

Ancient GM 511

Chapter 511: Sharply Opposed, Neither Giving Way to Each Other

The Sacred Royal Medallion, an ancient medallion personally promulgated by the Royal Sacred Sect with the purpose to recruit outstanding elites from all around the world.

With the medallion in hand, one was considered an external disciple of the Royal Sacred Sect and would gain preferential treatment, able to bypass the tests of the nine great sects and directly take the test set by the Royal Sacred Sect. If one was able to pass that, they would become a true disciple of the Royal Sacred Sect and be rewarded all the privileges that came with it.

The test set by the Royal Sacred Sect was extremely stringent and fair. There would be major characters from the sect on the judging panel, nobody dared to break the rules nor try bribery or fraud. This was how the Royal Sacred Sect remained so overwhelmingly strong through the generations.

The Royal Sacred Sect was the undisputed leader of this vast region known as the Royal Sacred Region which encompassed Grand Shang, Grand Xia and Grand Zhou. They had built up this enterprise through painstaking efforts, having extremely high requirements for people who wanted to join them. The elites under the heaven would gather by themselves, as well as the nine great sects. How could the Royal Sacred Sect not prosper? One must know that without the injection of fresh blood, no matter how strong a power was, it would only be doomed to fade away into obscurity with the passing of time.

Hence, the meaning behind the Sacred Royal Medallion was extremely important. Even if Qin Wentian didn't come here to participate in the event today, just based on him having a Sacred Royal Medallion, he could saunter his way over to any of the nine great sects and directly request to participate in their test. This was also how the Grand Shang attracted the geniuses from Grand Xia over. Back then, there had already been some geniuses from Grand Xia that had been recruited by the Grand Shang Empire.

The vast majority of Grand Xia might not know the importance and value of the medallion, but how could those from Grand Shang not know? Not only that, there were representatives of the nine great sects that were just below the Royal Sacred Sect in power present at the venue. When Qin Wentian flashed the Sacred Royal Medallion, even Jun Yu had to retract his palms, not daring to kill Qin Wentian.

It did not matter if Qin Wentian had stolen the medallion or not as the medallion was now in his hands, it merely meant that he was more capable than the original holder. In front of so many, Jun Yu didn't dare to publicly ignore the will of the Sacred Royal Medallion. After all, this place wasn't Grand Xia.

There were simply too little Sacred Royal Medallions in Grand Xia. Even for the remaining seven grand clans, they would only get three medallions every century. Previously, the Sacred Royal Medallions were in the hands of the Royal Xia Clan and were distributed by the Emperor of Grand Xia. This was also one of the major reasons why the nine grand clans back then chose to rebel. After Grand Xia was destroyed, the influence of the Royal Sacred Sect in Grand Shang grew larger and larger and after a few thousand years, their current might was already something that even Grand Xia at its peak wouldn't compare to it.

Jun Yu glanced at the Qin Wentian below him, his long hair fluttered in the wind as the flames of his anger were palpable in the air. He wanted nothing more than to destroy this young man who had stained his pride back in Grand Xia. He was a lofty Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant and was even a personal disciple of an elder of the Royal Sacred Sect. Despite his status, he suffered a disadvantage at the hands of a junior. How could his pride allow him to bear such humiliation?

Those from the Xuan King's Manor had never expected that Jun Yu would have a grudge with Qin Wentian. And right now, an expert exclaimed, "Jun Yu, this brat is too arrogant. Who is he exactly?" "Nothing but a loser from Grand Xia, Qin Wentian. I didn't expect that he would actually choose to escape to Grand Shang." Jun Yu's eyes flickered with fearsome flames, as though his anger would bake Qin Wentian alive.

"Ridiculous." Qin Wentian's long spear pointed right at Jun Yu as he coldly spoke. "As a disciple of the Royal Sacred Sect, you wanted to show off your prestige when you went back to Grand Xia yet were frightened away by a single sword attack of mine. Everyone in Grand Xia knows about this matter but to think that you still have the face to come here and boast. Jun Yu, you completely tarnished the reputation of the Royal Sacred Sect."

As the sound of Qin Wentian's voice faded, the entire crowd was stunned into silence. Jun Yu was a lofty existence at the Celestial Phenomenon Realm and was a true disciple of the Royal Sacred Sect. How could he have been frightened away by Qin Wentian? If what Qin Wentian said was true, Jun Yu had truly and completely thrown away the face of the Royal Sacred Sect. But naturally, they didn't really believe Qin Wentian's words. It wasn't that they didn't believe in Qin Wentian's talent, but rather his current cultivation was truly too low. How could he even have the strength to resist the power of an Ascendant?

However, Jun Yu's expression became increasingly unsightly. His reaction causing many in the crowd to believe that what Qin Wentian had said was true.

"Even with the Sacred Royal Medallion, you haven't officially entered the sect as a true disciple. How dare you show disrespect to me." Jun Yu's aura exploded forth, pressing down on Qin Wentian.

Yet Qin Wentian showed no sign of fear, his long spear continued pointing straight at Jun Yu as he spoke, "What a joke, you are merely somebody who started cultivating tens of years earlier compared to me. If we were of the same generation, in this world, there wouldn't be anyone named Jun Yu. In the future when I breakthrough to Celestial Phenomenon, you will be nothing more than an ant to me. I shall directly trample you to death."

The Pill Emperor Hall was already Qin Wentian's enemy. Sooner or later, there would be a day where he returns to there and retrieves the demon sword, obliterating the sect from the face of this world. And because Jun Yu knew this as well, he wouldn't let go of any opportunity to kill him. In that case, Qin Wentian had nothing to fear.

"Daring to be so disrespectful to your elders. I, Jun Yu won't you kill today. But, I will teach you a lesson that you will never forget." Jun Yu coldly spoke. A blazing heat filled his palms as a ball of sunflame condensed within, instantly blasting downwards towards Qin Wentian.

In the space between the two of them, a dazzling light exploded as a scorching heat caused the hearts of the crowd to tremble. A disciple of the Royal Sacred Sect was truly domineering indeed, from this single attack, even if Qin Wentian survived, he would still be seriously injured. The might of this attack was simply too tyrannical.

"Bzzz!" Right at this moment, a rainbow appeared in the sky. At that very instant, a towering sword might enveloped the entire battle stage, completely disrupting the ball of sunflames hurtling towards Qin Wentian.

Jun Yu's expression turned sharp. Shifting his gaze, he turned in the direction of the sword attack. It was actually from the Battle Sword Sect.

The spectators all sat up in shock, since the Battle Sword Sect actually interfered and destroyed Jun Yu's attack.

No matter what, Jun Yu was still the personal disciple of an elder in the Royal Sacred Sect. Although the nine great sects had different philosophies, since they were all under the Royal Sacred Sect, they should at least give some face right? Now that the Battle Sword Sect had disrupted his attacks, they inevitably offended Jun Yu.

If Jun Yu was just an ordinary disciple of the Royal Sacred Sect, nobody would care. After all, the nine great sects were all also part of the Royal Sacred Sect. But Jun Yu was the disciple of an elder-level character, even in the sect, he had some status. Everyone would think twice about offending someone like him.

But the Battle Sword Sect showed no hesitation and directly slashed out, forcibly disrupting his attack.

“My Battle Sword Sect came to the Xuan King City for the disciple recruitment event. We are not here to see how you flaunt your strength in front of a junior at the Heavenly Dipper level. Get the fuck down.” Lin Shuai’s voice was the same as his character. Simple and sharp.

Jun Yu frowned, he stared at Lin Shuai with a ugly expression on his face. “This is my matter and has nothing to do with you. You dared to obstruct me?”

Lin Shuai placed his hands around his back. A twinkling sound rang out as the humming of a sword could be heard. His sword was pulled from his scabbard, radiating an ice cold light.

Such a scene caused Jun Yu’s countenance to turn into winter’s frost.

“The nine great sects are also part of the Royal Sacred Sect. I will say this again, I won’t go easy on anyone seeking to disrupt this disciple recruitment selection. Don’t forget that since we are both members of the Royal Sacred Sect, even if there are disputes, as long as there are no deaths, the sect won’t pursue anything.” Lin Shuai’s voice was still as sharp as before, yet the threat in his words wasn’t masked at all, causing Jun Yu to tremble with rage and prepare to lunge towards Lin Shuai.

“Senior Jun Yu.” At this moment, a voice drifted over from the direction where the royal clan of Grand Shang was sitting. The one who spoke was none other than the young man with the golden eyes, Shang Tong.

Jun Yu naturally recognized Shang Tong. Back when he had visited the royal clan of Grand Shang, he had seen Shang Tong before. This person’s talent was truly too terrifying which resulted in him being bestowed a Sacred Royal Medallion at a very young age. In fact, Shang Tong was directly initiated into the Royal Sacred Sect without needing to take the test. In the future, he would definitely become a character of importance in the Royal Sacred Sect.

“Eye King, what’s the matter?” Jun Yu courteously nodded his head towards Shang Tong.

“Since today is the disciple recruitment selection event of the nine great sects, please allow junior to resolve this matter.” Shang Tong’s golden eyes gleamed with sharpness. Jun Yu then glanced at the experts surrounding Shang Tong and instantly understood what Shang Tong was thinking about. Shang Tong wanted to do him a favor, defeating Qin Wentian in compliance with the rules.

“Since the Eye King himself has spoken, I shall refrain from punishing this brat today.” Jun Yu nodded his head. He then turned and glanced at Qin Wentian once more, “I truly want to see how you can leave here alive.”

The major powers from Xuan King City all exulted when they saw this. If the Eye King was willing to help, Qin Wentian would almost certainly die.

Qin Wentian also glanced at Shang Tong. Earlier, when he wanted to kill Shang Qi, it was this person who exposed the fact that he was using a disguising art to cloak his features. The golden eyes of this man seemed to be able to see through everything.

And right now, Shang Tong was exactly looking at him as well. Their gazes locked, and in that golden eyes, Qin Wentian could see a sense of towering arrogance, unexcelled in the world.

Yet, wasn't Qin Wentian the same as well? His countenance was as sharp as a sword as light erupted from his eyes. Their gazes were contending for supremacy when matched in mid-air.

"You have character." Shang Tong's lips curled up in a cold smile. At the same time, Jun Yu had already arrived by his side and almost immediately a person stood up and offered his seat to Jun Yu.

Qin Wentian couldn't be bothered. After which, he turned his gaze onto the representatives of the nine great sect and asked with a smile, "I wonder if the nine great sects would still be willing to recruit me, Qin?"

After he spoke, the others all turned their gazes onto the nine great sects. Right now, if there were still any sect which dared to recruit Qin Wentian, this meant that they would be offending Jun Yu, Shang Tong, as well as the Royal Clan of Grand Shang behind him. Was it worth it to offend so many just for a single Qin Wentian? They were now seriously considering the options.

Indeed, no one else spoke. However, that expert from the Great Earth Sect laughed, "Our Great Earth Sect won't change our mind."

"Many thanks." Qin Wentian stared in the direction of the Great Earth Sect, but he could tell that something was amiss. Ever since he walked out of Sky Harmony City, he had been cultivating for about ten years. He had experienced too many things, and naturally, wasn't as naive as he had been in the past.

"After passing our test, you shall be a member of my Battle Sword Sect, nobody would dare to bully you. But of course, if you say you want to leave here today, I guarantee that nobody would dare to stop you either." Lin Shuai quietly spoke, it was rare for the Battle Sword Sect to express their attitude. Although the Battle Sword Sect didn't express an invitation for Qin Wentian to join them earlier, but when in times of danger, they didn't hesitate to strike out for him, protecting him from Jun Yu. And right now, they actually dared to promise such a thing.

This caused many to silently sigh in admiration. The Battle Sword Sect was truly the Battle Sword Sect indeed. They do, have character.

“Thank you senior, but junior is in no hurry.” Qin Wentian nodded to the Battle Sword Sect. Currently out of all the nine great sects, he felt the most well-disposed towards the Battle Sword Sect. Lin Shuai actually promised in front of everyone that if he wished to leave from here, they’d guarantee that nobody would stop him. Such spirit indeed conformed to the rumors about people of the Battle Sword Sect.

Qin Wentian brandished his long spear, standing in the center of the battle stage, closing his eyes. At the same time, in the direction where Shang Tong was standing, a few young men stood up and made their way towards the formation pathway. The eyes of that expert from the Xuan King’s Manor gleamed with a terrifying light. Qin Wentian was dead for sure.

These people were members of the youngest generation in the Grand Shang Empire with the strongest talent that were recruited by the Royal Shang Clan. In the future, they were all already destined to join the Royal Sacred Sect, paving the path to greatness for the elites of the royal clan! From generations to generations, for recruits like them, this was their only mission!

Chapter 512: Berserk

Upon seeing three silhouettes at the Eye King’s side walking towards the Violet Thunder Sword-Drum Formation, those who knew of their identities all lamented that this time, Qin Wentian was finally finished.

The War King Palace was a place in Grand Shang that specialized in producing outstanding geniuses. These geniuses were tasked to serve each member of the royal clan of each generation. There were countless innate techniques and cultivation arts taught there, and to many people, being able to enter the War King Palace was a matter of the greatest honor. This indicated that they had truly become the trusted subordinates of the royal clan, and would be nurtured to the best of their abilities.

The princes and kings of the royal clan would often come into conflict with one another because of the contesting subordinates from the War King Palace. Naturally, they were all considered the strongest of the clan, and had the most outstanding people to serve them. With their support, only then would they stand a higher chance of obtaining more power once they entered the Royal Sacred Sect, becoming someone of authority there. Because that was what real authority was, it was an authority even greater compared to the royal authority of Grand Shang.

Although the Grand Shang Empire was able to control and command such a vast territory, the combined power of the nine great sects, as well as the Great Zhou Empire, was enough to contend against them. In fact, there were many exceptionally powerful experts under the nine great sects who didn’t give a damn about the orders of the Great Shang Empire. They only answered to the Royal Sacred Sect, the unrivaled ultimate power of this vast region.

At this moment, the three young men from the War King Palace walked over. They were all extraordinary, and even with Qin Wentian's outstanding talent, he would undoubtedly die under their hands.

However, Qin Wentian was truly self-assured in his prowess. Even after being invited by the Great Earth Sect, he wasn't in a hurry to join them. He continued standing at the center of the stage just like before, quietly waiting there with his eyes closed. He didn't have the slightest bit of fear in his heart—so what if you are from the War King Palace of the Shang Royal Clan? I'm waiting for you right here if you want to fight.

The crowd didn't know whether it was because Qin Wentian had absolute confidence in himself or because he had no idea how truly terrifying his opponents were that he chose to make such a decision.

Although the Violet Thunder Sword-Drum Formation was powerful, it was merely child's play to the experts from the War King Palace. Their steps were strong and steady, easily breaking through the formation. In fact, the crowd was worried for Qin Wentian. This young man who'd dared to stub the toes of Jun Yu, a disciple from the Royal Sacred Sect, would he be able to exert his earlier dominance in front of these experts?

The eyes of those from the six major powers in Xuan King City all flashed with murder. This time around, Qin Wentian would certainly die, and there was no hope of survival.

The Eye King, Shang Tong from the Shang Royal Clan, was an elite among elites. If he wanted Qin Wentian to die, how could he still survive? In the entire Grand Shang, there was almost no one who dared to go against him.

After the three of them passed the formation, one among them started walking towards Qin Wentian. His tyrannical gaze was riveted onto Qin Wentian, filled with a piercing light that seemed able to penetrate through everything.

"You have to die," that person spat out. An instant later, brilliant light exploded forth as his astral souls and astral novas manifested. A golden-colored vortex appeared, as though everything it touched would turn into dust. And in front of that terrifying storm, countless fearsome golden long spears could be seen. The power they emanated seemed able to penetrate through all things, even piercing through the void.

This man exuded an aura at the sixth level of Heavenly Dipper. In front of him, ordinary sixth level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns would crumble. The overwhelming pressure from his aura frenziedly gushed towards Qin Wentian, wanting to tear him apart.

Qin Wentian's fourth astral nova manifested, and the King Sword floated in the sky. His sword qi ravaged through everything, intent on making the myriad of weapons submit to it. That terrifying pressure storm was completely torn apart, unable to touch him in the slightest.

"You are unworthy." Qin Wentian's voice was ice-cold. That person coldly snorted, and with a wave of his hands, the countless golden spears erupted through space, moving so fast that they seemed like bolts of golden lightning, streaking through the skies to fly at Qin Wentian. There was no need to doubt the power the spears contained, they had enough strength to run through everything.

"Bzzz!" Qin Wentian's King Sword astral nova slashed out to block the golden spears, causing the void to tremble. A wave of incomparably sharp shockwaves devastated the surroundings from the

impact. Qin Wentian's opponent laughed. "A very strong astral nova, and you are quite powerful as well. But sadly, you still won't be able to escape death."

As the sound of his voice faded, a terrifying devouring force gushed forth from him. Qin Wentian's body was beyond his control, and was about to be drawn in by that huge force. Even his King Sword astral nova was also affected by that terrifying devouring storm.

The divine spear in Qin Wentian's hands abruptly vanished. The eyes of the crowd gleamed with sharpness, had Qin Wentian gone crazy? He was actually putting away his weapon at this moment?

However, Qin Wentian's body was currently undergoing a transformation. Armor of demonic scales enveloped him—his entire body was now like a divine weapon. His arms resembled the arms of a demon, containing boundless sharpness. His vitality was overwhelming, his blood was seething and surging, causing gushing sounds to echo in the air. He appeared to be a descendant of an ancient primordial demon king, the overlord of demons.

"You are far from enough." Qin Wentian took a step forward, the power of that step causing the entire stage to tremble. He disregarded that powerful devouring energy storm and continued forward. At the center of his brows, the fearsome will of his Mandate erupted forth, forcibly gushing into the mind of his opponent.

However, his opponent's will was extremely strong as well. He resisted the invading will, furrowing his brows deeply in concentration. Not only that, he could still move. He lunged towards Qin Wentian, waving his hands to cause a barrage of sharp weapons to instantly shoot forth towards Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian blasted out with his palms, causing sounds of ancient bells to reverberate through the air. His opponent's heart trembled violently, feeling as though it was about to rupture.

"Return!" Qin Wentian blasted out another palm. The void trembled as a formless energy coiled up before erupting forwards, causing the barrage of weapons to be blown back towards his opponent.

"Hmph." That person coldly snorted, the devouring force grew increasingly stronger, to the point where it felt that the will of his Mandate of Devouring was powerful enough to consume everything. The entirety of the force Qin Wentian blasted out was swallowed into the vortex, as the vibrational shockwaves severely weakened in intensity.

Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered, executing Stellar Transposition. He zoomed forward like a streak of lightning, appearing in front of his opponent. Instantly, a violent fist erupted outwards, its overwhelming destructiveness annihilating all before it.

Sensing the power of this punch, his opponent's countenance remained unchanged. He turned his palms outwards, holding them in front of him before claspng them together with explosive speed, parrying Qin Wentian's strike. A surge of terrifying devouring-might emanated out, and even Qin Wentian felt as if his blood would be completely consumed. The force of Qin Wentian's punch was relentlessly being absorbed, weakening the power of his fist.

"What a mighty Mandate of Devouring." Qin Wentian felt a chill in his heart. A moment later, a resplendent beam of light fired forth from the center of his brows as his Great Dream astral nova appeared in the air. A devilish dreamscape suddenly appeared out of nowhere, his opponent closed his eyes in an attempt to remain uninfluenced, but this kind of Mandate could directly enter into the

minds of others. Despite closing his eyes, he could sense a thousand scarlet demon halberds currently piercing towards his head.

“This is nothing but an illusion.” His opponent’s expression was as fierce as lightning, and using his perception to guide him, his palms tightly closed around Qin Wentian’s fist, devouring the power within.

“Since you like it so much, I shall allow you to devour it.” A voice rang out in his opponent’s mind. A moment later, he felt the power of Qin Wentian’s blood gushing relentlessly into him, allowing him to devour freely. But almost instantly, his body started to wither up, as though he was under a bloodcurse, rapidly corroding his life force away.

“Damn!” The opponent’s countenance changed drastically as he hurriedly loosened his grip. However, it was all too late, the full force of Qin Wentian’s bloodcurse imprint had already hit him, turning his body into a pile of bones, completely annihilating him.

However at this instant, a look of puzzlement flashed past the faces of the crowd. That expert from the War King Palace obviously had the power to contend with Qin Wentian, but why had he suddenly loosened his grip? Clearly, he could still fight, yet he’d relinquished all resistance as his body slumped towards the ground.

“CAREFUL!” One of his companions behind him shouted. That person’s eyes abruptly opened in shock. He only saw Qin Wentian right in front of him, slamming his palms down towards him. That person’s countenance turned pale-white—hadn’t he resisted the dreamforce? Wasn’t he unaffected? How was this Mandate so terrifying? He saw himself dying in that dream only to find out that he was about to die when his mind was finally clear. In the end, it turned out that he had still been under the effects of Qin Wentian’s dreamforce.

“BANG!” As the palm strike landed, the reverberations of the ancient bells exploded his heart. He coughed out fresh blood as his heart ruptured, dying instantly.

So what if it was someone from the War King Palace of the Royal Shang Clan? He would kill them just the same.

His other two companions rushed towards Qin Wentian at the same time. However, they only saw a crimson glow covering Qin Wentian’s palms before he swiftly blasted out a stream of bloodcurse imprints. The two of them instantly reacted with their own palm strikes, summoning their energy to cause a storm of gale winds to rise up.

BOOOM! A thunderous sound rang out, and the two of them could only feel a corroding energy trying to eat into their bodies.

“BOOOM!” The toiling of the bells rang on, the pounding of their hearts involuntarily caused them to tremble, yet they paid no heed and continued dashing towards Qin Wentian.

Stellar Transposition—Qin Wentian disappeared once again. Their perception was also extremely on-point, at the moment of Qin Wentian’s disappearance, they both turned around.

“Bzzz!”

The humming of a sword melody filled the air. Two streams of blood-colored light zoomed towards the throats of the two opponents. Their bodies retreated with explosive speed, narrowly avoiding the laceration effect of the sword melody.

“BOOM!” Qin Wentian disappeared once more. Yet another sword strike lashed out, but this time around, it was targeted at their backs.

“SCRAM!” The two of them were forced into an extremely sorry state. They wanted to retaliate, but at that exact moment, they saw the scarlet demon halberd lashing out, as the will from the Mandate of Dreams gushed into their mind, causing the skies to change color.

“Puchi!” A crisp sound echoed—one of the two opponents had his head smashed by the scarlet demon halberd. The other wanted to escape, only to see his companion’s head flying his way as the curved moon edge of the halberd slashed over. Yet another crisp sound rang out as one of his arms was severed away. With a miserable shriek, he finally awoke from the nightmare. Although it was just for an instant, it had felt like an eternity.

“Dreamforce!” That expert howled, his words causing the hearts of the crowd to shake. They finally understood why Qin Wentian seemed so invincible, felling his opponents with a single strike. So it turned out that each of his attacks were laced by his will of Mandate of Dreams. And now, it had obviously grown even stronger. Furthermore, the scarlet demon halberd was used to augment his dream will.

“Puchi!” The moment the sound of his words faded away, Qin Wentian directly appeared before him. There was no force that was powerful enough to block the halberd from skewering him, yet Qin Wentian merely placed the tip of the halberd against him, but held back from the killing blow.

“RELEASE HIM!” A shout like a thunderbolt shook the entire battle stage. The eyes of the crowd turned in the direction of the shout, only to see the Eye King standing up, his eyes flickering with a terrifying light. Of the three experts under him, two had already fallen. This was basically smacking his face, and his pride had been mangled.

Qin Wentian’s eyes shifted onto Shang Tong. He resembled a demon king filled with boundless pride as he locked gazes with the Eye King.

“Sizzzz!” Only at this moment did the halberd penetrate through him. With a violent fling, Qin Wentian flung the corpse of his opponent at Shang Tong.

“BOOM!” The corpse landed at the feet of Shang Tong.

Qin Wentian pointed his halberd over at him, his eyes filled with wild arrogance as he icily spoke, “Who do you think you are to command me?”

Chapter 513: Escalation of Conflict

Qin Wentian’s tyrannical voice brought silence down on this entire space. Not only did he say such arrogant words, he even pointed the tip of his halberd straight at the Eye King. His actions were as though he was saying that if you, Shang Tong, came up here on the battle stage, I wouldn’t show any mercy and would chop you into pieces as well.

The six major powers from the Xuan King City were all stunned into shock by Qin Wentian’s audaciousness. The killing intent in their hearts soared to the heavens, this Qin Wentian had actually dared to publicly challenge the prestige of the Eye King? He was surely dead now.

What status did the Eye King have? How could he allow someone with no status to challenge his authority like that? Even though Qin Wentian had terrifying combat prowess, so what of it? He was the Eye King, one of the beloved princes of the Emperor of Grand Shang. In the future, he would be a chosen of the Royal Sacred Sect and had an extremely high probability of becoming someone who controlled the fate of Grand Shang in the future. With such an existence, nobody had ever dared to defy him before, let alone provoking and challenging his authority.

There was once a mighty power in Grand Shang who was extremely arrogant. The young master of that sect was also a chosen-level character who had thought that his status didn’t lose out to the Eye King in the slightest. After he contended against the Eye King for a particular treasure, that young master was killed with his corpse publicly left hanging on the streets. That major sect reported this incident to the royal clan hoping to get justice but soon after, everything that had the slightest connection to the major sect had been completely annihilated and from then on, they disappeared from the face of Grand Shang.

From then on, everyone in the royal capital as well as the Seven King Cities all knew that the young Eye King was an existence they could never afford to antagonise.

Let alone now, the Eye King was already on his way of rising up. His cultivation base was at the peak of the sixth level, his combat strength could even shake the heavens. Even leaving aside all his hidden trump cards, he himself possessed outstanding power and an undoubtedly high degree of talent.

Right now, his eyes were shifted onto Qin Wentian. Those golden eyes of his were as though he could absorb Qin Wentian within. That terrifying glow emitted from his eyes seemed to contain terrifying fluctuations of a will of Mandate. And right now, Qin Wentian was actually sensing a yellow golden beast ferociously lunging his way, incomparably ferocious, wanting to sever his will into two.

Qin Wentian didn't shy away. With the scarlet demon halberd in his hands, he didn't fear Shang Tong's attack. His eyes gleamed with the power of his own Mandate as he stared right at Shang Tong. Similarly, a terrifying Mandate energy gushed right towards Shang Tong, this was a battle between wills of Mandate.

"Do you know who are you talking to?" That old man beside Shang Tong icily stated, as his killing intent blasted out.

Qin Wentian glanced at the elder as a look of contempt flashed past his face. Shang Tong already commanded his men to step on the battle stage to kill him but now, he had also even revealed his background, wanting to threaten him? What's the point of doing so?

Since they were both mortal enemies, only one shall survive while the other dies. Why was there even a need to bother about what status you had?

"I should personally kill you for your crime of killing my subordinates. But if I personally make a move, I would only disparage my own status." Shang Tong disdainfully spoke, as though he was trying to tell Qin Wentian that he could be killed effortlessly, but because of his noble status, he deigned it a shame to personally deal with Qin Wentian.

"Come up if you dare, if not, shut the fuck up. Who doesn't know how to speak words of bravado?" Qin Wentian icily replied.

"Indeed, who doesn't know how to speak words of bravado? I once slaughtered my way out of a battlefield after being besieged by a million enemies. Every moment I spent there felt like a moment in hell, and for those I killed, all their cultivation bases were higher than my own. If you can survive today, you may qualify to become my opponent. I will kill you then." Shang Tong stated. He was the Eye King, a chosen of the Shang Royal Clan, one of the most brilliant existences in the younger generation in the entire Grand Shang.

Although Qin Wentian had challenged his authority, considering his exalted status and advantage in cultivation base, it was naturally a simple thing for him to personally strike out, suppressing Qin Wentian. Yet, his actions would undoubtedly earn the castigation of others, demeaning his own status.

However, he obviously wouldn't spare Qin Wentian so easily. This was why he said if Qin Wentian could survive today, he would earn the qualifications to become his opponent.

"Sorry, I've never once seen you as my opponent before. If you are at the fourth level of Heavenly Dipper, I can trample you to death with a single stomp." Qin Wentian softly replied, his words extremely brazen. Yet the crowd couldn't help but nod silently in their hearts. Qin Wentian had shown that he was powerful enough to end fifth-level Sovereigns with a single spear strike, not only that, even the sixth-level Sovereigns from the War King Palace were no match for him. If the Eye King was at the fourth-level of Heavenly Dipper, Qin Wentian would undoubtedly crush him.

If the Eye King was similarly at the fourth level of Heavenly Dipper, who would be the victor if the two of them fought? Nobody could say for sure. But ignoring that, considering the present circumstances, the Eye King at the peak of the sixth level was evidently stronger compared to Qin Wentian. This was an undoubtable fact.

"Very well, I want to see how you can survive today." Shang Tong's voice was as calm as ever, projecting a bearing as expected of one born to look down on the heavens. He turned his gaze onto the crowd as he offered, "This King shall bestow upon the person who is able to kill him, a Heaven Mending Pill."

Shang Tong's words caused a flurry of commotion to rise up among the crowd. In fact, several people all had expressions of greed upon their faces.

The Heaven Mending Pill was able to strengthen one's astral nova. It could allow one's astral nova to absorb higher grade astral energy which in turns enables the power as well as attacks of that particular astral nova to increase compared to before. Of course, it's impossible to defy the heavens, the strength of an astral soul was set the instant it condenses. Although the Heaven Mending Pill could enable an astral nova to strengthened itself to the peak, there would still be a boundary that it wouldn't be able to cross. Also, this was an advantage only applicable in the Heavenly Dipper Realm. In the future, if one steps into Celestial Phenomenon, their strengthened nova after being transformed into a constellation would still lose out to a constellation condensed from a higher-tier astral soul.

But no matter what, this Heaven Mending Pill was too great a temptation to Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns. This pill was extremely rare and was a fifth-ranked medicine. Even if one had shocking amounts of wealth, they might still not be able to purchase it.

Shang Tong could take this out and even bestow it to people purely because he was one of the Kings in Grand Shang. With his extraordinary status, it wasn't surprising for him to have a few fifth-ranked pills like this. The Royal Shang Clan naturally had their own alchemy hall. With the best alchemists working for them, they wouldn't be lacking good quality pills.

Especially now, several outstanding cultivators of the younger generations in the crowd were all preparing to participate in the test set by the Royal Sacred Sect. What kind of concept is this? With

the elites of the younger generation all gathered in a single place, they naturally had to ensure that they were fully prepared. Accepting challenges from others in their strongest state, fighting for the chance to enter the Royal Sacred Sect, ascending the heavens with a single step!

The Heaven Mending Pill was too great of a temptation, too many experts wanted it. If they couldn't kill Qin Wentian alone, they would simply group together. No matter how strong Qin Wentian was then, he would still die when fighting against so many others simultaneously.

Qin Wentian glanced at the crowd, he discovered that even some disciples of the nine great sects were evidently moved by the offer, as thoughts of killing him surfaced in their minds.

Right now, his perception had told him that an expert from the Great Earth Sect actually stepped outwards amidst the crowd, the purpose of his action was clear even without words.

After that, he also discovered another expert from the Violet Thunder Sect mirroring the same action.

Those from the Sky Poison Valley and Blood Devil Sect acted in a similar manner as well. They all converged before the Violet Thunder Sword-Drum Formation pathway, planning to storm the formation and step up on the battle stage. Their actions were undoubtedly already silently approved by their elders. Qin Wentian's combat strength was tyrannical and his talent was heaven-defying but who told him to offend so many people? Since they couldn't get him to join their sects, they might as well destroy him totally so none of the other great sects could obtain him.

Of course, there were also some powers among the nine great sects that didn't make a move. They could only sigh in silence, initially they wanted to recruit him yet now, it was almost definite that Qin Wentian couldn't escape death. It was precisely because of this that some of the other great sects acted. Since Qin Wentian will die today, why shouldn't they be the ones to kill him in order to acquire the Heaven Mending Pill?

In the direction of the Battle Sword Sect, Lin Shuai laughed coldly in his heart when he witnessed what was happening. These great sects were all two-faced bastards, their choices were nothing surprising to him. Since they couldn't get such a talented individual to join them, they might as well destroy him to gain the chance to get a treasure.

"Your actions are truly disappointing, even I'm ashamed to share fame with all of you, having the name of the nine great sects. If the members from the other eight sects act, go try your skill against them." Lin Shuai spoke to the people standing behind him, his words causing the crowd to be taken aback. The Battle Sword Sect wasn't even bothering to hide their intents to aid Qin Wentian? If things continued, the disciple recruitment event today might very well be blown up to the scale of a war amongst the nine great sects.

Qin Wentian watched as the scenes played out before him silently considering himself lucky for not making a hasty choice earlier. During Grand Xia, he had already experienced how the transcendent powers would only act for profit. In this world, the vast majority of people were pragmatic, only acting in a way that benefit themselves. If you are one of the unlucky ones standing in the way, you would just be sacrificed.

If he really were to join one of the nine great sects, he naturally had to find one that was the most suitable for him.

“The Battle Sword Sect always does things according to their own desires. But this time around, are you sure you want to ally yourself with him to oppose me? Don’t forget, I will be participating in the test set by the Royal Sacred Sect this time. And then, if I see people from your Battle Sword Sect participating too, don’t blame me for showing no mercy.” Shang Tong snorted coldly, he had actually threatened the Battle Sword Sect.

“You still don’t have the qualifications to speak to me this way.” Lin Shuai shifted his eyes in the direction of Shang Tong. Instantly, numerous sharp swords flew towards Shang Tong causing him to retreat with explosive speed. At the same time, the experts from the royal clan all reacted, protectively rushing in front of him only to see the sharp swords of Lin Shuai whistled, veering away at the last moment, shooting up the skies.

Lin Shuai shifted his glance away, no longer looking at Shang Tong. “Next time when you talk to your elders, remember to be more polite.”

“The Battle Sword Sect is truly the Battle Sword Sect. Domineering, acting without worries.” The spectators didn’t expect the Battle Sword Sect would directly clash against Shang Tong. This event today was getting more and more interesting, there were rumors long ago saying that the royal clan always had disputes with the Battle Sword Sect. This was the case for their members in the Royal Sacred Sect as well. It seems that today, the rumors were all proven true.

Shang Tong’s countenance was incredibly unsightly, had Lin Shuai actually acted against him? His eyes radiated coldness as he spoke icily, “I shall remember what you’ve done today. During the test to enter the Royal Sacred Sect, I will definitely make all members of the Battle Sword Sect regret.”

“If this place isn’t the territory of your Grand Shang, just on account of the threat you just made, I would have directly executed you for it.” Lin Shuai’s eyes had no emotion, he couldn’t even be bothered to look at Shang Tong again. His actions have always been free-spirited, how could he allow a junior to threaten him?

As the crowd heard Lin Shuai’s words, none of them doubted him. If this place wasn’t a fiefdom of Grand Shang, Lin Shuai might very well do as he said, committing an act of madness and slaughter the Eye King.

Shang Tong coldly snorted once more, but he didn't reply. He returned to his original location and sat down.

Qin Wentian had witnessed everything. He came here today to kill the chosen of the six major powers, yet he didn't expect his identity to be exposed and that this matter would actually be blown up to such a great magnitude that even the nine great sects would be embroiled within it.

However this storm of commotion caused him to see the nine great sects clearer. His understanding of them was no longer subjected by the rumors he heard earlier.

"If I want to join a sect, I might as well go all out, doing things as dazzling as possible to tell them that their judgement in wanting me was right." Qin Wentian mumbled abruptly, his words causing those who heard them to once again shift their attentions onto him.

Qin Wentian slowly stepped out, moving in the direction of the Qinghua Mountains. After which, the crowd was only able to see him wrapping his hands around the heavy mountain as his perception drifted into it. An instant later, rumbling sounds thundered out, and the mountain used for the test was directly lifted up by three feet, resulting in him passing the Qinghua Mountain's test effortlessly.

Next, he drew out his long spear and walked in the direction of the Great Earth Sect. Staring at the gigantic earth puppet, his silhouette flickered as he dashed ahead, stabbing forth with his spear. The might of his strike even caused space to tremble, and the instant his spear landed on the body of the earth puppet, the vibrational pulsation effect from his attack gushed into the interior of his target, ravaging and completely devastating every part of the giant, turning it completely into dust via implosion!

The test designed by the Great Earth Sect, was passed with ease!

Chapter 514: Unrivalled Stance

"What does he want to do?"

Continuously passing two tests of the nine great sects caused the hearts of the crowd to tremble intensely once more. The tests of any of the nine great sects were of the highest difficulty. Only a minority would be able to succeed. Yet, Qin Wentian passed two at one go in an effortless manner.

The young man in black then walked towards the direction of the Violet Thunder Sect, staring at that statue in the lightning array.

“What a madman! Is he planning to pass all of the tests of the nine great sects?”

Qin Wentian’s actions shocked everyone. The six major powers expressions had all turned green. The demon-level geniuses from their sect couldn’t even pass a single test. Yet, Qin Wentian did so effortlessly. Wouldn’t everyone agree that the fall of their chosen in Qin Wentian’s hands were well deserved?

“BOOM!” Qin Wentian stepped forwards into the lightning array as that statue within instantly blasted a punch towards him. However, Qin Wentian’s expression didn’t change and he continued breaking through it. Taking five steps in a row before he groaned in pain. The crowd couldn’t help but sigh at the overwhelming strength that Qin Wentian had displayed. It was not that easy to pass the tests of the nine great sects. In fact, the test designed by the Violet Thunder Sect was one of those with the highest difficulty. There were still two more steps that Qin Wentian had to take. These were the last two steps that must be taken before one could be considered as passing this test. This final two steps would result in the most fearsome and powerful backlash this statue could dish out.

“BOOM!” Qin Wentian took the sixth step as the statue unleashed its sixth punch. Sword might clashed with bolts of thunder, resulting in shrill sounds echoing in the air. Shockwaves from the after impact engulfed Qin Wentian. Yet, his countenance was as calm as before, as he domineeringly stepped out for the seventh time. The instant his step landed, a boundless amount of killing intent swept over everything.

The lightning statue punched out for the seventh time, the power of its punch collided with the storm of sword qi as both attacks cancelled out the force of each other. With a flick of his sleeves, Qin Wentian slowly turned and walked away. It was as though the test of the Violet Thunder Sect wasn’t worth of his mention.

“He already passed the tests of three great sects, what a show of dominance!”

“The talent of this fellow is just too terrifying. But, the disciples from some of the nine great sects have already passed through the Violet Thunder Sword-Drum Formation. Does he still wish to attempt the tests from the other six great sects?”

After that, under the stunned gazes of the crowd. Qin Wentian lifted the great axe provided by the Heaven Cleaving Manor and cleaved through the array world using his overwhelming strength. Easily passing the test in a domineering manner.

As for the test for the Divine Dragon Castle? Qin Wentian transformed into a terrifying demon. Slaying phantom demonic dragons left and right as he crushed them all. Finally, he broke through the formation and walked out in a dominant fashion.

Qin Wentian's blood bubbled within him as he took the test for the Blood Devil Palace. As he fought his way through a nest of devils he immersed himself in the power of his bloodline. In the end, he easily passed the test of the Blood Devil Palace.

Under the incredulous gazes of the crowd. Qin Wentian seemed untouchable by poison as he dominated the test for Sky Poison Valley. Effortlessly passing this test as well.

The test designed by the Forgotten Immortal Tower was exceptionally terrifying. Qin Wentian found himself in a formation world which surrounded him with countless heavenly beauties. A less disciplined man would sink into boundless lust. Unable to extricate themselves. However, Qin Wentian's heart had been tempered long ago. Back in the royal tomb of Grand Xia his other true self had undergone a multitude of trials. The bevy of beauties in front of him were no different than skeletons in make-up. Without succumbing to nefarious desires, he passed the test of the Forgotten Immortal Tower. Consecutively passing a total of eight out of the nine tests designed by the nine great sects. And finally, he walked towards the direction of the Battle Sword Sect.

This test designed by the Battle Sword Sect tests the resoluteness of one's heart. If one's heart wasn't determined enough, death was the only outcome. This was something Lin Shuai announced when he first produced this test. But, Qin Wentian decisively stepped inside without hesitation. He advanced through row after row of sword light. Allowing the millions upon millions of strands of sword qi to penetrate his body. Yet, his heart did not waver in the slightest. Ultimately, he took the final step, passing through the test designed by the Battle Sword Sect.

The tests designed by the nine great sects, all were passed by Qin Wentian.

On the vast stage, silence was everywhere. Qin Wentian casually cleared all the tests designed by the nine great sects, causing great waves of shock to bombard the hearts of the crowd.

Earlier, those who had managed to pass the one of the tests of the nine great sects were all feeling self-satisfied. But right now, their feeling of self-satisfaction all vanished into nothingness. Compared to Qin Wentian, their accomplishments weren't worthy of a mention.

"Mad man..." Ji Xue was deeply stunned by Qin Wentian's achievements. She had already thought he was crazy for daring to steal all the constellation fruits right in front of the chosen from the major powers. But now, his actions were even crazier than before.

"This guy..." Xu Feng was similarly stunned, as huge waves of shock arose in his heart. He always felt that his talent wasn't bad, but right now he could only see how laughable was it. In fact, those truly outstanding characters were light years ahead of him.

Even for Qin Wentian's mortal enemies, they were all similarly stunned by him. The countenances of the experts from the six major powers of Xuan King City were ugly to the max, the killing intent in their hearts got stronger and stronger.

Shang Yue's beautiful eyes froze as she stared at Qin Wentian. Once, Qin Wentian contended against her for the spatial brush. Back then she was all high and mighty. Thinking that Qin Wentian truly didn't know what death was. He dared to snatch something that she wanted? But right now, she felt ashamed of her own inferiority. This was someone who dared to point his halberd right at Jun Yu. Rebutting the personal disciple of an elder from the Royal Sacred Sect. All that Qin Wentian had done, was something she would never dare to do.

"No matter how crazy you are, you will have to die here today." Jun Yu's countenance was incredibly unsightly. Back then in Grand Xia, he had a taste of Qin Wentian's madness. Qin Wentian didn't mind sacrificing everything just to unleash a single stance of the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay, dooming the Great Solar Chen Clan. But since he was his mortal enemy, there was no need to hesitate. The more talent he has, the earlier he should die. Jun Yu didn't want Qin Wentian to mature any further and become a source of future trouble.

Several experts from the nine great sects had already made their way through the passageway formation. Although they had personally witnessed how strong Qin Wentian was, it didn't diminish their killing intent in the slightest. They had to get their hands on the Heaven Mending Pill. Only this way, would they increase their chances of passing the test set by the Royal Sacred Sect and become an official member.

They gradually moved forward, wanting to surround Qin Wentian. It was obvious they didn't plan to engage him one on one. With the death of Shang Tong's three subordinates fresh in their minds, they didn't dare to take the risk. Even though their actions were shameful, at this point of time, they couldn't care less.

The leading representatives from majority of the nine great sects all felt their hearts convulsing. They were very clear on how high Qin Wentian's talent was. And right now, they couldn't help feeling like they missed out on something excellent. But they couldn't care so much about it, they had no more way to retreat. Since they are unable to get him to join them, they might very well destroy him. If not, if one of the other great sects acquired such a demon-level genius, it was highly possible Qin Wentian may grow to become an existence capable of threatening them.

In such a circumstance, nine out of ten Qin Wentian's would choose to join the Battle Sword Sect. After all, in his time of need, the Battle Sword Sect was the only sect which made a move in his favor.

Qin Wentian didn't even seem to care about the experts rushing over. After he passed the test from the Battle Sword Sect, he had a smile on his face as he stared at Lin Shuai. "I wonder if Junior's performance was satisfactory enough for me to be admitted into the Battle Sword Sect?"

As the sound of his voice faded, silence descended on the entire space once again.

Indeed, Qin Wentian had chosen to join the Battle Sword Sect.

The experts from the Battle Sword Sect all stood up with smiles on their faces. Lin Shuai was smiling as well, the reason he came all the way here, was solely for Qin Wentian. Even if Qin Wentian didn't ask, he would still have offered. After all, earlier Qin Wentian did pass the test of the Battle Sword Sect.

Lin Shuai understood that with Qin Wentian's earlier performance showcasing his talent, him choosing to join the Battle Sword Sect of his own initiative was returning a favor. Hence, this was why he stormed through the tests of the other eight sects, wishing to use them as the most dazzling highlights to tell everyone that he had chosen to join the Battle Sword Sect. And as expected, the Battle Sword Sect instantly became the focal point of the crowd.

"Hmph, as expected." The lead-representatives from the other eight great sects all felt a chill in their hearts. Qin Wentian has indeed chosen to join the Battle Sword Sect. In that case, he shouldn't blame them for their decisions.

"Naturally." Lin Shuai laughed. He then continued, "Since you are now a member of my Battle Sword Sect, I truly wish to see who would dare to touch you."

"Killing so many, he is nothing more than a crazed murderer. It's ridiculous for you to think that he can safely leave this place today. Lin Shuai, I'm afraid that even with you here, you will be unable to protect this brat." Jun Yu's cold voice rang out. How could they allow Qin Wentian to leave here safely together with the Battle Sword Sect?"

"Although this young man is extraordinary and passed the test of the Battle Sword Sect, the matter of him killing the innocents earlier has yet to come to an end." An expert from the Violet Thunder Sect spoke, wanting to force Qin Wentian to remain behind.

"Killing innocents?" A cold smile appeared on Lin Shuai's face, "Only those thick-skinned shameless bastards would be able to say something like this. You mean you wanted him to stand there allowing the 'innocents' to kill him as they please?"

"Many sixth-level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns joined hands but still died in his hands. Now that you all mobilized the disciples from the eight great sects wanting to kill him. Do you all even still have your pride?" An old man from the Battle Sword Sect coldly snorted, the actions of these people left him totally speechless.

"Hehe no matter what, since so many experts had already stepped on the stage, they can't disperse for nothing right?" An expert from the Qinghua Mountain laughed, his words causing Qin

Wentian's eyes to gleam. It seems that after he rejected their invitations twice, the lead-representatives from the Qinghua Mountain harboured hatred in their hearts.

However right at this moment, Qin Wentian's gaze flickered with astonishment when he stared in the direction of the Violet Thunder Sword-Drum Formation. A lone silhouette could be seen stepping through the formation, slowly walking his way.

"Qing'er." Qin Wentian stared at that silhouette which resembled the icy lotus atop a snowy mountain.

Qing'er walked forward, and an instant later, she stood beside Qin Wentian. Her actions causing a majority of the crowd to notice her existence.

"What a beautiful maiden."

"Why does she look so icy cold, like a beauty in the middle of a snowstorm. Where did she come from? Shang Yue from Xuan King City is already extremely beautiful. But when you compare her to this maiden, the radiance is like the light of a firefly compared to the moon."

Many people have a blank look in their eyes as they stared at Qing'er, unable to shift their gazes away. Even the experts from the nine great sects were all similarly dazzled.

Shang Tong's golden eyes flashed with a resplendent light. The path of cultivation is long and arduous. He had seen countless beauties before. Never had he forgotten to enjoy himself, immersing in the taste of countless beauties. This was why he wanted the Xuan King's Manor to send Shang Yue over to be his consort. But after seeing Qing'er, he was no longer interested in Shang Yue.
"Hey miss, might I enquire your name? Are you willing to join my Shang Royal Clan?"
Shang Tong stared at Qing'er, evidently moved by her beauty. Yet Qing'er didn't even glance at him, she completely ignored his words.

Qin Wentian glanced at Shang Tong, as a glint of cold light flickered in his eyes. After which he turned his gaze to Qing'er and asked in a faint voice, "Why are you here?"

"I'm here to help you." Qing'er's melodious voice rang out, staring at the experts who were planning to surround Qin Wentian. Those beautiful eyes of hers that stole the souls of so many others now flashed with a glint of coldness.

Qing'er stepped out and instantly, a terrifying spatial storm engulfed the entire battle stage. Each of the experts moving towards Qin Wentian felt their bodies being restricted by space. When that spatial storm drifted over, their countenances all turned pale white.

"How powerful, how is it possible that she's so strong?"

Several representatives of the nine great sects all stood up as their eyes gleamed with an incomparable sharpness. “Peak of the sixth-level, but her Mandate of Space had already reached the Perfection Boundary of the second level?”

Qin Wentian was also stunned by Qing`er’s strength. Sixth level of Heavenly Dipper yet with a Perfect Boundary Mandate. Not only that, the Mandate she excelled in was the Mandate of Space? It could be said that on this battle stage, she was an invincible existence.

“Qinger.” Qin Wentian’s heart trembled. Qinger was so domineering and powerful!

Chapter 515: Exertion of Dominance

The path of leveling up one’s Mandate solely depends on one’s comprehension. Many people were unable to advance in their cultivation not because of a lack of resources but rather, because of the difficulties faced when leveling up their Mandates. Usually, only people at the peak of Heavenly Dipper would have Mandates at the Perfection Boundary of the second level. There were also many at the peak of Heavenly Dipper that even failed to achieve that, being stuck at the Transformation Boundary of their second level insight for the rest of their lives.

However, Qing`er was only at the sixth level of Heavenly Dipper, yet her Mandate of Space had already reached Perfection? One can only imagine how great the rush of impact this was to everyone present.

For people whose Mandates exceeded the level of their cultivation, these people would usually have outstanding, terrifying achievements in the future. They didn’t need to worry if they’d be stuck in their cultivation, unable to break through. This was an ironclad rule and hence nobody doubted that Qinger would certainly be able to step into Celestial Phenomenon in the future. Although the step from Heavenly Dipper to Celestial Phenomenon was like a barrier that had blocked so many, it would be no trouble for existences like Qinger.

“A Mandate of Space at the Perfection Boundary.” Even Shang Tong’s golden eyes were glazed over by shock. Earlier, he had still wanted to recruit Qinger to the royal clan and become his consort, but now he understood that he might not even be able to control someone at her level. Qinger, with a cultivation base at the peak of the sixth layer, and having her Mandate of Space at the Perfection Boundary? Even if he were to fight against her, he didn’t have the confidence that he’d prevail in the end.

However, what was unbearable to Shang Tong was that a goddess like Qing`er actually stepped out, because she wanted to help Qin Wentian.

“It’s her.” Jun Yu immediately recognized Qinger the moment she walked out. He’d met this woman before in Grand Xia, and although he hadn’t considered Qinger as being very powerful, she had still managed to leave a deep impression on him. After all, she was extraordinary in her bearing.

“Qinger, I’m still not in mortal danger yet.” Qin Wentian smiled as he transmitted his voice to her. Although it was dangerous for him to fight over ten sixth-level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns from the other eight great sects, the battle itself had yet to begin. In the past, Qinger would definitely not appear until the last possible instance, but today, Qinger was actually choosing to appear even before the battle had been fought? Her decision surprised him.

It would seem that after interacting with him for so long, Qinger’s personality was subtly undergoing a change as well.

After all, for close to a decade, Qinger had always protected him from the shadows. Back then, she was only following the orders of her master, Fairy Qingmei, but now, she willingly protected Qin Wentian. In this, she was following her heart and not because of her master’s commands.

“Oh.” Qinger’s eyes blinked. And as the silence stretched on, just when Qin Wentian thought Qinger wasn’t going to reply, she suddenly spoke.

“But...aren’t they bullying you?” Her melodious voice transmitted into Qin Wentian’s mind, causing him to be slightly stunned as currents of warmth flowed in his heart. Although the words she spoke were slightly strange for the context, this was precisely Qinger’s personality.

With a gentle smile on his face, Qin Wentian stared at that fragile-looking, but beautiful silhouette standing protectively before him. Stepping out, he stood shoulder to shoulder next to Qinger, and they faced the sixth-level Sovereigns from the eight great sects together.

“Qinger, let me be the vanguard,” Qin Wentian spoke in a low voice. Qinger glanced at him, before slowly nodding her head. “I will support you from behind then.”

“Okay.” Qin Wentian didn’t refuse. His aura exploded forth as he stepped outwards. Qinger’s spatial walls were too incredibly dense—despite breaking free of their restrictions, even after the experts combined their strength and frenziedly landed several blows on the spatial walls, they still failed to breach the barrier.

“Bzz!” A raging wind gusted by, Qin Wentian dashed forwards, piercing out with his scarlet demon halberd. The spatial barrier between him and his target instantly dissolved into nothingness,

allowing the scarlet demon halberd to descend onto the poor victim. As the halberd neared, a nightmarish dream-will gushed into his mind as scenes of blood and death played out, one after another. Qin Wentian resembled the god of demons as he wielded the halberd. When facing him, there was no way to resist at all.

Qin Wentian's Mandate of Dreams was originally already at the Transformation Boundary. In addition to the augmentation provided by the scarlet demon halberd, his dream-will was basically inescapable.

“BANG!”

The demon halberd directly penetrated the head of the victim, instantly killing him. Qin Wentian's movements didn't stop, and he continued onwards to his second target.

Qing`er followed behind Qin Wentian, escorting him protectively. Whenever he neared a target, spatial walls would close around the three of them, separating them from the outside world. Born from the Mandate of Space at the Perfection Boundary, such innate techniques left the onlookers completely astounded. It was simply too terrifying.

“Puchi!” Yet another slicing sound echoed in the air. Very swiftly, another expert fell beneath Qin Wentian's scarlet demon halberd. Held in a secluded place that was provided by Qing`er, it was a fair, one-on-one duel between Qin Wentian and his target. Yet despite being from one of the nine great sects, his target had no way to stand against him at all.

“RUN!” One of the experts on the stage abruptly called out, breaking the silence. If this carried on, they would all be slaughtered by Qin Wentian, one after another.

“Don't even think about it.” Qing`er's voice was ice-cold. With a wave of her hands, spatial energy erupted outwards, transforming into golden strands of space that formed into a spatial prison, locking up each individual inside a separate space.

“Spatial prison...”

Even the lead-representatives from the nine great sects were all similarly shocked by Qing`er's prowess. The experts they'd sent were all already on the battle stage. But now that Qing`er had isolated them separately, they had no way to join their strengths. Since that was the case, then considering how overwhelming Qin Wentian's strength was, there was only one path left for their members who had already stepped upon the stage—death.

And in the blink of an eye, already eight more experts fell to Qin Wentian's scarlet demon halberd.

At that moment, Qin Wentian came to another segment of the prison and was facing off against an expert clad in blue, whose eyes flickered with a fearsome light.

Qin Wentian didn't hesitate, and he directly stabbed out with his scarlet demon halberd as a resplendent beam of light fired forth from the center of his brows.

The blue-robed young man had an increasingly wary expression on his face after seeing Qin Wentian walk over to him earlier. At the instant the nightmarish dream-will gushed into his mind, he instantly pushed his palms out as an umbrella appeared before him, containing terrifying energy fluctuations. The instant it was opened, wave after wave of overwhelmingly destructive lightning energy converged together into a laser beam. Capable of turning anything it touched into dust, it blasted towards Qin Wentian.

"CAREFUL!" Qinger called out. The lightning beam's violet streak continued on its way. Qinger instantly dashed in front of Qin Wentian and slammed a palm outwards, intending to extinguish the energy beam.

"RUMBLE!" The two attacks collided together, their respective impacts cancelling out the other. Qinger angrily shot out a golden lotus, burying it within the blue-robed man as terrifying spatial fluctuations rocked the entire space. An instant later, a golden light imploded within the blue-robed young man as his body faded away into the void. The only thing that remained behind was that lightning umbrella.

Earlier, when he'd noticed this particular item appearing, Qin Wentian's perception had already warned him of the dangers. He instantly executed Stellar Transposition to dodge backwards, while flinging the demon scarlet halberd towards the umbrella. Even after Qinger and his halberd had absorbed part of the force from that attack, the shockwaves were sufficient to cause his skin to tear as fresh blood dripped out.

"Fifth-ranked divine weapon, a lightning-attributed, attack-type divine weapon." Blood leaked from the corner of Qin Wentian's lips, his countenance slightly pale. He didn't think this man would possess such a trump card. In fact, with a fifth-ranked attack-type divine weapon, that person could have broken past the spatial prison and escaped much earlier. Yet, he chose to wait here for him, trying to mount a sneak attack to kill him for a chance to acquire the Heaven Mending Pill from Shang Tong.

“Imbecile,” In the direction of the Violet Thunder Sect, Yin Ting’s uncle cursed in a low voice. That lightning-attributed umbrella was a treasure of his and could only unleash the power of lightning bolts for a total of five times. He loaned it to that young man for the sake of killing Qin Wentian yet right now, the blue-robed man failed and his divine weapon was even taken away by Qin Wentian.

“MY SON!” An expert from the Violet Thunder Sect howled. His eyes reddened as he turned and glared dangerously at Yin Ting’s uncle. “Who are you calling an imbecile?”

“...” Yin Ting’s uncle shivered as he glanced down, not daring to say anything more despite the fury in his heart. He’d lost such a valuable divine weapon and Qin Wentian was still alive.

Qing`er’s animosity hadn’t dissipated yet, and she took out her anger on the cultivators trapped in the surrounding cells. Under her perfected control of space, no one could put up any resistance.

“Qinger, I’m fine.” Seeing how angry Qinger was, Qin Wentian stood up and a smile blossomed on his face. Qing`er turned her head to glance at him, but she didn’t say anything else.

“This divine weapon is no joke, I guess it should belong to an expert from one of the great sects.” Qin Wentian mused. He then stowed the umbrella away, before turning his sharp eyes towards the others before continuing his slaughter. Those people trapped on the battle stage all had expressions of despair. Qin Wentian alone was already extremely tough to handle, and now, even the monstrously powerful maiden Qing`er was also joining the fray. How could they even stand a chance against them?

The killing continued and after a while, other than those spectating experts who’d wanted to kill Qin Wentian earlier were all completely annihilated. Such a scene caused the nine great sects, who had sent out those experts, to feel pain in their heart. Their members had all perished. Not only did they fail to acquire the Heaven Mending Pill, they’d even even paid with their lives.

“Trying to bully one with many?” An old man from the Battle Sword Sect mockingly laughed. He then spoke, “Is there anyone who wishes to continue? Anyone below the seventh-level of Heavenly Dipper can come up the stage if they want to die.”

No one replied. Everyone knew that if they went up they would be forced to fight one-one-one against Qin Wentian because of Qing`er’s support. And if they fought one-on-one, they knew that in terms of using a weapon or fighting bare-handed, none among them would be able to defeat Qin Wentian.

“Can I join the Battle Sword Sect too?” Qing`er asked in a light voice. Lin Shuai glanced at her as laughter flickered in his eyes. “Just based on the fact that your Mandate of Space has already reached perfection, the test would have no meaning to you. You may.”

Upon hearing this, the other eight great sects felt extremely uncomfortable in their hearts. The Battle Sword Sect had already acquired a monstrous genius in Qin Wentian. And now, they would have the even stronger Qing`er? This made them all speculate, was it really worth not offending Jun Yu and Shang Tong for these two demon-level geniuses?

“These two are too unruly, on the battle stage we only seek guidance from others to improve ourselves and would usually stop short of the fatal blow. Yet these two killed all of them. We should remove the restriction limit of cultivation bases and kill them both.” Yin Ting’s uncle bellowed in rage—he was extremely unwilling to accept such an ending.

“That’s right! There shouldn’t be any limits imposed on cultivation bases.” An expert from the Yin Clan stood up and shouted.

However at this moment, in the direction of the Battle Sword Sect, an old man suddenly stood up. This old man seemed extremely calm, and in the next moment, his silhouette abruptly vanished, transforming into a beam of sword light, shooting across the space.

“ARGHH!” A miserable scream rang out, shocking everyone in the crowd. To their utter amazement, the resplendent beam of sword light could still be seen in the air but in the direction leading to the seating area of the Violet Thunder Sect. Yin Ting’s uncle’s eyes were wide-open in death, as though he’d died with regrets. Blood leaked out from the center of his brows as a gaping hole could be seen. Someone had actually assassinated him out in broad daylight?!

“Removing the restriction limit on cultivation bases, right? Who else wishes to kill the new disciples of my Battle Sword Sect? I’m right here waiting for all of you.” As the old man appeared up on the stage, that beam of sword light disappeared. He was just like an ordinary old man with no hints of any aura exuding from him. Yet, the swiftness of his earlier attack caused everyone’s hearts to pound in terror.

Chapter 516: Unpalatable

The old man from the Battle Sword Sect soared up into the air, imperiously gazing down at the other eight sects below. Although he exuded no aura, his presence was sufficient to make those whom his stare landed on feel a huge amount of pressure. This person was most certainly a top-tier existence. For the disciple recruitment event this time around, the Battle Sword Sect actually brought along such a character.

The experts from the Violet Thunder Sect all stood up together in a rage. Lightning crackled madly around their bodies and the electricity generated from them fused with each other transforming into a wave of devastation that could even destroy the heavens and earth.

“How dare you humiliate my Violet Thunder Sect in such a fashion?” One of the experts within hollered in angered disbelief. Just for a single sentence, this old man from the Battle Sword Sect actually slayed one of their members? Not only that, this was done in the presence of so many others. Wasn’t this action a slap in the face of their Violet Thunder Sect?

“You all tried so many times to kill the new disciple of my Battle Sword Sect but still failed and were even shameless enough to suggest removing the restriction limit on cultivation bases? DO YOU THINK THAT THE MEMBERS OF MY BATTLE SWORD SECT ARE SO EASY TO BULLY? If any of you are unsatisfied with my actions, you can come up to the stage. We will ignore the restriction limit on cultivation bases and have some fun together.” The old man coldly snorted, his arrogant words sounded like the humming of ten thousands of swords, reverberating in the ears of the other spectators causing them to feel extremely uncomfortable.

This old man was too powerful, he was absolutely an existence at the Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant level.

Although the experts from the Violet Thunder Sect were all apoplectic with rage, not one of them dared to step out. Yin Ting’s uncle was the first who shouted earlier and was instantly killed just because of his words. How could anyone else still dare to step out?

“Excellent, truly excellent.” The anger of the experts from the Violet Thunder Sect boiled to their limits. However, they understood that with the Battle Sword Sect’s combat prowess, if they were to engage in a wide-scale battle now, they would be the one that suffered a loss instead. In fact, with the Battle Sword Sect’s character, they might truly have dared to engage in a full-scaled slaughter here, the consequences be damned. Hence, the anger choking them had to be forcibly endured, swallowed back into their stomachs.

“If you don’t dare to fight, then shut the hell up for this old man.” The old man coldly snorted as his gaze roamed to the others. “Who else wishes to challenge our newest disciples? Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns below the seventh level can come up anytime but if there’s anyone who dares to say there shall be no restrictions in terms of cultivation bases... This old man shall kill him personally.”

Such arrogance, it was obvious that the old man didn't even put the royal clan or the other eight great sects in his eyes. But upon thinking carefully, this old man truly did have the capabilities to be arrogant.

The strength of this old man was sufficient to cause fear in the experts from the Violet Thunder Sect. Even though one of their members died, they didn't even dare to fight. If they didn't want to fight that old man, one could say for sure that Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns at the sixth level and below, Qin Wentian and Qinger were invincible existences. No matter how many came up on the stage, that would be how many they would kill. This was true talent. Shifting their eyes onto them, the spectators stared at the two young cultivators standing shoulder by shoulder on the stage. Qin Wentian was tyrannical and fiendishly handsome, akin to a descendant of an ancient primordial demon king. Qinger was ephemeral, a celestial maiden that resembled ice and snow, her beauty unmatched in her generation.

In the battle today, Qin Wentian fought one against all and passed the tests designed by all nine sects. Although Qinger only came out for a little while, her exhibited strength was deeply imprinted in the minds of the crowd.

They stood together, their brilliance even brighter than the sun, causing all the other so called geniuses here to lose their luster.

"After joining the Battle Sword Sect, the future of these two would be even more terrifying." Many in the crowd mused, they knew that there wouldn't be any more people here capable of stopping them today.

"Don't you find it's a little inappropriate for you to behave in such a manner in the territory of my Grand Shang?" A faint voice suddenly drifted out, the one who spoke was none other than Shang Tong.

Xuan King City is after all one of the Seven King Cities of Grand Shang. The Battle Sword Sect didn't even place them in their eyes at all.

"Are those from the royal clan so lacking of manners? How dare you be so impolite when you are speaking to your elders." The old man from the Battle Sword Sect shifted his gaze onto him as a terrifying sharpness flickered within. "Commanding so many to gang up on a disciple of my sect? Do you really think you can get away with that simply because you are from the royal clan? Do you believe I won't slay you right here if you dare to speak one more word about touching Qin Wentian?"

As the sound of his voice faded, a powerful forcefield enveloped Shang Tong. Shang Tong's guards all paled when they felt how intense the forcefield of sword qi was. If that old man truly wanted to kill Shang Tong, he could do so in an instant.

An incomparably heavy silence descended onto the arena.

“Seems like the Battle Sword Sect came here well prepared, to think that they actually have such a powerful expert within their midst.”

“I heard that the other eight great sects came to the Xuan King City because this was something the Battle Sword Sect had initiated. Now, they ‘coincidentally’ encountered Qin Wentian and that cold-looking maiden? Was this the Battle Sword Sect's original purpose?”

Many were silently speculating in their hearts. The strength of this old man was unfathomable. Earlier, he had been quietly sitting in the spectator stand staying hidden all this while before finally bursting out at the critical moment.

“No one dares to come up to the battle stage? Are the experts from the other eight sects fake? Do all of you only know how to gang up on people using superiority in numbers to mask your own weakness?” That old man in the air had another outburst again. He then icily continued, “The pride of the name nine great sects, as well as the royal clan has completely been tarnished by the whole lot of you today. How disappointing.”

The faces of the experts alternated between shades of white and green. Their members who were currently in Xuan King City were not a match for the old man. Additionally, their younger generations couldn't win against Qin Wentian as well. They had totally lost today.

If you showed that you were weak, you would be destined to be trampled upon by others. Even if one was humiliated, those without strength could only forcibly endure it.

“Since there's no one else, Lin Shuai, let's return.” That old man commanded. After which, those from the Battle Sword Sect all stood up. Bursts of sword qi exploded as they all stood upon beams of sword light, soaring up into the air.

The old man pressed his palm forward as a sword beam landed beside Qin Wentian and Qing'er. “Ride on my sword.”

The Xuan King City is about two hundred thousand miles away from the Battle Sword Sect, extremely far away. With Qin Wentian's speed he might have had to fly for several days before he could arrive there. But with the strength of this old man, the time travelling would be cut short by many times. The speed of Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants was insanely quick, able to travel tens of thousands of miles in a single day effortlessly.

“Senior, please give me a moment.” Qin Wentian didn't choose to depart immediately. Instead, he walked forwards and stared at the major powers of the Xuan King City.

“That day, the six major powers led their experts to surround me, causing me to almost die there in that mountain range. I’m here today for revenge. If you all wish to seek revenge in the future, come to the Battle Sword Sect. I will welcome you at anytime. However before I leave today, there’s still someone who must die.”

As the sound of his voice faded, his gaze instantly landed on Yin Cheng.

Yin Cheng’s legs lost his strength as he fell backwards on the ground. His countenance paled as he hoarsely called out in a quavering voice, “Grandpa, save me...”

However, a radiant light fired forth from the centre of Qin Wentian’s brow as the fearsome will of a Mandate gushed into Yin Cheng’s mind. A moment later, Yin Cheng only saw himself in an entirely different place. The mountains surrounding him were all made from skeletons, the sky was painted a bloody red as numerous ghosts and demons rushed towards him. The faces of the dead were none other than the family of Chi Yezi which he had ordered his men to slaughter.

“This is an illusion, this isn’t real.” Yin Cheng howled, trying his best to pull himself out. However, in that dream a fiendish demonic arm gutted him right through his chest, wrenching out his heart. The crowd only saw Yin Cheng coughing out blood, before slumping down dead.

“This...” The hearts of the crowd stopped for a second when they witnessed what had happened. Was Qin Wentian able to kill cultivators weaker than himself with a single glance? Was this an eye-type innate technique?

“You!” The experts from the Yin Clan trembled, pointing their fingers at Qin Wentian as their killing intent towered up to the heavens. However, Qin Wentian merely calmly stared back at them, feeling neither joy nor excitement at the death of Yin Cheng. Back then the six major powers hunted him down because he didn’t have a background able to instill fear in them.

But now after joining the Battle Sword Sect, although he killed Yin Cheng in such an overwhelming fashion, the Yin Clan only dared to rage but they wouldn’t dare to take revenge. The situation now had completely changed. In the span of a few short months, everything had turned topsy turvy, the Qin Wentian now was no longer an existence they would dare to offend.

“I shall await your revenge.” Qin Wentian stared straight at the experts from the Yin Clan before mounting the the beam of sword light with Qing`er. Little Rascal who was in the crowd transformed into a white streak of light and directly dashed into Qin Wentian’s hug.

“GO!” The old man hollered, and momentarily a group of experts all flew up into the skies, swiftly departing this area.

“They left.” The crowd suddenly felt at a loss. The battle today was truly fascinating although it had felt somewhat brief. That male and female pair was simply too powerful. Their talents were outstanding, and their radiance was even brighter than the sun. In the future in the Battle Sword Sect, they would definitely be able to shine even brighter.

Shang Yue watched on as Qin Wentian killed Yin Cheng before leaving. Feeling an indescribable emotion in her heart. This person was not someone she was comparable to even in the slightest. Even though she had a status as a princess of Xuan King City, the two of them were like people from different worlds.

Ji Xue and Xu Feng also watched as Qin Wentian left. A hint of laughter flashed past Ji Xue’s eyes as she added in a low voice, “I hope that in the future, we would be able to hear legends of him in Grand Shang.”

Qin Wentian joining the Battle Sword Sect inevitably caused a storm of commotion in the Royal Sacred Region. The royal capital of Grand Shang was a place where true experts were as common as the clouds. Cultivators at the level of chosen from the Xuan King City could be found everywhere there. That was a place where the truly strong gathered.

And also, one must note that the true elites of the eight other great sects weren’t there today.

Far away in the middle of the air, Qin Wentian and Qinger were flying astride a beam of sword light. Qin Wentian turned to Qinger, as he smiled, “Qing`er when did you become so powerful? Your Mandate of Space has actually already reached the Perfection Boundary?”

Qing`er looked at Qin Wentian as she simply stated, “The fruits you gave me, I ate them both.”

“Eh...” Qin Wentian’s eyes flickered as memories of the two Space Mandate Fruits surfaced in his mind. So this lass had actually eaten them both, no wonder her Mandate of Space reached perfection this fast.

“Were they delicious?” Qin Wentian asked with a smile that was not a smile on his face. Qing`er stared at Qin Wentian as her eyes brightened, flashing with a look of contemplation. Her lips trembled lightly before she candidly replied, “They suck.”

“Oops.” Qin Wentian stared at the serious expression on Qing`er’s face as he valiantly fought back an impulse to burst into laughter. This ephemeral maiden was truly adorable!

Chapter 517: Kindred Spirits

The Royal Sacred Region consists of an inconceivably large amount of land. There was an endless number of sects and countless ancient kingdoms and aristocrat clans.

The Hegemon of this boundless land area was none other than the Royal Sacred Sect.

Within this vast region, other than the hegemony, the other powers of note were the nine sects, the seven clans and the two great empires. The nine sects were naturally the nine great sects under the Royal Sacred Sect; the seven clans were the Seven ancient aristocrat clans which had over tens of thousands of years of history, it was unknown how terrifyingly strong they were. The seven ancient clans weren't a part of the Royal Sacred Sect automatically but their members treated joining the Royal Sacred Sect as a matter of glory. And lastly for the two empires, they naturally referred to Grand Shang and Grand Zhou. All of them were first-tier powers.

If it was in the past, the two empires would have been three instead. Grand Zhou, Grand Shang and Grand Xia were all empires in this boundlessly large region under the governance of the Royal Sacred Sect. Half of Grand Zhou's territory lies within this region while the royal capital of Grand Shang was within it as well. As for the fallen Grand Xia, the Royal Sacred Sect no longer care much about it.

One could very well imagine how monstrously vast this region was. The experts residing within were as countless as the stars in the sky.

And of course, other than the nine sects, seven clans and the two empires, there were also other sects and clans and even ancient kingdoms. These belonged to the second tier of power but their strength were also inconceivably high. If one day, someone there broke through to the legendary realm, their status would instantly be elevated to that of a top-tier existence in the Royal Sacred Region.

Five thousand years ago, there was no Battle Sword Sect amongst the nine great sects. However, after that, the Battle Sword Sect suddenly rose up and obtained an extremely important position in the Royal Sacred Sect and eventually became an important subsidiary under them.

This was the reason why so many sects wanted to fight for talents to join them before they were sent to the Royal Sacred Sect via recommendation. There were some second-tier powers whose foundations weren't any weaker than the nine great sects yet they continuously failed at becoming a first-tier power simply because they didn't have enough members in the Royal Sacred Sect. The lack of members naturally meant a lack of power and authority, hence they still remained second-tier existences despite the passing of so many years.

Right now, Qin Wentian was completely awed when staring at this impossibly vast landscape while flying on a sword beam.

When those from the Battle Sword Sect rode their swords, they wouldn't do so at too high an altitude, hence they were able to see everything below them. In fact, every territory they passed by, Qin Wentian could see that in this region, every place was many times more prosperous and grand compared to nine continents of Grand Xia. As they flew past the airspace of these territories, the experts within all burst out, their terrifying auras engulfing everything. These people could effortlessly exterminate any transcendent powers in Grand Xia but when they saw the ones flying past were people of the Battle Sword Sect, they instantly retracted their auras and respectfully sent them on their way.

Only through constantly expanding one's horizon did one understand how vast the world truly is. Qin Wentian understood that the Battle Sword Sect purposely picked this route so he would be gain an eye-opener.

Lin Shuai and the rest knew that he had come from the desolate Grand Xia, hence they purposely did so, hoping to broaden his horizons. Along the way, from chatting with Lin Shuai and the rest, he understood that in the perspectives of the number experts in the Royal Sacred Region, Grand Xia was just a place of desolation to them. Such news involuntarily made Qin Wentian start in shock.

Qin Wentian finally understood why Jun Yu was treated so importantly when he returned to Grand Xia back then. Jun Yu was a disciple of the Royal Sacred Sect, how could he look up to the savages living in the desolate Grand Xia? The vast majority had never even heard of terms like the Royal Sacred Sect, the Royal Sacred Region or even knew that there were two other empires other than Grand Xia.

The more he heard, the more excited Qin Wentian was. His eyes sparkled with sharpness, as though he couldn't wait to prove himself on this grand stage that was the Royal Sacred Region. Qinger was as serene as always, icy cold, and didn't like to speak. Even when the experts from the Battle Sword Sect tried talking to her, she ignored them as well. Her actions couldn't help but cause the experts from the Battle Sword Sect to have a bitter smile on their faces. Yet they didn't hold it against Qinger because they understood this was merely her character.

Finally, they arrived at their destination – the area where the Battle Sword Sect was located, in the southern part of the Royal Sacred Region.

From what Qin Wentian originally imagined, the Battle Sword Sect should be located in an area of desolation, maybe in the middle of some plains or atop some lofty mountains. But when he arrived, a wry smile couldn't help but find its way on his face.

The surrounding areas were flourishing with people. Outside the Battle Sword Sect, at the threshold of crossing the entrance, there was an ancient sword embedded in the ground, demarcating their territory,

Up ahead, a gigantic sword towered up towards the skies. Numerous ancient peaks connected as a number of buildings with the magnificence of celestial palaces could be seen upon it.

The Battle Sword Sect had a territory of a few hundred miles but it was situated in the middle of a flourishing area instead of the wild desolation. Outside the demarcation, streams of humans flowed relentlessly, they all had reverence in their eyes when they stared at the Battle Sword Sect.

“Are you disappointed?” Lin Shuai who stood by the side of Qin Wentian, laughed.

“Why would I be? I just felt a little surprised that the Battle Sword Sect would be located in such a lively area.” Qin Wentian laughed.

“The sword cultivators of my generation are all off roaming the world, doing what they want to, tempering themselves in the world of mortals. Our Battle Sword Sect isn’t as transcendent as the rumors state, all of us simply do what we desire to. Roaming the world, righting wrongs and settling grudges, at ease and confident in answering to no one and saving our own hearts.”

Lin Shuai laughed as he continued, “Only by following one’s heart would one be able to further walk the path of swords to its extreme boundaries. The Battle Sword Sect doesn’t really have much restrictions for its members, granting them huge degree of freedom. You have to remember this, since you joined our Battle Sword Sect, you don’t need to follow any rules not of your own making. Just be firm in what you want to do. If one day you find that the Battle Sword Sect is no longer suitable for you. Just mount your sword and fly away, no one will make things difficult for you.”

“What a good free-spirited Battle Sword Sect!” Qin Wentian’s heart couldn’t help but tremble slightly when he heard Lin Shuai’s words. It seemed like the news he had heard in Xuan King City was true, the structure of the Battle Sword Sect wasn’t like any other sect at all. The only thing the Battle Sword Sect required of its members was for them to stay true to their own hearts.

As the two of them were conversing, the swords they were mounted on had already advanced into the Battle Sword Sect, entering the region where buildings like celestial palaces were scattered about. Mountain springs and waterfalls added tranquility to the atmosphere, there were numerous pavilions with people laughing within them, and also a vast training stage for people to spar and practice their swords. This entire place exuded a sense of harmony.

Seeing this group of people returning, several cultivators of the Battle Sword Sect lifted their heads and looked over. The majority of the cultivators here were of the younger generation, and the cultivation bases of the people here were all at the least in the Heavenly Dipper Realm. Hence, even if one was thirty or forty, they would still look younger than their ages let alone these people were truly young.

“Seventh senior has returned and even brought along two new people. Are these the new juniors that passed the recruitment selection?” Below the one of the waterfalls, those members of the Battle Sword Sect stared in the direction of Lin Shuai and the others. One young man clad in white had an expression of extreme curiosity upon his face.

“That maiden is so beautiful, if she joins our Battle Sword Sect, the position of the number one beauty in our sect would belong to her for sure.” The young man’s eyes shone with light as he stared at Qing`er.

“Hmph.” A beautiful girl beside him snorted coldly. This girl was tall and had had exquisite curves. Her skin was fair and white while both her eyes shone like the moon. She was also extremely pretty, and her features even exuded a heroic air. She angrily stared at the young man in white as she scolded, “Lecherous fellow.”

“Ah, appetite and lust are only natural.” That young man shrugged and laughed, not minding the label at all. “Sadly, junior sister is too cold to me. If junior sister is willing to marry me, from now on I certainly shall not even glance at any other woman.”

“Scram!” The lady glared at him fiercely.

Another skinny-looking cultivator with a sword strapped on his back spoke, “Was the mission of Seventh senior and the elders precisely for these two? Our Battle Sword Sect has never initiated a disciple selection before, this is a precedent.”

“I think there’s something fishy about it too. Oh, senior is coming over.” That young woman replied. Lin Shuai and the others arrived in the area and the old man in the lead commanded, “Lin Shuai, make arrangements for our new members.”

“Sure.” Lin Shuai nodded his head. After which, that old man brought along a large group of people and left the area.

“Seventh senior, you are back!” The girl walked up with a smile on her face when she saw Lin Shuai. Her attitude was totally different compared to how she normally treated the young man who stood beside her.

“Junior sister’s heart bloomed like the flowers when she saw seventh senior returning. Ahhh my broken heart hurts so bad.” That young man who was scolded as a lecher started sighing. But soon after, his eyes brightened as he glanced at Qinger, “I wonder if I have the honor of asking milady’s name?” Qinger coldly cast a glance at him before ignoring him and treating him like thin air. The people around that young man burst into laughter, there was an extremely awkward expression on the young man’s countenance as well.

“You better behave yourself.” Lin Shuai glared at him. After which, he introduced to the crowd, “This is junior brother Qin Wentian and this is junior sister Qinger. In the future, they too would be members of our Battle Sword Sect. Junior Qinger is a woman of few words, you guys better not disturb her. If there’s anything you want to say, just tell junior brother Qin, he will relay the message for you.”

Qinger appeared in the disciple selection event before she wanted to protect Qin Wentian. Lin Shuai would have given such instructions because he had familiarised himself with Qinger’s personality as they travelled back together.

“Understood, senior.” Everyone was extremely respectful to Lin Shuai.

Qin Wentian silently observed the scene, feeling surprised at the respect everyone was showing. He had originally thought his senior brother Lin Shuai was an ordinary disciple chosen to lead the trip to the Xuan King City this time around.

He didn't know that it was because Lin Shuai was one of the personal disciples of the sect master which was why his status was so extraordinary. Not only that, his talent and strength was extremely terrifying as well.

“My name is Lingshuang. Junior brother and sister, in the future you can just address me as senior sister Ye or senior sister Lingshuang.” That woman smiled, introducing herself.

“Jiang Huai.” The skinny cultivator nodded to the two of them.

“Liu Yun.” The lecherous looking young man also smiled.

Everyone introduced themselves, Qin Wentian politely nodded his head to them in acknowledgement.

“Junior brother, this pet of yours is soooo adorable, may I have a look?” Her eyes turned to the shape of little hearts as Ye Lingshuang stared at Little Rascal who was currently in Qin Wentian's arms. She had slain many demonic beasts before but it was extremely rare to come across such a cute little demonic beast.

“Sure.” Qin Wentian nodded. Little Rascal, upon hearing that, immediately leapt into Ye Lingshuang's bosom. The quickness of its actions caused Ye Lingshuang to burst into giggles.

Little Rascal nestled its head into her bosom, curling up as an expression of enjoyment flashed upon its face. It then spoke in a baby-like voice, “So...soft!!!”

Ye Lingshuang instantly turned to stone, her eyes were as wide as saucers as she stared unblinkingly at Little Rascal within her embrace.

Qin Wentian's face was full of black lines, he too was staring at Little Rascal and was suddenly seized with an impulse to pinch it to death. What kind of nonsense was it sprouting?!

“Cough... cough...” Liu Yun softly coughed, he glanced jealously at the little puppy before staring at Qin Wentian as a bright flow gleamed in his eyes. “Oh junior brother, who would have thought that we are both kindred spirits pursuing the same interests!”

Chapter 518: Grass Hut

After Qin Wentian heard Liu Yun's words, he wanted nothing more than to find a hole to bury himself in. He secretly snuck a glance at Ye Lingshuang, only to see her regarding him with a look of disdain. This made Qin Wentian want to sigh—he'd only just entered the Battle Sword Sect and his reputation had already been instantly destroyed by Little Rascal.

“Little Rascal, you better get your ass over here.” Qin Wentian stared sternly at that little puppy, only to see it yawning lazily as it settled itself more comfortably in the ample bosom of Ye Linshuang, a look of mesmerization flickering in its eyes.

“Junior Brother is truly such a good teacher.” Ye Linshuang laughed, and Qin Wentian howled in his heart. Right now, he wouldn’t be able to wash his reputation clean even if he jumped inside a river.

“Junior Brother and Junior Sister, I’ll show you around our Battle Sword Sect.” At this moment, Lin Shuai interjected, helping Qin Wentian to escape the situation. Qin Wentian nodded in agreement and a moment later, they soared up into the air and flew around, with Ye Linshuang and the others following behind.

“Our Battle Sword Sect has a territory of a few hundred miles, and a total of three thousand disciples. The peaks of the mountains here are all connected and the disciples reside in wooden houses at the peak. You may choose an empty residence for your own lodging.” Lin Shuai led Qin Wentian and pointed at a residence set in the middle of two mountain ramparts. The scenery here was exemplary, and projected a feeling of solitude and quietness, as though it were a place separated from the rest of the world. Mist cloaked the area, giving it the appearance of an abode for immortals to reside in during cultivation.. In one’s residence, no one should be able to disturb you at such a time.

“The lodging grounds are completely separated from the training grounds. Look over there, that’s the training stage of our Battle Sword Sect. Several of our disciples are usually found sparring or honing their skills there. If there are conflicts among our disciples, the elders normally step in to mediate, but if mediation fails, both parties can apply for the rights to have a duel.” Lin Shuai pointed to a vast space with a magnificent training arena built upon it.

Qin Wentian took note of this. Although the Battle Sword Sect had the least number of members in the nine great sects, their recruitment tests were especially stringent. However, Qin Wentian didn’t expect that they would actually have a total of three thousand disciples—one could very well see how fearsome a great sect could be. Not only that, for the other eight sects, it was likely that they would have over ten thousand disciples, with each of them being the elites of their generation.

In fact, if one were to think about it, it wasn’t strange at all. The Royal Sacred Region was insanely vast with countless powerful sects and aristocratic clans, and this was including the three great empires, and several ancient kingdoms. The population was overwhelming, and with the nine great sects being the highest-tiered powers below the Royal Sacred Sect, there would be countless talented individuals hoping to join it, year after year. For every ten thousand that came, even if the Battle Sword Sect were to choose only one of them, when the thousands of years added up, then three thousand disciples was actually considered to be on the low side.

“That’s the Battle Sword Platform. Whenever the sect has a major event, they sound out the drums to call for all the disciples to gather there.” Lin Shuai pointed to another area.

Qin Wentian silently took note as he continued following Lin Shuai. And finally up ahead, nine great ancient mountains could be seen. The area each mountain occupied was overwhelmingly large.

“These are the cultivation mountains. With so many disciples in our sect, naturally it wouldn’t make sense just to have one speciality and then group everyone within it. There are nine Sword Sovereigns that guide their disciples according to one’s strength. Each of the Sword Sovereigns are assigned control of one of the nine mountains, and the elders under them are in charge of the day-to-day administrative tasks, as well as assist the Sword Sovereigns in guiding the disciples.

“Senior, which mountain do you belong to?” Qin Wentian curiously asked.

“Senior Brother Lin Shuai is the personal disciple of the first mountain’s Sword Sovereign, Ling Tian. Sword Sovereign Ling Tian is also the sect master of our Battle Sword Sect,” Ye Lingshuang replied on behalf of Lin Shuai. She then continued, “As for the rest of us, we belong to the first mountain as well, but we are not the personal disciples of Sword Sovereign Ling Tian. Our masters are the various elders of the first mountain.”

Qin Wentian lightly nodded his head. It was only to be expected that the Sword Sovereigns wouldn’t have the time to personally coach all three thousand disciples. Only personal disciples like Lin Shuai would have the privilege to be trained by them.

“Within the nine mountains, there are a total of nine libraries that contain a plethora of cultivation arts, innate techniques, and even notes left behind from ancient times. Disciples are allowed to browse the library freely with no restrictions. And up ahead, that’s the place where the supreme elders cultivate, it’s a forbidden area where most disciples have no right to enter,” Lin Shuai informed.

“Other than this, you’ll find that between some of the mountain peaks, there are marks and traces of swordplay cultivators from ancient times left behind. One can freely visit the area and gain comprehension regarding their swordplay,” Lin Shuai added.

“Next, I’ll bring you to an extremely important place in our Battle Sword Sect.”

After that, Lin Shuai sped up. Qin Wentian and the others followed closely behind. When he glanced at Ye Lingshuang, he discovered that she, as well as Liu Yun and the rest, all wore extremely solemn looks on their countenances.

After some time, they arrived at the foot of a mountain. There were actually many disciples already gathered there and when they saw Lin Shuai, all of them immediately stopped what they were doing and greeted him.

Lin Shuai was a personal disciple of the sect leader and his cultivation base had already broken through to the Celestial Phenomenon Realm. He wasn't any weaker compared to some of the elder-level executives of the sect, and hence, he was well respected.

Lin Shuai lightly nodded his head in response. The crowd then shifted their gazes onto Qin Wentian and Qing'er standing behind Lin Shuai, as a look of bewilderment appeared on their faces. Were these two the new disciples of their Battle Sword Sect? To think that senior Lin Shuai would personally bring them to this place.

Qin Wentian projected a reserved bearing, yet he was handsome and had an extraordinary aura. Qing'er appeared ice-cold, yet her beauty was comparable even to celestial maidens. Despite Ye Lingshuang's beauty, she could only serve as a backdrop, losing her luster. These two new juniors who'd just joined the sect were indeed unique/uncommon.

Qin Wentian didn't really care what others thought about him. Right now, his eyes stared at the peak of the mountain, only to see a grass hut situated there. This grass hut looked exceedingly ordinary, yet the entire area around it was coated with a mysterious energy.

Just a single glance at the grass hut was sufficient to capture Qin Wentian's attention. But what shocked him was that when he tried sending tendrils of his perception into it, it was actually blocked by a formless energy—he had no way to 'see' nor sense what was contained within the grass hut at all.

“Senior, what's inside that grass hut?” Qin Wentian asked curiously.

Lin Shuai shook his head, “Nobody knows. Not even my master has ever entered there before. Or to better put it, we are unable to enter it.”

Qin Wentian's heart trembled in astonishment, who would have thought that the Battle Sword Sect would actually have such a mysterious place.

“This place is where the founder of our Battle Sword Sect used to cultivate in. Rumors have it that our founder had already reached the level of a Sword Immortal, and many speculated that his personal sword was hidden within the grass hut. Some say that there are incredibly profound sword arts within, and others say that there was nothing there at all. However, the mountain pathway up to the grass hut contains essences of the sword insights gained by the founder in his Dao of Swords.”

Lin Shuai's countenance was extremely solemn. Only then did Qin Wentian realize that there was a small mountain pathway leading up to the grass hut and right now, there were even people attempting the journey. Yet, they seemed to still be stuck at the foot of the mountain. The distance to the grass hut was too great. For some reason, they were unable to ascend.

And right at this moment, the terrifying sound of a whistling sword filled the air. After which, a mighty sword rainbow flashed past the skies, emanating a might that caused the entire mountain to shake, as sounds of explosions erupted in the air.

“Junior Apprentice Sister Hanyou is so strong, she’s actually on her ninth step now. Her accomplishments truly paint her as one of the chosen in our Battle Sword Sect.” Many people sighed in admiration.

“Yeah, Junior Apprentice Sister Hanyou is a personal disciple of the Plum Mountain Sword Sovereign. She’s one of those in the younger generations with the highest amount of latent potential this year.”

Being able to join the Battle Sword Sect meant that you were already a genius. Yet these people were still full of praise for this particular junior sister. Qin Wentian focused and soon discovered that the sword rainbow earlier had been cast by a young woman clad in a fiery-red dress. This was none other than the Junior Apprentice Sister Hanyou that those people were talking about.

The countenance of this young woman was as cold as ice, yet her figure looked as hot as fire. Her fiery-red dress fully accentuated her curves, and with just a single glance, one felt mesmerized. She was someone extraordinary as well.

“That’s Junior Sister Li Hanyou. She’s just joined the sect, but was instantly accepted as a personal disciple of the Plum Mountain’s Sword Sovereign. Her background itself was already something many couldn’t compare to. She’s a descendent of the ancient Li Clan located in the southern area of the Sacred Royal Sect, and possesses the bloodline of the Blood Phoenix. Her combat prowess is insane—although her cultivation base is only at the peak of the fifth level of Heavenly Dipper, she can effortlessly defeat those at the peak of the sixth level. She’s simply a monstrous genius.”

Lin Shuai whispered to Qin Wentian, as an expression of praise appeared in his eyes. Evidently, he had an extremely high valuation of Li Hanyou.

There were so many geniuses in the Battle Sword Sect, and it was already exceedingly difficult to enter it, let alone becoming a personal disciple of one of the nine Sword Sovereigns of the Battle Sword Sect.

“Senior, which mountain shall I join then?” Qin Wentian asked as a look of confusion flashed on his face. The nine mountains could be classified as the nine branches of the Battle Sword Sect. He didn’t know which mountain to join.

“Naturally, the mountain under my master Sword Sovereign Ling Tian.” Lin Shuai laughed as he continued, “The mountain path towards the grass hut is extremely rugged and craggy, so ordinary cultivators find it hard to even take a single step. Does Junior Brother wish to give it a try?”

“The mountain path to the grass hut? What is it exactly, why would it be that difficult?” Qin Wentian asked.

“You will know if you go there. Actually, that area is a considered an extremely important area of our Battle Sword Sect and its value is comparable to the libraries in the nine mountains. Also,

there's no restrictions for this place, so as long as you are able to advance passed the path, you will be able to enter the grass hut. I once heard that there's a senior character in our Battle Sword Sect who barely managed to ascend the mountain path and eventually stood at the peak, entering the grass hut. He was the first member of our Battle Sword Sect to accomplish that.

Lin Shuai laughed, his words causing Qin Wentian to feel even more curious. After which, he then nodded his head lightly, "I feel like giving it a try. Qing`er do you want to come along?"

"No."

Qing`er didn't seem to be too interested. Back then when experts from her clan went to the Celestial Lake Palace, they had passed her many cultivation arts and innate techniques suitable for her. She wasn't lacking in either of them. The reason she joined the Battle Sword Sect was only because of Qin Wentian. It was impossible to follow and protect him in the dark given how powerful the members of the Battle Sword Sect were. It was highly possible she might be mistakenly identified as an enemy if she chose to hide in the shadows and hence, she could only join the sect together with Qin Wentian.

"Mhm, okay then, wait for me here." Qin Wentian smiled. After which, his silhouette flickered as he reappeared once more on the pathway leading upwards to the grass hut. As he stared at the grass hut in the distance, Qin Wentian had a strange feeling that the end point was way further than it seemed.

Qin Wentian took the first step out. At the instant his step landed, his surroundings underwent a complete change. There was no longer a mountain path in front of him, but rather, an ancient pathway had appeared instead. The grass hut was situated right at the end of this pathway.

All of a sudden, a mountain rampart sprang up before Qin Wentian. On this rampart, there was an incomparably exquisite picture etched upon it.

Staring at the picture, Qin Wentian felt his senses being involuntarily drawn out, immersing into it. He involuntarily sighed in his heart. No wonder Lin Shuai said that the value of this place wasn't any lesser compared to the nine libraries situated in the nine mountains. The true form of this ancient path itself was a priceless treasure!

Chapter 519: Comprehending Sword

The picture on the mountain rampart was right in front of Qin Wentian, vivid and extremely life-like, containing a myriad of changes within. In the picture, the image of a great roc soared through the skies, hurtling through the clouds with an extremely terrifying speed as fast as lightning.

At this moment, a sword beam shot down from the blue skies, startling both the Heavens and Earth.

The great roc flew with such speed, yet it still couldn't exceed the speed of that sword beam. The sword attack landed with unerring accuracy and instantly resulted in the death of the great roc.

Qin Wentian felt immense shock in his heart. He didn't expect that at merely the first step, the sword strike depicted on the mountain rampart would be so profound that it made him feel as though he was like an ant. His speed when compared to that was nothing. Nothing at all, so slow that he felt like a snail.

Qin Wentian questioned himself. Would he ever be able to unleash such a magnificent strike?

“Wrong. This ancient mountain pathway to the grass hut must be a trial, the first picture on the first step is shown to the prospective trial takers, allowing them to comprehend the essence behind the attack. Earlier, after Li Hanyou slashed out with that strike, she successfully understood and thus was able to advance forwards on the pathway. Since she can take nine steps, how can it be possible that I won't be able to take even a single step?”

Qin Wentian mused, although Lin Shuai didn't tell him the instructions, he already understood that this mountain pathway was a trial where one had to understand the essence behind each sword strikes in order to be able to move forward.

Also, this place was left behind by the founder. How could it be so easy to comprehend the insights and essence of the founder's swordplay? He mustn't be impatient.

“This picture is extraordinary, majestic and impressive. My strength in front of it is nothing at all, I need to enter a dreamscape to better process this.” Qin Wentian murmured in a low voice. After which, he closed his eyes and sat down calmly in meditation.

Exercising his will, Qin Wentian instantly stepped into a dreamscape of his own creation. The Diagram of the Mountains and Rivers which he had acquired from the green-robed senior's dream-will inside the dark forest of Chu, could be seen suspended in the air. The stronger he grew, the more extraordinary he discovered this Diagram to be.

Right now, The Diagram of the Mountains and Rivers had turned into the scenario he had seen in the picture earlier. Above him, a great roc soared through the air, hurtling through the clouds with a speed so fast that the naked eye was unable to track its movements.

Yet, because he was the creator of this dream, everything here was under his control. Qin Wentian stood above the clouds and watched the great roc fly past. Abruptly, a beam of resplendent sword light descended down from the blue skies, slashing its body. The great roc died instantly.

“Hmm, I can’t see through it.” Qin Wentian was not flustered. He replayed the scene again and again, trying to gain comprehension of that heaven-shocking sword strike.

Gradually, Qin Wentian saw something. This sword strike was like the essence of the wind. No matter how fast the great roc was, it was unable to escape Wind. Wind was present everywhere, and no matter how fast or far the great roc flew, there was no way to escape. The sword strike was hidden within the wind.

“I have never gained any insights into the Mandate of Wind before, would I be able to comprehend this strike?” Qin Wentian mused as he brandished his sword. Understanding was one thing, doing it in reality was another. After all, he didn’t understand anything regarding the Mandate of Wind.

“But it’s impossible for every disciple in the Battle Sword Sect to have comprehended the Mandate of Wind. As long as I’m able to comprehend the essence behind it, I should be able to take a step forward.” Qin Wentian closed his eyes as he left his dreamscape. Staring at the mountain rampart before him, he stretched his hands out, placing his palms onto it while he thought about his insights into this sword strike. Instantly, a shocking sword beam whistling with anger shot through the skies, sundering the heavens and earth.

The mountain rampart vanished. A smile appeared on Qin Wentian’s face as he took a step forward. At this moment, a second mountain rampart appeared, with the second picture engraved onto it.

Depicted was a giant that was so high that its head touched the heavens. With a single step, he could crush mountains, and destroy rivers. A single palm strike from it was even powerful enough to fragment the heavens.

It was an utterly devastating scene. As the giant was galloping, a gigantic sword slashed down from the heavens, splitting the giant into two. The speed of this sword wasn’t fast. However, when it slashed down, the giant’s immense body transformed into numerous stones and rocks, eventually transforming into a mountain range.

“The strength of that sword strike is above millions of jin.” Qin Wentian felt tidal waves of shock rushing through his heart. He closed his eyes, entered his dreamscape and replayed that scene once more, trying to contemplate the essence of the sword strike slashed out by that gigantic sword.

“This... I’ve already comprehended the basic concept of it from the pulsation effect of the Mandate of Great Earth when I practice my halberd arts.” Qin Wentian smiled and opened his eyes, placing his palms upon the mountain rampart once more. Another sword beam soared through the skies as he took another step.

The crowd within the surroundings that saw Qin Wentian consecutively take two steps couldn’t help but to have expressions of astonishment upon their faces.

“Junior Brother Qin is truly amazing, he has actually already comprehended the second sword strike.” Lin Shuai stared at Qin Wentian in the distance as he sighed in admiration.

“They’re only the first two sword strikes. Didn’t senior also easily comprehend the first seven sword strikes back then? The first seven aren’t that difficult.” Ye Lingshuang responded. Lin Shuai smiled, “I did. However, how can my speed compare to him? Tell me how many sword strikes do you think Junior Brother Qin would be able to comprehend today?”

“Based on his speed, his comprehension abilities don’t seem to be weak. Maybe he would be the same as the other members who had stronger comprehension abilities, able to comprehend seven sword strikes in a single day I guess. From the eighth sword strike onwards, it wouldn’t be so easy any more.” Ye Lingshuang replied, as Liu Yun who was beside her, nodded in agreement. “Back then, Li Hanyou also comprehended seven sword strikes in a single day. However, she took a total of three days for the eighth sword strike, and eventually a week for the ninth.”

“To be able to comprehend the ninth sword strike, Li Hanyou’s comprehension is already extremely outstanding. Maybe she will have a chance to comprehend fourteen sword strikes in a single year.” Lin Shuai stared at in the direction of Li Hanyou. This girl had an insanely high comprehension when it came to swords, she should be able to comprehend fourteen sword strikes within a year.

“Junior Qin already comprehended the third sword strike, how swift.” At this instant, the eyes of Lin Shuai suddenly gleamed with sharpness. Qin Wentian effortlessly comprehended the third sword strike.

“Today, seven sword strikes may not be the limit for Junior Brother Qin’s comprehension.”

“Jiang Huai, how many sword strikes do you think he will be able to comprehend?” Ye Lingshuang turned her gaze to the skinny young man Jiang Huai. Jiang Huai’s comprehension was extremely powerful as well.

“No idea, but he should be able to break the record of comprehending seven sword strikes.” Jiang Huai quietly replied. As they were conversing, Qin Wentian had already comprehended the fourth sword strike and instantly, he attracted the attention of many in the surroundings.

“How fast, he’s already at the fourth sword strike. The record was comprehending seven sword strikes in two hours. If this continued on, he would be able to reach the seventh sword strike in just a bit longer.” Some had a puzzled look on his face, this newly arrived junior brother did seemed to be extraordinary indeed.

“Already at the fifth sword strike, this speed is crazy.”

Everyone started, Qin Wentian had already taken his fifth step and caused five additional sword beams to shoot out. This was an indication of comprehending the sword strike at the fifth step.

“Awesome.” Lin Shuai was similarly shocked by Qin Wentian as well.

“The final two sword strikes are much more difficult in comparison to the first five. It won’t be so easily comprehended.” Someone among the crowd stated. However, the instant the sound of his voice faded, Qin Wentian had already comprehended the sixth sword strike.

“How could this be, is this blind luck?” The person who spoke earlier felt extremely depressed, as though Qin Wentian’s success was a smack on his face. This caused many to regard him with disdain.

“He’s going to break the record.” Another person stated.

“I don’t believe that he’ll be able to comprehend the seventh sword strike so fast.” That person who spoke earlier stubbornly remarked. And indeed, this time around, Qin Wentian remained motionless for a period of time, standing in silence as though stumped by the profoundness of the sword strike.

“Haha, what did I say?” That person laughed as he stared at those next to him with an air of superiority. But when he saw the strange expressions on the faces of others looking back at him, he quickly turned and stared in the direction of the mountain pathway. Beams of sword light filled the sky, Qin Wentian had completed the seventh step.

At the instant he completed the seventh step, a corona of brilliant light enveloped him, causing many to sigh in envy. Above his head, there were actually sounds of a sword keening that rang out unceasingly.

“He broke the record.” The crowd stared at Qin Wentian in disbelief. They didn’t expect a new member to be able to break the record of comprehending seven sword strikes in the shortest amount of time.

Lin Shuai’s face was filled with smiles. No wonder the ancestor commanded his master to bring him into the Battle sword Sect. It seemed like the ancestor had already noticed his talent.

“So what if he broke the record? The eighth sword strike isn’t going to be so simple. There’s no way he will be able to take the next step.” Some commented in a dissatisfied tone of voice. They couldn’t believe that a newbie would be able to do what they couldn’t do.

“That might not be true, maybe we’ll have a good show to watch later.” Another person in the crowd spoke in tones filled with admiration.

In the distance, a few silhouettes could be seen flying over with blinding speed. Apparently the sound of sword keening was a signal that someone had broken the record. Attracting the attention of others in the Battle Sword Sect.

“The eighth sword strike, it isn’t going to be so easy for that lecherous fellow to comprehend it.” Ye Lingshuang snorted, glancing at Little Rascal who was in her arms before glancing at Qin Wentian while cursing in her heart. If that that fellow who was as lecherous as Liu Yun could truly have such outstanding talent, the heavens must have been blind!

If Qin Wentian knew that he became a lecher due to the actions of Little Rascal, he might be so angered that he would vomit blood.

“Senior Sister Ye, why do you say he is a lecherous fellow? Has he taken advantage of you before?” Someone commented at the side. Ye Lingshuang immediately turned her gaze onto the person as she fiercely asked, “Are you looking for a beating?”

“No no...” That person shivered, immediately shutting up. However, the damage was done, this newly arrived disciple Qin Wentian who broke the record of comprehending the seven sword strikes was already known as a lecher to many. Not only that, he even took advantage of Ye Lingshuang, what a courageous fellow.

Qin Wentian naturally had no idea that his reputation had already been destroyed. Right now, yet another picture depicted on a mountain rampart sprang up before him.

This time around, the same great roc as the first picture soared through the air. And like before, a single sword strike slashed down from the heavens. However, this strike was different compared to the first strike – at the instant this sword strike landed, Qin Wentian could see several streams of laceration energy borne of the wind gush into the body of the great roc, completely shredding it into dust.

“How can this be possible?” Qin Wentian started. There was no way that the Mandate of Wind could achieve this degree of killing.

Qin Wentian once again entered his dreamscape to contemplate, the scene replaying before him countless times. Yet, he discovered that no matter what he tried, he couldn’t successfully replicate the scene in the picture at all. He had no way to evolve his understanding towards the Mandate of Wind.

“I must definitely find the reason.” Qin Wentian disregarded all his previous notions and started from the beginning once more. The sword strike which slashed down with the wind generated numerous streams of wind-attributed energy that enveloped the great roc. The next instant, when the sword landed, the great roc was immediately shredded into powder. He had no idea how this was accomplished.

Qin Wentian’s expression constantly changed. He sank deep into thought and in the blink of an eye, two hours had already passed. At this moment, many people suddenly laughed, it seemed like Qin Wentian wouldn’t be able to comprehend this strike at his current level.

“How can the eighth sword be so easily comprehended?” Ye Lingshuang remarked.

The difficulty of the eighth sword strike was a whole level higher compared to the previous seven.

“I understand now.” At this moment, a bolt of lightning flashed through Qin Wentian’s mind, he suddenly saw the light. It was impossible to replicate the strike with just a single Mandate. What if...there was a second Mandate fused within the strike?

“This is the energy created from the fusion of Wind and Rain.” Qin Wentian’s eyes shone with a resplendent glow. The scenario was swiftly formed in his dreamscape and instantly, as the wind and rain raged, the heavens and earth underwent a shocking change. Qin Wentian completed the eighth step. The moment his step landed, everyone’s expressions changed, their eyes gleaming with utter shock.

He had solved the riddle, fully comprehending the eighth sword strike!

Chapter 520: Breaking the Record Once Again

“He comprehended the eighth sword strike!”

Countless gazes all landed on that stranger who was their new junior apprentice brother. The corona of light from that person had stolen all the glory away from Li Hanyou.

Li Hanyou had comprehended the ninth sword, and was already considered as extremely accomplished.

However, this was the first time this young man had come to this place. Not only that, he even broke the record for being the fastest person to comprehend seven sword strikes in addition to also comprehending the eighth strike in such a short amount of time. It was simply incredible.

Ye Lingshuang’s beautiful eyes flickered. Earlier she had said that the eighth sword strike wasn’t so easily comprehended and yet Qin Wentian had instantly completed the eighth step. This caused her to be somewhat dumbfounded. Her lips parted slightly as she cursed in a low voice, “Comprehension has nothing to do with cultivation level, who would have thought that such a lecherous fellow was actually so capable? Who was able to comprehend the eighth sword strike in such a short period of time. Senior, did you secretly tell him the crux for comprehending the eighth sword strike earlier?”

“The advancement along the mountain pathway depends solely on oneself. Even if I told him, it’s useless if he is unable to comprehend it himself.” Lin Shuai explained, “Junior Sister, you should stop being so judgemental of Junior Brother Qin.”

After speaking, he smiled bitterly as he shook his head. No matter how he viewed it, Qin Wentian didn't seem to be a lecher. That pet of his had completely tarnished his reputation.

After the seventh sword strike, from the eighth to fourteenth sword strikes, each one was a different pathway, that were all exceptionally difficult to pass through.

“He might have just been lucky when he comprehended that sword strike. If he could comprehend one more, I will believe that his comprehension level is off the charts.” Somebody spoke, and several people nodded their heads and agreed, “If he comprehended the ninth sword strike, wouldn't that means he has already caught up to Junior Sister Li?”

Qin Wentian was currently only one step behind Li Hanyou. Shortly ahead of Qin Wentian, yet another picture depicted on a mountain rampart appeared. This picture resembled the previous one, a great roc was soaring through the skies, the birth of a sword strike, and the fall of the great roc. Although everything seemed the same, Qin Wentian's brows were deeply furrowed in concentration.

“This... seems to be the same as the earlier strike” Qin Wentian spoke to himself. However, he understood that it only appeared to be the same on the surface; but the essence of this strike was entirely different. It was another sword path that achieved the same effect.

Lifting his head, Qin Wentian stared at the grass hut off in the distance, a distance that still seemed very far away.

“What kind of character was the founder of the Battle Sword Sect?” This was merely the ninth sword strike and yet it's so impossibly profound. It contained the fusion of Mandates, while blazing a new, original path of the sword for members of the later generations to gain insights from. Each sword strike represented a unique path of the sword, this entire mountain pathway was nothing more than an extremely large book of sword-cultivation techniques.” Qin Wentian's heart was filled with deep reverence and respect.

He guessed that the founder of Battle Sword Sect should have already reached an unfathomable realm. This mountain pathway was one that no members in the current generation had been able to advance all the way till the end. The nine Sword Sovereigns had also failed to do so. Back then, many thousands of years ago, one senior had accomplished this, he walked down the entire path and entered the grass hut at the end. From that moment on, the Battle Sword Sect became virtually unrivalled, from this it was possible to see just how strong the founder was. The rumors that he had already reached the level of being a Sword Immortal might even be true.

As Qin Wentian thought to here, he decided to focus once more and started to intently contemplate this sword strike. Two hours later, he finally discovered the subtle differences that existed between this and the previous sword strike.

For the sword strike previously, when the sword descended, the wind was like thin strands of threads that possessed incomparable sharpness, capable of severing the body of the great roc into many parts before disappearing into thin air. All of a sudden, Qin Wentian thought back to the

sword strike earlier when the Mandates of Wind and Rain had fused into one. The cold wind that brought along with it the power of rain droplets as they smashed into a target. If this was magnified countless times over in scope and landed on a human body, the sword might generated would be similar to the effect created when the roc had died. This was how he managed to comprehend the sword strike from earlier.

However, the sword path for the ninth sword strike was different. Although it looked similar, Qin Wentian could sense that there was a burst of destruction when the sword landed that brought about utter devastation causing the great roc's body to explode.

“Could each and every kind of Mandate in this world be able to fuse with each other?” Qin Wentian speculated. The founder had left behind a grass hut to help guide the later generations on the pathway of their cultivation in the future.

All Mandates were able to be fused together. Afterwards, the effect created would be extremely terrifying and might have even changed so much that there were no hints of the Mandates used prior to the fusion.

“What is a Celestial Phenomenon? How does one condense a constellation? Is it achieved through the evolution of one's Mandates?” Qin Wentian mused. If Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants came to try walking this mountain pathway, they would find it easier because their understanding of their Mandates was deeper.

Qin Wentian placed his palms on the mountain rampart and instantly, a beam of sword light fired towards the sky as the mountain rampart vanished. Qin Wentian then mumbled, “This sword strike was a fusion between the Mandates of Wind and Thunder.”

After that, the ninth sword strike was comprehended and he took another step forward.

He was thinking of how terrifying the fused energy created from the Mandates of Wind and Thunder was. The sword was merely the instrument used to unleash that terrifying might because the founder back then was a sword user. It was also possible to infuse fused Mandates in other kinds of weapons.

“My current halberd strikes can even shatter mountains, that was also the result created by the partial fusion between the Mandates of Force and Great Earth. This mountain pathway is truly a wonder, I'm certain of my path in the future now.”

Qin Wentian understood that the pathway to the grass hut, the founder had left behind, wasn't a cultivation art nor an innate technique. But rather, it was a lamp post to guide the younger generations on the pathway of their cultivation. If you were a sword user, using the sword as an instrument for the fusion of Mandates was the path to becoming a Sword Immortal.

From this, one could see how much effort the founder had put into creating this pathway to the grass hut. It was truly a supreme, incomparable treasure. Disciples had to depend on themselves and not on the teachings of others to gain insights. Only then would the comprehended information leave a deeper imprint in the minds of the disciples.

As of now, Qin Wentian had already accomplished the ninth step. Currently standing beside him, there was another silhouette. This was none other than the genius spoken of in the mouths of everyone earlier, Li Hanyou.

As Li Hanyou turned her gaze, her eyes flickered with a strange glow as she stared at Qin Wentian who was now standing beside her. There was actually someone else who had also comprehended the ninth sword strike? Not only that, he appeared to be very young.

As a result of her having entered the sect, there were many disciples of the Battle Sword Sect which she didn't recognize, and she wasn't interested in being acquainted with them either. Hence, she didn't know that Qin Wentian was a new disciple the Battle Sword Sect had just recruited.

"Have you solved the puzzle of this sword strike before?"

Her gentle voice was filled with sharpness, giving off a sense of power.

At this moment, Qin Wentian was also looking at Li Hanyou standing beside himself. Before this, during the time when he was comprehending the previous sword strikes, he had also met a few other disciples. However, all of them had chosen to ignore him and focused themselves on the mysteries contained within the pictures. Li Hanyou's looks were truly stunning, even he couldn't help but praise her beauty. If he wasn't used to having such beautiful girls like Mo Qingcheng and Qing'er by his side, he might even be attracted to her.

"Hmph," Upon seeing Qin Wentian looking so intently at her, Li Hanyou couldn't help but snort coldly. Disdain flashed across her expression, these young men were all the same, all of them reacted the same way each time they saw her.

"Nope, I haven't." Qin Wentian casually replied before shifting his gaze away, appearing as though he was unaffected. Li Hanyou's eyes involuntarily flickered with a cold laughter, as she thought that this man before her was really such a great actor. Upon noticing her unhappiness at how he was looking at her, Qin Wentian immediately began acting normal in hopes of dissolving the tension.

However, what kind of tricks hadn't she seen before? All the guys around her had already tried a variety of tactics. How could Qin Wentian's lousy acting possibly be able to fool her in the slightest?

"The difficulty of this sword strike is extraordinary, and not something you are able to comprehend." Li Hanyou spoke softly with an arrogant tone.

Qin Wentian frowned but didn't reply to her. He ignored her and turned his attention back onto the picture depicted on the mountain rampart.

The great roc soars in the skies as a sword descends onto it. This picture was actually the same as the one he had seen back at the first step. In fact, even when comparing it to the eighth sword strike, this sword strike resembled the first strike more, causing him to return back to the scene where he had solved the puzzle of the first sword strike.

A sword with the power of wind. Yet how could it be exactly the same?

This time, Qin Wentian stayed here for four hours, yet he was still unable to make heads or tails out of it. This caused the spectators in the surroundings to sigh. Indeed, the tenth sword strike was many times more difficult to comprehend.

Qin Wentian being able to comprehend the ninth sword strike was already a feat that earned him the admiration of many. His comprehension must undoubtedly be at the level of a genius as well. However for the tenth sword strike, if even Li Hanyou had failed to decipher it, it would undoubtedly prove to be a challenge for Qin Wentian as well.

Qin Wentian tried a few times but still failed in the end. He was unable to see through to the essence of this sword strike.

In the blink of an eye, the skies turned dark and dawn arrived. A day had already passed but Qin Wentian and Li Hanyou were still standing motionlessly at their original positions.

Qin Wentian intently focused on the scene where he had comprehended the ninth sword strike, hoping to discover clues as he tried repeatedly to comprehend the tenth sword strike in his dreamscape.

Finally, a smile appeared in Qin Wentian's eyes. "I understand now."

Li Hanyou who was beside him suddenly trembled with shock before recovering as she coldly laughed, "Stop your shameless bragging."

The difficulty of this sword strike was something she was very clear on. How could it be deciphered so easily?

Qin Wentian cast a glance at her with a nonchalant smile on his face. Next, he placed his palms on the mountain rampart as he exercised his thoughts. Instantly, a resplendent light flashed as a sword beam penetrated through the dome of the heavens.

The tenth sword strike was comprehended.

Qin Wentian took another step forward and vanished from Li Hanyou's sight.

"How could this be?" An expression of being overwhelmed with shock appeared on her face. She hadn't even solved the puzzle of the tenth sword strike, yet someone had actually already finished comprehending it?

Thinking of that smile on Qin Wentian's face, Li Hanyou stated in her heart, "Could it be that fellow is an adept schemer? Had he already gained comprehension of the tenth sword strike beforehand and purposely did so in front of me because he wished for me to notice him?"

Li Hanyou didn't speculate any more after arriving at this conclusion. Regardless of his motives, Qin Wentian comprehending the tenth sword strike was a reality. How could she allow herself to continue to be stuck here?

All the spectators couldn't help but sigh in admiration when they noticed Qin Wentian had comprehended the tenth sword strike. Right now, nobody else doubted Qin Wentian's comprehension abilities. He had arrived here after Li Hanyou and yet he was much faster compared to her when it came to comprehending the tenth sword strike.

Qin Wentian silently thanked his lucky stars. The tenth sword strike had been extremely difficult, it was the exact same scenario as the eighth sword strike and the fusion of Mandates were also that of the Wind and Rain. Even he had almost been tricked by it.

"Every kind of Mandate contained a multitude of variations. For the Mandate of Wind, the first level insight was Windspeed, as for the second level insight, it might be Wind Laceration. After the second level insight Wind Laceration had reached the Perfection Boundary, it could evolve again, giving rise to even more variations. When one Mandate fused with another, they all would have different results depending on the variations of the Mandates used in the fusion. The eighth sword strike and the tenth sword strike were very good examples of the complexity of the variations of Mandates.

Qin Wentian silently mused to himself, even if two people comprehended the same types of Mandates, their martial path would each be different based on the variations they had comprehended. Also, in the future, there might be additional fusions of multiple kinds of Mandates

rather than just two of them. Hence, the variations were endless, Qin Wentian had no way to predict it as well.

The tenth sword strike enlightened Qin Wentian. After that, in a span of only three days, he consecutively comprehended the final four sword strikes. This caused a terrifying storm of devastation to gust about in a testament to him breaking the record once again.

An endless amount of sword might erupted from the storm of sword qi, engulfing the skies and the earth. The crowd stared at this young man bathing in the resplendent sword light. He was so dazzling that there were even lofty Sword Sovereigns hiding far above the clouds, staring at the commotion he had caused.

In the span of five short days, Qin Wentian had successfully comprehended a total of fourteen sword strikes!