

Ancient GM 55

Chapter 55

AGM 0055 – Friends and Enemies

Qin Wentian couldn't wait for the battle ten days from now. Currently, he and Fan Le had both broken through to the 2nd level of the Arterial Circulation Realm. With Fan Le's Empyrean Flames Bloodline, dealing with Du Hao shouldn't be too much of a problem.

And as for Murong Feng, he was a thornier problem to handle. Not only was his cultivation at the 4th level of Arterial Circulation, Qin Wentian was unsure of what other trump cards Murong Feng might possess, and as such, during these ten days, Qin Wentian had relentlessly pushed himself. He wanted to refine at least half of the Astral Energy within his body into Divine Energy. Only then would he be able to depend on the Divine Energy within his body, as well as his middle-tier earth-grade level innate technique Thousand Hands Imprint, to clash against someone at the 4th level of Arterial Circulation.

The problem now was that in these ten days, Murong Feng would not remain idle. The Knight's Association would definitely do their best to prepare him for the battle.

To refine so much Divine Energy, Yuan Meteor Stones are a necessity. Qin Wentian would surely have enough after auctioning away the Origin Sword.

At this moment, Sword-Dance walked forwards to the wall of swords. She turned her gaze to the audience and smiled. "The same traditional rules apply: everyone can bid in the auction. The highest bidder will obtain an advantage, but ultimately, the decision to sell the sword still lies with our Divine Weapon Pavilion. I believe that everyone here has heard about the Origin Sword, correct? The minimum bid will be set at ten 2nd-layer Yuan Meteor Stones."

The corners of Sword-Dance's mouth curled upwards in a smile, but inwardly, her heart still involuntarily trembled at the minimum price. Ordinary 2nd-level divine weapons would only cost around three to four 2nd-layer Yuan Meteor Stones, but this Origin Sword...she didn't dare imagine what price it would reach at the end of the auction.

Naturally, for those whom the Divine Weapon Pavilion wanted to forge a closer relation to, the Divine Weapon Pavilion would retain the right to sell the sword at a lower price. This was their standard way of conducting business.

“Now, let the auction begin.” Sword-Dance smiled.

“30 stones.” A calm voice drifted out from the crowd. An old man walked forth, approaching the sword wall.

“It’s old man Han! It seems like we don’t have an ounce of hope left.” Many people cursed in a low voice. The initial bid was already 30 Yuan Meteor Stones. This amount stopped many in their tracks, crushing their hopes into smithereens.

“This sword, I really love it! However I only have 35 Yuan Meteor Stones with me right now. I shall bid it all, let’s hope my luck is good.” Immortal Drunken Wine exclaimed as he, too, approached the sword wall.

“40 stones.” The silhouettes of a few others appeared near the sword wall. These were none other than Gretchen and her group. The price of the sword was now boosted to an unimaginable height.

“F*ck! I, your father, took so many life-threatening missions and hunted countless demonic beasts. I’ve danced with death for ten over years before I finally saved up my entire fortune, worth about ten 2nd-layer Yuan Meteor Stones. Excellent, truly excellent.” A burly man cursed, causing many to nod in agreement with his words. The disparity of wealth was too great.

Qin Wentian silently agreed. This was the Royal Capital. Were it the Sky Harmony City, there wouldn’t even be an exchange of 2nd-layer Yuan Meteor Stones in the market. Even 1st-layer Yuan Meteor Stones are hoarded by the larger clans as priceless treasures. They would usually only use Yuan Stone for transactions. This, truly, was the disparity of wealth.

Gretchen’s bid caused everyone to fall silent. An extremely important auction did not need to be bombarded by countless calls from the bidders. Sometimes, a priceless treasure only needed a few calls before it was sold. The rest of the audience would merely serve as a background in order to showcase the bidder in greater brilliance.

However, Qin Wentian naturally had no wish to act as such a ‘background’. Since Gretchen was so wealthy, he would be sure to take advantage of that and con her.

“Lass from the Guan Clan, I heard that you have already broken through and are now a 2nd-level weaponsmith. This old man is truly impressed. I shall not bid against you.” Old man Han courteously exclaimed. He was also a 2nd-level weaponsmith.

Gretchen merely inclined her head in the direction of old man Han with no intention to thank him. After all, the number of people who wanted to bootlick her was too many to count.

“41 stones.” Qin Wentian strode forwards, calmly calling out. The hints of a smile could be seen upon his face.

Immortal Drunken Wine almost spat out the wine he was drinking when he heard this. Soon after, laughter sparkled in his eyes. Of course he knew that Qin Wentian was the one who had crafted this sword. Immortal Drunken wine could tell that this fellow was planning to con the girl out of her Meteor Stones..

Gretchen froze as she looked towards Qin Wentian with ice in her gaze. “What nonsense are you attempting?”

“Are you bidding or not?” Qin Wentian cast a glance at Gretchen.

“45 stones.” Gretchen glared at Qin Wentian before spitting out her bid.

“46.” Qin Wentian grinned while continuing to bid.

“Are you not afraid that the Origin Sword might burn your hands if you obtain it?” One of Gretchen’s companion spoke, his eyes filled with a threatening light.

“That’s of no importance to me. After I win the auction, I can give this sword to another cultivator as a gift. For example, I can give the sword to Immortal Drunken Wine. Actually, it doesn’t matter who I give it to. It’s just that I have too many Yuan Meteor Stones to spare.” Qin Wentian shrugged his shoulders.

“You.....” That person’s countenance sank. Gretchen turned to Sword-Dance, “Do you want to check if he has that many Yuan Meteor Stones with him before we continue the auction?”

“Miss Gretchen, you don’t need to worry about this. This is a matter of my Divine Weapon Pavilion. Or could it be that Miss Gretchen is willing to retrieve all the Yuan Meteor Stones on you to show everyone your wealth? If you want to, I wouldn’t mind.” Standing beside Sword-Dance,

Yang Chen gave a slight smile, Hearing Yang Chen's rejection, Gretchen's expression turned unsightly.

"50 stones." Gretchen coldly replied.

"51." Qin Wentian directly quoted.

"55." Gretchen gritted her teeth. After she broke through and became a 2nd-level weaponsmith, the Star River Association and her clan had gifted her a number of resources to aid her in her cultivation. In addition to her previous savings, she had a total of 60 Yuan Meteor Stones on her body. But currently, she was about to exhaust all her savings just to acquire this Origin Sword.

"56." Fatty grinned as he took over from Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian cast a glance at Fatty, his smile growing even wider. Fatty possessed the power of thought, bestowed upon him by his Astral Soul. And as a result, he had extremely accurate judgement and would perhaps deduce something from Gretchen's expression.

"57." The coldness in Gretchen's voice reached its limit. In the future, Yuan Meteor Stones were a resource that she would not lack. But today, she would rather die than to lose face. As for Qin Wentian, she would deal with him at her leisure after she obtain the Origin Sword.

"58." Fatty's smile got even more radiant.

"60." Gretchen choked. The entire crowd went silent. She actually bided 60 Yuan Meteor Stones for the Origin Sword. What a crazy price! She was mad! Everyone was mad!

"Tsk tsk, pretty lady, you are really wealthy, I can't afford to raise my bid anymore." Fan Le displayed a shameless smile on his face as he looked at Gretchen. Gretchen froze. She spent 60 2nd-layer Yuan Meteor Stones just to buy a 2nd-level divine weapon. Even though the sword was extraordinary, her heart was still bleeding.

"I can't afford to as well." Qin Wentian shrugged his shoulders and winked at Fatty. Just like that, he obtained 60 Yuan Meteor Stones.

"Boss." Fatty shot over a 'you know that I know' glance at Qin Wentian, reminding Qin Wentian not to forget about his help.

“Are there any more bids?” Sword-Dance smiled at the crowd.

“Bid, my ass! The price is too high, I think I will just go to the 1st level and choose a weapon from there.” Someone started spewing vulgarities, causing the crowd to laugh. Indeed, this price was too terrifying. 60 Yuan Meteor Stones were sufficient to purchase a plethora of 2nd-level divine weapons.

“Since that’s the case, Miss Gretchen, please make your way here so that we can finish the transaction.” Smiling, Sword-Dance gazed at Gretchen. Gretchen’s heart slightly twitched as she passed over her entire fortune of Yuan Meteor Stones to Sword-Dance. It was only after receiving the payment that Sword-Dance handed the Origin Sword over to her.

“Hu.....” Gretchen finally obtained the Origin Sword, but she felt no joy in her victory. She coldly looked over at Fatty and Qin Wentian, her eyes filled with killing intent.

“Now, it’s time to settle the score between us.”

“How do you want to do it? One on one? Group Fight?” Fatty narrowed his eyes as he replied.

After hearing Fan Le’s words, Gretchen and the three individuals behind her burst into laughter, as if they had just heard the funniest joke on earth.

“One on one, group fight? Are you even qualified?” The strongest cultivator that sided with Gretchen stepped forth, casting a glance at Fan Le. “If you all kowtow to Gretchen and beg for mercy right now, I will spare your lives today.”

Wang Chong’s gaze was filled with traces of malice. He truly had trouble understanding why this bunch of people wanted to set themselves against Gretchen. But at the same time, he was glad because of it. If not for them, he would have no chance to showcase his worth. One must know that after Gretchen became a 2nd-level weaponsmith, there had been countless people trying to improve their relationships with her.

“Screw off.” A lazy voice echoed out, causing Wang Chong to stiffen. Who in the world actually dare to ask him to screw off?

He shifted his gaze, searching for the source of that voice. Unexpectedly, his vision landed on a youth that was drinking from his wine cask.

Wang Chong's expression froze. Even the color of his face turned green.

"Immortal Drunken Wine, this matter is none of your business." Wang Chong coldly stated.

"I'm making it my business, is that okay?" Immortal Drunken Wine grinned, "Even if I don't tell you to screw off, there would surely be others telling you the same words. Leave the grudge between them and Gretchen for them to settle. If you want to make a move, I can guarantee that the one kneeling today will definitely be you."

After saying this, Immortal Drunken Wine shook his wine cask before sighing in depression, "Damn, I ran out of wine again."

The crowd went speechless. This fellow..... Was he drunk or not? His replies shifted too quickly from one topic to another.

"After this matter is settled, let me treat you to some wine." Qin Wentian smiled as he spoke to Immortal Drunken Wine.

The eyes of Immortal Drunken Wine immediately sparkled. He laughed, "Those are your words. Don't run away later, I can really drink a lot."

"Drink until you are drunk." Qin Wentian laughed along. He truly liked the personality of this Immortal Drunken Wine.

"Right, seems like today, I'm really in luck." Immortal Drunken Wine was filled with anticipation. He knew that from today's proceeds, 30 stones would belong to the Divine Weapon Pavilion while the other 30, would go into Qin Wentian's pocket.