

Ancient GM 58

Chapter 58

AGM 0058 – The Eve Before the Battle

The Emperor Star Academy contained many places that allowed the students to cultivate, as well as arenas designated for sparring. Even so, the students preferred going to Dreamsky Forest as it was more exciting there, and they could go all out, unleashing their full strength without considerations.

Unlike his peers, however, Qin Wentian did not seek to enter the Dreamsky Forest. He instead chose to cultivate within his own dreamscape instead.

At this moment, inside a vast, spacious landscape, Qin Wentian standing alone, relentlessly cultivating his palm imprints.

“The Diamond Imprint draws an emphasize on hardness and ferocity; the way of the hegemon. Tyrannical beyond comparison, it’s capable of conquering every obstacle in it’s path. The Revolving Sea Imprint, on the other hand, forms a complete, harmonious cycle where hardness intermingled with softness, akin to the calm waters of a flowing creek and the raging torrents of a tsunami. It is a concept whereby the aspect of softness can be found integrated in hard attacks, and vice versa.”

Qin Wentian mumbled to himself as he sent out palm after palm, yet he was still unable to grasp the essence behind the Revolving Sea Imprint.

“It’s a pity that I have yet to break through to the Creation Dream State. If this weren’t the case, I could create an ocean within my dreamscape to aid in my comprehension of the Revolving Sea Imprint.”

Qin Wentian immersed himself in experimentation within his dream-state, sending out palms after palms while pondering about the Revolving Sea Imprint’s essence. It was unknown exactly how many palm strikes he sent out, when suddenly, “Pa!” A sound rang out, causing Qin Wentian’s eyes to glitter.

“Revolution! Cycle after cycle, it’s the same concept as the Arterial Circulation Pathway. One start off the cycle with softness and revolves the energy until it reaches a pinnacle. The concentrated might then explodes forth in an instant, displaying extreme, overbearing power.”

Qin Wentian's eyes sparkled as he drew in a deep breath, sending out even more palm strikes. This time around, the speed of his palm strikes were extremely slow, and yet they were still capable of producing wind. His palms even gave Qin Wentian the sensation that the palm imprints were in superposition, stacking themselves into many layers.

“Softness, this must be the concept of softness.”

“Right, this is the sensation. The raging torrents of a tsunami superimpose with each other before reaching a crescendo as they erupt forth with the might of the combined waves.”

The corners of Qin Wentian's mouth curled into a smile. Finally, he comprehended the insights of the Revolving Sea Imprints. Now, even without the aid of Astral Energy supporting him, each palm strike of was comparable to the overflowing torrents of ocean waves. Emitting a terrifying crashing sound, they were like the waves of a tsunami crashing against the shoreline.

After he practiced the Revolving Sea Imprint to the point of mastery, Qin Wentian, extend his consciousness within the dreamscape, attempting to connect with the tiny astral-being. These past few days, because he had an abundance of Yuan Meteor Stones at hand, Qin Wentian frequently attempted to peek into the memories of the tiny astral-being while in his dream state.

However, he gradually realised that it didn't require that much Astral Energy if he merely wanted his consciousness to enter the tiny astral-being. The tiny astral-being contained a space as vast as the galaxy. Within that inner space, there were countless memory fragments, floating about in that starry sky. Each and every memory fragment within that inner space had the ability to absorb Astral Energy and would require a colossal amount of Astral Energy before they could be activated.

This transformation caused Qin Wentian to be astounded. The tiny astral-being still possessed secrets that he's not aware of.

Naturally, Qin Wentian did not try to force his consciousness into the astral-being but instead, he followed the same method by which he originally awaken the astral-being. Outside the dreamstate, his real body used the Astral Energy in his body, the Astral Qi absorbed from the Heavenly Layers, and the Astral Energy within his Yuan Meteor Stones to activate the tiny astral-being. However, the astral-being currently, was akin to a bottomless pit. It is simple if he wanted to extend his consciousness and enter the inner space, but if he wanted to activate the astral-being from the outside, he would need to exhaust an astronomical amount of Yuan Meteor Stones, causing Qin Wentian to be under tremendous pressure. His entire fortune may not even be enough to sustain the astral-being's absorption rate.

“Let’s take a look at what memories this fragment contained.” In his dreamscape, Qin Wentian caused Astral Energy to flow into the boundless astral sea within the tiny astral-being’s inner space. The Astral Energy was guided by the slightest intention of his will to a memory fragment in the boundless astral sea.

Naturally, the prerequisite was that in real life, Qin Wentian had to use the Astral Energy within his body or depend on Yuan Meteor Stones before he could direct the Astral Energy within his dreamscape. Cultivating inside his dream, Qin Wentian was unable to create reality from nothing. At least, not currently while his cultivation of the Dreamcast Art was still at the Shallow Dream State.

Gradually, the astral memory fragment began to glow with light, growing increasingly brighter as the Astral Energy flowed into it.

Finally, a ray of light flickered as a surge of memories entered Qin Wentian, resulting in his mind trembling from the influx of new memories before he was forcibly ejected from his dreamscape.

Shaking his head to re-orientate himself, Qin Wentian closed his eyes again, as he tried to make sense of the new memories embedded within his sea of consciousness.

His experience was similar to the recent memories he unlocked, just like when he saw the scene of the Qin Heavenly Divine Sect. What he saw now was an image-based memory, rather than a text-based one.

Cultivation arts, innate techniques etc, they were all text-based memories. Meanwhile, the grand battle that Qin Wentian witnessed previously in his memories, in the Qin Heavenly Divine Sect, was an image-based memory!

In the scene unfolding before him, he saw an empire. An extremely powerful and vast empire. In the empire, the Royal Palace radiated an aura of extremely domineering might and had a height that ascended to the heavens. Just this Royal Palace alone was bigger than the entirety of Sky Harmony City. Within the palace, experts were as common as the floating clouds.

In front of this empire’s might, the Chu Country was merely an ant that could be squashed flat with a single finger. This was the sensation Qin Wentian felt when he looked at the empire’s awe-inspiring sight.

Qin Wentian once again saw the figure of the middle-aged man from the previous memory he unlocked. Standing on the Sky-Reaching Pillar outside the Royal Palace, his proud smile seemed to disdain even the heavens. With a wave of his hands, he destroyed the heavens and earth, pushing the entire empire into turmoil. In the scene, a world-shaking ravishing woman appeared, but she was directly knocked aside by the middle-aged man. For those who dared to block him, whether gods or devils, they were slayed immediately without the slightest bit of mercy.

This seemed to prove a saying that Qin Wentian once heard: when the power of a cultivator reached a certain level, just his strength alone could be considered equivalent to the power wielded by an entire empire.

In the boundless space of Heavens and Earth, I am free to do as I want. I am the Heavens. I am the Law.

When Qin Wentian exited from that memory, his feelings were turbulent, unable to calm down. So strong, too strong. Compared to that empire, the Great Chu could only be considered a small country. The middle-aged man could annihilate the whole of the Chu Country just by stamping his foot.

“No wonder Uncle Black told me that this is a cultivation-oriented world. Sky Harmony City was too small, and so is the Chu Country.” Qin Wentian deeply sucked in a huge breath, his heart palpitating wildly. But in his heart, he too understood. Although from a greater perspective, the Chu Country could not be considered anything, the current him could also not be considered anything within the Chu Country. If he wanted to become overwhelmingly strong, he had to proceed slowly and carefully, attaining strength step by step. He shouldn’t be too ambitious and bite off more than he could chew.

“Damn old fogey, who exactly were you? The tiny astral-being that you left behind for me, what is it?”

Lifting his head as he gazed at the starry skies, Qin Wentian was once again reminded of that middle-aged man. Could the middle-aged man have been the damn old fogey?

If the middle-aged man is my dad, then did he really pass away?

“Hu……” Qin Wentian spat out a mouthful of stale air as he silently stated in his heart. “If I activate the tiny astral-being again, what surprises will it give me?”

Qin Wentian was tempted to activate the astral-being once more. However, the day of the competition was approaching, making it more important to refine all the Astral Energy in his body into Divine Yuan Energy. This process would similarly required a vast amount of Yuan Meteor Stones.

“Although cultivation is hard, cultivating a tyrannical, peak-tier technique is harder. Not only must it depend on one’s talent, one would also need an astronomical amount of cultivation resources to support themselves.” Qin Wentian silently mumbled. He was contemplating whether he should he forge even more Divine Weapons to sell for more Yuan Meteor Stones within this period of time.

The Spirit Refinement Method involved the use of Divine Imprints to refine Astral Energy. The ‘Great Perfection’ state of the first level would be achieved when one could instantly refine and compact a huge amount of Astral Energy into a Divine Imprint while cultivating according to the Spirit Refinement Method, thus converting it to Divine Energy. In the future, his comprehension regarding divine imprints would only grow stronger and stronger.

Time flowed by, and Qin Wentian focused all his attention on his refinement of Divine Energy. Moreover, after he formed Divine Energy in his body, he would flow the Divine Energy through his circular arterial pathway, sending the energy to temper every part of his body. After attending Elder Rain’s lecture, Qin Wentian had gained some insights and knowledge that he could apply into his cultivation.

If this persisted for one or two cycles, there wouldn’t be much change. However, Qin Wentian continued and persisted for a 100 cycles, eventually moving towards a 1,000 cycles, and gradually, he began to discover some changes in his body.

Not only was Qin Wentian relentlessly pursuing greater heights in his cultivation, Fan Le, was working hard as well. To him, this battle was of paramount importance. He would never forget the brutal baptism he tasted in the Dreamsky Forest. Even though Fatty didn’t put his emotions into words, Qin Wentian understood the pain in his friend’s heart.

Every time he thought of how Fan Le had suffered back in the dreamscape, the involuntarily trembling of his body after getting pierced through by spears, killing intent would surged wildly in Qin Wentian’s heart. This debt could only be repaid by spilling fresh blood.

While Qin Wentian and Fan Le were busy cultivating, in the Knight’s Association, Murong Feng and Du Hao had not chosen remain idle either.

Ever since Qin Wentian killed Orfon and displayed his talent on the arena, Orchon knew that the person he had once despised, this ant-like existence, had already started to pose a threat to him. It wouldn't be that simple if he wanted to eradicate Qin Wentian. Now that there was such a good opportunity, how could he forsake it?

On the training grounds, Murong Feng and Du Hao took turns sparring against the other strong cultivators of the Knight's Association. Their attacks were all extremely ruthless and violent.

“There's no mistake about it. Murong Feng is a genius found only once in a century. The Spatialrend Fist is extremely violent in nature, capable of tearing apart meridians and energy channels, and just like the Thousand Hand Imprint, it is also an earth-grade, mid-tier innate technique. The only difference is that although it does not have numbered stances, the deeper one's comprehension is, the greater the destructive strength one would be able to unleash.” Standing beside Orchon, a member of the Knight's Association coldly laughed.

Orchon's expression remained calm, but in the depths of his eyes, an extreme coldness could be seen. This Spatialrend Fist was an innate technique he had specially prepared for Qin Wentian, and both Murong Feng and Du Hao were cultivating it. The moves and stances from the Spatialrend Fist were all extremely vicious; its main purpose was to sever the energy channels and meridians of their opponents, thereby crippling their cultivation.

Murong Feng's cultivation level was much higher when compared to Qin Wentian's. Not only that, after mastering such a ruthless and vicious innate technique, the Spatialrend Fist, it was practically a guarantee that Murong Feng would completely suppress Qin Wentian.

“This is still not insufficient. To play it safe, I will prepare an additional trump card for Murong Feng. Qin Wentian, Fan Le, both you better be prepared to live out the rest of your lives as cripples.” Orchon started laughing manically. This victory was almost 100% assured.