

## Three Realms 1841

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

#### Chapter 1841: A One-Sided Slaughter

The Vermilion Bird utterly destroyed the rebels' organization with its consciousness, leaving them in shambles after a few rushes. All the survivors could think about was how to flee from the valley. They cursed at themselves for having only two legs and not being able to run faster.

"Xiaolong, it's your turn!" The bird cackled and called out for Long Xiaoxuan.

The dragon perked up and, with a whip of his body, brought up a great tornado of wind and cloud. An endless dragon roar pierced through the sky, the call differing greatly from the bird's shriek.

The air around him converged and swept through the void like an infinite array of furious waves. This was a technique unique to the true dragons.

The sound roiled continuously and built upon itself, hammering upon every cultivator's eardrums like cracks of thunder. It was inhumane torture to the rebels.

The roar assaulted their senses, consciousness, and organs with the intensity of a mallet and the weight of a boulder, the impact making minds explode and bodies burst.

Long Xiaoxuan had waited for a chance to stretch his muscles for a very long time. He was going to show off the fullest depths of his might! He whipped around the fringes of the valley like lightning, the roar enveloping the entire area.

The valley seemed trapped in an enormous drum, and the roars a furious drumming on the drum skin.

Shrieks rang through the air.

Long Xiaoxuan's roar made Jiang Chen's blood boil. He laughed and started roaring as well, his just as powerful since he'd assimilated the true dragon bloodline. The chain seal in his consciousness raised his mind to Long Xiaoxuan's level.

It was as if another dragon had joined the fight. Their relentless roars madly pierced the clouds and sky.

Mountains and rivers trembled; the sun and the moon dimmed. Outside the valley, powerful gales brought dust and stones into the air and destroyed all vegetation.

If not for the cover the formation provided, even the spirit herb base within the valley and its cultivators would be caught in the impact.

As it was, they were still antsy in face of the great destruction. They shuddered to think what would happen without their protection.

Holy Girl Yu Ling stammered with shock, "Master, isn't he - isn't he human? Why can he roar like a dragon as well?"

Prime Puresmoke had guessed the human cultivator's identity. "He must be the new genius Jiang Chen from the Eternal Sacred Land - the hero who saved them," she murmured. "I didn't expect him to be this young."

“Jiang Chen?” Holy Girl Yu Ling was befuddled. She’d never heard of such a young genius in Myriad Abyss. Where had he come from?

Puresmoke sighed softly. “You may not know the name Jiang Chen, Ling’er, but you must have heard of his other name.”

“What is it?” the girl asked curiously.

“Shao Yuan.”

“Shao Yuan? The pill dao genius from the Eternal Sacred Land? The one that defeated Master Shi Xuan from Flora Divine Nation and turned him into a pill slave?”

“That’s him,” the prime said pensively. “We only know him as a pill dao genius, but he is even more talented in martial dao. No wonder Xiahou Zong, the top genius of House Xiahou from Eternal, died at his hands in the sword competition.”

“I did hear that,” Yu Ling said incredulously. “But there are a great number of experts in the Eternal Sacred Land. How can he alone be more impactful than all of them combined?”

“I had the same question. It’s said that the young man befriended a vermilion bird that can rival a god. Now it seems the tale is an understatement rather than an exaggeration. He’s accompanied by a true dragon as well! There has never been a genius like him throughout history. Is the Eternal Sacred Land going to rise up from now on?”

The prime gazed at the amazing phenomena brought about by the battle outside the valley, a trace of worry flashing through her eyes. She was more and more curious about the young man. She also envied the Eternal Sacred Land for stumbling upon such an unrivaled genius.

People like him appeared only once every ten thousand years, or even longer. And he’d ended up joining the Eternal Sacred Land! She heard that the young man had originally been recruited by House Yan from the Bluesmoke Isles. The Eternal Sacred Land had gotten ridiculously lucky.

“Master, is this Jiang Chen a descendent of the dragons?”

“He should be human, but he must have refined the true dragon bloodline and acquired many of their techniques. It’s amazing that his roar can match and resonate with a true dragon’s. That proves him to be a genius amongst geniuses.”

Puresmoke was proud and her standards were high. Not many youths had been complimented by her, and none had ever received such high praise from her.

Holy Girl Yu Ling widened her eyes, gazing outside the valley with surprise.

“It seems the rebels have fallen apart already, master. Why don’t we charge out now?” She was itching for action.

“No!” Puresmoke exclaimed immediately. “The dragon roars are at their peak power. If we barge out now, we’ll only get hurt.”

“Wouldn’t the reinforcements mock us for not even having the courage to go out and kill our enemies?” Yu Ling asked worriedly.

“Silly girl, what good can we do by going out? The rebels are now the losing side. Our effort isn’t necessary. Don’t worry. The base is no longer in danger. Nonetheless, it’s a different matter whether the Marital Sacred Land will be able to survive the war.” The prime had greater vision.

As she’d said, the rebels were falling apart. The aides planned to flee during the chaos, but the Vermilion Bird had already marked them with its consciousness. It’d been withdrawn from the battle, but not indifferent to it.

Right before the aides could escape the core battlefield, the bird attacked them with its consciousness, blocking their paths. The aides scurried around like headless chickens.

They weren’t weak. All of them were eighth level empyrean experts. It’d take even Jiang Chen and Long Xiaoxuan some time to kill them in a one-on-one fight.

However, their morale had hit rock bottom, which severely undermined their ability to fight. Jiang Chen and Long Xiaoxuan fought them like a well-oiled machine, taking out the aides one by one.

Without Forefather Goldenbell and the seven commanders, the rebels were directionless and helpless. If the aides had stuck together, Jiang Chen and Long Xiaoxuan wouldn’t have been able to kill them.

However, they’d split up and fled in fear, which divided their strength and gave man and dragon a chance to pick them off.

The aides had been the rebels’ last hope. If they had calmed down and assumed control over the army, they wouldn’t be so easy to defeat no matter how powerful Jiang Chen and Long Xiaoxuan were. After all, there were tens of thousands of them.

Unfortunately, the aides had been scared witless by their commanders’ heads and lost their will to fight. As a result, this part of the rebellion fell apart.

Jiang Chen and the dragon quickly eliminated five of the seven aides. The remaining two were trapped by the Vermilion Bird, struggling to escape.

Jiang Chen roared and laughed. “Now you don’t have to envy Brother Vermilion or Little White, Brother Long. After devouring all seven of them, you’ll make great progress in cultivation.”

Dragons were adept at devouring cultivators. The flesh and spirit energy of advanced empyrean cultivators were great supplements for them.

A human cultivator might end up exploding due to an overload of energy if they devoured others with no restraint, but true dragons had no such concerns. Long Xiaoxuan feasted on the cultivators without worry.

Jiang Chen could tell the dragon had greatly enjoyed the fight. He didn’t try to steal the dragon’s thunder, but instead assisted him in devouring the cultivators. Of course, the empyrean decrees left in their remains went to Jiang Chen. Each took what they needed.

Jiang Chen didn't feel any guilt for killing so many empyrean cultivators. He felt no sympathy at all for them.

They were descendents of deserters from the ancient times. They hadn't made any contributions to the human race, and had instead started a civil war, putting all lives in danger. These treacherous people deserved no sympathy no matter how he looked at it.

They hadn't started the rebellion for the greater good, but for their own selfish desires.

The sixth, the seventh...

In less than half an hour, Jiang Chen and Long Xiaoxuan had defeated all seven of the aides. The dragon devoured their flesh and energy, while Jiang Chen gained a great wealth of empyrean decrees.

He suddenly felt that it wasn't such a bad idea to come to Martial Divine Nation's rescue. Even if the rewards the sacred land gave him ended up being limited, he'd gained an abundance of resources on the battlefield.

The empyrean decrees were exactly what the human domain needed.

These cultivators came from the lines of deserters who had robbed the human domain of its greatest heritages and foundations. They'd fled to the Myriad Abyss Island and recreated the glory of the human race.

Taking their empyrean decrees and possessions back to the human domain was simply returning them to their rightful owners.

With the aides dead, there was a shortage of elites within the rebels.

Jiang Chen and his companions had keen eyes. They targeted only the empyrean cultivators. Those below that level of cultivation made up the bulk of the army, but were only a burden in the fight. Even if they were lucky enough to survive the dragon roars, they would be crippled. There wasn't a need to take their lives.

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

#### **Chapter 1842: Gratitude of Rescue**

The rebel army had been destined for collapse since the moment of Forefather Goldenbell's demise.

However, the sight of an army ten thousand strong being steamrolled by one man and two beasts was still astoundingly impressive. Of course, only two hundred or so were actually empyrean experts. The rest were a more standard composition of great emperors and emperors.

Even the ten divine nations couldn't indiscriminately recruit only empyrean cultivators.

Though this was Myriad Abyss, the number of empyrean cultivators was limited all the same. They were a valuable resource.

Among those two hundred empyreans, most were only initial empyrean. Cultivators who could reach mid empyrean generally became executives. Advanced empyrean experts commanded respect even from their executive peers.

With Eternal Divine Nation as an example, even a house as strong as House Xiahou only had ninth level empyrean realm cultivators as their venerated elders. Many of the more important elders were only seventh or eighth level. Cultivators who made it to ninth level were among the best in their faction.

Divine cultivators could be counted with one's fingers. Demigods weren't much more numerous than that.

This group contained a quarter of the rebel elites in Martial Divine Nation. The rebels' resolution to take the spirit herb base was very clear to see.

The destruction that was currently being visited upon them had been wholly unexpected. They hadn't had time to actually launch the assault before being attacked themselves.

The carnage on the battlefield started to conclude.

Aside from a lucky few with potent defenses, the majority of the main force was on the brink of death. Those exposed to the brunt of the dragon's roar had exploded into smithereens.

The empyrean experts were either kneeling in surrender or cut down and eaten without ceremony.

Not every rebel was dedicated enough to fight to the bitter end. Many empyrean experts saw what Jiang Chen was doing. They were the priority target, and thus dared not offer much resistance.

Man and dragon alone were hard enough to fend off, not to mention the vigilant Vermilion Bird at the side that hadn't yet acted. Primed, the bird was far more threatening and fearsome than the young man and his dragon.

The remaining officers lost their will to fight. They all prostrated themselves in capitulation.

Even if Jiang Chen were to begin indiscriminately slaughtering two hundred empyrean experts, he wouldn't be able to kill them all. Therefore, he didn't pursue the deaths of those who voluntarily surrendered.

He had killed in order to quash the rebels, not to slay them in cold blood. Now that the masterminds were dead, there was no need to exterminate every little accomplice of theirs.

In less than two hours, the land outside the valley was calm once more. Aside from a few fleeing stragglers, most were dead, injured, or captured.

Since there was barely anyone left who could fight, Jiang Chen ceased his actions after a final circle.

Instead, he landed at the passage to the formation. "This is Jiang Chen from the Eternal Sacred Land," he shouted aloud with cupped fists. "I came to aid the Martial Sacred Land at your request. May I ask which master is stationed here? Could we have a meeting?"

He didn't blame them for staying out of things.

The dragon's roar had been far too destructive in a haphazard sort of way. It had been impossible for any allies to effectively join the fray.

A moment after his voice fell, luminous petals opened within the formation, releasing the restrictions blocking entrance. Teams of cultivators from the Martial Sacred Land rushed out, their demeanor no-nonsense and well-trained.

Though the youth said he was an ally, these men and women didn't let down their guard. They stayed around the formation without approaching.

Two pretty figures slowly stepped out from the passage. It was First Prime Puresmoke and Holy Girl Yu Ling.

"Hail, First Prime," the cultivators to either side of them boomed in unison.

"No need for the ceremony." Puresmoke gave a small wave with her delicate hand. She glanced upward with an elegant visage, her clear eyes resting for several moments upon Jiang Chen in scrutiny.

"Heroes have ever made their names in their youth," she pronounced, "and so I have heard of yours, Sir Jiang Chen. Our remoteness doesn't preclude the thunder of your fame from reaching us. Now that I've seen you in person, I can confirm the rumors are true. A real genius, indeed."

Jiang Chen was a little astonished at the two extraordinary women before him. The two responsible for this base were female?

"Greetings, first prime of the Martial Sacred Land. Please excuse my tardiness for coming to your aid."

"You came timely enough," First Prime Puresmoke smiled. "Would you come inside and sit awhile, Sir Jiang?"

Jiang Chen nodded. "I'll be intruding for the next while then, First Prime."

"There's no need to refer to me so impersonally. You may call me Prime Puresmoke."

"Alright," Jiang Chen smiled in turn. "Old Brother Vermilion, Brother Long," he called out to his companions. "I'm going inside for a bit. You can wait for me outside the valley."

The Vermilion Bird shook its head ambiguously, while Long Xiaoxuan growled softly in response. Jiang Chen could guess at what Prime Puresmoke was thinking when he saw her hesitation. "Brother Long, you've got to be tired after all that fighting. Let's leave the taking of prisoners and tidying up to our friends at the Martial Sacred Land."

This was Martial Sacred Land territory. It was fine for them to gather up the spoils without that sacred land's people present, but handing over that right was reasonable now that the owners appeared.

Of course, the bulk of the riches was already theirs. There wasn't much more to plunder, and what there was, Jiang Chen wasn't much interested in.

Past the passage protected by the formation was the spirit herb base proper.

His eyes lit up as soon as he entered. The spirit energy density was much higher than outside – by several times in fact. This was practically the perfect place to grow spirit herbs.

"This is a wondrous place. A beautiful world within a world!" he praised.

The prime was pleased at the youth's recognition. Her impression of him was instantly improved.

Many young geniuses who became famous at their age had poor personalities. They tended to be arrogant, especially after lending their aid to another. It was rare that one would be as composed as this gentleman.

Moreover, Jiang Chen was neither flippant nor pretentious in his words and actions. His natural poise and confidence was especially rare.

The prime recalled that Jiang Chen had first astounded the world with his pill dao prowess. Since having a genius like this visiting was a unique occasion, she wanted to see him show off a thing or two. She took the young man around the spirit herb base to sightsee.

Whenever they passed by a specimen, the prime would ask several questions of Jiang Chen to test him.

Realizing this, he answered with a carefree fluency that was free of shyness. Though there were a few rarities here and there, he had no difficulty waxing eloquent about them. For him, it was nothing more than child's play.

With each comment he easily made, Puresmoke's approval grew.

Holy Girl Yu Ling, on the other hand, was keenly curious about the youth who was barely older than her. Her initial dissatisfaction faded away when she noted Jiang Chen's familiarity with the spirit herbs.

Taking a stroll around the fields, Jiang Chen suddenly smiled.

"Prime Puresmoke, I heard Eternal's venerated forefather say that the Martial Sacred Land has perhaps the most abundant store of Taiyi Dragonscale Fruits anywhere in Myriad Abyss. Are they not cultivated in a place as marvelous as this?"

The prime blinked, then cracked a crooked smile. "I didn't expect you to know that. I suppose it would be rude not to show you around then."

The Taiyi Dragonscale Fruit was one of the spirit flora the Martial Sacred Land was most proud of owning. Typically, it wasn't shown to outsiders. If Jiang Chen hadn't solved their rebel problem, Prime Puresmoke wouldn't have considered for even a moment taking him to see the Taiyi Dragonscale Fruit.

The fruit was located at the core of the spirit herb base, an area compartmentalized and hidden away from the rest of the complex.

Entry into this space required passage through several pathways guarded by formations, showcasing the fruit's importance to the Martial Sacred Land.

The security elicited a wry smile from Jiang Chen in turn. "The Martial Sacred Land places this much importance on the Taiyi Dragonscale Fruit?"

"Thanks to you, Sir Jiang," Prime Puresmoke smiled slightly.

Jiang Chen blinked. "How so?"

“Originally, the Taiyi Dragonscale Fruit was only considered a reasonably important species in our catalogue. Nothing to warrant all of this secrecy though. After the Taiyi Skymender Pill was shown to the world, the price of the Dragonscale Fruit skyrocketed, which in turn increased our regard.”

Jiang Chen burst out laughing. “I helped your assets increase in value?” he joked.

“If you want to put it that way,” Prime Puresmoke inclined her head.

“Haha, I’d be very happy to receive priority consideration if I end up needing some of that fruit in the future,” Jiang Chen remarked in half-jest.

He didn’t actively ask after a reward. However, he did desperately need the Taiyi Dragonscale Fruit. If it came down to it, he definitely wouldn’t mind receiving it as compensation from the Martial Sacred Land.

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

#### **Chapter 1843: A Connection With The Earth Bodhisattva Sect?**

Within this inner sanctum, Jiang Chen finally laid eyes upon the Martial Sacred Land’s Taiyi Dragonscale Fruit. There was only one specimen.

It had blossomed and grown a smattering of offshoots. This allowed it to produce quite the formidable amount of fruit. Jiang Chen marveled at the sight of the plant.

He had seen other occurrences of the spirit herb before, but a specimen that could bear this much fruit was exceptional, even for him.

“This is a natural wonder.” He clucked his tongue as he examined it more closely. “It’s hard to find another just like this anywhere else. A priceless treasure! Prime Puresmoke, the Martial Sacred Land should definitely protect and cherish it, lest a treasure be wasted.”

“Of course,” Puresmoke smiled and nodded. “What do you consider the quality of this fruit to be, Sir Jiang?”

“Upper rank, I believe.”

“Not supreme?” The prime was mildly disappointed.

“Supreme rank is attained only through natural circumstance. Heaven must bless a specimen for it to reach such perfection. That’s not something we as humans can actively pursue, unfortunately.” Jiang Chen’s response was filled with wisdom.

Prime Puresmoke grew thoughtful. She mulled over the deeper meaning behind the young man’s words.

After checking out the Taiyi Dragonscale Fruit, Jiang Chen was brought to the residential area of the base. A few moments later, Holy Girl Yu Ling appeared with a jade tray.

“Sir Jiang, here are six Taiyi Dragonscale Fruits. Please take it as a token of our appreciation,” Prime Puresmoke declared.

Jiang Chen was somewhat taken aback. He had thought the Martial Sacred Land considered these fruits dearer than life itself. That he would be given six of them at once was generous beyond his wildest dreams.

"If you refuse, Sir Jiang, we'll assume you did so because you received too few." The prime smiled coyly. Jiang Chen chuckled. "If that's the case, who am I to refuse? Honestly, I do like this gift a lot."

"Good! Your appreciation gives these fruits value."

Without further ado, the young man put away the Dragonscale Fruits he'd just been gifted.

"Perhaps the fruits will achieve their maximum value only in your hands, Sir Jiang. If you didn't care to use them for refining pills, they would be much more ordinary." Puresmoke made the remark as an emotional afterthought.

What she had said was true. The fruit had only shot up in value because of Jiang Chen's Taiyi Skymender Pills. Since he was the only one who had the recipe, no one else could actualize the hypothetical value in them.

The prime was wise enough to know that the favor she was doing today in giving away six fruits was more than a worthwhile investment.

"That's true. When not used in the Taiyi Skymender Pill, they are much less useful. On another topic, Prime Puresmoke, several of the divine nations have quelled their rebellions already. How is the Martial Sacred Land doing? Any news lately?"

"Quelled their rebellions?" Having been holed up here for quite a while, Puresmoke knew less of the outside world than the youth she was hosting.

"Yes. Only a few sacred lands are still struggling with their would-be usurpers. Some sacred lands have successfully crushed theirs, while others prevented them from occurring in the first place. The ten sacred lands may experience gaps in strength as a result."

Jiang Chen wasn't exaggerating. The sacred lands in nations that hadn't been ravaged by civil war were left intact, which gave them an advantage.

The sacred lands in those nations filled with strife were seriously harmed, and their influence and strength would be comparatively lowered. This was so obvious that it didn't need to be said.

Prime Puresmoke became much more depressed. "If that's the case," she sighed, "the Martial Sacred Land isn't well off at all, is it?"

"Aside from the Martial Sacred Land, the Radiance and Sunrise Sacred Lands are also battling with rebels still. The other nations are done with their troubles, or nearly so," Jiang Chen recounted honestly.

"What? Just us three?" Puresmoke felt quite defeated by this revelation.

"Yes. Our venerated forefather informed me of this himself from the latest reports. He sent me here to help the Martial Sacred Land because of our two sacred lands' friendship. This spirit herb base was my first stop."

Gratefulness welled up in the prime's heart.

Regardless of everything else, Eternal had respected the sacred lands' mutual bond. It must've been difficult to do anything at all so soon after stamping out its own fire, much less send such capable aid.

“I don’t want to use a few simple words to thank you, Sir Jiang. If you have any requests you need to make of me in the future, I will do everything in my power to fulfill them. Perhaps your prospects are so bright as to not need that though, eh?”

“Haha, you humble yourself too much, First Prime. Let us put courtesies aside and talk about the situation your sacred land is in. We must deliver a swift stroke to conclude the rebellion decisively. The longer it drags on, the worse off the sacred land and nation will be.”

“Astutely said, Sir Jiang. But the rebels are numerous and the Martial Sacred Land doesn't have enough men. We are in a very passive situation right now. This spirit herb base wouldn't necessarily have held without your help.” The prime’s analysis was reasonably objective.

“The spirit herb base is defensible enough with the formation, isn’t it? If you really bunkered down, you should have a seventy to eighty percent chance of enduring.”

This was more of a cordiality. Jiang Chen wasn’t going to be dismissive when the first prime had already disparaged things herself. Deep down, he agreed with her conclusion.

“It seems you have some expertise with formations as well, Sir Jiang?” Puresmoke ventured.

“I’ve a deep interest in them, yes. My studies have yielded modest fruit. I hear that the Martial Sacred Land is quite adept with them?”

“In the ten divine nations, the Martial Sacred Land boasts the greatest mastery in them.” The prime made no attempt to hide her confidence when she claimed this. Clearly, she was very self-assured regarding them.

“If I may ask, is the Martial Sacred Land’s ancient heritage related to a great formation sect of the past?” Jiang Chen asked again.

He had come to the Martial Sacred Land for another reason: asking after the Great Formation of Heavenly Soul Confinement. Eternal’s venerated forefather had told him that the Martial Sacred Land excelled at formations.

Information about said formation was one of the biggest reasons Jiang Chen was still here in Myriad Abyss. Anything he could find out would mean a lot to the human domain.

Jiang Chen had been gone from the human domain for quite a few years. Though the demonic invasion would theoretically need at least fifty years to come into full swing, his calculations were far from certain fact. What if the invasion happened ahead of schedule?

He anticipated returning to the human domain more than anything else.

Puresmoke blinked. “Are you well versed in the ancient times, Sir Jiang?”

“One of my favorite things during my childhood was to study ancient history. The ancient era was a perfect era. Without foreign invasion, Divine Abyss back then was a heaven for cultivators, a golden age of progress.”

Puresmoke glanced toward the youth with some astonishment. What kind of child was this? How come he was so proficient in everything?

“Do you have any insight into ancient formations, Sir Jiang?” she couldn’t resist asking.

“There were only two top formation sects back then. One was the Ancient Crimson Heavens Sect; the other, the Earth Bodhisattva Sect.”

“The Ancient Crimson Heavens Sect? Was that really a top sect?” Puresmoke was doubtful.

“That sect once possessed immense knowledge and prestige, more than enough to elevate it so. The Earth Bodhisattva Sect, on the other hand, benefited from a bevy of powerful treasures: the Earth Bodhisattva Orb that bears its namesake for example, was something the Ancient Crimson Heavens Sect had no answer for.”

Puresmoke was shocked by what she was hearing. How was this youth speaking so eloquently about that bygone era?

Had he begun learning in his mother’s womb? How else would he be such an accomplished scholar?

She was stunned into silence for a long time.

Jiang Chen was observing her expression closely. “The Martial Sacred Land is skilled in formations. Can it be that your heritage is from one of the ancient sects?”

Primesmoke wavered, wanting to shake her head, but not managing it in the end. She sighed softly. “To think that a young man would know the name of the Earth Bodhisattva Sect! Ai! I learned of these ancient matters from our historical tomes. Apart from the primes, no one else may look through them.”

“The Earth Bodhisattva Sect? Truly?” Jiang Chen was overjoyed.

“Are you connected to it somehow, Sir Jiang?” Puresmoke was amazed.

Jiang Chen denied it. “No. I only read in ancient texts that the Ancient Crimson Heavens Sect and the Earth Bodhisattva Sect were both instrumental to the ancient demon-sealing war effort.”

Pride flashed across the prime’s face when she heard mention of the ancient war.

“Indeed. The Earth Bodhisattva Sect was one of the leading sects in the demon-sealing war, one of the primary contributors. That the demons have been held back for so long is a testament to the sect’s merit. The Ancient Crimson Heavens Sect provided important assistance as well, but the Earth Bodhisattva Sect spearheaded the effort.”

Evidently, the prime felt a sense of honor and belonging to the sect.

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#### **Chapter 1844: None Are Dispensable**

Prime Puresmoke’s words were enough to enlighten Jiang Chen that there was a connection between the Martial Sacred Land and the ancient Earth Bodhisattva Sect. It’d been one of the ten major sects, and the only one that specialized in formations.

The ten sects had once led the human race. As one of the ten, the Earth Bodhisattva Sect had also deployed their people to Myriad Abyss to join the offworld battles.

Since the coordinates of the Divine Abyss Continent had been exposed, the continent itself was vulnerable to outside invasion. Even though the coordinates would slowly be masked as the continent moved overtime, there was a pattern to the movement that remained unchanged.

After a certain amount of time, the coordinates would again be exposed to the offworld adventurers, making the continent easy prey.

There was no changing the continent's fate, unless the heavenly axis deviated by a great margin, or a mighty figure used an earth-shattering technique to distort the rules the continent followed, thus completely changing its movement pattern.

Both were extremely unlikely, especially the latter. Even the oldest and most powerful cultivators of the heavenly planes didn't necessarily possess such power.

To change a mortal plane's rules was to change its destiny. Technique alone wasn't enough. One also required fate and fortune to be on his side in order to achieve such a feat.

Even someone like the Celestial Emperor would attract tribulations if he violated the heavenly law.

If Jiang Chen's father from his past life hadn't refined the Sun Moon Pill to change his son's fate, the Taiyuan Heavenly Plane wouldn't have been hit by such a terrible cataclysm.

Jiang Chen didn't yet understand what had happened at the time, but he had a feeling he was getting closer to an answer. He'd know the truth sooner or later. He only wished that he'd be prepared when the day came. Now wasn't the time for him to dwell on the past.

Prime Puresmoke continued, "According to the ancient texts of the Martial Sacred Land, we are closely connected to the ancient Earth Bodhisattava Sect. You could even call them our predecessors."

Delighted, Jiang Chen almost asked about the Great Formation of Heavenly Soul Confinement, but he was no longer a reckless young man who couldn't control his urges. He had to exercise caution for a matter this grave.

"No wonder the sacred land has been able to maintain its status in Martial Divine Nation and the Ten Divine Nations at large for so long. It turns out you possess the heritage of the ancient Earth Bodhisattava Sect. That is incredibly impressive!" He was generous with his compliments.

Prime Puresmoke brightened visibly. It was quite an honor for the Martial Sacred Land to be praised by someone like Jiang Chen.

"Sir Jiang, this seat isn't trying to make us look good when I say we're among the top in Myriad Abyss when it comes to formations. The heritage we have from the Earth Bodhisattava Sect are is joke."

Jiang Chen nodded. "I believe you. The base's defenses are telling enough."

Prime Puresmoke couldn't be more proud of their heritage from the ancient sect.

"Sir Jiang, you mentioned the ancient demonic war. Have you studied the demons as well?" she asked suddenly.

Jiang Chen smiled wryly. "Humans in all parts of the world will face the demons sooner or later. Even Myriad Abyss is no exception. In order to defeat demons, it's crucial to study the history of the ancient war."

Prime Puresmoke was astonished. "I didn't expect someone your age to look so far into the future. The Eternal Sacred Land has stumbled upon a real treasure. Even I envy your sacred land. If we had someone like you on our side as well, we wouldn't have to worry about losing our base."

"It's unlikely for you to get to that point. However, the civil war is taking an unnecessary toll on the sacred land. We have to vanquish the uprising as soon as possible to minimize all damage."

"Still, the rebels are many. It's not easy to quickly eliminate them. The sacred land headquarters are still surrounded by the rebels. There's no telling if we can end the siege." Prime Puresmoke was deeply concerned. It pained her to witness the sacred land's decline.

Jiang Chen couldn't contain his curiosity. "Since the sacred land has received the heritage of the Earth Bodhisattava Sect, you should be second to none in formations. No matter how many rebels there are, they can't possibly break through, can they?"

"That heritage isn't helpful without a powerful heir to inherit it. The ten sacred lands have been facing the same problem lately, and that is a shortage of talent. The Martial Sacred Land is having an especially difficult time."

The ten sacred lands had suffered too many casualties in the offworld battles, leading to a great demand for new talent.

However, Jiang Chen knew for a fact that a solid foundation wasn't the only reason why the Earth Bodhisattava Sect had been powerful in the ancient times. There was something else that enabled the sect to overtake the Ancient Crimson Heavens Sect as the top formation sect - the Earth Bodhisattava Orb.

He had stumbled upon the orb years ago. It was the single most valuable item from the Earth Bodhisattava Sect, more so than any formation heritage. Many of the sect's formations had been created with the orb in mind.

The orb had then gone missing. It would've stayed that way if Jiang Chen hadn't found it and recovered its value. Without it, much of the sect's heritage was useless.

"Prime Puresmoke, how does the Martial Sacred Land see the ancient Earth Bodhisattava Sect? Have you ever considered returning to the human domain to trace the origin of the sect?"

"The origin? Why would we? The ancient sect is no more. We've inherited their most important heritage and become its rightful owner."

Jiang Chen chuckled, but his expression was disapproving.

His reaction didn't escape Prime Puresmoke's attention. "You don't agree, do you?"

Jiang Chen smiled slightly. "I've read that most of the ancient sect's heritage is useless without the sect treasure, the Earth Bodhisattava Orb."

“You know about the orb?” Prime Puresmoke asked, surprised.

“I know a thing or two.” Jiang Chen naturally wasn’t going to admit the orb was on him.

“Sir Jiang is indeed knowledgeable. Unfortunately, the orb is missing. What we wouldn’t give to get our hands on the orb! If we have it, we’ll not only be able to quell the rebellion, but even dominate Myriad Abyss.”

Jiang Chen smiled. He’d never give them the orb. He valued the orb greatly, and he hadn’t discovered all its value at the time being.

However, he believed there must be much more to the orb for it to be considered the sect treasure. His progress in discovering the orb’s power was slow, the main reason being a missing piece he hadn’t acquired - the heritage of the Earth Bodhisattava Sect.

Only through combining the heritage and the orb could he tap into the full potential of both.

Nevertheless, the orb’s power to shift the earth was enough to impress Jiang Chen. What havoc would the orb be able to wreck once he mastered it?

His visit to the Martial Sacred Land was indeed worthwhile.

If he could find out more about the Great Formation of Heavenly Soul Confinement and how to reactivate it, he would be able to protect the human race by activating the formation in the human domain. When the demons invaded, the formation would shield humans from full brunt the impact and give them enough time to prepare for the upcoming war.

“You helped eliminate the rebellion in Eternal Divine Nation, Sir Jiang. Do you have any advice for us?” Prime Puresmoke didn’t find it shameful to ask the young man for help.

“You have to end the war swiftly with an unexpected attack. Take this battle for an example, if we hadn’t caught Forefather Goldenbell off guard and killed him, it wouldn’t have ended so soon.”

Prime Puresmoke considered his words and came to the same conclusion.

“Forgive me for being blunt, Prime Puresmoke. If the fight drags on, things will only get worse. The rebels have lost a lot of their members in the fight to claim the spirit herb base, which struck a heavy blow on their morale. Once news gets out, the rebels may deploy more troops to attack the base.”

“That’ll be ideal. Another deployed here is one less attacking our headquarters. That’s the best we can do for the sacred land.”

Jiang Chen smiled slightly. “You have a point. However, the next troops are likely to be more powerful than the previous one.”

“The rebels are powerful, but they can’t put part of their army to attack the base indefinitely. Forefather Goldenbell was one of their best commanders. His death took a great toll on them.”

“Would you be willing to work together, Prime Puresmoke?” Jiang Chen asked bluntly. He was tired of beating around the bush.

“Of course!” the prime agreed readily. “I hear you’ve contributed greatly to the Eternal Sacred Land’s victory. With your help, we’ll be able to turn things around as well!”

### Sovereign of the Three Realms (WN)

#### **Chapter 1845: Partnership Proposal**

“To be honest with you, Prime Puresmoke, I come from the human domain. I traveled to Myriad Abyss not only for my dao partner Yang Qinghuang, but also to track down the ancient Earth Bodhisattva Sect. It’s serendipity that I chanced upon its heritage here.”

“What?” Puresmoke paused. Jiang Chen’s real identity was no secret in Eternal Divine Nation, but it was still news to the prime. She was surprised that he came from the human domain.

“I’m about eighty percent sure I can help the Martial Sacred Land eliminate the rebellion, but I have a favor to ask.”

“What is it?” the prime asked in a low voice.

“I want information about the Great Formation of Heavenly Soul Confinement. You know as well as I that the formation played an important role in the ancient demonic war, which, unfortunately, didn’t do that much damage to the demons.

“Over the years, the formation has lost its power. I’m looking for information about the formation’s establishment, seeking ways to restore and reactivate it.” Jiang Chen added seriously, “The formation is crucial to the human race.”

Puresmoke stared at Jiang Chen blankly, like he was a monster and huffed wryly. “You have tremendous foresight, Sir Jiang Chen. However, given the human race’s ability and wealth, do you really think we’ll be able to activate the formation again?”

“In the ancient times, there were the ten great sects. Only through the combined resources and effort of several factions was the formation activated - and with great difficulty. The formation is too large and involves too many aspects. Within the human race, no faction can afford to activate the formation on its own.

“Even if we manage to gather enough resources, we don’t have the formation masters we need. Formation masters back then were more skilled and powerful than those of today. Even then, activating the formation was extremely taxing and the effort was almost in vain. If the three factions hadn’t worked together, the attempt would’ve never been successful...”

Prime Puresmoke knew the heritage of the Earth Bodhisattva Sect well, including the details of this important formation.

“We’ll find a way to gather the resources, and I can solve the problem of the formation masters,” Jiang Chen responded seriously. “However, I have to first know every little detail about activating the formation, especially the parts the Earth Bodhisattva Sect was responsible for.”

“The Earth Bodhisattva was the one in charge,” the prime declared proudly. “Even the Ancient Crimson Heavens Sect and the wandering formation master Pei Xing were only assistants.”

That wasn't completely accurate. The three factions each had their parts. True, the Earth Bodhisattva Sect had taken on more difficult and large-scale tasks. It was understandable that its descendants would think of the sect as the leader.

"Prime Puresmoke, this is an urgent matter. I'm sure you want to get right down to business as well. I just have one question for you: is there room for negotiation about my request?"

Prime Puresmoke thought for a moment. "Our heritage, especially those from the ancient times, are carefully protected. This seat can't give you a promise now. You'll need our divine forefather's permission."

"So I can't get an answer without talking to the forefather?"

Prime Puresmoke sighed. She didn't want to turn Jiang Chen down. Deep down, she greatly appreciated the young man and wanted to fulfill his ambitions, but the sacred land had its own rules.

She couldn't just give outsiders access to their heritage, especially those only the sacred land possessed. The Great Formation of Heavenly Soul Confinement was considered the top most secret within the sacred land.

Puresmoke had access to the information, but she wasn't authorized to show it to others.

"It looks like Prime Puresmoke doesn't have the final say, do you?"

"Sir Jiang Chen, vanquishing the rebellion is an urgent matter. In this state of emergency, I may be able to negotiate with you on behalf of the sacred land. In order to save the sacred land, this seat is willing to suffer the punishment if a problem arises in the future."

Jiang Chen's eyes lit up in pleasant surprise. "Oh? So you're agreed?"

"No, no, I only said that I can negotiate with you," the prime rushed to clarify.

"Is there a difference?" Jiang Chen paused. He was preoccupied with thoughts about the formation and hadn't considered anything else.

"Yes, there is. You've made your conditions clear. Now it's my turn to bargain with you." The prime's tone was mischievous.

"Please do elaborate." Jiang Chen was lost.

"The Great Formation of Heavenly Soul Confinement is recorded in an ancient text in detail. This seat can help you get the information. However, I have one little request for you in addition to helping us stop the rebellion."

"What is it?" Jiang Chen asked faintly. If the prime got greedy and asked for more than the sacred land deserved, he'd be very disappointed. This was his test of the prime as well.

Noting the steel in his voice, Prime Puresmoke smiled. "It's a simple enough request. I only ask for you to agree to a collaboration regarding the Taiyi Dragonscale Fruit."

Jiang Chen smiled back in understanding. "You want to increase the fruit's value through me."

“That’s right. The fruit’s value is limited before being refined as the Taiyi Skymender Pill. The Martial Sacred Land is willing to work with you. The split of the profit is negotiable.”

“What do you propose?” Jiang Chen asked with a smile.

“I’d like to hear your thoughts.”

Jiang Chen wasn’t opposed to such a deal. He extended five fingers. “I’ll be straight with you. How about half and half?”

That was reasonable. Jiang Chen was contributing his skills, which couldn’t be replaced. It’d make sense for him to even ask for sixty percent of the profit. After all, Taiyi Dragonscale Fruit could be found elsewhere. Although the Martial Sacred Land produced the most, they didn’t have a monopoly over the fruit.

Prime Puresmoke quietly considered the offer. Should she bargain with him and try to increase their share?

She decided against that when she saw Jiang Chen’s expression and smiled. “Alright, half and half. That’s very reasonable.”

Jiang Chen clasped her hand to seal the deal.

Prime Puresmoke was pleased. “Sir Jiang Chen, I hope you’ll consider the collaboration a friendly exchange rather than a calculated deal.”

Jiang Chen shrugged. “That’s not important. We each get what we want, don’t we?”

Prime Puresmoke nodded slightly. She knew her decision was risky. If the divine forefather disapproved, she’d be in a world of trouble.

Of course, turning Taiyi Dragonscale Fruit into pills could bring the sacred land great profit in the long term. Her contribution should be able to make up for her wrongdoing.

After all, information about the great formation wasn’t a secret they had to keep. When the demons invaded, they’d have no choice but to release all the information. They wouldn’t even be compensated for their loss. Her deal with Jiang Chen was greatly beneficial for the sacred land.

A weight lifted from Jiang Chen’s heart. He was going to get exactly what he’d been missing. He’d inherited knowledge from both the Ancient Crimson Heavens Sect and Pei Xing, leaving only the Earth Bodhisattva Sect’s part, which was also the most essential.

“Prime Puresmoke, may our collaboration create a new and brighter future for the human race.” Jiang Chen cupped his hands.

“Good. You’re decisive, young genius. This seat is impressed. However, the text is stored in our headquarters. I won’t be able to give it to you while we’re here.”

“That’s quite alright. I just ask for the text to be handed to me once the headquarters are liberated.”

Jiang Chen’s conviction was infectious. Prime Puresmoke declared, “This seat will take this leap with you even though my future is on the line.”

“Alright, we don’t have time to waste. Let’s come up with a solution to the sacred land’s problem.” Jiang Chen was driven.

The Martial Sacred Land was in a worse state than the Eternal Sacred Land had been. With the formation heritage from the Earth Bodhisattva Sect, Martial’s defenses were stronger, but it suffered a greater shortage of talents than Eternal.

The Martial Sacred Land had lost its dominance over the nation in terms of absolute power. It wasn’t capable of launching a counter-attack against the rebels.

“The divine experts are locked in a battle. We may disregard them at the moment. That leaves these people as our biggest threats. Forefather Goldenbell has fallen. Now we should go after the remaining three. Once a couple of them die, the rebels will fall apart on their own!”

Apart from the divine forefather, the rebels had four demigod forefathers on their side. The rebellion indeed possessed ridiculous power.

Unlike the rebellion alliance in Eternal Divine Nation, the rebels here only had one divine forefather. However, the four demigods were enough to overwhelm the Martial Sacred Land. After all, they didn’t have as many elites as their counterparts in Eternal.

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

#### **Chapter 1846: A New General Plan**

The demise of Forefather Goldenbell gave Prime Puresmoke great confidence. She understood that the youth before her really had the ability to change the direction of the war. He wasn’t all the way there yet, but no ordinary man would be able to command both a vermilion bird and a true dragon.

Nevertheless, she was assured that he would prevail. The success of the Eternal Sacred Land was plenty of evidence that this cooperation would potentially be a turn of good luck.

The sacred land would be rescued from danger, and their Taiyi Dragonscale Fruit would drastically increase value. It was two birds with one stone.

The only thing required as compensation was a copy of an ancient text, worthless in the hands of any other.

After the terms were discussed, the two parties drafted a strategy.

They came to an agreement that the enemy leaders needed to be dealt with first and foremost. If the three other demigod forefathers could be slain – or even just two! – the rebels would crumble and scatter.

The rebels didn’t have any solidarity to speak of in the first place. They had come together merely temporarily against a common enemy for a common goal.

If their interests conflicted, or the circumstances changed, it would take no time at all for them to be scattered to the wind. There was nothing substantial at all holding them together.

They weren't connected by the camaraderie of a sect, bonds of blood, or a common belief in a higher truth. They fought together for the sake of profit alone.

The idea that had been used to lure and kill Forefather Goldenbell remained a pretty good one. However, it was unlikely to work a second time; the other three forefathers would be much more alert and attentive after hearing about their comrade's death. It would be difficult to assassinate them all... but certainly doable.

Jiang Chen had many other tricks up his sleeve. With the Vermilion Bird as his trump card, he was confident in his ability to take down one or two demigods. Especially amid an ambush, a forefather wasn't that hard to deal with.

The Vermilion Bird was about to break through to divinity anytime. It was already far stronger than demigods, rivaling a full-fledged one in strength.

In the end, multiple plans were formalized.

The details of each were studied in a methodical manner: execution, emergency procedures, and backups.

After doing so, Jiang Chen mentioned his departure. "Prime Puresmoke, my companions are still outside. I can't stay for too long. I'll be waiting out there, ready to leave at anytime."

Cupping his fist in farewell, he strode back into the outside world.

Prime Puresmoke had mixed feelings as she watched him go, persisting even after his figure completely disappeared from vision.

"How unexpected. The Eternal Sacred Land cultivated a genius like him without anyone knowing." Saddened, the prime glanced at Holy Girl Yu Ling.

Both Yu and Jiang were young geniuses, and the holy girl was already the cream of her generational crop in Myriad Abyss. Alas, she couldn't compare at all to Jiang Chen. They were practically a world apart. Was there no way to bridge that gap?

Puresmoke became mildly wistful.

"Master, is Sir Jiang unreliable?" Holy Girl Yu Ling asked when she saw her master's sorrow.

"No." The prime hastily shook her head. "Yu Ling, if you can build a good relationship with Sir Jiang, it may just be a blessing in the future."

Yu Ling reddened. "A good relationship? Why?"

"You're still young, Ling'er. I haven't allowed you to test your mettle in the wider world much, and though you're more than clever enough, you need to learn how to adapt. You still need practice in many things. Look at this Jiang Chen: he's far ahead of the pack when it comes to others in his generation. Among the Martial Sacred Land's younger generation, we don't have any geniuses who would be equal to the late Xiahou Zong, much less this Jiang Chen."

Prime Puresmoke's opinion was reasonably fair.

“Master, is he really as great as you say?” Yu Ling’s competitive spirit was riled up again. She didn’t believe that the young man they’d seen could be so far above her.

“Look at Forefather Goldenbell’s fate,” Puresmoke declared coolly. “Let’s put it this way: if Jiang Chen wanted to harm the Martial Sacred Land, our formation here wouldn’t be able to stop him. If he wanted to raid this place, we wouldn’t be able to prevent him. Thankfully, he’s not here to kick us while we’re down.”

As an experienced member of society, Prime Puresmoke had witnessed many a dark side of humanity in the past. She had brought a number of elites when meeting Jiang Chen outside the valley precisely for not letting down her guard.

After the fact, she could believe that Jiang Chen had been sent by the Eternal Sacred Land and was in fact sincerely helping the Martial Sacred Land get out of its bind. Though the young man had made a few requests, his forthrightness only highlighted that he was more than trustworthy.

“Master, do you really want to accompany him to the sacred land’s headquarters to reinforce them?” Yu Ling asked curiously.

“Yu Ling, the base is safe for now. The rebels won’t be able to marshal many more people to attack the place. As long as no demigod forefather appears, there should be no problems here,” Puresmoke comforted her beloved disciple.

The holy girl fell silent. She knew that her master had always been concerned for the sacred land’s safety. She wouldn’t possibly pass up this golden opportunity.

“Master, can Ling’er come with you?”

“No! Your cultivation is insufficient to influence the direction of the war. You will only cause trouble! It’s better for you to stay here. Your status as the holy girl will help you keep a good grasp on the defensive position. This is a test for you as well, Ling’er. You need to learn how to manage on your own eventually. Do you want to live in my shadow forever?”

Holy Girl Yu Ling hung her head. She understood that her master only meant the best.

The next day, Puresmoke made all the necessary arrangements before exiting the valley.

“You are quite efficient, Prime Puresmoke. You made your decision and preparations so quickly?” Jiang Chen praised.

“We are attempting to put out a furious blaze. The more we delay, the more risk the sacred land is exposed to.” The prime was straightforward about her intentions.

“Come on, then,” Jiang Chen nodded.

The female prime blinked, then scanned the empty space nearby the youth. The Vermilion Bird and Long Xiaoxuan were nowhere to be found. “Sir Jiang, where are your companions?”

“Don’t worry, they’re with me still. Their size has simply been reduced for the time being, which is obviously helpful to avoid mortal eyes. Quite frankly, catching sight of them is too astonishing in this day and age.”

Sightings of the four sacred beasts would be a hot topic anywhere. Even in the heavenly planes, they would be hunted down with incredible voracity once a rumor was confirmed. Thankfully, there haven't been any organized efforts to round up the Vermilion Bird and Long Xiaoxuan yet.

They'd done a good job at lying low, and were abominably strong compared to their available competition.

Those who dared prey on them would first and foremost need to be wary of that.

Along the way, Jiang Chen learned from Prime Puresmoke a bit more about Martial Divine Nation's culture and society.

"Prime Puresmoke, the total obliteration of the regiment outside the spirit herb base must be common knowledge to the rest of the rebels by now. Perhaps they've dug a trap for us to jump into, and we're headed straight for it." Jiang Chen wasn't joking with the suggestion.

Puresmoke furrowed her brow. "What should we do then? Shall we simply watch as the sacred land is besieged and conquered?"

"We have backup plans, don't we? We can take an alternative route." Jiang Chen was much more optimistic.

However, the atmosphere became much more serious as they approached the sacred land's headquarters. There were blockades on every path.

But, Jiang Chen and company weren't planning on taking the straightest road to the headquarters. It wouldn't have been hard for them to disguise themselves and pass on by, but they turned to the southwest instead.

After about two hours, they came to a much quieter place. Evidently, this was the mountainous base of some sect.

"This is the place," Puresmoke intoned in a low voice.

"The mists here have an almost dreamlike quality. The Dreamhaze Sect is true to its name. Alas, why must a beautiful sect like this become a criminal?" Jiang Chen joked.

"Shall we go in right now?" asked Puresmoke.

"No need to hurry. Let's ask around first. We want to hit the three demigod forefathers where it hurts, yes? For that, we need to know what their weaknesses are. How else will we be able to force their hand?"

"How do we ask around?" Puresmoke found this baffling. Were they supposed to ask the Dreamhaze Sect's people themselves?

Jiang Chen snapped a finger, summoning the king of the Goldbiter Rats.

"Young master Chen, what is it?"

"The Dreamhaze Sect of Martial Divine Nation is before us. Their main force is out against the sacred land right now and their base should be largely empty. I hear the sect head has a grandson who has

been tested with prodigious talent. Apparently the Dreamhaze Sect is investing a lot into him. Go investigate, and let me know anything you find out as quickly as possible.”

“Yes, sir!” The rat king was very pleased to be of service.

Prime Puresmoke tasted wryness on the roof of her mouth. She was the first prime of a sacred land, and yet her treasures and other methods weren’t comparable to a young man’s.

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

#### **Chapter 1847: Slipping Into the Dreamhaze Sec**

Elites of the Dreamhaze Sect had joined the rebels in attacking the Martial Sacred Land, leaving their home base vulnerable.

The Goldbiter Rats were a slippery bunch. They came back with the information Jiang Chen needed not long after.

“Young master Chen, the head of the Dreamhaze Sect has a direct grandson. The boy is in the sect, but has two eighth level empyrean personal guards at his side. They seem to be the sect head’s deathsworn, and have been tasked to keep his grandson safe.”

Jiang Chen smiled slightly and asked, “Do you have an exact location?”

“Yes,” the rat king responded with confidence. “I’ve planted a few rats around the area. As soon as you draw close, you’ll notice.”

Jiang Chen turned to Prime Puresmoke. “Will you join us, Prime Puresmoke, or leave it to us?”

The rebellion was Martial’s own responsibility. It’d be unbecoming of her to let outsiders do their job. She responded without hesitation, “Take me there. This seat will take the matter in my own hands.”

Two eighth level empyrean guards were nothing in Prime Puresmoke’s eyes. She had a myriad of ways to take them out. After all, she was a prominent figure in the sacred land and was close to being a demigod.

“Let’s go.” Jiang Chen entered the sect’s territory in a flash. Although it was guarded with restrictions and defensive formations, they were nothing when it came to formation masters like Prime Puresmoke and Jiang Chen.

They easily snuck through the restrictions at the mouth of the mountain.

They were powerful enough to break in without much difficulty, but they opted for stealth just to be on the safe side. If the sect head’s grandson got wind of their arrival and escaped, that would be far from ideal. Neither Jiang Chen nor the prime wanted to alert their enemies.

The Dreamhaze Sect turned out to be deserving of their reputation as a first tier faction. Its grounds were a world of its own, evident of a solid foundation.

However, with most of their elites deployed, the place was vulnerable. Although their defenses were strong, the lack of manpower would be a problem.

It didn't take long for Jiang Chen and the prime to locate the sect head's grandson. They locked onto him with both their consciousness.

The sect head was a demigod and ruled over the sect for more than seven thousand years. This grandson was the one he favored the most out of all his descendants. The boy was the handpicked heir and being groomed to take over the sect.

As one of the four demigods among the rebels, sect head Meng Qianqiu wielded strong influence. If something happened to him, more troubles would beset the rebels.

Inside a secret realm, a boy with a complexion as clear as jade was practicing martial techniques in a monotonous manner on a training field. There were defense posts scattered throughout the field, and two eighth level empyrean guards stayed close to the boy.

This was Meng Qianqiu's grandson, Meng Tianxing.

After completing a set of sword techniques, Meng Tianxing angrily propelled his long sword through a wall and into the lake outside.

He huffed and dropped onto a stool, fuming. It was clear he wasn't in the mood for practicing.

The two personal guards exchanged a look. They could tell their young master was upset, but they didn't know how to cheer him up.

"Young master..."

Meng Tianxing's fair face reddened in anger. "Don't call me that. I'm not your master."

"Young master, the sect head has assigned us to serve you. That makes us your servants. If you're angry, please take it out on us!"

Meng Tianxing scoffed. "What good is that going to do? If you truly consider me your master, take me to the Martial Sacred Land. I want to join the war and earn my glory!"

The two guards didn't know whether to laugh or cry. They knew the source of the boy's anger, but the sect head had ordered them not to let the boy leave. If anything happened to him, they would be held accountable.

Thus, they couldn't give Meng Tianxing what he wanted. Anyone would follow the sect head's order in this case. They could only try to pacify the boy's anger.

"What? You were assigned to protect me, but you don't even have the courage to fight? Don't you want to follow me to earn glory?"

"That's not our job, young master. Our duty is to protect you. If anything happens to you, the sect head will skin us alive and pull out our tendons."

"Cowards!" Meng Tianxing yelled angrily. "If you're not willing, I'll go myself one day when you're not looking!"

“You mustn’t, young master,” one of the guards tried. “There will be a time when you can prove yourself. You’re still learning and should use this time to improve. You’ll get a chance to kill enemies in the future.”

“Hmph, in the future? That’s going to be years later. I hear that Miss Yu Ling, one of the sixteen golden hairpins, is in the sacred land. Many young men in the nation pant after her like dogs. If I miss this opportunity, who knows which of those bastards is going to get the girl?”

So that was what the matter was about.

The two guards shared a look. They finally understood why their young master wanted so much to fight in the sacred land.

“Young master, it’s said that Miss Yu Ling isn’t even in the sacred land,” the other guard spoke up. “You don’t have to worry about her being taken.”

“Nonsense. She’s the holy girl. Why wouldn’t she be in the sacred land?”

“This subordinate hears that she and her master Prime Puresmoke are at the sacred land’s spirit herb base rather than its headquarters.”

“Oh? The spirit herb base?” Meng Tianxing’s eyes darted around as he plotted. His eyes lit up suddenly. “Then let’s go to the base!”

“We can’t.”

Meng Tianxing snickered. “You’re such cowards when it comes to my grandfather. Relax, I’ll take responsibility if anything happens. Happy?”

The two guards didn’t waver. If something did go wrong, not even the young master would be able to save them from the sect head’s ire. Besides, if something happened to the young master, how would he going to shoulder the blame?

“Please give up those thoughts, young master. If the girl is captured, we’ll do everything we can to deliver her to you.”

“No, it’ll be too late when you hear the news. Countless young men from the numerous factions are all trying to get her.”

“Elder Liang, I hear that years have been kind to Prime Puresmoke and that she’s still one of the most beautiful and graceful women in the nation. Don’t you want a piece of her as well?”

One of the guards, Elder Liang, smiled wryly. “Young master, Puresmoke is beautiful, but she’s not someone people like us should covet.”

“How do you know without trying? Don’t you want to pin her down and have your way with her?” Meng Tianxing was young, but he was born a lecherous man.

Elder Liang cackled, the look in his gaze obscene.

“This subordinate wouldn’t dare.” Elder Liang smirked. “But you, young master, you’ll have a good time sleeping with both of them. It would be gracious you to let me have a taste afterwards.”

Suddenly, the atmosphere around them changed. It felt like an invisible mountain was bearing down on them with great power.

Elder Liang's eyes widened with fear when he turned to the side. A tremor ran through his body.

The other guard was staring at them with wide eyes, blood streaming out of his eyes, nostrils, ears, and mouth. He'd been killed without any of them noticing!

Bam!

The guard keeled over like a wall, kicking up dust into the air.

"This is bad! Run, young master!" Elder Liang rushed to Meng Tianxing after he recovered from his shock, intending to escort him out. However, before he could reach the boy, Meng Tianxing vanished.

When the elder saw the boy again, he was held up high in the sky by numerous vines. The vines writhed in the air, wrapping around the boy tightly like he was a rice dumpling.

Scared witless, Meng Tianxing howled, "Elder Liang, help! Help me!"

He was a genius, but he was young. His cultivation was about the level of Eternal's Five Great Gentlemen, and the lower tier ones at that. He was no match for Jiang Chen or Xiahou Zong. He might not even be able to defeat Holy Girl Yu Ling.

The sudden turn of events completely panicked the boy.

It was Elder Liang's duty to protect his young master. He flashed into the sky to cut the vines, but he was stopped by the appearance of a beautiful woman.

It was Prime Puresmoke, and her icy gaze was fixed on the elder.

"You..." Elder Liang stared at her in shock like he'd seen a ghost. Why would the prime appear in the Dreamhaze Sect?

He thought back to the obscene remarks he'd made. Bedding both the prime and her disciple? He should really kill himself right now!

"Hm? Don't you recognize this seat?" Prime Puresmoke asked frigidly.

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

#### **Chapter 1848: Toying with Meng Tianxing**

Elder Liang shivered with fear. He'd heard the rumors of Prime Puresmoke's strength, but the pressure from the woman before him was ten times more intimidating.

Face to face, she was plainly far above him.

"H-honored Prime, I... I..." the old man's lips trembled. "I..."

"You what? You were talking a pretty talk now, weren't you? What were you going to do with my disciple and me? Well, I'm here now, aren't I? Show me."

The elder was positively ashen. He slapped himself harshly. "Madam Prime, I was a fool. A real fool! I had eyes but did not see Mt. Tai. Please don't stoop to my level, and have mercy on the young master."

"Mercy on your young master?" Above, Jiang Chen laughed. "His appetite is pretty incredible for one so young. He has such malicious delusions, yet you're begging on his behalf? First Prime, the Dreamhaze Sect's sect head Meng Qianqiu must be an old bastard. How else does one explain his grandson's awful behavior?"

Elder Liang's voice quavered. "W-who... who are you? How did you intrude in here?"

"Haha, the Dreamhaze Sect's puny defenses are only good against three-year-olds. They're practically for show. I can come and leave as I want."

Despite being captured, Meng Tianxing disagreed. "What are you bragging about? You ambushed us. If you have the stones to, fight me one on one!"

Jiang Chen sneered. Such a crude application of reverse psychology was fit only to be ignored.

He slapped Meng Tianxing's handsome face in an insulting fashion. "Are you still dreaming, kid? Fight you one on one? You're not nearly strong enough to try that trick. If your grandfather was suggesting that, I might've considered it.

"You're totally worthless though! I don't see a point to wasting my time. You have a pretty face, true, but your ugly heart means that it's a huge waste."

Meng Tianxing shrieked, agonized by Jiang Chen's torment. "Don't hit my face! Don't hit my face!"

He'd always been confident in his looks to the point of narcissism. Naturally, he was worried they'd be ruined by his captor.

Jiang Chen burst out into laughter. "Are you trying to rely on your looks alone, kid?"

"What, am I not handsome enough to do that? If you're not jealous of me, then stop hitting my face!" Meng Tianxing was an odd one.

In the heat of the moment, Jiang Chen couldn't think up of a good enough response.

Were there people this weird in the world? A prisoner that cared more about his looks than his safety? Did this kid believe he would be able to escape alive?

"Meng Tianxing, do you want to die a handsome man?" he quipped snidely. "Or do you want me to ruin your face and let you live?"

"You would dare kill me?!" Meng Tianxing spasmed.

"Give me a reason why I wouldn't." Jiang Chen chuckled in reply.

"My... my grandfather is Meng Qianqiu. If you kill me, you won't have anywhere to hide from his retribution in Martial Divine Nation!"

Jiang Chen roared with laughter, then shook his head. "Sorry, I'm not from here. Your threat isn't very useful."

“What? You’re not a native of this nation? Why’re you sticking your nose in our business then?”

Jiang Chen shrugged. “You traitors should be gotten rid of as a public service. I like sticking my nose in others’ business. What’s it to you?”

Meng Tianxing cackled. “You’ve really done it now, kid! Our allied army has already surrounded the Martial Sacred Land and it’s about to fall any moment. When that happens, the sacred land will be done for. The entire nation will be under the alliance’s control.

“If you let me go now, we can still negotiate. Otherwise, you will be declared an enemy of the Dreamhaze Sect. My grandfather definitely wouldn’t spare you. He’s one of the four demigods in the allied army!”

As a foppish dandy, Meng Tianxing was self-centered, insolent, and experienced with using his elders’ influence as a bludgeon. It wasn’t going to work on Jiang Chen though.

“Four demigods? Is that supposed to impress me?”

“You’re pretty smug, kid! The four demigods are only inches away from divinity! Don’t think too highly of yourself just because you’re empyrean realm. Before a demigod, your cultivation is worthless. Now be a good boy and let me go, and you’ll...”

“Sorry to say, but I think I accidentally killed a demigod before I came here. He had a golden bell that was pretty interesting, so I picked it up as a toy. Do you recognize it?” Jiang Chen took out the bell and shook it in front of his captive, grinning.

Prime Puresmoke found Meng Tianxing’s frightened idiocy rather amusing. Jiang Chen was definitely a youngster, alright. Even in these moments, he didn’t forget to inject a few antics.

Meng Tianxing’s mouth opened very wide. “This... this golden bell belonged to Forefather Goldenbell?” he paled.

“You’re pretty sharp. Oh, yeah, what treasure does Meng Qianqiu like to use? I want to collect a toy from him after taking his head.” Jiang Chen licked his lips.

The young dandy was even more scared when he heard this.

“You... you... you only know how to brag! Forefather Goldenbell is an amazing cultivator. You haven’t even grown your hair out. You think you can kill him? You’re dreaming!” He floundered for an explanation that was barely passable. However, he couldn’t actually convince himself. The golden bell looked completely authentic.

Elder Liang looked at Jiang Chen, then at Prime Puresmoke, then at the golden bell. Suddenly, infinite terror consumed him.

Forefather Goldenbell had been responsible for attacking the spirit herb base. The one in charge of defense there was Prime Puresmoke. If she was here rather than back there, what did that mean?

There were two possibilities. One was that the spirit herb base had fallen and Puresmoke had escaped.

Two, that the spirit herb base had been freed from the rebels' encirclement and defeated Forefather Goldenbell's men.

It seemed now that the second possibility was more likely. The golden bell was explanation enough. If it were the first case, Prime Puresmoke wouldn't be standing here unscathed. She even looked like she was on vacation.

Elder Liang's last shred of hope vanished.

"Young master, please speak less," he pleaded. At the same time, the old man raised both arms high. "First Prime," he turned to Puresmoke, "we didn't participate in the rebellion. We offer our full cooperation in deference to you."

He was certainly more than fickle with his loyalties.

"What do you mean by this?" Puresmoke sneered.

"I surrender." Elder Liang knew that death was assured if he resisted. Surrender was better; even if Meng Qianqiu pressed him after the fact, he could claim he falsely surrendered for the young master's sake.

If the rebels lost in the end, he could maintain that his surrender was real all along. In this way, he would be able to preserve his options.

Prime Puresmoke didn't expect the old man's williness. She sank into silence for a moment.

Meanwhile, Jiang Chen chuckled. He was no stranger to this kind of person and act.

"Elder Liang is wise and aboveboard, First Prime. Let's give him a chance. But if he wants to surrender, he should show his sincerity, right? Here, kill Meng Tianxing right now and we'll accept. Otherwise, your surrender is insincere and false."

Surprise flickered across the prime's eye. She applauded Jiang Chen's versatility. He'd pointed out the key point before she'd thought up a response.

Elder Liang panicked. He had wanted to preserve his options, but killing Meng Tianxing ran counter to that intention.

Jiang Chen cackled himself. "Master and servant have far too strong a relationship, it seems. Meng Tianxing, I offer you the same chance. If you kill Elder Liang here, I'll let you live. Are you willing?"

Meng Tianxing shook uncontrollably. "I don't want to. I don't believe you'll actually kill me!" he shouted. "My grandfather..."

"Your grandfather nothing," Jiang Chen rebuked harshly. "If you don't value the chance, I'll send you to hell!"

Seeing that his captor meant to act on his words, Meng Tianxing yelped, "Hold on, hold on! We can talk it over. What do you actually want?"

"What do you think?"

“How would I know?” Meng Tianxing said helplessly.

“Get rid of this old man first. Then you get the right of discussion.”

The young man shuddered. His eyes glanced icily at Elder Liang. The elder felt a chill as his young master perused him. He could see that Meng Tianxing would really follow through.

Nobody wanted to die. Even if one’s master willed it, it was impossible for anyone to sit still in the face of death.

“I accept your conditions! I accept!” Elder Liang shouted frantically.

“Exactly what do you accept?” Jiang Chen replied coldly.

“I’m willing to kill Meng Tianxing and join the Martial Sacred Land. I will fight for the sacred land and for justice,” the old man stated without reservation.

Jiang Chen smirked. “First Prime,” he cocked his head toward Puresmoke, “do you trust someone like him? Will you take him in?”

Prime Puresmoke scoffed. “He’s just grass that bends every way the wind blows. The sacred land doesn’t need soft-spined folks like him. What good will he do for anyone?”

Jiang Chen shrugged. “Look, Elder Liang. You didn’t value your chance when you had it. Well, it’s too late now! You’re worth less than Meng Tianxing, sorry. One of you has to die, and it looks like you’re the one.”

Elder Liang paled. “That’s unfair!”

Jiang Chen’s face darkened. “Unfair? Do conspirators and turncoats have the right to claim such a thing? You were prepared to sell out your master. What fairness do you deserve?”

“But you were the ones that forced my hand!” Elder Liang protested.

“Hmph. If you surrender when we force you today, who knows what you’ll do when another faction does so in the future? Remember, don’t be so opportunistic in your next life!”

“You!” Elder Liang had no time to finish that sentence. Steel flashed at his throat – Prime Puresmoke took his head in the next instant.

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

#### **Chapter 1849: The Next Stop**

Meng Tianxing trembled cowardly when he saw Elder Liang’s decapitated body and the blood seeping from the cut. It finally dawned on him that his enemies weren’t joking. They really could threaten his life.

He lost his previous bravado and his face turned ashen, timidly swallowing down his retorts.

Jiang Chen smirked at him. “You should be happy that it wasn’t your head she cut down.”

“Yes, you’re right...” Meng Tianxing stammered. “Brother, what do you plan to do with me? Are you going to use me as leverage against my grandfather?”

“You’re not as stupid as you look.”

“You don’t have to do anything,” Meng Tianxing pleaded. “As long as you tell my grandfather that I’m in your hands and have him retreat, he will.”

“Really? Are you sure Meng Qianqiu values you that much?”

“I’m sure. Grandfather has long made me his heir. I’m his only hope and his life’s work. He’d never risk my life.”

The boy knew his grandfather well. Jiang Chen looked at him with great derision. How disappointing it was that a genius from a first tier faction would cower under the slightest pressure! Meng Qianqiu was unworthy of his reputation.

Prime Puresmoke spoke up to warn Jiang Chen, “Don’t be fooled by his appearance. People like him are much bigger threats. They know when to back down, and they may come back to bite you at a critical time. He’ll do anything to strike back when given the opportunity.”

Jiang Chen tensed and threw a meaningful glance at Meng Tianxing. There was indeed a cunning glint deep within his fearful eyes.

Jiang Chen chuckled. “Plot all you want, Meng Tianxing, but you better not do anything foolish. I change my mind easily. I plan to use you as a bargaining chip now, but there’s no telling if I’ll cut you down in a fit of anger. Don’t try any tricks on me and test my patience. Understand?”

He patted Meng Tianxing’s face, deliberately forceful.

Meng Tianxing had only pretended to care about his face in order to relax Jiang Chen’s guard.

He’d thought the boy was truly a useless pretty face, but Prime Puresmoke’s reminder made him realize that was merely a facade.

“Sir Jiang, we have Meng Tianxing. Do we leave now?” asked the prime.

Jiang Chen nodded. “Yes. Let’s follow the plan.”

Before they departed, Jiang Chen cracked a grin. “Actually, there’s no rush. Since we’re here already, we should take a little something to compensate ourselves for the trouble. Otherwise, little Meng Tianxing here would be disappointed.”

He cackled. “Meng Tianxing, we’ll have to trouble you to lead us to the sect vaults. You know the drill.”

Meng Tianxing cursed under his breath. Before he could come up with a plan, Jiang Chen spoke again, “Oh, I know you’re planning on how you can take us to a lesser vault instead, but you better not try anything. I’m impatient and hot-tempered. Don’t give me a reason to kill you. It hasn’t been easy for you to survive to this point. It’d be a shame for you to die before seeing your grandfather. You can always acquire more treasure, but no one can give you another chance at life.”

Prime Puresmoke was impressed by how Jiang Chen kept Meng Tianxing under control.

No matter how reluctant the boy was, he prioritized staying alive. He Jiang Chen took him to the sect's most important vault to satisfy the intruders' raiding desire.

He wanted to die when he saw Jiang Chen having the time of his life pillaging their vault.

But the vermilion bird and the true dragon that Jiang Chen summoned was the real surprise. His curiosity was piqued despite his fear. Who was this young man? How could he summon two divine beasts?

"Brother Long, go ahead. This isn't the Eternal Sacred Land's vault. You may take whatever you want until you can't grab anything anymore. You too, Brother Vermilion."

The bird was more picky. Many of the items weren't worthy of its attention. Long Xiaoxuan's standards weren't as high. Still at empyrean realm, a good number of the items could be of use for him.

"Prime Puresmoke, come get your share as well. Forget your reservations and take anything you want. Seize the opportunity, it won't come around again."

She smiled politely. The young man was an interesting character.

She'd always played by the book and had rarely done anything adventurous. Her time with Jiang Chen was proving to be a fascinating one. His unpredictable way of doing things was novel and exciting, and went completely against her beliefs.

"Don't be shy, Prime Puresmoke," Jiang Chen prompted. "My two friends are both greedy buggers. There will be nothing left for you if you don't start now. Just pretend you aren't the prime of a sacred land, but a girl fighting with your childhood friends for snacks."

Prime Puresmoke's heart skipped giddily. She hadn't broken any rules since she became a prime. Jiang Chen's words brought out the youthful recklessness in her. There had once been a period of youth and rebellion in her life as well.

Jiang Chen chuckled. "It seems that you still have trouble letting yourself go. I'll start without you." He continued ransacking the vault.

Prime Puresmoke bit into her lip and threw her reservations out of the window. She flashed through the vault, taking whatever piqued her interest.

With her joining the raid, the items disappeared at an even higher pace. Meng Tianxing could barely contain pained screams. It didn't take long for them to almost empty the vault.

Jiang Chen glanced at the lingering excitement on the prime's face. "That wasn't enough, was it?"

She smiled slightly, dropping some of her bearing before the young man. "This seat hasn't taken as much as you have."

"Well, that's because this is your first. You haven't gotten into the groove yet. You'll get better at it after a few more times."

Meng Tianxing wanted to cry tears of blood. A few more times? The Dreamhaze Sect would be broke after this raid! These robbers had taken the majority of their treasure. He wanted to break down and cry. How was he going to face his grandfather after this?

The raid was a bonding experience for Jiang Chen and Prime Puresmoke. The strangers became unlikely friends, despite their age difference.

Fortunately, their operation was a secret. No one in the Dreamhaze Sect knew what they'd done. They didn't even know Meng Tianxing had gone missing and his two personal guards dead.

Two hours later, Jiang Chen and his companions arrived at the home base of an aristocratic family - House Yuchi. This was another demigod's faction. That family's territory could rival that of the Dreamhaze Sect in size, and the manor more extravagant than the sect's.

"There are a good number of powerful aristocratic families in Martial Divine Nation, the strongest one being House Yuchi due to their demigod forefather," explained Prime Puresmoke. "In our nation, having a demigod expert puts you ahead of the other first tier factions."

"How powerful is the family compared to the Dreamhaze Sect?"

"House Yuchi's forefather falls slightly short of the Dreamhaze Sect's, but there's not a substantial difference. House Yuchi is much better at doing business than the sect. It's probably the wealthiest among all first tier factions in the nation."

Jiang Chen cackled. "So we've come to the right place then?"

Prime Puresmoke could read between the lines. They were going to raid this aristocratic house as well. The idea excited her and brought her back to the passionate and reckless days of her childhood. She didn't know why, but she looked forward to robbing the house of their treasure.

House Yuchi's defenses were at the level of the Dreamhaze Sect's, which wasn't enough to stop Jiang Chen. However, the forefather didn't have any clear weaknesses.

He didn't favor any one of his numerous descendents. It wasn't viable for them to threaten the forefather the same way they had with Meng Tianxing. Jiang Chen decided to employ a different strategy.

"Prime Puresmoke, since this forefather doesn't care about anyone in particular, it won't be effective even if we capture a dozen of their members. We may as well raid their vault first and start a fire. That'll get a reaction out of him."

Prime Puresmoke's eyes lit up. A fire could do great damage to House Yuchi, and the forefather will feel the blow as well.

"Let's do that!" Prime Puresmoke now trusted Jiang Chen implicitly.

It wasn't difficult to sneak into House Yuchi, but it took some effort on their part to locate the vault. It was under great protection and proved to be difficult to enter without someone guiding them.

Prime Puresmoke let herself go completely this time. She ransacked the place with as much abandon as the others.

After that, Jiang Chen and his companions showed themselves and razed the manor. The Vermilion Bird's fire enveloped and devoured the entire complex. Long Xiaoxuan roared and wrecked havoc everywhere, unwilling to be outshone by the bird.

House Yuchi was completely destroyed before they could even begin to put up a resistance. Given the annihilation of their main fighting strength, their end was a foregone conclusion.

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

#### **Chapter 1850: According to the Plan**

They'd raided two major factions by now, each backed by a demigod forefather.

Prime Puresmoke was in very high spirits. She was no longer her cold, demure self. This unorthodox method of doing things was an exhilarating way to vent her feelings. She'd never experienced this thrill before.

The plan they'd settled on didn't involve attacking the rebels directly. Even counting the Vermilion Bird and Long Xiaoxuan, two humans and two beasts couldn't take on tens of thousands alone.

Instead, they sought to relieve the siege by attacking what the rebels held dear.

The factions that had demigod forefathers were prioritized to force their return. When they did, Jiang Chen and Prime Puresmoke would have a much wider range of options.

They could ambush Meng Qianqiu of the Dreamhaze Sect or House Yuchi's forefather. In fact, they could take on both. After all, they would be concealed while their enemy was out in the open. The terms of engagement would be entirely up to them.

A path a few hundred miles from House Yuchi's estate was chosen as a place for ambush. Despite her considerable faith in Jiang Chen now, Prime Puresmoke was nevertheless perplexed.

"Sir Jiang, this place is completely flat. There's no advantage to the terrain here for an ambush. Why don't we pick someplace more suitable for a sneak attack? I know of one just three hundred miles from here."

Jiang Chen waved a hand. "If I were the Yuchi forefather and I found out about an attack on my house, I would certainly come rushing back. At the same time though, I would wonder whether it was a conspiracy to lure me away from the main army. A surprise attack seems incredibly likely in this circumstance.

"If he considers all of that, he'll take exceptional caution when passing by dangerous terrain."

Prime Puresmoke considered this a few moments before understanding.

"You mean... he'll be on his guard in the places easy to set up an ambush, which makes it hard for us to act. Conversely, this place is a flat expanse, which means he won't pay much attention. Is that it?"

"Yes. I can't speak in absolutes, but I do believe it will be the case."

Puresmoke became thoughtful. "Why not ambush Meng Qianqiu then?" she asked suddenly. "We hit the Dreamhaze Sect first, didn't we?"

"We didn't slaughter the sect wholesale. Only their vaults were raided. Their people might not have even discovered that fact yet. The only thing of note is that we've kidnapped Meng Tianxing. However, the attack on House Yuchi will spread far and wide at the earliest possible opportunity.

"Plus, Meng Tianxing is in our hands. Meng Qianqiu is a puppet of our whims, forced to do wherever we wish."

Jiang Chen was confident that Meng Qianqiu would not be much of a threat. He would be far too concerned with the safety of his grandson to do anything rash.

With Forefather Goldenbell already dead, half of the demigods would be gone if they could put the Yuchi forefather out of commission as well.

With any luck, Meng Qianqiu would voluntarily withdraw from the rebel army if he knew what was good for him. Only one lone forefather would remain.

If that eventuality came to be, it would be a lethal blow to the rebels. It was quite possible the Martial Sacred Land would instantly be able to turn the war around.

Much of the rebels' momentum was maintained by the demigods. Without respected leaders to maintain control of the situation, they could very well crumble in an instant.

After experiencing the Eternal Sacred Land's rebellion, Jiang Chen knew the uniqueness of a rebel alliance. If they had the upper hand and the leadership of experts, they were a force to be reckoned with. As long as they picked solidarity over selfishness, of course.

When cracks formed or their advance was halted, it was extremely likely they would fall under their own weight. In fact, they dissolved with astonishing speed when coming under annihilating fire.

Therefore, Jiang Chen was making a gamble.

More ordinary methods would never be able to rout the rebel army. Even with the Vermilion Bird on his side, the three demigods would be quite safe alongside the momentum propelling their army.

To divide and conquer was the only way to go.

Prime Puresmoke was greatly restless. As the first prime of the Martial Sacred Land, she was much more attentive to the situation there.

Though she agreed with Jiang Chen's strategy, she nevertheless worried about the possibility that the rebel army would enter a decisive battle with the sacred land proper while they waited here.

What if the Yuchi forefather prioritized the bigger picture rather than returning after receiving the news? That wasn't entirely impossible. The apprehension in her heart was visible on her face.

Jiang Chen could see it plain as day from a mile away. "We've done all we can," he consoled. "There's no need to worry. House Yuchi has been uprooted. Its forefather won't possibly remain where he is."

He was far more assured of this than Prime Puresmoke.

Time stretched impossibly long on the eve of momentous events. Two days passed by with excruciating sluggishness.

Prime Puresmoke's anxiety intensified. Without her promise prior not to renege, she would've wanted to rush straight back to the Martial Sacred Land. Whether the rebel army had launched their penultimate assault or not, she wanted to fight alongside her comrades against their dastardly enemies.

However, the Eternal Sacred Land's success stayed her hand. Puresmoke decided to trust Jiang Chen – the youth who seemed to be adept at making miracles happen.

Their long wait was not in vain.

The morning of the third day, the Goldbiter Rats concealed along the way scouted the Yuchi forefather's return. Several elites accompanied him, making the journey with utmost swiftness.

By Jiang Chen's calculations, the time difference was about right. The Yuchi forefather had needed to hear of the news, decide, then travel.

"He's on his way," Jiang Chen muttered quietly to Prime Puresmoke.

"The Yuchi forefather?" Puresmoke's voice tensed.

"Yes."

"Finally, he's come." There was a flash of joy in the prime's eyes. The two days they'd spent waiting hadn't been wasted. Their strategy was materializing step by step.

House Yuchi's forefather was rushing back with due haste, accompanied by a few elites. Hearing such news had been a tremendous blow to morale for both forefather and the army.

If their foundations at home were destroyed, what would the rebels' victory mean? For House Yuchi at least, the loss far outweighed any gain.

Though he had brought the house's best elites out with him, the house's main estate was where its roots lay. There would be no future for them without it.

Even if the rebellion were successful, House Yuchi wouldn't be able to vie for supremacy in the ensuing power struggle. Their lack of strength at that point would make them non-competitive.

The Yuchi forefather's anxiety was thus quite understandable.

However, just as Jiang Chen had anticipated, the old man wasn't discomposed in his anxiety. He was careful the entire way back, especially in the parts where the terrain was rough.

The forefather's entourage now approached where Jiang Chen's ambush lay.

The forefather himself bore a grim expression. He looked in his house's direction, alternating between gritting his teeth and gnashing them in anger.

Upon House Yuchi's airboat, an elite tried to alleviate some of the tension. "Forefather, we're past Ghostsorrow Valley. We'll be back home in less than thirty minutes."

“Hmm. Don’t let down your guard.” Though the bulk of danger was past, the Yuchi forefather nevertheless maintained caution.

“Who exactly attacked our estate, forefather?”

“No news as of yet. The enemies came out of nowhere, for apparently no reason.” The Yuchi forefather was somber. “Most concerningly, the news from the house was fuzzy about even their descriptions. That means they have no idea who was responsible.”

If they had a target, everything would be easier. To be without that knowledge, despite the crimes against them, was sorrow in itself.

“Forefather, there’s been no news from Forefather Goldenbell for the past two days. Many of the allied army are discussing this anomaly in private. There’s a terrifying rumor that Goldenbell is already dead, and the army sent to attack the spirit herb base utterly crushed. Is that true?”

The Yuchi forefather was privy to this information, but also obligated to keep it a secret. Only the executives were allowed to know, not the common soldiers. The hit to morale would be far too big if this rumor were to spread.

However, secrecy had never been a good method to hide the truth. News about Forefather Goldenbell’s demise had spread everywhere like wildfire.

When gossip began, dissemination of information became much faster. It was basically impossible to keep from the masses anymore.

“Who did you hear that from?” The Yuchi forefather remarked coldly.

“Ah, even the lowliest among the cultivators are talking about these problems. Forefather, there’s something off about all this. Prime Puresmoke is the one defending the spirit herb base, and she’s slightly inferior to Forefather Goldenbell. There should be no reason for her to smash the entire army alongside him. That’s just too incredible to believe.”

“Hmph, what are you trying to say?” The Yuchi forefather harrumphed.

“I’m just worried that Goldenbell’s murderer is from the outside. Reinforcements for the Martial Sacred Land, maybe?”

The Yuchi forefather’s pupils contorted. Piercing light blasted forth from them.