

## Three Realms 1431

### [Sovereign of the Three Realms \(WN\)](#)

#### Chapter 1431: A New Mission

“Cloudbillow, do you know why I value you so?” The demon lord suddenly asked.

The emperor blinked. “I’m not wise enough to understand, sir. Please enlighten me.”

“After you learn my demonic arts, I want you to take all of these people back to the human domain.”

“Huh?” Cloudbillow gasped in shock. “My lord, we will be public enemies if we return now.”

“Don’t worry. Isn’t there a human saying that applies to this? When people repeat a lie often enough, it’s no different from the truth. Jiang Chen is only one mouth against many. Can he talk all of you down?”

Cloudbillow blinked. Initially, he thought the idea ridiculous, but what the demon lord was proposing was actually quite feasible. No matter how eloquent that Jiang Chen kid was, he was only one person, while they had numerous people here that spanned different multiple sects of the Upper Eight Regions.

How could they not overwhelm a single voice in the court of public opinion? However, Jiang Chen wasn’t the only one who had escaped.

“Demon lord, there were a few more who’ve escaped. Emperor Newsun of the Ninesuns Sky Sect, and some cultivator of a small sect.”

“That’s still only three. How many do you have here? Cloudbillow,” the demon lord responded coldly, “this is a test. You have another mission once you return to Pillfire City. You must be opportunistic about taking over Pillfire and controlling Emperor Pillzenith. From what you’ve said, Pillfire is the strongest faction in the human domain. If Emperor Pillzenith becomes your puppet, and Pillfire the celestial demons’ headquarters, the effectiveness of my plan will be doubled!”

Cloudbillow was sorely tempted. He was just a subordinate in Pillfire. Though he was reasonably prominent in the city, there was only one boss around there: Emperor Pillzenith and none else.

The others’ positions were given at the sole discretion of Emperor Pillzenith. If they didn’t ensure their leader’s happiness, they could be swapped out almost arbitrarily. If they could control Emperor Pillzenith and take over Pillfire, wouldn’t his suppressed ambition be fulfilled?

Wasn’t becoming the ruler of Pillfire his secret desire?

The demon lord’s suggestion allowed Cloudbillow to see the viability of this alternative plan. Excitement bloomed and he was roused into action. Still, there were a few lingering concerns.

“Demon lord, Emperor Pillzenith is very strong. He is much more capable than I. I don’t think it’ll be easy for me to beat him. Plus, if Jiang Chen returns to the human domain and spreads the word, Emperor Pillzenith will be on his guard against me regardless.” That was the emperor’s biggest worry.

"Rest easy. That kid and the other two haven't left the premises yet." The demon lord's consciousness swept the space after a brief respite. Within the range of detection were the auras of the ones who'd fled.

Especially—

"Hmm?" There was a violent disturbance when the demon lord's consciousness locked onto Jiang Chen's. A feeling of unease came over him.

What's happening? The demon lord's consciousness sank into thoughtful observation. "What is that kid doing?"

No action was hidden from the demon lord's watchful eye. However, he evidently didn't know about the secret of the Primordial Stone Golem Tribe. He had little idea as to what the youth was doing.

"What's with those giant statues over there?" Having been sealed here for so long, the demon lord was naturally aware of the eight gargantuan statues in front of the Primosanct Sect's sacred palace.

He'd thought they were merely ornaments. Why would there be any special meaning behind them? But this no longer seemed to be the case.

Demons were a naturally paranoid sort. Jiang Chen's odd behavior made the demon lord uneasy.

"Cloudbillow, are you willing to take a gamble to deal with that Jiang Chen brat once and for all?"

Cloudbillow's eyes lit up. "Has he really not left yet, demon lord? Where is he?"

"At the entrance of this palace. It seems he's taken an interest in the statues near the door. He's behaving rather oddly. Cloudbillow, are you brave enough to take him out if I give you a Celestial Demon Goldscale Talisman?"

The emperor was raring to go. However, he did immediately recall the other problem. "What of the Vermilion Bird, demon lord?"

"That feathered chicken is at the end of its rope," the demon lord retorted with displeasure. "The attack prior cost it too much energy. It's at the end of its lifespan, which means it can barely move. Why do you think it hasn't come inside to kill you all otherwise?"

"It... it's almost dead?"

"Obviously. If it were at peak strength, do you think you would be able to enter this secret realm at all given your level?"

The demon lord disliked the Vermilion Bird, but also harbored a reasonable fear of it. Still, he had noticed that it was in its final throes before expiration.

"That means the Vermilion Bird is far from being at its strongest!" Emperor Cloudbillow was mildly surprised. It had unleashed such a terrifying attack despite that! If the bird had been at peak during their last encounter, perhaps they would've really all died.

"Stop wasting time. Are you going or not?" The demon lord was getting impatient.

Emperor Cloudbillow thought for a few moments. "My lord, you said you would give me a Celestial Demon Goldscale Talisman. What is that exactly?"

"The talisman can save your life. If the bird uses all it has to fight you, it'll still be quite dangerous. But the talisman will preserve you no matter the danger, unless it is at its peak. Heh, fortunately, it has less than half that much strength remaining. It won't be able to do a thing!"

As he spoke, a flash of gold appeared before Cloudbillow's eyes. In the next moment, an antique, simple golden talisman full of demonic vigor appeared before the emperor.

"There's no time to waste, Cloudbillow. That kid seems to be messing around with those stone statues. You can distract the Vermilion Bird so that the others can besiege that kid."

There were six great emperors alone with Cloudbillow. Even if Cloudbillow was preoccupied, there were many of his compatriots ready to fight. Their newfound demonic methods noticeably increased combat strength, even though their grasp of said methods was only rudimentary. A team like that was almost guaranteed to kill a young genius who was only emperor realm.

Cloudbillow hesitated for a moment before girding himself. "Thank you for your approval, my lord. I'll do it! That kid got out of here alive only to dawdle here. Heaven wants him to die!"

The talisman settled Cloudbillow's heart. He was unafraid of Jiang Chen; the Vermilion Bird was far more intimidating. The kid and the bird currently appeared to be on relatively good terms. This wasn't something Cloudbillow wanted to see.

Jiang Chen's failure to enter the sealing formation had elicited his desire to see the boy being consumed by the Vermilion Bird. Alas, things hadn't played out like he'd wanted.

"Alright. You are fresh recruits under my banner and I would like to see if you are capable or not. If you can't deal with a young cultivator like him, then you will have utterly disappointed me."

"Don't worry, my lord," Cloudbillow thumped his chest. "That kid has no backing to speak of this time. Killing him will be trivial for us."

Cloudbillow didn't consider himself to have been defeated by Jiang Chen last time. Quite the opposite: Jiang Chen had only escaped because he'd kidnapped Pillzenith's beloved son, young master Tian Lin. This time, there was no option of blackmail. Cloudbillow didn't believe that Jiang Chen had any room to flee.

The great emperor gathered together his great emperor compatriots as well as a group of ninth level emperor experts.

"This is the first battle under the demon lord's command, my friends. You should know that if that kid is allowed to return to the human domain, our reputations will be nonexistent there very shortly. We will be branded universal traitors and demonic cohorts! Therefore..." Cloudbillow didn't spell things out, but what he was hinting at was obvious.

They couldn't let Jiang Chen return home!

"Daoist Cloudbillow, if my lord trusts you that much, you should take command here!"

“That’s right. As long as we can kill that kid and stem the news, we’ll do anything!”

They all knew that if Jiang Chen and Emperor Newsun were stopped from leaving, the betrayal of their own race would remain a secret. Only then could they openly return to the human domain. Therefore, everyone knew that there could be no delay.

“Good!” Cloudbillow continued when he saw their passion. “I’ll take the lead shortly and try to draw the Vermilion Bird away. All of you should find an opportunity to attack Jiang Chen. His cultivation level doesn’t matter, nor does martial courtesy of any kind. We only have one goal and that’s to kill him!”

“Kill him!” Under the control of the demon lord’s will, the human cultivators’ killing urge had been amplified by quite a bit.

“We’re off!” Cloudbillow led the charge. He knew what his mission was.

If he couldn’t attract the Vermilion Bird’s attention, it would be very unlikely for their assault to succeed. All of the experts here wouldn’t be able to withstand a single furious attack from the sacred bird.

A flurry of figures rushed out after him.

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Currently, Jiang Chen was submerged in the world of the Primordial Stone Golem Tribe. Having revived two golems in quick succession, his consciousness was on the brink of exhaustion. He was resting and in the process of recovery.

Suddenly, a string of rapid convulsions disrupted his consciousness. He awoke with a start, opening his eyes.

### [Sovereign of the Three Realms \(WN\)](#)

#### **Chapter 1432: The Stone Golems Unleash Their Might**

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In the hall of the Primosanct Sect, Cloudbillow’s figure floated out like a wraith. He pounced in Jiang Chen’s direction with lightning speed.

Seeing this, the Vermilion Bird unceremoniously swept both wings forward. Each wingbeat caused streaks of celestial fire to descend like a meteor, shooting furiously towards Cloudbillow.

Cloudbillow’s acceleration had suddenly increased a great deal. He was able to shake free of the dense firestorm and escape to its outer-left.

“Brat! You can keep turtling here. I’m going to kill Newsun and that piece of trash from the Purple Smoke Sect.” Cloudbillow seemed to have his target elsewhere. He hurtled towards the mountain range across from the palace.

This move angered Jiang Chen a great deal. “Senior Vermilion Bird,” he shouted, “that man is very rude! Please kill him in my stead.”

The bird shrugged its shoulders. “Are you sure?”

“Certainly,” Jiang Chen nodded resolutely.

Cloudbillow’s speed and aura had both grown exponentially, likely due to the celestial demon lord’s imparted wisdom.

If he was allowed to reach Emperor Newsun’s position, the great emperor from the Ninesuns Sky Sect could potentially fend him off. However, the forefather of the Purple Smoke Sect would die in an instant.

Jiang Chen had no wish for someone who’d proven so loyal to be the first casualty of Cloudbillow’s betrayal.

With a shriek and a wing flap, the Vermilion Bird expanded several times in size. It blotted out the sky, uncannily swift despite its gargantuan size. Two fiery blades sliced into the air behind Cloudbillow, like oppressively grinding walls.

The emperor had grown much stronger, but most of that was a superficial increase. It was unrealistic to expect him to suddenly rival the Vermilion Bird in combat. Thankfully, he knew that more clearly than anybody. The Celestial Demon Goldscale Talisman was activated without so much as taking a breath.

In a flash of strange golden light, a suit of aureate armor flickered into being around Cloudbillow. He felt that he was invincible. The talisman hadn’t just increased his defense, but his speed twice over as well. The extraordinary change reassured the emperor significantly.

“Hmph, animals will be animals. Even a sacred bird from the ancient times is just a chicken in the end. You want to catch up to me? In your dreams!” Cloudbillow went one step further and provoked the bird.

The Vermilion Bird didn’t know how to speak human language, but it understood it perfectly well.

It flew into a rage when it heard what Cloudbillow had said. The kindled fury of an ancient divine creature was a force to be reckoned with. If not for the fact that it neared the end of its lifespan, it would destroy an entire world in its anger.

The Vermilion Bird’s rising anger made Cloudbillow slightly regret the severity of his provocation. But simply remembering the power of his talisman reassured him.

Man and bird chased each other into the distance in the blink of an eye.

Jiang Chen had anticipated such a thing for a long while. “Senior Vermilion Bird really is old,” he muttered. “Otherwise, it would handily defeat Cloudbillow within seconds at its peak, even considering any help from the celestial demon lord.”

As he questioned his fundamental assumptions, his consciousness contorted once more. In the next moment, Jiang Chen’s attention moved.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!

Roughly thirty figures rushed out of the palace. Jiang Chen knew all of them well. Past a certain point, most cultivators had photographic memories.

He hadn't clearly seen their appearances, but already he was relatively sure that these figures were the cultivators who'd fled into the demon lord's domain. They had different identities now – slaves under the demon lord's control.

Having come to this conclusion, Jiang Chen suddenly realized something. His face darkened. "An excellent plan to separate us!" His reactions were lightning-fast. He saw what the demon lord was interested in instantly. The Vermilion Bird and Cloudbillow's increase in distance meant that those remaining were here for him.

Their malice was almost palpable.

"What's this, brat? Heaven gave you an out, but you just had to wander into hell instead!" Even though the great emperor from the Eternal Celestial Capital had changed allegiances, his hatred inherited from his faction hadn't lessened for it.

The two great emperors from the Empyrean River Palace and the Sublime Chord Temple joined in on the terrorization as well.

"Jiang Chen, we're here at the behest of the demon lord to end your miserable existence. Prepare to die!"

The cultivators moved as quick gusts of wind, landing like cannonballs in a hundred yards near Jiang Chen. They surrounded him in a circle.

"Enough with the small talk. Let's gang up and kill this kid!"

"That's right. Daoist Cloudbillow told us to do so. Why talk when we can fight?"

These men were uninterested in wasting any words. They'd gathered in an aggressive encirclement before their voices faded away. These famous cultivators in the human domain were swarming Jiang Chen many-to-one!

The young lord of Veluriyam wasn't about to take this lightly. Even without the celestial demon lord's teachings, he would have trouble dealing with a coordinated attack from so many great emperors.

He couldn't meet it head on. The only thing he could possibly do was to use the speed of the Kunpeng Meteoric Escape to break free of the encirclement.

Borrowing the power of the spacetime seal to abscond directly into the Veluriyam Pagoda and leave everything behind was another solution.

However, Jiang Chen was much calmer than he had any right to be. He was perfectly settled without the Vermilion Bird's protection.

"Big Stone, Second Stone. If you don't act now and something happens to me, I reckon you won't find anyone else in the world who can revive your brothers." He transmitted to the two golems. Their body and soul had reunited by this point, but the two brothers were still meditating.

Meditating helped improve the fusion between their consciousnesses and forms. What Jiang Chen had done was only the first step in bridging their bodies and their consciousnesses. It wouldn't be easy to return to their level of strength in the primordial age.

Of course, these tribesmen could be called geniuses if they got even a tenth of their original strength back.

Big and Second Stone were mentally simple, but they did listen devotedly to Jiang Chen's instructions. Thankfully, he was easily understood in this instance.

It was a clear declaration that someone was interested in causing their benefactor harm. If they didn't do something about it, then he was going to be done for. They were really worried about their brothers, and not having someone to revive them sounded terrible.

The older brother opened his eyes in a glare. His gigantic body was a silent mountain that had just awakened, reigniting the strength within. Big Stone stretched out both arms, letting out a long roar.

Heaven and earth shook at this deafening sound, the sun and moon dimmed as well.

Second Stone followed his brother's example. The incessant roaring of the two brothers was simply fearsome to listen to.

"Second, take the right. I will stay on the left. Let's protect our savior!" Big Stone called out, making a grabbing motion with his powerful arms.

The air rippled in his wake, as if space itself was being cut by the currents in his wake.

An emperor realm cultivator who had clearly been a hundred yards from Big Stone was seized by the dimension-rending technique. Said cultivator was scared witless. "Don't kill me, please!" he begged.

Big Stone was a stone golem. His tribe was simple-minded people and could very much deaden themselves to the feelings of those they didn't care about.

The golem didn't so much as bat an eyelash, despite the begging. He raised his arm high and slammed the cultivator into the ground. Then raised it again, and slammed it down, then up, and down...

The rotund man was now a pancake of flesh. It was quite a tragic sight. The ferocity of the race was perfectly evoked by this brutal gesture. Such giants were frightening once they were warmed up.

Second Stone saw no reason to hold back, either. He murdered several cultivators in quick succession.

The mountainous size and dangerous expressions the two brothers featured awed these demonic servants into speechlessness. The golems' strides were ten times the size of an ordinary cultivator. More concerningly, their elephantine thighs moved like spring-loaded mechanisms, jumping with unparalleled athleticism.

The great emperor from the Eternal Celestial Capital did a visible double take. "What kind of monster is this? Are they afflicted with extreme gigantism?"

"Be careful, everyone! These two giants are horrifying!"

"Aren't these two giants the stone statues we saw at the palace's entrance? How... how can stone statues become flesh and blood?" Everyone felt their minds collectively blank. What they were witnessing defied their understanding. They'd never heard of statues being revived into living things.

These demonic servants were all human cultivators, but they were largely from divergent sects. Therefore, it was impossible to expect them to cooperate. When terror spread through this crowd, it could not be stemmed.

Big Stone was ferocious, and Second Stone, merciless.

The two brothers' colossal girths, tremendous steps, and shocking velocities granted them an insurmountable advantage. They were immense tigers or panthers charging into a herd of grazing animals.

The demon servants originally intent on killing Jiang Chen lost all their fighting spirit.

Big Stone's large hands grabbed at them as rapidly as lightning. The cultivator from the Eternal Celestial Capital felt his body stiffen. In the next moment, he felt himself locked into place by a powerful force, unable to move any longer.

### Sovereign of the Three Realms (WN)

#### **Chapter 1433: The Demon Servants' Rou**

A great emperor represented the highest level of power in the human domain. But even a peak great emperor would be hard pressed to one-shot an initial stage one.

Yet, the Eternal Celestial Capital's intermediate great emperor was as powerless as a newborn learning how to walk. No matter how he struggled, the thick fingers crushed him tightly in place like five mountains.

"Big Stone, these people have strayed into the path of demons. There's no need for mercy," Jiang Chen sent.

Stone golems were ever faithful war machines. With the young lord's injunction, the two brothers no longer held back. A slight squeeze of the hand popped the great emperor like a cherry.

The scene left the crowd dumbstruck. Among them, the man had been second only to Cloudbillow, yet he'd been exterminated with a casual grab.

Thankfully, the Emyrean River Palace's great emperor realized the danger and shouted, "Brothers, run! These two creatures are too frightening!"

Powerhouses had a keen sense of danger. Perceiving the golem's extraordinary aura from a couple of exchanges, the crowd understood that the stone giants were simply on another level. This was a one-sided massacre rather than a fight. Blanching, they ran for the hills.

The golems would have crushed them all even at thirty percent strength. But the golems had awoken not long ago. They were rusty and their bodies and souls still weak, giving the demon servants a chance to escape.

Even so, only half of the thirty experts narrowly escaped from their slaughter.

Who would dare stay behind? These hapless fellows bolted back inside the palace.



The entire scene left the demon lord shaken to the core, in spite of his vast experience. He'd witnessed the entire process of his servants' crushing defeat.

"Aren't they the statues outside? How the hell could they come to life? What kind of damned place is the Primosanct Sect?"

He was a noble celestial demon, an invader from a mighty plane. The measly creatures on the Divine Abyss Continent should have been beneath his contempt. So how could he not be shocked? Could statues be given life? What kind of shenanigans were these?

In other circumstances, he would have raged at his slaves for crumbling at the first blow. He might even have put them all to death for the shame. But at this moment, he was simply glad some had come back alive rather than all dying in vain.

He'd painstakingly lured these humans to him. He didn't want to see his efforts vanish in a puff of smoke.

"My lord, we've betrayed your trust..."

"My lord, we tried to kill the brat, but the two giants came out of nowhere. They're so strong we can't even get close. We've suffered massive losses at the first onset. We await your punishment."

"My lord, none of us can withstand them." Returning hastily, the defeated experts knelt in tears, admitting their failure with heads hanging. They shivered in apprehension. Their first mission for their new master had failed so miserably.

The demon lord stayed silent for a long while before sighing. "You're not to be blamed. I observed your battle. The two strange giants are at least empyrean realm."

The humans sighed collectively in relief. *The demon lord seems rather reasonable.*

"Where's Cloudbillow?" the demon asked.

"He lured the Vermillion Bird away. We're not sure where he is now."

Unwilling to tax his already depleted consciousness, the demon nodded. "No need to panic. You're absolutely safe inside my domain. If they dare enter, they'll have to deal with me!"

His heart pounded despite his brave front. With his experience, how could he fail to notice the giants' power? They would be tough opponents even for his former self.

It was even more frightening that there were eight statues in total. What if they all came to life? Eight of those terrifying giants? He couldn't help but shiver at the prospect.

All of a sudden, Cloudbillow's dark figure shot back inside. He panted, his face wan, but paused when he noticed the crestfallen mood. "You're back already? Did you kill the kid?"

The embarrassed crowd fell silent. A bad premonition arose in his heart. On closer inspection, some people seemed to be missing. The Eternal Celestial Capital's expert in particular was nowhere to be seen.

"You..." he gasped.

“Daoist Cloudbillow, things took a turn for the worse.” The fellow from the Empyrean River Palace heaved a sigh, detailing what had transpired.

The stunned Cloudbillow stayed speechless for a long while.

What the hell was going on? Statues coming back to life as giants with unparalleled valor? Of course he remembered them from the entrance. It was difficult to miss their looming figures as tall as ten men.

Baffled, he couldn’t help asking, “My lord, is there such a strange thing in this world? What on earth are they?”

Equally perplexed, the demon didn’t answer. Instead, he shot back, “What do you make of the Vermillion Bird’s condition after luring it away?”

“My lord, it’s as you’ve said. The divine bird is a shadow of its former self. I can match it with the help of the Celestial Demon Goldscale Talisman. Near the end of the chase, it showed clear signs of exhaustion. I can probably even kill it if I was empyrean realm.” His confidence had soared greatly after a bout against the divine bird.

“Kill it?” The demon chuckled. “Don’t be overly optimistic. When near death, an ancient bird can surge with power hard to imagine. In any case, I’ve misread the situation. We’ve lost many men, so let’s be patient. I’ve waited for more than a hundred thousand years, what’s a few more days?”

Indeed, he wasn’t stubborn when facing adverse circumstances.

Outside the palace, Jiang Chen was equally shocked by the golem brothers’ prowess. They were already this frighteningly strong when barely awake, after barely managing to recover thirty percent of their original prowess!

After witnessing Big Stone in action, he finally took in the full measure of a golem’s power. If he could obtain their wholehearted loyalty, how fearsome a force would that be? Jiang Chen clenched his fists in excitement.

As Veluriyam’s young lord, he’d been a little frustrated in his grand ambitions. What wouldn’t he give for a reliable fighting force! The golems would be a heaven-sent assistance. They’d help him settle many issues in the human domain, such as the demon lord, for one.

If the golems could return to their peak condition, the demon had little hope of leaving the premises alive after escaping its prison.

“Big Stone, Second Stone, well done!” He gave the two brothers a big thumbs up.

The golems scratched their cheeks, a little embarrassed. They actually blamed themselves for letting more than half of the cultivators escape.

“Savior, we haven’t fought in a long while, so we’re a little rusty. No one will slip away next time!” Big Stone pledged.

Brimming with regret, Second Stone nodded in agreement.

The golems seemed simple-minded indeed. The apology over such a trivial matter offered the young lord a better glimpse into their natures.

“Haha, don’t blame yourselves. You’ve done more than enough. Focus on restoring your strength and don’t let anyone sneak up on and disturb me while I revive your brothers.”

Big Stone clenched his huge fist. “This fist will crush dead anyone who dares come!”

The eight brothers were very close to each other, hence revival of all was dearest to his heart.

The Vermillion Bird returned just then. Judging by its dismay, its failure to kill Cloudbillow just now had struck a huge blow to its pride. It’d also realized even more keenly how little time it had left.

Jiang Chen could roughly guess what had happened, but didn’t know how to comfort it.

### [Sovereign of the Three Realms \(WN\)](#)

#### **Chapter 1434: The Golem Brothers Swear Allegiance**

The proud Vermillion Bird fled Jiang Chen’s gaze. It didn’t want the young man to see its sorry state. The noble ancient beast rather looked like a hero in its final throes.

“Senior, don’t feel down. You’re at your weakest right now. You’ll reign supreme again once you rise from the ashes.” The words of comfort were rather weak, but they came from the heart.

“Alas! I’m thankful for meeting a kid of you near the end of my life. Someone will at least witness my death. You won’t let my body rot when I pass away, will you? You’ll give me a burial, won’t you?” The divine creature was filled with self-pity. The young human in front of him seemed the best and only friend it could vent its grief on.

But Jiang Chen shook his head. “Senior, don’t despair yet. I firmly believe that you’ll have a chance at rebirth sooner or later. Have faith.”

“No need to placate me.” The ancient bird sighed with a wry smile. “After I die, you can take my blood. The blood of a divine Vermillion Bird is precious, you know? Just don’t defile my body and let me rest in peace.”

The young lord brimmed with righteousness. “Senior, I’ve felt a kinship with you since we met, as if we’re old friends. If you happen to perish, I’ll never touch your divine blood or your body. This I swear!”

The bird started. It hadn’t expected such a straightforward promise.

“Young man, are you aware how valuable my bloodline is?” it couldn’t help asking. “Do you know how many people are desperate for a single drop?”

Jiang Chen shook his head. “I would naturally accept a drop if you offered it to me. But how can I profit from your death? It would be great disrespect to you and defilement of our friendship.”

He’d loot everything if he were to chance upon a dead Vermillion Bird. Blood, body, or even the smallest feather, everything was a priceless treasure when it came to one of these ancient, divine creatures. But he was a loyal man true to his friendships.

His solemn tone struck the bird speechless. It'd always thought of humans as a greedy race. This young man was an exception amongst his peers.

"Young man, you're truly worth befriending. I haven't asked your name yet, or where you come from. I've heard them call you Jiang Chen. Will you tell me your story?"

The young man smiled and did so. The only thing he concealed was the secret of his reincarnation. After all, it had too broad an implication to be casually exposed.

Stunned, the bird said, "Jiang Chen, you've risen quite fast. Alas, you were born in the wrong era. Back in my time, you'd be a peerless genius, a figure to match the Primosanct sect head!"

It spoke of the sectmaster with clear admiration. The latter was obviously some distance away from the sect's founder, but he was a well-respected figure of his era nonetheless, a leading figure of mankind. Unfortunately, he'd ended up as yet another victim of the warring era.

The bird's praise was no empty flattery.

Jiang Chen smiled, exhorting, "Senior, I'll go revive the other golems. You just rest and recover your energy. Don't exert yourself any further. With the golem brothers here, these demon lackeys are no threat to us."

With a glance at the two stone brothers, the bird nodded. They were formidable, but with the divine creature's noble ancient bloodline, it didn't have an inferiority complex.

The two brothers shot an honest smile back, looking a little silly and pure as children.

The ancient bird sighed secretly in praise. To unintentionally save eight golems, this kid is blessed by the heavens. With their honest characters, they'll definitely prove useful to him.

Emotion stirred in its heart. If all eight can be revived, will I finally be free to leave this realm and seek a chance at life?

Using the secret art, Jiang Chen revived the remaining golems. This technique was extremely strenuous, so he didn't rush for immediate results. Even so, all eight statues were resurrected after a few days.

To come back to life again after so much time was an unfathomable outcome for the brothers.

The process exhausted the young man, but he could sense it had greatly strengthened his consciousness. The secret art was complex. Only a young and meticulous genius like Jiang Chen could have succeeded.

The eight brothers embraced each other in delight. Bit by bit, memories of their tribe's calamity came back to them. They also came to understand how much time had passed.

No record of the primordial era seemed left in the human domain. That era could be said to be the antiquity of antiquity.

If one thought of it as the continent's first age, then the ancient era was perhaps the second, while they were now in the third age.

The brothers' souls had been separated from their bodies in the first age. To revive perfectly in the third must have been the will of the heavens.

The group returned to the mountain peak facing the palace and rested for a few days. Naturally, it was impossible for the golems to recover their former strength in such a short time. The human domain simply couldn't supply enough resources.

They'd been unimaginably strong in the past. Although mere children among their kin, they'd still been empyrean powerhouses thanks to their race's outstanding potential.

Big Stone was the most gifted among them. He'd once almost rivaled great empyrean experts. His younger brothers had also reached intermediate empyrean level.

But now, the others were at best half-step empyrean, while their eldest brother recovered to first level empyrean realm, making him an initial empyrean cultivator, also known as a lower empyrean expert.

It took the brothers half a month to slowly adapt to their new life and environment.

"Savior, thank you for saving us." Big Stone said one day, his seven brothers behind him.

Jiang Chen smiled. "No need to thank me, it was pure coincidence. What plans do you have hereafter?"

The golems froze at the question. So many eras later, they no longer had an anchor in their lives.

Favors and enmities of the primordial age had disappeared in the long river of time. Their tribe had fallen. The mighty race that had destroyed their kin had also seemingly vanished without a trace. No vestige from their time seemed left on the continent.

"Savior, we don't have any plans. When Saint Dan gave us shelter, he told us to follow the one to revive us. So we'll follow what he said."

"Right. Savior, we'll be in your care in the future," Second Stone agreed.

The other brothers nodded as well.

Golems followed a simple logic, a welcome change from the twisted schemes of the martial world...

You saved us, so we'll follow you.

Jiang Chen had a flowery speech prepared to recruit the brothers, but he hadn't expected them to propose it of their own volition. It almost seemed a shame to have no opportunity to deliver his carefully prepared remarks.

Nevertheless, he was over the moon. Aid from the golems would give him wings! Even not in optimal form, their battle prowess would be enough to deal with many unforeseen situations.

He'd been fretting about the demon lord. But now, this ancient invader was no longer a threat, even if he were to break out of its prison.

He looked gravely at each of them, nodding at their guileless faces. "Since you're honest folks, I won't sugarcoat my words. I promise you won't come to regret your decision. But right now, there's a thorny issue I need your help with."

## [Sovereign of the Three Realms \(WN\)](#)

### **Chapter 1435: The Three Signature Treasures**

Jiang Chen looked harshly at the palace.

After resurrecting the golems, his first thought had been to borrow their strength to kill the demon lord, lest it unleash devastation upon mankind. However, that was easier said than done. Even the Primosanct Sect's head couldn't kill the fearsome creature, a sign of just how terrifying it was. It'd grown to become one of the greatest threats facing Jiang Chen.

Resting beside the human youth, the Vermillion Bird glanced at him, stirring slightly in surprise. It might have underestimated the young man's ambitions. Did he aspire to extinguish the demon?

Big Stone thumped his chest. "Don't worry, young master Chen. Fighting's the one thing we rough guys are good at. Just point us at whoever you want beaten up."

Jiang Chen shook his head with a smile. "You're not hired thugs. My only goal is the celestial demon lord sealed inside the palace. He's an invader from another world. He must be stopped before he causes a calamity for our continent."

Aware of the brothers' eagerness, he'd tried not to sound overly melodramatic, but he roused their fighting spirit nonetheless.

"Celestial demon lord? Is that the demon race you spoke of, young master? Good! We'll let him see what our tribe is made of!"

"Yeah! A punch from each of us will turn him into meat paste. Or we can just drown him in our saliva!" Second Stone looked honest, but he was prone to boasting.

Jiang Chen wasn't so cavalier when it came to the demon lord. He knew how tough the ancient threat was given that the Primosanct Sect hadn't eliminated it.

He glanced at the Vermillion Bird. "Senior, don't pretend to be asleep. I know you're listening. You've guarded this realm ever since antiquity, you're the greatest authority when it comes to this demon."

The bird heaved a soft sigh. It was in a slightly better shape after some rest, but there was no major improvement.

"I wasn't pretending. Not that I want to discourage you, but... you must know by now how strong the Primosanct Sect was? They cornered the demon and rained all sorts of ferocious techniques on him, yet he still lives."

The golems didn't understand its language, so Big Stone asked, "Young master, what's this big fire bird mumbling about?"

"It speaks the ancient beast language. The senior was telling me how frightening the demon lord is and said that the entire sect once launched an all-out attack on the demon but still failed. It doubts you'll succeed in killing him either," Jiang Chen explained, adding some fuel to the flames.

Big Stone grunted in discontent. "Young master, no one under the sky is immortal. Not us golems and certainly not some lousy demon."

“Let us have a crack at him. Hehe, gods or demons, everyone will be smashed flat!”

“Right, right! Who’s stronger than us primordial golems?” The brothers didn’t fear the demons, not having experienced the invasion nor having first-hand knowledge.

“Senior, please say something. What are our odds of killing him for good?” Jiang Chen clung doggedly to the opportunity.

His solemnity and indomitable spirit moved the ancient bird. Here was someone who never retreated no matter the adversity.

“Senior, my mind is set. And once we kill him, your mission will be complete and we’ll be free to attend to your rebirth.”

The ancient bird took a deep breath at the prospect. “In that case, you need him out of the seal first. All of your attacks will be meaningless if they’re blocked by the formation. You won’t be able to reach him if you can’t break it.

“That being said, his battle strength will increase tenfold once free. And when it comes to brains and cunning, he’s in another league compared to the golem brothers.”

It thought for a moment. “There’s another possibility, which is to strength the formation. It can both imprison and kill. Had it been stronger back in the day, the sect might have successfully eradicated him. If you can enhance it, then perhaps...”

There were two clear choices here.

First, unleash the golem brothers on the demon after allowing him to break out first. Jiang Chen wouldn’t be able to inflict any damage through the formation. Second, destroy the demon lord by strengthening the formation, which would also be easier now that he had been weakened by his long imprisonment.

In fact, the ancient sect could have killed him long ago simply by continuously grinding away with the formation. Sadly, the sect had fallen in the ancient war. And the seal’s energy had almost entirely run dry after so much time.

Jiang Chen weighed the pros and cons.

The first method seemed riskier. Even if they could break the formation, what if the golem brothers can’t stop the demon lord from fleeing?

Like a dragon back into the sea, the demon could hide somewhere and come back out only when returned to the height of its power to wreak havoc upon the world. The destruction would be devastating then.

Hence, after some hesitation, Jiang Chen decided on the more reliable option.

“Senior, the second method seems more suitable.”

The bird blinked, then smiled wryly. “The second? Strengthen the formation? Do you know how much knowledge and effort and resources went into it? Even if you can understand it, are you confident you can enhance it?”

It wasn’t that the ancient creature looked down on Jiang Chen, but that a signature formation created by one of the ten greatest ancient sects was almost perfect. Even if there was a tiny flaw, it didn’t affect the whole. Was perfection so easy to improve upon? Therefore, this wasn’t really an achievable solution. It’d only been mentioned out of courtesy.

The seal’s current vulnerability was solely due to a shortage of resources and the withering of the spirit veins. The difficulty of the task ahead seemed almost insurmountable.

“Senior, is there a guide with details of the formation?” Jiang Chen looked at the divine bird in earnest, his mind set. Next to pills, formations were his best area of expertise.

“Are you certain?” the bird couldn’t help asking again.

“Senior, let’s stop nattering about it. Time waits for no one. The demon lord is making the most out of every second he has, and we should too! The sooner we succeed, the sooner you can leave.”

Indeed, instead of watching over this realm until the end of time, the demon’s death would also relieve the ancient bird from its vow.

Seeing how serious Jiang Chen was, the divine creature took a deep breath and nodded. “Alright. I don’t have much time left, so let’s take a gamble together. I’ll show you, follow me.”

An ancient inheritance would naturally be well-hidden. Not just anyone would be allowed to peruse it. In fact, no truly important treasures would be casually exposed. The items the cultivators had seen on the palace’s second floor were merely second or third-rate.

These treasures suddenly reminded Jiang Chen of his brush. Despite its unremarkable appearance, he’d secreted away this one brush out of the dozen others in the pot.

A thought was the beginning of action. He took it out. “Senior, have a look. Is this brush related to the sect?”

The bird’s eyes suddenly shone. “Where did you find it?”

“In the palace’s treasure chamber. It was hidden with other ordinary brushes. No one else took a fancy to it, so I took it.” In fact, he’d attracted unwanted attention for picking up this simple brush. The situation had been a little hairy, but he’d fortunately reacted fast enough.

“Kid, I can’t believe the depths of your fortunes. The True Spirit Post is one of the three signature treasures of the sect! The sectmaster once told me the best treasures were hidden in the least conspicuous places, waiting for their predestined owners! One of them can give you the sect’s inheritance, two of them the position of sectmaster! With all three, everything in the sect is yours!”

### [Sovereign of the Three Realms \(WN\)](#)

#### **Chapter 1436: The Formation’s Inner Workings**



The celestial demon lord was furious. The trap he had set had been virtually perfect. Thanks to this human youth however, at least half of it was foiled. The mass of demon slaves he had collected was dying in droves as well.

The Vermilion Bird had been the only obstacle in his plans. But because the bird was at the end of its lifespan, it was no match for the recovering demon lord. Though the seal was unlikely to be broken in a short amount of time, the demon lord would eventually reign supreme in the Primosanct Sect's sacred place without the bird's interference. He could then use his consciousness to attract more and more human cultivators.

There was absolutely nothing wrong with the plan. Just that he hadn't imagined said plan would be greatly disrupted by a human youth.

What depressed the demon lord the most was not the fracturing of the plan, but the youth's refusal to depart. It was obvious that he was targeting the demon.

Given the age of the demon lord's existence, he wouldn't have cared a whit for a young human genius if he was at peak form. Alas, he was sealed away right now. He could only use his consciousness to create trickery because his body was immobile.

He didn't know what secret method the human youth had used to revive the eight giant stone statues. It rather worried the demon lord.

As one of the crowning races of old, the celestial demons had incredible instincts as a race. The demon lord's instincts told him that the young man would create a lot of problems for him, possibly even endanger his safety.

Meanwhile, the eight giant statues threatened the demon lord on a psychological level.

"If I don't get rid of this human youth, he'll become a real threat sooner or later. He hasn't left yet and that proud Vermilion Bird is getting along with him far too well. What special charisma does this kid have?"

The celestial demon lord couldn't understand it. From what he knew of the current Divine Abyss, the human race should have decayed to a very weak point.

His slaves were largely only great emperors, yet they were considered to be the very best humanity had to offer. The waning of human fortune made the demon lord very much desire to rampage in the outside world. He wanted his freedom back as soon as possible.

From his point of view, if the demons could make a new sortie into human lands, the weakness of its current residents gave demonkind a very good chance of enslaving humans altogether.

Still, it was rather unbelievable that there was a genius like this amongst humans despite their weakness. He had pierced the demon lord's conspiracy and garnered favor with an ancient Vermilion Bird.

The celestial demon lord knew that despite humanity's various problems, it was supremely resilient. Whenever it was endangered, a group of geniuses always rose to meet the challenge. He had very personal experience of their persistence.

“I have to think of a way to leave this place. A kid as immature as him, disrupt my plan? Impossible!”

The demon lord plainly didn't want to see that happen.

Unfortunately, he didn't have a good way to resolve the situation. He had tried sending subordinates to attack, but they'd perished like moths to a flame.

His demonic servants had been trivially crushed.

This was the primary reason for the demon lord's concern. If the human youth had control over such terrifying forces, then the demon lord would have difficulty dealing with them even at peak strength.

.....

Jiang Chen was actually in as much of a rush as the demon lord was. He had stayed in Agarwood Valley for too long. The unwitting discovery of the celestial demon lord's plot put him in his own dilemma.

He could easily up and leave at any moment, but that would simply lead to the situation here spiraling out of control. The demon lord could struggle free of his seal in no time at all and proceed to devastate the human domain.

He had no choice in staying or going. He was the only one who could exterminate the source.

He had learned the majority of the Primosanct Sect formation's secrets, but enhancing and restoring it to its previous power level and beyond would cost an astronomical amount of resources.

Jiang Chen was very rich, but not quite to the degree that the formation demanded.

In ancient times, the sum would have been quite reasonable. In the modern era however, it was exceedingly troublesome to gather together such a king's ransom.

Returning to the top of the mountain, Jiang Chen was stuck between a rock and a hard place.

“Jiang Chen, the Primosanct Sect must have left some resources here,” advised the Vermilion Bird. “The sect was as rich as a large nation. It doesn't make sense that they haven't left anything their formation needs. Maybe there are still secrets waiting to be discovered?”

The divine creature knew that the human youth was its only hope of seeing its duty through. If the youth lost his fighting spirit, then it had no hope of leaving this place at all.

Its time was short on this mortal coil. In truth, it was even more anxious than Jiang Chen.

Big Stone of the Primordial Stone Golem Tribe was more insensitive. “Savior, demons don't have three heads or six arms. Don't worry. If he dares to try to escape, we brothers will handle it.”

As a primordial race, the Stone Golem Tribe naturally looked upon the more junior demons with disdain. The demons had run free not because of their own strength, but due to the weakness of the juniors on Divine Abyss!

The Vermilion Bird respected these stone golems quite a bit. It knew that they were one of the stronger races in the primordial times. If the strongest races of the primordial era hadn't become extinct, the demon race may not have had any opportunity in the ancient era at all.

It was precisely because the primordial era had come to a close that civilization on Divine Abyss had taken the turn into the ancient era.

Strictly speaking, the primordial era was Divine Abyss Continent's true ancestry. The experts and races back then could claim superiority over even the ones in the ancient era, just as the ancient era was many times more impressive than the modern.

Jiang Chen's mood settled down a good deal after returning to the mountain. His formation studies had yielded splendid fruit. It wasn't his fault that he lacked the resources to apply that knowledge to the practical problem before him.

Like the Vermilion Bird had said, maybe the Primosanct Sect had more secrets not yet dug up.

For example, there was a barely discernible killing intent hidden on the peak. The Vermilion Bird had mentioned that there was a signature treasure here, an ancient bow.

Perhaps all to be revealed was concealed right beneath them.

The Primosanct Sect had three signature treasures. The ancient bow was one, the True Spirit Post was another, but there was no information on the last. Even the Vermilion Bird didn't know what it was supposed to be.

Time passed day by day.

Jiang Chen and the demon lord were at a standstill.

The demon lord used his consciousness to sniff out Jiang Chen's scent everyday, hoping desperately for the human to leave the valley.

But Jiang Chen was unwilling to depart. Though he had no way of getting rid of the demon lord, he wasn't going to give up.

This kind of passive confrontation was extremely boring. Emperor Newsun and the Purple Smoke Sect's forefather couldn't bear the experience much longer. This was pure suffering for them.

"Daoist Newsun, are you leaving? You too, Zi Tan?"

When the emperor and the forefather subtly expressed their intents to depart, Jiang Chen was rather surprised.

"Young lord Jiang Chen, we can't help very much with what is happening here. The outside world knows nothing about what's taken place. I'm worried that there'll be brewing concerns in the outside world and further explorers who make their way in. We must stop that kind of unwanted development."

Jiang Chen saw no reason to oppose the resolute emperor. "Daoist Newsun, there's no reason for me to oppose your decision. Still, we must discuss what you're going to do after you leave the valley!"

The great emperor blinked. "We must announce the happenings here, of course. The human domain must know of these cultivators' traitorous ways and swearing of allegiance to the demons. Furthermore, we should also send out the call for everyone to gather their strengths and prepare to defend against a demonic invasion. We can't live in numb normality any longer."

Emperor Newsun had the right idea.

The Purple Smoke Sect's forefather nodded in agreement. His thoughts hadn't been as noble as the emperor's. The expert from the Ninesuns Sky Sect had considered things more holistically than he could.

Jiang Chen considered this for a few moments before sighing. "Daoist Newsun, if you break with them immediately after going out there, things may be stacked against you. Do you know how many sects will frown upon your declaration, even if it's entirely truth? They'll think that you're slandering them! They'll unify in their rejection of what you say, and perhaps even pick fights with you as a person by attacking your sect."

All of this was very possible.

When one or two people tried to speak poorly of a larger group, there wouldn't be many who believed them. In fact, they could very well attract undesirable skepticism.

It was painfully obvious that if Emperor Newsun were to reveal the truth to the public now, he would be the primary target of cynicism than the accused. How come he was the only one who'd managed to escape from the demon lord's clutches, eh?

Emperor Newsun felt the beading sweat on his brow. "Thank you for reminding me, young lord Jiang Chen. It seems I can't be in too much of a hurry."

"There's no need for that. The demon lord isn't going to break free of his seal any time soon. You should make some adjustments and preparations in your own sects internally, though. The demon invasion is on the horizon.

"The current human domain," Jiang Chen continued, "hasn't endured any losses at demon hands. Thus, most have no sense of urgency or danger. They still think that demons are relegated to ancient mythology. But the demons' blade of slaughter is about to appear very soon!"

### [Sovereign of the Three Realms \(WN\)](#)

#### **Chapter 1437: Face-Off**

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### [Sovereign of the Three Realms \(WN\)](#)

#### **Chapter 1438: Breaking of the Boundary Stele?**

Emperor Newsun and the Purple Smoke forefather still departed in the end. However, Jiang Chen had warned them amply before they left; they were not to announce what they had seen here in order to avoid enormous internal strife.

Full-on civil war in the human domain was no less destructive than a demonic invasion.

This was Jiang Chen's current greatest area of concern. Emperor Pillzenith's ambition was a bone stuck in his throat.

He'd told the other two not to say anything partially to avoid exposing his own location. He didn't want Pillzenith to know that he was in Agarwood instead of Veluriyam.

If Pillzenith knew he was here, he wouldn't have just sent Cloudbillow. He would've come himself instead.

The Vermilion Bird sighed when it saw Emperor Newsun and the Purple Smoke forefather depart. "Aren't you even weaker now that they're gone?"

"There's not much point to keeping them here," Jiang Chen smiled. "If the demon lord really does break free of his seal, they wouldn't help at all. They can barely deal with a crowd of demonic servants as is."

"Why aren't you leaving then?" The Vermilion Bird asked with mixed feelings.

"There are some things in the world that must be done," Jiang Chen sighed softly. "I think that I'm the best person to stay."

The bird sighed as well. "Humans are mundane and trite for the most part, but there are still some interesting ones. That particular head of the Primosanct Sect for example, and you. I'm surprised that you are so knowledgeable at your age. I have a strange feeling that you're supposed to be a genius from the primordial era rather than this era."

Jiang Chen was thoroughly stunned. The Vermilion Bird's instincts were uncannily accurate!



Smiling wryly, he asked, "Why do you say that?"

"The young people of this time give me a frivolous and impulsive feeling. They don't have the foundation, vision, and bearing of a real genius. A true genius must have broad horizons and far sight. Unfortunately, there are very few humans who can reach that standard. You, on the other hand, handily exceed it. I must admit that you are special among your peers in this modern era."

After their extended time together, the bird harbored a unique respect for the young man.

Jiang Chen was knowledgeable, sharp, and magnanimous. He was more like a martial dao master who'd made a name for himself for countless years, not at all like some young human genius not yet thirty.

"You praise me too much, Senior Vermilion Bird."

"No, no, no," the bird shook its head. "You know my personality. I don't care for insincere flattery. If I didn't genuinely find you impressive, I wouldn't praise you one bit. I noticed how extraordinary you were the moment I set eyes on you."

When the Vermilion Bird had approached the group of human cultivators, the others had all gone into the celestial demon lord's domain. Only Jiang Chen had remained outside. He hadn't even hesitated one bit.

At the time, he hadn't any clues as to what course of action he should take, nor had he known that the domain was a trap. The only thing Jiang Chen had gone off on was his instincts.

His instincts as a cultivator told him that the string of events had been too odd to believe.

That was the only reason he had stayed out of the formation.

When the Vermilion Bird entered the third floor, it hadn't expected anyone to have stayed outside either. This was why the bird had had the patience to speak to him at the time. Jiang Chen's mastery of ancient beast language was a contributing factor, but the remainder was his distinction from his fellows.

Because the Vermilion Bird was individualistic in its own right, it had found his behavior quite agreeable.

Jiang Chen laughed when he heard what the bird had to say. "I felt the same way at the time. You killed a lot of human cultivators when we first met, but my first thought was that you definitely weren't some kind of ancient evil that enjoyed killing."

"Oh? How come?" The Vermilion Bird wanted to know.

"Easy. If you really wanted to open up a slaughter, you had plenty of chances to do so along the way. Plus, I had a feeling that you wanted to stop everyone from entering Agarwood's secret realm rather than kill them altogether."

"You're really something, Jiang Chen!" The bird sighed. "I didn't have much hope for you humans at first, but I think your race is lucky to have you. Maybe humanity will exceed its potential once more in a time of adversity."

"Enough praise, senior," Jiang Chen smiled. "That's right, how are you doing? How long can you last if you don't use your divine arts?"

It was a sad topic, but one that had to be discussed.

Dejection flickered through the bird's eye. "Even if I don't use any of my divine arts, I don't have more than thirty years," it sighed.

For an ancient divine creature, thirty years was a blink of an eye.

"Thirty years?" Jiang Chen frowned slightly. That was no time at all.

"Haha, don't you humans have a saying? Life and death are part of fate. I've experienced countless cycles of this, so I don't have any regrets." The bird put on a tough front.

"Why the pessimism, senior? We have another saying as well. Problems will be solved when we get there. My instincts are usually very accurate. Your future will definitely stretch beyond thirty years. There is change written in your path. Let's wait and see."

Just like the Pinecrane Pill, there were pills that extended life for the residents of the heavenly planes. Unfortunately, Jiang Chen currently had no ability to refine such pills. His cultivation level wasn't there, to say nothing of the lack of materials.

He had no problem refining something like the Pinecrane Pill, but any miracle pills exceeding sky rank were limited to recipes alone. The materials required for those pills were extremely valuable and elusive. Therefore, he had no right to make promises ahead of time.

Jiang Chen considered it more viable to find an environment suitable for the Vermilion Bird to seek rebirth. Chasing pills wasn't the way to go this time.

As the two spoke, there was a deafening explosion.

The sound of the detonation echoed across the entire plane. The mountain top beneath his feet shook as well. It was as unsteady as a wavering boat. He couldn't get a firm foothold.

"What's happening?" Jiang Chen's consciousness was especially strong. He scattered it forth immediately, scanning his surroundings. His sense of danger was stronger than most.

The Vermilion Bird was just as confused as him. It had stood guard for countless years without experiencing an explosion of that magnitude. It felt like a hundred-yard-tall wave was cresting to and fro. The commotion was that immense.

Jiang Chen's heart sank. He found the shaking and the loud sound from earlier very odd.

This was the Primosanct Sect's sacred lands, holding very sturdy foundations that were enough to seal away an ancient celestial demon lord. Given this, why was the ground quavering so strongly?

Had the demon lord struggled free of his seal?

Jiang Chen pushed his Evil Golden Eye to its maximum, a ray of piercing light shooting into the palace.

But, though the palace shook as much as everything else, the demon lord was still safely within his seal. There were no signs of him struggling free, and the formation looked relatively intact.

It was the first time the Vermilion Bird had encountered something like this as well. It could barely keep its footing. The question of whether the demon lord had broken free hung on its mind as well.

The stone golems found the shaking irrelevant. They remained in their meditative state and weren't easily disturbed. The shaking had no effect on them whatsoever.

"Senior, is this kind of violent quaking common?" Jiang Chen couldn't resist asking.

"No! I've been here countless years. I've not encountered so much as a small quiver before today." The Vermilion Bird vehemently denied it.

Something suddenly occurred to it. Its expression became quite conflicted. "Jiang Chen, maybe... we're in a worse spot than if the demon lord had broken free."

"Oh? How so?"

The statement was a shocking one.

The bird was silent for a while, its fire-lit eyes dead set on the area near the palace, as if looking for something.

After a few moments, another wave of shaking ripped outwards.

The Vermilion Bird visibly colored. "As I thought, the worst has happened!"

"What?" Jiang Chen blinked. He instinctively felt the importance in the shaking this time as well. From the bird's reaction, there was much more trouble than he could hope to imagine.

"Jiang Chen, the sacred land for the Primosanct Sect was originally the location of the Boundary Stele in the western side of the human domain! I think it's been shattered. That's probably the reason for the commotion."

Boundary Steles divided the races' lands in ancient times. One reason for this was to prevent a renewed demonic invasion from spreading everywhere, but a second was to cease the constant warfare between the races!

The consequences for their breaking were disastrous.

### [Sovereign of the Three Realms \(WN\)](#)

#### **Chapter 1439: Three Emptyrean Experts!**

Jiang Chen wasn't a native of Divine Abyss. He hadn't experienced the chaotic fighting between the ancient races, nor did he know much about Boundary Steles and the other lands. However, he had heard others discuss them incessantly. Mo Wushuang for one, and the great emperors of Veluriyam Capital.

He knew that their purpose was to keep Divine Abyss Continent's races apart. In ancient times, these steles were intended to prevent demons, ravaging the lands of another, from intruding into neighboring territory.

There was another factor though, or at least Jiang Chen was hazarding the guess. Even the strongest factions and top experts in the human domain obeyed an unspoken rule – they were never to touch the Boundary Steles.

Obviously, destruction of said steles was included in that rule.

There was a popular rumor in the human domain from the ancient times that the Boundary Steles were primarily to protect the safety of the world.

Anyone who destroyed them was likely to ruin the peace. In grander terms, doing so would also introduce unknown dangers to the human domain at large. Therefore, Jiang Chen was stupendously shocked when he heard the Boundary Stele had been destroyed.

“Let me take a look.” He stood up, wanting to go investigate.

The bird stopped him. “You can’t go.”

“Why can’t I?” Jiang Chen was exasperated.

The bird sounded conflicted. “Boundary Steles were built by innumerable ancient experts in concert as a collaborative effort. Normal cultivators can’t possibly pass through their zones of influence, much less break the steles. Whoever did this deed is motivated by only malice!”

Though the Vermilion Bird appreciated Jiang Chen quite a bit, it knew that the human was only emperor realm. If another race was destroying the stele to start an incursion into human lands, the cultivators comprising those forces were sure to be many levels above emperor realm.

Jiang Chen knew that the Vermilion Bird only meant well for him. Still, he couldn’t simply sit on his hands at such a crucial time. If the Boundary Stele was broken, humanity would face yet another problem.

The celestial demon lord was already trouble enough for him. Broken Boundary Steles atop this – an invasion by yet another alien species – made his head spin. Insult was certainly being added to injury in this situation.

“You stay here. I’ll go take a look.” The bird appropriately played the role of a senior. It didn’t have much strength remaining, but it was still an ancient divine creature. It wasn’t about to let a human junior to risk his life in its stead.

Protecting this place was the bird’s duty. This was only an extension of that.

“We can go together,” Jiang Chen said.

The Vermilion Bird had no good response to that. However, it did see that Jiang Chen was sincere. Nodding, it instructed, “Alright, I’ll take you along. However, you must remember that you can’t be impulsive... no matter what happens!”

Jiang Chen inclined his head. He knew what the bird meant. As he was about to utter a reply, an arrogant bray of laughter pierced the air.

“Hahaha, I’m the first one here. That stupid restriction is finally broken! Are these the lands of the fabled human race?” A rough voice sounded like a thunderclap, slicing through the void into Jiang Chen’s ears.

“Tsk tsk. The human lands are nothing short of picturesque, just like the rumors say. Eh? There’s a palace here.”

"This place feels a bit odd. Is this a sect?" A few more voices joined the first one.

The Vermilion Bird's tone was leaden. "I guess there's no need to check," it smiled wryly. "The Boundary Stele is broken. Alien races have invaded!"

"Demons, maybe?" Jiang Chen raised an eyebrow.

The bird had as much of an idea as he did. "I'm not sure," it shook its head. "Divine Abyss has innumerable races and inter-racial warfare used to be rather common."

Three vortices appeared in the skies above. Chaotic spatial winds whipped up as well, creating thick layers of clouds roiling in the firmament. The vortices were three distinct colors: purple, blue, and red.

Each vortex carried its own occupant and divine seals shot out of them. Within the purple vortex was a young man robed in luxurious violet with a youthful complexion and a perfect demeanor. He was more exquisite than the most beautiful of women.

However, his flawless visage contained a pair of arctic eyes. They regarded the entire world around them with frigid superiority, even as they took in the foreign landscape around them. It seemed that the entire world was an affront to him.

"Empyrean experts!"

Watching from afar, Jiang Chen could feel the terrifying forces of nature within the vortices. The speed at which they spun at was something he could only marvel at.

He could easily sense from their flashy entrances and fierce auras that all three were empyrean realm without a doubt.

Out of the other two, one was a bald, burly man in blue. A long, thin ponytail swung at the back of his head, like the tail of a mouse. It made his appearance several times more absurd. However, his brawny build was nothing to scoff at.

Though he couldn't quite compare to the stone golems, he was the biggest among most of the ordinary people Jiang Chen had met. In fact, he was comparable to Tang Hong in this regard.

Built like a veritable bear, he was as big as one too.

The remaining person was an old man in red. His expression was completely impassive, almost like he'd seen beyond the trifling meaning of life. There was absolutely no indication of what his mood was at any given time.

Jiang Chen didn't take the old man lightly because of it. In the end, he might be the hardest out of the three to deal with. The other two were either proud and dominant, or such was Jiang Chen's initial judgment regarding them. This old man in red though, looked deep and unreadable.

This kind of person was typically the most difficult sort of opponent.

The trio hovered within the cosmic vortices high above, as if they were rulers inspecting their territory beneath.

"This palace seems rather interesting. Hmm, is that a formation? There's a corner missing though."

"Is this a problem set out for us? To take us down a notch?"

"Young master Zhong Li, are you interested in a competition?" The bald man provoked the youth.

"What kind of competition?" The violet-robed youth retorted with obvious disdain.

"Let's make it about the palace. There's a powerful formation that surrounds the outside. Those seven pillars and four formation cardinals seem to support each other. One of the cardinals is obviously broken, but the others are still intact! Each man to one cardinal, first one to succeed is the winner. How about it?"

In comparison, the celestial demon lord's deception of a large group of human cultivators and goading of them to continuous attacks had only led to the breaking of a single cardinal.

"What do you intend to bet?" The violet-robed youth asked coolly.

"Heheh, the human domain's resources, of course. Whoever breaks their side first has the priority to divide the spoils. What do you think?"

The red-cloaked old man harrumphed softly. "You certainly have an optimistic view of things. Whether or not you prove faster than us two in the end, even if you did... eh? Is someone over there?"

The old man's consciousness suddenly scanned the top of the mountain.

"Hmph, a few human ants. Nothing to be concerned over. The palace, on the other hand, looks incredibly grand. Is this the heritage of the ancient Primosanct Sect?"

"One of the humans' strongest sects back then, if I recall correctly. Tsk tsk, is our adventure greeted by the gates of fortune opening wide at first light?"

"Forget all that for now!" the baldy called out. "Do you see the restriction formation outside the palace? We'll be taking some risk in breaking and entering if we don't dismantle it first."

Though they might be empyrean cultivators and possess unsurpassed strength, they still possessed a healthy respect for the ancient legacies of old. That was an era that the three of them couldn't dismiss at all.

They stared at the restriction surrounding the ancient sect, choosing to ignore the one direction that was already standing open due to destruction.

Clearly, these alien experts were being very thoughtful. They were concerned that the palace might be a trap. The open direction allowed them to enter directly, while the other three ways were sealed completely tight. It was impossible for them to enter any other way. It was the spitting image of what a trap would look like.

"I'll take the left!"

"Then I'll go right!"

"Since you have both flanks, I'll take the rear. On your marks!"

The three empyrean aliens looked unstoppable without the Boundary Stele. They transformed into three streaks of light, pressing down upon the Primosanct Sect palace in unison.

Wham!

Wham! Wham!

None of the three experts wanted to be outdone by his companions. Their haste was perfectly depicted in the rapidity with which they attacked the restriction.

Jiang Chen frowned. He was sure that the three aliens had noticed both him and the Vermilion Bird. As for the eight stone golem brothers, the outside world could barely disturb them during meditation. They looked just like stone statues. Clearly, the three empyrean experts hadn't paid any mind to what they thought were simple statues.

They were entirely lost in their competition.

Jiang Chen's heart was aflame with anxiety when he saw the trio recklessly destroy the formation's three restrictions. He knew better than anyone that it wouldn't take long for empyrean experts to accomplish what they were doing.

"Senior, if the outer restrictions are broken, will the Primosanct sealing formation be endangered?"

This was the biggest question on his mind.

"That's quite possible! Primosanct's restrictions are generally interconnected. The foundations and spirit veins beneath are part of a harmonious whole. Destroying a part may not affect the whole, but once the entire restriction is entirely destroyed, the formation won't be the only thing affected. The demon lord may have a way out of his prison!"

If the foundations were shaken, the sealing formation would be greatly lowered in its effectiveness. Once that happened, an entity as strong as the demon lord would have a much better chance of escaping!

### [Sovereign of the Three Realms \(WN\)](#)

#### **Chapter 1440: Southern Celestial Tribe, Release of the Celestial Demon**

Jiang Chen's expression was quite serious. He was very troubled by the three interlopers before him. The matter of the demon lord was already frustrating him quite a bit. The destruction of Agarwood's Boundary Stele was a doubling of difficulty.

The future of the human domain was destined to be turbulent.

Originally, he and the divine bird had planned to go take a closer look when the shaking had begun. Given the present situation though, he lacked sufficient ability to defend against these three unwelcome guests. After all, the trio appeared somewhere in the vicinity of empyrean realm.

At its peak, The Vermilion Bird wouldn't have feared them at all. Unfortunately, now was not a good time.

The bird didn't feel too great about what was happening either. In the ancient era, it had promised to stay here and protect the seal after owing the Primosanct Sect a great favor. It had been loyal to that duty and promise, but it also desperately wanted to be free from the shackles that bound it here.

"They don't look like demons, senior." That was Jiang Chen's preliminary conclusion after a few moments of observation. The trio wasn't acting in a way that demons typically did.

"I agree," the bird nodded. "Still, they were the ones that broke the Boundary Stele here. That means they don't mean well either. From what we're seeing, they're going to destroy the outer restriction, which will take the sect's foundations with it. The seal on the celestial demon lord will be gone. Calamity is upon humanity, Jiang Chen!"

The bird wasn't exaggerating one bit. Current circumstances were nothing less than a deluge of misfortune.

Just then, the eldest of the stone golems woke from his meditation with a languid stretch. As soon as he did, he noticed the shaking around him.

"Savior, what's happening?" Big Stone was completely confused, his mind not quite quick enough to catch up.

"There are intruders. They broke the Boundary Stele," replied Jiang Chen solemnly.

"Oh?" Big Stone was neither surprised nor downcast. Instead, his eyes lit up. "Are they demons? Where? We brothers will take them on!"

Big Stone quickly noticed what was happening at the palace. The golem's battle instincts compelled him to say, "Savior, those three are very strong. We'll go stop them!"

Jiang Chen didn't have time to agree when a resounding boom came from the other side.

Blinding rays burst forth from the palace, followed by the destabilization of space around the complex. The air crackled with sounds of spatial displacement.

Terrible scars and fissures appeared in the fabric of space, intensifying as the restriction disintegrated. The barrier around the palace was finally no more.

"Hahaha, it's done!"

The fastest among the three was the bald giant. His shattering of the wall in front of him contributed directly to the destruction of the other two a moment later.

The entirety of the Primosanct Sect palace was completely exposed before the three aliens.

The bald giant was exceedingly pleased with himself. "Young master Zhong Liyan, Old Redcloud, it turns out that I, Thunderroar, am the fastest! Hahahaha!" He laughed proudly.

According to their bet earlier, he now had the right to divide the spoils.

The violet-robed youth was the young master; his proper name was Zhong Liyan, and a scowl formed at the corner of his mouth. "What's there to be proud of?" muttered the younger man. "Dumb luck is all that was."



Clearly, he was a bit downcast after the loss.

The red-robed Redcloud remained seemingly impassive, not at all displeased by his temporary failure. The older man was evidently much better at keeping his cool.

“Haha, dumb luck or not, you’re not planning on going back on your word, are you?” Thunderroar cackled.

Zhong Liyan harrumphed but said nothing.

Redcloud glanced in Jiang Chen’s direction thoughtfully. “Baldy Lei, don’t hold your head high just yet. There’s someone over on that mountain looking at us!”

Thunderroar shrugged, completely uncaring. “What’s there to be worried about? Our information tells us that the humans have fallen quite far. They don’t have any empyrean experts whatsoever. It is the hour of glory for the Southern Celestial Tribe. Greatness awaits!”

Thunderroar sounded quite arrogant.

Redcloud smiled faintly, glancing toward Zhong Liyan. “Young master Zhongli, shall we enter the palace or arrest those guys first for interrogation?”

“Humans are very weak in general,” the young master mused. “It’s a sign of how cowardly they are that they don’t dare investigate despite our huge ruckus. We can ignore them for now and see what’s inside the palace. Given the restriction’s strength, this place must be a sacred place of a great ancient sect. In ancient times, the humans surpassed our race in both foundations and resources. Come! Let’s go.”

Jiang Chen was still in the throes of shock from seeing the palatial restriction destroyed just like that. It had only taken a few seconds for such radical change to take place. Even the Vermilion Bird was surprised by the development.

“The Southern Celestial Tribe, huh...” The Vermilion Bird murmured. “Jiang Chen, the Southern Celestial Tribe was the mortal enemy of humanity in ancient times! It seems that their fortunes were much, much greater than your race’s.”

The bird’s words was the back-breaking straw, sending Jiang Chen into the pit of depression. Though the experts who had broken the Boundary Stele weren’t demons, he was nevertheless none too pleased.

At this time, the seven pillars outside the palace shook vehemently. In the next moment, radiance flared, revealing cracks on the pillars themselves.

The Vermilion Bird was in a real panic now. “This is the worst thing that can happen. The foundations are shaken and the seal is about to be broken! The celestial demon lord will be freed into the world once more!”

Jiang Chen was gravely aghast at hearing this. This was a real flood of misfortune.

The three Southern Celestial tribesmen had come at a terrible time. The most infuriating part of all this was that they had attacked and destroyed the restriction on the palace, shattering the spirit vein beneath the Primosanct Sect’s sacred ground!

At its peak in the ancient era, the Primosanct sacred place would have remained inviolate in spite of an attack from thirty such experts.

Alas, time was a cruel grindstone. The restrictions and foundations of this place had been eaten by time's relentless sands almost two hundred thousand years.

There was no fortress in the world that was truly impregnable. The inexorable blade of the seasons could defeat almost anything, regardless of how invincible something might seem at first sight. Only someone freed from the binds of mortality could truly exist as long as the heavens and the stars.

"Hahahaha!" The demon lord's laughter echoed madly between the spheres. The atmosphere itself seemed to dim, darkened by the demonic sound. "Heaven and fate themselves have assisted me!"

The demon lord's physical body hadn't been able to escape because of the formation trapping it. He could only use a sliver of demonic consciousness to control as much as he was able. He'd felt rather stuck because of Jiang Chen's previous obstruction, but the Southern Celestial Tribe's three unwelcome guests had unknowingly attacked the palace's restriction, destroying the spirit vein's roots.

This was wonderful news!

In the ancient era, it had been an extremely powerful existence. The entire Primosanct Sect had relied on its sacred land, restriction formation, and various other traps and snares to barely lock him in place.

Now that the restriction was broken, his body was free of its shackles. He was let loose back in the world again and free to do as he wished!

The demon lord swept aside his dejection, roaring into the wind. His entire body glimmered with demonic radiance and aura. It was an aura intense enough to steal the show from the celestial bodies themselves.

The Vermilion Bird's mood took a sharp nosedive. "This is terrible, truly terrible. Now that the celestial demon lord is free, Divine Abyss will see another calamity upon it!"

Jiang Chen could feel the sheer power of the demon lord. He was as troubled as the bird. "Senior," he asked, "is there a way to save this situation? Can those three bastards of the Southern Celestial Tribe seal him away?"

The bird shook its head. "Hard, very hard!"

"He's freshly freed into the world. Surely not much of his strength has returned?"

"That's exactly why I'm still here. Otherwise, I would have told you to flee long ago. The demon lord's strength isn't something you can possibly imagine." The Vermilion Bird's tone was quite sternly grave. It stared at the space above the palace, now occupied by the demon lord. He was absorbing energy from the air itself.

Thankfully, the spirit energy of this time couldn't remotely compare to that of ancient times. It wasn't going to be easy for the demon lord to return to top form. Even so, his aura was growing stronger and stronger.

The three Southern Celestial experts tensed when they detected the demon lord. They formed a triangular formation, warily looking at the airborne sunburst. Their expressions emphasized an understanding that they had made an appalling error.

“You three, are you of the Southern Celestial Tribe?” The demon lord’s authoritarian voice blasted down from an elevated position.

“And who’re you?” The bald giant retorted haughtily. “What were you playing at, hiding inside the palace?”

The demon lord burst out into laughter rather than rage. “Hahaha, you’re asking who I am? Very good, very good. The ancient war was truly too long ago. Divine Abyss’s various races have forgotten their past scars. Perhaps demonkind’s fortunes are about to turn for the better! Hahahaha!”

Demonkind?

The Southern Celestial trio all colored at the mention of this. They’d never expected the palace to hold an expert of this caliber from the demon race!