

## Three Realms 1561

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

#### Chapter 1561: Selling Oneself To Save Their Father

“A temporary residence seal will do,” Jiang Chen requested after hearing the explanation.

The other types were admittedly very good and he could pay the price. But even the ten years granted by a bronze seal was too much for him. He couldn’t possibly stay on the island for that long.

Three years would be an intolerable stretch, to say nothing of ten. His one objective was to leave Winterdraw, the sooner the better. One to three months would be enough. And if not, he could just request another. In any case, there were no possibility for a longer stay.

Captain eye-patch relaxed, but then couldn’t help complaining. A temporary seal? This kid is really a bit too stingy!

Yet he didn’t dare express his discontent in the face of Jiang Chen’s intimidating aura. “That’ll be a thousand sky spirit stones.” He soon returned with the seal after taking the money. “There you go. Don’t lose it now. Otherwise, don’t complain if you run into trouble in the city without a residence seal!”

Jiang Chen took it silently. With a short nod and a light step, he’d floated past the city gates and into the city.

Looking at his departing figure, the captain sighed in relief.

“Captain Yue, the kid doesn’t look short on money. He didn’t strike me as a penny pincher!” A guard mocked despite himself.

“I know, right? Wasting all that time for a simple temporary seal. Captain, he looks like a cash cow.”

“That’s right, isn’t it a pity to let him go just like that?” The guards weren’t honorable folks by far. With their status, they’d probably extorted more than one traveler entering the city.

A new face like Jiang Chen who seemed well-off to boot was an especially tempting mark. Their duty as guards? Inside the city proper, men clad in uniforms might be even more nefarious, since their victims were powerless in front of their status.

Someone other than Jiang Chen would’ve been intimidated by these fellows’ manners. The captain had cooperated so willingly because of the fear caused by the Evil Golden Eye. But he now had second thoughts with the immediate threat gone.

He had a hunch the young man was a cash cow. It’d be a regret of a lifetime if he couldn’t shave off his share of the fat. So, unbeknown to Jiang Chen, he’d used a little trick earlier despite his apparent respect.

Inside Sin City, the young lord’s first order of business was to familiarize himself with the place.

The city wasn’t the most prosperous he’d seen. It was far from Veluriyam, a publicly acknowledged metropolis in the human domain. No. Instead, his first impression was, so many people!

Unending tides of men and women filled the avenues, as if the island's entire population had flooded the streets.

"Handsome guy, you must have come from far. Need an inn?"

"Lad, our Spring Pleasure Pavillon has as many girls as you'd like. They'll take the best care of you. Why don't you come on in?"

"Little brother, do you need to a place to rest? Our Rising Teahouse hosts countless cultivators. It's the liveliest spot. You can learn a lot of news here."

Thanks to his unfamiliar face, Jiang Chen was greeted by a flock of various solicitations from the entire avenue. He didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He'd finally experienced what was called true frenzy.

Sin City was the height of crazied frenzy. Everyone seemed to run off adrenaline and was very passionate. But thanks to God's Eye, he could see clear as day the sinister thoughts hidden behind their hypocritical faces.

Naturally, he refused them and made his way past. His goal was a more proper-looking inn he could stop at for a time.

A shout suddenly exploded from the side, followed by vulgar swearing. "Little bastard, you're half a month late on the money you owe the ninth master. Go on, keep hiding! Let's see you hide beneath the ground if you can!"

A young man wearing ragged clothes slipped out from a side alley in the wake of the voice, people hot on his trail.

He grazed past Jiang Chen and hid behind the young lord's back, murmuring, "Honorable brother, my brother, help me out. Ward them off."

Jiang Chen had never been fond of being used as a shield. He frowned, about to free himself and leave. But the young man clung to his waist with both hands, imploring, "I beg you, help me, alright? Please." His eyes brimmed with desperation.

"Let go." Jiang Chen spread his arms and shrugged off the youngster's hands.

The latter muttered, "Just my luck. To think a big fella like you won't help a guy in danger! I was wrong about you." He turned around to slip away like a rabbit.

But Jiang Chen easily grabbed his wrist. "Don't be in such a hurry to leave. You've taken the wrong thing."

He forcibly pried open the youngster's hand, revealing a storage ring. It wasn't Jiang Chen's, but the one the giant had asked him to give his daughter, Fang Yingying.

Jiang Chen hadn't left the island yet, so naturally hadn't completed this task yet. But since he'd accepted it, he ought to do his utmost. In either case, he wouldn't let a petty thief benefit from it.

Not even sheepish at being exposed, the young man shrugged with a giggle. "You've got it back, so can you let go now?"

Jiang Chen glanced indifferently at him. The burly fellows who'd chased after the young man had stopped in their tracks, staring at the young lord with eyes round as saucers. It was quite obvious that the flashy chase had been a premeditated ploy.

Jiang Chen snorted. His eyes cold, he warned, "Stay away from me!"

The hulks grinned mischievously. It was merely a failed scam. It wasn't their first, nor would it be their last.

The little incident didn't disturb Jiang Chen's mood. Rather, it'd helped him come to a better awareness that even the most innocent-looking do-gooder was filled with evil in the city. Crime awaited at every corner. He had to be fully on his toes.

He continued onwards, undaunted by the interlude. People ebbed and surged in the street ahead. However, a young girl knelt at the intersection, a reed-like item stuck in her hair.

A middle-aged man lay in front of her, looking on death's doorstep, his face waxy yellow. A signboard was erected in front of them: Selling myself to save my father.

The girl looked pitifully tender kneeling on the ground, her head hanging low, quiet sobs racking her body. Now and then, she wiped the middle-aged man's face with a cotton cloth.

More and more gathered around her, attracted by the spectacle.

"Hehe, this wench sure is pretty. Her young figure is real fine!"

"Isn't she? She's slim and curvy in all the right places. Hehe, what a tempting beauty."

"Damn it, is that living corpse her old man? He's half-dead with a foot in the grave, what's there to save?"

"Haha, once he croaks, I'm down for 'adopting' her."

"Go to hell. A pig like you wants to snatch such a fine flower?"

Jiang Chen glanced their way as he passed. The dying man had clearly been poisoned. His condition was severe and unlikely to be faked. But none of the onlookers seemed wanting to offer help. Sarcasm was the only thing on display.

Some were even waiting for her father to breathe his last before wanting to scam or even just take the girl.

The eyes were the windows to the soul. The tears swimming in her eyes weren't fake. Not even the most skilled actor could feign such sorrow.

For some reason, sudden compassion stirred. Jiang Chen was reminded of Lin Bi'er and Lin Hui'er begging him to save their father. However, the young girl in front of him was noticeably different in temperament to the two sisters.

He halted his steps just in time to hear a lecherous laugh from an old bald man. "Little girl, your father's poison is incurable! Unless you have enough money to invite the Pill Immortal from Spring Mountain Hall, but he charges several million sky spirit stones for one consultation. You can't afford that sum even

if you take apart your old man's bones and sell them all. I say you'd better prepare you father's funeral. As a man of virtue and mercy, I can help put your affairs in orders. I also happen to lack a daughter. How about I adopt you?"

The girl shook her head vehemently without even looking up.

"Lass, don't listen to that old fart's nonsense. He has no good intentions at all. Don't let him fool you! What about me? I'll help you bury your father and take care of you in his place. I'll keep you safe."

"Don't believe any of them. They're all trash cut from the same cloth. Lass, look at my thick eyebrows and big eyes. I can't be a bad man, can I? In this city, few are as upstanding as me! I'm known for helping those in distress..."

The scene of these big bad wolves crowded around a little rabbit made Jiang Chen speechless. Sure enough, depravity had seeped deep into the city's very fabric.

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

#### **Chapter 1562: Little Girl Xing Tong**

Jiang Chen stood expressionlessly in the crowd. He observed the middle-aged man, then the girl. The man's skin was smooth and pale on his palms, the backs of his hands, neck, and face. Rather than an ordinary cultivator, the details screamed a silver spoon bearer.

And the girl, although clothed in crude hemp, was obviously not a servant from a destitute family. The two of them should be more than simple wandering cultivators.

The jeering and heckling from the crowd became a little hard to endure. He suddenly made up his mind and walked out of the crowd to take the man's pulse.

With an "aiya," the girl hurried to say, "Don't touch him, he's poisoned."

But Jiang Chen frowned and gestured for her to stand back. He came to a general conclusion after taking the man's pulse for a moment.

"Girl, it's a type of poison from pollen. I need to brew an antidote. If you trust me, take me to an apothecary." His sincerity, devoid of wicked desires, made him appear extremely forthright.

The girl's innocent eyes seemed to take his measure. After a moment, she nodded and stood up, struggling to roll her father up into a woven mat.

Upon seeing this, Jiang Chen offered, "Allow me."

He lifted the fellow on his shoulder with a single hand, then took the lead and cut through the crowd. The girl hurried after him in a quick shuffle, walking by his side in total silence. She glanced at him now and then with innocent eyes, still a little timid and worried.

Rather than explain himself, Jiang Chen merely said, "Show the way to an apothecary. We don't have much time. The poison will be incurable soon if your father goes without an antidote."

The girl trembled. She nodded and picked up the pace.

“Hey, kiddo, what’re you doing? Trying to snatch her from us just like that?” Some spectators couldn’t endure it any longer.

“He must be! Kid, that’s not how things are done around here! It’s a fair competition. Are you trying to get her with a scam?”

“Stop him! A hero saving the damsel in distress? Who’s he trying to fool with that cheap trick?”

For these treacherous fellows, the girl was a fruit ripe for the plucking, so Jiang Chen’s interruption was naturally unwelcome. They rushed forward to make off with her.

Jiang Chen abruptly paused. A golden ray fired from his Evil Golden Eye straight into the souls of those in the crowd.

Their reactions proved identical to captain eye-patch. They blanked out after a spasm ran through their body. Their very souls seemed on the verge of collapse. The fearful sensation halted their forceful steps and made their hearts quaver.

“Follow me if you want to die.” Delivering an eerie warning in a detached tone, Jiang Chen turned and left.

Soon after, the girl brought him to an apothecary. She paused at the door, her hands twisting the hem of her clothes, her face contorted in anxiety.

“What’s the matter?” Jiang Chen smiled gently. “Worried I’ll scam you?”

The girl shook her head rapidly. “N-No.”

“Then let’s go inside.” He started forward with an easy smile, but the troubled girl grabbed his sleeve. Her pure eyes were split between nervousness, unease, and embarrassment.

“I-It’s better if I find another way.” Like a mosquito, her voice was quieter than a needle hitting the floor.

“You still don’t believe me?” Jiang Chen spread his hands.

“No, it’s really not that.” The girl’s exquisite cheeks flushed bright red. She quickly looked at her shoes, her voice almost inaudible. “I... I don’t have any money.” She didn’t even have enough for food and lodging, to say nothing of spirit herbs.

Jiang Chen laughed despite of himself. “Let’s go, I have money.”

Paying no attention to her mood, he boldly strode inside and asked the associate, “Little brother, give me a stalk of Goldcoin Bamboo, a stalk of Wonder Camouflage Grass, two Origin Shellfish Pearls...”

Many ingredients spilled forth from his mouth. They weren’t incredibly rare. Sitting somewhere between earth-level and sky-level, they weren’t top-notch on Myriad Abyss Island.

The fellow dutifully grabbed the items. “That’ll be two hundred sixty thousand sky spirit stones, sir.”

The sum was equivalent to twenty six million sacred spirit stones, not too pricey for Jiang Chen. He still had many of Shu Wanqing’s spirit stones left, so he paid without further ado.

“Where do you live?” He looked at the girl.

She blushed again. She and her father had run out of money and had been chased out of their lodgings two days ago.

Jiang Chen made a rough guess of her situation from her reaction, so he stopped his inquiries. After leaving the shop, he found an inn and booked two rooms. Lodging in this place was truly expensive. Still, it was no issue for him.

“Go look after your father while I make the antidote.” Since he’d decided to help, he would see things through to the end. For him, the exercise was a piece of cake.

After a couple hours, he knocked on the room opposite his. The girl beamed with happiness and a bit of bashfulness when she saw him. “Is... Is it done?”

“Give it to your father.” Jiang Chen didn’t plan on going inside. “One first. Then four hours after he wakes up for another one. He’ll make a full recovery that way. Your room is paid for for ten days, so you two can stay here.”

He’d acted only out of mercy. He stuffed the antidote in her hand, casually waved goodbye, then made a beeline to his room. Inside, he sat cross-legged and meditated for a while, ready to head out soon to make some inquiries.

Knock knock!

Someone knocked on his door about an hour later.

“Who is it?” he asked coldly.

“I-It’s me,” the girl’s voice came from outside.

“Come in.” Despite his surprise, Jiang Chen didn’t act like a stranger.

She still looked a little haggard, but most of the worry deep in her eyes had vanished, giving her steps a spry bounce.

“Your father must be awake.”

“How... how do you know?” She froze in faint surprise as she came in, a little awkwardly restrained as she stood not too far and not too close from him.

“Of course I know. I made the antidote myself. Anyways, you don’t owe me anything. I don’t have any hidden agendas, so don’t be afraid. Don’t let your mind run wild. Just go back and look after your father.” He didn’t know her background, but he didn’t want to become a psychological burden for her.

The girl looked at him in amazement. She hadn’t expected the young man to help her without demanding repayment with her body.

She sighed inwardly with relief, but also felt a little disappointed because Jiang Chen hadn’t even batted an eyelid when talking. He truly didn’t think much of her.

The heart has its reasons that the mind knows not, especially the heart of a young girl.

Even so, she stayed true to her upbringing. She curtsied deeply before declaring in a clear voice, "Honored benefactor, this humble girl is called Xing Tong. My deepest gratitude for saving my father."

Jiang Chen nodded. "Xing Tong, that's a good name. I'll remember it."

Xing Tong blushed. "Then I'll take my leave and won't disturb you further. But if you have any commands, be assured I won't ever refuse."

Jiang Chen smiled. "Don't let your imagination run wild. This matter ends here. Go back to your room. Your father's only begun to recover, he needs you by his side."

Xing Tong was indeed a pleasing girl, but that had been far from his mind when he'd decided to help. Not to mention, no matter how beautiful, who in the world could compare to Huang'er? And who could replace his wife Dan Fei?

Urgent footsteps suddenly sounded from the corridor.

"Inspection from the city guards! All the guests are to gather outside and present their residency seals!" A man shouted with a voice like a broken gong.

Xing Tong bit her lip. "It's the city guard. These inspections are common and they're very violent. If your seal's expired, they'll arrest you and might even kill you on the spot."

Jiang Chen asked, "Do you have one?"

"We paid for a temporary one. There's still a month left on it. Sir, there's no issue with yours, right?" she asked with faint worry.

"I arrived today, so mine's still new."

Someone pounded on the door. "Cut the chit chat. Gather outside in three breaths. Otherwise, you'll be marked as unwilling to cooperate and treated as such!" These people sounded more like fiendish bandits rather than guardsmen.

"Miss Xing Tong, go attend to your father." Jiang Chen walked outside. The inspection was irksome, but he'd rather not meddle with local customs.

Xing Tong returned to her room before coming out, her father's arm draped over her shoulders.

More than a hundred guests in total were driven to the empty rear courtyard. They were puzzled when they spotted a dozen guards.

"Strange. Normal inspections have three to five guards at most. Why are there so many this time? Is there a suspect here?"

"That's right, things are a little unusual today. I can feel something's about to happen."

"Forget it. Just be quiet and lay low."

Standing in the back row, Jiang Chen was unconcerned. The inspection had little to do with him, so there was no reason for pointless fears. He looked around before spotting Xing Tong helping her father. The

duo happened to be looking at him. She waved with a radiant and pure smile, her eyes brimming with gratitude.

### Sovereign of the Three Realms (WN)

#### **Chapter 1563: A Narrow Escape**

Like a wisp of innocence in unbounded evil, or a ray of sunshine through endless darkness, her smile seemed greatly at odds with the city at large. It was the first touch of good since his arrival on Winterdraw.

Behind him, a voice boomed like muffled thunder as he returned her smile. "Brat, what are you looking at? Where's your seal?"

The inspection had reached him.

Jiang Chen frowned in annoyance. It's just an inspection, why do you have to put on such airs? He remained expressionless as he handed over the seal he'd received not long ago.

"Hmph!" The guard looked at him meaningfully. An almost imperceptible smirk stretched his lips. But no matter how minute, the detail didn't escape Jiang Chen's notice.

A bad premonition suddenly struck him. He looked at the guards. Intentionally or not, they just so happened to be surrounding him, cutting off any possible escape. It was an inspection in name, but their focus was entirely on him.

Alert snaked through his heart. These were very bad signs.

The guard took his seal and ordered coldly, "Wait here!"

He turned to leave, but Jiang Chen grabbed him. "Wait a moment. Where are you going?"

"Nonsense. I'm going to inspect your seal!" The man sneered back. "Are you interfering with the law?"

Jiang Chen responded mildly, "You can do that here, same as you've done with everyone else. If you take mine away, how can I be sure you're not going to swap it out?"

"How dare you!" The guard recoiled as suffering from the greatest insult. "Contempt of the law enforcers, obstruction of the city guards. These are grave offenses!"

"Tsk ts, how very scary. I just want you to enact the law fairly. Is something wrong with that? You're just arbitrarily escalating things." Jiang Chen had seen too much of people like them that swaggered behind borrowed authority.

Sneering, the guard shouted with a wave of the hand, "How dare you defy the law? Everyone else, go back to your rooms!"

Scared stiff, the order was all the excuse the guests needed to scurry back inside. Only Xing Tong and her father stayed behind. Fidgeting with worry, the girl hinted with her eyes for him to cooperate.

Disregarding her pleas, he transmitted to her, "Xing Tong, you two don't need to be involved. Take your father back to the room."



She hesitated, unwilling to leave at such a time.

Jiang Chen messaged again, his tone much sterner, "Go!"

Xing Tong bit her lip, but finally caved in. She helped her father limp back inside.

Jiang Chen didn't let his eyes stray their way. He didn't want the guards to think he cared about the pair. If these guards couldn't handle him, they were certainly the type to act against Xing Tong and her father instead, or even use them against him.

Even so, he was touched by the girl's courage in the face of danger. It would seem some kindness still existed in this city.

The guards weren't interested in the others. With tacit understanding, they all locked onto him.

Jiang Chen merely tugged the corners of his lips upwards. "Is this really an inspection?"

"Brat, cut the crap. You've dug your own grave resisting the city guards."

"Brothers, get him!"

Armed to the teeth, the guards were ferocious wolves and tigers, but in fact, their cultivation levels weren't extraordinary. Most of them were mere initial great emperors. The uniform was what made them dangerous. Without this symbol, they were a simple ragtag bunch that Jiang Chen could easily dispose of.

The young lord widened his eyes, channeling power into golden rays and shooting them at the guards. His tone was so cold it could freeze someone. "Are you sure you want me to slaughter you all?"

The soul-piercing Evil Golden Eye served a formidable deterrence. The guards' body and mind shook uncontrollably as the golden light swept past them. An overwhelming force sought to imprison their souls.

The chain seal in Jiang Chen's consciousness sea had undergone great changes after he'd broken through to great emperor. Instead of only stirring occasionally, it had become more active, strengthening his consciousness by an enormous degree.

The Evil Golden Eye had benefited the most as it combined overwhelming consciousness with its strong metallic properties in a two-pronged attack, sealing the opponents' souls and solidifying their bodies.

His consciousness was now strong enough to rival an empyrean master, to say nothing of these initial great emperors.

"You..." The guard who'd thrown his weight around unchecked, now paled with dread. Shock and terror writ all over his eyes, he could feel his mind becoming increasingly blank under the confinement of a mysterious force.

Jiang Chen abruptly withdrew his consciousness. He asked mildly, "Do you have anything you want to say?"

In the wake of his consciousness, the Evil Golden Eye also eased its grip, relieving the guards of the pressure crushing them and the fearsome suction on their souls, leaving them trembling like leaves.

It'd felt like a savage predator had pounced on them and was inches away from ripping out their throats, only to open its maw at the last minute.

"Look carefully, is there a problem with my seal?" Jiang Chen asked with a supercilious smile.

With this narrow escape from the gates of hell, the guard knew that he'd bitten off more than he could chew. Pallid, he examined the seal with a miserable wince.

"Great gentleman, my apologies, we were the ones mistaken. The seal's perfectly in order, there's nothing wrong with it." The man wished there was a crack he could crawl into.

These guards were partners with the ones at the city gates and had been given a heads up about a potential cash cow. Hence they'd grabbed a bunch of men to pay a visit, but numbers had proved useless at their cultivation level.

They'd wanted to swap out Jiang Chen's residency seal and clap a certain crime on another on him to arrest and take all of his belongings. It was a routine they were most familiar with. But they'd been careless this time and targeted the wrong man, almost costing them their lives.

"Pardon the intrusion! We still have official business to attend to, so we won't disturb your rest further, young master."

These fellows were adaptable folks. The plan was dead in the water, so their only thought now was to make a quick exit. Otherwise, the young man might kill them all in a fit of anger. Their fellow guardsmen might take revenge for them afterwards, but what good would that be?

Dead was dead. Nothing could change that.

Jiang Chen watched them scamper with a cold smile. "I hope this the last I see of you. Remember, if there's a next time, I won't give you even a chance to regret things, no matter how many you bring."

The men fled with their tails between their legs.

The innkeeper and associates sighed in relief. They'd been afraid both sides would come to blows. Business was done for once that happened.

Jiang Chen remained unperturbed despite the trivial annoyance. He glanced indifferently at the innkeeper in the corridor, then headed back to his room without a word.

Xing Tong and her father had remained in the aisle, peering around the corner. The little girl beamed with elation when she spotted him.

Jiang Chen waved them off. "Everything's fine. You two go back and rest."

Xing Tong nodded with a blush, afraid of looking into his eyes, but her father suddenly whispered, "Sir, may we talk in private?"

Jiang Chen glanced his way, thought for a moment, then nodded in the end. "Come on in."

He opened the door, while Xing Tong helped her father inside and found chairs to sit in. Wall had ears, so the young lord arranged a soundproofing formation.

His cautiousness and practiced skill made the father sigh in admiration. He cupped his fist and saluted, "My name is Xing Hui. Thank you for saving my life. May I know my savior's honorable name?"

"Jiang."

"Well met, Sir Jiang." Xing Hui nodded. "If I may be so bold, you must be a newcomer to the city?"

"Oh, you can tell?" Jiang Chen smiled faintly.

"I can't, but the guards can. They mostly target new faces for extortion. They're rarely wrong in that department." Xing Hui sighed, "There's no difference between the officials and bandits in this city. So-called guards are simply thieves dressed in guard uniforms. But they make the rules here, so no one dares confront them. Anyone they single out is sure to suffer. Fortunately, you're strong enough to intimidate them. I shudder to think of the consequences otherwise."

"Heh, I hope this matter stops here. Or else, even if I have to depart the city, I will drench its streets in blood," Jiang Chen bit off, cold as frost.

Xing Hui nodded. "There won't be further attempts. They aren't stupid. They know who they can offend and who they can't. Since you're the latter, they won't bother you again. It's a shady business after all, so they have to weigh the pros and cons. They won't take the risk if the cost is too high."

A robbery that could easily cost lives was naturally not worth continuing with.

"That would be for the best," Jiang Chen responded indifferently.

Xing Hui looked his way with a meaningful gaze. "Sir Jiang, judging by how you cured me, you must be a pill dao grandmaster?"

"I do have some knowledge," Jiang Chen acknowledged.

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

#### **Chapter 1564: Sir Xiao**

"Sir Jiang, a man of your talents should fall in with the larger factions. How come you're alone?" Xing Hui was perplexed.

Jiang Chen smiled faintly. "I haven't been on the island for long and I'm still getting to know the place. Are you old hats here, you and your daughter?"

"Not quite," Xing Hui coughed out a laugh. "But we've been trying to eke out a life here for sixteen, seventeen years now. When I was first here, my daughter was still in the cradle. Now, Tong'er is already this tall."

Jiang Chen glanced at the girl in question. Xing Tong's features were elegant, her eyes filled with kindness and innocence. Clearly, she had grown up under her father's protection. This had allowed her to remain untainted by the evils of the island.

Unfortunately, a father would find it increasingly difficult to survive on Winterdraw as his daughter grew older.

Xing Tong was developing more and more. She had already become a rather pretty girl – or perhaps young woman. If she were still a child, it wouldn't be nearly so dangerous for her. The advancement in her age meant that she became more and more eye-catching, which was in itself a source of trouble.

Beauty was innocent, but it tended to draw crime from others. This had held true since the ancient times.

“You conduct yourself in an extraordinary manner, Sir Jiang. Clearly, you're a genius scion with a wealth of resources. How did you fall so low to be on Winterdraw?” Xing Hui asked curiously.

Those who ended up here were usually unlucky, destitute souls. Hence he couldn't quite understand why this young man had been exiled here. It didn't make much sense at all.

“It's a long story,” Jiang Chen cracked a wry smile. “Too long to tell right now. Is there a way to leave this place sooner rather than later? Do you have any ideas?”

Xing Hui was shocked. “Leave? It's almost impossible to leave Winterdraw after arriving!”

“Dad...” Xing Tong pulled on her father's arm. “We don't have a way, but maybe Sir Jiang does?”

Xing Hui recovered himself, nodding. “Right, right. The chance is remote, but not all hope is lost. A man of your talents might receive one such.”

“Are you talking about the selection of deathsworn?”

“Yes, Sir Jiang. Do you know of it?” Xing Hui was taken aback.

“Chances like that are difficult to come by. Aside from that, are there any chances to escape?”

“Escape?” Both father and daughter exclaimed with mouths agape. Sir Jiang was defying all of their expectations. Even the strongest of experts had to toe the line after coming to Winterdraw!

There were attempted escapes every year, but essentially no successful outcomes. From the inception of the island, successful escapees might number in the single digits.

“Sir Jiang, it's fine to speak like that between ourselves. But don't do so outside or you'll attract trouble.” Xing Hui advised solemnly.

Jiang Chen shrugged. He knew how outlandish his intentions would seem to Xing Hui and his daughter. But he himself saw no reason to give up. He had to leave, regardless of how hard it was. He wouldn't relent as long as there was a singular ray of hope.

Xing Hui could tell from the young man's expression that he hadn't agreed with a word of the advice. He sighed. “Maybe you have a reason for needing to leave, Sir Jiang. I'm not important or capable enough to give you dependable advice. Still, why not ruminate on it in private? Please, don't go trying to gather information everywhere. If someone reports you, you'll be in for a world of trouble. Even drawing too much unwanted attention is bad for your plans.”

Blushing, Xing Tong added a few words. “Big brother Jiang, I know you're a good person. My dad says there are a lot of bad people in Sin City. Be careful out there.”

Jiang Chen laughed. "Don't worry. I know who I can talk to about this kind of thing. A girl with kind eyes like you would never sell me out, right?"

Xing Tong's cheeks reddened even more. She nodded vigorously.

"It's hard to survive here on Winterdraw, Sir Jiang," Xing Hui remarked. "Perhaps my care of Tong'er hasn't been the most beneficial in the long run. I don't want her to live in a world of scheming evil, nor do I want her to become some kind of ruthlessly plotting child... but is that right, given the time and place we're in?"

Jiang Chen could see that Xing Hui had likely been overprotective of his daughter. As a result, she hadn't been tainted by the island's qualities. But had his intentions really been wrong?

It was hard to say. Every man had his own ideas of what was right in the world. Perhaps it was better for a young girl like Xing Tong to live purely and graciously rather than steep herself in malice and immorality.

Her personality might mean that she wouldn't be able to survive past a certain point, but at least she would be a lot happier when alive.

Knock, knock, knock!

A series of knocks came from the hallway side of the door, interrupting their conversation.

"Good sirs, I'm an associate of the inn. There's an illustrious guest outside in the hall inviting you to come out. He says he would like to treat you to a drink."

Jiang Chen frowned. "What illustrious guest is this?"

"Sir Xiao of the Southsky Alliance, one of the seven factions of Sin City."

"Sir Xiao?" Jiang Chen was mildly perplexed. He glanced at Xing Hui in inquiry.

Xing Hui nodded. "Yes, there's someone like that: the son of the leader of the Southsky Alliance, a young talent in his own right. He's reasonably prominent. If you're interested, Sir Jiang, you can make his acquaintance. There's nothing bad with being on good terms with someone like him!"

Jiang Chen nodded. "Ask Sir Xiao to give me a moment or so. I'll be right there."

Xing Hui and Xing Tong astutely said their farewells.

"Sir Jiang, we won't disturb you for much longer. I will certainly remember your gracious and life-saving aid. Until we meet again." Offering a cupped fist salute, Xing Hui uttered another word of advice. "Sin City's seven factions are entangled in their own web of power. Please remain clear headed as you get to know them. Don't get too swept up in their petty disputes."

These words radiated with sincerity. Jiang Chen nodded, "Thank you for the reminder."

He pushed the door open, entering the hall. The associate quickly rushed up to him. "Sir, please come with me. Sir Xiao is already waiting in a private room."

Jiang Chen inclined his head wordlessly, following the associate inside.

Within the room, a sumptuous banquet had already been prepared. A youth in high spirits stood before the window, both hands behind his back. He seemed to be thinking about something.

Upon hearing the footsteps, he turned with a slight smile. "You're here, friend. Please take a seat."

Standing firmly at the doorstep, Jiang Chen saluted with cupped fist. "I don't know you, Sir Xiao, so I'm not quite at peace with being treated to a banquet."

Sir Xiao's smile widened. "Isn't there a saying that as long as our minds and hearts are of the same accord, what does it matter when we actually meet? Come, we can talk inside."

Undaunted, Jiang Chen nodded a little before doing just that. He pulled out a chair and sat down.

"Pour the wine." Sir Xiao instructed an associate.

Jiang Chen sniffed at the air, then grinned. "Take this away. Drink mine." He took out two vessels. One contained Drunken Immortal, the other, Shennong Liquor.

"Try these wines." Jiang Chen placed the two in the center of the table.

"Oh? This establishment's drinks are superb. Do you have a wine finer than the ones they sell? I'll definitely try it." Sir Xiao waved. "You're all dismissed."

The staff members backed out of the room at the command.

Jiang Chen arrayed four cups upon the table, pouring two cups each out of the two vessels. "This drink is called Drunken Immortal, and this, Shennong Liquor. Why not try them, Sir Xiao?"

The other young man flashed a reticent smile, his eyes thoughtfully gazing upon Jiang Chen. He suddenly broke into a wider grin. "Both fine names. I'll try the Drunken Immortal first."

He was straightforward and direct, quaffing the entire cup in one swig.

It took only a moment for a look of surprise to appear on Sir Xiao's face. He clucked his tongue, slapping a hand upon his thigh. "An excellent drink, an excellent drink indeed!"

His enthusiasm was instantly kindled. He raised the other cup and drank it with the same vigor.

The cup clattered upon the table as he set it down. "Amazing, just amazing," Sir Xiao declared animatedly. "Your wines match your person. Both are extraordinary. It seems that my judgment was correct."

"Why do you say that, Sir Xiao?" Jiang Chen smiled coolly.

"You saved a nearly dead man with miraculous pill dao skills, then intimidated a group of city guards with your eyes alone. I saw both things happen in front of me. Haha, Sin City hasn't seen a character like you in a long time!"

Jiang Chen remained impassive. "A character like me? What do you see in me in particular, Sir Xiao?"

Sir Xiao smiled. "In Sin City, every man fends for himself. That you saved someone without having lusted after his daughter was quite remarkable. Your resolution of the city guards' bone-picking without

bloodshed was even more so. And the fact that you're alone, despite being able to accomplish both of the above... three instances already of your exceptionalism.

"Isn't that enough for me to pay attention?" There was a laugh as the question was delivered.

"I think all those things quite ordinary, Sir Xiao. You praise me overmuch." Jiang Chen was unconvinced by the insincere flattery.

"Enough with the mutual testing." Stretching out both hands, Sir Xiao laughed again. "Simply put, I find you rather interesting. The Southsky Alliance has a bit of influence here in Sin City, and it needs young geniuses like you. I am inviting you to – or asking, I should say, if you have any interest in joining us."

Join the Southsky Alliance?

Jiang Chen blinked. The invitation was far too sudden. He sank into silent thought. He had no interest in being here for the long term. There were a few benefits to joining the Southsky Alliance, but assuredly detriments as well. It was difficult to say whether the pros outweighed the cons.

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

#### **Chapter 1565: The Layout of Winterdraw Island**

Jiang Chen's hesitation didn't surprise Sir Xiao. Rather than continuing, the youth merely looked on with a faint smile. He showed great patience in waiting for an answer.

Jiang Chen mused a few moments before responding. "I can't come to a decision on that yet. To be honest, I don't know nearly as much about the Southsky Alliance as I'd like. It should be the same for you. You only know me superficially."

His response didn't surprise Sir Xiao either.

"Haha, real geniuses are hard to recruit. I was prepared for your refusal from the outset. Still, I do feel a bit better with your explanation. Plus, your wines have given me a rather nice impression."

"You compliment me too much, Sir Xiao," Jiang Chen cupped his fist.

"May I ask your surname?"

"Jiang." Jiang Chen was as curt as could be.

"I see. Not bad, Brother Jiang!" Sir Xiao laughed cheerily. "You're a first-time visitor to Sin City, yes?"

"Not just that, but Winterdraw Island too. I have little idea as to the goings-on here," Jiang Chen smiled wryly.

"Oh? So you're a blank sheet of paper with regards to the local surroundings then." Sir Xiao was astonished. "Where are you from, Brother Jiang? I hear the world outside Winterdraw is fabulous indeed."

A great longing shone in the young master's eyes when he heard that Jiang Chen was from the outside world, quite surprising the young lord.

"You've never seen the outside world?"

Sir Xiao's face clouded over. "I was born on Winterdraw and told that I can never leave here."

Jiang Chen was struck speechless. Sir Xiao's father had most likely been exiled to the island and raised children here. The young master had been born with an original sin and marked as Winterdraw property.

He suddenly felt that the young master wasn't as such high and vigorous spirits as he'd originally thought. How happy could someone be, to be confined to the island from the moment of their birth, no matter how high their position was?

It was an impossible thought.

"Are you curious about the outside world?" Jiang Chen probed.

A wry smile was his answer. "So what if I am or am not? Someone like me is born with a cursed destiny. Winterdraw is my beginning and end."

Jiang Chen didn't have a good response to that.

"Let me guess, Brother Jiang, you must be filled with thoughts and the impulse to escape. You probably think about it every second and minute, right?"

Jiang Chen blinked and looked suspiciously at the other.

"Don't find it strange. Every newcomer goes through the same process, but the reality of the island continuously wears down on people. Most drop the idea forever after a few years, and those who don't are basically dead men already."

Those who don't lose hope lose their lives.

Sir Xiao's words prompted a wave of depression.

"Sir Xiao, is even the prestige of your Southsky Alliance unable to help you gain freedom?"

The gentleman sighed. "All status means nothing on the island. Only words from the Rejuvenation Isles wardens are the golden law."

"The... wardens?" Jiang Chen was curious.

"You don't know who the wardens are? Winterdraw is where the most reprehensible criminals are exiled, so of course there are wardens here. They hold the real power over the island. Though they don't interfere in the day-to-day affairs, they rain fire and lightning down on whoever tries to break the rules or escape." It seemed that Sir Xiao was quite wary of them.

"So, the selection process is overseen by these wardens?" Jiang Chen asked.

"Selection?" Sir Xiao smiled wryly. "How many people are selected compared to all the experts on the island? Us youngsters aside, even some of the oldest cultivators aren't able to compete for a spot. It's unimaginably arduous to leave through being selected. Brother Jiang, I can see you're a genius, but you shouldn't raise your hopes too high for leaving."



This was the third party that had advised Jiang Chen of this. The first was the Cursefiend Trio, the second, Xing Hui and his daughter. Sir Xiao appeared to wholeheartedly agree with their conclusions.

Jiang Chen found the young man more pleasant because of his candor. There was at least a touch of fidelity in his words. Though he guessed that Sir Xiao's intentions for inviting him were less than aboveboard, the other youth conducted himself in a more open manner. He was different from those born with deep-seated malice.

"Sir Xiao, I'm new to Winterdraw. I don't know this place very well yet. Can I ask you a few things?" Jiang Chen suddenly felt it prudent to acquire more information from the young master. He was prominent enough to be in a position privy to information.

"Heh, what do you want to know about? Consider it repayment for your excellent wines. Whatever you ask, I will tell you honestly all that I know."

"How big is the island? How strong are those wardens? What factions are there here on Winterdraw?"

"How big is Winterdraw?" Sir Xiao smiled wryly. "Well, it's very big. Even I haven't been to every corner. But, aside from where the wardens are, it's divided into three territories. Sin City controls one, Nefarious Vale controls another, and Terminus Place, the third. These three territories are the framework for the island's major factions. There are a few others who've carved out niches for themselves, but they're hardly notable in any respect."

"So I'm already at one of the three major factions?" Jiang Chen shared the crooked smile.

"I suppose you can put it that way. As for how strong the wardens are exactly, that's not a question I can answer either. Some have made an educated guess that there is a great empyrean expert behind the scenes here on Winterdraw. Whether one really exists or not... I don't think many people know for sure. Here in Sin City, the city lord is the strongest. I hear he's a peak mid empyrean cultivator."

Peak mid empyrean?

That meant the peak of sixth level empyrean realm.

Jiang Chen had seen someone of that strength before. In fact, Forefather Bamboo had been that level. However, were the two cultivators really comparable given the difference in their environments?

He couldn't make a decisive judgment.

If Winterdraw is just a place of exile for the Rejuvenation Isles and there are so many experts here already... the Isles themselves must have stronger experts still. And yet the Isles are only a second or third-rate island domain in Myriad Abyss, completely outstripped by the Ten Divine Nations...

Jiang Chen didn't dare think further. How incomprehensibly horrifying were the Ten Divine Nations in light of all this?

House Xiahou was a major faction within the Ten Divine Nations. Its forces were surely to be many times stronger than anything found on Winterdraw.

He suddenly realized that it wasn't necessarily bad for him to have been transported here to Winterdraw. If he couldn't conquer even Winterdraw, how would he defeat House Xiahou? Conquer House Yan? How would he be able to take Huang'er home?

Perhaps Winterdraw Island is heaven's first test for me. If I had gone to Eternal Divine Nation and found House Yan, I'd only be inviting humiliation for myself given my current level of strength!

Thinking like that brightened Jiang Chen's mood considerably. He decided to treat Winterdraw Island as his first trial. If he couldn't triumph even here, he couldn't possibly go up against House Xiahou or solve Huang'er's problems.

"Brother Jiang, we're fortunate that you didn't kill those guards earlier. You would be in really big trouble then." Sir Xiao's emotions stirred upon remembrance of the recent past.

"Is the authority of the guards absolute?" Jiang Chen asked inquisitively.

"There are seven factions in Sin City, but they're just pawns for the city lord to balance the situation here. The real master is the lord. Of course, under ordinary circumstances, the lord wouldn't excessively interfere. If the pawns are agitated too much, unrest tends to brew. When that happens, even the city lord would find it troublesome to clean up the mess. There are three territorial powers here on Winterdraw after all. If Sin City sees internal strife, Nefarious Vale and Terminus Place might come rushing in."

Unable to restrain himself, Sir Xiao downed another cup of Drunken Immortal. "What wonderful drink," he praised. "Heh, I talk too much when I drink. I've said quite a lot today and you needn't do much more than listen. Of course, some things should remain between the two of us."

"Of course," Jiang Chen laughed. "I won't tell another soul about what I've heard today."

Sir Xiao chuckled as well. "Alright. You're a straightforward person, Brother Jiang. You're the kind of person Sin City needs!"

The two young men had bonded over alcohol – at least, on the surface.

"Come, let us drink some more." Jiang Chen raised his cup.

After another round of drinks, Sir Xiao spoke again. "Brother Jiang, I have a few comments to make that are entirely unrelated to my invitation. I know you want to leave, but you have to make a name for yourself first. You need to make the important factions and people pay attention to you and know that you exist. Only then will you have more opportunities to reveal your talents. If your name can make it into the wardens' presence, then your dream of leaving may really come true. On one condition, however: your talent and strength must be terrifyingly superb."

"Sir Xiao, among the seven factions of Sin City here, has anyone left in recent years?" Jiang Chen asked.

"Yes! Very few though. There's a chance maybe every decade or so, but it's not always that someone is so lucky," Sir Xiao sighed. "Basically, it's not something you can really pursue. Everyone wants to leave to see the outside world, but this is the fate of everyone that lives on Winterdraw. Most people are spend all of their lives here. I suppose those that do are comparatively luckier. Many more simply die in the streets."

Noticing Jiang Chen's somber expression, Sir Xiao coughed out a laugh. "I'm not trying to scare you, but a lot of traffic comes through here. New people show up every day, and the same goes for the mysteriously dead. That's why Winterdraw never has a shortage of people.

"Oh right, Brother Jiang, there's a chance at fame quite soon. Are you interested?" The young master of the Southsky Alliance suddenly recalled something.

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

#### **Chapter 1566: A Selection Opportunity**

"Oh? What opportunity? Tell me about it." Jiang Chen didn't mind lending Sir Xiao an ear as the fellow had left him with a rather good impression.

"A selection's going to be held in a few days. It's being hosted by the city lord."

"Oh? What's it for?" Jiang Chen's interest was piqued.

"To uncover experts and geniuses of course! The three great factions on Winterdraw have been expanding exponentially in recent years. They're extremely short on manpower, especially people with real talent. The city lord also needs to strengthen his rule and expand his field of influence. A lot of manpower is needed to support these expansions. Thus, the selection isn't just for show, but a grand and momentous event. The city lord is taking it very seriously."

"What do candidates stand to gain if they're selected?" Jiang Chen asked curiously.

"Plenty! You'll be noticed by the city lord and be his direct subordinate. He's one of the most eminent figures on the island, second only to the wardens. That alone is good enough of a reward, isn't it?"

Jiang Chen fell into deep contemplation.

The event was quite prestigious. All selected candidates would come in contact with the upper echelons. This was exactly what he needed. He'd have to uncover more secrets if he wished to escape the island. Knowledge was the key to success.

"Are there any requirements to participate?" Jiang Chen was clearly tempted.

"No, but you need one of the seven great factions to be your guarantor. Without them, you're not allowed to sign up."

There were seven great factions in Sin City. Southsky Alliance, the faction which Sir Xiao belonged to, was one of them.

A guarantor?

Jiang Chen smiled wryly and glanced at Sir Xiao. "It seems the entry bar is set rather high. If I'm not mistaken, Brother Xiao's faction is one of the seven great factions, right?"

Sir Xiao nodded with a smile. "I was just about to get to this. Brother Jiang, I can be your guarantor."

"Brother Xiao, your offer is greatly appreciated, but there has to be another way." Jiang Chen appreciated Sir Xiao's gesture, but upon further reflection, he felt this wouldn't be a good thing since he wasn't going to stay on the island for long.

If he ran away in the future, his sudden absence might negatively impact his guarantor. Thus, he was reluctant to accept the young master's offer.

Sir Xiao was taken aback. "Do you doubt my ability that much?"

Jiang Chen shook his head. "Sir Xiao, please don't misunderstand. You've given me a great offer, but my path ahead is uncertain. I only worry that I might implicate you if I accept it."

Sir Xiao was a sharp person and instantly understood what was going on. His eyes were wide as a bell. "Your determination to leave this place is far stronger than most. Are you really serious about it?"

"I have to leave this island." Jiang Chen remained extremely resolute.

Sir Xiao sighed. He was completely speechless.

"Brother Jiang, I truly respect your resolve and I promise not to tell a soul. But please don't try anything rash unless you're absolutely sure about it, because escaping is the greatest sin on this island. Attempting escape is a crime more serious than arson or murder here. It's a guaranteed death penalty!" Sir Xiao warned solemnly.

"I understand. Thanks for the warning." Jiang Chen raised his hands in a cupped fist salute. "However, I genuinely wish to participate in the selection. Is there any other way for me to do so?"

Sir Xiao sighed. "There are quite a few actually. The notion of playing guarantor is a chance for the seven factions to reap money. Every faction will have many extra spots, and there are many who want to participate in the selection. Not everyone has a background related to the great factions. Thus, they have no choice but to buy their way in."

"Oh? Is that so?" Jiang Chen was thrilled. It was much easier to let money do all the talking.

"Mm. Some of them have already begun selling their spots. One recommendation costs around thirty thousand sky spirit stones. That's rather hefty if you ask me."

It was almost daylight robbery. If ten thousand spots were sold, that would be three hundred million spirit stones without moving a finger. The factions would be counting money in their sleep!

Jiang Chen cupped his fist. "Thank you for the advice."

Sir Xiao made a sweeping gesture. "Enough of that. No need for pleasantries between us. It's only right that I give you my guarantee after drinking your fine wine."

Jiang Chen smiled. "Money is the better solution to the problem. I don't want to cause you any trouble in the future."

Thirty thousand spirit stones wasn't exactly astronomical and was well within what he could afford.

After that was said and done, the two no longer discussed the selection. The young master was extremely curious about the outside world; his fascination apparent from every word and sentence.

Jiang Chen sighed. "When will they finally lift the prohibition and let everyone leave and enter as they please?"

“Probably never! Such is the fate of everyone living on this island!” Sorrow tinged Sir Xiao’s voice.

The two conversed late into the night before they were finally willing to part. The young master clearly admired Jiang Chen a lot. The latter’s different manner of treating others left a good impression on the emotional youth.

When Jiang Chen retired to his room, he noticed that a tray of delicacies had been left at his door. It must been a gift from Xing Tong. He picked up the delicacies and brought it into his room.

Sir Xiao’s intel had moved him greatly. He was eager to give it a try. If he managed to forge a closer relationship with the city lord, perhaps he could gain higher level intel?

The next morning, Jiang Chen set out to buy a spot from one of the great factions.

“Big Brother Jiang, are you going out?” Xing Tong had woken up early as well. She greeted Jiang Chen while accompanying her father on a morning stroll.

“I’m signing up for the city lord’s selection.” Jiang Chen answered truthfully.

Xing Hui’s eyes lit up. “Is Sir Jiang going to attend the selection as well? With your talents and your age, it’s definitely a great stage to catapult you to greatness!”

“You know about the selection?” Jiang Chen asked curiously.

Xing Hui sighed. “Of course. I participated once. Unfortunately, my competition was too strong. My talent and strength are both above average, but I still failed to make it. However, Sir Jiang is a stunning genius. I’m sure you’ll be a cut above the rest.”

“Thank you for your blessings.” Jiang Chen smiled and left with a cupped fist goodbye.

Xing Tong whispered after Jiang Chen left. “Daddy, do you think Jiang Chen will succeed in the selection? He’s offended the city guards. Won’t they seek revenge if he join the selection?”

“Tong’er, you’re overthinking it. The city guards are ordinary soldiers. With their capabilities, they don’t even have the right to speak to the city lord. If Sir Jiang is able to stand out in the selection, the guards will be lining up to lick his feet, much less seek revenge.” Xing Hui was a seasoned veteran of the world after all. He was able to see things from a much clearer perspective.

Looking in the direction that Jiang Chen had left in, Xing Hui sighed after a long, contemplative moment. “Tong’er, perhaps getting to know Sir Jiang was our fate. Do you know what daddy is hoping for right now?”

“What?” Xing Tong had no idea.

“I hope that he’ll shine in the selection and became the city lord’s confidante. That’ll make him part of the city lord’s faction in Sin City. With his talents, he might rise with fierce momentum in a few years. If that’s the case, perhaps it’ll be a very good choice for me to entrust you to Sir Jiang.”

“Ah?” The color drained from Xing Tong’s face. She was first panicky, then shy. “Daddy, do you not want Tong’er anymore?” Tears welled up in her eyes.

“Silly girl, how would I never not want you?” Xing Hui hastily wiped away his daughter’s tears, speaking in tender tones. “Tong’er, daddy lacks both fortune and timing in this life. This is about where my abilities can take us. But you’re different. You’re young. Your life shouldn’t be settled like this.

“I don’t pray for you to stand above all others, but I want you to at least live your life out peacefully and securely. Not like this, where we spend everyday on tenterhooks. If Sir Jiang can settle down, he might really be a very good match. Besides, he doesn’t have a dao partner on Winterdraw yet...”

Xing Tong blushed even more fiercely. She was rendered so bashful by her father’s choice of topic that she didn’t know what to say. For some reason, she felt slightly fearful, worried, and also a hint of something else.

Whatever that something else was, it didn’t contradict what her father was saying.

“Tong’er, daddy isn’t joking or speaking carelessly. I thought about a lot when I hovered between life and death after being poisoned. You’re the person I care about the most in the world. I protected you too well and made you who you are — completely at odds with Winterdraw. If you don’t have a stable home in the future, the island will truly be a very dangerous place for you.”

This wasn’t Xing Hui giving up on everything. He’d developed an increasing understanding of the island the longer he spent on it, and thus become more pessimistic.

Xing Tong didn’t know what to say. Though naive and docile, she was highly intelligent. She knew her father made a lot of sense and could understand where he was coming from. Her personality would make it difficult to survive on the island.

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

#### **Chapter 1567: Commander Yong of the City Guards**

Jiang Chen decided to visit the seven great factions one by one. He could hopefully learn more of the inner workings of this place after doing so.

A round of visitation was enough to garner rudimentary understanding. No single faction was kind hearted or passive. Each had a base of operations, sufficient authority, and more than enough manpower.

Out of the seven, three were families, two were gangs, and the remaining two were coalition-style organizations like the Southsky Alliance.

An organization was more loosely knit compared to a family, but they had the advantage of more manpower and resources. The Southsky Alliance had its roots as a mercantile organization.

It had begun as a purely financial entity. When the merchants forming it gained prominence, they began to want for status and prestige. After recruiting a more combat-capable force, the Southsky Alliance was the result.

It was one of the stronger factions among its peers. Its largest advantage was in numbers. It had many friends and even more connections. Most importantly, it was more principled in its behavior compared to the families and gangs. It conducted the money-making side of the business via legal commercial means.

The other factions – the families especially – had little interest in mercantile work. They had few enough people, and the younger scions of said families didn't want to waste their time on something as menial as buying low and selling high.

Jiang Chen ended up buying a guarantee from the Myriad Prosperity Gang. The name was rather basic, like one the gangs of the mundane world would use. But in Sin City, the Myriad Prosperity Gang was a faction to be reckoned with. It was the darkest, most lawless, and most vicious of the seven.

He was currently in one of the gang's branch buildings, purchasing the spot recommendation with residency seal in hand.

"Your surname is Jiang? Jiang Huang?" The man responsible for handling the paperwork inquired with some interest.

"Yes, Jiang Huang." Of course he wasn't going to use his actual name. 'Jiang Huang' took one character each from his name and Huang'er's.

"Not bad. Thirty thousand sky spirit stones. Money first, paperwork after."

Jiang Chen took out the required sum without a change in expression and handed it to the man. The stones were quickly tallied and checked before there was a loud announcement. "One guaranteed recommendation for Jiang Huang."

Everyone receiving a guarantee was given a unique jade slip as proof. Thirty thousand stones had vanished into the air for this little token.

"In three days, take this jade slip to the selection grounds. The exact location is in sacred grounds within the city lord's residence." The Myriad Prosperity Gang was reasonably polite to a paying customer. At least they were doing as advertised.

Jiang Chen returned to the inn after securing a slot for himself in the competition.

Surprisingly, there were a group of city guards standing near its entrance again. They were the same ones who'd come yesterday to pick a fight. However, fewer were gathered here than yesterday. The presence of a leadership figure was another notable difference.

The man at their helm wore light armor and a battle cloak. His appearance was wild, almost like he'd just walked off a battlefield. The city guards were overjoyed after spotting Jiang Chen in the distance. They pointed him out to their leader instantly.

Jiang Chen raised an eyebrow, killing intent flashing in his heart. Hadn't these guys slunk away yesterday? Why did they dare show themselves now? Did they think that his warnings had only been for show?

He was mildly frustrated. Were these guards going to restart the conflict from yesterday?

Jiang Chen wasn't pathetic enough to enjoy being provoked repeatedly by the same group of people. Even if I give up on the selection, even if I have to leave Sin City, I'm going to kill these bastards today! His anger was well and truly flaring up.

He walked straight into them, neither avoiding them nor taking a detour. Despite not intentionally puffing himself up, his majestic steps radiated an indescribable poise and aura.

The guards were a bit uncomfortable when they saw Jiang Chen's displeasure. Some looked rather fearful.

"It seems you lot forgot the warning I gave yesterday," Jiang Chen declared coldly as he strode closer.

One of the guards hurriedly shook his head. "No, no, sir, please don't misunderstand. We're not here to pick a fight with you today. Our Commander Yong here wanted to see you."

Commander Yong?

Jiang Chen glanced at the lightly-armored commander. Standing in a crowd of guards, he was clearly a cut above the rest. He cupped his fist towards the commander without needing an introduction. "You must be Commander Yong."

The lightly-armored cultivator nodded slightly, but his gaze didn't leave Jiang Chen's face. Evidently, Jiang Chen was being scrutinized.

"What's your surname, friend?" Commander Yong's voice was deeply masculine and magnetic. It was easy to form a good impression about him just by listening to his voice.

"Jiang." This wasn't Jiang Chen's first time answering the question.

"Friend Jiang, I've been informed of the trouble between you and these guards. You're not the one at fault. I've already harshly rebuked my foolish subordinates."

"Haha, I've forgotten about all that already. My apologies for making you come all the way, Commander Yong." Jiang Chen smiled candidly, making his own attitude clear.

"Very good. I didn't expect you to be the type of man to bear a grudge regardless, Sir Jiang. Actually, I came here today to ask you to come somewhere with me."

"Where to?" Jiang Chen was a bit wary at the prospect.

"Ah, please don't overthink it." The commander realized that his tone might have caused an undesirably adverse reaction. "I hear you rescued a near-dead patient yesterday. You diagnosed what poison he was inflicted with in a very short time, and created the antidote to save his life even more swiftly than that. I am very impressed with your medical skills."

Jiang Chen smiled slightly. He didn't lower his guard because of the praise.

"Just a mere coincidence. I'm not as good of a doctor as you think, Commander Yong." He didn't play along with the other man's line of conversation.

The commander trained both eyes on Jiang Chen in patient explanation. "Sir Jiang, I'll cut to the chase. A few days ago, my beloved wife was stricken with a strange illness. I've asked many pill dao masters, but none could figure out the reason for it. I've been extremely anxious these days because of it."

"You should pay a princely sum to a pill immortal for help, Commander Yong."



A so-called 'pill immortal' referred to empyrean rank pill masters, a level beyond pill emperor. However, any such professional required an exorbitant price to move even once.

Though Commander Yong was a commander, there were many other commanders in the city guard as well. He was a mid-ranking official at most.

Commanders were ruled by major commanders, who were in turn managed by the commander-in-chief. Only the commander-in-chief reported directly to the city lord.

Thus, a man of Commander Yong's position and means would find it difficult to enlist the assistance of a pill immortal. Moreover, even if he did bite the bullet and spend all his wealth on a pill immortal, failure meant he would be left destitute with a sick wife. He would really have nowhere to turn then.

The commander didn't wish to gamble in such a way before he was out of options. If he took and stumbled on this particular step, it would mean the end of his life.

He'd paid attention to the gossip between his subordinates about their failure at extortion. The news of a medical master had made his seat hot. That was why he'd come to the inn today. He was at the end of his rope and desperately wanted Jiang Chen's help in saving his wife.

"Ah!" Commander Yong looked sad when he heard what Jiang Chen had said. "Sir Jiang, I can afford a pill immortal if I spend everything I have. But what if he fails? When I'm left in poverty, how shall I save my wife then?"

A gleam suddenly appeared in his eyes. "I must ask you without any reservations to come with me, Sir Jiang," he cupped his fist. "Whether you fail or succeed, I will owe you a big favor. Plus, I'll pay you according to a pill emperor's standards. How about it?"

The commander didn't know why, but he had an almost single-minded expectation for the mysterious youth before him. The marvelous way that the guards had spoken about the young man's exploits had moved his heart.

Commander Yong had even come earlier to interview Xing Hui about his experiences. He was able to glean much from the formerly poisoned man. The circumstantial evidence proved that this Sir Jiang's pill dao skills were superb indeed. All of this came together to put the commander before the inn's entrance, intent on engaging the newcomer's services.

The young man's dispassion evoked another comment from the commander. "Sir Jiang, I hear you wanted to participate in the city lord's selection. If you are willing to come with me, I will get a spot for you in it for free. You'll save the thirty thousand sky spirit stone fee."

Jiang Chen was at a loss for words. Why hadn't the commander come yesterday? He could've saved thirty thousand sky spirit stones if he had.

"Sorry, Commander Yong, but I've already acquired the right to participate in the competition." Jiang Chen shrugged. "Still, I'll come with you to resolve your plight, given your passionate invitation. I'll be blunt about it. I will try my best, but I can't guarantee success."

Commander Yong was a decent enough man to go so far for his wife. Additionally, a commander for the city guard was useful to know. These factors decided that Jiang Chen would make a visit.

## Sovereign of the Three Realms (WN)

### **Chapter 1568: Diagnosis**

Truthfully, Jiang Chen considered Commander Yong's display rather sincere. He wouldn't have agreed to the man's request otherwise, given that he could possibly be walking into a trap.

The commander couldn't contain his jubilation at Jiang Chen's agreement.

"Please let me lead the way, Sir Jiang." The commander astutely dismissed the other guards. "Go back for today. You don't need to stay with us any more. I'll mark this down in my book. I appreciate it."

The guards typically flattered and buttered up the commander at any opportunity. They were more than happy to help the commander even a little bit, so didn't dare take credit for anything so weighty. All of them made generic protests before excusing themselves.

"I must trouble you, Sir Jiang." Commander Yong thanked Jiang Chen again.

The young lord nodded slightly. "I've noticed that many who live on Winterdraw are cold-blooded, ruthless folk. The lengths to which you cherish your wife, Commander Yong, means that you're not like them. I agreed to come because of your exceptionalism. Let the heavens decide the results."

"I am in your debt whether you succeed or not," the commander guaranteed.

.....

The commander's residence wasn't nearly as luxurious as Jiang Chen had expected. Sin City was evidently a place with expensive real estate. Even a commander of the city lord's guard didn't enjoy a large dwelling.

The court of the residence wasn't large, but it was homely and well-organized. Two children rushed to meet the returning duo, one boy and one girl. "Daddy," they called out.

Commander Yong's eyes were filled with love. He embraced both children with great affection.

"Zhen'er, Li'er, this is Uncle Jiang. Daddy asked him to come look at mommy's illness."

"Uncle Jiang." The two rather cute children were equally lovely and sweet.

The sight of both children caused Jiang Chen to remember his own daughter. When he'd caught sight of her at Plumscore Retreat, she had been about this age as well. His heart softened.

"Uncle Jiang, you can definitely cure mommy, right?"

"Uncle Jiang, you must be really amazing!"

The children's expectant looks were impossible to turn down. "I'll absolutely try my best," Jiang Chen nodded.

Children were the most innocent almost anywhere. There was no disguising the purity and sincerity in their eyes. They were completely artless existences.

Jiang Chen found such an avenue of attack the most difficult to handle.

Commander Yong lightly caressed his children's heads. "Zhen'er, Li'er, go play for now. Let Uncle Jiang look at your mother."

The two children were loath to leave, but nodded dutifully and stepped aside. Their eyes radiated hope and entreaty, having banked all of their hopes on Jiang Chen's skill.

Jiang Chen followed Commander Yong further in.

"I invited a few pill dao masters before," Commander Yong stated bitterly. "But perhaps my wife's illness is too strange. They had no idea what to do about her. My children are always hopeful, then disappointed," the commander exhaled a ragged breath. "They're too young. I'm worried if they'll be able to bear it if they lose their mother."

"Let's see to your wife first, Commander Yong."

Jiang Chen didn't like making promises he was uncertain of fulfilling, but the authenticity of the children had caused him to make his mind up already. He would push himself to the fullest today.

The commander led Jiang Chen to an inner room.

"Ah Tang, Ah Tang. I've invited another pill dao master here to diagnose you!" His voice of excitement reached inside before he knocked upon the chamber's door.

There was a sound of greeting from within. A weak female voice sighed. "Brother Yong, I don't think I'll make it. Don't waste any more money. My sickness has cost the family so much money the past few days. The kids are young and your job is dangerous, so our home can't afford..."

"What are you going on about, Ah Tang?" The commander was a bit upset. "You're the one who's keeping the family stable. Without you, our home is incomplete! I can always make more money. Stop worrying and get better, alright?"

Though his words were ones of rebuke, his tone was filled with compassion. Clearly, he loved his wife very much; he wouldn't allow her to give up on herself.

Jiang Chen admired the commander more for what he saw. Someone who was willing to spend all his possessions to save his wife couldn't be incorrigibly evil. Many spouses were willing to abandon each other in times of trouble. That this specific husband and wife pair was able to maintain such genuine affection for each other was rare indeed, considering the general malaise that permeated Sin City.

This city contained very little beauty, and Jiang Chen wasn't about to let the few instances he saw of it wither.

They entered into a chamber with a sickbed within. A woman reclined upon it, her face pale and bloodless. Her pupils were similarly much dimmer than ordinary.

A single glance was enough to tell Jiang Chen that this woman wasn't in a good state. In fact, anyone who wasn't blind could see that she was very ill. Her pretty features had been drained of most of their life. The ravages of disease had done a number to her vitality.

"Sir Jiang, this is my wife, Ah Tang." Commander Yong introduced.

“Ah Tang, this is Sir Jiang. He’s a newcomer to Sin City, but his medical knowledge is superior to many pill dao masters.”

The commander had little evidence aside from Jiang Chen’s ability to spontaneously mix up poison antidotes. He was betting on the unlikely.

Jiang Chen was very polite. “Madam, please allow me to take your pulse first.”

Half-crouching by the bedside, he closed his eyes and pressed his fingers down. His concentration put his nature on full display.

Originally, Ah Tang had been mildly suspicious as to whether her husband had invited a quack home. She didn’t have time to voice concern however, before she was awed by his presence.

Jiang Chen’s relaxed composure was impressive to his onlookers. His youthfulness created questions, but his aplomb was sufficient to suppress them. The young man’s process to check pulses was much finer and more detailed compared to normal people.

After a long while, he gently took his hands away. His eyes remained closed, however, as he sank deep into thought. He was quite plainly sorting out his thoughts.

After a few moments, both eyes suddenly snapped open. His God’s Eye examined the seriously ill woman in consideration of something.

Commander Yong stood anxiously to the side, incessantly rubbing his hands together. He was even tenser than his wife. He was desperately worried that Jiang Chen would say something utterly crushing. He didn’t want his last ray of hope to be snuffed out. His heart was in his throat; he made every effort to hold his breath in order not to disturb the youthful doctor.

Jiang Chen broke the silence with no indication whatsoever. “Your wife doesn’t seem to be a cultivator.”

Ah Tang nodded, her eyes reddening. “I wasn’t a cultivator as a child. Brother Yong married me because he took pity on me, but now I’m dragging him down.”

Jiang Chen waved. “Not at all, madam. The relationship between husband and wife isn’t like that. You aren’t a burden on him at all.”

Commander Yong nodded in hasty agreement. “Yes, yes. Don’t say silly things like that, Ah Tang.”

The woman could only weep silently in response.

Jiang Chen inclined his head imperceptibly before turning to the commander. “Commander Yong, do you mind if I check your pulse too?”

The commander blinked. “I’m not sick at all. Quite healthy, in fact. Why do you need to take my pulse?”

Jiang Chen smiled. “I’d like to try. Do you mind?”

“Alright!” The young man’s insistence eliminated the commander’s need to ask why. He walked up, offering his hand without reservation.

Jiang Chen placed his hand on the man’s wrist, sensing through his fingertips once more.

It went much faster this time. Nodding thoughtfully to himself, Jiang Chen had found a few clues.

“Commander Yong,” he asked suddenly. “Did you begin refining an exceptionally fierce method in the past half-year? The kind with a ton of killing intent involved?”

The commander blinked. “You’re talking about my Celestial Tyrant Blade technique?”

“I don’t know what the name is, but it’s definitely a method that brims with both the metal attribute and carnage.” Jiang Chen had given his own guess.

Commander Yong’s mouth opened wide. “T-this...” he stuttered. “Did you guess all this?”

“No, I concluded it from your pulse.” Jiang Chen smiled. “Your meridians have taken on similar attributes to your method. Every inch of your body contains lethal brutality, and your pores exude blade aura. Unfortunately, you haven’t attained major achievement yet – so you can’t retract your edge.”

Commander Yong was speechless. Matters of cultivation were unknown to even his subordinates. Who could know aside from himself alone? He’d never told the outside world a thing about what he was doing. Was Sir Jiang able to read all these things through checking pulses alone? This was astounding!

“Sir Jiang, can it be... that Ah Tang’s illness is related to me?” The man’s brain spun quickly to the inevitable realization. There was no other reason for the rapid shift in conversation topic.

Jiang Chen sighed. “I wanted to avoid saying it outright so that you wouldn’t feel too guilty. But I did need to communicate in some way, or your wife would remain at risk. I thought I would err on the truthful side.”

“I’m perfectly fine with your directness, Sir Jiang,” the commander hastily reassured. “Don’t worry about my feelings.”

“It’s rather clear by now, I should think. You can’t fully control your method, so there’s invisible blade intent seeping out from every bit of your skin at all times. Over the past half year, you and your wife have slept in the same bed every night. Even if you didn’t engage in any intimate relations, you still would’ve harmed the wood energy within her...”

Commander Yong gasped, then became completely ashen. He suddenly remembered his drastically increased sexual drive after the refinement of this method. During the past six months, he’d worked his wife over several times a night...

Can it be...

The commander found it difficult to contain his embarrassment.

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

#### **Chapter 1569: How to Resolve Things**

Commander Yong would really find it hard to forgive himself if this was the reason for his wife’s sickness.

Jiang Chen didn't purposefully dwell on anything and continued. "The theory behind this all is as everlasting as the sky and earth. Your metallic qi keeps attacking the wood qi in your wife's body. Wood qi rules over one's vitality and symbolizes to thrive and flourish.

"If wood qi is strongly abundant, then so are one's bodily operations. If the qi is weak, then that in turn is reflected in one's body. The five elements within a human body form a natural cycle. However, your wife isn't a cultivator and can't create a microcosm of the world in her body like we can. Therefore, she doesn't have the ability to filter and expel your murderous aura. Chronic decline of vitality is the root of the madam's illness."

They'd gone back to the most basic of theories. Most pill masters wouldn't be able to observe things in such detail, making it impossible to put everything together and lay out the why's and how's. This was why so many had failed with their diagnosis.

They'd shared a common fallacy, that Ah Tang's bodily operations were weakening because she had run afoul of some evil spirit or had been poisoned. Thanks to Jiang Chen's unique circumstances, his vastly superior knowledge and deductive abilities had enabled him to come to the right answer.

"Sir Jiang, is there a cure for this?" This was still the commander's most pressing question.

Jiang Chen nodded. "Though her vitality is diminished, it still exists. There's hope as long as that holds true."

"How? Are large quantities of wood attribute spirit medicines needed? I'll go buy them right now." Commander Yong itched to leap into frantic action.

But Jiang Chen shook his head. "That's not appropriate here. Your wife isn't a cultivator, which is precisely why she's being impacted by you. Meanwhile, your children have foundations in cultivation going back to their youth, which is why they're not affected. Your wife also has an innate lack of wood qi, making for weak circulation of the elemental cycle. Brashly giving her wood attribute medicines now would be a bid for speed that won't bring about success."

"Why?" The commander was baffled. Since his wife's internal wood qi was being devoured, shouldn't they quickly replenish it?

"To put it simply, feeding her medicine now would be harming her, not helping her. Your wife is weak and not equipped for a sudden influx of wood spirit energy. It'd be forcing a slowly babbling creek to accept the waters of a teeming river. That's highly inappropriate."

Enlightenment dawned for the commander and he nodded in rough understanding. He offered an apologetic smile. "I'm sorry, Sir Jiang. I'm just in a rush. You're so confident that you must have a plan, right?"

Jiang Chen did indeed have an idea, and a very good one at that.

After a beat, he took out a small bottle that contained the essence of the wood spirit spring. This was something he always kept on him, in case of sudden emergencies. There was also nothing else beneath the heavens more suited to heal the commander's wife.

“Commander Yong, I have a few drops of wood spirit energy here. Go purchase a lot of pure wood attribute medicines and distill them into liquid. Mix them with what’s in the bottle and have your madam bathe in it three times a day. This will refresh her pores, skin, flesh and blood, organs, and meridians, fully curing her.”

One went all the way when saving a life. Though the essence of the wood spirit spring was precious, Jiang Chen didn’t lack for any. It was an act of good karma to save a life, plus, it was an easy favor. Thus, gifting the essence didn’t feel painful at all. The married couple obviously loved each other, and there was no reason for Jiang Chen to stand by coldly and not help.

“That... that simple?” The commander was rather taken aback.

“That simple.” Jiang Chen smiled faintly. “You can try right now if you don’t believe me. The effects of the first bath will be quite good and instantaneous. The resulting baths just aid the recovery and won’t be as dramatic as the first one.”

There was no one in the world who could doubt his medical skills.

Though the commander still found it incredible, he had no other options left to him. Besides, he’d been the one who invited the young man over, so he had to believe in himself!

Commander Yong quickly prepared a batch of wood attribute medicines and adroitly a large tub of liquid out of them.

“How many drops, Sir Jiang?” Jiang Chen’s words were now the gospel truth to the commander.

“Five drops is necessary.” There was very little of the essence, so five drops was already highly precious. However, the concentration had to be higher the first time around.

It was a bath, in any case. Not taking the essence orally immensely diluted its domineering impact. This was the only way an ordinary human could take it. Swallowing the essence whole was suicide for a non-cultivator. Their bodies would spontaneously explode.

Jiang Chen smiled faintly after the preparations were made. “Commander Yong, I’ll wait outside. You shouldn’t remain present either. You still can’t control your murderous aura, so you represent an enormous source of stress to your wife.”

The commander nodded rapidly and helped his wife in. “Ah Tang, I’ll show myself out after helping you in. I’m sorry, it’s all my fault.”

Ah Tang quickly covered her husband’s mouth. “Don’t say that, Brother Yong. I’m not allowing you to.”

When Jiang Chen walked into the yard, the commander’s son and daughter came running over. “Uncle Jiang, can you save my mommy?”

“Please Uncle Jiang, please try your best to save her.”

Jiang Chen was reminded of his own daughter when he looked at these adorable children, and the lonely figure she’d cut at Plumscore Retreat.

“Don’t worry, your mother will be fine. She’ll be hale and hearty after today and nothing else will happen to her.”

“Really?? That’s great! You won’t lie to us, right Uncle Jiang?”

“Uncle Jiang, Li’er just knew that you’re different from the others. You really are different! Li’er will have a mommy again after you save her!” The little girl was highly excited and scurried up to Jiang Chen, grabbing him for a kiss.

Jiang Chen laughed heartily. “Alright now, go off and play. Your mother can come out for some fresh air after an hour.”

Commander Yong walked out at this time as well, wringing his hands. It was apparent that he was still very nervous. He was extremely worried about his gains and losses. What would he do if Jiang Chen’s plan failed? He was out of ideas and resources. If it didn’t work this time, he really was out of inspiration.

“No need to be that way, Commander Yong. You had no idea what you were doing. After this bath, you will have much less of an effect on your wife. She’ll form a natural cycle within her that will defend against the erosion of your aura. You’ll also need to keep at your cultivation, so that you can reach the state of deploying and retracting your aura at will, as soon as possible.”

The commander raise a cupped fist salute. “Sir Jiang, I’ve really benefited from your knowledge this time.”

Jiang Chen waved a hand and didn’t say anything else. He knew that all words were useless on the commander at this point in time. They had to let the truth speak for itself.

After a period of nervously wringing his hands, the commander finally came up with conversation topic. “Sir Jiang, you mentioned that you’d signed up for the selection?”

“That’s right.” Jiang Chen nodded.

The commander responded with a wry smile. “With your skill and talent in pill dao, there’s no need for you to go through the selection at all. The city lord definitely has need for a genius like you.”

Jiang Chen smiled. “I’ve already handed over the sign-up fee anyways.”

But the commander waved a dismissive hand. “That’s easily taken care of. Which faction accepted your fee? I’ll get it back for you. How dare they take a fee from someone who will definitely qualify?”

Commander Yong grew much more dominating when speaking of topics other than his wife. Though he was just a commander, he was still a direct subordinate of the city lord’s faction.

As strong as the seven factions may be, they had to respect one from the city lord.

Jiang Chen asked after a moment of thought, “What kind of topics will be covered in the selection?”

“The selection have always focused on pill and martial dao. Sir Jiang is uncommon in both. If you come with a hefty recommendation, you’ll definitely be trusted with an important position in the city lord manor.” Commander Yong thought for a moment. “My superior is a great commander and he has the



right to speak to the commander-in-chief. If we have the chief put in a word for you, you'll make it straight into the city lord's line of sight. You'll be able to forgo a lot of the red tape from the selection and soar to the skies with a quick move."

The prospect was tempting. It'd been out of resignation that Jiang Chen was participating in the selection. If it was up to him, he'd rather not waste this time on the selection. After all, he was most short on time at the moment.

But then again, if he gained the city lord's attention through a connection with Commander Yong, he could also implicate the commander if he ran away one day. This, Jiang Chen wanted to avoid.

He smiled faintly. "Thank you for your good intentions, Commander Yong. I'll still participate in the selection."

"I mean it, Sir Jiang! And with your talent and skill, it is indeed a bit of an insult and waste of time to participate."

Jiang Chen remained smiling without a word. He knew that the commander only had the newcomer's best interests at heart.

"Your sentiments are enough, Commander Yong. Don't worry about the recommendation." He remained firm.

Though the commander didn't quite understand, he didn't continue pushing forward after seeing how resolute Jiang Chen was. He sighed. "Alright, come find me if you think through things one day."

The two changed topics, and Jiang Chen learned a lot more about Sin City thanks to the commander. He in turn described how exciting and radiant the outside world was.

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

#### **Chapter 1570: A Great Reputation**

"Ah Tang?" The commander rubbed his eyes, scarcely able to believe what he was seeing. It really was his wife emerging from the room! She'd been confined to bed all this time, unable to walk. But here she was, pushing through a door to set foot outside!

Though her steps were a bit weak, it was obvious that she'd recovered a great deal. She had the occasional stumble, but was able to lift her feet and walk out of her own volition.

Most importantly was that there were new traces of vigor in her face. The dullness from prior had been largely displayed, replaced by a trace of ruddy healthiness. This was the complexion of a healthy person.

The commander was beside himself with joy and ran up to welcome his wife, but quickly remembered how the killing intent within him had been the culprit of his wife's sickness. His hasty steps petered out.

Jiang Chen smiled faintly. "No worries, Commander Young. After the baptism of the wood spirit energy, your wife's body now contains a circulation of the five elements. As long as you don't intentionally attack her, the excess murderous aura you exude will no longer harm her."

Upon Jiang Chen's explanation, Commander Yong swept his wife up in his arms. "Ah Tang!"

Ah Tang's own eyes were as red as could be. "You found a wonderful doctor, Brother Yong."

The commander was overjoyed. "Yes, yes, I found a good doctor!" he half-shouted with laughter. "Sir Jiang, you are truly my lucky star. My entire family thanks you."

"Mommy, mommy!"

The two little ones were very excited to see their mother come out from the house. They hurtled madly at her from a distance, exhilarated that their mother was free of the confines of her bed after such a long time.

The happiness of the family made Jiang Chen happy as well. He hadn't come for money or power. The delight of the family he saw before him was what made his journey worthwhile.

The family was locked in a tight embrace, both crying and laughing. Only after a long while did the commander come over to Jiang Chen with the others, bowing deeply to the young man.

"You saved my entire family, Sir Jiang. I will never forget this debt." The commander was immensely serious.

Jiang Chen smiled. "Every doctor should have a compassionate heart. I'm pleased to have the fortune of saving someone. Now that my work is done, I won't hold up the family from catching up. As long as you follow my directions and bathe like that every day, it'll be only a week or two before your wife is completely recovered. It may even be able to change her constitution for the better."

The commander didn't doubt for a second what Jiang Chen said. He had an implicit trust in his young savior that was virtually unshakable. This was someone who stuck to his promises.

"Uncle Jiang, Li'er wants to thank you for saving our mommy. You can't go," the girl said in a childish, muffled voice.

Jiang Chen laughed. "Uncle has other things to do and you have a lot to talk about. I won't be in your way any longer than I have to." Saying this, he cupped his fist in farewell.

Commander Yong knew he couldn't keep the young man any longer. He patted Ah Tang on the back. "Ah Tang, I'm going to see Sir Jiang off. You should talk to the kids a bit. They've been quite worried and scared these days."

He strode out the door, catching up to Jiang Chen in only a few steps.

"There's no need, Commander Yong," the young man hurriedly cut off.

"Don't be in such a hurry to leave, Sir Jiang. I haven't paid your fee yet. The spirit essence you gave costs money too, no? All that added up isn't a small sum. You saved my wife. Am I supposed to see you lose money over it?" Commander Yong was a man who paid his debts. It was nonsensical that someone who'd done a favor to him would be short money because of it.

Jiang Chen smiled faintly. "I don't let money get in the way of saving lives, Commander Yong. I wouldn't go so far for money alone. The fact that I was able to save a family by doing something so trivial is a blessing in its own right. What need do I have for monetary compensation? Please, dispense with the courtesy."

Commander Yong was nettled. "Paying doctors is a fact of life, Sir Jiang. Plus, you're far superior to those so-called pill dao masters. I doubt even pill immortals would be as expert as you, and it costs a fortune to move them. I don't have much money on hand, but I have to give you what you deserved."

Jiang Chen broke out laughing at the seriousness. "Commander Yong, I know you can't afford much. Your kids are still young and rearing them costs a lot of money. Take what you want to give me and consider it a gift for your cute children instead. There's not much point to me taking it. Your family and your children need the money more."

Jiang Chen wasn't being pretentious. If the family he helped had been a wealthy one, he wouldn't have minded extracting an exorbitant sum for his efforts.

Commander Yong's mouth moved as if to say something, but Jiang Chen transformed into a stream of escaping light before his eyes. The commander looked a bit forlorn as he gazed in the direction of the young man's disappearance. His eyes and mouth were agape with shock.

He'd heard his subordinates say that Sir Jiang had a terrifying consciousness, but the commander was rendered speechless upon witnessing the youth's incredible speed.

"Where did this Sir Jiang come from? He's so young, but his pill dao skills, consciousness, and speed... just one talent alone would be incredible. How could a young genius like him have been exiled to Winterdraw?" Commander Yong was nothing short of perplexed.

From what he could see, Sir Jiang's talents and cultivation made him a genius of a large faction. It was likely he wasn't even native to the Rejuvenation Isles. Only geniuses from the Ten Divine Nations could have such amazing talent at this young an age.

But the Ten Divine Nations were so distant from them. How could a genius from there be in Winterdraw?

Commander Yong was completely confused when he returned home. He had been given a lot to think about.

Ah Tang saw his dejected perplexity. "What is it, Brother Yong?" she asked devotedly. "Sir Jiang left without taking the fee?"

"He didn't want it," Commander Yong replied in a muted voice. "He said that it was his present to Zhen'er and Li'er. Apparently, he really doesn't need the money and he thinks our family needs it far more."

Ah Tang was stunned. "He didn't take the money?"

"No." Commander Yong shook his head. "Sir Jiang must come from an important background. I was very lucky, Ah Tang. I was worried that even a pill immortal wouldn't be able to solve your problem, but serendipitously coming upon Sir Jiang Chen did. I still feel like I'm still dreaming."

Ah Tang's eyes reddened. "Could Sir Jiang be a pill immortal, Brother Yong?"

The commander was shaken. He hadn't considered that possibility before as he thought Sir Jiang was far too young to be one. All the other pill immortals he knew were ancient existences who'd lived millennia, if not tens of millennia. They were a uniformly conservative and reclusive bunch.

Pill immortal was synonymous with old man. The existence of a young one was almost inconceivable.

“We have to remember Sir Jiang’s kindness no matter what. He’s the benefactor of our entire family,” Commander Yong stated solemnly.

Ah Tang and both children nodded, gratefulness brimming in their eyes.

Jiang Chen returned to the inn to find that Xing Hui and Xing Tong had been waiting for him for awhile. Their taut nerves finally relaxed to see the young man return.

Due to a previous interview, both father and daughter knew that Jiang Chen’s late return was likely due to Commander Yong. They largely knew what the commander intended for the young man, and thought it rather risky for him to brave the residence of anyone related to the city lord. If Sir Jiang failed to heal the illness, he would very likely be blamed and punished in turn.

Their worries were assuaged when Jiang Chen returned in high spirits.

“Many apologies, Sir Jiang. The first thing that Commander Yong did when he came in was ask me about how you saved me. I told him everything, which... may have been burdensome for you.” Xing Hui sounded quite contrite.

“Even if you hadn’t said anything,” Jiang Chen smiled, “the city guards already told him everything. He would’ve come for me anyways.”

Off to the side, Xing Tong piped up with a blush. “Brother Jiang, have you signed up for the selection?”

“Yes, I have. I’m ready for it anytime,” Jiang Chen laughed. Having little else to relate, he returned to his room. It was better to make more preparations than not. Currently, he was in very good condition for both pill and martial dao. Though he wasn’t quite indomitable on Winterdraw, he had faith that he would be able to protect himself and rise to the top.

At noon the next day, Commander Yong came to visit once more. “Sir Jiang, I can’t help you in other ways, but I heard them say that you only have a temporary residency seal. I went and got you a silver residency seal – the best I can do with my authority.”

The silver residency seal allowed Jiang Chen to live in Sin City for upwards of a century, and was something he actually needed.

Jiang Chen found no reason to refuse pretentiously. In fact, it was better for him to accept, since the commander desperately wanted to repay him. “How is your wife, commander?”

“She looks even better this morning. Your skills are simply amazing, Sir Jiang. I must inform the entire world of them!” Commander Yong grew excited when he mentioned his wife. He was clearly in a good mood, a stark difference from the pessimism he had displayed before.

The commander was plainly attempting to create momentum and reputation for Jiang Chen. On this day, he had told anyone that would listen about his wife, describing Jiang Chen as a pill dao master unrivaled in the world.

Commander Yong went so far as to believe that Sir Jiang outpaced all of the other pill dao masters. This was why he wanted to make Jiang Chen famous.

Sometimes the truth was more effective than . Many in Sin City knew of the plight of Commander Yong's wife. They were curious as to how exactly she had been cured. Jiang Chen hadn't expected his reputation to begin forming before he'd participated in the selection competition. The commander was surprisingly helpful in that regard.