

## Three Realms 1941

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

#### Chapter 1941: An Agreement of Ten Moves

Destroying House Yan obviously didn't weigh on the four cloaked men's minds. In their eyes, their superior power over the house justified their deeds.

They weren't fazed at all by Jiang Chen's demand for an explanation.

The one cloaked in brown smiled slightly. "Of course we have our reasons. If you were in the same boat as House Yan, we would've taken care of you as well. You're lucky though. Our master decided to spare you."

Jiang Chen frowned. The man's tone made it clear that he was used to being in charge. Even knowing that Jiang Chen was the heir to the Eternal Sacred Land didn't change his attitude. These people must have quite the important background.

However, Jiang Chen was also a proud man. The more forceful the other was, the less cooperative he would be.

His gaze turned frosty as he riposited in a frigid tone, "I don't know who your master is, but we'll determine our own fate. We don't need your fake mercy."

"Oh?" The brown-cloaked man's voice sharpened. The air went thick and still with tension.

Yan Wanjun and the others felt their hearts race.

"Jiang Chen, should we ask for the sacred land's help?" Yan Qingsang asked quietly.

Jiang Chen didn't answer. He looked over the brown-cloaked man and his companions. "You may be used to giving out orders, but let me tell you something: Not everyone is going to dance to your tune, and not everyone is easy prey for you."

"Tsk tsk, kid. I heard you contributed to the resolution of the Eternal Sacred Land's uprising, but as far as we know, it was all due to luck and a few tricks you pulled. Do you think we're anything like the idiotic rebels in your nation?"

"I don't care who you are. You four aren't entitled to talk to me like you're better." Jiang Chen scoffed, his tone casual.

The four cloaked men exchanged a glance and huffed. They'd killed many people to get to this point. There was a lot of blood on their hands. They felt nothing after killing everyone in House Yan. In fact, they never felt anything when they took a life. Their minds remained strong and unwavering.

They wouldn't have been civil with Jiang Chen if not for their master's order.

So he was the successor of the sacred land. Big deal. They still wouldn't hesitate to kill him. The Eternal Sacred Land was nothing in their eyes. The venerated forefather was the only one who could even pose a threat to them.

And their master wasn't any lesser than the forefather.

It only made sense that they would consider themselves superior and act accordingly. However, they didn't expect Jiang Chen to refuse to cooperate. They now felt the urge to kill the young man.

"Our master told us to spare you, kid, but it'll be unwise of you to abuse that privilege and strut around before us." The brown-cloaked man's expression darkened. "I'll have to teach you a lesson even if my master is going to punish me."

Jiang Chen smiled slightly. "Are you going to come at me together, or one by one?"

"All of us against the five of you?" the cloaked man sniffed derisively. "You don't deserve such treatment."

Blue cloak seemed to remember something at this time. He messaged brown cloak, who nodded and also responded silently.

Jiang Chen didn't know what they were talking about, but he could tell it was something important. He also noticed them glancing over his shoulders a few times during their conversation.

They were subconsciously looking at Huang'er.

He wasn't sure if he was mistaken, but it made him thirst for their blood. Targeting Huang'er was the quickest way to make Jiang Chen their enemy.

If they'd massacred House Yan for a good reason, Jiang Chen might not fight them to the death. However, Huang'er was the one thing most precious to him. Anyone who dared lay a hand on her must die!

Nonetheless, Jiang Chen could tell they didn't desire Huang'er the way a man would a woman. Unfortunately, there wasn't enough time for him to pursue that thought further.

Brown cloak leveled Jiang Chen with a cold stare.

"There was a young man from House Yan who was as arrogant as you. I think his name is Yan Zhenhuai. However, he was too weak to back up his arrogance, so he's now a pile of dust. I hope you won't let me down and will have something to back up your attitude.

"I'm won't be a bully. If you can survive five exchanges with me in a duel, I'll forgive your trespasses today. If you can't, it'll serve a boastful fool like you right to die at my hands."

Jiang Chen smiled slightly. "If we're going to fight, why should we limit ourselves to only a few exchanges?"

"What do you mean?" Brown cloak paused. He didn't expect the young man to be dissatisfied with his offer.

"We should our strength speak for ourselves even if it takes hundreds or thousands of exchanges of blows. Don't you feel embarrassed for boasting before we even start fighting? What if you fail to defeat me after a few hundred moves? Won't that be the apex of shame?"

Brown cloak burst into laughter. "A few hundred? Kid, if you can survive ten moves from me, I'll gladly let you have my head!"

Jiang Chen had thoroughly angered the man.

Which was exactly what he was trying to do. He'd fought demigods before, even before he ascended to sixth level empyrean. Moreover, he'd exchanged blows with the man earlier with his Evil Golden Eye.

Even if he couldn't defeat the demigod cultivator, he was sure he'd be able to protect himself.

The man's promise to give him his head gave Jiang Chen the upper hand. He asked gravely, "Do you meant that?"

Brown cloak raged. "Of course I did."

Jiang Chen scoffed. "I don't want you to go back on your words."

"You way overestimate yourself, kid. How are you going to make me regret my words?"

"I can't force you to honor your words when it comes down to life or death. I don't want your head. Instead, tell me who you are if I can survive ten attacks from you."

Jiang Chen changed the terms of the game. The man had three companions. If he was defeated, they weren't going to just let him kill their comrade, especially since brown cloak seemed to be the leader of the group.

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#### **Chapter 1942: A Vortex of the Earth**

Jiang Chen had fought demigods before and had a solid understanding about their level of power.

With his current cultivation, it would be difficult for him to defeat one or even fight head-on, but he was confident he'd be able to play the game and at least remain undefeated.

He was quite different from who he'd been when he'd left. Having ascended to sixth level empyrean and acquired the heritage from the fourth and fifth palaces, both his martial dao and equipment had progressed substantially.

If he could break through to the seventh level, he would be able to go toe-to-toe with a demigod.

He thought back to previous battles with demigods such as Forefather Goldenbell and Yuchi. At the time, the Vermilion Bird had been the main force. This time though, he had taken matters into his own hands.

He smiled slightly when brown cloak fell silent. "What's wrong? Are you more afraid of exposing your identity than of death?"

The man scoffed. "Afraid? I'm just wondering how much of a fool you must be to negotiate with me."

Jiang Chen was growing impatient. "Cut the nonsense. Just tell me if you have the guts to take the deal."

Brown cloak laughed derisively and declared in a haughty tone, "You'll get what you want if you can survive ten attacks from me. Come on then, boy."

Jiang Chen smiled slightly and threw his companions a determined look.

Huang'er gently tugged on his elbow, the look in her eyes concerned.

Jiang Chen patted the back of her hand. "Don't worry. I've met my fair share of demigods."

Huang'er knew it was unlikely for him to change his mind once he'd made a decision. She reminded him, "Be careful. Don't get carried away by the fight or take unnecessary risks."

She was worried, but she knew that with the Vermilion Bird's protection, Jiang Chen wouldn't be in dire danger even if he did end up losing.

Jiang Chen silently told the bird, "Brother Vermilion, Brother Long, maintain the formation and don't worry about me. Protect Huang'er and the others."

With that, he walked out of the formation and flew towards an open space.

"It's sacrilegious to fight on top of the ruins of House Yan," said Jiang Chen. "Why don't we move to another location, gentlemen?"

Brown cloak snorted derisively. "Unnecessary."

The man had made his apathy known, so Jiang Chen didn't push things. He nodded. "So be it then."

Brown cloak didn't seem to take Jiang Chen seriously at all. He smiled faintly. "Why don't I let you attack me three times first?"

Jiang Chen scoffed. "I feel embarrassed for you and your immature taunting. Make your move. Show me ten of your most powerful tricks. Don't regret not trying your best afterwards. I have nothing but contempt for those who justify their mistakes with excuses. That's the sign of a coward."

"Hmph, I don't need to use my most powerful move to kill you." With that, brown cloak lifted a hand and slammed it at the ground.

An enormous vortex appeared and swirled towards Jiang Chen with tremendous speed, its impetus so powerful that it seemed the sky would fall in and the earth crumble. The ground before Jiang Chen was quickly churned into the vortex.

Jiang Chen recognized it as an attack of the earth element. It was essentially an earth vortex.

Regular cultivators might fail to get out of the way in time and be sucked into the vortex, but earth element attacks posed no threat to him. His Earth Bodhisattva Orb was a powerful item of the element. Refining it made him almost invincible to earth attacks.

This tremendously powerful attack was just a trifling detail to him. The orb enabled him to stay rooted to the ground, completely unbothered, as the earth shook and trembled.

To onlookers, the vortex seemed to swallow Jiang Chen in an instant. Waves of dust and earth measuring hundreds of meters cascaded upon the area. He disappeared into them like a small ship vanishing into the boundless ocean. There seemed no hope for his survival.

“Ah!” The sight shook Huang’er and Yan Qingsang to the core. Huang’er was especially affected and her heart sank. It felt as if the rug had been pulled out beneath her feet. Her legs went weak and she almost collapsed.

Elder Shun caught her in time and reassured her in a gentle voice, “Don’t worry, Huang’er. He wouldn’t be Jiang Chen if he was defeated so easily.”

That said, the elder wasn’t actually feeling that confident. He had trouble keeping track of battles at such a level.

Although he was an empyrean cultivator, the cloaked man was obviously at least a demigod, which put the fight at a level higher than his observation capabilities.

The brown-cloaked man smirked derisively and shook his head when he saw Jiang Chen disappear into the vortex, muttering, “Another young man who’s full of himself. The genius of the sacred land is nothing but a product of the times. He has nothing to back his reputation up. How laughable for him to puff himself up like that.”

He was quite confident in his technique. One had to dodge the vortex for a chance at survival. Once caught, all the sand and earth would envelope the victim and tear them to pieces.

Originally, the brown-cloaked man had been worried about disobeying his master’s will, but Jiang Chen had lost too easily. A young man who didn’t deserve his fame didn’t deserve his mercy either. Even if his master blamed him, the punishment wouldn’t be severe.

The other three cloaked men shook their heads. They’d thought the successor of the sacred land would have something to back up his boastful claims. They didn’t expect their companion to kill the young man with only one move.

Apparently they’d quite overestimated the young man. They exchanged mocking glances.

At this time, the immensely strong swirl at the center of the vortex gradually died down, with the dust and smoke around it being sucked in as well.

Something was off.

Brown cloak knew his technique well. The vortex would die down after a while, but not like this.

Doubt flickered in his eyes.

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#### **Chapter 1943: A Natural Bane**

The more bizarre was to come.

While everyone’s attention was drawn to the vortex, it weakened and dissipated even faster, the dust surrounding it sucked in and dispersing completely.

In only a few breaths of time, all of the sand and dirt around it had disappeared. The air had quieted down. There was no vortex. No nothing.

Jiang Chen stood out like a sore thumb. His clothes were in pristine condition. Even his hair was as neat as it'd ever been. It was as if he'd merely stood there, waiting for a moment, unfazed by whatever had happened around him.

What the...

Brown cloak couldn't believe his eyes. Neither could his three companions.

What was going on? Even if the young man had narrowly survived the earth vortex, it should've at least left some marks on him. Nothing could be more humiliating to the brown-cloaked man.

Yan Wanjun and the others brightened up. Huang'er was especially delighted. Gloom lifted from her face and her caring heart returned to its place.

Elder Shun couldn't contain his excitement. "I knew he'd be fine! There hasn't been a battle Jiang Chen went into that he didn't win!"

Yan Qingsang shook his fist and exclaimed vehemently, "That's right. No one in Myriad Abyss can defeat him!"

Jiang Chen looked at the brown-cloaked man with a faint smile. "Those who don't know the truth might suspect you of going easy on me."

That was the most insulting thing he could've delivered. Brown cloak's breath hitched, his face flushing. If not for the cloak hiding his face, everyone would've seen how twisted his expression was at the moment.

Fury boiled in his heart. Now he was truly angry!

However, he had to admit he'd underestimated the young man and the fight. Jiang Chen was much more difficult to deal with than expected.

"Nine more moves. You better have a good think about what you're going to do." The more composed Jiang Chen's smile was, the heavier the blow to brown cloak's ego. The young lord was acting like this wasn't a fight, but a friendly sparring session!

"I have to admit you aren't completely incompetent and that there's a little something to you, kid, but that was just a warm up."

Of course he wasn't going to admit that his first move was one of his most powerful techniques. He had to play it down to save face.

Jiang Chen snorted. "You better have finished warming up in ten moves."

"I'll show you what purgatory is with my second, boy!" Brown cloak was fed up with Jiang Chen's attitude.

He had already planned out the order of the ten techniques he was going to use, but that plan was now out the window. He was going to teach the young man a painful lesson with an ultimate move, preferably making the young man regret his life in three attacks.

Despite Jiang Chen's taunts, the young lord was concentrating fully on the battle. He was in no place to take his enemy lightly. He wasn't any better than the cloaked man.

It had been only by chance that he'd been able to use the powerful Earth Bodhisattva Orb to easily dispel the first attack, and it was also the reason why he was so calm. He could tell that the cloaked man specialized in the earth element.

If the subsequent attacks were all with the same element as well, Jiang Chen was confident he'd be able to take them on with ease. He'd wait and see when the man realized the crux of the problem.

An earth specialist wouldn't be able to reach the same level of power with attacks of other elements, which would make things easier for Jiang Chen.

From the way brown cloak spoke through gritted teeth, Jiang Chen speculated that the next move would be one of the man's best.

That was precisely what he wanted. He wanted to see how powerful the man's most vaunted techniques were.

Brown cloak made a series of hand seals as he chanted. From his palm emerged a series of strange glyphs. They multiplied and leapt into the air like sentient beings. The symbols populated the air and morphed into a black hand. Every finger seemed as heavy as a mountain, its presence threatening enough to topple the sky.

"Five fingers form mountains, the road to hell opens. Take him!"

Five fingers forming mountains!

Wisps of black restrictions radiated from the hand, looking like black lightning encircling Jiang Chen. The restrictions sparked and popped with ear-piercing intensity. The fingers loomed over the young man and slammed down.

Jiang Chen tilted his head up at the sky. All he could see was the enormous hand as the mountainous fingers slowly descended on him.

He remained composed. Not a change flickered over his expression. The mountainous fingers were still of the earth element, which meant they wouldn't pose any challenge to him as long as he had the orb.

The earth vortex was meant to churn the enemy to pieces, while the mountainous fingers were meant to crush the foe. Naturally, the latter was more dramatic, fierce, and intimidating.

The black restrictions were a cage, preventing foe from escaping. Before the hand even landed, its powerful presence alone was enough to break tendons and bones, or even destroy one's will.

Its power exceeded the limits of one's imagination.

The technique made use of kinetic energy, gravity, and terrifying restrictions. It appeared to be simple, but was in truth complicated.

Nonetheless, it made no difference to Jiang Chen. At the heart of things, it was an earth element attack.

The Earth Bodhisattva Orb was the source of all things earth. It radiated a powerful dissolving and absorbing power, resonating with the mountainous fingers and drawing away their energy. In no time, the terrifying might of the attack dissipated, exposing the black hand for what it was.

The five fingers slowly fell apart with everyone bearing witness.

Slam!

It shattered the way it attacked, powerfully and mightily, but the sight made its cultivator despair.

This can't be! The brown-cloaked man stared at it in disbelief.

Yet reality was thus cruel.

In only a few breaths of time, the mountainous fingers had collapsed completely. Brown cloak could scarcely believe his eyes, and his three companions were just as shocked.

They knew how powerful brown cloak and his techniques were. Even if they were the one fighting their leader, they'd have a hard time dealing with his attacks. However, the young man seemed to be the natural bane of those techniques!

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

#### **Chapter 1944: An Ultimate, Signature Move**

The browncloak's attacks proved his prowess as a demigod.

Even Yan Wanjun clucked his tongue when he witnessed the ferocity of the man's attacks. He himself probably wouldn't have endured the two attacks if he were the one taking them on. He would be severely injured, if not outright dead.

Elder Shun admired Jiang Chen's skills even more so. "Xinghan, do you see that?" he muttered to his disciple. "Jiang Chen is your goal on the path of martial dao."

Chu Xinghan was dazzled by what he saw. If he wasn't both standing at a respectable distance and being shielded by Elder Shun, he would've been swept into the fallout. His below-empyrean cultivation was a bit too low for that.

He had seen Jiang Chen's remarkable combat ability since tagging along. When Jiang Chen had fought Commander Yan of Bluesmoke's Blue Eagle Guard, the latter's ninth level empyrean level had been helpless before the young lord. That already gave a good grasp of his old acquaintance's true capabilities.

Still, he was shaken nonetheless. The man Jiang Chen was taking on right now wasn't just ninth level empyrean – he was a demigod, just a step away from being a full blown god!

Three or four Commander Yans added together wouldn't necessarily be able to best the browncloak, but Jiang Chen answered with an air of ease. He was no longer describable with merely the term 'genius'.



When he'd first seen Jiang Chen in the Eastern Kingdom, Chu Xinghan had been second disciple under Master Shuiyue, a superb genius in his own right.

At that time, his cultivation had been sufficient to steamroll Jiang Chen. If Elder Shun hadn't intervened by forcing him back, Jiang Chen would've been completely powerless to stand against him.

Perhaps that'd been the only chance for Chu Xinghan to defeat Jiang Chen at any point in his life. After that, Jiang Chen had advanced with astonishing rapidity, moving from Eastern to thriving in Skylaurel. There, he'd obtained an opportunity to test himself among the sixteen kingdom alliance's four great sects.

Like a dark horse, he cut cleanly into the competition, defying expectations by slaying all in his path. Even Long Juxue, who'd had an azure phoenix constitution, had been dispatched in his warpath.

At that time, Chu Xinghan had already fallen far behind.

It was during that occasion that he'd been injured and abandoned by his sect as well. Jiang Chen had saved him. After that, he became Elder Shun's pupil and enjoyed the ensuing opportunities that came with his newfound status.

Meeting Elder Shun had changed his life in more ways than one. Compared to his former peers, he was the best off by a long shot. Compared to Jiang Chen though, there was still a noticeable, massive gap between them.

Chu Xinghan wasn't jealous. He knew that the young lord's accomplishments hadn't come from a single day of work. In fact, Jiang Chen's success drove and motivated him.

Even with the former's lowly origins, he had nevertheless managed to come this far. There was no reason for Chu Xinghan not to work hard so that he might do the same!

The battle raged on.

The furious browncloak was completely riled up. Two successive powerful blows still hadn't made a dent in Jiang Chen's defenses; the result cracked his mentality.

Though the tempo of his assault had increased as a result, their actual effect was lacking compared to his five fingers mountain from earlier. Most importantly, earth-attribute abilities were completely ineffective against the Earth Bodhisattva Orb's bearer.

Browncloak landed seven swift blows with an incredibly fluid motion.

Jiang Chen didn't bother to mount a counterattack. Instead, he faced them head on. His defense was all the more remarkable for it – and mocking, to their originator.

"Impossible! Is this kid immortal? Even if another demigod were to take my attacks, he would be seriously injured or outright killed! And yet, he barely dodged. Wasn't he in the center of my attacks all along? Why is he completely fine? Can he... can he be hiding his true strength?"

The possibility made him tremble. He began to carefully scrutinize Jiang Chen once more. The young man didn't look like an old monster in disguise as his looks and actual age aligned. But it was difficult to imagine someone so young to be strong enough to need to hide his strength.

This put the browncloak at an impasse. He had three moves left. If he couldn't deal with his opponent in that time, he would be declared the loser.

It wasn't particularly shameful to not win in the first ten attacks.

The shameful part was that he'd made the promise so casually. He'd been so confident of his victory. To fail after exhibiting such impudence was utterly scathing.

The browncloak had never felt so ashamed before.

Jiang Chen meanwhile, remained as cool as ever.

"Three attacks left. Take your time and work up your strength. I don't want you to say that I didn't give you a chance to do your best," he joked.

The ease with which he spoke was a kind of psychological interference.

Browncloak was still trying to figure out a method that could negate the young man before him. He had plenty in his arsenal, but most had been tried just now during the seven consecutive strikes. The field test had shown their limited effectiveness.

"Boss, why not use the new move that master's taught you?" reminded one of his companions.

The browncloak was inspired. He'd had the same idea, but the new move was tremendously powerful: so much so that he had wanted to save it for last.

If he used it ahead of time, the two moves he would have left afterwards would be wasted.

In that moment, he was rather hesitant.

"What's the difference between you using it now and later, man? What're you waiting around for?" the bluecloak transmitted again.

His companion had a point, the browncloak realized. He might not even have the chance to use it later. The resolution forced him to become serious. It was decided, then!

This would be his ultimate attack. Either it worked, or he failed outright. It was that simple. If the young man could withstand this attack, the older man would have to forfeit in their agreement.

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

#### **Chapter 1945: The Ultimate Showdown**

Opposite the browncloak, Jiang Chen could feel the tangible difference in his opponent. His powerful consciousness allowed him to detect that his opponent was charging up for his strongest move.

Doesn't he have three moves left? Is he using his best one ahead of schedule?

The young man didn't dare underestimate his enemy. He was facing down a demigod, not an ordinary cultivator. He didn't have the right to take someone this strong lightly.

Jiang Chen focused his mind a hundred and twenty percent. Tempered body, Bewitching Lotus, magnetic mountain, Earth Bodhisattva Orb, and the new golden bell – all available was brought to bear.

In fact, he also temporarily brought a few formation disks to life as well, reinforcing them with a few suspended runes. He was only a beginner at the last art. Having obtained its details from Old Pill Glyph, he had learnt it to a certain degree, though without major success.

In a fight like this though, he needed to use whatever he had. Each and every additional ward would be useful.

He didn't slouch in the area of offense either. When necessary, a good offense could substitute for defense. The Holy Dragon Bow and Taiji Pisces Swords were potent weapons of murder. Complimenting them was the Heavenly Chalice Sword Formation, just as lethal in its own ways.

The browncloak noticed Jiang Chen's changes. "I hope you really savor this next one, kid!" he cackled. He knew that Jiang Chen had prepared every way that he could for his final strike.

They had a mutual understanding. However, browncloak was already snickering to himself internally. If his opponent was focused on the physical side of things, he had pretty much already lost.

His strongest attack was potent both physically and mentally. Its essence lay in using the robust physical portion as a smokescreen to land a sneak attack on the consciousness. Of course, if that in itself was enough, then all the better.

But if it came down to the mental portion, he could instantly crush his opponent's awareness once it was successful. As that was a cultivator's most vital weakness, a victim had no chance of survival after being struck.

Browncloak made a series of hand seals. Within moments, tendrils of black mist gathered all around him. They spewed and gushed in constant mystery.

He swept the hem of his garment across the ground, placing down a small black flag there. He did so multiple times in succession, dropping them all about the surrounding terrain.

At a glance, the flags looked utterly chaotic and randomly placed. However, when the black mist spread over them, the area the flags covered took on a more sinister aura.

In the next moment, a bone-chilling wind from hell itself froze the air around them.

Jiang Chen found that the ground under him was visibly frosting over. It didn't seem quite like an ice attribute ability though.

Not panicking for an instant, he used his God's Eye to pierce the hazy curtain. It allowed its user to see through every veil, whether darkness, maze, or mist that hindered his vision.

Thus, the shape of the little black flags beneath the dark mist was brought sharply into view.

The flags drew the outline of a great demonic beast.

A lumbering hulk rose out of the ground, slowly getting to its feet. It was a pitch-black, demonic monster, colossal and ferocious. Its limbs rippled with powerful muscle.

“Prepare to die, kid!” A bigger black flag suddenly appeared in browncloak’s hands. He pointed it toward Jiang Chen, who felt his consciousness waver.

In the next moment, the muscled monster charged toward him.

The sheer momentum and savagery of the monster tipped Jiang Chen off to its toughness. Harrumphing, he uttered an incantation that directed the Bewitching Lotus of Ice and Fire’s myriad of tentacles to intercept it.

Within an instant, thousands upon thousands of vines entangled the monster in their coils.

The beast was particularly vicious and brutal. An ordinary monster would be unable to move a single inch once ensnared, but a single roaring flex of its extremities caused the vines right against its skin to rip and tear.

Thankfully, the lotus had strong regenerative abilities. Though it was continually damaged, its vines and tendrils nevertheless swarmed ceaselessly upon the monster.

Jiang Chen knew that it could not be allowed much more range of motion. Otherwise, the monster would break free of all the vines upon it. He activated his magnetic golden mountain, sending magnetic storms hurtling in the monster’s direction.

The storms weren’t especially damaging, but they would interrupt and hinder their target’s movements. An opponent that was enfeebled this way would be unable to gather their strength or find their combat rhythm.

He didn’t stop there either. The best counter to this monster was his golden bell. It had gained in strength with every fight he brought it to, and he’d continuously tapped into the ancient energies within. Its offensive and restrictive abilities had both been considerably increased.

The bell flew forth with glorious humming. Aureate light flared from every inch of its surface, seemingly weakening the demonic beast. In fact, the monster was already trembling a little.

Though it still struggled violently, it did so with much less frequency and strength.

A strange smile curled at the browncloak’s mouth.

He waved the flag in his hands, pointing it at Jiang Chen several times again.

Jiang Chen felt a series of disturbances in his consciousness again. Immediately after, the chain seal there agitated with resistance!

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#### **Chapter 1946: Utter Despair**

The chain seal had protected Jiang Chen’s consciousness more than once. Since he started pursuing dao, many enemies had tried to destroy his mind. However, they’d all failed because of the seal. It had safeguarded Jiang Chen from outside forces every time and dispelled the attacks.

It was his last line of defense, and the one that was the strongest and most deeply concealed. His other techniques were visible once used, but not the chain seal. It could only be detected if someone invaded his consciousness.

The flag. Jiang Chen immediately noticed that the real eccentricity wasn't the beast, but the flag in the man's hand.

On the surface, the flag seemed to be what was directing the beast, but it was more likely a weapon that attacked the mind. Perhaps it was a treasure that could absorb one's soul.

It dawned on him what the enemy was planning.

What a sly fox. The beast is a smokescreen. If my consciousness wasn't as sensitive and my observation skills not as keen, I'd be in big trouble.

Once he was aware of the real threat, the defense of his chain seal became stronger.

No matter how Browncloak brandished the flag and adjusted his moves, the mental attack failed to penetrate Jiang Chen's consciousness, leaving only slight ripples in its wake.

If Jiang Chen's consciousness was a vast ocean, the attack was akin to casting a pebble into the boundless water. It might leave a trace on the surface, but it'd never create a wave, let alone a tsunami.

Hmph, so he is good at something. Anyone else would likely fall victim to the unpredictable attack.

Jiang Chen was still reeling from the last move. The chain seal had saved him again. If not for the seal, he didn't know how many times he would've suffered at the hands of his enemies.

It further hardened his resolve to fully understand it.

Browncloak was highly agitated. He'd tapped into the full power of the technique. No matter how he adjusted the flag, the invisible attacks on the soul failed to even shake the young man's consciousness.

Impossible! Is this kid even human? Just a wave of the flag can destroy a soul. Seven waves means that he should've been annihilated without a doubt. Unless his consciousness is more powerful than mine and has an instinctive defense mechanism, his mind should've collapsed without warning... why is this happening??

Browncloak was reaching his limit and beginning to doubt the principles of life.

Jiang Chen could feel his agitation. The more agitated his enemy was, the more forceful he became. Emitting dragon roars, he stared at the beast trapped by the golden bell and raised the Holy Dragon Bow.

"This is the end for your demonic beast!"

The arrow was loosed as soon as he finished talking.

Caught by the bell, the beast was as good as a practice target. The Holy Dragon Bow possessed a domineering strength, and it was even more powerful after Jiang Chen's breakthroughs.

Wham!

A blinding aureate ray sank into the beast.

Its body seemed to crack in the next moment. From the cracks, countless beams of golden light shot out.

Boom!

Golden light burst out of the beast's body.

Jiang Chen took a closer look at the remains. Instead of flesh and blood, there was a pile of torn, black cloth. The beast was a creation of the black flag's secret art rather than a real creature.

Recoil from the destruction of the beast snapped onto browncloak. It slammed into his consciousness and made his head ring. His blood boiled violently, and he almost fell to the ground.

The dark energy surrounding the flag faded somewhat.

Jiang Chen cackled. "You've been the one attacking. Now let me show you what I've got!"

With a flourish of a hand seal, the Heavenly Chalice Sword Formation split the air. Numerous swords rained down on browncloak like meteorites.

His eyes wide, browncloak made the flag disappear with a wave. Settling into a stance with his hands, his cloak spread to cover his entire body. It morphed into armor, reflecting blinding light and providing full protection for its user.

The flying swords hit the brown armor with ear-piercing collisions, but was unable to penetrate the defense. They returned to Jiang Chen after their failure. It would seem that the Heavenly Chalice Sword Formation wasn't enough to break through the cloak.

Jiang Chen clucked his tongue curiously. "What a powerful cloak."

He shifted his gaze to the other cloaked men. So all four of the cloaks are impenetrable armor sets rather than regular clothing? He rather admired the four men's master by now. With subordinates as mighty as they were, the master must be even more so.

When his counterattack failed to score any hits, Jiang Chen did the honorable thing and halted his actions. He looked at the man with a supercilious smile.

"Two more moves," Jiang Chen reminded leisurely.

Complicated emotions washed over browncloak. If not for the cloak covering his face, others would have seen how stunned he was.

The last attack had been his most powerful and was stronger than all his other techniques. Yet the young man remained wholly unscathed. This was despair-inducing!

He'd met his fair share of mighty foes. Only a god could possess such defensive power.

Browncloak's shoulders slumped dejectedly. Could Jiang Chen be a god? Was the young man hiding his real power?

He knew it couldn't be true, but the young man's quasi-divine level defenses made him helpless.

Two more moves. Was there a need to continue? His hopes had just been snuffed out. It'd be a pointless struggle to try anything else. At this point, he couldn't possibly keep shamelessly pressing on.

He exchanged a glance with his companions, silently telling them that he'd done his best. They weren't any less shocked than he was.

That last attack was something they could all do, but none of them had mastered it to browncloak's level. If even he couldn't hurt the young man, there was nothing they could do to defeat him.

### Sovereign of the Three Realms (WN)

#### **Chapter 1947: The Truth Comes Ou**

"Ah, never mind. We agreed to ten, but I've spent most of my life's skill on eight. Your name is Jiang Chen, hmm?" Browncloak sounded tired and dejected, but there was a rare note of admiration there as well.

"So we're done fighting?" Jiang Chen chuckled.

"Yes." Browncloak was still rather upset. "What do you want to know about?"

He was thankful that they hadn't put their lives on the line. Divulging his origins was much easier to accomplish than giving up his life.

Laughing, Jiang Chen turned to the three other cloaked individuals. "You have no objections either, I trust?"

"I'm number one among them. What I say, goes," browncloak stated coolly.

"Alright, then. Tell me where you're from and the reason for your brutality towards House Yan. If you don't have sufficient reason for committing all of this bloodshed, you will be held accountable for your crimes."

"Hold us accountable?" the browncloak harrumphed. "That's easy enough. If you have the strength to, feel free to kill us. Alas, I daresay even the forefather of your sacred land wouldn't have the courage to do so. No expert would want to anger our master."

"Is that supposed to count as an answer?" Jiang Chen shot back icily.

The man in the brown cloak chuckled. "Our original identities aren't important anymore. Lost to history, as it were. I suppose you can call us the Four Experts of Nature now. I am First Wind."

First Wind?

That was definitely a nickname rather than a real name.

Jiang Chen frowned. "Why are you fobbing me off with this?"

"Not at all," the browncloak shook his head. "We are only known by one identity now: servants of the master. I am First Wind, this is Second Flower, Third Snow, and Fourth Moon."

"Who is your master? What enmity do you have with House Yan?" This was what Jiang Chen wanted to know the most.

First Wind sneered. "Are you sure you want to know? Then I'll tell you. The master never intended to hide all this for long. The truth has to be revealed someday."

Jiang Chen quietly waited for the forthcoming information. Yan Wanjun and the others sobered up; they were more anxious for the answer than he.

"Well, then?" the young man declared with some impassivity.

"The master's surname is An." When First Wind mentioned his master, there was an unmistakable worship in his voice. Whoever this mysterious master was, the browncloak was wholly devoted to him.

"So what? What hero or sage bears that surname?" Jiang Chen asked with some confusion.

First Wind snickered coldly. His gaze shot to Yan Wanjun. "You've become senile in your old age, old man. Or perhaps you are just as cold-blooded as your kinsman. There was no value lost in their deaths."

Yan Wanjun was enraged. "Bullshit! What does this have to do with House Yan?"

"What does that have to do with House Yan?" First Wind laughed long and harsh. "Your heart really is as hard as stone. Did your son not tell you that your daughter-in-law's surname is An as well?"

As soon as this was said, Yan Wanjun convulsed. It was as if he'd been paralyzed by some mysterious force. He was frozen to his spot.

Huang'er also seemed to have realized something. Her body shook, and deep care radiated from her clear eyes. Hearing this instantly complicated her emotions. It was the first time she'd heard anything substantial about her mother.

If the master of these four cloaks shared her surname, did that mean...?

The answer was easy enough to guess now. Jiang Chen had already come up with several possibilities.

First Wind's tone was even as he continued. "At seventy-two years of age, our master already exerted virtual supremacy in Myriad Abyss. He was one of the best geniuses among all wandering cultivators. Alas, his great talent drew the envy of others.

"An expert of some sacred land threw him into the Boundless Prison in a fit of anger. Because he was locked away, he didn't know that the woman he loved ended up bearing him a daughter. Not long after, she died of grief and sorrow. That babe inherited her father's martial dao talent as well as a token designating her heritage. When she grew up, she met your House Yan's Yan Qianfan..."

Yan Qianfan was Yan Wanjun's younger son. In other words, he was Huang'er's father.

The truth was finally out.

The muscles on Yan Wanjun's wrinkled face spasmed. The hatred in his heart began to crumble. He finally understood why he had not been killed on his previous excursions here.



These people were more than capable of slaying him, and certainly willing enough. However, his ambiguous status as Yan Qianfan's father meant that he and their master were related by the marriage of their children.

The old man's animosity slowly turned to chagrin. He remembered when his son, Yan Qianfan, had brought back his pretty, rather independent dao partner.

The entirety of House Yan had exploded at the time. No one had wanted to listen to Yan Qianfan's explanation, nor had they wanted to know what kind of woman he'd chosen to marry.

Instead, they panicked when they thought of House Xiahou. Yan Qianfan's dao partner meant breaking his betrothal to a daughter of that house.

His original betrothed cast the Hundred Generations Curse on the then pregnant Lady An, and the unlucky couple was thrown into the Boundless Prison as soon as Huang'er was born.

Yan Wanjun had used every ounce of his strength and influence to preserve Huang'er, but not without agreeing to House Xiahou's shameful terms. He also failed to protect even his son, not to mention his daughter-in-law.

These memories of the past washed away his ire. The master of these four cloaks was his son's father-in-law. Considering his daughter's suffering, why would he not take revenge when he finally could?

Yan Wanjun would do the very same.

Jiang Chen found it difficult to say anything as well. Sometimes, it was hard to sort out who the righteous party was when it came to karma.

If the master of these four cloaked men was Huang'er's maternal grandfather, it was perfectly justified for him to seek justice for his daughter.

In the same way, it was understandable for Yan Wanjun and Yan Qingsang to fight back in the name of vengeance.

It was difficult to find a conclusion to any cycle of bloodshed.

"You said you wanted revenge, Yan Wanjun, but I don't understand who you want revenge from. Why didn't you say anything when your son underwent such anguish? What about your daughter-in-law and your granddaughter?" First Wind was as derisive as could be. "If my master didn't refrain for his daughter, son-in-law, and granddaughter's sake, death would be your just desserts as well!"

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

#### **Chapter 1948: News Of Parents**

Jiang Chen finally understood the points of confusion he'd had before.

These people hadn't been merciful in the slightest during the massacre on House Yan. They had only spared Yan Wanjun because of a rather unexpected connection.

The atmosphere became somewhat awkward.

Revenge of any sort was obviously out of the question now. Yan Wanjun wasn't capable of such a thing, but even if he was, it was hard to judge whether the response was appropriate.

Huang'er felt rather mixed emotions when she found out that her maternal grandfather had been responsible for House Yan's slaughter. She didn't know what to feel toward the house in the first place, since it had oppressed rather than cared for her most of her life. Because of her kind and gentle nature, she didn't utterly despise House Yan for it. To expect her to cherish it instead though, was entirely unrealistic.

Moreover, she didn't want her two grandfathers to engage in any further conflict. They were both family to her.

Jiang Chen realized why the four cloaked individuals had regarded Huang'er differently than the rest. She was their master's granddaughter and their young mistress in her own right.

As he expected, First Wind saluted Huang'er respectfully after he finished. "Miss Huang'er, the master has ordered us to wait for you here. When you do appear, he wants us to take you to see him."

"Please come with us, young miss." The three other cloaked men also saluted.

Despite having experienced a great deal in her life, Huang'er was rendered momentarily helpless by this drastic turn. She looked to Jiang Chen for assistance. She couldn't make the decision by herself lightly.

"If your master really is Huang'er's maternal grandfather, I see no reason she shouldn't pay him a visit," Jiang Chen declared coolly. "However, do you have any actual proof as to the veracity of your words?"

The four cloaks blinked collectively. To their chagrin, they didn't have any physical proof.

Having traded blows with Jiang Chen, First Wind knew how adept the young man was in his own right. His opinion could not be ignored.

"Why do you need proof?" he argued. "If our master wasn't the young miss' grandfather, why would he intervene in the matter of House Yan? Out of boredom?" He quickly turned to the young woman in question. "Young miss, blood calls to blood. Our master is the father of your mother, your very own grandfather. As his junior, shouldn't you at least greet him once in your life?"

Thinking about it for a moment, Huang'er made up her mind. "A girl should listen to the words of her father, and then her husband when married. I have already tied my future with Brother Chen and agree with him. It's hard to believe you without material proof."

Despite what she said, Huang'er did already believe First Wind to a certain extent. It was hard to make up such an elaborate lie, given that there wasn't much these demigods would want from them. Why would they waste their time here otherwise?

"The master would be very sad to hear you say that, young miss," First Wind replied, a little flustered.

"He shouldn't be. If my grandfather really loves me, he should've come to look for me himself rather than send you four." Huang'er sighed softly.

She cherished all of her family members. Though her Yan grandfather hadn't managed to protect her, she loved and respected him nevertheless.

As such, she was pleased to hear that she had living relatives on her mother's side still. However, that didn't mean she was going to lose her head over it.

She hadn't met this grandfather in person before. They were closely related by blood, but intimacy couldn't suddenly flare up with so short a period of contact.

"The master was right," First Wind sighed. "He predicted you would say something like that, young miss. But if you knew why he hadn't come, you wouldn't be the same way."

"Why didn't he come himself? Can you tell me?" Huang'er asked with some curiosity.

"The master has taken your parents out from the Boundless Prison. Right now, he is healing their injuries and renewing their constitutions within a secret realm."

"What? My parents have already been rescued?" Serendipitous joy lit up Huang'er's face. Her parents were much closer to her than a mere grandfather.

There was an inherent connection between a child and their parents.

Jiang Chen was overjoyed to hear the good news as well. He knew that the problem had plagued Huang'er for a long time. If they were indeed safe and sound, it would be resolved at long last.

Yan Wanjun was equally delighted. He'd assumed that his son and daughter-in-law had died long ago within the Boundless Prison, as that place was exceedingly dangerous for any cultivator.

The suddenness of the good news caused him to weep tears of joy.

In this life, he owed his younger son Yan Qianfan the most. When the entire house had stood against him, even he could not back his own son. He had succumbed to the overwhelming pressure from those around him.

Every time he remembered it, Yan Wanjun felt daggers draw across his heart. He regretted his past choices, but could he truly walk down the other path if given a chance to do things over?

Not necessarily!

Yan Qingsang had some impression of his long-lost uncle. Since he was a little older than Huang'er, a few childhood memories yet lingered. He was happy on Huang'er's behalf to hear that his uncle was alright.

The customarily calm Huang'er was greatly moved when she heard about her parents' safety. She asked First Wind about them in earnest.

The browncloak answered with the utmost deference and care. He related absolutely everything he knew about what had taken place within the Boundless Prison.

When Yan Qingsang and his wife had first fallen into the Boundless Prison, they underwent several years of danger and trial without meeting the four cloaks' master.

It had been a fortuitous encounter that allowed the couple to meet Yan Qianfan's father-in-law. The latter sensed upon his daughter the presence of the token he'd left to his wife.

Father and daughter were reunited within the Boundless Prison. By then, First Wind's master had already become a divine expert. He was supreme even within the great expanse of the Boundless Prison.

This allowed Yan Qianfan and his wife to live in relative safety from then on.

However, there was minimal possibility to escape from the dimensional enclosure. That was, until the recent ten divine nations' rebellions. Every entrance to the Boundless Prison had been disturbed enough to allow a large number of imprisoned experts to break out.

### Sovereign of the Three Realms (WN)

#### **Chapter 1949: Divine Kasyapa**

The first thing Huang'er's maternal grandfather did upon his freedom was to seek revenge on Eternal Divine Nation. Since the original perpetrator, House Xiahou, had already been eradicated, he had nowhere to vent his anger. House Yan had served as an outlet for his fury – hence the unfortunate massacre.

The truth was finally out in the open.

"Brother Chen..." Huang'er's longing for her parents could not be controlled. She grew increasingly anxious.

Jiang Chen instinctively understood what his beloved felt. A single exchanged glance or movement was enough to tell him what was on her mind.

"I'll go with you," he affirmed without hesitation.

Yan Wanjun's mouth trembled. He wanted to say that he would come too, but couldn't.

First Wind's master – in other words, his son's father-in-law – didn't have a good opinion of him. It was doubtful whether his presence was wanted at all. If he went anyway, he would only be making things more awkward for all involved.

Repressing his desire to see his son again, he turned to Huang'er.

"Just as well that you go for a visit. I let them down in the past, just as I did you. It's good that you and your parents should reunite with one another. House Yan's fate... was the result of karma. I'm in no position to speak further. Go on."

First Wind snickered. In his opinion, Yan Wanjun was only putting on an act to garner sympathy from his granddaughter.

Huang'er had a different perspective. She'd already reconciled with her grandfather and could understand his adversities and hardships. Moreover, she knew her grandfather had always lamented his past choices.

"Grandfather, you couldn't do much by yourself back then. It's been so many years... I think father would understand. You're father and son at the end of the day..."

Yan Wanjun let out a long sigh. He waved gloomily, but said nothing more.

“Qingsang, Elder Shun, go back to the sacred land with Elder Wanjun. I shall accompany Huang’er on this trip,” Jiang Chen instructed.

“Alright. Take care of Huang’er and yourself too.” Elder Shun nodded readily. As an outsider – a past subordinate at most – he wasn’t qualified to comment here.

This was a family affair.

First Wind and his companions didn’t oppose Jiang Chen’s presence. “The master has heard about his newfound grandson-in-law, who is supposed to be a legendary genius. He wants to see whether the praise is overblown or not. It’s most ideal that you come, young master Chen.”

His tone was drastically different from his formerly proud self. Evidently, Jiang Chen’s methods and abilities had won his respect and the right to speak.

“Come, lead the way.” Jiang Chen remained impassive in the face of his new treatment.

His coolness won him an even better appraisal from the four cloaks. It was rare to find someone in the younger generation who was First Wind’s equal in battle, but his temperate and stoic nature was rarer still.

This young man was destined for greatness. An appropriate match for the young miss. The master was sure to be pleased.

Along the way, Huang’er found out from the cloaks that her maternal grandfather’s name was An Jiashe. In the Boundless Prison, he was known as Divine Kasyapa.

Her mother’s name was An Yu’er.

Huang’er wasn’t usually much of a conversationalist, which made her incessant badgering of the four cloaks along their journey uncommon. She continually asked after her parents.

The place that Divine Kasyapa lived in was very remote. Even by airboat, it took several days to get to what looked like a deserted island.

“Here?” Huang’er was a little surprised. “I remember this place being one of the forbidden lands in Myriad Abyss. The Ten Divine Nations usually don’t let others trespass here.”

“Haha, no place in Myriad Abyss is forbidden to the master,” First Wind declared easily.

“Let us land.”

The airboat descended upon an island.

Jiang Chen was fascinated by the route they’d taken. The island had been rather hard to get to, requiring several dimensional jumps. In other words, it didn’t ordinarily exist to the rest of the world.

This was a bona fide secret realm.

Divine cultivators were elusive indeed. Without guidance, it was essentially impossible to find a secret realm like this, short of it opening voluntarily.

Jiang Chen marveled at the flora and scenery he saw as he moved along. These wouldn't be out of place at all in the heart of the ten sacred lands. Myriad Abyss had its own fair share of wondrous locales after all.

Though clearly no one had found this place before, this Divine Kasyapa had plucked it trivially from the aether. Because of this, the man piqued Jiang Chen's curiosity. What he had done was quite admirable in his own right.

Coming to an engraved obelisk, First Wind made several hand seals as he transmitted, "Honored Master, we four elements of nature have brought Miss Huang'er back home."

Piercing light flared from the obelisk in the next instant, conjuring a number of wavy runes that opened up like a series of gates.

"Go ahead."

The space past the entrance was completely different.

Rather than magnificent buildings and architecture, there was only a wild landscape, accentuated with splendid flowers and trees that embodied the very soul of nature.

At the end of the narrow path was a tower – more accurately, a pagoda.

A sacred light emanated from it, imparting to the viewer a dignified feeling. Before even entering, Jiang Chen could already feel the power the light possessed. It gave off the impression that it was completely inviolate.

"You've returned." A voice echoed from the direction of the pagoda.

Far from being harsh, the voice was actually quite endearing. Without knowledge of the House Yan slaughter, Jiang Chen would perhaps suspect the owner of this voice to be a very kind senior of some sort.

Suddenly, the pagoda grew even more brilliant for a few moments. After this radiance subsided, an almost illusory figure appeared outside.

Man and pagoda seemed one with each other, and both carried a sense of ancient history.

"Master." All four cloaks saluted their master with due respect.

Seeing that Huang'er was entranced by the pagoda, Jiang Chen didn't disturb her. Instead, he cupped his fist in his own salute. "This junior offers sincere greetings, Divine Kapasya."

"Jiang Chen!" the voice of the divine came once more from the direction of the pagoda. "So you're the one they're talking about everywhere? In the Eternal Sacred Land and beyond?"

"It is I. I would think any such rumors of my prowess are far too exaggerated, however. I'm less than a fraction of what they make me out to be." Jiang Chen laughed.

## Sovereign of the Three Realms (WN)

### **Chapter 1950: A Divine's Dejection**

Divine Kasyapa looked quite real, but also oddly illusory.

His aura of mystery reminded Jiang Chen of many gods he'd seen in the heavenly planes of his previous life. They uniformly enjoyed making an entrance like this.

Divine cultivators really are something else!

In truth, the god was far more astonished than Jiang Chen in this moment. His godly appearance hadn't exerted any pressure on his guest whatsoever. The young man looked perfectly at ease.

Most importantly, a well-hidden ray of his consciousness sent to probe Jiang Chen's own had completely disappeared, much like a rock thrown into an ocean.

After attaining divinity, he had always investigated the consciousnesses of others with nothing more than nonchalant ease. However, he'd totally failed here!

"This young man is just as sharp and accomplished as the rumors say!" First impressions were very important, and Jiang Chen had successfully made a very good one upon Divine Kasyapa.

Huang'er raised her head to examine the Divine Kasyapa with crystalline eyes. "Are you the master of First Wind and the others?" she murmured. "They told me you saved my parents. And, you're my grandfather...?"

"Foolish girl. Do you still doubt this truth?" Divine Kasyapa's heart melted into warmth and affection. The girl's features were nearly identical to his late dao partner's. He suddenly felt like he'd returned to his youth.

Huang'er pressed her lips together, somewhat unsure of how to reply.

"Before I call you grandfather, could I see my parents first?" she inquired seriously.

The divine's heart was moved once more. He would've considered such behavior from anyone else to be unbecoming, but this was his very own granddaughter. He couldn't refuse one of the only family members he had left in the world.

"Come on in," he sighed softly.

Huang'er had initially been worried that the grandfather she'd never met would be a fake. She had wondered whether her parents were truly here. Her grandfather was much kinder than she'd imagined and didn't refuse her request. This gave her greater faith in him.

Yan Qianfan and An Yu'er weren't in great shape, but they were decently well off.

Divine Kasyapa had completed his renewal of their constitutions, wiping away the latent injuries they'd incurred in the Boundless Prison.

They were certainly many times better than when they'd first entered it. Before being locked away, they'd suffered tremendously at the hands of Houses Yan and Xiahou.

Nevertheless, they were still meditating for recuperation. The god wouldn't allow them to be disturbed.

"They'll need one week more to awaken, Huang'er. You'll have plenty of time to spend with your parents then." Divine Kasyapa liked the young girl the more he looked at her. He knew of the existence of this granddaughter long before he'd set eyes on her, and thus placed a great deal of value on this only blood tie.

That was why he had left four of his most trusted servants near House Yan, to await Huang'er's appearance. He was grateful he didn't have to wait too long.

He nodded when he noticed Huang'er's initial empyrean cultivation.

"Not bad. You've done quite well for yourself as my granddaughter. Your parents' best time for cultivation is past. It is likely impossible for them to inherit my divine inheritance. You're different though. You are young and flourishing. I will absolutely help you grow into a divine cultivator in your own right."

Huang'er only smiled faintly when she heard these words. She didn't care about cultivation as much as others might expect.

Divine Kasyapa was even happier at her lukewarm reaction.

"Very good! You have moderation and restraint, traits that will help you go far in the world of martial dao. I have high hopes for you, Huang'er."

"Thank you, grandfather." Having seen her parents here, Huang'er no longer refused to call the god by her relation to him.

The thought that her grandfather had killed so many from House Yan made her unable to immediately be close with him though. She didn't distaste, fear, or hate him; they merely needed to be more familiar with each other.

Kasyapa noticed that his granddaughter was still distant from him. She looked at her dao partner with not necessarily overt passion, but much more intimacy. He was mildly sorrowful over this. His very own flesh and blood should've been inseparable from her grandfather!

Truly, life was full of interesting twists and turns.

The divine sighed softly, then glanced at Jiang Chen again. "I can see that Huang'er cares and cherishes you a great deal. I hear that you've reciprocated her love well. The fact that you managed to remove an ancient and esoteric curse like the Generation Binding Curse marks how extraordinary you are."

Jiang Chen smiled faintly. He wasn't as cold as Huang'er towards the old man. "That was merely luck. Huang'er and I have been through thick and thin together regardless. I believe that the heavens will bless our union."

"The heavens..." Kasyapa chuckled. "The will of heaven is hard to predict. Even we gods cannot claim to know its whims."



Jiang Chen smiled again. You might not know, but I can claim the contrary. He had been the son of a Celestial Emperor in his previous life, and his father had administered to a great universe among the heavenly planes.

Thus, he had some authority as to what the opinion of heaven was – not that he could divulge this without raising further questions.

Divine Kasyapa looked thoughtfully toward Jiang Chen. “First Wind told me of your exceptional abilities despite your youth. He suffered a more than minor loss at your hands, hmm? But you should take care not to become too full of yourself.

“Once upon a time, I too had similar talent. Perhaps not as phenomenal as you are now, but I wasn’t far off. Alas, heaven envied my achievement and doomed my fate... the passage of time has taken my wife and daughter from me, casting me out of daylight into the Boundless Prison.

“Yes, I’ve become a god now, but so what? My love will never come back to me. I cannot reverse time to erase the ordeals that my daughter has suffered. My granddaughter is far from me still. Do you think my life has been a successful one?” The god’s tone was very conflicted. His wistfulness and misery rang true.