

## Ancient GM 80

Chapter 80

AGM 0080 – Trap

Qin Wentian's speed was as fast as lightning as he explosively sprinted to the side of the forest, successfully losing his pursuers. The two men that were chasing him paused and decided to give up the chase. After all, there were still things waiting for their attention.

Currently, Yanaro dashed forwards with an incomparable speed. Waving his hands to those on the left and right side of him, he commanded, "Follow closely."

The people around him silently nodded their eyes, as they soundlessly tracked their prey.

As time passed, the crowd from the banquet earlier had all arrived in the hunting grounds, and crossed the boundary of the Dark Forest. Over here, the demonic Qi was much thicker, so there were many who slowed their speed as they ambled along.

Mu Rou had already dismounted and even killed a demonic beast, removing the demonic core with smooth, practiced movements. The young nobles hailing from the aristocratic clans had followed their elders and tempered themselves since a young age, so all of them were very familiar with hunting.

"Demonic Qi." At this moment, Mu Rou raised her head and cast her vision forward. Without hesitation, she turned and sprinted away. She had long learned of the differences regarding correlation of the density of the demonic Qi and the danger they represented. This surge of demonic Qi that she sensed was something she could not win against. And thus, she decisively escaped in the opposite direction.

Just as she departed the area, a surge of blazing heat emanated forth and burned the nearby trees. Swiftly, a few lion-shaped demonic beasts appeared. The bodies of these beasts were all as tough as rocks and shone with an amber glow.

Astral Demonic Beast, Volcanic Lion.

These types of beasts were able to absorb the Astral Energy from flame-type constellations to aid in their maturation. Not only were they able to utilise the power of fire in their attacks, their bodies were extremely tough as well. A fearsome opponent indeed.

Not only that, Volcanic Lions were all vicious and bloodthirsty.

All of the lions were madly dashing towards Mu Rou. Mu Rou frantically sprinted forward, but she, too, soon discovered another surge of dense demonic Qi coming from the side.

“Chu Ling.” Mu Rou whispered as she saw a figure surrounded by a group of demonic wolves. Cutting a pathetic looking figure, Chu Ling was going to be overwhelmed at any moment.

Other than Chu Ling, there was another group of people clashing against other demonic beasts. They were none other than Qin Yao and her group from the Snowcloud Country.

Mu Rou quickly sprinted over to Chu Ling’s rescue. Even before she arrived, she released her Wind-type hurricane Astral Soul, which explosively increasing her speed. In an instant, she arrived at Chu Ling’s position and struck out with her palms. Her palm strikes contained the cutting power of the sharpest swords, imbued by the might of the wind, and they lacerated a demonic wolf that was on the verge of pouncing on Chu Ling.

“I don’t need you to help me.” Chu Ling icily replied, though she was still trembling with fear.

“There are stronger demonic beasts coming over here. Quickly, let’s run.” Mu Rou shouted. Because of the numerous wolves blocking their paths, she could already see the silhouette of the Volcanic Lions dashing over to their position.

“You want to harm me on purpose.” Chu Ling’s countenance went green as she saw the Volcanic Lions. The aura emitted by these lions indicated that they were at least 5th-level demonic beasts, equivalent to human cultivators at the middle tier Arterial Circulation, between the 4th and the 6th level.

A volley of flames were spat out by the lions towards Mu Rou. Mu Rou’s countenance grew extremely unsightly as she drew deeply upon the power of her Wind-type Astral Soul, heightening her movement speed in order to dodge the balls of flames with her excellent footwork technique. The Volcanic Lions’ defense was too strong for Mu Rou to contend against.

Just as the two of them was clashing frantically against the demonic beasts, Yanaro slowly strolled out, his face displaying a strange smile.

“Yanaro, why haven’t you started helping?” Chu Ling desperately called out when she saw Yanaro. Yanaro smiled coldly, “Do you want me to help you or Mu Rou?”

“Since Mu Rou hates you so much, you shouldn’t keep throwing your face away and sticking to her.” Chu Ling coldly replied, followed by a scream as the attack of a beast narrowly missed her.

Mu Rou’s countenance froze, previously, she always had an extremely close relation with Chu Ling, but to think because of Qin Wentian, Chu Ling hated her so much.

“Hehe.” Yanaro didn’t seem to be in a rush to intervene, as he stood there laughing, “What price will you pay me?”

“I will give you 50 2nd-layer Yuan Meteor Stones.” Chu Ling grit her teeth and venomously cursed Yanaro in her heart. This bastard actually wanted to extort her in such a moment of crisis. Mu Rou remained silent and continued fighting against the demonic beasts.

At this moment, a blurry silhouette flashed past with inconceivable speed. That figure appeared beside Mu Rou and executed a fist technique amidst draconic roars, explosively smashing one of the Volcanic Lions.

“Boom!” A tyrannical force flung the Volcanic Lion into the air. From this, one could see how powerful the Dragon Subduing Fists was.

“It’s him!” Surprise shone on Mu Rou’s countenance as she looked at the kirin-masked figure in front of her. Although the clothes he was wearing had changed, looking at his figure as well as the Dragon Subduing Fists this person was executing, Mu Rou could confirm that her savior was none other than Qin Wentian.

Chu Ling also noticed the arrival of the kirin-masked figure. To think that he would appear here today, which of the academies was he from, exactly?

“Leave it to me.” Qin Wentian suppressed his voice to a baritone, as he executed his Garuda Movement Technique. Momentarily, Mu Rou only saw a series of after-images flashing by. The demonic wolves were no threat to him at all – even the Volcanic Lions, when Qin Wentian came

into contact with any, their stone-like bodies would shatter, resulting in grievous injuries. The human-grade innate technique, the Dragon Subduing Fists, could unleash its full potential and was incomparably tyrannical in Qin Wentian's hands, causing immense awe and shock to everyone witnessing it.

The energy used to power his innate techniques was derived from the Qi that he absorbed from the 5th Heavenly Layer before being compacted and condensed into Divine Energy. How could his attack not be domineering?

Yanaro's expressions grew unsightly. It was him, the person who hunted the members of his Knight's Association in the Dreamsky Forest!

In a blink of an eye, only a Volcanic Lion remained after Qin Wentian's barrage of powerful attacks. Its strength level was comparable a human at the 6th level of Arterial Circulation.

"Roar!" That Volcanic Lion howled in rage as it madly lunged towards Qin Wentian.

In that instant, Qin Wentian chose not to dodge but rather directly clashed against the Volcanic Lion.

"Die!" Qin Wentian spat out in a low voice. At the same time, he unleashed a tyrannical palm strike. His palm wavered slightly in the air, containing a harmony of the dual concepts of hardness and softness. Possessing terrifying might, it landed on the head of the Volcanic Lion. Cracking sounds echoed out as the skull of the Volcanic Lion crumbled. It slumped to the ground, forever silenced.

"How strong..." Chu Ling's heart trembled. The aura this man was exuding indicated that he was at the 5th level of Arterial Circulation. To think that his martial prowess at such a high level, far surpassing even cultivators at the 6th level.

As for Yanaro, his eyes flickered with a sharp glint of light. That palm strike earlier seemed to have originated from the Thousand Hands Imprint, but then again, he couldn't be sure.

Mu Rou was calmer in comparison. After sparring with Qin Wentian for many days, she knew that Qin Wentian had extraordinary combat ability. Her body flickered into motion as she killed the demonic wolves surrounding Chu Ling, and very swiftly, the battlefield was emptied of demon beasts.

On the other side, Qin Yao and her group were still battling, but from the looks of it, Qin Yao didn't appear to be in any danger.

“Boom!” At this moment, a surge of domineering sword intent gushed forth from Yanaro's body. Taking a step forwards, his killing intent soared as he gazed at Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian was not caught unaware. Turning his body and seeing Yanaro's actions, an extremely chilly light flickered in his eyes.

“Buzz.” Yanaro dashed over. As he moved, the sword Qi he was emitting got increasingly saturated. It would not be an exaggeration to say that the sword Qi he released was currently akin to a brutal storm of swords.

“Boom!” The earth shattered under Qin Wentian's feet, as he exploded forth towards Yanaro. The Divine Energy in his body was frenziedly circulating through his five circular arterial pathways, emitting a sound similar to the waves of the ocean.

“Chichi.....” Yanaro's finger stabbed forth, and the energy he released transformed into a sharp sword that flew towards Qin Wentian.

However, not only did Qin Wentian not slow down, he further increased his speed. Just as the sword was about to pierce his body, he twisted his body to the side and continued dashing forwards.

“Hmph.” Yanaro coldly laughed, as he waved his hand. This time, five swords were formed from the sword energy released by his five fingers. The released sword Qi was so strong that it seemed capable of lacerating everything.

But at the same moment, the Divine Energy gushing in Qin Wentian's body had reached a crescendo. Channeling the power to his palms, Qin Wentian send out a palm strike towards Yanaro. This palm strike was so strong that it felt capable of toppling mountains and overturning the seas.

As their attacks collided, Qin Wentian's palm imprint was lacerated mercilessly. Qin Wentian rapidly retreated while Yanaro was forced backwards by the impact as well. Looking again at Qin Wentian, the killing intent in Yanaro's eyes got even stronger.

Qin Wentian lowered his head as he gaze at his robes. The terrifying sword energies had torn apart his robes, leaving a huge hole behind. If it weren't for him decisively retreating, he would be the

one injured by the sword Qi. After all, Yanaro was a cultivator at the 7th level of Arterial Circulation, so it wasn't so easy to defeat him.

At this moment, several figures stepped forth. Qin Wentian contemplated his surroundings as his body flickered backwards. While he was retreating, he cast a glance over at Qin Yao's side. They had already concluded their battle and were continuing their advance.

"No....." At this moment, a voice filled with pain screamed out, causing Qin Wentian to stiffen. This voice belonged to Qin Yao.

Disregarding everything, Qin Wentian's body flickered, his speed reaching its limit. When he saw what was happening, his body involuntarily trembled violently.

In his field of vision, he could see a black, immense stronghold that emitted a sinister feeling. That deep and dark block, created from darksteel, gave people an extremely depressing feeling when they gazed upon it.

Just outside of the black stronghold, there was a training ground surrounding it. In the middle of the drill ground, a group of terrifying beasts were besieging a middle-aged figure. Traces of bloody wounds covered the body of the middle-aged figure, and his hair fluttered wildly in the wind. Despite the state of his body, there was a resolute, undying will that could be seen in the depths of his eyes.

"Father." Qin Yao hoarsely sobbed.

"Father." Qin Wentian deeply breathed, fighting to remain calm.

The reason why Yanaro followed Qin Yao all the way was for this moment? To see Qin Yao witness the cruel sight of their father getting torn apart?

Was this scenario purposely prepared for Qin Yao?

Chu Tianjiao, what was his purpose in doing so?

Yanaro, Chu Ling, Mu Rou and the rest of them all arrived at the surroundings near the black stronghold.

“The legendary black stronghold.” Mu Rou whispered. The black stronghold was a place where prisoners on death-row were detained. It was said to be situated somewhere in the Dark Forest, and once you were imprisoned, it would be tough to escape even if one were given wings.

That middle aged figure were none other than the father of Qin Wentian and Qin Yao – Qin Chuan.

Thinking of this, Mu Rou hurried to Qin Wentian’s side and warned in a low voice, “The black stronghold is famed for its airtight security. It only allows people to enter but not to exit. Now that Qin Chuan is outside of it, be careful, this may be a trap.”

Qin Wentian’s heart trembled. So, it turned out that Mu Rou had known of his identity.

Obviously this was a trap, but why did Chu Tianjiao want to set such a trap?

Although he didn’t understand, an unquenchable raging flame of fury had already started burning in his heart.