

Ancient GM 57

Chapter 57

AGM 0057 – Provocation

Qin Wentian and Fan Le were escorted back to the Emperor Star Academy by Immortal Drunken Wine and Francis. Holding a wine cask in his hand, a smile broke out on his visage as Immortal Drunken Wine examined the two of them walking with a swagger in their steps back to the academy, with a white puppy following closely behind them.

“Don’t lose the Yuan Meteor Stones that you just earned.” Francis reminded. Immortal Drunken Wine knew that the reason for Qin Wentian’s visit to the Divine Weapon Pavilion was for the Yuan Meteor Stones. And thus, after they finished their drinking session, he first escorted both of them to the Divine Weapon Pavilion, where Francis passed the proceeds over to Qin Wentian before he agreed to sent them back to the academy alongside Immortal Drunken Wine.

“Don’t worry, he’s not completely drunk.” Immortal Drunken Wine laughed. These two fellows were truly interesting, especially that Fatty, Fan Le; after he got drunk, he kept calling out for beautiful girls.

Qin Wentian and Fan Le were drunk indeed. They were only 16 years of age, how could they compete in drinking against the famous Immortal Drunken Wine.

Who was Immortal Drunken Wine? Since his nickname included these two words— Drunken Wine—how could he possibly get drunk so easily? So in the end, the ones that got drunk were none other than Qin Wentian and Fan Le.

“Brother, do you think that phony drunk immortal lost to us? Look at how obedient he is, even escorting us back.” Fan Le hugged Qin Wentian as he giggled.

“Screw off.” Qin Wentian, who was getting hugged, was extremely pissed as he raised his legs and aimed a kick at Fan Le, “Damn fatty, are you treating me like a pretty girl?”

“Brother, why are you so mean to me? This fatty love guys as well.” Fan Le grinned, causing goosebumps to appear on Qin Wentian’s entire body. The shock of that statement was so great that it even woke Qin Wentian up from his drunken state. He quickly maintained a distance away from fatty.

The nearby students who witnessed this all started laughing. There was a particular girl whose laughter was the loudest. In the Emperor Star Academy, weren't these two the stuff of legends? Why were they in such a state, and that fatty.....actually said that he had a thing for guys?

"Laugh, laugh, pretty baby. Do you want me to show you what happiness is like?" Fatty started walking towards the girl while being enveloped by the strong smell of alcohol. The girl gave a shrill scream as she took off at top speed.

"Damn Fatty, you are going to be famous, haha." Qin Wentian started laughing uproariously. His words somehow hit the nail on the head. Fatty was indeed 'famous' now.

The two of them stumbled and swaggered all the way to their dorms before finally sinking into blissful unconsciousness, sleeping all the way until the next morning. Upon waking up, Fatty's body involuntarily quivered. He stood beside Qin Wentian and asked, "What happened last night?"

"Nothing." Qin Wentian shook his head.

"Then why did I dream that I spouted some nonsense?" Fatty patted his head and stretched his body before walking outside. As he strode out, there was someone who noticed Fan Le walking out and called out with a grin, "Brother Fatty, you've awoken!"

Fatty's expression flickered. Why is he so popular today that people would take their own initiative to greet him?

"Brother Fatty, look at all the handsome males here. Which one do you like best?" Another person joked, causing Fatty's cheeks to redden. Could it be that the dream earlier was real?

"Screw off, this handsome fatty only loves women, beautiful women." Fatty raged, causing the other students to wink as they laugh loudly, "Don't worry, we understand."

Qin Wentian started walking towards the crowd. He decided to draw a clear line between him and Fatty.

"Boss," Fatty pitifully chased after Qin Wentian, causing Qin Wentian to walk forward even faster.

“Qin Wentian, Fan Le, there’s a public lecture today, and the teacher giving the lecture is a beautiful guest elder. Do you guys want to go together?” A random student asked.

“Beautiful elder?” Fatty’s eyes abruptly shone with a luster the moment he heard this. “Go, of course we are going.”

“Let’s all go together then.” The crowd laughed. They proceeded forwards, arriving at a spacious empty area. In this empty area, there were many mats made from bluestone as well as a tall platform. This place was known as the Lecture Hall.

Not every student would have the chance to enter the tutelage under an elder, and hence, the academy would usually arrange for guest elders to give lectures on a rotational basis.

Today, the Lecture Hall was flooded with many new students, causing today’s atmosphere to be permeated with a sense of vitality.

“Elder Rain is here.” At this moment, the students’ gazes were all riveted onto a figure. Rain was wearing a jade-green long dress without any other adornments. Clean, tidy, pure and elegant. Combined with her exquisite features, just looking at her gave people a sense of joy. She was truly a beautiful elder. Catcalls rang out as she approached the platform.

“Mature Goddess.” Sitting near the stone platform, Fatty almost had his eyes pop out of his sockets as they shone with a glimmering light.

Rain sat down cross-leggedly on the platform, casting her gaze downwards at the students. A soft and clear voice rang out, “For most of you, your cultivation levels are at the 7th, 8th, 9th level of Body Refinement, or, at the early stages of Arterial Circulation. Today, I shall share my knowledge regarding cultivation at the Arterial Circulation Realm to all of you.”

“Right, we will listen to whatever teacher says.” The students below all hollered.

“All of you should know that the human body can be likened to a vessel that possesses unlimited potential. This vessel can expand unceasingly, with no limits in capacity. The first realm of the martial path is Body Refinement. Cultivators have to temper their bodies to achieve the perfect body before they truly begin to start cultivating. The Body Refinement Realm is the most basic of all the cultivation realms, followed by Arterial Circulation.”

“But is the perfect body as described by Body Refinement really perfect? As you grow stronger and embark further on the martial path, your body will undergo further improvement and refinement, and as such, there is no limit to ‘perfection’.”

“The Arterial Circulation Realm, is the purification of Body Refinement. After the circular arterial path is formed, the entirety of the inner body is connected by the circular arterial path. The circular arterial pathway has links to our head, four limbs, heart, bone structure, etc. During cultivation, the Astral Energy you absorb will flow through the circular arterial path, inundating our entire body and granting us greater strength when we battle.”

“Heightening the senses—Our sight and hearing undergo vast improvements as well; usually during a battle, the Astral Energy will flow towards our limbs because most of the innate techniques we practice can only unleash their might through the four limbs. But what about those unusual Astral Souls, or cultivators who have already reached a terrifying level? Just their gaze alone would be sufficient to petrify their opponents, and the air that they breathe out would be enough to kill.”

“So don’t limit your imagination. Open up your minds to the possibilities of cultivation. Absorb and revolve more Astral Energy around your body, tempering and refining it. Clear your acupoints to expand the amount of Astral Energy that can be stored, and attempt to form your 2nd or 3rd circular arterial pathway. And of course, all of you should take the type of Astral Souls you condense into consideration when you are cultivating, choosing a cultivation art, and practicing an innate technique.....”

As the gentle voice of Elder Rain sounded out, the entire Lecture Hall was in silence. Everyone was paying close attention, as if her voice contained a magical power capable of pulling the crowd into her vast knowledge of cultivation.

Because Qin Wentian had been taught by Uncle Black, his knowledge regarding cultivation could be considered more in-depth than his peers. However, he was still entranced by the lecture. There was no cultivation path that was perfect, so it would always be beneficial to listen to others who stronger than himself, granting him even more perspectives and insights.

The lecture continued on for four more hours, and when Elder Rain was about to leave, there were several students who didn’t wish for her to go. They wanted to continue listening to her analysis and explanation.

“I want to woo that goddess.” Fatty glanced wistfully at Elder Rain’s departing figure.

“You better wake up your delusion. One slap from Elder Rain is enough to kill you.” Qin Wentian glared at Fatty, who revealed a depressed expression on his face. He grudgingly accepted that it was still better to focus on his cultivation.

“There are still ten more days. Are you guys prepared?” At this moment, the sound of a voice abruptly rang out. Qin Wentian and Fan Le shifted their gaze over, only to see Murong Feng and Du Hao standing there with hints of provocation in their eyes.

Upon resting their gazes on Murong Feng and Du Hao, the spectators displayed hints of excitement on their faces. All of them knew that in ten days, these four would engage in combat with extremely high stakes. This was a battle that filled others with anticipation!

“To deal with the likes of you two, do we still need preparation?” Fan Le grinned.

“Tough words.” Du Hao coldly snorted.

Murong Feng stroke his chin as he said to Qin Wentian, “I heard that you cultivated an earth-grade innate technique. I hope you won’t disappoint me when the time comes. After all, there is no point of having a one-sided battle.”

Murong Feng and Du Hao turned their bodies and departed, but in that instant, as he turned to depart, a look of extreme chill flashed in Murong Feng’s eyes. He had already come to a decision to go along with Orchon’s despicable plan to cripple Qin Wentian.

“How arrogant.” Fan Le murmured as he stared at their departing silhouettes.

“Fatty, we must work hard; otherwise, when the time comes, we will only be throwing away our face.” Qin Wentian strode away. A faint smile could be detected on his face. This battle was one that they absolutely had to win. After all, this was just the beginning. The brutal torture that Fatty endured in the Dreamsky Forest was a horrifying event that Qin Wentian would always remember in his heart.