

Ancient GM 72

Chapter 72

AGM 0072 – Fine Line between Life and Death

Qin Wentian had already devoured the remaining Blood Ember Fruits. Since Mustang wanted him to pay a visit to Luo Qianqiu, he would acquiesce. But wanting him to hand over the Blood Ember Fruits that would enable him to raise his own strength? Not a chance.

If his level of strength was stronger than Luo Qianqiu's, it would not be Qin Wentian who needed to pay a visit.

Qin Wentian could feel his body burning from the three Blood Ember Fruits that he just ingested. His countenance turned red, as the blood in his body surged and seethed. Soon after, a terrifying energy inundated his energy channels and arterial pathways, seeping into his entire body.

Qin Wentian gritted his teeth. The frenzied Divine Energy and Astral Energy in his body, augmented by the effects of the Blood Ember Fruits, were gushing rampantly around his arterial pathways. Rumbling sounds were relentlessly emitted from Qin Wentian's body, akin to the bluster of the roiling ocean waves. Fan Le took off at top speed and slammed the door close, silently cursing that Qin Wentian was a madman.

The popping sounds rang out continuously, as the previous stream of energy within his body transformed into an ocean. For almost half a day, the terrifying Divine Energy never ceased gushing frenziedly about until his 4th circular arterial path was fully formed. Boundless energy surged through the newly-formed circular arterial pathway, flooding every cell of his body.

"4th level of Arterial Circulation?" Fan Le flipped his body on his bed as he felt the aura emanating from Qin Wentian. The light in his eyes flickered when he realised that the effects of the Blood Ember Fruits had not ended.

"Monster." Fan Le cursed silently in a low voice before deciding to go back to sleep. And when he finally woke up, he discovered that Qin Wentian had already fallen asleep. The Astral Light landed upon Qin Wentian's body, flowing through the window. This monster was once again cultivating in his sleep, fully making use of the excess essence that remained behind after his broke through from ingesting the Blood Ember Fruits.

Having just broken through to the 4th level, the energy that Qin Wentian would be able to store in his body once again increased. Using the techniques listed in the Spirit Refinement Method, he decided to condensed more of his Astral Energy into Divine Energy. This time around, he could feel that the rate of conversion was faster when compared to before.

After Qin Wentian awoke, he did not waste time. He continued to immerse himself in his cultivation. Feeling the increased amount of energy in his body, his mood was a lot better.

Qin Wentian's immediate goal was to increase his strength as soon as possible. No matter how strong he was, as of now, it was still not enough.

When Luo Huan arrived, Qin Wentian was still immersed in his cultivation practice. "Oi!" Fan Le shouted and woke up Qin Wentian, who saw Luo Huan smiling at him. "Little Junior Brother, you are so hardworking."

"Senior Sister, don't joke about me. My level of strength is still so weak. If I don't work hard and get stronger, I'm afraid if I died, I won't even have the chance to regret it." Qin Wentian smiled bitterly.

"Your level of cultivation isn't bad at all. After all, since the time you embarked on the path of cultivation, it hasn't even been a year." Luo Huan blinked her beautiful eyelashes as she laughed, "I've already investigated the matter you requested of me. Qin Yao is indeed one of the candidates to be chosen to marry the crown prince of Snowcloud Country. However, according to my sources, there isn't much hope for her to be the crown prince's main wife. I'm afraid she would only be a concubine."

Qin Wentian's countenance froze. A concubine? As a descendent of Chu Country's Wu King, it was indeed difficult for Qin Yao to be the main wife of the crown prince of Snowcloud Country.

"I must personally ask Sister Yao whether this was out of her own will or someone forced her to it." Qin Wentian drew in a huge breath.

"Why is she here at Chu Country?" Qin Wentian continued asking.

"She and several youths from Snowcloud Martial Palace are here to exchange pointers with the Royal Academy's students. But according to my deductions, your sister Qin Yao is probably here for another purpose. Her true purpose should be to save Qin Wu and Qin Chuan, using the Snowcloud Country's name to pressure the Chu Country."

Qin Wentian nodded his head. Qin Yao would definitely want to rescue Grandpa Qin as well as Father.

“And additionally, I have one more piece of bad news for you.” Luo Huan continued, “Orchon’s cultivation base has broken through to the 9th level of Arterial Circulation, so he’s a lot stronger than before.”

“Understood.” Qin Wentian nodded his head as he sighed silently in his heart. Everyone was cultivating so assiduously. If he didn’t work harder than them, he would soon be left behind while the others soared ahead.

“Okay, let’s go and meet Luo Qianqiu now.”

“Right.” Qin Wentian nodded his head. He left with Luo Huan and Fan Le.

On the Emperor Star Academy’s arena, there were currently two figures sparring on the stage with each other. Although they were merely sparring, the moves and techniques they executed were extremely vicious. Each strike could potentially end a life. Seeing the ferociousness of each figure, the spectators of the match were all in awe.

“This time, Luo Qianqiu’s power is much stronger compared to before he went into the Dark Forest. Even Southern-Skies wasn’t able to block his attacks.”

“Right. It’s almost a guarantee that Young Master Luo will be a true leader of our Asura Faction.”

Several people in the crowd smiled and nodded their heads as they gazed at the figures on the arena. Luo Qianqiu was a monster of his generation. The speed of his growth was too frightening! This was only the start of his second year at the academy, but to think that his prowess had already reached such a stage.

On the arena, a voice filled with immense strength resounded as the two figures on the arena stepped back. Southern-Skies laughed, “Qianqiu, your strength increased again. I’m afraid that soon, even I will no longer be an opponent for you.”

Wearing a blue robe, Luo Qianqiu looked clean and unruffled. With a handsome face and hair that fluttered behind him from the billowing wind, he was given the aura of an idol revered by many.

He was Luo Qianqiu, the student ranked number one out of the previous batch of new students. Now, his cultivation base was already at the peak of the 7th level of Arterial Circulation. Not only that, his combat ability was extremely terrifying, enabling him to be able to defeat opponents with higher cultivation bases.

Luo Qianqiu didn't deny the words of Southern-Skies. Truth to be told, if the two of them were to fight to the death right now, he didn't think that he would lose.

"Young Master Luo." At this moment, Franklin called out from underneath the arena. He spotted the silhouettes of three figures approaching. They were none other than Luo Huan, Qin Wentian, and Fan Le.

"The two youths beside Luo Huan are Qin Wentian and Fan Le, respectively. The theft of the Blood Ember Fruits was orchestrated precisely by them." Franklin exclaimed. Luo Qianqiu's gaze slowly drifted over towards Luo Huan and the pair. As his sight landed upon Qin Wentian, Luo Qianqiu found himself contemplating him. Was this the number one among the new batch of students?

Qin Wentian and the rest halted their steps near the arena. The figure standing atop of the arena had an extraordinary air to him, capable of attracting much attention.

Although Orchon was strong, if one were to compare Orchon and Luo Qianqiu, Orchon would merely be a summer breeze in the face of a cyclone when it came down to the presence they exuded.

Luo Qianqiu calmly stood there as he cast his gaze downwards at Qin Wentian, "Was it you who snatched my Blood Ember Fruits?"

"Yours?" Qin Wentian and Fan Le silently shook their heads, but they knew that in such a situation, if Luo Qianqiu said that the fruits were his, they were his.

"That day, we did not know that Senior Brother Luo was interested in the Blood Ember Fruits. I hope Senior Brother Luo wouldn't blame us."

“Cut the crap. Where are the Blood Ember Fruits now? Give them to me.” Luo Qianqiu stood on the arena, his voice emotionless, as he calmly replied.

The crowd silently witnessed the exchange between Qin Wentian and Luo Qianqiu. Although Qin Wentian was also a legendary figure in the Emperor Star Academy, the current him was still quite a distance away from Luo Qianqiu.

Expressions of interests appeared upon the faces of those from the Asura Faction. This fellow even dared to snatch the Blood Ember Fruits from Luo Qianqiu. He was certainly no coward.

“All the Blood Ember Fruits have already been consumed by me. I seek Senior Brother Luo’s forgiveness.” Qin Wentian replied politely. The expressions of interests deepened on the Asura members’ faces. Since the Blood Ember Fruits were gone, Qin Wentian’s gesture of coming here had no meaning to it anymore.

Luo Qianqiu lifted his foot and took a step forwards, walking down the arena, “You even dare to swallow that which belonged to me?”

As the sound of his voice faded, a immense surge of terrifying pressure, sparkling with arcs of lightning, gushed forth towards Qin Wentian.

“Boom!” Qin Wentian steadied himself as he looked at Luo Qianqiu. Since Teacher Mustang and Luo Huan wanted him to pay a visit to Luo Qianqiu, he had done so. But as for the Blood Ember Fruits, he had already consumed all of them yesterday, with no intentions of giving any to Luo Qianqiu. No matter how Luo Qianqiu wanted to deal with him, Qin Wentian was ready.

Amazement flickered in Luo Huan’s eyes, but she could only bitterly smile at Qin Wentian. This fellow actually consumed all the Blood Ember Fruits on his person.

“Boom!” Taking another step forwards, the aura Luo Qianqiu was releasing thickened. Its intensity was akin to the force of a raging wind combined with a tidal wave, gushing forth towards Qin Wentian. The might of the arcs of lightning embedded within also grew increasingly stronger.

The spectators were all silently exclaiming at how tyrannical Luo Qianqiu was in their hearts. This Qin Wentian was extremely unfortunate. However, no one sympathised with him. After all, this was a strength-oriented world.

“Boom.” This was Luo Qianqiu’s third step. The pressure emitted by this step was immense. Luo Qianqiu suddenly arrived in front of Qin Wentian, unleashing a fist shrouded by a violent and domineering lightning energy that wanted to extinguish everything in its path. Qin Wentian felt his body go numb as the pressure he was withstanding intensified to its limit.

Surprisingly, Qin Wentian’s countenance still remained incomparably calm. Taking a step backwards, he gathered the entirety of energy within his body before unleashing a Revolving Sea Imprint, striking against Luo Qianqiu’s fist-lights. A thunderous sound reverberated from the collision of the two sources of energies, and almost immediately, the unfathomably domineering fist-lights extinguished the palm imprint. The remnants of terrifying energies blasted against Qin Wentian’s body, causing him to involuntarily shudder before he violently retreated many steps and spit out a mouthful of fresh blood.

Luo Huan’s beautiful eyes flickered, but she didn’t step in to aid Qin Wentian. Some things, Qin Wentian would need to deal with them himself.

“Brutal.” The gazes of spectators landed on Luo Qianqiu’s figure, only to see him advancing forwards with the force of a raging wind as unbridled killing intent surged wildly.

Qin Wentian raised his head. An icy hint of killing intent could be seen in his calm eye. The killing intent in his eyes grew increasingly denser as Luo Qianqiu approached.

“Stay your hand.” At this moment, a loud sound echoed out through the empty air. A figure descended from the skies, causing Luo Qianqiu to stop his fist, merely an inch away from Qin Wentian’s face, in the middle of his attack. However, the terrifying shockwave of Luo Qianqiu’s fist continued to blast Qin Wentian’s face. His hair billowed and fluttered relentlessly behind him from the force of that attack.

Luo Qianqiu didn’t pay any attention to Qin Wentian. Instead, he raised his head and turned his gaze upon the figure clad in white.

“Lin Hua.” Luo Qianqiu exclaimed.

“How about considering it a favor for me?” Lin Hua spoke as Luo Qianqiu cast a sidelong glance at Qin Wentian. Even now, Luo Qianqiu’s features remained unperturbed. Perhaps he had never even once regarded Qin Wentian as his enemy but rather an ant that could be trampled easily.

“Fine. Since the leader of the Greencloud Association personally asked this of me, I can forget about this.” Luo Qianqiu turned his body and departed. The members of the Asura Faction were all murmuring in confusion. To think that the leader of Greencloud Association, Lin Hua, would personally speak out for Qin Wentian. Initially, they thought that at the most crucial moment, the one who would appear to stop the fight would instead be an Elder of the academy.

The members of Asura Faction left with after the match’s conclusion. Their eyes held a hint of reverence as they fixed their eyes on Luo Qianqiu’s back. The demon of the Emperor Star Academy, who hadn’t heard of him by now?

In comparison, the current Qin Wentian was still too weak, their levels too far apart. Today, Qin Wentian somehow managed to survive due to luck.

Qin Wentian remained standing there with his right hand hidden within the folds of his sleeves.

Concealed in his sleeves, his hand was clutching tightly onto a golden-colored short sword. This short sword was none other than the 3rd-level Divine Weapon that Ren Qianxing had given to him, the Goldem Sword!

Today, did Qin Wentian truly survive due to luck?

If Lin Hua hadn’t appeared, the one who would have died would most assuredly not have been Qin Wentian.