

Three Realms 2231

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

Chapter 2231: Killing Frenzy

This kind of melee brought with it its own kind of madness the longer it dragged out.

It began with a simple clash between Lionheart and Grimhead. Fueled by fury, neither of them held back. Every strike was a lethal blow aimed at taking the opponent's life.

Anger spread like wildfire at such lack of restraint. Not long after, many titan demons threw themselves into the fray. Not to be outdone, the monster demons swarmed the battlefield with their superior numbers.

A great, chaotic melee ensued.

Lionheart and Grimhead were evenly matched, so neither of them suffered injuries this early on despite the intensity of their head-to-head.

But with the battle at large, both the monster demons' number advantage and the titan demons' individual prowess manifested themselves, and casualties appeared almost at the first blow of the explosion of violence.

Some bled, some died, others were beheaded, and some dismembered.

Titan demons had strength to spare and fought ferociously. Their defensive ability was almost equal to the golden demons, and their offensive power even greater.

Monster demons were weaker individually, but they were famous for their savagery. Once in combat, they held nothing back.

Biting, scratching, nothing was too despicable. For them, the end justified the means, causing their enemies great distress with their primal and bloody methods.

Two diametrically opposed styles collided in a mad frenzy.

Oakhead and Ironclad watched their tribesmen fall around them, their faces increasingly icier as their rage flared.

"Old Freak Ironclad, you openly defy the celestial demons' decree and cause infighting, so don't blame me for answering in kind!" With an angry roar, Oakhead spread his enormous arms in the air. A giant hammer fell into his grasp, spinning at dazzling speed in his giant palms as it shed a cruel light.

"Watch yourself!"

He smashed the hammer at Ironclad with a momentum that could overturn mountains. The strike instantly fissured the void, giving rise to ripple after ripple that turned into gusts of wind blowing in Ironclad's direction. All of the monster demons in his vicinity were sent flying, no matter how they struggled.

Ironclad narrowed his eyes. His opponent's power was a little above his. It wouldn't be smart to fight head-on.

So his figure spun, cold light cascading from his armor as he shot into the sky like a pillar of light and vanished without a trace.

Oakhead's hammer ultimately failed to find its mark, but he grinned nastily, having expected no less. "Do you think there's anywhere you can hide from my Giant Spirit Hammer?"

Before the last notes of his words sounded, he struck the empty sky eighteen times in succession, as if hammering a nail. Eighteen pillar-shaped streams of air emerged around the area and sealed the space within.

As if possessing unlimited demonic energy, the hammer transformed into a strange mountain that fluttered in the air as fast as the wind, searching for the trapped enemy.

The hammer possessed a formidable sensitivity. At the slightest perceived movement, it would transform into a divine sealing mountain to crush its target.

Somewhere else on the battlefield, the fight between Lionheart and Grimhead was also nearing its climax. The two were roughly evenly matched, but after two successive transformations, Lionheart's increased vigor was starting to suppress Grimhead's momentum. However, thanks to the latter's formidable physique and his aggressive fighting style, he still managed to trade blow for blow.

In his present state, Lionheart's overflowing vitality emanated an aura that shot up to the sky. The power of his bloodline was currently at its strongest.

He howled at the sky, creating fearsome sound waves that transformed into innumerable tangible blades to slash at Grimhead in a tempest of metal.

The blades transformed in mid-air into all sorts of fantastical shapes suffused with a somber killing intent. Once surrounded by this attack, even a titan demon's resilient physique was bound to suffer wounds.

But spurred on by the flames of battle, Grimhead fought back with reckless abandon.

Muttering an incantation, his body also transformed. Titan demons possessed a technique titled the Runic Stonescale. Akin to turning flesh into skin, it increased defenses manyfold.

Every titan demon cultivator could more or less cultivate it, but only those in the divine realm could make full use of it.

Case in point, Grimhead's proficiency had reached a tremendous level. It would've been difficult for him to endure Lionheart's storm of sharp blades, but Runic Stonescale added an extra layer of armor on top of his skin that was almost impossible for cultivators of the same level to penetrate.

Of course, the technique wasn't without flaws. Namely, its duration was limited. It couldn't be maintained for long, and certainly not for the full duration of a prolonged fight.

Lionheart wasn't unfamiliar with Runic Stonescale's toughness. He grit his teeth and clutched the air, his arm striking down as if waving a huge lion's paw.

As ghastly as a divine saber, each claw overflowed with killing intent. The slightest graze could cleave someone in half.

But Grimhead wasn't that easy of a prey. He poured all his power into the Runic Stonescale and summoned a flail in hand.

The instant the giant claw grabbed him, he used the fully powered Runic Stonescale to weather the blow. Meanwhile, his flail turned into a ray of light that cut through the distance, viciously flying at Lionheart's forehead like a meteor harrying the moon.

This would be snatching victory from the jaws of defeat. He wasn't all that hopeful his attack would hit, but he could at least delay the titan demon's assault and prevent the next strike, giving him enough leeway to prepare his next move.

But then, something strange and unexpected happened.

Lionheart watched the flail fly his way with a contemptuous smile playing on his lips. He didn't think much of the attack. It could be easily dodged with a simple, small sidestep.

But when his figure moved lightly to evade, his body suddenly stiffened, as if bound by a strange power around him.

In that short instant, he was struck immobile while the flail crashed his way with star-crushing momentum!

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Chapter 2232: The Situation Worsens

Fear that he'd never felt before suddenly gripped Forefather Lionheart. The strange restraining power cast him into the pits of despair and would end up his doom!

Bang!

The flail hit him right in the head.

Defenseless, his head exploded like a watermelon at the impact. His headless body twitched futilely in the air as his soul went up in smoke.

Bam!

Lionheart collapsed.

All of the monster demons looked on with their mouths agape. Even Grimhead was confused. Lionheart wasn't that weak, was he?

The flail was meant to delay Lionheart and buy himself some time. It shouldn't have been fatal. Why hadn't Lionheart dodged the hit? Had he spontaneously developed a sudden death wish?

Masterful fighters like them knew how good their opponent was.

Grimhead might have a slight edge over Lionheart, but after twice tapping into his bloodline strength, Lionheart should've been a little more powerful than Grimhead.

Even with all of his might, Grimhead should've at most reached a draw with Lionheart.

He never expected his delaying move to actually kill his opponent. That didn't make sense at all!

Had something gone wrong when Lionheart tapped into the frenzied energies of his bloodline?

It was said that once one pushed oneself over the limit, everything afterwards was downhill.

That was the only possible explanation.

A monster demon's bloodline frenzy should've lasted a long period of time, and it shouldn't be possible to disrupt it. Something must have gone wrong!

Oakhead and Ironclad slowed to a halt at the sudden turn of events. Infighting was never meant to interfere with their war effort.

They'd just wanted to teach the other side a lesson by killing some of the lesser demons, but they'd never planned to kill a forefather.

It was common knowledge that the ten demonic tribes hadn't recovered to even seventy percent of their strength in the ancient times.

The celestial demons had decreed that no forefathers could be killed in any internal clashes. Demons were allowed to brawl slightly for benefits and territory, and casualties weren't prohibited, but forefathers were the exception.

Every divine forefather was a valuable asset. Any deaths would undermine the demons' goal of conquest.

Ironclad widened his eyes when he saw Lionheart die at Grimhead's hands. Oakhead gaped in shock as well. He hadn't expected things to escalate to this point.

"Oakhead, Grimhead, you... you've committed the worst crime! You disobeyed celestial demon orders and killed a forefather. You'll get what you deserve. Just you wait..."

Ironclad trembled with the sheer ferocity of his anger. If he could win in a fight against the two titan demons, he would've charged them already.

Oakhead was also displeased with Grimhead for going overboard, but he wasn't going to blame his own people under the circumstances.

"Don't try to pin this on us, Ironclad!" he snapped. "You monster demons were the ones who started this fight. We were forced to strike back. The celestial demon forefather is wise and noble. He's not going to be fooled by you."

Grimhead shrugged and remarked unhappily, "I didn't expect Old Lionheart to be that fragile. It was a careless blow."

He was telling the truth, but it sounded mocking to Ironclad.

"Fine, fine! You titan demons are getting bold. Why don't you kill me as well?" Ironclad gnashed his teeth and growled in a hoarse voice, "My children, the titan demons have cruelly killed Forefather Lionheart. We'll wage war against them and fight to our death!"

"Kill, kill the titan demons!"

Monster demons were naturally fierce. The fight had already brought out the worst aggression in them, and their forefather's death further stoked their bloodthirst.

They worked themselves into a frenzy and roused the potential of their bloodline, readying themselves for an ultimate showdown with the titan demons.

Oakhead's face clouded over. "Stop it, Old Ironclad. You've already gotten Lionheart killed. Are you going to get all of your elites killed as well? If you start this fight, there will be no monster demons left alive!"

"Haha, none of us will be left alive? Do you think you scare me? Do you think the titan demons will come out intact? If worst comes to worst, we'll all die together!"

His companion's death sapped the last of Ironclad's calm rationale. He wanted revenge! He would appease his dead companion with the blood of the titan demons!

Noting the edge of insanity in Ironclad's expression, Oakhead gave Grimhead a pointed look and transmitted, "He's entered a blood frenzy. Be careful. He's stronger than Forefather Lionheart. We'll subdue him together!"

"Dao brother, why don't we kill him too? There will be no witness to speak against us then," responded Grimhead. "If we let him live, he will give statements that will implicate us."

A malicious idea took root in Grimhead's mind.

Oakhead shot him down. "We mustn't repeat the same mistake. It's possible for us to paint Lionheart's death as an accident. If we kill Ironclad as well though, there's no excusing that. We mustn't make the titan demon tribe a public enemy."

It was better to let Ironclad live to file a complaint to the celestial demon forefather, than to kill two forefathers of the monster demon tribe. If they did the latter, the other eight tribes would be wary of the titan demons. There would be a target painted on their backs.

No tribe should stand out other than the celestial demon tribe. Otherwise, the other tribes would grow uneasy, which would only end badly.

Nevertheless, what had happened, had happened. Ironclad would grow exponentially stronger once he entered a frenzy. It wasn't going to be easy for Oakhead and Grimhead to subdue him even by working together.

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Chapter 2233: Rescue At The Eleventh Hour

Entering a blood frenzy strengthened a monster demon manifold. It was true not only for Ironclad, but for the commanders and ordinary demons as well. This immensely increased the pressure on the titan demons.

Oakhead and Grimhead could still contain the blood-frenzied Ironclad, but they had little hope of defeating him outright.

A single moment of carelessness could lead to Ironclad overturning the situation.

They found themselves caught between a rock and a hard place. Their tribe was suffering from mounting casualties, but they weren't free to save their people, bogged down as they were against their own opponent.

Of course, titan demons weren't affable enough to simply turn the other cheek either, so the confrontation became even crueler and more desperate.

Driven by battle-lust, Ironclad fully displayed the fierceness of his tribe. An ordinary approach was impossible to win with when fighting one against two, so he resorted to even more extreme methods.

Of course, it was also impossible for Flora to miss the massacre taking place. It was a strange, stunning scene for everyone from top to bottom.

Besieged by two demon tribes, they'd already given up all hope. It should have been but a matter of time before the enemy rolled over Flora with effortless ease.

But at this critical juncture, the two tribes fought each other instead, giving the sacred land an unexpected reprieve.

"Milord, their infighting is a chance for us. We ought to find any help we can to try and solve our predicament."

"Help, help, who doesn't want it? In Myriad Abyss, who's left with enough strength to provide it? You lot obsess over that kid, but do you think he'll be that generous? Given the bad blood between us, it'd be a good thing already if Jiang Chen doesn't kick us while we're down."

Prime Gao still clung to his bias against the young lord, but Master Shi Xuan continued to argue otherwise.

"Prime Gao, Jiang Chen is indeed arrogant sometimes, but he's also forgiving enough not to split hairs over small matters. If we really do ask him for help, he might not turn a blind eye to our difficulties."

However, a young man opposed him immediately. It turned out to be Lu Mingye, the one who'd suffered greatly at Jiang Chen's hands on Sandplain Island.

Overflowing with resentment, he retorted, "Master Shi Xuan, did you forget how he humiliated you back then? He's absolutely the narrow-minded type and will seek revenge for the smallest grudge. Begging him would only earn us ridicule."

He secretly loathed the young lord and would rather die than accept his assistance.

Would Jiang Chen save them in any case? Of course not, he'd only taunt and mock them!

Shi Qinglu however, interjected quietly, "I've fought him. He is indeed cunning and sly. But he does carry himself with a bearing I rarely see in ordinary people. I don't think he's as spiteful as you say."

Poison Consort Shi Qinglu had served as a stepping stone for Jiang Chen during the competition of geniuses. By right, she ought to abhor him after his rise to prominence at her expense during the competition.

But to the crowd's surprise, she didn't seem to hold it against him and even spoke in his favor.

Shi Xuan and Shi Qinglu's attitude made Prime Gao secretly restless.

In fact, Shi Qinglu was well aware the young lord had showed restraint against her, so to her, his image was that of a principled man and not the petty kind.

The many rumors surrounding him these years had stoked increasing curiosity about the man who'd once defeated her.

In the midst of their debate, a strange message glyph landed inside the hall, turning into a halo of light. With a casual grab, Prime Gao snatched the light, which immediately turned into a message in his hand.

The prime's face was quite a sight when he finished reading it. "How is this possible? H-how...?" he stammered, staring at the glyph. He read it again and again, looking for an eventual hidden ruse, before he ultimately sighed, his tone turning grave. "Everyone, do you know who sent this glyph?"

"Who?"

"Well, speak of the devil. Jiang Chen is nearby and playing the two demon tribes against each other. He's ready to add oil to the fire and intensify their conflict even further in order to rescue us!"

Jiang Chen!

Everyone wondered if their ears were playing tricks on them. There was no love lost between Jiang Chen and Flora. He was Eternal's proud disciple, and the two sacred lands had never seen eye to eye. Why had he come to their rescue?

Not to mention, Eternal was also in urgent need of his help.

As the message circulated among the crowd, some fell into deep thought after perusing it, while others seemed dubious.

"Milord, what are you hesitating for? Since he's willing to let bygones be bygones, are we to keep acting coy?" asked Shi Xuan quietly.

Many instantly agreed with him. There was no room for misplaced pride at this stage.

"Milord, this is a chance. We must coordinate our efforts with the young lord and eradicate the two demon tribes."

"Hmph, you're all a little too optimistic. Even if he's nearby, do you think he'll dare stir up the demons all by himself?"

"That's right, there's no free lunch in this world. Who knows what he's plotting?"

Those who disliked him naturally took the opposite stance. They suspected his intentions weren't so pure, and that he surely plotted to profit from their misfortune.

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Chapter 2234: Were We Duped?

Prime Gao wasn't fond of Jiang Chen to begin with, so the naysayers made him even more hesitant.

Fortunately, most remained clear-headed. Not many caused a scene. It was impossible for Flora to resolve the demons' encirclement on their own.

How wonderful would it be if Jiang Chen could help lift the siege! It was an option worth exploring, no matter if the price was astronomical.

An elder clamored, "Prime Gao, we already wrote off our enmity with the Eternal Sacred Land after the alliance. The situation in Myriad Abyss is clearly no longer the same. Against the demons' wanton aggression, sticking to old bias and sectarianism is nothing but self-destructive.

"Even if young lord Jiang Chen has his own agenda, it's still better than letting the demons overwhelm us and erase our heritage. Let me ask you, can Jiang Chen possibly commit anything more destructive than a demonic invasion?"

In fact, when put in such simple terms, the choice didn't seem all that difficult. The answer was obvious to all.

Master Shi Xuan added calmly, "Prime Gao, ladies and gentlemen, I've said enough. Are we to cling to prejudices when the survival of our sacred land is at stake? Even if we disregard what he's doing for us right now, can he possibly be more terrible than the demons? If he abandons us now, do you think our enemies won't have the strength to deal with us once they come back to their senses?"

Indeed, those who disliked Jiang Chen harbored a fantasy that the demons' internal strife signaled the end of the siege.

Alas, reality was cruel. The young lord was the sole instigator of the present situation, for one thing. If he were to stop and leave now, the infighting would certainly tail off. The demons would then jointly launch a full-strength assault on Flora. The sacred land's downfall would be a foregone conclusion by then.

"Lord Prime, let us observe on the sidelines for now. If the kid wants to deal with the demons, then let him seek all of the glory and shoulder all of the risks."

"Lord Prime, it's time to decide. We ought to join hands with him and strike the enemy from both within and without!"

Both sides stuck firmly to their positions.

But on the whole, more were in favor of partnering with the Eternal genius, while their opponents were in the minority. Not to mention, their reasons were far-fetched.

Little by little, the combat outside eroded the sacred land's defense perimeter, gradually breaking the formation runes and shattering the fortifications.

Flora would be badly injured if it ever came to be involved in a fight of this level.

"To think the demon leaders would lose their minds from all this fighting! If not for the excessive casualties, I'd even suspect a deliberate trap."

"That's right. Demons are too eccentric to judge by human standards."

“Eh, everyone, look, what’s going on?” shouted someone in surprise. The battle outside had taken a new turn.

Ironclad slashed at Grimhead, an attack the latter should’ve dodged with ease. But in that instant, what transpired with Lionheart repeated itself.

Grimhead’s figure abruptly seemed bound by a mysterious force.

A tiny pause was enough to decide the outcome in a fight between powerhouses. Not to mention, Ironclad’s strength was already greater to begin with, after going berserk from the power of his bloodline.

The monster demon’s fearsome attack broke through space and distance. With a flash of white light, his blade forcibly removed Grimhead’s skull from his neck with a spray of blood and unbridled resentment. A crimson rain of blood filled the monster demons with renewed vigor, itching to nab the severed head for themselves.

After losing its head, the forefather’s body slumped dismally on the ground, vanishing into the vegetation.

Oakhead also wondered if he was hallucinating. Grimhead shouldn’t have fallen so easily, given his strength. Not even a berserk Ironclad possessed this kind of power.

An abrupt realization suddenly arrived. With a vicious sweep of his Giant Spirit Hammer, he yelled, “Old Ironclad, pause a moment and hear me out!”

Felling Grimhead had sated only a fraction of Ironclad’s bloodlust, so when he saw Oakhead distance himself from the radius of combat, he sneered with a cold, unforgiving smile on his lips. “Oakhead, what are you scheming now? Let me tell you, your tricks are won’t be any use today!”

In actuality, Oakhead wasn’t afraid of Ironclad. He’d simply smelled something fishy.

Both Grimhead and Lionheart had died under strange circumstances. In particular, neither of them had been killed by ultimate trump cards.

“Old Ironclad, do you think I’m really afraid of you? Use your brain. Don’t Lionheart’s and Grimhead’s deaths seem strange? Didn’t you notice them suddenly lose their ability to protect themselves the instant before they died?”

Sure enough, these words gave Ironclad pause. A subtle frown appeared on his brows.

“Oakhead, what on earth are you trying to say?” he growled.

“Isn’t that obvious? Someone’s playing tricks on us. Our two tribes have been deceived!” shouted Oakhead in fury.

“Deceived? By who? Is the Flora Sacred Land this bold? Do they have what it takes?”

His expression livid, Oakhead swept the surroundings with his enormous eyes that were like bronze bells, counting many details cementing his suspicion.

“Stop, all of you bloody well stop!” Ironclad suddenly felt antsy as well. If they truly had been manipulated, then this fight would turn out to be a regrettable, disastrous mistake.

He took a deep breath and stared seriously at Oakhead. “Oakhead, did your demons kill my tribe’s Commander Fei Yao, yes or no?”

“Commander Fei Yao? Who’s that?” The giant demon forefather was baffled. “You think I’d lower myself to deal with a mere commander of yours?”

Ironclad sneered. “Knock it off! Just answer yes or no, stop acting so vague and beating around the bush.”

Oakhead suddenly exploded with anger. “Bullshit, I didn’t do it, there’s nothing to admit!”

“Dare you swear an oath?” Ironclad followed-up gravely.

“What f*cking oath? You think I’d lie about that? Plus, we killed your Lionheart, but you also killed a forefather of ours. You have no right to complain,” Oakhead snarled in frustration.

Nevertheless, the more the two analyzed the situation, the more the feeling of being duped pricked at them. Someone had been running circles around them..

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Chapter 2235: Jiang Chen Shows Himself

Swift reactions sprang into motion the moment they realized the truth. More and more details suddenly seemed incongruous as soon as they dwelled on analysis.

In particular, Lionheart and Grimhead’s behavior just before death was entirely uncharacteristic and far below their normal level.

“Someone interfered with their movement in that instant, that I’m sure of. That’s how they died!” Oakhead bellowed with fury.

Ironclad couldn’t yet ascertain the truth of Fei Yao’s death from Oakhead’s words, so he insisted, “Oakhead, as demons, we never let insults go unpunished, so answer me, did you kill Commander Fei Yao or not?”

“Bullshit, what Commander Fei Yao? That didn’t have anything to do with us!” The innocent Oakhead naturally didn’t want to be a scapegoat.

Had it truly been a ploy? Ironclad was still unwilling to let the matter go. “But that way of shattering the body and eat the heart, isn’t that a technique common to your tribe?”

“Idiot, imbecile!! Can’t techniques can be imitated?” Oakhead fumed. The monster demons had come baying for blood for this simple reason?? “If I’d killed that kind of small fry, do you think I would’ve left his corpse behind to give you such an obvious clue? Am I that stupid??”

The light flickering in Ironclad’s eyes bore witness to his inner conflict.

Deep down, he'd already begun to realize he might've misunderstood the titan demons. Obviously, the latter had come to steal a part of Flora's resources, but to kill a commander so publicly? Such an outrageous act was completely unnecessary!

In that case, what on earth was going on?

A ghastly scream nearby suddenly cut through his hesitation. Increasing numbers of demons in their vicinity started stumbling and staggering haphazardly.

All around them, a spontaneous golden tide crashed their way. The tide surged forward from every direction. Under the sun's glare, it shone a magnificent golden, shedding brilliant and uncanny rays as it engulfed the area like a tsunami and submerged countless demons.

"Oh no, those are rats! It's a horde of spirit beasts!" Oakhead shouted. His heart sank as he understood the nature of the phenomena.

The sight also chilled Ironclad's heart. He saw countless golden rats converge into a golden ocean.

Hungry and insatiable, the rats unrelentingly swallowed his troops and tribe.

Demons were a very sturdy race, yet they were inexorably sliced and diced by the tide of Goldbiter Rats to end up as food in their stomachs.

They tried to resist, of course. They struggled for dear life.

But the difference in numbers was simply too great. The demons killed all rats coming within reach, and killed them again, but the unending swarm was too much to bear. The enemy kept surging forward, immediately filling the empty space created by their dead kin, rushing forward again and again in never-ending waves, as if there was a limitless supply of them.

Even the top demon heavyweights were chilled to the bone by the sight.

Oakhead stood ashen as he watched the rats harvest his tribesmen's lives, their enormous frames dragged to the ground by tiny rats.

They became food as soon as they toppled over. Not even the bones were spared. Even a forefather like him felt his hairs stand on end at such a blood-curling scene.

"Stop fighting, children! Take to the air and flee into the sky. Don't get bogged down on the ground!" he transmitted via consciousness to his beleaguered troops.

However, when besieged by Goldbiter Rats, to break away was easier said than done.

Everyone knew fleeing into the sky was the best solution. Unfortunately, the rats filled the entire surroundings, leaving no room for retreat. To break away was an uphill battle, and more importantly, some had already tried this method, but the rats' perception was too keen.

Before the demons could fully take to the sky, the rats would throw themselves into the air to cut off their foes' path of escape.

"Damn it, what the hell is up with these rats? Did Flora raise so many of them?" A shiver ran down Ironclad's spine.

Oakhead snorted coldly. Not lowering his guard for a single moment, he exclaimed, “You idiot, can you see now you’ve been toyed with?”

Ironclad had, in fact, long since understood this fact, but he merely hadn’t wanted to admit it aloud.

“Oakhead, if not for your tribe’s shameless intrusion, Flora would’ve already been ours! We could’ve used the sacred land to expand our forces. Instead, we’ve been mired here for so long, and now we’re being slaughtered by this bunch of stinking rats!” Ironclad complained bitterly.

“Hmph, isn’t it a little late to complain about that? Can’t you tell the enemy is trying to bury us alive?” Oakhead’s voice was a low, grim rumble.

“Who can it be? Who in Myriad Abyss Island can toy with you and me?” A name suddenly appeared in Ironclad’s mind. “There’s a new figure among the humans, a kid called Jiang Chen. They say he’s dealt great damage to the golden demons.”

Jiang Chen!

Like a curse, the two characters flashed across the forefathers’ minds.

Oakhead took a deep breath and suddenly howled at the sky, “Jiang Chen, this forefather knows you’re the hidden mastermind. If you’re truly a human genius, you should have the guts to come out and fight in the open. Skulking around, always using petty tricks, that’s the attitude of a coward!”

Gone were his doubts. He was now almost positive Jiang Chen was the mastermind.

The young lord’s serene laughter sounded from the sky. “Well now, Forefather Oakhead, aren’t you the quick-witted one? But it’s too late in any case.”

“Hmph, sure enough, it’s you.” Oakhead sneered. “Humans truly have no worthy successors. Is their pillar a kid still wet behind the ears? Jiang Chen, you should’ve quietly holed up in the human domain. Coming to Myriad Abyss Island will spell your own doom!”

Like the scorching sun, a golden ball of illumination dawned in the sky. Jiang Chen’s imposing figure emerged amongst the clouds.

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Chapter 2236: To Cut Off The Head Of The Snake

Jiang Chen!

Oakhead and Ironclad glanced at each other in bewilderment. Why had Jiang Chen dared show himself?

At least, according to their reports, the human’s cultivation wasn’t on par with theirs yet.

But whether in strength or in presence, they dimly felt from this young man the aura of a grandmaster, a leader of his time, enough to make them suck in a breath and take notice.

Oakfather stared at the young lord with his enormous eyes, trying to pierce the young human’s secrets.

However, the faint sheen of golden light shrouding the latter made him appear all the more mysterious. Even divine demon forefathers like them couldn’t see through such an existence.

“Let’s cut off the head of the snake. Oldie Ironclad, you and me, we’ll capture this kid!” Oakhead was keenly aware they were powerless to overturn the rat tide, but seizing Jiang Chen was a more feasible proposition.

The two of them had been at each other’s throats a moment ago, but suddenly acted with great tacit coordination. As soon as Oakhead’s voice fell, both shot forward high into the sky, honing in on their target as streams of light.

Alas, those who count their chickens before they hatch are bound to fail.

Four divine beasts immediately surrounded them as soon as they stirred to motion. The sacred beasts jointly deployed a domain that trapped the forefathers inside.

The domain was an early attempt jointly created by all four sacred beasts, so the restrictive effect wasn’t heaven-defying yet, but it already produced results.

Oakhead felt his speed drop noticeably, as if there was a distortion in the air that challenged his every movement. That was a very, very bad sign.

Boom!

A fissure appeared in the sky. Long Xiaoxuan’s Claws of Crushed Mountains and Rivers stretched out from it, aimed straight at Ironclad.

Meanwhile, the White Astral Tiger transformed into an enormous sword with a frosty, all-conquering edge that cleaved at the demon right down the middle.

Not to be outdone, the Vermilion Bird breathed its skyfire. The blaze erupted like a volcano, seemingly carrying the power to burn the entire world.

Any single one of those attacks was a threat to the two divine forefathers’ lives, to say nothing of the coordination between the four beasts.

The domain weakened the enemy while amplifying their own power.

Oakhead’s heart sank. His figure twisted in the air, barely escaping the titan sword slashing his way. But he wasn’t out of the woods yet. A hot wave immediately hit him from above. A fearsome blaze sprayed his way, ready to sear his head.

He had to dodge! He couldn’t take it head-on! The horrifying skyfire was more than enough to burn him to ashes!

He panted, his body drenched with cold sweat. He’d never imagined the enemy could be so thorny. Why the golden demon tribe had fallen now was much easier to understand.

Demons had always been vastly stronger compared to humans. They could easily crush any human they chose to. They went where they pleased, and very few humans were capable of obstructing their steps.

But the situation had taken such a radical turn today! The roles seemed reversed, with the demons being annihilated as easily as they had once destroyed humans.

While busy fighting, he still spared some attention to his tribesmen, but the situation made his heart bleed.

Both titan demons and monster demons lived up to their fame. Countless cultivators fought to the death. Together, they formed a destructive force that mowed down piles upon piles of rats.

But did it matter in the grand scheme of things?

Goldbiter Rats wasn't the least bit afraid of sacrifices. Even if a hundred million descendants died in battle, they would live on through their companions.

But as they were struggling to even stay alive, the two forefathers couldn't come to their tribesmen's rescue.

The four beasts' concerted assault deterred the demon forefathers from any attempts. Their domain's restriction, in particular, became more mature as time went on, pressuring the demons all the harder. They were both keenly aware that they had to turn the situation to their advantage somehow, else they would be staring death in the face.

Their situation couldn't be more precarious. The spirit creatures in front of them absolutely had the power to kill them. The bloodlines of their foes, far from being weaker than demons, might be even more powerful.

"Damn it, how did this human invite spirits like these to his side? Is that the four sacred beasts? Why are true spirits of this level willing to obey him?" Despite his anger, Oakhead continuously warned himself to stay clear-headed.

A cool composure was the key to survival. Keeping their heads was the only way for them to escape this harrowing siege and find a new lease on life.

As for Ironclad, he was filled with regrets. If only Lionheart and Grimhead were still alive! The odds would be much more favorable if they could have fought four against four.

By now, the two forefathers had been separated by their four opponents. It was impossible for them to coordinate their efforts efficiently.

They'd surrendered all initiative to the enemy.

A way out seemed hard to spot. He'd already tapped into his blood frenzy technique, so his strength was slowly declining by the second.

He had to use the secret technique again to return to peak condition. However, using it each time harmed his body. But he could bear this price if it allowed him a spontaneous breakthrough in cultivation.

The four great beasts' attacks came in thick and fast while he was lost in thought, giving him no opportunity to pause and catch his breath.

Both forefathers were presently on tenterhooks.

Nearby, Jiang Chen had a clear view of the battle. What pleased him the most was that the cooperation between the four beasts had begun to solidify. The domain created by their bloodlines, in particular, already dimly embodied the mysteries of the heavenly planes.

But this was merely the first step, the most rudimentary stage.

As the beasts continued to grow, their cooperation was bound to become ever more important, until it reached a level hard to fathom.

Jiang Chen spread his hand, a torch-like treasure appearing in his palm. At the top of this torch shone a light that seemed eternal and inextinguishable. It radiated with a thick, primordial aura, brimming with the most profound mysteries of the universe.

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

Chapter 2237: The Might of the Great Veluriyam Torch

The Great Veluriyam Torch!

Jiang Chen already possessed nuanced knowledge of its marvelous uses, but it was his first time using it in battle.

The torch boosted offensive power and added to one's battle strength to allow for substantially greater firepower. It also enhanced an attack's speed or impetus, amongst many others.

Now was as good an occasion as any for a trial run. The two forefathers were cornered, but they wouldn't be killed that quickly. After all, the four sacred beasts were still inferior in terms of raw power.

The domain's confinement prevented the two divine demons from escaping, but to execute such figures outright was another story.

The young lord had accurately assessed all of these factors before deciding to intervene.

Rather than the two demons overturning the situation, he worried about Goldenhowl instead. If that old thing were to catch wind of his presence and rush over, then his plans would lie in shambles.

Goldenhowl's strength was a clear level above Ironclad and Oakhead. The young lord himself didn't have the absolute power on his side needed to contend with him.

For that reason, he had to eradicate the two demon tribes before Goldenhowl's arrival.

These tribes made for fearsome enemies, but thankfully, the internal slaughter earlier had destroyed their armies and weakened their will to fight, affording the Goldbiter Rats a golden opportunity.

Other than the two forefathers, most of the demons had been cut off from their peers by the rat tide. Isolated, they could no longer act as a single entity.

"The two tribes will suffer irreparable damage if we can kill their forefathers, so much so they might be excluded from the ten tribes!"

This was a rare opportunity to weaken the demons!

Once activated, the Great Veluriyam Torch shone with a dazzling, multicolored light that churned its way to the battlefield.

The Great Divine Veluriyam had once told Jiang Chen that the torch could be used an endless number of ways against the enemy. It enhanced each elemental attribute, blessing all five elements with its bountiful light.

Sure enough, when the torch shone upon the heart of the battle, the four sacred beasts felt an immediate surge in firepower and speed, as well as in momentum.

The battle immediately took a new turn.

The forefathers had been barely hanging on to begin with. With the torch now pushing the four beasts to new heights, it was enough to break the status quo. In particular, attacks landed repeatedly on the terrified Ironclad, while Oakhead was also repeatedly battered despite his mighty body. The situation had instantly taken a turn for the worse. Their life now hung by a thread.

“What the hell, how did these creatures become this much stronger all of a sudden? They were clearly fighting at full strength already! Did all of them awaken their powers at the same time?”

“Wait, no, I think there’s an external cause!” Oakhead quickly realized the truth.

He shot a vicious sidelong glare at Jiang Chen, who was floating a little distance away. “Kid, it must be a trick of yours. What’s that in your hand? It looks really familiar!”

Oakhead had once been one of the main protagonists in the ancient demon wars, so he immediately felt disquieted by the item in the young lord’s hand. He’d definitely seen it somewhere. This sense of déjà vu nagged at him, urging him to get to the bottom of this puzzle.

But it was a luxury he couldn’t afford at the moment.

Bolstered with greater speed and energy thanks to the Great Veluriyam Torch, the beasts fought with renewed enthusiasm.

The torch’s divine radiance split into countless strands of light. Like the soaring flutter of jade dragons or the elegant dance of golden phoenixes, they rained down continuously on the battlefield and buffed the four beasts’ attack. In the space of a few breaths, the two forefathers were beaten black and blue.

“The four of you must stay vigilant. These two old things will try to run for the hills after taking such a thrashing. Your domain’s restraining ability isn’t perfect yet. They won’t be locked inside forever, so don’t give them any chance to flee.”

Of course, the young lord stayed alert as well, taking his own advice to heart.

The Great Veluriyam Torch possessed yet another ability: it could constrict an opponent. When the light switched to this mode instead, it could catch an opponent off guard and seal his movements for a moment.

In fact, added to that the Black Turtle’s gravity field, Grimhead and Lionheart had also been hapless victims to this ability earlier.

This short binding was in fact a form of consciousness restriction. It could overload an opponent's mind and make it unable to function correctly for a period of time.

In a combat between powerhouses, one would pay a dear price for such a moment of stillness..

For example, despite gaining the upper hand previously, Lionheart had inexplicably been killed by Grimhead's hammer because of it, and Grimhead had then met the same fate.

As boundless light spilled forth from the torch, Jiang Chen readied another such surprise attack. If one of the forefathers was successfully ambushed and killed, then the other one would soon follow suit.

"Titan demons are easier to aim at thanks to their enormous frames. Oakhead it is!" The young This forefather indeed possessed strength in spades. Under the domain's restriction, he had to deal with the Black Turtle's gravitational pull, withstand the skyfire, contend with Long Xiaoxuan's claws now and then, as well as the White Astral Tiger in the form of a sinister sword.

Yet, despite the unfavorable circumstances, he still held strong. He was simply a force of nature.

"A tough opponent indeed. Let's see if the Great Veluriyam Torch can strike true and invade his consciousness!"

As long as it did, Oakhead would follow in Lionheart's and Grimhead's footsteps, his mind temporarily shackled.

Sovereign of the Three Realms (WN)

Chapter 2238: The Demons Fall

Being the most valuable treasure of the ancient Veluriyam Palace, the Great Veluriyam Torch was incredibly powerful. Moreover, Jiang Chen was remarkably talented in grasping the depths of any treasure.

Thousands of rays radiated in all directions and enveloped Forefather Oakhead, the light magnificent and mysterious. Thunder rumbled faintly in the air, as if accompanying the arrival of a mythological god.

Oakhead had been struggling against the concerted attacks of the four sacred beasts to begin with. Now enhanced by the Great Veluriyam Torch, they were even more difficult to deal with.

Pushing the treasure to the current maximum that he was capable of, Jiang Chen directed all of the light straight into Oakhead's consciousness, catching the forefather off guard at his most vulnerable moment. Innumerable rays of light converged and vanished into the top of Oakhead's head.

The demon froze like he'd been petrified by a foreign power, his enormous body convulsing in a strange manner. Almost all of the four sacred beasts' attacks landed on him in the next second.

"Finally!"

Jiang Chen let out a sigh of relief, his forehead covered in sweat. He'd done his best to deploy the Great Veluriyam Torch to its utmost. If this attempt failed to affect Oakhead, he would've been left with no option.

This blow that exceeded the bounds of Jiang Chen's abilities was the last straw to break the camel's back. Oakhead sank into a brief trance, which was enough for the four sacred beasts to find an opening.

Not even Goldenhowl could resist their concerted blow at full strength, much less Oakhead.

The four sacred beasts worked together in increasingly improved tandem. Their concerted assault grew fiercer and attacks bit harder.

Oakhead didn't die immediately after the blow, but the critical injuries made him collapse to the ground with blood gushing out of his wounds.

The Goldbiter Rat King suddenly tunneled out from the ground with its teeth bared, its body growing larger and larger. It bit into the demon and turned to drag the body away.

As soon as Jiang Chen noticed it, he snapped, "Don't steal someone else's spoils, Old Gold. He's not yours to claim!"

The body of a demon forefather like Oakhead would be very beneficial, especially to the Goldbiter Rats. However, Old Gold hadn't killed the forefather. The rat would anger the four sacred beasts if it looted the spoils, since the forefather's divine essence was equally important to the four sacred beasts.

Jiang Chen didn't want there to be tension between his companions, and so warned the rat against crossing the line.

The rat had indeed about to do just that. It was in its nature. It only remembered that the body wasn't his to claim when Jiang Chen reminded it.

If he claimed the body, he'd effectively have offended all four of the sacred beasts. Although the Goldbiter Rats didn't fear the sacred beasts, the four of them were Jiang Chen's trusted allies. It'd be unwise to anger them.

The rat smiled awkwardly and joined the fray. "Let me try my hands with that old demon."

After Oakhead's death, Ironclad sank into an even more difficult situation. The rat king's involvement made things even worse for him.

With a sense of foreboding, Ironclad pushed his bloodline energy to the utmost and furiously attempted to fight his way out, trying to cling at any ray of hope there was.

If he was facing human cultivators, his foes would've been intimidated by his last-stand attitude and possibly allowed him to escape.

However, it was the abnormally aggressive four sacred beasts that he was facing. Not even monster demons could threaten their lives easily.

It wasn't much of a challenge for the four beasts to take out a monster demon forefather.

Jiang Chen wanted to get things over with quickly. With a whip of his hand, the True Dragon Rope of Water and Fire emerged. He threw it into the air and sent it morphing into a water and a fire dragon that flew in opposite directions and enclosed the area.

Ironclad was an experienced fighter, yet the True Dragon Rope of Water and Fire was something he'd never seen in his life. The rope had already wound several circles around him before he could recover. When he finally realized he should fight it, the restraint grew even tighter.

The rope made him half the fighter he was, which scared him witless.

The four sacred beasts didn't object to Jiang Chen's intervention. They obediently disengaged and shifted their attention to the other elites of the two demonic tribes.

The demigod cultivators were formidable foes as well, and pillars of the demonic army.

Under the four sacred beasts' concerted efforts however, there was little they could do. A few of them reacted quickly and tried to escape, but their attempt was cut short by the four beasts' unique techniques.

The death of the divine forefathers substantially decreased the overall strength of the two demonic tribes. Their morale tanked as well.

Eventually, the two tribes were broken apart by the four sacred beasts. Their formation splintered and their defenses failed. More and more of them became fodder for the Goldbiter Rats.

Jiang Chen hovered in the air as the imposing figure he was and blasted the demons with the Great Veluriyam Torch again and again.

Without their divine forefathers, the demons were helpless against the holy light. Increasing numbers of them collapsed when they were hit.

"Kill every last one of them," ordered Jiang Chen. "Give no quarter!"

The four sacred beasts fought even fiercer. Bloodlust exploded in the Goldbiter Rats and they swarmed the survivors relentlessly, completely without reason.

The two tribes were divided, killed, and devoured, then divided, killed, and devoured again. Their numbers dropped further and further. There was no turning the tide. The only thing the two demonic tribes could hope for was for some survivors to flee from the fight.

Their defeat was set in stone.

"Deal with them quickly, everyone. Let's get this over with." Jiang Chen made a snap decision. They'd created too much of a ruckus. Forefather Goldenhowl would come as soon as he noticed.

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

Chapter 2239: Annihilation of Two Tribes

The four sacred beasts took Jiang Chen's orders quite seriously. If they'd seen him as a friend and companion before, the potential and fortune he exhibited now induced them to rely on him.

The multiple sorties against the demons had taught them that the young man was a cut above their existence. They couldn't begin to imagine how promising he was.

Without him, would they have been able to win against the golden demons? The monster demons? How about the titan demons?

Certainly not.

Without the Amaranthine Clouddew Fruits that Jiang Chen had given them, they wouldn't have improved so quickly either. Before making Jiang Chen's acquaintance, Long Xiaoxuan had been sage realm. The Astral White Tiger, an undiscovered cub. Even the Vermilion Bird had been merely on the verge of divinity.

Only the Black Tortoise had been a god in its own right.

After consuming the fruit, their strength and capacity both noticeably increased. In the same way, their bloodlines had been purified. Both undeniable facts allowed them to see themselves in a better light. Jiang Chen was the only one who could help them to continue to improve.

In the fight against the demons, they wouldn't have been able to win by themselves. Jiang Chen had been the foundation in every battle.

The four sacred beasts and the Goldbiter Rats continued to fiercely fight on, the young lord wielding his Great Veluriyam Torch all the while.

The demons knew the huge threat he presented, but they couldn't do a thing to him – even their forefathers had been powerless. Despite their ferocity, they had met their match and more today. The vicious rats were especially troublesome.

Increasing numbers of demonkind lost their lives.

The same was true of the Goldbiter Rats, but they never lacked for numbers. There were so many of them that they had no problem with a war of attrition.

The land was so devastated that it seemed something had harrowed it all over. The wreckage of war was littered everywhere. However, there was something conspicuously peculiar about the scene: aside from blood here and there that hadn't yet dried, nothing remained of the dead.

The corpses of demons and rats alike had been cleaned up.

Goldbiter Rats had a habit of eating their own dead. They didn't like leaving the corpses of their kin strewn in the wilderness, and considered the process a kind of honoring their departed comrades.

As such, the rats benefited the most from the victory.

Aside from the demon forefathers' essences, the sacred beasts cared for little else.

After the battlefield was picked clean, the Flora holdouts opened their defensive formation to receive Jiang Chen. What they witnessed had completely astounded them.

Jiang Chen felt no emotion at the fact that the once-proud Prime Gao had discarded his arrogance before him. He was above petty squabbling now.

"We meet again after many years, Prime Gao." He greeted the prime with a faint smile.

"Yes. Thank you for your honor and integrity in coming to our aid, young lord Jiang Chen. All of Flora Sacred Land is grateful for it."

This was polite enough, but distant still.

Jiang Chen maintained his faint smile. "Friends, I thought that Myriad Abyss could at least offer considerable resistance against the demonic invasion. I'm surprised to see that reality hasn't matched up with my expectations."

Flora collectively reddened at this statement. Indeed, its members had conducted themselves quite pathetically during the demonic siege.

Though it had always prided itself upon being the strongest of the ten sacred lands, its vaunted strength was nothing before the might of demonkind.

Watching the way that Jiang Chen had fought the demons just now showed a world of difference. Whether they admitted it or not, he and they were in different leagues.

It was a gap that couldn't be filled, no matter how hard one tried.

Shi Xuan stepped forward. "I appreciate your clemency in allowing me to return home, young lord Jiang Chen. We see now that we lack far too much compared to the demons. You, on the other hand, slew them almost trivially. It seems you are in a very favorable position to take them on!"

"If the ten demonic tribes gather together, they will still be far stronger than we are," Jiang Chen responded coolly. "We only barely won against three tribes' main forces because we gathered almost all of our best. I'm still unsure whether they've kept anything back. Things wouldn't have gone nearly as smoothly if the enemy had been more prepared."

At this point, he had a rough understanding of the demons' current capabilities.

They hadn't recovered their ancient strength just yet, and were far fewer than compared to back then. Most importantly, the demons had no idea what exactly the humans were capable of. This was why they had split up in the first place.

It was common knowledge that the humans' strength had receded to an immeasurable degree after the ancient demon-sealing war. The fact that Jiang Chen had reactivated the Great Formation of Heavenly Soul Confinement and decided to turtle up seemed living proof to the demons.

It was reasonable for them to underestimate their enemy, considering these things.

Even in the ancient era, the demons had been the strong belligerents. A number of other factors had contributed to their defeat, but they had undoubtedly possessed the advantage in raw strength.

Each of Jiang Chen's victories against the demons in the modern era had been based upon the strategy of striking the few with the many. Dividing and conquering through stratagem and trickery, if one would.

He had done this both in the human domain and in Myriad Abyss Island.

In the battle near Rejuvenation, he'd feigned weakness.

At the Immortal Sacred Land against the golden demons, he split up his targets and picked them off one by one. Even so, Goldenhowl had fought them to a standstill.

Against the monster and titan demons, he had used their disagreements to take the initiative.

It was a valid claim that Jiang Chen had never won against the demons in a forthright, pitched battle. The demons were too strong for a victory to be decisive. He couldn't afford an extended war of attrition.

Sovereign of the Three Realms (WN)

Chapter 2240: Requisitioning the Divine Dwelling Grass

Jiang Chen had no reason to conceal information about the ten demonic tribes. In fact, he planned to broadcast their characteristics to the world in order to inform the populace.

He understood the demons better than anyone on Divine Abyss, past or present. Even the ancients, who had a vast wealth of experience personally fighting the demons, didn't know more than he did about their adversaries.

Details about each tribe's fighting styles, preferences, and special qualities were extremely useful. Knowing the enemy was half the battle, after all.

The demons were perennially successful in invading other planes because of the diversity of their skill sets. There was no end to the deviousness of their trickery.

After grasping their unique characteristics, fighting against the demons would inevitably become much easier.

In order to aid the war effort, making this key tactical information public was a necessity.

In the battle outside the Flora Sacred Land, the giant and monster demons were utterly crushed. Their numbers were all but annihilated. That marked the extinction of three out of the ten.

The news would certainly make many a demonic commander restless.

The wood demons were the only significant force that remained in Myriad Abyss. There were stragglers from other tribes scattered here and there too, of course.

Crushing the rest of the demon vanguard before their headquarters could react would deal the maximum amount of devastation to the demons.

Before then, Jiang Chen needed to extract some benefit out of Flora.

He didn't expect the sacred land to contribute much in the war, but it was the nominal pinnacle of Myriad Abyss Island, with the rarest and best collection of spirit herbs anywhere.

Taking some out of their store as payment for the help was completely reasonable.

"Prime Gao, Master Shi Xuan. I have always heard that the Flora Sacred Land has the most variety in spirit herbs anywhere in Myriad Abyss. I have need of a few herbs and I was wondering if Flora could lend a hand."

'Lend a hand' was the cordial way of putting it.

A wise Flora should've taken the initiative to mention compensation.

Alas, Prime Gao was not a wise man. More accurately, he was the kind of man who instantly forgot an act of kindness.

“Flora has exhausted many of its resources over the years on the offworld battlefield, young lord Jiang Chen.” He made a pained expression. “Our stores are nearly depleted.”

He was crying poor!

Jiang Chen’s smile froze and his expression became frigid. “I shan’t bother Flora any longer, then.”

His voice was so lifeless that the temperature instantly dropped to sub-zero.

Everyone who heard him felt chilled to the bone.

Even the rest of Flora hadn’t expected Prime Gao to refuse so adamantly. Jiang Chen had saved them only moments prior – and honestly, their lives and heritage with it. It was unsuitable to refuse his request, whether out of concern for the public good or private decorum.

If Jiang Chen really wanted Flora’s spirit herbs, he could simply take it himself without asking.

That he had asked was a sign of lingering respect. Something that should have been reciprocated.

If Jiang Chen had taken command of Flora using the excuse of wartime emergency, no one would have been able to deny that. As someone who was more than qualified, he had every right to do so without much censure.

The entirety of Divine Abyss bore down upon his shoulders. Their survival was contingent upon his victory, and their demise, his defeat.

Prime Gao knew all this, of course, but he bore a natural animosity toward Jiang Chen. He didn't want him to take what he saw as rightfully Flora’s.

The four sacred beasts all assumed human form at Jiang Chen’s side.

“Prime Gao,” the Vermilion Bird harrumphed. “Do you think that young lord Jiang Chen came here to extort you?”

“No, no, I’m not that ignorant or foolish,” Prime Gao answered hurriedly.

“Then do you think young lord Jiang Chen is powerless to do something about your refusal?”

“No, no.” Prime Gao began to pale.

“Do you understand how much work young lord Jiang Chen puts in every day in planning the war? If he needs materials for some pills that can’t be found anywhere else, why shouldn’t he get them? Are you taking advantage of his courtesy? Do you not see he’s giving you face?” The sacred fowl’s words gave no quarter as its temper had risen.

There was absolute silence from the rest of Flora. No one dared speak a word. The forefather was absent, but his presence wouldn’t have done the situation any good.

Any one of Jiang Chen’s four sacred beasts could slaughter all of them.

Shi Xuan quickly intervened as he noticed the subpar atmosphere. “We’ve all seen young lord Jiang Chen’s efforts on behalf of the greater good,” he coughed softly. “Flora has expended much in our own

struggles on the offworld battlefield, but we are more than happy to offer anything that we can still supply.”

Having suffered defeat at Jiang Chen’s hands before, he was much wiser with his choice of words.

The other elders chimed in as well.

“Yes, we should contribute what we can for the sake of Myriad Abyss – for the sake of Divine Abyss. We must prioritize the war against the demons above all!”

“What might you need, young lord Jiang Chen?”

Everyone knew what Jiang Chen’s displeasure meant. If he decided to do some extrajudicial killing, who could stop him?

Not even the ten sacred lands’ alliance had that kind of clout.

Furthermore, Flora had hardly ever been generous or kind enough in its daily dealings to win goodwill from its allies.

“Hmph!” the Vermilion Bird snorted. “Young lord Jiang Chen has great need of Divine Dwelling Grass.”

“Divine Dwelling Grass?” Everyone was jolted by the name.

The Flora Sacred Land did possess this spirit herb – unfortunately, it was one of its most prized treasures.