

Ancient Godly Monarch

#Chapter 571: 580

Killing Chen Yin, Fighting Shen Ting - Read Ancient Godly Monarch Chapter 571: Killing Chen Yin, Fighting Shen Ting

Chapter 571: Killing Chen Yin, Fighting Shen Ting

Translator: Lordbluefire Editor: Lordbluefire

Qin Wentian stared at Chen Yin, his eyes flickered with intense coldness and extreme sharpness, resembling a dangerous beast staring at its prey.

Chen Yin hated Qin Wentian, but didn't Qin Wentian hate Chen Yin as well? Back then he was forced into such desperate straits by the Great Solar Chen Clan, they even forced Bai Qing's master to her death and paraded her corpse in Ginkou. This was a major event which caused Bai Qing's temperament to change. And as he thought of that little lass whose life and death were currently unknown, the sharpness in Qin Wentian's eyes grew so piercing that it felt they were able to penetrate through everything.

"BOOM!" The sound of the drum echoed out as a terrifying ancient imprint blasted towards Chen Yin.

Flames borne of anger flickered within Chen Yin's eyes as his entire body erupted into flames. Those waves of overwhelming flames were then channelled into his battle drum, and with a howl of fury, numerous gigantic flame pythons manifested and shot towards Qin Wentian.

Chen Yin acted in such a hurry because he was very clear on Qin Wentian's potential. Back then in Grand Xia, Qin Wentian was a totally unknown character, yet just after a few short years, his name was already known through the Royal Sacred Region. With his rate of growth, if Qin Wentian continued to mature, Chen Yin knew he would never be able to get any opportunities for revenge. The Immortal Martial Realm was his last chance; he wanted to borrow the power of the Great Earth Sect and destroy Qin Wentian.

However, Chen Yin was proud. Before he resorted to borrowing the strength of his sect, it would naturally be the best choice if he could kill Qin Wentian with his own strength.

The lava-like flame pythons dance chaotically in the air as the terrifying heat revolved about, evaporating everything in its vicinity. The sound emanating from Qin Wentian's

drum got increasingly terrifying, and thousands upon thousands of palm imprints akin to a great tidal wave accompanied the thunderous booms in the air. At the instant of contact, the fire pythons all disintegrated under the might as the remaining force carried over, blasting towards Chen Yin.

Chen Yin slammed his attacks into his drum like a madman. The flames he manifested transformed into a sea of fire which engulfed everything. Yet, it was unable to halt the momentum of Qin Wentian's palm attacks.

Shen Ting, who was beside Chen Yin, snorted when he saw this scene. He instantly imbued more lightning into his drum to stabilise the formation. Instantly, several palm imprints formed from lightning appeared in the air, frantically defending against that torrential force gushing over from Qin Wentian.

BOOM!

Blood-colored ancient halberds also zoomed out, aiming right for Shen Ting. The scene of this happening caused Shen Ting's eyes to flicker with coldness as he turned his gaze onto Qin Wentian. However, he only saw that Qin Wentian was similarly looking at him. The battle intent of the two of them collided with each other in the air with their gazes as the medium.

Drum sounds rumbled the air as an incomparably huge arm composed from earth essence grabbed towards Qin Wentian. This earthen arm seemed indomitable, it was as heavy as a mountain and had extremely terrifying might.

Qin Wentian slammed his palms into his drums as an ancient halberd materialised in the air, blasting right into the earthen arm. A fearsome destructive energy was unleashed. The gigantic earthen arm was destroyed inch by inch before completely shattering.

Shen Ting's countenance had no change, he waved his palms and blasted towards the drum again. At that instant, nine similar looking arms manifested as they grabbed towards Qin Wentian. When she felt the might radiating from these nine arms, Ye Lingshuang who was behind Qin Wentian had an extremely nervous expression on her face.

The huge battle drum in front of Qin Wentian vibrated relentlessly, as the humming of a sword filled the sky. A boundless sword might enveloped him and at the approach of the nine arms, the sword might eruption lacerated outwards, slicing and dicing them into pieces.

Bzzz!

A bout of swords rained down from heavens, striking towards Shen Ting. Shen Ting furrowed his brows in displeasure. He could only continue to issue his own attacks,

forming a stone wall in defense. Qin Wentian's eyes were as cold as ever, the members of his group were similarly fighting against the other experts from the Great Earth Sect. Qin Wentian's eyes gleamed with sharpness as his arm slammed onto the battle drum with a loud bang. A long spear penetrated the void, rushing forth with the speed of lightning as it suddenly disappeared from sight.

Chen Yin was fighting against Chu Mang, yet suddenly a terrifying dreamscape appeared in his sea of consciousness. The air shimmered before him, it was as though he could see that deep and frightfully cold eyes of Qin Wentian staring right back at him.

"Pu..." A long spear instantly penetrated Chen Yin's head as the sound of an explosion blasted out. The user died, the battle drum linked with the user similarly shattered, the battle spirit transforming into a beam of light that zoomed and fused into Qin Wentian's battle drum.

"YOU!" A terrifying killing intent surged over, Shen Ting murderously slammed blows into his battle drum unceasingly, Qin Wentian had no fear on his expression at all, calmly defending against his opponent's blows. His aura perceptibly grew stronger. Staring at Shen Ting, he coldly asked, "Is this what you meant by teaching me conduct? Truly disappointing."

"You will learn." Shen Ting's eyes gleamed with murderous rage. His attacks suddenly deviated, no longer aiming for Qin Wentian.

He couldn't defeat Qin Wentian during such a short period of time, yet he saw Que Cheng and the others gradually stronger. This wasn't a good sign. Although he was confident that he could kill Qin Wentian given enough time, he had to give up. As time flows by, every second counts, the difference in strength between him and the other geniuses would only grow larger and larger. This was something he was unable to accept.

If in the end, when someone who could suppress the rest appeared, it would mean doomsday for the rest of them. That 'someone' must only be him, Shen Ting.

Qin Wentian understood Shen Ting's thoughts, since he had already slain Chen Yin, he wasn't in any hurry to deal with Shen Ting. What Shen Ting could think of, he naturally could as well. If they continued their battle, the ones who benefited would only be the others.

The situation in the battlefield was actually extremely simple. Although Shen Ting wasn't his only enemy, the truth was that whoever stepped into this battlefield, only those from your alliance are your friends, the others are all your mortal enemies. Earlier when he fought against the experts from the Great Earth Sect, he could already feel many pairs of eyes staring at them, as though waiting for an opportunity to strike out.

Now, he naturally had to take care of all these opportunists. Attacking, plundering, continuing to grow stronger.

This fair battle was in fact extremely cruel, every one had to go all out in order to survive. If you didn't plunder the battle spirits of others, others would plunder yours, growing stronger and the only ending for you would be death. It was also impossible to leave halfway. The moment one stepped into here, anyone who left their battle drums would find themselves defenseless, and the only fate that remained would be that their drums shattered as the battle spirit within strengthened others.

There was no path of return the moment one entered. They could only kill or be killed. Maybe this was the cruelty of the Immortal Martial Realm. Right now in the battlefield, chaotic shockwaves ravaged everywhere as experts died one after another. The sounds of battle drums shattering seemed continuous as the number of participants dwindled. The only alliances remaining were the elite few.

At this moment, only thirteen alliances remained. The number of people in each alliance were different, but the total number of participants added up didn't exceed a hundred. As for the leading characters of these alliances? Many among them had lifted the suppression on their cultivation bases. Having plundered enough battle spirits to have leveled up to the fifth-level of Heavenly Dipper, and their Mandates were at the transformation boundary of the second level.

The strongest among them was the Violet Thunder Sect alliance, headed by Que Cheng.

This person was extremely intelligent, right from the start he stayed away from the strong ones and only attacked the weak. It wasn't that he was afraid, but because he focused merely on gathering strength first, which resulted in him currently becoming one of the strongest here.

Also right now although only thirteen alliances remain, they were all extremely united. If not, they would never be able to walk until this step.

Even so, although the name of an 'alliance' remained, the reality is gone. Because they poured the battle spirits obtained all to the leading character, this caused the disparity in their strengths to grow wider and wider. Right now, the supporting characters couldn't even help if they wished to, they were just too weak in comparison to the leaders.

"Que Cheng, it all depends on you now," the experts from the Violet Thunder Sect stated. Que Cheng nodded his head, he slammed his palms into his battle drum as lightning danced in the air. The other experts from his sect all retreated, voluntarily breaking off the connection they had with their battle drums. After that, lightning blasted onto their battle drums, destroying them, plundering the battle spirits within as Que Cheng's aura grew even stronger.

After which, these people's silhouette flickered as they retreated to behind Que Cheng.

"Wentian." Chu Mang and the others stared at Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian nodded his head, since the situation now required it to be so, he can only destroy the battle drums of his comrades.

"Prepare yourself." Qin Zheng spoke. Qin Wentian raised his palm, and after which, Chu Mang and the others retreated together while voluntarily breaking the connection they had. When Qin Wentian's palms cut through the air, sword qi whistled as their battle drums all shattered into pieces. The battle spirits within were all absorbed into Qin Wentian's, causing the light surrounding him to grow more intense as his aura also became increasingly stronger.

Chu Mang and the others moved behind Qin Wentian, standing together with Ye Lingshuang while right now all around the battlefield, similar scenarios were happening.

Thirteen alliances accomplished a total of thirteen experts.

Que Cheng from the Violet Thunder Sect, Shen Ting from the Great Earth Sect, Shi Kuang from the Heaven Crippling Sect. These three who were Qin Wentian's enemies were all here. As for the other nine, there was an expert from the Battle Sword Sect, and the others were Heaven Chosen from ancient countries and reclusive sects. The leading characters were naturally talented geniuses since they could get others to support them.

The combat abruptly halted all of a sudden. The battle drums of these thirteen leaders were all enveloped by bright light, they didn't continue combat, but merely stared at each other as undisguised battle intent radiated from them.

After the round of plunder, there were a few among these thirteen whose aura has already reached the sixth level of Heavenly Dipper. As for the others, they were all at the peak of the fifth-level.

"Thirteen people remaining, if we have six matches, there seemed to be one extra," a person stated. This person was clad in golden armor and radiated a golden glow. He was none other than an expert from the Radiant Gold ancient country, and possessed overwhelming strength.

"In that case, one among us has to be eliminated." Shi Kuang from the Heaven Crippling sect turned his gaze onto Qin Wentian. His eyes gleamed with killing intent as he coldly spoke, "As long as I kill you, only twelve will remain and we can proceed with the six matches."

"Hmph, why are you the one?" The expert from the Radiant Gold ancient country snorted in response to Shi Kuang's words. He was also staring at Qin Wentian akin to how a hunter would stare at prey. The battle spirit of Qin Wentian's battle drum was now

incredibly powerful, as long as one could plunder that away, their strength would definitely grow by leaps and bounds. This was something everyone was very clear on.

Upon hearing these two wanting to slay Qin Wentian, the gazes of the remaining participants all landed on Qin Wentian as well. This wasn't because Qin Wentian was the weakest among them but rather, since Shi Kuang and the Radiant Gold's expert had already chosen him, they simply allowed nature to take its course, and naturally chose him as well.

Especially the fact that Qin Wentian was one of the eighty-one selected individuals who acquired an Immortal Martial Realm Medallion. These twelve people were naturally more than happy to see Qin Wentian dying in front of them. They were filled with pride and arrogance, how could they admit that they were inferior to Qin Wentian? Wanting to prove that the judgement of the envoys from the Immortal Martial Realm this time was wrong!

Chapter 572: Invincible

Translator: Lordbluefire Editor: Lordbluefire

Seeing that the others were all intending to vie with him, Shi Kuang's aura instantly erupted as a destructive energy gushed forth from him. He had fused completely together with the battle drum in front of him, and right now, a faint shadow could actually be seen standing on top of the battle drum. This was none other than Shi Kuang, he had transformed into the battle spirit of this battle drum, completely fused as one.

BOOM!

The expert from the Radiant Gold ancient country wasn't willing to show weakness, he too fused together with his battle drum as a faint shadow stood proudly on top of it. The size of this shadow was immense, and its entire body seemed to be forged from metal, possessing terrifying penetrative strength. Even without the booming of the drum sounds, his fearsome aura was already gushing over to Qin Wentian.

"Despicable." Ye Lingshuang's countenance turned incredibly unsightly when she saw that they intended to act against Qin Wentian at the same time.

Yin Ting, Que Cheng similarly mirrored their actions. An instant later, two streams of tyrannical aura directly bore down on Qin Wentian.

"Ganging up to bully one, I disdain such actions. Since everyone wishes to obtain his battle spirit, let's fight him one by one. Whoever wins will get the prize, simple as that." That expert from Radiant Gold spoke coldly, even his voice seemed akin to metal, sharp, and extremely cold.

“Since this is the case, I shall be the first to attack,” Shi Kuang icily spoke. As the sound of his voice faded, the booming of his drum echoed out, causing this entire space to vibrate. A terrifying angry-looking glow shot out instantly that transformed into a Heaven-Crippling gigantic foot, stomping down from above Qin Wentian, wanting to squash him into nothingness.

Qin Wentian’s long robes fluttered, he stood behind his Battle Drum as his perception and will fused together with it. He was now the Battle Drum and the Battle Drum was him.

“BOOM!” A thunderous sound rang out as the entire space trembled. A diamond-looking palm imprint blasted upwards against the descending Heaven-Crippling Foot, only to be shattered into pieces.

One person, one strike. Whoever can kill Qin Wentian will be able to seize his battle spirit. In that case, the attacks of these twelve naturally wouldn’t be weak. They would explode forth with one of their strongest techniques.

And upon seeing the Heaven-Crippling gigantic foot about to land, Ye Lingshuang and the others behind Qin Wentian all had expressions of extreme anxiousness on their faces. Right now, Qin Wentian was responsible not only for his own safety. If he died, those behind him would all die as well.

BOOM, BOOM!

Two continuous sounds rang out, the drum sounds shook the space as light flashed in the skies.

BOOM!

Thousands upon thousands of palm imprints suddenly shot up towards the skies, transforming into a tidal wave that slammed into the Heaven-Crippling Foot. The sounds of an explosion rang out, the entire Heaven-Crippling Foot was actually destroyed by Qin Wentian.

Swish swish~

A number of gigantic golden long spears shot through the air, violently zooming towards Qin Wentian with a speed as fast as lightning.

Qin Wentian was as calm as ever, his eyes were ice-cold, akin to a lofty majestic eagle as he stared right ahead.

Booom...

Yet another low-but-loud drum sound reverberated in the air, bringing with it a gust of raging wind. The Thousand-Hand Imprint blasted out once more, but this time around there were thousands upon thousands of palm imprints. Yet each and every palm imprint formed contained a might that was more terrifying, many times stronger than before, many times more overwhelming.

The golden long spears slammed into a wave of gigantic palm imprints, as they all disintegrated together.

“My turn,” a cold voice rang out. A Heaven Chosen from the Heaven Cleaving Manor unleashed his attack. The drum sounds vibrated the entire sky as gigantic axes chopped down from the heavens, filling the sky with axe-light. The sharpness and might exuded from the axes was redoubtable, and their speed was fast to the extreme.

At the same time when he spoke, Qin Wentian blasted his palms onto his battle drums once again. The sound of the drum vibrated intensely and this time, there was actually a resonance and an unceasing echo emanating back from it. Whistling sounds drifted out, as over ten palm imprints whistled through the air. These palm imprints were as though they were extensions of Qin Wentian’s previous attack. As the gigantic axes chopped downwards, his palm imprints transformed into beams of light that smashed head on into the axes, shattering them into pieces as the leftover force carried over and zoomed towards the Chosen from the Heaven Cleaving Manor.

“Mhm?” That Chosen furrowed his brows, he knew his earlier attack was extremely powerful, yet it was actually negated by his opponent? The result undoubtedly was a stain on his reputation. The eyes of the Chosen from the Heaven Cleaving Manor gleamed with sharpness. He then unleashed a barrage of strikes onto his drum as an incomparably gigantic axe directly chopped away the remaining palm imprints.

Because this additional attack caught everyone by surprise, none of the other eleven issued an attack against Qin Wentian.

They didn’t move, but Qin Wentian was still moving. His dark eyes were emotionless as he stared at the twelve others. This kind of detached gaze was as though he disregarded everything. In his eyes, only his battle drum existed. This time around, he sent his attacks onto his battle drum once more, causing the space to be filled with deafening blasts, merging together with the earlier thunderous booms in the air. His aura grew increasingly terrifying, the sound of his drum’s reverberation shook the entire heaven and earth as the whistling sound grew in intensity. Although shadows of millions of palm imprints currently covered the sky, in fact, there was only a single true imprint that manifested.

Right at this instant, Qin Wentian’s emotionless eyes turned to Shi Kuang. His gaze was like a sharpened blade, shining with the sharpness of a victor. Just a single glance caused Shi Kuang’s heart to pound rapidly in fear once more.

“Die!”

A voice sounded out, a killing intent seemed to birth from the heavens and earth and merged into the power of his word. That palm imprint which he blasted out was akin to the word ‘die’ he had spoken, both were filled with torrential amounts of killing intent and instantly arrived before Shi Kuang.

This entire space was enveloped by that oppressive might. Shi Kuang’s countenance changed drastically as an aura of destruction gushed frantically out from him. He slammed his attacks into his drum at a frenzied rate, manifesting a Heaven-Crippling foot. But at the same moment the foot was manifested, the palm imprint had already arrived. This palm imprint was imbued with tyrannical strength and the supreme worldly aura of a demon overlord, capable of annihilating everything, causing wherever it passed by to turn into a zone of nihility.

BANG!

A thunderous sound echoed, a crushing force bore down upon Shi Kuang, as his battle drum shattered. Not Shi Kuang, the countenances from the other experts from the Heaven-Crippling Sect behind him all turned deathly pale. They too had to pay a price for Shi Kuang’s defeat, their fates were inevitably linked.

Even the stone platform the battle drum was on disintegrated into dust. A beam of light gathered and shot towards Qin Wentian, causing Qin Wentian’s aura to perceptibly strengthen. A moment ago, there was one among the remaining eleven who was about to attack but hastily stopped himself. They all now could sense an incredible danger emanating from Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian’s aura got stronger and stronger, and just like what the words engraved on the stone tablet had said. By borrowing the power of the battle drums, using them as a medium, you would even be able to unleash might that surpassed your original cultivation base. Now, even if Qin Wentian didn’t depend on his bloodline power, his aura with the aid of the battle drum had already climbed into the sixth level of Heavenly Dipper.

“Now, there’s only twelve of us left.” Qin Wentian stared at the expert from Radiant Gold as killing intent gleamed in his eyes.

“So what? In that case let me be the first to seek guidance from you.” The expert from Radiant Cold grimly stated, his eyes glowing with a golden light. There seemed to be a golden spear flickering in the depths of his eyes, exuding a sharpness that made those who matched his gaze feel pain.

The others didn’t reply, but sought their own opponents instead. Twelve participants meant that would be six matches. All of them wanted to defeat their opponents, plundering their battle spirits and grow stronger.

There was no need for Qin Wentian to seek an opponent, he could feel an intense battle intent radiating from the Chosen of the Radiant Gold ancient country. Their gazes were like lightning that clashed against each other in the middle of the air.

"I, Chen Tianling have never met a worthy opponent in my life. Although all of you are powerful, you will all still become my stepping stones to the peak," the expert from Radiant Gold coldly snorted. As the sound of his voice faded, drum echoes resounded through the air, exuding a sharpness that shot up to the heavens. Terrifying radiant golden spears manifested as a flood of them fired towards Qin Wentian.

There was no fear in Qin Wentian's expression. He calmly responded, a palm imprint in the air completely smashed the radiant golden spears into smithereens.

However, an even more terrifying might drifted out. Chen Tianlin's eyes and palms turned completely golden. He ferociously slammed it onto his battle drum, causing a raging wind that contained sharpness within to kick up. Fearsome rumbling sounds resounded in the air, as a glimmering golden spear that caused the sky to change color appeared. This spear was over ten meters long and seemed that there was nothing it couldn't overcome.

"How strong are your palm imprints!" Chen Tianlin roared in anger. Hurling the golden spear forward, a golden trail of light streaked through the air as a terrifying sharpness destroyed everything that was blocking its path to its target.

Qin Wentian's countenance was as serene as ever. Whistling sounds rang out as the sounds already present in the air unified and merged into one as a gargantuan palm imprint penetrated through space, slamming into the golden spear. The golden spear was forcibly halted, but it could still be seen inching forward, wanting nothing more than to tear that palm imprint into pieces. But in the end, that golden spear eventually transformed into a flood of golden light that vanished into thin air; it was unable to break through the palm imprint in the slightest.

"The experts of Radiant Gold didn't even dare to utter a single sentence in the presence of Li Tian. Even among the experts from Radiant Gold, you cannot be considered one of the most dazzling existences. You don't even have the Immortal Martial Medallion, yet you still dared to speak such words of arrogance?" Qin Wentian's voice trembled the heavens and earth, yet Chen Tianlin merely laughed. Rumbling sounds echoed from within his body as terrifying golden light erupted from within, illuminating this entire area with a golden radiance. This was the power of the Radiant Gold bloodline.

"What a joke. You are comparing yourself with Li Tian? Who do you think you are? Do you think that merely with a medallion you can look down on the rest of us? How insufferably arrogant. I shall take your life with this attack of mine." Brazen laughter echoed through the sky, Chen Tianlin's body thrummed with a towering energy from the Mandate of Gold. With a roar of rage, even his long hair turned golden as he unleashed a storm of attacks onto his battle drum.

The booming of the drum thundered out as golden light covered the skies. An even more powerful might erupted from within the battle drum.

“An ant like you?” Qin Wentian calmly replied. After which, he slammed his drum again. This time, silence stole away every sound in their surroundings. It was as though death itself was creeping near.

“BRAZEN!” Chen Tianlin howled in rage, but an uneasy feeling bloomed in his heart. He poured in his entire strength as an even more fearsome might exploded outwards. “A dead man has no rights to talk!” Chen Tianlin coldly declared. But as the sound of his voice faded, an intense sense of overwhelming danger from above suddenly seized him. Chen Tianlin and the others behind him all felt their souls trembling in terror.

RUMBLE!

A palm imprint that emanated a sense of complete annihilation broke through the void and descended down on him. Chen Tianlin’s eyes narrowed, yet he only saw the palm imprint growing larger and larger, exuding the might to collapse the heavens and earth, zooming right towards him!

Chapter 573: The Hunter and the Prey

Translator: Lordbluefire Editor: Lordbluefire

Chen Tianlin wanted to block, but how could he?

This gargantuan palm imprint had appeared from the void, soundlessly and without presence. The instant it had appeared, it was already above Chen Tianlin.

Chen Tianlin’s entire body was bathed in golden light. His hair had all turned golden and each strand was akin to a sharpened blade. An unprecedented terrifying spear of godly might zoomed out from his battle drum. But at this moment Qin Wentian’s palm imprint slammed down, leaving Chen Tianlin with absolutely no way to react. The gargantuan palm imprint engulfed him completely, and was accompanied by the sound of his battle drum shattering and the stone platform cracking apart. Chen Tianlin and the other experts from the Radiant Gold Ancient Country behind him had all been completely annihilated.

The supreme Chosen of the Radiant Gold Ancient Country was exterminated under the power of one strike.

Before Chen Tianlin and Shi Kuang had formed a general consensus that the battle spirit would belong to whoever killed Qin Wentian, no one had been expecting Qin Wentian to start his counterattack after the third attack.

Qin Wentian's counterattack had been simply too fierce, destroying Shi Kuang, while leaving behind the others who then decided to no longer target Qin Wentian. Rather, they chose the safer method of having one on one fights to see who could reach the end, becoming the most dazzling character of this floating bridge.

Next, Qin Wentian fought Chen Tianlin, exterminating him despite Chen Tianlin using his strongest attack.

Among the other five groups, nobody ended their battles faster than Qin Wentian. Right now Que Cheng from the Violet Thunder Sect had already fused with his battle spirit, exuding an aura at the seventh level of Heavenly Dipper, slaying his opponent with a single strike.

Currently, he was staring at Qin Wentian as his eyes flashed with destructive lightning. He knew that Qin Wentian was very strong, but so what of it? In the end, the only one who remained would be him.

Que Cheng wasn't in a hurry to kill Qin Wentian, after all he was currently the strongest one here. In order to avoid gossip and finger pointing, he knew he should keep a low profile now. He knew that only by acting at the most opportune moment, would he be able to achieve what he wanted in a single strike.

Que Cheng was studying the people in combat while Qin Wentian was actually observing him.

The Violet Thunder Sect had a grudge with him, but the Chosen from the Violet Thunder Sect Que Cheng had always suppressed his emotions. Before he acted to wake the ox demon, he didn't radiate any hostility towards Qin Wentian. He had only done so when Fan Le took the test and was beneath the ox demon's hoof. If the ox demon hadn't been the guardian for the cavern and spared them, all three of them would really have died under its hoof already.

This person was not only powerful, his methods were intelligent and ruthless as well. He knew how to grab hold of opportunities and strike out at the most opportune moments. This point was evident by the fact of him lying low, acquiring more battle spirits to strengthen himself before he acted. Que Cheng was a shrewd schemer as well as an extremely ambitious man.

Que Cheng's entire body crackled with lightning, a brilliant purple ball of light condensed on his palms, ready to act any time after accumulating strength for so long. Qin Wentian's brow twitched; he stared at the pair of participants whom Que Cheng was studying. Both of them were locked in a stalemate and were in an extremely precarious position.

At this instant, Que Cheng acted. Both his palms crackled with lightning and slammed on to his battle drum with thunderous might. Lightning howled and thunder roared, two

streams of violet light erupted towards the two participants locked in their struggle. One of them was the chosen from the Heaven Cleaving Manor who had attacked Qin Wentian earlier.

“Que Cheng...” Although these two were locked in battle, the instant Que Cheng had attacked, they both sensed it. In fact, it wasn't that they weren't prepared, but because they were both evenly matched and at the crescendo of their fight, they simply didn't have time to care about Que Cheng's sneak attacks. Que Cheng had actually chose this moment to launch a despicable attack, but what could they do?

The two violet beams of light transformed into the wrath of the thunder god, directly killing them both. Under the terrifying might of lightning and thunder, their bodies were roasted into cinders before turning into ashes. Their battle spirits were also plundered away, as Que Cheng's aura instantly skyrocketed getting infinitesimally closer to the seventh-level of Heavenly Dipper.

“QUE CHENG YOU DARE?!” Yet another roar rang out. Since Que Cheng had shown his true colors, he naturally wouldn't stop now. He blasted out an attack towards another two participants. Both of them instantly stopped fighting when they sensed Que Cheng's attack but everything was already too late. One of them died while the other one was heavily injured.

Qin Wentian also made his move, slamming his palms onto his battle drum as a wrathful roar shook the skies. Yet another torrential pressure gushed forth, suppressing the void.

Que Cheng didn't stop, although the survivor had been seriously injured, he had to plunder the battle spirit away before doing anything else. Hence, he launched another attack as a dazzling bolt of lightning shot forth like a sharp sword, piercing towards that person. Although that expert did his utmost to defend, it was clear that he was almost a spent force now.

Que Cheng's face was filled with the smile of victory. He slammed out another attack once more, as long as he killed that person he would break through to the eighth-level of Heavenly Dipper. However right at this moment, a palm imprint blasted down from the skies, directly snatching the kill away from Que Cheng. That poor victim only discovered at the verge of death that even he, a Heaven Chosen, was also nothing in front of this cruel battlefield. Weaklings only had a single fate - to become the prey of others.

The person who killed him naturally was Qin Wentian. There were no kind-hearted people in here; they were all hunters, or the hunted. If you don't kill others, others would kill you. This point was already destined from the moment they stepped in here. If he didn't act, the battle spirit would have been plundered by Que Cheng. If Que Cheng grew even stronger, dooms day would arrive for everyone.

Qin Wentian snatched food from the mouth of the tiger, Que Cheng's sharp eyes gleamed with hatred as he turned his attention onto Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian had actually dared snatched his prey?

Right now, only five remained from the original twelve. Qin Wentian had killed two, Que Cheng had killed three, while Shen Ting from the Great Earth Sect had also managed to kill two in the chaos. Right now, Que Cheng was the strongest, while Shen Ting and Qin Wentian were on par in strength.

As for the other two survivors, expressions of fear could be seen on their faces as their countenances turned incredibly unsightly. In that chaotic battle earlier, they didn't have any opportunities to plunder others, they were too busy defending themselves. Hence, the distance between their strength when compared to the remaining three was gradually pulled apart. Not only that, one of the two weaker survivors was actually someone from the Battle Sword Sect.

"Sever the connection and escape from here as fast as you can. I will do my utmost to aid you." Qin Wentian directly transmitted his voice to the expert from the Battle Sword Sect.

That person was also an extremely decisive man, he directly replied, "Fine, but first I need your help to attack them to lower the pressure on me. After that I will sever the connection and you can take my battle spirit."

Qin Wentian nodded. The instant their deal concluded, he directly struck out. He naturally understood the 'them' meant Shen Ting and Que Cheng. They posed the largest threat.

A terrifying swarm of palm imprints slammed down from the Heavens, blasting towards Que Cheng and Shen Ting. At this moment, that expert from the Battle Sword Sect instantly slashed out at his battle drum and manifested an incomparably resplendent sword light in the air. This sword light was so blinding that nobody could open their eyes.

However, the target of this beam of sword light wasn't Que Cheng, nor Shen Ting. Rather it was Qin Wentian!

Bai Mou from the Battle Sword Sect was also a personal disciple under one of the nine Sword Sovereigns. He was also a chosen from the Battle Sword Sect, he knew that if he listened to Qin Wentian's suggestion and chose to relinquish this battle, he would have a 50% chance of dying and 50% chance of remaining alive after fleeing. But both of those choices equated to the fact that he no longer had a chance to climb up to the peak.

Neither of these two choices appealed to him. He knew that if he killed Qin Wentian, that powerful battle spirit of Qin Wentian's would be plundered away by him. His

strength would instantly be elevated to above Shen Ting and able to contend equally against Que Cheng.

As long as he killed Qin Wentian, all the problems before him would be solved and he would still retain the chance to be the sole champion of this battle field. In addition, he might even be able to obtain some good fortune.

Hence, this Heaven Chosen from the Battle Sword Sect Bai Mou, had chosen to risked it, and aimed his attack at Qin Wentian. This attack contained all his power, victory or defeat would be determined by a single strike.

The timing of this attack was extremely opportune, at the instant Qin Wentian unleashed his attack towards Shen Ting and Que Cheng, Bai Mou had chose this moment to betray him. The sword light slashed downwards, there was no need to doubt Bai Mou's strength considering that he had lasted all the way till now. Upon seeing the change in scenario, Ye Lingshuang's countenance became incredibly unsightly. She had told Qin Wentian earlier, when they were on the floating bridge, of Bai Mou's identity as another member of their Battle Sword Sect. Maybe it was because of this that Qin Wentian had decided to aid Bai Mou. Who would have imagined such a thing would happen instead?

However, Qin Wentian didn't look surprised. At the instant the beam of sword light descended, he struck out once more causing the thunderous booms of his battle drum to rock the air, echoing through this space. There was a mysterious sword hum amidst his drum reverberations, slicing away the sharpness contained in Bai Mou's sword attack.

Qin Wentian had already considered the fact that Bai Mou would strike out at him when he offered help. As a chosen of the Battle Sect, as a personal disciple of one of the Sword Sovereigns, Qin Wentian had reason to believe that Bai Mou would choose to gamble. As for the 'friendship' among those from the same sect and the gratitude of extending out a helping hand to him? All of that was bullshit. Every decision was made because of benefits. Bai Mou would be able to acquire what he wanted to as long as he killed Qin Wentian.

Hence, how could Qin Wentian be unprepared? The instant Bai Mou had acted, the sharpness exuding from his body instantly intensified, becoming akin to a sharp sword with nothing it couldn't conquer. The rumbling sounds of the drum reverberations rang out once more, Bai Mou's eyes flashed with surprise, shock, and disbelief followed by unwillingness. The streams of formless sword might penetrated his body as the Grand Nihilism Thousand Imprint broke through the void and slammed down on him.

Upon seeing that palm imprint, Bai Mou understood that he lost the gamble. In that case, he could only be resigned to his fate.

Amidst a cacophony of explosive noises, Bai Mou died as his battle drums shattered. Just an instant later, a streak of lightning shot past, blasting the location where the

battle drum was at. Right now not only was Bai Mou dead, those from the Battle Sword Sect that had chosen to follow Bai Mou had all died with him. Their fates had already been decided the instant Bai Mou had chosen to betray Qin Wentian. Their last thoughts were that why weren't they like Ye Lingshuang, choosing to form an alliance with Qin Wentian when they were on the floating bridge instead of following Bai Mou.

That streak of lightning had been shot by Que Cheng, but sadly, he was a step too slow to kill steal.

Right now only three remained on the battlefield: Que Cheng, Qin Wentian, and Shen Ting. At the moment when Qin Wentian slew Bai Mou, Que Cheng and Shen Ting both fought with each other to kill the last survivor. Que Cheng was the winner, and after plundering the battle spirit, his aura broke through to the eighth level of Heavenly Dipper.

Right now, Qin Wentian was still at the seventh-level, the two of them then turned their gazes onto Shen Ting. Currently both Que Cheng and Qin Wentian were the hunters while Shen Ting became their prey.

Shen Ting instantly understood his position as his face turned pale white. They, the experts from the Great Earth Sect, had become the prey instead.

He said he wanted to teach Qin Wentian conduct, but what's funny was that from the attitude of both Que Cheng and Qin Wentian, one could tell with a glance that these two had already taken him as prey. He was the weakest link among all three.

Qin Wentian didn't say anything, his gaze was already all-telling. That emotionless gaze contained an intense self-confidence and pride, so deep that it was carved into his bones. That gaze was extremely unbearable to Shen Ting, his face got paler and paler.

"If I die, you will die too," Shen Ting stared at Qin Wentian as he spoke. "Let us join hands and deal with Que Cheng, or if you disagree, I will join hands with him to deal with you."

Shen Ting evidently felt that the threat Qin Wentian posed to him was smaller than Que Cheng, hence he wished to join forces and counteract Que Cheng. In the course of their cooperation, if an opportunity presented itself for him to slay Qin Wentian it would be for the best.

Qin Wentian didn't reply, how could he not understand what Shen Ting was thinking? Now that things had reached this situation, Shen Ting was already destined to die. He wanted to join forces with Que Cheng to deal with him? Could he even rest assured about forming an alliance with Que Cheng? Most probably when he was clashing with Qin Wentian, Que Cheng would use the opportunity to kill him.

"I can gift you my battle drum, but you must spare my life." Shen Ting spoke to Que Cheng, he knew it was hopeless when he noted Qin Wentian's silence. Right now he could only hope he can remain alive.

"Fine." Que Cheng nodded, his palms crackled with lightning as though he was prepared to unleash an attack anytime. However, Qin Wentian was similarly already prepared as well.

It didn't matter what Shen Ting's choice was, he was already destined to be a dead man. The final battle would be fought between Que Cheng and Qin Wentian!

Chapter 574: Sole Contender

Translator: Lordbluefire Editor: Lordbluefire

"GO!"

The instant Que Cheng agreed, Shen Ting bellowed as his body sped towards the exit of this battlefield. At the same time of his retreat, he didn't forget to blast his battledrum sending out two streams of attacks.

Shen Ting was very clear that Que Cheng's promise completely had no meaning. If Que Cheng spared him, Qin Wentian could also easily kill him. Hence, choosing to retreat at extreme speed now was the most intelligent choice. In this way, Qin Wentian and Que Cheng would fight each other over who can shatter his battle drum, and not who could kill him.

The other experts from the Great Earth Sect behind Shen Ting also explosively retreated. And indeed, Que Cheng didn't bother with Shen Ting and was preparing to shatter Shen Ting's battle drum according as to his expectation.

His choice was very intelligent but sadly, he miscalculated Qin Wentian's action.

Sword beams whistled through the air, for those from the Great Earth Sect, after Shen Ting severed his connection with his battle drum, they couldn't even stand up to a single strike. Shen Ting's countenance drastically changed as terror suffused his features. He stared at Qin Wentian only to see a gargantuan palm imprint rumbled out, grabbing onto him. A thunderous boom echoed, Shen Ting's bones were completely shattered. Qin Wentian then turned his cold gaze in his direction.

"BOOM!" Shen Ting's battle drum was shattered by Que Cheng, the plundered battle spirit made him grew even stronger.

“ARE YOU CRAZY?!” Shen Ting stared at Qin Wentian in terror. This was a madman, he actually didn’t contend against Que Cheng to shatter the drum, choosing to kill him instead. If this wasn’t the action of a madman, what was?

“I’m teaching you conduct. But sadly, the price of this lesson is death,” Qin Wentian replied coldly.

Shen Ting’s expression turned malevolent, he glared hatefully at Qin Wentian as he spat, “Why? Even if you kill me, what awaits you is also death by Que Cheng’s hands.”

“Ever since he woke the ox demon, his death is already destined.” Qin Wentian was as calm as ever as he continued, “I could kill Ye Kongfan with a cultivation base at the fifth level, even if he is stronger than Ye Kongfan, with my cultivation base boosted to the seventh level how could I care about him shattering your drum? Didn’t you all say that I don’t have the qualifications to be brazen despite having an Immortal Martial Medallion? In that case let me tell you one thing. Indeed, having the medallion can’t represent anything, but all of you don’t even have the capabilities to obtain one, how could I, Qin Wentian, even care about any of you at all?”

“Madman, you are a madman!” Shen Ting struggled violently as he shrieked. After hearing Qin Wentian’s words, he understood that Qin Wentian had never even placed him and Que Cheng in his eyes ever since the beginning. Even though Que Cheng was stronger than him now, Qin Wentian didn’t care. So what if Que Cheng plundered an additional battle spirit? He was still nothing in Qin Wentian’s eyes. How crazy was this? How arrogant was this?

“You don’t understand.” Qin Wentian abruptly slammed his palms down on his battle drum. A moment later Shen Ting was completely crushed into a bloody pulp of flesh as he died there just like that.

The hearts of Ye Lingshuang and the others behind Qin Wentian all felt their hearts trembling as they stared at his back. This fellow was truly brazen.

Que Cheng’s body crackled with lightning as purple-colored snakes and dragons danced around him. Rumbling sounds of thunder unceasing rang out as he exuded an aura of extreme destruction.

Qin Wentian’s words to Shen Ting was to him as well. This kind of arrogance held nothing in its sight.

No matter if it was Shen Ting or him, Que Cheng, they were both indeed dissatisfied that Qin Wentian was able to obtain a medallion. But like what Qin Wentian had said, having a medallion didn’t represent anything, but the tone behind his words was extremely domineering.

“I have the medallion, but all of you said I don’t have the capabilities to be brazen? Then from that perspective, both of you weren’t even qualified to receive one. How could I even put you in my eyes?”

This was what Qin Wentian was saying. Right now their eyes locked gazes amidst the palpable tension in the air. Que Cheng was able to feel even more clearly the self-confidence and loftiness in Qin Wentian’s gaze, as though Qin Wentian was the overlord of all.

BOOM!

Que Cheng stomped, as he jumped up and stood on top of his battle drum. Countless faint silhouettes of battle drums could be seen around him. Each and every one of his attacks caused the drums around him to echo out as well.

“The truth will prove everything. COME!” Que Cheng roared. The battle drums vibrated as lightning danced violently, the space between them turned violet as boundless lightning and thunder rumbled the void, shooting straight towards Qin Wentian.

BOOM!

Qin Wentian similarly jumped atop his battle drum. Reverberations from his drums echoed as sword qi roared up into the heavens, sweeping over and clashing with the lightning and thunder zooming towards him, extinguishing both completely.

Lightning and sword both emphasized attacks. Both were extremely tyrannical.

Streaks of angry lightning bolts and sword qi repeatedly clashed against each other in the air. Shockwaves of utter destruction ravaged the surroundings, causing the entire earth to tremble unceasingly.

“Feel the baptism of lightning!” Que Cheng’s blood thrummed with power as drum sounds continuously reverberated the air. The lightning around him transformed into countless ferocious looking whips that danced in the air, occupying this entire space. Each of these whips contained a destructive energy flow and shone with a dangerous light.

Qin Wentian’s own bloodline power also thrummed as it erupted forth at the same moment. The demonic qi exuded from him towered up the skies as he executed the Fiend Art Transformation. The depth in his eyes became even deeper, the loftiness and arrogance of demonkind in them became even more pronounced.

Swish!

Sounds of the lightning whips surrounding Que Cheng all struck out towards Qin Wentian, the destructive white light flashed brilliantly as they lashed out through the skies.

Qin Wentian's palms blasted out in anger as the drum sounds from his battle drum shook the heavens. Instantly, numerous palm imprints rushed through the skies, colliding directly with those long whips lashing out.

Crackling and rattling sounds that pierced the ear rang out, the destructive long whips actually split apart the incoming storm of palm imprints. They were akin to the destructive edge of a blade, slicing apart the palms and continued on their way towards Qin Wentian. That flickering white light that emanated from them could clearly be sensed to contain an almighty destruction energy within as they got closer and closer.

Qin Wentian's fingers pressed forward. The drum sounds echoed as a Heaven Breaking Finger appeared in the sky. Boundless sword qi whistled, transforming into a spiral that lacerated everything. Now, the tables were turned, the lashing whips were all split apart underneath the might of this Heaven Breaking Finger, and as the remaining whips descended, Qin Wentian's eyes sparkled with a cold light when he felt the numbing energies contained within. Not only did the whips contain destructive energy, they could caused one's entire body to be numbed as the attack landed, allowing the whips to tear their target effortlessly apart.

"If your strength is only at this level, I'm afraid it's still insufficient," Que Cheng coldly stated. His original cultivation was at the eighth level of Heavenly Dipper. Right now when fused with his battle drum, his cultivation base had also been lifted to the eighth level which matched with his original strength, allowing him to unleash his strongest attacks at will.

The crackling sounds in the air became increasingly terrifying. Lightning roiled about, the snakes and dragons made from lightning all congregated together into a ball before erupting outwards with incredible power, transforming into hundreds of thousands of long whips.

"Destroy!" Que Cheng raged. The long whips lashed out as the drum echoes thundered simultaneously. Lightning danced wildly in the skies as Qin Wentian only saw boundless destructive long whips slamming down onto him. The entire sky was engulfed in destructive lightning energy, so strong that it caused one to be stifled.

"RISE!" Qin Wentian roared in anger. Instantly, the entire stone platform he was on actually floated up in the air. Ye Lingshuang and the others were all brought away, soaring up into the skies.

The demonic qi from Qin Wentian intensified in an incredible way, his entire physique underwent demonic transformation; his pair of wings opened and wrapped protectively around Ye Lingshuang and his other comrades. Those lofty eyes of his scanned the

horizon as he continuously stepped out, manifesting a storm of sword qi. He then unleashed his attack, causing palm imprints to cover the skies as he himself actually rushed head on towards the long whips of lightning descending on him.

“Break!” Qin Wentian howled, as sword light and palm imprints blasted upwards to the net of lightning whips lashing down on him.

“Hmph,” Que Cheng snorted coldly, he madly blasted onto his battle drum as the long whips in the air actually gathered together into one, becoming incredibly thick and powerful, and destroying the sword light and palm imprints sent out by Qin Wentian.

The sharpness in Qin Wentian’s eyes resembled a sword, an astral heavenly hammer appeared in his hand as he smashed it upwards. Numerous terrifying mountain peaks actually manifested, causing a sense of heaviness to fill the air. Blasting the peaks upwards to buy time, Qin Wentian simultaneously brought the stone platform he was on and rushed forward, all the while blasting out with his palm imprints. The force he sent out was so powerful that the void trembled continuously, and a stream of destructive imprints directly bore down upon Que Cheng.

Que Cheng was long prepared. The destructive palm imprints of Qin Wentian appeared right from the void and were filled with tyrannical strength. He roared in anger as a clone of lightning appeared before him, promptly self-destructing and wiping out the force of the palm imprints.

“KILL!” Que Cheng howled in rage, the long whip in the air ignored everything and cut out with blinding speed towards Qin Wentian. “Either you die or I die, only one can survive among the two of us!”

Que Cheng was extremely confident, there was no way Qin Wentian would be able to block his attack.

Qin Wentian erupted forth in madness, relentlessly unleashing attacks on his battle drums and hurling mountain peaks up to block the lightning whip lashing downwards. He blasted out yet another wave of palm imprints, targeting Que Cheng.

“It’s useless, you are dead for sure!” Que Cheng roared. Another clone formed of lightning appeared before him again, blocking Qin Wentian’s attack.

Despite that, Qin Wentian didn’t seem to care at all. He summoned his strength and blasted out on his battle drum once more. But this time around, there was actually no sound. The echoes of the drum were completely silent.

BOOOOOOOM!

A scene filled with blood suddenly appeared in Que Cheng's mind, the lightning clone before him exploded in an attempt at a hurried defense, and then a nightmarish dream will invaded his sea of consciousness.

“DIE!”

A piercing sound rang out in conjunction with a cold voice as a blood red halberd exited the void, penetrating through Que Cheng's brow and causing a spray of fresh blood to splash out.

The destructive whip that descended down from the skies flopped lifelessly as the lightning energy that sustained it faded away. Qin Wentian then blasted out another palm strike towards the other disciples from the Violet Thunder Sect.

Deep rumbling sounds thundered as Que Cheng's battle drum and the stone platform he was standing on collapsed into pieces. The other experts of the Violet Thunder Sect were all completely exterminated.

An intense light flashed, zooming towards Qin Wentian and in an instant, Qin Wentian felt his aura rushing through the peak of the seventh and eighth level, directly stepping into the ninth level of the Heavenly Dipper Realm.

Que Cheng himself earlier was already near the peak of the eighth level, but now, after his battle spirit was plundered away, Qin Wentian directly entered the ninth level of Heavenly Dipper.

“RUMBLE!” The remaining stone platforms collapsed one after another as a countless number of battle drums flew towards the stone tablet behind Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian turned around, only to see a resplendent glow that radiated from the stone tablet was converging into a beam of shimmering light that shot towards him, enveloping him within.

Chapter 575: Top-Tiered Heaven Chosen

Translator: Lordbluefire Editor: Lordbluefire

The light from the stone tablet completely enveloped Qin Wentian, and caused an enigmatic scene to appear. There were actually countless illusory battle drums that sprang up around him with him in their center.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!

The reverberations thundered out unceasingly as a powerful force suddenly shot towards Qin Wentian from the stone tablet, so fast that he had no time to react. This terrifying force blasted into him, spreading to all parts of his body and causing him to groan in misery, before coughing out fresh blood as his entire person was lifted up and flung backwards.

Ye Lingshuang, Qin Zheng and the others who stood with Qin Wentian were fine. The glow from the stone tablet targeted only Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian's long hair fluttered in the wind. He silently cursed that ox demon in his heart. Wasn't he supposed to get an awesome reward for being the sole survivor? Why was he getting roughed up instead?

"Damn ox." Qin Wentian roared in rage when he saw the stone tablet accumulating power as though preparing to fire another beam of light at him. He then summoned the entirety of his strength and blast out at his battle drum in front of him.

BOOOOOM!

A gargantuan palm imprint manifested and shot towards the stone tablet.

As the gargantuan palm imprint slammed into the stone tablet, the force behind it was actually fully devoured by the tablet. The glow radiating from it continued to envelope Qin Wentian, causing his countenance to become incredibly unsightly to behold.

RUMBLE!

A devastating destructive energy permeated the air as a Grand Nihility Palm Imprint shot back towards him. This caused Qin Wentian's eyes to widen in shock, what the hell was this stone tablet? It could even reflect attacks?

Qin Wentian was speechless, he could only erupt forth with another attack, but the rebounded attack disintegrated his attempts and shot into his body once more, shaking him so badly that he coughed out even more blood. Qin Wentian was suddenly seized with the impulse to let go with some vulgarities.

"I'LL DESTROY YOU!" Qin Wentian roared. Executing Stellar Transposition, he dashed towards the stone tablet. A blood-red halberd appeared in his hand as it smashed onto the stone tablet with indomitable might.

BOOM BOOM BOOM!

The light radiating from the stone tablet intensified as the booming from the illusory drums rocked the space unceasingly. Streams of energy gushed into his body frenziedly, ravaging it. It was unknown how many mouthfuls of blood Qin Wentian coughed out, as his face turned pale white. Yet the loftiness in his eyes remained, and

he madly unleashed a storm of attacks onto the stone tablet, enduring the injuries until a certain point of time where the only sound was the echo and rebound reverberations of the countless drums. The glow from the stone tablet abruptly disappeared because every iota of light had finally entered Qin Wentian!

RUMBLE!!

The gigantic stone tablet vibrated intensely before transforming into a streak of multicolored light and shooting up through the air. Qin Wentian stared at it dumbfoundedly as an incredulous expression arose on his face.

Had it finally ended?

“No, something is wrong, what’s this?” Qin Wentian’s perception turned inwards. Within his body, there was actually a miniature battle drum sitting there, merged together with his body.

“This...” Qin Wentian was speechless. Was this the awesome reward the ox demon was talking about?

Meticulously examining himself, although he was weaker because of the injuries sustained, he realized that after the ‘beating’ by the light from the stone tablet, the circulation of astral energy and his blood seemed to be smoother many times compared to before. Not only that, the comprehension of his mandates seemed to have also deepened further.

This battle drum should be the same type of treasure as that miniature axe in his foster father’s body, able to fuse together with someone, Qin Wentian silently speculated. After that, with a mere intention, streams of light from illusory battle drums enveloped his body. It was as though he himself was the battle drum!

“Wentian, try to attack, see if there’s any augmentation effect.” Ye Lingshuang was also dumbstruck when she saw this scene. She knew that the miniature axe of her father was able to augment his attacks. Qin Wentian’s miniature battle drum should be able to do so as well.

“Mhm,” Qin Wentian nodded his head. After the battle drum entered his body, the suppression and boost was completely gone, he had returned to his original cultivation base at the fifth level of Heavenly Dipper. But what was strange was that for Ye Lingshuang and the others, the suppression effects on their cultivation bases hadn’t been lifted yet. Maybe it was because he was the sole contender remaining from the battle field, or because he passed some of the tests in the Immortal Martial Realm which resulted in such a happening.

Qin Wentian lifted his palms and attacked, echoes of drum reverberations resounded through the air as terrifying palm imprints broke the space as they blasted out. Qin

Wentian's heart trembled slightly as he glanced at Ye Lingshuang, nodding his head. "There's indeed an augmentation effect to my attacks, but I can sense that this battle drum was also able to weaken the attacks of others. This is a divine artifact that combines both attack and defense."

"Your cultivation base has already been restored?" Ye Lingshuang's eyes flashed with surprise.

"Yeah, the suppression is lifted. However, a cultivation base at the fifth level is still insufficient in here. I have a feeling that I'm about to break through soon though." Qin Wentian spoke. Earlier after the baptism from the light of the stone tablet, he felt he was already infinitesimally close to breaking through to the sixth level of Heavenly Dipper.

"In that case, just focus on cultivation first. We will guard you." Chu Mang replied. Qin Wentian nodded slightly, he turned his gaze ahead and saw a path leading forward to the next area. However, Qin Wentian wished to level up his cultivation base before advancing. If not, and he met with the other eighty selected individuals who also had the Immortal Martial Medallion, it would be extremely tough to deal with them.

Among the selected eighty-one individuals, his cultivation base at the fifth level could be considered the weakest tier. The others are all either at the eighth or ninth level of Heavenly Dipper. He simply had no way to fight against them right now.

Just like one of the eight absolute era-suppressing geniuses, Gu Liufeng: he was exceedingly tyrannical with a cultivation base at the eighth level of Heavenly Dipper.

Thus, Qin Wentian wished to raise his own strength before meeting with the other selected individuals. Only then would he have more confidence.

"Right," Qin Wentian nodded in agreement. He found a place and sat down, and with a wave of his hands, an astronomical number of Yuan Meteor Stones appeared before he started his cultivation. The others didn't forget to clean the battle field, acquiring the interspatial rings of those deceased. There were some of them who were Heaven Chosen of their respective factions, the wealth in their interspatial rings could well be imagined. Not only that, they might have some powerful innate techniques stored within as well.

The moment Qin Wentian started cultivating, he entered into a mental state where he forgot about everything else, nothing could disturb him. The Yuanfu in his body thrummed as rumbling sounds echoed akin to the roar of oceanic waves. Chu Mang and the others exchanged glances as expressions of surprise appeared on their faces. Even in cultivation, this fellow also caused such a ruckus.

"Breaking through to Celestial Phenomenon is a dividing range of strength. The manifested constellation of some absolute geniuses were extremely frightening, lengthening the distance between them compared to an ordinary Celestial Phenomenon

Ascendants the instant they broke through. I wonder what constellation he will manifest when he eventually steps into that realm.” Ye Lingshuang silently sighed in her heart, she was filled with anticipation for Qin Wentian’s growth. After spending such a long time with this brother of hers, she could feel that Qin Wentian was a demon-level talent that would definitely surpass the Human Emperor in the future.

In that special state, Qin Wentian even forgot about time. In the blink of an eye, three days passed. Through this period of time, there were many participants who came to the battlefield, but after they took the pathway to the next area, they all returned shortly thereafter. Nobody knew the reason why.

Even Fan Le and Ouyang Kuangsheng appeared. Evidently, these people who only appeared now were either trapped in the Cavern of Life and Death or some other secret areas in the Immortal Martial Realm, undertaking the tests and trials there. There was even a young man clad in silver robes that emanated an extremely terrifying aura. His cultivation base was actually at the seventh level of Heavenly Dipper.

This made Ye Lingshuang and the others alarmed. They knew that this floating bridge was exceedingly vast. There were some strange places that you could barge into if you wished. However, for the minority who chose to do so, only a limited few returned. One of the rewards was that the suppression limit would be lifted, restoring cultivation bases back to their original level. It seems that only by undergoing extraordinary trials would one be able to achieve that effect.

This person merely glanced at Qin Wentian before continuing his way ahead. The rumbling sounds echoing from Qin Wentian’s body grew even more terrifying, and finally two days later, he broke through to the next level.

The instant he opened his eyes, Qin Wentian immediately saw Fan Le and Ouyang Kuangsheng. A smile flashed on his face. Luckily nothing had happened to them.

“You monster, you are actually already at the sixth level of Heavenly Dipper. In the Cavern of Life and Death, there’s only a 10% chance of survival and I barely made it out after breaking through to the fifth level of Heavenly Dipper.” Ouyang Kuangsheng punched out at Qin Wentian in a depressed manner. Not only that, Qin Wentian’s suppression had already been lifted, and he and Fan Le had already learned of what they experienced in the past few days.

“This fatty me also felt the pressure was a little too great,” Fan Le mumbled in a serious manner, causing Qin Wentian to laugh. He also didn’t question about what they experienced in the Cavern of Life and Death, but rather said, “Let’s move on, we will see what other tests await us in this realm.”

“Mhm.” The others nodded, and advanced on the pathway leading to the next area. After a short period of time, they came before a gate.

"Let me enter first." Fan Le stepped out, but there was an invisible force that blocked him, and he was unable to enter.

"What is this sorcery?" Fan Le depressingly asked.

"Let me attempt it." Chu Mang walked up. Unfortunately, he ended up like Fan Le; there was an invisible energy force field that blocked them, and they had no way to step into the gate.

Ye Lingshuang's eyes flickered with a strange glow as she looked at Qin Wentian. "No wonder those earlier were all forced to return. It seems like only people with their cultivation bases restored would be able to enter!"

Qin Wentian furrowed his brow before stepping out. And indeed, he encountered no resistance and smoothly stepped through the gate. In fact, he could even clearly sense spatial energy bringing him to another separate space.

"Damn!" Fatty widened his eyes. "Seems like we have to return and find some other way of advancing to the next area. Evidently, we don't even possess the qualifications to enter and spectate."

"Seems like we have no choice but to head back," Qin Zheng spoke in a low voice. It was clear that they had to find a method to lift the suppression before they could enter.

Yun Mengyi didn't say anything, she was still as cold as ever. She instantly turned and dashed away, as the others followed behind her.

And as for Qin Wentian, after he stepped through the gate he was transported into another area. This was a gigantic large square-shaped field. There were also several other silhouettes that were already currently here. With just a single glance, Qin Wentian saw eleven cultivators and there were even a few familiar faces within.

These people were all crowding around a pagoda situated in the center of the field. Above the pagoda, there was a radiance that shimmered constantly, exuding a marvelous energy. The very top of the pagoda was actually pointed in shape, and when Qin Wentian stared straight at that point of illumination, it was so blinding that he had no choice but to use his hand to shield his eyes.

"Sir Qin." A weak and gentle voice drifted over, Qin Wentian shifted the hand shielding his eyes away and turned towards the direction of the voice. Once again, he saw that soul-stirring countenance smiling at him as though just a single look at her was sufficient to cause one to fall so deeply into the river of love that one would be unable to extricate themselves.

"Xian`er." Qin Wentian inclined his head slightly. This person was none other than Lin Xian`er. Qin Wentian understood when he saw the people here, most probably the

ending point for the other bridges led to here as well. The eleven other cultivators were all part of the eighty-one selected individuals who had been bestowed the Immortal Martial Medallions.

A cold gaze landed on him, Qin Wentian turned in that direction to see Lou Bingyu icily staring in his direction before shifting her gaze away. There was no other changes to her expression.

“Hehe, there’s a path open to heaven but you didn’t want to take it; there are no doors to hell, but you insist on barging in,” a voice brimming with arrogance drifted over. This time Qin Wentian discovered a silhouette exuding a tremendous amount of demonic qi looking at him. The Saint Child of the Supreme Demon Sect was here, as well! Those who managed to arrive here, were all top-tiered Heaven Chosen!

Can’t wait for tomorrow? Want to read the rest of this right away?

Want to show your support and have access to AGM’s private stash of up to 15 translated chapters? Come be a Patreon!

Chapter 576: Immortal in the Immortal Martial Realm?

Translator: Lordbluefire Editor: Lordbluefire

Qin Wentian didn’t feel too surprised. Since he had already stepped into the Immortal Martial Realm, it was destined that he would run into these people sooner or later.

Before this, the eighty-one selected individuals each went off to a different floating bridge without facing each other. But no matter if it was the test of the black jiao python, the test of the ox demon, the test of the cavern of life and death, or that final battlefield, danger was extremely real and even Qin Wentian would have died if he was not careful.

The Immortal Martial Realm was also known as the burial place of geniuses, and indeed it did match up to its name. Now, this would be merely the true beginning of the fantastic clashes among the geniuses after they exited their respective floating bridges.

Qin Wentian, who was looking at the Saint Child of the Supreme Demon Sect instantly shifted his gaze to the top of the pagoda. The piercing beam of light was simply too bright, Qin Wentian couldn’t tell what was hidden there. What he and the others saw was just an exceedingly powerful beam of light radiating from there.

“Is there an even stronger treasure there?” Qin Wentian speculated.

“Sir Qin, what do you think is at the top of the pagoda?” Lin Xian`er asked with a smile.

"Xian`er you were here before me, could it be that you have no idea as well?"

Lin Xian`er shook her head, her mouth twitched with traces of depression as she replied, "This pagoda is simply too unusual, we are unable to discern what the item on the top is from the ground. The only way to find out is to ascend it step by step, climbing to the peak."

Qin Wentian's countenance flashed with a bewildered expression when he heard these words. He then seriously glanced at the light radiating from the top of the pagoda that enveloped the entire building. However, the other geniuses merely stood their ground and weren't doing anything. Evidently, climbing to the top of this pagoda wasn't so easy and if it wasn't for that, these geniuses would have already started to contend against each other.

"How do we ascend?" Qin Wentian asked.

"Very simple, just walk on the path around the pagoda and it will lead you upwards. However, Sir Qin, you must remember this; you cannot attempt it without being fully prepared because the instant you take the first step, everyone else would ascend together with you at the same time. And at that moment, their attacks would all directly blast at you," Lin Xian`er meticulously explained in a gentle voice.

Only now did Qin Wentian notice that the other eleven geniuses were all maintaining their posture. Nobody moved, all of them were quietly standing there. Evidently they had already contended against each other before this and were now waiting for an opportunity.

The Saint Child of the Supreme Demon Sect exuded a killing intent targeted at him. But despite his desire to kill Wentian, the saint child didn't move, only standing there at his original position.

"Since I've already came here, I might as well test it out." Qin Wentian's eyes flickered with a bright glow. After which he stepped out on the path leading to the top of the pagoda.

The pagoda was very high, and at the instant Qin Wentian stepped onto the path, the other eleven geniuses instantly acted.

"Foolish act," the Saint Child of the Supreme Demon Sect snorted coldly as overwhelming amounts of demonic qi radiated from him.

Qin Wentian entered the area illuminated by the silvery glow from the top of the pagoda. The brilliant light cascaded down on him, causing Qin Wentian to feel a boundless pressure pressing down. There was a pathway upwards that led to the top and the instant he stepped upon the first step, the others all ascended by one step together.

Qin Wentian started in astonishment, he actually could view all the silhouettes of all eleven geniuses clearly in his eyes.

“Sir Qin, be careful. In this place, any attack you send out would blast towards the others on the path. But this holds true for the attacks of others as well.”

The instant Lin Xian`er’s voice sounded out, the Saint Child of the Supreme Demon Sect had already unleashed an attack. This was a blood-colored palm imprint that contained a savage violent demonic energy that exuded an extremely intense destructive power. Instantly, the blood-colored palm appeared before Qin Wentian, blasting forth towards him.

Not only Qin Wentian, at this moment everyone was faced with the same attack.

Qin Wentian’s palms turned crimson as he lifted them, blasting forth with an attack of equal magnitude. An explosive sound thundered out as both the palm imprints collided in mid air. Although the saint child’s attack was cancelled out, the impact from the collision jolted Qin Wentian so bad that his entire arm was trembling involuntarily.

However this was just the start, and just as Wentian defended against that blood palm imprint attack, yet another dazzling saber light flashed and chopped right at him. This beam of light was as fast as lightning, slashing down aiming for the center of his head, wanting to split him in half.

Qin Wentian’s eyes narrowed. He lifted his hands and blasted upwards. Although the saber light split apart the palm imprints, the saber light also faded away.

However, this bout of engagement was far from reaching its end. Qin Wentian finally understood why Lin Xian`er cautioned him to be careful.

After that, four to five powerful attacks continuously fired over, causing Qin Wentian’s qi and blood to rumble, there was no rest at all. However, the other participants save for the one attacking were all suffering from the same attacks. The only way to negate this was to retaliate back and in this taxing fashion, the weakest among them that was unable to endure the barrage of attacks would be the first to be eliminated.

A notion flashed through Qin Wentian’s mind. Before he arrived was there already someone that died? Although there wasn’t any corpse to prove his theory, if someone were to be blasted with attacks from these people, it made sense that nothing would be left behind.

“Sir Qin, best be careful now...” a melodious voice drifted over. After which, Lin Xian`er’s silhouette directly appeared within his sea of consciousness.

The sound of a soul-stirring melody permeated his heart. Even in this illusion-scape filled with killing intent, one would still pause and admire the music.

“Pu...” In the midst of that melody, a musical note filled with killing intent suddenly erupted out aiming straight for his throat. Even though Lin Xian`er warned him, Qin Wentian’s reaction was still slower by half a beat. A blood-red halberd struck out slashing the musical note apart, after which he shifted the trajectory as the halberd whistled through the air with blinding speed, aiming for Lin Xian`er, but Lin Xian`er had already vanished.

“Why are you not dead yet?” A voice of anger echoed out loud, causing his ear drums to vibrate incessantly. The next instant, it felt as though a myriad horde of demonic beasts was rushing over. Qin Wentian saw the Saint Child of the Supreme Demon Sect disappearing from his original spot, dashing straight at all of them.

“DIE!” The silhouette of the Saint Child magnified in front of Qin Wentian’s eyes, transforming into a demonic giant that blasted out with its tyrannical fist. Blood light flashed in the skies as hundreds of thousands of blood-colored demonic wolves manifested rushing over. Each of these wolves had blood-colored eyes, projecting an aura of fear that caused the hearts of people to involuntarily shudder.

Each of the participants went all out and clashed madly against the attack sent out by the Saint Child of the Supreme Demon Sect. A blood-colored demonic qi gushed out from Qin Wentian, towering straight up into the heavens, enveloping himself within. His physique gradually became larger, appearing like a descendent of an ancient primordial demon emperor. The loftiness in his eyes were unmatched, able to pierce the hearts of others and in the center of his brow, a third eye could be seen there gleaming with demonic light.

He wielded a blood-colored ancient halberd and was clad in a demonic armor. The Fiend Art Transformation technique had transformed him totally.

The gigantic Blood Halberd waved about, containing a boundless strength. Qin Wentian struck the halberd out through the air, and everywhere the halberd passed by, the space there would tremble as the blood wolves were destroyed from the crushing force within. The wave of his halberd created a tide of blood, that engulfed and devoured the attack before him.

“Sir Qin’s strength has grown stronger again,” Lin Xian`er’s gentle voice sounded out. She sat there on the path while playing the zither. Her stance was as though she was preparing for defense and wasn’t keen to continue attacking.

Beside Qin Wentian, Lou Bingyu moved. Snowflakes drifted down as a fearsome icy energy that could seal everything gushed out from her. Very quickly, this entire space was filled with snow. Qin Wentian shivered, staring at the ice-cold silhouette who stood at the center of them all. She was like a lonely yet proud plum that stood amidst and bloomed brilliantly in the winter snow.

She was Lou Bingyu, the favourite disciple of the Plum Mountain Sword Sovereigness.

“Chi, chi...” Not only did Qin Wentian feel cold, he also felt a destructive sword qi that melded perfectly within the snowstorm. The drifting snow was filled with the power of laceration, able to slice apart the defense of others, yet Lou Bingyu merely stood there silently, she didn’t actually unleash an attack.

Bzz!

Lou Bingyu moved, a cold glint akin to the light of winter snow slashed out as the storm of snow was infused with her killing intent.

With that single sword strike, it seemed so lonely yet proud while exuding a coldness unique to Lou Bingyu. Qin Wentian only saw Lou Bingyu turning, and dashing towards him. The snowflakes roiled up from her speed, transforming into a vortex that pierced unceasingly towards him. Each snowflake brimmed with power, intent on destroying his defense.

Qin Wentian could no longer see any sword light, he only saw a blanket of snowflakes zooming towards him. Each of the snowflakes were as sharp as a real sword.

Qin Wentian stomped the ground as his ancient halberd erupted forth once more. This halberd strike had no sound nor presence, penetrating through the vortex of snow. The instant the ancient halberd came in contact with the snowflakes, a terrifying pulsation energy exploded outwards in all eight directions, shattering the blanket of snow, and clashing directly against the heart of the vortex.

The ancient halberd directly froze. After which, cracks appeared on its surface and with a resounding boom, the ancient halberd completely shattered into pieces. But also, that vortex was also forcibly torn apart with its strength negated.

“The most favored personal disciple under the Plum Mountain Sword Sovereigness is truly extraordinary,” Qin Wentian mused. That sword strike of hers wasn’t unleashed with her strongest strength. He had held part of his strength back, and apparently, so did his opponent.

However, there was one among the other experts who could no longer withstand it, dying under the sword of Lou Bingyu.

All of a sudden, the pressure on their bodies disappeared, and after which he saw the rest simultaneously taking another step upwards. Only with the death of one participant would the others be able to lessen the distance to the peak by a single step.

Qin Wentian mirrored the actions of others, marveling in his heart as he stared at the blinding white-silvery glow at the top of the pagoda.

There were only eleven geniuses left, and was it destined that there would only be one that eventually walk all the way to the top?

In the Immortal Martial Realm, there were so many dangers and so many tests, the eventual survivors would definitely be the most terrifying demon-level characters among their peers, able to earn the label of an era-suppressing genius. What was the true objective of this Immortal Martial Realm then?

Could it be that the rumors in the Royal Sacred Region were real?

An immortal was looking for a successor?

There was a true immortal in the Immortal Martial Realm?

Can't wait for tomorrow? Want to read the rest of this right away?

Want to show your support and have access to AGM's private stash of up to 15 translated chapters? Come be a Patreon! → <https://www.patreon.com/kurodreamer>

Chapter 577: Poison Scorpion

Translator: Lordbluefire Editor: Lordbluefire

The silvery white light cascading down from the top of the treasure pagoda descended lightly on their bodies. Qin Wentian stably took a step upwards as he glanced up at the dazzling light.

If one wanted to ascend, the only way was to step on all the various geniuses here and use them as stepping stones. He wouldn't shy away nor hesitate; Qin Wentian was very clear that this test wasn't the end yet. There were still many other Heaven Chosen undergoing competitions against one another in unknown tests at other locations.

If he couldn't even claim the top here, it indicated that he would become a stepping stone for others. If that was the case, how could he answer to his band of comrades who sent him here with their efforts?

The Immortal Martial Realm was a burial ground for geniuses, a place with only a 10% chance of survival. If they weren't able to become the most dazzling existence here, everything that they had accomplished would be meaningless. When the Royal Sacred Region remembered those attention-grabbing geniuses, if they even mentioned the name 'Qin Wentian,' it would only be to say that he was a stepping stone for whoever.

However, if they really continued fighting in such a way, even when they reached the peak, the astral energy in their Yuanfu would have been totally emptied. Qin Wentian gradually acclimatized to the radiant light, and was seriously contemplating the other participants. Any one of the eleven here was stronger than Shen Ting. If not, they would never be able to walk up to this step.

After ascending one more step, the participants tactfully halted their attacks. Everyone was very clear that the moment one initiated an attack, unless there was a person eliminated, the combat between them would never stop.

“Since everyone wants to take a break, allow Xian`er to play a melody for all of you to enjoy.” Xian`er spoke in a gentle voice. After which she started to strum the strings of her zither, creating a melodious tune.

The melody was tranquil and gentle, beams of illusory light shot forth from her zither bringing everyone into an illusion-scape.

“Sir Qin, we meet again.” Lin Xian`er appeared before Qin Wentian. This scenario was extremely similar to the time when they met back in the Immortal Ripple Pavilion.

“I’m afraid I have to offend Xian`er sooner or later after our meeting this time around.” Qin Wentian’s voice was serene without traces of fluctuations. It was as though he was recalling that night when the moonlight shone on Lin Xian`er. That soul-stirring melody when matched with her flawless countenance, how marvelous it was.

Lin Xian`er didn’t act as rumored, trying to seduce others. Within her weak and gentle smile was contained a pride higher than the heavens. She was as tranquil as water and like a mystical luan bird waiting for others to sing together with her.

Qin Wentian’s impression of Lin Xian`er wasn’t bad. It wasn’t just because previously Lin Xian`er had spoken out for him and offended the saint child of the Supreme Demon Sect, nor because of her charming smile that filled people’s heart with admiration.

However, since they were all here to ascend this pagoda, it was destined that there would be a confrontation between them.

“Xian`er will treat this seriously as well. But of course, whoever can leave this illusion-scape first would be the one that poses the greatest threat to the others,” Lin Xian`er stated intentionally or otherwise, yet undoubtedly she was reminding Qin Wentian that right now, all the geniuses were brought into a illusion-scape by her music. If he didn’t extricate himself from it and others did so before him, they could launch an attack at the defenseless others who hadn’t awakened yet.

“Be careful now,” Qin Wentian spoke, and his ancient halberd slashed out as his silhouette flickered, transforming into a blurry shadow. Piercing sounds echoed out unceasingly as the multitude of silhouettes of Lin Xian`er were destroyed.

A melody drifted over, each and every one of the remaining silhouettes of Lin Xian`er strummed the zither, using music to attack. The musical notes swept out, transforming into resplendent blades of light that were sharp enough to reap lives.

“Although Sir Qin’s strength had improved, Xian`er didn’t merely sit around as well.” Lin Xian`er’s melodious voice sounded out. Her cloning technique seemed indestructible, all her destroyed images were revived again and again. This was originally a super strong illusion-scape where illusion and reality were mixed. There was no distinction between what was real and what was not.

The sound of the music then transformed into silvery silken threads that expanded, becoming a net of slaughter gushing his way seeking to envelope Qin Wentian within.

“Illusion!” Qin Wentian recalled the previous time he fought with Lin Xian`er. During that time, did he ever truly ‘find’ her real body? Did he really defeat Lin Xian`er back then? Maybe, maybe not.

The killing melody landed on Qin Wentian, but he had already broken out from the illusion-scape. Lin Xian`er continued sitting there quietly playing the zither. Her eyes were closed as her eyelashes fluttered slightly. She knew that Qin Wentian had exited from her illusion-scape and his subsequent counterattack would not only affect the others, she would be swept up in it as well.

The ancient halberd in his hands gleamed with a scintillating light. Qin Wentian dashed out as he explosively lashed out with the halberd. In that instant, the eyes of all the remaining participants opened, glinting with a cold light.

Qin Wentian was clearly still standing in his original location, but for some reason all of them felt the ancient halberd in his hands was already rushing right at them. This was the marvelous effect of fighting on this path to ascend the pagoda.

The instant Qin Wentian attacked, the others started to defend. This was equivalent to both Lin Xian`er and Qin Wentian attacking them simultaneously. All of the others instantly broke into a cold sweat. They were already experienced with the rules of this place. Especially since they had endured them before Qin Wentian had arrived. Thus, they would all instinctively defend in tacit understanding during the attacks of others. If two people instantly unleashed their attacks, their attacks would only target each other and not everyone else. However, this was evidently an extremely dangerous action. Others could make use of the opportunity to sneak an attack on them the instant after they unleashed their attack, killing them by catching them unawares. Hence, everyone preferred to stay passive and defend when someone else was unleashing an attack.

But this time was different, because Qin Wentian had broken through Lin Xian`er’s attack while the rest hadn’t yet. They were still under the effects of the illusion-scape when Qin Wentian unleashed his attack.

An incomparably sharp aura gushed forth from Lou Bingyu who was beside Qin Wentian. This aura was akin to sharp swords tearing apart Qin Wentian’s attack. The Saint Child of the Supreme Demon Sect howled in anger as he underwent

demonification, blasting out with tyrannical might and breaking through Qin Wentian's attack.

But not everyone was as strong as Lou Bingyu or the Saint Child of the Supreme Demon Sect. A piercing sound rang out, there was a Chosen whose throat was penetrated through by the ancient halberd. He stared in disbelief at Qin Wentian as an expression of bitter resentment came over his face. After which, the light from his eyes dimmed as he fell over dead.

A beam of light shone down as the pressure on them disappeared once more. Qin Wentian's countenance flickered with sharpness, this was the first time he had initiated an attack. And earlier at that instant, he felt though he was one facing against all at the same time. Such a feeling felt truly mysterious.

BOOM!

Everyone stepped out, continuing to ascend upwards. Every death of a participant would enable the others to ascend a level higher. This time around, everyone was even more cautious. After the probings earlier, they were even clearer on the rules that governed this pagoda. It was extremely interesting, but at the same time extremely dangerous.

Diagonally opposite to Qin Wentian was a man clad in luxurious robes. His body exuded a dangerous fiery aura, but from the start until the end he had never unleashed an attack. However, just the defense he put up when facing Qin Wentian's attack was sufficient to tell that the strength of this person was extremely fearsome.

He was waiting for an opportunity while hiding in the crowd.

The person beside Lin Xian`er was also very powerful. His eyes shone with venomous light, causing others to feel strange and terrified. He was the same as the man clad in luxurious robes, both of them had yet to make an attack.

Those two people, the Saint Child of the Supreme Demon Sect, Lin Xian`er, and Lou Bingyu were the five participants whom Qin Wentian felt presented the strongest threat.

"Since everyone doesn't want to show their true strength, I shall force you all to do so!" Qin Wentian stepped out as his King Sword astral nova blasted out. A violent surge of sword intent gushed forth, instantly enveloping everyone. Because of the strange rules here, all of them felt as though Qin Wentian was taking a step towards them.

BOOM!

Qin Wentian stepped out, each and every step was filled with the sword intent of ten thousand swords piercing through one's heart. Qin Wentian's eyes were akin to sharp

swords, and the King Sword astral nova revolving around him also filled the air with the hum of its sword melody.

BOOM, BOOM!

With each step landing, the sword qi engulfing this area grew increasingly intense. Everyone was doing their best to defend because they could clearly feel that this sword intent was still skyrocketing upwards. Their entire bodies were surrounded by it, even their hearts felt as though they were about to be pierced through should they be the slightest bit careless.

The sword might from the Seven Annihilation Swordplay grew increasingly terrifying. At the moment when Qin Wentian's seventh step landed, the entire pagoda was covered with torrential amounts of sword might! Everyone was frantically defending against it!

However, nobody noticed that at the instant Qin Wentian finished executing his Seven Annihilation Swordplay, the low-profile young man with the venomous light in his eyes also acted. His grasp of timing was extremely accurate. Beams of red light blast forth from his palms, targeting at the weaker participants who still hadn't recovered from Qin Wentian's attack.

When Qin Wentian saw the red light zooming out, even he felt an intense sense of danger from it. Fast, simply too fast! So fast that there wasn't time to defend!

Bzz.

Qin Wentian could only use the remaining sword qi and lash out. The energy within the beam of red light weakened after encountering the sword qi and had completely dissipated before it could reach Qin Wentian. Some of the others weren't so fortunate. There were four participants who were struck by that beam of red light.

"Argh!" Miserable agonized cries rang out. Qin Wentian glanced in that direction, only to see the body of one of the four withering up and swiftly turning into ashes.

"NO!" Another person howled. Qin Wentian felt the pressure bearing down on him lighten. And as he stepped upwards, the intensity of the pressure lightened again because of the death of the second participant.

In this way Qin Wentian consecutively advanced four steps upwards. When he stared down at the four victims, a strange scene appeared before his eyes. After their death, four brown-colored poisonous scorpions actually appeared, burrowing out of their bodies.

The survivors all felt their scalps turning numb as they stared at the young man who unleashed that attack.

“Sky Poison Valley, Poison Scorpion.” Lin Xian`er’s countenance changed, feeling waves of fear in her heart as she stared at that venomous young man. She didn’t know the real name of this person, almost no one had seen him before. They only knew that in this generation of disciples from the Sky Poison Valley, there were a few extremely terrifying Heaven Chosen. And as for this man nicknamed ‘Poison Scorpion’, he was the most dangerous of them all.

“Now there’s only six more. Isn’t this much more comfortable?” Poison Scorpion spoke in a clear baritone. They had already arrived at the midpoint of their climb. The illumination from above grew brighter in intensity, causing the eyes of Poison Scorpion to gleam with excitement. They were getting closer and closer to the top of the pagoda, and their target!

Chapter 578: The Battle Intensifies

Translator: Lordbluefire Editor: Lordbluefire

There were only six remaining participants: Qin Wentian, Lou Bingyu, Lin Xian`er, the Saint Child of the Supreme Demon Sect, Poison Scorpion, and the young man clad in luxurious robes.

Qin Wentian gazed intently at Poison Scorpion. As he expected, the ones left remaining were all extremely dangerous characters. The Sky Poison Valley was one of the Nine Great Sects, and since this brown-eyed young man from the Sky Poison Valley was actually powerful enough to make Xian`er’s countenance change, it was obvious that he must have his terrifying points. He had already demonstrated to the remaining survivors how dangerous he was.

Although he only struck out once, it wasn’t in an open and aboveboard manner, but rather through the use of poison. This made him even more fearsome in comparison. As long as one’s cautiousness lapsed even slightly, they might even die without knowing how. Earlier he had struck out and reaped away the lives of four Heaven Chosen effortlessly. If it were anyone else here wanting to eliminate those four, they would surely have had to expend many times more energy and engage in risky combat.

“Indeed, it’s much more comfortable now,” the instant after Poison Scorpion’s voice faded, the young man clad in luxurious robes spoke up. His deep eyes contained traces of a dangerous destructive current. Each of them were silently studying one another to see who were their allies and who were their foes. But to him, all five of them were his enemy.

“I have a suggestion. Why don’t we do this: we will start from one of us and attack only in turns. If it’s one’s turn to attack, none of us can interfere until the weakest link dies or unless the attacker gets tired of attacking before we change the role of the attacker to

another. How about it?" The young man's eyes rested momentarily on Lou Bingyu as he spoke out.

"How can you guarantee everyone will abide by this? What if somebody tries to sabotage this arrangement?" Lin Xian`er replied in a gentle voice while her eyes glanced towards Poison Scorpion who was standing to the side.

"Everyone simply has to be a little more cautious. For example, if I'm the attacker, the instant somebody also attacked, only the two of us would be affected. But the instant I stopped, his attack would affect all of you, so it's best if all of us just keep an eye out or history will repeat and Poison Scorpion will kill even more of us." The luxuriously-clad young man smiled casually as though he didn't mind the risk at all. "But of course, if there are people who don't wish to take on the role of attackers, we can just skip their turn. In that case, for that person, he can just carry on defending throughout."

"I don't really have much of an objection." Poison Scorpion's eyes flashed with light, causing others to coldly laugh in their hearts. Of courses he wouldn't have any objections. If they were talking about sneak attacks, they were basically his speciality. The others wouldn't even have the time to be on guard against him.

"In any case, if we fight using this method, things would be much less chaotic. I have no objections as well." The Saint Child of the Supreme Demon Sect was very confident in his own strength, and so he agreed to this.

"Since you all have already put it this way, Xian`er can only agree. However, if Xian`er is unable to stand up to the barrage of your attacks, I hope that all of you would show mercy and allow Xian`er a chance to live. Even if Xian`er has to give up on this opportunity to obtain the treasure at the top, Xian`er can only blame myself for my incompetence." Lin Xian`er's smiled slightly, causing the hearts of the others to tremble. Truly, even people at their level found it hard to kill a beautiful woman like her.

Lin Xian`er's willingness to show such a weak stance was a little weird. Earlier, other participants died when they were unable to endure the attacks, and no one gave them any chance to run. Lin Xian`er was able to say such a thing because she was a female, so others would pay it little mind. If it was the Saint Child of the Supreme Demon Sect instead, he would never be able to utter such humiliating words.

Qin Wentian laughed, considered agreeing to this in his silence. Lou Bingyu didn't reply either. She was as cold as ever, but she didn't seemed to be disagreeable.

"Since this is the case, let me be the first to take on the role of the attacker," the luxurious-robed young man smiled. After he spoke, his aura blasting out became more and more dangerous. As he lifted his palm, a fiery qi flow filled with overwhelming destructiveness gushed out.

From the perspective of the the others, they all felt his attack instantly hurtling right towards each of them.

Qin Wentian lifted his palms and blasted out, only to see the young man coldly smiling. A surge of blazing fire abruptly erupted around him, and a pair of fiery wings took form behind his back. Terrifying heat waves engulfed the area, and as that young man stabbed out with his finger, Qin Wentian saw a blood-colored phoenix containing boundless might flying out towards him.

Qin Wentian's blood thrummed as a crimson glow towered up into the skies. His body was enveloped in demonic armor as his hand punched out with crushing force, aiming for the blood phoenix. At the instant of collision, he felt his arm tremble violently from the impact.

The cry of the phoenix resounded through the nine heavens as it spat out black colored flame lotuses of destruction that contained a terrifying energy within. Qin Wentian simultaneously slammed out with both his palms as the rumbling might of his attacks tore through space, clashing against the destructive flame lotuses.

And just like what they agreed, the luxurious-robed young man continuously blasted out attacks while the other five defended. However the attacker was only one man, after all, and his attacks couldn't vary when targeting all five of the others. He can only vary his attacks according to one of them. And right now, his target was none other than Lou Bingyu. The young man was constantly adjusting his attacks based on her defense.

This young man was proficient in fire while Lou Bingyu was proficient in ice. Fire and ice was naturally polar opposites, and the combat between them was also the most intense.

This young man was surnamed Li, he was a Heaven Chosen and originated from the Li Clan in the Southern Domain of the Royal Sacred Region. Li Hantian was none other than the elder brother of one of the personal disciples under the Plum Mountain Sword Sovereigness, Li Hanyou. He knew that Lou Bingyu was the senior apprentice sister of his sister, and was more favored by the Sword Sovereigness. Back in Ye, the Plum Mountain Sword Sovereigness forced the Human Emperor Ye Qingyun to dig out the treasure in his flesh to gift to Lou Bingyu, causing the elders of his Li Clan to have no choice but to return in defeat.

Now, since he had met her, Li Hantian wanted to have a showdown with Lou Bingyu to see who was stronger.

"Have you attacked enough?" A cold voice issued from Lou Bingyu's mouth, containing an intense killing intent within that caused others who heard it to involuntarily tremble.

"Even when a beauty is angered, she's also so appealing," Li Hantian teased, causing the coldness radiating from Lou Bingyu to grow even stronger, seemingly enough to freeze the mountains and rivers.

Frost suddenly descended on the area as Lou Bingyu coldly spoke, "Since you wish to battle me, I shall comply."

As the sound of her voice faded, Lou Bingyu stepped out, issuing her own attacks. In that instant, Qin Wentian and the others felt the pressure engulfing them suddenly vanish. They only saw the silvery glow of the pagoda envelope both Lou Bingyu and Li Hantian. The rest of them weren't affected at all.

Evidently, Lou Bingyu was truly incensed. She brandished her sword, causing snow and frost to form, exuding a power so cold that it could freeze everything.

A sword strike birthed a storm of frost and snow, drifting about in an area of a thousand miles. Sword qi danced in the air as the fiery phoenix was frozen solid. Li Hantian's countenance changed drastically. At this moment he actually felt an irresistible might emanating from Lou Bingyu's body. He knew that he had underestimated this woman who was the most favored personal disciple under the Plum Mountain Sword Sovereigness.

Lou Bingyu struck out, the snowflakes drifting in the area all transformed into her sword. The power of this strike was twice as strong as her previous attack. Li Hantian tried to retreat, only to discover that the boundless snows converged together, forming a gigantic frost sword that slashed out towards him at blinding speed. As Li Hantian tried to exit the treasure pagoda, the sword had already split apart his body. The temperature was so cold that when his blood splattered out, it was instantly frozen.

Yet another Heaven Chosen had fallen.

Among the Nine Great Sects, the Battle Sword Sect was the sect known for the strongest individual combat prowess. Although not every disciple was powerful, those elites among the disciples could truly accomplish the feat of suppressing others of the same generation when compared to the disciples of the other great sects. Although Lou Bingyu wasn't as famous as Ji Feixue, who was an era-suppressing genius, just from the brilliance of her sword attack it was evident that she wasn't much weaker than him.

In addition, these people also knew that the treasure which her master, the Plum Mountain Sword Sovereigness, had coerced from the Human Emperor had already melded into her body, serving to augment her strength further.

Lou Bingyu retracted her sword, and stood in her original location. The other participants had vividly seen her fight against Li Hantian. This was the marvelous part of the rules of this pagoda.

There were only five people remaining. All of them ascended another step, nearing the peak of the pagoda. Yet the hearts of everyone weren't at ease at all. They all knew that their remaining opponents were all extremely powerful.

"It's your turn now, Poison Scorpion," the Saint Child of the Supreme Demon Sect spoke. The brown eyes of Poison Scorpion surveyed the crowd before he unleashed his attack. A wave of nauseous wind gusted out, causing Qin Wentian and the rest to instantly halt their breathing. A screen of swords manifested around Qin Wentian, revolving around him protectively, dispersing the poisonous miasma.

The nauseous wind blew stronger and stronger, until it reached a point where the vision of everyone gradually blurred. Qin Wentian frowned as he saw an enormous scorpion king dashing out from the heart of the poisonous miasma, running straight towards him while stabbing out with its stinger .

"Is Poison Scorpion a human or a demon?" the hearts of the others shuddered. A blood-red halberd appeared in Qin Wentian's hand, erupting out towards the stinger of the scorpion. At the instant of impact, the stinger was directly shredded as a burst of blood splattered out, the droplets moving as fast as lightning towards Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian's left palm hurriedly blasted out, disintegrating the blood droplets. However, that scorpion unceasingly closed the distance, stabbing out with its stinger.

This caused Qin Wentian to hesitate slightly, after which a cold light flickered in his eyes as his ancient halberd struck out with indomitable might. Piercing sounds rang out, shattering the scorpion completely as the blood in its body splashed out, transforming into a sea of venomous blood.

Qin Wentian stabbed out with his finger, and instantly a surge of destructive blood-colored light rushed up into the air, devouring the venomous blood that was raining down.

"How dangerous," Qin Wentian silently mused. One must not come in contact with the blood of that poisonous scorpion.

At this moment, a cold light shot over causing Qin Wentian's heart to lurch violently as an intense sense of danger overwhelm him.

"Hehe, it isn't good to do such a thing," a melodious voice rang out as that sense of danger vanished. After which, Qin Wentian saw two silhouettes clashing against each other under the silvery light. The Saint Child of the Supreme Demon Sect tried to launch a sneak attack, but was stopped by Lin Xian`er.

"Back then I had already wanted to spar against Fairy Lin, seems like there's no better time than now," the Saint Child of the Supreme Demon Sect laughed as both of them clashed.

"Hey, me too," another voice rang out as Poison Scorpion joined the fray, blasting out a beam of blood-colored light towards Lin Xian`er.

“Joining hands to bully a weak female like me, this doesn’t seem to match up to the bearing of Heaven Chosen like yourselves.” Lin Xian`er’s eyes flashed. She prepared to leave the battlefield, yet she promptly discovered that she had no way to break off from the combat. It was as though the moment one started, one would not be able to exit voluntarily until someone died.

Chapter 579: Double Kill

Translator: Lordbluefire Editor: Lordbluefire

As Lin Xian`er gently spoke, her white-jade skin seemed as though it was possible for water to be wrung out of it. Her soul-stirring countenance, although it wasn’t seductive, it was sufficient to enter deep in the hearts of others and cause a desire to protect her to spring forth. At the same time, it would also rouse those who had intense lust; the more weak and fragile she appeared to be, the more they wanted to ravage her completely.

Right now, such a notion had flashed through the Saint Child’s mind. Previously, Lin Xian`er had humiliated him. He had then made a vow that one day he would press this woman beneath him. Forcing this number one beauty under the heavens into submission. By then, what sort of expression would her soul-stirring countenance have?

“Fairy Lin is a weak lady? Back then in the Immortal Ripple Pavilion, Fairy Lin was so dominant for the sake of a guy, and even invited him solely into the pavilion for a meeting with you. I wonder if he made love to Fairy Lin that night?” The eyes of the Saint Child stared right at Lin Xian`er, with not a glance at Qin Wentian who was standing to the side. It was as though the person he was talking about didn’t have any relation with Qin Wentian in the slightest. “If he is unable to satisfy you, I’m naturally more than willing to show Fairy Lin how to feel good.”

“Have you even asked my opinion yet?” The brown eyes of Poison Scorpion flashed with a drooling expression. Such a beautiful woman, even if it was him, he couldn’t help but feel his soul stirring at the prospect of gaining her.

“Don’t kill her, just cripple her cultivation base. As to who is the one who can ravage her, that would depend on who between the two of us would be able to become the person who ascends the pagoda,” the Saint Child of the Supreme Demon Sect spoke. Both of them locked their gazes, their sinister eyes flickered with a mutual understanding.

Upon hearing their words, Lin Xian`er’s self-restraint finally broke. Waves of coldness radiated from her, her complexion resembled snow. Both her beautiful eyes were as sharp as blades, yet this expression on her face caused the nefarious light in the eyes of Poison Scorpion and the Saint Child to gleam even brighter.

A bright light flashed as her astral novas were unleashed. Lin Xian`er's illusion clones appeared, causing this entire space to transform into a grand illusion-scape. Her fingers were strumming on the strings of an ancient zither, creating musical notes of attack that directly blasted onto the Saint Child's and Poison Scorpion's bodies. Under the onslaught of attacks, they had no choice but to halt their steps as their expressions grew heavy.

"Fairy Lin is angered," the Saint Child of the Supreme Demon Sect icily snarled. The music of Lin Xian`er was able to attack his soul directly. It was an extremely uncomfortable feeling.

Lin Xian`er didn't say anything, and at this instant, Qin Wentian clearly saw her eyes turning in his direction. Although no words were spoken, that soul-stirring eyes actually caused Qin Wentian to be seized by an impulse to enter combat to aid her.

However, Qin Wentian didn't do so.

Poison Scorpion was exceedingly powerful. Although his attacks couldn't be considered tyrannical, they were extremely crafty and tough to deal with, even more dangerous than tyrannical brute force attacks. A single drop of his blood was sufficient to kill others.

In contrast, the attacks of the Saint Child from the Supreme Demon Sect were filled with overwhelming strength. Demonic qi towered up the skies and every strike he unleashed could shake the heavens and vibrate the earth.

They were powerful, but Lin Xian`er wasn't a weakling either. Her silhouette turned blurry and faded away, the illusion-scape was so powerful that her opponents weren't able to tell her true location. Although her individual attacks weren't that powerful, when the sound of music filled the air, both the Saint Child and Poison Scorpion felt extremely unbearable as their combat strength was severely affected.

"There are hints of soul-attack contained within her music," Qin Wentian silently mused. When this soul-stirring woman was angered, even outstanding characters such as Poison Scorpion of Sky Poison Valley and the Saint Child of Supreme Demon Sect weren't able to do anything during a short period of time. On the contrary, they were being pressured into an extremely miserable state.

"When your master transplanted a treasure that belonged to others into your body, didn't you feel that that treasure was still stained with the blood of its previous owner?" Qin Wentian slowly asked.

Lou Bingyu, who was near him, still exuded that lofty and cold aura from before. As she heard Qin Wentian's words, she merely coldly replied, "You walking up to here, how much blood have your hands been stained by?"

“Earlier when the two of them spoke those humiliating words, I could see killing intent flashing through your eyes. You are not as calm and cold as you appear to be.” Qin Wentian didn’t reply to her words and shifted topics. Lou Bingyu’s brow was fiercely furrowed. In fact, she didn’t need to care about Qin Wentian’s words. Her personality was as tough as steel, and when her master obtained the treasure from the Human Emperor and gave it to her, she promised her master that she would definitely make it so that her performance would outshine Ji Feixue, Sword Sovereign Ling Tian’s personal disciple.

Only then would her master be able to stand up tall before her senior, Sword Sovereign Ling Tian. When she thought of that lonely and proud silhouette of her master, Lou Bingyu clenched her fists tightly. She told herself she must never let down the expectations her master had of her, she must never make it so that her master would lose face in front of a man. Even if that man was the sect leader of the Battle Sword Sect, Sword Sovereign Ling Tian.

However, this was young man who had comprehended fourteen sword strikes when he first entered the Battle Sword Sect. His words were filled with an overwhelming strength. This was cause enough for Lou Bingyu to acknowledge his existence. By right, this fiendishly handsome young man should refer to her as senior apprentice sister, considering her seniority in the sect. And although he was standing there quietly just like her, she could feel that he was brimming with confidence in his own abilities.

“What about you? You are already acquainted with her. She calls you Sir Qin, but you refer to her directly by her name, Xian`er. Right now your heart is as hard as stone, standing here talking to me instead of aiding her? Could it be accurate to say that what you presented before was just an act, and you are in fact, a cold-blooded man?” Lou Bingyu’s voice seemed to contain hints of an icy fury so cold that it had the power to freeze others.

Qin Wentian had a revelation when he heard the way she spoke. It was as though she didn’t have an enmity towards him alone, but rather, she hated men entirely as a whole. He couldn’t help but feel strange in his heart. Could it be that this Lou Bingyu was once spurned by a man before?

Lou Bingyu’s temperament was simply too cold, just like ice and snow. But looking at her profile, Qin Wentian could see that she should still be quite young. And considering her level of strength at such a age, it didn’t seem likely for her to have been bullied by a man.

Right now, Qin Wentian couldn’t help but to think of her master, the Plum Mountain Sword Sovereigness. Or maybe, she had been led astray by that old witch?

“The Plum Mountain Sword Sovereigness was bullied by a man before?” Qin Wentian casually asked, yet his words caused the coldness radiating from Lou Bingyu to increase by several folds.

“You dared to insult my master?!”

“That old witch forced my foster father to dig his own flesh out for that treasure. Just a single sentence from me can be considered an insult? Now the treasure has already fused with you, granting you an augmentation in your strength. But have you once thought about if I defeat you, what you would do?” Qin Wentian just as coldly shot back. Both of them were equally proud.

Lou Bingyu turned and looked at Qin Wentian, that loftiness and arrogance in her cold eyes brimmed with an immense self-confidence, “I’ve never thought about it, because the final victor would definitely be me.”

Qin Wentian turned and stared straight back at her, their gazes colliding in mid-air. Lou Bingyu only saw a casual smile that contained hints of arrogance on the face of the fiendishly handsome young man as he replied, “Let’s wait and see.”

As the sound of his voice faded, Qin Wentian dashed out, joining the combat. Lin Xian`er had been pressured to an extremely miserable state by the Saint Child and Poison Scorpion.

Hints of victory flashed in the eyes of Poison Scorpion and the Saint Child as they continuously advanced on Lin Xian`er. By now, both of them had truly been angered. Her strength far exceeded their expectations, and she had even injured their souls, causing them to be in endless agony. They planned to first strip her of her cultivation before recuperating and slowly ravage her to her death. Only then would the anger and lust in their hearts ease up.

Right at that instant, an intense sense of danger descended. Poison Scorpion and the Saint Child turned simultaneously and saw Qin Wentian’s silhouette transformed into a series of shadows as he struck out towards them with his arms. Strangely enough, he didn’t seem to be intending to use any weapon.

Poison Scorpion smiled malevolently as he sent out a palm shimmering with blood-red light, grabbing towards Qin Wentian. As long as this attack came into contact with Qin Wentian, he would die without a doubt.

“Mhm...Huh?” At that moment, Poison Scorpion felt a great shock in his heart. Even before he could react, blood splashed out from his throat as his sea of consciousness was painted blood-red. The next moment, his throat was cleanly penetrated through by a halberd that appeared soundlessly and without presence via Breaking Through the Void.

At the same time, Qin Wentian’s left palm wasn’t idle. A stream of terrifying palm imprints blasted out towards the Saint Child of the Supreme Demon Sect. Although the Saint Child was strong, this attack still caused the circulation of blood and qi in his body to go awry as he was forced backwards.

Endless musical notes transformed into indomitable sharp killing weapons that directly penetrated into the head of the Saint Child. Fresh blood gushed out, the Saint Child of the Supreme Demon Sect couldn't believe that he was about to die. His eyes stared death Qin Wentian, only to see that fiendishly handsome young man staring back at him with a smile on his face, mocking him for his arrogance back then as he perished.

The ice-sealed heart of Lou Bingyu couldn't help but tremble upon seeing this scene. Her clear eyes flashed with a dazzling light. The instant Qin Wentian acted, he directly succeeded in killing two powerful Heaven Chosen. She naturally could see how precisely Qin Wentian grasped the timing, which in turn led to the opportunity for him to kill the two of them.

So it turns out that it wasn't that he didn't want to act. Rather, it was him trying to find an opportunity to deal a critical strike, getting rid of both enemies with a single strike.

However very swiftly, Lou Bingyu's appearance returned to its normal iciness. Even so, Qin Wentian wouldn't be able to block her path. Nobody could block her from advancing, nobody could block her from surpassing the most dazzling figure in Heavenly Dipper of the Battle Sword Sect, Ji Feixue.

Lin Xian'er stared at Qin Wentian. She lowered her head before inclining it again, as a bright light flashed past those beautiful, world-mesmerizing eyes of hers. This seemingly ordinary young man in front of her was very quiet, yet what pride and what wild ambitions lay in that heart of his?

"When I saw that you didn't move to help earlier, Xian'er truly felt more than a little disappointed," Lin Xian'er gently stated. When Qin Wentian merely watched on the side as a spectator, although Lin Xian'er didn't say anything, she understood that since they were contenders, they each have their own agendas. If she failed, wasn't this a good thing to Qin Wentian? After all, he would face one less powerful opponent. Despite understanding that this was extremely logical behavior, she still couldn't help but feel a trace of disappointment.

"Only by saving a damsel in distress at the most crucial moment would the hero be able to move her heart. Isn't this especially so for a woman as beautiful as Xian'er?" Qin Wentian shrugged as he jokingly replied.

Such words from Qin Wentian caused Lin Xian'er to be totally taken aback. She stared at that smiling young man and as she heard the joking tone in his voice, she finally couldn't hold it in anymore. The sound of a musical laughter filled the air. She was actually teased by a man! At this moment, a notion involuntarily flashed past her heart; she truly wanted to know what Qin Wentian was thinking about at this moment!

A beautiful smile lit up Lin Xian'er's face, causing Qin Wentian to involuntarily slip into a daze. Both of them didn't seem to be like enemies at all.

"I concede!" A melodious voice rang out in the air. Lin Xian`er smiled shyly and turned around, her words causing Qin Wentian to stand there stunned.

"I'll take back my words. How can a person like Sir Qin ever be underneath the eight absolute era-suppressing geniuses?" Lin Xian`er's melodious voice drifted over in an elegant manner. After which, she truly walked away, exiting the path of the pagoda, leaving Qin Wentian there standing dumbstruck!

Chapter 580: Winter Plum Flower Standing Proud in the Snow

Translator: Lordbluefire Editor: Lordbluefire

Lin Xian`er's decision caused Qin Wentian to be taken aback. After all, Qin Wentian knew very well how strong she was. She could even hold her own when facing joint attacks by Poison Scorpion and the Saint Child of the Supreme Demon Sect, and even injuring them. It was evident she was by far many times stronger than the weak woman she appeared to be.

Qin Wentian also understood Lin Xian`er. Her heart was higher than the heavens, and the pride she had in her strength wasn't any less than that of other Heaven Chosen. Yet she actually chose to give up at this moment?

Travelling all the way to the Immortal Martial Realm, how could there be unambitious people? Although the true contest of the Immortal Martial Realm would be fought by those whose strength was at the very peak, every single participant who dared to step foot inside here representing this generation had something that set them apart from others their age. They were the future of the Royal Sacred Region and were destined to grow into something great if they survived, even qualifying to contend for this world.

Thus, there was nobody that would willingly give up even if they failed in any of the tests. They didn't know how it would affect their future, and everyone was very clear that if they really sought to become the most dazzling character in their generation, they couldn't afford to lose even for a single time.

Qin Wentian glanced at her moving smile as he suddenly thought of that night again. Back then, Lin Xian`er's eyes flashed with a brilliant glow when she spoke of the eight era-suppressing geniuses, saying that they were characters that were even more outstanding than Qin Wentian. Now, she most likely had already ranked Qin Wentian on the same level as those eight absolute geniuses, despite his current cultivation base being lacking.

Nodding his head to Lin Xian`er, Qin Wentian shifted his glance back to the remaining participant, Lou Bingyu.

Lou Bingyu was also staring at him. Those cold eyes of hers flickered with a resolute conviction. That was the conviction of victory, her lips moved as she stated icily, "You won't be able to defeat me. On account that we are both from the same sect, I don't wish to injure you. Just leave here."

Staring at Lou Bingyu's countenance, the long eye lashes augmented the beauty of her cold eyes. Qin Wentian was thinking that if it wasn't for Lou Bingyu having such a cold temperament, she would also be considered an empire-toppling existence. The coldness she exuded seemed to be carved into her bones, allowing no one to get near. Even standing right in front of her would cause one to feel that she was far away and out of their reach.

Lou Bingyu's words caused Qin Wentian to be slightly startled. Seems like he was right about her. Although she seemed so distant and cold, her inner heart wasn't a block of ice. When contending against each other in the Immortal Martial Realm, things like being in the same sect could be disregarded completely. Since all were Heaven Chosen, how could one expect the other to give up simply because of being in the same sect? Would people freely hand over the glory to another?

This was also the reason why that expert from the Battle Sword Sect acted against Qin Wentian in the previous test. Maybe if they were facing against external enemies, the thin line that was known as 'being in the same sect' would bind them together, allowing them to fight for the glory of their sect. But in the Immortal Martial Realm, everyone was an enemy.

Lou Bingyu would never give up. Neither would Qin Wentian.

However, wasn't this ice-cold woman a little too confident in herself?

"Let's fight then." Qin Wentian held a blood-colored ancient halberd in his hands. The instant his voice faded, snow in the area started to dance about, causing the temperature of this space to fall tremendously. Lou Bingyu quietly stood there, in the midst of the snow.

The drifting snowflakes contained an intense coldness in them, along with a bone-piercing sharpness. The instant they landed on Qin Wentian, each of the flakes felt akin to sharp blades wanting to slash apart his skin.

"Ji Feixue's Flying Snow Swordplay. But when I'm the one executing it, my might isn't any weaker compared to him," Lou Bingyu stated. She seemed as cold as ever, and from her words, Qin Wentian could feel her desire to contend against Ji Feixue, wanting nothing more than to surpass him.

As one of the era-suppressing geniuses, there was no need to doubt Ji Feixue's status in the Battle Sword Sect. He was one of the most dazzling existences in Heavenly Dipper. Even if there were other outstanding talents in the Battle Sword Sect, they were

all eclipsed by his brilliance. Lou Bingyu, a personal disciple under the Plum Mountain Sword Sovereigness, should probably be one of these other outstanding talents.

The sword intent in the snow got increasingly more powerful, to the extent where it could even slice a human in twain. Qin Wentian's blood thrummed with power as his body was enveloped in armor. His entire being became incomparably demonic as the loftiness and pride in his eyes thickened. Staring at Lou Bingyu, the ancient halberd in his hands began gleaming with terrifying blood-red astral light.

Right now, Qin Wentian felt extremely cold. When the Mandate of Icesnow at the perfection boundary of the second level landed on his body, even though Qin Wentian's bloodline power was strong and he was protectively enveloped by demonic qi, he still felt a bone-piercing chill permeating his body. Not only that, this coldness also contained a sharpness to it.

Bzz!

The sound of her sword might angrily whistled through the air. In this world of snow, Lou Bingyu stood there with her hand on the hilt of the sword, adopting a dominant posture.

The intensity of her show of force got stronger and stronger.

BOOM!

Qin Wentian stepped out as his King Sword astral nova lashed out, instantly causing his own sword might to engulf the area, breaking Lou Bingyu's dominance. His silhouette flickered as he turned into a blurry shadow dashing towards her with his ancient halberd seeking to pierce through her head.

Her sword hummed, Lou Bingyu drew her weapon. The cold light reflecting from her sword shone on Qin Wentian's face, and just that mere reflection was extremely cold due to being imbued with the will from her Mandate. Qin Wentian shifted his ancient halberd slightly, using its body to block the light and then he lashed out directly at her sword as an overwhelming might directly shattered the reflection. After all, Qin Wentian's own attacks were infused with the will of his Mandates, and were extremely tyrannical.

But things weren't at an end yet. The shattered pieces of the sword transformed into beams of cold light that erupted towards Qin Wentian.

A raging wind gusted by, Qin Wentian evaded by moving sideways, only to see a surge of snow blowing past him as the sword qi from Lou Bingyu instantly concentrated into the form of a sword, slashing towards him. The drifting snow filled the skies as it then transformed into a sword art that utilized coldness with the power to sweep over everything blocking its path.

Back on the ground, Lin Xian`er was paying attention to the battle above. Upon seeing how profound Lou Bingyu's sword art was, her heart couldn't help but tremble. The cold beam from that sword left behind arcs of white in the air, displaying redoubtable power.

Astral energy gushed out from Qin Wentian. He lifted his halberd and struck out in an extremely natural and carefree manner, making it appear as simple as moving his hands. Qin Wentian had undergone countless hours of training and right now, his halberd could already be considered an extension of his body.

BANG!

Destructive energy erupted forth, colliding together with the white beams. Shockwaves born from the impact rocked and ravaged the area as the cold beam was splintered into two halves which shot past either side of him. His robes were torn from the sharpness of the attack as his body felt a bone-chilling cold.

But this was merely Lou Bingyu's beginning attack. After blocking this, Qin Wentian saw Lou Bingyu moving towards him, piercing out simply with no fanfare right for him. Her sword arts were as cold as her temperament and had reached such a level where the instant she attacked, others would feel waves of coldness bombarding their bodies, slowing them down as her sword claimed their lives.

The frost and snow in this area transformed into a gigantic winter plum flower. This winter plum flower, appearing both beautiful and demonic, blossomed as it flew over, seeking to devour Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian's left palm had long been accumulating energy. A single palm strike was akin to the force of a mad cyclone and torrential waves gushing out. It seemed as though there were hundreds of thousands of palm imprints concentrated into one; it whistled through the air producing a terrifying sound and slammed right into the middle of the frozen flower, causing both to be destroyed together.

Although the winter plum flower was destroyed, its petals were still dancing about in the wind. The coldness and sharpness of the petals remained unaffected.

In the midst of the drifting snow and petals, a ray of cold light appeared, shooting directly towards Qin Wentian's throat and moving so quickly that he only had time to take half a step back. The wound on his throat leaked blood which froze instantly in the chilly air.

It was as though he predicted her attack, his ancient halberd once again collided against the ray as both fighters were forced simultaneously backwards. .

Lou Bingyu stood there, radiating a coldness which was causing this entire space to turn into a world of ice and snow. The temperature dipped even lower and lower.

“Are you really unwilling to give up?” Lou Bingyu stared at Qin Wentian as she coldly asked. “The next attack might really claim your life.”

“If you can kill me, I have no complaints.” Qin Wentian was as calm as ever. He nodded his head, after which she swung out with her sword. That casual sword slashed out a wave of coldness that was infused with the speed and laceration effect of the wind.

Qin Wentian’s ancient halberd disappeared. Both his palms accumulated might. He lifted and blasted forth a palm strike, shattering the sword attack.

Upon which Lou Bingyu’s sword art was completely unleashed.

Lin Xian`er stood on the ground and silently watched the unfolding battle. Lou Binyu slashed out sword attack after sword attack and each of her sword attacks were as cold and elegant as herself. She was extremely calm, her sword was a part of the frost and snow that filled the world, swirling up together in a dance capable of conquering everything, there wasn’t a place where her attacks couldn’t reach. Staring at her swordplay, Lin Xian`er’s eyes shone with admiration. Such a beautiful and elegant woman should be even more dazzling than what she was now. Unfortunately, Lin Xian`er couldn’t help but wonder if Lou Bingyu’s personality was also influenced under the guidance of that obstinate old woman, Plum Mountain Sword Sovereigness, so much that it turned towards another extreme.

Qin Wentian also went all out, the blood in his body seethed and surged as demonic qi towered up into the sky. Both his palms madly slammed out, covering the entire space with a countless number of palm imprints, each leaving a mark in the sky.

The endless swirling sword qi clashed repeatedly in the air against the palm imprints. Lou Bingyu danced in an intricate manner amongst the snow and sword beams. Right at that moment, an explosive blast sounded out from the void. Her countenance drastically changed, and she retreated rapidly while exuding a terrifying, indomitable aura.

Whistling sounds echoed out, the glow from an axe could be seen erupting out from her, joining together with her sword qi before slashing downwards, splitting apart the nihility palm imprints which originated from the void.

This Grand Nihility Palm Imprint was simply too overpowered. It wasn’t just because its attacking strength was tyrannical, its concealment was top-notch as well. The instant it appeared could mean the instant you died, there was no way to prepare a defense against it at all. Simply too terrifying!

Bzz!

Bathed in the glow of the axe-light, Lou Bingyu brandished her sword again. The might of her swordplay instantly skyrocketed explosively, exuding an even sharper and more

terrifying aura. This caused the beautiful eyes of Lin Xian`er to glaze over for an instant. This should be the Human Emperor's treasure. Earlier Lou Bingyu and Qin Wentian were evenly matched, and now that Lou Bingyu activated the treasure, it was definitely extremely detrimental to Qin Wentian.

And as expected, the resulting sword slash of Lou Bingyu slashed apart the tyrannical palm imprints and shot towards Qin Wentian.

BOOM!

A fearsome drum reverberation echoed out, thrumming together with heaven and earth. Qin Wentian's entire body was surrounded by battle drums. His eyes were shining with a pride of his own as he stared at Lou Bingyu while floating in the air. It was as though in this world, he would soon be the only one remaining.

BOOM, BOOM!

Two more reverberations vibrated the entire space, after which Lou Bingyu only felt a surge of nirvanic might gushing down on her. The frost and snow danced about, accompanying her sword as she slashed out; yet the instant her sword light fired off, an almighty gargantuan palm imprint manifested, crushing down on her.

Lou Bingyu continued retreating backwards amidst the sounds of endless pounding drums. The unending streams of palm imprints seemed ready to bury the entire sky. They were all glowing with the dark-red color of blood, dying the entire frost and snow in this world crimson.

The gaze of that ravishing maiden was still as cold, as clear, as lonely and as prideful as ever. She was like a winter plum blossom, standing tall and proud in the snow despite the cold and ice. Only death itself would cause her to wilt! The fresh blood in the snow only increased the most solemn and touching aspects of this proud plum flower!