

## Ancient GM 131

Chapter 131: The silhouette that lighted up the starry skies

Qin Wentian continued standing on the platform, with no intention to leave. And on the platform directly opposite of him, stood Sikong Mingyue, gazing directly at him.

Sikong Mingyue didn't say anything, but that killing intent he emanated could clearly be felt. His intention was evident even without saying.

"Where are Qin Zhi and Qin Shang?" Qin Wentian asked as he stared at Sikong Mingyue. Since Sikong Mingyue deliberately targeted him after a single sentence from Xiao Lù, the relationship between them should be extremely close. And if that was the case, Sikong Mingyue should also know about Qin Zhi and Qin Shang.

"Qin Zhi, Qin Shang." Sikong Mingyue exhibited an expression of contemplation before continuing, "After they heard about their father being besieged, they most likely already rushed off to the front lines. No matter what, they are still the relatives of one of the candidates to be the Crown Prince's wife. The Snowcloud Country wouldn't make things difficult for these minor characters."

Sikong Mingyue couldn't even be bothered about Qin Shang and Qin Zhi. To him – and to Snowcloud – these two had no value at all.

"Allow me to correct you. My sister Qin Yao has no relations with the crown prince of Snowcloud. Not only that, she will also not be returning there." Qin Wentian retorted sharply, challenging Sikong Mingyue directly.

"Everyone in Snowcloud already knows that she's one of the candidates to be selected for the Crown Prince's wife. Since this is the case, no matter where she is, she has to return to Snowcloud. If not, where would the face of Snowcloud be?"

Sikong Mingyue turned around after speaking and walked away, his back facing Qin Wentian.

"You should worry about yourself. For the battle tomorrow, if Qin Yao apologises to the Crown Prince, I may still show mercy." Sikong Mingyue remarked with his back facing Qin Wentian. The matter of apology he was referring to was obviously Qin Yao's stay in Chu – her unwillingness to return to Snowcloud.

"Truly arrogant." Qin Wentian gazed at the departing back of Sikong Mingyue. Back then, Xiao Lù may have made use of Qin Yao to make some unknown deals with Chu Tianjiao. Now he still had the gall to turn the situation around, blaming Qin Yao for not returning to Snowcloud?

The reason was only because if Qin Yao stayed in Chu, Xiao Lù would have no face. After all, Qin Yao was unable to provide a satisfactory reason.

However, if back then Chu Tianjiao succeeded and Qin Yao became a sacrifice, Snowcloud would probably react differently.

"This opponent is truly hard to deal with. If you can't, just give up, don't contend for the top three positions." Luo Huan intoned in a low voice. She fought against Sikong Mingyue before and was extremely clear on how hegemonic his attacks could be.

“Don’t contend?” Qin Wentian gazed at the horizons. He was already standing on the grandest stage of Chu, how could he give up so easily?

Inclining his head, staring at the spectators’ stand, Qin Wentian could make out many familiar faces in the crowd.

Mo Qingcheng was sitting in the Mo Clan’s seating area, and had a radiant smile displayed on her face. Clenching her dainty fist, she pumped it in the air, indicating that she was rooting for Qin Wentian.

And in the seating area that the Divine Weapon Pavilion was allocated, An Liuyan, Yang Chen and Francis was also there, indicating their support by nodding their heads.

In the direction of the Emperor Star Academy’s seats, Mustang had a face full of smiles. Not only that, Qin Wentian also noticed a silhouette wearing a conical bamboo hat sitting behind Mustang. He knew that this person was none other than Ren Qianxing.

The gazes of those looking at him were all filled with anticipation, waiting for him to display his radiance in the last round of the Jun Lin Banquet.

Although Luo Qianqiu was also a student from the Emperor Star Academy, he wasn’t the representative of it. In fact, the Emperor Star Academy was trying to bar his path. The true representative of Emperor Star Academy was Qin Wentian, while Luo Qianqiu represented the Nine Mystical Palace.

Orchon was also a student of the Emperor Star Academy, but because of his noble birth, it could be said that in comparison to the Emperor Star Academy, he represented the Ou Clan more.

Only Luo Huan and Qin Wentian could be considered the ‘pure’ representatives from the academy, and thus the Emperor Star Academy was hoping to witness their brilliant performances.

Seeing that the spectators from the Emperor Star Academy has yet to depart, Qin Wentian strode forwards, moving towards them.

“What’s wrong?” Mustang smiled as he saw Qin Wentian approaching.

“Teacher, I wish to go to the Astral River Hall, however I do not have sufficient authority to enter.” Qin Wentian explained.

“I’ll bring you there.” Behind Mustang, Ren Qianxing who was wearing the conical bamboo hat interjected, directly opening up a backdoor for Qin Wentian.

“Thank you.” Qin Wentian nodded and smiled as he departed together with Ren Qianxing, returning to the Emperor Star Academy.

Today, the gambling establishment that was Heaven’s Wonder went totally crazy. Every branch of Heaven’s Wonder, especially Drunken Wonder, was swamped by crowds of people, so packed that no one could even enter.

The groupings of the 3rd round were already determined. The payout rates for the nine battles were also already computed.

The first group consisted of Luo Qianqiu, 2nd Sword and Luo Huan. The one that obtained the most recognition was undoubtedly Luo Qianqiu, followed by 2nd Sword, and then Luo Huan.

In the second group were Sikong Mingyue, Qin Wentian and Chu Chen. The one that obtained the most recognition, was naturally Sikong Mingyue, while Qin Wentian and Chu Chen both had the same odds. This meant that for the battle between Qin Wentian and Chu Chen, regardless of who it was that won, the payout rate would remain at 1:2. If that was the case, it was all up to the individual judgement of the gamblers.

As for the last group, it was Orchon, Gu Xing and Hou Tie. The one that obtained the most recognition was Orchon, followed by Gu Xing, and lastly Hou Tie.

And comparing the three groups, the three contestants that obtained the highest level of recognition were Luo Qianqiu, Sikong Mingyue and Orchon respectively. Hence, the payout rates for these three contestants, should they obtain the top three positions, was also the lowest.

The payout rate of Qin Wentian obtaining the top ranking remained unchanged. It was still at 1:400.

But there was some adjustments to the payout rate should he obtain a position in the top three. Currently, it was lowered to 1:80, which also meant that there were some gamblers that started to trust Qin Wentian.

It was too difficult if Qin Wentian wanted to slaughter his way into the top three positions. Firstly, he had to defeat Sikong Mingyue. Either that or he had to obtain the 4th or the 7th position before slowly slaughtering his way up the ranks.

However, the difficulty of this was tremendously high, almost impossible.

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The grounds of Emperor Star Academy still seemed as empty as before. The students of the academy had a greater interest in the Jun Lin Banquet than the other academies. The reason being that the contestants of the Jun Lin Banquet originated from the Emperor Star Academy frequently.

All of them hoped that one day, it would be they themselves standing there on the stage, their name resounding famously throughout Chu!

5th Level of the Astral River Hall.

Qin Wentian sat there cross-leggedly. This time round, he didn't opt to linger, but instead he broke through the restrictions of the earlier levels and arrived at the 5th level in one breath.

Inclining his head, he looked up at the gorgeous starlit skies.

Revolutions of runic lines interweaved together, transforming into a terrifying fist light, as the light filled the skies with a multitude of fist shadows, blasting directly at his consciousness.

Boom!

The will of Qin Wentian relentlessly endured the shockwaves' vibrations, as booming sounds echoed out relentlessly in his mind. Despite this, he still remained as steady as a boulder.

And despite being on the 5th level, he was still able to clearly see the intricate patterns of the runic lines interweaving. Were it other cultivators, they may not even be able to sense the intricacies of the 5th level, and would merely endure the pressure blindly. This was one of the abilities bestowed upon him as a result of his high level of sensory abilities and immense affinity.

And after he endured the astral pressure for an extended period of time, Qin Wentian gradually began to get used to the depth and intensity of this type of pressure-attack. Slowly, after his body acclimated to the pressure, Qin Wentian didn't rush to break apart the restriction on the 5th level. Previously, the instant he set foot on the 6th level, he had sensed how tyrannical and terrifying the astral pressure was.

The skies had already darkened, and within the Astral River Hall, the 5th level shone brightly like a beacon. However, other than the old guardian, no one else was near the Astral River Hall. Thus no one noticed the radiance of the second starlit sky.

The darkness of the night deepened.

The academy was as though it was filled with traces of loneliness. At this moment, a returning female student laid flat on the ground, smiling lightly as she admired the beautiful starry sky.

She heard that there were four students from the academy participating in the Jun Lin Banquet. How dazzling they were, when would it be her turn to shine as brightly as them?

And in this very instant, a ray of resplendent, blinding light erupted forth, causing the female student to be flabbergasted. On the dome of Heaven, it was as though a second piece of starlit sky had appeared, brightening up the darkness of the Emperor Star Academy.

The female student abruptly stood up and cast her gaze over to the distance, only to see that in a certain direction, a bright glow exploded forwards. It was so dazzling that it could be compared to the constellations shining in the sky.

"It's the Astral River Hall. The flash of radiance that day shone once again."

The female student started trembling as she jogged in the direction of the Astral River Hall. After arriving there, her heart shuddered intensely as she saw that the 6th level was the source of the light.

The 6th level, someone actually stepped onto the 6th level?! Which of the illustrious seniors or elders from the Emperor Star Academy was it?

She had heard of the legends before. For one to step into the 6th level, this meant that they had a chance of forming innate links with constellations of the 6th Heavenly Layer and condensing an Astral Soul from there. Normally, even for those sovereigns at the Heavenly Dipper Level, they would only be able to condense an Astral Soul from the 4th Heavenly Layer. How strong would one's sensory abilities and affinity need to be for them to condense an Astral Soul from the 6th Heavenly Layer?

Not only that, a monstrous sensory ability would at most allow you to sense the Astral River of the 6th Heavenly Layer, but the astral pressure there was totally sufficient to collapse a person's will and consciousness.

The brilliance of the night sky over the Emperor Star Academy lasted for quite some time. And those students that still remained in the academy were wildly conjecturing – which powerful senior was it that possessed such a monstrous affinity? Weren't his sensory abilities a little too terrifying?

As the darkness of the night increasingly deepened, the resplendent radiance still stayed the same. The female student sat at a remote corner far away from the Astral River Hall with her eyes lightly shut, as though she was currently taking a nap.

And at this moment, waves of a gentle commotion drifted over as the female student opened her eyes. After which, she saw the silhouette of a youth walking out from within the Astral River Hall. As her gaze shifted over, it was as though the youth had sensed it, as he too shifted his gaze in her direction, before turning and departing from the area.

The heart of the female student thumped wildly as she involuntarily let out a gasp. Hurriedly covering her mouth with her hands, an expression of immense shock and awe was displayed on her face.

Who had she seen?

That was Qin Wentian!

Inclining her head, the 2nd piece of starlit skies disappeared and the Astral River Hall no longer emitted light. However, the heart of the female student was unable to calm down even after a long time.

### Chapter 132: Damn old fogey?

After returning to his residence, Qin Wentian began cultivating. However at this moment, his condition wasn't too good.

In his dream, Qin Wentian sat underneath a starlit sky, and above him, numerous revolutions of runic lines frenziedly interweaved intricately as they transformed into countless fist shadows that filled the skies. As the fist shadows blasted downwards, Qin Wentian calmly sat there. He knew that they were incapable of injuring him because this was inside his dreamscape.

Currently, Qin Wentian was trying to recreate and emulate the scenario from the 1st level of the Astral River Hall to the 5th level. On the 5th level, he sensed the beautiful runic lines metamorphosing into a spiral black hole before they transformed into terrifying fist lights, pounding downwards. However, when he stepped onto the 6th level, the fist lights he felt were no longer fist lights, but were instead heavenly fist shadows powered by the might of the constellations wanting to decimate both the Heavens and Earth,

Each fist shadow was like a constellation, the magnificent view of tens of millions of constellations smashing downwards, causing fear even in the hearts of intrepid heroes. Especially in that instant when the pressure blasted against his consciousness; the tens of millions of constellations amalgamated together, becoming a single entity, transforming into a stream of light as his body violently shuddered from the impact.

"How gorgeous." Qin Wentian inclined his head as he gazed at the starlit skies in his dreams, immersing himself within.

After several moments, the Astral Energy in Qin Wentian's body started surging, as a Heavenly Hammer coalesced from Astral Light appeared in his hands. Abruptly, Qin Wentian swung the hammer downwards, slamming it onto the ground, creating a Divine Imprint that resembled the starlit skies from before. Within the imprint, countless miniature superimposed constellations could be seen revolving about slowly in circular motion.

"If I inscribe this Divine Imprint onto a weapon, the augmentation effects would be so great that it's unimaginable. Maybe I can even create a top-tier, 3rd-grade Divine Weapon." Qin Wentian drew in

a deep breath and felt excitement in his heart. After which, he created a pencil and paper, and started to inscribe the imprint underneath the starry skies.

After a long period of time, he attempted the inscription process many times, and finally, Qin Wentian succeeded in inscribing the 2nd Divine Imprint of his very own creation.

Just as before, a silhouette wielded the ancient halberd with a single hand. This strike was as heavy as a mountain, and at the instant when the ancient halberd pierced out, a terrifying spiral appeared. At the tip of the halberd, numerous constellations could be seen revolving in beautiful arcs as they blasted forwards with the terrifying spiral, giving people a sensation that it was capable of devouring anything.

“This will be the second stance of my Great Dream Halberd Art, the Fallen Star Stance.” Qin Wentian murmured in a low voice.

Now, there were already two stances of the Great Dream Halbard art that he created. The first stance was Mountain Splitter, while the second was Fallen Star.

The requirement was that he had to gather and condense sufficient amounts of Astral Energy before it could be used. However, to Qin Wentian who was able to condense Divine Energy, this wasn't a problem at all.

Standing up, Qin Wentian began to practice the second stance Fallen Star inside his dreamscape. It was one thing using his imagination to inscribe the Divine Imprint, but if he wanted to use it in real combat, the requirements would naturally be higher by several times and would certainly not be so easy.

The insight of Fallen Star's creation was naturally comprehended from the Astral River Hall. However, it was impossible to emulate the power levels of the terrifying spiral black hole from the 5th and 6th level in the Astral River Hall. At most, the power of the attacks he executed would be on par with the astral pressure of the 3rd level. Despite this, it was already sufficient to elevate his attacking prowess by several times. This second created stance of his would be his strongest attack since the creation of Mountain Splitter. Its power was undoubtedly countless times mightier when compared to Mountain Splitter.

Qin Wentian frenziedly cultivated while lamenting that time was not enough. Even though Little Rascal's speed was incredibly fast, it would still need some time to reach the Chu Emperor District. This was also the reason why there was almost no one left in the Emperor Star Academy, as the distance to there was too great. For those that has no demonic beasts as mounts, they would waste too much time travelling back and forth.

And in the end, Qin Wentian had not completely mastered Fallen Star. He hurriedly absorbed Astral Energy from his Yuan Meteor Stones to replenish the energy in his body, while silently lamenting that time passed too fast.

As the Astral Energy within his body recovered to the optimal level, Qin Wentian's will drifted to within his sea of consciousness. Over there, he saw the tiny Astral Being once again.

This was the inheritance left to him by the damn old fogey his father, transformed from a stone that used to hang around his neck. Before, he had witnessed many incredible things from the memory

fragments of the tiny Astral Being, even obtaining heaven-defying techniques such as the Spirit Refinement Method. Although it wasn't some godly innate techniques, Qin Wentian didn't dare to put a price on the worth of the Spirit Refinement Method. He knew that if, somehow, the Spirit Refinement Method was leaked, it would cause the entire Chu Country to be topsy-turvy.

"The 3rd round of the Jun Lin Banquet is imminent, I wonder which memory fragment would I obtain this time round. Let's hope I'm lucky." Qin Wentian murmured in his heart. After feeling the killing intent and power level of Sikong Mingyue, Qin Wentian felt tremendous pressure. His level of strength still wasn't sufficient for him to obtain the championship, especially with the fact that his Fallen Star Stance has yet to be fully mastered. That was why he hoped to be lucky enough to obtain some memory fragments that may be of use to him.

As his will drifted into the Astral Being, Qin Wentian once again felt as though he just stepped inside a boundless Astral River with many pieces of astral memory fragments located within.

Qin Wentian's will drifted about, and the Yuan Meteor Stones clutched in his hands transformed into a terrifying light stream, frenziedly gushing towards the tiny Astral Being as his will came into contact with the memory fragments. He didn't hesitate to exhaust large amounts of Yuan Meteor Stones, as he wanted to try to see if he could find a method to heighten his combat prowess.

Fragment after fragment was absorbed into Qin Wentian's consciousness, Qin Wentian lit up a total of 10 astral memory fragments before his consciousness was finally expelled from that of the tiny Astral Being. Opening his eyes, he felt his heart strings being slightly wrenched as he glanced at the empty husks of Yuan Meteor Stones littered on the ground.

Such an astronomical price. If it were not for the Divine Weapon Pavilion giving him an almost inexhaustible amount of Astral Stones to support him in his cultivation, it would be impossible for him to even light up one astral memory fragment.

Qin Wentian didn't have time to continue feeling heartache over these expended husks of Yuan Meteor Stones. He directly shut his eyes as he digested the memories, hoping to find something of use to him.

In the first fragment, his heart involuntarily trembled as he observed the memory stored in it.

He saw numerous peerless experts engaging in an all-out war, standing in between Heaven and Earth. These peerless experts were all fearsome existences that he would never have the chance to interact with.

However, the reason for the trembling of his heart was because he saw... a certain someone.

Uncle Black!

In the scenes that flashed by, Uncle Black wasn't crippled, his body was whole and healthy. As his black hair draped across his shoulders, he emitted a demonic charm so good-looking that Qin Wentian almost failed to recognised him.

And beside Uncle Black, there was a middle-aged figure. Qin Wentian had seen this person before, he was none other than the godly existence Qin Wentian witnessed in the Qin Heavenly Divine Sect. The middle-aged figure had his hands crossed behind his back, while Uncle Black stood beside him, as though he was his subordinate.

This scene was extremely short-lived. As Qin Wentian's consciousness retreated out of the memory fragment, his eyes reddened and his fists were tightly clenched, as though he was in anguish.

Looking at the high-spiritedness of Uncle Black back then, it was extremely hard for him to match it with the 'crippled' old man who brought him up. Who was it that crippled Uncle Black? What sort of battle did he experience?

And who on earth was that middle-aged figure? Why did he appear every single time?

Drawing in a deep breath, Qin Wentian continued digesting the memories. Following which, he witnessed many scenes. However, he discovered a common point across all the memories – the middle-aged figure was in every one of them.

Qin Wentian made a bold hypothesis, could it be that the memory fragments of the tiny Astral Being originated from this middle-aged man?

If that was the case, wasn't his memory all already shattered and transformed into the countless fragments?

And who exactly was he? Could he be the damn old fogey?

As he thought of this, a huge wave arose in Qin Wentian's heart. According to Uncle Black, that mystical stone from before was the only thing the damn old fogey left behind for him. If what he guessed was right, if the astral memory fragments contained within the tiny Astral Being were the memories of the middle-aged man, there was a high probability that he was his birth father!

If that really was the case, it made sense why Uncle Black was always protecting him from the shadows. Uncle Black should either be the subordinate or an extremely close friend of the middle-aged man – as evident from the fact that even after Uncle Black was crippled, he still spared no efforts in taking care of Qin Wentian, nurturing him and watching him grow up.

At this moment, Qin Wentian had already forgotten his original intentions. Immersing himself in the memories, trying to find clues of his own background, he devoured the memory fragments rapidly one after another, with one last piece of memory fragment remaining.

His last memory was of a youth standing next to many towering structures. An expression of extreme stubbornness could be seen on his face, not matching the majestic aura of his surroundings. As he sat down cross-leggedly, more stubbornness flickered in the depths of his eyes, as astral light circulated around his index finger. All of a sudden, the youth stabbed his finger straight into his own body, while at the same time reciting an oracular chant. The sound of the chant, somehow, drifted into Qin Wentian's mind.

Instantly, the entire body of the youth turned red. Within his body, inside his blood, the fetters of bloodline appeared as they flickered in and out of existence. As his finger pierced into his body, and after the oracular chant took effect, the layers of fetters unceasingly broke apart while the figure of the youth was covered in blood as he let out several blood-curdling screams, his body trembling as though he was in great agony.

Even after his consciousness exited the memory fragment, Qin Wentian's heart shuddered intensely.

So, the 12 connecting styles of life needle technique originated from there.

And not only that, that needle technique seemed to have been specifically created for that very purpose.

In his memories, the finger technique of the youth were exactly the same as the needle technique Uncle Black taught him. However, the finger technique of that youth seemed to be able to permanently release the seal of the fetters that bound his bloodline limit, while the 12 connecting styles of life needle technique was only able to temporarily release the seal.

“Uncle Black must have feared that my body wouldn’t be able to take the backlash and thus created a weaker version of the finger technique.”

Qin Wentian sighed, even the bloodline limit of that middle-aged man was the same as him. It seemed like his conjecture was correct. That youth in the last memory should have been the middle-aged man when he was younger.

“There shouldn’t be any mistakes. That damn old fogey left all his memories to me. If that’s the case, could it be that he is already dead?” Qin Wentian sighed again as he stared at the starry skies.

The deeds that his old man dared to do in his youth, why would he not dare too?

He, Qin Wentian, wasn’t an abandoned orphan. Not only that, his father was someone incredibly remarkable.

Since that was the case, he shouldn’t let the damn old fogey be disappointed.

As he thought of this, Qin Wentian shut his eyes as his finger glowed with Astral Light. Abruptly, using the essence and methods of the 12 connecting styles of life needle technique, he too stabbed his finger into his body. An instant later, the unsealing technique circulated.

His blood started to seethe with ever increasing fury!

### Chapter 133: A Missing Contestant?

The skies gradually brightened. Today was the final round of battle for the contestants in the Jun Lin Banquet.

Today, the top nine contestants has already been grouped into threes and would determine their final individual ranking by battling with each other.

And today, the masses that swamped the Chu Emperor District also created history, there were even more people compared to the previous two days.

As for the inns and towering buildings near by, they were all already fully packed. Some of the crowd stood in front of the windows or at the highest points of the towering buildings, casting their gazes onto the grand stage of the Jun Lin Banquet.

Everyone was filled with anticipation regarding the clashes today. How fascinating would it be?

The grand feast was already prepared as valuable guests arrived shortly after. Chu Tianjiao and Xiao Lù were already there. Looking at the countless waves of people, Chu Tianjiao had a face filled with smiles. The Jun Lin Banquet hadn’t been this magnificent for many years, it seemed like the contestants this year were all really popular.

And in the spectators' stand, in the area allocated to the Star River Association, the vice president of the Star River Association, Zuo Yin had also personally arrived. And beside him was Murin and a few other people who held important positions in the Star River Association.

"Murin, the thing I assigned to you earlier, you botched it totally didn't you." Zuo Yin spoke to Murin, causing his countenance to turn somewhat unsightly.

Zuo Yin was naturally referring to the Divine Inscription painting of Qin Wentian's back then. Zuo Yin had instructed Murin to obtain the painting at any costs and to invite the inscriptionist back to the Star River Association.

"Vice President Zuo, there were some mishaps but I've really tried my best." Murin replied in a low voice.

"Oh?" Zuo Yin calmly continued, "But why did I hear that the painting was created by Qin Wentian? Not only that, when you were in the Sky Harmony City, you had the chance to recruit him into the Star River Association, but instead you pissed him off for no reason, which eventually paved the way for him to join the Divine Weapon Pavilion instead. Is this matter true?"

"It is. Back then I tried to persuade him, however this person was too arrogant and looked down on our Star River Association, which was why I decided to hand him over to the Ye Clan to deal with. As for the things that happened later, I could not have predicted them." Murin's countenance was exceedingly ugly to behold, to think that the vice president had even investigated this matter.

"Hmph." Zuo Yin was extremely unhappy as he coldly snorted. Now Qin Wentian was so famous, how could he not know about the earlier incidents?

If that day, Murin had successfully inducted Qin Wentian into the Star River Association, with his talent, it wasn't impossible for him to be nurtured to become the future vice president of the Star River Association.

"I wonder what his final ranking will be when the Jun Lin Banquet has concluded." Zuo Yin silently remarked in his heart.

It wasn't only him. At this moment, everyone was filled with anticipation with regards to what the final ranking of the Jun Lin Banquet would be like.

In the area allocated to the Mo Clan, Mo Qingcheng's father sat, and was talking to her who was sitting by his side, "Qingcheng, what do you think the final ranking position of the little fellow will be?"

"I have no idea, maybe one of the top three?" Mo Qingcheng smiled.

"Wow, you believe in him so much?" Mo Qingcheng's father exclaimed. After all, it was incredibly difficult to get into the top three.

He naturally knew of the background of Luo Qianqiu. Not only that, but Sikong Mingyue was someone who had also obtained recognition from the Nine Mystical Palace, and was extremely powerful. It was going to be beyond difficult if Qin Wentian wanted to surpass them.

And as for the last slot in the top three rankings, there was Orchon, 2nd Sword, Chu Chen and Hou Tie. How could it be so easy to obtain one of top three rankings?

“No matter what his final ranking is, his achievements in the Jun Lin Banquet this time round are already sufficient for him to feel pride. It’s extremely rare to see someone like him be able to win in combat despite fighting against people with a higher cultivation base. After all, he’s only at the 7th level of Arterial Circulation, but the amount of Astral Energy contained within his body and the power of it seem to be many times more terrifying compared to others. The reason should be because his Astral Souls were condensed from a higher Heavenly Layer when compared to the others’.”

Father Mo mumbled in a low voice. Other than this, the terrifying aspects about Qin Wentian were his proficiency with his innate techniques, as well as his repertoire of strange attacks – spitting out swordlight or unleashing palm strikes with his feet, the degree of control he exhibited wasn’t something anyone could do. He was filled with immense curiosity towards Qin Wentian.

Beside the dragon seat of the Chu Emperor District stood Luo Qianqiu. Beside him was a middle aged man of little words that had been standing there ever since the start of the banquet.

And at this moment, his gaze shifted to Luo Qianqiu by the side as he stated, “Qianqiu, today will all depend on you.”

“The champion of the Jun Lin Banquet will most definitely be me.” Luo Qianqiu nodded his head in assurance. This was his destiny, obtaining the top ranking of the Jun Lin Banquet. He would definitely be the champion this year.

“I humbly request Uncle not to interfere in my battle with Sikong Mingyue. I don’t need him to give me any concessions, I want to fight him at his full power.” Luo Qianqiu spoke in a low voice. If this was heard by others, they would definitely be shocked by the implied meaning. Were there still manipulations within the shadows in the Jun Lin Banquet?

In this world, as long as one had enough strength, there would be no restrictions. The Jun Lin Banquet, was the same as well. “Very well.” The middle aged man nodded his head, yet he silently thought in his heart, Luo Qianqiu was still too young. Given how long he had lived, the middle aged man understood the logic that sometimes, to accomplish one’s objectives, it doesn’t matter what methods one used.

This time round, he came here with a mission. Luo Qianqiu had to ascend to the 7th level of the Heavenly Star Pavilion.

Which also meant that no matter what, Luo Qianqiu had to obtain the championship of the Jun Lin Banquet.

At this moment, Luo Qianqiu slowly strode forth, and an instant later, he stood atop the first towering platform.

Sikong Mingyue mirrored his actions, but walked to the 2nd towering platform instead. After all, he was in the second group.

Those that were fighting today all proceeded respectively to their assigned platforms. Very quickly, the silhouettes of eight people appeared on the three platforms. But yet, there was still one missing contestant.

On the 2nd towering platform, there were only two figures. Sikong Mingyue and Chu Chen stood there, but Qin Wentian was nowhere to be seen.

Today was the last battle of the Jun Lin Banquet, even if he wanted to be late, he shouldn't have chosen this moment.

Unless Qin Wentian didn't dare to come.

Chu Tianjiao didn't announce the start of the 3rd round, but chose to wait for a period of time instead. However, as time flowed by, Qin Wentian still didn't appear, which caused many people to start whispering to each other.

Unless, it was really because of fear? Qin Wentian was afraid to battle with Sikong Mingyue. But if this was the case, he could just have admitted defeat, why did he need to miss the Jun Lin Banquet?

Or could it be he was unable to bear the shame of admitting defeat, and thus intentionally wanted to skip the Jun Lin Banquet?

"This fellow, why hasn't he appeared?" Mustang appeared slightly nervous as he looked at Ren Qianxing who was sitting behind him.

"There's no need to disturb him, since he chose to do this, there has to be a reason behind it" Ren Qianxing calmly replied, causing Mustang to feel extremely astonished. Elder Ren actually had this much trust in Qin Wentian? It seems like no matter what Qin Wentian did, he would support him all the way.

Even if he missed the Jun Lin Banquet, he would definitely have a reason.

"Let the first battle commence." Chu Tianjiao finally spoke, choosing not to wait any longer.

Standing atop the first towering platform, there was Luo Qianqiu, 2nd Sword and Luo Huan.

"The first battle, Luo Qianqiu versus 2nd Sword." The aged figure beside Chu Tianjiao stated.

As Luo Huan walked to the side of the platform, leaving behind Luo Qianqiu and 2nd Sword, a terrifying aura gushed forth from both of them.

Terrifying arcs of lightning energy surrounded the entirety of Luo Qianqiu's body, crackling and howling in preparation.

The body of 2nd Sword was surrounded by a monstrous Sword Qi, gushing about so powerfully that it seemed it was mighty enough to split apart the Heavens.

"You are not my match." Luo Qianqiu glanced at the skies. The final round of the Jun Lin Banquet was finally here, he had waited for this moment since a very long time ago.

"Easy for you to say, we will only know if that's true after we fight." 2nd Sword dashed forwards, as his Sword Qi frenziedly gushed forth. At this moment, he was extremely dangerous.

Following 2nd Sword's relentless advance, the Sword Qi he emitted got stronger and stronger. His Sword Qi transformed into actual sword light as they pierced towards Luo Qianqiu. But, at this moment, Luo Qianqiu's aura surged madly, as though it was howling in anger.

The aura he emitted rose to the 9th level from the 8th level of Arterial Circulation. In his earlier battles, he had intentionally suppressed his cultivation base and fought at the power of the 8th level.

And now there was no need for him to suppress himself any longer. His true power exploded forth completely.

The Sword Qi gushing forth from 2nd Sword seemed to falter in its advance, but still, when it neared Luo Qianqiu's body, the Sword Qi manifested into a gigantic greatsword that smashed down from skies, as though it wanted to sunder both Heaven and Earth.

However, Luo Qianqiu merely glanced upwards as a faint illusion of a thunder god appeared behind his back. Pushing upwards with a palm created from lightning, he directly stopped the downwards slash of the gigantic sword, shattering it into countless pieces.

Boom. Stepping forwards, Luo Qianqiu vanished from sight while the lightning palm from before extended outwards, the terrifying energies within decimating everything.

2nd Sword madly slashed out, and at this moment, 10,000 filaments of sword light shot forth in all directions. However, the lightning palm transformed into the form of a python as it coiled around the filaments of sword light, while a current of terrifying lightning energy blasted into 2nd Sword, causing his body to convulse uncontrollably.

"Scram." Luo Qianqiu sent a palm out as that lightning palm blasted into 2nd Sword, causing his body to be flung away from the impact. And when he finally landed, he bowed slightly to Luo Qianqiu, as he stated, "I concede."

2nd Sword was totally convinced of his defeat.

"Luo Qianqiu is too powerful." The hearts of many were shuddering.

The spectators also finally understood why Luo Qianqiu's payout rates were computed as such. The Heaven's Wonder had already determined that he was the one destined to obtain the championship of the Jun Lin Banquet this year.

"The second battle, 2nd Sword versus Luo Huan."

The aged figure spoke. Luo Qianqiu walked to the side and left the platform to Luo Huan and 2nd Sword.

Right from the beginning, 2nd Sword used his ultimate attack. The filaments of sword lights shot forth rapidly in the direction of Luo Huan, not even giving her the chance to breathe. Although she had perfect flexibility and close combat was her strong point, she didn't even have the chance to get close to 2nd Sword. Finally, with no suspense, Luo Huan was defeated.

Since this was the case, there was no longer any need for Luo Huan to fight with Qin Wentian.

The results for rankings of the 1st platform: Luo Qianqiu, followed by 2nd Sword and Luo Huan. Even though Luo Huan wasn't weak, when compared to the two of them, she could only be ranked the last.

The gaze of the spectators shifted over to the 2nd platform. Even now, Qin Wentian was missing, only Sikong Mingyue and Chu Chen stood there.

Where the hell was Qin Wentian?

Did he really intend to dodge the Jun Lin Banquet?

Chapter 134: Arrival in the nick of time

The aged figure beside Chu Tianjiao glanced towards the 2nd platform as he spoke, "Let the battle on the 3rd platform commence first."

The Jun Lin banquet was the grandest event of Chu, it was just too much of a pity if one missed it. This old man was willing to give some more time to Qin Wentian, in hopes that he'd arrive in time.

"The first battle, Orchon versus Hou Tie." The aged figure spoke, as Orchon and Hou Tie faced each other in opposition.

Orchon wielded a long spear in his hand, his Astral Soul flickering into existence. At this moment, his entire person was akin to a spear, it gave off a terrifyingly sharp sensation to others.

Raising his spear, he pointed it straight at Hou Tie. An instant later, spear light exploded outwards as he stepped forwards, his terrifyingly sharp aura rising frenziedly.

Hou Tie wasn't one to be outdone. He released both of his Astral Souls.

His first Astral Soul was a Heavenly Ox, while his second Astral Soul was a White Tiger. Both of his Astral Souls belonged to the beast-type category. There was a connection between this and the environment he'd grown up in.

The Godly General Martial Palace was situated deep within the Dark Forest, and hadn't participated in any exchanges with the other Martial Academies. Their usual daily training was foraging in the

wild and hunting demonic beasts for survival. Each and every one of their students had been tempered by these exceedingly violent training methods—engaging in combat with the different types of demonic beasts in the Dark Forest, and being defeated, equaled death.

In this type of environment, the majority of cultivators in the Godly General Martial Palace would naturally prefer beast-type Astral Souls. To them, beast-type Astral Souls were the greatest of all.

An incomparably violent aura gushed forth from Hou Tie. Every step of his caused the ground to tremble. His eyes were filled with red, and struck fear into the hearts of the spectators.

However, Orchon's aura didn't weaken in the slightest. As he strode forwards, his terrifying aura became increasingly monstrous, and a terrifying spiral appeared in front of him.

Abruptly, Orchon lunged forwards, his long spear piercing forwards as a stream of light appeared. Ripping sounds could be heard from the air, as if his spear wanted to tear the void apart.

Boom. Hou Tie directly punched forwards with his fist, directly connecting with Orchon's long spear. This caused the pupils of several in the crowd to narrow, wasn't this too arrogant? Using one's bare fists to meet a sharp spear.

Naturally, Hou Tie also executed his innate technique. An unparalleled strength shook the long spear, causing the spear's body to shudder.

Abruptly, at the same instant, a cold light exploded forth from the spear head, piercing right into Hou Tie's eyes.

Hou Tie roared in anger, his whole person like a maddened beast as he rushed forward. His palm strikes had the force of a demonic beast—both incredibly powerful, and augmented by his aura of violence.

Orchon was as calm as before. Hou Tie's great strength wasn't able to shake his heart in the slightest. His countenance remained unperturbed, and gave off a sense of impending danger.

On the stage of the Jun Lin banquet, one had to be prepared for each and every battle.

Orchon sent out his left palm, as tens of thousands filaments of spear light burst out, piercing forwards in all directions. Hou Tie howled, and both of their attacks clashed together with frightening impact.

He actually chose to verse strength with strength.

An instant later, both of their silhouettes were covered by a layer of terrifying Qi, one could even feel a fearsome aura pulsating in the atmosphere

The sharp sounds of a spear and the howl of a demonic beast echoed throughout the air. No one had predicted that Hou Tie was actually this strong, and was able to fight Orchon to such a degree.

“Time to end this.” Orchon calmly stated, as a column of spear light unfolded like a lotus, breaking apart Hou Tie’s attack and defence, and directly piercing into his arms, causing Hou Tie to retreat in defeat.

If he had no way to fight for the top three ranking, he could still try for the 4th to 6th position. It wasn’t worth it to continue the battle, and risk being seriously injured.

After a short respite, the second battle commenced. Hou Tie versus Gu Xing.

This battle wasn’t as fascinating as the first fight. Hou Tie and Gu Xing were both mad men, and went all out from the very beginning,

The degree of violence that they fought with left the spectators speechless. Weren’t they simply throwing their lives away?

Hou Tie was also speechless, to think that he’d share the same platform as this crazy guy. Initially, he was relieved that his group hadn’t had Luo Qianqiu or Sikong Mingyue. But now, if he lost this battle, he’d only be able to contend for the 7th to 9th position. Against merely Gu Xing, he couldn’t afford to lose.

The two of them fought with frenzy and no regards for their lives. Finally Hou Tie defeated Gu Xing, but had in turn expended the entirety of the Astral Energy in his body. Immediately afterwards, he sat down on the platform, and began using Yuan Meteor Stones to replenish his Astral Energy.

If the next fight was as crazy as this, he'd probably have to give up. Luckily, at the end, Gu Xing had seemed to relax slightly, and hadn't fought with his life on the line, which gave Hou Tie a narrow victory.

"Gu Xing seems to be able to continue still, but he actually chose to give up. It's as if his purpose for participating in the Jun Lin banquet wasn't because of the rankings." The spectators murmured, wondering what Gu Xing was thinking. However, no matter what, a defeat was still a defeat.

The rankings of the 3rd Group were out. Orchon was first, Hou Tie was second, and Gu Xing was third.

Following which, only one more group remained. Yet, Qin Wentian still hadn't appeared.

"Sikong Mingyue, you will verse Chu Chen." The aged figure spoke.

"I concede." Chu Chen laughed, causing the spectators to be dumbfounded. But then again, it made sense.

It appeared that Chu Chen wanted to save his strength. Without Qin Wentian, he'd directly be ranked second. Since this was the case, he could contend for the 4th to 6th position. If he obtained the 4th rank, he'd then have the chance to challenge Orchon, and to contend for one of the top three positions. After all, he'd witnessed the martial prowess of 2nd Sword and Hou Tie earlier, and didn't dare to be careless. That was why he might as well concede directly, towards Sikong Mingyue.

"Although conceding would usually cause one to be castigated, Chu Chen made a wise decision." The spectators were silently exclaiming that indeed, this Chu Chen was truly intelligent.

"Since that's the case, for this group, Sikong Mingyue will be ranked first, while Chu Chen shall be second."

The aged figure started to announce the results. It seemed as though Qin Wentian had decided to miss this.

“Next, Luo Qianqiu, Sikong Mingyue, and Orchon will proceed to the first towering platform in order to determine the top three positions.”

“Second Sword, Chu Chen, and Hou Tie, proceed to the 2nd towering platform in order to determine the 4th to 6th position.”

“Luo Huan and Gu Xing will contend for the 7th and 8th position on the 3rd towering platform. Any questions? If not, let the battles begin.”

The aged figure continued, announcing the end result, causing many to be filled with anticipation. Although Qin Wentian wasn't present, the following battles would still be fascinating to behold.

“Qin Wentian, you asshole!” Fan Le wanted to cry. He'd had such great hopes for Qin Wentian, but why hadn't he appeared, how could he not appear!?

If Qin Wentian fought, even if he didn't manage to get into the top three, Fan Le still wouldn't have minded it that much.

Many people felt regret for Qin Wentian. The elders from the academy, the people from the Mo Clan, Mu Clan, and Divine Weapon Pavilion, they were all sighing in their hearts.

“I saw Qin Wentian yesterday.” At this moment, within the crowd, a feeble sounding voice rang out, causing many to shift their gazes over to the owner of the voice.

“Yu Xuan, is what you say true? Where is Qin Wentian now?” An elder that Yu Xuan's teacher involuntarily asked after spotting her in the crowd.

“I saw him when I returned to the academy.” The young girl shyly spoke, as she gazed at the elders of the academy who were all staring at her. Under the weight of their gazes, she couldn't help but feel a little nervous.

“He...Qin Wentian...I saw him walking out from the 6th level of the Astral River Hall.” Yu Xuan whispered weakly, and all of a sudden, the entire Chu Emperor District fell silent.

Qin Wentian walked out from the 6th level of the Astral River Hall?

Although many in the crowd weren't members of the Emperor Star Academy, they knew of famous landmarks such as the Heavenly Star Pavilion, Astral River Hall, and the Dreamsky Forest. Unless they weren't from Chu.

And for those that knew of the Astral River Hall, they naturally understood what it meant for Qin Wentian to be said to have stepped onto the 6th level.

"Are you kidding?" A cold voice drifted over. Qiu Mo stood up from his seat. As a Yuanfu Realm student, he'd naturally have a seat allocated to him for this Banquet.

"That time in the Astral River Hall, didn't he stop at the 4th level? You actually said that he came out from the 6th level? Not to mention Qin Wentian, even all of the elders present here today have never once stepped onto the 6th level." Qiu Mo coldly refuted. "Yu Xuan, this is not the place for you to speak of your crap."

The spectators all nodded their heads. Qiu Mo made sense. How ludicrous were Yu Xuan's words? Even if she'd said the 5th level, they would've still found it unbelievable.

"I personally witnessed it." Yu Xuan grew red as she heard Qiu Mo's rebuttal, and exclaimed angrily.

"What an ignorant lass." Qiu Mo coldly snorted, "Did you also step onto the 5th level, or the 6th level, and also see him walk out from there?"

"No, but..."

"Since it's no, then shut the f\*ck up." Qiu Mo replied coldly, "You have no rights to talk in the Jun Lin banquet, get lost."

Yu Xuan actually still wanted to continue, but after hearing Qiu Mo's words, she gave up and faded into the background.

"Since you know that this is the grand stage of the Jun Lin banquet, then what qualifications do you have to talk?" Abruptly, another voice drifted out. The crowd turned around, trying to see who the

owner of the voice was, only to see a youthful silhouette walking slowly out from within the crowd, with a snowy white puppy trotting beside him.

The youth that appeared was naturally Qin Wentian. And upon seeing his appearance, smiles lit up on the faces of many in the crowd.

Qin Wentian had finally appeared!

“You almost gave this fatty a heart attack.” Fan Le patted his chest, as he exclaimed somewhat depressedly. This fellow was finally here!

Chapter 135: Emperor Amethyst Constellation.

Qin Wentian approached the platform, inclining his head and gazing at Qiu Mo in the spectator’s stand. A hint of sarcasm could be seen on his face.

When he arrived, he’d coincidentally heard Yu Xuan’s words. Although he wasn’t acquainted with Yu Xuan, he wouldn’t have specially felt goodwill because of the words she’d said. However, Qiu Mo’s reply made him extremely dissatisfied.

Yu Xuan said that he’d stepped onto the 6th level of the Astral River Hall. Regardless of whether or not this was true or false, didn’t this matter have nothing to do with Qiu Mo? What right did Qiu Mo have to berate others? Not only that, but Qiu Mo’s rebuttal was extremely strong, obviously showing that he had a bone to pick with Qin Wentian.

Upon noticing Qin Wentian, Qiu Mo frowned, and coldly continued, “Don’t tell me you’ve really stepped onto the 6th level? Even if you had, I’m still your senior. You’d better show some respect when talking to me.”

“Respect is earned, not given. Look at the way you treat your junior sister. Are you even worthy of other’s respect?” Qin Wentian countered.

“Hehe, you’re only in the top nine, why are you acting like you’ve already obtained the championship? How disgraceful.” Qiu Mo shot back, his words filled with intense sarcasm, causing the spectators to display weird expressions on their faces. Weren’t both of them students of the Emperor Star Academy? Why were they so against each other?

Qin Wentian shifted his gaze away, and didn’t bother to continue looking at Qiu Mo. He jumped into the air, and stepped onto the platform.

Despite Qin Wentian’s disregard of Qiu Mo, Fan Le felt extremely dissatisfied. He shouted from below the platform, “In the Jun Lin banquet last year, someone at the peak of Arterial Circulation only managed to obtain the 5th position. I wonder which corner he was hiding in to only have a cultivation base at the 7th level of Arterial Circulation. To think that he had the face to be so sarcastic with others, if people didn’t know, they’d have thought that he was the champion of the Jun Lin banquet last year.”

Fan Le’s words caused Qiu Mo’s countenance to freeze, and for his gaze towards Fan Le to be filled with a glint of cold light.

“With so many elders of the Emperor Star Academy gathered here, someone actually still dares to spout so much arrogant claptrap. For those who don’t know the situation, they might’ve thought that this person holds an extremely high position to the elders of the academy.” Fan Le continued, causing the expression on Qiu Mo’s face to turn exceedingly ugly to behold. Sensing the multitude of gazes on him, Qiu Mo sat down, trembling in anger. He wanted nothing more than to split Fan Le apart with his palms at this very moment.

Qin Wentian stood atop the platform, countless gazes riveted on his body. As for the Yu Xuan’s words earlier, the spectators had already shoved them to the back of their mind. After all, they didn’t really believe Yu Xuan’s words, they’d prefer to watch the fascinating final battle of the Jun Lin Banquet.

“I, shouldn’t be considered too late, right?” Qin Wentian smiled, inclining his head, as rays of sunshine shone upon his face. He was late because of a nightmare he’d had last night: he dreamt that he’d almost been devoured by his own bloodline limit, but luckily, he’d persevered, and after waking up, he spent a period of time recovering, before directly rushing here.

How could he not be present, and miss the final round of the Jun Lin Banquet?

“Uncle Black, I know you’ll pay attention to the Jun Lin banquet today, and observe me.” Qin Wentian gazed at the sky as he murmured in his heart. That damn old fogey should also be observing him too, he guessed.

Not only that, but there were still the expectations of the teachers of the Emperor Star Academy. Mo Qingcheng, Mu Rou, Luo Huan, Fatty, and those at the Divine Weapon Pavilion. How could he let them down?

“Senior, I apologise. But luckily, I arrived here in the nick of time, and hope Senior will pardon me for my lateness.” Qin Wentian spoke to the aged figure standing beside the Azure Dragon Jadeite Seat.

“You’ve already missed the group battle, not only that, but the rankings are already out. Tell me, what do you think I should do?” The aged figure gazed at Qin Wentian, seeming filled with unhappiness. After all, Qin Wentian had come late despite his efforts earlier, when he’d intentionally stalled the battle, and allowed the others to proceed first.

“But the final ranking shouldn’t have started right?” Qin Wentian stared at the three towering platforms, and saw Luo Huan and Gu Xing standing alone on the 3rd platform.

“The rankings of each group have already been determined. Next is the contest for the overall ranking.” The aged figure spoke.

“Since that’s the case, could Senior treat me as conceding for two of the earlier rounds at the group battles?” Qin Wentian inquired. Since he was late, this was an appropriate punishment.

The aged figure contemplated, and nodded his head. “Since you missed two battles at the group stage, it’s only natural to be considered your loss. Since that’s the case, I shall announce that you will join those at the 3rd towering platform, and compete for the 7th to 9th ranking.”

“Thank you Senior.” Qin Wentian bowed, and his body flickered, appearing atop the 3rd platform.

There were already two silhouettes there. They were none other than Luo Huan and Gu Xing.

“Brat, you actually dared to be late for such an important event.” Luo Huan glared at Qin Wentian.

“Well, I made it in time, eventually.” Qin Wentian laughed.

“Are you confident?” Luo Huan asked.

“I guess so.” Qin Wentian lightly nodded. He hadn’t slept well last night, and time was too tight. What a pity that the Jun Lin banquet couldn’t be pushed back slightly later.

“Okay. The first battle, Luo Huan versus Qin Wentian.” The aged figure remarked. Luo Huan smiled as she glanced at Qin Wentian, before speaking to the aged figure. “Senior, I concede this battle.”

Luo Huan conceded, helping Qin Wentian accomplish his aim, and allowing him to pursue the rank that belonged to him.

As long as Qin Wentian was able to obtain the 7th rank, he’d gain a chance to contend for an even high position.

“Noted. The second battle, Gu Xing versus Qin Wentian.” The aged figure continued.

“I give up.” Gu Xing spoke, causing the spectators to be dumbfounded.

There was no need to be so dramatic, was there?

Two of them actually gave up directly, just for the sake of Qin Wentian?

“How about the both of you? Do you two want to battle?” The aged figure gazed at Luo Huan and Gu Xing.

“There’s no need for that. I give up as well.” Gu Xing calmly replied, after which, he closed his eyes and sat down on the ground, ignoring all other events that transpired.

Such a scene happening caused many to feel regret. The rankings of those on the 3rd platform were actually concluded without any battles? They could only hope that the other battles would be more fascinating.

“Qin Wentian obtains the 7th rank; Luo Huan, 8th; Gu Xing, 9th.” The aged figure announced, his gaze shifting over to the 2nd towering platform.

On this platform, the contestants were 2nd Sword, Chu Chen, and Hou Tie.

“The first battle, 2nd Sword versus Hou Tie.”

As the voice of the aged figure faded away, the tension in the air was palpable, and the gaze of the spectators were filled with anticipation.

2nd Sword was extremely powerful, but he was unlucky to meet Luo Qianqiu, and was thus defeated. However, he used his absolute sword attacks, and easily suppressed Luo Huan. These type of sword strikes were hegemonic and tyrannical, giving a feel that was similar to the Orchon’s terrifyingly sharp spear.

According to the payout rates computed by Drunken Wonder, both 2nd Sword and Hou Tie had obtained a high level of recognition, and had a chance of entering the top three. Now that the two of them were clashing, the crowd's gaze was filled with anticipation. Who exactly would emerge victorious?

Both of their Astral Souls were released at the same moment. 2nd Sword wielded a violent and ferocious sharp sword, while Hou Tie transformed into a terrifying ancient demon. Both of them took off and slammed into each other in the next instant.

The terrifying impact caused by their collision caused the hearts of the spectators to palpitate wildly. The entire platform seemed to be covered with a layer of violent demonic Qi and sword light, and powerful attacks could be heard from within.

Roar.

After several moments, Hou Tie suddenly continually roared out nine times, shaking both heaven and earth. That violent demonic fist of his beast form extinguished the sword light, as he punched a fist into the defensive sword Qi barrier of 2nd Sword, causing 2nd Sword to be lifted up into the air by the force of his attacks.

Hou Tie hadn't finished his attacks. He jumped up into the sky, and as he caught up to 2nd Sword, he punched 2nd Sword twice, smashing 2nd Sword into the ground.

Hou Tie won against 2nd Sword, causing many people to exclaim in wonder.

Too terrifying. It seemed like the power level of each individual was directly related to the payout rates computed by Heaven's Wonder. However, it was also not completely accurate.

Hou Tie's rating, by Heaven's Wonder, was slightly lower when compared to 2nd Sword. But yet, he was the victor.

"Take a break for now. For the battle on the first platform, Orchon will verse Sikong Mingyue," The aged figure calmly spoke. The sequence of the battles had actually been jumbled up. This way, the contestant who'd just fought could rest, and the proceedings of Jun Lin banquet wouldn't be delayed.

There was no suspense in the battle of Orchon fighting against Sikong Mingyue. Although Orchon was powerful, Sikong Mingyue after all, was still Sikong Mingyue. And just as the payout rates indicated, he easily secured one of the top two positions of the Jun Lin banquet. Although, based on logic and the rules of the Banquet alone, there might still be a chance for him to fall from the top two rankings. However, this probability was close to nil—so low that no one even bothered to think about it.

And as for Qin Wentian, he was sitting down cross-leggedly at this moment, and was quietly practicing his cultivation. It was as though everything happening in the external world had no connection to him.

He hadn't completely mastered the 2nd Stance of the Great Dream Halberd Art – Falling Star. How could he afford to waste time?

After this, he'd face the most intense battles he'd ever faced in his life, and thus, had to condition his state to the peak.

"2nd Sword versus Chu Chen." The aged figure's voice drifted over again, and the gaze of the crowd became fixated on the 2nd towering platform.

2nd Sword had already lost a match. This time around, no matter what, he wouldn't allow himself to be defeated. If not, Snowcloud's face would really be reduced to almost nothing.

Chu Chen had directly conceded earlier, when faced Sikong Mingyue, saving up his strength. Nobody knew how strong he was exactly.

However now, the instant that he clashed with 2nd Sword, Chu Chen released his Astral Souls for the first time ever in the competition.

"His Astral Soul, what exactly is that? It's unexpectedly in the shape of a scepter?" Someone in the crowd exclaimed in amazement as he stared at one of the Astral Souls of Chu Chen.

"Amethyst Astral Soul. This is actually an Astral Soul condensed from the Emperor Amethyst Constellation, that symbolises the will of Emperors. To think that Chu Chen actually had the ability to form an innate link with that constellation. Isn't this the same Astral Soul as Chu Tianjiao's first Astral Soul?" Someone remarked from within the spectators.

In the nine Astral Rivers above the Heavens, there were many fascinating and mysterious constellations. The Emperor Amethyst Constellation was exactly one of those.

#### Chapter 136: The top three rankers

The Nine Astral Rivers were filled with incredible secrets, there would be some abnormal constellations that had a possibility to appear in any of the Heavenly Layers.

However, there were also some constellations that not everyone would be able to form an innate link with. These types of constellations typically chose their own masters, sending out a powerful attraction to the Stellar Martial Cultivator as the cultivators wandered in the Heavenly Layer. This would direct their consciousness over, allowing them to form innate links and then condense an Astral Soul from that particular constellation.

Chu Tianjiao and Chu Chen, were both people from the Royal Clan, but to think that they both actually had the destiny of an emperor, as evident from the fact that they condensed an Astral Soul from the Amethyst Emperor Star. This caused many in the crowd to be astonished.

Citizens of Chu would naturally understand the power of the Amethyst Emperor Astral Soul. This particular Astral Soul was in the shape of a scepter, and was able to boost the user's power in any forms of attacks. Not only that, the Amethyst Emperor Astral Soul was also able to augment the strength of other Astral Souls of the user.

Since Chu Chen had an Amethyst Astral Soul, this meant that in the battles earlier, he had always been hiding his strength and had never gone all out.

But now, he finally unleashed his full power.

As for the 2nd Astral Soul of Chu Chen, it took the form of a palm imprint. One could imagine that the constellation he condensed this Astral Soul from was most definitely a gigantic palm-type constellation.

“Please.” Chu Chen smiled as the gaze of 2nd Sword grew heavy, as he released rays of sword light. Chu Chen took a step forwards as both of his palms wavered. His Astral Soul flowed over and covered his palms, as inexhaustible might blasted out, attacking 2nd Sword in a frenzy.

“What a swift attack speed.” The pupils of the crowd narrowed, they saw countless palm shadows striking out within an instant.

Although 2nd Sword was powerful, the palm shadows were too much for the eyes to take in. He slashed out in a fluster, trying to defend hopelessly.

The swift sword was akin to the wind, yet 2nd Sword was unable to block the barrage of palm strikes. And eventually, Chu Chen overpowered 2nd Sword. He would be fighting with Hou Tie to determine the 4th ranking of the Jun Lin Banquet.

“Next, Orchon versus Luo Qianqiu.” The aged figure stated, and the gazes of the spectators shifted onto the 1st towering platform.

This was a battle with no suspense; although Orchon was powerful, he was nothing before Luo Qianqiu. As expected of the genius with the highest probability of obtaining the championship, Luo Qianqiu easily suppressed Orchon.

The spectators could only sigh in wonder. Luo Qianqiu was too powerful, only Sikong Mingyue would be able to give him a run for his money.

And following the conclusion of the battle between Luo Qianqiu and Orchon, it was as though the spectators were able to predict that the most intense battle would be coming soon. After the battle of Hou Tie and Chu Chen, it would be Luo Qianqiu and Sikong Mingyue’s turn to fight for the number one ranking.

“Chu Chen versus Hou Tie.”

As the sound of the aged figure’s voice faded, the final deciding battle just started on the 2nd towering platform.

Chu Chen gazed at Hou Tie, his countenance calm, as he slowly spoke. “You are not my match, there’s no need to risk your life over this. After defeating you, I will go challenge those on the 1st platform for one of the top three rankings.”

The hearts of the spectators couldn’t help but slightly tremble as they heard the words of Chu Chen. Chu Chen conceded in his previous match against Sikong Mingyue, so the spectators didn’t really have a good opinion of him. However, no one thought that Chu Chen had intentionally avoided Sikong Mingyue so that he could obtain the 4th ranking on the 2nd towering platform and challenge the top three in almost perfect condition.

In actual fact, the confidence of Chu Chen came from his level of strength. Although Hou Tie was extremely tyrannical, Chu Chen still defeated him, and from this, obtained the 4th rank along with the qualifications to challenge those at the 1st platform for the top three rankings.

After this battle, Chu Chen was ranked 4th, Hou Tie 5th, while 2nd Sword was 6th.

And at this moment, the gazes of the spectators shifted to the 1st platform.

Was the final battle that would determine everything going to begin now?

“The battle between Luo Qianqiu and Sikong Mingyue will be pushed back, while Chu Chen will fight Orchon. If Chu Chen loses, the top three rankings will be fixed, but if Chu Chen wins, there will be another battle again to determine who will be the top three rankers.” The aged figure broke the wishes of the spectators with a single sentence. But this was also good, at least they could see who was the stronger one between Chu Chen and Orchon.

“The final battle to proclaim the top three rankers?” In the direction of the Emperor Star Academy, Old Man Gu laughed, “You seemed to have forgotten a person.”

The spectators had a dumbfounded expression on their faces, as they shifted their gaze onto the lone silhouette that was currently cultivating on top of the 3rd towering platform.

Very obviously, Old Gu was referring to Qin Wentian. But what did he mean by that? Did that mean that Qin Wentian had the capabilities to contend for the top three positions?

The two great barriers that were 2nd Sword and Hou Tie, could Qin Wentian even pass them?

“After the battle between Orchon and Chu Chen has concluded, I will give him a chance, to see if he has the power to climb up there.” The aged figure calmly replied.

At the start, 2nd Sword received the most recognition but was eventually the 6th ranked. From this, one could see how strong the contestants in the final top nine were.

Qin Wentian wanted to climb up the ranks step by step to obtain the championship? This was mission impossible.

If only he could break through to the 8th level of Arterial Circulation, based on Qin Wentian’s strength and martial prowess, he might still have a chance to contend for the top three positions. However, a breakthrough doesn’t come simply by saying that. Cultivation could be likened to taking a step forward with each footprint. One would naturally be required to accumulate Astral Energy in addition to assiduously cultivating before one could break through. Although Yuan Meteor Stones and other precious spiritual medicine was able to increase the rate of cultivation, it was still impossible for one to break through by merely saying that.

“Prince Chu, for the position of the top three rankers, you won’t be able to steal it from me.” Orchon’s voice was filled with a strong sense of self-confidence. Although he had very good relations with Chu Chen, this was a battle of glory, and thus he would still go all out.

“Orchon, although you are powerful, the positions of the top three rankers definitely belong to me. Not only that, I will avenge your losses from earlier, and will help you challenge both Luo Qianqiu and Sikong Mingyue. Since you’ve already been defeated by them, shouldn’t you relinquish your position and allow me to take over?”

Chu Chen's voice was filled with immense confidence, both of them believed that they would definitely win.

Orchon, had already obtained one of the top three positions, and if he was ousted, how would he still have face?

"Orchon, you have to win!" There were many in the crowd that had bet on Orchon. At this moment, they were all silently praying, hoping that Orchon would be the victor. If not, their Yuan Meteor Stones would all fly away.

"Since that's the case, let's fight" Orchon wielded his long spear, as his intent to battle soared to the skies. He had already lost to Luo Qianqiu and Sikong Mingyue. This battle was fought for the sake of glory.

As a fierce wind billowed by, the spear's shadows were akin to a dream as a silver light flashed. And when he clashed against Chu Chen, the platform was covered with a meteor of spear rain, resplendent and dazzling.

However, Chu Chen's response was to send out a single fist, extinguishing the rain of spears. He looked at Orchon as he calmly stated, "To indicate my respect to you, I will show you my true strength. Now, show me your ultimate attack."

As the sound of his voice faded, within Chu Chen's body, the sounds of his blood surging could be heard, as his body seemed to get taller and stronger.

The royal clan of Chu possessed the Emperor Bloodline. This was also why they were the rulers of Chu for over 3,000 years.

The Amethyst Astral Soul, along with the Emperor Bloodline, in addition to the hard work of the countless generations of the Royal Clan created the 3,000 year history of Chu.

In this cultivation-oriented world, governance was always built upon a solid foundation of might and power.

Orchon froze, as he lamented. "I didn't think that Prince Chen had already awakened his bloodline limit. Since this is the case, I won't be polite any longer."

Feeling the power of Chu Chen's bloodline limit, Orchon understood that the probability of him being the victor was becoming increasingly smaller.

"Could it be that Orchon will really be defeated? This black horse Chu Chen is going to slaughter his path into the top three positions?" Many people felt extremely vexed by this. Were they tricked by Heaven's Wonder? Or to put it better, Heaven's Wonder didn't know of the strength Chu Chen was hiding.

Orchon pierced out with his long spear, his attacks akin to the bloom of a lotus. Millions of filaments of spear light exploded simultaneously, covering the entire sky. Ultimately, an Astral Spear containing the entirety of Orchon's might was formed, flying forwards with his full power.

The bloodline limit of Chu Chen stacked together with the augmentation effect of his Amethyst Astral Soul as he blasted out a palm. Under the double layer of augmentation, only Orchon understood the terrifyingness of his palm strikes as Chu Chen easily halted his strongest attack.

At this point, Orchon understood that he has already lost.

Inclining his head and looking at Chu Chen, Orchon sighed. "I still thought that this time round I would be able to enter the top three. To think that I ended up 4th in the end. But based on strength, it's only natural for Prince Chen to be one of the top three rankers."

After finishing what he wanted to say, Orchon bowed slightly to Chu Chen, indicating his respect.

"You are already very powerful to have obtained 4th. It's only because the contestants this year are all too powerful. We can still compete on who will break through to Yuanfu first. After breaking into Yuanfu, let's spar again." Chu Chen laughed.

"Right." Orchon nodded as he gave a carefree laugh, no longer bothered about the fact that he lost.

Being able to obtain 4th while participating in such an intense Jun Lin Banquet could already be considered pretty good.

At this moment, the top three rankers were all unveiled – Luo Qianqiu, Sikong Mingyue and Chu Chen. But as to who was what ranking, they would still need to participate in one final round of battle.

The 4th to 6th ranking could also be temporarily confirmed – Orchon, Hou Tie and 2nd Sword. Now, the only variable was Qin Wentian.

However, although Qin Wentian's strength was extraordinary, not many people thought highly of him. After all, if he wanted to advance forwards, the first barrier he would have to overcome was 2nd Sword.

At this moment, what the spectators anticipated the most was the final deciding battle of the top three rankers.

The gaze of the aged figure shifted onto the sitting down cross-legged Qin Wentian, as he inquired. "Do you still intend to battle?"

Qin Wentian opened his eyes as he paused his cultivation. "Naturally."

"Fine, your first battle will be against 2nd Sword." The aged figure spoke, as the gaze of 2nd Sword shifted onto Qin Wentian. An extremely sharp aura could be felt emanating from him. He was one of those who was thought to be very likely to rank among the top three, but now, he was actually ranked the 6th.

And today, Qin Wentian actually still dared to challenge him. What humiliation.

The tyrannical air was inundated with boundless sword intent. 2nd Sword inclined his head, as both of his eyes shot out two rays of sword light, piercing in the direction of Qin Wentian.

"Since you wish to court death, I will aid you with that. I will avenge 3rd Night."

The voice of 2nd Sword was as sharp as real swords.

His whole person radiated a terrifying sword presence.

Within his sword, there was arrogance, unwillingness, and killing intent.

He wanted Qin Wentian to bleed, using his blood to wash away the humiliation of the Jun Lin Banquet. Snowcloud was actually defeated so miserably, only Sikong Mingyue obtained one of the top three positions, while other than that, he, 2nd Sword, was the only one ranked within the top nine positions.

Chapter 137: Fighting Orchon.

The killing intent released by 2nd Sword even caused the spectators to feel traces of coldness.

Qin Wentian had executed 3rd Night, and the fact that 2nd Sword's continual defeats placed him in the 6th rank, in addition to Qin Wentian's challenge, one could well imagine what 2nd Sword was feeling right now.

He had to kill Qin Wentian to appease the raging flames of anger in his heart, to wash clean the humiliation of the two consecutive defeats he suffered earlier.

"Qin Wentian is in danger." Many of the spectators were thinking in their hearts. 2nd Sword wanted to claim Qin Wentian's life with his sword.

And finally, 2nd Sword's Sword Qi erupted forth as a terrifying sword light descended from the skies, slashing towards Qin Wentian.

With the ancient halberd in his hands, Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered and disappeared from sight as the sword light slashed past his side, lacerating the platform. However, Qin Wentian didn't seem the slightest bit affected by this display of 2nd Sword's strength. He calmly stood at the side with the ancient halberd in his hands and remained as serene as before.

Bursting into motion, 2nd Sword dashed towards Qin Wentian as his sword fingers flicked out. An inexhaustible amount of sword rays slashed forth, akin to rivers of swords.

Qin Wentian executed his movement technique to its utmost limits, causing a faint shadow of a pair of Garuda Wings to appear on his back. Images of shadows flashing could be seen in the air, as the rays of sword light eradicated everything.

"KILL." 2nd Sword howled in anger. A sword shadow pierced in the direction of Qin Wentian's true body.

A terrifying storm engulfed the entire platform, as the surroundings were lacerated.

Buzz. Qin Wentian finally started his attack. Unleashed, the Azure Dragon Stance manifested the illusory image of an azure dragon. The dragon's roar slammed against 2nd Sword's sword rays, but was extinguished shortly after by their sharpness.

At the same time, however, Qin Wentian sent out a palm strike with his left hand as the pressure of a mountain pressed down. The speed of his attacks left everyone speechless.

The sword rays appeared again as 2nd Sword slashed out horizontally.

Chi! Qin Wentian spat out a ray of sword light, as his body flickered, jumping up into the air. This caused the pupils of the crowd to narrow in shock. This fellow, wasn't he afraid of death?

2nd Sword wanted to kill him, and Qin Wentian was still not at Yuanfu, unable to fly in the air. No matter what, he had to land sooner or later. Wasn't this giving 2nd Sword an excellent opportunities to prepare his attacks?

However, they soon realised how wrong they were. In the air, Qin Wentian was akin to a real Garuda. He could actually soar in the skies! The hegemonic stances of the Azure Dragon and White Tiger were frenziedly unleashed, erupting forwards with numerous attacks in an instant. Simultaneously, he also spat out countless razor sharp rays of sword light and sent out countless Revolving Sea Imprints with his left palm.

Not only that, both his feet actually executed the Falling Mountain Palms while he was soaring in the air. This went beyond logic, and the incomparable violence of his innate techniques covered the entire ground, akin to an angry god unleashing his wrath, pressuring 2nd Sword so much that even his sword strikes became chaotic. The spectators had never witnessed a variety of attacks of this magnitude unleashed by a single person. This way of fighting left all of them dumbfounded.

"The rate of expenditure of his Astral Energy should be very immense, right?" The spectators were speechless.

2nd Sword completely gave up on attacking and was focused purely on defense. The sword light enveloped 2nd Sword in a forcefield so guarded to the point where even rain and wind wasn't able to penetrate it. Even after Qin Wentian landed, his forcefield of Sword Qi was still on, incomparably shiny and resplendent.

However, the spectators had an extremely bizarre expression on their faces. Qin Wentian's attack speed was too quick to the point where it looked as though 2nd Sword was the only contestant to be dancing with his sword wildly on the stage, appearing somewhat clownish.

Naturally, 2nd Sword also realised this. The sword rays gradually faded as he released his defense, but at that very instant, Qin Wentian made his move.

It was as if 2nd Sword had forgotten that Qin Wentian was famed for his speed.

2nd Sword also seemed to have forgotten how 3rd Night had been killed.

The Mountain Splitter Stance of the Great Dream Halberd Art smashed out. 2nd Sword's reaction turned sluggish, like he was in a dream. Breaking apart his now-flimsy defense, the halberd sent 2nd Swords weapon flying through the air as the halberd continued smashing forwards, piercing into his brain.

The crowd saw 2nd Sword opening his mouth, about to admit defeat. However, there were no more opportunities left. Before he could open his mouth to concede, his life had already reached its ending point.

"It's this stance again." The gazes of the spectators froze, as well as their countenance.

This attack had been too quick and ferocious. 3rd Night died under this halberd strike, and today, 2nd Sword followed 3rd Night into hell the same way.

“2nd Sword was too careless. The instant he retracted his defensive Sword Qi forcefield, Qin Wentian moved with the speed of lightning and struck with the force of thunder, extinguishing his life.”

“2nd Sword was powerful indeed. What a pity; yet another fallen genius on the grand stage of the Jun Lin Banquet.”

Many people were sighing in their hearts. However, opportunities only came once. If 2nd Sword knew the ending, he would definitely not have acted the way he did, completely revealing his killing intent against Qin Wentian.

Following the defeat of 2nd Sword, Sikong Mingyue was the last contestant from Snowcloud remaining.

His hatred for Qin Wentian should be so deep that it seeped into his bone.

“Since you wish to court death, I shall aid you with that.” Qin Wentian pulled out his ancient halberd that was lodged in 2nd Sword’s head.

With immense unwillingness and hopelessness, 2nd Sword stopped thinking forever as his body fell unceremoniously from the platform.

Hailing from Snowcloud, 2nd Sword had been one of the contestants with the highest probability to contend for the position of the top three ranks, but today, he died in a place far from his hometown.

The gazes of many people in the crowd shifted onto Sikong Mingyue. An intense killing intent could be felt emanating from his body. His sharp eyes were observing Qin Wentian’s every movement, and his desire to kill was unconcealed in the slightest.

“You had better not step onto the first towering platform.” Sikong Mingyue breathed heavily. The reason why Qin Wentian killed two elites of Snowcloud was because he had exhibited his intent to kill Luo Huan.

How could he, Sikong Mingyue, leave this unavenged?

At this moment, a strong desire arose in him. He half hoped that Qin Wentian would be able to slaughter his path all the way up to be one of the top three rankers. When that happened, he would fully be able to unleash his fury.

“Wait for me.” Qin Wentian calmly stared back at Sikong Mingyue.

The first towering platform where the top three rankers gathered, he would definitely be on it.

Since he had missed his chance to duel with Sikong Mingyue earlier, this time around, he would definitely slaughter his way up the ranks and walk onto the grand stage of the Jun Lin Banquet, where the strongest reside.

“Was that previous halberd strike Qin Wentian’s trump card? It’s indeed extremely powerful. Following this, he would face off against Hou Tie. Despite Hou Tie’s defense, it’s highly probable that his defense will still be broken by Qin Wentian.” The spectators were all silently speculating while the aged figure inquired, “Do you need to rest?”

“Maybe after the next battle.” Qin Wentian serenely replied.

“Fine. The next battle, Qin Wentian versus Hou Tie.” The aged figure spoke as Hou Tie walked forwards to stand in front of Qin Wentian. He had already obtained the 5th ranking in the Jun Lin Banquet, but to think that even now, he would still meet a challenger such as Qin Wentian.

Orchon also gazed at Qin Wentian. As long as he defeated Hou Tie, Qin Wentian would then possess the qualifications to stand in front of him.

He obviously never predicted that Qin Wentian, who was missing earlier, would actually still had a chance to face off against him.

“You are not my opponent, and I don’t wish to waste my strength. Would you please step aside?”

Qin Wentian gazed at Hou Tie. His serene voice had no hints of arrogance in it, yet it gave people a sense of dominance.

He actually wanted Hou Tie to step aside for him.

“Are you not too confident of your own strength? Although you killed 2nd Sword, it’s not so easy if you want to win against me.” Hou Tie coldly remarked. Was Qin Wentian trying to humiliate him?

“You mean you can withstand the force of my halberd strike from before?” Qin Wentian asked.

“Although that halberd attack was powerful, it doesn’t mean that I have no way to defend against it.” Hou Tie contemplated for a moment before he seriously replied. He had clearly seen the attack Qin Wentian unleashed on 2nd Sword.

“Perhaps, but you have not truly experienced it yourself.” As the sound of Qin Wentian’s voice faded away, the aura around him also changed. The ancient halberd smashed forwards with an unbelievable speed. At this very moment, Hou Tie’s gaze was frozen in place; it was as though he felt that this strike was unblockable.

Qin Wentian didn’t followed through with his attack. Instead, he was merely showing the futility of Hou Tie’s continued insistence.

“I don’t wish for there to be another meaningless sacrifice. Even if you defend against this strike of mine, what happens if I execute it continuously?” Qin Wentian further inquired.

Hou Tie went silent, and an instant later, he spoke. “The expenditure of Astral Energy should be exceedingly great regarding that strike of yours. How will you continue to battle?”

“You mean you intend to use your life to gamble with me? To test the depths of my stored Astral Energy?” Qin Wentian countered, leaving Hou Tie speechless.

The two contestants stood on the stage, and a few breaths of time later, Hou Tie spoke once again. “I grew up in the Dark Forest and hunted countless demonic beasts. I condensed two beast-type Astral Souls and am unmatched among my peers. However, your attacks actually reached such a level despite your cultivation base at the 7th level. Can I just ask this, what halberd stance is that? What’s the grade of that innate technique? And where did it originate from?”

“The Great Dream Halberd Art’s opening stance, Mountain Splitter. As for what grade this innate technique belongs to, even I have no idea, because this was my own creation.” Qin Wentian replied, causing many to draw in their breaths.

The level of power contained within that strike of his actually originated from an innate technique he created?

If what he said was true, Qin Wentian was indeed a cultivation genius.

Hou Tie froze upon hearing Qin Wentian’s words. After this, he bowed in thanks to Qin Wentian. “What you can do is something that I can never do. Seems like for all the good of my self-proclaimed genius, I’m nothing but a frog in a well staring at the boundless skies. Although this is the furthest I can go based on my abilities, this decision to participate in the Jun Lin Banquet was well worth it.”

After which, he walked to the sides, lamenting the fact that he wasn’t not as good as others, and conceded directly. His actions also caused many in the crowd to be in shock as their heart shuddered.

This Hou Tie seemed like a barbarian, but in reality this was not the case. For a person such as him, how could he not have his own beliefs and dreams?

After Hou Tie’s admission of defeat, Qin Wentian entered into the top five with merely a single battle. Next, he would face off against Orchon!

As long as he defeated Orchon, he would then obtain the qualifications to contend for the top three positions!

This caused many in the crowd to sigh in wonder. The ranking battles of the Jun Lin Banquet that transpired today had been an unpredictable roller coaster ride!

Chapter 138: Unable to block my path.

At this moment, there were only 4 other contestants ranked in front of Qin Wentian – Luo Qianqiu, Sikong Mingyue, Chu Chen and Orchon.

These four people were undoubtedly the strongest four as perceived by the spectators. However, a variable now appeared – Qin Wentian.

“Based on Qin Wentian’s strength, he should still be able to deal with Orchon. However if he wanted to contend for one of the top three rankings, it’s almost impossible. After all, everyone witnessed the level of power Chu Chen exploded forth with earlier,” the spectators speculated. At

this moment, the aged figure beside Chu Tianjiao announced that Qin Wentian would face off against Orchon.

There was a reason behind the grudge between Orchon and Qin Wentian. That day, when Qin Wentian just entered the Royal Capital and participated in the Martial Academies' Selection Examination, Orchon sat on the world like a ruler, disdainful of everything. Qin Wentian was merely an ant-like existence that didn't even have the qualifications to be regarded in his eyes.

However, in the short span of a year's time, Qin Wentian appeared on the grand stage of the Jun Lin Banquet directly in front of him.

Such a scenario couldn't help but to cause people to sigh, most of all Orchon himself.

Orchon didn't say anything. He directly stabbed his spear towards Qin Wentian. The two of them had no need to exchange words since it was obvious that they wanted each other's lives.

The long spear broke apart the void, akin to the blooming of a lotus. That resplendent spear light appeared on the stage once again, as dazzling as before.

Orchon exploded forth with all his strength in his first attack.

"This..." Many were speechless. To their surprise, Qin Wentian thought the same as Orchon, executing Mountain Splitter right off the bat. This halberd strike of his was comparable to a peerless expert. As it collided with the spear light, a terrifying gale was born.

Orchon's spear shook again, as spear light once again exploded out. The blooming lotuses were born and extinguished, over and over. The spear light seemed to be eternal.

Qin Wentian's Mountain Splitter similarly blasted out once again, and both of their attacks clashed in a terrifying frenzy. Qin Wentian's Mountain Splitter attack was powered by the Mountain-type Divine Yuan Energy, which went to show how powerful Orchon's attack had to be in order to match it.

The two of them refused to even retreat half a step. For the third time, their attacks collided with each other once again.

This time around, Qin Wentian slightly spun the ancient halberd in his hands. The moon blades attached at the sides of the tip of the halberd actually directly locked down Orchon's spear. After which, Qin Wentian flung the ancient halberd away from him, choosing to deprive both of them of their weapons as he executed the Garuda Movement Technique, dashing straight at Orchon.

"KILL." Qin Wentian roared, as he spat out a ray of sword light. Orchon's countenance froze, and he hurriedly sent out both his palms in a response, disintegrating that ray of sword light.

Rumble! The terrifying mountain-type Divine Energy surged as Qin Wentian retaliated with his Falling Mountain Palms. Orchon stiffened; his close combat proficiency was unable to be compared to Qin Wentian, but since he had been deprived of his weapon, he had no choice but to meet Qin Wentian palm for palm.

Boom! Orchon only felt his arms shuddering from the impact. Qin Wentian continuously spat out rays of sword light, while Orchon retreated unceasingly, wanting to increase the distance between them. But, how could Qin Wentian give him the chance? Qin Wentian stabbed forth with his finger.

A mysterious energy was seemingly contained within that finger attack of his, and it actually caused Orchon to enter a trance-like state.

That finger attack was like the combination strike of both an exceedingly sharp sword and an ancient halberd, wanting to break apart everything.

“Orchon, retreat.” A throaty voice called out. Orchon froze before he explosively retreated. But despite of this, Qin Wentian’s finger attack still landed on his palms, penetrating through, causing fresh blood to leak unceasingly out of the wound.

Boom! Qin Wentian’s left palm smashed forward as a hopeless expression appeared on Orchon’s face. His palm strike landed on Orchon’s body, causing his internal organs to vibrate immensely from the impact that catapulted him through the air.

Qin Wentian had no intentions to spare him. With his body rising in the air, he soared in Orchon’s direction.

“I CONCEDE.” Orchon howled in anger. Qin Wentian was too late; he didn’t managed to finish Orchon before the admission of defeat. He landed gracefully on the platform while Orchon smashed into the ground.

For this round, Qin Wentian was the victor.

Orchon picked himself up as he spat out a mouthful of fresh blood, his countenance extremely ugly to behold. He actually lost to Qin Wentian.

Raising his head, he watched as Qin Wentian moved to the boundary of the platform, gazing downwards at him. This scenario caused Orchon to turn pale white, as he only felt boundless humiliation washing all over him.

Qin Wentian, this ant-like existence, was actually looking at him with such disdain in his eyes.

“A year ago, you sat atop your war horse and pointed your long spear directly at me, someone undertaking the Emperor Star Academy’s selection examination. At that time, the disparity between you and me was akin to a gulf the size of an entire Astral River.” Qin Wentian calmly continued, “And now after a year has passed, I, a cultivator at the Body Refinement Realm, actually defeated the current you. Orchon, tell me, do you feel shame when people call you a genius?”

It was as though Orchon’s countenance was painted red by blood. With a ‘wa’ sound, he spat out another mouthful of fresh blood.

Obviously, Qin Wentian was intentionally provoking and humiliating Orchon.

“If I were you, I wouldn’t have the face to talk about cultivation anymore. Qin Wentian turned and departed.

In the Chu Emperor District, the swamps of spectators all felt their hearts trembling from personally witnessing variables after variables.

Initially, they thought that Chu Chen was already the biggest variable, slaughtering his way up into the ranks of the top three. But who would have thought that Qin Wentian would appear? After defeating Orchon, he gained the rights to contend for the top three positions.

From being absent to starting at the last place, all the way until now, where he was contending for the top three.

Even so, Qin Wentian's path should have already reached its end, right?

Currently, the three contestants in front of Qin Wentian, were akin to three insurmountable mountains.

Luo Qianqiu, Sikong Mingyue and Chu Chen.

The three of them, similar to Qin Wentian, had already proven their strength.

"I can give you two hours for you to rest." The aged figure spoke to Qin Wentian.

"Senior, who will I battle against next?" Qin Wentian inquired.

"Chu Chen defeated Orchon before you, advancing to the top three. If you want to enter the top three, you will fight against him first." The aged figure replied.

The spectators all nodded their heads in agreement. This arrangement made sense. Although Luo Qianqiu and the other two had not undergone their final ranking battle, Chu Chen did indeed advance by defeating Orchon. It was only logical to find out who would the victor be between Qin Wentian and Chu Chen before proceeding on with the final ranking battles.

"Then there's no need to rest." Qin Wentian serenely replied, causing the gazes directed towards him to be filled with fascination.

How arrogant, he actually said that he didn't need to take a break?

His next battle would be against the double augmentation effect of the Amethyst Astral Soul together with the Emperor Bloodline limit.

"Since this is the case, Chu Chen, you will fight against Qin Wentian."

As Chu Chen came face to face with Qin Wentian, the hearts of many spectators were palpating wildly.

If Qin Wentian won this battle, it would mean that he would be ranked among the top three.

One had to remember that previously, the payout rate for Qin Wentian for entering the top three was 1:100, which was changed to 1:80 earlier. Although only a small amount of people would bet on him, there would still be some who wanted to test their luck. Fan Le was a very good example. If Qin Wentian really won the match against Chu Chen, the amount of riches that group of minority would win was easily imaginable.

"BOSS, DO YOUR BEST!!" Fatty shouted with gusto as his face was filled with the redness of excitement. Many in the crowd shot him weird looks.

Fan Le calmed down. Only now did he realised that his actions had been too high-profile.

However, Fatty was extremely agitated. If Qin Wentian really won, he would have over thousands and thousands of 2nd-layer Yuan Meteor Stones. He was already dreaming of the beautiful future.

"Come on, let's start." There were still a few others who bet on Qin Wentian just to test their luck, but they didn't really expect that Qin Wentian would actually reach this point. At this moment, they were all filled with boundless anticipation.

Their blood had already started to boil. It seems that they were even more agitated than Qin Wentian himself.

Mo Qingcheng had a nervous expression on her face. Qin Wentian was going to start contending for the positions of the top three rankers.

“It’s not so easy.” The Mo Clansmen sighed. Someone with a cultivation base at the 7th level of Arterial Circulation actually reached this point.

But it was still too difficult if he wanted to surpass Chu Chen.

In the direction of the Divine Weapon Pavilion, a beautiful glow could be seen flickering in the eyes of An Liu Yan. She spoke to Yang Chen, “This little fellow is full of unexpected surprises.”

“Indeed, his talent in cultivation doesn’t seem to be any weaker when compared to his talent in inscriptions. He’s really a genius that’s even hard to come by in a hundred years.” Yang Chen nodded in agreement.

And over at the area of the Emperor Star Academy, Mustang, Ren Qianxing, and old man Gu was also extremely agitated.

In the direction of Star River Association, Zuo Yin had a heavy expression on his countenance, as he exclaimed unhappily. “Murin ah.. Murin, you are really a ‘genius’.”

Murin’s countenance was extremely ugly to behold. He had never expected that Qin Wentian would undergo such a transformation. This was undoubtedly smacking his face.

The representatives from the Ye Clan and the Ou Clan were also showing expressions of dissatisfaction on their faces. The ant-like existence that they had never placed in high regards before has already become so outstanding.

Chu Chen stood opposite to Qin Wentian, as he calmly stated, “It’s indeed difficult for you to be able to reach such a step today. You should quit now and bask yourself in the glories of your current achievement.”

Obviously, Chu Chen didn’t think that Qin Wentian could be his opponent.

“You are the same as Orchon, unable to block my path.” Qin Wentian serenely stated as he stared at Chu Chen. His determination, would never be wavered.

Not only that, the current him no longer possessed solely determination.

“Is that so? I hope your strength is comparable to the force of your words.” Chu Chen unleashed both his Astral Souls as a terrifying presence gushed forth. His Bloodline Limit, was also seething relentlessly.

Since he had already obtained one of the top three rankings, how could he still lose it?

He still wanted to measure himself against Luo Qianqiu and Sikong Mingyue.

As the terrifying presence manifested a storm of pressure, Qin Wentian seemed as though he wasn’t affected by it. He clutched the ancient halberd in his hands and stared calmly at Chu Chen.

“Make your move.” Chu Chen stated.

Qin Wentian nodded. He then transformed into a blur of shadows, executing the first stance of the Great Dream Halbard Art, Mountain Splitter. Breaking the void apart in an instant, he appeared in front of Chu Chen.

Chu Chen roared in anger, as tens of millions of palm shadows were born. The millions of palm shadows integrated into one terrifying gigantic palm, smashing towards the ancient halberd.

Boom, boom, boom! A tremendous tremor was created as Qin Wentian was forced backwards by the impact. Despite this, he once again walked forwards, unleashing yet another attack with his halberd.

This strike of his didn't seem as ferocious as before, but in the instant that he attacked, it was as though star light appeared. Not only that, visible runic lines interweaved in the air, forming a revolving pathway that transformed into a spiralling black hole, capable of devouring everything.

"Scram!" Chu Chen roared. The terrifying, gigantic palm covered the Heavens and Earth, smashing towards Qin Wentian.

Meanwhile, the second stance of Qin Wentian's Great Dream Halberd Art, Fallen Star, exploded forth.

Boom! A thunderous sound blasted into the eardrums of the spectators as the gigantic palm and the halberd strike collided. After which, a crack could be seen on the surface of the palm before it completely disintegrated into nothingness.

"Ho..how is this possible?" An expression of immense shock was apparent on Chu Chen's face. Then, he saw Qin Wentian's ancient halberd smashing his way again. The first stance, Mountain Splitter, moved with a speed as fast as lightning, eradicating everything in its path and directly landing right before Chu Chen's throat.

"I've said it before: you are unable to block my path." Qin Wentian retracted the ancient halberd as he blasted Chu Chen down the platform using a palm strike powered by the Mountain-type Divine Energy, sparing his life.

The serene arrogance of Qin Wentian's words resounded in the air.

Chu Chen had also been unable to block his path.

After this battle, Qin Wentian finally stepped into top three rankings!

## Chapter 139: GoldenCorona Astral Souls

Top three!

Qin Wentian crushed Orchon and Chu Chen and had advanced to one of the top three positions.

At this moment, countless gazes were riveted on him. The youth whom people called a genius wanted to let everyone remember him.

Nobody had forgotten his previous announcement. He was Qin Wentian of Sky Harmony City, son of Qin Chuan.

“How handsome.” Fatty looked up at the Heavens as he closed his eyes and drew in a deep breath, exhibiting an expression of intense enjoyment. From now onwards, his wealth would enable him to show off. Even if it was courting girls, it would also be much easier. The feeling of being rich was just too marvellous!

“MY BET F\*CKING PAID OFF.” Another voice hysterically screamed from within the crowd. Qin Wentian being one of the top three rankers, such an improbable thing actually became reality.

“I struck it rich this time around.” The young man beside Immortal Drunken Wine had a radiant smile on his face. Previously, he had bet 100 stones on Qin Wentian obtaining one of the top three position. Now that it became a reality, and according to the previous payout rates, he would earn a total of 10,000 Yuan Meteor Stones.

“I can hear Heaven’s Wonder crying.” Immortal Drunken Wine laughed.

“Why would they be crying? Look at the number of people gambling, and take note that only an extremely few number of people bet on Qin Wentian. I think that Heaven’s Wonder made a killing instead.” The young man smiled as he continued, “Compared to them, my earnings could only be considered peanuts.”

“Starting from today, Qin Wentian, you’ve created a miracle in the Chu Country. In all of the Jun Lin Banquet ever hosted, there had never been someone who obtained one of the top three rankings with merely a cultivation base at the 7th level of Arterial Circulation. You are the first.” in the direction of Mo Clan, Mo Qingcheng’s father, Mo Tianlin smiled as he spoke, causing many to be startled.

There was no mistake. Today, Qin Wentian had created an unprecedented miracle for the first time in the history of Chu.

Qin Wentian gazed over in the direction and spotted Mo Qingcheng, who was beside her father, making ghost faces at him. Instantly, he had an inkling of who Mo Tianling was, and he replied, “Thanks for your praise, Senior.”

“Work hard. Since you can have this level of attainment today, you will surely become a legend of Chu in the future.” Mo Tianlin smiled at Qin Wentian, causing many in the crowd to start fantasizing. A legend of Chu, was Mo Tianlin referring to a character like his father? A person who was said to be the strongest under the Heavenly Dipper Realm?

Mo Tianlin’s attitude also created great waves in the hearts of many other clans. He was openly showing good will towards Qin Wentian.

“Indeed, this feat of his is almost impossible to achieve.” An Liuyan of the Divine Weapon Pavilion laughed, causing the spectators to shift their gaze over in their direction. The Divine Weapon Pavilion had never once attended the Jun Lin Banquet, but to think they actually came this time around. Most likely, they were here to show their support for the young genius Grandmaster, Qin Wentian.

“Haha, a legendary youth not even 17 years of age actually created such a miracle. How dazzling would his future be? Perhaps we should carve his sculpture and placed it in front of the Emperor Star Monuments?” In the direction of Emperor Star Academy, old Gu laughed out loud, giving Qin Wentian an extremely high evaluation. It also seemed that he was intentionally trying to dissolve Luo Qianqiu’s influence.

“A sculpture in front of the Emperor Star Monuments?” Many people gasped in awe. Did Qin Wentian really had such a potential? In any case, from the time they were young, all legends also grew and matured step by step. Would they have the chance to witness the birth of a legend?

However, there were some who were happy about it, and others who were unhappy.

Especially those from the Ye Clan and the Ou Clan, all of whom had a heavy expression on their faces as though they were regretting the fact that they didn’t place enough importance on Qin Wentian and failed to kill him before his talent blossomed.

Ye Zhan’s countenance went ash-green. Back then, Qin Wentian could not even be compared to him, but now they were already two people belonging to different worlds.

Especially the fact that he would always disdain Qin Wentian in front of Liu Yan. It seems that his words were all coming back to smack him right in the face.

“It’s the end of the road for him. He can’t possibly advance any further.” Ye Zhan whispered in a low voice. But even so, he knew that for Qin Wentian to be able to reach this stage was already something many others could not do.

Liu Yan, who was beside him, gazed at Qin Wentian on the platform before bowing her head in silence.

There was also one in the crowd who had the same complicated feelings as Liu Yan. This person was none other than Autumn Snow. Looking at the proud silhouette standing on the platform, how could one ever imagined that this person was once the trash of Sky Harmony City? Autumn Snow could still vividly remember the sun-like smile Qin Wentian used to show her. Although he couldn’t cultivate, he had always been cheerful, using running as a method to temper his body, persevering onwards with unflagging efforts.

Although only the short span of a year had passed, to Autumn Snow, her current mental state was completely different compared to that a year ago.

It was as though each day had been agonisingly slow for her this year.

Since Qin Wentian was now one of the top three, this meant that he already had the qualifications to challenge Luo Qianqiu and Sikong Mingyue.

Sikong Mingyue had a wide smile on his face as he looked at Qin Wentian. He was extremely happy. He was initially worried that Qin Wentian wouldn’t be able to stand before him. Since Qin Wentian managed to do it, however, he would have no other excuse to avoid the battle with him. How could he not be happy?

2nd Sword and 3rd Night wouldn’t die in vain. The shame of Snowcloud...he would wash the slate clean with his own hands!

“I will give you four hours to rest.” The aged figure spoke, causing the hearts of the spectators to be filled with an unbearable itch. However, they also understood the logic behind it. After all, Qin Wentian had fought continuously, the Astral Energy within his body should have already been depleted. Naturally, he would need some time to recuperate before entering the battle in optimal condition.

“Go, let’s go to Drunken Wonder to look at the new payout rates.” The crowd soon left one after another, rushing to Drunken Wonder.

After arriving at Drunken Wonder, they immediately rushed to find out what the new payout rates were for the individuals contending for the number one position.

Luo Qianqiu’s adjusted payout rate was 3:4. Sikong Mingyue’s was 1:3, while Qin Wentian’s was 1:10. Although it was much lower compared to the past, it was also clearly obvious that Heaven’s Wonder still favoured Luo Qianqiu and Sikong Mingyue.

Naturally, these weren’t the only payout rates computed for the upcoming battle.

Just like the other battles, the three of them would have a total of three rounds of battle. Luo Qianqiu versus Sikong Mingyue, Luo Qianqiu versus Qin Wentian, Qin Wentian versus Sikong Mingyue. But if Luo Qianqiu defeating Sikong Mingyue and Sikong Mingyue defeating Qin Wentian, there would no longer a need for the third battle. It seemed obvious that Qin Wentian would lose as well if he were to fight with Luo Qianqiu.

Since the payout rate for Qin Wentian was this high, there were even people considering whether should they test their luck and bet on Qin Wentian.

And thus, there were many who started betting in a particular way. Three stones on Luo Qianqiu, one stone on Qin Wentian. If Luo Qianqiu won, they wouldn’t lose anything. But if Qin Wentian won, they would have struck it rich. But for this case, there was another scenario. They would lose big time if the winner was Sikong Mingyue instead.

And there would also be people thinking that this method of betting was total crap because Qin Wentian would definitely never become the champion. If Luo Qianqiu won, they would earn nothing, and if Sikong Mingyue won, they would lose everything. This method of betting was too stupid, why not just bet all on Luo Qianqiu instead?

Fan Le, that fatty, didn’t continued betting. After all, he had already made so much; there was no need for him to take another risk.

The four hours of time would soon pass. On the arena, Luo Qianqiu, Sikong Mingyue, and Qin Wentian was seated in three different platforms respectively.

Qin Wentian clutched Yuan Meteor Stones in his hands as he quietly cultivated. In this span of four hours, he got increasingly familiar with the 2nd Stance of the Great Dream Halberd Art, Fallen Star, to the point where the might contained within was similar to that level of strength in his dream.

And at this very moment, Sikong Mingyue, who was sitting down cross-leggedly, abruptly opened his eyes as a terrifying killing intent manifested into a ray of light, shooting frenziedly towards Qin Wentian. That pressure seemed as though it wanted to devour Qin Wentian alive.

Qin Wentian opened his eyes and stared at Sikong Mingyue before casting a glance towards Luo Qianqiu.

Regardless of whether it was Luo Qianqiu or Sikong Mingyue, both of them wanted him to die. No matter whom he fought against, the battles would surely be exceptionally intense.

“The first battle, Luo Qianqiu versus Sikong Mingyue,” At this moment, a voice rang out. The entire crowd of audience went silent as their gazes were riveted onto the two named silhouettes on the platform.

The aged figure actually didn't select Qin Wentian for the first ranking battle, but Luo Qianqiu and Sikong Mingyue instead.

“The ranking between the first and second position?”

“This battle should be the pinnacle climax of all battles held in the Jun Lin Banquet, right?”

Many speculated in their hearts. Meanwhile, Sikong Mingyue walked up the first platform, standing right in front of Luo Qianqiu.

Both of them bowed slightly to each other, indicating their respect for each other's strength. However, at the same instant, both of their Astral Souls manifested in a shower of dazzling light.

The moment when their Astral Souls were released, countless gasps could be heard from the spectators.

The two of them released both of their Astral Souls. And around their Astral Souls, a corona of golden light could actually be seen, exceedingly dazzling. This indicated that their Astral Souls hailed from the 3rd Heavenly Layer at the very least.

“Although Luo Qianqiu enrolled in the Emperor Star Academy for a year, he has never released his Astral Souls before. It wasn't because he wanted to keep a low-profile, but rather that he has never met a worthy opponent who would force him to do so. Now, however, he finally met someone he deemed worthy enough.”

The hearts of the crowd were shuddering, Luo Qianqiu's Astral Souls were the Lightning Revenant Astral Soul as well as an Arm-type Astral Soul

Both of Sikong Mingyue's Astral Souls also originated from the 3rd Heavenly Layer – he actually had a Seven Slaughters Astral Soul and a Sword-type Astral Soul. Sikong Mingyue actually had a Sword-type Astral Soul!

Such high-grade Astral Souls! Taking into account the combinations, their Astral Souls would undoubtedly grant them terrifying attack power. It was no wonder that none of the other cultivators could stand against them. After all, for those with the same level of cultivation, victory depended on the strength of their Astral Souls. The purer the Astral Energy was, the strongest their attacks would be.

## Chapter 140: Versus Sikong Mingyue

Qin Wentian paid close attention to the battle between Luo Qianqiu and Sikong Mingyue. As he gazed at their Astral Souls, he recalled the combat prowess of both of his opponents-to-be. Luo Qianqiu was able to execute palms of thunder, incomparably dominating. It was obvious that he was able to infuse the power of his Astral Soul within his attacks.

Sikong Mingyue was the same as well; that ancient slaughter word imprint of his had a terrifying sharpness to it because he infused it with the properties of his Sword-type Astral Soul, which caused his attacks to be so tyrannical, leaving others unable to defend.

Luo Qianqiu and Sikong Mingyue were both extremely familiar with the various ways to execute their powers.

After all, Sikong Mingyue was one of the Duo Prides of Snowcloud and would naturally have an experienced expert guiding him. And as for Luo Qianqiu, his origins were from the Nine Mystical Palace. There was no need to explain further as well.

At this moment, Luo Qianqiu was already clashing with Sikong Mingyue.

An illusory Lightning Revenant stood behind Luo Qianqiu. He walked forwards slowly as the arms of the Lightning Revenant frenziedly blasted forwards with thunderous pressure, intending to force Sikong Mingyue into close-combat. However, the power of Sikong Mingyue's ancient slaughter word imprints was also incredible. He successfully lengthened the distance between them. Not only were the word imprints filled with a terrifyingly sharp aura, there was also a sense of destruction contained within.

With such power, one could well imagine the consequences of being struck by it. Death was guaranteed.

“What ferocious attacks! No wonder they were the two strongest with the highest chance of obtaining the championship. The might of their attacks wasn't something that the others would be able to defend against. Seems like the payout rates set by Heaven's Wonder were not computed blindly,” the spectators thought.

The attacks executed by Luo Qianqiu and Sikong Mingyue only got increasingly ferocious as the fight continued on. And at the end, various types of godly innate techniques all erupted forth as the platform transformed into a region filled with thunder and lightning amidst a storm of killing intent, giving people the sense that the apocalypse was here. The spectators closest to them all retreated several steps away. It was as though you would be killed by aftershocks simply by being near them.

“How overwhelming!” many people exclaimed; this was indeed a battle for the first and second position. They are all too powerful to the point where they were levels apart from the other contestants.

“Luo Qianqiu's innate technique seemed slightly more powerful. If this drags on, he will surely be the one to obtain victory.” Many people were conjecturing.

As the sound of an explosion rang out, the terrifying aura of destruction tore the void apart, forcing the two contestants to separate. Even their clothings were torn and tattered as they emerged from the typhoon of destruction.

However, reckless smiles could be seen on both of their faces.

“Satisfying! To be defeated in your hands, I have nothing to say. You are indeed worthy of being the Jun Lin Banquet’s champion.” Sikong Mingyue laughed, with no hint of reluctance clouding his voice.

After all, with his aptitude, he would go to the Nine Mystical Palace sooner or later. He wouldn’t mind making a friend before going there. He naturally also knew of Luo Qianqiu’s status within the Nine Mystical Palace.

“You are also very powerful, but I would have to trouble you to accept the position of the 2nd ranker.” Luo Qianqiu laughed. He was also exceptionally impressed by Sikong Mingyue’s strength. Were it not for his mission to step onto the 7th level of the Heavenly Star Pavilion, he would not have participated in the Jun Lin Banquet. If that was the case, there shouldn’t be any cultivators from the Arterial Circulation realm able to stand against Sikong Mingyue.

“With you here, the position of the 2nd ranker doesn’t matter as well.” Sikong Mingyue laughed. It was as though their rankings had already been set in stone.

The spectators sighed. The payout rates computed by Heaven’s Wonder weren’t wrong at all. With the lowest payout rate, Luo Qianqiu had the greatest probability of becoming the champion, while Sikong Mingyue ranked second. The only variable was Qin Wentian slaughtering his way up to the top three positions.

After witnessing the strength of Luo Qianqiu and Sikong Mingyue, no one believed that Qin Wentian had the power to surpass them. This was something utterly impossible.

Qin Wentian, who was seated on the third towering platform, had a weird expression on his face as he heard the conversation between Luo Qianqiu and Sikong Mingyue.

Luo Qianqiu was the champion while Sikong Mingyue was second?

Then what about him?

He had not even fought yet! And yet, the two of them already seemingly thought that the rankings were already set in stone, as though the Jun Lin Banquet had already concluded.

“Are you guys treating me like the thin air?”

Qin Wentian’s faint voice sounded out, causing the eyes of several spectators shifted onto him. Only now did they realise that it seemed as though Qin Wentian also wanted to contend for the championship.

However, the conversation between Luo Qianqiu and Sikong Mingyue did indeed show that they completely ignored the existence of Qin Wentian, treating him as transparent air.

Luo Qianqiu and Sikong Mingyue, who were currently conversing, suddenly frowned. It was as though their good mood had been spoiled by Qin Wentian.

Luo Qianqiu stared at Qin Wentian. In the past, despite the fact that Qin Wentian could block three of his strikes, he had never regarded Qin Wentian very highly. And as for now, he naturally still would not put Qin Wentian in his eyes.

After all, he was Luo Qianqiu.

“Back then in the academy, were it not for someone beseeching me to show you mercy, I would have already killed you. And back then during that snowstorm, you had good luck, using your puny tricks to block three of my attacks. In addition to that time in the Dark Forest, you have already escaped death three times. To think that today, you actually still dared to stand in front of me? Do you perhaps think that I’m unable to kill you?”

Luo Qianqiu stared at Qin Wentian. So what if Qin Wentian was talented? So what if he had the position of the third ranker? To him, there was no difference between someone ranked third and someone ranked tenth!

“This is where you are wrong.” Qin Wentian calmly replied.

Luo Qianqiu froze slightly as he laughed, “What an ignorant fellow. Is there even right and wrong in this world?”

“Naturally there is. I think you shouldn’t have forgotten that on that day in the Dark Forest, when you sought to kill me with your followers. At that time, I utilized the power of a Divine Weapon and slaughtered your followers while you stood by the side, not daring to get near. Do you still remember?” Qin Wentian serenely continued.

“You actually felt proud of the fact that you used the might of a Divine Weapon?” Luo Qianqiu disdainfully countered.

“That day back in the academy, how much higher was your cultivation base compared to mine? How easily were you able to kill me? Were you not also proud of that fact as well?” Qin Wentian coldly laughed as he continued, “Think about it carefully. Since I had the Divine Weapon with me during the Dark Forest, what makes you think that I didn’t have that back when I was in the academy? If back then you really made a move intending to kill me, who do you think would have been the one to die that day?”

Qin Wentian’s words caused Luo Qianqiu’s countenance to stiffen. A glint of extreme cold light radiated from his eyes.

“No questions about it, you would have died like a dog. So tell me, what rights do you have to still act so haughty in front of me?” Qin Wentian sarcastically remarked, causing Luo Qianqiu to snort coldly. The incident that day had been witnessed by many others in the academy, and not only that, there were also rumors spreading. Qin Wentian wanted to shame him in front of the numerous spectators by bringing this incident out in the public.

If Lin Hua didn’t beseeched him to show mercy to Qin Wentian that day, he would have been the one to die instead.

“And as for that day of the snowstorm, we had a prior agreement. I only had to block three of your attacks. I did so, but you actually struck out a fourth time. You were unable to use your strength to prove your pride, and yet you actually want to use this event to mock me? Perhaps you felt proud of

your own shameless actions.” Qin Wentian spoke again, but Luo Qianqiu didn’t continue speaking. His countenance was as cold as ice.

“What a sharp-tongued brat. However, what purpose does it serve? Ultimately, power still speaks the loudest,” Luo Qianqiu sarcastically shot back.

Qin Wentian slowly stood up, closing his eyes as he drew in a deep breath. After which, his eyes snapped open. His gaze sharpened many times, akin to the sharpness of an unsheathed, incredibly sharp sword.

He had already made his preparations to fight the last two battles.

“You are absolutely right. Ultimately, power speaks the loudest.” Qin Wentian agreed. In front of true power, all words and strategies were useless.

“Come, let’s fight.”

Qin Wentian’s gentle voice sounded out. The volume of his voice wasn’t loud, but it was as though it had a strange power to it. Contained within it was a hint of an aura that could ascend the Heavens, as well as an unshakable heart.

At this moment, Qin Wentian stood there, directly facing two strongest elites in the Jun Lin Banquet. If he wanted to advance, he had to defeat them.

“Sikong Mingyue versus Qin Wentian.”

At this moment, the voice of the aged figure drifted over. A storm was beginning to brew in the middle of the air.

The fascinating battle between Luo Qianqiu and Sikong Mingyue just ended. Would Qin Wentian be able to present a battle of a similar level?

For this battle, he would fight against Sikong Mingyue. If he lost, he would no longer have the qualifications to challenge Luo Qianqiu.

“Since you want to die so much, i will aid you by letting everyone know that your existence has no value in this world,” Sikong Mingyue spat out.

Qin Wentian didn’t say anything. He merely raised his ancient halberd and pointed it straight at Sikong Mingyue. His intent was obvious even without words.

Sikong Mingyue stepped on the third platform as he slowly made his way towards Qin Wentian.

With each step he took, the bloodlust he emitted intensified.

“Indeed, the ignorant are fearless.”

Sikong Mingyue had already released both of his Astral Souls. They shone with a golden radiance as he bathed in the Astral Light. A terrible energy of destruction that originated from the Seven Slaughters Astral Soul gushed out in waves.

Qin Wentian also released both of his Astral Souls. But wait.. why did his Astral Souls seem even more resplendent compared to Sikong Mingyue’s? He was the only one in the entire Jun Lin Banquet who had an advantage in the grade and quality of Astral Souls compared to them but what a pity! Considering his current cultivation base, he was destined to be unable to surpass them.

“Die!” Sikong Mingyue’s palm wavered as he sent out the ancient slaughter word imprints, the pressure they generated smashing towards Qin Wentian.

The ancient halberd lacerated the void, slamming into the word imprint as the word imprint shattered into pieces. But just the power contained within a single word imprint was sufficient enough to cause his arms to tremble. One could see how powerful the might contained within it truly was.

Sikong Mingyue ruthlessly leaped up the air, his killing intent billowing. Numerous ancient slaughter word imprints manifested, as they all zoomed towards Qin Wentian. The tremendous pressure they exuded was so intense that it seemed as though they wanted to devour Qin Wentian, slaughtering him from where he stood.

“How merciless! Obviously he wanted to kill Qin Wentian in order to avenge 2nd Sword and 3rd Night.”

Many people were silently speculating in their hearts. Would Qin Wentian, a genius who has just risen, fall during this Jun Lin Banquet?