

Ancient GM 241

Chapter 241: Bad Intentions

During this period of time, Leng Ning's life in the Leng Clan could be said to be miserable, even to the extent of being extremely agonising.

Ever since Yan Kong was defeated by Qin Wentian, he immediately reported this to his uncle. Naturally he wouldn't say that he was the one in the wrong but rather, the 'reserved' bride of his uncle had an extremely close relationship with some other man.

Hence, Yan Kong's uncle, Yan Tie, immediately sent people to the Leng Clan, ordering them to keep Leng Ning under house arrest. Not only that, the place of her imprisonment would not be the Leng Residence, but the Yan Residence instead.

Such an attitude caused the already unwilling Leng Ning to be even more afraid to accept the order. She knew that once she stepped into the Yan Clan, it would be akin to stepping into a nightmare. She didn't know what that monster would do to her, and how could she, as a young lady, dare to venture into the dwelling of a monster?

What made Leng Ning even more depressed was that every day, her Clan pressured her to accept the order. Even her father tried persuading her every now and then. Her movements and freedom were tightly controlled, causing Leng Ning to despair. She had even contemplated suicide. In any case, since going to the Yan Clan meant death, rather than dying from the monster's torture, she might as well end it all on her own terms.

Some of the Leng Clan servants emphasised with Leng Ning, sighing in their hearts. Such a beautiful young woman was to be wasted because of lust from a disgusting old freak. This was too unfair, and too cruel. Leng Ning deserved better than this.

At that moment, Leng Ning's dad appeared again at her courtyard. Looking at his daughter, he said, "Leng Ning, the exchange is coming soon, why have you not gone over to the Yan Clan yet?"

Leng Ning's countenance was ice-cold. Staring at her father, 'Hehehe, the exchange? To gain a few slots granted by Yan Tie, the Clan has chosen to sacrifice me?"

"Leng Ning, what are you talking about? What do you mean sacrifice? Yan Tie is an esteemed third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist. There are many who want to marry him, but were rejected. If you truly

become his concubine, your status would immediately skyrocket. This is such a rare opportunity. Why do you have to be so recalcitrant?” Leng Ning’s cousin, Leng Lin, smiled sarcastically from the side.

“Wow, a god-sent opportunity? Why don’t you go in my stead? Why did you push this onto me then?” Leng Ning coldly laughed.

“Well. I’ve already found my special someone.” Leng Lin leaned against the young man standing by her side. Her face was filled with superiority, tinged with arrogance and pride.

“Leng Ning, you should know how important this trial is to our Leng Clan. Not only that, our Leng Clan no longer has any Divine Inscriptionist experts to support us. If we want to obtain a decent ranking, we can only borrow Yan Tie’s power,” Leng Ning’s father continued persuading her.

“Ridiculous, since we don’t have any expert Inscriptionists, what can we do even if we obtain a decent ranking? We would still be relegated to supporting roles. When have the greatest benefits obtained from the trial not been taken away by the transcendent powers? When would it even be our Leng Clan’s turn? We wouldn’t even get any scraps from it. What’s laughable is that our Clan has ended up begging others for help and are even selling me off, all just to send a few people to enter the trial... You guys are all truly shameless.”

Leng Ning’s heart was completely dark, she no longer considered herself part of the Leng Clan. Fan Le was right, why stay in such a clan? The sooner she left, the better. There was no more hope here.

“Leng Ning.” At that very moment, the sound of a voice suddenly drifted over. Leng Ning trembled, she recognised this voice. The cold look in her eyes instantly vanished, replaced by a smile, as she turned and ran in the direction of the voice.

“What are you doing?” Leng Ning’s father shouted.

“It’s none of your concern.” Leng Ning ignored her father. Beside her, a snowy puppy was sprinting along as well, towards the entrance of the Leng Residence.

Qin Wentian actually felt somewhat depressed. After he arrived at the Leng Clan, the guards barred his way despite knowing that he was a friend of Leng Ning. This incident caused Qin Wentian to faintly sense that Leng Ning’s current situation wasn’t that good.

A white blur of shadow leapt into his chest. Qin Wentian ruffled the fur on Little Rascal's head while smiling, "Did you miss me?"

"Yiyiyaya!" A voice echoed out in his mind, Little Rascal kept rubbing its head on Qin Wentian's chest, looking extremely adorable.

A beautiful figure momentarily appeared before him. This person was none other than Leng Ning, traces of fatigue were apparent on her face as she regarded Qin Wentian with a smile. "How are you faring at the Institute? It must be great spending so much time with Teacher Bailu, right?"

"Still okay, I guess." Qin Wentian lightly nodded his head, maintaining a nonchalant expression. This caused Leng Ning to roll her eyes at him, even spending so much time with a great beauty like Bailu Yi was 'still okay' to him?

"How about you?" Qin Wentian asked, gazing at her fatigued countenance, feeling some guilt in his heart. He had been too engrossed in researching and studying Divine Inscriptions during this period of time and had forgotten about Leng Ning's situation.

"Not too bad, I guess, just that I'm not used to not hearing someone bragging around me." Leng Ning smiled.

Qin Wentian shifted his gaze as he saw Leng Ning's father, as well as the couple they met from before, appearing behind Leng Ning. Their countenances, especially Leng Ning's father, were incredibly unsightly to behold. Qin Wentian understood then, that the smile on Leng Ning's face was forced.

"Heh heh, I didn't expect that you'd still dare to show your face." Leng Ning's father laughed coldly when he saw Qin Wentian. The source of Yan Tie's rage was none other than this young man before him, as well as the fact that he was rumoured to have an extremely close relationship with Leng Ning.

Question marks appeared in Qin Wentian's mind, why wouldn't he dare to show his face here?

"Cousin, because of this fellow, you refused to marry into the Yan Clan?" Leng Lin walked up with a smile on her face. "As for you, after offending Yan Tie, you hid away for so long yet still dare to reveal yourself now?"

Only now did Qin Wentian understand. The old freak Yan Tie, was the monster Leng Ning had told him about back then.

As for offending Yan Tie, this matter should have something to do with Yan Kong. That despicable fellow didn't dare seek his revenge alone and had chosen to inform his uncle instead. Leng Ning was inevitably dragged in as collateral damage.

Qin Wentian didn't bother looking at Leng Lin. In fact, he felt somewhat sad. Leng Lin's personality had been shaped from being brought up in such an environment.

"What are your thoughts on this?" Qin Wentian directly asked Leng Ning. He ignored Leng Lin, who stood to the side, causing her to frown in displeasure. This person was too arrogant, how dare he behave in such a manner while standing in her clan's premises.

Leng Ning's beautiful eyes regarded Qin Wentian. Even though she had some thoughts in her heart, she ultimately decided against it. The Yan Clan was too powerful, even if Qin Wentian was a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, how could he be compared to that old freak, who had several more years of attainment? She knew that Yan Tie was an extremely hard to deal with character, and didn't want to drag Qin Wentian down with her. In any case, this matter had nothing to do with him.

"He and Bailu Yi are a match made in heaven." Leng Ning sighed. After which, she lifted her head and smiled at Qin Wentian. "You guys should move out, this place is getting too chaotic, so it's no longer suitable for you all to continue staying here."

"Hehe, cousin is quite intelligent after all." Leng Lin sneered. It seemed like Leng Ning didn't want any tragedy or misfortune to befall her friends, which was why she was breaking all forms of relationship between them. In any case, no matter how unwilling Leng Ning was, she had to go. If she didn't, the misfortune would surely fall upon her, Leng Lin, instead.

"This lass..." Qin Wentian involuntarily sighed when he noticed how Leng Ning was avoiding his gaze. Even though her words may be harsh at times, her heart was only filled with kindness.

"Third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, right?" Qin Wentian murmured under his breath as he walked up to Leng Ning, pulling her hands. His actions caused Leng Ning to freeze as she stared unblinkingly at Qin Wentian.

A radiant, sun-like smile blossomed on his face. "Things are not as complicated as you imagined."

After speaking, Qin Wentian stared at Leng Ning's father as he spoke, "Leng Ning belongs to me now. If Yan Tie wants her, get him to talk to me."

After speaking, Qin Wentian placed him out of his mind. Such a father was a failure. Pulling her dainty hand along, Qin Wentian made his way towards Leng Ning's courtyard.

Brilliant lights flashed continuously in Leng Ning's eyes. Seeing the radiant smile on Qin Wentian's face, her heart pounded madly.

Somehow this fellow was still the same as before, bragging as usual without a care in the world.

But at this moment, he seemed so dependable to her.

"If I could be his girlfriend, how marvellous would that be." Leng Ning thought in her heart. But soon after, realizing her thoughts, her face involuntarily heated up. She must have gone crazy, why would this notion appear in her mind?

Leng Ning's father, Leng Lin and her boyfriend stood there, at a loss for words. This fellow was too arrogant, was he treating himself as the lord of this place?

If Yan Tie wanted Leng Ning, he had to talk to Qin Wentian directly? Could he even bear the responsibility of speaking those words?

"Eh, how long do you want to hold my hands for?" After returning to her residence, Leng Ning glared at Qin Wentian.

Only then did Qin Wentian relinquish his hold, rubbing his nose awkwardly.

"Hmph, you are too straightforward, you haven't asked whether I agreed to it or not." Leng Ning snorted, yet she didn't seem to be the slightest bit unhappy. Evidently she was just kidding, if Qin Wentian really asked her to be his girl, Leng Ning would definitely agree.

"Well, I guess you can choose to reject," Qin Wentian stated, while looking at her.

“You...” Leng Ning was speechless, upon seeing a smile that was not a smile on his face. Did this rascal not understand the hearts of women? He should give women some face so they can exit the stage, right?

This man was too much of a rascal, too conceited. Leng Ning gritted her teeth in frustration.

“Fine fine, just treat it like I’m too presumptuous. You can just dump me after this matter is settled.” Qin Wentian understood that Leng Ning was still a young woman after all. Asking a guy to pretend to be her boyfriend? How many girls would dare to initiate such a conversation? Even if they weren’t shy, they would still be wary about giving the guy the wrong idea.

“Hmph, alright then.” Leng Ning smiled with satisfaction.

“Oh Leng Ning, didn’t you once say that the original candidate was supposed to be Leng Lin? This matter is easy to settle then, since your clan could change the candidate to you, it shouldn’t be a problem to change it back to Leng Lin.” Qin Wentian shrugged, feeling somewhat unhappy when he thought of Leng Lin’s rude tone of words.

Leng Ning’s eyes flickered with amusement as she heard Qin Wentian’s words. After which, she grinned and looked at Qin Wentian, “You are so baddd.”

And yet, she was inwardly delighted. Yes, this was indeed an exceptionally excellent idea!

Chapter 242: Yan Tie’s decision

Leng Ning’s dad and her cousin continued to hound her. After all, every day she refused to go to the Yan Clan, was a day’s equivalent of additional pressure put on her father by the Clan. Because his cultivation wasn’t outstanding, Leng Ning’s father’s status in the Clan was fairly low. This was also why the Leng Clan chose to sacrifice his daughter.

Power determines status, while status determines how people treated you.

And as for Leng Lin, if Leng Ning still refused to go, the worry in her heart would never subside. After all, she was the original candidate chosen.

Leng Ning had a smile that was not quite a smile, on her face when she noticed her father and Leng Lin walking her way. Although her impression of Qin Wentian was that of a braggart, somehow,

staying by his side gave her a sense of security. Maybe it was because of the confidence he exuded, appearing as nonchalant and as casual as the drifting wind and clouds.

However once something enraged him, he would definitely bring fear and regret to the perpetrator. One example was Yan Kong.

“What a ‘beautiful’ couple,” Leng Lin spoke in a weird tone, while sneering, “Leng Lin, you had better think this through carefully. If Yan Tie was really infuriated, even if your little lover had ten lives, it would still be insufficient.”

“And what has this got to do with you?” Leng Ning retorted, her tone causing Leng Lin to be stunned. Leng Ning seemed to have grown a backbone, she wasn’t as easily controlled as before.

“Naturally, it has something to do with me. After all, I’m only thinking of your happiness. Being able to marry into the Yan Clan, this is evidently good fortune.” Leng Ning’s eyes flickered with barely concealed impatience.

“Are you sure it’s such great fortune to be able to marry Yan Tie?” Qin Wentian stared at Leng Lin, as he asked the question with an extremely serious expression.

Leng Ning furrowed her brows. “Of course.”

“If that’s the case, I feel much better now. I was initially worried that you would be unhappy, but now that I know you consider marriage to Yan Tie as such great fortune, we’ll have to sincerely congratulate you then.” Qin Wentian laughed, causing a glint of coldness to flash in Leng Lin’s eyes. She couldn’t help but reply, “I’m not the one getting married into the Yan Clan. Leng Ning is the candidate.”

“Ah, I don’t have the fate to enjoy such great fortune. I’ll have to leave this wonderful opportunity to my cousin, you then.” Leng Ning nodded, a cheery smile on her lips. Seeing Leng Lin’s countenance, she understood that Leng Lin kept pressuring her because of the unease in her own heart.

The young man standing beside Leng Lin was frowning, as a baleful air emanated forth from him. Qin Wentian and Leng Ning’s attitude made him terribly unhappy. They wanted his woman to marry into the Yan Clan? Weren’t they humiliating him?

“Do you understand the meaning of the idiom ‘a loose mouth may cause a lot of trouble’?” The young man stared at Qin Wentian, as a cold smile hung on his lips.

Qin Wentian stared back at the young man with an amicable smile, but the tone of his reply contained the notion of chopping nails and slicing iron, “Since Leng Lin believes it’s an advantageous match, we will get the Yan Clan to switch the candidate back. In any case, I feel she’s more suitable. Oh, by the way, can you guys leave now? You’re disturbing us.”

“Hehe.” Leng Lin coldly laughed, leaning upon the arm of the young man. Qin Wentian didn’t know the meaning of death.

The smile on the young man’s face grew even frostier. After which, he turned and led Leng Lin away, glancing at Qin Wentian with contempt. “Remember what you’ve said today. I will pass on your words to the Leng Clan.”

Upon reaching the entrance of Leng Ning’s courtyard, the young man continuously stepped out, as runic outlines formed on the surface of the ground. With a swing in his steps, the Divine Inscription caused a long lance to materialize and abruptly, with a powerful kick, he sent that extremely sharp lance zooming explosively through the air towards Qin Wentian.

“Hu...” Leng Ning’s father breathed, a peak-tier second-ranked Divine Inscription, the runic outlines were inscribed at a level close to perfection.

Qin Wentian swept his palm outwards, easily brushing the long lance aside. A peak-tier second-ranked Divine Inscriptionist only had a power equivalent to the peak of Arterial Circulation. How could it injure him?

Third-ranked Divine Inscriptionists corresponded with the Yuanfu Realm.

“Hmph, your strength is not too bad. But do you know the level of that Divine Inscription?” The young man folded his arms, incomparably arrogant, with Leng Lin coldly laughing at his side. To reach the second level of attainment in Divine Inscriptions at such a young age, this young man’s future was boundless. His talent was immeasurable, and once he stepped into the level of third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, her status in the Leng Clan would naturally soar.

With a snort of contempt, the young man flicked his sleeves and turned, intending to leave. However at that moment, before he could even take a single step, the sounds of feet stomping the ground echoed out, causing him to freeze in astonishment. A sharp slicing sound resonated, as well

as a feeling of impending doom. The young man hurriedly turned again, lifting his hands to unleash an attack. However, he only saw a terrifying gigantic Roc slamming into him. As the sounds of their collision rang out, he was involuntarily forced backwards, as his robes were lacerated, leaving a bloody scar on his body.

Finally, the young man managed to dispel the projection of the gigantic Roc. Lifting his head, he glared at Qin Wentian, his countenance turning pale upon noticing that Qin Wentian had already inscribed another Divine Inscription. A second projection of another gigantic Roc manifested.

“You even had the gall to call that childish drawing you inscribed earlier a Divine Inscription?” Qin Wentian stared at the young man, causing his countenance to undergo a drastic change. Staring at Qin Wentian in shock, his mind was filled with incredulous disbelief. How was this possible?! Qin Wentian was able to inscribe third-ranked Inscriptions?

He understood very clearly how high his attainments in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions were, and the reason for him appearing in the Leng Clan was in fact, not because of Leng Lin. His true aim was to grab an open spot to enter the upcoming Divine Inscriptionist exchange.

Leng Lin turned green, involuntarily shivering as she numbly took in what she saw.

“It’s over...” Leng Lin stared at the smile on Qin Wentian’s face, as she suddenly felt her body turn cold. Leng Ning had actually found a third-ranked Inscriptionist to be her boyfriend. If that was the case, how could the Clan bear to give her to Yan Tie? Qin Wentian was young, his potential wasn’t yet exhausted, so if they still insisted on their decision, wouldn’t that mean offending him?

Back then, because of the existence of her second-ranked Inscriptionist boyfriend, the Leng Clan decided to change the candidate. But now... to think that the situation was reversed once again. Leng Lin was trembling violently. Only now did she understand the meaning of Qin Wentian’s earlier conversation with her.

“Scram,” Qin Wentian spat out a single word. The young man could only drag the inarticulate Leng Lin away.

Leng Ning’s father stood there, in total stupefaction. Gazing with awe at the young man before him, was this his daughter’s boyfriend?

“Hu...” Drawing in a deep breath, a smile appeared on his face as he spoke to Leng Ning. “Ning`er, you should know that I had my own reasons for doing what I did. Your father has no status within the Clan. I have no power to object to any of the upper echelon’s decisions.”

“Can you go away?” Leng Ning didn’t want to continue talking to her father.

Leng Ning’s father’s expression faltered before he nodded to Qin Wentian, leaving the area.

“Power? Status? What excuses, he didn’t even have the courage to stand up for his own daughter. The pressure given by the Clan is one thing, but even if his talent is low, with the resources provided, he should still be able to achieve considerable power if he put in more effort in cultivation. Blaming everything else except himself, how laughable.” Qin Wentian patted Leng Ning’s shoulder, trying to console her.

Leng Ning turned her red-tinged eyes towards him. Seeing Qin Wentian, she broke out into a smile.

“Thank you for being here.” Leng Ning felt warmth coursing through her heart. She had never experienced this feeling of being protected by others.

“No problem, I’m a grandmaster after all.” Qin Wentian grinned, causing Leng Ning to roll her eyes again. “Stop being cocky, you brat.”

“Oh, now that you have exhibited your talent as a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, I’m afraid my clan will want you to participate in the trial under our name.” Leng Ning suddenly thought of the exchange.

“The exchange.” Qin Wentian mused. Bailu Yi had brought this up to him that time. However, there was no way he could agree to participate under the Leng Clan, since he had already promised Bailu Yi.

“Yeah, this exchange for Divine Inscriptionists was organised by a transcendent power named ‘Star-seizing Manor’ who lives in our Moon Continent. Those who obtained the top three ranks in the exchange would be allowed to enter a secret realm where a trial will be conducted. Each of those that qualified can bring people to enter the secret realm with them. The first ranked would have ten slots, second ranked would have eight slots, while the third ranked would have three slots.”

“Not just in the Eastern City, other major cities in the Moon Continent will also hold this exchange, allowing the transcendent powers to select followers to enter the secret realm. This is why the Leng Clan wanted to take this chance, hoping that the Yan Clan would give a few slots to them. The Yan Clan can be considered one of the most famous clans within the Eastern City, and will either win one of the top three ranks, or be selected by one of those that wins,” Leng Ning explained.

Matching this info with what he heard from Bailu Yi, Qin Wentian gradually understood more about this matter.

The Leng Clan, because of a slim chance to obtain a few slots to the secret realm, had chosen to sacrifice Leng Ning to the Yan Clan. There shouldn't be any problem if he helped Bailu Yi win and then give a few of the slots to the Leng Clan.

And indeed, as he predicted, in the next few days, there were several people from the Leng Clan that came to pay a visit to Qin Wentian. This incident caused Leng Ning to clearly see their coldness and warmth, the two extremes of emotions in humanity.

"Wentian ah, our Leng Ning has always been a very obedient kid since she was young. Not only that, she's really beautiful as well, and now that she's found someone as outstanding as you, I can truly hand her over with no more worries." Leng Ning's grandfather beamed with a smile, appearing extremely friendly. However, Leng Ning had told Qin Wentian earlier that this grandfather of hers, had never even smiled at her. He would only pay attention to the grandchildren with outstanding talent. Leng Ning was naturally shunted off to the side.

When the Leng Clan wanted Leng Ning to marry Yan Tie, this grandfather of hers had strongly approved of the decision. In his eyes, Leng Ning was nothing but a tool.

"Yeah," Qin Wentian feigned civility as he replied.

"I've already sent people to parley with the Yan Clan, there's no need to worry." Leng Ning's grandfather smiled happily. However right then, a person rushed over with considerable haste, causing Leng Ning's grandfather to frown unhappily. "What's the matter?"

That person glanced at Qin Wentian and Leng Ning, but didn't reply.

"Wentian and Leng Ning are not outsiders, you can just say what you want to," Leng Ning's grandfather stated.

"Yes sir." That person nodded. "Yan Tie refused to exchange candidates, he said he only wanted Leng Ning. And as for Qin Wentian, the Leng Clan had better draw their boundaries clearly and have nothing to do with him. If not, Yan Tie should not be blamed for their retaliation."

Old Leng's countenance abruptly changed. That kindly gaze in his eyes faded away, replaced by a flickering light. It was unknown what he was thinking about.

What the hell was Yan Tie doing? The Leng Clan had already given him plenty of benefits, why would he not agree to an exchange?

"There's no way to negotiate this?" Old Leng icily asked.

"No sir, Yan Tie was absolutely livid when I brought the news to him. In fact, he told us to send Miss Leng Ning over as soon as possible, if not... we won't like the consequences. Not only that, he said to tell someone to prepare and wait for death." That servant bowed his head, while Leng Ning's grandfather grew incredibly unsightly to behold. These words were indeed something that Yan Tie would say. As for the someone, he was obviously referring to Qin Wentian.

There must be something else going on between Yan Tie and Qin Wentian. The Leng Clan had to choose between one of the two.

Qin Wentian was a young third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist; his future was boundless.

Yan Tie was a matured, third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist with an abundance of experience; his current level of attainment definitely surpassed the current Qin Wentian. If they chose Qin Wentian now, it was equivalent to them giving up any chance to attend the trial. Furthermore, they would be forced to expend their resources to protect Qin Wentian from Yan Tie's wrath. Yan Tie's response had made his intentions clear; Qin Wentian's death would be by his hand.

"I will take my leave first." Leng Ning's grandfather forced a smile as he bid them farewell. From his behavior, Qin Wentian could already deduce Old Leng's thoughts on this dilemma. And for Yan Tie to suggest he should prepare for his own demise? Was that old freak even capable of such a feat? He'd like to find out how powerful that old freak really was!

Chapter 243: Sudden Attack!

The relaxed heart of Leng Ning, tightened once again. Her beautiful eyes regarded Qin Wentian as she sighed, "The Leng Clan will never prioritise friendship, all their decisions are motivated by pure benefit. Yan Tie is forcing them to make a choice and in the end, I believe... my clan will still appease Yan Tie."

"Don't worry, everything will be over before you know it," Qin Wentian consoled Leng Ning.

“I’m okay, just that I’ve somehow dragged you into this. I’m afraid that Yan Tie won’t spare you.” Leng Ning felt guilt in her heart.

“No worries, I’m willingly doing this. After all, it feels really good to have such a beautiful girlfriend.” Qin Wentian pinched Leng Ning’s cheeks as he laughed, causing her to glare fiercely at him. “Lecherous fellow.”

“But I’m merely using my authority as your boyfriend.” When Qin Wentian felt the smoothness of Leng Ning’s cheek, flames couldn’t help but flare up in his heart. He hurriedly removed his hands, afraid that he would soon lose control. Qin Wentian was helping Leng Ning as a friend, he didn’t want to play at make-believe and then somehow turn it into reality.

“I’ll go out for a walk.” Qin Wentian turned and left. Leng Ning stared at his departing back as she mumbled in a low voice, “Even if I allowed you to abuse your authority, I don’t think you would dare to do so either.”

Black lines appeared on Qin Wentian’s face as he hurried his steps, pretending that he hadn’t heard what she said. Initially he just wanted to tease the girl a bit, but who would have thought that Leng Ning would turn the tables on him instead. How depressing.

“I’ll go with you.” Chu Mang walked over when Qin Wentian was just leaving, and the two of them left the Leng Clan. “Big Bro Chu Mang, where do you want to go?”

Although Chu Wuwei told Chu Mang to follow Qin Wentian, Qin Wentian still remained very respectful to Chu Mang. From the bottom of his heart, he felt true admiration towards Chu Mang’s talent as well as the effort he put into cultivation.

“I want to go to the Hell Arena,” Chu Mang replied. “I like it there, it can cause my combat prowess to soar rapidly.”

Qin Wentian smiled, the Hell Arena was indeed an excellent place to temper one’s combat strength. The battle pressure over there was extremely beneficial in helping one to break through.

“Right, let’s go there together then.” Qin Wentian continued asking, “Big Bro Chu Mang, what are you intending to do after you master your cultivation?”

All the way from Chu to the Grand Xia Empire, Chu Mang had never slacked off. He definitely had a reason for putting in so much effort in his heart.

“I want to be strong enough, strong enough to help my elder brother to cultivate. I don’t want him to die, he cannot die, I want him to live forever.” Chu Mang’s voice was filled with an incomparable determination, causing Qin Wentian to be moved. A strong sense of conviction radiated out of Chu Mang at this moment.

His cultivation was for the sake of Chu Wuwei. Even if he himself died, Chu Wuwei must live on.

Maybe even Chu Wuwei himself had no idea that when he told Chu Mang to live on peacefully after his death in the future, these words only further strengthened the conviction in Chu Mang’s heart.

Suddenly, Qin Wentian halted his steps. A group of people had just appeared in front of them, and one of those people, was none other than Yan Kong.

There were quite a few people standing beside Yan Kong. There was one youth with a skinny-looking frame, who was extremely hideous to behold. His triangular eyes also gave people an extremely sinister feeling.

“That’s the guy that dared to touch Uncle’s woman. I don’t even know how far their relationship has progressed,” Yan Kong spoke to the youth while pointing at Qin Wentian, a cold smirk painted on his face.

Back then, when Yan Kong was humiliated by Qin Wentian, he completely ignored the silent agreement among the younger generations and went to complain to his uncle. He wanted to use Leng Ning to hurt Qin Wentian.

He would never forget the humiliation he felt that day. He wanted Qin Wentian’s death.

“Hee hee, my master told me that after the Leng Clan girl is sent over to our residence, he will gift her to me for my enjoyment. After I’m tired of her, I shall refine her into a Puppet. Such a beautiful Puppet truly causes me to be filled with anticipation. A beautiful thing that will never age, she shall accompany me forever.” That sinister youth’s triangular eyes gleamed with an evil light.

Qin Wentian's countenance was painted over with cold anger. They were indeed a bunch of bastards, the Yan Clan had never viewed Leng Ning as a human. Sending Leng Ning there to be played with before being refined into a Puppet?

An ice-cold killing intent gushed forth from Qin Wentian. That sinister looking young man? He would no longer exist after today.

"Heh heh." Yan Kong could already imagine scenes of Leng Ning being tortured by this young man. There were no traces of pity in his heart. If they wanted to blame someone, Qin Wentian and Leng Ning could only blame themselves for not having eyes and offending him.

"Qin Wentian don't worry, I won't kill you. Instead, I will cripple you and capture you alive. I want you to see with your own eyes how your woman is played and tortured, before being refined into a human Puppet." An extremely wretched expression twisted Yan Kong's face. He had never hated anyone this much before.

"Big Bro Chu Mang, other than this person, kill the rest for me," Qin Wentian spoke. Chu Mang nodded his head, as the aura of a fifth-level Yuanfu Cultivator erupted forth. A terrifying pressure pervaded the air, a golden bow appeared in Chu Mang's hand as the will of his Mandate instantly locked onto the opponents nearer to him.

"Mandate." The countenances of Yan Kong and his group changed. An instant later, rumbling sounds thundered as all of them unleashed their Astral Souls and Mandates in preparation.

"Swoosh." The sharp tip of an arrow broke apart space, resembling a streak of golden lightning, stealing the lives of people it shot through. This was the first level of insight for the Mandate of Arrows, Insta-shot.

Two cultivators slumped over dead, with Astral Arrows penetrating through the middle of their brows. Death in a single shot.

"Fast, how can his attack be so fast? Is he already at the Advanced Boundary for the first level of insight?" Yan Kong's countenance paled. If Chu Mang's will of Mandate locked onto him, he would definitely die. It was impossible to evade it.

The first level of Mandates could be further classified into the Initial Boundary, Advanced Boundary, Transformation Boundary and Perfection Boundary.

The Initial Boundary of first level insights for the Mandate of Arrows could allow one's arrows to be coated by a kind of attribute named 'insta-force', causing one's arrow speed to heighten dramatically. The Advanced Boundary granted an even more monstrous increment in terms of speed, causing one's arrows to resemble a lightning tearing across space.

Without giving away any traces of their presence beforehand, an expert in the Dao of Archery could effortlessly kill people a thousand miles away!

"Fight him in close-combat. Quickly, activate the formation," Yan Kong frantically commanded. He was worried that Chu Mang would target him with archery. If that was the case, he would be dead almost instantly.

Indeed, as the surrounding cultivators rushed Chu Mang and suppressed him with violent attacks, no more arrows were shot.

ROAR! Chu Mang howled, and abruptly, a golden-colored greataxe appeared in his hands. His physique somehow grew larger, as the terrifying aura of another Mandate emerged.

"BEHEAD!" Chu Mang roared. The first level insight of the Mandate of Axe was, Beheader. Eradicating everything with brute strength, this was the second Mandate which Chu Mang had comprehended, and similarly, it had already reached the Advanced Boundary.

Bzzz~ The body of another cultivator was split into two by Chu Mang. His force was so great that it imposed a 'lockdown' on the surrounding space, giving his target no chance to dodge. Yan Kong stood there, astounded by Chu Mang's strength. This peak fifth-level Yuanfu Cultivator, how could he be this powerful?

Abruptly, runic outlines appeared in the middle of thin air, Qin Wentian's countenance sank, he felt as though he had stepped into another space.

"Formation!" Qin Wentian studied the formation in detail. So, this formation was already pre-set up, he didn't notice it prior to its activation because its energy fluctuation was masked by some technique. He had been too careless.

After the formation was activated, a smile appeared on Yan Kong's face. "Good, now I want to see how he will die."

Within the formation, Qin Wentian noticed that the outlines of Yan Kong and that sinister-looking youth had grown blurry, it seemed as though they were right here, yet very far away. There was no way to harm them.

“Kneel and beg me. I may still consider letting you die an easy death, instead of one filled with torture.” Yan Kong contemptuously stared at Qin Wentian.

“Big Bro Chu Mang,” Qin Wentian called out.

“I’m fine, just that this space feels a little weird,” Chu Mang replied.

“Just defend for now,” Qin Wentian added. After which, he saw the sinister-looking youth waving his hands as numerous black-colored lances, each made from bones, erupted his way.

Qin Wentian closed his eyes, reaching out with his senses, contemplating the brilliantly circulating runic outlines of a formation’s Divine Inscription.

BOOM! He stomped on the ground as numerous small mountains appeared to surround him, defending against the onslaught of the bone lances.

“He truly is a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist.” The sinister youth’s gaze grew cold. With another wave of his hands, the bone lances rained down from the Heavens, as the attacks increased in numbers and speed, emitting a terrifying, swishing, ear-piercing sound.

“Formation Breaking Method; as long as I can understand the core of the formation, I can destroy it.” Qin Wentian recalled the information he had read in Bailu Yi’s notes. One of the volumes referenced Formation Methods, and it stated that even though formations could undergo a myriad of changes, as long as one understood the core of it, they would be able to negate it effortlessly.

“There.” Qin Wentian sensed the location of the formation’s core.

The core of the formation was difficult to detect, and even more difficult to destroy.

Qin Wentian didn't immediately act to negate the formation. He continued defending against the shower of bone lances while a frown creased his face. This disciple of Yan Tie was already so powerful, how powerful might Yan Tie himself be then? No wonder he was so arrogant.

"He still refuses to kneel. Very well, pierce his arms and legs and cripple him. I want him to watch as you pleasure Leng Ning." Yan Kong glared at Qin Wentian. The humiliation from back then, he wanted to repay the debt ten-fold.

However, it was as though Qin Wentian hadn't heard his words. His closed eyes, abruptly snapped open as a sharp gleam of light flickered within. Qin Wentian stabbed forth with his finger, as the formation trembled, causing the bone lances to break apart.

"Negate!"

Qin Wentian growled, as the reverse-form of its runic outlines took shape in the space in front of him. Rumbling sounds rang out as the earlier formation broke apart, leaving Yan Kong and that sinister-looking youth standing there, thunderstruck.

As the formations crumbled, Chu Mang brandished his speed as he exploded forth with crazy momentum. Sweeping his axe forwards, another cultivator was easily slain by his hands.

Qin Wentian stepped forth only to see the sinister-looking youth rubbing his interspatial ring and a human-formed Puppet appeared. Qin Wentian's eyes narrowed as a scene flashed through his memories.

"Hades."

This sinister-looking youth was actually the evil cultivator that had been defeated by Bailu Yi during their duel in the Hell Arena.

"Big Bro Chu Mang, kill him!" Qin Wentian shouted out, as he defended against the Puppet's attack. Chu Mang nodded in response as a golden bow coalesced in his hands. Instantly, Hades only felt a sensation of being 'locked-on', as his eyes widened in terror.

"DIE!" Chu Mang roared, as he simultaneously fired three arrows. The arrows transformed into streams of light, directly penetrating through the brain of the escaping Hades. The momentum from the arrows caused him to be further propelled some distance, before he ultimately slumped onto the ground, dead.

The blood drained from Yan Kong's face upon witnessing that abrupt death, he was in so much terror his countenance had gone as white as a sheet of paper!

Chapter 244: Yan Tie's Rage

"Shit he's dead, he's dead!" Yan Kong stared in horror at his defeated comrade. Hades had actually fallen.

Yan Kong's heart was pounding frantically as terror seized him. On the outside, Hades was the disciple of his uncle Yan Tie, but he knew his secret. Hades was also his uncle's real son!

His uncle, Yan Tie, was a perverse freak that valued absolute secrecy, there was no way he would truly pass down all his techniques and insights to another. Even as a nephew, he was treated somewhat better compared to the others, but only slightly. Hades was born out of one of his sexual trysts with a woman, but the woman only possessed immense hatred for Yan Tie and her son. She was forced to give birth, and then committed suicide shortly after.

This matter caused Yan Tie to become even more perverse; he didn't dare let Hades know that he was his real father. Instead, he lavished him with all forms of luxurious treatment and fiercely doted on him, accepting him as a disciple and grooming him into a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist.

This matter was revealed to Yan Tie by his father, and he was warned never to divulge the secret. Yan Kong could well imagine how terrible the retaliation wrought by his perverse uncle would be, if he found out that his only son was dead.

Not only that, his life was currently under the control of Qin Wentian.

After Hades's death, the Puppet stood there blankly, as its controller had died. Chu Mang slaughtered the others with tyrannical force while Yan Kong could only tremble in fear when he saw Qin Wentian making his way, step by step, towards him.

"How do you wish to die?" Qin Wentian's killing intent gushed out, enveloping Yan Kong within it. Yan Kong was so terrified that his legs lost strength as he stumbled backwards and fell, sitting on the ground. "You can't kill me, if you kill me the Yan Clan will go all out to seek revenge. You and your friends would all accompany me in death."

Qin Wentian furrowed his brows, he knew Yan Kong's words were true. This place was the Moon Continent, and not Chu. The Yan Clan was a major clan in the Eastern City and should have several Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns within it. If they were to seek revenge for Yan Kong, it would definitely be extremely troublesome, he may have to leave the Moon Continent if things came to that.

Sadly, there were still things he had yet to accomplish, such as subjugating the White Deer Institute. If he had control over the full power of the Institute, he wouldn't even hesitate and would directly slaughter Yan Kong right away.

Qin Wentian came to a decision, even if he didn't kill Yan Kong now, he would make him pay a price.

A cold light gleamed in his eyes as an ancient halberd appeared in his hands. He stared at Yan Kong sitting on the ground, and his halberd burst forth, piercing towards Yan Kong's lower body.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" Yan Kong howled, closing his eyes. His whole body trembled violently as he wetted his pants. When he opened his eyes again, he only saw the ancient halberd embedded in the ground inches away from him.

"I don't wish for there to be a next time. If you try to find trouble for me one more time, then don't blame me for showing no mercy," Qin Wentian icily stated, retrieving the ancient halberd as he walked away. The battle here today was witnessed by too many people, if he killed Yan Kong, this matter would swiftly reach the ears of the Yan Clan. If he wanted to kill Yan Kong, he would have to find another place to do it instead.

Yan Kong was still trembling, he had been inches away from death. When he noticed that he wetted his pants, his countenance turned incomparably ugly to behold. Although he was truly frightened by Qin Wentian, he would never forgive him. This was the second time in his life he had ever been humiliated. Not only that, the person who had done so was a commoner with no background. How could he tolerate such a person stepping over his head.

And just after Qin Wentian left, the Puppet that was staring blankly moments ago suddenly moved. Slowly, it ambled its way to Yan Kong's side, coldly staring at him. This caused goosebumps to appear all over Yan Kong as sweat perspired madly from his forehead.

"Uncle..." Yan Kong's voice quavered. There was only one possibility for why this Puppet could still move after its controller had died. His uncle must have added something more to it, to watch over Hades.

Since this was the case, his uncle must already know that Hades was dead.

Yan Clan, Eastern City, Moon Continent.

Above the numerous buildings, a hideous looking old man flew through the air, his face blackened with anger. A terrifyingly sinister and evil aura gushed out from him, as low-sounding growls issued from his throat.

“Son, that bastard that killed you... I shall tear out each sinew and smash his bones before refining him into a Puppet to avenge you.”

“It’s all my fault, son... I didn’t protect you enough.”

Yan Tie was howling in grief and madness, causing those below him to tremble upon hearing the dreadful wails. He was going crazy from the death of his son.

They were all very clear about Yan Tie’s character. In the Yan Clan, he didn’t even have to give face to elder-level characters. In his heart, there was only his son, which was why he was willing to spend a large amount of effort to groom and nurture him. But now... his son was killed. May God take pity on the target of his revenge. This time around, Yan Tie was truly incensed.

After several breaths of time, Yan Tie appeared beside Yan Kong. Upon seeing Yan Tie, Yan Kong immediately knelt down, “Uncle, Kong`er has let you down, I didn’t know this would happen.”

Seeing the madness in the eyes of this perverse uncle of his, Yan Kong felt even more terrified compared to when he was almost killed by Qin Wentian. If this monster was really to go crazy, not even his father would be able to save him.

“Who did it?” Yan Tie’s hoarse voice sounded out. His tone was so cold that it caused people to shiver involuntarily, as though the coldness could pervade their bones.

“The person who gave the command to kill my Senior Brother was none other than the young man with an extremely close relationship with Leng Ning, the guy who I told you about earlier. And as for that big lunk with him, I didn’t expect him to be this powerful...” Yan Kong explained with trepidation.

“Where are they now?” Yan Tie icily asked.

“I have no idea. But even if they run away, it’s impossible for Leng Ning to escape.” A wretched expression glimmered in Yan Kong’s eyes. Indeed, after hearing his words, Yan Tie cackled crazily. “Come, let’s go to the Leng Clan.”

“Yes, uncle.” Yan Kong nodded, as he led Yan Tie towards the Leng Clan.

Qin Wentian, Leng Ning, both of them were going to die!

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Qin Wentian would never have expected that Hades was the son of Yan Tie. The reason why he didn’t kill Yan Kong was to give face to the Yan Clan, thereby securing some peace and time for him to do what he had to do. Sadly, things usually occurred contrary to one’s expectations.

Qin Wentian and Chu Mang arrived at Hell Arena. Back then when Qin Wentian studied Divine Inscriptions together with Bailu Yi, Chu Mang had long been a frequent visitor in the Hell Arena. His code name was ‘Boorish Fellow’ and had a battle record of 63 victories and 1 loss.

This made Qin Wentian exceptionally curious, who would Chu Mang have lost to?

“Is the person who defeated you really strong?” Qin Wentian asked.

“Yeah, he’s very strong. He had already comprehended three kinds of Mandate, and all of them are at the Advanced Boundary. Not only that, his Astral Souls and innate techniques are all extremely powerful as well. As of now, I was unable to defeat him.” Chu Mang paused for a moment before continuing, “That person appeared only after my 50th consecutive victory, and not only that, he’s a newcomer with no prior battle records. I suspect that he may be someone specially arranged by the Hell Arena.”

“Mhm?” Qin Wentian’s eyes shone, he didn’t expect that Chu Mang would have this suspicion.

“Big Bro Chu Mang, why do you say so?” Qin Wentian asked curiously.

“After he defeated me, he didn’t continue to accept other battles. Not only that, there were many people who booed him down the stage. I gathered that the booing were from the losers. Although the Hell Arena is an arena, first and foremost, it’s still a gambling den. They probably wanted to earn back the Yuan Meteor Stones they paid out to me after my 50th consecutive victory, targeting those gamblers that rode on my momentum. Thus, I feel that the challenger was specifically arranged by them because in those circumstances, if I lost, they would have recuperated everything they paid to me and even made an additional killing.”

Chu Mang added, “Of course, this is all my speculation. I have no idea if this is true or false.”

“Big Bro Chu Mang’s thoughts make sense.” Qin Wentian mused. After which he smiled, “What a crafty Hell Arena, I concur. They must have arranged that challenger especially for you.”

Chu Mang couldn’t help but laugh when he saw Qin Wentian agreeing with his hypothesis.

“The Hell Arena is dishonest. Don’t worry, Big Bro Chu Mang, I shall get even with them for you. Watch me later.” Qin Wentian laughed. Chu Mang also chortled. “Okay I will watch and see then.”

“Leave it to me.” Qin Wentian nodded as he entered the tunnel for registration again. After waiting for some time, it was finally his turn.

When Qin Wentian appeared in the Arena, his appearance caused a wild bout of intense commotion. Although he had only appeared once before, his battle record of 30 consecutive wins wasn’t something easily duplicated. With ‘Kirin’ appearing today, the audience all knew that they had a good show to watch.

And as expected, Kirin swept over all challengers with ease. Regardless of his opponents, he crushed them with absolute strength, ending each battle within ten breaths of time. Not long after, Kirin’s battle record stood at 47 consecutive victories, 0 losses.

The old timers within the audience all turned their attention upon the left Arena where Kirin was. Crafty looks flickered in their eyes, they knew that the Hell Arena would make their move at any moment and as such, almost all of them betted heavily on Kirin losing.

Kirin’s winning odds were extremely high because of his consecutive 47 victories. Although the odds of him losing were small, if they played it right, they would definitely profit from it.

However Kirin continued winning, and his battle record now stood at 50 consecutive victories.

“What? Is this a plot by the Hell Arena?” Many people were cursing in their hearts. Feeling dissatisfied, quite a few powerful experts among the audience went up to challenge Kirin. However, in the blink of an eye, the 50 consecutive victories now became 56 consecutive victories.

“Is there no one that can defeat him?” Many people became agitated, the payout rate for Kirin’s loss was even higher, standing now at 1:80.

At this moment, a challenger with the code name ‘Fat Boy’ appeared in front of Qin Wentian. His battle record stood at 15 victories, 6 losses and could only be considered average. Seeing Kirin against such an opponent, the majority of the audience naturally placed their bets on Qin Wentian. However, there were still a few that wanted to test their luck, and betted heavily on Fat Boy instead.

“Hehe after this, your winning streak shall be broken by me.” Fat Boy grinned, causing Qin Wentian to be somewhat stunned. Someone with a battle record of 15 victories and 6 losses actually dared to say something like this? This was the confidence of a supreme expert.

In spite of this, a wide smile appeared on Qin Wentian’s face. It seemed that the Hell Arena had finally made their move!

Chapter 245: Tell him, I’m in love with him.

Qin Wentian stared at the challenger, as amusement flickered in his eyes. “Seems like you’re really confident.”

“Confidence comes from strength.” Fat Boy laughed. He didn’t usually take action but every time he did, the Hell Arena would pay an extremely high price for him. His battle record was evidently faked.

“Let me see your strength, then.” Qin Wentian smiled. However, even before the sound of his voice faded, he could already feel a strong gust of wind surging around him.

This gust of wind permeated the atmosphere, enveloping the entire stage within. Fat Boy continued standing at his original spot, as though everything was under his control.

“Mandate of Wind.” Qin Wentian immediately understood. This was the will of a Mandate, the first level insight of the Mandate of Wind was simply wind, the ever-present energy of the wind.

The wind gusted stronger and stronger, fluttering Qin Wentian robes as the sound it emitted grew increasingly terrifying. The wind-force was strengthened to the extent whereby Qin Wentian felt that he would be sliced apart just standing there. Stellar Martial Cultivators that have comprehended a Mandate were many times stronger compared to those who had not. For example, Qin Wentian’s Mandate of Force at the Initial Boundary allowed his strength to double. If he fought with someone on the same level who had not comprehended a Mandate, his opponent would definitely be slaughtered.

Abruptly, Fat Boy’s silhouette disappeared from sight, it was as though he had melded himself into the wind. Qin Wentian could only see flashes of shadows moving at great speed all around him.

Fast, he was extremely fast. Fat Boy’s silhouette that had fused with the wind seemed to be ever-changing yet ever-present. Within an instant, Qin Wentian sensed a devastating force sweep over him. It was a multitude of fist shadows, transformed into a single straight line. The explosive energy contained within bore down on Qin Wentian. Even before the fists reached him, the wind from those fists had already slammed into Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian sidestepped, executing the Nine Heavenly Garuda Movement Technique. His footwork was marvellous and exquisite, leaving behind only after-images of himself as he retreated with insane speed. Simultaneously, he sent out his Falling Mountain Palms causing a mountain peak to materialise, falling from the sky to crash against the fist shadows, in an attempt to block their attack. However, the mountain peak was shattered into pieces by the staggered fist shadows of Fat Boy, it was as though the fist shadow attacks had no limit to them.

Boom! Qin Wentian sent out another palm strike to defend, and was forced backwards from the impact. He could faintly sense that the ever-present fist shadows converging on him contained a terrifying amount of power within.

“Is this the Mandate of Fist? What is the first level insight for it?” Qin Wentian stared at Fat Boy. It was extremely rare for someone at merely the second level of Yuanfu to comprehend dual Mandates, and even more so that the Mandates were all at the peak of the Initial Boundary, just half a step away from the Advanced Boundary.

“The first level insight of the Mandate of Fist is Layered-Strike, the fist shadows are superimposed, stacking over each other and becoming omnipresent.” Fat Boy sounded supremely confident, “Winning so many consecutive victories can already be counted as amazing, your Mandate of Force when used in conjunction with your innate techniques could indeed allow you to defeat many people. Regretfully, you still have to lose here today.”

“Oh, is that so?” Qin Wentian smiled. All of a sudden, Fat Boy only felt a wave of drowsiness encroaching on his consciousness, he felt as though he was about to fall into a deep sleep.

“What? What is this, why do I feel so sleepy?”

He had never felt such a strong sensation of fatigue before. The confidence he mustered earlier all seemed to be leaking away and he was no longer as imposing as before.

First level insight of the Mandate of Dreams, Sleep-Immersion.

The will of this Mandate causes one to want to fall into a deep sleep, its effect when used during combat, is extremely overpowering.

“Hey, check out my speed too.” A voice suddenly sounded right into Fat Boy’s ear. He then bit his lips and let out a howl of rage. His tyrannical fist shadows compounded upon each other as he lashed out, like the never-ending waves of a tsunami. However, he only saw Qin Wentian joining his palms together, piercing forwards, resembling a supremely sharp sword.

“BREAK.” A fearsome pressure bore down on Fat Boy, as the impact from the force flung him out of the Arena, causing him to slam onto the ground below it. It seemed that he was unable to topple Kirin, and thus his undefeated streak continued. If the Hell Arena wanted to stop Qin Wentian, they would have to send someone even more powerful than him.

“I’ve lost,” Fat Boy mumbled, as he bowed to Qin Wentian, thanking him for showing mercy before departing the Arena.

“57 consecutive victories.” The eyes of the spectators all narrowed. At the point where Fat Boy and Qin Wentian fought, they could already deduce that Fat Boy was someone sent by the Hell Arena, causing those who betted on Qin Wentian’s loss to feel extremely hopeful. However, that hope was dashed now.

Kirin’s momentum seemed to be unstoppable, it was as though he was unrivalled in the second level of Yuanfu. Many wondered if he would be able to achieve 100 consecutive victories.

“Kirin, victorious. 57 consecutive victories, 0 losses,” the judge announced, as ear-shattering applause rang out. This battle record was almost impossible to achieve.

The code name, Kirin would undoubtedly become famous in the Hell Arena.

“Do you wish to continue?” The judge looked at Qin Wentian.

“Sure,” Qin Wentian indifferently replied, and he scored three more victories, bringing his winning streak to 60 before he left.

Kirin’s battle record was now standing at 60 victories, 0 losses and he had accomplished this in only two sittings. It was as though the Astral Energy within his Yuanfu would never be used up.

Qin Wentian glanced at the audience, and a smile broke out on his face upon noticing Chu Mang flashing a thumbs up at him.

“Want to leave?” Qin Wentian laughed.

“Let’s return,” Chu Mang agreed.

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Within a great hall in the Leng Clan, a group of people gathered together.

At that moment, Yan Tie had already arrived. He was standing outside, barely concealing the murderous urges within him. If it were any other person, the Leng Clan would have already dealt with them. After all, the Leng Clan could also be considered a major Clan, so how could they allow someone at the Yuanfu realm to make trouble inside their Residence?

“How should we solve this?” an elder of the Leng Clan asked.

“If we don’t settle this well, we can forget about having a slot in the upcoming trial. Not only that, Yan Tie will definitely transfer his hate onto our Leng Clan, so even if we find someone else to enter the exchange on our behalf, they will surely die by Yan Tie’s hands.”

This person was none other than Leng Lin's father. Previously, when the Clan almost decided to send Leng Lin back to Yan Tie again, he almost died of a heart attack. Luckily, Yan Tie was adamant on only wanting Leng Ning.

However, Leng Ning actually managed to get a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist as her boyfriend. How lucky was she?

"Based on your opinion, how should we handle this matter?" the one in the lead asked.

"The person who died was the disciple of Yan Tie, but from his reaction, it's evident that their relationship was an extremely close one. That Qin Wentian will undoubtedly die by his hands in the future. Since we want to appease his anger, we might as well capture Qin Wentian as a gift and give him, together with Leng Ning, to Yan Tie. I don't think he would reject us if we offer him such good conditions."

"But if we do this, won't the reputation of our Leng Clan be tarnished?" Leng Ning's father interjected. Leng Ning was his daughter after all, so even though he was a coward, blood still ran thicker than water.

"Hmph, this whole matter was caused by your daughter and you still dare to interject? If not for your insistence, we would have given Leng Ning to Yan Tie long ago. If not, how could there be such a situation today?"

Leng Ning's father froze as he felt cold stares directed towards him. Sighing in his heart and shaking his head, he could only give up. Without power, there was no status.

"Who do we send to negotiate with Yan Tie?" the person in the lead asked.

"Let me go, then," Leng Lin's father volunteered.

"Wait, do you guys really want to throw away the pride of our Leng Clan because of Yan Tie? Not only that, are you all sure you want to kick away a young third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist Grandmaster?" Leng Ning's father was still trying his best to alter the council.

"The one who died is Yan Tie's disciple right?" the leader asked.

“Yes.” Leng Lin’s father nodded.

“If that’s the case, if Yan Tie wants revenge and our Leng Clan stops him, do you think the entire Yan Clan wouldn’t help him?” the leader asked again.

Leng Ning’s father could only shake his head in denial. Even the Yan Clan had to depend heavily on Yan Tie, so if he wholeheartedly wanted revenge, they would support him without a doubt.

“Although that third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist is extraordinary, the price to protect him is too great, it’s not worth it.” The leader indifferently continued, “Since this is the case, we will sacrifice Leng Ning. Get someone to monitor her movements and start making preparations to capture the third-ranked Inscriptionist. We shall gift both of them to Yan Tie.”

Thus the Leng Clan had decided to abandon Qin Wentian and mend their relationship with Yan Tie.

Not only that, they would also help Yan Tie in capturing Qin Wentian. Since they had already offended Qin Wentian, they might as well go all the way and make sure that he would have no chance of revival.

“Great idea.” Many of the elders agreed. Leng Ning’s father could only stand at the side, with despair in his eyes.

He was initially very happy that Leng Ning got to know a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist. If that was the case, his status would surely rise up in the clan. Not only that, Leng Ning was his daughter after all, so if possible he naturally hoped for the best when it came to her.

But now, that hope was shattered. The Leng Clan had decided to forsake Leng Ning and Qin Wentian.

Long before Yan Tie arrived at the Leng Clan, Leng Ning already felt that something was amiss. Her instincts were telling her that what will be, will be. It seemed like this was her destiny, and she would never be able to escape the pull of her fate. Hence, even before the Leng Clan’s elders gathered in the council, she had already made her decision to sneak out of the Leng Clan.

Outside the Leng Clan, Leng Ning and Fan Le were sprinting madly away. But suddenly, Leng Ning halted her steps.

Fan Le turned and stared at her, “Come with me, let’s go find my boss.”

“You can leave, don’t worry about me any longer.”

“NO.” Fan Le’s body was trembling from agitation. “Leave with us, my boss will surely have a solution. Believe in him.”

Leng Ning’s eyes were brimming with tears as she frantically shook her head. “This is my destiny. Tell him this, without him, I would have long entered the Yan Clan and become the woman of that monster. He was the light at the end of my tunnel. But in spite of everything he’s done to protect me, it appears that my destiny has already been fixed, with no hope of escape. But, I truly am grateful to him. Tell him not to return here. And tell him... to forget me. I’m not worth the risk of him taking revenge for me.”

She turned away, running back to meet her fate, her tears falling like rain from the skies.

“YOU CAN’T GO BACK THERE!” Fan Le bellowed.

“LEAVE ME!” Leng Ning screamed, despair evident in her voice. Fan Le stood there dumbly, agony twisting his heart. Little Rascal, who was in his arms, began wailing relentlessly. Comment by Lord Bluefire: guuuud

And at that moment, Fan Le saw Leng Ning’s silhouette pause, and then turn to face him. Despite the tears falling unchecked, her eyes contained hints of a poignant smile within them.

“Tell that braggart this, I’ve fallen in love with him.” And with those words, Leng Ning turned again, this time with a smile on her face, and sprinted back to the Leng Clan. That last smile of hers was as radiant as the blazing sun, its beauty forever branding itself onto Fan Le’s heart.

Chapter 246: Wilted

Fan Le’s eyes reflected his agony and the intense struggle he was experiencing. That chubby frame of his trembled, he detested this feeling of helplessness immensely.

Leng Ning’s choice reflected her will to die. She had no intentions to live on any longer, not once had she entertained the thought of becoming that old freak’s woman.

Fan Le had been acquainted with Leng Ning for only a few months and although their relationship couldn’t be considered a deep one, their daily interactions had already built up a solid friendship.

And now, especially when Fan Le had the inkling that Leng Ning may die, this revelation caused his heart to shudder violently with fear, and with unbridled rage. It was as though a fire was burning in his heart.

“ARGHHH!” A low sounding roar echoed out of Fan Le, a testament of his impotent fury. He turned and walked to a two-storied building nearby, staring through a window at Leng Ning’s departing figure. However in the next moment, he witnessed a row of Yuanfu cultivators from the Leng Clan descend upon Leng Ning. Apparently, her escape had been discovered.

“LENG NING!” Leng Lin’s father hollered, the clan had left him in charge of this matter.

Leng Lin also stood by his side, laughing coldly. “Slut, this is all your man’s doing. You can’t blame the clan for this, and no one will save you now.”

“Leng Ning, you truly deserve death,” another person cursed.

A coldness she never felt before flooded Leng Ning’s heart. Was this group of people really her family?

Eventually, her gaze landed on the skinny, hideous-looking old man standing to the far left. His sinister look convinced her that without a doubt, this man, was most definitely Yan Tie.

“Leng Ning, the Clan has decided to give you to Yan Tie. Your punishment shall be decided by him,” Leng Lin’s father spoke.

“Pathetic and disgusting.” Leng Ning swept her gaze at him, icily continuing, “A major Clan such as ours has actually decided to sacrifice one of their own, all just to beg for some illusory favour which may or may not come true. Utterly pathetic, I feel ashamed to be born as one of you.”

After speaking, Leng Ning turned to walk away. However, a cold, malicious glint of light flashed in Leng Lin’s father’s eyes. With a single step, he formed his hands into the shape of claws as he moved instantly towards Leng Ning.

However, Leng Ning’s actions then took everyone by surprise. A dagger appeared in her hands, about to be plunged inside her heart. Since she had already made her decision, how could she be afraid of death? It would be a form of relief, instead.

Leng Lin's father narrowed his eyes, his palms flashed with a golden light and forcibly stopped Leng Ning. Grabbing the hand that held the dagger, he sent out another palm strike at Leng Ning. How dare she?

Leng Ning didn't try to avoid the blow, nor attempt to defend herself. She allowed the palm strike to land on her body, the impact causing her to cough out a massive mouthful of blood. She grabbed hold of Leng Lin's father's arms, not intending to let him go.

"You are courting death!" Leng Lin's father roared in anger. He twisted Leng Ning's hand that held on to the dagger and as the sounds of breaking bones rang out, Leng Ning's arm was violently twisted off. Yet, she didn't let out a single sound, and instead retaliated by aiming a savage kick towards his crotch.

"Scram," Leng Lin's father spat out, sidestepping the kick and forcefully lifting Leng Ning up before slamming her onto the ground, the impact causing the surface to crack apart.

"Don't dirty her, I still want to play with this woman." The baleful aura in Yan Tie's eyes was sky high. With his words, only then did Leng Lin's father relinquish his hold.

Leng Ning crawled up, her right arm hanging uselessly at her side, staring intently at the faces around her. It was as though she wanted to engrave them all into her memory.

"I, Leng Ning, can only lament the fact that I was born into such a despicable clan."

She added coldly, "But let me tell you this, Qin Wentian is a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist that has already obtained the recognition and approval of the White Deer Institute. Not only that, there is nothing going on between us. We are only friends and not at all what the rumors have been spreading. On the contrary, Bailu Yi is in love with him, and suggested that they study Divine Inscriptions together. If you don't believe me, you can easily investigate this, or simply just ask Yan Kong."

After which, she shifted her gaze to Yan Kong, as she continued, "Yan Kong thought that he could obtain the recognition of Bailu Yi, but she only had eyes for Qin Wentian. Feeling humiliated, he wanted to take revenge and thus made a move against Qin Wentian. If you want to account for the death of Hades and the rest, look to him to settle it."

The eyes of those from the Leng Clan and Yan Tie swivelled to Yan Kong, causing his countenance to turn ashen.

“Lies, even though Bailu Yi recognised Qin Wentian’s talent, they are merely acquaintances studying Divine Inscriptions together. Don’t try to use this method to protect him.” A wretched expression appeared on Yan Kong’s face.

“Hehe, Qin Wentian didn’t return to his lodgings at the Leng Clan for several months, interacting with Bailu Yi on a daily basis. Do you think that someone as proud as her would do so if there wasn’t the slightest amount of affection in her heart? Yan Kong, stop lying to yourself. Since my Leng Clan wishes to sacrifice me, I can only submit. But if the Leng Clan wants to make a move against Qin Wentian merely to please Yan Tie, they have to think carefully about it. Can you guys really withstand the flames of anger of the White Deer Institute resulting from the aftermath?”

Leng Ning coldly laughed, as the expressions of those from the Leng Clan all changed. They could sense that Leng Ning was telling the truth.

“If Yan Tie wants to deal with Qin Wentian, let him do so if he’s capable of it. But if the Leng Clan wants to join in the fun, let me tell you now that Qin Wentian, as a third-ranked Inscriptionist, will be attending the exchange with Bailu Yi. Think carefully about his status within the White Deer Institute. Not only that, if he defeats Yan Tie in the exchange then I’d like to see how you’d all swallow down your regret.”

Leng Ning didn’t know what the actual relationship between Qin Wentian and Bailu Yi was, and she also didn’t know that Qin Wentian would be attending the exchange together with Bailu Yi. She only wanted to frighten them off from making a move against him.

And as for herself, even before meeting Qin Wentian, she had already decided that if her Clan still forced her to marry Yan Tie, she would commit suicide. Hence, she was already prepared. There was nothing frightening about death, compared to the alternative.

“The man Bailu Yi has fallen in love with would definitely be someone extraordinary. But does the Leng Clan want to make a move against him merely to curry favour with Yan Tie? Even a thousand regrets would be insufficient for this folly. I curse you all, the entire Leng Clan will fall in the hands of such buffoons.”

After finishing what she wanted to say, a short sword appeared in Leng Ning’s hand. Yan Tie furrowed his brows as he cried out, “Stop her!”

Even before the sound of his voice faded, Leng Ning's short sword had already sliced across her throat, causing fresh blood to spray out like a fountain.

The Leng Clan members were momentarily dumbfounded at her actions. They quickly recovered from the shock and rushed forward, but it was already too late.

Leng Ning's eyes were still open, and her quiet words resounded in the cold air, a tone of finality in them, "Leng Clan, prepare to regret the choices you've made. For this clan without principles, so unappreciative of the things you have lost, your destruction is imminent."

"You..." Leng Lin's father lightly trembled. Leng Ning's body slumped down to the ground, facing the skies. She saw the snow-white clouds drifting peacefully above, giving her a sense of pureness, and peace.

Over those white clouds, it was as though she could see a handsome-looking silhouette, smiling down with seemingly casual confidence.

"Braggart..." Leng Ning murmured in her heart as her eyes gently closed. The nightmare was finally over, there would be no one forcing her to marry that monster against her will ever again.

Fresh blood dyed Leng Ning's robes crimson, the sounds of her curse echoed in the minds of her Clan members as they stared at her corpse. Their hearts were troubled with indescribable emotions.

Leng Ning's death was akin to a wake-up call for them, bringing them back to their senses.

The Leng Clan would regret the decision they had made that day, and would ultimately face its destruction. This was the curse of a young lady, her final words spoken as her life faded away.

"Do you think you've escaped just because you're dead?" Yan Tie glared at the corpse of Leng Ning as an evil light gleamed in his eyes. "Even in death, I'm still going to refine you into a Puppet. WHO WILL PAY FOR THE DEATH OF MY SON? So what if that man is Bailu Yi's beloved? HE HAS TO DIE! DIE!"

Yan Tie's words caused the minds of those present to rumble. His son? Hades was his son? Wasn't Hades just his disciple?

Only now did they fully understand, Hades was Yan Tie's disciple, and also his son. No wonder Yan Tie was so crazed in his quest for revenge.

"ENOUGH!" A shout drifted over, and suddenly Leng Ning's father was seen reaching for his daughter. Kneeling down, cradling her body, he stared at Yan Tie in rage, "She wasn't the murderer and she's already dead. You still want to refine her into a Puppet? CAN YOU STILL CALL YOURSELF A HUMAN?"

Seeing how Leng Ning's father intended to walk away with her corpse, killing intent could be seen flickering in Yan Tie's eyes. "IMPUDENT, COME BACK HERE."

Leng Ning's father swept an icy glance at Yan Tie before ignoring him and continued walking away. His daughter had died. As a father, how could he not be heartbroken?

Being a member of the Leng Clan, he had done many things he was ashamed of with regards to Leng Ning. But now, he truly felt remorse eating his soul, the pain of it was almost unbearable. Yet Yan Tie couldn't even spare his daughter even after she had died?

"Heh heh." Yan Tie's sinister laughter echoed. Abruptly, a Puppet appeared beside him, which then proceeded to chase after Leng Ning's father.

Leng Ning's father placed her on the ground before turning to clash with the Puppet. However at that instant of impact, he was easily repelled. Yan Tie slowly made his way over, as he stood before Leng Ning's body. "Don't expect to find peace, even in death. As for Qin Wentian, as well as that big lunk who uses arrows, I will make their lives worse than death. I want to hear them begging me for mercy before refining them into my Puppets."

From afar, Fan Le's Empyrean Flames Bloodline was boiling. His face was contorted with rage, as the flames of his bloodline burned brighter and brighter, almost to the point of eruption.

RUMBLEEE~ His aura soared to the skies, and within the space of that moment, Fan Le actually broke through. Under the intense stare of the fire flickering in his eyes, a bow and quiver of arrows coalesced, bathed in the radiance of the golden flames.

"Leng Ning, I will avenge you," Fan Le's voice rumbled. A thunderous sound rocked the void as the entire building began to burn. Yan Tie and the rest, who stood in the distance, could feel the source

of impending heat rushing their way. Lifting their heads, they saw nine golden arrows transform into terrifying streams of light, fired at them with lightning speed.

“Hmph.” Yan Tie coldly snorted. He disdainfully sent out his palms, blasting forth with a black-colored palm imprint that knocked aside the arrow aiming at him. However, at the same time, the other arrows shifted their trajectories too. The arrows speedily sliced through the air, and the sound of their flight seemed to resemble wails mourning for Leng Ning’s death.

Bzzzzz. The arrows rained down, penetrating the ground surrounding Leng Ning, enveloping her within a shower of arrows. A terrifying heat generated as fearsome embers devoured her body, reducing it to ashes.

“WHO WAS IT?” Yan Tie howled in madness. After which, he sighted the faint silhouette of a fatty mounted on a demonic beast for just an instant, before both man and beast dashed away, disappearing in a flash of golden light!

Chapter 247: Heart’s Inferno

Qin Wentian didn’t know of the incident that occurred in the Leng Clan. However, he had a feeling of extreme unease in his heart, and was unable to fully calm down. He didn’t know why he would suddenly feel this way, and it was as though his emotions were infected by another.

Qin Wentian also didn’t know his reason for feeling this way was due to his link to Little Rascal, and therefore his state of emotions was affected by what Little Rascal was feeling.

Qin Wentian was no longer in the mood to spectate the other matches in the Hell Arena. After exiting the arena with Chu Mang, the two of them departed immediately. Indeed, the Hell Arena was truly akin to Heaven for those that were powerful enough. The rewards that were paid out to combatants increased alongside the number of victories earned in their battle records, this was truly a place where Yuan Meteor Stones could be earned easily.

For Stellar Martial Cultivators, other than their innate talent and personal efforts, they would certainly cultivation resources as well. Yuan Meteor Stones can be used throughout the world, also serving as a universal currency. The majority of cultivators who weren’t from major established clans would have to depend on their own efforts to earn them.

“Where are we going?” Chu Mang asked.

“This place is nearer to the White Deer Institute, let’s make a trip to the Institute first,” Qin Wentian replied. He wanted Bailu Yi’s help with gathering some information reports on the Yan Clan. For example, how strong the Yan Clan was exactly, how many Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns they had, their status in the Moon Continent as a whole, as well as how strong Yan Tie was and so on. These were all information he needed to know.

The guard at the Institute’s entrance was extremely polite to Qin Wentian. After all, they had witnessed Qin Wentian walking together with Bailu Yi. Naturally they wouldn’t choose to offend him for fear of incurring the wrath of their young Miss.

Upon noting the arrival of Qin Wentian, Bailu Yi’s frosty countenance melted into a smile. “You’re back.”

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian lightly nodded his head, “I wish for your help to procure some information reports. Not long ago the Yan Clan tried to assassinate me and one of them was the Hades you fought before in the Hell Arena. He is the disciple of Yan Tie, the one that refined humans into Puppets. Eventually, I asked Big Bro Chu Mang to kill him. I wish to know how deep his relationship with Yan Tie was, and Yan Tie’s personal level of power.”

“Hades was killed?” Bailu Yi frowned. “Yan Tie’s public reputation was extremely awful, everyone termed him as a demonic freak. His character is sinister and ruthless, crafty and perverse, yet his attainments in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions are exceedingly high. As for his personal level of cultivation, he is not considered particularly strong and is merely at the fifth level of Yuanfu. Despite this, he could easily kill combatants of the same level by depending on his attainments in Divine Inscriptions.”

“Expert Divine Inscriptionists are extremely rare compared to powerful Stellar Martial Cultivators. In the Eastern City of the Moon Continent, Yan Tie can be considered a top-tier third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist. His character is extremely bizarre, and even the clan lord of the Yan Clan can’t control him. But for some reason, he doted on his disciple excessively, even to the extent of passing all his techniques to him. Now that you’ve killed his disciple, Yan Tie will definitely retaliate in madness.”

Qin Wentian furrowed his brows, it seemed that killing Hades was a mistake on his part. However, he wasn’t worried about Yan Tie’s retaliation. Qing`er was still in the shadows protecting him.

“How long before the exchange starts?” Qin Wentian asked again.

“About forty more days, you have to work hard, okay?” Bailu Yi smiled as Qin Wentian nodded in response. However, suddenly the sounds of ‘yiyiyaya’ rang out in his mind, the tone of the yelps seemed to be filled with a burning emotion that Qin Wentian couldn’t identify. He sensed that Little Rascal was already on its way to him.

Lifting his head, Qin Wentian stared in the direction of where he sensed the yelps were coming from and moments later, the transformed Little Rascal and Fan Le could be seen flying through the air. Fan Le’s eyes were bloodshot, as a terrifying heat containing immeasurable violence could be felt emanating from him.

“What happened?” A vague sense of premonition tugged on his heart. Bailu Yi waved her arms at the guards that appeared upon seeing Fan Le and Little Rascal, signalling for them to return to their posts.

“Bzzz.” Little Rascal turned back to normal as that little body leapt into Qin Wentian’s arms, letting out incomprehensible growls.

Qin Wentian gently stroked Little Rascal’s snowy white fur as he looked at Fan Le.

“Leng Ning is dead,” Fan Le murmured, and the temperature around him surged even higher.

BOOM! Qin Wentian felt explosions going off in his head. Leng Ning had died?

“No...” Qin Wentian shook his head. This was impossible, she was still fine when he left the Leng Residence. How could she have died?

However, Fan Le’s eyes were telling him that this was all real. Leng Ning was already dead.

Cracking sounds echoed as Qin Wentian clenched his fists, the lines on his face contorted as his eyes grew increasingly colder. A terrifying chill gushed forth from him, causing Bailu Yi to unconsciously take a step back, shivering. That peaceful looking youth was truly incensed at this moment.

“Yan Tie and the Leng Clan forced her to her death,” Fan Le continued, “Yan Tie’s disciple died so he went to the Leng Clan demanding for Leng Ning. The Leng Clan decided to give Leng Ning to him and made plans to capture you. Leng Ning wasn’t willing to be humiliated and thus, she chose death.”

The flames of fury boiled in Qin Wentian's heart, his eyes emitting an aura of death even colder than ice, seemingly capable of murder.

"Leng Ning was a member of the Leng Clan. If Yan Tie's disciple has died, he should look for me to settle the score instead. And as for the Leng Clan, for all their status of a major Clan, did they really decide to gift Leng Ning to Yan Tie to appease him?" Each of Qin Wentian's words were bone-chillingly cold and the aura he exuded felt so demonic, to the extent that he no longer appeared to be human, but a demon incarnate instead.

"That was the Leng Clan's choice. Not only that, they also wanted to sell you out, to renegotiate terms with Yan Tie." Fan Le locked gazes with Qin Wentian, and in that instant, the simmering rage that flickered in both their eyes made them look extremely similar to each other. "Leng Ning knew that the Leng Clan would never spare her, so she allowed me to escape but chose to stay behind instead. She knew that no one in the Leng Clan would protect her from Yan Tie, and if she had chosen to come with me to look for you, the fury of both the Leng and Yan Clan would surely fall to you."

"Leng Ning was afraid of being a burden to you." Every sentence uttered by Fan Le was like a dagger piercing into Qin Wentian's heart. "Thus, she decided to return. She said this to the Leng Clan, that you are the beloved of Bailu Yi and will participate in the Divine Inscriptionist exchange, representing the White Deer Institute. She wanted to scare the Leng Clan off from making a move against you. Now that's she dead, the Leng Clan will no longer have a reason to look for you. Because of you, she chose not to escape."

"Because of me?" Qin Wentian's pain soared to a crescendo. That silly girl he met a few months back had chosen to give her life up for him?

"She said that this was her destiny, and it would have ended up the same way even if you had never appeared in her life. She didn't want you to be burdened by her and thus she decided to accept her destiny's arrangement. She also said...she had already fallen in love with you!"

"She was in love with you." Fan Le's words pierced straight into Qin Wentian's heart.

A gut-wrenching killing intent blasted out from him.

"Where is her body?" Qin Wentian asked, as he bore the pain.

“Yan Tie wanted to humiliate her by refining her corpse into a Puppet, hence, I burned it into ashes,” Fan Le replied in a low voice as he continued, “I want Yan Tie to die, as well as those from the Leng Clan that made this decision.”

“They will die.” Qin Wentian drew in a huge breath, gazing at the empty space ahead. It was as though he could see Leng Ning’s smile, scolding him for being a shameless braggart.

Bailu Yi walked to Qin Wentian’s side, looking into his eyes as she sighed, “You have to be calm if you want revenge.”

Qin Wentian stared at her innocent face, her pure eyes sparkling like crystal, as though she could see through his thoughts.

“Stay in the Institute from now on. Regardless of the Yan or Leng Clan, they won’t dare to cause trouble here,” Bailu Yi continued.

“I’m going to kill Yan Tie.” Qin Wentian stared at Bailu Yi as he replied.

“Yan Tie is on the brink of insanity now, there is bound to be several experts beside him. And with the time of the exchange nearing close, the Yan Clan will definitely take Yan Tie’s safety seriously. If you really want to kill him, do it at the exchange,” Bailu Yi continued, “As for the Leng Clan, the reason behind their decision to forsake Leng Ning to appease Yan Tie, it was also for the sake of the exchange. If you kill Yan Tie there, the hope of the Leng Clan will shatter.”

Bailu Yi’s beautiful eyes were extremely clear, after which, she pulled on Qin Wentian’s arm. “Follow me.”

Qin Wentian remained motionless, Bailu Yi turned her gaze back to look at him. Her beautiful eyes seemed capable of melting the hearts of men. “Do you want revenge or do you want to die in a moment of impulse? At the very least, the Leng and Yan Clan can be considered the major powers of the Moon Continent’s Eastern City.”

Qin Wentian let out a long breath before allowing Bailu Yi to pull him along.

She led him to the mountain at the back of the Institute. There were countless patches of lush green grass, tranquil lakes, as well as a pleasant mountain breeze; the whole atmosphere seemingly had the effect of calming people’s hearts.

He suddenly realised that on this long path that he had embarked upon, chances were high that he would meet many people and encounter many things. This world of cultivation was pervaded by gratitude and grudges, love and hatred. Some of those people may become his good friends, but would he even be capable of protecting them all? Just like Leng Ning, he thought that he could help her. But in the blink of an eye, she was already dead...

Qin Wentian gazed at Fan Le beside him. It should be extremely dangerous for him today as well.

Bailu Yi sat not far away from Qin Wentian, she could understand the emotions Qin Wentian was now feeling. Hot-bloodedness was something all young men had, and how could one remain calm when their friends were killed for the sake of protecting them? How could he not be angered? Not want revenge?

However, this was all useless. Power was the only thing that mattered.

Qin Wentian sat there, the terrifying aura he exuded gradually vanished as the flames of his anger seemingly dissipated. However, this was only temporarily hidden, it didn't mean that his rage and thirst for revenge had disappeared.

The light wind gusted, blowing upon Qin Wentian's face, fluttering his hair and robes. His eyes remained closed, as he simply sat down among the lush patches of grass.

This lasted for seven days.

After the seven days, the last hints of violence from his aura had totally faded away, as he emanated a feeling of calmness and peace instead.

He pondered over many things...

Opening his eyes, his gaze was bright and clear, appearing somehow different compared to before.

Qin Wentian lifted his gaze, staring at the drifting clouds in the sky. It was as though he could see Leng Ning's smiling face, similar to how Leng Ning had seen him before the point of her death.

That innocent, straight-forward maiden was gone with the fleeting wind, yet even death wasn't capable of wiping her out from his memories.

Within Qin Wentian's body, his blood was circulating with increased momentum, forming a vortex within. The countless blood-colored seals in his bloodline thrummed, each of them emanating a crimson glow that contained a primordial-like, terrifying tyrannical energy.

However at this moment, that brutal and tyrannical intent within his blood seemed to be calm and at peace.

Because in the centre of the vortex, strands of yellowish golden blood were slowly meshing together, transforming into something that resembled the flickering flame of a candle.

This candle flame seemed extremely weak, yet it had the power to calm the raging primordial power of his bloodline limit, causing this originally, chaotic internal world brimming with tyrannical intent, to become incredibly peaceful.

This flame, was none other than Heart's Inferno!

Chapter 248: Death List

Qin Wentian quietly stood there on the patch of grass. In that moment, he gradually felt a marvellous and intriguing sensation. His perception seemed to be magnified several times over.

He could clearly sense the pulsing of his blood, clearly feel the circulation of every strand of Astral Energy, could clearly hear the cries of the insects being hunted by the birds, as well as the light sigh of the gusting wind.

Evidently, he was sensing the transformation that was happening inside his body. The tyrannical intent of his bloodline became tranquil and quiet, circulating protectively around the candle flame as though celebrating its creation.

It was exceptionally difficult to imagine that the tyrannical power source of his bloodline limit, would actually be so docile in the presence of the candle flame. Not only was it docile, it seemed to defer to it, like how subjects defer and submit to their King.

Strands of golden threads could be seen surrounding the candle flame. This caused Qin Wentian to feel somewhat bewildered. Were these golden strands the traces of power of his bloodline limit?

And that candle flame, what was it? Why would it cause his perception to undergo such a significant evolution?

Not only that, as the golden strands came into contact with the candle flame, the glow of the candle flame grew stronger and stronger. The tyrannical power of his bloodline started to roar once again, frenziedly circulating, as though welcoming the arrival of something forthcoming.

Gradually, Qin Wentian's body began to glow with an unmatched radiance.. The blood in his heart lighted up, his three Yuanfu lighted up, and every mote of Astral Energy in his body glimmered with a resplendent shine.

It was as though the three Yuanfu Oceans within his Yuanfu, were enveloped by a mysterious presence. Currently, his Astral Energy was thrumming and circulating with a violence greater than before.

Qin Wentian sat down crossed-legged as he felt the changes in his body. He could faintly sense that the recently born candle flame was a newly awakened, special type of power, that was currently transforming his body and senses.

Little Rascal could also feel Qin Wentian's transformation. A golden light gleamed in its eyes as it made its way to Qin Wentian's feet, lying there quietly.

"Mhm?" Bailu Yi and Fan Le gazed at Qin Wentian. They could sense that he was in a special state of mentality of sorts, in the process of undergoing a radical change. Even his aura was changing and there seemed to be a faint glow emitting off his body, causing people to feel a sense of fascination.

"What a mysterious fellow," Bailu Yi mumbled under her breath. This fellow had monstrous innate talent in Divine Inscriptions and extremely powerful combat prowess. Not only that, his thinking and insights caused her to be constantly amazed, especially in the field of Divine Inscriptions. Not even the elders of her Clan could match up to him in terms of conceptualizing, and he even came up with the bold hypothesis for Reverse Inscriptions.

What made Bailu Yi even more speechless was that despite his talent, he devoted a truly astounding amount of effort into his cultivation and practice. He had a strong thirst, and wanted to get stronger and stronger. This kind of person would definitely be a character to be reckoned with in the future.

Qin Wentian naturally didn't know what Bailu Yi was thinking about. At this moment he was totally immersed in his body's transformation, revelling in the sensation of that mysterious energy cleansing his body of impurities.

Qin Wentian remained in this special state for a total of three days. The light mountain wind breezed by, and he felt an overabundance of energy seeping out from him, gently permeating the atmosphere.

Bailu Yi's eyes flashed with astonishment. "He broke through to the Third level of Yuanfu? I would never have thought he would manage to suppress his rage and killing intent, and break through under such circumstances."

Qin Wentian finally opened his eyes. He had just stepped into the Third level of Yuanfu, and he could feel all three of his Yuanfu simultaneously expanding.

In addition, Qin Wentian could also feel that he had qualitatively transformed. This kind of feeling was extremely difficult to describe; it was mysterious, and felt exceedingly marvellous. He knew that even his perception had evolved to yet another level.

It was as though something had been unlocked in his mind. Questions that were previously difficult to answer when he'd been browsing through Bailu Yi's manuals, were suddenly fully comprehended by him.

Not only that, those peak-tier third-level Divine Inscriptions that he struggled to understand and inscribe, all made sense to him now.

He evolved in some way. Everything was different from before.

The birth of the candle flame, the appearance of the Heart's Inferno, understanding the mind, finding one's true self.

As long as he willed it, he could pick up sounds from miles away, including the innermost voice of his heart.

Qin Wentian turned his gaze upon Bailu Yi before smiling, "Thank you."

"Why are you thanking me? You were acting on impulse back then, but since you have calmed down now, why be so hasty to take revenge?" A meaningful smile appeared on Bailu Yi's countenance, her eyes flickered with a gleam of fascination as she sensed Qin Wentian's transformation.

This fellow had somehow become even more good looking, exuding a unique presence. At this moment, she felt as though Qin Wentian was cloaked in illusion, and there seemed to be an inscrutable glow of light about him that she couldn't clearly see through.

"Me, handsome?" Qin Wentian grinned when he saw how Bailu Yi kept gazing at him.

"Yeah." Bailu Yi absent-mindedly nodded her head before she froze and 'woke up'. An adorable shade of red appeared on her cheeks, and that shyness when complemented together with her innocence made her beauty exceptionally striking.

Bailu Yi glared fiercely at him, unconsciously exhibiting the demeanor of a little girl. She silently cursed herself for her lack of control, how embarrassing to be caught staring at a guy by the person himself.

However, Qin Wentian didn't mind at all. He let out a casual laugh before gazing into the horizon. Although he had levelled up, he knew that his present strength was still far from being enough.

A cultivator at the Third level of Yuanfu could only be considered as part of the lower-tiered cultivators in the vast Grand Xia Empire. Only after breaking through to the Heavenly Dipper Realm would you be considered as a person of substance.

Furthermore, he didn't have a major power backing him. He could only depend on himself, which made it even more important for him to become even stronger.

"It's time to increase the tempo of controlling the White Deer Institute," Qin Wentian mused. Leng Ning's face appeared in his mind. His feelings for Leng Ning weren't love, but her death had somehow become his greatest source of motivation. Other than hatred and rage towards the Leng Clan and Yan Tie, he also blamed himself for being powerless, blamed himself for thinking he was powerful enough to control everything. In the end, the harsh reality was that he hadn't been able to aid Leng Ning in the slightest.

"Bailu Yi, can you help me out a little?" Qin Wentian turned his gaze onto Bailu Yi as he asked.

"Yeah." Bailu Yi nodded lightly.

“Investigate Leng Ning’s death for me. I want the names of everyone in the Leng Clan that contributed to her demise, and also... the whereabouts of Yan Kong and Yan Tie. I need a copy of in-depth information regarding everything about the Leng Clan and Yan Clan,” Qin Wentian explained.

“Fine.” Although the time in which they were acquainted couldn’t be considered long, Bailu Yi could feel how determined Qin Wentian was. Once he put his heart into something, Qin Wentian would definitely follow through and would do it well. Just like his engravings of Divine Inscriptions, they were all exceptionally outstanding.

“I will command my men to see to it right away,” Bailu Yi replied.

“Thank you.” Qin Wentian had a smile of gratitude on his face. Bailu Yi didn’t owe him anything, on the contrary, she had helped him immensely ever since he came to the White Deer Institute. She had even passed on to him some of the secret manuals regarding Divine Inscriptions belonging to her clan for his own comprehension. He was truly thankful to her.

“Are we not friends?” Bailu Yi laughed.

“Naturally, we are.” Qin Wentian nodded.

“Then why are you still saying thanks to me? In any case, you have also helped me a lot. Just your perspective on Divine Inscriptions alone has greatly broadened my horizons.” Bailu Yi laughed before she turned and left to command her men.

A radiant smile could be seen flickering in Qin Wentian eyes as he looked at Bailu Yi walking away.

“Divine Inscriptions,” Qin Wentian mumbled. Stretching out his finger, he gathered motes of Astral Light and abruptly, runic outlines formed and floated upwards, shimmering in the sky. Gradually, the shadowy form of a gigantic Garuda manifested.

With a wave of his hands, a raging typhoon gusted by. The gigantic Garuda brimmed with fury as it soared skywards.

As for Qin Wentian, he closed his eyes once again.

A day later, when Bailu Yi returned, her entire body shuddered slightly upon feeling the aura exuded by Qin Wentian. He seemed to be shrouded within a mysterious blood energy, emanating a force that commanded absolute obedience, as though Qin Wentian hailed from the Primordial Era.

It was as if she was looking at a primordial entity, far up above the Heavens. As the entity gazed back at her, she felt so tiny and inconsequential.

Around Qin Wentian, there were gargantuan-sized runic outlines inscribed upon the ground. Nay, it would be more accurate to say that they were no longer in the form of runic outlines, because a massive, completely formed body had already been born from it.

A humongous black-colored Roc flapped its wings behind Qin Wentian. Its immense stature was completely filled with a fearsome might, and the coldness in its predatory eyes was so real it was as though this manifestation was a tangible body and not something illusory.

“Is this demonic beast something that Divine Inscriptionists are able create?” Bailu Yi’s heart pounded with disbelief. As for Fan Le and Chu Mang who stood by the side, they had long experienced what Bailu Yi was feeling. Even someone as strong as Chu Mang could feel the threat this creation posed to him.

The terrifying Roc gradually faded away, transforming back into runic outlines. Qin Wentian smiled as he saw the incredulous disbelief on Bailu Yi’s face. “I made a breakthrough recently, so somehow my senses regarding Divine Inscriptions has sharpened tremendously. Now, I can easily comprehend and inscribe more complex third-level Divine Inscriptions.”

Qin Wentian didn’t reveal that it wasn’t just Divine Inscriptions, his entire perception had undergone the same qualitative evolution.

“Is this a peak-tier third-level Divine Inscription?” Bailu Yi’s beautiful eyes were fixated on the Divine Inscription’s etching on the ground.

“Although I’m able to inscribe it, the time required takes too long for me to use it effectively in combat. I still need to undergo a longer period of training.” Qin Wentian didn’t deny it.

“With such fluidness in your inscriptions, crossing the line between illusory and reality, I have great confidence in the exchange this time round.” Bailu Yi laughed as she spoke. She then brought out a few thick stacks of documents and passed it over to Qin Wentian. These were the information reports that he had requested.

Qin Wentian flipped open the cover page, his eyes staring at the numerous names written in there. These people all had something to do with Leng Ning's death.

Leng Ning's uncle, Leng Jian.

Leng Lin's father, with a cultivation base at the Seventh level of Yuanfu, was the person responsible for and one of the main masterminds behind that incident.

Leng Mao, the Leng Clan's primary disciplinary elder, with a cultivation base at the Ninth level of Yuanfu, was the leader of the elder's council that day.

Leng Lin, a young missus of the Leng Clan, with a cultivation base at the Second level of Yuanfu, and the original candidate selected to be given to Yan Tie. But because of her father's influence, as well as a variety of other factors, Leng Ning was eventually chosen as her replacement instead.

Each of the names written on the record were in some way or another responsible for Leng Ning's death. A smile akin to that of the grim reaper's appeared on Qin Wentian's face. The people whose names were listed here, had already been sentenced to death!

Chapter 249: Metamorphosis

In the White Deer Institute, over at the back of the mountain, terrifying arrows formed from Astral Light were being fired off unceasingly.

Chu Mang's body was filled with an extremely oppressive energy. As he pulled on the bow wielded in his hands, the 'beautiful' contours of his arm were the epitome of masculinity.

In front of Chu Mang, blurry after-images moved about with extreme speed, dodging the fired arrows.

"Faster, Big Bro Chu Mang, use the will of your Mandate." Qin Wentian leisurely dodged the fired arrows as he called out to Chu Mang.

"Okay, be careful." Chu Mang nodded. With a huge shout that made the mountains tremble, the will of the Mandate of Arrows gushed forth. The screeching of the fired arrows turned sharper as a terrifying energy coated them, causing them to instantly vanish from sight.

Qin Wentian stared intently at the source of the fired arrows, he only felt streams of light being shot towards him, at a speed so fast that it almost escaped his notice. Powerful and terrifying. When fighting in team battles, if there was an expert archer amongst the group, that opposing archer must definitely be killed first.

As Qin Wentian maximised his concentration, he felt as though time had slowed. The traces of the fired arrow were slightly visible from the faint trajectory left behind, and could be felt upon sensing the motion of the wind.

Bzzz!

The terrifying arrows broke through the void, one of them brushing just millimetres away from Qin Wentian's ear. The alarming sound of air being ripped apart made Qin Wentian's heart tremble slightly. However, an expression of extreme excitement could be seen in his eyes. "Big Bro Chu Mang, it's not enough. Fire more arrows at me."

Chu Mang was visibly excited as well. This was the first time someone had dodged his arrows after he used the will of his Mandate. As he let loose three arrows in one go, Bailu Yi and Fan Le stood dumbfoundedly at the side, watching with their mouths wide open. Such a fearsome speed, it was as though they could already see the scenario of Qin Wentian's head being penetrated through by the arrows. Yet in actuality, Qin Wentian managed to avoid the arrows by a hair's breadth, their hearts almost stopping from his near-miss and the considerable degree of danger.

This type of training was pure madness.

Not only that, Qin Wentian and Chu Mang had no intentions of stopping. The intensity of the sparring between them boiled to an incredible degree. The terrifying shower of arrows continue to rain down as Qin Wentian stretched his senses and executed his movement techniques to its absolute limits.

"Crack!" Abruptly, Bailu Yi and Fan Le saw Qin Wentian's ancient halberd appearing in his hands and slicing the arrows to pieces. At the same time, he dashed in the direction of Chu Mang.

"This madman," Fan Le scolded in a low voice.

Qin Wentian's and Chu Mang's frenzied sparring continued day after day, as though the word 'fatigue' couldn't be found in their dictionaries. Although Qin Wentian was still sorely suppressed, Bailu Yi and Fan Le were shocked by the speed of his progress. Currently, the power of his attacks were many times stronger when compared to the past.

It even gave people a sense of misperception. Every halberd strike that he made seemed to be one with himself, as well as one with Heaven and Earth. Even a casual strike of his contained overwhelming strength.

At this moment, the four of them sat in a circle on patches of grass, with Little Rascal lying down in the middle; the scene when viewed in its entirety gave one a feeling of harmony.

“Your breakthrough caused you to undergo such a great metamorphosis. It’s as though you have undergone a qualitative evolution,” Bailu Yi commented.

“Just a little, I guess. My sensory abilities, however, are several times stronger when compared to before.”

“Did you unlock ‘Kinesthesia’?” Bailu Yi asked.

“Kinesthesia?” Qin Wentian’s expression faltered as he glanced questioningly back at Bailu Yi.

“Yes, Kinesthesia,” Bailu Yi explained upon seeing his bewilderment. “The mind and consciousness are correlated to the quintessence of the heart, by comprehending one’s inner self fully, as well as strengthening one’s perception of their external surroundings. The sensitivity towards usage and circulation of force is also improved, so as long as you see something, your mind and heart will work together to conceptualize it, aiding you greatly in your comprehension. Not only that, the external senses are greatly amplified as well.”

“Yeah, that’s the sensation I had.” Qin Wentian nodded. Currently, he could feel that his senses towards force circulation were extremely acute, especially during combat.

A hint of laughter flickered in Bailu Yi’s eyes as she regarded Qin Wentian. “It’s not surprising. It seemed like your heart was stirred up after Leng Ning’s incident, and forced you into a state of half-madness. Somehow, you managed to suppress it and unwittingly unlocked Kinesthesia. This kind of fortune can only be met by chance and not something that can be intentionally sought after. Unlocking Kinesthesia is something extremely rare, only seen once in a blue moon in Stellar Martial Cultivators. From now onwards, regardless of what you wish to comprehend, everything will be many times easier compared to before, because your heart and mind are now connected.”

Qin Wentian nodded his head; it seemed that the power he had unlocked, was Kinesthesia. However, he still felt that the candle flame was not the result of this, it seemed to be another thing altogether. That candle flame formed from the golden strands could even cause the tyrannical power of his bloodline to submit. How terrifying was that? It was only that he still couldn’t fully understand what it was exactly at this moment.

“In normal circumstances, the majority of humans would use either their hearts or their minds when it came to comprehending things. You are really fortunate, the chances might not even be one in a million.” Bailu Yi stared at Qin Wentian in envy.

“If only I could unlock it too, then my archery would definitely become even more powerful,” Chu Mang lamented.

“I think so as well.” Qin Wentian nodded in agreement. “Big Bro Chu Mang, I believe that you will definitely be able to unlock this state sooner or later. If you continue using your mind and consciousness to ‘feel’ the arrows, and shoot them with your ‘heart’, you will surely be able to succeed one day.”

“And Fan Le, don’t waste your talent, you should know the full strength of your power of intention. That power is something that normal cultivators can’t actively train for, if they do not also possess an innate aptitude for it. If Big Bro Chu Mang had your talent, then he would be able to shift the trajectories of his arrows in mid-flight, easily slaying cultivators even at the sixth level of Yuanfu. You have to interact more with him, exchanging pointers and gaining insights into archery.”

Qin Wentian looked to Fan Le as he spoke. Fan Le nodded, he had also changed after Leng Ning’s death. He no longer needed someone to supervise him, prodding him to work hard. He would put in the effort himself.

“Don’t start lecturing others. The exchange will start soon, so you should prepare yourself too, okay?” Bailu Yi rolled her eyes.

“Mhm, I will spend the rest of the remaining time researching Divine Inscriptions together with you.” Qin Wentian lightly nodded his head.

“Okay.” Bailu Yi smiled, she was filled with anticipation. Studying and researching Divine Inscriptions with Qin Wentian proved to be of immense help to her.

On the lush green patches of grass on this peaceful back mountain, Fan Le and Chu Mang practiced their archery, constantly improving themselves, while Bailu Yi and Qin Wentian studied and analysed Divine Inscriptions. As time flowed by, Bailu Yi grew increasingly shocked by Qin Wentian’s rate of improvement. Their time in ‘studying together’, had become Qin Wentian solely providing guidance to her.

“Do you want to research the art of refining Puppets?” Bailu Yi brought up the topic upon seeing that Qin Wentian’s attainment in combative Divine Inscriptions had reached a certain level.

“There’s no need to, since Puppets are essentially Divine Weapons. To me, there’s no difference, no need to intentionally waste time comprehending them.” Qin Wentian shook his head.

“Are you that confident?” Bailu Yi laughed as she continued, “Do you want to try fighting against my Puppet?”

“Sure.” Qin Wentian nodded, as he stood up and moved to an open location not far away. A crafty and mischievous smile appeared on Bailu Yi’s face. With a flash of light, a Puppet appeared and instantly dashed towards Qin Wentian.

“Feel clearly how strong a Puppet is.” Bailu Yi smiled. Her Puppet blasted forwards with a fist, which Qin Wentian met with a wave of his hands, causing a squarish imprint to manifest in the air, slamming into the Puppet’s fist. Straight after, he slammed his own palm into the body of the Puppet with a speed as fast as lightning.

However, the Puppet wasn’t forced back in the slightest. Qin Wentian only saw a light emerging forth from a faint runic pattern embedded in its chest, as Bailu Yi laughed. “It doesn’t know pain, don’t be too overconfident.”

Qin Wentian nonchalantly shrugged. He then retracted his palm and formed his fingers close together. Similar to the third stance of his Great Dream Halberd Art, he abruptly stabbed forth with a single finger, imbuing it with energy of the ‘Fractured Void’, the attack sinking into the Puppet’s chest. Rumbling sounds rang out as the Puppet’s chest was ruptured, before it blasted backwards.

The entire scene caused Bailu Yi’s smile to freeze upon her face, was she hallucinating? The Puppet soon recovered as it flew forwards again, sending out a multitude of fist shadows that metamorphosed into the form of a black dragon, leaping forward with rage.

“Thousand-Hand Imprint.” Qin Wentian waved his hands, creating countless palm shadows that covered the skies, destroying the black dragon. Immediately, he punched out with a fist coated by the will of his Mandate, aiming for the arms of the Puppet, crippling it.

Bailu Yi felt pain in her heart as she surveyed the damage to her Puppet. She couldn’t help calling out, “Cease fire!”

Upon her command, the Puppet returned to Bailu Yi’s side. However, to her surprise, it suddenly issued a palm strike towards her. Yet it left only the howl of the wind, there was no power in that strike. Bailu Yi glared fiercely at Qin Wentian, “Smelly brat, what did you do to my Puppet?”

Qin Wentian couldn't help but smile as he took in her angry expression. This lady when angered, looked pretty adorable as well.

"If one truly understood the essence of something, he would also be able to understand the myriad of ways it could be applied. Puppets are born of Divine Inscription, and as long as the Divine Inscription engraved in it is a third-level Divine Inscription, I can easily use the principles of Reverse Inscriptions to negate it." Qin Wentian grinned as he explained, causing a bright glow to shine in Bailu Yi's eyes. It was easier said than done, but could it be that in that short time period of sparring, he already understood the layout of runic outlines of the Divine Inscription embedded in her Puppet?

"Do you mean that as of now, even third-level Divine Inscriptions are of no threat to you?" Bailu Yi questioned.

Qin Wentian shook his head, "Peak-tier third-level Divine Puppets can still kill me easily. How would I have the time to comprehend the embedded Inscription? Unless there's someone helping me to block the attack, which would give me enough room to negate the Inscription."

"I see..." Bailu Yi nodded, but as she remembered the damage done to her Puppet, she fixed Qin Wentian with a severe stare, "How about my Puppet? How are you going to compensate me?"

"Let me help restore it." His words caused Bailu Yi to be thunderstruck. "You can even restore the damaged Inscription?"

Qin Wentian didn't reply, he walked towards the Puppet and indeed, after a while, the Puppet was restored back to its original condition before their sparring match. Could his words be true? If one truly understood the essence, one would understand the myriad number of ways to apply it!

Bailu Yi personally witnessed Qin Wentian instantly inscribe second-level Divine Inscriptions with a mere flick of his fingers. She mused in her heart, in this exchange, Qin Wentian's fame would surely skyrocket and his name would definitely shake the hearts of other Divine Inscriptionists.

Yan Tie's fate was sealed. He had no idea how monstrous a character he had unwittingly offended. On the surface, Qin Wentian appeared to have forgotten Leng Ning's death, but Bailu Yi could sense that he was merely suppressing the hatred and anger he felt in his heart, ready to unleash at any given moment!

Chapter 250: Four Heaven's Chosen

In the Eastern City of the Moon Continent, there were many major sects and clans with their roots long established in history. However, the only one with enough power to be crowned 'King', was the clan known as the Star-Seizing Manor.

The Star-Seizing Manor was one of the transcendent powers of Grand Xia, located in the Eastern City of the Moon Continent. Within the city, even the most casual of statements issued forth by them had the ability to cause the earth to shake and the skies to rumble.

At this moment, a youthful silhouette stood on a stone platform within the Star-Seizing Manor. This youth had an extraordinary demeanor and was clad in long flowing robes. Somehow, he seemed to unconsciously exude an unusual air, an existence that was able to attract the stares and attention of others.

Yang Fan, from the Star-Seizing Manor, was a Heaven's Chosen from the younger generations, ranked 18th in the Heavenly Fate Ranking, with a cultivation base at the peak of Yuanfu. He could be considered as almost having no opponents when matched against those with similar cultivation levels.

Each name recorded in the Heavenly Fate Rankings were cultivators at the pinnacle of the Yuanfu Realm. Being ranked 18th meant that in the entire Grand Xia Empire, he was invincible, unless he fought against one of the seventeen names ranked before him. How could such a character not be dazzling?

In the Moon Continent, there were a total of four cultivators within the Heavenly Fate Rankings top 36th ranks. The four cultivators all belonged to one of the four respective transcendent powers in the Moon Continent. Yang Fan, was one of them, a Heaven's Chosen from the Star-Seizing Manor.

The other three rankers were:

Hua Taixu, a Heaven's Chosen from the Hua Clan, ranked 1st in the Heavenly Fate Rankings. When the other Chosen three were compared side by side with him, even they would lose their luster.

Zhan Chen, a Heaven's Chosen from the Pill Emperor Hall, ranked 11th in the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

Zhao Lie, a Heaven's Chosen from the Sky-Ember Sect, ranked 28th in the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

The names of these four were extremely famous, and there was no one in the Moon Continent that didn't know of them. All of them were so powerful that people gave them a title, 'The Four Heaven's Chosen from the Moon Continent'.

"You've decided to go this time round?" Beside Yang Fan, a middle-aged man had his arms crossed behind his back, emitting an aura that made it evident he was a supreme expert.

"Go. I have to go." Yang Fan nodded, "That place is a unique treasure land. I definitely have to make the trip there."

"Indeed, it's unique and extraordinary, but this also means that the degree of danger is higher as well. Back then, even Hua Taixu was injured when he entered that place. There's something strange about the area, but it seems that the more talented one is, the more dangers one would face upon entering there," stated the middle-aged man calmly.

"In any case, how could there be a place of absolute safety in that treasured land? Also, the obvious answer to your statement is that talented geniuses enter that place with their own aims in mind. Their cultivation hearts are many times more resolute when compared to others and they would intentionally venture deeper to actively seek for miraculous events and good fortune. The amount of danger they encounter would naturally be greater. On the other hand, the other weaklings would fear for their safety and lie low within that secret realm. Hence, the amount of danger they face would naturally be lower."

Yang Fan's voice sounded extremely calm. He knew he had to step inside that treasured land, to see what existed within it.

"Fine." The middle-aged guy nodded in agreement. This was the attitude a chosen person of the Heavens should have.

"That place is extremely complex, and since Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns are barred from entering, we won't be able to help you there. Nevertheless, the clan has long made their preparations to pave the way for you. In any case, we will hire a few grandmasters who have extremely high attainment in the Dao of Inscriptions to go with you. Do your best."

The middle-aged man unhurriedly spoke, as a sharp glint of light flashed in Yang Fan's eyes. The other major clans and sects were all sharpening their swords, preparing for the exchange but in his eyes, how could they even be up to the mark? All four transcendent powers of the Moon Continent would be participating as well, the other major clans and sects might as well save themselves the trouble.

At most, they could only follow behind at the trial to pick up the remaining scraps. Even if there were experts within those groups of people, it wouldn't be sufficient to pose a threat to the transcendent powers

"Zhao Lie and Zhan Chen will also be participating, right? But I wonder if Hua Taixu will appear this time round," Yang Fan mused. Hua Taixu was the person he wanted to surpass the most.

The top ranked position in the Heavenly Fate Ranking held a different connotation from the other 359 names listed. The radiance of the one at the top was undoubtedly the most blinding of all.

The others in the Heavenly Fate Ranking might gradually be forgotten over time, but no one would ever forget the name ranked as the first.

"Yang Fan," the middle-aged man spoke again, "Have you considered a Dao Companion?"

"Not yet." Yang Fan shook his head.

"You are already of age and can start considering the matter of a Dao Companion. Currently in our Moon Continent, there are quite a few excellent choices for you to pick from. Firstly Mo Qingcheng, the favoured disciple of Luo He, I heard even the Hua Clan have shown an interest in her. Other than that, there's the younger sister of Bailu Jing from the White Deer Institute, Bailu Yi. She's pure and gentle, in addition to having high attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, not a bad choice at all. You can use this chance at the exchange to get close to her, I heard she will be attending it as well."

The middle-aged man continued, "But of course if you are not interested, just cast aside what I've said. After all, cultivation is always the most important."

"Bailu Jing," Yang Fan murmured after hearing this name. The White Deer Institute was not so simple as well; Bailu Jing was also someone positioned quite high up in the Heavenly Fate Ranking.

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In the Yan Clan, Yan Tie sat cross-legged while Yan Kong respectfully stood by his side.

Although Yan Kong had some status within the Yan Clan, he was terribly afraid of this uncle of his, ever since he was young. His uncle was too sinister and insidious. Not only that, there was no way for Yan Kong to evade responsibility for Hades's death. Although his father had interceded for him, begging Yan Tie for mercy and even found him several beautiful women as compensation, Yan Kong was still worried that his uncle still harboured hatred in his heart.

"Are they still in the White Deer Institute?" Yan Tie coldly asked. The 'they' he mentioned naturally referred to Chu Mang and Qin Wentian. These two people were the culprits that killed his son. How could he allow them to live on?

"Yeah, I'm sure they're afraid of Uncle and can only turtle themselves inside the White Deer Institute, not daring to show their faces," Yan Kong replied, his words causing a glint of cold light to flicker in Yan Tie's sinister eyes. "I want to see how long he can continue hiding. The exchange will be here soon, and if the rumors between them are true, Bailu Yi from the White Deer Institute will definitely bring him along."

"Since that's the case, I will make the White Deer Institute hand them over to me on the day of the exchange." Yan Tie laughed malevolently as he added, "I will make them regret it if they decide to shield him."

Yan Kong stood meekly by his side with trepidation in his heart. He had no doubts that the White Deer Institute would surely protect Qin Wentian. His uncle would dare to touch even the White Deer Institute? Yan Kong had to ensure that he wouldn't be dragged down by this old freak's insanity.

"The Leng Clan has sent yet another batch of gifts again," Yan Kong continued. Yan Tie's sinister smile became even colder. "Did the Leng Clan really think that I would give up revenge for my son just because Leng Ning is dead? How ridiculous, they still expect me to give them a few slots? Relay my command, accept all gifts and tell the Leng Clan to send even more. In addition, tell the Leng Clan to send me their girls before the exchange begins. Reject all maids, I only want young women with the bloodline of the Leng Clan."

"Vile monster." Yan Kong cursed in his heart. Yan Tie's heart was truly pitch black, offering the illusory carrot to prod the donkey that was the Leng Clan, and even taking the opportunity to fleece them even more, to the extent of laying his evil hands on the other young misses of the Leng Clan. Yan Kong wondered who would be the unlucky victim this time around.

He wondered what expressions the Leng Clan would make at the exchange when they realised Yan Tie had never intended to give them the slots in the first place.

Old freak, vile monster, these were all terms that people used to describe Yan Tie. As for his reputation? He couldn't even be bothered with it.

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Every major sect and clan were preparing for the Divine Inscriptionist Exchange Event, and naturally, the White Deer Institute was no exception.

“Qin Wentian, my White Deer Institute consists of a single Clan Lord, four Supreme Elders and nine Grand Elders. They are the ones in charge. The current Clan Lord is my paternal great-grandfather and the thirteen other elders are all my uncles or grand-uncles. The authority of the Institute is governed by my great-grandfather and the Four Supreme Elders. All matters, regardless of big or small, are decided by them and then executed by the nine Grand Elders.”

Bailu Yi explained to Qin Wentian about the overall structure of the White Deer Institute, although she didn't know of Qin Wentian's true identity. She was doing so because the exchange was nearing and should they wish to participate, each power had to send out three representatives. One person would take on the main role, while the other two would provide support. Bailu Yi naturally hoped that Qin Wentian would be the one in the lead position, hence, she was explaining the authority structure of the White Deer Institute to him.

Yet Qin Wentian was thinking of another matter. If he wanted to control the White Deer Institute, he knew that at the very least, he had to obtain the recognition of the Clan Lord and the four Supreme Elders.

To Qin Wentian, the exchange this time around was an opportunity. If possible, he had to make his name known to the upper echelons of the White Deer Institute. Only after he gained their recognition would he be able to control this hidden faction of the Azure Emperor Palace that had concealed themselves for over a few thousand years. If he simply flashed the Azure Emperor Token, those in the upper echelons of the White Deer Institute may defer to him and treat him kindly, but if he truly wanted to control them? It was unlikely.

“Let's go, all the elders are waiting at the institute. They already know of your existence, so you have to show them what you can do, okay?” Bailu Yi smiled at Qin Wentian.

“Right.” Qin Wentian nodded his head.

“The ugly husband has to meet the parents-in-law sooner or later.” Fan Le grinned at the side, causing Bailu Yi to glare at him. Moments later, her innocent face had a tinge of shyness on it, Fan Le’s words seemed a little... suggestive.

“Let’s go.” Qin Wentian seemed long prepared for this moment. He was actually quite eager and filled with anticipation.

As part of the ‘hidden’ faction of the Azure Emperor Palace, how exactly strong was the White Deer Institute? He guessed he would only know after he gained total control of their power.

There were many people gathered in one of the training fields within the White Deer Institute. Over there, the various elders were already waiting while the other members of the Institute stood in rows, on the left and right. Their gazes were all fixed on the few silhouettes currently walking over to the training field’s entrance. Frowns lined the faces of many when they saw a handsome and exquisite-looking young man walking side by side with Bailu Yi.

Was the rumor true? Bailu Yi was infatuated with that guy?

Qin Wentian and the others entered the training field and walked towards the front. With his powerful sensory abilities, Qin Wentian could instantly perceive the countless gazes sweeping over him. There was coldness, and of sharpness in their judgemental gazes. Only a minority of those gazes were of good-will and acceptance.

This caused Qin Wentian to smile bitterly; this all resulted from a misunderstanding regarding his relationship with Bailu Yi, leading to their current scrutiny of him. After all, Bailu Yi’s status within the White Deer Institute was a highly revered and extraordinary one.

“Yi`er, why are you still dawdling about. Quickly come here,” Bailu Yi’s father called out. After which, Bailu Yi surreptitiously sneaked a glance at Qin Wentian as a cheeky smile appeared on her face. What a big misunderstanding, she wanted to see how this fellow would resolve it!