

Three Realms 2221

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

Chapter 2221: Launching the Offensive

“Forefather, some men have spotted an anomaly in the south. A spirit bird’s circling the sky and spying on our camps.”

“Forefather, we’ve suffered an attack in the north. A demigod commander is missing!”

“Forefather...”

Many reports suddenly poured in all at once, not long after Goldenhowl issued his orders and while Clouddrumbles was still busy assembling the troops, few of them favorable to the golden demons.

The disappearance of a demigod commander in particular, made Goldenhowl’s saber-like eyebrows crease heavily.

He was supremely confident in his tribe’s battle prowess. A demigod commander was at least comparable to a second level human divine.

At the very least, a hard-fought battle should have caused a great disturbance. Being slain without a trace implied the opponent was certainly not a mere second level.

He looked at Silverhammer. “How are our camps configured?”

“We have camps in the four cardinal directions, each less than a thousand miles away from the others. It should be compact enough,” Silverhammer answered.

“Rather dividing our force in four, I hereby order it to be merged into one!” How could Goldenhowl fail to realize the enemy was harassing them on all sides, to impede their attack on Immortal?

It wasn’t a genius stratagem by any means, but quite annoying nonetheless. Unless he took to the field in person, there was no practical way of stopping it.

Silverhammer left to carry out his commands.

A moment later, Clouddrumbles was finished assembling the headquarter’s troops. “Brother daoist, everything is ready. I’m just waiting for your word.”

Goldenhowl gravely said, “Begin the attack!”

He ignored the skirmishes on the outskirts. They were insignificant tickles at best. With Immortal in their possession, they could use its fortifications to ward off all harassment.

His arrangements completed, he entered his own tent and entered meditation, his mind solely focused on the offensive on Winterdraw.

The rest could be left to Clouddrumbles and Silverhammer.

“Silveredge, Silveredge. Your soul lamp hasn’t gone out, so you must be alive. Are they keeping you prisoner on Winterdraw?” he surmised. He valued Silveredge very much. The demon was much more reliable than Silverhammer.

The latter was by no means weaker in raw power, but he didn't possess the same degree of intrepid courage.

In other words, Silveredge always plowed forward no matter the dangers. Goldenhowl most appreciated this trait, so he wanted to rescue Silveredge if possible. But how exactly had he been captured? Deep down, this question niggled at the demonic forefather.

According to available intelligence, a full-strength attack from the humans was capable of killing the three forefathers. But to capture Silveredge alive? It sounded ludicrous no matter how he thought about it.

"There must be something I'm unaware of. A new development in the human domain in the last twenty years, perhaps?"

There were profound doubts in his mind.

But he was an existence close to advanced divine realm, after all. In bearing and in insight, he was vastly superior to his tribesmen.

When demons invaded other planes, strategy was oftentimes not that useful, but intrepid momentum and martial prowess were the foundations of every success.

Raw strength always prevailed, and that was precisely the golden demons' strong suit. Rather than overthinking things, he might as well set his plan in motion.

"If I can capture Winterdraw and force my way into the human domain, I might find an opportunity to reach advanced divine realm. Why should I take orders from the celestial demons then? Who can stop me in this vast world?"

Celestial demons had always reigned over the ten tribes.

Golden demons were brave, but had to submit all the same. Even so, power was paramount in the world of cultivation.

At advanced divine, he would face the celestial demon forefathers as an equal. He might not match their overall power, but as long as he could rival them in battle strength, his authority would certainly increase.

The ten tribes cooperated with each other, but also competed with each other, especially when it came to such a juicy piece of meat like the Divine Abyss Continent. Everyone wanted a bigger bite. No one was satisfied with leftovers.

As for Silverhammer, he'd gone to reorganize the army. But before he could complete his task, something suddenly flitted across his consciousness. With loud, drawn-out howl, his figure shot towards the south as fast as the wind.

In the southern sky, like an azure hole in the void, belching celestial fire from the heavens, a fiery-red figure spat a long tongue of flame that crossed the sky and wrapped itself around the demonic forefather.

Silverhammer sneered, "I'd be embarrassed to show off this kind of weak trick!"

A golden demon's unparalleled physique wasn't just for show. A fire attack of this magnitude was just a gentle scratch.

But when the flames swallowed him whole, he realized there was more to them than met the eye. They possessed a fearsome corrosive ability, as if they could melt all things living. He could dimly sense the power of creation from them.

"Is this the fire of creation?" But he didn't panic. His figure shone silver as he shot out of the fire like a bolt of lightning.

He clutched the air at the same time, materializing a large hammer in his hand. He smashed it mercilessly toward the clouds.

Boom!

The strike caved an enormous pit in the air and fissured the sky. Like an arrow, the Vermilion Bird shot out of the crack, dodging the horrific attack.

At the same time, it opened its beak and breathed skyfire that ignited the air around the forefather.

"As I thought, a sacred beast. You must be one of Jiang Chen's companions?" Silverhammer stayed inside the sea of fire, utterly unfazed.

As a fourth level divine realm cultivator, his cultivation was higher than the bird's, just like his battle strength. So while a threat, the skyfire couldn't pin him down entirely.

However, since the Vermilion Bird had gone into action, the other sacred beasts were bound to be lying in wait nearby.

Clouds shifted and winds blew. Long Xiaoxuan's Claws of Crushed Mountains and Rivers stretched out from nothingness and clutched viciously at Silveredge's head.

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Chapter 2222: Repeating Old Tricks

The four sacred beasts sprang into almost simultaneous action.

Jiang Chen kept a close eye on them. As soon as they trapped Silverhammer, he would subdue the forefather with the True Dragon Rope of Water and Fire.

The window of time would be fleeting. There was no room for any mistakes. The slightest hesitation could cost him the chance.

Besides, they weren't that far from the main camp of the golden demons. Silverhammer's companions might come to his aid anytime.

Most importantly, Jiang Chen could sense a terrifyingly powerful being within the demon camp whom he couldn't possibly defeat on his own. Even with the four sacred beasts and Xia Tianze on his side, the odds of him defeating that power were slim. The demon holding down the fort could rival Divine Veluriyam from the ancient times.

Thus, he needed to make quick work of dealing with Silverhammer.

Silverhammer was more cautious than Silveredge. He hollered as he fought, plainly notifying Forefather Goldenhowl of the developments.

Unfazed, Jiang Chen kept his God's Eye on the battle, awaiting his opportunity.

The Black Tortoise's powerful gravity enveloped Silverhammer.

This is it!

The activated True Dragon Rope of Water and Fire split into two ends of opposing forces and flew in opposite directions, like a respective water dragon and a fire dragon. The tremendous might threatened to split heaven and earth.

Despite his caution, Silverhammer didn't expect danger to hit him so soon. He attempted to flee as soon as he sensed the tremendous power of the rope, but under the pull of the Black Tortoise's gravity, he could only reach a third of his usual speed.

"Damn it!" Silverhammer panicked and howled frantically, calling out for help. If Goldenhowl failed to arrive on time, he would be doomed.

Jiang Chen wasn't going to let anyone come to the demon's aid. He made several hand seals to push the rope to its full power. The two strands of light circle around Silverhammer at high speed.

In the blink of an eye, the rope trussed up the forefather without leaving any wiggle room, suppressing all of his power.

Suddenly, Jiang Chen felt an unstoppable force coming their way from the golden demons' camp.

"Everyone, the leading forefather of the golden demon tribe is coming. Let's go!"

Jiang Chen wasn't going to engage the forefather now. The ensuing battle would put them in a difficult position. They might even be trapped. And, this was neither the right time nor the right location to do so.

The four sacred beasts hid themselves as per Jiang Chen's instruction and returned to him. Without hesitation, he whipped out the Measure of Heaven and flashed away in a streak of brilliance.

The distance between heaven and earth seemed to shorten in an instant. The human broke the rules of physics and jumped thousands of miles out in a single second.

Goldenhowl arrived at the battlefield a breath after Jiang Chen departed.

He could still feel the energy residue left from the fight.

His face clouded over. He could tell that Silverhammer had disappeared.

"Who was it!" Goldenhowl cried out, overwhelmed with fury.

Even in the ancient times, golden demons had never suffered such terrible defeat. There were a good number of powerful human cultivators, but not many who were capable of capturing Silverhammer and Silveredge alive. It was next to impossible to do so in such a short period of time.

If even the ancient human cultivators hadn't been able to do that, how could the declined human race have achieved such a feat?!

Goldenhowl felt toyed with.

A divine cultivator had a keen sense of smell. His nose twitched slightly before he transmitted an order to the golden demons.

"Golden demons, make your way to Forefather Cloudrumble and strike at the Immortal Sacred Land with all you have! After that, turtle within the sacred land and wait for my return!"

Goldenhowl had seen his share of grand battles before. He didn't lose his calm despite the circumstances. In a flash of gold, he flew in the direction that the human had left in.

He couldn't sense the trace left by the Measure of Heaven, but he could sense Silverhammer's presence through a resonance method unique to the golden demons.

Silverhammer had been captured alive just like Silveredge, and their captors were the same!

"Damn it, the human brat sure is bold." Goldenhowl had no proof regarding who the captor was, but he was certain it was Jiang Chen.

In all of human domain and Myriad Abyss, the mysterious young man was the only threat to the demons. Such talent had been rare even in the ancient times. Where had the young man come from?

Pushing aside his bewilderment, Goldenhowl focused on one thought and one thought only: catch up to the young man and kill him!

He wasn't worried that Jiang Chen would leave Winterdraw. He was more worried that the young man would hunker down on the island.

The young man's boldness infuriated Goldenhowl. Underneath that anger however, was a trace of delight. This was his opportunity to take down Jiang Chen!

Once he did, the human domain would collapse from a lack of leadership. Then his army of golden demons could easily charge into the human domain and grab whatever they wanted. Being the first group to invade would yield them great loot!

On the other hand, Goldenhowl wasn't going to underestimate Jiang Chen.

There must be something about the young man that had enabled him to capture Silverhammer alive. Goldenhowl couldn't have done it better than Jiang Chen had.

"The young man carries a stunning secret with him. Once I take him, the secret will be mine!"

Goldenhowl was overtaken by greed. He knew the human race on the Divine Abyss Continent possessed great wealth. Perhaps the young man possessed magical items and heritage that even the forefather would be jealous of. Otherwise, it didn't make sense for a young human descendant to achieve what he had.

Jiang Chen was on the run, but the Measure of Heaven allowed him to maintain his grace. Soon though, he sensed the demon forefather following him.

“Oh? He can track the Heaven of Measure?” Jiang Chen was surprised. The more he strengthened his grasp of the ferule, the more he understood its core power.

He didn’t expect the demon forefather to be able to track him down, but he was still confident in the ferule’s speed. Without it, he wouldn’t have handed the talismans from Divine Veluriyam to An Kasyapa.

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Chapter 2223: Enticing the Opponent to Leave the Vantage Ground

Goldenhowl chased his prey ever further for three full days. He always seemed on the verge of success, yet the human eluded his grasp time and again. The same pattern repeated itself ad nauseam, stoking increasing anger.

He was one of the five, or perhaps even three strongest demon forefathers, yet he vaguely felt helplessly toyed with by a single youngster.

More infuriatingly, there was no clear direction to the flight. The kid went east one second and west the next, making it impossible to surmise his intentions.

More than once, he felt the urge to call on other demon forefathers, but there was no guarantee they could cut off such an elusive target either

More importantly, he wasn’t keen on letting the other tribes get a slice of the pie.

He’d become more and more certain over the past few days the kid was Jiang Chen. The human was certainly hiding shocking secrets that exacerbated his greed the more time passed.

How could a young cultivator never tire from such a long chase, if not for the help of wondrous treasures?

To Goldenhowl’s annoyance, his speed wasn’t decisively higher than his target. Had he been as swift as a winged demon, he’d have completed the capture by now.

He was absolutely superior in raw power. Not even the help of a few sacred beasts tipped the scales in Jiang Chen’s favor.

Silverhammer had certainly been defeated by a sudden, sinister ruse.

Leading Goldenhowl on a merry chase was rather enjoyable for the young lord, but it wasn’t without risk. He was almost intercepted several times over the past few days.

If that were ever to happen, a fight to the death would be his only option.

But his cultivation was currently far lower, he would need to break through to fourth level divine, the help of all his treasures, as well the cooperation from the four sacred beasts to stand a chance at victory.

Otherwise, fighting to a standstill would be the best case scenario. In fact, he’d more than likely get the short end of the stick.

He didn’t want to reveal his full strength and elicit the attention of the demons under these conditions.

Unless the kill was certain, doing so served no purpose but to attract unwelcome attention.

Instead, fleeing made him appear weaker. By leading the demon away without a moment's respite, the main goal was to create a window of opportunity for the Goldbiter Rats.

If they'd grasped the timing right, then they should have already begun their assault against the golden demons. The rats' horde-like numbers should be able to overwhelm the fifty or so thousand enemies. After all, Goldbiter Rats were the golden demon tribe's nemesis.

Along the way, he also told the four sacred beasts to return to Immortal, while he led the demon forefather away all by himself.

Goldenhowl was almost at his wit's end another few days later. He'd vaguely begun to suspect a hidden agenda behind the kid's actions.

The latter should have been fast enough to break away. Why was he always within sight, giving off the impression he'd be caught with just a little more perseverance?

But it proved to be merely an illusion, perhaps fabricated by the kid on purpose!

Feeling like he'd been played, he loudly transmitted, "Kid, is fleeing all you can do? Is that what your human inheritances teach, to run away like a chicken?"

The goading attempt made Jiang Chen chuckle. This sort of clumsy, ineffective effort served no purpose but to amuse him.

The old demon seemed to be at his limit. Otherwise, a dignified ancestor wouldn't have blurted out such puerile nonsense. It was time to end this farce.

The pursuit had lasted eight days by now, enough to wrap up the battle at Immortal and evacuate the sacred land.

So he replied with a chuckle, "You're the leader of your tribe, but no matter how mighty, you'll sadly become a lone wolf starting from today. This young master will let you keep your wretched life for now. I'll take your head next time."

He activated the Measure of Heaven as soon as his words fell. His figure instantly vanished from the sky.

The bewildered Goldenhowl stared into space. He stayed pensive for a moment, then suddenly paled. "So his goal was to lure me away?!"

A demon's thought process was quite peculiar. A human cultivator would long have suspected possible deception at work.

But because of their tremendous strength, demons often walked into traps willingly, confident they couldn't be stopped regardless.

Against Clouddrums and the tribe's crack troops, even ten human gods would be helpless to turn the tide. That had been the source of Goldenhowl's reckless confidence.

But Jiang Chen's teasing tone had made him uneasy. Why was a puny human kid talking so big?

"Damn it, did I play into his hand?" His heart spasmed. For no apparent reason, a shiver ran across his spine.

He scanned the surroundings, but could no longer spot the kid. His chest tightened. Not daring to continue the chase a moment longer, he turned around and made a beeline for Immortal as fast as he could.

But when he reached his destination, he almost coughed up blood! The vast sacred land was, against all odds, entirely deserted, while his elites had seemingly vanished from the face of the earth after eight short days. He couldn't even find the beginning of a shadow!

What he did find was the intense lingering aura of a bitter massacre, making him restless. His face gradually darkened as he studied the aftermath.

He gnashed his teeth, feeling that he'd plunged into an icy hole. "How can this be? How?! Not even ancient humans had this kind of power. How could their later generations be stronger than their forebears?"

It defied all logic!

Yet, the longer he examined the scene, the more he despaired. He couldn't deny the cruel truth.

The cultivators of his tribe hadn't been lured away, but had been... completely annihilated!

Every last of them, including Cloudrumble, had seemingly disappeared from this world!

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Chapter 2224: Complete Annihilation

Goldenhowl was beyond tears.

In the ancient times, no single faction could have bested his tribe in combat all by itself. In fact, two or three leading factions together might not have prevailed in a straightforward battle, so he'd never considered the possibility of such a disastrous rout.

But the reality in front of his eyes was merciless!

It wasn't just mere annihilation. Not even the bones were left. Armor, weapons, bodies, everything was gone, as if something had devoured it all!

His blood running ice-cold through his veins, he threw his head back and howled at the sky, "Jiang Chen, I won't rest until I see you dead!"

It wasn't the first failure of his life, but no previous setbacks had left him reeling this violently, almost unable to stand on his feet.

The golden demon army had been entirely wiped out!

Recalling Jiang Chen's mocking tone, fury slowly boiled in his chest. He'd been thoroughly played!

But more despairingly, he stood no chance to pay Jiang Chen back in kind all by his lonesome.

The kid must have mastered a mysterious art or own a miraculous treasure. Such an odd way of escaping was beyond comprehension.

Someone of his experience and ability rarely found himself so distraught, but Jiang Chen had left him helpless.

He could have sent the kid to hell in many ways in straightforward combat, but his opponent had never given him such an opportunity to do so.

Going toe-to-toe was his tribe's strong suit, but it was useless against such a slippery enemy.

At this moment, sorrow and loneliness washed over him, as if he were the last being alive in the world. Despite the staunchness of his dao heart, it cracked beneath the impact of this solitude.

Several days later, Jiang Chen and the four sacred beasts, as well as the Goldbiter Rats, met again near an island adjacent to the Flora Sacred Land as previously agreed.

"Young lord, mission accomplished." The rat king looked extraordinarily excited, despite his obvious exhaustion. He'd devoured Clouddrumble whole after the latter's defeat, allowing his strength to spontaneously leap to the divine realm.

More than half the tribe had perished, but the survivors had feasted upon the golden demons' corpses, so the tribe's overall strength had grown by leaps and bounds.

In spite of the severe losses, it was a blessing in the long term. The Goldbiter Rats didn't fear death, as fertile as they were. They could replenish their numbers in a few decades, while strengthening opportunities such as these were much more precious.

"Haha, the Goldbiter Rats have made formidable contributions this time. Of course, the four sacred beasts also did your parts," Jiang Chen praised.

"Hehe, too bad that Forefather Goldenhowl is still alive."

"It doesn't matter. He's likely close to advanced divine realm. While we might be able to withstand him, it's impossible to destroy him outright with our current strength."

"But he'll remain a threat as long as he's out there," the Vermilion Bird lamented.

"No need to worry. He can't overcome Winterdraw's fortifications by himself, not to mention our army is stationed there. There are also powerhouses ready to rush to the rescue from the human domain in case of emergency." Golden demons were fearsome, but there wasn't much a single forefather could accomplish.

Not to mention, Goldenhowl was too smart to lose his head, at least once his anger died down. He'd certainly seek revenge, but it wouldn't be immediate.

At a guess, the forefather would be stripped of his authority. At most, he'd attach himself to the celestial demon tribe and be a vanguard in a future offensive against the human domain.

The previous battle had been a fatal blow to the golden demons. The ten tribes were no longer whole. Only nine remained!

The Vermilion Bird exclaimed, "Young lord, I've experienced the ancient demon-sealing war, so I'm well placed to say that you've already achieved more than the ancient leading factions! It's really incredible

to imagine. Despite their prosperity, the ancient humans never obtained such a satisfying victory. Just small ones here and there, but this kind of perfect outcome is unprecedented. To eradicate an entire tribe was unthinkable back then!”

The Black Tortoise nodded in agreement.

Jiang Chen smiled serenely. “Many factors combined to make it possible. I can rely on ancient legacies from the Veluriyam Palace, the Earth Bodhisattva Sect, the Ancient Crimson Heavens Sect, and so on. You sacred beasts also helped me. No ancient sect has ever held so many cards, to say nothing of the Goldbiter Rats.”

This was no false modesty. There were also many advantages he hadn’t mentioned.

For example, his knowledge about the demons, the insight from his former life. More importantly, the treasures that his Celestial Emperor of a father had left for him.

The True Dragon Rope of Water and Fire had helped him out of more than one tricky situation, while the Measure of Heaven had made his life easy against Goldenhowl. All of these were assets that hadn’t been available to ancient humans, just like the Goldbiter Rats and the sacred beasts.

Jiang Chen’s dazzling victory had been built on the back of many collected advantages.

Thanks to them, he’d come out the victor against the demons time and time again, inflicting critical damage or even wiping tribes out!

He was no longer a simple human cultivator, but more a prince from the heavenly planes.

From that perspective, his superiority against the demons was easy to understand.

But his humility didn’t stop the four beasts from admiring him in the slightest.

The entire world knew how terrifying the demons were. Only Jiang Chen could go toe-to-toe against them, repeatedly gaining the upper hand. His successes were simply a miracle for mankind.

The many unfathomable secrets hidden about his person shrouded this young man in an aura of mystery.

“Young lord, since we’ve come here after destroying the golden demon tribe, is it to take down the monster and titan demons?”

The brilliant success against the golden demons had whetted the beasts’ appetite. These battles were a tremendous environment for them to grow.

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Chapter 2225: A Struggling Flora Sacred Land

These battles were the best honing opportunities for the sacred beasts. For them, demons were outstanding whetstones that awakened the power of their bloodlines. Their tremendous growth and repeated breakthroughs bore witness to it.

Jiang Chen acquiesced. “In Myriad Abyss, the Flora Sacred Land possesses the most abundant collection of spirit herbs. Though there are some hard feelings between us, I won’t let private disputes get in the

way of the bigger picture. Also, if I'm ever to find the Divine Dwelling Grass on Myriad Abyss, it'd most likely be in Flora."

Before his emergence, Flora had been Myriad Abyss's uncontested leader when it came to spirit herbs and pills.

The young lord was now a far greater authority in pills, but the sacred land's expertise with herbs and ingredients was still to be reckoned with.

In fact, it was of greater strategic importance to the war than all its peers, including the Eternal Sacred Land, were one to disregard the latter's status as the alliance leader.

After being sealed away for two hundred thousand years, resources were what demons lacked most. Therefore, Jiang Chen couldn't let a treasure trove like Flora fall into their hands.

The Vermilion Bird chuckled gently. "Young lord, I bet our enemies would never expect you to ditch the Eternal Sacred Land and run to Everlasting and Flora instead. The demons in Myriad Abyss must be must be watching their steps right now. The golden demon tribe's destruction should have put them on notice. It was quite a blow for them!"

Jiang Chen sighed. "That wasn't the goal. Demons are too ferocious to be cowed for long. It's impossible to cripple their morale permanently this way. On the contrary, the golden demon tribe's fate will serve as a warning. They'll be warier now and won't fall for the same trick twice."

He'd gained enormous confidence after the last battle, as well as a deeper insight into the demons' overall strength.

If all the tribes were of one mind, it would be impossible for the human domain to defeat them, no matter the circumstances.

Unfortunately, such unity was a mere dream for their race. Divergences had always existed.

For example, the golden demons wouldn't have met with such a dire end if not for Goldenhowl's selfish desires.

Currently, the various demon tribes acted independently. They occasionally participated in minor joint operations, but never cooperated on a large-scale.

This was a weakness for Jiang Chen to exploit.

Well-known for its rich resources, Flora ranked in the top two among the ten sacred lands. It had been the monster demons' target at first, but the titan demons had invited themselves to the party afterwards, eager for a share of the prize.

Their presence added to the pressure on Flora, but at the same time, the same old issues resurfaced. Cohesiveness within the same tribe was easy to achieve, but with two tribes present, small conflicts were a daily occurrence.

In fact, a massive conflict had arisen between the two tribes, naturally originating from the division of spoils.

Like the golden demons, titan demons were bloodthirsty and ferocious fighters, while monster demons were adept at transformation. Once they tapped into their bloodlines, the demon energies within would provide an explosive increase in strength.

They were concealment experts, somewhat like shadow demons. Only, the latter concealed their bodies while monster demons hid their bloodlines.

In any case, their tribe was in no shape or form weaker than the titan demons, so they were highly irked by the latter's intrusion.

The two sides had held many negotiations over countless frictions, big and small.

But they couldn't come to an agreement on the sharing of the loot. In the end, they had no choice but to ask for arbitration from the celestial demons.

While waiting for the decision, they were to live in harmony and refrain from launching a unilateral attack on Flora. Neither side wanted to let the other tribe act first and get their choice of the spoils.

The preposterous situation gave Flora a fortuitous reprieve. But even if it still held on, chaos prevailed inside. With Forefather Flora busy battling on offworld and no other divine cultivator guarding the fort, any talk of fighting back was a pie in the sky.

They were sheep to the slaughter, waiting for the butcher to arrive, unable to mount the slightest resistance.

From top to bottom, despair reigned over the sacred land.

It might have been possible to solve the impasse if the sacred lands' forefathers collectively agreed to return. However, given the grim situation offworld, how could they leave so easily? It was an absolute daydream.

They'd used communication formations to ask the other sacred lands for help, but the replies had made their situation all the more grim.

All of the ten great sacred lands were being targeted by the demons. Even if some had a little more leeway than others, the troops a couple sacred lands could muster wouldn't make the demons even break a sweat. Despite an alliance between the ten sacred lands, it couldn't provide much in terms of security at this hour.

"First Prime, more and more demons are gathering outside our lands. Nothing but futile death awaits us if we try to resist against two demon tribes. Our only choices are to ask for help or to try to make a getaway," said an elder grimly.

This prime was surnamed Gao. He'd once participated in the competition of geniuses on Sandplain Island.

"Hmph, we've already mustered all the help available. Everyone on Myriad Abyss Island is too busy trying to save their own hide. In our most perilous hour, who else can we count on?"

“Milord, forgive me for being blunt, but why not ask the human domain’s young lord Jiang Chen? Aren’t we allies? They say the demons are shaking in their boots after he’s eliminated a significant force of theirs on Winterdraw.”

“That’s right, this rumor has been circulating for days. I wonder whether it’s true.”

“Pure drivel! The news must come from the Eternal Sacred Land, am I right? They’re simply bragging about their own genius.” Prime Gao didn’t buy a word of it.

“Milord, forgive this unworthy sinner for interrupting, but I might be able to shed some light on this subject. Perhaps we truly should consider asking Jiang Chen.” Unexpectedly, the voice belonged to Master Shi Xuan.

He’d been kept captive for a long time after losing to the young lord, before ultimately being allowed to return. He maintained a low-profile even upon his return, adopting an incredibly humble stance for one who’d once been a leading figure in Flora.

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Chapter 2226: The Calm Before The Storm

Prime Gao sneered. “Master Shi Xuan, you’ve must have been brainwashed by Jiang Chen after spending that much time in Eternal.”

Shi Xuan froze for a split second. “Since Prime Gao doesn’t trust me, then just consider it nonsense. Everyone is right, our options are clear. We either need to find help or try to escape. Turtling inside will lead only to our doom.” He sighed at the inextricable situation.

“Jiang Chen, Jiang Chen...” Prime Gao ground his teeth. On the surface, the two of them should have reconciled at the competition of the geniuses, but deep down, he still took exception and blamed the young lord for stealing the spotlight away from Flora.

How could he possibly be willing to beg Jiang Chen now?

“If Forether Flora was with us, he certainly wouldn’t have clung to personal disputes,” muttered an elder softly, his words obviously aimed at Prime Gao.

To his surprise, his opinion gained formidable traction.

“That’s right, Prime Gao, private history means nothing when Flora’s survival is at stake. Jiang Chen’s the only one who can save us now. Why not let go of your prejudice? Aren’t we allies?”

“Milord, please think it over!”

Surrounded by demons, the sacred land was tottering on the brink of the abyss and would certainly fall without help. The dreadful prospect of oncoming death overshadowed any sectarian bias.

They all hoped to see Jiang Chen come to their rescue. He was the only one who could create a miracle.

Nearby, the subject of their discourse was baffled by demons’ attitude. They could easily have overwhelmed the sacred land, so why hadn’t they attacked yet?

Could it be a trap for would-be rescuers?

But it didn't seem all that likely when he took a closer look.

Faced with this unforeseen situation, he went to great lengths to get to the bottom of the matter, only to laugh when he learned the facts.

True to themselves, demons were quite primitive when vying for resources and benefits. The two tribes were unexpectedly at odds over the division of spoils, and were waiting for a decision from the celestial demon forefathers.

"Demons indeed have their weaknesses." The Vermilion Bird sighed with emotion. "No wonder they've never conquered the heavenly planes despite their unceasing expeditions. Their selfish natures create constant disharmony, especially when profits are involved."

Jiang Chen nodded. "They share this flaw with mankind. Right now, the prize in front of their eyes is too tempting for them to show restraint. But if they had been in dire straits, they would have put aside their internal conflicts and cooperated wholeheartedly instead."

"So, young lord, we doing it or not?" The Astral White Tiger overflowed with eagerness for battle.

Jiang Chen responded quietly, "Of course we can't sit back since we're already here, but we must make sure it's not a trap. That said, the demons don't know enough about my true strength to prepare an effective trap against me in any case."

Indeed, even if the demons were trying to lure him deeper inside, it would be one thing for him to take the bait, and another for them to capture him.

Back on the Rejuvenation Isles, three demon tribes working together had tried to plot against him, only to be beaten at their own game and fall into a trap of his own.

"Good, I was waiting for you to say that, young lord." The rat king also brimmed with zeal.

Jiang Chen blinked. "Ole Gold, you've already fought a great battle. Are you sure you're ready for another one? If I recall correctly, you and your descendants suffered quite the loss."

The rat king grinned. "Hehe, true, more than half the tribe is dead, but those left are elites who've survived life and death forged from blood and fire. So we're even stronger now despite the casualties. We can even lose half the tribe again and it still wouldn't matter."

The tribe was formerly about five hundred million strong, but was now reduced to less than three hundred million. Losing half again would still leave them with more than a hundred million.

Their numbers were truly beyond fearsome.

And most frighteningly, they could give birth to several new generations again in a few decades. By then, five or even eight hundred million wouldn't be an issue.

The four divine beasts no longer dared underestimate the Goldbiter Rats after the battle with the golden demons. They'd seen with their own eyes the frenzied fighting power of the rats. Or, to be more precise, their gnawing power.

The rats became stark raving mad any time they spotted something their teeth could latch onto, They swarmed forward to devour new targets, achieving victory on the back of a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood.

The craziest part was seeing them consume the enemies' bloodlines after the battle, or everything else they could swallow. Even their dead kin hadn't been spared.

The sacred beasts had finally experienced firsthand the true madness of the Goldbiter Kingrats' descendants.

"Ole Gold, are you serious?" Jiang Chen asked gravely.

"Of course I am. Young lord, we're not interested in the monster demons. Their bloodline is too dirty for us. But like the golden demons, a titan demon's bloodline is fantastic food for us. We can't possibly miss out."

Titan demons also trained their physical bodies. In comparison to golden demons, they simply had enormous frames and a brutish approach. They were less sharp a force, but perhaps even a little mightier.

All in all, the two tribes were more or less evenly matched.

But fortunately, the supreme elders of both the monster and titan demons were with the celestial demons in the desolate wildlands, and were absent from Flora.

It seemed the celestial demon forefathers needed the help of forefathers from other tribes to cultivate the ancient demon arts and recover their strength. They would be busy for a little while longer.

Of course, he'd obtained this information from cultivators of both tribes. In the past few days, he'd secretly kidnapped a few small demons.

The disappearance of insignificant characters like these wouldn't sound the alarm. At most, the demons would suspect a secret sortie from the humans.

He thought pensively for a long moment once he learned the news.

It seemed to be a trap at first. The two tribes' supreme forefathers could be hidden somewhere, waiting for him.

But the demons he'd captured all sang the same story. Of course, the young lord had also used the Scrutiny of Existence and the Great Veluriyam Torch now and then, and didn't spot any existence as fearsome as Goldenhowl.

These two treasures could make themselves extremely discreet, melding into the sunlight away from prying demonic eyes.

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

Chapter 2227: Deciding On A Plan

Both tribes counted two divine forefathers among their ranks, each of them comparable to Silveredge.

Other than four divine forefathers, there was also a sizeable number of cultivators. Almost forty thousand for the titan demons, and close to a hundred thousand for the monster demons.

Such a lineup was frighteningly strong, but of course, numbers were rarely a deciding factor in war. What mattered most was the disparity of power between the top combatants, and Jiang Chen was confident in the absolute strength at his disposal. Therefore, demons of this level weren't lethal threats where he was concerned.

Right now was a wonderful window of opportunity, right before Goldenhowl disclosed news of his defeat.

"Young master, can it be that Forefather Goldenhowl is hiding nearby and waiting to retaliate?" The Vermilion Bird mentioned its doubts.

The thought had also crossed the young man's mind, but the golden demon shouldn't have surmised his present location. After all, the demon forefathers should be long aware of his strained relationship with Flora.

Moreover, he was a disciple of the Eternal Sacred Land. His enemies must be certain he'd go to their rescue instead. Whatever his choice, Flora seemed as unlikely a possibility as any.

As the ancients said, appear when unexpected, attack the unprepared.

"Goldenhowl certainly won't give up. At a guess, he's either gone back to the desolate wildlands or is plotting an attack on me. But he'll be too impatient for revenge to expect me here." Jiang Chen calmly analyzed. "Eternal Sacred Land is my ally. Sunrise is also a must-rescue because of the effectiveness of its Fire of Firstdawn against wood demons. There's also Winterdawn, a key to human defenses. He might have assumed that I've gone back there to strengthen the defenses!"

All of these seemed more credible options.

The divine bird nodded. "You're right. But he comes and goes like a ghost. He might hear about us as soon as we launch a large-scale offensive and react instantly. So we must be swift and decisive."

True enough, given Goldenhowl's abilities, it wouldn't take him long to arrive once he heard the development, so Flora's rescue needed to be quick and efficient. Everything had to be over by the time the golden demon arrived, sending the demon away empty-handed.

The two tribes posed no insurmountable challenge to the young lord, but the need for speed complicated matters greatly.

After all, none of the ten tribes were for show.

One couldn't relax a single moment against them. Thankfully, Jiang Chen's group boasted extraordinary strength. When it came to bloodlines, the four sacred beasts or the Goldbiter Rats could hold their heads high against the demons.

To put it another way, things might not go as smoothly if he used the same strategy with human cultivators instead.

Strength and heritage very often determined the outcome of a battle.

The four sacred beasts were outstanding in both areas, whereas the Goldbiter Rats also possessed their own unique talents.

Seeing Jiang Chen lost in thought, the Vermilion Bird smiled again. "Young lord, I have in mind a plan you humans have used in the past."

"What is it?" inquired the young man.

"The two demon tribes must be at daggers drawn over their dispute about the distribution of spoils. The situation is definitely volatile, and I think we can use it to our advantage. What if we set them at odds with each other, then clean up the survivors? Do you think it's doable?"

The ten demon tribes had never lived in complete harmony, often butting heads against each other.

For example, neither the monster demons nor the titan demons were willing to give up Flora's lands and resources. If left unchecked, the situation could develop into an explosive conflict. By then, it might not be impossible to worsen the strife even further.

Jiang Chen considered seriously the Vermilion Bird's proposal. The more he thought about it, the more feasible it seemed.

Demons were cold-hearted by nature. They fought tooth and nail to protect what they deemed theirs. Ties of kinship meant nothing in the face of material gains.

However, when external enemies proved too pressing, they'd very quickly forget all internal grievances and fight as one.

In other words, they were a pragmatic and materialistic race.

Seeing the young lord's solemn expression, the sacred beasts realized he was weighing the plan's pros and cons and naturally refrained from disrupting his thoughts.

His eyes shone all of a sudden, an outrageous idea popping into his head.

The monster demons had been very sullen in the past few days. They'd received grievous news as soon as they'd arrived in Myriad Abyss. A few years ago, their tribe's Forefather Lightford had been killed by the combined efforts of the ten sacred lands.

Lightford hadn't been their strongest forefather, but he'd been an eminent figure of the tribe in the ancient times. They'd hoped to rescue him from Myriad Abyss, only to learn he'd fled inside the Boundless Prison's seal to be ultimately killed by humans.

And the chief criminal was Jiang Chen!

There weren't all that many divine forefathers in the tribe. The death of such a preeminent figure was a grievous loss.

But instead of rushing to exact revenge on the young lord, they set their eyes on a fat piece of meat called the Flora Sacred Land.

According to the demons' internal repartition, Flora should've originally been theirs, but the titan demons had butted in later down the line, trying to rob their contribution and rightful resources. How would they possibly take that lying down?

Also not ones for logical reasoning, the titan demons wasn't the easy-to-get-along-with sort.

Not a day went by without a clash between the two tribes. The monster demons were highly aggravated, but what could they do?

They had no choice but to wait for the celestial demon ruling. They couldn't act recklessly before that.

Sovereign of the Three Realms (WN)

Chapter 2228: Forefather of the Monster Demons

The two monster demon forefathers were anxiously waiting for the verdict from headquarters. Truth be told, they were hardly satisfied with the situation they were in.

The mission belonged to the monster demons to begin with. The titan demons had come barreling out of nowhere to stick their noses into things. If the celestial demons were fair, they would order the titan demons to step back.

At the moment however, the celestial demons had yet to make a decision.

The forefathers knew the celestial demons simply didn't want any of the ten tribes to acquire a dominant standing, which was the reason why they'd been maintaining a careful balance.

It was no different this time.

"The celestial demon forefather has gotten better at plotting," bit out a silver-haired forefather with pointy nose and silver eyes. "He keeps saying that the ten demonic tribes must work together, yet he's played such a trick on us. That doesn't bode well for our conquest of the Divine Abyss Continent."

"Hmph, they clearly favor the titan demons," vented another monster demon forefather angrily. His messy brown mane made him look as fierce as a lion.

The demon with the silver eyes was Forefather Ironclad, and the other one was Forefather Lionheart.

Both of them rivaled Lightford in status back in the ancient times, but they fell short in terms of intelligence and trickery. To put it frankly, they weren't as cunning as Lightford.

It wasn't much of a challenge for monster demons to take over the Flora Sacred Land. They didn't need the help of the titan demons.

In fact, the titan demons were more trouble than they were worth.

It was natural for the monster demons to be furious. They should've already conquered the Flora Sacred Land and taken over the faction's foundations, which would enable them to use it as their base of operations and expand their territory, strengthening their tribe.

Among the ten tribes, monster demons were known for their ability to assimilate other races.

In other words, monster demons could turn human cultivators into halfblood demons with their blood.

Halfbloods were different from purebloods, but they possessed many monster demon abilities, which made them useful as battle puppets.

Once the monster demons took over the Flora Sacred Land, they could very well grow to become one of the top three demonic tribes in a short period of time.

Alas, things never went according to plan. The titan demons came out of nowhere to work against them.

“Daoist Ironclad, there’s no way back for us,” Forefather Lionheart growled. “Let’s make a move while the titan demons are distracted!”

“We mustn’t. The titan demons are certainly on their guard. Besides, the celestial demons have given the order. If we disobey them, they would have an excuse to punish us. We may make an enemy out of the titan demons, but not the celestial demons!”

That was the sad truth. The titan demons could be defeated despite their fierceness. Celestial demons, however, the monster demons would be helpless against. They were also in no place to defy the demonic rulers.

The celestial demons were superior not only in power, but even more so in authority. They could simply give an order to have all of the other demonic tribes go after the monster demons.

Noting Lionheart’s lingering anger, Forefather Ironclad emphasized, “You mustn’t do anything reckless, Brother Lionheart, or the monster demon tribe will be doomed!”

“I’m just furious at the titan demons for what they’re doing,” Lionheart said unhappily. “I hear that there are many herb gardens in the Flora Sacred Land, and that they’re one of the most wealthy factions in Myriad Abyss. Our tribe needs the resources to recover. If we wait until the celestial demons issues their verdict, who knows what we’ll be able to get?”

Ironclad smiled wolfishly. “Perhaps it’s not a bad thing to have more than one tribe to invade the sacred land. You’ve heard about what happened to the golden demon tribe, haven’t you?”

Lionheart’s face tensed and clouded. The news had hit him hard.

“It’s strange. It shouldn’t be possible for the entire golden demon tribe to be slaughtered with someone as powerful as Forefather Goldenhowl among them. I hear that even the forefather has gone missing.”

The turn of events raised many questions. The two monster demon forefathers were bewildered as well. Was Myriad Abyss truly powerful enough to do that?

According to their intelligence reports, the ten sacred lands were the strongest factions within Myriad Abyss, and even the sacred lands had very few divine forefathers.

Besides, the forefathers were still preoccupied with the battles offworld. They had no effort to spare for Myriad Abyss.

Even the ten sacred lands combined might not be able to eliminate the golden demons. Golden demons were widely known to be among the top fighters of the ten demonic tribes.

They could be defeated, but it'd be a tall task to kill every last one of them. Even monster demons found the gold demons' powerful offense and defense troublesome. The forefathers didn't think their tribe would be capable of slaughtering all of golden demons either.

Moreover, neither of the forefathers thought they'd be able to defeat Forefather Goldenhowl. Even the two of them together could at most match Goldenhowl in strength.

"The information hasn't been confirmed by the headquarters, dao brother," Forefather Lionheart said questioning. "Perhaps it's merely a rumor."

"It can't be," Ironclad said in a grave tone. "If it is, Forefather Goldenhowl would've come out to clear the air. As it is, the information is likely to be true."

Forefather Lionheart sighed. "Who among the human race is capable of such a feat? Forefather Goldenhowl is a formidable foe."

"It has to be Jiang Chen. He killed Daoist Lightford and he was responsible for the deaths of our fellow demons in Rejuvenation. The forefathers of the golden, winged, and shadow demons all met their doom at his hands. He's no simple cultivator. We must be on our guard as well. We can't allow him any openings." Ironclad was dead serious.

Jiang Chen was now the threat the demonic race recognized and agreed on.

Whenever something bad happened, he was always their prime suspect.

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

Chapter 2229: Bullying

The ferocious Lionheart growled, "The kid's wise to avoid us. I'd certainly make him cry uncle otherwise."

Lightford had been his fellow tribesman, so Lionheart naturally resented Jiang Chen for killing his peer.

Not to mention, eliminating the young lord would be a feat of great merit for the demon race and a great opportunity for the forefather to distinguish himself.

But Forefather Ironclad was solemn. "Brother, don't look down on the kid. Just think, how many times have we demons suffered at his hands? We're no cowards, and is Forefather Goldenhowl weaker than either of us? Were his crack troops any less mightier than ours? And what was the result?"

"Are you saying the golden demons underestimated him?" Lionheart blinked.

"Even in the ancient times, it was impossible for humans to defeat golden demons in straight battle. Wasn't the ancient Veluriyam Palace equally powerless head-on, despite its might? How can a later generation achieve what his forebears couldn't, when he lacks their ancient inheritances?"

Ironclad very much acknowledged the golden demons' strength in combat, so after careful analysis, negligence seemed the only possible explanation for their annihilation. They must have fallen prey to human machinations, or had some of their abilities restrained.

Otherwise, they were too ferocious to fail so spectacularly.

Lionheart agreed with his conclusion. "Golden demons are condescending and arrogant without parallel. It must have caused their downfall. But isn't their downfall a huge blow for our race? The celestial demons were counting on the golden and titan demons to spearhead the attack against Winterdraw. That plan is dead in the water now."

"Hmph, maybe the celestial demons weren't fond of their arrogance either. Who knows if they didn't play a part in the golden demons' undoing? Even down one tribe, there are still nine left, more than enough to deal with the human domain. It's simply a matter of consolidating the tribes and the strength of our leader."

"That can't be..." Lionheart gasped. If the celestial demons had really plotted against their own kind... What a terrible thought!

The celestial demon tribe was truly terrifying.

"I'm not saying it was on purpose, but intentionally or not, they assigned the golden tribe to a dangerous area. The plan was to pit them against the human domain and wear away the human defenders. Perhaps even they didn't expect that the golden demons would be spent without anything to show for it."

"No matter, forget it. Let's just attend to our own business." Lionheart was rather pale, a little daunted by the possibility of the celestial demons' sinister schemes.

Urgent footsteps suddenly sounded outside. An attendant entered in quick strides.

"Forefathers, bad news. Something happened to Commander Fei Yao."

What?

The two forefathers sprang up from their seats, grimaces immediately appearing on their faces.

Commander Fei Yao was their most reliable subordinate. Though not yet in the divine realm, he was their strongest demigod cultivator, as well as the most resourceful and the best at directing troops among their close aides.

Losing him would be a massive blow for the entire tribe.

"What happened?" Ironclad said coldly, his eyes screaming murder.

"H-he's been murdered, and gruesomely so," stammered the pale attendant, afraid of looking at the forefathers directly in the eye, clearly aware that the news would incense the two of them.

Indeed, both wore a dangerous scowl as they quickly exited the tent.

The commander's corpse wasn't even whole anymore. It looked like someone had stomped on a watermelon and crushed it into pulp.

At this sight, rage boiled in the two forefathers' chests!

"The titan demons! This is definitely their doing!" Lionheart shouted in a fit of anger. This was a favorite pastime of the titan demon tribe. It couldn't have been anyone else. "Brother daoist, look at his chest. His heart's missing. titan demons love to eat hearts, everyone knows that!"

Gnashing his teeth, Lionheart's eyes shone a deep red. He tightened his fists until they started cracking.

His emotions clearly threatening to get the better of him, he urgently needed to vent his energies. If only he could rush to the titan demons' camp and slaughter them all right now!

But Ironclad stayed calm and collected. He circled the corpse and observed it carefully for a moment.

He didn't lose his rationality in spite of his wrath. But no matter how long he examined the circumstances of the commander's death, he had to admit no one else could have committed such a gruesome murder.

Humans?

They might have been able to kill the commander, but not in such a cruel way. Not to mention, the murder had occurred on the monster demons' own territory, yet no one had caught a whiff of it.

That was no mean feat. Was there anyone this powerful among the humans? Although the commander was just a step away from godhood, no ordinary god would have been his match. Even if he couldn't win, he'd have caused enough noise to alert his tribesmen.

But everyone, including the two forefathers, had been blissfully unaware. What did it mean?

The opponent was formidable, and his actions sudden and overwhelming to kill his victim in a single strike.

Nothing apart from the titan demon's heart-smashing art could have caved a hole this big in the commander's chest.

All clues pointed to the titan demon tribe.

"Brother daoist, we can endure no longer. This is intolerable! How can we take this blatant insult lying down?" Lionheart stamped with fury.

Not that they wanted to disobey the celestial demons' directive, but the titan demons had crossed the line. Was it a show of force or an intimidation attempt?

So what if titan demons showed a preference for tyrannical bullying? Did it mean they couldn't respond in kind?

Ironclad's face turned dark and sinister. "Gather our men. The titans have some explanation to do!"

If they didn't react after such a blatant slap to the face, they would lose all prestige and standing among the tribes.

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

Chapter 2230: Demon Against Demon

The titan demon camp was rather calm. Though they were interlopers, they would obviously refrain from attacking Flora before the celestial demon nod.

They were determined to obtain this juicy piece of meat. The monster demons couldn't be allowed to keep it all to themselves.

“Forefathers, terrible news! The monster demons have gone crazy for some reason. They’ve brought their whole force and surrounded our camp!” A secret message made its way to the titan demon tribe’s two forefathers.

Both of them possessed huge frames and towered like two small mountains. One of them had a particularly big head and eyes as big as bronze bells, while the other had a grotesque face littered with dense, tiny warts. The sight was ugly enough to make one shiver at first glance.

Between the two of them, the one with the big head obviously boasted a higher status.

“When did they become so ill-tempered? Are they defying the celestial demons’ orders?”

The big head, called Forefather Oakhead, asked with surprise. Monster demons weren’t known for being so hot-headed.

The warty forefather cackled. “Hehe, they’re asking for it, so whatever happens is their responsibility. Brother daoist, we might as well humor them and teach them a good lesson, then use this opportunity to take Flora. What do you think?”

Unmoved, Oakhead gravely said, “Brother, it’s easy to conquer Flora, but to destroy the monster demons and seize the sacred land might not be a good thing for us, no matter how appealing it sounds.”

“Not a good thing? What do you mean?” asked the warty forefather in confusion, failing to read between the lines.

“Why did the celestial demons allow us to come grate-crashing? Because they don’t want the monster demons alone to benefit from Flora’s resources. That’s why they turned a blind eye, or even agreed tacitly. Bluntly put, it’s a game of checks and balances.”

“So what?” The warty demon still had trouble understanding.

“If we take the place of the monster demons, who knows if we won’t inherit the celestial demons’ jealousy as well?”

His companion sweated bullets from the shock, his chest tightening when he recalled recent rumors about the golden demons.

“Let’s go and find out what this circus is about!” Oakhead laughed boldly. He exited with large strides, his huge frame moving with the vigor of a tiger.

Outside the camp, the monster demons had surrounded the titan demons and were posturing aggressively.

They were three times more numerous. Titan demons weren’t particularly fertile, and their way of cultivation required many resources. Various reasons conspired to prevent their population from growing.

The two sides came face to face. The tension in the air was palpable.

Lionheart fixed the two titan demon forefathers with a glare that seemed to belch fire and swore, "Oakhead, Grimhead, you guys are out of your minds! I've had enough of you. Let's fight to the death today and find out who's the strongest!"

The malevolent wrath on his face stunned the two titan demon forefathers. What had gotten into these guys?

"What? Weren't you waiting for a day like this? Come on then, let's fight." The agitated Lionheart sprayed spittle all over the place.

With a frown, Oakhead stared back at Lionheart with his enormous eyes. "Ironheart, why the f*ck are you acting up in front of me? This is sheer provocation. I can order the eradication of your tribe today. I'll be amply justified even if you go whine to the celestial demons."

"Eradicate?" Lionheart laughed in anger. "Great, give it a try then. You must really think you titan demons can do whatever you want."

Also trembling with rage, Ironclad growled, "Oakhead, others might be afraid of your tribe, but not us. Who are you to act so arrogant?"

Oakhead cackled. "Arrogant? So what? You know our race's customs. Finders keepers! Don't tell me you want to hoard the loot all to yourself."

"Why are you getting on your high horse when you're the interlopers? We keep making concessions, but you keep asking for more. Even a rabbit will bite back when cornered. You've gone too far!" Ironclad had trouble reining in his emotions.

"Cut the crap. Just spit out what you want." The warty Grimhead was even less patient.

Since the monster demons had started it, he felt fully entitled to beat them into submission. Afterwards, titan demons would be well within their rights to capture Flora and grab its resources.

His unreasonable attitude did nothing to soothe the monster demons' indignation, and made the atmosphere even tauter.

"Grimhead, you and me, let's fight three hundred rounds. Are you man enough?!" Lionheart challenged with a roar.

"Haha, just what I was hoping for!" Grimhead wasn't one to back down.

"Oakhead, are you really so intent on starting internal strife?" Ironclad stared Oakhead down with an icy gaze.

The latter shrugged. "You started it, so you're responsible for anything that stems from it!"

Lionheart could no longer restrain himself and pounced on Grimhead before Ironclad could reply. The collision between two forefathers produced an earthshaking impact, darkening the sky and covering the stars.

The clash of intense auras lifted a colossal cloud of dust. Rows of shattered trees toppled on the ground.

Demons from both camps backed away from the heart of the fighting. They didn't want to become collateral damage. In a fight of this level, even a stray attack could kill ordinary cultivators. No one wanted to become unwitting victims.

There was no going back the moment the battle started.

Anger on both sides ignited like gunpowder.

Oakhead's eyes were also eerily cold. "Old Monster Ironclad, since you're asking for it, have a taste of a titan demon's wrath!"

Ironclad was so infuriated he could puke blood. The monster demons were clearly the victims here, but the murderers were now crying foul!

It seemed there had never been a chance to reason with the titan demons to begin with.