

Three Realms 2271

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

Chapter 2271: Full-Strength Assault

For cultivators at Kingspot's level, their minds were rarely perturbed for no discernible reason. They were mostly impervious to violent passions, and ordinary events rarely disturbed their serenity, if ever.

In other words, their mentality was staunch and unwavering.

A strange ripple like the one he'd just sensed was usually an unfavorable omen. Not necessarily a portent of absolute danger, but it was much better safe than sorry.

Currently located a short distance away from Eternal's main base, he'd been observing the human defenses while considering how best to overcome them. Pressed for time, he had to launch the attack before the main army's arrival. If not, this fat prize would no longer be theirs to claim.

"I still don't understand why. The fortifications aren't too shabby, but they're not enough to threaten me. What was this ominous sensation just now?"

Cautious by nature, Kingspot was the type who cherished his life. Or put bluntly, he was afraid of death. Fully alert, he ordered, "Everyone, be on the lookout. Don't relax your guard!"

He had strong demigod demons under his banner, a host of parasites he'd nurtured, and his own expertise with poisons. Whether in attack or in defense, he was a force to be reckoned with.

Therefore, although vigilant, there was little reason for him to overreact.

At this time, a demigod demon offered, "Forefather, the children's preparations are complete. We've found three weak spots in their defensive perimeter. If we focus our attention there, we'll overcome them in no time."

With a wide sweep of his hand, Kingspot shouted, "What are you waiting for then? Charge!"

As the warhorns sounded in the air, the entire army surged onwards and clashed against the Eternal defenses.

Kingspot frowned lightly. "What's ole brother Ghostbranch doing? With the speed of his advance, he should've been here by now. Why can't I see his demonic plants yet?"

Doubts lingered in his mind.

The two of them had agreed to march through different areas and meet outside Eternal's base.

Ghostbranch would use the plants while his companion attacked with the demonic parasites in a lethal, two-pronged onslaught.

Yet, despite the long wait, Ghostbranch was nowhere in sight.

The agreed-upon time was long past by now. Such lateness was rather unbecoming on such a momentous day.

While annoyed, Kingspot also felt a faint anxiety. His frown deepened as he made calculations on his fingers. There was something amiss.

“I need to contact him.” Without waiting for a minute more, he used a secret wood demon art to call his tribesman.

Wood demons naturally had their own methods of communication. As long as the target wasn't too far away, getting in touch wasn't too difficult.

But, like a stone sinking into the ocean, his message was met with absolute silence.

His heart sank. “Impossible! What's going on?”

He might not have been close friends with Ghostbranch, but they were on cordial terms. There was no reason for his call to be ignored.

Was his tribesman too busy at the moment to issue a reply?

That didn't sound right either. Manipulating the plants shouldn't be this taxing, unless he was in the middle of a fight.

Kingspot's heart sank even more at this possibility. Obviously determined to protect its home to their last breath, Eternal couldn't possibly have dispatched an eminent figure against Ghostbranch.

Not to mention, no cultivator of theirs was strong enough for that task. Resistance was possible thanks to their fortifications, but away from them, the humans' strength was simply laughable.

Kingspot's vague premonition badgered him ever more insistently as the army sounded the charge. Led by the demigod commanders, the troops crashed against the sacred land's defenses.

Demonic parasites drilled out from every nook and cranny; a malevolent, bloodchilling cloud of locusts.

Inside Eternal, Ziju Min bit his nails in anxiety at the demons' unrelenting push. Their fortifications weren't strong enough to last for long, especially after demon forefathers entered the fray.

Fortunately, the human cultivators knew their backs were against the wall. Their resolve unshaken, they remained determined to fight to the last.

An ominous feeling lingered in Kingspot's heart, sweeping away the last of his hesitation. “Onwards, children! Eternal shall be ours!”

His battlecry inspired his men, parasites included, seemingly injecting them with a fresh dose of energy as they fought with increased violent zeal.

Under the pressure of the re-energized assault, the three weak areas instantly tottered on the brink of collapse.

Yet, the human defenders didn't despair. They fought back tooth and nail as parasites surged nearby like a tide, eager to swallow them whole. Any break in the three weak spots of the defenses would herald apocalypse.

The impending doom seemed inexorable. They did have some antidote, but the amount in their possession was like a comparative drop in the ocean, not to mention the numerous demigod demons on top of the divine forefather leading the army.

“Forefather Ziju, something’s afoot. They’re attacking recklessly without regard for their lives. Our lines will soon give way at this rate!”

When hell-bent on victory, demons could fight with terrifying momentum.

Ashen, Ziju Min realized there was no way to escape once the defenses were broken. They could only perish together with their faction.

“Everyone, I, Ziju Min, will go down by your side. I swear there won’t be a moment of peace as long as there’s a single demon still breathing!”

Boosting his men’s morale was the only thing he could do at this dire hour.

This was no fault of his. He’d been a simple elder among many twenty years ago, far below the three great primes, not to mention the venerated forefather.

He was a man without riches or foundations. To suddenly thrust him into the limelight and ask him to shoulder the fate of three sacred lands was too heavy a responsibility.

While not so obvious during the previous lull, the disparity between Myriad Abyss and the demons was laid bare for all to see as soon as the fighting began. Not even Eternal’s divine combatants could fill up the ever-growing number of cracks. The sacred land’s survival hung by a thread.

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Chapter 2272: The Panic-Stricken Kingspo

The demigod demons spearheading the offensive were in high spirits. Eternal didn’t put up as stiff an opposition as they’d expected. For these demons who’d once participated in the ancient war, a battle at this level was little to write home about.

“Children, forge ahead! Fight your way inside and loot to your heart’s content!” shouted the commanders. Victory was almost within grasp. Their enemy was struggling at death’s door. It was a simple matter of time before the sacred land crumbled.

The swarm of parasites darkened the earth as it surged forward, obscuring the sun behind black clouds and heralding the end of days.

However, something cleaved the sky in twain at that moment.

Whoosh!

Dazzling light shone from a gap in the dark sky. A holy beam illuminated the land and warmed Eternal with its brightness. The wood demon parasites cowered under this blinding light and whined with dread, seeming to perceive extreme danger.

Despite its frenzied momentum moments prior, the demonic assault came to a sudden halt. Some demons froze in place and keened with fear, while others seemed to lose their minds. Smarter ones simply fell back or fled in a panic-stricken, bizarre turnabout.

On tenterhooks to begin with, Kingspot paled immediately.

Before he could react, an inferno suddenly erupted from the light. Reborn from the fire, the Vermilion Bird emerged triumphantly from the fiery sea to rain scorching flames upon the parasites between beats of its wings.

The Fire of Firstdawn was the parasites' natural enemy, and the divine bird's control brought out a hundred and twenty percent of its power. As the legion of parasites shivered together in unprecedented terror beneath the Great Veluriyam Light, the fires engulfed them whole.

This is bad!

Kingspot instantly realized the battle had taken a turn for the worse. He hissed, "Forward, everyone! Attack this monster spirit!"

A vague outline and a certain name emerged in his mind when he witnessed the extent of the beast's devastation: the Vermilion Bird!

Its presence signified that Jiang Chen was here as well!

Jiang Chen!

This was a name that terrorized all the demonic tribes on Myriad Abyss of late. To think he'd appear here and now!

Kingspot's thoughts were in turmoil. In fact, his sole worry had been the possible appearance of this genius who'd triumphed again and again over the demon tribes.

So he'd always stayed cautious, never erring. Truth to tell, he'd been relieved by the many pieces of news surrounding the young man.

Jiang Chen wreaking havoc elsewhere meant his tribe would be left in peace, at least.

But it was too beautiful a dream to last for long. Hot on their tail, the human had arrived in Eternal all the same. Was Kingspot going to suffer the same fate as his fellow demon forefathers?

The forefather's fighting spirit evaporated at this thought. Paying no attention to his troops, he did an about-face and flashed into a blue beam of light to run for dear life.

His army stared at his departing figure, dumbstruck by this shocking scene. Was this the same forefather who'd been directing the battle a moment ago? To think he'd opt to flee by himself and throw his troops to the wolves!

Alas, the plans of mice and men often go awry.

No sooner had he begun to pick up speed than a beam of light pierced the sky like a shooting star and crashed in front of him, exploding with an energy that shook the air.

Once bombarbed, the sky filled with chaotic fluxes that disrupted his flight and obstructed his path.

Meanwhile, Jiang Chen's figure dropped in front of him.

With a subtle smile on his lips, the young man gazed upon the frantic forefather with faint derision. This Kingspot was quite the shrewd and perceptive one. If not for the young lord's fast reactions, this fellow might well have made good his escape.

A demon god was almost impossible to catch if determined to bolt. The key was to stop him cold before he could break away from the immediate vicinity.

Therefore, Jiang Chen had elected to use the Scrutiny of Existence to cut off all means of retreat.

This was testament to the item's power. How could an ordinary attack fray the very fabric of space and counter Kingspot's movement art?

The demon forefather fixed Jiang Chen with a malicious glare, a savage beast ready to devour its prey, but the latter flashed back a smile as free as the breeze. "Tsk tsk, so you're the one directing the parasites? That means Martial and Abyss' ruin was mostly your doing?"

Kingspot rolled his eyes and snorted coldly. "Kid, I don't need to hide what I've done. You must be the one called Jiang Chen?"

The young lord shrugged. "You know me?"

"Hmph! Everyone in the ten tribes has your name on their lips. It's hard to be deaf to it even if I wanted to. What, they say you're not that close to Eternal. Did you come to play the hero?"

Jiang Chen smiled casually. "Eternal is my ally, so its business is naturally mine as well. In any case, don't you think this juvenile question is quite comical coming from a forefather? Or are you stalling for time and waiting for backup?"

"Why would I need reinforcements for a kid still wet behind the ears?" Kingspot sneered contemptuously.

"Fantastic! At least you have a backbone, unlike the one called Ghostbranch." Despite the barely veiled taunt, it was mostly an intimidation attempt.

Sure enough, Kingspot's face turned cold. "You've seen Forefather Ghostbranch?"

"I have. I borrowed his head to kick it around. But then I heard there's another eminent figure in the wood demon tribe, so I made the trip especially to borrow your head as well!"

Kingspot's chest tightened at his opponent's composure. Things were truly going from bad to worse!

"Borrow my head? Do you have what it takes?" he asked coldly.

"Do you think I'd be here if not?" Jiang Chen riposited, carefree as always.

He ferociously brandished the Great Veluriyam Torch all of a sudden. Like the brush of a calligrapher, the torch outlined rays of light to surround the demon, attempting to lock him within their midst.

But against all odds, Kingspot sensed the danger and avoided the trap by immediately darting high into the sky. He had to avoid a frontal confrontation at all costs!

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Chapter 2273: Cruel Reality

However, everything since the start of the fight had gone accordingly to plan, including Forefather Kingspot's reaction.

Kingspot soared through the sky, searching for escape.

None was to be found, given how the four divine beasts had long since set up their domain. They'd left a pocket of space open, all in readiness for him to dart in.

Kingspot might be powerful, but the divine beasts had improved continuously thanks to their clashes with various demonic forefathers.

They were much stronger compared to when they'd first set foot in Myriad Abyss. Their progress was especially pronounced when it came to deploying a domain together. Their techniques had advanced another step towards perfection and easy cooperation.

As soon as Kingspot set foot into the domain, it felt like a completely sealed-off area snapped shut behind him. Earth, air, fire, and water elements acted together to trap him inside.

He struggled futilely, a caged beast.

Jiang Chen manifested the True Dragon Rope of Water and Fire without hesitation and cast a dense web around the demonic forefather. Kingspot was quickly trussed up.

Like a well-rehearsed act, everything went according to plan, the ending written long ago. The young lord landed before a fearful and desperate Kingspot.

No matter how the forefather struggled, the rope wound tighter and tighter around him.

Jiang Chen smiled slightly. "Stop wasting your energy. You aren't the first forefather to be caught by this and you won't be the last. Struggling will only increase your pain."

Like he said, it wasn't that painful for the captive if they didn't struggle against the restraints. If they tried to break free, the rope would bind more tightly and bite into their flesh, even into one's soul. The penetrative force of both water and fire was a worse torture than anything one could encounter in hell.

Kingspot realized the truth in Jiang Chen's words after some struggle. His face paled and his eyes shone with despair.

Jiang Chen snapped his fingers. "It's time to eliminate the wood demon tribe, everyone!"

The four divine beasts, An Kasyapa, and members of the three sacred lands led by Ziju Min charged out. They'd spotted the opportunity to fight back and overwhelmed the wood demons.

Although there were a few demigod demons leading the tribe, they didn't last long in the face of the four divine beasts' attacks.

Once they fell as well, the wood demons teetered even more on a knife's edge. This tribe wasn't particularly adept at fights to begin with and the fierce retaliation forced them to continuously retreat. However, it was impossible for them to do so without incurring any casualties, since the four divine beasts were coming after them.

The battle was over in less than an hour.

Almost all of the wood demon parasites were transformed into ashes by the Fire of Firstdawn. Ninety percent of the wood demons had been killed as well, only the lucky ones were able to escape.

With the leadership of the four divine beasts, the fight finally came to an end.

Even with the conclusion of the fighting, cultivators of the three sacred lands still wore looks of disbelief. Everyone had made peace with the impending end. They'd been prepared to fight to their deaths and greet the gates of the underworld.

Once Jiang Chen showed up however, the tide was quickly turned.

Thank heavens they were still alive.

Ziju Min approached Jiang Chen with the cultivators from the three sacred lands.

The young lord looked at them with a smile, pleased to recognize a few of them. Many of his old acquaintances had become casualties after the demons invaded.

It was always good to see a few familiar faces. They'd faced sure death and survived.

"I always believed that you'd be able to persist until I arrived, Forefather Ziju." Jiang Chen cast an encouraging smile at the forefather. "You've lived up to my expectations."

Ziju Min was warmed and thrilled by the smile.

"If not for your timely arrival, young master Chen, we would've all died in the battle," lamented the forefather.

Prime Puresmoke echoed his sentiment. "I've seen my fair share of geniuses in my life. I've also heard numerous tales of geniuses from the ancient times. However, no young genius in human history has ever achieved what you've achieved, Jiang Chen."

It was unprecedented for someone of the young man's age to achieve all that had been done. There was no telling if someone else would be able to reach his heights in the future, but there'd certainly been no one like him in the past.

Jiang Chen didn't deny the claim with unnecessary humility, yet didn't get ahead of himself either.

"The danger has passed for the moment, but it's not time to celebrate just yet. I have some bad news for everyone. You should prepare yourselves."

Hearing his serious tone, everyone's delight at surviving the invasion withered, leaving worry behind in its place.

"What else is going to happen, young master Chen?" Ziju Min asked solemnly.

“I’ve been informed that the demonic army will invade Myriad Abyss soon. Two to three days if they’re quick, and five to six days if they take their time. Myriad Abyss is going to fall.” Jiang Chen didn’t want to share such dire news, but he had to.

Everyone, including Ziju Min, reacted strongly. They’d climbed out of the frying pan only to fall into the fire.

“The entire demonic army?” asked the forefather heavily.

“That’s right,” admitted Jiang Chen. “Under the command of the celestial demon tribe, they’ll be a most formidable foe.”

“Does that mean the ten sacred lands are doomed to fall?” someone asked quietly.

Jiang Chen didn’t respond, but his silence spoke volumes.

A heavy atmosphere permeated the Eternal Sacred Land. They hadn’t yet had the time to celebrate driving the wood demons away before fresh bad tidings plunged them to new lows.

This would be worse than the earlier invasion. They could fight to their death against the wood demons, but not against enemies as horrifying as the main demonic army. The ten sacred lands didn’t even have the right to muster a resistance.

Such was the ugly truth.

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Chapter 2274: All Hearts As One

An overwhelming sense of loss and despair struck Ziju Min. Nothing would change even if their forefather was present. Faced with an army of powerful demons, the ten forefathers combined didn’t amount to much. The demonic army wasn’t a threat that Myriad Abyss could resist.

How much damage had the demons done to the Divine Abyss Continent in the ancient times? Back then, the various domains on the continent had been at their peak, but still they’d failed to defeat the demons. The human victory had been a pyrrhic win.

If the demonic army invaded Myriad Abyss en masse, then not even the ten sacred lands combined would be able to delay them.

They were a colony of ants trying to face an elephant.

Hope dimmed in Ziju Min’s heart. But he looked at Jiang Chen, the young man’s bright eyes lit up the shadows like a lamp and drove away the dejection from his soul.

He had no solutions, but Jiang Chen did. From the young man’s recent track record, it was obvious that Jiang Chen possessed the power to fight demons.

Everyone turned to look at the young man.

He was their savior from the abyss, the beholder of hope for humanity. All Jiang Chen had ever striven for was to preserve a sliver of hope for their future.

Now came their most trying time. Who were they going to trust but Jiang Chen?

Ziju Min swept his gaze over the Eternal members. He read trust and hope in their expressions, which further cemented his resolve. "Is the ultimate battle between the Divine Abyss Continent and the demonic race going to break out early?"

Jiang Chen sighed. "I hope not, but I can't change what is to come."

He knew that the losses the various tribes had suffered in Myriad Abyss must've alerted the celestial demons and demonic race at large.

They'd come to realize that dividing their people was a mistake and how much of a threat Jiang Chen was.

Therefore, the demons had gathered their forces to launch the final assault ahead of schedule.

While the demons weren't exactly ready for that, neither were the humans.

Humanity's one advantage was that Jiang Chen had taken care of a number of demonic tribes over the course of several fights in Myriad Abyss, striking a heavy blow at the demons.

Divine forefathers of many tribes had been captured or killed, which significantly lowered the demons' overall strength.

According to Jiang Chen's estimations, he'd eliminated one third, or close to, of the demons' forces.

Moreover, their enemy hadn't yet recovered to half of what they'd been in the ancient times. Due to their decision to start the ultimate fight prematurely, their overall strength was about one third of their previous level as well.

As a result, the demons didn't pose as much of a threat as they had in times of old.

However, Jiang Chen still wasn't going to underestimate them. The demonic race might be lesser now, but the same was true of the Divine Abyss Continent.

What made things different were him, the four divine beasts, and the treasures of feigned mundanity from his father. Those were the advantages the human race hadn't possessed during the ancient demonic war.

In other words, he was the only wild card.

The changes he brought caught the demons off guard, and not just once. When the enemy finally realized their mistakes, the different tribes had already suffered great casualties.

The demonic forefathers sealed in the human domain were only the start. Their three peers who'd attacked Rejuvenation had died for nothing.

Then came the vanguards in Immortal, Flora, Radiance, Sunrise, and Eternal. Golden, monster, titan, fire, winged, and wood demons had all eaten severe losses at Jiang Chen's hands.

Forefather Goldenhowl was the only one Jiang Chen hadn't been able to deal with due to the forefather's superior might. The other forefathers leading their tribes had either been slaughtered or captured alive.

The only ones that had been spared were the blood demons, who had yet to ramp up to activity, and the celestial demons.

The series of wins strengthened Jiang Chen's confidence in the face of demons, and bequeathed onto him an accurate estimation of their strength.

Since the ancient times, people had always believed that demons were invincible.

After engaging the demons himself, he could see the belief for what it truly was - hearsay. The Divine Abyss Continent simply had yet to find a way to defeat demons, or it wasn't yet resolute enough to defeat the enemy.

Jiang Chen relayed his recent feats to his grandfather-in-law. In turn, An Kasyapa didn't pass up the opportunity to convey the information to the members of the three sacred lands.

They were shocked and awestruck.

Jiang Chen's improbable winning streak ignited their will. The young man hadn't suffered any losses!

After his victory in Rejuvenation, Jiang Chen emerged victorious from various sacred lands, triumphant over seven demonic tribes. All forefathers to cross his path were no more, except for Forefather Goldenhowl. This win rate was ridiculously high.

"You are indeed the chosen one, a gift the heavens have bestowed onto the human race. You are the genius sent to defeat the demons. The divisions between factions no longer matter. There is only the Divine Abyss Continent against the demons. The war can only end with one side exterminated."

Ziju Min went on in a heated tone. "I don't know what you think, fellow daoists, but I, Ziju Min, will follow young master Chen and fight the demons to the death! I'll help defend the continent and my home! Only after the demons are defeated can we talk about factions and territories. In the face of their invasion, there was no point in holding on to the idea of the Eternal Sacred Land or the ten sacred lands. No one will be spared when they attack!"

There was no denying the truth in Ziju Min's words.

Prime Puresmoke smiled wisely. "The Martial Sacred Land has been destroyed by the wood demons. It only makes sense for us to follow young master Chen."

Members of the Abyssal Sacred Land had no place to call home, either. They spoke up one after another. "We follow young master Chen to fight the demons and protect our homeland!"

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Chapter 2275: The Great Demon Army

The three sacred lands were close-knit to begin with and had once formed a strong, unified bloc. However, Abyssal and Martial now laid in ruins. It would be centuries before they could regain their footing, to say nothing of rebuilding their factions.

Eternal was now the sole stronghold left, but not much of one, alas, as demonstrated recently. Its defenses had improved markedly after being reinforced time and time again, but a single demonic tribe had been enough to almost bring it to its knees. What use would it be against the might of the entire demon army?

Without a doubt: none. The sacred land's barriers would crumple like paper.

They had to abandon it!

Difficult words to utter, but everyone was deeply convinced there was no other choice at this juncture. There was no reason for both the sacred land and its members to perish.

Reality was cruel, and none of them could deny that Myriad Abyss was no longer the heart of the continent nor the key battlefield.

It might see significant action between humans and demons, but it was no longer vital to the final outcome. The human domain, where the ancient war had once taken place, was the key to victory.

After spinning through the eddies and turns in the river of time, Divine Abyss' history had ultimately returned back to its starting point.

The three sacred lands' decision wasn't without its dissenters. Some elders from Eternal, in particular, were tempted to defy it, but they couldn't turn the tide all by themselves.

Jiang Chen showed zero interest in convincing them, simply stating, "Ladies and gentlemen, if you choose to stay behind, I'll gladly provide whatever assistance I can."

Ziju Min urged, "We're not abandoning our roots. It's simply a strategic retreat in the face of the situation at large. When the war ends, we'll need everyone hale and hearty in order to rebuild our home. What's the point if everyone's dead?"

In fact, the protesters weren't all that eager to stay either. But, afraid of being marginalized after seeking refuge in the human domain, they'd dramatized their reluctance to obtain guarantees about their future treatment.

However, it went without saying that no such promises were forthcoming. This bunch mainly consisted of people who weren't all that friendly to him. Some of the young talents under their wings might have been overshadowed by him, perhaps they'd suffered at his hands.

In short, those who'd objected had never embraced him wholeheartedly, so throwing themselves under his banner now was too much of a psychological hurdle for them.

The young lord was fully aware of their thoughts, but was he supposed to simply kiss and make up with them? His attitude was clear: go or don't go, it's all up to you.

In any case, it was nothing but a trifling interlude.

The majority was keen to retreat as soon as possible. The wood demons' offensive had been such a close call. It would be suicide to face the entire demon army.

As for the offworld battlefield, they didn't even dare think about it.

Meanwhile, Jiang Chen disseminated the news of the enemy's main force arriving to all of the other sacred lands via the local communication formation, but didn't force them to take a particular stance.

The first sacred land he'd rescued, Everlasting, had retreated back to the Rejuvenation Isles some time ago already.

But Flora remained hesitant still, due to the past tense history between them and the young lord.

Radiance and Sunrise were much more straightforward. They'd long been prepared to follow him and wait in the Rejuvenation Isles where he would gather all his forces.

Every passing second was precious, but thankfully, Jiang Chen had flown to Eternal's rescue as soon as possible. He hadn't wasted a single second, so had greater leeway at this stage.

The great demon army would likely land in Myriad Abyss in the next couple days, but the enemy couldn't possibly assess the local lay of the land so quickly.

Therefore, the human side still had ample time left.

A certain islet in Bluesmoke Islands, after being deserted for more than a hundred thousand years, had begun to spike in activity as of late.

Dark miasma shrouded the place, but demons could be frequently spotted going to and fro.

The cause of this sudden liveliness was a transportation formation newly unearthed. It allowed for transit between the desolate wildlands and Myriad Abyss, and was the beachhead where the demons had previously poured in to wreak devastation upon Myriad Abyss' boundless sea domain.

Bluesmoke had once been second only to the sacred lands. Later on, it'd been oppressed by the latter for its collusion with Lightford.

But merely a few years later, the region was once again firmly back in demon hands, owing to the emergence of this transportation formation.

However, the formation was so well hidden Myriad Abyss' local cultivators remained entirely in the dark about the enemy's landing point.

Many tribes had retreated there after their defeats, or at least what had been left of their forces. Their presence turned Bluesmoke into a nigh-impregnable fortress.

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The demons on the island seemed more energetic than usual on this day, their attitude much more solemn. All of them had been notified that today was the day the main demon army would finally arrive in Myriad Abyss!

Under their watchful eyes, abnormal fluctuations appeared in the midst of the formation while a strange, ever more blinding light shone at the exit, as if a spatial gate had opened within. Airboats unique to their race darted out from this rift in the sky.

A few smaller airboats flew at the forefront, escorting an enormous one radiating a foreboding presence. At least four times the size of ordinary airboats, its surface was covered in eccentric designs in a magnificent, intimidating display.

Every demon bowed respectfully at this airboat's arrival, solemn deference written plain on their faces.

"Greetings to Forefather Celestial!"

"It is an utmost honor to be graced with your presence!" They roared in unison, welcoming the celestial demon tribe with a strange, almost hysterical ceremony.

Naturally, the enormous airboat belonged to the celestial demons. It represented their race's highest authority, a symbol of the supreme existence among them.

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Chapter 2276: The Celestial Demon Seven

The enormous airboat halted above the island, while a procession of smaller airboats stopped in its vicinity. These were unmistakably the main battleships that housed the demons' core fighting force.

Under the crowd's watchful eyes, someone pushed open the giant airboat's cabin door. Escorted by celestial demon elites, a cultivator clad in golden robes and a tall crown made his entrance, his eyes full of solemn dignity.

He radiated the aura of a monarch, and his eyes sparkled like rivers of stars. They seemed to encompass the mysteries of the universe. Lightning danced within irises as glorious as the sun and the moon.

"Forefather Celestial! Forefather Celestial!" All of the demons prostrated themselves.

This demon was indeed the supreme leader of the demonic invasion in Divine Abyss. He possessed the noblest of bloodlines among all ten tribes, and was the supreme forefather of the celestial demons.

The other airboats' cabin doors also opened. Several demon forefathers, escorted by a host demon cultivators, emerged in turn.

There was a clear demarcation between the ten tribes at this moment.

Six other celestial demon divine forefathers surrounded Forefather Celestial. Like the latter, the six of them possessed a subtle mark on their foreheads unique to their tribe, called the Celestial Demon Mark.

It only appeared on those possessing the tribe's bloodline. Its existence was the reason for their superiority to the other tribes. Like the bloodlines of the four sacred beasts, one could inherit the race's heritage memories thanks to it.

Every time this mark resuscitated, it brought with it some of the tribe's legacy that dated back to the most primordial times. It even purified their bloodline.

Collectively, the seven forefathers of the celestial demon tribe were called the Celestial Demon Seven.

Their existence was the reason for their tribe's supremacy. In the past, other tribes had also counted seven or eight divine forefathers among their ranks, but an obvious gap in strength and well-roundedness had existed nonetheless.

Most of all, none of the Celestial Demon Seven had fallen in the ancient war. They'd been sealed away, but none had been grievously wounded. Now free, they still numbered seven.

In contrast, all the other tribes had lost forefathers to the humans, leaving three or four alive at most.

The center of attention, Forefather Celestial's gaze swept across every tribe, a frown instantly marring his brows.

"Where are the others?" His voice possessed a unique metallic timbre. It was forceful and sonorous, but wasn't without its own charisma.

Goldenhowl shrugged. "If they're not here by now, they probably won't ever make it."

He sounded a little mystifying, but the crowd paled as soon as they understood the implications.

Forefather Celestial's voice turned somber. "What?"

Goldenhowl heaved a long sigh. "We've been careless. We've never suffered such heavy losses, not even in the last war."

Forefather Celestial already knew of the battles at the Rejuvenation Isles and Everlasting, as well Flora's siege.

But time had been pressing and the army already en route to the transportation formation, so he hadn't been apprised yet of later confrontations at Sunrise, Radiance, and Eternal.

Therefore, the main force was still unaware of the bitter fate the fire, winged, and wood demon tribes had suffered.

"Old Brother Goldenhowl, what do you mean?" A fire demon forefather couldn't resist piping up. He was also freshly arrived with the main force and had yet to learn of his tribe's misfortune.

Goldenhowl chuckled tragically. "How do I say this? Out of the forefathers who came first to Myriad Abyss, I'm the only one still alive."

The sky was clearly blue, but his words struck like a clap of thunder, making the forefathers blanch in shock.

The only one alive?

How was that possible? The demons had invested several tribes into Myriad Abyss, alongside more than ten divine forefathers. And they were all dead? Why did that sound so ludicrous?

Even Forefather Celestial's indifferent face darkened. He'd sensed danger after the defeats at Everlasting and Flora. That had been precisely why he'd ordered the main army to move earlier than scheduled, in order to force a decisive battle against the human domain.

But what was this? In a few short days, the fire, winged, and wood demons had also fallen prey to treacherous ambushes?

When had the humans become so powerful?

The scene was deathly still. Demons were ferocious, but they weren't entirely immune to fear. When they were suddenly pitted against an existence that could threaten their existences, they fretted and cowered all the same.

Forefather Celestial took a deep breath. "Is everything that Jiang Chen's doing?"

"We still haven't reached a definite conclusion yet, but I'm afraid he's deeply involved if the rumors are anything to go by. The fire and winged tribe survivors have returned recently, but they didn't fight in a battle to begin with, so they can't say for certain. The wood tribe survivors haven't arrived yet, so no one knows the exact cause of their downfall."

Jiang Chen had ambushed the two fire demon forefathers away from prying eyes, and no one had witnessed the battle against the winged demon forefathers.

So, while the two tribes knew they'd lost their leaders, they didn't know the perpetrator's identity. They'd merely assigned the blame to Jiang Chen by force of habit.

That wasn't unreasonable either, of course. Who else could threaten them time after time and massacre their forefathers, other than this human kid who'd mysteriously appeared from nowhere?

There was an unprecedented gravity on Forefather Celestial's face. He'd faced humanity's greatest cultivators in the past, but had never experienced a situation this severe.

The current state of affairs had already developed beyond his understanding.

In the ancient times, no leading human figure had been able to withstand him in single combat.

Two or three of them together might have withstood his power for a short time, but they could only flee with their tails between their legs in a more drawn-out confrontation.

This fighting prowess was the root of their psychological superiority over their human counterparts from the moment they invaded Divine Abyss.

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

Chapter 2277: Highly Acknowledged

The sudden intrusion of Jiang Chen's name in the conversation left a profound impression on the demons.

Forefather Celestial stayed silent for some time. His unreadable eyes swept past his fellow forefathers. Other than the Celestial Demon Seven, the other nine tribes had suffered grievous losses and totalled a mere twenty-something forefathers when put together, well short of thirty.

Such a paltry number simply begged belief.

The golden tribe had been almost entirely eradicated. Forefather Goldenhowl was the only one left, other than a small group coming from the desolate wildlands. Busy with missions in other territories, this group hadn't followed the rest of the tribe to Myriad Abyss, or they would've been slaughtered as well.

Out of eagerness for fame, the golden tribe had turned out in full force and led the charge in Myriad Abyss. For this precise reason, they'd been struck down the most.

But the wood tribe wasn't far behind. To this day, not a single one of them had returned from Eternal.

A spare force had stayed behind in the desolate wildlands, but it was nothing more than a single divine forefather leading a handful of soldiers. It wasn't nearly enough to salvage their authority among the ten tribes.

Not to be outdone, the monster and giant tribes' fighting potential had also been cut down to a third.

The blood tribe was far better off. Having stayed away from Myriad Abyss' turmoil until now, they'd been spared similar disgrace.

The yin tribe likewise hadn't been involved thus far. As a result, other than Forefather Stonefiend sealed in the human domain, they were mostly unscathed.

Jiang Chen had killed another demon sealed in the human domain: Forefather Evilshadow of the shadow tribe. However, this tribe had also lost Forefather Shadowless as a result of his participation in the battle at the Rejuvenation Isles.

As for the winged and fire tribes, their rank and file was mostly safe and sound, but the first batch of their forefathers had died to the last.

All in all, those were staggering casualties.

The celestial and blood tribes were the only ones entirely intact. Everyone else had been hit to some degree.

Forefather Celestial gravely said, "This is my cross to bear. This disaster stems from my misjudgment. To think a single, untried young human would end up wounding us more severely than the entire previous war combined!

"Something else must be afoot. Summon everyone who's seen him. Their cultivation matters not, we need to learn every single detail about his fighting abilities!"

He'd realized by now this youngster could shake the very foundations of his race and was prepared to take every precaution in reply.

As it turned out, not many had seen the young lord in person, but there were thankfully some exceptions. Goldenhowl was one of them, but he'd been thoroughly played, taken on a merry chase and denied the opportunity to fight the runt until the very end.

Hence, as the first one questioned by Forefather Celestial, he could only offer a ghastly smile.

"I'd recognize him anywhere, even if he was a pile of ash, but don't ask me how he fights. He ran circles around me. Damn it, I've been smart my entire life, but walked straight into this brat's trap!"

In fact, most at the scene could more or less empathize with him.

They all knew of his outstanding strength. He'd been the most powerful demon to previously set foot on Myriad Abyss and ranked in the top five, arguably top three among their race.

His misfortune secretly amused the other tribes, but the situation was too grim for them to rejoice.

Subsequently, the other demon cultivators narrated their own tales, gradually painting together a detailed picture about Jiang Chen and his battle characteristics.

Counting off his fingers, Forefather Celestial summarized, "First, powerful divine realm sacred beasts fight by his side. Second, he has a treasure that can paralyze his opponent. Third, he possesses another item that shines with a divine light as blinding as the sun..."

A blood demon forefather suddenly opened his eyes at the third factor, crying out despite himself, "A divine light as blinding as the sun? Can it be... the Great Veluriyam Torch?"

Forefather Celestial himself showed a reaction at this name.

The Ancient Veluriyam Palace had been one of the most powerful human sects in the past, the number one leading faction. Other than Celestial himself, no demons could match the Great Divine Veluriyam in strength.

The torch itself was this human's supreme treasure and had caused no small amount of grief to many a demon god, so they weren't unfamiliar with it.

"It's very likely, very likely!" Forefather Celestial murmured, an intense glow in his eyes. "To think there are people left who can still use it! Old man Veluriyam seems to have found a successor."

Not even he could dismiss the Great Divine Veluriyam's strength. This human was the chief reason mankind hadn't been conquered.

But his extraordinary power was the least of his qualities. More prevalent were his charisma, discerning eye, his logistics insight, and most of all, his prestige among his kin.

He'd rallied what had been a fragmented lot and unified mankind into an organized whole. Resistance would have been a pipe dream without his presence, but humans had ultimately weathered the demonic onslaught, before luring them step by step deeper into a trap before ultimately sealing them.

Before that, the Great Divine Veluriyam had also eliminated quite a few demon forefathers with his own hands. If demons were to have nightmares about humans, this man would definitely take center stage.

"The kid seems to possess a miraculous escape skill as well. Not even Daoist Goldenhowl could capture him. He's probably obtained the Divine Veluriyam Talismans," someone added.

"But he shied away from a direct confrontation with Daoist Goldenhowl. It's proof he can't match Daoist Goldenhowl in strength. This gives us a rough idea about his ability."

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

Chapter 2278: Know Thyself, Know Thine Enemy

These lofty demon forefathers had never imagined they'd one day be so hounded by a mere youngster that they'd have to gather together and analyze him in detail.

In the past, the Great Divine Veluriyam had been the only one deserving of such attention.

But everyone knew of humanity's sharp decline after the ancient war, so by right, the second demonic war should've made short work of them. However, the promised victory lap had been plagued by snag after snag.

The previous conclusion wasn't met with unanimous agreement. Someone immediately countered, "Jiang Chen's strength is hard to measure. At first, he was supposed to be an empyrean cultivator. Now, apparently he's weaker than only Daoist Goldenhowl. We won't really know for sure without fighting him in person."

"True, this is one slippery kid. It's hard to see through him."

Forefather Celestial responded gravely, "If he can match Daoist Goldenhowl in power, then we need to keep a close eye on him. If he can exceed that one day, then he'll be our greatest nemesis."

Goldenhowl's strength deserved his respect. Though a bit inferior to his own, no one else would dare claim absolute superiority over the golden demon.

"Raw strength alone is one thing, but this kid has guts and wits. His schemes are what ensnared our fellow forefathers one after another. That alone is a warning signal for us."

One could be forgiven for succumbing to a ploy once or twice, but four or five different tribes in succession? This hundred percent success rate was frankly a terrifying number.

Clearly, strength was only one facet of this young human. His courage, his insight, and his unpredictable tactics all made him a dangerous threat.

None of these traits could be glossed over.

The forefathers repeatedly went over the previous debacles.

They could somewhat understand the defeat at the Rejuvenation Isles, at least. Their forces had been negligent. They hadn't expected Jiang Chen to be so formidable and been punished for it by a surprise attack.

But a powerhouse like Goldenhowl had personally been in command at Everlasting. Even so, he'd been lured away, leading his tribe to its doom.

These two confrontations should have served as a lesson for the other tribes, but Jiang Chen had scored yet another victory at Flora thanks to the demons' incessant infighting. In the end, none of the four forefathers from the monster and titan tribes made it out alive.

Internal friction was half the issue. The other half resided in the enemy's excessive cunning.

Later on down the line, the fire and winged tribes had jumped feet first into a trap. The two fire demon forefathers, in particular, had brought about their own demise after being thoroughly duped, but the winged forefathers hadn't been much more discerning.

Such an outcome could've been fully avoided with some semblance of communication between the fire and winged tribes.

Again and again, the lack of internal cooperation proved to be the root of their downfall. There was no love lost between the tribes, or put more bluntly, each had their own selfish designs.

As for the wood demons, there was still no concrete information about them. Not a single soul had returned as of yet.

Forefather Celestial sighed after reviewing these elements. "In short, there's nothing special about his strategy. He simply resorted to surprise ambushes. Or perhaps I should say he turned our carelessness and infighting against us. Had we been a little more united, how would we have suffered such a string of tragedies?"

"Forefather Celestial speaks truly. We can roughly guess his strength from the pattern of his actions. He can handle two demon forefathers at the same time at most. At least, there are no instances of him going against four. Instead, he's opted to play tribes against each other, or take advantage of small gaps in time. What does that tell us?"

"Fellow daoist, there is truth to your words. Two is probably this brat's limit. More would be too rich for his appetite."

A very sensible deduction. Even Forefather Celestial nodded in approval.

Indeed, there must be a certain limit to Jiang Chen's strength. He wouldn't have required such elaborate strategies otherwise.

This preliminary conclusion boosted the demon camp's confidence.

"Our tribes need to be more tightly knit," suggested someone. "We can't continue to look down on our enemies. Humans are weak, lowly creatures, but they're crafty and will exploit every advantage to its fullest. So, a little less selfishness from our part, a little more unity, and the kid will be powerless, no matter how many tricks he has up his sleeve."

"Indeed. Since time immemorial, a strongman is worth ten bookworms. Starting from today, we must move in groups of four or more. Avoid acting by yourselves at all costs."

Everybody joined in the lively conversation, but loud voices coming from outside interrupted them. A report came in. "Forefathers, several wood demons have returned from Eternal."

Forefather Celestial immediately shouted, "Show them in!"

There were many uncertainties about the wood tribe's failure. After seizing Martial and Abyssal, the tribe had advanced unimpeded through its third sacred land. Every sign pointed to a swift victory, yet disaster had struck before they could blink.

It had been an enormous blow to their plans, so he had to fully understand what underhanded schemes Jiang Chen had resorted to.

Rather than superior strength, the survivors' escape was merely the fruit of serendipity. They'd found a chance to flee amidst the chaos of battle and slip through the net, but alas, very few had been this lucky. The rest of the tribe had been decimated.

Summoned, these demons quivered in fear at the sight of so many demon forefathers in one place. Deep down, they dreaded being labelled as deserters and executed for it.

Sovereign of the Three Realms (WN)

Chapter 2279: An Opportunity

Forefather Celestial pacified their anxiety with a calm, amiable expression. “Don’t be so alarmed and tell us everything that transpired from beginning to end. You’re not to blame for the defeat. Escaping and bringing information back to us is a great contribution already.”

But the survivors still trembled in fear despite his soothing tone, regaining their wits only when the lone remaining wood demon forefather encouraged, “What are you afraid of? Forefather Celestial has absolved you of all blame, so make amends by reporting back. What are you waiting for?”

At long last, admonishment by a leader of their own tribe slowly brought these fellows back to their senses. They reeled off their experiences. They weren’t especially highly-placed and didn’t fully understand the whole picture. Nevertheless, they could describe the battle as they’d personally witnessed it.

Important or not, they narrated all of the events following Jiang Chen’s arrival. Once someone was done, another took up the reins.

The survivors slowly pieced together the original scene through multiple points of view.

The crowd fell deadly silent. How fearsome were the wood demon parasites? They’d been the greatest scourge of mankind during antiquity. They’d caused the destruction of more than one human sect, but the enemy had never found an effective way to deal with them.

“Strange, strange.” The only surviving wood demon forefather was full of questions. “It seems that a troublemaker’s appeared among them. How can a later generation find a solution when his ancestors used to be so powerless? How did they notice the Fire of Firstdawn’s restraining effect on the parasites?”

He wasn’t the only one to be bewildered. The other forefathers shared his astonishment. Their enemy shouldn’t be this strong. From what they could recall, mankind had never fully adapted to the demons’ diversity.

Each tribe had its own style and abilities. It had been a cause of endless perplexion for the humans, a constant source of headache.

Human heritage should’ve become weaker with time, rather than stronger. How had the younger generation cracked what had been an unsolvable puzzle in the past?

Therein resided the true mystery.

“Who first started spreading rumors about the Fire of Firstdawn’s effects?”

A one-eyed survivor said, “We don’t know either. Like the others, Eternal looked powerless at first, but a human cultivator showed up and seemed to bring the antidote. Then the parasites’ advance met with all sorts of complications. Nothing went to plan. They were invincible against Abyssal and Martial and swept everything in their path. I don’t understand. It must have to do with that Jiang Chen!”

One couldn't go wrong blaming the young lord for every inexplicable ill.

Moreover, the one to ultimately bring the Fire of Firstdawn and eradicate the bulk of the parasites had been the Vermilion Bird, Jiang Chen's follower. Once refined by a divine realm sacred beast, the fire had exhibited a power they simply hadn't been prepared for, ultimately leading to the entire eradication of the parasites.

Kingspot's defeat had been even more bizarre.

He'd clearly been seen running away, but Jiang Chen had destroyed the space in his path and stopped him cold in his tracks. Then he'd been restrained by some sort of mysterious energy, and ultimately been helplessly tied up by a strange rope.

The entire process hadn't taken very long.

The concordance between multiple recountings gave credence to the tale. Now that they'd obtained a clearer idea of the events that led to the wood tribe's undoing, the demon forefathers fell silent.

"Sure enough, there's something odd about that rope. Was there an ancient sect that owned this kind of treasure?"

This question stumped them all. None of them remembered fighting against a notable human figure using such an item. Where did it come from?

Had it perhaps simply never come to light in the past? If so, where on earth had Jiang Chen dug it out from?

Too many questions remained unanswered for their peace of mind.

"There are indeed many mysteries surrounding the kid. The torch shouldn't have been enough to outright dispose of someone of Fellow daoist Kingspot's caliber, unless he ran into the Great Divine Veluriyam himself. How did Jiang Chen win so easily?"

"In short, there's more to this kid than meets the eye, so all of you must remember to always stay vigilant if you fight him in the future."

Such a mystifying opponent was indeed very irksome.

These forefathers weren't greenhorns inexperienced in the ways of the world, yet more of them had died in the recent past than against the myriad of human powerhouses during the entire ancient war.

Could Jiang Chen be even more formidable than the Great Divine Veluriyam?

Why did a heroic figure always have to appear in mankind's darkest hour? Where did this good fortune come from?

A blood demon forefather who'd remained silent thus far suddenly said in a muted voice, "Forefather Celestial, these survivors ran back here without rest. This means Jiang Chen is likely to be still in Eternal right at this moment."

"Hm? And what of it?" muttered Forefather Celestial.

“Isn’t that an opportunity for us? They’ve been strengthening Winterdraw’s defenses. They’re clearly intent on keeping us out of the human domain. But the kid isn’t on site for now. It looks to me like an extremely rare opportunity, whether to deal with Jiang Chen or the human domain.”

His reminder opened the crowd’s eyes to the possibilities.

Their faces brightened. True enough, the kid couldn’t have returned so soon after resolving Eternal’s siege.

Without the presence of its leader, wouldn’t Winterdraw crumble at the first blow if they were to launch an attack straight away?

Their thoughts stirred at this prospect. Everyone pondered the feasibility.

His eyes flashing, Forefather Celestial asked, “Those who’ve just returned from Eternal, what say you? Is Jiang Chen still there?”

“He’ll certainly stay to celebrate his victory. They might cut the festivities short, but he can’t have rushed back yet.”

“The ten sacred land’s forefathers are still trapped offworld. Who knows, he might even go there to rescue them?”

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

Chapter 2280: Demons on the Move

Forefather Celestial perked up.

As long as Jiang Chen was out of the picture, Winterdraw wouldn’t be able to withstand the demonic army, no matter how resilient their defenses were.

The human race was able to survive to this day only because of Jiang Chen. Without him, the human domain would be still as weak as they’d been a hundred years ago.

Their intelligence reports painted a clear enough picture.

Forefather Celestial felt the key to conquering the Divine Abyss Continent wasn’t the territories they claimed, but the pivotal human leaders they took out.

That was where the demons had gone wrong in the ancient war.

Since their invasion, they’d allowed greed to get the better of them when they glimpsed the wealth of the continent.

They’d formulated the wrong strategies, concentrating on expanding their territory as much as possible. The enlarged battlefield resulted in insufficient manpower and control.

Troubles followed in turn.

The continent was too vast for them to take over with their limited forces. Their focus in the ancient war had been wrong from the beginning. They couldn’t repeat the same mistake this time.

There was no need to expand the battlefield, nor did they need to occupy too many regions.

They simply had to seize key human strongholds and conquer the race step by step.

Without their leader, the human race would end up destroying itself. The demons wouldn't even have to do anything then.

That was the conclusion that Forefather Celestial had come to while he'd been sealed over the past three hundred thousand years. Rather than pitting all of their forces and resources into attacking the human domain, it was better to eliminate the domain's leader - Jiang Chen.

With him dead, the human domain would fall apart without a fight. Of that, the forefather was certain of.

There might be a few stragglers refusing to give up the fight, but they wouldn't be able to achieve much without Jiang Chen.

Forefather Celestial's brain flitted rapidly between thoughts.

He swept his solemn gaze over everyone in attendance and proclaimed slowly, "It is unlikely for Jiang Chen to have returned to the human domain in such a short period of time. This is our best opportunity to eliminate him. If we allow him to return to the human domain, our fight against the humans will drag on, which is something we don't want given our lack of numbers."

They were the invaders. They had no roots on the continent. Their remaining forces were limited to begin with after the ancient war. It wouldn't be easy for them to complete their conquest.

If they fought the human domain with no regards for casualties, what were they going to do afterwards even if they did take over the domain? Would the remaining demons be enough to reign over the entire continent?

Highly unlikely!

That was why they had to minimize casualties.

"Please give the order, Forefather Celestial. I volunteer to lead the charge against the Eternal Sacred Land!" Forefather Goldenhowl was the first to speak up.

His hatred for Jiang Chen ran bone-deep. The young man had tricked him into allowing the total annihilation of the golden tribe. This was the worst possible humiliation he could've suffered!

He would never be able to hold his head high if he didn't take his revenge. He had to kill Jiang Chen himself to resolve the knot in his heart.

"Count me in." The remaining divine forefather from the titan tribe stood up as well.

"Count the winged tribe in!"

"The fire tribe too!"

The volunteers were the main troops who had come from the desolate wastelands. Their comrades had been taken out after entering Myriad Abyss. Naturally, they had more personal grievances against Jiang Chen.

Soon, eight divine forefathers had taken a stand, eager to join the fight. It was clear from their grit teeth how deep their hatred for Jiang Chen ran.

Pleased, Forefather Celestial nodded. "The young man is cunning. You might be strong enough to overpower him, but I'm still worried. Ole Third, accompany them on this mission. You're the leader of this skirmish."

Forefather Celestial turned to one of the celestial demon forefathers behind him. The demon ranked third among the forefathers in the tribe, which gave him the title "the third forefather".

The third forefather served as Forefather Celestial's tactician. He was intelligent and cunning, and a good judge of situations. He was also adept at formulating battle plans.

Among the demonic race, he was one of the few clear-headed individuals. With him spearheading the team, the demons would be even more difficult to deal with.

The third forefather cupped his hands. "Understood."

No one other than Goldenhowl had any objections to the third forefather being assigned to lead the charge. He was displeased, but also wasn't strong enough to oppose the celestial tribe. He could only put aside his grievances after considering his own level of strength.

At the moment, what mattered to him the most was revenge. Everything else came second.

Eight divine cultivators, the third forefather included, set out with tens of thousands of elites for Myriad Abyss via four demonic airboats.

With the third celestial demon forefather's leadership, this troop of demons was not to be underestimated.

The celestial forefather unfolded a map and surveyed Myriad Abyss. After a while, he spoke up, "Pass down my orders. Tell the other three airboats to halt. I have some words for our men."

He was in charge of the mission. The others dared not defy him.

The four airboats gathered together once again. The eight divine forefathers convened again.

"After studying the map, it's clear to me that Jiang Chen will have to pass through the Bluesmoke Isles on his way back to Winterdraw. Why should we travel all the way to the sacred land if there's a closer target?"

"He has to pass Bluesmoke? Is there no other route back to Winterdraw?"

"There is, but it'll be a long detour," the third forefather said gravely. "I wouldn't waste the time if I were Jiang Chen."

"What do you propose?" Goldenhowl asked nonchalantly. He wouldn't listen to the celestial demon's nonsense if not for his revenge.

"We may not be able to find him if we go to the Eternal Sacred Land now. Accidents may happen that will result in us missing him. It's better to wait for him to come than us making the long journey." The third forefather made a reasonable speculation.

However, Goldenhowl snorted. "What if he doesn't show up?"

"Then that tells us he's returned to the human domain, or he hasn't departed. As long as he's going to return to Winterdraw, he will pass through Bluesmoke."