

## Ancient GM 70

### Chapter 70

#### AGM 0070 – Visitor from Snowcloud Country

The dagger in Qin Wentian's hand was glistening with blood. His facial expression revealed only an incomparable calmness that actually caused Logan to feel a sense of danger.

Logan released his Astral Souls while swinging his axe around, coating his Divine Weapon with the light radiated from his axe-type Astral Soul and imbuing it with additional strength and sharpness. When he previously fought against Qin Wentian, Qin Wentian had given him a huge amount of pressure, so in order to prevent the same from happening, Logan decided that it was better to err on the side of caution this time around.

His party members all released their Astral Souls, and they arranged themselves into a formation. In response, Fan Le sneaked away, increasing the distance between him and the formation as he too released his bow-type Astral Soul.

Unlike the students, however, Qin Wentian indifferently put away his dagger and withdrew a pair of glove. The light which radiated from the silver-colored glove was exceptionally blinding.

This was an item that Qin Wentian had forged for himself. He calmly equipped his gloves while still remaining tranquil and indifferent, like the calm before the storm.

“Be careful.” Logan intoned in a low voice to his party members, but when Qin Wentian shifted his gaze to Zero's pursuers, the pursuers became overwhelmed with a sense of extreme wariness. The smile on Qin Wentian's face screamed of extreme danger, and there was even a faint trace of demonic energy from the aura he exuded.

Abruptly, several vines appeared, coiling themselves around Qin Wentian's body and violently pulling him through the air towards the cultivator with the tree-type Astral Soul.

Seeing that Qin Wentian was bound, Logan and the rest of his party members exploded forth with their killing intent, intending to dash forward. However in this instance, nine arrows sped through the air straight towards Logan and his party members.

Logan let out an angry roar and immediately chopped at the arrows. The amount of power he used was incomparably tyrannical, capable of splitting apart a mountain.

At the same moment, that tree-type Astral Soul Cultivator, smiled grimly at Qin Wentian, who was being pulled towards him. A cold glint of light flashed in his eyes, as he prepared himself to stab the edge of a wooden stake right into Qin Wentian's heart.

Unknowingly to the cultivator, Qin Wentian had purposely allowed himself to be pulled closer; he was silently thanking the vine-user for making it easier to make his next move. In mid air, the speed at which Qin Wentian was being pulled over surprisingly increased! Qin Wentian's body flickered, causing the pupils of the party members to narrow as he appeared in front of the vine-user.

"Roar." A draconic roar rang out. The domineering Dragon Subduing Fist destroyed the sharpened stake, followed by the materialization of a silvery draconic claw that lifted the vine-user up by his throat, leaving him with no strength to resist.

"3rd level of Arterial Circulation." Logan's face turned green as arrow after arrow was explosively fired over in his direction, making it helpless for him to help his party members.

After crushing the throat of the vine-user, Qin Wentian dashed towards the four other members of Logan's party. Each step was filled with such force that the earth trembled in its wake. In his body, the Astral Energy in all three of his completed circular arterial pathways were practically boiling and seething with power before flowing to his arms and explosively released through his palms. The force was further augmented by adding on the boosting effect granted to him by his pair of glove-type Divine Weapon.

In the air, numerous palm prints could be seen in superposition, like the roiling waves of the great ocean. All attacks mounted by Logan's party members instantly disintegrated into nothingness as their faces revealed expressions of shock and terror.

"Rumble!" The terrifying palm imprints landed on the bodies of the four members of Logan's party. The domineering energy within the palm strikes shattered their ribcage and pulverising their hearts, effectively killing all four within a single exchange of blows.

Fan Le had already ceased his barrage of arrows, but Logan's heart was still shuddering from what he just witnessed. As he saw Qin Wentian dashing over in his direction, a look of abject terror could be seen in his eyes.

“If I retreat now, I die.”

Howling with anger, Logan chopped down with his axe, as though he wanted to sunder the heavens and earth and destroy all of creation. Qin Wentian chose not to dodge. Instead, with the boosting effect of his divine gloves, he sent out another torrent of Revolving Sea Imprints that knocked the axe away from Logan’s hand. Soon after, his hand grabbed Logan’s throat and held on as he continued dashing forwards.

“Boom!” No longer under his own control, Logan’s body slammed against the trunk of a gigantic tree. His countenance turned a ghastly shade of white while his blood and Qi roiled about chaotically in his body.

“Spare me please.” Just as the sound of Logan’s voice begging for mercy broke the air, the silvery gloves already sliced his throat. His body slumped lifelessly onto the ground with his eyes bulging out their sockets, filled with absolute despair.

“Hu.....” The pursuers’ bodies tensed up as the smiles on their faces disappeared. They had never expected that this tranquil-looking youth in front of them would be so ruthless to such an extent and show no mercy at all.

“Let’s leave.” With a smile, Qin Wentian looked towards Fan Le, and the two departed together. Only then did the pursuers heave a sigh of relief.

“The next time we encounter him, we will turn our heads and walk away. He is not someone we can afford to antagonise.” One pursuer told his comrades. The rest nodded their heads. They had frequently trained themselves in the Dark Forest and were used to cold-blooded killing, but now that they saw how calm Qin Wentian was when he slaughtered Logan, they couldn’t help but to feel terrified.

Qin Wentian and Fan Le were currently walking leisurely in the Dark Forest. Fan Le kept stealing glances at Qin Wentian, a strange light flickering in his eyes.

“What are you look at? Are you jealous that I’m more handsome than you?” Qin Wentian grinned.

Fan Le shook his head as he commented, “Compared to the time I first met you, you’ve changed a lot.”

“You, at that time, always looked to be full of worries. Even though you were ruthless towards your enemies, it couldn’t be compared to the calmness and decisiveness you exhibited earlier.”

“People are always changing.” Qin Wentian laughed. “Are you not the same? We both changed for the better, although you still love talking nonsense with a straight face.”

Fan Le frowned and furrowed his brows, but he asked, “You are right, humans are constantly changing. In fact, in order to adapt to this world, changes must occur. But would there be a day where we lose ourselves and will no longer be able to find the original us after undergoing so many changes?”

“In front of my brothers, my heart still remains unchanged. I’m still the original me, no matter what happens.” Qin Wentian gazed straight at Fan Le with sincerity apparent in his tone. Upon hearing Qin Wentian’s words, Fan Le displayed a brilliant smile on his face as he nodded in agreement.

“Right, our brotherhood will never waver or change in this lifetime.” Fan Le cast his eyes far away. Looking at somewhere unknown in the horizon, he thought of the first time they met. The seeds of their friendship were sown on the day that Fatty decided to run alongside with Qin Wentian. Sometimes, bonds between men were just so simple and didn’t need explanations or reasons to exist.

The smell of autumn was thick in the air, as the myriad of falling leaves covered the ground, forming a pathway. On the path, two youth walked together side by side with a snowy puppy behind them. Smiles could be seen on their faces as they raised their heads and gazed out city outside of the Dark Forest.

“Hey, those kids from the academy actually survived the Dark Forest. How lucky!” A few risk-takers and adventurers grinned once they spotted Qin Wentian and Fan Le. Youngsters that were found tempering themselves in the Dark Forest would mostly be from the Emperor Star Academy.

“Yeah, our luck is not too bad.” Qin Wentian laughed as he replied to the burly man who made the statement earlier.

“Youngsters should steer clear of the Dark Forest. Handsome lad, I believe you have not tasted women yet am I right? Do you want elder sister to teach you a thing or two?” A seductive woman standing beside the burly man was wearing a set of bold, accentuating clothes. Her cleavage bounced with every word, drawing the attention of almost every male in the vicinity.

“Third Sister, behave yourself. He is just a kid! If you need a man, why don’t you look for me?” The burly man laughed uproariously as he fixed his gaze on the bouncing twin peaks of the provocative lady.

“Are you as handsome as the boy?” The lady replied in contempt. Sounds of their bickering could still be heard even after the group of adventurers and risk-takers stepped into the Dark Forest.

“Return safely!” Qin Wentian shouted, wishing them well. The burly man waved his hands as he shouted back in reply, “This old man me can’t die until I’ve tasted this little vixen.”

“What a bunch of interesting fellows.” Qin Wentian exclaimed as he walked with Fan Le towards the Royal Capital. Soon after, they stepped through the Eastern Heavenly Gate. Qin Wentian thought about it; seven months had passed ever since he joined the training expedition organised by the Coalition of the Nine Academies.

“Time passes swiftly indeed.” Qin Wentian sighed.

The autumn wind blew on his body with a hint of coldness. His features had gained a few more lines of determination from his slow maturation.

In the Chu Country, on a main pathway in the Royal Capital, a long line of people stood in formation. Within this formation of troops, a total of eight draconic horses pulled a single carriage. What caused people to be awed was that there were actually wings growing on the backs of the draconic horses.

These horses were a mutated breed of draconic horses, suitably named ‘Feathered Draconic Horses’. They were extremely valuable due to their flight, capable of traveling 10,000 miles in a single day.

That single carriage was actually pulled by eight Feathered Draconic Horses! This only served to show that the person sitting within hailed from an extraordinary background. In addition to the impressive horses, the carriage was surrounded by a defensive formation of troops. At the front of the horse carriage sat an old man with closed eyes, deep in meditation. However, the aura he exuded was so powerful that others couldn’t discern his true level of cultivation.

Stationed behind the troops were a bunch of several youths, all of who were filled with vitality as they contemplated the Royal Capital of the Chu Country.

On the main paths, several others in the crowd were whispering under their breaths.

“I heard that the person sitting in the carriage is one of the candidates for the wife position of the Snowcloud Country’s crown prince.”

“Those youths behind the troops should be the students of the various academies within the Snowcloud Country. I heard that the academy in the Royal Capital responsible for welcoming them is none other than the Royal Academy, and it seems to me that the students of the Snowcloud Country want to test themselves against students of the Royal Academy.”

Discussion was spaked everywhere, and Qin Wentian and Fan Le, upon arriving at this street, couldn’t help but to be curious when they heard the whispers racing through the crowd. The crown prince’s consort actually brought people to the Chu Country?

In the carriage pulled by Feathered Draconic Horses, a snow-white hand was extended to lift the curtain covering the carriage. A beautiful face was revealed, drawing gazes from everyone in the crowd.

What a beautiful woman! Although she was only 18 years of age, worry could be seen in the depths of her beautiful eyes, as though she was deeply troubled by something.

Sweeping his gaze over the carriage, Qin Wentian’s eyes widened. He immediately froze, then proceeded to tremble violently. Was he dreaming?