

## Ancient GM 60

### Chapter 60

#### AGM 0060 – Fetters

The ball of energy that Qin Wentian spat out was able to transform into the shape of a gigantic palm because he had originally used a palm-type divine imprint to condense and refine the Astral Energy in his body into Divine Yuan. Consequently, every strand of Divine Energy contained palm energies.

As for the other reason, it was all thanks to Elder Rain's lecture earlier, which improved Qin Wentian's understanding of the Arterial Circulation Realm. Because his meridians had been reconstructed after he crippled them, he eventually succeeded in constructing the Stellar Meridians. Following the information gained from the lecture, Qin Wentian flowed the Astral Energy in his body, allowing the Astral Energy to flood every orifice, achieving a miraculous result. It was only the combination of these factors that allowed the scene from before to occur.

The hearts of the crowd trembled as they witnessed Murong Feng being forced to retreat. They had all thought that, being the two cultivation base levels higher Qin Wentian as well as having mastered the earth-grade innate technique, the Spatialrend Fist, Murong Feng would surely be able to dominate Qin Wentian.

"That palm imprint just now, how terrifying! I once saw a senior who was at the peak of the Arterial Circulation Realm unleashing that move. Although the power behind his strikes was stronger than Qin Wentian, the aura behind it was nowhere as ferocious." An old student in the crowd murmured in a low voice.

"Indeed, it is extremely terrifying. Looks like this battle's victor still has yet to be determined." The spectators grew excited.

Murong Feng was forced backwards, as he regarded Qin Wentian seriously. His lips slowly curled into an unpleasant smile before he stated, "Good! Only then would there be meaning. Only then would it be interesting. Thanks for allowing me to unleash my full power, if not, this battle would have truly been too boring."

"Murong Feng held back earlier?" The hearts of the spectators were startled. If this was the case, did that mean that Murong Feng still had a trump card?

“Do you know why I chose to condense beast-type Astral Souls?” Murong Feng glanced at Qin Wentian as he asked passively.

“Not interested.” Qin Wentian replied.

“Hehe, have fun and enjoy this. This is going to be the first time I fully unleash my strength ever since I joined the Emperor Star Academy.” Murong Feng calmly spoke. Abruptly, an extremely monstrous Qi emanated forth from his body. His whole body now emitted the pressure of an ancient primordial beast as the monstrous Qi continued surging.

“Bloodline Limit.” The hearts of the crowd trembled fiercely. The number one of the new students, Murong Feng, had actually possessed a Bloodline Limit? Didn’t this make his talent too terrifying!? If that were the case, the cultivation base advantage he held over Qin Wentian wasn’t worth mentioning. Even if they were at the same level, just solely based on his Bloodline Limit, he would already have the qualifications to clash against Qin Wentian and win.

“No wonder he is so confident.” Many people exclaimed.

Upon seeing this scenario, a horrified look flickered in Luo Huan’s eyes. It appeared that the rumors were true. Murong Feng indeed possessed a Bloodline Limit. Since this was the case, Qin Wentian would surely be in danger.

Her heart palpitated wildly.

“My bloodline is the Desolate Beast Bloodline. You are the first who’s qualified to make me use my full power, and for that, you should be proud.” Murong Feng gazed at Qin Wentian as he spoke. His body had somehow expanded in size, and the violent presence he was emitting was saturated to the limit. It was as if he really were a desolate beast.

“Boom.” Murong Feng stepped out, causing the ground of the arena to tremble.

Qin Wentian’s countenance grew heavier as he stared at Murong Feng. By igniting his Desolate Beast Bloodline, Murong Feng’s power level increased yet another level, exceeded Qin Wentian’s expectations.

But, so what of it?

The monstrous Qi Murong Feng was emitting grew increasingly stronger. By the time he arrived in front of Qin Wentian, Qin Wentian felt that his opponent was not a human any longer but rather a genuine desolate beast.

Murong Feng unleashed the Spatialrend Fist. Shining brilliantly, the fist's light was accompanied by the roars of lions and the shrill cries of eagles. The power contained within dominated everything, seeking to overwhelm Qin Wentian and pressure him to death.

Remaining expressionless, Qin Wentian knew that the Divine Energy within his body had long since been activated. Currently, the Divine Energy in his body was akin to the tidal waves of a great flood, flowing through his meridians, readied to be unleashed at any moment. While Murong Feng's fist was descending towards his opponent's body, the spectators only saw that Qin Wentian's palms lightly wavered. In that instant, it was as if he had sent out countless palm strikes. Each and every of those palm strikes looked incomparably gentle and soft, and yet, they were accompanied by the terrifying sounds of huge tidal waves crashing onto the shoreline.

Soon after, it was as if the palm imprint emitted a thunderous snarl, covering the Heavens and the earth. Although manifesting the Revolving Sea Imprint exhausted an unknown amount of Divine Energy from Qin Wentian's body in an instant, its effects were intimidating. The palm imprint gave off the sensation that it was capable of completely devouring the Heavens and the earth.

"Rumble!" The terrifying energy leaking out was rolling about on the arena. Murong Feng could only feel that the power of the palm imprints was growing stronger and stronger. Not only that, Qin Wentian had yet to finish his attacks. Dashing forwards, Qin Wentian explosively sent out countless Revolving Sea palm imprints that blasted away the lights from Murong Feng's Spatialrend Fist, and in the end, the Revolving Sea Imprint overwhelmed everything as it arrived in front of Murong Feng's body.

The incomparably immense pressure caused Murong Feng's countenance to undergo a drastic change. Howling in rage and anger, Murong Feng executed the Spatialrend Fist to its limits, trying to offset the might of the palm imprint. However, despite of his efforts, his body was still violently flung into the air, his face bloodlessly pale.

"Qin Wentian was this strong?" The eyes of the countless spectators widened as they observed the battle. Qin Wentian's combat ability, wasn't it too terrifying?

“That’s the second Imprint of the Thousand Hand Imprint—the Revolving Sea Imprint. In Qin Wentian’s hands, the manifested Revolving Sea Imprint behaves as though it has come to life; even the sounds of ocean waves crashing were so realistic. How impressive!”

“Bloodline Limit? I still don’t understand what gave you the qualifications to be that arrogant.” Qin Wentian stared straight ahead into Murong Feng’s eyes as a cold smile was displayed on his visage. He understood that it would be best for him to fight a swift battle, given that the rate of consumption was too immense when he used the Revolving Sea Imprint. Qin Wentian had no way to fight a prolonged battle.

Murong Feng’s features contorted, hatred flashing in his eyes. Because he had been aided extensively and had a major cultivation level advantage over Qin Wentian, a loss would shame him extensively.

“Beautifully done.” Beside, Fan Le, who had also ignited his Empyrean Bloodline Limit, grinned towards Qin Wentian. As he spoke, he fired off nine shots in rapid succession, causing Du Hao to grow increasingly frantic. After igniting his bloodline, the power behind Fan Le’s shots was even more tyrannical. Not only that, his mental strength also grew stronger, allowing him the change the direction of the arrows he shot at any moment so that Du Hao had no choice but to focus entirely on defense.

“Seems like there’s no more suspense. The victors will be Qin Wentian and Fan Le.” Many thought in their hearts. Fan Le and Qin Wentian’s respective combat abilities had completely exceeded their expectations, especially Qin Wentian’s. His incredibly terrifying Thousand Hand Imprint, when compared to Murong Feng’s Spatialrend Fist, was on a totally different level.

“Enough of this, stop playing around.” Orchon coldly shouted. Qin Wentian’s martial prowess far exceeded his expectations. Luckily, he had prepared a trump card beforehand.

As the sound of his voice faded, both Murong Feng and Du Hao nodded their heads. Suddenly, the intensity of the pressure gushing forth from their bodies rose frenziedly, growing increasingly stronger.

“What happened? Both of their strength surged all of a sudden?” The spectators’ pupils narrowed as they witnessed Murong Feng and Du Hao madly sprinting forwards, rushing towards their opponents.

Seeing this, Qin Wentian’s countenance froze. He executed the Revolving Sea Imprint once more. However, Qin Wentian felt a tremendous force pushing against him, a strength so vast that it

seemed as though it was capable of toppling the Heavens. His body trembled violently as he was flung into the air before he slammed brutally onto the ground. Gasping, blood seeped out of the corners of his mouth. This sudden change in situation caught him unaware. What just happened?

The situation was reversed in an instant.

“Boom.” Murong Feng’s body moved with the speed of lightning, once more unleashing the Spatialrend Fist against Qin Wentian. Murong Feng’s fist light tore the space apart, its owner wanting to shatter Qin Wentian into dust.

“Hold your hand.” Luo Huan shouted, her expression undergoing a drastic change. No one could have imagined how intense today’s battle would be.

Qin Wentian went pale as he leaped up into the air. However, it was too late since the fist lights had already arrived.

“Break!” A voice howled in anger, causing Qin Wentian to turn his head around, only to see Fatty madly dashing over. Fatty pierced at the fist lights directly with the Astral Arrows in his hand. A crumbling sound rang out as the Astral Arrows were shattered into nothingness. The next moment, the incomparably tyrannical Spatialrend Fist slammed into his chest, causing Fan Le’s body to remain motionless before helplessly slumping onto the ground, completely devoid of strength. Qin Wentian swiftly rushed forwards and supported Fatty in his hands.

“The two of you, used forbidden medicine!”

The bodies of those from the Greencloud Association flickered as they appeared on the stage. Similarly, the killing intent released from those from the Knight’s Association was not weak either as they, too, appeared on the stage, locking their gazes together with those from the Greencloud Association.

“This is their true, original strength.” Orchon coldly exclaimed.

“This battle has already lost its meaning.” Luo Huan had a chilly look upon her face. Qin Wentian and Fan Le combat abilities had far exceeded all of their expectations. The two of them were only at the 2nd level of Arterial Circulation, but to think that they could contend against one at the 3rd level and another on the 4th level. Moreover, Murong Feng had ignited his Bloodline Limit, but he was still forced back by Qin Wentian. Despite this, no one could have anticipated that the strength of Murong Feng and Du Hao would undergo a sudden surge near the end of the battle.

“The battle has not yet concluded, no one can interfere.” Orchon laughed as a cold light flickered in his eyes.

“Fatty.” At this moment, Qin Wentian inspected Fatty’s body with reddened eyes. This was already the second time that Fatty took a blow for him.

“Oh mother, it really hurts. Brother, both of these two bastards used trickery. With my current state, I can’t help you any longer. Let’s admit defeat.” Fan Le forced a grin onto his face.

Qin Wentian retrieved several silver needles from his robe and inserted them into various acupoints on Fan Le’s body, stabilizing his injuries.

“The battle has yet to be concluded.” Murong Feng leisurely walked over. Qin Wentian inclined his head, only to see unpleasant smiles plastered all over the faces of Murong Feng and Du Hao. Their goal today was to precisely cripple both Qin Wentian and Fan Le.

Qin Wentian retrieved another silver needle, which he inserted into his Tai-yang Acupoints while staring at Murong Feng. The killing intent surged flickered frenziedly in his eyes as he inserted needle after needle into various acupoints on his body. Surges of spiritual qi flowed into his meridians, following the insertion of the silver needles.

“The 12 Connecting Styles of Life Needles Art, capable of saving a life and extinguishing it. Before stepping into Yuanfu Realm, one must not use this technique rashly.” Qin Wentian remembered the warning Uncle Black gave to him back at the Qin Residence. But the current Qin Wentian, he could no longer care about the consequences.

In Qin Wentian’s body, his blood started to boil as countless formless, invisible fetters locked onto his blood vessels.

Soon after, the Qi from the connecting needle techniques frenziedly circulated, transforming into a terrifying Qi spiral that shattered the formless fetters.

“Fatty, I promise you that there won’t be another time that you’ll have to suffer for me.” Forcing out a reassuring smile, Qin Wentian gazed at Fatty, who was cradled in his arms. The next moment, he raised his head and gazed towards the approaching Murong Feng and Du Hao, his heart filled with murderous urges.

“KILL!” While Qin Wentian roared in rage, the sounds of tearing echoed out. The clothes on his body were all torn apart of their own accord as the blood in his body seethed and surged. At this moment, Qin Wentian felt a boundless strength infusing his body. This feeling was somewhat similar to the time when Fan Le had used a blood imprint to transfuse the power of his Empyrean Flames Bloodline to him, only this time around, the feeling was stronger, much stronger.

The 12 Connecting Styles of Life Needles Art, was it just a mere needle technique?