

Ancient GM 59

Chapter 59

AGM 0059 – Attention-Attracting Battle

Today, the arena of the Emperor Star Academy was swamped with crowds of people. Amongst these people were two groups that were especially eye-catching. As they stood close to the arena, both of the groups stared daggers at each other, adopting aggressive postures.

They were none other than the Knight's Association and the Greencloud Association. They were gathered here because today was the predetermined day of their battle.

Murong Feng and Du Hao had both arrived. They'd already joined the Knight's Association, and had officially become part of their members.

"They're not here yet?" Murong Feng slowly walked up to the arena with both his hands clasped behind his back. Du Hao followed closely behind.

Although he was only 16, Murong Feng already possessed hints of a strong expert with his mannerisms. Standing atop the arena, he gave off the pressure of a large, unsurmountable mountain.

He was 16 years old, possessed two Astral Souls, and was at the 4th level of Arterial Circulation; Murong Feng was number one amongst the new batch of students in the Emperor Star Academy. His accomplishments were so numerous that they seemed to surround him with a radiant and resplendent halo.

"Murong Feng looks extremely confident in himself." People in the crowd murmured.

"Qin Wentian is here." At this moment, not far away, several figures were approaching their direction. The ones in the lead were none other than Qin Wentian and Fan Le, who directly walked towards the members of the Greencloud Association, coming to stand beside Luo Huan.

"Senior Sister." Qin Wentian smiled.

"Are you confident?" Luo Huan arched her brows as she smiled, causing the heartbeats of those around her to race.

“I’ll try my best.” Qin Wentian laughed. Although he was modest with his words, in his heart, Qin Wentian held a certain degree of confidence.

“I’m looking forward to it. Do your best!” Luo Huan smiled. Qin Wentian and Fan Le both walked up the arena, as they cast their gazes forward onto the two silhouettes that were already atop the stage.

As he saw Qin Wentian and Fan Le approaching, Murong Feng indifferently asked, “Since this is a battle, there are bound to be injuries. What happens if I accidentally miscalculate my strength and injure both of you?”

Both Qin Wentian and Fan Le’s eyes narrowed. This Murong Feng truly seemed confident in himself.

“You should worry about yourself,” Qin Wentian replied.

“What? What did you say? Did I hear it incorrectly?” Murong Feng burst out into laughter. “If you injure me, rest assured, I won’t allow the academy to find fault with you. If i’m injured by you, just treat it as if I was incompetent.”

“The same goes for me. If I’m defeated, I won’t even mind if you want me to die. But what about both of you?” With a gaze as sharp as swords, Du Hao cast his eyes on Qin Wentian and Fan Le, causing the hearts of the crowd to tremble. This...this meant that the Knight’s Association had come prepared. They wanted to sign a life-and-death contract with Qin Wentian and Fan Le.

Naturally, death was impossible, since the Emperor Star Academy would never allowed that to happen. However, if one misjudged their strength during a fierce battle, it was extremely possible for someone to end up seriously injured.

Qin Wentian glanced at Murong Feng and Du Hao. The intent behind their words, how could he not understand it?

“Both of you, are you sure?” Qin Wentian’s heart was as calm as still water as he gently asked.

“If you’re hoping that I can show mercy, perhaps I will consider it.” Hints of provocation flashed in Murong Feng’s eyes.

Qin Wentian locked gaze with Murong Feng for a moment before saying, “Since this is the case, let’s get started.”

In the past, Qin Wentian did not have any deep grudges against Murong Feng and Du Hao. But now, since both of them were prepared to seriously injure him, Qin Wentian, already understood what he had to do today.

“The decision to accept today’s battle will be the worst mistake you ever made in your entire life.” Contained within the calm voice of Murong Feng were hints of unwavering conviction and self-confidence. As the sound of his voice faded, he released both of his Astral Souls. Two faint shadows materialised on top of his forehead. One was that of a lion, while the other was that of a gigantic hawk. Beast-type Astral Souls were extremely violent, granting ferocious, explosive strength that immensely heightened one’s attack power. The Astral Souls that Murong Feng had chosen were both Demonic Beasts Astral Souls

Bestowing herculean strength was the characteristic of the Lion Astral Soul, while bestowing terrifying attack boosts and nimbleness were the characteristics of the Gigantic Hawk Astral Soul. The characteristic of both of these Astral Souls would integrate with Murong Feng’s body.

At this moment, Murong Feng’s eyes had also transformed into something bestial. The aura he exuded certainly did not belong to someone at the early stage of the 4th level of Arterial Circulation!

Du Hao similarly released both of his Astral Souls. One of his Astral Soul took on the shape of a typhoon, while the other was a sabre that glinted with a cold light. However, despite of the typhoon’s fearsome appearance, the intensity of the windforce wasn’t something too domineering. After all, the Typhoon Astral Soul was an Astral Soul that Du Hao had condensed from the 1st Heavenly Layer, while the sabre-type Astral Soul had been condensed from a constellation in the 2nd Heavenly Layer.

Fan Le’s Bow and Arrow Astral Soul had also been released. In his hands, he held a bow condensed from Astral Light. Three Astral Arrows were already nocked and ready to fire at a moment’s notice.

“How do you want to play?” Fan Le grinned as he looked to Qin Wentian.

“Can you handle Du Hao?” Qin Wentian asked.

“No pressure. Consider it done.” The smile on Fan Le’s face widened, causing Du Hao to snort coldly.

“Leave Murong Feng to me.” A radiant smile appeared on Qin Wentian face as he released his Heavenly Hammer Astral Soul.

“Merely the 2nd level of Arterial Circulation.” Murong Feng shook his head while laughing. The next moment, his body flickered. The quiet Murong Feng had disappeared in an instant, replaced by a Murong Feng that released a brutal and vicious aura as he dashed forth with extreme speed, causing a raging wind to stir in the arena.

Jumping upwards, Murong Feng was akin to a gigantic hawk soaring in the skies. With his talons extended, Murong Feng used the force of gravity to swoop towards Qin Wentian. Those incomparably sharp talons explosively descended towards Qin Wentian, emitting a terrifying and baleful aura that was similar to a high level demonic beast.

In response to this, Qin Wentian merely raised his arm, unleashing a draconic roar. The Subduing Dragon Fist metamorphosed into a raging azure dragon that lacerated everything.

At the same moment, Murong Feng’s body swooped down with break-necking speed. His sharp talons transformed into fist lights, accompanied by roars of a lion, as Murong Feng’s violent fists tore apart space. A huge pressure gushed forth, pressing down on Qin Wentian.

In that instant, Qin Wentian felt an impending sense of danger. Holding nothing back, he fully employed the might of the first stance of his Thousand Hand Imprint—the Diamond Imprint. A thunderous sound reverberated as he struck out, causing explosions of Astral Energy in the air. The fist light that originated from Murong Feng’s technique, the Spatialrend Fist, continued to press down on with huge pressure, clashing against the Diamond palm imprints shot out by Qin Wentian. Upon impact, Qin Wentian felt that the energy channels and arteries of his arms were trembling unceasingly, as if they were about to shatter and break apart.

Qin Wentian was pushed back by the force’s rebound. His feet emitted grinding sounds from the friction as he was forced backwards by the impact. Although the technique had already been executed, the terrifying surge of energies from the Spatialrend Fist lingered in his body, causing his energy channels to continue trembling.

“What a powerful innate technique! The grade of the Spatialrend Fist is not any lower when compared to the Thousand Hand Imprint.” Qin Wentian was silently shocked. He almost suffered a defeat by underestimating his opponent, who was stronger than him in cultivation by two levels and also had the support of a mid-tier, earth-grade innate technique. If Qin Wentian wanted to win this battle, he had to go all out.

“The Spatialrend Fist.” Below the arena, Luo Huan’s expression grew unsightly. To think that Murong Feng had cultivated the Spatialrend Fist to such a stage where he could manifest fist lights. This battle was extremely dangerous, and involuntarily, she became worried for Qin Wentian. Despite the fact that Qin Wentian possessed an advantage because his Astral Souls originated from a higher layer, the differences in cultivation level would not be easily overcome.

On the other side, the battle between Du Hao and Fan Le had also erupted. A gigantic sabre formed from Astral Light was equipped in Du Hao’s hand. That Astral Sabre was also tempered with the windforce effect from his Typhoon Astral Soul, causing the speed of his sabre strikes to be lightning fast and flexible. Not only was his attack speed fast, Du Hao’s movement speed was nothing to sneeze at as well. He was an opponent who specialised in speed and thus extremely tricky to deal with.

“The Greencloud Association, have you finished preparing the 200 Yuan Meteor Stones?” Orchon’s sharp swept in Luo Huan’s direction. It appeared that today, the Greencloud Association was going to suffer a huge loss.

Luo Huan coolly cast a glance at Orchon before shifting her gaze to Qin Wentian, murmuring in a low voice, “Junior Brother, it’s all up to you now. Shine as bright as you can, there are many people spectating this battle today.”

Although this battle could be seen as a battle between the Knight’s Association and the Greencloud Association, the lead actors in the battles were both extraordinary.

Qin Wentian, a 16 years old with Astral Souls from the 3rd and 4th Heavenly Layer. His future potential was immeasurable.

Murong Feng, once in a century genius. Also 16 years old, he had a cultivation base at the 4th level of the Arterial Circulation Realm. Not only that, Luo Huan also heard a rumor that would prove dangerous for Qin Wentian if the rumor was true.

Because of the participant’s monstrous talent, this battle attracted the attention of several important figures.

On the Arena.

“The Thousand Hand Imprint, is this all that it is capable of? If it is, this battle will be one that you will regret the most for the rest of your life.” Murong Feng slowly walked forwards, surging with a violent pressure. That surge of pressure, which seemed capable of shattering everything in its range, gushed forth towards Qin Wentian.

Seeing Murong Feng slowly stepping forwards, the Divine Yuan Energy that Qin Wentian refined started to flow throughout his body. His perfected Stellar Meridians transferred the Astral Energy in his body more smoothly when compared to any other cultivators. As long as Qin Wentian willed it, the innate strength he unleash would also be gathered and released more quickly when compared to the other students.

“Is that so?” Qin Wentian smiled. Using the Divine Energy he condensed and refined from the tyrannical Astral Qi of the Heavenly Hammer Constellation in the 5th Heavenly Layer, he sent out even more palm imprints.

How powerful would his strikes actually be?

Qin Wentian had never tested his true might in a ‘real’ battle before.

“Boom!” The earth trembled as Murong Feng lunged madly towards Qin Wentian with a stance that was as strong as a ferocious beast and as quick as a hawk pouncing onto its prey. The devastating pressure he emitted slammed towards Qin Wentian’s direction.

“Too late to regret now.” Murong Feng’s countenance remained incomparably calm. This battle, as he had expected, was a battle without suspense.

“Rumble!” Inside Qin Wentian body, the terrifying Divine Energy frenziedly gathered in his arms. Qin Wentian stood at his original spot, and slowly, so slowly, he extended his palms out, sending out the first palm imprint of the Thousand Hand Imprint—the Diamond Imprint.

This time around, the light released by the Diamond Imprint was even more resplendent than before. Contained within the ancient imprint was a surge of extremely monstrous pressure. It as if this palm strike was a divine palm strike from the celestial realms, capable of overwhelming everything, crumbling everything into nothingness.

Both of their attacks clashed explosively against each other, resulting in the eruption of a storm of ferocious gales that tore through the entire arena.

“Scram!” Qin Wentian spat out a ball of Divine Yuan Energy. This Divine Energy transformed into a gigantic palm that directly slammed against Murong Feng’s body, forcing Murong Feng to retreat several paces as he spat out blood. Qin Wentian remained standing in his original position, as steady as a mountain.

“Is that truly the Diamond Imprint? How can it possibly be this powerful?” Luo Huan’s countenance froze. She had naturally witnessed others using this innate technique before but in terms of the power behind the strikes, Qin Wentian was on a completely different scale.

“Not only that, how smooth must the speed of energy transfer in his meridians before before he could do materialize the ball of Astral Energy that he spat out? And how did it transform into a giant palm?”

Although Luo Huan’s heart was trembling, a radiant smile filled with soul-shaking charm appeared on her lips. She was liking her Junior Brother more and more with each passing moment.