

The God-level Snatching System Chapter 10 - Merciless Swordsman

C10 Merciless Swordsman

Guu Linger was unaware of the thoughts preoccupying Guu Tianyi's mind.

Per the longstanding traditions of the Heavenly Fire Competition, there would be a three-day interval between the first round's Star Cloud Stone assessment and the second round's Morning Bell and Dusk Drum challenge. These initial tests were designed by the Three Sects to gauge the talents and capabilities of Heavenly Fire City's younger generation.

However, the true contest would unfold ten days later in the third match.

Only those capable of eliciting five rings from the Morning Bell and Dusk Drum earned the privilege to compete in this third round, which was an arena battle. Contestants could challenge anyone standing in the arena; victors remained, while the defeated were obliged to step down.

Following each battle, the victor was entitled to a period of rest, sufficient to return to their peak condition before facing the next challenger. The last one standing, having vanquished all others, would claim the title of champion of the Heavenly Fire Competition.

Moreover, there would be no second or third place—only the champion.

True combat prowess can only be measured in the heat of battle. Historically, the Three Sects would scout for disciples after the third round. This year, however, the circumstances were unique, due in part to the envoys from the Three Sects, and in part to Guu Tianyi's extraordinary performance.

"In the Morning Bell and Dusk Drum contest, I could resort to the God Level Snatching System to gain an edge, but in actual combat, genuine strength is what counts," Guu Tianyi sighed, a tone of resignation in his voice.

With his current abilities, it was inconceivable for him to set a new record of thirteen rings on the Morning Bell and Dusk Drum.

His confidence in the wager with Guu Moyu stemmed from a revelation. The Morning Bell and Dusk Drum, akin to a Spirit Treasure, differed in that its Heavenly Pattern was etched on the exterior rather than the interior.

The enigmatic Heavenly Pattern, crafted through a specialized technique, served various purposes. Inscribing a particular pattern onto talisman paper endowed it with

mystical powers, while etching it onto a weapon and awakening its sentience transformed it into a Spirit Treasure.

Complex formations were the result of intricate combinations of these Heavenly Patterns.

Masters of the Heavenly Pattern in artifact refining were known as Artificers. Those adept with talismanic Heavenly Patterns were recognized as Talisman Masters. Similarly, Spirit Array Masters and Pill Refiners were distinguished individuals who had mastered specific Heavenly Patterns.

The Morning Bell and Dusk Drum operated on the principle of interconnected Heavenly Patterns, which vibrated upon impact.

In a pivotal moment, Guu Tianyi deployed the God Level Snatching System to siphon off all the Spiritual Energy surrounding the Heavenly Pattern, temporarily disabling it. By concentrating his attack solely on the Morning Bell, the residual force would naturally cause the Dusk Drum to resonate, closely mimicking the normal effect.

Yet, he would only require 70% of the force necessary to produce the 13 rings.

"The Second Elder gifted me thirty Fire Fruits, but I need only ten. I'll store the remaining twenty in the Cosmos Bag for Linger's use."

"I'm not yet a match for Guu Moyu. Lo Chenfeng's performance today, deliberately understating his strength against the Morning Bell and Dusk Drum, suggests his power far surpasses that of Lau Yue at a comparable level."

"It's clear to me that claiming the top spot in the Heavenly Fire Competition is a journey I've only just begun."

Guu Tianyi let out a sigh, retrieved ten Fire Fruits, and laid them out before him, permitting the Purple Polar Heavenly Flame Dragon to consume them at will.

Each fraction of fire-attribute energy absorbed by the dragon bolstered its strength. The more potent Guu Tianyi's bloodline became, the more formidable the Purple Polar Dragon Eye grew.

He unfurled the Beast Skin Scroll left by the Grand Elder. It contained not only Bloodline Thaumaturgy but also a unique martial skill crafted by the First Ancestor, Guu Zhantian, tailored to the Purple Polar Dragon Eye's traits.

This martial skill, being Guu Zhantian's original creation, lacked a formal rank. Yet, its power would amplify in tandem with the Purple Polar Dragon Eye's might. The technique itself bore the same name: Purple Polar Dragon Eye.

"Purple Polar Dragon Eye, First Move, Void Discerning!"

As Guu Tianyi continued his training, three days flew by. Post-devouring ten Fire Fruits, the dragon underwent a transformation, now stretching to a full seven feet in length, its presence far more imposing than before.

This metamorphosis of his lineage propelled Guu Tianyi's cultivation to the seventh level of Martial Cultivator.

Should word get out that he had ascended a whole level in just three days, it would surely astound the masses.

Ultimately, his exceptional gift stemmed from possessing the God Level Snatching System.

"Three days have passed. Linger's temper should have cooled off by now," Guu Tianyi mused aloud, a wry, resigned smile on his face.

He saw it clearly now; she had matured, even resorting to anger as a means to sway him.

Guu Linger's worry for his safety, her reluctance to see him take such risks, led her to express her displeasure. Guu Tianyi understood her intentions all too well, which is why he played along. Yet, he only grasped a fraction of Guu Linger's true feelings.

As he pushed the door open, Guu Linger's graceful figure came into view.

"Ah? Brother Tianyi, I..." Guu Linger, about to knock, found herself at a loss when the door swung open unexpectedly.

"Have you calmed down?" Guu Tianyi asked, his face breaking into an indulgent smile.

Guu Linger nodded, her voice barely above a whisper in affirmation.

"Come on, kiddo, let's go for a stroll. We'll grab some of those flower pastries you loved as a child."

Gazing at the innocent beauty before him, Guu Tianyi felt a momentary daze, wishing, "If only such a lovely and kind-hearted girl could be free from the torment of the Cold Aura, that would be wonderful."

Once outside the Guu Mansion, Guu Linger seemed like a bird released from its cage, her spirits high, her steps lively and buoyant, drawing the admiring glances of many onlookers.

But upon noticing Guu Tianyi trailing behind her, they hastily averted their eyes, careful not to incur his displeasure.

"Ah, help me!"

A woman's piercing scream suddenly echoed from a dim alleyway.

Guu Tianyi's brow furrowed, and he swiftly took hold of Guu Linger's hand, saying, "Linger, someone's in trouble over there. Let's go check it out."

"Okay," Guu Linger replied, her body quivering slightly as she let Guu Tianyi lead her by the hand, following him with a nervous gait.

Then, a fierce bellow resounded ahead, "Merciless Swordsman, you just can't help but interfere, can you? I've laid this trap especially for you—come in, but don't expect to leave!"

"Haha. Without fine wine or beautiful company, you three will find it hard to keep me around."

From a nearby alley, the clamor of a skirmish echoed. Genuine Qi roiled through the air, prompting Guu Tianyi to halt in his tracks. A figure in white leapt from the confines of the alley, besieged by three assailants clad in black.

In the alley's wake, a girl stood trembling with fear.

"It's the Merciless Swordsman!" Guu Linger cried out in alarm.

Guu Tianyi was perplexed, finding the title 'Merciless Swordsman' rather amusing.

"Do you know him?" he inquired.

Guu Linger nodded, explaining, "Brother Tianyi, the Merciless Swordsman is the celebrated hero of Heavenly Fire City, known for championing the downtrodden."

The Merciless Swordsman, garbed in white, wielded an unsheathed blade as he faced off against the three Martial Cultivators of Level Nine, who relentlessly pressed their attack.

Despite his elusive agility, the Merciless Swordsman struggled against the onslaught of three, and his position began to deteriorate.

"Three Supreme Blades!" bellowed one of the black-clad figures, his saber cleaving through the air towards the Merciless Swordsman. Genuine Qi flooded the weapon, forming a lethal Saber Aura.

The Merciless Swordsman narrowly evaded the strike, which then surged towards Guu Linger.

"Linger!" With swift action, Guu Tianyi yanked her to safety, just as the Saber Aura slashed past, severing strands of her hair.

Had Guu Tianyi not reacted swiftly, Guu Linger would have met her demise at the edge of that saber.

"How dare you lay a hand on my sister? You're seeking your own demise!"

Enshrouded in Purple Fire, Guu Tianyi transformed into an icy, bloodthirsty warrior. His speed was formidable, even without the aid of footwork.

The man who had swung the saber was caught off guard and seized by Guu Tianyi, whose draconic claws, sharp as any Spirit Treasure, effortlessly crushed his skull.

"Guu Tianyi?" The other adversary's eyes narrowed with murderous intent. "You dare interfere with my affairs. You'll be the first to die!"

"Wind-ripping Blade!"

The blade's trajectory became a blur of indistinguishable shadows.

Guu Tianyi remained vigilant, aware that his foe was a Level Nine Martial Cultivator. Any lapse in concentration could be fatal.

"Purple Polar Dragon Eye, Void Discerning!"

His purple gaze ignited like flames, piercing through the veil of his opponent's maneuvers. Every action was laid bare before him.

The adversary hoisted his saber, conjuring an immense blade, over fifteen meters in length, behind him.

"So the Wind-ripping Blade is the Bloodline Thaumaturgy of the Blade Martial Soul," Guu Tianyi realized. He formed the Purple Fire Dragon Seal with his hands, and the unleashed energy sent him reeling back several steps before he regained his footing.

"Brother Gu, you've done more than enough. I'll take it from here." The voice of the Merciless Swordsman cut through the chaos.

Spectators from afar gasped in anticipation.

"The Merciless Swordsman is drawing his sword!"

"Nobody has ever lived to describe the Merciless Sword, for all who have seen it have perished by its blade."

A streak of golden light flashed, and the remaining black-clad men shuddered, their eyes void of life, as their vitality slipped away.

"What was that flash of golden light?" Guu Tianyi asked, his eyes wide with astonishment.

It didn't appear to be a sword.