attack. As to the exact secrets this spear strike contained, even now, nobody understood. They could only see that all of Qin Wentian's opponents were dropping like flies before him.

Right now, Qin Wentian took another step out, walking in the direction of the Violet Thunder Sword-Drum Formation. Just when another expert from the six major powers stepped out, he saw the scene of Qin Wentian tyrannically massacring the two sixth level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns before him. That person immediately paled, as his heart trembled. Yet now, he could neither advance nor retreat, Qin Wentian's spear directly penetrated through the center of his head, reaping his life away with a single strike.

"He is simply a devil. He's invincible on that stage, no one can win against him." The crowd stared at Qin Wentian, who was now guarding the entrance of the formation pathway. Below the stage, there were still people who dared to enter the formation. Hence the message Qin Wentian wished to send out was clear: if you send one, I shall kill one. No matter how many you send, I shall play with you till the end. Although the six major powers projected a domineering aura, one must understand that sixth level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns could be considered elites in their sects and clans. For even one to die had already caused them to feel a pinch, how could they be so stupid and toss the lives of elites freely away?

At this point, the six major powers had almost gone mad with fury. Their eyes stared daggers at Qin Wentian, wanting nothing more than to tear him into a thousand million pieces.

"The six major powers of the Xuan King City are truly disappointing, they can't even withstand a single strike," Qin Wentian casually commented, and his words were like a harsh slap on the six major powers' faces. He'd killed their experts and even mocked them for being useless, but what retort could they give? So many experts had already fallen at Qin Wentian's hands, would there even be anyone at the sixth level of Heavenly Dipper that could be his match?

#### Chapter 510: The Sacred Royal Medallion Appears

The battle stage had turned into a stage to showcase Qin Wentian's performance. Right now, the focus of the entire crowd was on Qin Wentian, causing the brilliance of those who passed the nine sects' test earlier to dim, becoming a backdrop to further showcase Qin Wentian's radiance.

The countenances of those from Xuan King City was incredibly ugly to behold, warped by rage and malevolence. Right now, an expert from the Yin Clan suddenly shouted, "KILL HIM! My Yin Clan will bestow an Ascendant-level cultivation art to those who can kill him."

“My Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan will bestow the Wind Roc Cultivation Art to the one able to kill him. The Wind Roc innate technique would grant one overwhelming might, the ability to transform into a wind roc, soaring through the heavens, boosting one’s speed to an incredible degree.” Another expert from the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan bellowed.

“My Golden Fire Aristocrat Clan shall gift an unusual fire spark to the one who can kill him. After refining the unusual fire, it will enable one’s bloodline to birth flames, increasing one’s affinity with fire and even lacing your attacks with the energy of flame combustion.” An expert from the Golden Fire Aristocrat Clan hollered.

The six major powers all respectively offered their terms, promising powerful arts and even priceless treasures just for the sake of killing the black-robed young man. From this, one could see how deep their hatred for Qin Wentian went.

The eyes of the experts on the battle stage all shifted onto Qin Wentian. Currently, this young man in black was like a treasure trove. As long as they killed him, they would be able to obtain countless benefits.

There were many experts on the battle stage, including some that has already passed the tests designed by the nine great sects. If they attacked together, Qin Wentian would definitely die here today. However, no one dared to lead the pack. Especially when Qin Wentian turned his gaze upon them, the pressure he gave off was just too strong. It felt as though whoever steps out first, shall be the first to die beneath his spear.

At this moment, in the area designated to the Great Earth Sect, a young man with a ruddy glow on his face came before an elder, whispering something into his ear. Instantly, the elder from the Great Earth Sect swept his gaze over the crowd as he transmitted, “Is this matter true?”

“I wouldn’t dare to deceive elder.” That person spoke seriously. After which, that elder turned his gaze onto Qin Wentian, as a burning heat flashed in his eyes.

“Little friend, you have already proven yourself through the battles earlier. It’s about time you make a choice. If you join our Great Earth Sect, we will give it our all to nurture you, giving you the rights and privileges of a chosen. Even among the other eight great sects, none of them will be able to match our offer. How about it?”

At this moment, that expert from the Great Earth Sect called out, his words caused the representatives from the other eight sects to start slightly. The Great Earth Sect was actually willing to offer him the same treatment a chosen would receive? They actually valued him so much? One

must keep in mind that in Grand Shang, these nine great sects were only second to the Royal Sacred Sect. The benefits a chosen would receive was undoubtedly immense.

Also, those demon-level geniuses of the Xuan King City didn't even have the qualifications to join the nine sects. One could see how powerful and how stringent the nine sects placed on one's degree of talent. Each chosen of the nine great sects were existences akin to blazing suns of their generation, destined to enter the Royal Sacred Sect.

Although Qin Wentian's performance today was outstanding, it was impossible for the other eight sects to make the same statement as the Great Earth Sect.

A chosen from any of the nine great sects could do whatever he wanted to in the Xuan King City. Nobody would even dare to raise a voice in protest.

In the direction where the royal clan members were sitting, the eyes of the golden-eyed young man gleamed with a resplendent light as an expression of extreme interest appeared on his face. The Great Earth Sect actually offered such a beneficial condition? There must be something more to their decision.

"Your highness." At this moment, a leading character from the Xuan King's Manor addressed the golden-eyed young man. His eyes flickered with a terrifying light as his face was apoplectic with rage.

"Uncle." The golden-eyed young man called out. This expert from the Xuan King's Manor was one of his many uncles purely based on bloodline.

"That man considered everyone to be beneath him, insufferably arrogant, even daring to kill Shang Qi right in front of our eyes. Shang Qi is also someone of the royal clan, how can we spare him? I beseech your highness to kill that man so as to uphold the pride of our royal clan." That expert from the Xuan King's Manor had a solemn expression on his face as he spoke.

"Today is the recruitment selection event of the nine great sects, it wouldn't be too good if I interfere." The golden-eyed young man calmly spoke. "I'm also affected by Shang Qi's death but considering the circumstances, things would become extremely ugly if we used external forces to interfere with events happening on the battle stage."

"Your highness, there's a few extremely outstanding characters who came here from our royal clan this time around. If your highness is willing to allow them to go up the stage, it wouldn't be difficult to slay that little bastard." The expert from the Xuan King's Manor continued, his gaze turned to a

few others standing to the left of the golden-eyed young man. These people had come here along with the royal clan, he knew that they were all extremely powerful among the younger generations.

The nine great sects were here to hold a disciple recruitment selection event, they would naturally bring some of their disciples over as well, the royal clan was no exception.

“They have already pledged their allegiance and joined our royal clan.” The golden-eyed young man reminded, silently indicating that these people didn’t have any reason to go up the battle stage as it was inappropriate.

Upon hearing his reply, the expert from the King Manor’s cursed silently in his heart. Even though they shared a bloodline this prince had actually refused to help.

“Little Yue has already grown up now. She’s truly beautiful, as befitting of a princess.” The golden-eyed young man suddenly said something out of context, his words causing a gleam of sharpness to shine in the eyes of the expert from the King’s Manor. How could he not understand what the golden-eyed young man was getting at?

The Seven King Cities were all branches of the royal clan however they had been removed from the main bloodline many generations ago. Even still there were some members among the royal branches that were extremely talented and had managed to join the Royal Sacred Sect. An example of one was the King of the Xuan King’s Manor, he was powerful enough to become an elder of the Royal Sacred Sect and even the current emperor of the entire Grand Shang Empire had to show him some respect.

The Great Shang Empire, in order to consolidate their authority, methods like joining the Royal Sacred Sect would also be needed

Shang Yue glanced over, as she saw the golden-eyed young man looking at her and instantly paled.

“If your highness can kill that man in black, I’m willing to send Shang Yue into your palace, allowing her to be your consort.” The expert from the Xuan King’s Manor spoke. Since Eye King agreed, this wasn’t merely just about killing Qin Wentian. The Xuan King’s Manor’s Expert had even sent Shang Yue away, after already having lost Shang Qi, these actions showed what kind of attitude he currently had. His promise to send Shang Yue over now, was a kind of attitude only an idiot would have.

The golden-eyed young man had peerless talent and was born with unusual eyes. He was bestowed the position of a king since he was young and not only that, he was given the authority to pass on his kingship to his descendents. This was the difference between him and the other seven King Cities, he was of the true bloodline of the Grand Shang Empire, otherwise known as the Eye King, Shang Tong.

The current Emperor has a total of nine sons. This golden-eyed young man, the Eye King, although he wasn't the strongest, his talent was the most terrifying. He had the power to fight for the throne and a high possibility to inherit Grand Shang. Since he took the initiative to mention Shang Yue, the expert of the Xuan King's Manor obviously knew what he had to do. He could only suggest sending Shang Yue into the Eye King's Manor.

The instant Shang Yue heard these words, her countenance turned to something akin to dead ashes. Although she was the princess of the Xuan King City, she had no power to control her own fate. She was actually used as a bargaining chip for a matter between young men on a battle stage. Right now she was actually hoping that Qin Wentian wouldn't be defeated. If the Eye King was defeated, his arrogance and pride would forbid him from bringing this matter up again.

Shang Tong's golden eyes turned towards Qin Wentian, as a cold light erupted from within. Since the expert from the Xuan King's Manor already agreed, right now in his eyes, Qin Wentian was already a dead man. Although Qin Wentian's talent was outstanding, rather than him eventually joining one of the nine great sects, he might as well kill this man off now.

"Little friend, our Qinghua Mountain holds you in extremely high regards. Now, this is the second time we are extending an invitation for you to join. I wonder if you would be interested?" The expert from the Qinghua Mountain issued out yet another invitation for Qin Wentian.

"Our Violet Thunder Sect also welcomes you to join us." An expert from the Violet Thunder Sect made their stance clear, his words causing the face of the uncle of Yin Ting to change drastically as he stared at the elder who spoke. That elder ignored him totally, from his perspective, how could a mere Yin Ting overshadow the talent Qin Wentian had shown? Yin Ting had an advantage in cultivation but was still defeated under a spear strike of Qin Wentian, directly getting insta-killed. Such a character was the epitome of uselessness.

Each of the great sects made their wishes known, all of them inviting Qin Wentian. The only sect that didn't make a statement yet, was the Battle Sword Sect.

Lin Shuai studied Qin Wentian. He knew that with a character like Qin Wentian's, he would already have his own choice long before. Whether they spoke up or not didn't really matter too much.

"There's no need for all of you to fight for him. He shall die today." At this moment, another voice drifted out, causing the crowd to feel a wave of pressure gushing over.

Lifting their heads, they saw a person flying up in the skies. This person projected a tyrannical aura with an unbendable pride, disdainfully looking down on Qin Wentian.

"Jun Yu."

The experts from the Xuan King's Manor were all stunned and surprised when they saw Jun Yu. Nobody expected Jun Yu would come here today. Sadly, he arrived a little too late. If he was here earlier, Qin Wentian wouldn't have had any chance to act so arrogantly.

Jun Yu was someone from the Royal Sacred Sect. In fact, he was the personal disciple of the Xuan King himself.

The representatives from the nine great sects were also taken aback when they saw Jun Yu. Jun Yu actually appeared here, did he come to avenge Shang Qi's death?

How could Jun Yu be here for someone like Shang Qi? He was passing by Xuan King City and only came to take a look when he heard that the nine great sects were holding a disciple recruitment event here. Yet, who would have thought that he would actually meet Qin Wentian here?

Back then, during the time when he returned to Grand Xia, appearing with the untouchable and esteemed status of a personal disciple of an elder from the Royal Sacred Sect. At that time his corona of radiance had actually been stained by someone from the younger generation – Qin Wentian.

During the Heavenly Fate Ranking Battle of Grand Xia, he arrived in a domineering fashion. For that all out war, his radiance should have illuminated the skies but who would have thought that Qin Wentian only used a single sword strike to scare him off. Jun Yu was even tricked into utilizing the extremely valuable life-saving treasure which his master had bestowed on him. That event had basically been an extraordinary bout of shame and humiliation that he needed to repay.

Qin Wentian lifted his head and stared at the silhouette of Jun Yu standing in the skies. How could he not remember Jun Yu? Back then, it was because of the appearance of this person that caused the Ouyang Aristocrat and Jiang Clan to forsake their alliance, almost narrowly causing the other powers which followed him to die and be buried within the Venerate Heavens Sect, dying at the hands of the Great Solar Chen Clan.

Jun Yu was said to be the disciple of an elder in the Royal Sacred Sect. Who would have thought that his master would actually be the King of Xuan King City?

But so what of it? Even though Jun Yu was a disciple of an elder, he was after all still just a disciple in the Royal Sacred Sect.

“DIE!” Jun Yu coldly spat out, a gigantic palm slamming down from the sky. Qin Wentian lazily stretched out his hand, showing a medal clutched in it as he bellowed out loud, “IN FRONT OF THE SACRED ROYAL MEDALLION, WHO DARES TO KILL ME?”



Jun Yu instantly retracted his palms, an ugly expression appeared on his face as he stared at the medallion in Qin Wentian's hand. "This medallion wasn't given to you, this was something you stole."

"This Sacred Royal Medallion was obtained by me after I killed the person who it was bestowed. In the unspoken rules of the cultivation world, since he was defeated, his belongings naturally now belong to me. Right now, I'm announcing in front of the nine great sects and the royal clan that I will be participating in the test to join the Royal Sacred Sect in the future. As a disciple of the Royal Sacred Sect, if you dared to make a move against me, it means that you are defying the laws your sect set, disobeying the Sacred Emperor and treating his will as fart. Everyone present here can be my witness."

Qin Wentian's outburst turned Jun Yu's countenance green. He didn't expect that Qin Wentian actually understood how to use the Sacred Royal Medallion!