

Ancient GM 87

Chapter 87

AGM 0087 – Scenery of snow

The news from the Divine Weapon Pavilion undoubtedly shook the entire Royal Capital. Cultivators were always busy trying to break through, so how would they have the time to comprehend Divine Imprints, let alone studying their inscription process? Usually, grandmaster level weaponsmiths would all be old men that had spent vast amounts of time on comprehending the Divine Imprints as well as the inscription process.

Of course, cultivators with Forging-type Astral Souls would possess an overwhelming advantage in this regard. But even so, if they wanted to inscribe a 3rd level Divine Imprint, they would still need tens of years of effort and study before they could inscribe a 3rd level imprint. Now that there was news about a grandmaster weaponsmith, a 3rd level Divine Inscriptionist before the age of 20, how could it not be shocking?

This piece of news held extreme importance to the world of weaponsmiths and caused the Chu Country to be in the limelight. To craft a 3rd level Divine Weapon, one would need master weaponsmiths that had tons of experiences, in addition to precious and valuable materials to forge the base of the weapon.

As to why there was only a limited number of 3rd level weaponsmith, it was because there was almost no one who could inscribed a 3rd level Divine Imprint.

Divine imprints were the final and most important step of forging a Divine Weapon.

And moreover, just when many influential parties started to launch their investigations trying to find out who exactly was the young genius grandmaster, the Divine Weapon Pavilion spared no expenses to lock down this piece of information. It was clear that the information that spread rapidly had been unintentionally leaked by someone within the Divine Weapon Pavilion. This someone was none other than a weaponsmith apprentice, and currently, the Divine Weapon Pavilions had even go so far as to lock the weaponsmith apprentice in a secure location.

The place where Qin Wentian was residing was tightly guarded by many guards. Yang Cheng was perpetually here, insisting on following Qin Wentian about, causing Qin Wentian to be speechless.

“Grandmaster Qin, as long as you agree to join the Divine Weapon Pavilion, in the future, all the Yuan Meteor Stones that you need for your cultivation will be fully provided by us.” Yang Cheng enthusiastically offered. Ever since Yang Cheng discovered that Qin Wentian could inscribe 3rd level Divine Imprints, he had never left Qin Wentian’s side, enthusiastically making proposals and offering all kinds of conditions.

A 17 year old who could inscribe 3rd level Divine Imprints? What sort of character was he? At the very least, in the history of the Chu Country, there had never been someone who could accomplish such a feat. And thus, Yang Chen was very clear on what he had to do.

“I would be able to procure enough Yuan Meteor Stones for my cultivation without even joining the Divine Weapon Pavilion.” Qin Wentian replied, “The things that I currently lacked are not Yuan Meteor Stones.”

“I understand.” Yang Chen smiled, as he continued. “You mean beautiful women, right? I will surely try my best to satisfy Grandmaster Qin’s desire.”

After that, Yang Chen even winked lewdly to Qin Wentian, causing black lines to appear all over Qin Wentian’s face.

“Mr. Yang, you can just call me Wentian.” Qin Wentian bitterly smiled and shook his head. Grandmaster Qin just sounded way too tacky.

“Yang Chen, how’s your chat with Grandmaster Qin?” At this moment, a crisp voice echoed out. Hearing this voice, Yang Chen’s countenance grew solemn, as he gazed at Qin Wentian, stating, “Grandmaster Qin, the Divine Weapon Pavilion’s vice pavilion master has personally come to speak to you.”

Qin Wentian was shocked as well. Given the status the Divine Weapon Pavilion held, the vice pavilion master should definitely be someone extraordinary as well.

Very quickly, Qin Wentian saw a beautiful lady walking in. This lady was about 25 years old and had exquisite features, with milky white skin. Her figure was extremely beguiling; just one look at her would cause people’s hearts to be stirred.

“What a handsome young fellow, I shall call you Wentian directly then. My name is An Liuyan. If you don’t mind, just calling me Sister Yan will do.” The lady’s voice sounded crisp and melodious, and it seemed to contain a special characteristic to it, causing those who heard her voice to feel

extremely comfortable. Just the first sentence she uttered had already shortened the distance between her and Qin Wentian.

“Sister Yan.” Qin Wentian smiled as he returned the greeting.

“This fellow Yang Cheng simply doesn’t know how to receive guests well, don’t blame him. I’m here because I wanted to tell you that from now on, you are welcome to use all of the Divine Weapon Pavilion’s stock of cultivation resources, including cultivation arts, innate techniques, and even high level Divine Imprints. At the same time, for the Yuan Meteor Stones that you require for your cultivation, regardless how many you need, the Divine Weapon Pavilion will provide them all. Not only that, all of the Divine Weapon Pavilion’s secrets would be opened to you as well, and if you ever need help, the Divine Weapon Pavilion will send out Yuanfu Realm cultivators to aid you in whatever you need them to do.”

An Liuyan lightly smiled as she spoke. Towards the side, Yang Chen and Francis trembled. These conditions.....

“What do I need to do?” Qin Wentian was very clear that there was no such thing as a free lunch in this world.

“The Divine Weapon Pavilion has no requests of you.” An Liuyan’s smile was like the blooming of a beautiful flower. She passed a medallion to Qin Wentian. “This medallion will bestow upon you the authority and benefits of a vice pavilion master, just like me.”

Qin Wentian didn’t extend his hand out to receive it. Seeing this, An Liuyan walked over, lifted Qin Wentian’s hands, and directly pressed the medallion into his hands.

“Little fellow, I want to see if you have the face to eat this ‘free lunch’.” An Liuyan’s beautiful eyes winked at Qin Wentian before she laughed and departed, leaving behind a speechless Qin Wentian.

Although the Divine Weapon Pavilion had no requests of him, it was just as An Liuyan said. Would he have the face to eat this ‘free lunch’ that they handed him?

The Divine Weapon Pavilion’s attitude towards Qin Wentian was decided after analysing and investigating Qin Wentian’s background, personality and experiences. Only after that did they decide to spare no expenses to decisively rope him in.

“Brother Wentian, in the future, feel free to look for me if you need anything.” Yang Chen deeply glanced at Qin Wentian, as he silently praised the charm of the vice pavilion master. Her tactics left no room for Qin Wentian to refuse.

“Damn, it seems as though I’ve fallen into their trap.” After Yang Chen left, Qin Wentian glanced at the medallion in his hand. Only now did he discover that ever since An Liuyan walked in, from the beginning to the end, he only had the chance to speak a single sentence, let alone refuse. Everything happened so naturally.

Although the conditions offered to him could be considered perfect, Qin Wentian also had to admire her method of persuasion.

“I’m going to take a walk outside.” Qin Wentian said to Francis before stepping out. The sky was still adorned by beautiful snowflakes drifting about. Qin Wentian raised his head as he stared at the skies, wondering when this bout of winter snow would stop snowing.

During these past few days, Qin Wentian had been feeling extremely tensed up, so he finally decided to take a walk outside in order to loosen up.

Subconsciously, his steps brought him to the main hall of the Divine Weapon Pavilion. Although snow was falling outside, it was comfortably warm in the interior of the hall. As he peered in, he could see many people selecting Divine Weapons that were suitable to them.

Entering the main hall, Qin Wentian cast his gaze about, and just as his gaze landed in a remote corner of the hall, his eyes fell upon someone familiar, someone whom he had not seen for a long time.

Star River Association, Grandmaster Murin.

A cultivator’s senses were naturally sharp. Murin could feel someone was gazing at him. As he turned his head and saw Qin Wentian, astonishment flickered in his eyes. However, he soon recovered, displaying a disdainful smile on his face.

“I heard that you told Gretchen to give me a warning. I also heard that you were the source of many commotions in the academy. Now that you can still appear in front of me, alive, your luck is not bad indeed.”

Murin's expression was the same as in the Sky Harmony City. Poisonous and ruthless, with arrogance carved deep in his bones. Back then when Qin Wentian had not agreed to be a disciple under him, he schemed and plotted, luring the members of the Qin Clan to seek refuge over at the Star River Association. Many had lost their lives as a result.

From the start to the end, Murin had never once regarded the Qin Clan as people. To him, they were merely tools for him to use as he pleased.

If it was in the past, Qin Wentian would surely have already erupted in anger. But now, although the embers of anger and rage were smouldering in his heart, his outward expression remained calm and unperturbed, as if Murin's words had no power to disturb him.

"I've heard that Grandmaster Murin is a weaponsmith that hails from the Star River Association. What are you doing here? Don't tell me you need to purchase Divine Weapons?"

"When did you ever have the rights to snub your nose into my matters?" Murin sarcastically replied. The reason of his coming was naturally not to purchase Divine Weapons. He was here because he wanted to see if he could manage to discover any information regarding the genius grandmaster who could inscribe 3rd level Divine Imprints.

Back then, Qin Wentian could already inscribe simple 2nd level Divine Imprints, but Murin did not dare to lump Qin Wentian together with the person he was trying to seek information on.

After all, not even a year had passed. As a weaponsmith, of course he knew how tough was it to achieve a breakthrough in comprehending Divine Imprints. Even for him, he had been stuck at the level of a 2nd level weaponsmith for a long time without the tiniest amount of hope in achieving a breakthrough with regards to comprehending 3rd level Divine Imprints.

"Grandmaster Murin's matters, frankly speaking, I can't be bothered as well. I only hope that Grandmaster Murin still remember the despicable act you committed in the Sky Harmony City. Revenge will arrive for you, sooner or later.

Qin Wentian laughed. In response, Murin coldly snorted. "Let's hope that you'll be able to live until that day."

After this, Murin flicked his sleeves and left. Since Qin Wentian had openly proclaimed his status as a weaponsmith from the Star River Association, he didn't have the face to continue staying on, not

to mention dragging himself down to argue with a junior of a younger generation. Thus, he could only choose to leave.

“What a wet blanket.” Qin Wentian murmured, as he, too, stepped out of the Divine Weapon Pavilion, ambling slowly along while admiring the beautiful falling snow.

After strolling along for some time, Qin Wentian had no idea of where he was. As he cast his gaze over the horizon, he saw a small white body scampering over, camouflaged within the snow. When the little thing neared Qin Wentian, it transformed into a blur of shadows as it leapt into Qin Wentian’s arms.

“Little Rascal.” Qin Wentian was stunned, but he hugged Little Rascal into his embrace. A smile of joy broke out on his visage. “Little fellow, what are you doing here?”

Shortly after, Qin Wentian lifted his head and noticed that a graceful silhouette was walking over and stopped in front of him.

Under the falling snow, the graceful silhouette was clad in clothes that were in the purest shade of white, masking her perfect figure. A face with features so beautiful that it could topple over empires could be seen.

Mo Qingcheng stopped in front of Qin Wentian and slightly lowered her head, smiling shyly.

She then raised her head, revealing her perfectly sculpted features once again. “Let’s get to know each other again. My name is Mo Qingcheng.”

“I’m Qin Wentian.”

Qin Wentian displayed a gentle smile as he regarded Mo Qingcheng’s beautiful countenance. “Thank you for saving me that day outside Sky Harmony City.”

“Don’t mention it. It was this adorable fellow that brought me over.” Mo Qingcheng smiled. “Shall we take a seat over there?”

“Alright.” Qin Wentian nodded his head. The two of them walked towards the front of an ancient tree. Removing his beast-skin outer clothing, Qin Wentian laid it on the ground, using it as a carpet on which both of them sat down with their backs facing the tree.

Mo Qingcheng cast a glance at Qin Wentian, but she didn’t know what to say. As a result, she could only extend her hand, allowing the snowflakes to fall and gathered upon her hand. With a light smile, she spoke, “The snow is so beautiful.”

“Right.” Qin Wentian nodded his head but didn’t continue saying anything as he silently admired the beautiful scenery of the falling snow.

Little Rascal laid on the ground between them, as though it was asleep. A handsome young man and a beautiful young lady admiring the snow together. This scenario was like a beautiful portrait. Passersby couldn’t help but exclaim in wonder when they saw this.

This beautiful scene persisted for a period of time before Mo Qingcheng turned her head, looking at Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian also turned his head to gaze at Mo Qingcheng, lost in her enchanting beauty.

“You are really a dumbo.” Mo Qingcheng smiled. She stood up and walked away. Her graceful silhouette gradually disappeared amidst the falling snow.

“Dumbo?” Qin Wentian was stunned.

“Am I a dumbo?” Qin Wentian asked himself as he looked at Little Rascal, who had once again leaped into his embrace, only to see Little Rascal nodding its head in agreement. Black lines appeared on Qin Wentian’s face. This Little Rascal was truly a little rascal indeed!