

## Ancient GM 92

### Chapter 92

#### AGM 0092 – Gratitude

Luo Qianqiu stared at Qin Wentian, Qin Wentian's words didn't cause his expression to waver in the slightest. Luo Qianqiu's background was way different from those who grew up in the Chu Country.

Since young, he had seen too many geniuses and heard too many bold, visionary words. Naturally, he had also met many others whose talents in cultivation were so great that they could also be termed as demons. He was very clear that actions speak louder words, regardless of how impressive those words sounded.

Luo Qianqiu martial heart was incomparably resolute, and would never ever waver the slightest because of a few words from Qin Wentian. In his eyes, Qin Wentian was merely a passerby.

After he accomplish his mission in the Emperor Star Academy, he would depart from Chu Country and compete in a much grander stage, tempering himself with other monstrous geniuses.

Indeed, the Chu Country was too small to contain Luo Qianqiu.

“At the end of this year, there will be a grand banquet. I will wait for you there.” Luo Qianqiu spoke as he looked towards Qin Wentian, causing the spectators to freeze.

Naturally, they knew what was the grand banquet Luo Qianqiu was referring to. In this cultivation-oriented world, each country would hold a national grand banquet at the end of the year to emphasize cultivation. As long as you were a citizen of the Chu Country, below 30 years of age, and had a cultivation base that was below Yuanfu, you would be able to attend.

This custom of emphasizing the importance of cultivation was passed down unceasingly from generation to generation to spur the younger generations onwards. And because this banquet was held once every year, many people would have the opportunity to improve themselves there.

As for cultivators of the Yuanfu realm, they would not attend this, because they have no purpose being there.

Luo Qianqiu returned to Chu Tianjiao's side. Qin Wentian did not bother too much with Luo Qianqiu's words, as he cast his gaze over to Chu Tianjiao.

"I have already survived three attacks. I hope that your Highness can give me a promise." Qin Wentian calmly spoke.

"Yanaro, you can come over here now." Chu Tianjiao exclaimed. Yanaro nodded his head, and walked to the side of Chu Tianjiao. However, his head was lowered throughout the short journey because he knew that he had lost all his face.

"Qin Wentian." Chu Tianjiao regarded Qin Wentian with a slight smile on his face.

"If I didn't guess wrongly, you should be the rumored genius grandmaster in the Divine Weapon Pavilion who could inscribe 3rd level imprints, am I right?" Chu Tianjiao calmly smiled as he gazed at the two Yuanfu cultivators standing beside Qin Wentian.

"The young genius grandmaster? Qin Wentian?"

The hearts of the spectators trembled as their gazes landed on Qin Wentian.

"You are right." Qin Wentian nodded his head lightly, with no intentions to mask anything. He knew that he could never hide the truth from Chu Tianjiao.

"As for the earlier matter, I can ignore your interference. And as for the Ye Clan and Ou Clan, I can also negotiate with them for you. As long as you stop interfering in the matters of the Qin Clan., I'm even willing to help you cultivate." Chu Tianjiao spoke abruptly. No one expected that he would say that.

As the crowd regarded the handsome-looking face that was adorned with a smile, they couldn't help but sigh. The 3rd Prince of the Chu Country, Chu Tianjiao, was indeed a dragon among men. As long as Qin Wentian agreed, he could forget all that happened and even help Qin Wentian.

This was a chance for Qin Wentian.

As long as he agreed, Chu Tianjiao was willing to let go of all past grievances and even offer to serve as the mediator and settle the matter with the Ye Clan and Ou Clan. Moreover, as long as he agreed, he and Chu Tianjiao could be friends.

The only condition was that Qin Wentian was not to interfere in matters of the Qin Clan ever again. This was because the only source of conflict between Chu Tianjiao and Qin Wentian was their stance regarding the Qin Clan.

As long as he relinquished all ties to the Qin Clan, a glorious future awaited him.

He was someone who gained the recognition of the Emperor Star Academy and enjoyed the protection of the Divine Weapon Pavilion while being a 3rd level Divine Inscriptionist. The current Qin Wentian had many laurels of light associated with his name.

And as long as he agreed to Chu Tianjiao's conditions, he could soar to the skies in the Chu Country. No one would dare to block his path ever again.

But was Chu Tianjiao a fool? If he agreed, he would no longer be Qin Wentian.

"Your Highness, I thank you for your kind intentions." Qin Wentian calmly replied without adding anything else. Very obviously, he had silently rejected. But then again, this was only to be expected.

Since he could stand alone on the snowy pathways, obstructing the escort of Qin Chuan, Qin Wentian's actions already indicated what sort of person he was.

"Since I gave my agreement, I would naturally abide by it. Luo Qianqiu's promise is my promise as well." Chu Tianjiao didn't add on too much since he had already given Qin Wentian a chance. As to whether Qin Wentian wanted to agree to it or not, the ball was in Qin Wentian's court, not his.

No matter when, the words he spoke were always appropriate and fitting to the occasion. Whatever he had agreed to, he would definitely do it. Despite Luo Qianqiu making the decision for him, he was not angered by it. On the contrary, he said that the promise made by Luo Qianqiu was equivalent to a promise made by him.

The people of the Chu Country's Royal Capital seemed to have a clearer understanding of the rumored 3rd Prince after this exchange.

Chu Tianjiao, the pride of heavens of the Chu Country. It was impossible for such a person not to ascend the throne.

The current emperor had great ambitions and grand aims; it was only at his later age before he had descendants. And thus, his oldest son, was merely 28 years of age, but among all the princes, the one he doted on most was the 3rd prince – Chu Tianjiao.

“Bring Qin Chuan back. From now onwards, no one is allowed to mistreat him” Chu Tianjiao calmly commanded. In response, the escorts turned and brought Qin Chuan away.

In the iron cage, Qin Chuan’s eyes pierced through the space and landed on Qin Wentian’s figure.

“I will always believe that you will prove to yourself and to the entire Chu Country that you are stronger than them.” Qin Chuan’s eyes reddened as he silently added in his heart, “The Chu Country is unable to block your path. Your world belongs to a much vaster stage than this. Child, this is only a little stumbling block on the pathway of your future. Don’t stumble because of me. Your future path is still long, extremely long.”

Qin Chuan’s eyes glowed with a light akin to the constellations of the skies, as he looked at Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian, was also looking at him, and it was as though he could read the intent behind that gaze. He silently added in his heart, “Father, your son will not disappoint you.”

After the escorts left, Bai Qingsong cast a long, deep look at Qin Wentian before shifting his gaze to Autumn Snow, as he stated, “Autumn Snow, let’s leave.”

Like she had just awoken from her shock, Bai Autumn Snow nodded in agreement. Her current state of heart was extremely chaotic.

It wasn’t because of hatred or regret, but rather because Qin Wentian, from the beginning to the end, didn’t even look at her. Not even a single glance.

She could still clearly remember the words she spoke to him back then. “Both of us are already destined to be people belonging to different worlds”

Qin Wentian's reply was, "But you are right. From the start, you and I were already destined to be people belonging to different worlds."

Now, reality had already proven who was right and who was wrong.

Autumn Snow raised her head, as she looked upon the drifting snowflakes. A misty look could be seen in her beautiful eyes. For the first time in her life, she doubted herself.

Even after the regiment of troops left, the spectators around had yet to disperse.

They looked at the three young elites leading the regiment – Chu Tianjiao, Luo Qianqiu and Ye Wuque. How outstanding were they.

After today's battle, they had a deeper understanding of Chu Tianjiao and Luo Qianqiu. Likewise, the two also somewhat 'understood' Qin Wentian. A lone youth facing off three of them amidst the storm of snow and wind.

Today, there was no victor or loser, but the faces of these elites were already deeply imprinted in the hearts of the spectators.

From now onwards, they would never forget Chu Tianjiao's calmness and confidence, Luo Qianqiu's pride and arrogance, and Ye Wuque's deep profoundness.

At the same time, they would never forget the tenacity and resoluteness of the youth that dared to stand against them. That stubbornness and determination, as well that extraordinary talent.

Today, spectators 'understood' the real Qin Wentian, Chu Tianjiao, and Luo Qianqiu through their words and actions.

His name was Qin Wentian. The young genius grandmaster 3rd level divine inscriptionist. Behind him was the Divine Weapon Pavilion. Behind him, was also the will of the Emperor Star Academy.

Qin Clan, Qin Wentian!

Chu Tianjiao and the others departed, leaving behind footprints on the white snow.

Behind them was Yanaro. If there had to be a loser today, that loser would be Yanaro, without a doubt.

Qin Wentian's eyes were still fixated on the departing Qin Chuan, as the Yuanfu cultivators standing beside him patted his shoulders and reassured him, "Don't worry, since Chu Tianjiao promised you in front of so many people, he would not go back on his words."

Lightly nodding his head, Qin Wentian smiled as he regarded them. "Thank you, Elders, for the help today."

"You are already considered a treasure of the Divine Weapon Pavilion. In the future, I may even be the one that needs your help." One of the Yuanfu cultivators laughed. The two of them naturally belonged to the Divine Weapon Pavilion Faction.

They naturally dared to stand together with Qin Wentian. In this cultivation-oriented world, those with power would never have to fear for their survival. Both of them possessed a cultivation base at the Yuanfu Realm. Even if they stood with Qin Wentian against Chu Tianjiao, Chu Tianjiao would never be so foolish to send other Yuanfu cultivators against them. Doing so would be akin to going against the Divine Weapon Pavilion!

The Divine Weapon Pavilion held a special position within the Chu Country. Even the Royal Clan dared not offend them needlessly. If, in a moment of anger, the Divine Weapon Pavilion decided to bring all their resources and leave the Chu Country and join their enemies, the Chu Country would certainly face a disaster.

This was also the reason why Chu Tianjiao wanted to rope in Qin Wentian. A young genius who could inscribe 3rd level divine imprints would naturally enjoy the favor of many powerful existence in the future.

A high level weaponsmith could easily persuade many to aid him in his endeavours.

"Since the people from the Emperor Star Academy have arrived, we will take our leave first." The Yuanfu cultivators from the Divine Weapon Pavilion lightly nodded their heads to Qin Wentian before they departed.

Qin Wentian turned around, and his gaze landed on the silhouette wearing the bamboo hat, standing in the snow, walking away as though that figure was merely a passerby.

“Senior Ren, many thanks.” A smile of gratitude displayed on Qin Wentian’s visage. A man had to clearly differentiate between gratitude and vengeance. For those who had helped him before, Qin Wentian would engrave their kindness within his heart.

Today, in the darkest period of his life, both the Divine Weapon Pavilion and the Emperor Star Academy had chosen to support him, thereby standing with him against the pressure of Imperial Authority. This debt of gratitude, he would forever remember it!