

Ancient GM 631

Chapter 631: Rejection of Invitation

The Vermilion Bird Immortal Palace, how could Qin Wentian forget it?

His other true-self, Di Tian, had obtained the inheritance from the founding emperor of Grand Xia when in the Royal Tomb. The Xia Emperor passed him a key, and that key had always been in Di Tian's possession since then.

How ancient was the founding emperor of Grand Xia, the Xia Emperor? Back then he barged into the immortal palace, one could only venture a guess as to how ancient that immortal palace already was back then. He still remembered that the Xia Emperor told Di Tian that the Great Dream Immortal Art, along with several other treasures, was obtained from that place. The Xia Emperor didn't really venture into the core of that immortal palace, and his level of strength back then wasn't sufficient to fully grasp the secrets of that place. He was only someone who took a risk, and that risk eventually allowed him to build an entire empire.

This was the reason why the Grand Xia Empire had the Vermilion Bird as its totem beast.

Right now, Qin Wentian actually learnt that the reason why the Royal Sacred Sect was summoning so many Heaven Chosen from all the major powers of the Royal Sacred Region was because they wanted to explore the Vermilion Bird Immortal Palace. How could he not be surprised?

"Seems like it's about time for Di Tian to exit the Royal Tomb of Grand Xia." Qin Wentian's eyes flashed with sharpness. Since he was about to venture into the Vermilion Bird Immortal Palace, he would naturally need the key in Di Tian's hand. Although he still didn't know how to use the key, it was always better to be prepared. That key, not even the Royal Sacred Sect might have a similar one.

"Hm, you have a plan?" the old ancestor smiled as he noticed the light sparkling in Qin Wentian's eyes.

"Will the Royal Sacred Sect use us as mere cannon fodder?" Qin Wentian asked.

"I don't know about that, but I wouldn't exclude that possibility." A similar bright glow flashed in the eyes of the old man. The Core Faction was the faction in control of the Royal Sacred Sect and among them there were some extremely terrifying characters in the Heavenly Dipper Realm. As to what the Royal Sacred Sect really wanted to do, those not of the Core Faction could only speculate.

Upon hearing the words of the old man, Qin Wentian understood that the old man was reminding him. As to whether or not one would be a cannon fodder, that ultimately depended on one's strength.

“Are these two your little girlfriends?” The old man stared at Mo Qingcheng and Qing`er as a sneaky smile appeared on his face. For some reason, even that smile looked quite shameless when on the face of this old man.

Mo Qingcheng and Qing`er's gaze landed on Qin Wentian at the same time. Qin Wentian silently cursed this old man for being a bastard and after which, he only heard Little Rascal speaking in a baby voice, “That's right!”

BANG!

Qinger aimed another slap over, Little Rascal was directly smashed into the crowd as whimpering sounds echoed out. It stared at Qinger with an aggrieved expression as it spoke, “You bully me! Wentian, in the future after you marry her, you have to help me bully her back!”

Qin Wentian's face was completely filled with black lines, and as he saw Qing`er's cold gaze turning in his direction, he couldn't help but to shiver while silently cursing Little Rascal in his heart. When he returned, he would definitely teach Little Rascal a lesson it would never forget.

“Hey hey, are you interested in becoming my disciple?” The old man asked as he stared at Qing`er.

“Nope,” Qing`er icily replied, causing a stunned look to appear on the face of the old man. When he saw how the other members of the Battle Sword Sect gazed at him, his heart exploded in sweat. All his face today was completely thrown away by these two little dolls in front of him.

“This lord is only joking around with you. Yup, just joking around,” the old man stated with a straight face after coughing a couple times “Okay go, just go. With your little bits of talent, I can't even be bothered to provide guidance to you all.”

“Okay,” Qin Wentian wasn't polite, he instantly turned and departed. The others stared at him as a look of comprehension filled their eyes.

“WHY ARE THE WHOLE LOT OF YOU STILL NOT SCRAMMING YET?!” The old man violently cursed, and a moment later, everyone ran away with their tails between their legs. Such speed was truly admirable....

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The period of three days flowed by very quickly. There were many peak-tier Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns who arrived at the Royal Sacred Sect. There were young cultivators among these groups of sovereigns, and there were also middle-aged cultivators over a hundred years old. They came from the various major powers and were now all gathered here.

Although the vast majority of the major powers had no idea what the Royal Sacred Sect was planning, they didn't wish to miss an opportunity. It was extremely rare for the Royal Sacred Sect to issue such a command, and since they wanted to gather so many experts, there must be a very important event coming up.

After entering the gates of the Royal Sacred Sect, climbing the over a hundred feet ladder, and passing by the various palaces of the Factions within, the experts from the major powers gathered at an extremely vast training field.

Qin Wentian also arrived, and as his perception swept out, he actually felt a faint sense of pressure. All these characters that came here, although they might not be as famous as an era-suppressing genius, the auras they exuded were all at the peak of Heavenly Dipper. Evidently, these people had all comprehended at least one kind of true intent.

And among the crowd, Qin Wentian also saw Fan Miaoyu and Wu Teng.

“Qin Wentian, you came too.” Wu Teng and Fan Miaoyu smiled when they noticed Qin Wentian walking over. Although they were opponents on the Sacred Battle Platform, they were all extremely impressed by each other. Especially towards Qin Wentian, such an opponent was truly worthy of respect.

“Mhm,” Qin Wentian nodded and smiled in response.

The gazes of several people turned in this direction, looking at Qin Wentian. Soon, there were even whispers as they started discussing him.

Recently, Qin Wentian's name shook the world again. In fact, in these few months, there were no other characters in the Heavenly Dipper Realm who were as famous as him in the Royal Sacred Region.

Top ranker of the Immortal Martial Realm; the killing of the crown prince of Grand Shang; causing of death of one of the elders of the Royal Sacred Sect; and three days ago, he fought a grand battle against heroes of the younger generation, killing Di Shi of the supreme Di Clan and eventually, becoming the sole victor.

However, the eyes of many in the crowd was filled with cold intent. An example were those Heaven Chosen from Grand Shang Empire as well as the Violet Thunder Sect, they were all filled with maliciousness towards him.

Other than this, because Qin Wentian indirectly caused the death of a Royal Sacred Sect Elder, there were many disciples of the Royal Sacred Sect who didn't really like Qin Wentian.

"Qin Wentian." At this moment a voice drifted over. Qin Wentian shifted his gaze in the direction and realized that it was none other than that imposing figure who had appeared at the Sacred Battle Platform three days ago. He spoke to Qin Wentian, "Come with me."

After speaking, he turned and soared away. Qin Wentian walked out of the crowd and followed the person. After soaring away for some time, that person halted and turned to face Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian asked, "Senior, what can I do for you?"

"I'm someone from the Core Faction of the Royal Sacred Sect. I'm sure that you already know this faction is the true controller of the Royal Sacred Sect. I wish to extend an invitation for you to join our Core Faction," That person spoke to Qin Wentian, formerly issuing an invitation to him.

Before this, they had already invited Hua Taixu. They didn't act to invite Qin Wentian then because they were in consideration of the feelings of the Grand Shang Faction. But after Qin Wentian's extraordinary performance on the Sacred Battle Platform, they decided to formally invite Qin Wentian.

"Senior, as for joining the Royal Sacred Sect, isn't it the same if I continue cultivating with the seniors of the Battle Sword Sect since they are a faction of the Royal Sacred Sect as well?" Qin Wentian probed. Although he knew he was tricked by the ancestor of the Battle Sword Sect, he was still grateful in his heart. Now that there was an invitation for him to join the Core Faction, he naturally had to understand things more clearly.

“Not the same.” That person shook his head. “If you joined us, you will belong to the Core Faction. And even though this matter might cause those from the Grand Shang Faction to be unhappy, you can just ignore them. We will settle them for you, concluding the matter once and for all. In addition to that, if you choose to join us, you will also enjoy an advantage with regards to this trip to the Immortal Palace.”

That person leaked some info, yet he didn't make things completely clear. Even so, they were willing to not pursue and settle the grudge formed because of the death of the elder from the Grand Shang Faction back then. From this, one could see how important they considered Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian also naturally understood this point.

However, wanting him to join the Core Faction? Qin Wentian couldn't help but feel disloyal if he joined them. Although the Battle Sword Sect was part of the Royal Sacred Sect, there were still differences, after all. If he, who originated from the Battle Sword Sect, joined the Core Faction like this instead of staying with the Battle Sword Faction, how could he face himself?

“Senior, junior wishes to have more time to carefully consider this,” Qin Wentian replied, rejecting the invitation in a covert manner.

That person started, but recovered immediately as he continued, “We will move out soon. Think carefully before confirming your decision. This is an extremely important matter.”

Qin Wentian muttered to himself. Eventually he inclined his head and stared at the other party, “My apologies, at least as of now, I still wish to remain in the Battle Sword Sect.”

Such a reply evidently caused the man to be taken aback. An expression of astonishment flashed on his face before he nodded his head, “Sure, you can go back then.”

“Junior takes his leave then.” Qin Wentian couldn't tell if the other party was happy or angry. The eyes of that person were calm with no fluctuations within. He was certainly a character that was even more terrifying compared to that elder from the Royal Sacred Sect in the past.

Qin Wentian walked towards the crowd as many pair of eyes turned to him. He heard one person whispering, “This man is none other than Qin Wentian, the top ranker of the Immortal Martial Realm and people even claim that he is unrivalled in the Heavenly Dipper Realm.”

“Unrivalled in Heavenly Dipper?” One of the females from the Royal Sacred Sect glanced at Qin Wentian as she emotionlessly continued, “These people not from our sect simply doesn’t know how vast the earth is and how high the heavens are. Do they really understand what the so-called ‘unrivalled in Heavenly Dipper’ means? What a joke.”

“That’s right. Even if he is the top ranker of the Immortal Martial Realm, that’s only because we didn’t participate,” another person added in a low voice.

Although the voices of these people were low, but since they didn’t intentionally mask their words Qin Wentian naturally heard them. There was disdain and suspicion in their eyes when they glanced at Qin Wentian. Naturally, there were also those whose eyes gleamed with interest.

Chapter 632: Immortal Palace

As the hegemony of the Royal Sacred Region, the geniuses within the Royal Sacred Sect hailed from all over the world. The ones present here today were all Heaven Chosen.

This time, the selection was only those at the supreme-tier of Heavenly Dipper, all of them were experts that had comprehended a true intent, with extremely strong combat prowess. Although they rarely showed themselves in the outside world after joining the Royal Sacred Sect, who dared say that these geniuses were weak? Any one of them would be able to shake the world if they appeared outside. Although they weren’t as dazzling as the eight era-suppressing geniuses, they were not too far away in comparison.

Considering that, and the fact that right now a young external Heaven Chosen whose name was renowned in the entire Royal Sacred Region appeared in front of them, and there was even an elder who died because of him, how could any of these geniuses from the Royal Sacred Sect be on friendly terms with Qin Wentian? Would they even feel that they were inferior compared to him?

Qin Wentian swept a glance at the crowd, his countenance as calm as ever as he walked past them. These Heaven Chosen all belonged to different camps, they must be people from the various major powers.

“Qin Wentian.” At this moment a voice rang out as Qin Wentian halted his steps. Turning towards the direction of the voice, he discovered that the speaker was a female with a tall and willowy figure, both her legs were slim and sleek, giving a sense of strength and flexibility. Her beautiful eyes regarded Qin Wentian as she crossed her arms in front of her chest. Her eyes sparkled with a smile as she spoke, “I have heard that you are very powerful, actually comprehending two true intents on the Battle Sacred Platform, defeating ninth-level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns with a cultivation base at the seventh level.”

Qin Wentian calmly regarded the woman, he didn't bother replying.

The smile in her eyes was replaced by a teasing look, "Maybe you are really very powerful, but those ninth-level Heaven Chosen you defeated cannot even be called Heaven Chosen from my perspective, let alone being termed as an era-suppressing genius. Utterly laughable. Over here, there are many from my Royal Sacred Sect. Out of my apprentice brothers and sisters, there are several who have already comprehended two true intents, or three, or even four. If you fight against them, what do you think your chances of victory would be?"

"Not even 10%. You will lose for sure." A cold smile hung on the face of the woman as she answered her own question. Qin Wentian's brows furrowed slightly. Fan Miaoyu was among the crowd, and the words this woman spoke were not only a provocation to him, they were also a humiliation to Fan Miaoyu.

Qin Wentian remained silent. He noticed that there were around four to five others around the woman. And the eyes which they used to stare at Qin Wentian with were all incomparably cold. Among this group of people, there were a few who exuded auras of high arrogance. They were undoubtedly nobility from the Royal Shang Clan, experts from the Grand Shang Faction of the Royal Sacred Sect. The elder who died back then was their senior.

Just from the aura exuded from these people, Qin Wentian could already surmise this point.

"So?" Qin Wentian finally spoke, in an icy manner.

"Retract your arrogant gaze. In here, there are many whom you have to look up to." The woman's eyes got even colder when she heard Qin Wentian's response. A faint killing intent also emanated forth from her.

"Your cultivation base now is at the ninth level of Heavenly Dipper, not bad at all. How many true intents have you comprehended?" Qin Wentian casually asked. A look of puzzlement flashed on the woman's face before she proudly replied, "Three kinds."

"Wow." Qin Wentian nodded his head and asked again, "Then in that case when you were at the seventh level of Heavenly Dipper, how many true intents did you comprehend?"

The eyes of the woman instantly stiffened, as she suddenly understood Qin Wentian's meaning. She coldly laughed, "Comprehension of a true intent depends on luck and circumstances. It doesn't mean that one would be more powerful even if they comprehended a true intent earlier."

"Oh, I see." Qin Wentian nodded. After speaking he continued forward as a languid-sounding voice echoed out in the air. "Back when your cultivation was at the same level as me, maybe I would only need a single slap to kill you. If that's the case, would you have said what you said to me just now? It doesn't mean that one would be more powerful even if they comprehended a true intent earlier?"

After which, Qin Wentian shook his head as though feeling sorry for her idiocy. After she heard that, a murderous look flashed in the woman's eyes as she glared hatefully at Qin Wentian.

"Senior sister, he's only a small time character, why allow his words to bother you?" A young man standing at the side gently smiled. Although his words were far from a consolation, the woman still nodded her head. But still, her cold gaze was still riveted on Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian walked to the side of Fan Miaoyu and Wu Teng, nodding his head to them as he asked, "Do you all want to form an alliance? I have two more seniors from the Battle Sword Faction over there."

After speaking, Qin Wentian pointed to a random direction where his two senior apprentice brothers were.

"Sure," Fan Miaoyu smiled and nodded. Wu Teng naturally had no objections as well. They all could tell that the people here were all in their own small groups, based on their sects and clans. The Core Faction was one group; the nine great sects were nine other groups; the two empires were also two other groups respectively. The Core Faction was the core of the Royal Sacred Sect, acting as the leader while the other groups would compete against each other, survival of the fittest.

At this moment, several people walked over. There were seven people in that group and they were following the person who offered an invitation to Qin Wentian to join the Core Faction earlier.

These seven all gave Qin Wentian an extraordinary feeling. Their cultivation bases were all either at the eighth or ninth level of Heavenly Dipper and they radiated with vitality, yet kept their auras retracted. Their expressions were as calm as water, but occasionally there would flicker of a light that could stir the souls of others.

“Hua Taixu.” Qin Wentian saw a familiar figure amongst the seven. It was none other than Hua Taixu, who was also invited to join the Core Faction. In the Immortal Martial Realm, he, Hua Taixu, and Gu Liufeng were the only three that completed the path of monuments, all of them had a great harvest. After which, Hua Taixu chose to join the Royal Sacred Sect and evidently, he should have already comprehended a true intent or he wouldn’t have appeared here today.

“The Royal Sacred Sect issued a summons to all of you talented geniuses of our Royal Sacred Region because we want to bring you to a very unique place. This place is exceptionally dangerous, but there is plenty of great fortune and opportunities within it. From now onwards, all of you are to obey the commands of Xia Sheng. These seven will guide you all on what to do. Understood?” That imposing figure who invited Qin Wentian earlier spoke to everyone, his words causing Qin Wentian to think back to what that man had told him before.

Of course, the things he told the others now was different. For those from the Core Faction, they could command the others. This indicated to Qin Wentian that if they obtained any benefits after entering the Vermilion Bird Immortal Palace, everything would benefit these seven first. If he had agreed to join the Core Faction earlier, he too would be one of the leaders, enjoying preferential treatment.

However, the geniuses that gathered here are all exceedingly arrogant figures. It wasn’t going to be so easy to command them unless these seven were all extremely powerful individuals. Especially for the Xia Sheng whose name was mentioned earlier, he should be one of those monstrous existences in the Heavenly Dipper Realm that had already comprehended a total of four kinds of true intent.

“He is Xia Sheng!” At this moment Fan Miaoyu by the side of Qin Wentian exclaimed.

Qin Wentian glanced at her as he transmitted his voice back, “You know of him?”

“Naturally. Back then Xia Sheng was extremely famous in the Royal Sacred Region, he made his name earlier compared to Gu Liufeng. Now the people don’t know of him because he joined the Royal Sacred Sect very early on, and remained within for his cultivation. Who would have thought that he still hasn’t broken through to Celestial Phenomenon yet In other words, since he has chosen to remain at the Heavenly Dipper Realm to consolidate his foundation, this means that his strength now must certainly be at a unfathomably monstrous level,” Fan Miaoyu replied.

Qin Wentian nodded his head in agreement. It was evident that Xia Sheng would be very strong. If not, how could he be the leader out of these seven from the Core Faction? “Understood.”

“We will listen to the command of Senior Xia Sheng.” The experts from the various powers all spoke. They were all filled with respect for those whose talent was high enough to be in the Core Faction. And with the strength of Xia Sheng, it was only natural that he would be the leader.

“Since this is the case, all of you make sure your preparations are ready. We are moving out right now,” That expert spoke. The others all nodded as they soared into the air, leaving the Royal Sacred Sect.

Xia Sheng’s group, which consisted of the core disciples, had a total of seven. As to the other groups, some had more people in them and some had less. They totalled around a hundred, and there would be a core member which was the leader of each group. For example, the leader of the group which were made of up those from the Grand Shang Empire was a white-haired young man which gave people a strange feeling. One couldn’t tell his age, and the girl who wanted to humiliate Qin Wentian earlier was currently standing quietly by his side. Other than this, for those like Fan Miaoyu or Wu Teng, and those who had no relations with the major powers, all of them formed a group or randomly joined the groups of others.

The group that made up of those from the Battle Sword Sect had the least number of people. If Fan Miaoyu and Wu Teng were discounted, there would only be three people – Qin Wentian, as well as two disciples from the Battle Sword Faction, Quinn and Siko.

Quinn had a scholarly bearing and radiated justice. His cultivation base was at the ninth level of Heavenly Dipper.

Siko’s bearing was completely different, a faint evil air exuded from him, giving off a demonic aura. The two of them walking together made it seem as though they weren’t members of the same sect. Just one glance was sufficient to tell that the personalities of these two were extremely different.

“Baim’s strength is extremely high, his cultivation base is at the ninth level and he has comprehended a total of four kinds of true intent.”

“Tu Leng is the leader of the group from the Violet Thunder Sect, his strength is similar to Baim. We have to be careful of the two of them.” Quinn wasn’t really acquainted with Qin Wentian, he only sought to remind this junior brother of his. Baim was none other than that white-haired young man, while Tu Leng was a short and muscular-looking man. He stood at the forefront of those from the Violet Thunder Sect, while others respectfully stood behind him. He was most definitely a core member of the Violet Thunder Sect.

Qin Wentian silently memorized these characters. All of these people were stronger than him. The ancestor of the Battle Sword Sect wasn't trying to frighten him. The leaders of these groups were truly extremely terrifying characters.

They moved for a period of two days before they arrived at their destination. They were now actually at the borders of the Royal Sacred Region, in a location near the Illusion Mountain of Grand Zhou Empire. The expert from the Royal Sacred Sect that led them here halted and took out a resplendent compass-looking object to orientate himself before leading them deep into the Illusion Mountain Range in search of the Vermilion Bird Immortal Palace.

The various mountains here were akin to snakes and dragons, horizontally piling up on the earth. After some time, they entered a secret realm and when they looked up, they could see that above the misty clouds there was an incomparably vast immortal palace floating there.

Back then in the Royal Tomb of Grand Xia, Qin Wentian had already seen this place before. Now that he was here in his true-body, he discovered that he couldn't even see the end of this immortal palace with a single glance. This seemed to be a palace that drifted over to this place from an outside world. The hearts of the crowd were all numb with shock, and they had no way to describe the majesty of this sight.

“What sort of place is this?” Fan Miaoyu's heart was pounding. This floating palace that was so vast that it seemed to have no boundaries, it was almost inconceivable to imagine how powerful the character who had constructed it was.

Not only Fan Miaoyu, everyone present here all felt a tremor from their soul as they inclined their heads and stared at this magnificent sight.

Chapter 633: Burying Immortals?

That person of the Royal Sacred Sect who spoke to Qin Wentian earlier stood in front the crowd, pointing to the immortal palace and spoke to them, “This immortal palace has a very high probability that it was constructed by a true transcendent powerhouse. As for how powerful that senior was, I have no idea. But I can tell you all for sure that he was truly very strong, so strong that it exceeds the boundaries of your, and even my, imagination. In the palace, there's no need to doubt that there will be many treasures such as immortal arts and immortal-ranked weapons within.

“For generations, there were too many people of my Royal Sacred Sect that have entered it. The conclusion we eventually obtained is that Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants will all definitely die if they step within the Immortal Palace. The probability of survival is the highest for people at the supreme-tier of Heavenly Dipper that have comprehended a true intent. Hence, we summoned all of

you to this place. The immortal palace is extremely dangerous, and I have told everything of importance to Xia Sheng and the other six. They are the clearest regarding the situation and circumstances within the palace and hence, you all need to obey all of their orders. If Xia Sheng dies within, Zai Qiu is the second in command. The seven of them will be the core of this operation. For those who defy their orders, even if you survive and exit the palace, you will all still be executed.

The countenance of this man was incomparably solemn. But it was evident that the Royal Sacred Sect had already made ample preparations regarding this trip within the immortal palace.

The others all felt their hearts trembling upon hearing his words. There were actually immortal arts and immortal weapons within? In that case, how powerful would the master of this palace be? They had no way to imagine that at all.

Qin Wentian was also aware that this Vermilion Bird Immortal Palace spoken by the Xia Emperor was many times more dangerous and mysterious than what he had imagined. Not only that, back then when the Xia Emperor entered it via a stroke of good fortune, his cultivation was just so coincidentally also at the peak of Heavenly Dipper. He also didn't know that Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants couldn't enter it. If not, the Xia Emperor would have surely warned him back then.

“Okay, you all can enter now. Xia Sheng will direct this operation. And if you really discover immortal arts or immortal weapons, pass it all to us when you exit. I can vow that the Royal Sacred Sect would definitely not mistreat you all. You all are allowed to cultivate the immortal art if you find one. At the same time, try your best to uncover more secrets within and report to me when you are out,” that person spoke again.

Xia Sheng stood at the forefront of the crowd, and at this moment he turned and said, “Follow closely behind me, there's another world within this immortal palace. Nobody knows all the secrets hidden in the palace. If you move a step wrongly, you may very well end up dying there.”

“Move out.” Xia Sheng swept his gaze on to everyone, at this instant, his eyes suddenly erupted forth with an extremely cold and imposing light that struck fear in the hearts of people.

As the sound of his voice faded, he led the way and moved towards the entrance of the immortal palace.

“Let's go,” Quinn stated. Qin Wentian and his group moved forwards as well. The hundred over people all stepped upon the stairs towards the entrance of the immortal palace and advanced

upwards step by step. Every step they took made them feel so tiny and inconsequential in the face of the palace's majesty.

"Cloud and Loneliness, the two of you go on ahead. Watch out for the divine inscriptions, and as for the others, guard them." After they arrived at the entrance, there was a passageway with a mist akin to celestial qi permeating the air within. Even their sense of perception was severely hampered, only able to extend a very short distance ahead of them.

"In this passage way, other than the mist, there should be other traps and formations of divine inscriptions. The level of difficulty to counter these isn't really high. But they are all exceedingly dangerous, the instant we take a wrong step, the power packed within is sufficient to annihilate all of us." Cloud and Loneliness were two extremely famous divine inscriptionist grandmasters that were chosen for this occasion. They explained the matters to the crowd and soon after, all of them entered the passageway. Indeed, their perception could only stretch outwards to a maximum of ten meters.

"In the Royal Tomb of Grand Xia, at the location where the Xia Emperor was buried, there was a golden pathway that didn't allow one to advance forth to obtain the key if they couldn't negate the divine inscriptions. Could it be that it was a preparation for this place?" Qin Wentian silently speculated. He had very high attainments in the field of divine inscriptions, he naturally could sense the divine inscription traps layered here. Indeed, these divine inscriptions could be negated using a peak-tier fourth-ranked divine inscription. It wasn't really that difficult to resolve them.

Cloud and Loneliness were truly exceptional in terms of their attainments in divine inscriptions as well. Evidently, they were grandmasters nurtured by the Royal Sacred Sect. And although their speed of leading everyone forward was slow, they were extremely steady and stable. In this passageway, not a single mistake could be allowed to happen.

Qin Wentian was paying attention to the divine inscriptions here. In this passageway, the runic outlines of divine inscriptions here weren't a single unit but rather, they worked together as a whole. As long as one disturbed a single one, a chain reaction would occur, and the following results would be extremely terrifying.

Finally, they took a total of three days before finally passing through the passageway of divine inscriptions with no casualties.

While on the other hand in the outside world, Di Tian had arrived.

In the mountain range of the Illusion Mountains, it was very hard for outsiders to orientate themselves. Even the experts from the Royal Sacred Sect needed that compass-treasure to do so. However, Di Tian had no need for such measures. Because since Qin Wentian was here, he could naturally sense him.

When the experts of the Royal Sacred Region standing on guard outside saw the silhouette of Di Tian, they couldn't help but feel bewildered. A terrifying aura directly bore down on Di Tian as one of them inquired, "Who are you?"

"Junior is from the Grand Zhou Empire, I came to the Illusion Mountains hoping to risk my life to find rare treasures, eventually discovering this place by accident. I hope that elder can forgive my intrusion," Di Tian politely replied. After which, he purposely shifted his gaze onto the floating immortal palace as an expression of awe and shock appeared on his face, as though this was the first time he saw something this majestic and magnificent.

"You wish to enter?" That expert earlier coldly laughed. If a seventh-level Heavenly Dipper Sovereign were to enter, he would die for sure.

"Such a magnificent palace, there must be countless amazing treasures within... But since this place is found by senior first, this junior dared not enter without permission," Di Tian bowed as he replied.

"No worries, if you want to enter, just enter. But don't blame me for not reminding you, this is an extremely dangerous place. With your cultivation level, you will die without a doubt," that person emotionlessly stated.

Di Tian grit his teeth as an expression of a struggle flashed on his face. But still, he opened his mouth and replied, "This junior still wishes to give it a try."

"Fine, in that case, just go in if you want to." That expert waved his hands.

Di Tian bowed again, "Many thanks to senior."

After speaking, Di Tian continued on his path and soared upwards, stepping into the immortal palace.

"Reckless fool." The other experts outside remarked in disdain.

While right now, Qin Wentian and the others had already arrived at another location. This was a passageway, but there was no fog in it, nor any divine inscriptions. However, they could sense a formless energy that was unfathomably fearsome within it.

Xia Sheng stared at the others. Everyone was still present, so he then spoke, “In the next passageway you have to depend on yourself if you want to pass through it, others won’t be able to help. The streams of light in this passageway will target one’s will. You all have to be careful. Only by passing through this can we be considered to have truly entered the interior of this immortal palace.”

The others nodded as they entered the passageway one by one.

“Be careful.” Qin Wentian spoke in a low voice, Fan Miaoyu and Wu Teng nodded, “You too.”

After stepping into the passageway, Qin Wentian felt a formless energy directly rushing into his mind. It felt like there was an invisible attack trying to collapse his will.

BANG, BANG!

Qin Wentian instantly paled as his heart pounded. With such a sudden rush of impact, none of them were feeling good. He felt as though his head was about to explode. Clutching his head with both his hands, an expression of extreme agony flashed on his face. Even with his will, he couldn’t help but to falter.

“What a terrifying power.” Qin Wentian’s countenance turned incredibly unsightly. He grit his teeth as he continued forwards, yet he had no way to increase his speed. It was simply too painful. Right now, he could only grit his teeth and endure it.

Kacha!

A violet stream of light shot into him. Qin Wentian only felt a destructive lightning energy exploding in his brain.

Chi...

Instantly, Qin Wentian coughed out fresh blood as his countenance turned as pale as paper.

“It’s actually so terrifying to such an extent. What sort of existence is the master of this Immortal Palace exactly?” Qin Wentian mused. Xia Sheng and the other six of the Core Faction walked ahead. Although they too were feeling the pain, their steps were steady. Like Qin Wentian, they came here well prepared, it was not so easy for them to waver.

“We can’t wait. If we delay here, the attacks will continue unceasingly. If we stop here, we are merely courting death,” Qin Wentian mused, as he continued advancing too, trying his best to hasten his pace. The lightning unceasingly blasted into him, generating an explosive might in his sea of consciousness, threatening to wipe away his mind.

Qin Wentian and the others were all geniuses from the Royal Sacred Region. They endured through it based on their own powerful wills and determination. However for those that lagged behind, they could no longer even see the shadows of those walking ahead. The distance between these two groups had been gradually lengthened.

“What’s this?” Qin Wentian stared at the stream of light before him, it was actually a blood-colored lightning and just the sight of it filled one’s heart with shivers.

“Hu...” Drawing in a deep breath, Qin Wentian didn’t hesitate and continued forward, coming into contact with that stream of blood-colored lightning. The glow from it enveloped his body, Qin Wentian’s sea of consciousness transformed into a sea of blood. Countless thunder blasted down from the skies, slamming into the sea, causing the waves to churn violently as the entire sea turned topsy turvy. It was simply too terrifying.

“I can’t stop here.” Qin Wentian had already endured this on the passageway for two days, his entire person was burning with fatigue. This passageway seemed to be like a bottomless pit, it was too tormenting.

Qin Wentian’s blood was thrumming, he stared at the incomparably intense light as he clenched his fist. He still had many things he needed to do, how could he be forced to stop here? Didn’t the Xia Emperor also pass this trial back then? Since he could do it, why can’t he?

As he thought of this, his will grew even firmer and he advanced forwards. This time, five days passed, but Qin Wentian could no longer sense the flow of time. The seven days felt as long as a life time, he was fighting for his life at every single second. Such a torture simply filled one with endless despair, causing them to involuntarily want to give up.

Qin Wentian was exhausted, but the light that glimmered in his eyes could still stir the souls of others.

What made people despair was that this was merely only the beginning. Qin Wentian walked another month on this passageway and at the very end when he exited, he came to a boundlessly vast world. The first thing he did was to collapse on the ground and close his eyes. Right now, he wanted nothing more than a bout of good sleep.

After a long period of time, Qin Wentian finally opened his eyes and stared at this vast world.

Ahead of him, he could see many resplendent points of light floating above the ground in this world. Each and every point of light contained a brilliance so bright that it could pierce the eyes of people looking at it.

It felt that every point of light was in the form of an object floating in the air. The light from them illuminated this entire world. Some of the points of light were swords, some were ancient text akin to an immortal book.

And below them, there were actually tombs. There were so many tombs with no gravestone or anything to indicate the name of the character buried underneath.

Qin Wentian trembled, this was a fear born from the depths of his soul. Was this boundlessly vast world a graveyard? Those points of light, they were all tombs. But such tombs, what sort of existences were buried within them?

Could it be that...this Vermilion Bird Immortal Palace, actually buried immortals?!

RUMBLE~!

From afar, a supreme transcendent might gushed out, so powerful that even the skies changed color. Qin Wentian only felt this entire space vibrating as though it was about to break apart as a thunderously explosive sound resounded through the air.

“LET ME OUT!!!”

A voice filled with bitter rage and resentment rocked the heavens and earth. After which, a number of towering auras engulfed the entire space and each of them were so powerful that it caused Qin Wentian to tremble.

“Finally, there’s people here again.”

Another bolt flashed from the blue. Not only Qin Wentian, everyone who arrived at this passageway all felt their hearts shivering. Even Xia Sheng, who knew of the circumstances within, couldn’t help but to tremble at the power of those auras!

Chapter 634: 80,000 Years

Xia Sheng arrived, Zai Qiu arrived, Quinn and Siko of the Battle Sword Sect arrived, Baim, Tu Leng, as well as the other leaders of their respective groups, had all also arrived. Their wills were resisting the overwhelming pressure from those towering auras. The elites chosen as the leaders of their groups were all individuals with exceptional combat prowess and people with iron wills. But not only the leaders, there were some other characters who also had the strength of will to resist.

“Xia Sheng, can you tell us now? What exactly is this place? And those floating items, are they immortal-ranked weapons? Those ancient text must be immortal arts right?!” Baim’s white hair fluttered in the wind as he asked Xia Sheng.

“Not all of them are, but I can say for sure that the vast majority of those points of lights are immortal-ranked weapons or immortal arts.” Xia Sheng’s words caused the hearts of those here to tremble. There were actually so many?

“However, do not touch any of them. All of you bear this in mind, you must never ever touch those items or a calamity will descend upon us. Those immortal weapons and immortal arts are all suppressing the immortal tomb. If we touch any of them, the seal over the tombs would break and the immortals buried within would be able to come out.”

“Are you joking? There are immortals underneath the tombs? Then why did we come here? Are you leading us to our death?” Tu Leng had an extremely violent personality, a blood-colored glow flickered in his eyes as he harshly questioned.

“The immortals within the tombs all have their cultivations sealed.” Xia Sheng drew in a deep breath as a terrifying light gleamed in his eyes. Upon hearing his words, everyone present was taken aback.

Burying immortals? Sealing immortals?

Who would be so terrifying?

“What level is their seals at?” Quinn asked.

“No idea.” Xia Sheng shook his head. “All of you had better listen carefully. In this place, do not ever use fifth-ranked divine weapons. The instant you do, those immortals that come out of the tomb would have their cultivation base raised to the peak of Celestial Phenomenon and if that happens, we will all die here. As long as we don’t bring out a fifth-ranked weapon, the seal on them will restrict their cultivation bases to the peak of Heavenly Dipper.”

“How can this be? The seal can adjust itself according to our cultivation? Is this the reason why those at the supreme-tier of Heavenly Dipper Realm are the most suitable candidates to explore this immortal palace?” Someone inquired.

“Yes. I can tell you for sure that even if these immortals’ cultivation bases are restricted to the peak of Heavenly Dipper, they can still kill us effortlessly. If it were Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants who entered this place instead, their cultivation bases would be restricted to the peak of Celestial Phenomenon. Up until now, there hasn’t been a single Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant in our Royal Sacred Region that could stand up to their strength. In the past, no matter how many peak-level Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants entered here, that many would die.” Xia Sheng’s words caused the hearts of everyone to be filled with trepidation.

What a terrifying place!

“Those roars, who are they? They are actually still alive.” Someone asked.

“No idea.” Xia Sheng shook his head. “This immortal palace is simply too vast and every time our Royal Sacred Sect sent people here, they would try to probe the secret of a single location. In any case we will wait for more people to gather before we start seizing the immortal arts. The sect has already promised us that if we obtained any, we would be allowed to cultivate it.”

“Now, you all can roam this place. But without my orders, do not act recklessly. We have to wait for everyone to gather before we make a move. If not, don’t blame me for showing no mercy.” A terrifying aura suddenly gushed forth from Xia Sheng, thick with killing intent as though he was warning the people present here.

Qin Wentian stood up, after which he walk about. In this boundlessly vast land of desolation, there were many tombs situated. Right now, he came before an extremely-ancient looking tomb.

Before him, there was a page from a book filled with ancient text floating there. Several runic words could be seen shimmering, yet his perception had no way to see through it. Somehow, an intense desire bloomed in Qin Wentian's heart, he wanted nothing more than to step forth and grab that page away.

Ridding himself of that desire, Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered as he moved about the landscape. Right now in front of him was an ancient blood-colored long spear that radiated a towering heavenly might so powerful that it could rend this world asunder. In fact, Qin Wentian felt his body was about to break down just by standing next to it. The blood in his body was seething and surging, totally out of his control, extremely terrifying.

Not only Qin Wentian, those who were already present all felt the temptation when they stared at the objects floating above the tombs. They all felt a rush of impulse, wanting nothing more than to grab those immortal arts and weapons away. Despite their strong wills, it was exceedingly hard to rid themselves of the temptation.

Bzzz!

Finally, in this graveyard, a terrifying whistling sound echoed through the air. In a certain direction, a beam of light broke the dome of heavens, grabbing the attention of all who ventured here. Xia Sheng's countenance grew incredibly unsightly as killing intent flashed in his eyes.

“MO YONG, YOU ARE COURTING DEATH!” Xia Sheng roared in rage. “Everyone return here and gather by my side immediately!”

Several figures flashed, returning to the side of Xia Sheng. Qin Wentian returned as well, his gaze now fixed onto Mo Yong.

Mo Yong was a Heaven Chosen of the Great Earth Sect. He had discovered an extremely terrifying immortal weapon that contained an overwhelming amount of earth-elemental energy floating atop a tomb. Mo Yong naturally wanted to seize the item for his own. However, the instant he touched it, the tomb beneath broke apart and over there, a figure could suddenly be seen standing there.

This man had a demonic-looking countenance and his yellow hair were dancing wildly in the wind. He was clad in a brown-colored long robe and his eyes were staring straight at Mo Yong. The depthless eyes of his caused the souls of everyone present to shiver.

“Who are you?” The face of the yellow-haired man was wan and swallow, yet he exuded a boundless sharpness. His eyes were locked on to Mo Yong, causing Mo Yong’s entire body to involuntarily tremble from fear and terror.

“Are you the one who buried me in here? Stealing my treasure? SEALING MY DESTINY?!” His voice seemed to come from ages long past, and as he stepped out, Mo Yong felt an incomparably heavy pressure boring down on him.

His countenance pale as he repeatedly shaking his head, “I’m not the one.”

“You steal my treasure, seal my destiny, bury my soul. You should die, DIE!” The yellow-hair figure took another step forwards, as Mo Yong retreated with explosive speed. However, that figure merely stretched his palms out and grabbed the air. With an explosive sound, the earth on the ground flew up, forming a prison around Mo Yong instantly, restricting his movements and pressing down on him with enough force to bury him.

“YOU SHOULD DIE!” A fearsome killing intent flashed in the eyes of that man. Strands of his yellow hair transformed into countless sharp swords that exploded outwards.

“NOOOO~ SAVE ME!” Mo Yong’s countenance flashed with despair. After which, a sharp sword penetrated through Mo Yong’s head, pinning him onto the ground.

At this moment, Xia Sheng and the others all arrived somewhere near that yellow-haired figure. Their footsteps abruptly stopped, only to see the yellow-haired figure pulling out the sword, which turned back into a strand of his yellow hair. That strand of hair glistened with blood, shining in an extremely blinding manner, yet also exuding a sense of incredible power.

“How powerful.” The expressions of Xia Sheng and the rest were all incredibly grim. The aura exuded from this man was merely at the peak of Heavenly Dipper, similar to all of them. Mo Yong wasn’t an ordinary person, his combat prowess could be considered very strong as well. However, in front of this yellow-haired figure, he didn’t even have the strength to resist.

The eyes of the person shifted onto Xia Sheng and the rest. His eyes glimmered with yellow light and just a single gaze caused everyone to perspire profusely as their souls quavered in terror.

“Are all of you the ones who sealed my destiny, buried my soul, stealing my treasure?” That figure stared wildly at Xia Sheng and the rest. After which, he mumbled to himself as he stared at the sky, “And as for me, who am I?”

“Prepare to join hands, use all our strength to kill him.” Xia Sheng spoke in a low voice. Everyone started to blast out their auras causing this entire space to tremble.

“Who, am I?” That person seemed not to be aware that Xia Sheng and the rest were already preparing to attack him. He was still staring at the sky when Xia Sheng issued the order to surround him.

“Bring him under our control first. ACT NOW!” Xia Sheng roared. As the sound of his voice faded, there were ancient vines, iron chains, the power of space all acting in accord, erupting forth at the same moment, trying to lock that yellow-haired figure down.

BOOM!

The figure retracted his gaze, shifting it onto Xia Sheng. The earth trembled violently as it suddenly rose up, forming a protective dome enveloping the figure within. At the same time, the attacks of Xia Sheng and the rest arrived, furiously slamming onto that earthen dome, trying to break it apart.

The dome broke apart, the yellow-haired figure appeared once more. However, the restrictions binding him had all already been struggled free of.

BOOM!

The figure slowly stepped out. Just this single step caused a random opponent to be swallowed up by the great earth. He lifted his palms and slammed it forward. That casual palm strike shattered the earth, alongside with the poor victim trapped within it earlier.

At the same time, the experts under Xia Sheng unleashed another bout of attacks. Xia Sheng’s hair fluttered wildly in the wind as he punched out. Brilliant fist light flashed, even the void was trembling as the force of his punch lashed out. However, that yellow-haired figure merely lifted his hands. A golden screen of light manifested before him as Xia Sheng’s attack landed. Rumbling sounds echoed out as cracks spread like spiderwebs across the golden screen of light. However, Xia Sheng’s attack wasn’t powerful enough to shatter the defense mounted by the yellow-haired figure.

“Is that infused with true intent? That energy seemed to resemble the ones I saw before on the path of the grass hut. It must be a fusion of true intent, yet nobody can tell which Mandates are being used. This is simply too powerful. When that yellow-haired figure shouted out ‘who sealed my destiny, buried my soul,’ could it be that he is already dead? Or is he really an immortal whose cultivation base has been sealed?”

Qin Wentian was deeply shocked. Xia Sheng wasn’t exaggerating facts to scare them earlier. Just any random expert that broke free of their tomb, even though his cultivation base was restricted, he could still effortlessly kill anyone among them, including Xia Sheng.

This yellow-haired figure was an immortal. Even if his cultivation base was sealed, in the same realm, he’s an unrivalled existence – the owner of the true title ‘Unrivalled in Heavenly Dipper.’”

If Qin Wentian was as strong as him, he would definitely be the strongest in the Royal Sacred Region.

“All of you get lost for me!” From the void, an incomparably demonic voice echoed out, cold, sharp, his voice ringing with the tone of command. Instantly, those towering auras from before, those powerful streams of perception, completely vanished without a trace. Even Xia Sheng who was currently in combat felt his heart violently pounding, although the voice was not directed at them. Who was the owner of that voice earlier?

How powerful was he?

At this moment, in a certain place inside this boundlessly vast immortal palace, two pairs of eyes penetrated through the void, staring at the scene in the graveyard.

One among them was clad in black, exuding an incomparably demonic aura. His eyes were beyond sharp, and his cold eyes were currently emotionlessly staring at the figures in combat. He spoke in a low voice, “Yet another bunch of reckless idiots who don’t know the value of their lives. With such pathetic combat prowess, they can’t even get through the immortal graveyard. Are you holding hope that these people would be able to acquire this immortal palace and the ultimate inheritance within this place?!”

“It has already been 80,000 years, have you not awakened from your foolish fantasy yet?”

Chapter 635: Burying Ten Million Immortals and Demons

Xia Sheng and the others were all badly startled by the sounds resounding through the air, however they didn't dare to delay any longer. The yellow-haired figure which they had surrounded was simply too terrifying. Just lifting his hand was sufficient to cause an expert at the supreme-tier of Heavenly Dipper who had comprehended a true intent to die.

"Fan Miaoyu, use your sound waves to attack," At this moment, a woman's voice rang out, she was none other than an expert from the Forgotten Immortal Tower. Fan Miaoyu nodded as a blast of formless sound waves violently gushed out, causing the eyes of the yellow-haired figure to gleam with a terrifyingly cold light. He turned his gaze in the direction of Fan Miaoyu, and Fan Miaoyu instantly felt as though her entire body was frozen solid. After which, the yellow-haired figure waved his palms, causing a gigantic palm imprint manifested from earth essence to directly pin her down.

"BIND HIM!" Xia Sheng roared. Ancient vines manifested, restricting the yellow-haired figure once again.

"CLEAVE!" Wu Teng soared up into the skies and cleaved down with indomitable might. Yet, the yellow-haired figure merely lifted his palms once more as that golden screen of light manifested, transforming into a shield of great earth. Although the axe strike caused cracks to appear in it, it failed to shatter it.

Qin Wentian also advanced forward, his true intent of Dreams gushing out. The yellow-haired figure halted for a moment, standing there as his hair danced in the wind.

Bzz!

All of a sudden, that yellow-haired figure gave a roar as he stretched his hand out towards Qin Wentian. The true intent of Dreams actually couldn't affect him. Qin Wentian had no way to pull him into a dreamscape.

Too powerful, he was so powerful that he could break through any kind of true intent.

RUMBLE!

A terrifying whistling sound rang out as sword qi slashed through the sky. Quinn's white-robed figure appeared, flying upon his sword akin to an immortal being descending from the heavens.

Instantly, several illusory figures could be seen in the area as streams of fearsome sword qi directly slashed at the yellow-haired figure.

“ALL OF YOU USE YOUR STRONGEST TECHNIQUES TO KILL HIM!” Xia Sheng roared in rage. The short-statured Tu Leng stepped out, and a demon subduing lightning divine pole appeared behind him. That was his astral nova, the lightning energy contained within had an explosive effect that could cause pure destruction. He stomped on the ground and that short stature of his suddenly expanded together with that divine pole as he smashed the pole down from the sky. Thousands of arcs of electricity sparkled, tearing apart everything as it blasted into the yellow-haired figure. The attack was so powerful that even the immortal was trembling from the aftereffect.

“Ke...” The yellow-haired figure lifted his head and drew in a deep breath. He opened his mouth wide and actually began to devour all the destructive energy. Even the earth trembled violently as a result of his devouring.

“DIE!” An expert brandished a gigantic blood halberd, smashing it down on the yellow-haired figure. That gigantic blood halberd actually managed to impale the target. However, the yellow-haired figure merely stood there unmoving, allowing that expert to attack him. He then took a step forward and slammed a punch outwards.

With a deafening boom, the hearts of everyone pounded. The next instant, a large cavity appeared in the place where the heart of the halberd-wielding expert was. His heart had been totally crushed into nothingness.

At this moment, the blood halberd impaled in the figure suddenly dissolved, as numerous poison scorpions appeared, infesting his blood stream and feasting upon his flesh. This caused the countenance of the yellow-haired figure to turn black as his vitality rapidly declined.

“He is poisoned by the blood halberd, in that case he will definitely die for sure.” The hearts of everyone bloomed with joy when they saw this. Xucan was a leading character of the Sky Poison Valley, his proficiency in the poisoning arts was at an extremely high level. As long as he successfully administered the poison, no one at the Heavenly Dipper Realm would be able to survive.

However, everyone discovered that the eyes of the yellow-haired figure were still as sharp as ever. He swept a glance over them before lifting his head and stared at the sky, exuding an intense feeling of desolate loneliness.

“Burial Immortal, Burial Immortal, you are so ruthless. So many immortals came to this place to seek your inheritance yet you buried all of them. Why did you bury over ten million immortals and demons? WHY?!” A spark of intelligence flashed in the eyes of the yellow-haired figure as though he remembered something of his past. His words, deeply stirred the hearts of everyone present.

Burial Immortal? Was that a title of a certain powerhouse?

Why did he bury over ten million immortals and demons?

These immortals were also here to seek the inheritance? If even immortals lusted over the inheritance, how strong was the master of this palace exactly? Being able to bury over ten million of them? How powerful was he?

No wonder even the sect leader of the Royal Sacred Sect didn't dare to enter here recklessly.

Right now everyone discovered that, although they already felt that this was an extraordinary place, it turned out that they had still underestimated this immortal palace.

“ATTACK!” Xia Sheng's heart was like steel, he maintained a clear head and issued the command. He led the experts and slammed out with his fist. Momentarily, a trillion beams of fist-light slammed out, smashing everything, unceasingly ramming into the body of the yellow-haired figure. The others also frenziedly unleashed attacks yet despite doing so, the yellow-haired figure didn't seem to be affected.

A terrifying earthen-yellow light spiraled around him. That person shifted his gaze staring at those leading the attack. He stood upright and tall, exuding an imposing presence akin to an absolute fiendgod.

“Ants of the Heavenly Dipper Realm, ridiculous, too ridiculous. YOU BURIED ALL OF US YET ALLOWED A BUNCH OF ANTS TO COME TO THIS PLACE?! Could it be that the reason for the burial was because you wished to nurture these ants from the Heavenly Dipper Realm to the point where they could inherit your legacy?” The yellow-haired figure bursted out into a crazy laughter, as a deranged light flashed in his eyes.

He wasn't willing to believe that back then so many immortals came to this place to contend for the inheritance, yet it was all a trap. Most of them were buried here with their cultivation sealed while the others died. Was it really for the sake of these ants at the Heavenly Dipper Realm?

Too ridiculous, an existence like himself actually became a test for these ants? Sealing his cultivation base to this level just to become sparring partners to temper these ants in combat?

“Since you want this, let me grant it to you. I don’t know how many years have you waited for, but I hope that the one you are waiting for will appear. I want to see if these ants nurtured by your burial of ten million immortals would be able to inherit your boundless magnificence.” The yellow-haired figure howled as a beam of yellowish brown light erupted forth from him. His body exploded and actually transformed into the earth, completely vanishing from this spot.

A terrifying formless energy forced everyone to retreat. Several people coughed out blood from the after-impact as their countenances turned as pale as paper.

Qin Wentian was similarly forced back as he coughed out two mouthful of blood. He climbed his way back up, as his countenance flickered, his heart shaking violently as he thought back to the words the yellow-haired figure had spoken.

Burying ten million immortals and demons just to nurture ants at the Heavenly Dipper Realm, hoping to find a successor?

These immortals and demons were a test prepared by the master of the immortal palace?

Ten million terrifying existences came here to contend for the inheritance, yet all of them were either annihilated or buried. What level of cultivation had the master of this palace reached exactly?

Was he someone at the same level as the sect leader of the Royal Sacred Sect? Surely not, that level was simply too low. All of the immortals and demons buried here should all be much stronger than the sect leader of the Royal Sacred Sect.

“Swish, swish~!” Several figures flickered as they dashed towards an ancient rune shimmering in the skies.

“Get lost.” Yet another figure descended and grabbed the ancient rune floating in the sky. Upon seeing who the person was, the gazes of the others stiffened. It was Zai Qiu, nobody dared to act recklessly when they saw it was a member of the Core Faction.

“That ancient rune shall belong to Zai Qiu,” Xia Sheng faintly spoke, causing ugly looks to appear on the faces of everyone. That ancient rune was an immortal item, yet now that Zai Qiu had it in his possession, they would certainly not be able to get a share of it.

“Was there something wrong earlier? Why did that sealed immortal have intelligence? He actually had memories of the past.” Xia Sheng frowned as he shook his head.

“Xia Sheng, is that something unique?”

“The sect told us that these buried immortals have already forgotten everything. Yet that yellow-haired figure earlier seemed to be awake.” Xia Sheng’s heart pounded slightly as he continued, “Nevermind, even if we failed to obtain any more treasures, just this information uncovered made it so that this trip in here wasn’t wasted.”

Everyone was silent. Just as what Xia Sheng said, if they reported this to the sect, news may leaked and even people from outside the Royal Sacred Region might descend.

“Since we are already here, how can we go back empty-handed? With so many people, how can we not seize the opportunity to obtain some immortal treasures?” Zai Qiu’s voice rang out, causing many to look at him. Some of the experts then nodded, “Zai Qiu is right. Since we are already here, how can we return empty-handed?”

Xia Sheng glanced at Zai Qiu before nodding his head. “Okay, let’s wait here for the others first. I’m sure there are others that still haven’t arrived yet. None of us must do what Mo Yong did earlier. If someone does so, even if he doesn’t die in the hands of the buried immortals, I shall personally kill him for sure.”

“Mhm, let’s wait for Cloud and Loneliness to come out. We will work together with them and take these immortal-ranked items. Even if those buried here are immortals, as long as their cultivation base is restricted to Heavenly Dipper, we will kill them all the same.”

Cloud and Loneliness were divine inscriptionist grandmasters, they were extremely crucial to this operation. Without them, it was exceedingly difficult for them to slay the buried immortals.

“Fan Miaoyu, Wu Teng, both of you have arrived.” Qin Wentian nodded his head to both of them. The two of them came here slightly later than him, but since they could make it out of that passageway with their own power, it was already something very impressive.

“Fan Miaoyu, you follow me.” At this moment, the expert from the Forgotten Immortal Faction of the Royal Sacred Sect who spoke earlier stated. Fan Miaoyu was a core disciple of their Forgotten Immortal Tower, although she wasn’t really very familiar with this expert of the Forgotten Immortal Faction, they shared the same roots.

Fan Miaoyu could only glance apologetically at Qin Wentian with a smile, after which she turned and nodded to the woman who spoke, “I would have to trouble senior to take care of me then.”

After that, everyone closed their eyes in mediation and as time passed, the people exiting from the passageway got more and more and the instant they exited, there would be someone telling them of the scenario that happened earlier. Cloud and Loneliness had also finally arrived, and they immediately started to prepare a divine inscription formation in front of an immortal tomb.

Qin Wentian stared at the two of them preparing the formation. They seemed to be creating an extremely complex, support-type great formation. It could be seen that their attainments in the field of divine inscriptions were both extraordinary.

After an entire day, the divine inscription formation was finally finished. This formation was in the shape of a huge golden roc and was directly facing that immortal tomb.

“This formation is named the Great Golden Roc Formation, it contains boundless might and can pool our strength together as long as all of us stand at the designated locations. Those in charge of the attack can adjust and borrow the strength of all others in the formation. No matter how strong the buried immortals are, they would surely die when faced against the might of our formation,” Cloud explained, he was filled with confidence regarding this formation which he inscribed. Qin Wentian also knew that this formation was truly terrifying, especially so when everyone in the formation was at the supreme-tier of Heavenly Dipper.

“I will arrange your positions.” Xia Sheng spoke. “Quinn and Sikou, both of you are known for your powerful attacks. Bring Qin Wentian along and the three of you will be at the forefront of this formation.

“Zai Qiu, bring people and stand at the wings, I will be at the talon and Fan Miaoyu’s group will be at the tail...” Xia Sheng commanded. Qin Wentian frowned, maybe the others couldn’t tell what Xia Sheng’s intentions were. But for him, who was also proficient in divine inscriptions, he knew what Xia Sheng was planning just from his words.

Those at the forefront would have to directly face off against the immortal's attacks. That was an incredibly dangerous position.

The wings were the most nimble, while the talons, which was the position Xia Sheng was at, were most suited for attack. Those at the tail were supposed to launch unexpected attacks. However, the true controller of this formation would be those who stood at the wings.

"If we succeed, who does the immortal treasure belong to?" Qin Wentian asked. He wasn't a member of the Royal Sacred Sect. Naturally, he was unwilling to be placed at the position with the most danger if there was wasn't going to be any benefit.

"Mhm? Zai Qiu frowned. He glared at Qin Wentian and replied, "Cut the crap, just follow the orders."

Chapter 636: The Powerful Buried Immortal

As the sound of Zai Qiu's words faded, a cold light flickered in Qin Wentian's eyes. There was no need to doubt that the status of this Zai Qiu must be extraordinary in the Royal Sacred Sect. Although Xia Sheng was the leader, the one who grabbed the ancient rune earlier was Zai Qiu. Not only that, nobody had dared to protest.

"Just obey orders?" Qin Wentian coldly laughed. Earlier when Zai Qiu seized the treasure he already knew that Zai Qiu would definitely treat all of them as cannon fodder, placing them in the most dangerous situations to get the benefits for himself. Qin Wentian wasn't such a selfless person that he would sacrifice himself for Zai Qiu.

"You better make that clear. If not, doesn't it mean that we would die for nothing?" Qin Wentian spoke, causing many to be in silent contemplation. This was also something they wanted to ask. Although that expert from the Royal Sacred Sect had promised that they would be able to cultivate an immortal art if they obtained one. But were his promises real? And also, what about immortal treasures? There was no way to share in immortal treasures and earlier when Zai Qiu took that ancient rune, he hadn't consulted the rest of the group. Although they didn't dare to ask the question, it didn't mean that they had no thoughts on it.

"Qin Wentian." Zai Qiu glared at Qin Wentian with a cold light flashing past his eyes. "I've long heard of you. You are very famous and have outstanding talent, but you have to be clear on one thing. In this place, we of the Core Faction are the leaders. In here, put aside your arrogance, you don't have the capabilities to be impudent in here. If you don't wish to participate, you can scam the fuck off right now."

“It’s not that I want to be here, but rather, the Royal Sacred Sect invited me.” Qin Wentian locked gazes with Zai Qiu as he coldly replied. “If you don’t wish for me to participate, I don’t mind at all, but you better mind your words. So what if you are from the Core Faction? I’m not from the Royal Sacred Sect and have no connections with you.”

“Hehe.” A light laughter rang out, it was none other than the woman earlier from the Grand Shang Faction. How could she forget to throw stones at someone who is down? She added in a glacial tone, “How arrogant, our Royal Sacred Sect invited him to be here? Hehe... Zai Qiu, this Qin Wentian is really self-centered.”

This woman was very clear on who Zai Qiu was, she naturally wouldn’t miss the chance to cause the conflict between Zai Qiu and Qin Wentian to deepen.

Zai Qiu’s expression turned heavy and just when he was about to reply, Quinn interjected. “No matter what, it’s best to make things clear first. The majority of the people here are from the Royal Sacred Sect, I have no objections if we faced the danger together. However, if you want us to face danger yet not receive any of the benefits, there’s no meaning to it at all.”

Quinn’s words still had some weight to them, as he was also a disciple of the Royal Sacred Sect from the Battle Sword Faction. He had overwhelming combat strength and it was evident that he was on the side of Qin Wentian.

“In that case Quinn, what do you think we should do?” A young man beside Zai Qiu spoke. This person had a face full of pride, and seemed a little younger than Zai Qiu. He was Sun Jing, someone of the Core Faction, and also the junior apprentice brother of Xia Sheng and Zai Qiu.

Sun Jing had very close relationship with Zai Qiu and Xia Sheng, and now, an expression of unhappiness could be seen on his face when Quinn rebutted Zai Qiu. Quinn was from the Battle Sword Faction of the Royal Sacred Sect and people from that faction were all very prideful and extremely tough to control.

“If we obtain an immortal art, the person who seized it shall be its keeper. Once the immortal art is acquired by someone, the others are not allowed to seize it. The possessor can read through the immortal art and pass it over to Senior Li when we exit this place. If we obtain an immortal treasure, we will follow the same rules. The person who acquired it shall be the one to hand over to Senior Li so that due credit can be given,” Quinn’s voice was very calm, neither servile nor overbearing as he stated.

“Impudent, Senior Li has already stated very clearly. Everything in here has to follow the order of Senior Xia Sheng. Quinn, are you deaf?” Sun Qing berated.

“I’m only judging the matter where it stands. Since everyone has differences in opinion when we entered here, I’m sure I did not overstep my bounds by just giving a suggestion. Naturally, if everyone present is agreeable to follow the commands of Xia Sheng no matter how unfair they sound, I shall do the same as well,” Quinn faintly spoke. Sun Qing then turned his gaze onto the others, only to realize that many in the crowd were avoiding his gaze. Evidently, they all felt that Quinn’s words made sense. And since someone was willing to take the lead and step out, they were naturally willing to sit there and do nothing until a consensus was passed. After all, if the suggestion failed, the one who took the heat wouldn’t be them.

Zai Qiu’s eyes flashed with coldness as he stared at Quinn. “Fine, we will follow your suggestion. But in order to avoid us fighting over the treasures, I will have to modify your suggestion a little. Whoever was the one who last-hit the buried immortal, the treasure shall temporarily belong to that last-hitter. Does anyone have disagreement with that?”

“We are agreeable.”

“Mhm, since its this way, we will just follow this new rule,” the crowd all agreed, causing Zai Qiu’s lips to curl in a cold and unpleasant smile. But because of how he stood, nobody in the crowd could see that smile.

“Enough, we are all of the Royal Sacred Region, and shouldn’t be overly bothered by such a small matter. Since Zai Qiu has already agreed to do so, we will all just follow. Everyone, let’s put in your utmost effort here, and we will naturally obtain many immortal treasures.” Xia Sheng spoke as he continued, “Quinn and Zai Qiu’s suggestion was so that everyone would work harder to kill the buried immortals. I hope that all of us can remain united and act as one. You all have already seen for yourself how dangerous things could be.”

“Naturally, we must work together to minimize the danger.” Quinn nodded, radiating a sense of justice. Siko glanced at Quinn, his expression was filled with disdain. He understood the personality of Quinn very well, an honest goody-two shoes who wanted fairness and justice for everyone. However, these people of the Core Faction, it was obvious that they didn’t have the same intentions as him.

“Let’s act,” Xia Sheng ordered. Instantly, a runic glow flashed as the formation started to exude an intense light. A raging wind kicked up, as though the golden roc was flapping its wings and floating up to the sky. Quinn, Siko, Qin Wentian, and Wu Teng were at the forefront position – the beak of

the golden roc. And at this moment, Xia Sheng standing at the position of the talon stretched his arms out and grabbed the air, causing a rumbling sound to echo as the floating sword above the tomb roared. A moment later, the tomb crumbled as a terrifying sword intent that seemed as though it came from the primordial era, engulfed this entire space.

The biting cold wind gusted, blowing onto the bodies of everyone. Above the tomb, a white-robed figure appeared. His eyes stared vacantly at everyone as he stretched out his hands, as though he was sensing his own strength level.

“Why so weak?” a hoarse sounding voice echoed out, containing hints of contempt within. His eyes suddenly flashed with sharpness as everyone felt as though a beam of sword light pierced through their heart when he stared at them.

“Are you all the ones who buried me in here?” That person slowly walked forward as a towering sword qi filled the sky. In that instant, an overwhelming sword might enveloped everyone present.

“ATTACK NOW!” Xia Sheng roared. Quinn nodded, the runic inscriptions that made up the golden roc shone brilliantly. A beam of sword light tore through space, shooting right towards the white-robed figure.

“Why so weak?” That white-robed figure pointed his finger as millions of pinpoints of light gathered there, spiralling madly.

Bzz!

The wind intensified, Zai Qiu, as well as the others located at the wings, made their move. The manifestation of the golden roc rushed towards the buried immortal as a corroding palm strike smashed right towards the white-robed figure.

The palms of the white-robed figure slashed through space, resembling a sword slashing down from the sky, lacerating everything. The sharp talons of the golden roc shot out as well, Xia Sheng and the others channelled all their strength into this attack, wanting to annihilate everything.

That white-robed figure drew in a deep breath as he soared into the air. Brilliant sword-lights concentrated around him as they erupted forth in a frenzy. It was like tens of thousands of sword all shooting out at the same time. He slowly advanced forward, staring at the manifestation of the golden roc before him as his sword qi ravaged the area, shredding everything it came into contact with into nothingness.

RUMBLE!~

The wings of the golden roc flapped as it rushed straight out. Everyone inside the formation was channelling attacks and Qin Wentian and the other three at the forefront directly landed before the white-robed figure.

“He did this on purpose, the movement of the golden roc is controlled by those at the wings.” Qin Wentian stated to Quinn and the others. Right now, the left wing was controlled by Zai Qiu while the right wing was controlled by Sun Qing.

“It’s fine, let’s go all out in our attacks,” Quinn calmly spoke.

“Thousand Massacre Sword Art!”

As the sound of his voice faded, his sword qi bombarded the area ahead as millions of rays of light shot out, augmented by the power of the formation. Siko also issued his attack, yet his sword style was completely different from Quinn. Quinn’s swordplay was straightforward, packed with speed and power while Siko’s swordplay was sinister and crafty. The Evil Dragon Sword Art, the Defying Dragon Slash, each of his attacks were also exceedingly dangerous.

All in all, everyone inside the formation was frenziedly attacking. That white-robed figure calmly stood in front of the golden roc, and his tiny inconsequential figure erupted forth with a power that was unfathomably overwhelming. Each of his swords contained a sure-kill might, yet the strength of his attack was cut in half by the defense of the great roc formation. Even so, Qin Wentian felt the sense of death looming in more than once.

“Rush him, position him at the center of the golden roc formation, we will be able to kill him easier then,” Qin Wentian spoke. At the same time, the two wings flapped as the golden roc shot forward, appearing above the white-robed figure. Boundless light cascaded downwards, yet the white-robed figure didn’t bother to dodge at all. The him now was in a blank state, vacantly staring at the golden roc. He only wanted to attack.

“COMBINE OUR ATTACKS, EVERYONE KILL HIM!” The wings of the golden roc closed as it smashed downwards, burying the white-robed figure underneath.

The eyes of the white-robed figure shone with a towering sword light. He rode his sword and flew upwards to meet the golden roc, his palms pressing forward in space. A boundlessly vast killing intent exploded out from him, as a blinding light covered the entire sky. Sword qi lacerated the formation, and terrifying rumbling sounds rang out when the destructive energy ripped into it. Everyone was forced back, great clouds of dust rose from the ground as the white-robed figure stood there imposingly, bathed in his own blood, exuding the aura of a hero past his prime.

“Despite using an extremely powerful peak-tier fourth-ranked battle formation with supreme-tier Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns controlling it, we are all actually still forced into such a miserable state?” The hearts of the crowd pounded violently.

The white-robed man then shifted his gaze in the direction of Quinn and the rest. He coldly added, “Your swords are too weak.”

As the sound of his voice faded, his finger stabbed out into the air. Instantly, a supreme tyrannical sword might controlled everything. Quinn and Siko brandished their swords only to discover that even their sword intent was under the control of the white-robed figure.

The white-robed figure was bleeding, yet he was still advancing forward.

“Quinn, Siko, endure it first. Everyone else wait for the instant the immortal launches his attack. At that split-second after, immediately follow up with your attacks,” Zai Qiu spoke causing the expressions of everyone to turn stiff. Zai Qiu was so ruthless, wanting Quinn and the others to be the cannon fodder. Even if the latter attacks ended up killing the immortal, it was highly likely that Quinn and his party would end up as a sacrifice.

Qin Wentian stared at the white-robed figure as he activated the true intent of Dreams. However, that formless sword qi tore apart his true intent, he had no way to bring the immortal into his dreamscape.

Bzzz!

A number of water screens manifested protectively while a sonic wave blasted towards the white-robed figure. Fan Miaoyu had made her move.

“LEAVE!” Quinn and the other three immediately fled towards the left and right. A beam of sword qi resembled a rainbow, lacerating the sonic wave. The white-robed figure appeared once again.

Although he was injured, the sword might of his attacks wasn't influenced at all. Right now, he turned and shifted his attention onto Fan Miaoyu.

“Damn!” Sun Qing was extremely depressed, their plan was actually foiled. The killing move he prepared erupted outwards, as a huge volume of burning lava gushed towards the immortal.

Puchi!

A beam of sword light split it into two while a part of the lava landed on the white-robed figure, instantly burning him. Such a scene caused Sun Qing to be extremely excited. “QUICKLY KILL HIM, HE CAN'T ENDURE IT FOR MUCH LONGER!”

As the sound of his voice faded, an incomparably cold pair of eyes locked onto him. After which, the white-robed figure stepped out. Sun Qing's position was not far away from Fan Miaoyu, both of them felt a monstrous killing intent locking down on them. Every step the white-robed figure took caused them to feel that they were a step nearer to death. That figure immersed in the burning flames wanted to kill them even if he died.

Swish!

The white-robed figure rushed out, akin to a bolt of lightning.

“QUINN SAVE SUN QING!” Zai Qiu roared. After the four of them dodged earlier, they were the ones nearest to Sun Qing and Fan Miaoyu.

It was too late, the white-robed figure transformed into two beams of sword light, shooting forth with blinding speed towards Sun Qing and Fan Miaoyu.

“DIE!” Qin Wentian howled, his palms blasting into the void while Quinn moved as well, his sword slashing through the sky.

BANG!

The sword light shooting towards Fan Miaoyu was delayed by a Grand Nihilism Palm Imprint before burrowing through it. The next instant, Quinn arrived, his sword was forcibly resisting the beam of sword light and the impact from the collision caused him and Fan Miaoyu to be flung through the

air. However, Sun Qing wasn't that lucky. The other beam of sword light penetrated his throat despite him using the entirety of his strength to block that beam of light.

Chapter 637: Breakthrough in Battle

“SUN QING!” Xia Sheng and Zai Qiu shouted in shock, their countenances instantly turning pale.

Sun Qing was their junior apprentice brother and the relationship between the three of them were extremely close. Xia Sheng and Zai Qiu both treated Sun Qing as their blood brother. Sun Qing's talent was also extremely high and would definitely have had great accomplishments in their Core Faction in the future. He was in the prime of his youth and Xia Sheng would often accommodate him. And as for Zai Qiu, Sun Qing would always listen to him, the three of them were as close as real brothers.

But now, Sun Qing had fallen. He died in front of their eyes.

“WHY DIDN'T YOU SAVE HIM?” Zai Qiu's eyes flashed with a terrifying killing intent as he stared at Quinn and Qin Wentian. They had the opportunity to save Sun Qing, yet they actually chose to save Fan Miaoyu.

Qin Wentian frowned. Earlier when they sensed the attack, Zai Qiu shouted out for them to endure it. Only Fan Miaoyu acted to reduce the pressure for them. And even if Qin Wentian wasn't so calculative regarding Zai Qiu's sinister schemes, when danger befall on both Fan Miaoyu and Sun Qing, he would still have chosen to save Fan Miaoyu.

“I regret Sun Qing's death. But in that circumstances, we only had the time to save one,” Quinn calmly replied.

“I thought I said to save Sun Qing?” Zai Qiu radiated coldness as he spoke.

“Yes but at that moment, there was no time to even think, we could only act based on our natural instinct.” Quinn's tone of voice had no anger in it at all. Zai Qiu's countenance grew extremely heavy, but at that very instant, the sword light from the buried immortal concentrated into a ball as it exploded outwards. The sword might permeated this entire region, causing harsh whistling sounds to echo out as clouds of dust rose from the ground. With a deafening blast, a number of immortal items suppressing the ancient tombs were moved, resulting in the tombs crumbling. And within every tomb, a powerful primordial aura could be felt emanating forth at full blast.

“ZAI QIU!” Xia Sheng shouted. His countenance grew incredibly unsightly. There were now a number of figures standing at the spot where those ancient tombs crumbled apart. Their eyes stared vacantly at their surroundings, but an instant later, a fiery bout of anger ravaged this entire space as they started roaring unceasingly.

“It’s over...” The countenances of everyone all turned white as their hearts pounded in terror. Just a single buried immortal was already so inconceivably strong. And now, as the ancient tombs crumbled apart, so many buried immortals actually appeared. How could they even resist?

“RUN!” At this moment only a notion appear in the minds of everyone. They had to flee this area.

“Escape separately in different directions, or we will all be caught in one fell swoop!” Xia Sheng roared. Those immortals from afar slowly advanced forwards, as the experts of the Royal Sacred Region instantly bolted towards different directions.

Qin Wentian, Siko, Quinn, Wu Teng, and Fan Miaoyu ran off together in the direction of the passageway. Not only them, many of the others also ran in that way, preparing to exit this space.

A terrifying raging wind gusted in the air, a shadowy-image flashed through the sky instantly appearing at the entrance of the passageway. This figure was clad in green-robos and he stood there with hands held behind his back. The aura emanating from him was incredibly fierce, and contained hints of ancientness within.

“We can no longer get out.” Siko promptly made a decision and fled in another direction instead. The strength of these buried immortals was so strong that it was monstrous. Even if everyone attacked at the same time, they might have no way to kill him. Since the entrance was already blocked, if one continued in that direction, they would only find death waiting for them.

“There are quite a number of buried immortals, we will have a higher chance of survival if we flee separately,” Quinn spoke in a low voice. Qin Wentian nodded, “In that case, everyone...take care.”

“Take care,” Wu Teng nodded. After which, they all chose a different direction and sped away.

Unleashing the Fiend Transformation Art, Qin Wentian transformed into a golden-winged roc. He arced through the skies in a graceful curve, speeding towards a random direction at blinding speed, akin to a golden streak of lightning.

“Mhm?” At this moment, there was a figure below who took note of that streak of lightning. A strange glow flashed in his eyes as a pair of wings took form behind him before he took off after Qin Wentian with lightning speed.

Qin Wentian’s speed was extremely fast, yet the speed of that figure was even faster. The two of them streaked through the skies and in the blink of an eye, they already traversed a great distance. Qin Wentian soon discovered that someone was following him. His countenance grew extremely unsightly as he continued speeding his way forward. After a period of time, he halted and descended, transforming back into his human form.

Turning, he stared at the figure who was following him. This was a man clad in grey with a demonic-looking countenance. He was floating in the air and had a vacant look in his eyes as he stared at Qin Wentian.

“Senior,” Qin Wentian spoke, yet he only saw the wings of the other figure flapping. A greyish shadow shot forth, Qin Wentian’s blood thrummed as he blasted out furiously with his palms, unleashing an indomitable Star-Seizing Palm Imprint.

However, that figure merely casually lifted his palm. A resplendent glow shimmered that as the manifestation of a celestial bird zoomed out in rage. With an explosive collision, Qin Wentian’s imprint was shattered into pieces and the impact even knocked him back, causing him to cough out blood. His aura fluctuated, and just when he was about to stand up, the gust of the wind could be heard. The grey-robed figure had already appeared right before him, lowering his head as he stared at Qin Wentian.

“Who are you, and who am I?” That person spoke, even his voice was low and rumbling, resembling a demon. His countenance was like lightning, giving people a terrifying feeling when they looked at him.

“Junior is named Qin Wentian, but I have no idea who senior is,” Qin Wentian replied. The strength of this person was so strong that it struck fear in his heart.

“In that case, why did you appear here? And why is my cultivation base sealed?” The clothes of the grey-robed figure fluttered in the wind, although there was still a blankness in his gaze, his demonic-looking sharp eyes seemed as though he could see through Qin Wentian.

“I only know this place seemed to be a burial ground for immortals, and it’s within an immortal palace,” Qin Wentian replied.

“Burying immortals, burying immortals...” The grey-robed figure murmured as he felt a splitting pain in his head. He stared at the sky, “Burial Immortal, why does this name sounds so familiar. Who is the Burial Immortal, why did he seal me underneath the tomb...?”

His voice gradually grew louder and louder, causing a raging wind to kick up. His demonic qi was incredibly sharp, all of a sudden his wings flapped as he roared in anger and shot up into the sky, leaving so quickly with the speed of a lightning bolt, while exuding an incomparably tyrannical and baleful aura.

Being sealed by someone underneath a tomb for countless years. No wonder these immortals were so enraged when they came out.

Qin Wentian’s entire body was soaked in sweat. He sighed in his heart. Compared to these buried immortals, those termed unrivalled in Heavenly Dipper in the Royal Sacred Region simply weren’t even worthy of a mention.

After consuming a medicinal pill, Qin Wentian continued on his way. Numerous ancient tombs could be seen dotting the land. Qin Wentian saw a Sword Tomb, and when he neared that place, he could feel a sword-might radiating from the immortal sword hovering atop the tomb. He closed his eyes in meditation, sensing the aura of immortal qi. After a long period of time, he stood up and continued forward, occasionally coming across to ancient tombs in which he would sit before the tomb to mediate on the immortal aura of the items.

Time flowed by, it has already been over a month since he entered here. This desolate ground was boundlessly vast, it was as though there was no end to it.

The warnings he heard before weren’t exaggerated. Buried immortals, buried immortals, burying ten millions of immortals and demons. That supreme powerhouse who had done so, was it really because he wanted to choose a successor?

What degree of talent would one need if they wished to become the successor of this immortal palace?

That day, that booming voice that rang out in the air. Who was the owner of that voice?

“Mhm?” At this moment, Qin Wentian felt someone staring at him. He coldly hollered, “Come on out.”

As the sound of his voice faded, a silhouette appeared behind another immortal tomb, staring at Qin Wentian who was sitting before a tomb.

This person had a short stature. It was none other than the leader of those from the Violet Thunder Faction, Tu Leng.

Tu Leng stared at Qin Wentian, his eyes flickering with a cold light. He then slowly walked towards Qin Wentian, yet giving Qin Wentian a dangerous feeling.

“Brother Wentian, why are you here as well?” Tu Leng narrowed his eyes and smiled, acting as though he was very familiar with Qin Wentian.

“Is there something the matter?” Qin Wentian asked in a detached tone of voice.

“I heard that you are well-versed in a multitude of techniques and even have very powerful immortal arts. In this place, danger abounds everywhere, Brother Wentian might die at any moment. How about handing over your techniques to me?” Tu Leng coldly laughed as he continued walking towards Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian had already stood up when he noticed Tu Leng. He then emotionlessly spoke, “Oh, is that so? How about I pass them to you now?”

As the sound of his words faded, Qin Wentian’s blood started to thrum with power. His countenance grew incredibly demonic as resplendent astral light circulated around his body.

“Sure, I will come over and take them then.” Tu Leng’s silhouette flickered as blood-colored lightning covered him completely, radiating a sense of intense destructiveness and danger.

BOOM!

Tu Leng’s palm slammed out as the streaks of blood-colored lightning shot through the sky, directly blasting towards Qin Wentian. Instantly, Qin Wentian only felt a bloody calamity descending upon

him. When those bolts of lightning hit him, Qin Wentian felt his blood boiling as his body turned numb, trying to paralyze him.

Bzz!

Qin Wentian abruptly turned and streaked away with blinding speed.

“HAHAHA, Brother Qin why are you in such a hurry to leave?” Tu Leng continued advancing. Every step he took caused Qin Wentian’s entire body to shudder as an overwhelming pressure pressed down upon him. Tu Leng was a character that had comprehended four kinds of true intent.

“You won’t be able to escape.” Tu Leng’s speed was as quick as Qin Wentian. And every step he took, Qin Wentian felt even more of those blood-colored lightning bolts slamming into him as the numbing effect grew even stronger.

At this moment, a towering sword qi emanated forth from Qin Wentian, permeating the air. Tu Leng furrowed his brows, and after that he actually saw Qin Wentian turning about once again and rushing straight towards him. Every step he took generated a supreme sword might of annihilation that even made Tu Leng’s heart go cold with fear.

Tu Leng’s countenance changed. He stomped the air as his terrifying true intent of Great Earth erupted forth, wanting to crush Qin Wentian. The two of them were advancing towards each other.

“True intent of Sword?! You actually comprehended three kinds of true intent.” Tu Leng stared at Qin Wentian, the lightning gushing from him blotted out the sun, crackling with intense violence.

“DIE!” Tu Leng roared in rage, the blood-colored lightnings zoomed forth. Qin Wentian similarly roared, the humming of his sword and sword light converged together, tearing through the armor Tu Leng wore.

The two of them rushed each other, instantly colliding with a thunderous impact.

Sword-type inscriptions formed of divine energy concentrated on his palms. Qin Wentian’s physique grew increasingly larger and even his clothes were torn apart. An armor of astral light covered his body and with a roar, several incarnations of himself appeared as they directly slashed down with their swords.

Tu Leng's body grew larger in size as well. He was bathed entirely in lightning and each of his strikes packed a destructive energy within causing Qin Wentian to feel that even the circulation of his blood had been paralyzed. The feeling of numbness grew increasingly intense.

"What a powerful attack." Right now, Qin Wentian could feel the arteries in his body already about to explode from the destructive energy channeled into him. However, the thrumming of his demonic bloodline grew increasingly violent as the faint image of an ancient primordial demon king appeared behind him causing his aura to grow even more tyrannical.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!

The two of them fought in close-combat, all the divine energy Qin Wentian had stored up erupted forth at this moment, giving his all, fighting with his back to the river. Both of their auras fluctuated wildly while blood could be seen leaking out from the corner of Qin Wentian's mouth.

"JUST DIE ALREADY!" Tu Leng coldly roared, as a boundless amount of lightning blasted towards Qin Wentian once more, wanting to shatter it into pieces. Qin Wentian drew in a deep breath as blood continuously flowed out from his mouth. His eyes were incredibly fiend-like and gleamed with a demonic light. He then stared at Tu Leng and stated, "Thank you for this battle."

As the sound of his voice faded, an even more overwhelming demonic qi engulfed the area, shaking the heavens and earth. A crimson glow covered this entire space as Tu Leng's countenance grew incredibly ugly. He retreated with explosive speed.

The true intent of the Mandate of Demons. Qin Wentian had comprehended a total of four kinds of true intent and right now, his aura was still climbing upwards.

"Where are you going?" a wraith-like voice echoed out. Tu Leng turned his head and saw a silhouette which he had never seen before. Terror quaked his heart as his entire being trembled involuntarily. Was this a buried immortal?

Over here, as long as he saw someone he had never seen before earlier when they came in, Tu Leng naturally would assume that it was a buried immortal. However, this person was not!

Chapter 638: Key

Tu Leng instantly turned about and moved in the direction of Qin Wentian. Compared to Qin Wentian, a buried immortal was simply too dangerous, he didn't have anyway to defend against them.

"Let's join hands for now, or we will both die," Tu Leng stated to Qin Wentian.

At this moment, the demonic qi gushing forth from Qin Wentian was akin to a demon king in recovery. His eyes were incomparably fiend-like as he stared at Tu Leng, and his countenance was exceedingly serene. "Oh is that so? You will die, but I will definitely not die."

"Have you gone crazy?" Tu Leng cursed. The silhouette from the back closed in, causing Tu Leng to be so struck by terror that his entire body turned cold.

"He isn't crazy, have you seen clearly who am I?" a voice from behind him rang out. Tu Leng turned, he was now trapped between a rock and a hard place. He stared at the oncoming silhouette as he asked, "Who are you?"

"I am him, he is me," that person quietly replied.

"Crazy, all of you are crazy." The blood-colored lightning crackled fiercely around Tu Leng as he rushed towards Qin Wentian with the lightning opening up a path. Qin Wentian's body exploded directly with a thunderous boom, the blood-lightning penetrated through him, creating a cavity in it. Yet Qin Wentian's eyes hadn't lost its light, and was still boring into Tu Leng's.

"Something is wrong," Tu Leng suddenly sensed something weird. He recalled that it was rumored Qin Wentian had comprehended the true intent of Dreams, and was able to pull someone unconsciously into his dreamscape.

BOOOM!

A terrifying streak of lightning directly blasted into him. Tu Leng felt pain coursing through his entire body as the dreamscape broke. His entire body was soaked in cold sweat. As expected, it was a dream. Qin Wentian was still alive and had no wounds on him at all, let alone the huge cavity in his chest he thought he saw earlier.

"I WANT YOU TO DIE!" Tu Leng rushed Qin Wentian again. Qin Wentian merely stood there while coldly smiling at Tu Leng, allowing Tu Leng's attack to land on him again. Under the

thunderstruck gaze of Tu Leng, a huge hole appeared once more on Qin Wentian's body. But upon seeing the laughter flickering in Qin Wentian's eyes, Tu Leng only felt he was trapped in a nightmare he had no way to escape from.

Chi...!

A crisp sound echoed out, Tu Leng was forced awake from the dream. He had never even moved from his original spot at all. Right now, he lowered his head and stared at the sharp sword which had penetrated his heart. That sword then twisted, lacerating his organs. He turned his gaze onto Qin Wentian as an expression of puzzlement flashed in his eyes. He wanted to see clearly who the silhouette behind him was, but he could no longer turn around.

"Double-layered dreamscape. How can your true intent of Dreams be this strong?" Tu Leng stared at Qin Wentian, he understood the true intent of Dreams a little. This particular true intent was extremely unique, but there was also a flaw. One had to concentrate their will and spirit to bring others into their dreamscape. The rate of exhaustion on one's spirit was incredibly huge and if the person creating the dreamscape were to attack, the dreamscape would become very unstable and easily broken through. Unless one fought against a much weaker opponent, the dreamscape creator would never initiate a physical attack. They would use mental attacks powered by their spirit and imagination to torment their opponents instead.

Earlier, Tu Leng obviously already came out of the dreamscape, but why was he still stuck in it?

"The first time you broke through, that wasn't my dreamscape. When you turned and looked at him, you have already sunk into his dreams. As for the second time, that's actually the dreamscape of my creation. I didn't move to attack you, but he could do so." Qin Wentian calmly explained.

At this instant, Tu Leng only felt a chill so cold that it penetrated his bones. He stuttered in disbelief, "That's your...true-self incarnation!"

Qin Wentian didn't reply nor refute. Tu Leng's eyes flashed with regret, despair and hatred. After which, a sinister smile appeared in his eyes, "An opponent of such caliber like yourself is truly terrifying. However, you will surely die. DEFINITELY, HE WILL NEVER SPARE YOU!"

"Puchi!" Di Tian's sword finished the strike. Tu Leng's cold laughter stopped as the expression on his face finally slackened in death.

The one behind him was naturally none other than Di Tian, a true incarnation of himself created by virtue of the Great Nirvana Immortal Art.

A true-self incarnation was the exact same as the original. Both were demon-level geniuses.

Qin Wentian long had plans regarding this true incarnation of his. He would usually use Di Tian to contemplate on Mandates while his original body roamed the world for experiences to temper himself. This way, his cultivation speed would naturally be faster and even if his original body were to die, he would still have a life left.

Di Tian was like the shadow of Qin Wentian. A shadow that almost never appeared in Qin Wentian's life.

He would only show up at crucial moments, and an example was this immortal palace.

Di Tian wouldn't influence his life. Qin Wentian wouldn't allow the true-self incarnation to disrupt it. Di Tian was a trump card, a weapon hidden in the dark. And even though right now everything about them was the same, in the future when Di Tian broke through, he would choose a direction different compared to Qin Wentian. Only then would he be able to achieve the greatest effect of the Great Nirvana Immortal Art. By allowing Di Tian to grow together with himself, Di Tian would become the sharpest weapon he possessed.

After Di Tian took away the items on Tu Leng's body, he flickered and went off in a random direction, opting not to stick together with Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian departed the area as well and soon after, the two of them found a quiet place for cultivation as they sat down and withdrew their Yuan Meteor Stones for cultivation.

The astral energy within his body seethed and surged, cleansing his impurities as his meridians and energy channels expended. Even his astral novas were being tempered. An intense rumbling sound echoed out and in the short span of a day, Qin Wentian and Di Tian both broke through, stepping into the eighth level of Heavenly Dipper.

Before this, they had made use of the grand formation to fight against a buried immortal. The swordplay of that buried immortal actually gave Qin Wentian a spark of insight. After that, he had comprehended the true intent of Sword while he was roaming the burial grounds. His Mandate of Demons was also on the verge of breaking through to true intent, and just so nicely, Tu Leng appeared. In that savage battle between them, Qin Wentian finally comprehended what the energy of demons should be. Savage, violent, without fear, bloodthirsty, and killing in a frenzy. Ultimately,

Qin Wentian broke through when forced into a corner, allowing him to comprehend the true intent of Demons.

After he comprehended the true intent of Demons, even his bloodline seemed to be undergoing a transformation, cleansing away the impurities of his body. A chain reaction then occurred, his cultivation base also soared to the point of breaking through. This was also the reason why Tu Leng chose to flee instead of continuing to battle. He could sense that Qin Wentian was already on the verge, and combat against him would give Qin Wentian the edge to do so.

But even so, he eventually died and Qin Wentian had now stepped into the eighth level of Heavenly Dipper while comprehending a total of four kinds of Mandates: Force, Dreamsleep, Demon, and Sword!

His combat prowess skyrocketed more than a tier upwards. If right now he fought on the Sacred Battle Platform, he could even insta-kill Liu Lan and Di Shi, they wouldn't even be able to defend themselves. He was also confident that he could easily suppress experts on Tu Leng's level.

For his next step, Qin Wentian had to pursue the unrivalled-tier in Heavenly Dipper, to be truly unrivalled in this realm. When he saw the combat strength of those buried immortals, Qin Wentian understood that even he right now, still had an extremely far distance to go to reach that level. The strength of those buried immortals was simply too terrifying, even a character like Tu Leng who had comprehended four intents couldn't withstand a single strike.

After breaking through, Qin Wentian and Di Tian roamed around the place while consolidating their foundation and tempering the energy of their true intents. Only this way would they be able to freely control their degree of attacks during actual combat.

More than ten days had passed. Qin Wentian and Di Tian continued advancing into the depths of this immortal burial ground. There were tens of millions of tombs in this space, so many that they were basically countless. By now, Qin Wentian was already numb to the sight, he didn't dare to imagine the number of immortals buried here. But there was one thing he could be sure of. This immortal palace shouldn't be something of the Royal Sacred Region. How could there be so many immortals here?

Continuing on his way, Qin Wentian would sit down to cultivate whenever he had a spark of insight. And today, Qin Wentian finally came to the end of this desolate burial ground of immortals.

What appeared before Qin Wentian was a screen of light that connected the heaven and earth. It resembled a rainbow cascading downwards from the sky, standing between the two spaces. And in that shimmering screen of light, an illusory door could be seen.

“Key.” Qin Wentian’s expression hardened. From afar, a whistling sound rang out and an instant later, Di Tian appeared with a key in his hands. This key directly transformed into an illusory state as it floated forwards, into the keyhole of the illusory door. An instant later, a small opening appeared there.

Qin Wentian and Di Tian both trembled slightly. The illusory door actually opened, the key Xia Emperor left behind was truly useful. In that case, what secrets would there be at the end of that illusory door?

Streams of terrifying energy fluctuations from a number of ancient auras could be sensed from the other side of that door. Qin Wentian glanced at Di Tian, his eyes flashed with the look of a struggle before gleaming with the light of determination.

“Since I’ve already made it all the way here, I would surely regret it if I don’t enter,” Qin Wentian sighed in his heart. As the sound of his voice faded, he turned and decisively left this place. And after he departed, Di Tian’s figure flickered, entering through the illusory door to the next space within.

A resplendent light flashed as that illusory door closed. The two spaces were separated once more.

At this moment, Di Tian stood at the other side of the doorway. The illusory door closed behind him and was sealed shut, and Di Tian understood he no longer had a path of retreat. Di Tian was thinking that back then the Xia Emperor didn’t actually use this key. He didn’t know how the Xia Emperor acquired this key. Maybe it was because of his strength? Or more likely, it was because of his luck.

“Finally, someone entered,” a hoarse voice rang out. Di Tian’s countenance was calm and serene. Since he had already entered, no matter what he faced, he wouldn’t flinch from it.

“Those that were able to enter here are all able to solo-kill those buried immortals. This new person should have have some strength, right?”

“Haha, I wonder if he will be able to obtain the inheritance of that old thief. If he really succeeded, this meant that all of us would regain our freedom.”

A number of voices rang out, as though they had been too lonely prior to his arrival. It had been too long since they saw someone new entering this space. This lonely world suddenly seemed to brighten up and became more lively with the arrival of Di Tian.

“Only those who could solo-kill the buried immortals would gain the qualifications to enter this space?” Di Tian’s heart pounded when he heard that. How strong was a buried immortal? Those who could solo-kill them, that meant that their strength had truly reached the unrivalled-tier of Heavenly Dipper. Could it be that only those monstrous existences had the rights to enter this place?

“Old thief? Inheritance?”

These people should hate the master of the immortal palace very much, right? They actually dared to refer to him as an old thief. In that case, it might be possible that the master of this immortal palace was already dead.

Di Tian quickly filtered out the useless info. He continued walking forward as their voices rang out in his ear.

“Only at the eighth-level of Heavenly Dipper? How can this be?” someone questioned bewilderedly.

“There’s no need for you all to continue dreaming. This old man has already been here for 80,000 years. Although the number of people that have entered here before was not that many, there were a few hundred of them through these years. Which one among them wasn’t a character that exuded unmatched magnificence throughout his generation? But what was the result? All of them were played to death by you freaks. What nonsense are you talking about, this new arrival might be able to receive the inheritance? I curse that that old thief would never be able to find a successor for all eternity. Just look at how absurd the difficulty of the conditions he set is?”

“Haha, all of you remember to be more lenient this time around, don’t make this little fellow die too early. If not, it would really be too boring.” Someone laughed uproariously, as though already treating Di Tian as their plaything.

“Is this a nest of devils?” Di Tian started, his heart trembling involuntarily from their words. These people had actually been stuck within for 80,000 years. After such a long time, even if they didn’t go crazy, it was only expected that their personalities had turned twisted right?

Chapter 639: Immortals As Sparring Partners

Step by step, Di Tian slowly walked forward after stepping through the illusory door. He came to a place with mountains and waters. Compared to the desolate burial grounds earlier, this seemed more like an ordinary world. He could still hear those voices discussing him, but they seemed to be speaking from a location quite far away from him. Di Tian walked for quite a long time before he finally saw a human silhouette.

Not far away from him was an old man with red hair. His hair and beard looked extremely messy, his large eyes were silently regarding Di Tian as a terrifying imposingness flashed within. Di Tian stared at those eyes and saw a world filled with flames reflected within. Somehow, the tendrils of the flame in that world enveloped Di Tian, causing him to feel a scorching heat burning his entire body.

“Damn!” Di Tian struggled, and only after a long moment did his eyes regain clarity. He stared at the red-haired old man while his heart pounded in shock.

That old man was similarly also looking at him, but he didn't take any more actions. Di Tian soon discovered that the body of this old man was tied to an incomparably huge ancient tree. A strange and marvellous energy of runes circulated around this ancient tree, channelled into the body of this old man, forcefully binding him there and making it so that he had no way to move.

“Senior, do you need junior's help?” Di Tian asked.

The red-haired old man started, he stared at Di Tian in astonishment before he recovered with a grin. “What an interesting little fellow. Help? Come and try first.”

Di Tian walked up, a towering sword qi radiated from him as he slashed out with torrential might, targetting the ancient tree that bound the old man. His incomparably sharp sword slashed on the thick vines covering the tree, and actually did not leave even a mark behind.

“How tough, no wonder senior would be bound by it.”

“Bound by this thing? Do you think that this is really a tree?” The red-haired old man glanced at Di Tian before muttering, “Ignorant.”

“Eh...” Di Tian felt extremely awkward.

“Go on ahead and take a look first,” the red-haired old man spoke. Di Tian nodded as he continued on the path forward. He noticed that not far away from him, there was another person being suppressed under a mountain that radiated intense spiritual qi. The hair of the silhouette suppressed underneath was so long and messy that it covered his features. That person lifted his head and grinned at Di Tian. “Hey, it has been really a long time since anyone came by. It’s so lonely here.”

“Little brat, you better be careful. Most of these people here have already gone crazy. They will play you to death.” A voice directly sounded out in Di Tian’s mind, causing him to start. After which, he turned and glanced at the red-haired old man with gratitude in his eyes.

Di Tian continued on the path, he also saw a lake. In the lake, there was a long-haired lady with an absolutely stunning countenance. Her deep eyes were akin to the oceans, but she stared at Qin Wentian with cold eyes. He saw her wading slowly about in the lake, causing many ripples to form, but it seemed as though that lady wasn’t able to leave the lake.

“Such bearing, too perfect.” Di Tian stared at the lady in the lake. Although the countenance of this female couldn’t be compared to Qing`er or Mo Qingcheng, her bearing was extremely striking and she seemed to be a real beauty from the celestial realm. However, her eyes had no light in them, Di Tian felt as though he was looking at the eyes of a dead person. This made his heart tremble as his body stiffened.

Reduced to such a state as an immortal, trapped here for 80,000 years. Such pain, who could endure this? He stepped onto the martial path at the age of sixteen and pursued the very peak. This path was long and arduous, seemingly with no end to it. If one day, after so many tribulations, he finally broke through and became an immortal, yet was trapped under such circumstances, how much despair would he feel? Di Tian’s heart was stirred as he stared at the immortal lady with deep emotions in his eyes. However, the female immortal completely disregarded him, she merely stared at her surroundings with a blank look in her eyes.

Turning back, Di Tian walked back to the place where he encountered the red-haired old man. “Senior, all of your movements and cultivation bases are sealed?”

“Mhm?” The red-haired old man glanced at Di Tian as a scorching heat erupted out. “Yes, they are all sealed.”

“How can I break the seal?” Di Tian inquired.

“Break the seal?” A uproarious laughter suddenly echoed out. It was the immortal trapped underneath the mountain, he was laughing in a crazy manner as he spoke up, “Not knowing how

high the heavens are and how vast the world is. Wanting to break the seal? You better defeat all of us first. You have to walk all the way till the end, defeating an immortal at every step before you can obtain the inheritance of that old thief and cultivate his art. You can talk about breaking the seals at that time.”

“Senior, is there really a way to do so?” Di Tian stared at the red-haired old man.

The red-haired old man noted that Di Tian’s eyes were clear and filled with sincerity. He replied, “You really wish to help us break our seals?”

“Yes.” Di Tian calmly nodded. “Regretfully, junior’s strength is still too weak.”

“Why?” That red-haired old man questioned. “Since you were able to make it here, as long as you obtained the inheritance, you can control all of us. We would all become your strongest weapons. Why would you still want to break the seal?”

Di Tian’s heart was somewhat tempted, yet he still shook his head and smile. “The path of cultivation is exceedingly difficult. This junior overcame so many hardships only to arrive at the level I am now. I even hope to become an immortal one day, carefree and free-spirited, to love and hate as I please, not restricted by anyone. Since all seniors here are immortals, by right you all should roam this world, going wherever, doing whatever your heart’s desire. Yet, senior is being bound by a tree, that senior is suppressed by a mountain, and as for that fairy-like immortal inside the lake, she is an immortal, yet there is no light in her eyes at all. This junior has always clearly separated debts of gratitude and grudges, I have nothing against all the seniors here and even if I obtained the inheritance, why would I trap all of you here?”

“This, isn’t the Dao I’m seeking.” Di Tian’s eyes shone like brilliant torches as he stood with his hands clasped behind his back. He had started on this path when he was sixteen, how much contempt and hardship had he faced all the way till here? The Dao he sought was a carefree one, roaming wherever, doing whatever he wanted to. My destiny is my own, not even the heavens and earth can restrict my freedom.

The red-haired old man stared intently at Di Tian’s eyes. He saw determination and stubbornness within them, with no traces of hypocrisy at all. That red-haired old man involuntarily started laughing uproariously, causing the entire space to shake. “The earlier hundred plus participants that made it to here, none of them weren’t ruthless characters. They had no qualms about stepping on our corpses to accomplish their goals, their hearts were all set upon obtaining the inheritance regardless of the costs. You are the first participant here who dared to say things like that, vilifying the actions of that old thief. How interesting would it be if you truly obtained his inheritance?”

At this moment, silence descended in this entire space. And an instant later, a voice boomed out, “How do you know this person isn’t an exceedingly scheming person? It isn’t as though we haven’t met such a character in the past.”

“If he is really that scheming, just consider it that I’m blind. It has already been 80,000 years, if he could lie and influence my judgement, I have nothing to say as well. So what even if we went all the way to help him? Even if we wanted to aid him, it still ultimately depends on himself to see if he’s capable enough. If he really isn’t up to the mark, I shall personally slay him myself.” The red-haired old man roared back. After which, he stared at Di Tian as he spoke, “Although everyone here has their cultivation sealed to the peak of Heavenly Dipper; you still have to defeat each and every one of us, starting with me. You must accomplish this before you would have the opportunity to obtain the inheritance of that old thief.”

“One thing to note, our memories and intelligence weren’t sealed like those buried immortals in that graveyard. Hence, we are many times more powerful than those fellows out there. You can make your move now, and other than not killing you, we won’t be going easy on you.” That red-haired old man spoke.

“This junior shall do his utmost,” Di Tian nodded. He stared at the red-haired old man as the true intent of his Mandate gushed forth. With his eyes boring into his opponent, the true intent of Dreams permeated air.

Di Tian found himself transported into a fiery world, dropped into an ocean of fire. He was in a dreamscape.

However in this dreamscape, Di Tian discovered that not only had he failed, he was drawn into a dream created by others instead.

“True intent of Dreams? I comprehended that as well.” The chains made from vines binding that red-haired old man in reality appeared in his dreams and bound Di Tian. After that, a flaming red halberd appeared in the hands of that old man as he drove it right through Di Tian’s body.

“ARGH!” A scream of misery issued out from Di Tian’s mouth. His countenance paled as an expression of agony flashed on his face. He was brought into a world of purgatory by the true intent of Dreams controlled by his opponent and not only that, he had no way to break out from it.

After several moments, the red-haired old man retracted his true intent. Di Tian found himself devoid of strength as sweat soaked his entire body. He was now weaker compared to if he had fought all out for a prolonged period of time. At this moment, any of these people could kill him with a flick of their finger, he had no way to resist at all.

“Go on ahead, your usage of true intent is simply too shallow,” the red-haired old man spoke to Di Tian. Di Tian nodded in agreement, he knew that with his strength now, he could already be considered right at the peak if it was in the outside world. However, when in front of these people, he was so weak that he wasn’t even worthy of a mention.

After resting for a moment, he stabilized his heart and mind as Di Tian walked towards the lake. He stared at the beautiful figure in it and bowed low, “I humbly seek the guidance of the celestial maiden.”

Swish~

The water in the lake started seething, instantly roiling towards Di Tian as a bone-piercing cold corroded his body. Di Tian soared up in the skies, yet the water was still able to reach him, spiralling around him at such a speed trying to envelop him, resembling a Jiao.

“BOOM!”

Di Tian’s true intent erupted forth as he continued shooting up into the skies. The gigantic tidal waves shot up together with him but at this instant, the Jiao formed of water ‘solidified’, becoming more corporeal. What he was facing now wasn’t simply a kind of true intent, but was a fusion of intents instead.

Di Tian blasted out his towering aura as he climbed through the skies. Yet the lake water had no intentions of giving up. It wrapped around his body before grabbing and flinging him ruthlessly towards the lake shore, causing him to smash onto the ground.

The celestial maiden was still wading in the lake, as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened at all.

Di Tian then continued ahead, he discovered a person sitting atop a stone platform. This opponent wielded a long spear as his weapon and seemed to be using the true intent of lightning. Each of his strikes contained a terrifying burst of electricity that instantly caused Di Tian’s entire body to turn numb. After which, the spear transformed into a bolt of tribulation lightning containing all the

insights of the Mandate of Lightning that instantly thundered past Di Tian's head. If he had wished to slay Di Tian, Di Tian would have already died countless times.

Too strong, simply too strong. Di Tian could clearly sense the disparity of strength between them, yet he didn't feel any sense of disappointment. An immortal's control of true intent was naturally many times more terrifying compared to someone at the Heavenly Dipper Realm. Also, this was just them casually attacking. If they truly wanted to fight, how much more fearsome would they be?

Di Tian then began a path of self-abuse. However it was evident that these people truly did show mercy. They didn't kill him at all.

With immortals personally acting as his sparring partners and constantly facing different opponents, Di Tian's rate of improvement was simply beyond belief. He accumulated experiences and tempered himself frenziedly every single day, contemplating the experiences he gained. And just a month from now, his proficiency and control towards his own true intent had also become many times more terrifying compared to the past.

In the other space, Qin Wentian was also closing his eyes in comprehension. When Di Tian battled, he was gaining insights. He and Di Tian were one person, after all. By doing this, one in constant combat while another mediated, his strength would naturally improve faster.

Not only that, Qin Wentian had already started to try out fusing true intents. Just like what he had comprehended on the path of the grass hut, once a brand new type of power was formed from the perfect fusion of true intents, when that fused power was merged into innate techniques, the might that erupted forth would instantly explode with several times more power.

Chapter 640: Fusion of True Intent

In fact, even before Qin Wentian comprehended the true intents of Mandates, he had already been experimenting with fusions. His Grand Nihilism Palm Imprint and his Void Halberd Techniques were both examples of fusion between his Mandate of Dreamsleep and Mandate of Force. Such a fusion was at the most elementary level, and because he had now comprehended the true intent of his Mandates, there was a need for brand-new fusions.

In that land of desolation, Qin Wentian brandished an ancient halberd and was repeatedly striking out with it. Each of his halberd strikes contained terrifying might, as though there was boundless force being congregated into one point before exploding out with an unfathomable and astonishing strength.

With his experience in fusions, Qin Wentian continuously tried to integrate two kinds of true intent into his innate techniques.

“True intent, what is a true intent? True intents are the purest incarnation of various Mandates,” Qin Wentian murmured. After countless tries, he closed his eyes and pondered over Di Tian’s combat experiences. As Di Tian’s strength grew, the immortals in that space started to apply fusion of true intents in their attacks against Di Tian. The generated forces formed from the fusions were a completely new kind that didn’t belong to any Mandate. Sometimes, it was simply too difficult to even tell what kind of true intents were used in the fusions.

Time flowed by just like this, Di Tian was constantly in combat while Qin Wentian was constantly in meditation. His proficiency and understanding towards true intent grew stronger and stronger as time passed.

Today, Qin Wentian was practicing with his halberd as usual. A thousand times, ten thousand times, he wouldn’t feel any fatigue from doing this because this was his determination. If he wanted to get stronger, this dry and dull experience was something he had to undergo. Although his comprehension abilities weren’t bad, and would occasionally have an epiphany, such things could only happen by luck and fortune and not actively sought after. There would be no one who could gain insights every day, no matter how much of a genius they were. Without a strong perseverance on the pathway of cultivation, it was impossible to break through your own limits again and again and step into the next level.

Bzz!

A terrifying laceration sound echoed out. The halberd snaked through the air like a dragon, slicing everything apart. And at that instant where the halberd exploded forth with its attack, a particle of light actually appeared at the very tip of it. That particle of light shimmered with a resplendent astral light, containing a brand new energy within.

“I’ve sensed it!” Qin Wentian felt joy in his heart. It was exactly this type of feeling. He pierced out with his halberd once more as a particle of light shimmered there, causing the tip of his halberd to fade in and out of the void. It exuded a terrifying energy and gave people a sense of surrealism.

Qin Wentian calmed his pounding heart and continued practicing the halberd. Astral light flashed as a glow from the void covered the entire halberd. It could hide in plain sight, coming in and out of existence, akin to a dream becoming reality. The fusion of true intent caused a marvellous transformation and created this new energy.

“Yes, it’s this kind of energy. This kind of energy is able to fuse with astral energy, it’s an incarnation of true intent.” Qin Wentian’s heart shook slightly, right now, a marvellous astral energy emanated from him. The astral energy all contained hints of true intent within, covering his body with a surreal glow, yet giving off a sense of extreme power.

“Hu...” Qin Wentian drew in a deep breath. He finally opened another doorway on the true path of cultivation. Since this door has opened, success would follow naturally after. It was similar to the first time he had comprehended the first kind of true intent. Subsequent true intents were all much easier to comprehend in comparison.

A few days later, Qin Wentian’s body glowed with a demonic light. At a single glance, he gave off an incomparably demonic feeling. Those fiendishly-handsome looking eyes were streaked with sharpness, and there was a black-glow in the center of his brows.

“True intent of Demons, True intent of Force. Both of these intents emphasized on attacking strength. If these two fused together, the energy borne from their fusion would definitely cause one’s attack to multiply countless times in strength,” Qin Wentian mused. He continued practicing with his halberd without stopping, as though he would never know the meaning of the word exhaustion.

When a particle of incomparably violent light appeared, Qin Wentian’s eyes shone with a devilish light. This kind of energy was filled with a tyrannical and destructive energy. Every particle of this light had the power to annihilate everything and could even grow and multiply with no end.

“This tyrannical energy, even if I used it for defence, it would be extremely powerful.” Qin Wentian mused. After which, particles of that energy circulated around his body, enveloping him with a layer of demonic light. This particular energy contained a heavy demonic aura within, and felt even more terrifying compared to the energy produced solely by the true intent of Demons.

“For people who hadn’t comprehended a single true intent, they don’t even need to think about breaking through my defense,” Qin Wentian mused. This improvement by bits and pieces made him very excited. At his level, it wasn’t easy to improve even if it was by a little. And wanting to cross over a few tiers was even more incredibly difficult. The fusion of true intents was the way to go. The deeper one’s comprehension was, the stronger the power they would be able to execute.

Qin Wentian’s improvement indicated that Di Tian was improving as well. Such a rate of improvement caused those immortals who originally thought that Di Tian was hopeless to gradually see a ray of hope. Di Tian’s improvement was simply too fast, so fast even they as immortals felt startled in their hearts. For them who had lived such long lives, tens of years would pass by in

merely the blink of an eye. In the span of a few months, Di Tian's strength continuously rose, and if he could maintain this speed of improvement and continue to mature, they all wondered if he had the chance to step into a tier where no one in Heavenly Dipper had never reached before.

The master of the immortal palace was looking for a successor. It seemed as though he wanted to find a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign which could defeat immortals that had their cultivation suppressed to the Heavenly Dipper level. From their point of view, all of this was pointless. The usage, proficiency, and knowledge of true intents of immortals was simply too terrifying. Even if their cultivation bases were sealed, they could easily insta-kill those at the peak of Heavenly Dipper. As for being defeated? They seriously thought that there would be no one that could accomplish it. Di Tian improved remarkably fast, but to them, this was after all...merely just a ray of hope.

Because maybe all of them combined was merely a test. Who knew what other tests that old thief had designed? However, considering what sort of character that old thief was, it was only understandable that he would set such harsh conditions to choose his successor.

...

It has been half a year since Qin Wentian entered the immortal palace. In that desolate burial grounds, time flowed by, yet no vestiges of it were left behind. Although his strength had increased a lot, there was still a very long path ahead for him to walk. Nobody could tell where the end point of cultivation was.

Qin Wentian prepared to exit this space, his comprehension had already reached a bottleneck. In the outside world, maybe Qing'er and Mo Qingcheng were still worried for him. It was enough with Di Tian remaining in the immortal palace.

The tombs of buried immortals could still be seen dotting this landscape. There were many immortal treasures and immortal arts, causing one's heart to bloom with the desire to seize them for their own possession. However, Qin Wentian didn't touch any of them. If Di Tian could pass the tests, everything here would eventually belong to him. And as for now, although Qin Wentian was more confident regarding his strength, he still didn't think it would be possible for him to solo a buried immortal.

The wind gusted, his white robes were stained with dirt and dust. Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered as he sped through the desolate burial grounds, heading back to the direction of the exit. He didn't know what had happened to those immortals that had broken free. He could still remember that there was a buried immortal blocking the entrance back then, and he wondered if that immortal would still be there.

“Fan Miaoyu?” At this instant, Qin Wentian spotted that not far away from him, a female silhouette cutting a sorry sight appeared. It seemed as though she was escaping from something, and this silhouette was actually none other than Fan Miaoyu.

“Mhm?” Qin Wentian discovered that behind Fan Miaoyu, there was another female silhouette that was rushing in the direction of Fan Miaoyu. And behind that female, a figure flew through the air with his hands clasped behind his back. There was a blankness in the gaze of this figure, and it was none other than a buried immortal.

Fan Miaoyu also saw Qin Wentian, and upon seeing Qin Wentian heading her way, she involuntarily shouted out, “She’s trying to implicate me, don’t come near me. Flee in another direction instead!”

Qin Wentian’s expression turned cold as he stared at the female chasing after Fan Miaoyu. It was none other than that woman that belonged to the Grand Shang Faction who mocked him before. Evidently, this woman was the target of the buried immortal, yet she was intentionally trying to implicate Fan Miaoyu, hoping for a chance to escape. However, it appeared that the buried immortal had no intentions of killing her. That immortal was simply slowly advancing her way and if he really wanted to kill her, she would be dead long ago.

“Quinn?” There was another person that rushed towards Fan Miaoyu.

“Don’t worry, that buried immortal has no killing intent.” Qin Wentian had already descended next to Fan Miaoyu. And upon seeing the female from Grand Shang Faction rushing over, a cold light gleamed in his eyes. The buried immortal behind her had a flute in his hands, giving off a carefree feeling and was even extremely good looking. When he was young, it was highly possible that this immortal was a horny and promiscuous individual.

“Let’s go.” Qin Wentian spoke in a low voice. Fan Miaoyu and Quinn nodded as the three of them turned to leave. However, the female from Grand Shang Faction was still following them. Qin Wentian abruptly turned as a sharp light flashed in his eyes, “Take one more step closer and you shall die.”

As the sound of his voice faded, his killing intent engulfed the female, causing her body to stiffen. When she glanced at Qin Wentian now, hints of terror could be seen in her eyes.

“How dare you...” The countenance of the female turned cold. Qin Wentian stared straight at her, no longer as low-profile as he was back then. His eyes were like ice, and appeared as sharp as swords, glimmering with a killing light.

However at this moment, the flute-wielding buried immortal transformed into a shadow, shooting straight towards Qin Wentian with a speed as fast as lightning. The long flute in his hand lashed out, manifesting a lightning bolt that zoomed forth.

Qin Wentian and Quinn acted in the same instant, unleashing their swords. Quinn’s sword was akin to a flying immortal, incomparably elegant yet containing a terrifying might within. Qin Wentian’s sword was sharp and tyrannical, containing an extremely fearsome explosive might in it. With a huge rumbling sound, a long crevice was formed in the ground. Qin Wentian actually managed to block the strike of this buried immortal.

“You two go on ahead first,” Qin Wentian spoke to Quinn and Fan Miaoyu. The two of them stood there stunned as they stared at Qin Wentian bewilderedly.

“You leave first,” Quinn added to Fan Miaoyu.

“No...” Fan Miaoyu shook her head, her actions causing Qin Wentian to be taken aback slightly. And at this moment, a raging wind kicked up as that buried immortal slowly walked over. A supremely powerful killing intent radiated from his body.

Qin Wentian took a step forward as the power of his blood thrummed, his entire person became incomparably demonic. Crackling sounds rang out as his robes were torn apart, replaced by an armor of astral light. His physique continued growing larger as a gigantic blood-colored ancient halberd appeared in his hand. Terrifying light circulated around his ancient halberd, exuding a might that would cause hearts to tremble.

Mist formed, shrouding the buried immortal within as soundwaves blasted out. The buried immortal waved his hands as the mist created by Fan Miaoyu dissipated instantly. That flute-wielding immortal stepped out as he rushed straight towards Qin Wentian.

The divine energy in Qin Wentian’s Yuanfu gushed out, as particles of a strange energy coated his ancient halberd. Stepping out, he smashed forth with a halberd that shimmered in and out of existence. When the halberd appeared once more, it was already directly in front of that immortal. The incomparably tyrannical energy exploded forth, colliding head-on with that immortal’s attack. The ground around them all ruptured, forming many open cracks from the impact while Quinn and Fan Miaoyu rushed out to aid Qin Wentian as well.

Quinn transformed into a shadow as the beams of sword light he produced slashed out mercilessly.

The flute in the buried immortal's hands waved to and fro as an intense light erupted. His body glided across the ground as he explosively retreated, instantly lengthening the distance between himself and Qin Wentian's group.

"Fusion of true intent." Qin Wentian glanced at Quinn as he smiled. As expected of a Heaven Chosen from their Battle Sword Sect. Quinn's strength had already reached such an incredible level.

However, Qin Wentian didn't know that at this moment, Quinn's heart was shaking in amazement. In this half a year time, Qin Wentian actually become such a terrifying character.

As for that female from the Grand Shang Faction, she stood there dumbfounded with incredulous shock and disbelief. The three of them acting together actually forced a buried immortal to retreat? Not only that, Qin Wentian even had the strength to match the attack of the immortal head-on!