

Ancient GM 1041

Chapter 1041: Assisted Battle

Everyone was enjoying the banquet and engaged in idle chatter. Nanfeng Yunxi introduced several people to Qin Wentian. They were immortal emperors of the Southern Region who came to this banquet, as well as many geniuses with extraordinary statuses. Qin Wentian noted down their names. Immortal emperors were characters who stood at the peak of the immortal realms, and they were at the absolute pinnacle of authority.

This was especially so for those more powerful immortal emperors. Just like the three ancient great clans of the Southern Region, they controlled territories of boundless space. It could be said that they were the true hegemony of the entire Southern Region of the immortal realms, and possessed fearsome influence and authority. Their every action could cause the entire Southern Region to tremble.

After the banquet, the beautiful middle-aged woman invited everyone to head to their clan's Phoenix Arena. After that, the holy maidens and heaven's chosen proceeded forward.

In the depths of the Southern Phoenix Clan, there was an extremely vast area. A grand and majestic battle platform could be seen right at its center. Layers of light streamed around it, incomparably dazzling. There was also a powerful formation inscribed there that contained a marvelous might.

At this moment, all the heaven's chosen had already arrived. Each of the holy maidens were accompanied by the people they sought for help. Next to Nanfeng Yunxi were Qin Wentian, Jun Mengchen, and Purgatory.

Many figures silently appeared in the surroundings of this Phoenix Arena—these were all characters from the Southern Phoenix Clan's elder generations. They attached a very high importance to this showdown. The Southern Phoenix Clan was presided and governed by the Southern Phoenix Matriarch, and divided into several factions. The holy maidens might have the Southern Phoenix Matriarch's blood in their veins, but they were all from different factions. And out of the thirty-six maidens, only one could become the Holy Successor. This would be an indication of that particular faction's potential.

In future, when the Holy Successor ascended to the position of the Southern Phoenix Matriarch, her faction would be the one that ruled the entire Southern Phoenix Clan. Hence, the selection of the

Holy Successor every one hundred years was an event that received high importance from their clan.

“Let’s go up to the Phoenix Arena,” Nanfeng Yunxi said to the three of them. After which, they mounted one of the arena’s thirty-six minor platforms. This battle platform had the faint shadow of a phoenix shimmering in and out of existence. The other camps of people had also mounted the platforms along with their respective holy maidens. Similarly, the other thirty-five platforms had the faint shadow of a phoenix, albeit in a different form. Despite their distinct appearances, their majesticness was roughly the same.

“Next, we are going to select nine holy maidens to enter the ancestral lands. The maidens are selected based on the top nine camps with the highest battle achievements. The holy maiden can fight if they wish to, or they can send the helpers they have chosen. But one must remember this, holy maidens are able to borrow power from the formation to boost their own combat prowess into reaching the peak of the third level of immortal foundation. Hence, if the holy maiden chooses to fight, then her opponent must at least be someone of the same cultivation level. As for the helpers, they are unable to borrow power from the formation.” At this moment, the middle-aged woman stated the rules as she walked into the Phoenix Arena.

Qin Wentian glanced at Nanfeng Yunxi, only to see her smiling at him.

“You are truly decisive. Holy maidens are able to borrow power from the formations, but I cannot. And yet, you still choose to invite me over? Look at the other holy maidens, the majority have invited helpers at the second or third level of immortal foundation. There’s even one at the fourth-level. Are you not afraid that I’ll negatively affect your battle achievement record?” Qin Wentian asked Nanfeng Yunxi.

“Fourth-level immortal foundation experts can enter the ancestral land, but they are not allowed to partake in this combat trial. As for those at the third level, I can use the power from the formation to deal with them. For those at the first and second level, I believe that with your combat prowess, they should be of no problem to you.” Nanfeng Yunxi smiled. Qin Wentian nodded his head. The holy maidens could borrow the power from the formation for their combat, unleashing a combat prowess equivalent to the third level of immortal foundation. This meant that the main point of the combat trial still depended on the holy maidens themselves.

They invited their friends to act as helpers to assist them in the other battles. Naturally, the stronger their helpers, the more useful they would prove to be. This would be the case even after entering the ancestral lands. For now, Qin Wentian still had no concrete idea on what he had to do, but most likely, he was supposed to protect Nanfeng Yunxi from any danger.

“How many combat rounds are there?” Qin Wentian asked.

“Thirty six. Each camp of holy maidens must fight thirty-five rounds of combat and they cannot fight an opponent twice. The nine maidens with the highest battle achievements will gain the qualifications to enter the ancestral lands,” Nanfeng Yunxi replied.

“Everyone should be clear of the rules by now. Nanfeng Aoxue, let the first battle fall to your camp. After that, the battles shall continue according to the sequence,” announced the middle-aged woman. After that, she floated up into the air and left the central arena for everyone to begin.

Nanfeng Aoxue stepped out, instantly appearing on the center stage. Her aura was overwhelming as power from the third level gushed forth from her. Qin Wentian sighed in admiration, “She reached the third level of immortal foundation within a hundred years after her birth?”

“No.” Nanfeng Yunxi shook her head. “The Southern Phoenix Clan selects thirty-six holy maidens every hundred years. At the time of selection, those conferred with the title of holy maiden are ones with extremely high potential. These can include women that have reached adulthood prior to the selection period. When the time of selection comes by, their ages are naturally more than a hundred. During the 100-year selection period, some of the maidens can even be selected before they reach a hundred years in age and have yet to establish their immortal foundations. But once the date of the inheritance trials arrives, they’ll have no choice but to delay their participation until the next trial a hundred years later. Nanfeng Aoxue is part of the former, while I belong to the latter half. They bestowed my title in the middle of this 100-year period. Luckily for me, I ascended to immortality shortly before this round of inheritance trials began. Otherwise, I’d be like Nanfeng Aoxue and can only participate in the inheritance trial a hundred years later.”

“In that case, doesn’t she hold a greater advantage than the others?” Qin Wentian smiled. “But, being able to reach the third level of immortal foundation within a hundred odd years should also be considered an extremely outstanding feat, right?”

“Our Southern Phoenix Clan is an ancient clan with extremely deep foundations. You cannot use common logic to appraise us. The extraordinary individuals among our members will naturally cultivate faster than the geniuses outside of our clan. If I manage to become the Holy Successor, you’ll have to work hard or I’ll swiftly overtake you,” Nanfeng Yunxi joked.

“Let’s wait and see.” Qin Wentian didn’t mind and laughed along.

Nanfeng Aoxue chose the camp of another holy maiden. The holy maiden of that camp stepped out. She used her ancient phoenix bloodline to activate the arena’s formation and borrowed its power,

allowing her to have the aura of a peak, third-level immortal foundation expert. Both their immortal foundations gushed forth with might as two terrifying ancient phoenix shadows could be seen in the air. Their immortal foundations seemed to be in the form of a phoenix, both shimmering in and out of existence.

“Did you also establish a phoenix immortal foundation?” Qin Wentian asked curiously.

“Naturally. If we have enough ability, the holy maidens of the Southern Phoenix Clan will always be able to establish a phoenix-form immortal foundation. But even though our immortal foundations might have similar phoenix forms, their grades and tiers will still be different. The might we can unleash will naturally differ as well,” Nanfeng Yunxi explained. The immortal foundations established by stellar martial cultivators were formed by the fusion of energy from their astral souls and constellations.

“Evidently, it can also be a disadvantage to use the power of the formation to augment one’s own power to the peak of the third level. A true third-level immortal foundation is much stronger in comparison,” Qin Wentian mused silently as he observed the combat. Nanfeng Aoxue was like a true phoenix. Her every move was backed by the power of the phoenix shadow she’d earlier manifested, containing enough might to startle the heavens. The Phoenix Arena was covered by a screen of light, and hence, the shockwaves produced by the combatants wouldn’t be able to affect their surroundings.

“Speed, strength, fire, immortal-ranked innate techniques. In all aspects, Nanfeng Aoxue possesses the clear advantage. There’s no suspense.” Qin Wentian knew that victory and defeat would be determined almost immediately. And just as he expected, a few moments later Nanfeng Aoxue defeated her opponent and obtained victory.

After her combat ended, she said, “My friend will still continue the battle.”

“Okay.” In the air, the beautiful middle-aged lady nodded. After that, Zong Zhan stepped out.

Zong Zhan was a Golden Heaven-Warring Condor—he had a pure bloodline and supreme combat prowess. It was said that his type of demonic beast possessed a defense comparable to the divine avian species, the golden-winged rocs.

Zong Zhan walked up the Phoenix Arena. His body was instantly cloaked in golden battle armor. His eyes gleamed as they took in his surroundings—he actually wanted to fight against a few of the most outstanding heaven’s chosen in attendance. But upon thinking of Nanfeng Aoxue, he temporarily suppressed his desire to do battle. After entering the ancestral lands, there would be no

lack of chances for him to fight. What he had to do now was to first guarantee victory by winning thirty-five combat rounds to qualify entering the ancestral lands.

“I think I will pick you guys again.” Zong Zhan’s eyes turned to the camp of the holy maiden whom Nanfeng Aoxue had just defeated. This instantly caused that holy maiden to frown. She had invited two helpers, and they were both experts on the same level as her—the second level of immortal foundation. However, they were still not strong enough to fight against Zong Zhan.

“I’ll fight him.” A heaven’s chosen next to that holy maiden stepped out. This helper was a heaven’s chosen from a major power in the Southern Phoenix City. Arrogance rolled off him in waves, and he exuded a sense of might, but in that moment, Zong Zhan’s entire body cloaked itself in a golden light. The immortal might from his immortal foundation was also gushing out with extreme power.

—BOOM!— He stepped out, shooting across space like a bolt of golden lightning, instantly arriving before his opponent. Numerous fearsome-looking golden condors appeared. They were formed from law energy and resembled a powerful battle formation that suppressed the entire space.

His opponent’s countenance drastically changed. His immortal might gushed forth, painting the sky a silvery white to bury the attacks from the golden condors.

... chi... chi... Zong Zhan’s battle formation of sliced apart the silvery screen, directly boring down on his opponent. Terrifying rumbling sounds echoed out as the dazzling silver-white light was snuffed out, and his attacks blasted full-force into his opponent, causing him to cough out blood.

“How violent.” The spectators stared at Zong Zhan. Nanfeng Aoxue alone was already extremely strong, but it seemed that her helper was powerful as well. They instantly secured two victories.

“Rong Xiao, help me fight the third round,” Nanfeng Aoxue requested of Rong Xiao. Rong Xiao nodded. When Zong Zhan retreated from the arena, he walked up and turned his gaze onto the others. His cultivation base was at the second level of immortal foundation and he had extremely strong combat prowess.

He then glanced in Nanfeng Yunxi’s direction, his eyes landing on Qin Wentian as he said, “Brother Qin from the Eastern Region, I wonder how powerful you are? Can I request for us to spar? Naturally, if Brother Qin is terrified, I’m fine if holy maiden Yunxi steps out with you.”

If a holy maiden stepped up to battle, they could only fight opponents with an equivalent cultivation base as them. And Nanfeng Yunxi’s helpers all seemed to only be at the first level of immortal

foundation. Many were puzzled by this. Could it be that Nanfeng Yunxi wanted to depend on her strength alone to enter the ancestral lands?

Although the holy maidens were the main point of these trials, it was still very important for them to depend on others during some critical moments!

Chapter 1042: Jiang Clan's Might

There were many first-level immortals participating in today's combat. However, a majority of the experts partaking in combat were all at the second or third level. Naturally, this was because the holy maidens wanted better battle achievements. If Nanfeng Yunxi fought all her battles by herself, she would only end up exhausted and this would be extremely dangerous.

“Initially, I thought that you, Yunxi, would be able to make it into the ancestral lands too. However, it seems that I was mistaken.” Nanfeng Aoxue turned her gaze to Nanfeng Yunxi. Nanfeng Yunxi's talent was excellent, and she had established a high-grade immortal foundation. Despite only recently ascending to immortality, her strength made many elders in her clan nod in approval. A majority of them hoped she'd be able to make it into the ancestral lands and become the Holy Successor.

Instead, she invited Qin Wentian, a character whose cultivation base was only at the first level.

Since Qin Wentian was the top ranker of the Immortal Ascension Rankings, it probably meant that his talent was also excellent. However, he was someone who had only just established an immortal foundation, and he had no way to borrow power from the formation. He wasn't suitable to contribute to an assisted battle at all.

The geniuses here were all extremely talented individuals from the Southern Region. Their combat prowess was extraordinary, so it wouldn't be so simple for a first-level immortal to jump levels and fight on the same level as the others.

“Senior Brother, let me fight one round.” Jun Mengchen was extremely eager. After stepping into immortal foundation, he hadn't had an opportunity to fight a good battle. Now, an opportunity had presented itself. Since he was standing on one of the platforms at the Phoenix Arena, this meant that he was a helper. Each holy maiden could have up to a maximum of three helpers, and anyone beside Nanfeng Yunxi could fight if they want to. If they won, it would count towards Nanfeng Yunxi's record of battle achievements.

“Brother Qin, did you know that you’d definitely lose and that’s why you’re sending another person to replace you?” Rong Xiao continued to provoke Qin Wentian. After that, Rong Xiao glanced past Purgatory, and his eyes fixed on Nanfeng Yunxi as he smiled. “Holy Maiden Yunxi actually invited Brother Qin to help you for the trials? That seems like a somewhat unwise decision.”

“Mengchen, since this man wishes to fight against me so much. Let me grant his wish. Don’t worry, there will be other opportunities for you to fight later on,” Qin Wentian said to Jun Mengchen.

“Okay.” Jun Mengchen nodded. “Senior Brother, show him his place.”

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian stepped out and appeared on the arena. A bright light flashed as the screen of light activated once more, enveloping the entire arena. Rong Xiao’s immortal foundation erupted forth with might as his constellations manifested in the air. Law energy flowed around him as the immortal might from his immortal foundation gushed forth unceasingly. In just an instant, Rong Xiao’s immortal might shrouded Qin Wentian.

“What energy is this?” Qin Wentian stared at the law energy surrounding the area. They had manifested into numerous knights seated atop war horses, equipped with armor and white lances that shimmered with immortal might. Behind Rong Xiao, a gigantic phantom of a knight appeared. Rong Xiao had also mounted an astral war horse and he soared up into the sky.

“Die!” Rong Xiao shouted coldly. After which, the horses started to gallop, the force of their strides causing the space to tremble. A countless number of war horses rushed towards Qin Wentian with lightning speed, intending to bury him within. Their terrifying long lances and metal hooves were powerful enough to pierce through Qin Wentian and trample him to pieces.

These warhorses were no ordinary horses. Thunderclaps boomed whenever they stomped through the air with their metal hooves. They were incomparably majestic and extremely speedy, and possessed an overwhelming attacking strength.

Qin Wentian soared through the air. His immortal foundation thrummed as a startling pressure gushed forth from him. In that instant, Rong Xiao felt his own immortal foundation trembling, as though something was suppressing it an innate level. The pressure felt like the blows from a hammer blasting into his immortal foundation.

Qin Wentian threw out a punch. The instant the punch manifested, it shimmered with boundless runic light, transforming into a beam of light that could shatter everything apart. Thunderous sounds

of explosions rang out, and the war horses were completely exterminated under the brilliant beam of his fist light.

“Not bad.” A voice rang out in Qin Wentian’s ear. Rong Xiao then sped forth, his silvery lance piercing straight at Qin Wentian’s throat with a speed too fast for the eye to follow.

Qin Wentian’s palm slammed out, but before it hit Rong Xiao, Rong Xiao’s silhouette was already flickering with a white light, and he reappeared in another location. He was still seated on his war horse—his speed was too incredible.

—RUMBLE!— Rong Xiao transformed into a white shadow. Thousands of war horses galloped towards Qin Wentian in that instant, wanting to overwhelm him in a stampede. Qin Wentian frowned. His immortal sense gushed out, and as the stampede of horses rushed at him, he slammed out with another palm strike while simultaneously dodging to the side. His senses were sharp enough to discern Rong Xiao’s location. A silvery lance narrowly missed him, and with another flash of white light, Rong Xiao appeared behind Qin Wentian.

“Your attack power isn’t bad. But your speed is too slow. A first-level immortal foundation cultivation can only amount to this much after all. There’s no way for you to mitigate the difference in cultivation. Even if you once had the position of top ranker on the Immortal Ascension Rankings, it’s useless,” Rong Xiao said with arrogance. He then continued, “I won’t be playing around with you anymore.”

—BOOM!— As the sound of his words faded, Qin Wentian took a step out, and a terrifying formless might bore down on his immortal foundation. Rong Xiao furrowed his brows, and in the next instant, he saw Qin Wentian radiating with immortal light as the might of Qin Wentian’s immortal foundation permeated the surroundings.

“Hmph.” Snorting coldly, Rong Xiao’s body vanished once more, appearing directly before Qin Wentian at an inconceivable speed. Qin Wentian didn’t bother looking at him. Relying on instinct, he immediately threw out a punch that shone with a scintillating inky-black light—the law energy from the law of destruction.

With a deafening blast, the spectators saw Rong Xiao’s silvery lance snap in two. Rong Xiao flung back through the air and slammed onto the floor of the arena, coughing out fresh blood.

“Your combat prowess is merely at this level even though you’re at the second level of immortal foundation? Aren’t you a little too useless?” Qin Wentian stepped forward. Rong Xiao’s

countenance turned ashen. Qin Wentian's words were too face-smacking. Who was playing around with who?

Earlier, he'd stated that he would no longer play around with Qin Wentian, yet he sent him flying with a single punch right after that. In that moment, he'd felt his immortal foundation suppressed and his immortal energy hadn't flowed smoothly, as though the pressure had disrupted it. That space around him seemed to have solidified due to the suppressive pressure as well, and he couldn't shift his body to evade even if he wanted to. He could only respond head-on with an attack, and hope that he could negate the power. However, he'd ended up the injured party instead. How could someone at the first level have such power?

"You lost. You can't even withstand a single strike," Qin Wentian said as he walked to the front of Rong Xiao.

—BOOM!— Rong Xiao's immortal foundation manifested out in the open. Instantly, the skies changed as the phenomenon of a pegasus adorned with silvery wings appeared, blotting out the sun. An incomparable might bore down on Qin Wentian. Rong Xiao slowly floated up into the air as he unleashed his strength to its limits.

—bzz!— The wings of the pegasus flashed as a beam of white light shot towards Qin Wentian, instantly arriving before him, ignoring the vast distance between them. Such speed basically gave the opponent no chance to react.

—BOOM!— Qin Wentian's immortal foundation released a heaven-startling might. His entire body was akin to a fiend-god, flowing with fearsome runic light. Rong Xiao's terrifying lance smashed forward to pierce Qin Wentian's body. But at this very moment, a gigantic shadow of a Xuanwu Turtle enveloped Qin Wentian completely. The long lance continued to pierce forward, but Qin Wentian's defense was now insanely high—the lance rebounded from the toughness of his flesh.

Qin Wentian's hand stretched out and grabbed Rong Xiao's body. His right hand turned inky-black in color and erupted forwards in a punch, causing terrifying rumbling sounds to ring out. Rong Xiao's immortal light dimmed, and his immortal foundation felt as though it were about to shatter.

—BOOM!— Another terrifying punch pummelled its way over. Rong Xiao screamed as he coughed out blood from the impact. Slumping to the ground, the phenomenon in the sky dispersed as his immortal light completely dissipated.

When Qin Wentian saw this scene, he retracted his aura as well. Lowering his head to stare at Rong Xiao lying on the ground, he said, “You’re at the second level of immortal foundation, yet you can’t even break my defense? Aren’t you simply courting death by choosing me?”

After that, Qin Wentian turned and walked down the arena.

Everyone’s eyes gleamed sharply when they glanced at Qin Wentian. This fellow had such overwhelming combat prowess. It looked like Nanfeng Yunxi understood his strength despite his status as a first-level immortal foundation expert. This was the reason why she’d chosen to invite him for help.

As for Rong Xiao, he’d suffered such a miserable defeat. Everyone could only look at him with eyes full of pity. He, a person who had come here to act as a helper, could be said to have lost his face completely. Earlier, after his first defeat, he shouldn’t have insisted on continuing the fight.

“I’ve accomplished my task,” Qin Wentian announced in a low voice, smiling as he returned to Nanfeng Yunxi’s side. Now, Nanfeng Aoxue’s camp had two victories and one defeat, while Nanfeng Yunxi’s camp had one victory.

Nanfeng Aoxue turned and glanced at Nanfeng Yunxi’s camp. Her expression was extremely cold. She initially wanted to enter the ancestral lands with zero defeats, but it was impossible now. And with Rong Xiao current state, he wouldn’t be able to continue assisting her in the other battles.

Rong Xiao climbed up with much difficulty. He stared coldly at Qin Wentian before lowering his head and walking down the platform. His face had been completely thrown away.

“You still dare to act so arrogantly with that mere level of skill?” Jun Mengchen mocked. And this fellow wanted Purgatory?

“Let’s continue.” The beautiful middle-aged woman standing in the air spoke. Next, it was Nanfeng Qingruo’s camp’s turn. Nanfeng Qingruo had two helpers. One of them was Jiang Ziyu from the Jiang Clan. The second helper was also an outstanding genius among the younger generations.

Nanfeng Qingruo chose a holy maiden and defeated her. After that, her two helpers also secured their victories with ease.

Qin Wentian observed Jiang Ziyu's fight with interest. The Jiang Clan was the same as the Southern Phoenix Clan—they were one of the three ancient great clans of the Southern Region. Similar to him, Jiang Ziyu had once obtained the position of the top ranker in the City of Ancient Emperors. He naturally wouldn't be an ordinary character.

When Jiang Ziyu attacked, the vastness of his strength was simply terrifying. He effortlessly defeated his opponent with such swiftness that no one could accurately gauge his strength. However, it was clear how powerful he was. Evidently, this Jiang Ziyu was extraordinary even among members of the Jiang Clan. He must be a supreme genius that the clan had nurtured heavily.

Qin Wentian's senses were extremely sharp, but even he had no way to see through Jiang Ziyu. It was just as Nanfeng Yunxi said—the people of the Jiang Clan were all extremely mysterious.

“What skills or powers are the Jiang Clan proficient in?” Qin Wentian looked to Nanfeng Yunxi and asked. An ancient great clan of the immortal realms should have a special type of energy they were proficient in. For example, the Southern Phoenix Clan had the bloodline of the ancient phoenix, and had the ability to undergo nirvana.

“You can't see through him, right? The Jiang Clan are extremely mysterious and their techniques diverse. But according to our Southern Phoenix Clan's records, the people of the Jiang Clan cultivate buddhist techniques—they follow the path of the Buddha,” Nanfeng Yunxi transmitted her voice over. Qin Wentian glanced at Jiang Ziyu. He was handsome and extraordinary; he didn't seem to be someone who cultivated the buddhist path.

Chapter 1043: Easily Qualified

The battles continued. Qin Wentian observed each one seriously. These people were all geniuses from the Southern Region, and it was very rare for him to be able to witness them in combat. By watching their battles, he could roughly deduce the strength of the geniuses from the Southern Region.

Qin Wentian discovered that the strength of these geniuses could be determined from the immortal foundation that they formed. For mortal-grade immortal foundation experts, their strength tended to be on the weaker side even if they were at the third tier of a mortal grade. And among these geniuses, the vast majority had a third-tier, mortal-grade immortal foundation.

Going up from there was the fourth-grade, king-tier immortal foundation. Qin Wentian could sense that quite a number of geniuses here established such a foundation. As for the fifth-tier emperor-grade, it was extremely rare to see one possessing such an immortal foundation among third-level

immortals. Jiang Ziyu was too mysterious, Qin Wentian couldn't tell for sure. But if there were any fifth-level emperor-grade immortal foundations here, Jiang Ziyu would definitely be among them.

In terms of the grade of one's immortal foundation, Qin Wentian and his companions were clearly the highest. This indicated that their immortal path would be smoother than the others, and their combat prowess stronger.

"Which nine maidens do you think will be qualified to enter the ancestral lands?" At this moment, after two more rounds of combat, Nanfeng Yunxi transmitted her voice over to Qin Wentian, asking for his opinion. Right now, they already gained three victories. Nanfeng Yunxi won two while Qin Wentian won one.

"You, Nanfeng Aoxue, Nanfeng Qingruo, Nanfeng Shengge, Nanfeng Xihua, Nanfeng Yue, Nanfeng Yi, Nanfeng Ling, Nanfeng Qing." Qin Wentian replied. "The others all have established a king-grade immortal foundation, their combat prowess would be stronger than the others. Although there were helpers who could stand equally against them, their own helpers are extremely powerful.

Nanfeng Yunxi's beautiful eyes studied Qin Wentian as she smiled, "Your judgement is truly terrific. These nine maidens are the most popular ones out of the thirty-six. All their names were accurately pointed out by you, with no exception."

"After your two rounds of combat, I can tell somewhat of the general strength of the participants here." Qin Wentian smiled.

The battles continued and finally at this moment, another holy maiden selected Nanfeng Yunxi's camp. A helper of that holy maiden stepped forth, he was at the second-level of immortal foundation and was extremely powerful.

Nanfeng Yunxi glanced at Qin Wentian. She and Qin Wentian had an agreement. If holy maidens were fighting, she would step out. If their helpers were fighting, Qin Wentian could decide who to send out to fight against these other helpers.

"Mengchen, go and have some fun." Qin Wentian smiled when he saw how eager Jun Mengchen was.

"Okay." With a flash, Jun Mengchen appeared directly on the arena. The second-level immortal-foundation expert glanced at Jun Mengchen as he furrowed his brows. He stated with some unhappiness, "You guys are sending a nameless first-level immortal to fight me? Are you looking

down on me? Or could it be that he has also obtained the position of the top ranker in the City of Ancient Emperors before?”

Qin Wentian was also a first-level immortal but he was extremely famous, having killed descendants of immortal emperors before and was also the top ranker of the Immortal Ascension Rankings. It was understandable how high his combat prowess was. But now, who was this young man? Most probably, this Jun Mengchen was decades younger than him. Wasn't this an insult to him?

“Just fight if you want to fight. Why are you so naggy? Do you think you will win for sure?” Jun Mengchen was extremely unhappy. Was his opponent looking down on him?

That person flicked his sleeves, staring at Jun Mengchen as he spoke. “If I, Chou, can't even defeat a nameless nobody at the first level of immortal foundation, what face do I have left to remain here as a helper for the holy maiden?”

“Stop bragging.” Jun Mengchen replied in anger. With a loud shout, an overwhelming aura erupted from him. Instantly, the heavens and earth changed. The space on the Phoenix Arena seemed to transform into another world. Jun Mengchen's immortal foundation swept out with something akin to heavenly might, enveloping his opponent.

Jun Mengchen was clad in armor, exuding an aura of invincibility. His spirit and energy rose to the limits, transformed into an unparalleled battle intent. Emperor-king qi gushed forth in waves from him and with a wave of his hand, the energy of this world gathered within his fist. This, was the fist of a king, he was the king of chaos.

The expert surnamed Chou's expression changed abruptly. He could feel the heavenly might from the world Jun Mengchen manifested. His immortal foundation vibrated intensely, as he called forth the limits of his strength. But despite so, he felt extremely stifled, as though under a great pressure. The flow of immortal energy within him was disrupted, not smooth at all. His cultivation level was higher than Jun Mengchen, yet his immortal foundation was under suppression. This was simply terrifying to hear.

Jun Mengchen gave a loud shout and stepped out, instantly appearing before his opponent. A punch ripped through space, law energy transformed into boundless fist light, filled with an ancient supreme might. The entire world was shuddering, the king fist of chaos blasted out and that expert had no way to evade. He could only hurriedly put up his defense, yet he discovered the king's authority of Jun Mengchen could overrule everything in this world he created. Jun Mengchen's power seem boundless.

Very swiftly, a deafening boom echoed and that expert was flung through the air, heavily injured.

“After Mengchen ascended to immortality, his immortal foundation is perfect. His rare physique underwent a transformation and grew stronger than ever.” Qin Wentian mused silently when he saw this scene. The eyes of others in the surroundings gleamed as they stared at Jun Mengchen.

This was an unknown nobody?

“Are you even qualified to talk to me like that?” Jun Mengchen glanced coldly at his injured opponent before walking down the arena.

From afar, elders from the Southern Phoenix Clan exchanged mutual glances as a bright light flickered in their eyes.

“Seems like the people invited by Nanfeng Yunxi aren’t good to antagonize.” The crowd silently mused. For people from Nanfeng Yunxi’s camp, it was probably for the best if they avoided them. Right now, Nanfeng Yunxi’s camp already had four complete victories. Nanfeng Yunxi would probably be one of the nine qualified holy maidens.

“Powerful.” Qin Wentian smiled at Jun Mengchen when he came down, praising him. Jun Mengchen laughed straightforwardly, “This fellow is simply too weak.”

That injured expert coughed out another mouthful of blood from anger when he heard those words. No matter what, he is a genius of the Southern Region; yet he was dissed like that by his opponent. The crowd soon discovered that after he returned to the side of his holy maiden, he spoke a few sentences before turning and directly departing the area. He said earlier that if he couldn’t defeat a nameless someone at the first-level, he wouldn’t have the face to remain here to assist the holy maiden who invited him here in battle. And true to his words, he really left.

The battles continued, the stronger camps gradually pulled apart in terms of their battle achievement records.

And as expected, the nine camps Qin Wentian predicted all had a higher winning rate than the rest. However, one of the holy maiden’s camp seemed to be struggling, their current ranking was in 10th place. The name of this holy maiden was none other than Nanfeng Qiu. From Qin Wentian’s perspective, this should be a holy maiden that has established a king-grade immortal foundation.

Also, out of her three helpers, one of them was extremely powerful and has not lost a single round yet. His strength might be even higher than Nanfeng Qiu.

Nanfeng Qiu being able to rank in tenth place, had much to do with his efforts. At the very end, Nanfeng Qiu stopped sending the other two out, and only allowed herself and this helper to fight. But even so, when it was her turn to fight, she lost some battles.

This extremely powerful expert was named Du Han. According to Nanfeng Yunxi, he is the disciple of an immortal emperor but he has never admitted it. His master is said to be an unaffiliated immortal emperor roaming the realms and was extremely mysterious. There were even some rumors saying that Du Han was his son but Du Han has never mentioned anything like this before. Du Han roamed the Southern Region of the immortal realms and was pretty famous. After he met with Nanfeng Qiu, he quickly fell in love with her and has been pursuing her. If there are no unexpected accidents, Du Han had a high possibility of marrying into the Southern Phoenix Clan.

Qin Wentian stared at Du Han. Among the experts present today, Du Han could be considered one of the strongest. In fact, he was even stronger compared to a majority of the holy maidens. No wonder Nanfeng Yunxi would think that he would marry into their clan and become the husband of Nanfeng Qiu.

After a few more battles, there were some camps who already finished the thirty-six rounds. Many holy maidens knew that it was already hopeless for them but Nanfeng Qiu still had a chance. This was especially so when Du Han defeated the helpers of Nanfeng Qing in the last round of combat. One victory and one defeat, their battle achievements were tied.

For the last round of combat, two powerful camps selected two of the weaker holy maidens camps, and respectively secured their victory. The final ranking stayed unchanged.

All thirty six rounds of combat have ended. For the top ten camps, their battle achievements were extremely outstanding. Nanfeng Yunxi's camp of first-level immortals obtained a perfect record, a complete victory. However, this couldn't be considered anything as they didn't clash a lot with the stronger camps. This was merely the preliminaries after all. The battles after entering the ancestral lands are the more important ones. For sure, they had to go all out in there.

“Nanfeng Qiu, Nanfeng Qing. Both of your battle achievement records are the same. In that case, each of you have to select a camp ranked above you to challenge. If one round of battle isn't sufficient to determine, you will continue fighting until victory or defeat is determined.” The beautiful middle-aged woman spoke. Before this, Nanfeng Qiu and Nanfeng Qing's camp has already fought each other before. Nanfeng Qiu was narrowly defeated by Nanfeng Qing but her

helpers won against Nanfeng Qing's helpers. Hence, there was no meaning for them to fight each other again or fight camps ranked lower than theirs

"Okay. I choose Nanfeng Ling's camp. The person fighting will be me." Nanfeng Qing spoke.

"In that case I will choose Nanfeng Yunxi's camp. Du Han will represent me in this battle." Nanfeng Qiu stated. Both of them made their choices.

Chapter 1044: Heading to the Ancestral Lands

Nanfeng Qing chose Nanfeng Ling's camp. But as to who would fight, Nanfeng Ling had the option to decide.

Nanfeng Ling was the same as Nanfeng Qing, both of them were extremely popular holy maidens. Their strength was roughly the same as well, and their helpers are both extremely strong.

"If you can manage to get into the ancestral lands, our battle will happen there then." Nanfeng Ling spoke as she stared at Nanfeng Qing. She got one of her comrades to step out for battle. That expert she chose was extremely powerful, fighting with such intensity against Nanfeng Qing that the entire space shook. However sadly, he still was defeated in the end. Nanfeng Qing obtained victory.

Next, it was Nanfeng Qiu's turn. Nanfeng Qiu was a holy maiden but her strength was slightly weaker than Nanfeng Qing. According to logic, she should just step aside and allow Nanfeng Qing to enter the ancestral lands. However, one of her helpers was exceptionally powerful. This was why she wanted to try her luck. But from this point, this indicated that even if she managed to enter the ancestral lands, there was a high chance that she wouldn't be able to obtain the inheritance.

"Du Han." Nanfeng Qiu turned her gaze onto Du Han, harboring hope in her heart. She didn't wish to be defeated in this battle. Even if she couldn't get the inheritance, she still wanted to enter the ancestral lands to take a look. This opportunity, if she missed it, it would never come by again.

The ancestral lands are the dreams of every holy maiden of the Southern Phoenix Clan.

"Don't worry, I won't be defeated." Du Han spoke seriously, staring at Nanfeng Qiu.

Nanfeng Qiu nodded. The two of them exchanged glances, silently communicating their intent.

“A pair of lovers, it wouldn’t be too bad if they managed to enter the ancestral lands. But she wants to step on us to get past this hurdle. And even if we lost, they still have to continue fighting.” Jun Mengchen spoke in a low voice. After all before this, Nanfeng Qing has already obtained a victory. None of the camps remaining are weak.

Nanfeng Yunxi nodded. Nanfeng Qiu was already defeated by Nanfeng Qing when they fought earlier. She shouldn’t be qualified as part of the nine holy maidens.

“Qin Wentian, I will leave Du Han to you.” Nanfeng Yunxi added.

“Okay.” Qin Wentian nodded lightly. This Du Han was pretty powerful, his Yin Yang Saber Arts are unfathomable and he’s a dangerous character. Although he wasn’t as inscrutable or as strong as Jiang Ziyu, he can be considered one of the most powerful experts present. Also, he is a heaven chosen that had established a king-grade immortal foundation.

Qin Wentian and Du Han walked up the Phoenix Arena. A moment later, the eyes of the crowd gleamed as they speculated who would be the victor.

Du Han’s cultivation base was at the second-level of immortal foundation while Qin Wentian was at the first level. Both of them had not suffered any defeat from the beginning of combat till now. Also, from a certain perspective, Du Han’s effectiveness in Nanfeng Qiu’s camp was greater than Qin Wentian’s effectiveness in Nanfeng Yunxi’s camp. Without Du Han, Nanfeng Qiu would have long been eliminated. But as for Nanfeng Yunxi’s camp, both him and Jun Mengchen also suffered no defeat.

Du Han stood there casually, yet Qin Wentian could already feel sharp streams of saber qi boring down on him. His gaze was as sharp as his character, exuding a sense of danger.

“I will win this battle for sure.” Du Han spoke, filled with confidence.

“You are fighting for Nanfeng Qiu, I can understand your conviction. But since she chose to fight Nanfeng Yunxi’s camp, I will also do my best to protect Nanfeng Yunxi’s honor. I will treat this battle seriously, giving you the respect you deserve.” Qin Wentian slowly spoke.

“Your tone, sounds really arrogant.” Du Han spoke. It felt like Qin Wentian was saying he has never been serious in the previous battles before.

“Make your move.” Qin Wentian replied.

“Okay.” Du Han spoke and as the sound of his voice faded, a phenomenon appeared in the sky. Numerous sabers appeared in the air, hanging suspended, each radiating a fearsome chill.

His saber was split into two extremes. One was an incomparably chilly underworld intent, while the other was a blazingly hot one. The two intents fused with each other, transforming into the Yin Yang Saber light, radiating a fearsome aura and it felt that if Du Han so wished it, all the lives here would be effortlessly reaped away.

Du Han waved his hand as the fearsome beam of saber light slashed towards Qin Wentian. Even before the saber formed of his energy descended, his saber intent was already boring into Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian’s body shimmered with a resplendent immortal light. Runes appeared, forming an armor that enveloped him, easily defending against the saber intent. Fearsome grinding sounds echoed out as a result of the impact. Everyone already knew that Qin Wentian had cultivated an extremely powerful body refinement art, allowing his body to take on the characteristics of a fiendgod.

“Bzz.” Du Han dashed forward. The immortal foundation in him brimmed with might and an instant later, a calamitous saber beam slashed out, aiming to split Qin Wentian’s head into two. Even without Du Han personally slashing out with a saber, this beam of light he manifested was already so powerful.

“BOOM!” Within Qin Wentian’s body, his foundation glowed with a scintillating light, erupting forth with might. A resplendent halo enveloped him, cloaking him in waves of runic light giving the sense that Qin Wentian was simply indestructible. When the saber beam slashed down, a sizzling piercing sound could be heard but Qin Wentian’s defense was still unbroken.

“Although that’s formed of his saber intent, ordinary second-level immortals wouldn’t be able to block it. But this Qin Wentian is extremely powerful and also possesses a terrifying defense. The grade of his immortal foundation must be very high.” Jiang Ziyu commented in a low voice. Nanfeng Qingruo beside him smiled lightly. She glanced at Jiang Ziyu, “Could it be higher than your immortal foundation’s grade?”

“Not sure.” Jiang Ziyu replied, his words causing Nanfeng Qingruo to start a little as she too, cast a deep glance at Qin Wentian. She then continued asking, “If you were the one fighting against him, how long do you need to defeat him?”

“I have no idea, Qin Wentian hasn’t revealed his true strength yet. But based on what he has shown he is still inferior to me.” Jiang Ziyu calmly spoke. Nanfeng Qingruo then laughed, “With you assisting me in battle, I will definitely obtain the position of the Holy Successor.”

On the Phoenix Arena, Du Han’s aura grew stronger and stronger. The saber light he radiated swept across the battle platform with fearsome immortal might. His saber traced the outline of a Yin Yang Diagram where fire and ice merged together as one. Energy from heaven and earth gushed into his saber, it was terrifying to the extreme.

At the same time, Qin Wentian burst forth with a supreme sword qi. Boundless sword might enveloped him. Two screens of light surrounded them, that born of the might of the saber, and that born of the might of the sword.

Du Han’s saber moved. His slashes were as light as a goose feather, yet as tyrannical as a titan’s punch. Despite his power, his movements were gentle and exquisite, the might he emanated could cause one’s heart to shudder. The Yin Yang Saber Light shot outwards, enveloping everything. There was no way to evade it. For a saber art like this, his opponent only had the choice to retaliate headon.

Qin Wentian’s finger stabbed forth as sword qi roiled, gathering on the tip. It blasted onto the incoming beam of saber light, and at that instant, an explosion of multi-colored light erupted. The Yin Yang Saber Light was incomparably resplendent while Qin Wentian’s sword light could only be described as overwhelming, annihilating everything. That finger attack contained an inconceivable force that even cracked Du Han’s saber.

“Boom, boom, boom!” The energy from their immortal foundations gushed into their saber and sword finger. Two powerful currents of energy ravaged the surroundings and if it weren’t for the protective screen of light enveloping the Phoenix Arena, a storm of annihilation born of the impact would surely sweep over this entire space.

“Slash!” Du Han coldly shouted. His saber pressed down once more, wanting to slice apart Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian stepped out. An incomparably brilliant light shone from his finger tip as a fearsome destructive might gushed into Du Han's saber's light screen manifested by his Yin Yang Saber Arts.

"Break!" Qin Wentian roared. In that instant, the saber light was forcibly being dissipated, no longer congregated together. Qin Wentian's finger of destruction pressed forwards to Du Han. Du Han's saber formed from his immortal energy shattered apart. He stared at Qin Wentian in disbelief.

"I've lost." After a long time, Du Han spoke in a low voice.

"Your strength is already considered very impressive." Qin Wentian retracted his finger. However because he was the victor, Du Han felt Qin Wentian's words were mocking him.

Du Han also gave a self-mocking laugh. "You are at the first-level of immortal-foundation, yet I was still defeated by you. How can my strength be considered impressive?"

After speaking, he turned and departed. Qin Wentian didn't say anything more. He truly meant what he said and had no ill intentions to mock his opponent. He has a perfect saint-grade immortal foundation, his immortal energy was naturally purer and stronger. Even if his opponent had a king-grade immortal foundation, he would still be able to suppress him.

Qin Wentian returned and nodded to Nanfeng Yunxi. Nanfeng Yunxi's camp won all their battles. Despite having one more round of combat after being selected by Nanfeng Qiu's group, they still won. They were going to enter the ancestral lands with a perfect record.

Du Han returned to Nanfeng Qiu's side, "I'm sorry. I must have caused you disappointment."

Nanfeng Qiu was indeed a little disappointed. She was filled with hope regarding the ancestral lands but ultimately, the opportunity was not for her.

"Maybe, I was the one who chose the wrong opponent." Although Nanfeng Qiu was disappointed, she didn't blame Du Han. The wrong was not with him. Her strength was inferior to him and if she hadn't had him as a helper, she wouldn't be able to reach this step.

Before she watched Nanfeng Yunxi fighting against the other holy maidens, and Jun Mengchen and Qin Wentian fighting against the other helpers. She believed that Du Han would win against either of them since he was a cultivation level higher but apparently, what she believed in, was wrong.

“Okay, for those who failed to qualify, there’s no need to be too disappointed. The Southern Phoenix Clan only selects one Holy Successor every hundred years. It’s normal to fail. You all should continue to work hard in your cultivation and in the future, all of you still have a chance to become the top experts of our Southern Phoenix Clan.” The beautiful middle-aged woman in the air consoled. “Bring your helpers back to our clan first. As for the nine qualified holy maidens, follow the elders and head into the ancestral lands.”

Everyone nodded. It was impossible for those holy maidens who failed not to be disappointed. They lost the opportunity to enter the ancestral lands and this meant that they would not be able to find out what is inside there forever.

The victors were all filled with anticipation and excitement.

Numerous figures soared into the air. These were the elders of the Southern Phoenix Clan who were spectating earlier. They led the way, flying through the distance while the holy maidens and their camps followed after. Nanfeng Yunxi’s eyes gleamed with an intense anticipation. The battles after this would be even more intense. She didn’t know if she had any chance of obtaining the position of Holy Successor.

Qin Wentian was beside her, he could also feel the burning intensity of Nanfeng Yunxi’s anticipation. He could tell that there was also a trace of nervousness mixed within!

Chapter 1045: Tree Leaves of the Parasol Tree

The ancestral lands of the Southern Phoenix Clan were located in the extreme depths of the Southern Phoenix Clan. The ancestral lands existed at the time when the Southern Phoenix Clan appeared in the immortal realms, growing together with it up till now. One could say that it’s a supreme treasure of the Southern Phoenix Clan, and generations of Holy Successors were nurtured by it.

Only one of these holy successors would eventually become the Southern Phoenix Matriarch but those not chosen as holy successors would become the most core of characters, each approved to wield immense authority in the Southern Phoenix Clan.

Qin Wentian and the others soared through the air, and only after a long time did they arrive at a valley protected by many experts. This place, was a sealed space. There was a large bronze gate at

the entrance and upon seeing the arrival of so many elders, the guards immediately opened the gate, revealing a pathway in.

“Go on in.” Those elders stepped aside, allowing the holy maidens and their respective camps to enter. A moment later, all of them stepped onto the pathway and entered within.

After Qin Wentian entered, he discovered that this was a completely different world. This was a grand mountain valley with a few other women standing guard here. In front of the crowd, a bridge appeared, connecting to another entrance that led to the ancestral lands.

“Remember, immortal weapons are not allowed to be used in the ancestral lands. If this rule is breached, the person who used it would be instantly killed by the law energy there. You guys must remember this.” Nanfeng Yunxi warned them.

“We are able to enter together with you. Why did you just invite me alone back then? The other holy maidens all have two or three helpers.” Qin Wentian asked.

“The essence isn’t number of helpers but how strong the helpers are. How many outstanding geniuses are there here in the entire Southern Region?” It’s impossible to know them all. It’s already not bad that we managed to invite some to be our protectors because as for ordinary geniuses, they are completely useless. It’s meaningless to ask them for help.” Nanfeng Yunxi then continued, “Also, because the strongest among us maidens is at the third-level of immortal foundation, there would be a suppression effect in the ancestral lands. Even if one’s cultivation base was higher, they could only at most unleash immortal might equivalent to the peak of the third-level. Hence, it’s not what you assumed that there’s superiority in numbers.”

“En,” Qin Wentian nodded lightly. A majority of these protectors the holy maidens invited were at the second-level of immortal foundation with only a few at the third level. The one that constituted the highest threat was a protector of Nanfeng Shengge. Nanfeng Yunxi specially reminded Qin Wentian of this protector. His name was Kong Ye, he is a descendant of an immortal emperor of the Southern Regions and has established a king-grade immortal foundation, possessing terrifying combat prowess.

“Let’s go.” Everyone continued forward, stepping on that bridge. Below the bridge, lava could be seen everywhere. The temperature here was sky-high. They continued onward to the true entrance of the ancestral lands as the heat further intensified. Although they were protected in a mysterious screen of light when they entered, which somewhat mitigated the fiery effect, Qin Wentian still felt that the atmosphere was extremely scorching.

“Swish~” Numerous figures dashed forward. There were already people who entered the ancestral lands.

“Let’s move.” Nanfeng Yunxi spoke. They increased their speed and through the entrance, instantly arrived at the ancestral lands. When they stared ahead, all of them felt their hearts trembling.

“Parasol Tree.”

Qin Wentian stared ahead, he could see the entire space filled with parasol trees cloaked in blazing flames. This was a world of parasol trees, as well as a world of flames. The atmosphere was bright red, and incomparably scorching. Just an instant here made people feel as though they were about to be burnt alive. These gigantic parasol trees shed their leaves which danced about in the wind, constituting a sight that was extremely beautiful.

Every piece of parasol leaf that was crackling with flames, was incomparably gigantic, and yet it contained a sense of grandeur, like the feathers of a phoenix.

“RUMBLE!” Nanfeng Yunxi’s bloodline started thrumming, her entire body was cloaked in flames as a faint phantom of a phoenix appeared. Not only her, the other eight maidens were in similar states as well. Their eyes were all fixed on the parasol leaves dancing in the air. In their eyes, each of these parasol leaves contained a marvelous ancient imprint that called out to them.

A brilliant light flashed. Nanfeng Yunxi stared at the leaves. She could sense they contained a mysterious energy within them that needed to be comprehended.

After a moment, her silhouette flickered and appeared under a leaf. Her immortal sense gushed within, absorbing the knowledge within the leaf.

“I want the parasol leaves.” At this moment, Nanfeng Aoxue spoke. Her protectors Zong Zhan and one other expert instantly acted, seizing the leaves from the air.

Everyone abruptly broke out of their daze. Their silhouettes flickered, shooting into the air to seize the leaves. Qin Wentian also moved. A pair of golden wings manifested behind him as he shot forward, appearing before a parasol leaf. Stretching out his hand, he wanted to use immortal energy to grab one of the leaves, yet he discovered that the parasol leaf was radiating a forcefield that didn’t allow immortal energy to envelop it. He could only take it with his bare hands. It actually felt extremely heavy to the touch. After capturing one, he shot towards another parasol leaf but when

the leaf in his hand came into close proximity with the second one he wanted to capture, a strong repulsion effect occurred, pushing Qin Wentian back.

“This...” Qin Wentian’s eyes flickered. Just a single parasol leaf actually contained such might. There were faint fluctuations of law energy radiating from the leaf and it seemed that only the holy maidens of the Southern Phoenix Clan was able to unravel it.

He had no other choice, he took the first leaf he seized and sent it over to Nanfeng Yunxi. He discovered that when the leaf neared Nanfeng Yunxi, the law energy fluctuations dissipated, no longer producing a repulsion effect.

“Is this a special effect of the Southern Phoenix Bloodline?” Qin Wentian mumbled. “Mengchen, Purgatory, go and collect more of these parasol leaves for Nanfeng Yunxi to comprehend.”

“Okay.” The two of them with Qin Wentian acted at the same time with speed as fast as lightning. The parasol leaves constantly appeared at the location shrouded in Nanfeng Yunxi’s immortal light. Her beautiful eyes studied the parasol leaves. It seemed that she could only comprehend a single piece at a time and after each comprehension, the leaf would land on her body and transform into the feather of a phoenix.

Everyone in here started to act. In a few short moments, several leaves appeared around the nine holy maidens.

Their comprehension speed gradually slowed, all of them were fully immersed in concentration. As for the battles here, they can only leave it to their protectors.

As the protectors of the holy maidens seized the leaves, the dancing leaves in the air grew fewer in number and would soon dwindle to nothing.

At this moment, Purgatory and a helper from Nanfeng Ling’s camp were both fighting for one of the parasol leaves. Purgatory’s hand stretched out, only to see her opponent blasting out with a finger strike. When the finger landed, the surrounding space transformed into rivers of blood as a wave of terrifying immortal might directly smashed onto Purgatory’s hand. Purgatory recoiled slightly as fresh blood flowed from her palm. She could only let go of the leaf she was holding on to. Her opponent shot out another finger attack and Purgatory could only choose to retreat, watching as her opponent seized the leaf away.

Purgatory's countenance turned cold, staring icily at that person. She then stared at her surroundings only to discover that the leaves here were taken away by others. Nothing was left.

"We need 81 pieces of parasol leaves." At this moment, Nanfeng Shengge spoke. The eyes of everyone stiffened. Qin Wentian glanced at Nanfeng Yunxi as well as the parasol leaves around her. She still lacked some, this was the same for the others as well. He discovered that the number of leaves dancing in the air here was completely insufficient if everyone needed 81 pieces of them.

Unless, they seized and plundered others.

If not, the leaves would never be enough.

At this moment, everyone stared at their opponents in the surroundings, their gazes filled with ill intent. Clearly, all of them realized they were supposed to plunder the parasol leaves of others.

The question was, who should they seize the leaves from?

Everyone was harboring malicious intentions.

"It seems that having more people would be better. Did Nanfeng Yunxi not know that this situation would occur in the ancestral lands?" Qin Wentian mused. Nanfeng Yunxi had three of them helping her. The leaves of the parasol tree her team collected, could be considered more than the others.

"You guys guard Nanfeng Aoxue." Zong Zhan spoke to the two other helpers of Nanfeng Aoxue. He was clad in golden armor, exuding an unexcelled aura in this world.

"Bzz~" Zong Zhan transformed into a beam of lightning and shot straight towards Nanfeng Qing's camp, preparing to plunder her leaves. Nanfeng Qing's helpers instantly reacted, fighting against Zong Zhan. At this moment, Nanfeng Yi's helpers also rushed over to Nanfeng Qing. Clearly, they wanted to reap the benefits while others took the brunt of the fighting.

Several figures flashed by, chaos erupted instantly.

"Mengchen, guard Nanfeng Yunxi. Purgatory come with me." Qin Wentian spoke, stepping out, rushing to Nanfeng Ling. Before this, Nanfeng Ling's helper had seized a parasol leaf from Purgatory.

At this moment outside the ancestral lands, the elders all stood there, staring at a projection of things happening within. Somebody spoke, “Who do you guys think would become the Holy Successor this time around?”

“I hope Shengge will succeed. That lass has good talent and is very intelligent.”

“Qingruo also isn’t bad. Her protector is that little brat from the Jiang Clan. If the Jiang Clan and our clan can enter into a marriage alliance, that would be truly interesting.” One person laughed.

“Yunxi that lass is still a little young but her potential is extremely high. The grade of her immortal foundation is the highest among the youngsters. Don’t forget about her.”

“Let’s watch for now. The ancestral lands have opened, the runes on the parasol leaves are the feathers the phoenix ancestor has bestowed on them. I wonder how many would successfully be able to get it.” Those people discussed excitedly, their hearts filled with anticipation.

Chapter 1046: Phoenix Wings

Nanfeng Ling had two protectors. The first was Kou Dao; the second Ba Jiang. The two of them were second-level immortals with extreme combat prowess. Kou Dao was none other than the person who’d made a move against Purgatory earlier.

When he saw Qin Wentian and Purgatory moving towards them, both their eyes gleamed with coldness. Kou Dao’s skin flared with redness, giving off a terrifying aura while Ba Jiang was sturdy and muscular in form, resembling a tyrannical and solid pagoda.

“You dare to target us?” Kou Dao said coldly. His entire body shone with a towering red glow as immortal might gushed forth from him. An illusory blood demon materialized in the air and transformed the entire space around him into an ocean of blood.

Ba Jiang stepped out, causing the ground to shake. An ancient gigantic cauldron appeared in the air, containing an inconceivably tyrannical strength.

“He sneak-attacked you earlier. Purgatory, go deal with him.” Qin Wentian pointed at Kou Dao as he spoke.

“Okay.” Purgatory nodded, her eyes flickering sharply. After which, the two of them rushed each other as their auras clashed. Qin Wentian’s entire body shimmered with resplendent runic glows. With a saint-grade immortal foundation, his immortal body was perfect. In addition, he also had the Fiend-God Body Refinement art—his naked flesh was strong enough to act like armor, and the toughness of his skin was akin to immortal divine weapons. Scarcely anyone in the immortal foundation level had such a perfect body like Qin Wentian.

Ba Jiang’s form expanded, resembling a giant. There were many runes around the ancient cauldron, radiating law energy. His fist shot out and his cauldron shot out numerous ancient runic characters towards Qin Wentian, shaking the space with the force of their velocity.

Qin Wentian punched out—he was like a wild desolate beast, akin to a supreme battle god. Covered in a black light, his fist shattered apart everything that flew towards it. Nobody could block him.

Ba Jiang froze in surprise. His strength was overwhelming and his physique was superior to most people. Even ordinary second-level immortals wouldn’t be able to block his attacks. His innate techniques emphasized more on the attributes of strength and might, and yet Qin Wentian had easily destroyed his attacks even without the usage of any immortal arts or innate techniques. And he’d done so by throwing out a casual punch. Qin Wentian’s strength had actually caused fear to bloom in his heart.

—BOOM!— Qin Wentian advanced forward. Ba Jiang only heard his own immortal foundation letting out a miserable humming sound as something began to disrupt the flow of his immortal energy, as though it was being suppressed under great pressure. His expression drastically changed. An image of his immortal foundation appeared in the air and superimposed on his body, granting him more power.

Qin Wentian took another step forward. Ba Jiang’s immortal foundation trembled even more intensely as the ancient runic characters felt like they would shatter at any moment due to the pressure. Ba Jiang turned ashen as he stared with disbelief at Qin Wentian. He had a king-grade immortal foundation that was incomparably stable. Yet Qin Wentian’s immortal foundation possessed a might that could easily suppress his own.

“You are not my opponent. Just let me through.” Qin Wentian took another step out. With a loud boom, his immortal foundation emitted a heavy pressure that completely caused all the ancient

characters to collapse even before they formed completely. Ba Jiang's heart shuddered, and he stared at Qin Wentian with fear. Why was this man's immortal foundation so powerful?

When Ba Jiang had established his immortal foundation, he chose to form it in the shape of a cauldron. With the form of a cauldron, he could enjoy immense power and a supreme defense. Not to mention his immortal foundation was also of the king-grade. But the prowess Qin Wentian displayed—could it be that his immortal foundation was of the fifth-tier, the emperor grade? Or did it go even beyond that, at the saint grade?

But, how could someone in the immortal realms have a perfect saint-grade immortal foundation while still at the first level of immortal foundation? It didn't conform to logic at all—it was a matter that was simply impossible

“Nanfeng Ling invited me to be her protector. I might be defeated in battle, but I cannot retreat,” Ba Jiang said coldly, his voice ringing out thunderously. Even if he knew his defeat was inevitable, he still had to fight this battle for honor.

“Okay, she will understand that you did your best,” said Qin Wentian. Might from his immortal foundation gushed forth frenziedly, and he blasted out a gigantic palm imprint capable of annihilating everything. The immensity of the force within could shock even gods and devils. Ba Jiang roared in rage as numerous cauldrons materialized in the air and transformed into ancient characters. However, when Qin Wentian's palm strike blasted forth, all the characters were destroyed. Swiftly after, Ba Jiang could no longer endure it, and he was sent flying through the air, heavily injured.

Qin Wentian showed no mercy—this was a sign of his respect to Ba Jiang. Glancing at his surroundings, he saw that Purgatory was still fighting her opponent. He then walked towards Nanfeng Ling and with a swipe of his hand, he seized a parasol leaf from her. When he turned his head, he discovered someone acting against Jun Mengchen, intending to plunder Nanfeng Yunxi's parasol leaves. The people fighting against Jun Mengchen were Nanfeng Qing's protectors. Nanfeng Qing had been plundered by Nanfeng Aoxue's and Nanfeng Ji's protectors, and so she was defeated. Hence, her protectors could only shift their target to Nanfeng Yunxi, hoping to mitigate the amount of leaves they failed to protect.

However, Jun Mengchen's strength was too overwhelming. He transformed into an emperor, and every one of his punches resembled the king of chaos. His emperor-king qi swept over the heavens and earth as he fought valiantly against his two opponents.

Qin Wentian sent a palm strike at Kou Dao, rushed out to grab a parasol leaf, and then returned to Nanfeng Yunxi's side. That palm strike completely demolished Kou Dao's defenses. In addition to Purgatory's attack, her flames had seared Kou Dao and blasted him through the air.

Qin Wentian returned. Nanfeng Qing's protectors wanted to leave, they knew their situation was shifting from bad to worse. However, Qin Wentian cut them off directly from their path of retreat. His immortal foundation thrummed with might and with a roar of anger, his palms pressed forward, manifesting a gigantic roc that swept through the air. Piercing sounds rang out, and the roc slashed an opponent with its wings, causing his face to turn pale from fright.

"Game over," Qin Wentian said coldly. Demonic qi towered around him as he executed his innate techniques. Numerous rocs flooded the area while Jun Mengchen joined in with his attacks, heavily injuring the two protectors in the blink of an eye.

Qin Wentian placed the parasol leaf close to Nanfeng Yunxi. After that, his silhouette flickered as he rushed towards Nanfeng Qing. He immediately plundered a portion of her leaves while Jun Mengchen coordinated with his attacks. Purgatory raided Nanfeng Ling's leaves at the same time.

When the others noticed that Nanfeng Qing's and Nanfeng Ling's protectors had lost their strength, they drew closer to plunder the leaves from the two holy maidens as well.

Not long after, Nanfeng Yunxi's parasol leaves had already exceeded 81 pieces. She was enveloped in a dome of bright light as the leaves transformed into feathers, covering her, growing more and more resplendent.

But at this moment, Nanfeng Qing's eyes abruptly opened. Her face grew extremely unsightly when she discovered that the vast majority of parasol leaves around her had already been plundered away.

"Purgatory, let's return," said Qin Wentian as he retreated. Both him and Purgatory returned to Nanfeng Yunxi's side. Right now, there were over 90 leaves around Nanfeng Yunxi. As long as she finished comprehending the leaves, the whole trial was already over.

Nanfeng Ling brought her protectors, namely, Kou Dao and Ba Jiang, as they walked towards Qin Wentian. A terrifying flame radiated from her and burned the air—her countenance was extremely unsightly.

"The parasol leaves already belong to Yunxi. Holy Maiden Ling, it's best to give up on them," said Qin Wentian.

“Won’t her leaves be mine as soon as you’re all injured?” Nanfeng Ling replied. “From the looks of it, I think there’s still some time before she completes her comprehension.”

“Holy Maiden Ling, why must you do this? Your two protectors have already been defeated and are now injured. If we were to fight three versus three, they would basically have no chance at victory. Why don’t you seek out another opponent?” Qin Wentian said persuadingly.

~bzz~ A terrifying aura gushed forth from Nanfeng Ling. Her entire body was cloaked in the flames of the phoenix as a faint image of the divine bird appeared behind her. Her eyes gleamed with coldness as she stared at Qin Wentian and his companions, saying, “Leave this man to me. Both of you deal with the other two.”

“Okay.” Ba Jiang and Kou Dao nodded. Indeed, they couldn’t defeat Qin Wentian. But they didn’t know if Nanfeng Ling would be able to handle him herself.

At this moment, another flash of light radiated from Nanfeng Yunxi. She had just finished comprehending a parasol leaf. That leaf transformed into a feather, covering her body. The leaf-feathers gradually increased in number and the vague form of phoenix wings could be seen. This caused Nanfeng Ling’s countenance to turn extremely cold to behold.

Nanfeng Yunxi awoke at this moment. She glanced over at them, but before she could say anything, Qin Wentian told her, “Just focus on your comprehension. Leave this to us.”

“Mhm.” Nanfeng Yunxi nodded, her gaze turned to another parasol leaf as her immortal sense seeped within.

“Let’s finish this quickly,” Nanfeng Ling said coldly. She couldn’t wait any longer. If Nanfeng Yunxi comprehended all these parasol leaves, then it would be useless even if she plundered them away.

As the sound of her voice faded, Qin Wentian saw the fearsomely gigantic phantom of a phoenix shooting towards him. Its sharp talons were filled with a terrifying lacerating strength. Qin Wentian regarded it emotionlessly, then calmly blasted out a palm strike that shattered Nanfeng Ling’s manifestation.

Nanfeng Ling descended. An ancient phoenix constellation appeared in the air, cascading down starlight. A destructive surge of fireballs enveloped Qin Wentian directly.

Qin Wentian's perfect physique shone with resplendent runes as the might of his immortal foundation gushed forth. The phantom of a divine turtle shrouded him—the phoenix fire couldn't burn his body at all. Nanfeng Ling stretched her hand out and an instant later, the flames in the air coalesced into the shape of a fearsome, fiery phoenix spear, blazingly red in color. An almighty destructive might permeated the air as it shone with a terrifying immortal light.

Qin Wentian waved his hand as an ancient halberd materialized from his immortal energy. Layers of black light coated his halberd, powered by the law energy of destruction.

~swish~ Nanfeng Ling moved. Her spear shot out with formidable might, wanting to pierce a hole through space itself. A harsh red scar ripped the air, blazing like a shooting star towards Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian's halberd also smashed out. The heavens and earth seemed to tremble for a moment, and with a deafening blast, the two surges of energy clashed into each other, the impact creating aftershocks that ravaged the surroundings.

—BANG!— The fiery phoenix spear broke apart. The remnant flames actually started to burn the area. Qin Wentian's ancient halberd continued its trajectory, intent on impaling Nanfeng Ling's body. Nanfeng Ling utilized a secret movement technique and instantly re-appeared at a location far away. Her eyes radiated an extreme coldness as she glared at Qin Wentian.

"I already said that there's no need for us to fight. Holy Maiden Ling, it would be in your best interests to choose some other holy maiden to plunder parasol leaves from instead," Qin Wentian said domineeringly. Jun Mengchen and Purgatory were both at an advantage in their respective battles. This was especially so for Jun Mengchen, who managed to further injure his opponent. Other people felt disappointed by their battle. Nanfeng Yunxi's chosen protectors were all extremely tough to deal with.

"Let's go." After thinking for a moment, Nanfeng Ling eventually chose to give up. Nobody else disturbed Nanfeng Yunxi, who was still in the midst of comprehending the parasol leaves. As more leaves turned into phoenix feathers, Qin Wentian discovered that the embryonic form of brilliantly red phoenix wings had already appeared behind her back, slowly fusing together with Nanfeng Yunxi and becoming a part of her body.

Chapter 1047: Ancient Roads to Nirvana

Qin Wentian's gaze studied the various holy maidens. Out of the nine, only six had managed to gather 81 pieces of parasol leaves or more.

These six holy maidens were namely, Nanfeng Qingruo, Nanfeng Shengge, Nanfeng Aoxue, Nanfeng Xihua, Nanfeng Ji, and Nanfeng Yunxi.

These six holy maidens were also the ones with the strongest protectors. They could comprehend the leaves at their leisure without fear of being disturbed. Now, everything depended on their comprehension abilities.

Qin Wentian could see that out of these six, the ones with the strongest comprehension were Nanfeng Yunxi, Nanfeng Shengge, Nanfeng Qingruo, and Nanfeng Aoxue. Nanfeng Xihua's and Nanfeng Ji's abilities were clearly a shade inferior.

From Qin Wentian's perspective, the ones with the most hope to become the Holy Successor was one of the earlier four he mentioned. They were the most popular ones out of the thirty-six holy maidens, and not only were their talents outstanding, their protectors were powerful as well. Well, Nanfeng Xihua and Nanfeng Ji were also not weak—they were just slightly weaker compared to the earlier four.

Nanfeng Yunxi and Nanfeng Shengge both seemed to have completed comprehending 81 parasol leaves at the same instant. A fearsome aura gushed forth from both of them, causing a raging wind to kick up. Resplendent phoenix wings appeared behind their backs and completely fused with their bodies. These fearsome wings circulated a terrifying runic glow that radiated overwhelming sharpness and scorching heat, yet also exuding grace and a sense of beauty.

“How beautiful. If we didn't know that they were both humans, we might have thought that their true forms were that of a saint beast phoenix,” Jun Mengchen murmured. Nanfeng Yunxi looked so natural with phoenix wings. It added to her charm and beauty, and even had a feeling of holiness to it.

Nanfeng Yunxi opened her eyes. Her wings moved gently in the wind, and she wore them with a sense of familiarity, as though she should have been born with them. Her wings gently fluttered against Qin Wentian's back as she smiled gently at him. This pair of phoenix wings were able to boost her strength by several times, as expected of the ancestral lands of the Southern Phoenix Clan.

Her wings flapped and a number of parasol leaves flew out towards the horizons. The other three holy maidens felt no joy when they saw this. Nanfeng Yunxi and the other five holy maidens had

already managed to fuse the leaves into phoenix wings. They no longer had the qualifications to remain here in the ancestral lands—they had no fate with it.

“Climb atop my wings,” said Nanfeng Yunxi, her words causing Qin Wentian to freeze a little. Nanfeng Yunxi continued, “We will need to enter the next dimension here in the ancestral lands. Only those with phoenix wings can gain entry. Later on, each of you just hold on tight to my wings. I will bring you all inside with me.”

As the sound of her voice faded, Nanfeng Yunxi soared up into the air. Qin Wentian nodded, and the three of them immediately went over, holding tightly to her wings.

The same scene happened to Nanfeng Shengge, Nanfeng Qingruo and the other camps.

—bzz— Raging winds kicked up. Nanfeng Yunxi sped ahead, like a scorching bolt of red lightning.

Her eyes were beautiful to the extreme, dancing with embers of fire. Far ahead, she saw an illusory door in the shape of a phoenix diagram. Her phoenix wings flapped rapidly as she dashed towards the door.

—RUMBLE!— A fearsome energy bore down on them all. Immediately after, they discovered that they’d entered the next dimension. Glancing backwards, they saw Nanfeng Ling and the other two maidens who’d failed to qualify also trying to breach the barrier of this dimension. However, whatever they did was useless. This indicated what Nanfeng Yunxi’s words had been correct. Without the phoenix wings, one couldn’t gain entry into the second dimension.

Next, another figure appeared. It was Nanfeng Shengge. She glanced at Nanfeng Yunxi, while her protectors coldly regarded Qin Wentian and his comrades. This was especially so for Kong Ye. His eyes shone with sharpness as the pressure of immortal might at the third-level of immortal foundation gushed forth from him.

“What’s that?” Qin Wentian stared ahead, pointing at a gigantic parasol tree in the distance. The leaves on the parasol tree were all withering up in flames, illuminating its surroundings with a brilliant light.

“Heading towards death to find life,” Nanfeng Yunxi mumbled. At the center of the tree, they saw an immense spiral that led to a road to nirvana, radiating a frightening aura.

“From there, we can access the next dimension. However, we must enter that road to nirvana, for only by heading towards death can one find life,” said Nanfeng Yunxi. She then flew over as Qin Wentian and the others followed from behind.

At this moment, Nanfeng Qingruo, who was at the back, also entered.

“Only three holy maidens can enter,” Nanfeng Yunxi added. Qin Wentian’s heart trembled a moment when he heard that. It felt like everything was predestined. In the first dimension, three holy maidens had failed to obtain the phoenix wings. And now, only three people could continue to advance, eventually dwindling down to only one who can become the Holy Successor.

Very swiftly, Qin Wentian and the others stood before the nirvana roads. It radiated a scorching heat, causing even Qin Wentian to feel some fear. But after that, Qin Wentian saw Nanfeng Yunxi and Nanfeng Shengge entering immediately with no hesitation. A blazing fire suddenly sprang up around them with terrifying heat, but they continued down the road resolutely.

“Kong Ye, help to guard this road from the other maidens,” Nanfeng Shengge instructed. Kong Ye nodded his head. And at this moment, Nanfeng Qingruo’s camp had also arrived. She gazed at Qin Wentian and Kong Ye as she said, “Only three can enter the roads to nirvana. With me here, the quota has been nicely filled up.”

Kong Ye exchanged glances with Qin Wentian before stepping aside. Nanfeng Qingruo entered, while her protector Jiang Ziyu also walked over to guard the nirvana roads. They didn’t say a word.

At this moment, Nanfeng Aoxue had also arrived. When she saw all three nirvana roads were already occupied, her expression turned incredibly ugly to behold.

She’d used too much time in comprehension back in the first dimension and had missed the opportunity.

However, she, Nanfeng Aoxue, was the strongest among the current era of holy maidens. How could she not be one of the three who occupied the nirvana roads?

“Step aside.” Nanfeng Aoxue’s protector, the golden condor Zong Zhan stepped out as he domineering commanded.

Kong Ye's body shone with a brilliant light as might of the third-level of immortal foundation gushed forth from him. How could he step aside?

Jiang Ziyu might only be at the second-level of immortal foundation, but he was a descendant of the mysterious Jiang Clan. Everyone could sense how dangerous he was with just a glance at him. In addition, Nanfeng Qingruo's other protector was also a third-level immortal-foundation expert. Nanfeng Qingruo's charisma was truly great—both her protectors were exceedingly powerful individuals. The sight of this caused Nanfeng Aoxue to frown, but after a moment of contemplation, she turned her gaze onto Qin Wentian and his comrades.

“There are three roads to nirvana, and three maidens are already on them,” Nanfeng Aoxue mumbled. Others might not be able to see it clearly, but Nanfeng Aoxue could. There were three roads in the spiral that led towards nirvana, three individual paths that didn't interfere with each other. Right now, the three holy maidens on the roads were all covered in a blazing fire as they headed deeper on the pathway.

“We want this road. You'd best step aside.” Zong Zhan instantly understood Nanfeng Aoxue's intentions. There were three roads, hence there was no need to offend everyone here. They just had to seize one for themselves.

The three holy maiden camps acting as protectors for the holy maidens already on the road were all extremely strong. But clearly, the weakest link among them was Nanfeng Yunxi's group. They were all only at the first-level of immortal foundation. Although Qin Wentian and his comrades had proven their combat prowess earlier, that was merely because they had only faced off against weak opponents. The people here were all extremely strong in combat and compared to them, the cultivation base of Qin Wentian and his comrades were significantly weaker.

The Golden Heaven Warring Condor Zong Zhan was a descendant of a demon emperor. Nanfeng Aoxue was the strongest holy maiden out of the thirty-six in this generation. Her cultivation base was at the third-level of immortal-foundation—the two of them would be enough to suppress Qin Wentian's group who were protecting Nanfeng Yunxi.

“Bullying us?” Jun Mengchen's eyes flickered with a cold light. He was feeling extremely irritated. Did these people think that they were convenient to bully simply because their cultivation bases were lower by a little?

There were three nirvana roads. Yet people wanted to target theirs?

“There’s no more time.” Nanfeng Aoxue burst forth with her aura, and the power of a third-level immortal foundation tyrannically swept out, pressing down on everyone. Her body glowed with light as the image of a phoenix-form immortal foundation materialized. Her immortal foundation was of the king-grade, and given her cultivation level, she was truly one of the most powerful individuals here.

—BOOM BOOM BOOM!— Qin Wentian, Jun Mengchen, and Purgatory’s aura all erupted forth. Not only did they have to battle against Nanfeng Aoxue and Zong Zhan, they also had to contend with Rong Xiao, who Qin Wentian had already defeated, and another second-level immortal foundation expert chasing at their heels. The situation had turned extremely dangerous—under no circumstances must they allow Nanfeng Aoxue to enter the road to nirvana. Earlier, Nanfeng Yunxi said that they had to head towards death to look for life. Who knew what kind of experiences she would have to go through? Most probably, she was incapable of combat in her current form.

Zong Zhan domineeringly stepped out, transformed into his true form of a golden condor and lashed out with fearsome might.

“Mengchen, go handle him,” ordered Qin Wentian. Jun Mengchen took a step forward and with the weight of the world on his back, he blasted out with a punch, ravaging the sky and earth, destroying everything.

Nanfeng Aoxue pierced out a finger strike at Qin Wentian. Her attack was like a phoenix-sharp sword, imbued with a powerful penetration effect.

Qin Wentian’s perfect saint-grade immortal foundation brimmed with might. His entire body glowed resplendently as the faint image of a divine turtle enveloped him. Using his immortal energy to materialize an ancient halberd, he slashed out with overwhelming force, shattering Nanfeng Aoxue’s attack.

Rong Xiao and the other expert rushed over. Purgatory transformed back into her true body and blocked the entrance. The two of them instantly started to attack her.

“Screw off.” After breaking Nanfeng Aoxue’s attack, the ancient halberd in his hand erupted forth, flying out of his hands and shooting straight for Rong Xiao. That ancient halberd contained a heaven-shaking might. Rong Xiao’s face was stark with fear, and he frenziedly tried to defend and buy himself some time to retreat.

—puchi!— Rong Xiao managed to retreat far away by using his movement technique, but was left heavily injured. The energy of destruction had ravaged the interior of his body as his countenance was totally ashen, filled with terror and shame. He couldn't even stand up to a single strike.

“IMPUDENT!” An extremely terrifying killing intent gushed forth. Frost covered Nanfeng Aoxue's face when she discovered that Qin Wentian had the time to divert his attention away to injure Rong Xiao while fighting against her.

Chapter 1048: Grand Battle Between Dragon and Phoenix

Qin Wentian stared at Nanfeng Aoxue as he said coldly, “You are even more impudent.”

As the sound of his voice faded, his immortal foundation gushed forth with immortal energy, flowing into his palms. Very swiftly, Qin Wentian's palms shimmered with a towering runic light that exuded fearsome might. Thunderous rumbling sounds echoed, his form grew larger and larger, resulting in the power of his palms growing even more intense. Although the God's Hand he cultivated wasn't the full complete version, it was still Ancient Emperor Yi's secret art. The power it was capable of generating could only be described as tyrannical.

Nanfeng Aoxue folded ancient imprints with her hands as the fire around her grew more intense, wanting to incinerate everything. She was like a phoenix that descended and in her surroundings, an ocean of fire could be seen. She was completely enveloped in boundless flames as numerous terrifying phantoms of phoenixes appeared, circling around her. When she stared at Qin Wentian, her eyes gleamed with sharpness, terrifying to the extreme.

“KILL!” Nanfeng Aoxue shot out the ancient imprints, causing the numerous phoenixes to lunge over toward Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian saw the phoenixes, his palms shimmered with boundless might, infused with energy from the law of destruction as he blasted out. Numerous great rocs materialized, their baleful auras sweeping across the skies, colliding together with the phoenixes as a cacophony of screeches filled the air.

“Bzz~” A wave of heat directly swept over. Nanfeng Aoxue appeared right before Qin Wentian. Her phoenix wings tyrannically slashed forth, aiming for him. Those terrifying phoenix wings were sharper than even swords.

Qin Wentian didn't choose to retreat. On the contrary, he stepped forth slightly as his immortal foundation thrummed, erupting forth with waves of power. Constellations flashed above him, transforming the space into a world of dreams. His God's Hand wielded an ancient halberd, ferociously stabbing out, smashing into the phoenix wings. A burst of incomparable might actually pierced through the wings, Nanfeng Aoxue could only hurriedly retreat for fear of taking more damage. A moment later, she floated in the air, her wings fluttering gently while her expression grew even colder than before.

She was at the third-level of immortal foundation. How mighty was that? Her strength wasn't something a character at the first-level would be able to compare with. However she, who was at the third-level, found all her attacks easily blocked by Qin Wentian and she couldn't even penetrate his defense. She had no way to step on this road to nirvana taken by Nanfeng Yunxi.

At this moment, Qin Wentian stood at the entrance. His gigantic form blocked the path, his palms both activated God's Hand and there were even gigantic roc wings behind his back. He appeared to be like a heavenly god, intend on blocking the might of ten thousand with himself alone. His eyes gleamed with a terrifying light, causing one to sink within their depths.

At this moment, Nanfeng Xihua and Nanfeng Ji respectively finally caught up. The comprehension ability of these two were slightly inferior but they weren't slowed by much. When they arrived here and discovered all three roads to nirvana were already taken, their expressions all turned extremely ugly to behold.

"Nanfeng Xihua, Nanfeng Ji. Both of you help me to seize this ancient road. After I succeed, I will tell Zong Zhan and my other helpers to aid you guys in seizing the other nirvana roads." Nanfeng Aoxue transmitted her voice to both of them, she didn't say it out in the open. Clearly, she wanted to avoid Qin Wentian joining forces with Jiang Ziyu and Kong Ye to stop them. If they did so, she would no longer have a chance. She could only use this method.

Nanfeng Xihua and Nanfeng Ji furrowed their brows as they contemplated. However, Nanfeng Aoxue continued, "Time is short, if the both of you hesitate any longer, we wouldn't have any hope left. Let's cripple this Qin Wentian and get your helpers to fight against the other two helpers of Nanfeng Yunxi. We will use the fastest method to make Nanfeng Yunxi's camp lose their combat strength."

Nanfeng Xihua and Nanfeng Ji exchanged glances. After that, they transmitted their intents to their helpers and actually grouped together, advancing towards Qin Wentian. When he saw this, Qin Wentian's expression stiffened. These three holy maidens actually planned to work together to seize Nanfeng Yunxi's road.

“Bzz~” Phoenix wings flapped, the speed of the three of them were unfathomably quick as they rushed towards the road of nirvana. Many notions instantly flashed across Qin Wentian’s head. It was hard for him to block all three by himself. As long as one of them got past him, it would be extremely disadvantageous for Nanfeng Yunxi.

He lifted his palms and blasted out destruction, but the attacks from the three maidens converged together and cancelled out his attack. He was even forced back from the impact.

He instantly made a decision, borrowing the power of his enemies to aid in his retreat. Qin Wentian actually chose to retreat into Nanfeng Yunxi’s road of nirvana. At the same time, he shouted to Jun Mengchen and Purgatory, “Mengchen, Purgatory, don’t waste time playing around. I will seal off this road to nirvana.”

“Senior brother don’t worry. I understand what to do.” Jun Mengchen spoke, he was in the midst of a ferocious match against Zong Zhan.

Qin Wentian retreated into the road of nirvana. The width of the road was too narrow. It was impossible for the three of them to fight against him together at the same time.

A scorching heat buried the world inside the ancient roads, resembling fearsome vortexes. Qin Wentian didn’t dare to retreat too fast. An instant later, he and the three other holy maidens who joined forces to kill him were all inside this strange world. Nanfeng Yunxi and the two other qualified holy maidens could be seen respectively at the end of the vortexes, bathing in flames of incomparable intensity.

However when he glanced over, embarrassment could be seen flickering in Qin Wentian’s eyes. Nanfeng Yunxi was being baptized by the true phoenix flames of the vortex. All her clothes had been burned away, revealing her flawless jade-like body out in the open. She was as beautiful as a portrait of beauty and her pair of phoenix wings could still be seen on her back. Her charm and beauty now were incomparable to her from before.

“I shouldn’t look at this.” Qin Wentian mused silently. Not only Nanfeng Yunxi, Nanfeng Qingruo and Nanfeng Shengge’s beauty were similarly just as stifling, causing a rush to one’s blood.

Terrifying flames baptized their bodies, further perfecting their physiques. When the true phoenix flames entered their bodies, their power was incomparable to the past.

“You have profaned the holy maidens of our clan. You deserve death.” Nanfeng Aoxue shook with anger, flames sprang up around her as she prepared to rush Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian stared at her and spoke, “It’s none other than you guys who have forced me to enter here. Let us go out then.”

But how could Nanfeng Aoxue comply now that she was so close to her goal? When she saw her three cousins being baptized by the true phoenix flames, her heart was incomparably anxious. Immortal might gushed forth frenziedly, she couldn’t afford to not go all out at this instant.

Qin Wentian snorted coldly, his body once again expanded, blocking the path to Nanfeng Yunxi completely. Now, they could only see the gigantic form of Qin Wentian, they could no longer see Nanfeng Yunxi.

“You guys have no chance left.” Qin Wentian coldly spoke.

“I don’t believe this.” Nanfeng Aoxue’s silhouette flashed. A startling clarion cry of a phoenix sounded out as Nanfeng Aoxue appeared right in front of Qin Wentian. All of a sudden, a gigantic true phoenix called forth by the power of her blood essence appeared, bringing along with it the might of a saint beast, breathing immortal fire. Its talons were sharper than swords, as it raked them downwards.

At the instant Qin Wentian saw this true phoenix, his immortal foundation radiated boundless might, circulating around his body. Within his immortal foundation, a divine dragon materialized. Qin Wentian’s entire body emitted an overwhelming demonic qi, akin to a supreme demon god. His God’s Hand slammed forth in rage and at this instant, the heavens and earth trembled. A ferocious divine dragon containing unbelievable power appeared, slamming into that ancient true phoenix. The dragon roared and the phoenix screeched, their battle instantly drawing the attention of everyone in the surroundings. The might from their immortal foundations unceasingly channeled energy into their materialization, surging forth in unending waves.

Nanfeng Xihua and Nanfeng Ji’s expressions changed when they saw this. In a combat of such magnitude, they actually had no way to interfere. Also, this space was too narrow. Qin Wentian had sealed it completely and if they couldn’t break his defense, nobody would be able to enter the road to nirvana. The two of them exchanged mutual glances. They could only step back and retreat, choosing to give up on this particular road.

“DIE!” Nanfeng Aoxue fought in true anger. She was at the third-level of immortal foundation, a heaven chosen of the Southern Phoenix Clan and was even a lofty and high-up holy maiden. Right now, she couldn’t even take down a first-level immortal-foundation character? This was simply a great humiliation.

Within her immortal foundation, a blazing fiery sword took form, directly shooting out from the beak of the ancient phoenix.

Qin Wentian coldly smiled. Within his immortal foundation, a raven-black light sparkled as he blasted forth with God's Hand. A supreme halberd of destruction shot out of the maw of the demonic dragon, smashing against the fiery phoenix sword, causing the space around them to shake violently wanting to tear this dimension apart. Ultimately, both the sword and halberd were destroyed together.

"Why must you be so persistent? Since this doesn't belong to you, just give it up." Qin Wentian emotionlessly spoke. Nanfeng Aoxue felt shame and humiliation, she wanted the position of the Holy Successor and has even invited people to aid her. But now, Qin Wentian said that it doesn't belong to her?

"What benefits did Nanfeng Yunxi give you?" Nanfeng Aoxue asked. She then continued, "I can double whatever she is giving."

Qin Wentian shook his head, "Yunxi and me are just friends. I came here to help her since she invited me. There's no need for any benefits."

"In that case, are you saying that both of you have an extraordinary relationship?" Nanfeng Aoxue continued. While the two are conversing, the combat hadn't ceased.

"Holy Maiden Aoxue has too rich an imagination. No wonder you have no destiny with the position of Holy Successor." Qin Wentian replied. With a thunderous roar shaking the skies, a Zhen Kong was materialized from God's Hand, rushing over, aiming for the phoenix. The phoenix screeched in pain and was finally defeated and forced to retreat. Nanfeng Aoxue groaned miserably, she was forced backwards as her countenance turned pale.

"This road, is not for you." Qin Wentian stared at her as he coldly spoke. Reluctance could be seen on Nanfeng Aoxue's face. She finally gave up and decided to walk away.

Chapter 1049: The Final Battle

Qin Wentian watched as Nanfeng Aoxue left. He still continued to remain there. The might gushing forth from him dissipated but he still was in his giant form, blocking the road. This was done out of consideration for Nanfeng Yunxi as the scene behind him, was just too beautiful.

At this moment, a scream of misery rang out from behind him, causing Qin Wentian's heart to tremble.

"I should not look behind me." Qin Wentian reminded himself, steadying his heart. Nanfeng Yunxi continued screaming, it felt like she was under great pain and agony. Most probably, her fleshly body was undergoing another round of baptism.

When one ascended to immortality, their body would undergo a round of cleansing. In these ancestral lands, there was apparently another secret art, allowing one to find life via heading to death, allowing one's physique to be perfected further, growing stronger than ever.

This baptism process was a lengthy one but no one else tried to seize any of the three roads. Clearly, Nanfeng Aoxue and the other two unqualified maidens also encountered strong resistance when they attempted to seize the other two roads.

"It should be completed right?" Qin Wentian mused. He turned his head back for a glance, only to see the Nanfeng Yunxi right now, was completely perfect and flawless. Ruddy redness of health could be seen on her jade-white skin. Her black hair fluttered gently in the wind, painting a picture of grace and charm, causing one to lose their wits at if they saw her beauty.

"My actions were unintentional." Qin Wentian spoke to himself, actually feeling panic in his heart. He told himself he did so because he was worried for Nanfeng Yunxi's safety, and had no intentions to profane her. How could he, Qin Wentian, be a lecherous person...?

After a long time, a melodious sound rang out. Nanfeng Yunxi spoke gently, "I'm done."

Qin Wentian let out a breath, clearing his emotions. His form returned to his original size and he turned his head back. Nanfeng Yunxi already had a fresh robe on, yet her enhanced beauty was still apparent. Qin Wentian felt a little guilty when he met Nanfeng Yunxi's eyes. He hurriedly spoke, "Should we carry on, moving to the next location?"

"The path ahead can only be entered if I provide you with my protection." Nanfeng Yunxi spoke in a low voice. As for the other two roads to nirvana, Nanfeng Shengge and Nanfeng Qingruo also opened up a path forward, leading to the next location.

Kong Ye, Jiang Ziyu and the other helpers also came onto the path. Nanfeng Aoxue, Nanfeng Xihua and Nanfeng Ji also entered but they had expressions of disappointment on their faces. Had this already ended?

“How should we proceed ahead?” Nanfeng Aoxue asked.

“Sister Aoxue, you no longer have a chance. Only the three of us are qualified to continue down this path. For others who wish to accompany us, it would require us to provide protection for them before they can continue ahead.” Nanfeng Shengge spoke in a gentle voice. Nanfeng Aoxue had a look of unwillingness in her eyes. She coldly stared at Qin Wentian, if it wasn't for Qin Wentian, she definitely wouldn't have failed.

“How should we proceed?” Kong Ye stared at Nanfeng Shengge as he asked.

“How about it? Each of us will just bring one helper along.” Nanfeng Qingruo glanced at Nanfeng Shengge and Nanfeng Yunxi as she spoke.

“Agreed.” Nanfeng Shengge nodded.

“Fine.” Nanfeng Yunxi also nodded in agreement.

“Jiang Ziyu.” Nanfeng Qingruo turned to Jiang Ziyu. Nanfeng Shengge gazed at Kong Ye. Nanfeng Yunxi's beautiful eyes landed onto Qin Wentian.

“Mengchen, Purgatory. Both of you wait for me here.” Qin Wentian turned his head and spoke to Jun Mengchen and Purgatory. The two of them nodded, they had no disagreements.

“Senior brother, it's best to be careful. Both of them are exceedingly powerful.” Jun Mengchen transmitted his voice to Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian naturally understood that Jun Mengchen was referring to Jiang Ziyu and Kong Ye. Earlier when he repelled Nanfeng Aoxue from Nanfeng Yunxi's road to nirvana, she must have gone to try her luck on the other two roads. But evidently, she failed. This meant that both Jiang Ziyu and Kong Ye similarly had the power to repel Nanfeng Aoxue.

“Right.” Qin Wentian replied. Since Jun Mengchen warned him, it meant that these two must really be powerful.

Qin Wentian walked towards Nanfeng Yunxi. Her wings spread open as she stated to him, “Come before me.”

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian walked up. Her phoenix wings wrapped gently around him as she spoke, “Hold on to my hand tightly.”

Qin Wentian held on to Nanfeng Yunxi’s hand. Nanfeng Yunxi turned her gaze ahead, her expression was as calm as usual.

Her phoenix wings flapped as the two of them soared into the air. Nanfeng Yunxi’s silhouette flickered as shot towards the flame vortexes at the end of the road to nirvana with Qin Wentian wrapped securely within. Not only her, Nanfeng Shengge and Nanfeng Qingruo were doing the same as well.

“Purgatory, can you feel how fortunate senior brother is?” Jun Mengchen stared at the departing Qin Wentian as he sighed to Purgatory who was beside him. Purgatory glared fiercely at him as she replied, “Big brother Qin is doing this to help Nanfeng Yunxi obtain the position of Holy Successor. He isn’t thinking of filthy thoughts like you.”

“I’m just saying.” Jun Mengchen shook his head, staring at the beautiful lass which was Purgatory in her human form. She treats his senior brother so well. The more he looked, the more fortunate he felt his senior brother was.

“What are you looking at?” Purgatory snapped. Jun Mengchen hurriedly turned his gaze away, “Nope, not looking at anything.”

A powerful aura bore down on them. Nanfeng Aoxue and Zong Zhan were in the air, staring at Jun Mengchen and Purgatory. Jun Mengchen’s eyes gleamed with light as he spoke, “Nanfeng Aoxue, you are a holy maiden of the Southern Phoenix Clan. The fight to become Holy Successor was a fair one. Since you are already defeated, can you not afford to lose?”

“Hmph.” Nanfeng Aoxue coldly snorted, leaving after flicking her sleeves. She anticipated this trial for ten over years. Her hope was cruelly extinguished just like that.

“What are you looking at? You are a heaven-warring condor right? I don’t mind fighting against you again once we exit the ancestral lands.” Jun Mengchen glared at Zong Zhan and spoke in a provocative tone.

“Just you wait.” Zong Zhan coldly spoke.

At this moment, Qin Wentian and the others already arrived at the next dimension. This place was incomparably resplendent and just as before, a gigantic ancient parasol tree could be seen towering up into the heavens. In the air, boundless parasol leaves floated down, dancing in the wind while glimmering with a scintillating light. This seemed to be a scene from a dream.

“The phoenix perched on parasol trees.” Qin Wentian already stepped out from the embrace of Nanfeng Yunxi’s wings. He stood beside her, inclining his head as he stared ahead. Up in the air above the parasol tree, a faint shadow of a true phoenix could be seen.

“Is there a real phoenix here in the ancestral lands?” Qin Wentian murmured.

Qin Wentian was thinking that if the Southern Phoenix Ancestor is a real phoenix, it would surely be as old as the amount of time the Southern Phoenix Clan lasted for. How ancient would it be? And if it was true, it would definitely be a supremely strong saint beast.

“How are we going to fly up?” When Qin Wentian attempted to soar in the air, he felt a formless pressure pressing against him. It was impossible for them to fly in this dimension.

“These parasol leaves are the bridge that would lead us upwards.” Nanfeng Yunxi spoke to Qin Wentian. She stared at the parasol leaves dancing in the wind. Her immortal sense seeped into them as she chanted an incantation. Qin Wentian had never heard of this before but the next moment, a piece of parasol leaf drifted towards them and transformed into a flight of steps, allowing them to climb up.

“How mystical.” Qin Wentian’s eyes flickered. The parasol leaves were extremely large, the flight of steps they transformed into could bear several people. He walked beside Nanfeng Yunxi and didn’t continue to disturb her. He knew that his only job now was to protect Nanfeng Yunxi in critical moments.

Nanfeng Shengge and Nanfeng Qingruo were both chanting some strange incantations as well, causing more steps to materialize. In the air, three stairways gradually formed, exuding elegance

and towered up into the sky, leading towards the top of that incomparably gargantuan ancient parasol tree.

Nanfeng Shengge was on the center stairway, Nanfeng Qingruo on the left and Nanfeng Yunxi on the right. The positioning placed Nanfeng Shengge at a disadvantage.

However although the three of them were materializing more steps, Nanfeng Qingruo seemed to be the slowest one. Nanfeng Yunxi and Nanfeng Shengge actually advanced at the same pace.

When Kong Ye saw this, a smile appeared on his face. Seems like Nanfeng Yunxi and Nanfeng Shengge's comprehension abilities were a shade more outstanding compared to Nanfeng Qingruo. Nanfeng Qingruo would soon be out of the running. Although she was still forming steps, the distance between her and the other two were gradually pulling apart.

Kong Ye's eyes flickered as he stared in Nanfeng Yunxi's direction. Qin Wentian turned his gaze over, locking eyes with Kong Ye as he spoke, "The final battle. I feel that it should still be left in the hands of the holy maidens. We only need to protect them, not allowing them to meet any disturbance."

"Victory is already in my grasp. Why must I listen to you?" Kong Ye replied, his words causing Qin Wentian's expression to stiffen.

This Kong Ye was truly so confident. Was he implying that he would win for sure against Qin Wentian? Could he really stop Nanfeng Yunxi and allow Nanfeng Shengge to obtain the inheritance?

"As a protector, if you are defeated, wouldn't that affect the safety of Holy Maiden Shengge?" Qin Wentian counter asked.

"Since I'm her protector, I'm naturally fighting for her." Kong Ye replied. "Let alone, I won't be defeated."

"Nanfeng Aoxue also thought she would obtain the inheritance for sure but she didn't even make it here. Overconfidence is nothing more than blind arrogance." Qin Wentian spoke.

Kong Ye's aura gushed out, no longer wishing to waste words. From the current situation, Nanfeng Yunxi was clearly in the weakest position. Nanfeng Yunxi and Nanfeng Shengge were steadily

advancing. In Kong Ye's perspective, as long as he defeated Nanfeng Yunxi's protector Qin Wentian, that would be able to halt Nanfeng Yunxi's progress, allowing Nanfeng Shengge to become the Holy Successor. So, how could Kong Ye miss such an opportunity?

When Qin Wentian saw this scene, immortal might also gushed forth from him. Since Kong Ye wanted to fight, he would oblige him.

“Bzz~” An incomparably resplendent ray of light radiated from Kong Ye. It resembled a peacock fanning its tail, shining out with a seven-colored immortal light, drawing the consciousness of those who saw it within as they fell into a daze.

Qin Wentian closed his eyes. It seemed like Kong Ye was a half-demon.

And indeed, Kong Ye's father was a human cultivator but his mother was a peacock demon king.

Opening his tail feathers, numerous immortal seals shot out. He seized the split-second where Qin Wentian was in a daze to attack with lightning speed.

Qin Wentian's immortal might frenziedly gushed forth from his immortal foundation. His entire being shimmered with immortal light as the faint shadow of a divine turtle enveloped him. The immortal seals blasted at him, chipping at the turtle's defense. Qin Wentian used his immortal sense to envelop this space. Even if he closed his eyes, he could still 'see' his surroundings. Right now, he could see a seven-colored gorgeous light emitting from the peacock's tail and even his sight using immortal sense was blurred by it. Jun Mengchen had reminded him to be careful of Jiang Ziyu and Kong Ye. These two were indeed truly fearsome opponents.

Kong Ye's confidence came from his strength.

“Victory is mine for certain.” Kong Ye's voice drifted over. His entire body was enveloped with a beautiful glow. With a wave of his hand, a gigantic peacock materialized, shooting forth numerous ancient seals that wanted to destroy everything.

After defeating Qin Wentian, Nanfeng Shengge would be the Holy Successor for sure.

Chapter 1050: Variable

Kong Ye's attacking strength was extremely terrifying. His immortal seals had immense power. Qin Wentian radiated brilliant immortal light as the tyrannical strength of his immortal foundation gushed forth frenziedly. The shadow of a divine turtle enveloped him, his form also expanded as he stepped in front of Nanfeng Yunxi, placing her behind him, not allowing her to suffer any disturbance. At the same time, God's Hand activated once more.

He activated the Fiendgod Heavenly Suppression Art. Given Qin Wentian's perfect physique and saint-grade immortal foundation, his strength was terrifying to the extreme. Every time he blasted out an attack with God's Hand, the power unleashed shook the entire space. He exchanged blows head-on directly against Kong Ye, the impact of the blows ravaged the entire surroundings as a cacophony of thunderous booms echoed endlessly.

Kong Ye emitted a peacock-sounding shrill screech. The seven-colored light radiating from the ancient peacock's manifestation grew even more dazzling. Qin Wentian's 'vision' grew even more blurry despite him closing his eyes. His immortal sense seemed obstructed somehow. The seven-colored light was distorting one's senses, causing one to feel everything was illusory. And what was even more terrifying was that amidst all this confusion, ancient seals endlessly formed and were frenziedly shooting towards Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian's immortal foundation radiated boundless light that enveloped him within. Qin Wentian blasted out with God's Hand, materializing the form of a greater demon named Hundun (Chaos). The demonic manifestation appeared in the air and let out a heaven-shaking roar of anger. After that, it wrenched open its malevolent-looking maw and completely devoured the ancient seals shooting at Qin Wentian. It was terrifying to the extreme.

Qin Wentian once obtained an ancient treasured cauldron in the City of Ancient Emperors. In that ancient cauldron, there were secret arts of eight greater demons recorded within. They were respectively: Demonic Dragon, Great Roc, Divine Statue, Vermillion Bird, Kirin, Zhen Kong and Hundun. Each of these secret arts contained boundless might and profound mysteries. Right now, Qin Wentian could only unleash the tip of the iceberg. He was simply at the elementary step of cultivating these techniques.

The secret arts of these eight greater demons were unfathomably powerful, able to devour the sky and destroy everything. The ancient demonic peacock trembled as the might of its seals were suppressed.

Kong Ye didn't expect that Qin Wentian would actually be so powerful. Even though the secret arts might be overwhelming in power, Qin Wentian was after all, only at the first-level of immortal foundation. Him being able to unleash such a level of power naturally had something to do with his perfect physique and his saint-grade immortal foundation. His immortal foundation was without

flaws, and able to suppress other immortal foundations. Not only that, God's Hand was also considered a top-tier secret art and could further augment his strength.

Upon stacking all these methods, the might he unleashed exceeded the limits of his cultivation level.

One must know that even if Qin Wentian was a heaven chosen, his cultivation base was two levels lower than Kong Ye. He could insta-kill ordinary first-level immortals effortlessly. For the Immortal Foundation Realm, the strength difference between levels was extremely vast. A third-level immortal foundation was many times stronger compared to a first-level immortal foundation.

"In the ancestral lands, we are here to act as protectors. The aim of the Southern Phoenix Clan is for us to protect the holy maidens against disturbances. It is not our place to determine who among them receives the inheritance. However, you want to break this rule. You have completely misunderstood the meaning of us acting as protectors." Qin Wentian coldly spoke. His attacks blasted out endlessly, suppressing immortals and devils under the heavens.

"Hmph." Kong Ye coldly snorted. His tail fanned out once more, congregating boundless seals that shot over, aiming for the greater demon Hundun. His immortal foundation thrummed, granting him more power. Those ancient seals transformed into a ray of sacred light that blasted into the greater demon causing it to tremble violently, heavily injured to the extent where it could dissipate at any moment.

Within Qin Wentian's body, his saint-grade immortal foundation radiated a destructive light that manifested several ancient halberds. Raven-black light coated these halberds as they shimmered with pure destruction. These halberds were then blasted out via God's Hand, further boosting their power. All of them erupted through the air with torrential strength, blasting at Kong Ye. Qin Wentian's eyes were still closed, he was using his heart to 'sense' his opponent's movements

"RUMBLE~" The halberd slammed into the ancient peacock, penetrating it through cleanly. The peacock manifestation had no way to endure such destructive damage.

Another incomparably large halberd shot out like a streak of black lightning, instantly obliterating the peacock manifestation completely. Its seven-colored light dissipated away. Kong Ye was blasted back as he groaned in agony.

Qin Wentian hadn't stopped his attacks yet. Kong Ye's expression turned extremely ugly, the numerous halberds shot out unceasingly, blasting into him. He was already knocked away from his position and it was basically impossible for him to continue protecting Nanfeng Shengge.

“Since you wanted to fight me so much, you should pay the price for your defeat.” Qin Wentian coldly spoke. “Holy Maiden Shengge, I’m afraid your journey ends here.”

The sound of his voice drifted into the ears of Nanfeng Shengge, causing her to tremble. Her eyes opened and she turned her head back, looking at her protector Kong Ye. Kong Ye’s countenance was completely white, he felt like he had no face to face Nanfeng Shengge.

“Shengge’s comprehension ability isn’t in anyway inferior to Nanfeng Yunxi.” Kong Ye coldly spoke as he stared at Qin Wentian.

“Didn’t I say before? If you lost, you would implicate Holy Maiden Shengge.” Qin Wentian emotionlessly replied. He stepped out, following Nanfeng Yunxi and continued to protect her by her side. Nanfeng Shengge was silent for a moment before she actually smile, “Yunxi truly had good judgement, choosing you as her protector.”

“Holy Maiden Shengge has no need to be unduly humble. If it wasn’t for Kong Ye, victory and defeat wouldn’t be certain.” Qin Wentian smiled. This Nanfeng Shengge was beautiful and her demeanor was something that far surpassed Nanfeng Aoxue.

“Protectors have always been a part of these trails. Defeat means defeat.” Nanfeng Shengge laughed. After which, she turned to Kong Ye, “Kong Ye, I’m already very grateful that you agreed to help me. There’s no need to blame yourself. If you didn’t help me earlier, I might not have reached this step.”

Kong Ye stared at Nanfeng Shengge’s beautiful smile as the guilt in his heart intensified. If Nanfeng Shengge acted cold to him, he might actually have felt better.

“I didn’t help you to fulfil the wish of becoming the Holy Successor and on the contrary, my actions implicated you instead. Why are you still grateful to me?” Kong Ye shook his head. He then turned and stared at Qin Wentian, the battle intent radiating from him towered up into the sky. He wanted nothing more than to fight again and cleanse the shame of this defeat.

Nanfeng Shengge didn’t say anything more. She knew Kong Ye would carve the experience of this defeat into his heart.

But at this moment, Qin Wentian had a frown on his face as he stared in a certain direction. Nanfeng Qingruo continued ascending upwards, her speed was way faster than before, faster even when compared to Nanfeng Shengge and Nanfeng Yunxi. She seemed poised to be the one in the lead.

“What’s going on? Earlier, was she hiding her strength intentionally?” Qin Wentian stared at her. He saw Nanfeng Qingruo and Jiang Ziyu walking side by side. Both of them were actually infusing their immortal sense into the parasol leaves. At this moment, two leaves fell from the sky and descended onto where their feet were and transformed into steps.

“How can this be?” Nanfeng Shengge also saw this scene. Puzzlement flashed through her eyes as she continued watching.

Nanfeng Qingruo wasn’t comprehending the leaves alone. Jiang Ziyu could also do it as well. However, Jiang Ziyu wasn’t someone from the Southern Phoenix Clan.

“Nanfeng Shengge, why can he do so?” Qin Wentian could also tell that Jiang Ziyu was able to comprehend the leaves as well, while he and Kong Ye found it impossible to do so.

“The innate techniques and arts the Jiang Clan cultivates in are extremely mysterious. It’s rumored that they follow the path of the Buddha, cultivating buddhist arts and techniques. There must be some supreme Buddhist Innate Techniques that contain boundless possibilities which allowed him to do so. In the past, there has never been someone from the Jiang Clan who entered our ancestral lands before. Jiang Ziyu is the first one.” Nanfeng Shengge then continued, “I heard that there’s a very powerful innate technique of the buddhist path named the Heavenly Vision Technique. Users of this technique would be able to see past all mysteries, looking upon the truth of all things. Could it be that Jiang Ziyu has mastered this technique?”

“But if this is the case, if in the future he doesn’t marry into our Southern Phoenix Clan, wouldn’t that be...?” Nanfeng Yunxi’s brows furrowed.

“What’s in the parasol leaves?” Qin Wentian asked.

“Information recorded by my Southern Phoenix Clan, there are also secret arts specific to my clan itself. It is a test to see how familiar we are with the ancient phoenix clan’s ancient records, as well as the level of our comprehension ability.” Nanfeng Shengge replied.

Nanfeng Qingruo and Jiang Ziyu's speed got faster and faster, already surpassing Nanfeng Shengge, and gradually catching up with Nanfeng Yunxi and Qin Wentian. Most probably, they would overtake them not too long later.

"Does your Southern Phoenix Clan permit such a thing to happen?" Qin Wentian asked.

"Jiang Ziyu was invited here by Nanfeng Qingruo, he can be considered a guest here. Even if he finds out some secrets related to my Southern Phoenix Clan, we would have no way to blame him." Nanfeng Shengge spoke. This was something the Southern Phoenix Clan was willing to do. He was a guest, and in addition considering his status as someone from the Jiang Clan, the Southern Phoenix Clan had no reason to touch him.

"How about Nanfeng Qingruo? She should know this right? She is so audacious?" Qin Wentian spoke.

"Under such circumstances, she would become the Holy Successor of this generation. At that time, her position would be extraordinary. Who could still say anything by then?" Nanfeng Shengge replied.

Both Nanfeng Qingruo and Jiang Ziyu were no simple individuals.

"In that case, we can only obstruct Jiang Ziyu." Qin Wentian coldly stated. If Nanfeng Qingruo and Jiang Ziyu are both comprehending, Nanfeng Yunxi would inevitably be defeated. They were cheating.

Qin Wentian and Jiang Ziyu walked higher and higher. Nanfeng Shengge who was in the middle gradually could only see them if she inclined her head. Kong Ye walked to the side of Nanfeng Shengge and asked, "Have you given up?"

"Nope. But at the end, the inheritance would still not be mine. Regardless of Qin Wentian or Jiang Ziyu, both of them are exceedingly tough to deal with." Nanfeng Shengge stared at the two silhouettes who were above her. So it turned out that she, from the start till now, was nothing more than an observer.

"Jiang Ziyu." At this moment, Qin Wentian called out. His voice drifted into Jiang Ziyu's ears but Jiang Ziyu acted like he heard nothing and continued with his comprehensions. The parasol leaves continued landing beneath his feet, transforming into steps.

