

## Ancient GM 321

### Chapter 321: Spar

Drifting to each Dao-Cultivation Hall, consolidating his insights in random cave dwellings, occasionally seeking guidance from the elders, Qin Wentian enjoyed this process immensely. He could feel himself growing stronger day by day, and although there weren't any major improvements in terms of cultivation level, he considered each bit of effort to be like water droplets, able to penetrate rocks if they persisted long enough. Day after day of immersing himself in cultivation, Qin Wentian was now several times stronger compared to when he had just entered the Unmatched Realm.

But as time passed, the rate of his improvement gradually slowed as well.

Today, Qin Wentian was leisurely walking on an ancient mountain pass, and as he gazed ahead, he saw a female figure clad in white walking towards him. This female had a cool and elegant demeanor, like that of a snow lotus atop an icy mountain. This was none other than the maiden whom Qin Wentian had fought against during the entrance test.

This maiden's combat prowess was extremely powerful, and it appeared that her position in the Unmatched Realm was unique. She was the one who announced that the entirety of the thirty-six halls was open to him. If that was the case, who was the one that gave the order?

The one with sufficient authority to make that decision, would definitely be one that stood at the peak of the Unmatched Realm.

The white-robed maiden halted her steps and smiled, "Has your strength improved after our exchange?"

"A little. Might I have the chance to spar with you once more?" Qin Wentian asked. It wasn't that he took victory as everything, but rather because the maiden's combat prowess was astonishingly high, a mere eighth level Yuanfu cultivator yet with a Mandate at the Perfection Boundary. Qin Wentian wanted to know what the distance was between him and this maiden.

He suddenly thought back to the words Cang Lan had spoken, the man behind Yue Bingying. He estimated that Situ Po's power should be similar to this maiden.

“Okay.” The maiden clad in white gazed at Qin Wentian as she lightly nodded her head. “Do your best.”

The Astral Energy within Qin Wentian’s body bubbled and gushed forth as his bloodline limit circulated his entire body. The battle intent he was radiating shot up towards the skies, as a terrifying demonic qi exuded from him. Even before attacking, Qin Wentian’s aura was already transforming into that of a desolate primordial beast.

He showed no traces of courtesy and immediately attacked. He knew that this maiden had a cultivation at the eighth level, which was two levels higher compared to him. Not only that, her Mandate was at the Perfection Boundary. Even regarding Mandates, she sorely suppressed him.

A terrifying stream of light covered Qin Wentian, the demonic qi his arm was exuding towered to the heavens. The energy from Heavens and Earth flowed into him, creating a special Rhythm, as he blasted his attack at that white-robed maiden. Such an overbearing might caused spatial cracks to appear in the space around him. If this maiden was struck by his attack, there was no doubt about it—even she would die instantly.

The maiden pushed out with her palms as a unique Rhythm vibrated around her, and the surrounding space instantly became a domain filled with ice and frost. As her palms met with Qin Wentian’s fist, Qin Wentian felt an intense bone-chilling sensation encroaching upon him, yet his fist still punched out with irresistible force.

“HOWL~” A monstrous roar gushed out, the white maiden was as serene as before. Her palms blocked the space in front of her, the freezing intent emanating forth was seemingly capable of freezing everything it touched.

Peng!

Their attacks met in midair, the frost qi she generated was transformed into countless sharp icicles, shooting towards Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian quickly dodged to the side and pushed forth with his left palms. The icicles shattered but the maiden continued rushing forth. The terrifying glacial intent she emitted caused Qin Wentian’s body to involuntarily shudder.

“She even countered an attack with such might?” Qin Wentian was shocked. The speed of the maiden was terrifyingly quick, Qin Wentian slammed his fist into the earth, causing a mini quake to disorient the maiden, before Garuda Wings appeared on his back as he soared into the skies.

The maiden spun in an intricate dance as a massive flow of air enveloped her, further enhancing her speed.

Her hands slowly extended outwards as her Mandate of Ice and Snow covered the entire region, freezing everything in place. A leaf drifting in the air instantly turned to frost, while Qin Wentian also felt his body gradually becoming frozen, being buried in ice and snow.

“The will of my Mandate can’t be compared to hers. Hence I’m the one being suppressed now. If my Mandate of Dreams is at the Perfection Boundary, I would be able to immerse her in sleep instead of being frozen by her.” Qin Wentian mused. A monstrous sword intent gushed forth from him and lacerated the blanket of frost, but the maiden had already arrived right in front of him after that moment’s delay,

With a flip of his palms, demonic qi surged forth as his eyes turned fiend-like. Stabbing out with a finger, the entire space erupted with a volcanic-like explosion towards the maiden.

The maiden’s countenance drastically changed and she hurriedly clasped her hands together. Her entire being seemed to be frozen solid as a suit of armor made entirely of ice formed about her. Using the Heaven Breaking Finger to stab at that ice armor, shattering sounds echoed as the suit of ice totally broke apart. However, the strength of her defense was sufficient to exhaust the might behind Qin Wentian’s Heaven Breaking Finger. Evidently, the life-saving method of this maiden was too powerful.

Qin Wentian didn’t halt his momentum. His Yuanfu seethed as the Astral Energy within surged. Contained within this fist was an incorporation of everything Qin Wentian had learned.

As the maiden stared at Qin Wentian, Qin Wentian locked eyes with hers. A glint of steely determination could be seen as his Mandate of Dreams gushed out. He had no intentions of giving her any leeway—he wanted to see exactly how powerful this maiden was.

“Bzzz!” A massive wind kicked up.

Peng...

A terrifying wind force rumbled through the mountain pass, altering the angle of Qin Wentian’s punch. He was left thunderstuck—his strongest strike had instead landed on air. He couldn’t help

but wish that his opponent had used some amazingly powerful method to negate the force of his attack, rather than cause him to miss her entirely. That would have made him feel a little better, at least.

Retracting his aura, Qin Wentian ceased his movements, wearing a bitter smile on his face. This feeling of his plans being thwarted, caused all his earlier excitement about his own improvement to vanish into thin air. If the maiden made use of the opportunity earlier to attack, he would have been defeated. It was obvious that when sparring with him, the white-robed maiden was still holding herself in check.

Qin Wentian slightly inclined his head, this was the suppression of Mandates. A Mandate at the Perfection Boundary naturally enjoyed absolute advantage. Even if the power of his strikes didn't lose out to his opponent or was stronger than theirs, it was useless if his attacks couldn't hit.

When Barbarian King said that the Mandate of Force was the strongest, it was merely from his perspective. In truth, all Mandates were powerful, it only depended on the user.

“Mandate of Ice and Snow to use frost to slow their opponent's movements and using the Mandate of Wind to enhance one's speed. Such a combination is truly terrifying,” Qin Wentian murmured. The white-robed Maiden replied, “Once they reach the Perfection Boundary, all kinds of Mandates are fearsome to fight against in any form of combination. Taking you as an example, your Mandate of Dreams could make your opponents drowsy as you follow up with an attack powered by the Mandate of Force. Who could block you then?”

“You're right. Anyway, thanks for accompanying me in sparring.” Qin Wentian wasn't bothered too much about victory or defeat, he smiled at the maiden clad in white, “My name is Qin Wentian, can I have the honor of knowing yours?”

The white-robed maiden glanced at the smile on Qin Wentian's face as she lightly replied, “Yun Mengyi.”

“Hey brat, are you trying to woo the pretty girls?” At this moment, a voice suddenly drifted into Qin Wentian's eardrums, causing him to be startled. Shifting his gaze over, a bright light suddenly flashed in his eyes.

Behind him, there was a casually-dressed, messy-haired old man sitting atop a rock. He was currently staring at him with a smile that was not a smile.

Although Qin Wentian's current perception was overwhelmingly strong, he hadn't been aware of the old man's presence until he spoke.

"I'll leave first." Yun Mengyi had glared at that old man before she flew away, her actions caused Qin Wentian to be somewhat dumbfounded. He then turned his gaze onto that old man again and asked, "Is Senior the master of Yun Mengyi?"

"Why? Are you asking me to be your master too?" The eyes of the old man narrowed to slits, giving people a feeling of craftiness.

Qin Wentian was speechless, to be so indifferent towards his own image, this old man was one of the strangest eccentrics he'd ever met. Somehow, this guy felt like an even bigger fraud compared to the Barbarian King.

"You dare to chase girls with that small amount of strength of yours? How could you ever succeed?" The old man words caused Qin Wentian to be completely speechless, he couldn't be bothered to refute that old man as well.

"If Senior has nothing else, Junior shall take my leave now." Qin Wentian bowed to that old man as he turned and prepared to depart, causing the old man to start.

"Brat, if you leave, don't regret it." The old man 'threatened'.

"Goodbye." Qin Wentian turned his back towards him and waved his hands, he even increased his speed, instantly dashing down the mountains. That old man's countenance twitched. This brat had even more of a personality compared to him...

"What are you all looking at? Get out of here. Your father, I have spoken." The old man suddenly cursed, as several silhouettes instantly appeared. Their eyes were all filled with hints of suppressed laughter when they stared at him.

"Whoever dares to laugh, go ahead and try it." The old man raged as he stepped out. Abruptly, the entire space was filled with an overwhelming pressure as the smiles in their eyes quickly disappeared. Their hearts were all filled with disdain for this old guy—taking out his anger on them after he was snubbed by a brat. This old man was too low class.

"Hey little barby, tell me what you think of that brat." That old man pointed to a herculean figure as he inquired. The Barbarian King wanted nothing more than to tear the old man apart when he heard how he'd been addressed.

He, the awe-inspiring Barbarian King, was termed as little barby?

Luckily there were no juniors here, if not he would have no more face to remain in the Unmatched Realm any longer.

“That little brat’s talent barely meets the mark, he depended on luck to barge through the tests and is definitely unqualified to become your disciple. Even if you wanted to give him to me, I would reject it because he’s too stupid,” the Barbarian King said with a straight face, his words causing the old man to roll his eyes. “F\*ck off! Scram right now, not a single truthful word came out of your mouth. Leave me now. You guys are not to leak what happened here today around.”

“Orh.” The Barbarian King and the rest nodded as they flew away at their fastest speed, before that crazy old man changed his mind again. That old man sat atop a rock, his small eyes gleaming with a strange light, nobody knew what he was thinking about!

#### Chapter 322: Crafty Old Man

Qin Wentian returned to the mountain where the Arrow Emperor presided, only to see Chu Mang hard at work practicing his archery, while Fan Le provided guidance to a young-looking lady.

This beautiful young lady wore a dress of green and exuded an aura brimming with naiveté and vitality.

“Brother Fan Le, can you execute the Setting Sun Arrow Technique once more for me to see?” The young lady sweetly smiled.

“Of course.” Without hesitation, Fan Le drew back his bow and fired, his arrows seemingly having the power to shoot down the sun. Ten arrows were linked in a continuous chain from tip to tail feathers, with the might of each arrow stacked over each other, reinforcing the power of each strike.

“Senior Brother, you are so awesome!” The young lady smiled. After which, she turned and looked to Qin Wentian as an expression of curiosity appeared on her face. Qin Wentian contemplated her as well and couldn’t help but to muse in his heart, what a beautiful girl, this young lady gave him a sense of surrealism, like those beauties you’d normally meet in a dream.

“Boss, this is Xuan Xin, my junior sister. She’s also skilled in archery.” Fan Le performed the introduction with a smile, having just noticed Qin Wentian as well.

“You are Qin Wentian? I just arrived at the Unmatched Realm but I hear your name everywhere.” Xuan Xin blinked. Just by interacting with her, people found themselves relaxing in the presence of her innocent beauty.

“Xuan Xin.” Qin Wentian smiled as he nodded, after which he swept a glance at Fatty. The Arrow Emperor took in such a beautiful young woman as his disciple, it seemed like the spring days of Fatty were coming soon once more.

“Oh yeah boss, didn’t you have something to do with Big Bro Chu Mang? He’s right there, don’t let us disturb you guys. I will continue coaching Xuan Xin,” Fan Le continued, his shamelessness causing Qin Wentian to blink. This damnable fatty was afraid that their presence would spoil his plans.

“Big Bro Chu Mang, let’s go.” Qin Wentian glared at Fatty before leaving with Chu Mang. Fan Le stared at Xuan Xin as he laughed, “Big Bro Chu Mang and my boss Qin Wentian all have very terrifying talents, they could be considered the number two and number three in the entire Unmatched Realm, just slightly losing out to me.”

When Chu Mang and Qin Wentian, who weren’t that far away, heard these words, black lines filled their faces. This damnable fatty, even if he wanted to impress the girls, there was no need to use them as sacrificial victims right?

“Didn’t you say Qin Wentian obtained access to all thirty-six Dao-Cultivation Halls?” Xuan Xin voice drifted over from afar.

“Yeah, my genius rubbed off on him. He’s more proficient in an overall aspect, so I guess you can call him a jack of all trades. As for me, I focus only on archery because when I do something, I make sure to do it well. It’s just like if I love a girl, she’d be the only one in my heart,” Fan Le said with a straight face, his answer causing Chu Mang and Qin Wentian to completely throw in the towel.

Chu Mang returned to the Dao-Cultivation Hall his master Qiao Long presided over, while Qin Wentian found a nearby cave dwelling and started to cultivate within. However, the moment he closed his eyes, an exceedingly ear-piercing whistling sound could be heard gushing over.

The air turned frosty as the coldness of the wind pervaded the bone. The biting chill of this wind was as sharp as the edge of a blade, causing Qin Wentian to break out in a cold sweat. A terrifying light flashed in his eyes, he noticed a fearsome hurricane gusting through the entrance of his cave.

“What’s going on?” Qin Wentian countenance stiffened as he stood up, trying to rush outside. However, the wind force of the hurricane buffeted him, making it tough for him to keep a firm hold on his footing.

“Buzz...”

Qin Wentian’s body was carried by the wind force into the air. A deafening sound thundered out as he was smashed into the ceiling without mercy. Groaning miserably, he felt as though his skull was about to split apart.

“Where did this strange wind come from?” Qin Wentian’s gaze froze as he stared outside. This strange bout of wind seemed to blow the strongest within the tunnel leading out of the cave. Although the hurricane was spread throughout the cave, its wind-force wasn’t nearly as powerful as the gales in the tunnel.

Standing up once more, Qin Wentian steadied himself and slowly advanced step by step. However, the moment he stepped into the tunnel, the ferocious wind slammed against his body, the wind-force so intense that he couldn’t even keep his eyes open.

“BOOM!” He lost his footing and once again, the wind currents carried him up, blasting him headfirst into a section of the wall in the interior of the cave.

“WHO?!” Qin Wentian roared. It was impossible for this strange wind to suddenly manifest. There must be someone controlling it from behind the scenes. He soared into the air and swung a fist imbued with the Mandate of Force against the ceiling, causing the entire cave to rumble, and yet, the ceiling remained unaffected. It appeared as though the stone walls of the caves had suddenly been reinforced by something, there was no way for him to break through it.

Qin Wentian didn’t give up, he tested various sections of the caves but to no avail. He was trapped here, someone wanted to keep him here on purpose.

Clenching his fist, Qin Wentian stared at the demonic burst of wind in the tunnel that was separating him from the outside world.

“I don’t believe you can keep me trapped here.” Qin Wentian’s blood seethed and surged as the Astral Energy within his body erupted together with the will of his Mandate. A towering demonic qi

permeated the air as his body seemingly transformed into a Garuda, flying towards the cave entrance with explosive speed. “Bzzz!” He felt as though a bolt of lightning dashed through the hurricane and entered his body. He only managed to close a third of the distance and had no way to proceed any further. And in proportion to the amount of strength used, the rebound effect would be even greater. This time around, when Qin Wentian was slammed into the wall, he involuntarily coughed out a mouthful of blood as his inner organs shook violently.

He stood up and tried again and again, but each attempt ended in failure. Qin Wentian gradually lost hope, he had no way to exit the cave and was trapped within its walls. Not only that, the hurricane in the tunnel was gradually gusting towards the interior of the cave albeit at an extremely slow speed...

“I can’t let this continue. If the hurricane enters the cave and I still have no way to counter it, I’ll be smashed to death.”

Qin Wentian’s countenance turned ashen. He needed strength, even more strength. He still wasn’t strong enough.

Falling down repeatedly, slamming into the walls again and again, Qin Wentian spat out countless mouthfuls of fresh blood. If his physique and bloodline weren’t as strong, he would already be half dead.

“Who’s the one behind this?”

Qin Wentian was speechless. Within the interior of the cave, booming sounds relentlessly rang out and in the blink of an eye, half a month had already passed. Under the intense pressure of the hurricane, Qin Wentian’s strength improved by leaps and bounds, and as of that moment, his will of the Mandate of Demons could already cover his entire body, allowing him to resist the wind for short moments of time in his strongest state. However, he was still unable to exit the cave.

And now, that hurricane had already reached the interior cave. At this moment, his body was pressed against the wall in the cave. It wasn’t something he wanted, but the intensity of the wind made him even unable to advance a single step forward. His countenance was as white as paper, and he looked a lot more haggard compared to the time when he first entered.

For what felt like more than a thousand times, Qin Wentian coughed up blood. In his heart, he repeatedly cursed the person behind this attack, and if curses could work, that person would have met his death a million times over.

Outside the cave, on top of an ancient tree, an old man yawned while lying on a branch, appearing to be enjoying a good sleep. Out of nowhere, a ferocious silhouette transformed into a stream of light that zoomed towards him, but the old man merely blew a breath of air at it. The power of one breath caused the poor silhouette to be forcefully somersaulted many times.

“AWOOOO~” The transformed Little Rascal’s eyes glimmered with a golden light as it glared at that old man. However, its presence was totally ignored, the old man continued sleeping. “Ai, where can you find such a nice old man like me patiently and painstakingly guiding the junior generation? Kind people are always misunderstood,” that old man murmured to himself. Little Rascal bared its fangs when it heard those words as its countenance turned even more ferocious compared to before. If Qin Wentian were to hear this, he would definitely be so angered that he’d end up coughing out a few more mouthfuls of blood.

A month passed, and Qin Wentian was tormented for every second of it. He didn’t know how many bones he broke and couldn’t remember how many mouthfuls of blood he coughed up. Yet, he was still stuck in the cave.

Many in the Unmatched Realm all said that Qin Wentian was too afraid hence, he hid himself. No one had seen him for a long, long while.

Two months later, a silhouette finally stumbled out of the cave. The moment he was out, he collapsed on the floor, breathless, totally devoid of strength. His clothes were tattered, his hair all messed up, he didn’t have the energy to care about his appearance. Yet, he was wide-eyed as he stared at the old man sleeping on the tree. If looks could kill, that old man would already be dead.

Revenge, this was a clear-cut obvious attempt at revenge. That crafty old man actually had such a small heart.

“Hmm, who’s cursing me?” The old man fidgeted about as he opened his eyes. When he saw Qin Wentian glaring at him, his eyes narrowed as he laughed. “No need to thank me. For people like me who are the living embodiment of kindness, we do great deeds without seeking for repayment.”

“Junior will definitely find an opportunity to ‘repay’ senior,” Qin Wentian said with gritted teeth.

“No need, no need.” The old man sat up and slowly floated away. He didn’t forget to wave his hands as he added, “Your strength is circulating evenly around your entire body, good to see that your Mandate of Force has already reached the Perfection Boundary. And like the noblest of men, I

remain unnamed as I walk away with a flick of my sleeves, taking comfort in knowing that I've accomplished something marvelous, even as I hide the part I played from the world."

Qin Wentian wanted nothing more than to fiercely beat up this old guy in front of him. However, it was obvious that he wasn't a match for him. Most probably, that old man would only need a single finger to toss him off the mountain.

"Wait, my Mandate of Force reached the Perfection Boundary?" Qin Wentian froze.

It was true, he hadn't realized it back then, but he'd done so unconsciously after countless tries. Only by infusing and circulating his entire body with the will of his Mandate of Force would he be able to overcome the intense gales and walk out of the hurricane. His first level of insight into the Mandate of Force had already reached the Perfection Boundary.

"Damn that old man into the deepest depths of hell, he better not fall into my hands." Qin Wentian bitterly smiled. Such a breakthrough was only obtained by undergoing hellish tortures. Only someone as crazy as that fraudster old man would have thought of something like this. If he didn't manage to breakthrough to the Perfection Boundary, he really would have died in there.

Qin Wentian closed his eyes, he could finally sleep in peace. And in the end, he slept for a total of seven days, it was too comfortable. Qin Wentian wasn't willing to wake up.

As of now, Qin Wentian had already been in the Azure Continent for half a year.

And throughout these six months, he had continuously grown in strength. He wasn't the only one—both Ouyang Kuangsheng and Wang Xiao had already stepped into the seventh level of Yuanfu. In fact, everyone training in the Unmatched Realm would eventually improve, regardless of where they were, or what methods they used.

For geniuses like them, no one was willing to waste time. Sometimes, if they were late by a single step, it might mean that they'd be unable to catch up for their entire lives.

And currently, the geniuses of the Grand Xia Empire had already started to make their way towards the Ancient Kingdom of the Ginkou Continent. Some remained behind, choosing to continue improving their strength as much as possible until the very last second. Only by expending all their efforts would they have a chance to contend with the strongest geniuses throughout Grand Xia!

## Chapter 323: Finding Trouble

While Qin Wentian was trapped in the cave, a major event happened in the Unmatched Realm—Fatty had fallen in love!

But if it were merely a case of Fatty being in love, this wouldn't be considered such a big matter. The problem was the target of his love, Xuan Xin, was the little princess of the Mystic Maiden Palace.

Consequently, this became more than a big issue.

Fatty was about to get married!

The Mystic Maiden Palace was different from the many other powers out there, they only accepted female disciples and each female must have an extremely high degree of talent before becoming core members. The little princess of the Mystic Maiden Palace, Xuan Xin, was one such disciple.

At this moment in the Unmatched Realm, a group of figures all clustered together. Among them was Wang Xiao's girl friend Qiao Xuan and also Liu Xi who was once bashed up by Qin Wentian. Normally, they would be jealous of Xuan Xin, but right now, their faces only reflected ice-cold rage when they saw the shameless figure of Fatty in the distance.

Fatty Fan Le, was one of Qin Wentian's buddies.

"Xuan Xin, come here." Li Shiyu, one of the Mystic Maiden Palace's disciples called out. She had a cultivation base at the eighth level of Yuanfu and was a chosen of her sect. Yet despite how outstanding she was, she didn't get the title of 'Princess'.

"Sister Shiyu, we are truly in love with each other." Xuan Xin stared at the crowd from the Mystic Maiden Palace, feeling a little scared.

"Xuan Xin, don't be fooled by the flowery words of this fatty." Li Shiyu's tone was ice cold and brooked no arguments. "Come here first."

"Forget it, Sister Shiyu." Xuan Xin pulled on Fan Le's hand, feeling more than a little terrified. Fan Le squeezed her hands tightly, and in front of many murderous stares, he puffed his chests outwards, exuding a manly aura. Initially, this was a move that could touch the hearts of girls, but when Fan Le did it, it made those watching from the side feel like laughing instead. They were all thinking a beautiful flower like Xuan Xin was going to be wasted on Fan Le—for the handsome young lads in the Unmatched Realm, this was completely unacceptable.

“I will take Xuan Xin as my wife,” Fan Le seriously stated. This time, his heart had been truly moved by this naive and radiant young girl. Xuan Xin was extremely intelligent, and in fact knew that Fan Le was bragging to her many times, but she had never exposed his lies. She simply enjoyed being in Fan Le’s company and loved the fact that he could always make her laugh.

“You want to take Xuan Xin as your wife? What qualifications do you have? Stop dreaming,” Li Shiyu icily shot back. “Do you know of Xuan Xin’s identity?”

“Someone who doesn’t know how tall the Heavens are and how wide the Earth is, an ugly toad lusting after a beautiful swan.” Lin Haotian had his arms crossed in front of his chest as he spat out. The girls of the Mystic Maiden Sect had always been the target of many talented geniuses from the Azure Continent. Who would have thought this fatty would manage to win the heart of the little princess?

“Li Shiyu, in the Unmatched Realm, even you wouldn’t be able to do anything to him. If he really loves the little princess, why don’t you give him a chance and ask if he’s willing to follow you girls back to the Mystic Maiden Palace.” Yue Bingying had a slight smile on her face, she had been seeking Qin Wentian’s whereabouts for many months but to no avail.

All this time, it seemed that Qin Wentian had been intentionally avoiding her, and now an opportunity had fallen into her lap. She’d heard that Fan Le was a close friend of Qin Wentian, so if something were to happen to Fan Le, Qin Wentian would surely appear right?

“Yeah, Xuan Xin, since he says he loves you, why don’t you ask him if he dares to follow us back to the Mystic Maiden Palace?” Li Shiyu spoke to Xuan Xin while staring at Fan Le.

Xuan Xin shook her head, “No, I won’t let him go there.”

“You...” Li Shiyu’s expression faltered and abruptly turned menacing.

“Oi, Li Shiyu, I think my friend is quite compatible with Xuan Xin. Why are you making such a commotion, don’t tell me nobody wants you?” A straightforward voice filled with unabashed laughter drifted over. Li Shiyu shifted her gaze in that direction and soon noticed Ouyang Kuangsheng and a few other figures walking towards them. The one who spoke was naturally Ouyang Kuangsheng.

“Ouyang Kuangsheng, don’t think I won’t dare to make a move against you just because you’re from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan. You better watch your words,” Li Shiyu coldly replied.

“Wait, have I hit the nail right on the head? You are afraid of being left on the shelves. Don’t worry about it, have you met my good friend Chu Mang? His talent is outstanding and should be pretty compatible with you. Why don’t you consider him?” Ouyang Kuangsheng laughed and pointed to Chu Mang, his actions causing Chu Mang to glance at Li Shiyu before he dumbly replied in a low voice, “I don’t want her...”

As the sound of his voice faded, the expression on everyone’s faces froze. Even Ouyang Kuangsheng was stunned by Chu Mang’s directness. Chu Mang really was too adorable.

Li Shiyu face immediately darkened with violence. The surrounding crowd all perspired, Chu Mang’s words implied that even if Li Shiyu were to be wrapped up and presented to him as a gift, he still wouldn’t want her. Not only that, his tone had been serious when he had spoken earlier.

“All of you, good. Very good.” A coldness radiated from Li Shiyu while momentarily, an overwhelming pressure also erupted forth from the other maidens. The crowd instantly took several steps back, giving the two parties some space. Ouyang Kuangsheng frowned, if they fought now, his side would definitely end up in dire straits.

There were a total of five people from the Mystic Maiden Palace. One was at the eighth level of Yuanfu, while two others at the seventh level and the remaining two at the sixth level.

And on the side of Fatty, other than Xuan Xin, there was only Chu Mang and Ouyang Kuangsheng. Evidently, their combat prowess level was lower in comparison as they only had two at the seventh level and one at the sixth level. They would undoubtedly suffer if they were to battle.

There were others from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, like Ouyang Ting, who were present as well. Duan Qingshan had already gone to make his preparations for breaking through to Heavenly Dipper while Ouyang Ting chose to remain behind in the Unmatched Realm to cultivate. Currently, she was already at the sixth level of Yuanfu but of course, she wouldn’t act to help them. This whole matter was just Ouyang Kuangsheng wanting to help his friends from the outside and had nothing to do with their Ouyang Clan. If Ouyang Kuangsheng wanted to help, let him settle this on his own then.

From afar, a human and a demonic beast were flying through the air. They couldn’t help but be startled when they saw the gathering crowd below.

This person was none other than Qin Wentian. He saw that Fan Le and the rest of his friends were in the middle of a confrontation with another group of people.

“What’s going on?” Increasing his speed, Qin Wentian moved like the wind as he zoomed towards the crowd. Upon hearing the whistling in the air, the crowd turned their heads as they momentarily stiffened.

Qin Wentian had finally appeared.

Several people in the crowd turned their gazes towards Yue Bingying; they knew that she had been looking for Qin Wentian for quite some time, but hadn't been successful. Before this, Qin Wentian had seemingly disappeared without a trace, as though he'd been purposefully avoiding her.

"You finally showed your face." Ouyang Kuangsheng hadn't seen Qin Wentian for a very long time, and he couldn't help but smile when he saw his brother had finally appeared.

Qin Wentian stood in mid-air, yet there were a group of people blocking his path. These people were none other than a small group of members from the Sword Extinction Sect.

Lin Haotian slowly walked out, coming face to face with Qin Wentian.

"You finally got tired of hiding?" Lin Haotian's gaze was as sharp as a sword, piercing straight through Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian swept his gaze over to him, this was the same guy who broke his concentration during that critical moment back then. From what Cang Lan said, this person was a lackey chosen by Situ Po's companion to arrange a meeting with him.

"Fatty, did you stir up trouble again?"

Qin Wentian only cast a single glance at Lin Haotian before shifting his gaze over to Fan Le. Seeing how Xuan Xin was totally in love with Fan Le, Qin Wentian couldn't help cursing Fatty in his heart. This fatty was truly a genius, he had even managed to woo Xuan Xin.

Qin Wentian was already praying for Xuan Xin in his heart. How would this adorable young lady stand the shamelessness of Fan Le in the future?

"I'm mutually in love with Xuan Xin, how is this called stirring up trouble?" Fatty unabashedly replied, "However I didn't know until recently that Xuan Xin was the little princess of the Mystic Maiden Palace."

Fatty grinned, the corners of his lips contained an apparent sense of pride. His girlfriend was a princess of the Mystic Maiden Palace!

"I see." Qin Wentian instantly understood the situation, his admiration for Fatty reached a new level.

“However, it doesn’t look like I’m the only one that wants to ‘stir up trouble’.” Fan Le glanced at Lin Haotian who was blocking Qin Wentian’s path. This person was rumored to be an extremely powerful opponent, someone that was selected to be groomed as a chosen for the Sword Extinction Sect. His radiance was only overshadowed by Situ Po—if not for that, he would be the number one among the younger generation in his sect.

“You better worry about yourself first before acting the hero. How should we deal with this unresolved issue between us?” Lin Haotian’s voice was like a sharp sword as he stared hard at Qin Wentian, “You told me to scram the last time we met, but now you don’t have your Divine Inscriptions to protect you. I’d like to see how you plan to clear things up.”

“Indeed, it’s about time to settle the matter between us.” Qin Wentian nodded seriously. Interrupting his breakthrough at the most critical moment and now Lin Haotian even dared to look for him on his own accord to ‘settle’ the matter? In any case, in the world of cultivation, power determined whether one was right or wrong.

“Tell me, how do you think we should settle it?” Qin Wentian stared at Lin Haotian as he asked.

Lin Haotian glanced at Yue Bingying who was standing nearby. Qin Wentian followed his gaze as he recalled her identity. She was a woman from the Azure Emperor Palace that he might have to meet again in the future. After all when he grew stronger, he still had to restructure the Azure Emperor Palace and take back the authority which rightfully belonged to him.

“You guys try him out to see if he’s qualified for me to spar against. If he isn’t capable enough, do whatever you see fit,” Yue Bingying casually stated. The truth was that she was exceedingly curious and merely wanted to see Qin Wentian’s capabilities with her own eyes. As someone who obtained the approval of all thirty-six halls, she wanted to compare Qin Wentian’s strength to that of her companion, Situ Po.

However, Qin Wentian actually rejected her.

Sparring?

Qin Wentian coldly laughed. Yue Bingying truly overestimated herself. She wanted to fight against him and so he must appear?

Bzz....

Sword light flashed as the two experts from the Sword Extinction Sect made their move. At the same time, Lin Haotian’s sword left its sheath as well. Overflowing sword intent gushed forth from

him—he knew that even with the assistance of his two fellow disciples, it was still impossible to defeat Qin Wentian. After all, Qin Wentian once dominated Liu Xi who was at the peak of the sixth level.

The swordsmen transformed into two streams of light as they instantly shot towards Qin Wentian. Yet, the expected sounds of slashing didn't ring out. The crowd turned their heads and froze, their expressions stunned when they saw the swordsmen had been stopped in mid-air. Despite their momentum and the driving force of their sword slashes, they were unable to maneuver their swords a single inch forward.

The very edges of their swords were firmly gripped by his bare hands!

### Chapter 324: Force

Those from the Sword Extinction Sect were all experts in sword techniques, possessing Sword-type Astral Souls as well as a comprehension of the Mandate of Swords.

Swords, because of their sharpness, were a huge boost to one's attack power. A cultivator at the sixth level of Yuanfu from the Sword Extinction Sect using sword-type innate techniques would have sufficient combat prowess to fight even against those from the seventh, eighth or even ninth level of Yuanfu. This was also the reason why Sword Cultivators are often said to have the highest attack power.

Yet, Qin Wentian actually used his bare hands to catch hold of the incomparably sharp swords.

Demonic qi coated Qin Wentian's palms, and the two swordsmen froze for a moment before they recovered and reacted instantly. They channeled their sword qi into their swords causing a multifold rise in their sharpness. The swords vibrated violently, and both swordsmen took this moment of respite to pull the swords out of his grasp, interchanging their position and criss-crossing their swords, aiming for Qin Wentian's neck.

However Qin Wentian merely stood there, calmly looking at the two of them. At this moment, the swordsmen all paled.

Their attack was completely ignored.

Not only did Qin Wentian use his bare palms to catch their swords, right now, he was allowing them to freely attack.

Even Lin Haotian was dumbfounded as he stared at the scene happening in front of him. How was this possible? His two fellow disciples were extremely powerful but despite given reins to freely attack, they were still unable to break Qin Wentian's defense.

“Sword Extinction Sect? With your little bit of strength you still want to request for a meeting with me?” Qin Wentian calmly stated. Thanks to the Fiend Transformation Art, his physique had originally been akin to that of demons, but now it was many times stronger compared to ordinary humans.

Comparing humanity and demonic beasts, an ordinary human sixth level Yuanfu cultivator couldn't be compared to a demonic beast of the same grade. Only sword cultivators of the same level would be able to break their defenses. However, Qin Wentian was different, not only did he have a physique comparable to a demon, his will of the Mandate of Demons further reinforced it. And adding to that, his Mandate of Force had already reached the Perfection Boundary and was continuously circulating throughout his entire body. How could his defense not be monstrous?

For that reason, Qin Wentian could afford to totally disregard his opponents' attacks.

The two of them chose to retreat. Although they were extraordinary geniuses that gained the qualifications to cultivate in the Unmatched Realm, if they couldn't even break Qin Wentian's defenses, this battle was meaningless.

At the instant of their retreat, Qin Wentian's palms both demonified as he blasted out two palm imprints that instantly landed on the bodies of the two swordsmen.

“BOOM!” A thunderous sound echoed, not only were they unable to break Qin Wentian's defenses, they couldn't even handle a single casual attack of his.

“That strength...” Ouyang Kuangsheng's eyes flashed with a sharp light. Even he himself was unsure if he could defend against that attack, the power behind it was too terrifying.

Qin Wentian turned his gaze onto Lin Haotian, who stared at him, but had yet to make a move.

“Why are you not attacking?” Qin Wentian grinned fiendishly. A hint of terror flashed through Lin Haotian's eyes. Just from witnessing the power Qin Wentian had exhibited earlier, Lin Haotian knew it was highly probable that he wasn't Qin Wentian's match. And if he lost, his reputation would suffer too great a blow—a chosen of the Sword Extinction Sect lost to someone with a lower cultivation level? How would others look at him then? But still, with so many eyes on him, he couldn't simply run away.

“Seems like you’ve improved, you are worthy for me to take you seriously.” Lin Haotian’s sword intent surged forward in violent waves and an instant later, a terrifying windstorm kicked up, with him in the centre. Every step he took, the pressure of his sword might pierced towards Qin Wentian.

The entire space was filled with the keening of his sword intent.

“What a powerful stance, his first insight in the Mandate of Swords has already reached the Transformation Boundary.” The crowd could clearly sense the sword might surrounding Qin Wentian, powerful enough to lacerate anything in its path. Although Qin Wentian’s defense was inhumanly powerful, there should be no way for it to stand against Lin Haotian’s sword might.

“BOOM!”

Lin Haotian took another step forward, increasing the intensity of the sword might’s pressure. Even those standing far away could clearly feel the sharpness he was currently radiating.

Yet another step forwards, the entirety of the sword might condensed together and with a slashing motion, the Extinction Swordplay erupted forth, a sure-kill technique targeted at Qin Wentian.

Sword Extinction Sect, Extinction Swordplay. A single sword causing ghosts and demons to wail, eradicating all life under the heavens.

Qin Wentian could feel the terrifying aura of extinction contained within that sword, as well as Lin Haotian’s conviction in the power of his attack.

“Isn’t Lin Haotian too ruthless? With such a sword move, he might kill Qin Wentian and break the iron rules of the Unmatched Realm.”

“I don’t think so, he merely wants to use his strongest attack to test out Qin Wentian’s true strength. He should understand that at most, this will only injure Qin Wentian, not go as far as to claim his life. Qin Wentian is just too powerful.”

The crowd was all in discussion, as well as silently remarking in awe at the chosen of the Sword Extinction Sect. The moment he made his move, they could all sense how overwhelming his attack was.

Qin Wentian was still as calm as before. The Astral Energy within his Yuanfu rumbled as demonic qi coated every part of his body.

Lin Haotian had a cultivation base at the peak of the seventh level of Yuanfu, and with the power of his attacks, fighting against him was undoubtedly equivalent to fighting against someone at the eighth level. In fact, Lin Haotian's combat prowess was far beyond ordinary cultivators at the eighth level of Yuanfu.

This person was arrogant, but he had the power to back up his attitude.

Despite Lin Haotian's advancement, Qin Wentian still hadn't moved a single step. His presence was like an immovable mountain—invulnerable in spite of the mounting pressure.

And finally, when Lin Haotian's aura rose to its peak, his entire person seemingly transformed into a sword, further augmenting the might of his earlier attack.

At the same moment, Qin Wentian also made his move. He took a single step forward, and that simple motion was like the wrathful howling of an ancient primordial beast, capable of causing the entire Heavens and Earth to shake. An aura of absolute obedience blasted out, Qin Wentian seemed to command their entire surroundings.

The resplendent sword rays were so bright that the crowd couldn't keep their eyes open. They only heard a towering roar as the entire region rumbled. That was the power of extinction.

Lin Haotian only needed one strike. This was the ultimate move in his arsenal, his most terrifying strike that contained the entirety of his sword might, all within a condensed form. He didn't intend to go easy on Qin Wentian.

Yet, the next moment, the mighty sword shattered as he spat out fresh blood. His chest had totally caved in, a terrifying imprint of a palm could be seen embedded on his flesh. His throat was being choked by an inhumanly enormous hand.

“HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?!”

Lin Haotian's body was shivering from terror. His ultimate move was broken by strength. Pure, absolute strength. Qin Wentian's Mandate of Force had already reached the Perfection Boundary?

But even so, how could Qin Wentian, who only had a cultivation base at the sixth level of Yuanfu, break apart his ultimate attack?

“Do I even need Divine Inscriptions to deal with you? A genius of the Sword Extinction Sect only amounts to this much it seems.” Qin Wentian abruptly shifted his hand choking Lin Haotian to the side, the terrifying force flinging Lin Haotian through the air. An explosive sound soon thundered

out in the distance, and the crowd gazed towards the noise. They couldn't help but tremble when they realized Lin Haotian had crashed into a faraway mountain.

Qin Wentian, who broke through to the sixth level, was too terrifying. A monstrous talent of the Sword Extinction Sect was forcefully and completely dominated.

Qin Wentian turned his gaze onto Yue Bingying, as a sharp light flashed in his eyes. "Didn't you want to spar with me? Do you think I have the qualifications to spar with you now?"

Yue Bingying involuntarily shuddered when she noted Qin Wentian's gaze. Qin Wentian's strength was too powerful, he must have already broken through to the Perfection Boundary, since even Lin Haotian was totally suppressed.

Although she was powerful, she wasn't that much stronger compared to Lin Haotian. If she fought against Lin Haotian, there was no way for her to suppress him as Qin Wentian had done. Hence, she knew that if she fought with Qin Wentian now, she would definitely be defeated.

"No wonder you were able to gain the approval of the thirty-six eccentrics. Your strength is acceptable indeed." Yue Bingying laughed, she didn't attack, she wanted to use words to brush this matter aside.

"And?" Qin Wentian stared at Yue Bingying.

Yue Bingying furrowed her brows. And?

She made those remarks because she had already recognised Qin Wentian's capabilities.

"I admit that your talent is truly terrifying." Yue Bingying forced out a smile as she continued.

Qin Wentian coldly laughed, "Just because you wanted to meet me, you commanded someone to bring me to you and ended up interrupting my breakthrough. Now that I'm standing in front of you, do you think a single sentence, 'Your talent is truly terrifying', can settle this? Who do you think you are?"

Yue Bingying's countenance sank as her smile totally vanished. By saying as much as she had, she was already giving face to Qin Wentian. It could also be considered a form of compromise and in her perspective, this matter should have been at an end.

However, Qin Wentian totally didn't give her any face at all.

“What do you want then?” Yue Bingying stated.

Qin Wentian stared at her, “Now, roll over here and apologize. This matter shall then be concluded.”

Yue Bingying’s countenance instantly changed. He wanted her to apologize? Was this a joke? It’s not funny at all.

The crowd all had expressions of disbelief on their faces. Qin Wentian wanted Yue Bingying to apologize?

Wasn’t he too audacious?

First, even if one ignored Yue Bingying’s identity as someone from the Azure Emperor Palace, she was also the companion of Situ Po, and Situ Po was still in the Unmatched Realm! Qin Wentian actually dared to say that he wanted Yue Bingying to apologize?

“Within the Unmatched Realm, you are not the only one with monstrous talent. You want me to apologize? Can you even bear the weight for that?” Yue Bingying’s tone turned extremely frost-like as she threatened.

“Bzzz!”

A raging wind kicked up, Qin Wentian was resolute and didn’t waste any more words, he instantly stepped towards Yue Bingying.

He had always been a man of few words, and because of Yue Bingying’s frivolous desires, a whole lot of troublesome matters had fallen upon him. If he was not powerful enough, there was no doubt that he’d be harshly humiliated by those from the Sword Extinction Sect. Wanting Yue Bingying to apologize was only to be expected and wasn’t something too over the top. But despite all that, Yue Bingying still wanted to intimidate him? In that case, there was no need to waste any more words on her.

Yue Bingying’s countenance dramatically fell, she stepped back as her Astral Soul erupted with a brilliance. However, the aura Qin Wentian was exuding covered the entire space, it felt extremely stifling, like she was in the presence of an ancient primordial beast.

“Garuda’s Chop, Dragon’s Shout, Lion’s Howl, Kirin’s Arm, Ape’s Madness... he completely comprehended all eighty-one stances of the demonic art on the rampart.” The crowd saw the oppressive might of Qin Wentian’s attack, Yue Bingying was completely suppressed and soon after, she was slammed ruthlessly onto the ground, causing her to coughed out mouthful of blood. She no longer looked like the exquisite and elegant lady she was, but rather, as pitiful-looking as a vagrant instead.

Qin Wentian floated in the air, staring disdainfully down at her. Yue Bingying coldly shrieked, "Situ Po will never spare you!"

"I, Qin, will consider the consequences of my actions. If Situ Po wants revenge for you, he's welcome to look for me. But don't you think you are pathetic to keep using his name like that just because you are his companion? Are you a prostitute that sold your body to him in exchange for the right to do so? The Azure Emperor Palace's prestige has totally been thrown away by your foolish actions. If people didn't know better, they would think that the Azure Emperor Palace can only produce sluts."

Qin Wentian flicked his sleeves and departed. His words caused Yue Bingying's countenance to alternate between shades of green and white, so angered that she involuntarily spat out another mouthful of blood.

The crowd were all silently praying for Qin Wentian. This fellow was as brazen as the rumors, Situ Po would definitely hunt him down after this.

Qin Wentian was going to regret what he did today. Although his combat prowess was fearsome, how could he be the match of Situ Po? Regardless of cultivation level or will of Mandates, Situ Po was far above Qin Wentian!

Chapter 325: Murderous Urges

Ignoring the darkened countenance of Yue Bingying, Qin Wentian walked over to the place where Fan Le and the others were.

In this case, since Fan Le's party had the added combat power of Qin Wentian, it was undoubtedly many times stronger. With the combat prowess Qin Wentian just exhibited, he should be able to fight evenly with Li Shiyu who had a cultivation base at the eighth level of Yuanfu.

Qin Wentian, Ouyang Kuangsheng, Chu Mang, Fan Le; four men against Li Shiyu's party.

Their overall strength didn't lose out in the slightest.

The Mystic Maiden Palace didn't have absolute odds of victory.

The spectators at the side all had expressions of interest on their faces. Qin Wentian was only at the fifth level of Yuanfu when he stepped into the Unmatched Realm, and now that he had already broken through to the sixth level, his combat prowess was so strong to the extent that it was unbelievable. His rate of improvement was shockingly too fast.

Ouyang Ting involuntarily trembled in her heart when she saw how much Qin Wentian's strength had grown. If based on her own strength, then it meant she would be unable to avenge her hatred forever. Unless of course she borrowed the strength of her Ouyang Clan, but if she chose to do so, Ouyang Kuangsheng would definitely stop her.

“Li Shiyu, open your eyes wide and see—this is my brother, Qin Wentian. And the ones standing before you; myself, Qin Wentian, Chu Mang and Fan Le, which of us can't be compared to the members from your Mystic Maiden Palace?” Ouyang Kuangsheng laughed as he continued, “Xuan Xin and Fan Le are both mutually in love, and their union will not disgrace your sect. Although Fatty Fan Le isn't as handsome as I am, his talent is truly the cream of the crop. If Xuan Xin's husband were to be chosen by your sect, the male candidate might not even be able to match up to Fan Le.”

“Hey, are you helping me or debasing me?” Fan Le grinned. Ouyang Kuangsheng's mouth was too nonsensical. He, Fan Le, was suave and elegant, what did Ouyang Kuangsheng mean by saying he wasn't as good looking as him?

“Hmph.” Li Shiyu coldly snorted. No matter how she viewed Fan Le, she couldn't find him pleasing to the eye. Maybe if Xuan Xin had chosen Ouyang Kuangsheng or Qin Wentian, she would be able to accept it. But really? Fan Le?

“Is there no one else from the Sword Extinction Sect or Azure Emperor Palace?”

Li Shiyu helplessly glanced around her for help. Earlier, Qin Wentian forcefully dominated Lin Haotian and the two others from the Sword Extinction Sect and even dared to bash up Yue Bingying. She didn't believe that the two sects would simply swallow this down.

Obviously, Li Shiyu didn't have the confidence to fight against Qin Wentian with just her members alone. She wanted an alliance with the Sword Extinction Sect and Azure Emperor Palace before she made her move.

“No need.”

From afar, a cold and detached voice drifted over. As the crowds turned their gaze over, the expressions on their faces all froze. They saw an extraordinary-looking figure flying over— he, who was always gentle and normally quiet, was actually exuding such killing intent that those who felt it involuntarily shuddered.

He appeared so fast? In that case, Qin Wentian was surely dead.

Situ Po instantly approached Yue Bingying. Stretching his hands outwards, he wiped away the traces of blood on the corner of her lips as he asked in a gentle voice, “How are your injuries?”

“I’m still okay, cough cough....” Yue Bingying’s face lost all hints of color. She turned to Situ Po and sobbed, “He said I’m a prostitute, selling myself to you just to use your name.”

“Nonsense. I’ll make sure nobody dares to say such nonsense ever again.” Situ Po gently caressed Yue Bingying’s hair as a tender smile flashed in his eyes.

“Mhm” Yue Bingying lightly nodded. Following which, Situ Po’s gaze turned upon Lin Haotian and the two other swordsmen. The three from the Sword Extinction Sect all lowered their heads, they didn’t dare to look Situ Po in the eyes. They had lost to Qin Wentian miserably, and thus lost all prestige of the Sword Extinction Sect.

“Be careful, Situ Po is truly terrifying, He has two Mandates at the Perfection Boundary and a third one at the Transformation Boundary. His combat prowess can definitely be ranked among those at the pinnacle of Yuanfu. If his opponent doesn’t have any Mandates at the Perfection Boundary, even someone at the peak of Yuanfu would similarly be suppressed.”

Ouyang Kuangsheng warned in a low voice, his words causing Qin Wentian’s gaze to turn heavy.

Qin Wentian was decisive when it came to doing things. So what if Situ Po came? He had a Mandate at the Perfection Boundary at the sixth level of Yuanfu. Even when faced against someone of the eighth level who also had a Mandate at the Perfection Boundary, he could still fight evenly against that person, and might even win.

However, Situ Po was a character similar to him, also obtaining access to all thirty-six Dao-Cultivation Halls. He had two Mandates at the Perfection Boundary and a third one at the peak of the Transformation Boundary. The combat prowess of such a character would definitely be beyond terrifying, and couldn’t be treated like an ordinary cultivator at the eighth level of Yuanfu. Even treating Situ Po as someone with a cultivation base at the ninth level wouldn’t do justice to his combat prowess.

Situ Po soared up to the skies, shifting his gaze onto Qin Wentian and the others before adding in a calm voice, “All of you can come at me together.”

The expressions of the crowd faltered. This was arrogance, true arrogance. But there was no doubt it, Situ Po did have the capabilities to act this way.

Maybe, he wanted all of them to come at him together because Situ Po didn’t want to be known as someone that bullied weaklings. After all, his cultivation base was two levels higher compared to Qin Wentian.

“How arrogant.” Fan Le stared at the silhouette standing in the air. He naturally had already heard of Situ Po’s name. Before Qin Wentian had appeared, he was the demon-level talent that had caused tsunami-sized commotions in the Unmatched Realm. In half a year’s time, Situ Po would join the challenge for the top ranked positions of the Heavenly Fate Ranking. His strength had already reached such a level now, so how much stronger could he potentially become in six months?

“Let me test out his strength.”

Chu Mang spoke, and as the sound of his voice faded, an Astral Bow materialised in his hands.

“Swish!” Resplendent arrows fired forth, the speed so fast that it was impossible to even track the trajectory with the naked eye.

Peng...

The arrows landed directly on Situ Po’s chest, and the eyes of the crowd widened at their power. However, their faces were soon covered with incredulous disbelief, once they realised Situ Po continued to stand there unmoving. He hadn’t even been forced back by the force of the continuous arrows attack. A rotating blob of light could be seen in front of Situ Po’s chest—it appeared to be like an armor of stonelight, yet, after defending against the attack, it instantly vanished.

Even arrows used with insta-shot would be unable to break apart his defense. Such power was akin to when Qin Wentian used his bare hands to catch hold of the sharp swords of those from the Sword Extinction Sect.

“The Mandate he comprehended is a little strange. It’s the Mandate of Stone, which is somewhat similar to the Mandate of Great Earth. The first level of insights of the Mandate of Stone, is Harden.

He can instantly manifest the armor of stonelight and completely disregard attacks by opponents at the eighth level of Yuanfu,” Ouyang Kuangsheng stated. He had never seen Situ Po fight before, but he’d gathered information from stories that circulated in the Unmatched Realm.

However, it seemed that Situ Po was even stronger than what the rumors said.

Qin Wentian’s countenance turned heavy. He was at the sixth level of Yuanfu with his Mandate of Force at the Perfection Boundary. Situ Po was at the eighth level and had the Mandate of Swords for attack and Mandate of Stone for defense. No wonder he’d been so highly evaluated in the Unmatched Realm.

Chu Mang swung forth with his battle axe, only to see Qin Wentian waving his hands, signaling for him to stop. The Mystic Maiden Palace were like tigers eyeing their prey and Situ Po’s strength was evidently stronger compared to theirs. Even if he were to battle, he shouldn’t drag Chu Mang and the others into it.

“Let me take over.” Qin Wentian rose up in the air as his bloodline activated. Gushing sounds rang out unceasingly, as the demonic qi he exuded grew stronger and stronger.

His body was transforming as well—the crowd stared in dumbfounded amazement when they saw an armor of demonic scales taking form around Qin Wentian. His physique shifted to become sturdier and larger, and the demonic qi he exuded permeated the entire area. His aura continued climbing skywards, causing many to be speechless.

Even a cultivator at the seventh level of Yuanfu would not have the powerful aura that Qin Wentian was exuding now.

“BOOM!”

Situ Po stepped out, directly walking towards Qin Wentian. His own aura skyrocketed, as he emanated an incomparably tyrannical pressure.

With a single punch, spatial fissures appeared around the air as the strength of his attack rushed towards Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian waved his hands and blasted out with a dragon imprint. A fearsome explosive sound thundered, yet Situ Po continued to advance, completely disregarding the powerful swords of chaotic energy birthed from the collision of their attacks.

Qin Wentian's Divine Energy within his Yuanfu seethed and surged. The countless shadows of Garudas blotted out the skies as they rushed towards Situ Po.

Situ Po clapped his hands together with frightening speed, and the resounding impact destroyed the entirety of the Garuda shadows. With a flick of his finger, a greyish halo of light appeared above Qin Wentian. Against his will, Qin Wentian felt his entire body stiffening, becoming incredibly sturdy and more stone-like.

“BREAK!” Qin Wentian's countenance drastically changed. His sword-type Divine Energy frenziedly gushed forth as his demonic qi and will of Mandate of Force amalgamated together, forcefully breaking the petrification light halo apart.

However, Situ Po had already arrived right in front of him. Although he didn't feel that Qin Wentian was qualified to be termed as his opponent, he knew he had to completely dominate Qin Wentian in this battle.

“Bzz!”

Situ Po waved his hands, manifesting sword intent that sliced apart the continuous linkage of arrows that were shot out. At the same time, Situ Po's left hand chopped downwards, as a beam of light slashed towards Qin Wentian.

“Careful!”

Fan Le and the rest shouted. Qin Wentian's countenance paled as the overpowering Divine Yuan Energy with him exploded forth. As the sword slash landed, a slicing sound could be heard. Qin Wentian's chest had been lacerated as fresh blood splurged out, instantly dyeing his robes red.

“He's aiming to kill.”

Ouyang Kuangsheng's countenance instantly changed. He soared upwards, but in that moment, the experts from the Mystic Maiden Palace all combined forces, channeling their strength to Li Shiyu,

who had trapped Ouyang Kuangsheng with a layer of mystical palm arts. The others then turned their attentions on to Fan Le and Chu Mang.

In the air, Qin Wentian retreated with explosive speed while his eyes were unrelentingly locked onto Situ Po.

“This place is the Unmatched Realm.” Qin Wentian’s voice was ice-cold.

“So what? It’s about time to kill you.”

Situ Po’s voice was unperturbed. He stepped out once again as his killing intent gushed forth, enveloping Qin Wentian within.

Qin Wentian sullied the prestige of their Sword Extinction Sect and humiliated Yue Bingying. He had to die for these crimes.

Although Qin Wentian’s talent was monstrous, in Situ Po’s eyes, Qin Wentian was just a stronger insect. He had never once cared about him, or put Qin Wentian in his eyes. But today, Qin Wentian had actually dared to violate the two things he valued most, his sect and his woman.

Since that was the case, Qin Wentian deserved death.

The will of his Mandate of Swords at the Perfection Boundary erupted out. Situ Po made a grabbing motion in the air and Qin Wentian instantly felt his body stiffen. It appeared that Situ Po was cloaking him in a defensive armor but at the same time, his movements was also restricted.

Simultaneously, Lin Haotian and the members of the Sword Extinction Sect soared up in the air to cut off Qin Wentian’s path of retreat. They would absolutely follow Situ Po’s command.

If Situ Po wished to kill Qin Wentian, he had to do so at the fastest speed and leave the Unmatched Realm before any of the eccentrics appeared.

The Unmatched Realm, unmatched in the Azure Continent. The eccentrics wouldn’t be bothered about chasing the law breaker once the law breaker exited the Unmatched Realm.

The hearts of the crowd violently pounded. Apparently, Situ Po truly wanted to kill Qin Wentian. Indeed, his arrogance was worthy of one that stood at the top—he only obeyed laws of his own making!

## Chapter 326: Death Battle

How strong was Situ Po's killing intent? Since Qin Wentian's cultivation base was at the sixth level, he met with a suppression effect when faced against Situ Po's at the eighth level.

Even when it came to Mandates, Situ Po's Mandates of Swords and Stone were all at the Perfection Boundary, similarly enjoying a suppression over Qin Wentian. One also had to take into account the fact that Situ Po was the absolute chosen in the Sword Extinction Sect. How could any of the innate techniques he cultivated be weak? Furthermore, all three of his Astral Souls were also condensed from the 5th Heavenly Layer, so the quality of their Astral Energy was on par with that of Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian's advantages were his three Yuanfu, his Divine Yuan Energy stored in one of his Yuanfu, his Fiend Transformation Art, that allowed him to have a demon physique, as well as the power of his double bloodline limits. However, what made Qin Wentian depressed was that even though his second bloodline was of a higher grade compared to the first, he couldn't utilize its full potential yet.

That mysterious bloodline was like an ancient treasure box, he could only excavate its strength step by step.

As for Divine Inscriptions, those third-level Divine Inscriptions which he could instantly inscribe were of no threat to Situ Po. Unless, he used his Heavenly Hammer Astral Soul as a base and inscribed Divine Inscriptions within his Yuanfu before going all out with one shot.

“Bzzz!”

Resplendent Astral Light bathed the area, Qin Wentian didn't bother to hide his third Astral Soul's radiance. That golden corona clearly indicated that his third Astral Soul was condensed from the 5th Heavenly Layer—an ancient demon with a terrible baleful aura. Underneath the augmentation of his Astral Soul, the demonic qi exuding from Qin Wentian was even stronger than before.

“Astral Soul from the 5th Layer. Oh yeah, we've never seen Qin Wentian unleashing his Astral Souls in combat before. This is the first time, and to think that it originated from the 5th Heavenly Layer.”

“Not just that, this is the Demon Sovereign Astral Soul, its ranked first in the Warbeast Index!”

Those below all felt as though a thunderbolt went off in their hearts. Qin Wentian and Situ Po, both of them were monstrous geniuses that obtained the approval of all thirty-six halls. Since Situ Po

wanted to kill Qin Wentian, Qin Wentian chose not to hide his strength any longer, going all out and revealing his Demon Sovereign Astral Soul.

He had actually condensed an Astral Soul that corresponded with the Demon Sovereign Constellation, also ranked first on the Warbeast Index. If so, his fourth Astral Soul would undoubtedly hail from the 6th Heavenly Layer. By then, just the quality of his Astral Energy alone would be overwhelming.

“His body...”

At this moment, the eyes of the crowd perceived an incredible scene. The demonic qi Qin Wentian exuded overflowed to the Heavens. It enveloped Qin Wentian’s body and in moments, underwent a transformation... completely taking on the form of a demon.

This... the hearts of the spectators pounded madly. Was Qin Wentian really not a beastman? That demonic body, Wings of a Garuda, Scales of a Xuanwu, Arms of a Kirin, Claws of a Golden Dragon. The only part of his body that still retained a semblance to humanity was his head. The sight of the current Qin Wentian caused the spectators to feel terror on a primal level in their hearts.

The second stage of Fiend Transformation Art, Demon Emergence—using demon-attributed Astral Energy as support to condense a demonic body.

“That’s definitely not the body of a half-beast, how could there be such a terrifying combination? Garuda wings for speed, Xuanwu scales for defense, Kirin arms and Dragon claws for attack. This is something that imitates the body of a Demon Sovereign and is an extremely abnormal combination. I’m pretty sure this is a cultivation art, so it’s no wonder Qin Wentian could exude demonic qi of such amounts despite being a human. He must have definitely cultivated a demon-attributed cultivation art.”

Someone exclaimed, the revelation resounding in their hearts. If they all cultivated the same exact art, it would undoubtedly raise their strength by another level. After all, they had already seen how powerful Qin Wentian’s physique was when he caught hold of the sharp swords with his bare hands.

Glints of light flickered in the eyes of many in the crowd.

Even Situ Po paused for a moment as he contemplated Qin Wentian’s transformation.

Qin Wentian's bloodline thrummed in his body as a crimson glow enveloped his demonic frame, intensifying the aura of fear he projected. It seemed as though he was truly a demon king that hailed from the primordial era, disdainfully glancing at all around him. In that moment, he was the lord of all demons.

"Even if you are truly a lord among demons, you still have to die." Situ Po's voice broke the silence. Directing his palms at Qin Wentian, he made a squeezing motion, intending to petrify Qin Wentian. However, Qin Wentian continued standing there with a countenance as frosty as winter's chill. His Mandate of Demon erupted to its limits and he slashed forwards with his golden draconic claws, filled with boundless might.

There was no fear in Situ Po, he continued leisurely advancing forward. Extending out a finger, his sword intent birthed a wave of boundless sword might that condensed into a whirlpool of swords. The cacophony of the keening was so sharp that even hearing it caused people to feel as though their bodies were about to be lacerated.

No matter how strong Qin Wentian's physique was, it would still break under his might.

Qin Wentian wanted a direct clash with him? So be it, regardless of what tricks Qin Wentian had up his sleeves, death was the only result that awaited him.

As the two of them collided, Situ Po's finger shot towards Qin Wentian's head. Qin Wentian shifted his body to the side, swiping out with his left claws as Divine Energy gushed out. But who was Situ Po? He reacted instantly, and changed his target—he locked down onto Qin Wentian's heart region.

At the same time, a resplendent light enveloped him as an armor of starstone formed.

Qin Wentian also unleashed the Heaven Breaking Finger technique with his hands in the draconic claws form, breaking apart the dome of heavens with a single stab. The powerful innate technique, powered by the sharpness of sword-type Divine Yuan Energy, landed on Situ Po's protective armor, penetrating right through it.

Peng...

Both their attacks landed at the same instant. Qin Wentian's demonic frame shuddered and looked as though it were about to fall apart, his internal organs all shook tremendously as he coughed out several mouthfuls of blood. That single finger attack of Situ Po contained an explosive might that was too terrifying, it was almost sufficient to lacerate him completely, taking his life right there and then.

“Cough...” More blood leaked out from his lips. A single attack by Situ Po had grievously injured Qin Wentian.

But what made the crowd thunderstruck was that Situ Po had also been injured. The starstone armor was pierced through, with blood flowing out from the wound. There was also a destructive energy that flowed into his body and targeted his internal organs, landing him in a state similar to Qin Wentian. What an intense collision.

And, Qin Wentian had actually survived? Not only that, he had even injured Situ Po.

Situ Po’s starstone armor was condensed from his Mandate of Stone at the Perfection Boundary, it could even soak up blows from experts at the ninth level of Yuanfu before shattering, yet Qin Wentian who was at the sixth level was able to break it. This indicated that Qin Wentian’s combat prowess was already comparable to experts at the ninth level of Yuanfu.

“BOOM!”

Situ Po took another heavy step forward, ignoring his injuries. He was actually injured—to him, this was undoubtedly a humiliation. Only Qin Wentian’s death would be able to cleanse the debt of shame he felt.

Qin Wentian’s silhouette flickered, he retreated with the speed of lightning while Lin Haotian and the rest followed. They didn’t dare get near to Qin Wentian and could only resort to long-range attacks.

As Qin Wentian turned his gaze onto them, his third eye gleamed. In the next instant, all three of them were trembling. Qin Wentian’s palms wavered, instantly killing the two other cultivators at the sixth level of Yuanfu while rushing towards Lin Haotian.

Lin Haotian turned and dashed away, but how could he keep up with Qin Wentian’s speed? As the Mandate of Demons bestowed upon him the ability to demonise the essence of his body, both his strength and explosiveness of speed were greatly enhanced. In addition to the speed boost granted by the Garuda’s Wings, he instantly caught up to Lin Haotian as his golden draconic claws wrapped around his head. With a violent pull, Lin Haotian’s head was separated from his body and flung far away through the skies.

Lin Haotian, a chosen from the Sword Extinction Sect was insta-killed by Qin Wentian. The crowd watched in horror, even Yue Bingying was shivering from head to toe. How decisive, how ruthless, Qin Wentian didn’t show a shred of mercy, and instantly acted with no fear of the consequences.

“RUMBLE!”

Situ Po's baleful aura rose to its maximum, his sword intent so overbearing that it seemed as though it could pierce through Qin Wentian.

He wanted nothing more than to kill him, yet who would have thought that three of his fellow disciples would die in the hands of Qin Wentian instead.

Situ Po's body was akin to a sword itself. He transformed into a stream of light and chased after Qin Wentian, a cold light flashed as he slashed apart the Heavens with a single stance. In defense, Qin Wentian turned and blasted forth with the dragon imprint. Wrathful roars rumbled as a demonic dragon flew forth to meet Situ Po's attack.

“DIE!”

Situ Po appeared before Qin Wentian and slammed downwards with his palms. It was as though a mountain descended from the Heavens, smashing towards Qin Wentian.

A terrifying coldness flashed in Qin Wentian's eyes as he slammed out with both his arms. The Divine Energy within his Yuanfu rumbled as he directly shattered the mountain apart before rushing towards Situ Po.

The stone fragments of the shattered mountain were like swords controlled by Situ Po that relentlessly collided with Qin Wentian. Even with his defenses, Qin Wentian's demonic body couldn't endure such an impact forever.

Situ Po, upon seeing Qin Wentian rushing over to him, coalesced his sword intent into nine heavenly swords, their collective might could split apart heavens and shatter the earth. Qin Wentian's Divine Yuan energy frenziedly gushed out as several third-ranked Divine Inscriptions amalgamated together to form an ancient shield, trying to disperse the power of the nine swords. At the same time the remaining Divine Yuan energy within his body exploded outwards as he slammed out a palm strike towards Situ Po.

The armor of stonelight flashed in defense, as Situ Po retaliated with a palm strike as well. A thunderous sound echoed and Qin Wentian was catapulted through the air. His demonic form was disintegrating, as he spat out several mouthfuls of blood. In spite of this, the light in his eyes was as cold as ever.

“How can you survive if I want you to die?” Situ Po's killing intent was ignited, seeing how resilient Qin Wentian was. He continued advancing forward, even with traces of bloody wounds on his body.

Nobody would have expected that their battle would be this intense. They thought for sure Situ Po would definitely be able to insta-kill Qin Wentian, but it was obvious they had underestimated that mad man.

“Enough!”

A voice filled with overwhelming rage boomed out. However, Situ Po continued advancing, unwilling to retreat. A terribly cold wind kicked up and as a deafening blast thundered, Situ Po was directly flung back. He knew that although he had only fought Qin Wentian for a short amount of time, the eccentrics of the Unmatched Realm had already arrived.

“You all want to battle so much?” A cold snort rang out, heard in the minds of both Qin Wentian and Situ Po.

“I have to slay him, regardless of inside or outside of the Unmatched Realm,” Situ Po emotionlessly replied.

Qin Wentian didn’t say anything, yet the sharp glint of light in his eyes already indicated his thoughts. Today, he formed an enmity with Situ Po. Neither one could live while the other survived.

“Fine, since you guys want to battle, this old man here will give you all an opportunity.” The cold voice rang out again. “Three days later, at the Heavenly Steele Platform, I will lend the Heavenly Steele for use. The two of you shall barge through the Heavenly Steele Steps and the loser will leave the Unmatched Realm, never to return. Other than that, all cultivators in the Unmatched Realm can try to barge through as well. I shall pave the way for your path to the Ancient Capital of Grand Xia.”

This voice rumbled the entire Unmatched Realm, causing the hearts of all to pound in terror.

The eccentrics wanted to lend out the Heavenly Steele. What concept was this? And the purpose for them lending the Steele was to pave the way for them?!

However, deep in their hearts, they all knew that barging through the Heavenly Steele Steps was extremely dangerous, just the slightest misstep and their lives would be in danger. This matter would definitely shake the entire Azure Continent!

## Chapter 327: Heavenly Stele Platform

The Heavenly Stele Platform was situated in the core region of the Azure Continent, but in spite of this, there was usually no one around. The only person there was an old figure that seemed to be perpetually sweeping the Heavenly Stele Steps.

It was a marvelous place, yet nobody had ever dared to claim ownership of it, nor had anyone dared to destroy it. There was a rumor that the overlord of the place was a character of heaven-shaking and earth-shattering prowess, hence nobody dared to risk incurring his wrath.

The Heavenly Stele treasure, which the platform was named after, was of immense help to cultivators since it could tell their fate and talent level. Every time the stars descended, the Heavenly Stele Platform would draw countless cultivators over because of the legend associated with it. Barging up the flight of steps to the Heavenly Stele would enable one to change their innate degree of talent.

Furthermore, there wasn't a fixed time nor known law when it came to the moment the stars would descend, it purely depended on the emotions and attitude of the overlord.

Yet now, an eccentric elder from the Unmatched Realm said that he would borrow the Heavenly Stele from the overlord in three days' time, allowing them to barge through, and thus pave the pathway of their future for them.

Naturally, the eccentrics knew that a huge portion of the cultivators belonging to the younger generations in the Unmatched Realm would head to the Ginkou Continent at the end of the year.

It seemed as though the eccentrics of the Unmatched Realm had connections with the owner of the Heavenly Stele Platform, and could even borrow it from him, all for the sake of the younger generations' cultivation in the Unmatched Realm. And now, it was also for the dispute between Situ Po and Qin Wentian.

The loser would lose all qualifications and be barred from the Unmatched Realm henceforth. This was a battle neither could afford to lose.

If Situ Po lost, where would he put his face? His prestige would be totally tarnished. He had a cultivation base that was higher than Qin Wentian by two levels, yet he still failed to kill Qin Wentian today. On the contrary, Qin Wentian had even slayed Lin Haotian and two others in retaliation, this matter was already sufficient for him to feel ashamed.

If Qin Wentian lost, it meant death. Situ Po would never spare him.

"Senior, he killed people inside the Unmatched Realm." Yue Bingying pointed to Qin Wentian. Apparently, she wanted to use the laws to get the elders to pressure Qin Wentian.

“Do you think I’m blind?” That powerful voice boomed out, filled with traces of coldness. Yue Bingying paled, so what if she was from the Azure Emperor Palace, her background was of no use here in the Unmatched Realm, none of the eccentrics needed to give her face.

How many among the cultivators in the Unmatched Realm belonged to transcendent powers? And how many of them begged the eccentrics to accept them as disciples? What the hell was the worth of one Yue Bingying?

Evidently, the eccentrics were already clear regarding the battle between the two of them. Situ Po was the one who wanted to slay Qin Wentian first, Lin Haotian and the other two wanted to help, but ended up dead. How to determine who was in the wrong and right then?

If they wanted to pronounce a guilty party, both of them would be in the wrong.

“This matter shall end here today. If you two want to fight, then fight on top of the Heavenly Stele Platform instead. I want to see if you guys have the face to lose when the entire Azure Continent is spectating your battle.” The eccentric concluded his speech as the pressure in the air abated.

Situ Po’s countenance was still ice-cold, and when his eyes swept towards Qin Wentian, the intensity of his killing intent hadn’t diminished in the slightest.

“Three days later at the Heavenly Stele Platform, I will wait for you,” Situ Po emotionlessly stated, before turning and vanishing from the spot. He appeared next to Yue Bingying, carrying her up before walking away, leaving the Unmatched Realm. Three days later shall be Qin Wentian’s death date.

Qin Wentian retracted his demonic aura as well as his Astral Souls, and the sudden loss of his demonic form revealed the grievous wounds he suffered in the battle. Situ Po was undoubtedly the strongest opponent within Yuanfu Realm that he had ever fought against.

Comparing talent, he was stronger than Situ Po, but in terms of combat prowess, Situ Po was stronger than him. After all there was a disparity in their level of cultivations, as well as Mandate’s Boundaries. The slight difference of a single level or boundary was a gap that separated the cultivators. If it weren’t for Qin Wentian having so many trump cards, he would have long died in the hands of Situ Po.

As he landed on the ground, Qin Wentian turned his gaze onto Li Shiyu and those from the Mystic Maiden Palace once more. Li Shiyu coldly snorted and cast a glance at Fan Le before speaking to Xuan Xin, “Xuan Xin, three days later, Situ Po will definitely be the victor and at that time, only death awaits Qin Wentian. When the time comes, because Lin Haotian was killed by Qin Wentian, Situ Po will definitely not spare Fan Le and the others.”

“Sister Shiyu, Qin Wentian is only at the sixth level of Yuanfu yet he could fight against Situ Po to such an extent. The one with the stronger talent can be determined with a single glance. The Heavenly Stele Steps don’t take note of one’s combat prowess but rather, one’s talent, one’s determination, one’s conviction. How can you say that he is doomed to be the one defeated?” Xuan Xin somewhat indignantly replied.

Li Shiyu coldly snorted, “Situ Po was merely careless today, and because of the short amount of time they fought, he didn’t manage to kill Qin Wentian. If not, do you think that he would still be alive? Xuan Xin, stop dreaming. Even if Qin Wentian’s talent is monstrous, Fan Le isn’t him, how can that fatty match up to you?”

Fan Le felt extremely depressed when he heard these words, and he opened his mouth and stated, “Beautiful lady, why don’t we compete against each other? The eccentric said the Heavenly Stele Platform would be open to members of the Unmatched Realm. How about engaging me in a match over there?”

“With just you alone?” Li Shiyu disdainfully replied. “If you lose, I want you to voluntarily leave Xuan Xin.”

How could she miss out on such a good opportunity.

“Wait, isn’t that a little unfair? I can’t make decisions on behalf of Xuan Xin without taking consideration of her heart,” Fan Le’s eyes flashed as he weakly added, “How about this... If I win, you become my concubine.”

“You, you... Grrr.” Xuan Xin glared at Fan Le, instantly appearing like a ferocious tigress.

“I’m kidding, I’m kidding babe.” Fan Le smiled, “How can such a woman match up to such a talented, handsome man like me?”

“Just wait and see.” Li Shiyu coldly retorted before turning and departing with those from the Mystic Maiden Palace. She had to inform her sect on the matter regarding the opening of the Heavenly Stele Platform as well as the business of Xuan Xin.

An expression of worry flashed past the eyes of Xuan Xin when she saw Li Shiyu and her fellow sect members leaving. Fan Le held her hand as he stated in a gentle voice, "Don't worry. In three day's time, this esteemed genius will definitely shock all the members of your sect with my performance. I will make them accept me as your companion."

Seeing how Fan Le still didn't forget to boast, even in this situation, Xuan Xin involuntarily smiled. Although this fatty was a little shameless, she was truly happy when she was together with him. In the Mystic Maiden Palace, she had never before come across this feeling, happiness with a tinge of sweetness.

"Boss are you feeling alright?" Fan Le and the others glanced at Qin Wentian.

"I'm fine, I only need a day of rest to recover from all this." Qin Wentian smiled. The blood within his body circulated at extreme speeds, rejuvenating him and healing his injuries. From the smile on his face, it was impossible to link him with that ferocious man in demonic form that had fought against Situ Po earlier.

"You monster. If I was the one fighting against Situ Po, I would definitely have been insta-killed."

Ouyang Kuangsheng couldn't help but be impressed, someone at the sixth level of Yuanfu could fight against Situ Po to such an extent. Qin Wentian had even condensed a beast-type Astral Soul that was ranked first in the Warbeast Index as well as cultivated a demonic art that grant him a demon-level physique. This fellow was too monstrous.

"You'd better be more careful, though. That demonic art of yours is so powerful that even transcendent powers from the Demon Continent might covet it. You have to understand that the demonic form you manifested earlier was something they've wanted to achieve in their wildest dreams, yet were unable to do so," Ouyang Kuangsheng advised. Qin Wentian lightly nodded his head, he was already reminded of this by the Azure Emperor's words when he first obtained the Fiend Transformation Art, yet he had no choice but to go all out today when he fought against Situ Po. As for the future, he could only be more cautious and quickly seek to improve his strength.

After the contest for the top positions on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, if he could step into the peak of Yuanfu by then, it would be best if he could find a quiet place to enter into seclusion to prepare for breaking through to Heavenly Dipper.

Although they were all peak geniuses of their generations, they were still only at the Yuanfu Realm. Many in Grand Xia couldn't even be bothered to turn their gaze towards them. It was only by becoming a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign would one be granted a modicum of speaking power, climbing on the flight of stairs which led to being truly powerful.

“What is the Heavenly Stele, exactly?” Qin Wentian inquired.

“The Heavenly Stele originates from ancient times, it can manifest illusions, and allow one's innate talent to be changed. Regardless, although the Stellar Heavenly Stele may take the lives of those who attempt its test, there's also the possibility of boosting one's strength exponentially. Truly, it's a rare treasure that's rarely open to the public. Now that the eccentrics are borrowing it, it's definitely an opportunity for us. We would then have a chance to raise our strength to a sufficient level to contend against the others in the Ancient Kingdom during the end of this year.”

Ouyang Kuangsheng's voice contained a hint of anticipation. The fight today between Qin Wentian and Situ Po might not be a bad thing, at the very least, it ended up giving everyone a chance to conquer the Heavenly Stele Steps.

In the course of the next three days, the cultivators in the Unmatched Realm all started exiting it, informing this news to their respective sects and clans while simultaneously making their way to the Heavenly Stele Platform.

This news, circulated around the Azure Continent at an absurd speed.

And the transcendent powers of the Azure Continent were all made aware of a single name—Qin Wentian.

Within the Unmatched Realm, in a battle between two geniuses, a nineteen year old young man with a cultivation base at the sixth level of Yuanfu, fought almost evenly against the chosen of the Sword Extinction Sect, Situ Po. This news caused many members from the younger generation in the Sword Extinction Sect to feel humiliated. However, the elders of the sect didn't really pay attention to this. Although each absolute talent was tough to cultivate, Lin Haotian actually died in the hands of a fellow with a cultivation base even lower than him. This only meant that he was trash, so it was highly unlikely that the elders of the sect would take revenge for his death.

They would leave the act of killing Qin Wentian to Situ Po.

In the meantime, the gazes of countless people all turned to the Heavenly Stele Platform.

For safety reasons, Ouyang Kuangsheng secretly gathered some elders of his clan to act as protection in the shadows for their entourage when they travelled from the Unmatched Realm to the

Heavenly Stele Platform. Who knew if there'd be people planning a sneak attack to ambush Qin Wentian? They had to be more cautious.

Today at the Heavenly Stele Platform, experts were as common as clouds. There were many from the younger generations of the major powers that cultivated in the Unmatched Realm. For these people, they all had a chance to barge up the Heavenly Stele Steps today.

On the flight of steps below the Heavenly Stele, there was an old man clad in blue with a broom in his hands, quietly sweeping the surface of each step. He seemed unaware of the concept of fatigue, as though he'd repeated those sweeping motions for an eternity.

“BOOM!” From afar, the sound of a chiming bell echoed from the Heavenly Stele Platform. The skies instantly changed color as columns of starlight shone upon the Stele. Instantly, a marvelous sensation permeated the atmosphere.

Starlight enveloped all three sides of the Stele, covering the steps entirely as they shone with a resplendent brilliance.

“Bzzz!” A raging wind kicked up as numerous silhouettes all landed on the ground below the Heavenly Stele Steps. The cultivators from the Unmatched Realm were all beginning to gather.

At this moment, a silhouette floated through the air; this man was none other than Situ Po. His gaze turned and fixated towards a certain direction where Ouyang Kuangsheng, Qin Wentian, Fan Le and the others were gathered at.

“In the last decade, the twenty-seven steps of the Heavenly Stele Platforms have been ‘activated’ a total of three times. During this time, the highest record has been the 18th step. Today, I shall break that record,” Situ Po languidly spoke, his sharp eyes riveted onto Qin Wentian. “Today shall also mark the anniversary of your death.”

Chapter 328: Not a genius, no gazing upon the Heavenly Stele

Qin Wentian shifted his gaze onto Situ Po, before turning it onto the Heavenly Stele Steps. A mysterious energy enveloped all twenty-seven steps, each emanating an extremely formidable might.

At this moment, not only those from the Unmatched Realm came, there were also several silhouettes with extraordinary demeanors, who exuded auras that didn't lose out in the slightest to Situ Po.

Situ Po would definitely be a Heaven's Chosen from the Sword Extinction Sect, however he was still lacking in one aspect; he had not yet fought against the other top rankers of the Heavenly Fate Ranking. And for those top rankers in the Azure Continent, many of them had recently been in closed-door seclusion preparing to break into Heavenly Dipper or for the journey to the Ancient Kingdom at the end of the year. They rarely showed their faces in the Unmatched Realm these days.

Yet, how could they miss the opportunity today?

For the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, other than Ouyang Kuangsheng's faction, there were two other great camps of power. One of the other camps were led by a young man robed in purple, and not far away from him, were Duan Qingshan and Ouyang Ting.

This young man was a Heaven's Chosen from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan. Ouyang Zheng, ranked tenth in the latest update of the Heavenly Fate Ranking.

However, there were rumors saying that Hua Taixu and a few others had already broken through to Heavenly Dipper. This meant that there was definitely going to be another change in rankings after the year end trip to the Ancient Kingdom. Most of the time the changes in the rankings were minor. But once every three years, the Venerate Heavens Sect would do a complete overhaul and re-do the Heavenly Fate Ranking entirely. Therefore, most people would only look at the names on the Heavenly Fate Ranking once every three years.

And since this was the case, if one were to disregard the appearance of even stronger characters than himself, Ouyang Zheng would have a high probability to be ranked within the top eight.

Currently, the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, had two of their chosen in the Yuanfu Realm—Ouyang Zheng and Duan Qingshan. Apart from those two, Ouyang Kuangsheng also had a special status that was considered of a higher grade than them.

“Zang Lengfeng from the Multidirectional Thunderwind Sect has also arrived.” The gazes of the crowd turned to a young man with a cold-looking face. This was a Heaven's Chosen from the Multidirectional Thunderwind Sect, ranked twelfth on the Heavenly Fate Ranking.

In the direction of the Mystic Maiden Palace, Li Shiyu was standing beside a beautiful young lady. That lady glanced over towards Qin Wentian and surveyed the people around him as she stated, “Xuan Xin, come over here.”

Xuan Yan, ranked seventeenth on the Heavenly Fate Ranking, a Heaven’s Chosen from the Mystic Maiden Palace.

“Ouh.” Xuan Xin cast a glance at Fan Le before moving towards Xuan Yan.

“You will accompany all of us to conquer the Heavenly Stele Steps,” Xuan Yan stated, she made no mention of Fan Le.

“Bingying, is he the person you were referring to”

In the direction of the Azure Emperor Palace, a silhouette stood beside Yue Bingying. He was pointing to Qin Wentian as he questioned her.

“Yes.” Yue Bingying nodded, her eyes flickering with a cold light.

“If Situ Po is victorious, he will slay this fellow. But if Situ Po somehow doesn’t manage to do it, there’s still me,” that person quietly spoke. He was the Heaven’s Chosen from the Azure Emperor Palace, Yue Bufan.

Yue Bufan didn’t bother to mask his voice, the surrounding crowd’s gaze all followed his fingers that were pointed right at Qin Wentian.

“This person is the rumored one that flipped the entire Unmatched Realm upside down? I heard that he’s the same as Situ Po, gaining access to all thirty-six halls. He even insta-killed Lin Haotian, as well as two others from the Sword Extinction Sect. It appears that Situ Po’s Extinction Swordplay wasn’t sufficient to claim his life.”

“Not only that, I’ve heard that his third Astral Soul was condensed from the Demon Sovereign Constellation, an Astral Warbeast ranked first in the Warbeast Index. His Astral Soul is more outstanding than those condensed by the other Azure Continent geniuses.”

“Yeah, and that fatty by his side goes by the name of Fan Le. He excels in archery and is the disciple of the Unmatched Realm’s Arrow Emperor. The Arrow Emperor is a formidable existence whose fame has resounded throughout Grand Xia, he can kill opponents from a thousand miles away with no one noticing his presence.”

“True, but look at his appearance, I don’t understand why the little princess of the Mystic Maiden Palace would fall in love with him. How interesting, maybe it’s because of his flowery words? After all, with Xuan Xin’s talent, there’ll be countless geniuses pursuing her in just a few year’s time. Why would she fall for that damnable fatty?”

The buzz of conversation echoed through the crowd. Almost everyone knew of the reason for the eccentrics lending the Heavenly Stele, which was all because of the dispute between Situ Po and Qin Wentian. It was also partly because of the mutual love between Qin Wentian’s good friend Fan Le and the little princess of the Mystic Maiden Palace.

Moreover, the famous Ouyang Kuangsheng chose to side with them.

The crowd was wondering how this group of people would perform regarding the test of the Heavenly Stele Steps.

On the steps, the old man standing there slowly spoke, “Those who desire to take this test, do so at your own risk.”

His words caused the hearts of many to shudder, as the countless rumors of the Heavenly Stele Steps resurfaced in their minds. Although this was a miraculous place that would enable one’s strength to rise, there had also been many geniuses who found themselves unable to advance their cultivation further after their experience with the Heavenly Stele.

Hence, there had been a saying in the Azure Emperor Palace. If you were not a demon-level talent, you better not enter the Heavenly Stele Step.

Not entering was definitely better than entering. Why risk their current amount of talent in some mystical hope of changing their level of innate talent? They were all geniuses, they could still advance without using the Heavenly Stele Steps, there was no need to take the risk.

But of course, there would also be proud geniuses that wanted to ascertain their own level of talent. Currently, those that wanted to try the test were all gathered at the bottom of the steps.

Situ Po, Qin Wentian, Ouyang Zheng, Zang Lengfeng, Xuan Yan, Yue Bufan, Duan Qingshan, Ouyang Kuangsheng, Fan Le, Xuan Xin and the rest; they naturally drew the attention of the crowd. Aside from this distinguished group, there were a few other rankers on the Heavenly Fate Ranking that caught the eye of many.

In the past ten years, the highest record was the 18th step. Would that record finally be broken today?

Situ Po no longer paid attention to Qin Wentian, he decisively moved forwards, being the first to step upon the Heavenly Stele Steps.

Without treading on that first step, one wouldn't know what Situ Po was currently experiencing.

“Fan Le.” A voice drifted over, Fan Le turned to see Xuan Yan, as well as Liu Xi, someone who was bashed by Qin Wentian in the Unmatched Realm before. There was also Wang Xiao's girlfriend, Qiao Xuan, Li Shiyu and lastly, Xuan Xin. These people, were all geniuses that were qualified to enter the Unmatched Realm.

The Mystic Maiden Palace's maidens all stood together, completing a picturesque scene that delighted the eye and warmed the heart.

“If you can't climb higher than me today, leave Xuan Xin of your own volition,” Xuan Yan emotionlessly spoke, as she stepped forwards, similarly advancing onto the first step of the Heavenly Stele Steps.

Ouyang Zheng, Zang Lengfeng exchanged glances filled with competitiveness as they both stepped upon the first step at the same time.

Yue Bufan and Yue Bingying moved together, after they shot a glance at Qin Wentian.

Duan Qingshan and Ouyang Ting stood together, with Duan Qingshan encouraging Ouyang Ting, “Ting`er, since you are qualified to enter the Unmatched Realm, you should be able to conquer these Heavenly Stele Steps as well.”

“Mhm.” Ouyang Ting nodded her head heavily. As a spoiled young lady from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, even she couldn't help but feel an overwhelming pressure when surrounded by so many geniuses in the Azure Continent.

“Ouyang Ting, I advise you not to even go up with your temperament. I'm afraid you won't be able to withstand the psychological impact.” Ouyang Kuangsheng shifted his gaze over, his words causing the beautiful eyes of Ouyang Ting to gleam with a cold light.

“I'm warning you for your own good. But since you can't even listen to a well-intentioned warning, just assume I said nothing.” Ouyang Kuangsheng casually shrugged. After which he turned to Qin Wentian and the others and added in a low voice, “You guys, it's best to be more cautious when taking the test.”

Qin Wentian and the rest nodded lightly, as their aura gushed forth from them. Lifting their heads, they saw that Situ Po had already advanced to the third step, securing his position there.

Finally, Qin Wentian and his friends advanced, stepping heavily on that first step, formally beginning their test.

“Bzzzzz!”

The mysterious glow covering the steps enveloped their bodies, and they were immersed in the overpowering sensation that there was no one else around them, as if they were taking the Heavenly Stele test alone.

Above the platform, the mighty force the three-sided Heavenly Stele projected seemed to be like an eye, examining Qin Wentian.

“Can your body of flesh and blood withstand this level of power?” A voice cut right into Qin Wentian’s mind, endlessly reverberating throughout. In the next instant, a heavy pressure enveloped his body, causing his body to tighten involuntarily. He had the feeling that if he were to relax even slightly, he would be blasted off the Heavenly Stele Steps.

Can your body of flesh and blood withstand this level of power?!

“Naturally.” Qin Wentian opened his eyes, as a demonic light glinted. The demonic qi he exuded permeated the air as the blood in his body surged. He took another step forward, advancing on the second step.

“RUMBLE~” A terrifying force slammed right into him, like formless lightning. This strike caused the blood and qi within his body to surge chaotically, as Qin Wentian involuntarily let out a low groan.

Qin Wentian stepped even more firmly, locking his feet down onto the surface of the steps. The look in his eyes was filled with an incomparable resoluteness, this was merely the second step, how could he waver in his determination?

Facing forward, gazing at the Heavenly Stele far ahead, he steadily forced another step upwards. A deafening sound echoed as a massive wind kicked up. Qin Wentian’s feet landed on the third step.

“BOOOOM!”

An immense pressure gushed against him, the force of it causing his footsteps to slide backwards involuntarily. His countenance turned white, no wonder Ouyang Kuangsheng was taking this so seriously, the Heavenly Stele Steps were truly daunting.

“ARGHHH...”

Nearby, from the side, a blood-curdling screech echoed out.

“Ting`er!” Duan Qingshang called out in alarm. Turning his gaze backwards, he saw Ouyang Ting being forced down the steps by the pressure. She was slammed onto the ground and lay there in a crumpled position. Her countenance was pale and traces of bloodstains could be seen on her mouth. Her body was shiveringly unceasingly.

The second step, she had only reached the second step and was blasted down the next instant. How could this be?? Was this the limit of her talent?

Turning her gaze onto the spectators around, Ouyang Ting could feel hints of derision and mockery in the eyes of the crowd. She was a proud daughter of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, yet she couldn't even surpass the second step. Truly too weak.

“No...” Ouyang Ting let out a miserable shriek filled with agony. Several people glanced at her as they sighed in their hearts. This was the cruelty of the Heavenly Stele Steps. Her attainment was only two steps; from here on after, an inner demon would be born in her heart, casting shadows of doubt on her own abilities, suppressing her future advancement.

Her confidence had been utterly smashed.

Not a genius, no gazing upon the Heavenly Stele!

### Chapter 329: Contending against Ancient Will

After Ouyang Ting was blasted down, other than Duan Qingshan, no one else displayed any show of concern regarding her failure.

Today when they made the choice to step on the Heavenly Stele Steps, they had already decided to contend against the ancient will of the Stele. If they were to fail too easily, what would their respective sects or clans feel?

This was an opportunity, but it was also a path of destruction. None of them could afford to lose.

All of them were incomparably cautious, taking this extremely seriously. Every time their feet landed upon a step, they would halt there momentarily, readjusting their spirit and mentality to its peak before advancing again.

Qin Wentian was currently on the 4th step. That gush of impact from earlier caused all his internal organs to shudder. Feeling great shock in his heart, he mused that this test of the Heavenly Stele Steps was truly difficult indeed.

“Can your body of flesh and blood withstand this level of power?”

That voice resounded through his mind, trying to shake his conviction. Qin Wentian’s eyes flickered brightly as he turned his gaze onto that resplendent light shining from the three-sided Heavenly Stele.

“This rebound pressure seems to be based on my own strength; the stronger I am, the greater the pressure pushing against me. If I increase my strength, the pushing forth would scale upwards in proportion to the increase,” Qin Wentian speculated. In front of the Heavenly Stele, there was no one that could hide their strength. Depending on the level of the step, every iota of power they had would be forced out by the Stele, to be used against them.

His body transformed as he took on his demonic form, Qin Wentian’s bloodline limit activated. He closed his eyes, disregarding the steps ahead as the candle flame in his heart blazed silently. His will didn’t waver in the slightest.

His body erupted with boundless strength. That was the power of his demonic physique, as well as the strength of his beliefs and conviction.

“BOOM!” Qin Wentian adamantly took another step forward, the gushing impact causing his blood and qi to circulate chaotically. Nonetheless, the magnitude of the damage received was something he paid little heed to; he’d been injured way worse before, it wasn’t sufficient to block his path to the top.

With another step, Qin Wentian stood on the 6th step. An overwhelming primordial, demonic pressure bore down on him when he tried to ascend to the 7th step. He coughed up a mouthful of blood but he still stood upright, unmoving in his determination, as though in defiance.

As he stepped on the 8th step, a massive wind kicked up out of nowhere, slamming against him. Qin Wentian’s feet trembled slightly, as though he had no way to consolidate his footing.

“Rumble, rumble...”

For two consecutive times, the fearsome power of the wind pushed Qin Wentian back involuntarily, little by little, causing his feet to eventually reach the boundary of the 8th step. His countenance was as white as paper, after he stabilized himself, he continuously spat out two mouthfuls of blood as his chest heaved, circulating the Astral Energy in his body around to disperse some of the pressure.

“Currently, Qin Wentian is the fifth person to stabilize and secure his footing on the 8th step. Indeed, he does live up to his reputation as one of the top geniuses from the Unmatched Realm.”

The crowd was monitoring Qin Wentian’s every movement. Qiao Xuan from the Mystic Maiden Palace had been blasted off at the 6th step, and Wang Xiao, who was preparing to step upon the 7th step, his countenance couldn’t help but look rattled when he saw what happened. Luckily, Qiao Xuan only suffered some external injuries after being blasted to the ground, but her life wasn’t in danger.

“The 8th step is like the first wall, I wonder how many people can step upon it.” Many in the crowd had sharp glints of light in their eyes. Currently, Situ Po, Ouyang Zheng, Zang Lengfeng, and Qin Wentian all halted on the 8th step, making no further movements to advance further. Evidently, they could clearly sense the difference between the 8th and the 7th step.

If there was already a variable element when they stepped on the 8th step, what would they face on the 9th? They had to be prudent.

Those that arrived first on the 8th step, stopped and readjusted their mental states to the optimal level, as for those other cultivators that had caught up, there were several that were blasted down before they could even stabilize their footing on the 8th step.

One of them was Liu Xi from the Mystic Maiden Palace, she instantly fainted after being ruthlessly blasted down the steps. All her suitors had no time to concern themselves with her, they were already occupied in worrying about their own advancement. Shortly after, the members of her sect rushed to the bottom of the steps to carry her away.

Wang Xiao howled in rage, his entire body exuded an aura that felt as sharp as a Divine Weapon, the resoluteness in his eyes never faded as he eventually managed to stabilize and secure his footing onto the 8th step. His success caused many among the crowd to exclaim in wonder—this Wang Xiao was quite a character.

Those that were able to reach the 8th step were all geniuses in their own rights. Such a performance was already considered impressive.

Fan Le was completely red-faced from his exertions, as the blood within his body burned. He was cloaked in golden flames and eventually, after some moments, let out a low growl of utter determination, and also secured his footing on the 8th step, standing next to Qin Wentian.

Similarly, Ouyang Kuangsheng had also steadied himself, he was like an immovable mountain, unbendable despite the pressure. Although he could be considered slightly slower, his every movement had a sense of careful deliberation and self-control; both were attributes that didn't suit his name, Kuangsheng, which also meant 'brazen'.

Chu Mang glanced at the steps above as a look of unmatched resolve filled his eyes. He too, advanced to the 8th step.

"The number nine could be considered the ultimate number, the first segment of nine among the three segments of twenty-seven, we'd better be careful," Ouyang Kuangsheng warned in a low voice. Qin Wentian had already stepped out and the instant his feet landed on the 9th step, he felt as if he'd been abruptly plunged into the depths of a tsunami wave.

"BOOM!" Another gigantic wave crashed into him, he was a lone boat floating on the endless ocean.

"BOOOOM!" Another wave came crashing, the 'boat' shattered. Qin Wentian felt blood rising up his throat but he managed to suppress it, forcing it back down.

"BOOOOMMMMMM!" The intensity of the third tsunami wave was many times more violent compared to the first two. The force made Qin Wentian bow over, threatening to blast him away. However, an instant later, his hunched body straightened. This was merely the 9th step, he couldn't fall here.

How could he be defeated here?!

He extended his hands and wiped away the traces of blood off the corners of his lips. Within seconds, his entire sleeve turned a vibrant red after being soaked in his blood. His eyes, which were closed before, finally opened. He had stabilized himself on the 9th step.

“Three-layered attack, each stronger than the last. Be careful,” Qin Wentian warned Fan Le and the rest.

Fan Le glanced over in the direction of Xuan Xin only to see her staring back at him. The two locked gazes as they shared a smile.

Xuan Yan’s gaze flashed with a strange glow of light. This Fan Le had actually managed to step upon the 8th step. But no matter, the 9th step wouldn’t be so easy to overcome.

“I will definitely step higher than you.” Fan Le grinned as he glanced towards Xuan Yan. Momentarily, he shifted his gaze forward as he stepped out. The resplendent light emitting from the Heavenly Stele focused on Fan Le and an instant later, his conspicuous frame wobbled violently as though his body was about to be destroyed at any moment.

His frame was bent over, like a drawn bow, and he continuously coughed up blood. But eventually, he also stabilized himself. Glancing backwards at Xuan Yan, his bloodstained lips curled up in a radiant smile as he grinned at her.

“Xuan Xin, I won’t disappoint you,” Fan Le stated, with a seriousness rarely seen in him. Xuan Xin nodded her head and after that, she, along with Xuan Yan, started to step on the 9th step.

Ouyang Kuangsheng and Chu Mang advanced forwards as well, they weren’t willing to fall behind.

“This Heavenly Stele will not block my path!” Chu Mang roared as he took that next step. Regardless of the ferociousness of the tsunami waves, his body stood straight and tall, an unwavering glint of determination flickering in his eyes.

In that moment, he resembled a mountain. Back then, his eldest brother Chu Wuwei had been the mountain for him to depend on. In the future, he wanted to be the mountain that Chu Wuwei could depend on. He didn’t want Chu Wuwei to grow feeble from age and die, he had to find a method to allow Chu Wuwei to cultivate.

“Big Bro Chu Mang, awesome.” Qin Wentian had a brilliant smile on his face when he saw that Chu Mang had similarly succeeded.

He was ranked first out of the ten prodigies of Chu, and although this simple-minded, and somewhat clumsy guy didn't like to talk much, his heart was many times more resolute compared to ordinary people.

"We will do this together, and conquer at least the 18th level." Chu Mang beamed, "We must conquer this test of the Heavenly Stele Steps."

"Mhm." Qin Wentian merrily nodded, the hearts of those below couldn't help but tremble when they witness this scene.

At the beginning of the test, many participants had grouped together at the foot of the steps. Qin Wentian, Ouyang Kuangsheng, Chu Mang and Fan Le had attempted the test in their group of four. Now, they were the only group who had passed the 8th step together, without a single one failing, and then stepping steadily on the 9th step. This group of people, of which the majority had been nameless cultivators prior to this, were exhibiting their radiance to everyone watching.

"ARGHH..." A miserable scream echoed in the still air. Yue Bingying from the Azure Emperor Palace was blasted down from the 9th steps, and the instant she slammed into the ground, the impact caused her to sink into the sweet oblivion of unconsciousness.

Situ Po's countenance stiffened as he turned back and glanced at Yue Bingying, taking deep breaths to calm himself.

"The steps that you failed to complete, I will complete them on your behalf," Situ Po stated with utter confidence. Turning his gaze ahead, his eyes were as determined as before. He took another step forwards, being the first to reach the 10th step.

After Situ Po stepped on the 10th step, unexpectedly his body didn't waver in the slightest. It looked as simple as climbing an ordinary step, with no pressure whatsoever. This scenario made the crowd understand that after the 9th step, the 10th step contained within it another variation.

"Let me test it out." Qin Wentian took the initiative and stepped up. Upon coming into contact with the 10th step, indeed there was no overwhelming pressure but rather, it seemed as though his entire person was immersed in a unique, mysterious state.

"Your pathetic will, can it stand up to the ancient will of the Heavenly Stele?"

Another voice boomed in his mind. As he stared at the Heavenly Stele, a shadow flashed as a silhouette resembling him appeared, blasting out a terrifying ancient will that threatened to wipe out his consciousness. The will smashed through his mental defenses, right into his mind.

“SCRAM!” Qin Wentian roared in anger as the will of his Mandates gushed out. The Mandate of Force manifested its will and clashed against that ancient will of the Heavenly Stele.

Although he appeared to be standing there calmly, he understood that the magnitude of this danger on the 10th step was countless times more formidable compared to the mounting pressure he’d faced before. The slightest slip up could cause one’s will to be eradicated—the path of cultivation forever severed.

His will of the Mandate of Dreams and the Mandate of Demons also gushed forth and momentarily, three silhouettes that resembled Qin Wentian manifested above the Heavenly Stele Platform, staring disdainfully down at him with cold eyes. The three doppelgangers transformed into three streams of ancient will and bore down on him.

“Using my own will to suppress me? How can I let you succeed?” Qin Wentian mumbled, his words causing the hearts of Fan Le and the rest below to tremble. They only saw Qin Wentian continue to walk forward, intending on placing his feet onto the 11th step.

This time, he didn’t pause to linger but advanced boldly forward onto the 11th step instead. His power of will clashed against that of the ancient will countless times.

“Boom, boom, boom!”

Every step he made appeared easy and casual, yet there was an unusual sensation that caused people to feel as though their hearts were leaping out of their body when they watched him.

“12th, 13th, 14th, 15th...” In the blink of an eye, Qin Wentian already stepped onto the 15th step. With just three more steps, he would reach the same number as the previous record holder, whose record hadn’t been broken in the past ten years.

However, it was clear to everyone watching that those last three steps would prove to be even more perilous than all the ones before. These last three steps wouldn’t just cause damage, they could sever one’s pathway to cultivation, leaving the defeated to a life worse than death!

## Chapter 330: Nine Remaining

On the 15th step, Qin Wentian finally stopped. The crowd gazed at his back which emanated his determination, and their hearts shivered when they came upon a sudden realization.

Was Qin Wentian's talent sufficient to match up to the record holder of these past ten years? He only needed three more steps to accomplish that.

For Situ Po, his three Mandates were all exceedingly terrifying. How could he avoid this? He too, advanced forward, his conviction and belief in himself would never waver.

He, Situ Po, couldn't afford to lose, and so he couldn't lose.

In the blink of an eye, Situ Po mirrored what Qin Wentian had done, he successfully stepped onto the 15th step.

How could Ouyang Zheng, Zang Leng Feng and the other rankers on the Heavenly Fate Ranking lose out to a bunch of juniors? They successfully became rankers on the Heavenly Fate Ranking first and although the Heavenly Stele Steps test were open to all because of the dispute between Situ Po and Qin Wentian, what of it? Now that they'd already arrived here, how could they lose to two juniors?

They were people on the Heavenly Fate Ranking, gazing disdainfully down from their lofty positions. Similarly, they couldn't afford to lose.

This battle, wasn't merely a battle of talent, it was also a battle of their conviction.

All of them wanted to break that record, surpassing the 18th step. If they could truly do so, the experience gained would undoubtedly prove to be of great benefit in regards to their future path of cultivation.

Over there in the direction of the Mystic Maiden Palace, Li Shiyu had already been blasted down from the steps. The only two remaining were the two with princess statuses, Xuan Yan and Xuan Xin.

Duan Qingshan, was still persevering.

Ouyang Kuangsheng, Fan Le and Chu Mang, were still on the steps as well.

There was also one person that caused people to be surprised. Wang Xiao had actually stepped onto the 13th step, his powerful will dueling with that ancient will of the three-sided Heavenly Stele.

“All these people are undoubtedly the most powerful within the junior generations. To think there’d still be so many cultivators still remaining, and they’re not even ranked upon the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

“However, both Situ Po and Qin Wentian halted on the 15th step. Apparently, the difficulty of the next step is beyond incredible.”

Qin Wentian’s eyes were currently shut. At this moment, the ancient will of the Heavenly Stele rumbled his sea of consciousness. Inside, an evil demonic being suddenly manifested, intent on tearing him apart. That apparition wasn’t an illusion. It was a real existence! At the same time, Qin Wentian felt the will of Dreams sleep creeping up onto him, causing him to feel a bout of drowsiness.

For the first time, Qin Wentian’s own Mandate was used against him. His will from the Mandate of Dreams was subjugated by that ancient will, which used it to wipe out his memories.

At this moment, Qin Wentian was alone in a separate dimension that was created by his Mandate’s will. He was currently sitting cross-legged while three silhouettes that resembled himself, created by the Heavenly Stele, floated above him. They were his thoughts of evil, malice and hatred.

And at this moment, his consciousness, was defending against three of himself.

“Ancient Will of Force, Ancient Will of Dreams, Ancient Will of Demons”

Inside that dimension, these three silhouettes were blocking his path, and seemed impossible to overcome.

“If you take another step upwards, your will of Mandate shall be exterminated, your consciousness shall be eradicated, your life shall be annihilated,” that Ancient Will of Demons spoke, exuding a terrifying demonic aura. He was threatening Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian could feel the truth of what was said. For every step he climbed upwards, the stronger the Ancient Will became. If he continued upwards, he didn't know to what degree the strength of that Ancient Will would be magnified by.

Qin Wentian's eyes were still closed, sitting there cross-legged, appearing at peace. He didn't bother acknowledging the words of the will coming from each 'perverted' form of his three Mandates.

After several moments, his eyes abruptly snapped open. His determination manifested into a palpable aura that skyrocketed up to the clouds. With an explosive boom, a massive wind kicked up, yet Qin Wentian's body remained motionless. In that dimension, the Ancient Will of Force grew stronger and when it reached its ultimate form, it transformed into a gigantic mountain and a piece of sky that began to press down on Qin Wentian.

"BOOM!" Qin Wentian's sea of consciousness shook, he'd just received an attack from that Ancient Will of Dreams. Such an attack actually made Qin Wentian feel an overwhelming impulse to fall asleep.

The Ancient Wills attacked again. Qin Wentian withstood their attacks impassively, his eyes slowly opened as a earth-shattering roar echoed out of his throat. He stepped forward, with an aura as immovable as the gigantic mountains. The threats of the Ancient Will couldn't triumph over his heart.

16th step, succeeded.

"He stabilised his footing." The hearts of the crowd trembled, Qin Wentian had stepped onto the 16th step. The only ones before him were Ouyang Zheng, Zang Lengfeng and Situ Po.

"That's as far as you amount to," Situ Po faintly stated without emotion.

As the sound of his voice faded, Situ Po stepped on the 17th step.

The hearts of the crowd shuddered, Situ Po had already arrived on the 17th step. He only needed one more step before catching up with the previous record.

“I think Situ Po will definitely be ranked as one of the top rankers on the Heavenly Fate Rankings at the end of this year. With his strength, as long as he breaks through to the ninth level of Yuanfu, he will surely be among the top ten.”

Situ Po indeed lived up to his reputation as the most monstrous genius among the younger generations belonging to the Sword Extinction Sect, ranking supreme among their Yuanfu Realm cultivators overall.

After which, Ouyang Zheng similarly stepped onto the 17th step.

Zang Lengfeng wasn't willing to appear weak. He unleashed his Mandates to their limits. As a Heaven's Chosen, how could his innate talent not be comparable to the others?

Qin Wentian also moved towards the 17th step. But the instant his feet came into contact with the 17th step, his body froze, as though he were locked in that position. He remained in that stance, even his breath appeared to have stopped.

“What's going on?” The countenances of the crowd froze. Why did Qin Wentian's appearance seem 'dead'? The others before him weren't like this.

Two hours passed, another four hours passed by. Qin Wentian remained in that stance.

And after persisting for a day, Wang Xiao was finally blasted down the Heavenly Stele Steps. Duan Qingshan similarly failed when he tried to step on the 18th step. Both of them suffered serious injuries from the force of the rebound.

As for Qin Wentian, he still remained there motionless.

The people on the Heavenly Stele Steps were getting fewer and fewer. Each blazing sun representative of their generation had been blasted down again and again. Only those lights that shone the brightest of all, still remained.

And what's more, all of them had managed to match the ten-year record.

In the past ten years, the Heavenly Stele Steps had been open to the public three times, and the 18th step was the record. However, more than one person had succeeded in stepping on the 18th step. But, for everyone who did, they were unable to advance any further.

Eighteen, was made from two-nines. The second variation came after the 18th step.

“I’m going down.” Xuan Xin had a bitter expression on her face. She could feel that she was already at her limits. If she continued onwards to the 18th step, she would either break through her limits or suffer grievous injuries.

She could also feel that the latter possibility was higher. To Xuan Xin, her determination and resolution had yet to be sufficiently tempered. After all, she was still just a young girl.

After speaking, Xuan Xin pushed forth with her palms as a powerful rebound pushed back at her.

She landed on the ground safely, unharmed after retreating several steps backwards. This was a voluntary exit, different from being blasted down.

“The little princess from the Mystic Maiden Palace is already extremely outstanding, she reached the 17th step!”

“Fan Le, Qin Wentian, Chu Mang and Ouyang Kuangsheng, they’re all stuck at the 17th step. It seems impossible for them to advance further.”

“Xuan Yan has already stepped onto the 18th step. Her Mandates should all be at the Perfection Boundary, she’s incomparably powerful.” The spectators gazed at Xuan Yan’s silhouette before turning their glances onto Fan Le. They were afraid that the result had already been determined; Qin Wentian’s good friend Fan Le, would lose to Xuan Yan, a Heaven’s Chosen from the Azure Continent ranked 17th on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

“BREAK!” A heaven-shaking howl of rage thundered out. The crowd abruptly started, only to see a herculean figure beside Fan Le opening his eyes. Within Chu Mang’s eyes, arrows fired forth penetrating that Heavenly Stele, while a gigantic axe cleaved apart the Heavens and Earth. He decisively stepped on that 18th step as the fearsome fluctuations of his Mandate burst out.

With his heart of steel, there was nothing he could not break.

Chu Mang's objectives had always been simple. He only wanted power, powerful enough to be the shield Chu Wuwei needed. Powerful enough to protect Chu Wuwei from aging and death.

The might of that Ancient Will shuddered Chu Mang's mind. His eyes were bloodshot as he stood there, roaring at the Heavens. With sufficient determination, what was a mere Heavenly Stele? It wasn't enough to slay him!

“BZZZZ!”

An explosive will that originated from the Mandate of Arrows transformed into countless resplendent streams of light, blasting right at that Stele.

He used the now Perfection Boundary Mandate of Arrows to break the suppression of the Ancient Will restricting him.

The Ancient Will's strength depended on the strength of each individual. They would either have to possess sufficient resolution and determination to surpass it, or they had to breakthrough from their previous limits and forcefully suppress it. If they failed, their endings would be extremely dire, if Chu Mang failed then, his mind would have been completely erased by that pressure.

“He stabilised his footing, Chu Mang is now on par with that previous record-holder!”

“I won't lose.” At this moment, Fan Le grinned, the look in his eyes extremely clear. It was as though he could see the pure face of Xuan Xin when he glanced up at that Heavenly Stele.

Fan Le was usually a happy-go-lucky person who loved to crack jokes, but he knew that his looks were only ordinary. Yet, Xuan Xin had chosen him, so how could he still let her down? If he failed, castigation and the derisive mockery of the others would drag Xuan Xin down with him. He had always pretended to be free-spirited about it, laughing all the while with not a care in the world. In reality, he truly cared about this matter.

He was fine being the target of mockery, but he didn't want Xuan Xin to suffer the same fate as him.

He wanted to prove to others that Xuan Xin had not made the wrong decision in choosing him.

He was extremely talented, his name was Fan Le.

Stepping out, a golden light enveloping his body as his blood boiled. A terrifying temperature scorched the air as he placed his foot onto that 18th step of the Heavenly Stele Step.

“BZZZ!” That golden light crackled as ember flames covered his entire body. His aura climbed upwards continuously, as the will of his three Mandates sublimated another level in the terrifying flames.

He was Fan Le, the Fatty Fan Le, the Genius Fan Le.

He bathed in that sea of golden flames, standing tall upon the 18th step of the Heavenly Stele Steps.

“HAHA, how satisfying!” Ouyang Kuangsheng howled. His long hair fluttered in the wind as he punched his fist up in the air. Fan Le and Chu Mang had already succeeded, how then could he be left behind? He rushed up as well.

If he failed, so what if his body was riddled with grievous injuries? If his path of cultivation was severed, was death even anything to fear? If he cowered, he would no longer be Ouyang Kuangsheng!

Ouyang Kuangsheng had also stepped on the 18th step, his results matching the all-time high record within the past ten years.

“Amazing!”

The crowd all sighed in their hearts. At this moment, there were only a few remaining on top of the Heavenly Stele Steps. Ouyang Zheng, Zang Lengfeng, Xuan Yan, Yue Bufan. These four were all Heaven’s Chosen that ranked within the top thirty-six in the Heavenly Fate Rankings. Not on the rankings themselves, Situ Po, Fan Le, Chu Mang, Ouyang Kuangsheng and Qin Wentian were the remaining five.

The nine of them all stepped atop on the 18th step. Only Qin Wentian was still at the 17th step, in a motionless state.

“Amazing, truly amazing. We don’t need to talk about the four Heaven’s Chosen, Situ Po or Qin Wentian. But Chu Mang, Fan Le and Ouyang Kuangsheng were all grouped with Qin Wentian and to think that they were this powerful. I’m sure after today, other than Ouyang Kuangsheng, there will be several transcendent powers waiting to recruit them.”

But, defeat and victory had yet to be determined.

The dispute between Situ Po and Qin Wentian; the competition between Xuan Yan and Fan Le; the contest between Ouyang Zheng and Zang Lengfeng. They all had no clear victors yet.

And following this, all of them with the exception of Qin Wentian, would break the ten-year record with but a single step!

Who would be the one left standing in the end?

Would Qin Wentian, who was still on the 17th step, be able to surpass Situ Po?!