

Ancient GM 83

Chapter 83

AGM 0083 – I Can't Die Here.

Qin Wentian sat on the ground, disregarding the chaotic flows meandering around in his body. Pulling out his silver needles, he inserted the needles into acupoints around his entire body.

In an instant, the blood in his body surged and seethed from his execution of the 12 Connecting Styles of Life Needles Art, unlocking the fetters of his Bloodline Limit. At the same time, he equipped on his Divine Gloves, which had an imprint inscribed on it using Divine Energy.

“Rumble!” A swift leg swept forwards. Shadows flickering behind it seemed to howl in protest due to the speed, seeking to destroy Qin Wentian, who was sitting on the ground. Since this person was able to remain alive despite the rain of swords summoned by the Golden sword, naturally, he would have some capabilities. The strength of his leg was extremely terrifying, and the speed of his attack was also incredibly swift. No wonder this person was among the first who had managed to escape from the area of effect of his previous attack.

“Boom!” Qin Wentian pushed out with his palm, grabbing hold of the leg that had the power to easily crumble huge boulders. As the attacker lost his balance, his countenance underwent a drastic change. His bloodshot eyes were glaring straight at Qin Wentian, akin to the gaze of a ferocious beast.

A Heavenly Astral Hammer materialized in Qin Wentian's left hand, and with it, he abruptly chopped towards the attacker as a blood-curdling screech echoed out.

At the same time, as Qin Wentian stood up with an incredibly domineering aura exuded from his body, he executed the Perfect level of the Garuda Movement Technique and sprinted in the direction of the two pursuers who were chasing after Qin Yao. The ground trembled from the force of his steps. In merely an instant, he had already caught up. Exploding forth with two Diamond Imprints containing overwhelming strength, he easily killed the two pursuers.

Luo Qianqiu sat atop of his warhorse, personally witnessing everything that happened. A faint trace of disturbance could be seen in his expressions. Never had he thought that Qin Wentian would actually use a secret technique to forcibly control his Bloodline Limit, and in addition to the augmenting effect by his glove-type Divine Weapon, Qin Wentian's martial prowess would be so high. But still, in his eyes, this was nothing but an ant struggling for its survival.

“Hmm?” At this moment, Luo Qianqiu raised his head to gaze in a direction in the far off distance. He seemed to have instinctively sensed a surge of terrifying demonic Qi coming his way. The skies over there seemed to be covered over by a layer of haze.

“Seems like the large commotion today actually even attracted waves of demonic beasts.” Luo Qianqiu commented as he contemplated the thick demonic Qi that covered the sun and clouds. After doing so, he continued, “There’s no need to chase after Qin Yao anymore.”

His lackeys also saw the surge of demonic Qi rushing over. Nodding their heads,, they glanced collectively in Qin Wentian’s direction Now, killing Qin Wentian had become their first priority.

Luo Qianqiu dismounted, then exploded forth in motion. Instantly, Qin Wentian sensed an overwhelming sense of danger rushing over him.

Luo Qianqiu’s footwork appeared extremely slow, yet it seemed that every step he took was capable of propelling him a long distance. His whole body was crackling with lightning energy, his appearance akin to a God of Lightning.

“Boom.” The ground trembled violently as Luo Qianqiu landed in front of Qin Wentian. Enveloped by a boundless amount of lightning, his fist lights exploded forth. The brilliance of the fist lights was so blinding that the onlookers found it impossible to keep their eyes open.

With his feet planted on the ground, the energy in Qin Wentian’s body gushed forth in waves, capable of toppling mountains and overturning seas, so powerful that even the heavens and earth were shrieking.

The oncoming Luo Qianqiu’s feet were as steady as Mount Tai. His fist trembled three times, launching three rays of lightning-imbued fist lights that landed on Qin Wentian’s body. Qin Wentian only felt wounds appearing on his body, as the power of the lightning currents rampaged through him, making it seem as though his whole body was going to break apart.

“How powerful.” The onlookers couldn’t help but tremble in their hearts. This was Luo Qianqiu. He was indeed the son of his father, who had previously rampaged through the entire Chu Country, overturning the skies and earth.

Qin Wentian also felt the full brunt of the might of Luo Qianqiu’s innate technique. Roaring in anger, all the Divine Energy that he had stored up in his Divine Gloves erupted simultaneously. In that instant, he sent out a palm, its power akin to torrential waves of devastation, capable of

devouring even the heavens and earth. Luo Qianqiu's countenance froze, and in an attempt to defend against the attack, he released his Lightning Revenant Astral Soul.

Qin Wentian felt that his entire body had gone numb. Despite adjusting the remaining Divine Energy in his body to brace himself against the impact, he was still flung backwards.

At the same time, Luo Qianqiu's feet glided across the surface of the earth, as the impact forced him to retreat several steps. Flabbergasted, he involuntarily cast a glance at the Divine Glove equipped on Qin Wentian's palms.

Luo Qianqiu could feel the demonic Qi grow denser and denser. Not only that, he could already see the first wave of demonic beasts sprinting over. Although he was unwilling, he gave a stern command: "Retreat!"

As the sound of his voice faded, those who were chasing after Qin Wentian all retreated.

However, Luo Qianqiu once again dashed towards Qin Wentian. He would kill Qin Wentian before he retreated.

Upon noticing Luo Qianqiu's intent, Qin Wentian forced himself to swallow the mouthful of fresh blood which he almost spat out as the entirety of the Divine Energy in his body frenziedly circulated. Luo Qianqiu's strength was too overwhelming, and the disparity between their levels of cultivation was too far apart. Even more, Luo Qianqiu was currently at the peak of the 7th level of Arterial Circulation.

Although Qin Wentian was able to handle someone like Yanaro, Luo Qianqiu was a different ball game altogether.

"Die in peace." Luo Qianqiu landed in front of Qin Wentian. As Qin Wentian struck out with his palms, he only felt that a tremendous amount of lightning energy was gushing towards him, leaving him with no way to defend.

Gathering his remaining energy, Qin Wentian forced out a palm. But even then, he could feel that his palm imprints were unceasingly torn to shreds by the lightning energy, and after the force of his attacks was forcibly dissipated, the remnants of the lightning energy entered his body. The impact caused his body to be flung backwards yet again, heavily slammed him onto the ground, devoid of strength.

As the first waves of the demonic beasts sprinted over, Luo Qianqiu swiftly turned and departed. Rumbly sounds echoed out unceasingly as the sound of the stomps of demonic beasts filled the air. A demonic beast approached Qin Wentian's body and lowered its head to observe him, but soon after, as if it were disinterested by what it saw, the demonic beast strode by and continued rushing ahead.

Very quickly, the remaining waves of the demonic beasts all followed the lead of the first, madly rushing ahead. Strangely enough, none of them trampled on Qin Wentian's body.

All this, Qin Wentian could vaguely sense. He felt that he was dying as his consciousness flickered, like the light of a candle about to be extinguished.

"Death follows swiftly after the consciousness is lost. I must live on."

Abruptly in his heart, an incomparably strong intent awoke. He couldn't die here.

His revenge had yet to be completed. How could he die now?

His father, Qin Chuan, was still imprisoned. How could he die now?

Qin Yao was not out of danger yet. How could he die now?

If he died, how could he live up to the expectations of Teacher Mustang? If he died, how could he repay Luo Huan for her care and assistance. If he died, how could he protect Fatty from being bullied by the Knight's Association?

Qin Wentian, he couldn't die here. His consciousness was unwilling to be dissipated.

At this moment, by Qin Wentian's side, an extremely powerful demonic beast appeared: a Blackwind Condor. The sharpness of feathers that covered its body was comparable to the sharpness of swords.

The Blackwind Condor lowered its head as it glanced at Qin Wentian, while its sharp eyes flickered incessantly, as though it was considering something,

Qin Wentian could sense the presence of the Blackwind Condor near him. It was as if he had developed another eye, allowing him to see everything clearly even without sight. With but a thought from the Blackwind Condor, it could effortlessly snuff the life of Qin Wentian away, easily killing him here.

“I can’t die here.”

Qin Wentian’s survival intent grew stronger and stronger. All of a sudden, a surge of dream energy manifested, and just as abruptly, both Qin Wentian and the Blackwind Condor appeared in an unknown space.

The Blackwind Condor froze. Astonishment could be seen in its eyes.

“Dreamscape.” The Blackwind Condor stared at Qin Wentian. Although he was almost unconscious Qin Wentian could somehow hear the words of the condor. He didn’t want to die in the Dark Forest. The impending sense of doom, coupled with his survival instinct, had somehow managed to allow Qin Wentian to breakthrough to the 2nd level of the Dreamcast Art, the Creation Dream State.

This was Qin Wentian’s dream, a dreamscape he created, pulling the Blackwind Condor along with him as he entered the dreamscape.

With the condor’s strength, it was able to forcibly break out of the dreamscape if it chose to do so. However, it did not.

“The blood that flows in your body, which bloodline does it belong to?” The Blackwind Condor was able to converse with Qin Wentian because this was a dreamscape created by Qin Wentian.

“I have no idea.” Qin Wentian shook his head.

“Then who are you? Why do you know how to create dreamscapes?” The Blackwind Condor continued to inquire. Techniques for creating dreams were extremely limited in the Chu Country.

Only now did Qin Wentian realize that the intelligence of the Dark Forest’s demonic beasts far surpassed what he had previously imagined.

“I’m Qin Wentian, from the Qin Clan of Chu Country. As for this technique of creating dream, this was imparted to me by an elder of my family.” Qin Wentian prudently replied. The Blackwind Condor paused for a moment before it spoke, “You didn’t die despite your injuries. Not only that, you still possessed such a bloodline. I can offer you a twist of fate. But whether you live or die, it would have to depend on your own luck.”

After saying this, the Blackwind Condor broke the dreamscape apart, as it lifted Qin Wentian in its talons and soared towards the deepest part of the Dark Forest.

As the Blackwind Condor departed, the demonic beasts crowd also retreated. It was as though the Blackwind Condor was the leader of this crowd of demonic beasts.

Very quickly, the Dark Forest reverted to its previous state of quietness.

In the middle of the air, a cultivator arrived, riding upon a huge demonic beast.

“Qingcheng, where is he?” An old man riding atop of a griffon inquired as he gazed at Mo Qingcheng. Mo Qingcheng’s beautiful eyes flickered, and she replied, “I’m not sure, I was obstructed by Chu Tianjiao. After that, Luo Qianqiu chased after Qin Wentian, seeking to kill him.”

“Luo Qianqiu again.” The eyes of the old man flickered with cold light. Beside him, there was another powerful cultivator. This person was none other than Ren Qianxing.

“This Chu Tianjiao, the way he acts is too crazy. Not only that, he has an extremely close relationship with that man. If he inherits the throne, in the future, our Emperor Star Academy would surely be in danger.

Ren Qianxing exclaimed in a low tone, as he cast his gaze over at the Dark Forest.

“Qianxing, as for what Qingcheng told us earlier, Qin Wentian’s talent is not in any way inferior to that of Luo Qianqiu. Not only that, he isn’t cold and unfeeling, and is willing to embark on a path of death for the sake of saving his father. If he somehow survives this, the Emperor Star Academy will spare no expenses and go all out to nurture him.” The old man spoke. Ren Qianxing nodded his head. “I have long wanted to induct him into the plan. If he survives, the Emperor Star Academy will pave his future for him.”

As the sound of his voice faded, they exploded into motion and began to search through the Dark Forest. However, they were unable to find a single trace of Qin Wentian — even his body was unable to be found. It was completely unknown as to whether he had died or if he was still alive.