

Ancient GM 86

Chapter 86

AGM 0086 – Those that share the same fate

Coldness seeped through the air in Royal Capital as winter approached. Snowflakes were drifting in the air, while several people on the streets were clad in fur clothing to protect themselves from the cold. However, there were some cultivators who only wore thin layers, disregarding the cold of winter.

Qin Wentian was clad in simple beast-skins as he walked forwards in the snow. On his way, as he passed by a few inns, he would see some hot-blooded men drinking wine to ward away the cold and discussing the Chu Country's recent occurrences.

“Ah, such a beautiful scenery of snow falling, in addition to that, I still have delicious wine to accompany me. This combination is, without a doubt, one of the most marvelous things in the world.”

At this moment, the sound of a bright and crisp voice drifted over. Qin Wentian turned his gaze in that direction, only to see a wine shop outside a small and dilapidated looking house.

There was a table there, and sitting around it were two people.

“Haha, let's toast to the visit of a good friend!” Another person spoke. This person was about 27 to 28 years of age and had refined features, emitting an extraordinary air. His eyes were clear and filled with spirit. His smile was also warm and gentle, giving people a sense of kinship.

“Brother Qin, how about it?” The first person who spoke earlier turned around and beckoned Qin Wentian over, laughing. This person was none other than Immortal Drunken Wine, who was enjoying his wine with a friend of his.

“Might as well.” Qin Wentian laughed as he entered the wine shop, casting a glance at the 27 to 28 year-old male before asking, “May I inquire who you are?”

“Those who meet because of a mutual love of wine are friends even without inquiring each other's background.” The man toasted Qin Wentian and laughed freely, his state of being at ease not losing out to the free-spirited Immortal Drunken Wine sitting beside him.

“Nicely said. Let’s get drunk.” Qin Wentian laughed.

“Are you sure?” The young man smiled as he looked at Qin Wentian.

“Of course.” Qin Wentian nodded. Smiling, the young man poured a large amount of wine in a bowl and offered it to Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian raised the bowl up as he drank, and as the alcohol entered his body, his eyes turned as round as saucers. He was unable to finish the wine in one gulp.

“Cough, cough.” Qin Wentian coughed a few times as he put the bowl down. His face already turning red, causing Immortal Drunken Wine and the other young man to laugh uproariously.

“This fellow...you don’t you know how strong the wine was?” Immortal Drunken Wine, looking at Qin Wentian’s embarrassed expression, laughed especially loudly.

Qin Wentian could only shake his head as he smiled bitterly, rolling his eyes at Immortal Drunken Wine. “Did you forget to remind me?”

“Well, you were the one who said you wanted to get drunk.” The young man laughed, causing Qin Wentian to be helpless. He could only grit his teeth and raise the bowl of wine again, forcing himself to finish the wine he was offered as his face turned completely red.

“Your turn.” Qin Wentian spoke as he looked at the young man.

“Okay, it’s my turn now.” Smiling, the young man poured himself a full bowl of wine, draining it in a single gulp. After finishing it, he set down his bowl with no change to his countenance, causing Qin Wentian to sweat in his heart. This person...was his drinking capacity as large as Immortal Drunken Wine’s?

“How bout two more bowls?” The young man smiled as he gazed at Qin Wentian, causing Qin Wentian to roll his eye again. “Stop bullying me.”

“Haha, I shall wait for you to build up your drinking capacity. Let’s drink again in the future.” The young man spoke as he stood up before shifting his gaze to Immortal Drunken Wine. “If there’s another chance in the future, you’re welcome to bring this little brother to my place for a drink.”

After saying this, the young man retrieved his coat as well as a conical shaped bamboo hat and walked out into the snow. The steps of this man were extremely slow and didn't seem to belong to a cultivator. Despite this, Qin Wentian could feel that the young man was not so simple.

“This fellow's strength shouldn't be that weak, right?” Qin Wentian asked as he regarded Immortal Drunken Wine, who was beside him.

Immortal Drunken Wine shook his head. He stared at the back view of the young man from earlier, feeling sympathy in his heart.

“This person is incredibly intelligent, values relations and brotherhood, and has an extremely high level of morality. The only flaw about him is that there's no way for him to cultivate.” Immortal Drunken Wine sighed, causing the countenance of Qin Wentian to freeze, as a glint of astonishment flickered in his eyes.

Immortal Drunken Wine had an unrestrained and frank character, so this was likely to be true. It was indeed a pity for such a person not to be able to cultivate.

Involuntarily, Qin Wentian was reminded of himself. Back when he was still unable to cultivate, he too experienced the cold stares and cutting words. If the young man was from an ordinary background, it still wasn't too bad. But if he was born into the aristocratic clans, he would suffer oppression no matter where he went. Based on the disposition of the young man, there seemed to be a much higher probability that he belonged to the latter category.

“Currently, you are rumoured to be dead. To think that you actually appear here today, I'm really relieved.” Observing Han Li, Immortal Drunken Wine smiled.

“My luck is pretty good, and it could be said that I narrowly escaped from the clutches of death.” Qin Wentian laughed. This time around, he had been infinitesimally close to death. Were it not for a series of fortunate coincidence, the Blackwind Condor, the dreams of the green-robed man, and eventually, the dream-will of the green-robed man, without a doubt, he would surely be buried in the Dark Forest right now.

“Just as the saying goes, one would be destined for good fortune should they survive a great disaster.” Immortal Drunken Wine didn't ask for the details as he continued, “What are your plans now? Will you still return to the academy?”

“Before returning to the academy, I wish to visit the Divine Weapon Pavilion. I thought you wanted me to craft a good sword for you. Do you want to come along with me?” Qin Wentian laughed and waited for Immortal Drunken Wine’s answer.

Immortal Drunken Wine’s eyes shone as he laughed, “Seems like you broke through in your comprehension of regards to the field of comprehending Divine Imprints. Let’s go, I will accompany you to the Divine Weapon Pavilion.

After this, Immortal Drunken Wine rose, and he left together with Qin Wentian, strolling leisurely in the direction of the Divine Weapon Pavilion.

Upon seeing Qin Wentian’s return, Francis was extremely joyful. He had always kept a lookout for news regarding Qin Wentian. On that day, when the rumor about Qin Wentian’s death reached him, he was devastated and had always been in a disturbed state of mind.

After knowing the purpose of Qin Wentian’s visit today, Francis informed Yang Chen, who immediately sent over three other expert weaponsmiths and worked together with Francis to forge the base of the Sword-type Divine Weapon. Meanwhile, Qin Wentian was responsible for the most important task of all—the inscription of the Divine Imprint.

The final result made Yang Cheng tremendously excited, because the finished product was a high grade, 2nd level Divine Origin Sword.

The price of this sword was extraordinary high, and the augmentation effect was incredibly useful for those in the later stages of the Arterial Circulation Realm. Not only that, the augmentation effect was even more effective when used by those in the lower and middle stages of Arterial Circulation.

Taking into account the Origin Sword’s ability to store up Astral Energy, once there was a suitable innate technique, the power that erupted forth would be inconceivably terrifying.

Qin Wentian gifted the Immortal Drunken Sword a high grade, 2nd level Origin Sword. Now, he could only create high grade, 2nd level Divine Weapons. If one day he broke through and was able to create 3rd level Divine Weapons, he would gift another 3rd level Divine Sword to Immortal Drunken Wine.

After improving his comprehension of Divine Inscriptions, and now that he was able to create high grade, 2nd level Divine Weapons, Qin Wentian would naturally not lack Yuan Meteor Stones for cultivation.

Qin Wentian did not immediately return back to the Emperor Star Academy. Instead, he requested Yang Cheng to first gather news regarding Qin Yao. After knowing that Qin Yao was in the Emperor Star Academy, it was as though a burden had been lifted off his heart as hints of gratitude towards the Emperor Star Academy appeared. From what Yang Chen said, the one who made the decision was one of the nine grand elders of the academy. It was precisely Mustang's esteemed teacher, who went by the name of 'old man Gu'.

After that, Qin Wentian slept almost everyday. Even Francis had no idea what Qin Wentian was doing.

Currently, in his dreamscape, Qin Wentian stood alone in a world of his own creation.

In front of Qin Wentian, there were two immense pictograph. In one of the pictograph, the images recorded on it was extremely complex and filled with fluctuations. The outlines of the symbols turned and twisted, evolving constantly, as countless Divine Imprints were created.

This was none other than the Spirit Refinement Method that Qin Wentian was cultivating: using the power of Divine Imprints to condense and convert Astral Energy into Divine Yuan Energy.

As for the second pictograph, it was not as complex. Every brushstroke was filled with vitality, bold and imposing. One brushstroke to outline a mountain and sea, one drop of ink to indicate spring and autumn. This second pictograph was a portrait of a scenery, depicted by mountains and rivers.

The second pictograph was called the Landscape Portrait. This was the good fortune bestowed upon him by the green-robed, middle-aged figure in the nine towering mountain peaks in the depths of the Dark Forest.

This Landscape Pictograph was incredibly mysterious. It was as if the green-robed man had used his dreams as ink to draw the portrait's outlines, sketching out the rivers and mountains in his heart. Under the green-robed man's power of actualization, the energy channels in a human body as well as all forms of energy and innate techniques had their essences drawn within the portrait and could be seen from the outlines of brushstrokes in the pictograph.

"What a terrifying power of actualization, using his dreams as ink to draw the Landscape Pictograph. Not only that, it also seemed to complement the Spirit Refinement Method recorded in the first pictograph." An intention rose in Qin Wentian's mind. The Spirit Refinement Method was a

technique that used Divine Imprints to compact and convert Astral Energy into Divine Yuan Energy before being explosively released via innate techniques. An unimaginably perverse technique.

Although the Landscape Portrait was neither an innate technique nor a cultivation art, without a doubt, it was also a priceless treasure. The portrait had the ability to enable the user to visualise and comprehend all things on Heaven and Earth. Qin Wentian could only slowly try to gain enlightenment regarding its mysteries.

Qin Wentian immersed himself in studying the two pictographs. And a few days later, he felt that his comprehension regarding 2nd level Divine Imprints underwent a vast improvement. He could now easily inscribe 2nd level Divine Imprints, and at the same time, the speed of converting Astral Energy to Divine Energy was also getting increasingly faster. When the day that he could instantly convert Astral Energy into a granule of Divine Energy came, he would have mastered the 1st level of the Spirit Refinement Method and would be able to use 2nd-level Divine Imprints to aid in the compacting and conversion of Astral Energy.

In the Chu Country's Royal Capital, snow continued falling, gradually forming a thicker and thicker layer on the ground. Many of the academy's younger students rushed about building snowmen while the older students busied themselves with their cultivation, trying to break through their limits.

The demon of the Emperor Star Academy, Luo Qianqiu, was currently sitting crossed-legged at the rooftop of a pavilion. The falling snow drifted about but was unable to touch him. Columns of lightning flashed, and as a thunderous sound rumbled, his body began to emit a terrifying pressure.

In his body, the terrifying lightning Astral Energy from the Lightning Revenant Constellation frenziedly gushed about his energy channels and meridians,, attempting to form his 8th circular arterial pathway, but there seemed to be an obstruction of sorts.

Snapping open his eyes, arcs of lightning flickered as he cast his gaze at the Heavenly Star Pavilion in the distance. The task that his father had not managed to accomplish would be accomplished by him in the future.

Retrieving a spiritual pill, Luo Qianqiu popped the pill in his mouth and closed his eyes again, attempting to break through.

Everyone was busy with their own matters.

Today, a shocking piece of news spread throughout the Royal Capital. In the Divine Weapon Pavilion, a young genius grandmaster weaponsmith was born, a figure capable of inscribing 3rd level Divine Imprints. His sudden arrival received a huge commotion!