

Three Realms 2261

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

Chapter 2261: The Terrifying Wood Demons

Wood demons cultivated rather differently from each other. Some possessed an affinity for pure wood attribute, which gave them a natural gift when it came to spirit herbs.

Others were masters of poisons and toxins, and as such were markedly more fearsome than their compatriots.

Of course, the parasite experts were the scariest ones of all.

The wood demons who were masters of these arts gained prominence among their kinsmen via their mastery.

There was no clear-cut separation between these disciplines, and many wood demons were skilled at multiple fields. They might be poisoners, spirit herb experts, and parasite users at the same time.

Moreover, they didn't prefer fighting toe-to-toe as a rule, since that wasn't their specialty.

After conquering Abyssal and Martial, the wood demons had retained almost all the spoils from the battles. That was an absolutely enormous gain.

They had incurred a few casualties in the process, but nothing major. They still had more than enough numbers to besiege the Eternal Sacred Land.

If not for the comparative difficulty of the latter, they would have three divine nations under their tyranny. Indeed, it could be said that they had done the best out of all the tribes so far.

Recent troubles marred their record, however. The latest news informed them that the celestial demons were about to arrive upon Myriad Abyss, as were the main forces of all ten tribes.

Apparently, the celestial demon forefather was dissatisfied with the tribes' progress. Aside from the wood demons, the other tribes were having significant trouble.

Some had been seriously injured, while others had suffered devastatingly total losses.

There wasn't much time left for the wood demons to conquer the Eternal Sacred Land. If they tarried any longer, the main force would come in to take over their efforts and their credit.

If they wanted the bountiful resources that Eternal held, they needed to move quickly.

As the leader of the ten sacred lands' alliance, Eternal was no doubt a veritable treasure trove. Wasn't that Jiang Chen from there, too?

If they could capture him, they would be handsomely rewarded.

Two forefathers were among the wood demons presently, as well as a smattering of demigods, empyrean cultivators, and emperors. It was a formidable lineup by any measure.

“We’ve at most three days left to us. The main force is about to arrive under Forefather Celestial’s leadership any minute now. I’m sure all of you know what that means,” hoarsely stated a forefather with strange markings upon his entire head.

His tone was rather unique, almost as if there was a different voice that sounded from within his throat. It was a peculiar sound: like that of silkworms chewing on mulberry leaves.

“Daoist Kingspot, we took only three days to take over Martial, and barely more than that for Abyssal. Why has Eternal wasted so much of our time? We’re still outside. I don’t think that we lack the strength – no, what we need to do is channel our natural fervor and bloodlust. Do you agree?”

The demon who responded was green-robed and green-haired. His whiskers and eyebrows strangely resembled the elongated leaves and branches of a willow tree.

This was the other forefather of the wood demons, Ghostbranch.

Kingspot and Ghostbranch were the commanders of this campaign. They were similar in status, though the former was slightly elevated due to experience.

A smile cracked upon Kingspot’s ugly face, one that evoked more disgust than any look of sorrow could.

“Eternal has stubbornly held on because of its gods and ways to deal with our parasites. We’ve tried attacking them many times using our parasites, but nothing has worked. It’s an irksome state of things,” sighed Kingspot. “We already lost some demons when attacking Martial and Abyssal. If we forcibly assault Eternal, we would certainly add more casualties to the tally. That’s why I haven’t ordered an all-out attack.”

Kingspot’s concerns were quite valid. If the wood demons used all they had to attack Eternal, they stood a pretty good chance of success.

However, Eternal had the antidote to their parasites. If they simply sent in their parasites wholesale, most would die in the attack. That would be a tremendous disaster for their tribe.

Cultivating wood demon parasites wasn’t easy. The strongest ones were results of long-term breeding and training.

The death of just one of these would be a quantifiable loss. Ten or a hundred, a catastrophic one. So what if they got their hands on Eternal’s resources? That wouldn’t make up what it would cost them.

Raising a new parasite would take several millennia or more. Ten thousand years were needed at minimum for them to evolve to their highest states.

Kingspot was a master of breeding parasite mothers. He had a plethora personally on hand, as well as an uncountable number of normal parasites.

Even so, he didn’t want to risk his parasites on such a worthless gambit. After Myriad Abyss was fully conquered, the tribes’ relative strengths would inevitably come into comparison.

The future authority the wood demons possessed was based on how strong they remained, not how much they had already done.

Though demonkind cared about merit, absolute strength was more important. Weaklings were worthless, regardless of their prior contributions.

Strength was the law of their race.

Ghostbranch was a different kind of expert than Kingspot. He was a master poisoner, a charmer of plants, and a grower of spirit herbs. He viewed Kingspot's conservative strategy with disdain.

"Brother daoist, you just said that the main force would gather together in three more days. This is the only chance we have left. We've crushed two divine nations already! Eternal has gods, yes, but they're not hopelessly strong. We should just push in with brute force. You can send out your army of parasites, and I'll back you up with my plant abilities. Let us break Eternal wide open in an invasive siege."

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Chapter 2262: Greed

There were different factions within the wood demon tribe, and Forefathers Kingspot and Ghostbranch's relationship wasn't entirely free of tension.

They remained on civil terms for the common interest of their tribe. Greater good did come first in their eyes. They had yet to take over Eternal because the sacred land demonstrated superior resilience compared to the other two sacred lands.

Moreover, neither of the two forefathers wanted to make too big a sacrifice.

If they stopped at nothing to take down Eternal, not even An Kasyapa would be able to help the sacred land defend itself. Jiang Chen's antidotes could prevent the parasites from spreading, but there weren't enough for every Eternal member.

If Forefather Kingspot deployed all of his parasites to infect the sacred land, Eternal would be doomed. No amount of antidotes would be able to deal with all of the parasites.

Once infighting broke out within Eternal and the antidotes concentrated in the hands of a few individuals, the wood demons would be able to conquer the sacred land in one fell swoop.

However, Forefather Kingspot wasn't willing to make such a sacrifice. The hugely negative impact on his power wouldn't be worth it. His status within his race would also be undermined.

Worse still, the wood tribe would be at a disadvantage in the fight to come over the continent's resources. The richest land on the continent was the human domain. Many of the ancient sects had left treasure troves that were yet to be discovered.

Humans had been the demons' biggest threat during the ancient war.

Both humans and demons had suffered great losses in that war. Although the humans had sealed away the demons in the end, they'd paid a terrible price. Many of the human powerhouses fell and enormous swathes of their territory destroyed, leaving not even the race's foundations intact.

One thing was for certain however: The heritage of the ancient factions hadn't disappeared for no reason. They must be hidden in some obscure parts of the domain, awaiting discovery.

The heritage and resources from the ancient times were what the demons were searching for most eagerly.

Forefather Kingspot didn't immediately respond. He was deliberating over whether Forefather Ghostbranch's proposal was viable.

"The other sacred lands may not be worth our full effort, dao brother, but Eternal has raised a remarkable genius - Jiang Chen. According to intelligence reports, that one's rise in power is too remarkable to be explained by common sense. Moreover, his achievements are lauded throughout Myriad Abyss.

"He's multi-faceted and a genius in martial dao, pill dao, and formations... More importantly, his talent in pill dao is the stuff of legends. No genius has ever reached his height in the history of the Divine Abyss Continent."

"Yes, I've heard of the remarkable pill recipes of his, such as the Crowning Empyrean Pill and the Taiyi Skymender Pill. They're touted as legendary creations." Forefather Kingspot sighed almost with awe. "Hearing the news makes me want to capture the young man and thoroughly interrogate him."

The wood demons were deeply interested in spirit medicines, especially those made from spirit herbs, which propagated into their interest into pills.

The wood demons had always admired the human race for their knowledge in pills. Demons often weren't predisposed at all to become pill masters. The ten demonic tribes each had their strengths, but in the end, they focused more on making the individual more powerful.

They seemed to lack the natural talent in areas such as pills, talismans, and formations. No geniuses of such discipline had emerged.

There were pill experts within the demonic race, but overall, demons fell short in their understanding of this field of study compared to humans.

Therefore, pills had always been something demons sought out. They were also a major reason why the demons invaded human territory. Wood demons were especially passionate in this area.

Forefather Ghostbranch cackled. "I've heard about the pills as well. It's said that the Crowning Empyrean Pill and Taiyi Skymender Pill are the real deal. Think about it. If Eternal possesses the recipes, how tremendously useful will they be once we obtain them?"

Acquiring the valuable pill recipes would significantly boost the overall strength of the wood demons.

The effect might not be visible in five to ten years, but after centuries or even millenia, the differences the pills made would be pronounced. The Crowning Empyrean Pill, especially, would make a great contribution to their tribe's overall level of strength.

Kingspot could tell that Ghostbranch was trying to sway him.

"Just tell me what you have in mind, brother," Kingspot said with a smile.

“The riches you steal are the ones that make you wealthy, dao brother. This is a rare opportunity for our tribe. If the other tribes conquer Eternal, we won’t be able to get the pill recipes. Who knows who will be the ones benefiting then?”

Forefather Kingspot’s eyes flashed. Greed overtook him and made his heart race. He remarked pensively, “We may not be able to get the pill recipes we want even after taking over the sacred land.”

“Haha, what wouldn’t we get with the entire sacred land under our control?” Ghostbranch was unconvinced.

“That’s not necessarily true. It’s said that the pills were invented by Jiang Chen. He didn’t share them with the sacred land.” Kingspot remained level-headed.

“Jiang Chen has a strange relationship with Eternal and isn’t particularly close to it, but that doesn’t mean we don’t have any leverage. Some of the sacred land members are close to the human. Ziju Min, a new divine forefather spearheading the defense, is a loyal supporter of the young man. If we capture him alive and use him as a hostage, Jiang Chen can’t possibly abandon the forefather now, can he? He’s known for loyalty and caring for his allies.”

Ghostbranch responded in a ruthless tone. It was obvious that he’d been planning this for a while.

“Ziju Min...” Kingspot was warming up to the plan. He made the calculations in his head. Suddenly, he slapped the table hard. “Alright, we’ll put Jiang Chen in a dilemma. If he doesn’t give us the pill recipes in exchange for Ziju Min, his reputation will be tarnished. Young men often care about their image. He’ll give in to our demands.”

They grew more animated as they talked and eventually reached an agreement.

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Chapter 2263: Large-Scale Invasions

The wood demons’ rank and file quickly gathered at the two forefathers’ summons.

“As the alliance leader of the ten sacred lands, Eternal is a tough opponent. However, victory will also award us the greatest merit among all the tribes in Myriad Abyss. We made no great contributions to the ancient war, so now’s our chance to make a name for ourselves!”

Forefather Kingspot marshaled the troops while Ghostbranch added, “After some discussion, we’ve decided to initiate the attack even if we are to pay some price for it. The gains will outweigh whatever losses we suffer. All of you are outstanding children of our tribe. Do you have the confidence and determination to wage a glorious battle for the sake of the wood demon tribe? To write a new chapter in demon history??”

Every demon tribe possessed an ingrained love for the bloodshed of war.

The wood demons were no exceptions. They thirsted for battles, not merely for mindless slaughter, but also for the many opportunities that conflict offered.

In particular, they were well aware of the potential gains to be seized from a sacred land. Many among them had reaped considerable benefits from Martial and Abyssal.

Some loot could be stuffed unseen into their own pockets, without the need to hand it over. No one wanted to miss out on such an opportunity.

“Forefathers, order the assault! We’ve long waited for this day to come!”

“That’s right, what’s so special about Eternal? Two sacred lands have already yielded before the might of our tribe. What’s one more?”

“With the two forefathers at the helm, a trivial Eternal will crumble at first blow.”

“Right, now is the time for them to experience the full power of wood demon parasites!”

“Even if they have the antidote, what can they do? There must be a limit to their supply. Don’t tell me every last of them is equipped with a vial of it?”

“True, there’s no way in hell they can resist us once swamped by a legion of parasites!”

Their eagerness was heartwarming for the forefathers to see. Their troops were primed and motivated, their battle spirits sky-high. Every sign pointed in the right direction.

Forefather Kingspot laughed delightedly. “Wonderful! I expect no less from the brave warriors of our tribe! Other than their main treasury, you can keep whatever you find. First come, first served!”

“Of course, if you run into pill recipes and the like, you can’t hoard it for yourselves,” Forefather Ghostbranch added.

All of the demigods nodded. “Forefathers, please be at ease. We don’t need recipes or formations, only resources that can be used directly for cultivation. The rest we’ll naturally hand over to you, for the sake of our clan’s future!”

“Good, let’s celebrate together after taking down Eternal!”

The wood demons’ majestic army rolled out.

The tribe’s all-out assault was a terribly imposing sight to witness. Though they numbered less than one-tenth compared to the human forces, they were either specialists in parasites, poisons, or the manipulation of spirit herbs...

All in all, their areas of expertise were all extremely hard to deal with for humans. The army currently stationed at Eternal had strength to spare in frontal combat, but defending against these unconventional methods was a much greater ordeal.

The sacred land had yet to witness the full strength of the wood demons. As a consequence, they couldn’t accurately assess the full extent of this enemy’s capabilities.

But they immediately felt an immense pressure once the demons initiated the offensive.

Strange sights surfaced in many sectors that very morning. Plants grew without restraint over large areas, shooting wildly from the earth and quickly growing to epic proportions.

In no more than half a day, the assorted greenery had fully taken over the territories and established a flora kingdom. But that wasn’t all.

These were no ordinary plants. Most possessed tremendous offensive potential. Even the most common willows evolved their branches into murderous weapons, as if demonized.

The most ordinary grass or flower had become alien, to say nothing of previously unheard-of species.

In a short half-day, the flora attacked too many cultivators to count, swallowing some and sucking dry others of their life essence.

Some species seemed rather harmless, but as soon as their victims lowered their guard, they secreted all kinds of poisons through every way imaginable. Some used liquid poison, some a toxic fog, and others coated their flowers and branches in venom.

These strange plants now ruled over an extended amount of Eternal's outer territories. All of the inhabitants were either dead or fled. There was almost no other outcome.

Human cultivators were deprived of their entire living habitat. Survival was no longer possible where the eerie flora reigned supreme. Worse, the dreadful vegetal kingdom's boundaries expanded ever further as it spread toward Eternal's core areas.

Of course, this development didn't remain obscured from the sacred land's core leadership.

The weight on Ziju Min's shoulders was tremendous. Divine Kasyapa had brought the parasite antidote at Jiang Chen's behest, but there was no easy way to counter the flora invasion.

Only, every pair of eyes in Eternal was on him. No matter how enormous of a headache it was, he had no choice but to confront it by himself, without the support of the ten sacred lands' main combatants, busy as they were elsewhere.

If the current force could resist, then all the better. But if they faltered, Eternal was doomed to fall.

"Daoist Kasyapa, the wood demons have shied away from a full-strength attack thus far, so what's driven them so crazy today? It's well worth mulling over this question."

An Kasyapa was the picture of serenity. "They must have been wary of something previously, but an unknown cause has driven them over the edge today. They no longer seem bothered by the price to pay for storming us."

"Alas, apart from their parasites, wood demons are also experts at manipulating plants and using poison. It seems the rumors are well-founded. Daoist Kasyapa, with your experience and insight, can you offer some wise counsel?"

The latter smiled wryly. "In this vast world, I'm afraid only young lord Chen can offer a sound plan. At a guess, he'll be here soon."

"I hope so. These old bones of mine have no confidence we can hold strong otherwise," Ziju Min responded with a soft sigh.

Fresh news came in just then.

"Forefather Ziju, all of the sectors to the south are under a large-scale invasion from parasites. The executives of the various territories and factions all request large quantities of antidote from us!"

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Chapter 2264: Battered On All Sides

Ziju Min immediately fell silent. Large quantities of antidote... that was much easier said than done. They did have some thanks to the young lord via An Kasyapa, but the supply was limited.

Jiang Chen had also taught them the way to manufacture it, but refining large batches was beyond their capability and wasn't a realistic option.

They could provide a part of their current stock, but would it be enough? The answer was a resounding no, especially when the parasite tide had erupted in so many places.

They could bridge a gap or two, but couldn't fill up every crack.

"Daoist Kasyapa, did you bring enough antidote for all of us to use?" Ziju Min looked at the latter with a rueful smile.

An Kasyapa remained coolly composed. "Of course not. We can only forfeit the surrounding areas, especially those that aren't of critical importance. The demons hold the upper hand at the moment, while we're caught on the backfoot. We aren't in a position to defend all of our territories, so we need to strategically give up some."

Such a decision wasn't difficult for an outsider like him.

But Ziju Min was a local. He'd always been a benevolent elder. To give up even a fraction of the divine nation was the same as gouging out his heart. However, he knew full well that the divine nation's core was the sacred land. As such, its survival was of utmost importance.

"Old brother Ziju, the sacred land's center is our safest stronghold. The elites from Abyssal and Martial are all gathered here. Your numbers are greater than the enemy. No matter how relentless their assault, it'll be difficult for them to breach our fortifications as long as we defend them to the death," suggested An Kasyapa.

He also thought the wood demons a harrowing enemy, yet he remained unflustered. He had little attachment to Eternal, so its fate ultimately mattered little to him. If not for Jiang Chen's wishes, he might not even have stayed behind to help.

Furthermore, thanks to the Great Veluriyam Talisman from the young lord, he had a way to leave even if the defenses were shattered, perhaps even bringing Ziju Min with him by the same token.

He understood the young lord well enough to know that the human domain outweighed the oath of alliance he'd sworn to Eternal.

In fact, few in the sacred land were truly important to Jiang Chen. Ziju Min was the most significant of the lot, so An Kasyapa could confidently report his mission completed as long as he delivered the latter safe and sound.

Of course, he had a clearer view of the situation as an outsider, adding wisdom to his advice.

Ziju Min clenched his teeth. "That's our only choice. Daoist Kasyapa, I'll be relying on your help and guidance in the battle to come."

An Kasyapa smiled calmly. "I'll give it my all. However, I'll leave if things turn out for the worse. Old Brother Ziju, forgive me for being blunt, but what path will you choose then? Will you stay foolishly loyal and perish with the sacred land, or will you opt to live and fight another day instead?"

Ziju Min mulled over the difficult question for a moment before sighing. "The answer would be obvious if the venerated forefather was here. But all of the responsibilities now squarely fall on my shoulders alone. Will I be able to live with myself if I don't fight to the last?"

"Heh, it'd be a waste of the young lord's regard if you think this way. Of course, this much pessimism isn't warranted yet so early on. My intuition tells me the demon assault will fail."

"Ah? Are you so confident in Eternal?"

"Hehe, it's the young lord I'm confident in. I feel he's playing a game of chess, one with a multitude of ramifications. Haven't there been many rumors in Myriad Abyss these past few days? Many demon tribes in the other sacred lands have been attacked, one after another."

"I've also heard such rumors. It's hard to distinguish the truth from lies, but these tales are wonderful for morale at least!" As the one in command of Eternal, Ziju Min had naturally heard the some of the gossip.

Reports continued to pour in during their conversation, none of them favorable for their side.

Increasingly anxious, Ziju Min gathered all of the decision-makers from the three sacred lands to discuss their next steps.

Combined, they made for a tremendous lineup.

Other than one divine forefather in Ziju Min, there were seven demigods, advanced, mid, and initial empyrean realm elders, as well as talents from the younger generations.

All in all, it was a force powerful enough to face the wood demons in frontal combat.

"Forefather Ziju, the enemy is progressing very fast. Their demonic plants are already within a thousand miles of our borders. I'm afraid they'll surround us by nightfall. We must find a way to slow down this dreadful vegetation, or it'll become a mortal threat to our defenses."

Although alarmist-sounding, it was an accurate assessment of the situation.

"We'll surely crumble swiftly if the demonic plants encroach upon our lands. The parasites will certainly use this opportunity to raid us as well. The consequences would be too dire to contemplate."

Naturally, Ziju Min knew this better than anybody.

"Gentlemen, any good advice? A way to neutralize the plants, perhaps?"

But were the wood demons so easily dealt with?

In a sea of silence, somebody suddenly offered, "Forefather, didn't young lord Jiang Chen once mention that the Fire of Firstdawn can hamper the parasites?"

“It can, but with the amount in our possession, it’d be like pouring a cup of water on a burning wagon. Not to mention, simply hampering them isn’t nearly enough at this stage.

“We need to curb the plants’ growth first. These are too horrifying and spread too fast. We need a treasure that can destroy the foundations of their survival and obliterate them wholesale.”

“Where can we find such a treasure?”

An Kasyapa chuckled. “Since times immemorial, metal is said to constrain wood. Treasures with metal properties should be very suitable in our case. Does Eternal have such items?”

The crowd looked at each other, seemingly stuck for ideas.

When had the sacred land ever possessed such a formidable treasure? Even if they did, it would be in the venerated forefather’s hands, beyond the knowledge of mere subordinates.

“Fellow daoists from Abyssal and Martial, do you own that type of item?”

The leaders of the aforementioned sacred lands didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. The ten sacred lands were wealthy, but something with such overwhelming power was beyond them.

The crowd had no good solution to provide.

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Chapter 2265: A Heroic Helping Hand

The senior executives of the three sacred lands failed to come up with any solutions. Without ultimate treasures, it was next to impossible for them to extricate themselves from the situation, given the level of their strength.

Prime Puresmoke from the Martial Sacred Land spoke up at this time.

“The demonic invasion is upon us, fellow daoists. There is no way out. Why don’t we call upon our inner fires and make our final stand against the demonic army? Whether we win or lose, we at least will have made the most out of a lifetime’s worth of cultivation. Our deaths will be worthy in our ancestors’ eyes!”

Though she was a woman, she demonstrated unparalleled grit at this critical time. Everyone knew there was no other way out for the three sacred lands.

They might have had a chance to flee the sacred land if the wood demon tribe had yet to embark on their mass invasion. But with the entire tribe on their doorstep, and Martial and Abyssal conquered, it was too late for them to retreat.

Since there was no other way out, why shouldn’t they fight the wood demons to death?

If they couldn’t live with dignity, then they would go down fighting!

Puresmoke’s suggestion caused the cultivators from the three sacred lands to tense. They didn’t want to face reality, but the ugly truth was staring them right in the face.

Indeed, they could no longer escape.

Would they die with a whimper like mewling cowards, or would they go out in a blaze of glory?

When all was said and done, they were warriors of the sacred lands. Even the least headstrong cultivators felt the blood boil in their chests.

The decision was clear. One after another, they turned their gazes to Ziju Min.

Despite his usual calm temperament, the Eternal forefather's eyes turned steely beneath the influence of the tragic atmosphere.

"It seems that trying times are the catalyst to resolving our differences and working as one. So be it! I possess only meager power, but will fight to the death with all of you. With the elites of all three sacred lands combined, we shall cripple the wood demon tribe, even if we can't destroy them."

"That's right. Every demon we kill will be one less enemy for the continent. Our sacrifice won't be forgotten by history!"

"Say no more. We fight to the bitter end!"

At the end of the day, the sacred lands were superior to second and third tier factions in both heritage and foundation. They had been established by cultivators from the human domain to begin with, and had inherited the ancient cultivators' conviction and sense of duty.

Although Myriad Abyss' constant decline over the years ate away at morale and spirit, they were still valiant enough to sacrifice themselves for the cause when the time came.

"I am willing to lead a group of deathsworn to destroy the demonic flora, Forefather Ziju," volunteered Puresmoke. "We'll do our best to cut out the roots and stop them from spreading!"

"I volunteer to do the same!"

"And I!" People spoke up one after another.

An Kasyapa shook his head slightly, but had to respect their conviction. No matter what decision they ended up making, at least they'd won his respect.

He sighed. He could no longer stand idly by. "Brother Ziju, the plants are advancing very aggressively. I believe that's the doing of a divine forefather from the wood demon tribe. Without a divine cultivator on your side, your volunteers will only be marching to your deaths without accomplishing anything."

His words were harsh, but the truth.

Without a divine cultivator, the human cultivators wouldn't be able to deal with the wood demons. There was certainly a demon forefather behind the terrifying plants.

"Then I'll just do it myself," Ziju Min responded solemnly.

"You've only just ascended to divinity," An Kasyapa replied coolly. "Your cultivation is decent, but not enough to rival a demon forefather. I'll do it."

“That doesn’t seem right, dao brother. You were only here to deliver the antidotes. We’re already grateful to you for making the delivery in time. How can we let you take on another dangerous mission?”

Ziju Min wasn’t being disingenuous. He wanted An Kasyapa’s help, of course, but he’d never considered sending the divine master to the frontlines.

It was much too risky.

An Kasyapa waved a dismissive hand. “I’m not biting off more than I can chew. You’re but a first level god, while I’ve encountered good fortune and ascended to fourth level. My cultivation may still fall short against that of the wood demon forefather, but I’m certain I’ll be able to escape from him. It would be ideal if I can destroy the plants’ roots. But if not, I’ll at least be able to distract the forefather. I’ll lure him away if possible. You can then contact young master Chen, and the Eternal Sacred Land will be as good as saved.”

The cultivators from the three sacred lands perked up at his words. Sacrificing their own lives was the last resort.

What kept them hopeful wasn’t that the divine forefathers would return from the offworld battlefield, but that Jiang Chen might come to their aid from Winterdraw.

Wood demons were too powerful for even the forefathers of the sacred lands, but not for Jiang Chen.

Ziju Min met An Kasyapa’s eyes. He could tell that the god meant what his words.

The Eternal forefather sighed. “The three sacred lands will never be able to repay you for your help, dao brother.”

An Kasyapa smiled slightly. “Haha, consider this payment for young master Chen’s generosity.”

“Stay in the sacred land and wait for news. If I manage to destroy the plants, you should charge out and push forward. If you hear nothing from me, stay inside and don’t sacrifice yourselves for nothing. Try to persist as long as you can with the great defensive formation. I’ll return with the cavalry as soon as I can.”

An Kasyapa wasn’t going to take anyone with him.

When fighting demons, the more wasn’t the merrier, but more trouble. On his own, he could move quickly. Not even the wood demon forefathers would be able to trap him.

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Chapter 2266: The World of Demonic Plants

Watching An Kasyapa depart Eternal, the sacred lands’ cultivators felt torn between multiple emotions.

When the god and his four followers extinguished Eternal Divine Nation’s House Yan, that act had been a case of extreme provocation.

Though the investigation afterwards had revealed that it was merely revenge for oppressing his daughter and son-in-law, it'd still left a bad taste in Eternal's mouth. Such action in their own territory was a blatant slap to the face.

Unfortunately, their divine forefather wasn't his match in cultivation. Jiang Chen had also personally intervened, eliminating the possibility of overt conflict.

After all, he was grandfather in name to Yan Qinghuang, Jiang Chen's dao partner. How could they fall out with him?

Thus began the antagonistic relationship between the two parties.

But later on, when Lightford attacked while the main force was away on Sandplain Island, Divine Kasyapa had rushed to their rescue and helped them withstand the first wave. Their alliance against Lightford had continued afterward, easing their troubled relationship. And this time, the antidotes he'd brought at Jiang Chen's behest had massively alleviated the pressure on them.

Now that they stood between life and death, he'd once again stuck by them. Perhaps this man's conduct was more admirable than they'd first believed. At the very least, he'd done everything he could in the name of righteousness.

But could he destroy the roots of the demonic plants? It was hard to bear hope. To their knowledge, every single one of the wood demon forefathers was an extremely troublesome existence.

Though he was a fourth level god, such a cultivation level wasn't enough for a decisive advantage against the enemies he would face.

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An Kasyapa traveled through the bleak wilderness, seemingly alone in the world.

This piece of land had been just as deserted in the past, but the scenery nowhere near as alien. The omnipresent vegetation had seemingly swallowed it whole. It was difficult now to spot vestiges of its former self.

Plants wrapped around each other or twisted into piles. Even finding a foothold proved to be a challenge.

Vines enveloped the wilderness as far as the eye could see, woven into an inescapable net between heaven and earth that dominated the entire space.

Light as a swallow, An Kasyapa skipped his way past them.

He was rather pleased with his increase in cultivation after reaching fourth level. He might not be able to outright defeat a wood demon forefather, but he was confident he could go toe-to-toe against one of them.

Of course, there was a reason for him to trek amidst this desolation. He wanted to observe the flora and find its core. There was certainly a nucleus controlling the growth of this vegetation.

Destroying it might be a way to put an immediate end to the calamity of demonic plants.

Naturally, the task would be far from easy.

In all honesty, without the Great Veluriyam Talisman he'd obtained from the young lord, he might not have been bold enough to venture so deep inside.

He hadn't used the talisman yet, but every time he probed it with his consciousness, an ancient power answered him, its energy so boundless that it inspired awe and reverence.

He traveled for roughly eight hours in the area. As the sky began to darken, his mood also became more complicated. His instincts told him he wasn't far from happening upon the core. In fact, he might well be only a whisker from it.

He brandished his weapon. It wasn't his usual halberd, but a blade brimming with a harsh aura.

Its edge was streamlined to perfection. Long and slender, it tapered off thinly and was supported by a thick back. It seemed to merge into the wind as he shuttled back and forth.

He suddenly halted. In the next moment, his eyes shone with astonishing intensity as he viciously swung his right arm and slashed behind him in a blinding flash of light.

Swish swish swish!

The weapon's blade hacked into vines that'd simultaneously appeared out of nowhere. Like a myriad of slender arms neatly sliced off, the vines dropped listlessly on the ground, completely sapped of their energy.

But Divine Kasyapa didn't lower his guard in the slightest. Instead, he observed his surroundings, the longsword in his hand maintaining a flowing arc of marvelous readiness. At a moment's notice, he could strike without hesitation in any direction, proof that his skill with the blade had reached a sublime realm.

Sure enough, dense curtains of vines squirmed his way like the arms of numerous evil spirits.

The surrounding vegetation seemed to awaken under the impulse of a mysterious energy. There were flowers and petals resembling bloody mouths opened wide, countless branches punctured through the air like a rain of sharp arrows, tree stumps rammed his way as if gone mad, and vines slithered like vipers, seemingly intent on taking his life...

Demonic plants of every shape and form launched a deluge of attacks in his direction.

But he had little to fear. Lesser cultivators might have been overwhelmed, especially those beneath divine realm, but it wasn't enough to hamper a fourth level god like him.

Petals scattered with every sweep of his weapon. Its blade bit into every plant, no matter the shape, dicing them and spraying their pieces in every direction.

"Hmph, isn't it time to get serious? Do you dare to come out and fight?" He sensed the presence of a wood demon divine forefather somewhere in the vicinity.

Silence descended again on the scene as the storm of vegetation died down, as if everything had been naught but a fleeting dream.

But he remained poised, well aware the demon forefather was readying another fearsome offensive.

Sure enough, as he waited with bated breath, the shrubs in the local area started to oscillate in a strange rhythm. As if obeying someone's command, the trees and flowers transformed into metaphorical well-trained soldiers that formed an army several thousand strong, marching forward with a somber momentum that darkened the mountains and the rivers, robbing men of their sanity.

An Kasyapa took a deep breath, an intense glint erupting from his eyes. "Your attacks may be ever-changing, but I will sunder it all!"

He wielded his longsword in a hail of blades. One slash, two slashes. In the blink of an eye, the blade delivered a flurry of thousands of strikes.

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

Chapter 2267: One Hidden And Another In The Open

An Kasyapa attacked as fast as the wind, but the vegetation transformed even faster. The plants agitated with the vigor of hot-blooded youngsters, as if a curse had breathed life into them.

His longsword danced in the air. Whether attack or defense, his form was perfect.

Yet, no matter the destruction he wrought, the enemy remained staunch, obstinately emerging one after another. They revived endlessly, no matter how he chopped them down.

His attack and defense almost reached an unprecedented state, but even so, he was under ever-growing pressure.

The enemy's numbers were simply too great. The green legion was a boundless ocean that one could never hope to see the end of.

However, he remained calm and steady. He was surrounded, but his consciousness still wandered, continuing its search. He'd been looking all around for the core in order to carve a path to victory.

But no matter where his consciousness probed inside this green ocean, he could only perceive the same uniform rhythm. In other words, the roots of the green invasion were too well hidden.

He couldn't hone in on its location despite his formidable abilities. It was a depressing turn of events. He'd expected the fight to be long and arduous, but not to such an impossible degree.

If he couldn't find the core and destroy it, then it was impossible for him to break out of this green siege. Put another way, there was no hope for him to attain his goal in this clash.

Anxiousness slowly started to gnaw at him. Against this endless green onslaught, it was only a matter of time before he suffered wounds.

After all, no matter how outstanding his attack and defense, he was still made of flesh and blood. He would tire sooner or later, unlike his floral enemies that seemed to possess infinite stamina. Their momentum hadn't diminished in the slightest. On the contrary they seemed even more ferocious as time went by.

He could still hold on at first, but as the fight dragged on, he clearly felt himself under increasingly greater strain. He simply couldn't cut down them all.

"It seems it's my loss this time." Although reluctant to yield, his fighting spirit was finally shaken.

The moment he felt his determination waver, he knew it was time for him to leave.

He slashed across and swept away at the demonic shrubs in front of him, then clutched the Divine Veluriyam Talisman, ready to activate it. However, a transmission reached his ears at this precise moment. "Divine Kasyapa, hold on a little longer."

Appearing without a sign, the message roused his spirits. The very familiar voice impressively belonged to the young lord.

"Jiang Chen?" He transmitted, taking care not to make a sound.

"I've been hunting for this wood demon forefather and looking for the core. Hold on a little longer while I pinpoint his location," Jiang Chen urged again.

Overjoyed, An Kasyapa could confirm that the voice had come from the young lord. He stowed away the talisman, all thoughts of leaving evaporated.

"It seems you demon thugs are nothing but clowns in the end. Other than these shameful tricks, do you have the guts to come and fight me in the open? Are all demon spineless buffoons like you?" He swore his head off in an attempt to provoke the demon forefather.

The one manipulating the plants was certainly a leading figure of the wood demon tribe, and had to be hidden nearby.

The demon must be using outstanding manipulation to merge his body into the greenery, making his position impossible to discover.

But, though An Kasyapa couldn't find him, that didn't mean Jiang Chen was equally powerless.

From the sound of it, the young lord had arrived long ago. He'd simply concealed his tracks, staying in the dark while he waited for a mistake from the demon.

This heartening conclusion immediately restored Divine Kasyapa's confidence. His fighting spirit also soared thanks to the young lord's presence, a sudden change that secretly astonished Forefather Ghostbranch.

The one behind the demonic vegetation was naturally Forefather Ghostbranch. He didn't have Kingspot's talent with parasites, but when it came to plants, his level of mastery exceeded the latter's.

This time, he hadn't hesitated to employ his strongest arts to set up a fearsome demonic plant formation, even at the risk of injury to his very essence of existence.

The formation leveraged his arts and abilities to demonize ordinary plants, bestow life upon them, and orchestrate their movements. Full of hostility like evil spirits, the vegetation attacked with strange, ever-varying methods.

However, most fearsome of all was their incredible resilience. As long as their roots lived on, they could revive in a short time even after being destroyed.

In some aspects, these wood demon plants resembled Jiang Chen's Bewitching Lotuses of Fire and Ice. Both possessed outstanding regeneration abilities.

Of course, the lotuses were ancient treasures of the heavenly planes, not something that trivial demonized grass or shrubs could compare to. But in some respects, both achieved the same results through different means.

Ghostbranch's strongest ability was to fuse his body and consciousness inside this floral formation, integrating himself with the plants and completely hiding his existence amidst a vast, green ocean.

Such hiding skills were truly fearsome, so much so that even Jiang Chen couldn't locate him in the short term, to say nothing of An Kasyapa.

In fact, the young lord had arrived earlier than An Kasyapa. He'd simply endured in silence and remained still, refraining from any action. He knew with the latter's arrival that an opportunity presented itself.

Letting his senior fight was the only opportunity to amplify the minute fluctuations of power and allow him to glean a clue.

It was truly an exercise in patience, but his efforts finally bore fruit!

Against the full might of An Kasyapa's abilities, Forefather Ghostbranch was also forced to resort to his strongest cards.

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

Chapter 2268: Forefather Ghostbranch

As Ghostbranch used an ever-increasing amount of energy to direct the plants, the aura surrounding him gained in intensity, finally giving Jiang Chen a rough estimate about his position.

"Now's my chance!" rejoiced the young lord. His consciousness firmly latched onto an area roughly ten miles in radius. The demon powerhouse he'd been hunting for so long was certainly hiding there.

Without panic or hurry, he slowly inched closer.

The Immaculate Robe concealed his figure. Even though he strolled among the demonic vegetation, it seemed entirely unable to sense him, as if he had been cut off from this world.

Although formidable, the plants were nothing but puppets controlled by the forefather and weren't particularly perceptive.

To discover the young lord once he was clad in the robe, one needed greater cultivation than him for a start, and also mastery over powerful spatial arts.

Otherwise, it was impossible to perceive the existence of a peculiar pocket of space within a sea of nothingness, or sense the unique fluctuations within that pocket. Following his trail was a hopeless proposition.

Naturally, the demonic vegetation was far from meeting these conditions, as was Ghostbranch.

Jiang Chen progressively made his way closer to his target. The denser demonic presence in the vicinity was an even stronger hint of the forefather's presence.

Absolutely worthy of a treasure left behind by my father. With this robe on, the enemy can't detect me even at such close range!

There were many ways in which he could destroy the demon if he could sneak up on the latter.

No matter how strong the opponent, if one could stand under his nose undetected,

it would be mere child's play to take him by surprise. One was simply spoilt for choice when it came to killing blows.

Ghostbranch indeed hadn't sensed anything, but he had a strange premonition at this precise moment. An Kasyapa had been on the verge of retreating earlier, but he'd suddenly changed his tune, opting to stay behind and prolong the bitter fight.

For one as vigilant as Ghostbranch, such a strange turnaround naturally triggered the alarm.

But what exactly was wrong here? He couldn't tell.

"Did backup arrive?" He immediately strengthened his defenses while sending his consciousness into the vicinity, attentive to any detail that might hint at danger.

Yet, despite scanning the area repeatedly with his mind, he found no threat in the surroundings.

Although extremely suspicious, he fully trusted his own judgment.

He pursed his lips and made up his mind. "This human must be an extraordinary cultivator among his race. He doesn't seem to fear for his life, so he must possess a secret art or a method that allows for immediate escape. To kill him, I must make sure to instantly seal his surrounding space for a moment to stop him from fleeing."

This plan could've easily been put into motion against an initial divine realm opponent, but this was a mid divine realm cultivator. Some extra steps were needed to lock the man into place.

Still, Ghostbranch was confident in his eventual victory.

He hadn't gone in for the kill yet out of a desire to probe the human's limits. He'd also held back, unwilling to use up all his trump cards in a single battle. After all, his greatest moves came at the cost of injury to himself.

But here and now, the intuition of a powerhouse insisted that he had to kill this human by any means necessary. He would more than likely come to regret it otherwise.

He didn't know where this hunch came from, but it was too insistent to ignore. Hence, he started to gather his power.

But at the same time, Jiang Chen stealthily arrived within a few hundred meters of him. The demon's presence was almost palpable at this range.

“So I really can hide this thoroughly.” He kept his consciousness in check. The robe prevented him from being discovered, but the demon might sense an unbridled surge of mental activity.

All his efforts would be down the drain if the enemy forefather was to bolt. The young man had no assurance he could locate this particular demon a second time in the midst of his green ocean.

It would be very troublesome if his enemy was determined to flee. For that reason, he bided his time.

Against the demonic vegetation, the True Dragon Rope of Water and Fire was of no great use, and neither was the Measure of Heaven.

But the Great Veluriyam Torch and the Scrutiny of Existence were another story.

He planned to use only one of those two treasures. There was another item more suitable in the present situation: the magnetic golden mountain.

The mountain combined magnetic energy with the incomparably sharp power of metal; the latter was precisely the best counter for these demonic plants.

The magnetic golden mountain and the Great Veluriyam Torch was his ultimate combination for this fight.

The torch would enhance the metal-attribute attacks, while the Great Veluriyam Light could also pin down the opponent’s consciousness, momentarily blinding his senses and buying enough time for the young lord to finish him.

A golden beam abruptly pierced the air. Without the slightest warning, the magnetic golden mountain shot to the sky and flashed into an enormous golden mountain that towered in the air. Its aureate radiance illuminated the entire area within a few hundred miles.

Countless magnetic storms roiled toward the ground from the peak of the mountain, sweeping up everything in their path and flattening the plants into dry, broken twigs.

On top of the mountain, balls of keen, golden light transformed into every kind of weapon. They pelted the heart of the area like a hail of ten thousand arrows shot in unison.

In the meantime, Jiang Chen’s figure emerged from the void. With a clap of his hands, the Great Veluriyam Torch’s divine light tightly shrouded the battlefield.

Not giving an inch, the plants snarled in anger, an army of ancient fiends struggling maddly to escape from their shackles.

Unable to stay hidden any longer, Ghostbranch’s figure shook as he jumped out furiously.

Wielding a green bamboo staff, his hair and beard stood upright from the aura flaring around him, imparting a strange, eerie appearance.

Like the fires of the underworld, his two eyes burned a lush green.

As he murmured an incantation, a multicolored fog manifested in front of his staff and crawled through the air.

Sovereign of the Three Realms (WN)

Chapter 2269: Ghostbranch Executed

Bowing beneath the weight of the magnetic force, the plants unyieldingly lifted skyward again when the mist spread. The demonic miasma had reignited their will to fight.

The native plants in the area weren't the only ones that had surged back to life. Demonic plants in all directions swarmed to Jiang Chen like they'd been summoned and lunged at him.

The young lord's eyes turned steely. He knew this was the enemy's death throes.

With a snort, he slammed a hand seal on the surface of the magnetic golden mountain, which prompted another great transformation. Its aureate radiance grew even more blinding and active. The magnetic storm surged and doubled in power.

Under Jiang Chen's command, countless golden monsters swarmed out of the mountain, brandishing sharp weapons. They formed their own army and charged at the demonic plants.

The five elements naturally countered each other, and the metal element was inherently destructive to the wood element.

The golden monsters crashed over the plants like a golden tidal wave, decimating them.

Seeing his plants annihilated made Forefather Ghostbranch's heart burn. His eyes turned bloodshot as he glared at Jiang Chen.

Realization dawned. He knew who his opponent was.

"You... are Jiang Chen, aren't you?" He asked with a slight tremor in his voice, his heart sinking.

He didn't expect to be targeted by the legendary young lord.

All of the rumors that had been circulating among the demonic tribes flashed through Ghostbranch's head, cracking his confidence.

Jiang Chen smiled faintly but didn't react. There was only one thought on his mind: end the forefather. It was now or never.

The golden monsters had overwhelmed the plants, and the magnetic storm was destroying the forefather's defenses.

More importantly, the holy light of the Great Veluriyam Torch had locked onto Ghostbranch.

Ghostbranch shuddered when the light hit him. The resulting shock temporarily distracted him, which proved to be a fatal mistake.

The magnetic storm devoured the demon forefather like a ravenous beast from the halls of history before he had the time to react. The tremendous metallic energy materialized as countless deadly blades and churned him into nothingness.

All of this happened in the blink of an eye. There was barely a breath of time between Ghostbranch's realization of his circumstances and death. His reflexes were quick, yet he hadn't been able to resist at all before being wiped from the face of the earth.

His death tolled the death knell for the core of the demonic plants, which substantially decreased the battle strength of the plants in the premises. Energy drained from the plants enchanted by the forefather, and they slowly reverted back to their original form, flopping pathetically.

Meanwhile, plants that were demonic in nature lost their fierceness without a puppet master pulling on their strings.

Jiang Chen sighed in relief. He stowed away the torch and the magnetic mountain and landed in an open expanse ahead of him, as graceful as a swallow.

An Kasyapa dropped to the ground as well. He was visibly delighted to see Jiang Chen. "You're here, young master Chen. I knew you'd come."

Jiang Chen greatly admired An Kasyapa for searching out the wood demon forefather on his own.

"Thank you for your hard work, Divine Kasyapa. I have to shamefully admit that I arrived before you did. However, I didn't let you know and instead used you to eliminate our enemy."

"Haha, one can't kill a demon without breaking some rules. You made a very proper decision. I welcome you to use me in such a manner whenever you want."

It delighted An Kasyapa to eliminate a wood demon forefather. Although he wasn't the one to make the killing blow, he'd contributed greatly to the fight. The part he played was undeniable.

However, he didn't care about the credit. He simply found it exhilarating to fight demons. Who would have thought that he could stand toe-to-toe with a demon?

Such an experience helped him realize that the demons weren't as terrifying as they were said to be. They were painted as invincible monsters only partly because of their fierce nature. Their might had actually been exaggerated due to human fear.

Jiang Chen took stock of the environment after decimating his enemy.

The demonic forefather must have used a treasure to manipulate the plants. The demon might be no more, but the item should remain.

The young human located the forefather's storage ring and broke into it with his powerful consciousness. There was indeed a valuable treasure and a book on manipulating plants inside.

The other items Jiang Chen wasn't interested in. He chuckled the ring to An Kasyapa. "Finders keepers. The rest is yours."

There were a lot more objects in the ring. As a divine forefather, Ghostbranch had accumulated a reasonable amount of wealth.

From the cultivation resources kept in the ring, it was clear that late forefather had amassed a great fortune after the wood demons took over Martial and Abyssal Sacred Land.

An Kasyapa hadn't expected Jiang Chen to be so generous. The young man had not only given him the credit he was due, but also an ample amount of rewards.

"Young master Chen, the demonic plants aren't going to be much of a threat after his death, are they?" asked An Kasyapa.

"The plants were never much of a threat to the more powerful cultivators. He was targeting the mid to low level cultivators with his tricks. That is how the wood demons conquered Martial and Abyssal. His method was unfamiliar to us. With him dead though, the demonic plants should be easy to deal with."

An Kasyapa further briefed the young lord on the current situation of the Eternal Sacred Land.

Jiang Chen had held his speculations. He therefore wasn't that surprised by An Kasyapa's words.

Sovereign of the Three Realms (WN)

Chapter 2270: The Next Targe

Eliminating Ghostbranch wasn't the be all and end all of the young lord's plan. He had much greater ambitions concerning the wood demon tribe.

Like the other tribes, this one counted two forefathers among its ranks, according to his previous inquiries.

Compared to Ghostbranch, the other forefather possessed a higher cultivation and specialized in parasites and poisons. Named Kingspot, he might prove an even thornier opponent.

The young lord was fully ready to tackle this challenge. Now that he'd reached mid divine realm, he was confident he could entrap all but the most powerful demon forefathers.

Bluntly put, it was a contest between brawns and brains.

A demon forefather, no matter his tribe, was a wall for other humans, but the young lord was the exception to the rule. He had too many cards up his sleeves, and enough strength to gain the upper hand in straight combat if need be.

But more crucially, he'd studied every tribe in great detail and was intimately familiar with all of their unique traits. He was never caught unawares and always had a plan at the ready.

As the saying went: know thyself and know thy enemy. Information was key in war, but the demons possessed mere outdated intelligence about him. They had no idea about the full extent of his power.

Therefore, while all the demon forefathers acknowledged him as a thorn in their side, almost no one took him seriously.

He was simply too young, after all. The demon powerhouses saw him as nothing but raw potential at most. He didn't have the tangible fighting prowess to match his talents yet.

Unfortunately for them, their assessment was far off the mark.

"Kingspot is our next target." Jiang Chen disclosed his plan to An Kasyapa, declaring solemnly, "We don't have much time left. We have to kill him within a few days, then try to annihilate the wood demon tribe to clip another wing off the demon race."

“What do you mean, there isn’t much time left?” An Kasyapa wondered.

The young lord immediately told him about the main demon army soon landing in full force on Myriad Abyss.

Unsettled by the news, the older man’s expression flickered and his chest heaved.

“Wasn’t the demon outbreak supposed to be in its initial stage? Shouldn’t they still need time to recover? How can they be back to full strength in such a few short years? Also, are they determined to make Myriad Abyss the stage of the decisive battle?”

“Back to full strength? They need a few more centuries, to say nothing of the resources required.” Jiang Chen smiled indifferently. “But it’s too late now for them to ever regain their past strength.”

An Kasyapa was intrigued by the firm conviction in his voice. The young lord he knew wasn’t one to swagger about in boasting, so there was surely a reason for his assurance.

“Why so, young lord? Is it because the casualties they’ve suffered in the ancient war were too heavy?”

“They were sealed for a long time in the ancient times and barely managed to make a comeback. Their substantial decline goes without saying. Though free again, they haven’t spent nearly enough time to mitigate their losses, since, as you’ve pointed out, they did suffer considerably in the previous war.

“Top-tier demons are hard to kill, hence they were sealed instead. But they did lose many mid and lower tier fighters. Furthermore, far away from their native lands, it isn’t easy for them to replenish their numbers other than enslaving new lackeys.”

Every argument was sound and impartial, but the young lord wasn’t done yet. An uncanny smile crept across his face.

“Moreover, I’ve been clobbering them left and right of late. Other than one forefather, I’ve destroyed almost the entire golden demon army. I then played the monster and titan demons against each other to eradicate their main force. I also lured the two fire demon forefathers away from their lair and killed them, then slayed two winged forefathers by the same method. Ghostbranch is only the latest in a long line of victims. Even the celestial demons should be feeling the heat by now.”

This was the most crucial part.

Misfortune had befallen the various demon tribes in Myriad Abyss. One by one, the losses they’d suffered added up to a ridiculous tally.

He didn’t know the exact number of troops at the enemy’s disposal, but the deaths of so many forefathers was a definite blow. There was a limit to the number of demon gods. Each of them was precious. Every death was an irreparable loss.

An Kasyapa stared dumbly, as if listening to a story from the legends. He was stunned speechless by the young lord’s string of victories.

Five to six battles fought consecutively, every single one of them a victory? Jiang Chen was simply the demons’ greatest nemesis.

“Young lord, there’s no time to lose. Let’s go and deal with this Kingspot. It’s entirely possible he might be more of a pain than Ghostbranch, isn’t it?” An Kasyapa also chomped at the bit.

“Yes, Kingspot’s cultivation is a little higher. But he doesn’t have Ghostbranch’s stealth abilities. As long as he doesn’t avoid us, I naturally have ways to handle him.”

It might have sounded full of hot air, but against Ghostbranch, the young lord hadn’t even called upon the four sacred beasts, the trump card he most relied on.

Parasites were the most annoying part against Kingspot. But in this vast world, Jiang Chen was the only one entirely undaunted by the prospect.

Meanwhile, Kingspot was in a smug mood while preparing for the offensive against Eternal. As planned, Ghostbranch’s demonic plants had occupied the enemy defenders and greatly lessened the resistance in his parasite legion’s way.

He could almost taste the sweetness of Eternal’s heritage. But he didn’t lose himself for too long inside this daydream. All of a sudden, his consciousness spasmed for no apparent reason.

An extremely dire premonition interrupted his thoughts. Where did it come from? He earnestly examined his surroundings.