

The God-level Snatching System Chapter 6 - Morning Bell and Dusk Drum

C6 Morning Bell and Dusk Drum

Guu Tianyi stood before the Star Cloud Stone, his hands reaching out to caress its surface. As he did so, a thread of Genuine Qi flowed from his palms into the stone. Suddenly, the Star Cloud Stone began to quiver intensely.

The stone was half shrouded in darkness, yet astonishingly, six of the nine Falling Stars lit up in an instant.

"How can this be? Both Lau Yue and Lo Chenfeng could only light up the Falling Stars one by one, but Guu Tianyi has managed to ignite six simultaneously!"

"It's not over! The seventh Falling Star has come to life!"

"Now the eighth! My goodness, he possesses an Eight-star talent."

Atop the high platform, the assembly of dignitaries watched in amazement, all except for the Guu family's Grand Elder.

"He carries the bloodline of the First Ancestor; his talent surely surpasses that of an Eight-star. It's likely that Tianyi has only recently inherited the Purple Polar Heavenly Flame Dragon and has yet to tap into its full potential," the Grand Elder mused silently.

Just then, the ninth Falling Star began to glow faintly before gradually blazing with intense light.

A Nine-star talent!

Such a gift was exceedingly rare. Yet, why was his cultivation only at Level Five as a Martial Cultivator?

Tang Yun's brow furrowed. "A Nine-star talent is indeed extraordinary. But at nearly eighteen years of age, his cultivation remains at a mere Level Five Martial Cultivator. This suggests that the Star Cloud Stone's reflection of his talent doesn't align with his true capabilities."

The Star Cloud Stone gauged one's talent based on the level and density of their Genuine Qi. Typically, the finer the Martial Soul, the greater the talent, resulting in richer and higher quality Genuine Qi.

Thus, the test of the Star Cloud Stone was highly accurate.

"Something's off, though. His Martial Soul was destroyed, and he's incapable of further cultivation, isn't he?"

"I've heard of a secret method that allows those who've lost their Martial Soul to retain some of their power, halting any future cultivation. With the Guu family's ancient lineage, possessing such a technique wouldn't be surprising."

"What a shame. Had Guu Tianyi's Martial Soul remained intact, his talent would have assured him a place among Azure Nether Country's most renowned."

"He brought this upon himself. Had he not harbored ill intentions toward Xia Ningjing, he wouldn't be in this predicament."

In a corner, Guu Linger's fists were clenched tightly, her eyes alight with fervor.

Below, the crowd buzzed with speculation, while the stage erupted in commotion.

To the many competitors in the Heavenly Fire Competition, Guu Tianyi was a man cut off from the path of cultivation. Yet here he was, seizing the limelight that was rightfully theirs.

Lau Yue, Guu Moyu, and Guu Linyuan looked on with venomous eyes.

Lo Chenfeng, however, wore a look of amusement as he watched Guu Tianyi, his gaze betraying a depth of maturity and composure that belied his years.

"So he has a Nine-star talent, what of it? With only a Level Five Martial Cultivator's cultivation and no Martial Soul, how formidable can he truly be?" Guu Moyu said with a scoff.

"Martial Soul?" Guu Tianyi, who had remained silent until now, finally spoke up. He turned to Guu Linyuan and challenged, "Guu Linyuan, would you tell your brother Moyu if that's really the case?"

Guu Linyuan's gaze was icy, a tempest of rage brewing within him, yet he found himself at a loss for words when confronted with Guu Tianyi's question.

"Guu Tianyi, remember how Sister Ningjing adored you? In the last Heavenly Fire Competition, she was the one who cleared your path, even handing you the victory, which catapulted you to fame. Now that she's gone, who will you turn to? Do you honestly believe that with your meager cultivation, you can secure a top-three finish in the Heavenly Fire Competition and earn the favor of the Three Sects?" Lau Yue's voice dripped with sarcasm.

"She adored me? Cleared my path? Gave up first place for me?" Guu Tianyi scoffed at the absurdity of her claims.

Lo Chenfeng, who had been quietly observing, broke his silence with a clap of his hands. "Debating his strength now is pointless. In three days, the second round of the Heavenly Fire Competition will reveal if his Nine-star talent is genuine or not."

Guu Tianyi's curiosity was piqued as he scrutinized Lo Chenfeng. Was Lo Chenfeng actually defending him?

It was then that Hsing Wenruo's voice echoed from the stage, "Why wait three days? Let's hold the second match of the Heavenly Fire Competition today. How does that sound?"

"I have no objections," the Grand Elder said with a chuckle, stroking his beard.

"City Lord Lo, your thoughts?" Hsing Wenruo inquired.

"If the Grand Elder of the Guu family has no objections, neither do I," Lo Feng concurred.

"Very well, Tang Yun, please bring forth the Morning Bell and Dusk Drum from the Purple Polar Sect."

The second challenge of the Heavenly Fire Competition was indeed the Morning Bell and Dusk Drum test, a test of raw offensive power, represented by a large bell and a giant drum from the Purple Polar Sect.

Guu Linyuan eyed the Morning Bell and Dusk Drum, reflecting inwardly, "In our last duel, Guu Tianyi's Martial Soul was barely a foot long. His speed may be remarkable, but his strength is mediocre. At Level Five Martial Cultivator status, his advantage in sheer power is minimal."

"The Morning Bell and Dusk Drum will reveal one's true might! Guu Tianyi, I'll show you the vast chasm that lies between us!" With those words, Guu Linyuan stepped forward confidently.

"Green Flame Jade Python!" His Genuine Qi blazed like a verdant fire, his Martial Soul materializing behind him.

"Fire Palm!" He unleashed the Mortal Level Martial Skill of the Guu family, pouring his full force into the initial trial.

The instruments resounded five times, his power matching that of Five Oxen and Five Tigers—a satisfactory performance.

Lau Yue approached next, passing Guu Tianyi with a venomous whisper, "Guu Tianyi, did you ever foresee a day like this when you spurned me for Xia Ningjing? You once dismissed me, but now, I'm beyond your reach!"

"What a madwoman," Guu Tianyi sneered to himself, dismissing her with a shake of his head.

"Silver Moon Shining Brightly!" Lau Yue summoned her Martial Soul, a moon of cold, pristine light that draped her in a faint silver glow, as if cloaked in a gossamer veil of silver.

"First Divine Ability, Deadly Silver Light!"

She had mastered the First Divine Ability!

The next moment, the bell and drum resonated, their sounds echoing far and wide.

The Morning Bell and Dusk Drum pealed seven times consecutively, leaving the crowd in awe.

Given that Lau Yue's forte wasn't strength, the fact that her Deadly Silver Light caused the Morning Bell and Dusk Drum to sound seven times was nothing short of astonishing.

All eyes then turned to Guu Moyu. As the highest-ranked cultivator in this Heavenly Fire Competition and the favorite to claim first place, his performance was eagerly anticipated.

If Lau Yue, not known for her strength, could ring the Morning Bell and Dusk Drum seven times, how would Guu Moyu fare? Could he surpass the historical record of ten rings at the Heavenly Fire Competition?

With the crowd watching intently, Guu Moyu stepped forward and closed his eyes. A Level Nine Martial Cultivator, his Dantian was in perfect harmony. He unleashed a surge of potent Genuine Qi, and behind him materialized a massive, shadowy creature, dragon-like yet serpentine, exuding an aura of chilling darkness.

"The Guu family's Martial Souls are typically Fire-attribute Dragon-type Beast Martial Souls. Yet, Guu Moyu, though merely a disciple of the Second Elder and a collateral member of the Guu family, has a Martial Soul that's unexpectedly frigid. Could it be a mutation?"

At that moment, Guu Moyu's Martial Soul fully emerged. Over thirty feet in length, it was slender with four limbs and two long, straight horns atop its head.

The Grand Elder's brow furrowed in concern. "Second Elder, what has caused Moyu's Martial Soul to take on such a form?"

"Since his defeat to Tianyi last year, Moyu has redoubled his training efforts. Blessed by our First Ancestor, his Martial Soul has mutated and evolved into what we see now: the Mighty Devil Flood Dragon," the Second Elder replied with reverence.

"Martial Souls are born of bloodline and reflect one's inner nature. The icy aura of this Devil Flood Dragon might not bode well for Guu Moyu," remarked Hsing Wenruo.

"You worry too much, Hsing Wenruo. Strength is neither inherently good nor bad; it all depends on the wielder. Guu Moyu's resolve is unyielding; he far surpasses Guu Tianyi," countered Faang Yunhe.

It was then that Guu Moyu launched his attack.

"First Divine Ability, Devil Heavy Armor!"

The colossal Mighty Devil Flood Dragon transformed into a swirling vortex of black energy, enveloping Guu Moyu like a majestic suit of heavy armor.

With a single punch, Guu Moyu set the Morning Bell and Dusk Drum thundering. The reverberations continued for ten counts, and then, to the astonishment of all, the eleventh toll rang out.

For a century since the inaugural Heavenly Fire Competition, no one under eighteen had made the Morning Bell and Dusk Drum sound more than ten times.

Today, they had all witnessed a groundbreaking new record.

The crowd erupted in thunderous applause as Guu Moyu stood on the stage, his fighting spirit soaring.

"Guu Tianyi, this is the gap between us. A year ago, you were the Young Patriarch, you had Ningjing by your side, you were the champion of the Heavenly Fire Competition, the epitome of success. But now, you've lost your father's protection, Ningjing has left you, and you're bereft of a Martial Soul. You're nothing more than a stepping stone in my path to victory!"

"I'll ensure you remain a loser for life! From this moment forward, I am the premier young member of the Guu family. I am the rightful Young Patriarch, and the Purple Flame House should be mine!"

"I'm destined for the Three Sects. Only I am worthy to stand beside Ningjing as her partner!"

On the martial arts platform, it was as if only two people existed. One was the wildly arrogant Guu Moyu, and the other, the overwhelmed and yet-to-be-victorious Guu Tianyi.

"Sadly for you, all of this is nothing but a pipe dream." Guu Tianyi's voice was devoid of emotion, his demeanor eerily calm in the face of Guu Moyu's taunts.

"Care to wager?" Guu Tianyi lifted his head, locking eyes with his challenger.

"What's your stake?" scoffed Guu Moyu.

"We'll bet on who can ring the Morning Bell and strike the Dusk Drum the most times. If I lose, the title of Young Patriarch and the Purple Flame House are yours. But if you lose, you owe me thirty Fire Fruits!" declared Guu Tianyi.

A gleam sparked in Guu Moyu's eyes. "Becoming the Young Patriarch and claiming the Purple Flame House are just a matter of time for me. If you lose, I want you to strip yourself of your cultivation, to live forever as nothing but refuse. Do you have the courage to accept?"

"Brother Tianyi, please, don't agree to this!" In the corner, Guu Linger's voice trembled with urgency, her eyes brimming with tears. "I'd give up all the Fire Fruits in the world rather than see you come to harm!"

"Linger, trust me." Guu Tianyi's eyes softened as he reassured her, but as he faced Guu Moyu once more, his gaze turned steely and cold.

"Fine, I accept your challenge. Let the esteemed elders here serve as our witnesses!" Guu Tianyi's voice rang out, clear and resolute.