

Ancient GM 84

Chapter 84

AGM 0084 – Fantasy

In the depths of the Dark Forest, was a hilly region where only an extremely limited number of cultivators had ventured.

Over here, there were actually no hints of demonic Qi, and was equivalent a pure land.

On top of a gigantic slab of stone at the peak of the hill, there was a figure lying there. This figure was none other than Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian didn't know where in the world he was. He was only concerned about not letting his last wisps of consciousness become extinguished.

The 12 Connecting styles of the Life Needle Art, Uncle Black had once warned him to not use this particular needle technique if he had not stepped into Yuanfu. The sudden burst of strength granted to him by the eruption of his Bloodline Limit wasn't something he was capable of withstanding. Previously, back in the Emperor Star Academy, luckily there were people taking care of him, ensuring his safety. But this time around, not only did he execute this particular needle technique again, he was also suffering from grievous injuries that pushed his life extremely close to death.

Qin Wentian's entire body was completely devoid of strength; he could only depend on his undying will to persist on, guarding the flickering flames of his life force.

“I can cultivate in my dream.”

Qin Wentian was clear that for those who chose to tread the martial path, absorbing energy would enable their life force to blossom. If he wanted to live, he first had to recover the energy in his body in order to have a chance at survival. However, he soon noticed that this pure land seemed to be a place totally removed from Heaven and Earth. He had no way of sensing any Astral Constellations, no way to absorb the Astral Energy into his body.

This situation caused Qin Wentian to be extremely depressed. If there was no energy in his body, he would soon starve to death after a few days.

“Could this place be my burial ground?” Qin Wentian was extremely unwilling. He could not die here.

Wishing to break apart the bindings of this space, his strong survival intent enabled a dream-will to be born, as he tried to get a glimpse of this space

Over here in this spacious land, he was the only one lying extremely helpless atop the gigantic slab of stone. However, at this moment in the dream, he saw a shimmering, faintly discernable mountain peak in the nearby distance, standing tall, piercing through the dome of the Heavens.

“This space...this isn't my dream.” Qin Wentian's heart shuddered. At this moment, the shimmering mountain peak appeared again, followed abruptly by eight more mountains. A total of nine such mountain peaks appeared and encircled the hilly region, causing immense shock to fill Qin Wentian's heart.

The nine mountain peaks appeared to possess an otherworldly aura, flickering in and out of existence. All this, was it a dream? Or was it reality?

Qin Wentian asked himself, unable to distinguish the differences between the two.

As his dream-will drifted about, Qin Wentian saw a scene unfolding before him. A middle-aged figure in a green-colored robe was wandering the world and eventually came to this hilly region. The scenery in the image was extremely picturesque, as the middle-aged figure lied down atop the gigantic slab of stone and fell asleep.

As he slept, the nine towering mountain peaks suddenly appeared, encircling the entire hilly region. And in the middle of the nine mountain peaks, countless images, recordings of scenes, manifested.

Each of the recordings that appeared unceasingly unfolded. There was simply too much for Qin Wentian's attention to take in. As the recordings flashed by, he only saw the middle-aged figure casually using a hand to pluck a star down from the heavens. Using a sword, he undered mountains and rivers with a casual slash. Not only that, with a pierce of his fingers, the middle-aged man poked a hole through the dome of the Heavens.

However, everything appeared to be a dream.

After he awoke, the man shook the dust of his body and displayed a carefree smile, before he stood up and slowly ambled away.

Soon after, the nine towering mountain peaks gradually disappeared.

“A dream could allow one to traverse the entire Heavens and Earth, a dream could pry into past and present, a dream could allow me to grab the stars and steal the moon. Since I can do anything I want in a dream, why not be a free spirit, and dream of something lofty and unrealistic, indulging myself in fantasy!”

The man let out a long laughter, carefree and unrestrained, as he left the imprint of a lofty and unrealistic dream atop of the gigantic slab of stone in the hilly region.

“Dream of something lofty and unrealistic.”

Qin Wentian slightly trembled. His dream-will drifted over to one of the mountain peaks, where the recordings continued without pause. Instantly, Qin Wentian felt a strong current of attraction, as his will was absorbed into the scene.

He realised that over here at this particular towering mountain peak, there was a dream recorded.

The green robed middle-aged figure transformed into a Roc and hovered between the Heavens and the Earth. Abruptly, that Roc's enormous eyes blinked, as a ray of light seemed to zoom towards Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian only felt a surge of terrifying energy current, even sharper than swords, piercing his body, and he let out a blood-curdling yell.

“No.....” Qin Wentian silently roared in rage. He wanted to live. He couldn't die here.

“Since this is merely a dream, why should I be afraid of it”

In a flash of understanding, Qin Wentian forced his eyes to gaze in the direction of the Roc's eyes. It was as if a tens of thousands filaments of light rays pierced through his body, but yet, he felt no fear in his heart.

The Roc hovered between the Heavens and Earth, traveling 10,000 miles away with the support of the wind, with unmatched speed.

Qin Wentian's heart started to palpitate wildly, as his dream-will withdrew from that recording. His will then entered the second mountain peak, where the green robed middle-aged figure transformed into an Ancient God, easily plucking stars from the skies, crumbling the Heavens and Earth. Qin Wentian didn't know how many times he had "died" in that dream. He merely resisted that surge of will filled with destruction time after time and tenaciously struggled to prevent his flickering will of consciousness from being extinguished.

In the third mountain peak, the green robed middle-aged figure slashed apart a mountain with a single strike, breaking the heavens with the pierce of a single finger, annihilating everything.

In the fourth mountain peak, the green robed middle-aged figure crumbled mountains and overturned the oceans with a single roar.

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In the ninth mountain peak, the green robed middle-aged figure cast his gaze across past and present. Any and all living things that his gaze landed on died and turned into dust.

It was unknown how many times Qin Wentian experienced the pain and suffering of 'dying'. Under the onslaught of that mighty pressure, he was like a particle of sand within a huge desert, tiny and inconsequential. And yet, that flickering candle flame that represented his life force never extinguished.

Nine towering mountain peaks, nine different types of heavenly-defying wills. Each and every one of the wills possessed the potential to destroy the Heavens and exterminate the Earth.

Qin Wentian's dream-will retreated, and he sighed. What a grand, lofty dream.

The imprints that the dreams recorded had an extraordinary strength and power within them. However, Qin Wentian did not believe that the nine towering mountain peaks were real.

Just as the middle-aged figure had said: life was nothing but a dream. Why not be free-spirited and carefree, indulging oneself in fantasy?

“Nine mountain peaks, nine different dreams.” Qin Wentian murmured. Every dream possessed the power to destroy the Heavens and exterminate the Earth. Was it because the green robed middle-aged figure had magnified the scope and scale of his power to the max and dared to fully indulge in his fantasy?

“What a monstrous genius.”

Qin Wentian exclaimed. That green robed middle-aged figure was most assuredly a monstrous genius.

He had once thought that dream-type Astral Souls would require special innate techniques before one would be able to cultivate and unleash their power. However, the middle-aged figure proved him wrong, allowing him to gain a rare insight of enlightenment.

Dreams by themselves were a type of energy that was present everywhere.

Qin Wentian pondered deeply over the insight he gained. Now, after he calmed down, he was no longer as fearful that the flickering flame of his life force would be extinguished. Instead, he knew that he would never die. This belief only grew stronger and stronger.

“Indulge myself in fantasy.” Qin Wentian mumbled, as his dream will pondered over the insights he just gained.

Time slowly flowed by. Back on the first mountain peak, the scene unfolding emitted a radiant, resplendent light. At this moment, many of the demonic beasts in the Dark Forest, approached the source of the light and saw a shimmering mountain peak, flickering in and out of existence.

After a period of time had passed, as the demonic beasts looked over in this direction, a second shimmering mountain peak appeared. Momentarily, a surge of terrifying, sealing energy emanated forth, causing fear and shock to appear in the hearts of the beasts.

These demonic beasts know that the pure land had the power to seal itself from everything from the external world. No Yuan Qi, no Demonic Qi. If they entered the place, they too would sink into an unending dream.

At this moment, however, over at the pure land, the towering mountain peaks appeared one after another, increasingly resplendent.

After the nine mountain peaks were fully formed, a surge of awe-inspiring energy gushed out. That pressure's terrifying fluctuations travelled towards the Dark Forest, sealing everything it contacted. Fear rose in the hearts of the demonic beasts, as they frenziedly sprinted away, trying to escape.

In the middle of the air, the Blackwind Condor's gaze was sharp as it stared in that direction. The youth that was able to create dreams...was he the source of this commotion?

The dazzling lights of the nine mountain peaks gathered in the air before coalescing into a radiant lightscreen, isolating everything within.

On the other side of that isolating, a silhouette appeared inside Qin Wentian's dreamscape. This was none other than the green-robed, middle-aged figure from before. Naturally, the appearance of the green robe middle-aged figure was also only seen by Qin Wentian.

The man smiled as he stood in the air, regarding Qin Wentian.

"Qin Wentian pays his respect to senior. Are we inside a dreamscape?"

Upon seeing the middle-aged man, Qin Wentian couldn't help but be respectful.

"This is my dream-will. You entered my dream and even caused my dream-will to manifest. For that, I will bestow upon you good fortune. Speak, what do you desire?" The middle-aged man smiled as he spoke.

Qin Wentian gazed at that isolation light screen before replying. "Senior would have used sealing energy to isolate this pure land from the surroundings. I do not want the seal to obstruct my cultivation."

"This is simple." The middle-aged man lightly stomped his foot, causing the isolation space to shake. "From now onwards, the seal will not obstruct your cultivation. What else do you desire?"

"I want to absorb all the demonic Qi in Dark Forest to fully form my Garuda's mark." Qin Wentian spoke again, only to see the middle-aged figure slashed open a tear in space. Boundless amounts of demonic Qi gushed in, forming into a terrifying spiral that was relentlessly absorbed into Qin Wentian's body.

“You won’t be able to digest it all. This doesn’t count as good fortune either. What else do you desire?” The middle-aged man asked again.

Qin Wentian’s gaze was sharp, so sharp that it was akin to an incomparable sharp sword flying out of its sheath, piercing the Heavens. He almost died because of the 3rd Prince and Luo Qianqiu. He would certainly have to ‘repay’ them for this favor.

“I want the Chu Country to not obstruct my path of cultivation.” Qin Wentian exclaimed. Unexpectedly, the middle-aged man laughed again. “This should be settled by yourself and cannot be considered a request.”

“Just meeting senior could already be considered good fortune. Junior doesn’t dare to request for too much. In the future, if I have the opportunity to meet with senior, I will personally and respectfully offer my thanks.” Qin Wentian bowed in reply.

“Since you could make my dream-will manifest, this could also be considered a form of karma. Even if you don’t want any good fortune, I would still have to bestow upon you some. This is the Dao of my cultivation and has nothing to do with you.” The middle-aged man laughed. With a flicker of his eyes, an imprint that shone with dazzling radiance was transmitted into Qin Wentian’s sea of consciousness.

Qin Wentian’s sea of consciousness trembled, and he suddenly awoke from the dream. At the same time, the middle-aged figure’s dream-will dissipated.

On top of the desolate hilly region, Qin Wentian remained there, quietly lying on the gigantic slab of stone. There was no middle-aged figure, no radiant screen of isolation. Not even the nine towering mountain peaks were anywhere to be seen.