

## Three Realms 2251

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

#### Chapter 2251: The Might Of The World-Ending Light

“Lowly human! I swear on the name of the ancestor demon gods that I’ll kill you today, no matter what you’re scheming!”

Now fully berserk, Blazingsun’s figure resembled that of a red flower in full bloom. He gave off an utterly alien sense of beauty.

Boundless flames emanated from him to pool into an ocean of fire. His figure belched flames like a volcano, as if he was newly returned from the depths of hell.

“Go to hell, human!” As he yelled, he waved a vigorous arm and threw a punch that screamed with a terrifying aura. The explosive energy shattered the very fabric of space and drew myriads of cracks in the air.

The domain itself inflated like a balloon, seemingly on the edge of breaking apart.

The pressure on the divine beasts was immense. They could tell that Blazingsun had ignited his life essence to do battle. He was hell-bent on taking his enemies down, even if he had to burn his life away!

They couldn’t let him escape from the confinement of the domain, else the frenzied forefather would become an all but unstoppable force for the four of them.

They feared no demons under normal circumstances, but the berserk Blazingsun was more than they could handle.

They were still lacking in comparison when it came to genuine cultivation. They had to rely on their coordination and the vast power of their bloodlines to pin him down.

With the penetrating sight of his God’s Eye, Jiang Chen saw the domain weakening by the second under the forefather’s frantic onslaught, like reins cracking from a wild beast’s flailing. It could break at any second, so he boosted it even further with the Great Veluriyam Light.

At the same time, he fired the Scrutiny of Existence again. The formidable World-Ending Light morphed from blue to purple, and ultimately to a golden radiance that rang with the roar of a dragon, or perhaps the cry of a phoenix, as it shot straight at the forefather with frenzied speed.

Blazingsun’s bloodshot eyes followed the aureate beam coming from above with great trepidation.

A direct hit would immediately compel him back into his original shape, or worse, utterly annihilate him on the spot.

He had to escape from the domain and regain full mobility before the attack landed. Otherwise, his odds of dodging while still hindered were marginal at best.

Of course, he could be utterly foolish or suicidal enough to try to weather it head-on, but he instinctively knew he wouldn’t escape unscathed. It would be a stirring, tragic end for sure.

An ominous glint sparkled in his bloody eyes. He ravaged his body and spilled his blood with his own hands. It was self-harm, yes, but also a way to awaken his full potential.

The effects were instantaneous. The area covered by his demonfire expanded immensely as soon as his blood came into contact with it, as well as its density.

“Break! Break, I say!” He shouted himself hoarse.

Terrifying demonfire crashed against the domain like the tidewaters. The entire space inside fissured ghastly, a portend of its imminent collapse.

“It’s going to break soon!” Delight shone in the forefather’s eyes.

Jiang Chen observed the process, his face grim. This battle had far exceeded his expectations.

Blazingsun still resisted against overwhelming odds, a testament to his stubborn resilience.

The young lord made a prompt decision. Imitating his opponent, he also threw caution to the wind and poured his entire reserve of consciousness into the Great Veluriyam Torch and the Scrutiny of Existence.

The renewed support from the torch stabilized the domain’s defenses for a little longer while he drove the Scrutiny of Heaven’s offensive firepower to new heights.

He and Blazingsun were in a race against time. If the demon could break free, he would unleash the full force of his wrath upon the four sacred beasts.

Of course, they could weather it, but the forefather would escape in all likelihood, destroying the greater part of his plans in the process. Blazingsun was as a far greater threat than Glaringflare.

Of course, the demon would be gravely injured after igniting his life essence. But with the extraordinary self-healing ability of his race, he might well return to full strength in a few years, as if nothing had happened, and become a thorn in Jiang Chen’s side.

Did he want one more enemy at large, especially one so dangerous?

Of course not. His motto had always been to nip potential trouble in the bud.

Hence, come hell or high water, he had to stop his opponent here and now, no matter the price.

The four beasts observed the development of the battle with great apprehension. They had already fought as hard as they could, and would have had no qualms going into melee range to gain some time for the young lord. But, wary of a final stand of mutual destruction, the latter had ordered them to fall back. In any case, they were fully aware they couldn’t withstand the brunt of the forefather’s power right now.

True, Long Xiaoxuan and the Astral White Tiger were experts in frontal combat, but it was too soon to pit initial gods like them against a frenzied Blazingsun.

In a few short breaths, Jiang Chen augmented the Light of Apocalypse no less than six times. A divine beam fired from the heavens, the aureate ray’s fearsome pressure weighed down on the forefather’s chest like a mountain range the closer it drew.

By the time the attack finally reached him, its energy was far greater than it had been at the start.

But, in the same instant, his raging flames also reached the pinnacle of their power. With a rumbling of the earth, his relentless blows finally caved a hole in the domain.

Almost simultaneously, the golden World-Ending Light penetrated through this very gap.

Blazingsun's eyes contracted violently. Many fragmented thoughts surfaced in his mind. The next moment, the beam finally struck true.

Boom!

The World-Ending Light swallowed him whole.

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

#### **Chapter 2252: Can You Still Fight?**

The World-Ending Light proved mightier than Jiang Chen imagined. It tore Blazingsun to pieces and annihilated both flesh and soul.

Strength drained from the young lord as soon as he put down the Scrutiny. His body felt so limp he swayed on his feet.

He was utterly worn out after using the True Dragon Rope of Water and Fire, the Great Veluriyam Torch, and the Scrutiny of Existence in quick succession. His consciousness was almost entirely dried up.

His mentality was already powerful beyond compare. Although he was a third level divine, his consciousness could rival anyone in the mid divine realm. In fact, a sixth level cultivator would be his equal at best, or perhaps a little inferior.

Even so, such a severe rate of consumption was too much for him to bear. His entire body felt empty, an obvious symptom of excessive mental drain.

He immediately swallowed several pills to finally recover a hint of vigor. Still, he had to abstain from straining himself any further in the short term.

The four beasts looked at him, heads hanging in shame. They knew the price he'd paid. Although their combined domain had played a role, the demon forefather had broken free in the last moments. They absolutely could've slowed him down for longer, but they'd put their own safety first instead of showing as much determination as Blazingsun.

In fact, they couldn't be blamed for it. No one was keen to perish together with their enemies. Survival was a fundamental instinct.

Still, guilt assailed when they saw Jiang Chen's sorry state.

The young lord had given them his full trust. He'd always cared for them with wholehearted sincerity. They were never left out when it came to treasures or any opportunities.

Even a miraculous item like the Amaranth Clouddew Fruit had been theirs to enjoy.

By right, they should have contributed more. But they'd hesitated, and the young lord had been the one to pay for it. They definitely had their share of responsibility for the current situation.

"Young lord, will you be alright?" the Vermilion Bird asked, a little ashamed.

Jiang Chen waved it off with a sigh. "It was my mistake. I hadn't expected Blazingsun to be this hard to deal with. He's probably almost on par with Goldenhowl."

Back then, he'd shied away from a direct confrontation with the golden demon forefather's fearsome power.

But a fire demon shouldn't have been this troublesome. Victory seemed assured with all his preparations. He hadn't anticipated such an arduous fight.

Truly, one could never underestimate a demon's strength in combat.

Rather guilt-stricken as well, Long Xiaoxuan offered, "Young lord, we failed you this time. We aren't worthy of your care."

Despite his usual arrogance, the dragon greatly valued relationships in his heart of hearts. He felt more guilty than anyone for the young lord's current condition.

The Astral White Tiger was young, his mind not yet mature. He was often thick headed and a little slow on the uptake. In fact, this was cute in his own silly way. But seeing everyone with such a heavy conscience, he also realized they hadn't lived up to their status of sacred beasts and the human's care of them.

Even the Black Tortoise, the one who'd contributed the most, knew deep down he could've done more.

"It's fine. There's no need to blame yourselves. In following me, you often have to risk your lives, so I naturally have to lead by example. That's the natural order of things. How can I ask you to put yourselves in harm's way if I do nothing but protect my hide?" Jiang Chen wanted to put this matter to rest.

The Vermilion Bird exclaimed, "It's unfathomable for a human to be so empathetic, young lord. This battle is a warning for us, but it's also a good lesson. At the very least, we've become closer to each other. We can be certain now you aren't exploiting us, but see us as true friends."

"That's right, the young lord is entirely different from other human powerhouses," the Black Tortoise couldn't help but agree.

Long Xiaoxuan's gaze was resolute. "This is the last time. From today on, I'll fight every battle as if it were my last. I'll never retreat again."

"Hehe, you think I'll lose to you? Bring it on!" The Astral White Tiger licked his lips.

"You can count me in as well," the Vermilion Bird added solemnly.

The Black Tortoise sighed. "Everyone is of the same mind. Count me in too. If all four of us fight without holding back, few beneath the heavens can stop us."

Jiang Chen smiled. "Don't worry, you've taken the Amaranth Clouddew Fruits, so you're still far from fully reaching your potential. More battles await us in the future, and you'll witness even grander miracles by my side."

"Ahh, we've really gained a lot this time," sighed the Vermilion Bird with emotion. But its face suddenly sank. "Bad news, there are other demon forefathers rushing over."

"Is that so?" Long Xiaoxuan's eyes shone with eagerness as he looked at Jiang Chen. "Young lord, shall we fight again?"

Jiang Chen thought it over and nodded. "It must be forefathers from the winged demon tribe. The fighting here was too frenetic for them to miss."

"Hehe, winged demons aren't as ferocious as titan demons, or as sharp as golden demons, or as explosive as fire demons. Their only advantage lies in their agility." The Vermilion Bird also burned with an intense fighting spirit.

The young man nodded. "There's nothing remarkable about them other than their mobility. They're as swift as the wind and are good at dodging, but if we can reduce their speed, they'll have no choice but to fight us toe-to-toe."

Restless, the four beasts all itched to erase the shame from the previous battle as soon as possible.

"Young lord, can you still hold on?" The divine bird looked earnestly at Jiang Chen.

The other three also looked at him with hope, their desire for battle almost palpable.

The young man had recovered some energy thanks to pills, but his consciousness couldn't be so easily restored. Another intense bout would be an enormous ordeal for his depleted consciousness.

But the winged demons would soon be upon them. It was too late to steal away in peace, at any rate. They would be dogged by enemies hot on their tails. Speed was a winged demon's specialty, after all.

Furthermore, it was the best chance to deal with that particular tribe and weaken the enemies even further. A few more dead forefathers would be an enormous blow for the demons.

Jiang Chen was truly tempted.

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

#### **Chapter 2253: The Winged Demon Tribe**

With a sudden thrill, an idea sprang into the young lord's mind.

"It seems everyone's still hungry for battle. Very well, let's test the winged demons' mettle in that case!" He too felt enlivened by the prospect.

The kills seemed ripe for the picking. What if such an opportunity never arose again? He had to seize the moment.

He'd crushed several tribes by now. A few more winged demon forefathers would make a nice addition to his list.

He'd run into more than half of the ten tribes so far and thwarted the demon resurgence at every single turn. This had surely knocked the celestial demon tribe down a peg.

To weaken the enemy was to strengthen himself. Little by little, the balance of power might shift in his favor. And more importantly, alleviating the demon rampage might give Myriad Abyss enough space to recover from the current devastation.

"Get ready, everyone. Same old plan, we'll catch them while their guard is down."

When fighting demons, one had to be more cunning and brutal than them. The slightest show of weakness would reinvigorate them.

Demons weren't invincible. If one could seize the initiative from the very start and keep them on the backfoot, never allowing them a chance to strike back, demons could also be intimidated and made to despair.

His successive run-ins with the tribes were proof enough.

No matter how ferocious they were, they could be made to bleed like everyone else, given sufficient preparations.

He'd killed many demon forefathers so far without a single defeat to his name. Yes, he had the requisite strength, as well as immense help from the divine beasts and the Goldbiter Rats, but his planning deserved the lion's share of the credit.

Every engagement had been meticulously thought through. He'd always acted with a clear strategy in mind, which enabled him to run circles around his enemies.

He was more devious than his enemies, commanded greater battle prowess than they, and understood them like the back of his hand. His existence was a natural scourge for the demons. No humans in the history of the continent had ever possessed this kind of superiority against them.

The first winged demon to arrive was a fifth level god. Transformed into a roc, he flew with terrifying speed, traveling thousands of miles with a single flap of his wings.

A short few breaths after Jiang Chen's group vanished from sight, this forefather, called Demonroc, arrived in the vicinity.

He was extremely cautious by nature. He circled a few times in the sky, in absolutely no rush to descend and land. The obvious aftermath of a harrowing battle astonished and horrified him.

Hovering high above, his frosty eyes were filled with vigilance as he surveyed the lay of the land.

"Why were the fellow daoists from the fire demon tribe in this place? It's not particularly rich in fire elements. Why were they fighting here?"

Many questions nagged at him, but there were no obvious answers.

The aura of a devastating confrontation still permeated the air, yet he couldn't spot the beginnings of a shadow.

“Daoist Blazingsun, Glaringflare, are you two nearby?” He probed with extreme caution, transmitting his demonic voice via consciousness.

However, no answer was forthcoming.

His eyes swept left and right over the area, but he ultimately chose not to go closer.

Instead, he remained in the sky and slowly extended his consciousness downward in a search for clues.

“Hm? What’s this?” Suddenly noticing something, he directed his attention at a pile of rocks. Unexpectedly, he spotted a storage ring among them.

It was imprinted with a mark unique to demons. Moreover, only a cultivator at the same level as him was entitled to wear it.

If alive, why would one with the power of a divine forefather leave his storage ring behind? And if defeated, why hadn’t the victors claimed it yet?

Despite a sudden, intense greed, cold logic told him there was something strange about the presence of this ring.

Struck by a sudden thought, he whistled at the sky and summoned his companion.

Not long after, a reply that rumbled like a landslide travelled back from a location not too far away.

Judging by the sound and the distance, his tribesman had finally arrived.

“Daoist Demonhawk, you’re a little late.” Demonroc smiled in obvious happiness. He was much less nervous now that he could count on a companion to back him up.

A blue figure shot through the sky as fast as lightning. It briefly dimmed the clouds, then reached Demonroc in the blink of an eye with a speed even greater than the latter’s.

It was precisely Forefather Demonhawk. Like Demonroc, he was a preeminent leader of the winged demon tribe. Both were about equally matched in strength. His face dark, Demonhawk was noticeably in a very bad mood.

“Fellow daoist, what’s the matter? You don’t look very happy,” asked his companion with surprise.

Demonhawk clenched his teeth. “I’ve asked around. The one who killed my brother Bluefalcon at the Rejuvenation Isles turns out to be that kid from the human domain, Jiang Chen!”

“Eh, wasn’t that our guess from the beginning?” Demonroc blinked.

“Guesses are one thing, and clear evidence another. You probably haven’t heard yet, but the celestial demons have ordered the tribes to stop all of their operations in the other major territories. They’re to gather all of their forces in Myriad Abyss within seven days. Forefather Celestial seems very displeased with those who came here first.”

“Isn’t that to be expected? He knows full well the human domain is key to our conquest of Divine Abyss. The other territories won’t influence the outcome of the war.” A little bemused, Demonroc blurted out, “But what does it have to do with your dead brother?”

“Everything! I’ve offered to spearhead the attack, but they’ve turned me down. It looks like the celestial demons are as selfish as ever. They won’t let anyone take the spotlight away from them!” Demonhawk huffed in anger.

“What does it matter if they refuse? Are you really so keen to be their cannon fodder? This Jiang Chen won’t be so easy to deal with, let me tell you that. He allegedly eliminated the golden demons at Everlasting, and something also happened recently with the titan and monster demons at Flora. I’m really worried he might come for us,” Demonroc said, a little troubled.

### Sovereign of the Three Realms (WN)

#### **Chapter 2254: The Two Forefathers**

“Hmph! I’d like to see him try. I’ll tear him to pieces if he does!” Demonhawk seethed viciously.

He had ample reason for this hostility. Forefather Bluefalcon had been one of the leaders at the Rejuvenation Isles and met his end at the hands of the young lord and four beasts.

Seeing his eyes bloodshot in anger, Demonroc advised urgently, “Fellow daoist, as members of the same tribe, I urge you not to look down on the kid after everything he’s done. Why have so many forefathers like us fallen at his hands? There must be something peculiar about him.”

“Aren’t you glorifying him a little too much? Humans can only come up with some scheme or another, or tinker with formations and talismans. What else can they do? During the ancient times, only a handful of them were worth our attention. The situation on the continent has only deteriorated since, especially in the human domain. I’ve heard that, at its lowest, the domain didn’t even have a single empyrean cultivator!”

Contempt for humans was deeply ingrained in Demonhawk.

“Well, maybe it was a ruse to appear weak? Without empyrean cultivators, how did they rout our tribes time and again?”

Demonhawk snorted coldly. “You’re well aware of our bad habits. Things are manageable if everyone belongs to the same tribe, otherwise... It’s either infighting, or more infighting. There were three tribes in the Rejuvenation Isles: golden demons, shadow demons, and us. Why were the shadow demons made leaders? What’s their claim to fame? The outcome is proof enough that their ineptitude was the fundamental reason for failure. Perhaps some serious internal friction arose between them.”

Well aware of his companion’s stubbornness, Demonroc gave up trying to convince him. Instead, he pointed at the scene below. “Let’s put that aside for now. Look, a heated battle’s obviously taken place here. The two forefathers from the fire demon tribe must have been involved. I suspect Jiang Chen’s party has already snuck into Sunrise and Radiance territory.”

Demonhawk’s eyes shone. “Is he really here?”

“Very possibly.” A hint of nervousness was still visible in the cautious Demonroc.

His companion couldn’t help but mock him for it. “Daoist Demonroc, why are so spineless when you possess the great bloodline of a winged demon? We’re among the stronger tribes. Where’s your courage? Are you that scared of this Jiang Chen?”



A little unhappy, Demonroc snorted quietly as his face darkened. "Fellow daoist, I'm warning you for your own good. Feel free to mistake my good intentions for cowardice, but don't blame me if you suffer in the future."

Demonhawk grinned toothily. "Am I supposed to thank you then? My only question for you is, will you dare fight by my side and take down the kid if we really run into Jiang Chen?"

"That kid is a deep thorn in our side. Of course I won't let him escape if the opportunity presents itself." Demonroc wasn't actually afraid of the young man, but simply thought the human unusual. He favored a sound plan and better understanding of this enemy before engaging in a fight. That was much preferable to rushing headfirst and possibly succumbing to one of his sinister traps.

Were the keen golden demons, the towering titan demons, or the savage monster demons any weaker than Jiang Chen? So then why had all of them been defeated in the end?

This issue was well worth pondering. If Demonhawk were to persist in his contemptuous ways, he might well ultimately emerge the loser!

"Good! That was what I was waiting to hear." Demonhawk sneered. "I really hope he hands himself to us on a silver platter!"

Demonroc sighed inwardly. There was truly no changing his fellow's attitude. Instead, he pointed down at the scene below. "You should take a close look at the aftermath over there."

As Demonhawk did so, his expression gradually turned solemn. "The fire demons really did fight here. The fire elements are so agitated they haven't dispersed entirely yet. I fear Forefather Blazingsun even ignited his life essence. There's no other possible explanation for this appalling atmosphere."

Although irascible, obstinate, and opinionated, Demonhawk was nevertheless extremely discerning. His companion replied, equally solemn, "And what kind of enemy do you think compelled him to such extreme measures?"

They looked at each other, a sliver of dread flashing in their gazes. After igniting his life essence, Blazingsun would be a fearsome existence that even the two of them fighting in tandem might not be able to withstand.

They narrowed their eyes in concern.

Demonhawk said, "In the ancient times, you could count on one hand the number of humans capable of suppressing him outright."

"But most of those human masters ignited their life essences in the last decisive battle and went down fighting. They surely can't possibly come back to life after such a long time, right? I don't think humans possess this kind of resurrection art."

When mentioning human powerhouses, the ones that first came to mind were the few ancient figures that once stood at the peak of mankind.

"Fellow daoist, can't you admit it yet? All of this is more than likely related to Jiang Chen," Demonroc warned again.

“Jiang Chen? Jiang Chen?” Demonhawk repeated this name, obviously conflicted.

Admit the possibility? He could, but simply didn’t want to. From what he knew, the youngster hadn’t reached divine realm yet. The only reason he could contend with the demons was the presence of several strong sacred beasts by his side. Otherwise, he wouldn’t be qualified to face a forefather even with a thousand years more of training.

“Stop being so vague. Just spit it out.” Demonroc’s humming and hawing was starting to get on Demonhawk’s nerves.

“What I mean is, we don’t know whether the two fire demons are still alive. If they’re dead, then what comes next is...” This train of thought was simply too terrible to pursue.

If dead, then the winged demon tribe would surely be the young lord’s next target.

“You mean he’ll come for us?” Demonhawk sucked in a breath. The seriousness of the situation had finally dawned on him. No longer so arrogant, he observed the area in earnest. “The fire demons shouldn’t have died, no? We rushed here as soon as we noticed the fighting. Not much time has elapsed since.”

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

#### **Chapter 2255: The Start Of Another Chaotic Figh**

Indeed, they hadn’t been very far from the battleground to begin with. It seemed too short a window to expedite a fight against two demon forefathers.

Under the same conditions, even Forefather Celestial might not have been able to dispose of them so easily.

After all, Blazingsun could exhibit fearsome destructiveness when cornered. At the very least, the two winged demons would rather avoid facing him.

“Shall we go down and take a look?” Demonhawk no longer exhibited any sign of conceit.

Demonroc remained utterly vigilant. “There might be traps waiting for us down there.”

“Heh, what if there are? What’s our tribe’s greatest trait? Speed, of course! We’ll have no problem avoiding whatever traps there might be.” Demonhawk was very confident in that department.

But Demonroc merely nodded and stayed noncommittal. “Stick close to me so we can have each other’s back. Don’t ever be careless.”

“Alright, I’ll do as you say.” Demonhawk knew it wasn’t time to act presumptuous.

Turning into streaks of light, the two of them dove at the ground, keen as they were to obtain a better understanding of what had transpired.

“It, it was indeed them.” Demonroc sounded torn. “The fire demon forefathers were definitely here, but I also sense many other presences. I’m certain it was Jiang Chen’s group. Fellow daoist, do you feel the lingering aura of sacred beasts?”

Demonhawk gnashed his teeth. "That means it was really him! He's challenging our race and provoking our tribe!"

He immediately blew up at the mention of the young lord.

"Fellow daoist, please keep it in for now. There's certainly a reason he dares be so rampant. And I suspect..." Demonroc hesitated again.

"What? Why can't you stop beating around the bush?" Demonhawk grumbled.

"I suspect our peers the fire demons have been defeated. Their situation must be grim right now." There was an audible chill in Demonroc's voice born from fear. "Fellow daoist, we better go back. Let's gather our troops and play it safe. We'll defend our territory and wait for the main army to arrive." He was definitely unsettled.

If the two fire demons had fallen, then the enemy was far more terrible than they'd imagined.

Even with his tribe's absolute superiority in speed, he didn't want to touch such an opponent with a barge pole.

Demonhawk stared at his tribesman in anger. "You forget yourself! Who are we? When have demons ever been afraid of others? Do you know how humiliating your words are right now? You bring dishonor upon our entire tribe!"

Demonroc was of roughly equal status to his companion, so he naturally was incensed by the rebuke. If not for the urgency of the situation, he would've never tolerated it.

But right now, he didn't have the heart to yell back. Instead, he focused his entire attention on the surroundings, afraid every breeze or blade of grass could spring into sudden ambush.

How can he be such a wuss? Demonhawk fumed. "I finally see today your courage is smaller than a sesame seed. Whatever, if you're this afraid, you can go back by yourself first."

"Fellow daoist..."

"Stop wasting my time, I'm not interested!" Demonhawk interrupted with a bellow. "I'll make some inquiries in the fire demons' territory. I have to get to the bottom of this matter in any case. How can someone like Blazingsun be this easily taken down, even after igniting his life essence? I find that hard to believe."

Demonroc tried to compromise. "Fellow daoist, we absolutely have to stay together right now, else we'll play into our enemy's hand and end up being picked apart one by one."

"Haha, what a joke! There might be existences we can't defeat in this vast world, but none we can't flee from. Picked apart? Let him try," Demonhawk said in derision. "You're too frightened to be of any use, so hurry up and go back. I can't stand to look at your face any longer."

A tangible rift had formed between the two forefathers.

One thought his tribesman an easily spooked weakling. For the other, his companion was a fool who'd humiliated him on purpose.

Demonroc took a deep breath and nodded. "Very well, I've said everything I could, but continuing the conversation is pointless since you think it's nonsense coming from a coward. Im taking my leave!"

About to depart, he brandished his sleeves and siphoned the storage ring he'd noticed sometime ago among the rocks.

But in that precise moment, the stones suddenly flew in his direction. In an instant, countless flying boulders mobbed him from every direction, each of them as fast as a cannonball.

The attack began without any sign whatsoever. In the span of a breath, rocks covered the entire sky like a swarm of locusts, dimming the sun and darkening the land below.

The two demons turned pale with fright at this unforeseen development. They'd never imagined the situation would take such a sudden, strange turn.

"Damn, so it was really a trap!" Demonroc spread his wings, the aura from his wings sweeping away the oncoming storm of rocks.

This type of attack wasn't all that useful against them. An ordinary cultivator might have suffered grievous wounds or died outright, but the projectiles couldn't approach winged demons once they flapped their wings, to say nothing of hurting them.

However, the rain of stones was merely a prelude, a harbinger of worse things to come. The atmosphere immediately changed as the four sacred beasts came out of hiding. They joined hands to recreate their domain, covering an area within a few hundred miles that immediately impeded the winged demons' movements.

"It's a divine domain that impacts our agility!" Demonroc immediately noticed the danger.

Demonhawk stood back to back with his companion, his face ashen. Gone was his previous arrogant cockiness.

The fearsome energy of the domain came in layered waves that sealed the air inside like a surging tide.

Demonroc reacted promptly. "Damn it, they're trying to isolate this space and negate our speed advantage. Fellow daoist, we must break out before it's too late, or we're as good as dead!"

"Yes, let's do that!" Demonhawk was no longer in a position to act tough.

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

#### **Chapter 2256: An Attack That Surpasses One's Limits**

Both forefathers were highly decisive by nature. As soon as they decided on the course to take, they reached the limit of their speed in the next second and used their momentum to crash against the domain's barriers.

Sounding a retreat when the domain was still in its infancy was their best opportunity. Once it grew to completion, or enhanced beyond that, their advantage in speed would be entirely nullified, making any escape much more difficult.

Currently, it was still progressively gaining in strength. Not yet at peak condition, it wasn't steady enough yet to face the simultaneous charge of the two demons.

Either forefather would have been helplessly trapped if alone. Thankfully, fighting side by side gave them enough power to hopefully create a breach while the domain's nascent defenses still remained weak.

The Vermilion Bird clenched its teeth. "I'll go and stop them!"

It fluttered its wings and blurred into a same streak of light, barring their way forward. Its energy rumbled menacingly as it breathed its fearsome skyfire. That resulted in a sea of flames that stopped cold the demons' escape attempt.

The skyfire's heat was too terrible for either forefather to weather directly. As a result, both chose to fall back in the face of the inferno churning their way like a dragon.

At this sight, the Black Tortoise chanted something under his breath and sprayed the familiar Festering Gas.

This attack eroded the body and invaded the mind. Supplied with a constant stream of energy from the divine beast, the fog rolled forward ever faster and reached the demons in an instant.

"Damn it, it's an ambush. I knew it!"

Thankfully, the two forefathers also had tricks up their sleeves. Thanks to their experience, they confronted the encroaching danger without a hint of panic.

No sooner had they barely dodged the skyfire than was the gas cloud upon them.

"The fog is dangerous, don't touch it!" Demonhawk growled. Like an enormous pair of fans obscuring the sky, his wings blew a biting-cold wind that seemed to sweep away everything beneath the heavens, forcefully diverting the path of the fog.

The four beasts attacked in turn. Together, they might have stood a chance to injure their opponents, but with their current strength, fighting one by one would delay the demons at best.

After all, they had to keep an eye on the activating domain. Before the latter had reached its final shape, some of them had to stay in control of it, preventing them from fighting freely.

As a result, while the situation looked dire for the forefathers on the surface, they had in fact regained their bearings to batter the barrier once again.

Hiding high above, Jiang Chen observed the battle with great anxiety.

The sacred beasts would have had strength to spare if they had faced either forefather by himself, but suppressing both at the same time seemed a step too far.

"Do we have no choice but to let them get away today?" Unwilling, Jiang Chen tentatively tested his reserve of consciousness.

"It might prove too little for the Scrutiny of Existence, but if I force myself, it's probably just enough for one use of the True Dragon Rope of Water and Fire or the Great Veluriyam Torch. But even I don't know what will happen once I push my limits."

He was a third level god. His consciousness far exceeded cultivators' of the same level, but it wasn't infinite nonetheless, especially when each fight at this level required such an enormous amount.

"That doesn't matter. It's worth taking some risks if I can kill their forefathers and weaken the demons further!" He clenched his teeth, spread his hand, and once again grasped the True Dragon Rope of Water and Fire.

His mind stretched taut, as if poised to infuse all his strength into the next attack. Since his mind was set, he had to make certain his strike landed. He only had one shot.

Displaying his consciousness to the full, he stared fixedly at the battleground with his God's Eye. Every minute detail of the fight seemed to unfold in slow motion.

"True Dragon of Water and Fire, bind yon heavens and bridle the earth!"

Two streams of air, one yin and one yang, one blue and one red, merged into a dragon that shattered the void and swirled toward Demonhawk in a dazzling display of light.

The latter already had his hands full attacking the domain while defending against surprise sallies from the divine beasts.

To focus on two things at the same time was already arduous, and three things turned out to be one too many.

He instinctively tried to avoid the oncoming rope, but the treasure possessed extreme reach. It coiled after him when he fled in one direction, folded his way when he ran in another, and stayed in hot pursuit no matter how hard he tried to shake it off. Like an inescapable net, it left no gaps for him to escape through, dogging him until the very end.

And when it finally came close enough to its target, it twisted itself, as if drawing a rune in the air, spreading wave after wave of water and fire in his surroundings.

Before he could blink, the rope securely wrapped around Demonhawk, rendering the demon unable to lift a single finger.

A dumbstruck Demonroc stared in openmouthed horror.

He'd started the fight shaken to begin with, perhaps even afraid. Now that his tribesman had been taken captive, his anxiety soared to a new level. How he wished to escape far away, never to face this group of monsters ever again!

Unfortunately for him, the pressure on the sacred beasts eased off significantly with Demonhawk out of the equation.

Their spirits roused, they focused their entire attention on completing the domain, successfully achieving their goal not long after.

The space inside was now a prison. No matter how Demonroc tried to ram it open, he couldn't put a single dent in it. Not everyone possessed Blazingsun's formidable abilities.

Jiang Chen stooped exhausted on the ground, his eyes tightly screwed shut. His mind reeling and teetering, his consciousness ran amuck. His vision grew hazy. Merely staying awake at this point was a struggle, to say nothing of attending to the battle.

But at this stage, the full might of the four divine beasts ought to be more than enough to deal with Demonroc.

Furthermore, the forefather had been scared stiff, his will to fight seemingly all but gone.

And sure enough, he ultimately ended up defeated a few minutes later, becoming the final victim of this battle.

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

#### **Chapter 2257: Coma**

Jiang Chen had been lying unconscious for the past three days in Radiance Holy Girl Yao Guang's secret room, ever since the end of that risky confrontation.

Radiance and Sunrise had been in an uproar during this time. The demons previously occupying their territories had sounded the retreat for unknown reasons.

As if a calamitous plague had suddenly descended upon the two divine nations, both winged and fire demons had fully withdrawn in a matter of two short days. Not a single soul remained behind, leaving the inhabitants utterly baffled by the turn of events.

They'd first suspected some kind of trap, but as scouts constantly brought back the same news, they were forced to accept the stunning reality. The demons were truly fully gone!

"He really did it. Big sister, how is that possible? How did he manage it?" Yao Guang's tender heart trembled with shock.

When the young lord had taken away the Fire of Firstdawn, she'd been convinced he'd mount a rescue on Eternal at first light.

She'd never expected him to bait the fire demon forefathers instead. And then, he'd truly eliminated them, as he'd promised!

Not only that, but he'd also rid them of the winged demon forefathers on the same occasion.

If not for the four sacred beasts dragging back one of the winged demon forefathers, she might still be in denial.

In fact, Si Tong wasn't any less shocked. Only, she had been more confident in the young man. The Fire of Firstdawn shouldn't have been the sole reason for him to seek her out.

But, deep in her heart, she hadn't held too much hope either. She'd only prayed for him to stay safe and sound against the fire demons.

To think he'd truly succeeded! It was no less than a miracle.

The demons towered so far above the strength of the two sacred lands, but were easy targets ripe for the picking when they ran into him.

Whether fire or winged demons, a single forefather of theirs would've jeopardized the two sacred lands. And four of them to boot!

Such was the enemy Jiang Chen had vanquished, capturing them or killing them outright!

Who said he had no helpers? Then what were the four sacred beasts? The sacred lands could only dream of such help.

Reality had finally dawned on her. The young lord was at such a high level that he eclipsed Myriad Abyss entirely. He'd become an existence to look up at, or even worship.

The ten great forefathers might return one day, but so what if they did?

Dealing with one or two demonic tribes would be a crowning achievement enough for the combined force of the sacred lands. A joint offensive from all ten tribes absolutely possessed the power to crush everything in their path and raze Myriad Abyss to the ground.

For example, the fire demons' campaign on Sunrise had been a one-sided trouncing that would've resulted in its total annihilation, if not for the sacred land's contingency plan.

The demons had proved more terrible than anyone had ever imagined.

They were objects of fear, even for the sacred lands, an enemy that seemed entirely impossible to withstand.

But Jiang Chen had appeared out of nowhere to demonstrate they weren't invincible. Not only that, they could be easily killed.

How could the two women not be astonished? How could they not revere such an existence?

They'd once been at his level during the competition of geniuses, but he'd now grown far beyond them.

It was an injustice one could die from.

"Big sister, why aren't you saying anything?" Yao Guang couldn't resist asking when she noticed her friend's internal conflict.

"Wise sister, what do you want me to say?" Her eyes betrayed her agitation. "I only hate myself for being powerless to help Brother Jiang."

"Don't be silly. Even our leaders can't rival his ferocious power, so why compare him to younger generations like us?" Yao Guang didn't feel all that guilty.

"Perhaps so, but consider, his strength wasn't all that different from ours in the past, but now he...he's become the lone pillar of resistance against the demons. To be frank, I'm a bit ashamed of Myriad Abyss. We've occupied these lands for so long, enjoyed the best of resources, and benefited from the ultimate cultivation environment. But when push comes to shove, we turn out to be so utterly useless..."

True to her words, she'd secretly reassessed her worldview after the recent turmoil.



The sacred lands had truly been found wanting. At the very least, their fighting potential or contributions were too meager compared to the blessings they'd enjoyed.

"Stop it, stop it. I'll feel like a sinner at this rate. Big sister, I know you fancy this fellow. I have to admit he is reliable. I hear the demon invaders evacuated the two divine nations in a hurry."

Si Tong nodded. "Yes, how can they not be alarmed when their leaders are slain? They're also made of flesh and blood. Just like us, they are no strangers to fear."

"Maybe they aren't as terrible as everyone says?" Yao Guang murmured to herself.

"You're wrong." Si Tong frowned lightly. "That's nothing but a false impression born from Jiang Chen's achievements. Can anyone else defeat two demon tribes, even with all of the strength in Myriad Abyss combined? I'm not so certain of that."

Yao Guang didn't reply out loud, but she knew full well that the two demon tribes would more than likely send the sacred lands running away with their tails between their legs.

"Big sister, this Jiang Chen is a real rascal. Look at him all passed out. When do you think he'll wake up?" She glanced at the hidden room.

"I don't know." Si Tong shook her head weakly. "As soon as possible, I hope. Many challenges lie ahead of us now that the war is in full swing. Neither Myriad Abyss Island nor Divine Abyss Continent can afford his absence. The four sacred beasts did mention something about the main demon army in the desolate wildlands revising their plans. They've given up the other territories and will point their spears solely at Myriad Abyss, then use us as a springboard for an offensive on the human domain!"

"How is that possible?? Why's the human domain so important that our Myriad Abyss is merely a stepping stone in comparison?"

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

#### **Chapter 2258: The Mind Yet Lives On**

The four sacred beasts were immensely anxious that Jiang Chen was still in a coma.

From the conversation between the two forefathers, they'd discovered something important: the demonic army were gathering to invade Myriad Abyss in droves after seven days.

Three days had passed since then. Perhaps the demonic army was already prepared to march into Myriad Abyss. If Jiang Chen remained unconscious, they couldn't even return to Winterdraw, let alone the Eternal Sacred Land.

If demons took over Myriad Abyss, the four sacred beasts wouldn't be able to turn the tide without Jiang Chen. None of them was much of a leader.

All they hoped was for Jiang Chen to wake up as soon as possible and take the reins.

Gains abounded after the battles with the demon forefathers, both in terms of material gain and in cultivation. The sacred beasts wanted to immediately return to Veluriyam Palace through Winterdraw, and enter closed door cultivation in order to make their breakthroughs.

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Jiang Chen's consciousness wasn't dormant in the coma. In fact, after three days of recovery, his consciousness had fully reinvigorated himself.

However, he hadn't yet awoken. Countless thoughts about both his past and current life swarmed in his mind.

One moment, he was the son of the Celestial Emperor, reading classics by his father's side.

The next, he was back in Sacred Peafowl Mountain, gazing upon the vast starry sky with Huang'er.

Sometimes, thoughts from his past life clashed with those from his current life. Both forces wanted to pull Jiang Chen into their camp.

They were at a standstill. Neither side was willing to let go of him, which prevented him from sorting out his mind and regaining consciousness.

One single thread of thought in his mind remained in control and called for him to break out of the trance, but it wasn't enough to overpower the remainder of his consciousness.

Unconscious, he didn't know this was his personal divine tribulation. He'd never encountered any difficulties in pursuing a perfect constitution and martial dao. As a result, his divine tribulation didn't manifest as a physical trial, but a trial for his one weakness: his unconsolidated questions about his two lives.

His bifurcating fate resulted in two diverging strands of thoughts in his consciousness, which became his own unique divine tribulation.

If he could come to, his tribulation would be overcome.

If the tribulation was too overpowering, he might just remain unconscious forever.

During his fight with the demon forefathers, Jiang Chen had pushed himself completely beyond his limits, which in turn struck a fatal blow on his mentality. His weakened autonomous thought made it difficult to keep the two opposing perspectives in check, which resulted in a coma.

Without understanding his condition, not even the four sacred beasts could help him.

There was nothing wrong with Jiang Chen's physical condition. In fact, his physical strength improved substantially after the fight, thanks to all the tempering imparted during the battles.

He simply couldn't wake up.

Fortunately, his remaining strand of consciousness nagged at him every now and then, reminding him that he mustn't stay asleep and abandon everything.

He had to push forward both for the sake of his past life and his current life.

"Jiang Chen... Jiang Chen! The demonic butchers are about to rest their blades upon your neck. Are you going to keep remaining asleep like this?" A voice cut through his coma and called out anxiously.

“Chen’er, the heavenly planes have shattered, and I have been trapped in this secret realm for millions of years.” Another fatherly voice murmured in his consciousness. “I have been tormented for aeons. When will I greet your arrival to my aid?”

“Brother Chen, Brother Chen... You promised you’d be with me until death do us part. Are you really going to abandon me and have me face a life of isolation?” The voice sounded like Huang’er.

“Haha, you’re the legendary human genius Jiang Chen, aren’t you? I’ve fought many ancient cultivators, and the only human who has made me suffer such a defeat is you. Good, very good. Your life is mine from now on, boy!”

Jiang Chen didn’t know who the voice belonged to, but it troubled him greatly.

One after another, different voices sounded in his consciousness, coming at him like whip lashes.

“No, I cannot fall deeper into slumber. I can’t lose to myself. I must wake up, I must. There is so much unfinished business waiting for me!”

The one strand of consciousness remaining under his control insistently pushed and motivated him. Little by little, his thoughts found their way back to where they should be, and his mind slowly recovered from its chaotic state.

His mind was a pond in which sediment gradually filtered and sank to the bottom. His consciousness began to clear.

“I am Jiang Chen, both in my past and in my current life. I’m Jiang Chen both to my father, the Celestial Emperor, and my family and friends in this life. I do not live for myself alone. Both lives are my fate. Both fates run on the same path. My past life is the cause, and my current the effect. I must wake up. Wake up!”

The one strand of consciousness continued to grow stronger, as if enhanced by a mysterious power, while the intrusive thoughts sank deeper and deeper, like rocks and sand sinking in a lake.

Suddenly, he shuddered as an electric shock went through his body and cleared it of all intrusive thoughts. He opened his eyes, his gaze clear and focused.

Another chain seal had lifted in his consciousness.

“Huh? I’ve ascended to fourth level divine realm in my coma?” That was his first discovery after waking up.

Another breakthrough, another seal unlocked.

With his thoughts sorted, his consciousness went back to normal operations. Everything about his two lives became much clearer to him. His consciousness was a mirror that allowed him to inspect every minute detail about his lives.

“Ah, I fell unconscious due to overtaxing my mind during the fight against the winged demon forefathers. I didn’t expect to ascend to intermediate divine realm during my coma!”

Jiang Chen immediately sorted through his thoughts.

## Sovereign of the Three Realms (WN)

### **Chapter 2259: Fourth Level Divine Realm!**

The faint light hovering in front of him was yet another treasure from his chain seal. Each link of the nine contained a feigned mundanity treasure - or at least, that was the case for the previous three.

“What gift has my father left me this time?” Jiang Chen grew expectant. Not for the power of the treasure itself, but that he didn’t want to miss anything that might have to do with the father of his previous life.

The memories of his past seemed almost unrealistically distant. Anything that reminded him of his previous father would help him reorient reality.

This time, it was a feathered robe.

Just like the others, this was a treasure that looked ordinary and mundane. The robe looked incredibly common at first glance, perhaps even unremarkable. However, a little communication with his consciousness shook him to his core.

“The Immaculate Robe?” The name of the treasure flickered across his mind, as well as how to make use of it.

The Immaculate Robe is a miracle of creation that encompasses all aspects of nature. It remains immaculate from all things around it, separate and without, allowing its wearer to remain completely undetected wherever they may be. They can stoop by the enemy’s side, yet remain wholly invisible.

If this was its only effect, it wasn’t much better than a high-quality stealth talisman.

However, the robe was much more powerful and distorting than that. It functioned by virtually plucking its wearer away from the patch of space he stood in. No matter the destructiveness of an enemy’s attacks, a calm and unfettered mind allowed one to remain hidden and unaffected.

An opponent that could recognize and counter the Immaculate Robe was an exception, of course. Otherwise, there was no solution to the powers of the robe.

“Father...” Jiang Chen teared up. The amount of effort his father had spent on refining these treasures was incalculable.

The Measure of Heaven, True Dragon Rope of Water and Fire, Scrutiny of Existence, and Immaculate Robe were all individually worthy of being called any ordinary plane’s highest treasure. Even in the heavenly planes, they would’ve been sought after by countless cultivators.

And yet, his father had prepared all of these things for him.

“There was a reason for my reincarnation from my previous life! My father doubtless has high hopes for me.”

Suddenly, Jiang Chen recalled hearing his father’s voice on the border of unconsciousness. His father was suffering and waiting in a secret realm among the heavenly planes. Waiting for his only son... waiting for him.

“Can he still be alive? Is he summoning me? Is there something he wants to tell me?”

The idea rekindled his hope.

He had a feeling that the unraveling of his previous life’s mystery was at hand. The nine-linked chain seal was sure to contain more information.

“I need to hurry and reach ninth level divine realm, then I might become a god-king myself and create a plane of my own among the heavens. Only then can I hope to delve into the secrets my father left me. In my previous life, I couldn’t cultivate, but each step in this one has my father’s help and planning behind it.”

Jiang Chen was invigorated and mobilized.

There was sure to be some cause and reason for his new existence. Understanding these things required him to continue cultivating.

“Wait for me, father. The day of our reunion is at hand!” After reaching fourth level divine realm, Jiang Chen could already see an incredibly smooth path ahead of him.

His strength and perception had both vastly increased once more.

What could the demons possibly do to him?

They were an opponent fit only for Divine Abyss. A touchstone on his way to celestial divinity.

His previous wariness was gone; he could finally see the demons as an ordinary opponent.

Jiang Chen noticed that he was becoming more and more like the son of a celestial emperor in every aspect. His aura, bearing, and way of seeing the world were all shifting.

In the eyes of a celestial emperor’s son, the demons were only a race among myriad others in the heavenly planes. They were prone to causing trouble here and there, but they had never been a notable threat to the Taiyuan Planes. Before his father, what were they worth?

To put it bluntly, his father could have crushed them at the drop of a hat.

The enemy responsible for the destruction of the heavenly planes in his previous life was far stronger than any demon.

Jiang Chen didn’t have the right to know that enemy’s identity just yet. He needed to grow stronger. He was on his way there, but not entirely mature.

The young man put away his Immaculate Robe, immensely eased by the gift.

“The Immaculate Robe will serve as another safeguard in my battle against the demons,” he asserted confidently to himself.

The four sacred beasts were overjoyed to see him depart the secret room.

“Young master Chen, you’re finally awake!”

“You... you broke through, young master Chen?”

Though not prone to exaggerated astonishment, they were nevertheless astounded by the amazing change in their human friend.

Jiang Chen was progressing inconceivably quickly. The sacred beasts possessed some of the best bloodlines in the heavenly planes, but the young man was cultivating faster than them. That in itself was more than enough cause for shock!

Jiang Chen smiled a little. "Sorry about the trouble. How many days was I out?"

"Three," replied the Vermilion Bird truthfully.

"Three days?" Jiang Chen's eyes lit up. "We still have four days left before the demon armies fully convene in Myriad Abyss. Is that not so?"

The bird nodded. "If you woke up two days later, we'd be in a lot more trouble. Thank heavens that we still have time."

"Come, we'll head for the Eternal Sacred Land immediately!"

"We're still going to Eternal?" the Vermilion Bird gasped. "We could be cut off from Winterdraw by the demons then. Did you consider that risk, young master Chen?"

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

#### **Chapter 2260: Eternal Sacred Land, Stalwartly Holding On**

The holy girls weren't too surprised by Jiang Chen's resolution to depart for Eternal, though they were reluctant to see him go.

Despite the brevity of their time together, he had won them over with his miraculous feats time and time again. It felt much safer to have him around, given the delicacy of present circumstances.

However, neither girl asked him to stay. They knew Eternal was much more important to him than they were.

"Brother Jiang, aren't you going to say your farewells to our two sacred lands' executives before you leave?" Si Tong's willowy eyes gazed at the youth.

"There's not much time. I'd rather spare the formalities this time," waved off Jiang Chen. He had no intention of delaying his trip.

If Forefathers Sunrise and Radiance were here, he would've spoken to them before he left, but they were stuck alongside the rest of Myriad Abyss' main force on the offworld battlefield.

The others were hardly important enough to warrant his especial attention. He didn't know them particularly well in the first place.

Si Tong was a little disappointed by the refusal.

"The executives still have no idea why the winged and fire demons retreated," she sighed, "and I don't think they'll ever find out. If I told them that you'd come to help, they'd be disappointed at not seeing you in person, wouldn't they?"

Jiang Chen smiled smoothly. "There's nothing to be disappointed about. We are cultivators in pursuit of a higher truth, are we not? Oh, I do want to remind you that the ten demon tribes' main force is gathering in Myriad Abyss very soon. The days ahead are going to be even more difficult and arduous. As much as it pains me to say it, you need to brace yourselves for things getting worse."

Si Tong knew about this already, since the four sacred beasts had talked about it. Worry clouded her face. "The ten forefathers are on the offworld battlefield, and there's barely anyone here who can take charge. If the demons launch a full-scale invasion, what is Myriad Abyss to do?"

"Myriad Abyss lacks the strength to compete flat-out," Jiang Chen replied with uncharacteristic bluntness.

"Do you have any advice for us, Brother Jiang?" Si Tong asked expectantly.

"My opinion is: avoid them the best you can," Jiang Chen suggested sincerely.

"Avoid them?" Si Tong looked even sadder. "The world is a big place, but the demons are everywhere. Where can we go?"

"The offworld battlefield isn't a bad idea. You can rejoin the sacred lands' main force. Or, you can go to Winterdraw. That place will be the site of a decisive battle against the demons in the near future."

"Winterdraw? The island that you've stationed a lot of men on, yes?" Si Tong grew curious.

Jiang Chen nodded. "Indeed. The battle there will decide whether their invasion of the human domain gets off the ground or not. This time, Myriad Abyss Island will be the arena for our contest."

"Okay! I'll tell the executives exactly what you've said here," nodded Si Tong.

Jiang Chen swiftly said his goodbyes before absconding.

It was a long way to Immortal Sacred Land from Sunrise, but there were already noticeably fewer demons roaming Myriad Abyss.

The golden demons were almost entirely wiped out, and the monster and titan demons were seriously injured. As for the winged and fire demons, they'd been forced to retreat with their leaders all gone.

In the time before the demons fully gathered in the desolate wildlands, there was a brief spate of peaceful idleness for Myriad Abyss.

Jiang Chen didn't use Starfate to fly anymore. The Measure of Heaven had replaced it. It could not only accelerate, but tunnel through the fabric of space as well. Covering vast distances was even quicker upon it.

"All of my father's treasures are really amazing. If I was stronger, I could very well travel from plane to plane with the Measure... I really would be measuring the distance between heaven and earth with this ferule then!"

Jiang Chen knew that his father had been extremely strong in his previous life, but he had never known exactly how to quantify that strength.

Using the treasures his father had left him helped him understand the astounding extent of his father's abilities – power enough to warp creation itself.

Even the best treasure refiners in the heavenly planes couldn't necessarily create so many masterpieces. That was limited to Taiyuan's celestial emperor alone!

Currently, every expert from Martial and Abyssal was gathered in Eternal. These two sacred lands had been forced to take shelter from defeat after defeat.

The wood demons' ravages had turned their divine nations into hell on earth. There had been, in fact, wood demon parasites upon some of Abyssal's refugees. Those had already begun to spread in the half-month before Divine Kasyapa's arrival.

Thankfully, he brought with him Jiang Chen's antidote and Dragonwhisker Water, as well as a plethora of methods to deal with wood demons.

The latent threat was luckily neutralized, which allowed Eternal to just barely survive until now. The divine nation as a whole had wood demon infiltrators within it, but it hadn't yet fallen entirely.

The appearance of An Kasyapa as well as the presence of Ziju Min meant that Eternal had multiple gods. Because of that, the wood demons couldn't conquer Eternal via parasites or a frontal assault.

The situation was at a standstill.

The wood demons were dissatisfied with this; they felt that the Eternal Sacred Land was the toughest nut to crack in Myriad Abyss, and success would earn them a great deal of credit.

Therefore, they had persistently tried one trick after another over the past few days.

No matter what they did, however, Eternal held firm under its defending gods' leadership. It was far stouter than any other sacred land had proved.

The wood demons hadn't been able to obtain a decisive advantage. This upset every member of the tribe.

They were used to leaving a trail of devastation in their wake. How could they be held up for so long here at Eternal? What could they even do?