

## Ancient GM 89

### Chapter 89

#### AGM 0089 – The Silhouette Behind

The warhorses galloped forth as their hooves echoed out against the snow-covered ground. A terrifying aura of sharpness seemed to emanate forth from the spears they wielded, and even before the mounted soldiers arrived, their spears, akin to a poisonous viper, had already pierced out towards Qin Wentian while emitting a wailing shrill.

The snowy ground cracked under the force, as Qin Wentian stomped his foot, causing the frost and snow to fly about. A terrifying aura gushed forth from him. Qin Wentian stood straight and tall, appearing incomparably majestic.

“Chi.....” From the left and right, two spears stabbed forth. The attacking soldiers only felt a violent wind billowing on their body as the frost and snow danced about, obscuring their vision. In that instant of momentary blindness, Qin Wentian exploded forth in motion.

Abruptly, it was as if both of their long spears were grabbed by a terrifying force.

“Scram.”

The immense, terrifying force flung their bodies backwards, sending them knocking into the other soldiers galloping forwards. In the blink of an eye, the impact caused the row of soldiers behind the two attackers to fall from their mounts and crash on to the ground.

Qin Wentian strolled slowly onwards, as his gaze landed onto Yanaro, as well as Bai Qingsong and his clan members. He would never have thought that Bai Qingsong would appear here today.

Another row of soldiers galloped forth, only to hear Yanaro speaking in a calm voice, “Let me deal with him.”

The soldiers halted their steps. In their place, Yanaro rode his mount forward and stopped in front of Qin Wentian, looking down at him from a height.

“Twice in a row, our battle had no conclusion. Since you did not die then today I shall deliver your death.” Yanaro calmly spoke. Even though Yanaro was at the 7th level of Arterial Circulation, Yanaro could never defeat Qin Wentian. This humiliation had always persisted on his mind. Now, after a few months of hard work, his innate technique had grown stronger. His cultivation base had also risen to the peak of the 7th level.

His martial prowess could be said to be increased by one level. Today, Yanaro would ensure that Qin Wentian died under his sword.

Yanaro released his Sword-type Astral Soul. This was his 2nd Astral Soul, hailing from the 3rd Heavenly Layer. Not only did his body emit a terrifying Sword Qi, his glare was also as sharp as swords.

Even the drifting snowflakes dancing about were all sliced into nothingness by the Sword Qi he emitted.

“Yanaro’s Fragmented Sword innate technique has already been cultivated to the third level. This battle will surely be without suspense. No matter how much Qin Wentian has improved, he would still die in Yanaro’s hands.” A youthful soldier remarked, causing the rest of the spectators to nod their heads.

“He should have died long ago.” A cold glint of light flashed in Bai Qingsong’s eyes. Qin Wentian actually survived until today? A miracle indeed.

“Bai Qingsong, my Wentian even dares to face off against a regiment of troops on his own. As for you and your daughter, Autumn Snow, you can only live off the scraps of others, living sneakily like a thief.” Qin Chuan’s sarcastic voice sounded out, which caused the Bai Qingsong’s countenance to turn to frost. He glared at Qin Chuan and replied, “Just wait for his death, I want to see what you say then.”

Yanaro dismounted, and as he took a step forwards, the Sword Qi he released wailed, creating a cacophony of keens. Between the two of them, the snow danced about relentlessly.

“Since you want to seek death so much, today I shall grant you your wish.” Yanaro’s hand was formed in the shape of a sword. A monstrously sharp sword intent could be felt emanating outwards.

“What a strong aura.” The spectators saw Yanaro stepping forwards, while Qin Wentian remained motionless, as though he had turned into a statue.

“You are not worthy.” As Qin Wentian stepped forth, the snow on the ground scattered. A domineering aura blasted forth from his figure. This did not originate from any type of energy, but belonged to he himself alone.

Although he didn’t possess any ultimate techniques, the aura Qin Wentian exuded was comparable to that of a top-tier exponent. His aura felt carefree and unrestrained, and hid within it a hint of duty.

“Hmm?” Yanaro narrowed his eyes, but he soon resumed his cold smile.

“Aura blast? Mere parlor tricks, unable to withstand a single strike.” Yanaro continued walking forwards slowly. It was as though that his Sword Qi could tear apart space for every step he took.

“I wonder.” Qin Wentian released his first Astral Soul, and momentarily after, a Heavenly Hammer materialized in his hands. He continued standing there calmly, like a majestic mountain. Regardless of how domineering the Sword Qi was, it was unable to conquer him. He was simply unmovable.

While at the same time, the aura pressure of Qin Wentian’s 6th level of Arterial Circulation, also blasted forth. His eyes shone with a light similar to the glow of the constellations, piercing towards Yanaro and causing him to slightly quiver.

In the depths of Qin Wentian’s eyes, Yanaro saw an overwhelming sense of confidence, perseverance, and even dominance. Just seeing that was enough to cause someone to involuntarily feel tiny and inconsequential.

“Boom.” Qin Wentian strode forwards. Yanaro’s heart lurched as the sound of Qin Wentian’s first step echoed out.

“Although his current cultivation base is at the 6th level, I don’t believe he’ll be able to pressure me.” Yanaro silently stated in his heart. With this in mind, he continued walking forwards. His Sword Qi keened in anger, seemingly coalescing into something visible, as everything around him got lacerated to nothingness.

“This battle would surely be one without suspense. Qin Wentian is already a dead man.” The crowd speculated in their hearts after feeling the aura Yanaro was emanating. Strangely enough, they were

unable to feel the pressure beating down on Yanaro from Qin Wentian's single step. That was why they were so confident in their analysis that Yanaro was going to be the victor

And finally, when they were only a step apart. Yanaro pierced straight ahead with his finger, and in the middle of the air, the energy of the sword-finger transformed into the shape of numerous sharp short swords that exploded forth into motion.

It was as though the tension had shattered into fragments at this moment. Qin Wentian, was a dead man.

"Boom." The Heavenly Hammer in Qin Wentian's hand swung out without any elaborate techniques, with only pure strength. As the Heavenly Hammer appeared in Yanaro's eyes, he felt that as if, he had sunk into a quagmire of an illusion. It was as though an enormous mountain containing boundless strength had appeared in front of his eyes, emitting a fearsome pressure that blasted straight towards him, wanting to bury him under overwhelming might.

"No....." Yanaro's presence seemed to deflate. In that instant, Qin Wentian actually caused him to feel that he was in absolute danger.

"Rumble!"

The Heavenly Hammer smashed against the short swords, destroying them. Yanaro was forced backwards from the impact. Meanwhile, Qin Wentian steadily advanced and sent out another palm strike.

"What's going on?" Upon witnessing what was happening, the countenance of the spectators froze in shock. Between the two combatants, Yanaro was actually the weaker party. Qin Wentian's attacks seemed to contain an imposing, majestic aura to it. It was akin to a formless pressure. Although his innate techniques were not that strong to a point where they could be called ultimate attacks, each and every single one of his attacks seemed to contain a pressure that could rival innate techniques with the power to destroy the Heavens and to decimate the Earth.

Yanaro raised his hands to unleash another attack, but this attack of his contained none of his presence from before. And as the sounds of the impact rang out, his palms were already trembling from the backlash. Yanaro's countenance underwent a drastic change upon realizing that Qin Wentian had already locked down one of his arms.

"This was the arm that pointed at my Father, right? Now, this arm is mine."

Qin Wentian coldly snorted as his palms wavered. At the same time, Yanaro let out a blood-curdling shriek. One of his arms was shattered on the spot by Qin Wentian.

“How is this possible?” The spectators’ expressions were all frozen in shock. The mighty Yanaro had one of his arms broken in a single exchange when facing Qin Wentian?

For a moment, all of the spectators, including the troops escorting Qin Chuan, didn’t know how to react.

“How dare you.” A few voices were raised in rage, as the soldiers on the warhorses prepared themselves to rush at Qin Wentian. At the same time, a silhouette appeared, soaring through the skies, hovering in the air.

This indicated that among the regiment of troops escorting Qin Chuan was a Yuanfu cultivator.

Qin Wentian raised his head as he stared at the figure in the air, only to see that figure gathering his energy, condensing it into the form of a golden halo, blasting towards Qin Wentian. However, at the same exact moment when the golden halo was condensed, a faint shadow of a gigantic arm manifested in the air and flew towards the golden halo. A thunderous sound rang out as both of the manifestations exploded at the same instant. Another figure soared to the skies, blocking the previous Yuanfu cultivator.

“The Heaven Fist technique. Who are you?” The enemy Yuanfu cultivator questioned.

The other figure merely replied in an unperturbed voice, “No one is allowed to touch Qin Wentian.”

“Today, he actually dared to rescue a prisoner. The price for doing so, is death.” The eyes of the enemy Yuanfu Cultivator seemed to flicker with a sharp, golden light.

Simultaneously, the warhorses on the ground rushed towards Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian’s body erupted into motion. Stomping the ground, Qin Wentian transformed into a blur of shadows, and as he rushed forwards, a silvery long spear appeared in his hands.

“Kill!” The sharp glint of light in Qin Wentian’s eyes flashed out. Roaring in rage, he hurled the silvery spear out like a torpedo of silver lightning.

“Chi, chi, chi.....” The silvery spear penetrated through the throats of the soldiers with overwhelming strength and speed. Blood fell from the skies, dyeing the snow-covered ground a blood-red hue.

In an instant, an entire line of soldiers perished.

As the other soldiers on the side rushed over, a 2nd Divine Weapon appeared in Qin Wentian’s hand. This weapon was none other than an ancient looking chinese halberd.

Seeing one of the soldier’s long spear piercing towards him, Qin Wentian stepped forth, as the ancient halberd in his hands exploded forth with a momentum. An instant later, the ancient halberd pierced through and pulverised the enemy’s heart.

The sounds of the warhorses galloping, as well as the movements of the other soldiers, instantly ceased. The scene whereby the ancient halberd impaled through the heart of one of their comrades exuded an tyrannical and dominant aura, giving them pause.

“Whoever dares to block my way, dies.” Qin Wentian roared in anger. The troop of soldiers were all quiet due to fear, their gaze trembling as they stare at Qin Wentian.

As the two Yuanfu cultivators fought each other with an explosive flurry of exchanges in the air, the ground was silent. Everyone was staring at the blood leaking out of the corpse that had been impaled by Qin Wentian’s ancient halberd.

“How powerful.” The surrounding spectators never would have thought that youth before them possessed such a level of power.

The youth’s skinny frame stood there like an ancient tree. As for the Yanaro who was stomped under his feet, it was as though everyone had already forgotten about his existence.

“Interspatial ring.” The crowd couldn’t help but whisper when they realized that both the silver spear and the ancient halberd appeared out of nowhere. Obviously, Qin Wentian was in possession of a interspatial ring.

For ordinary humans, it was utterly impossible for them to have such a treasure.

At this moment, beside the iron cage that housed Qin Chuan, an old man stepped out, walking towards Qin Wentian.

“Wentian, be careful! This old man is a Yuanfu Realm cultivator.” Qin Chuan shouted. That old man was his jailer, which why he was certain about the old man’s level of cultivation.

A sinister look flashed across the countenance of that old man as he approached closer and closer. At this moment, a silhouette appeared near Qin Wentian. The moment it appeared, the old man abruptly halted his steps. He looked at the owner of that silhouette before shifting his gaze to the Yuanfu Realm cultivator battling in the air.

Who in the world, actually dared to support Qin Wentian?!