

Three Realms 2281

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

Chapter 2281: Discretion Is The Better Part Of Valor

Goldenhowl's analysis was sound. Based on Jiang Chen's past traveling patterns, he was bound to journey through Bluesmoke on his way back. This route was the shortest that also ensured the greatest safety possible.

"I agree with the third forefather. Jiang Chen doesn't know our main army's nearby. But even if he does, he can't be aware of our presence on Bluesmoke in general. There's no reason for him to avoid this route." The forefathers from the other tribes also nodded in agreement.

Noting their unanimous approval, Goldenhowl shrugged. He could only swallow his anger for now. "You're the leader, so whatever you say goes. Everything works for me as long as we get that punk."

"Good, then let's find a place to hide and lay down an ambush. We'll set up several observation points within a few thousand miles. As long as he passes through the monitored area, we'll have ample time to spring our trap. And just in case that fails, we have our army behind us. He's doomed the moment his position is exposed!"

This wasn't overconfidence; Bluesmoke would indeed be a deathtrap for the young lord if he ever were to set foot on it. Countless demonic soldiers were deployed there, alongside numerous forefathers. A single strike from each demon god combined was enough to obliterate him ten times over.

The third forefather's plan instilled hope in everyone.

Setting off from Eternal on Starfate, Jiang Chen chose the most direct path for travel. After a series of battles, there was nary a demon in sight on Myriad Abyss. Sunrise and Radiance were deserted when he passed by, their men packed up and left for the Rejuvenation Isles long ago.

"Strange, even if I've driven them off, there should've been some stragglers here and there. Why has there been absolutely no sign of them along the way? Where are they gathering instead?"

He knew the demons would soon arrive in full force on Myriad Abyss, but where exactly? That remained a mystery.

After all, Myriad Abyss was too vast. He couldn't possibly cover its entire area, so there was no possible way for him to figure out their rallying point.

What if he carelessly flew right into their clutches? The chances were slim, but it was a worry nonetheless. He had no desire to find himself suddenly surrounded.

Getting off might be possible if alone, but death was all but certain with so many people on the airboat.

He resolved to stay hypervigilant.

Examples of his caution included using the Great Veluriyam Torch to scout the way ahead during the journey. The item was extraordinary at uncovering demonic traces, especially as they were always accompanied by a dense, characteristic aura, making them easy to spot from afar.

Still no trace of them. They must be somewhere else to welcome the bulk of the army. Perhaps their main force has already arrived by now. I must keep my eyes peeled.

Some might believe he could simply steamroll his enemies after his string of victories, but he knew better than anyone that he'd built his success by swarming his opponents by surprise.

His triumph wouldn't have been nearly this resounding otherwise. If unwittingly besieged by a host of enemies, he had no confidence he could save anyone but himself.

Perhaps, apart from the four sacred beasts, no one would be able to escape the deathtraps either. As a consequence, he chose to slow down instead of pursuing blind speed.

Haste made waste. Safety came first and foremost.

Everything remained peaceful on the way, with no sign of the dangers he'd feared.

But the closer he drew to Winterdraw, the more frequently he spotted signs of demonic presence. He fell into deep thought at this discovery.

The enemies in this area were merely groups of strays, but precisely for that reason, he had a hunch the main army was stationed somewhere nearby.

Meticulous by nature, he immediately analyzed his situation. His heart sank slowly as he stared at his present location on the map. The Bluesmoke insignia was prominently depicted.

It was the largest island territory in this sea region and most suitable as a stopover for the demon army.

Rich in resources, especially in ancient jade, Bluesmoke had a tradition of collaborating with demons. Most importantly, its zone of influence spread nearly as far as that of a sacred land.

"Can that be their rallying point?" His heart pounded despite himself.

The islands lay straight ahead. If the enemy was truly stationed there, wouldn't he be carelessly headed straight to his death?

There was no place for complacency at this stage.

"Rest here while I do some scouting. The airboat is too noticeable, it's impossible to hide it from scouting eyes."

Once covered by the Immaculate Robe, there was little chance he'd be found out if acting alone. If he were to come across the demon army, he could easily retrace his steps and steer the airboat away on a large detour.

It'd add a little time to the trip at most, a far better choice than to rush headfirst to their demise.

He found a place to hide the airboat, flung on the Immaculate Robe, then used his movement arts to approach the islands.

Even without the help of the Great Veluriyam Torch, he smelled something unusual in the air a few thousand miles away from Bluesmoke. His powerful consciousness alone could sense the overwhelming demonic miasma in the area. In fact, it was directly visible to his God's Eye.

The area seemed on the verge of exploding from the terrifying concentration of demonic energy. He would be blind to miss it.

“Well now!” he tutted secretly. There was no need to proceed any further. The great demonic army had indeed arrived in Myriad Abyss, and more precisely, in Bluesmoke.

Sure enough, discretion was the better part of valor.

Relief washed over him. He’d thankfully been quick-witted enough. Had he brashly flown ahead instead, the demons certainly wouldn’t have let such a good opportunity slip by.

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Chapter 2282: Returning To Winterdraw

Something abruptly registered on Jiang Chen’s consciousness. There was a sudden surge of demonic energy less than a hundred miles away. They’d erased their tracks almost to perfection, but it was definitely a trap.

Confident in the Immaculate Robe’s stealth abilities, he decided to see his mission through to the end and ventured even deeper inside.

He admired the robe once more. How else could he casually slip within a dozen miles of demons lying in wait?

The whole enemy force, from the third celestial demon forefather to Goldenhowl, was wholly ignorant of his presence. However, he sweated bullets the moment he sensed them.

By his estimates, there were eight gods in hiding, all of them with respectable cultivation, including his old acquaintance Goldenhowl and someone else that didn’t pale in comparison.

One single Goldenhowl was enough of a headache. He certainly wasn’t keen to deal with an.

Demons sure are wily. The wood tribe’s survivors must have arrived. How else would they know of my itinerary? Judging from their trap, they look certain I’ll pass by here.

Once again, relief washed over him.

Eight gods were too many to touch, not to mention those he’d left behind were waiting for him to escort them to Winterdraw.

Repressing his urge to turn their ploy against them, he retreated furtively, only hastening his steps once out of enemy range and quickly making his way back. When Ziju Min and An Kasyapa saw his expression, they realized something was afoot and made inquiries.

Jiang Chen ordered with a sweep of his hand, “We can’t go through Bluesmoke. We have to circle around. There’s no time to lose, we leave right this second!”

There were many possible routes for a detour. They simply had to travel a little longer inside the sea mist, perhaps experience a little more trouble and waste a little more time, but they’d reach their destination in the end nevertheless.

Sure enough, it took them more than half a day and a wide detour before they finally returned to Winterdraw.

Once close to the island, Jiang Chen chose not to approach immediately, worried as he was by another possible ambush nearby.

Fortunately, the demons had seemingly decided against it, opting to focus their attention elsewhere. Or perhaps they'd been worried he was already back within Winterdraw's walls. Their ambush would then serve no purpose but to raise the alarm or result in casualties.

"They seem genuinely wary of me now. In the future, I'll need to find better ways to deal with them."

Many signs pointed at the demons keeping a closer eye than ever on him and going so far as to alter their plans. Even someone as arrogant and unyielding figure like Goldenhowl had agreed to cooperate with others. What did that signify?

The answer was self-evident. His enemies had realized the menace he represented. They'd no longer give him easy chances to kill their forefathers.

Bad news to be sure, but at the very least, they'd finally reached Winterdraw without a hitch.

The island bustled with activity. Many forces from the various sacred lands had arrived ahead of him.

The first item on the agenda to tackle after his return was an inspection of every newcomer. Not that he was a bad host, but that he couldn't afford the tiniest speck of negligence in current times.

A single demon slipping inside the island would have unimaginable repercussions for their defenses.

Thankfully, no spies had infiltrated the sacred lands' ranks. It seemed that these factions had carefully combed through their own people.

Winterdraw's fighting potential increased explosively with the new arrivals.

Out of the ten sacred lands, a total of six were in Winterdraw as of this moment. Everlasting had been the first to turn up, followed by Radiance and Sunrise, and lastly, those from Eternal, Martial, and Abyssal that the young lord had brought with him.

In the end, Flora decided against joining.

The young lord had no regrets. It had been their decision to make.

He reorganized the sacred lands' troops and put Ziju Min in overall charge of them. Eternal was the nominal alliance leader and the man a divine realm cultivator. No one would object to his nomination.

The group of divine cultivators led by An Kasyapa was undoubtedly the island's primary strike force, but he wasn't satisfied with this little bit of battle capability.

He secretly ordered Xia Tianze and the other ancient cultivators to come and reinforce the island as well.

There were currently quite a few gods in the human domain, including the ancient founding elders such as Xia Tianze, Jiang Chen's followers Lan Tianhao, and the group that had escaped from Boundless

Prison. All put together, it was a group considerable enough to perhaps rival the demons in number, if adding Jiang Chen and the four sacred beasts into the mix.

Still, there was a considerable disparity in combat strength. Perhaps three to five initial gods like Lan Tianhao were required to face a single ordinary demon god.

Other than Xia Tianze, humanity's true supreme fighting force consisted of the young lord and the four sacred beasts. The others fell short of that standard.

An Kasyapa already ranked at the top of the group, but an ordinary demon forefather was his limit. Stronger opponents were beyond his ability to handle.

Of course, not everything was doom and gloom. The young lord gifted away many of the divine decrees at his disposal to those who showed promise.

In time, more and more human gods would swell their ranks.

And now that all of the ingredients for the Divine Transcendence Pill were ready, the pills would enhance the strength of the human gods as well.

At his command, Everlasting's cultivators refined weapons. It was time to work the pentecolor crystals he'd obtained from Eternal's Cloud Camel Mountain into anti-demon armaments.

Once crafted, they'd be a tremendous help in curbing the demons' abilities in battle.

Of course, he didn't put all his eggs in one basket. He summoned all of the gods and prompted them to find a way to incorporate the crystals into their favored weapons and treasures.

Their equipment would then be likewise strengthened with anti-demon properties.

He wasted no time after putting everything in order. Every second mattered in his race to reach ever higher cultivation.

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Chapter 2283: Fifth Level Divine Realm

Jiang Chen had subdued more than ten demon gods in various battles on Myriad Abyss. He'd killed some and captured some. Of those he'd executed on the spot, most of their divine essences had gone to the sacred beasts. Those he'd taken captive, he naturally squeezed them dry. He refined their life essences, but also fed their flesh to the Goldbiter Rats.

The body of a demon god was incredible nutrition for the tribe. The rat king, in particular, had seen his cultivation soar in recent years and had finally leapt past the threshold of the divine realm. Most importantly, he'd completed his evolution into an ancient Goldbiter Kingrat.

His temperament made a complete turnaround almost overnight.

The presence about him no longer paled in the least compared to the sacred beasts, even when in their presence. And now today, he was overjoyed by the gift of fresh divine corpses.

His tribe could yet again exceed its limits thanks to this gift. As his kin rose in strength almost beyond recognition, he felt an ever deeper reverence for Jiang Chen.

It was a pity he hadn't been able to follow the young lord on his battles across Myriad Abyss, or he and his descendants would've have obtained a greater share of the rewards still. Their path of evolution would be even more perfect.

Of course, the sacred beasts had reaped substantial spoils as well. Each of them went into seclusion to pursue greater cultivation heights.

Jiang Chen wasn't to be outdone. He'd gained more in the recent fighting than through several decades of labor, a bigger haul than expected. But, since he'd reached fourth level not too long ago, he was still a little distance away from the next breakthrough.

Therefore, he had to borrow external help.

He wasn't interested in demonic life essence, of course, but he recalled the three divine relics among the gifts bestowed by the Great Divine Veluriyam.

If memory served correctly, those were mid divine treasures. Perhaps he could reach his goal with their assistance.

He took out one of them and observed it for a moment before refining it. There was nothing groundbreaking about the process. He'd refined empyrean relics before, and the steps were the same this time.

Divine relics were the condensed martial essence form of ancient divine cultivators. Like miraculous pills, they produced near instantaneous effects.

A single relic overflowed his veins with a surge of divine power. The excess of energy filled him with an indescribable urge to break through.

Whoosh!

The divine power within him coagulated into a mighty river that circled forty nine times around his consciousness before loudly ramming open a brand new gate.

Fifth level divine realm!

To think stepping into the fifth level would prove this easy!

He inwardly gasped in admiration. Worthy indeed of treasures left by the Great Divine Veluriyam, the relics were clearly no ordinary items and worked much faster than expected!

He'd been prepared for a certain period of gestation, but to his surprise, he'd succeeded on the spot.

Once at fifth level, another link of the chain seal broke. It transformed into a ball of light that landed in front of him before shattering into tiny stars that twinkled brightly before slowly fading.

Another object appeared the next moment. Like the previous ones, it felt intimately familiar. By now, he was well acquainted with the ways of his celestial emperor of a father.

Like the others, this treasure was surely a feigned mundanity.

It took the form of a zither he'd often played in his previous life when lonely and weary. Although exquisite, its exterior wasn't particularly conspicuous, but he'd never mistake it for a run-of-the-mill item.

Feigned mundanities might look lackluster, but how could treasures forged by a mighty celestial emperor be anything but extraordinary?

Jiang Chen probed at it with his consciousness.

"The Cloudsurge Zither. Clouds surge as music rises from its chords. As the clouds gather, the life and decay of all things living coalesce into a single thought."

The Cloudsurge Zither!

A very overbearing name, one he'd never learned of when he'd played it in his former life. Nevertheless, the instrument felt like an old friend in his hands.

Most of all, it came with several melodies in different styles, all grand and imposing. Some screamed of conflict and some devoured the soul, others dazzled the mind and some roused the spirit...

It was a zither to encompass the entire universe.

Father truly loved me dearly. From the Measure of Heaven, to the True Dragon Rope of Water and Fire, the Scrutiny of Existence, the Immaculate Robe, and now this Cloudsurge Zither, every item must have been the fruit of boundless love.

To refine a mundane-looking object into a supreme treasure was exceedingly difficult, even for a celestial emperor. His father must have spent countless sleepless nights to pave the way for him.

Four links were left in the seal, the items hidden within probably each more wondrous than the last, the fruit of his father's sweat and blood.

A mix of emotions welled up from his heart.

He gently caressed the zither. If only he could charge right this instant into the demons' den and slaughter them all!

He still had two relics left, but they were no longer of use to him. Like realm-enhancement pills, they could only be used once within the same realm.

More would produce no additional effects, so he could only award them away.

At the present stage, apart from the four sacred beasts, Xia Tianze and An Kasyapa's groups /were the most entitled to them.

Xia Tianze's cultivation had already reached sixth level. Rather than a mid divine realm item, he'd be better served with a Divine Transcendence Pill.

In consequence, An Kasyapa was the most suitable candidate.

Jiang Chen had been waiting for the Divine Dwelling Grass to refine the Divine Transcendence Pill. After obtaining it from Flora, he decided to immediately tackle this task. Time waited for no man, after all.

The pills were of utmost importance. A single one allowed for an unconditional increase of a full level within the divine realm. Such a pill was a tremendous blessing. It even worked on those in possession of a divine decree.

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Chapter 2284: Returning Empty Handed

The Amaranthine Clouddew Fruit was the main ingredient of the Divine Transcendence Pill, and Divine Dwelling Grass the main supplemental ingredient. The others were long since readied. Now that Jiang Chen had ascended to fifth level divine realm, his cultivation might not have reached perfection, but it was enough for him to live a carefree life in even the heavenly planes.

With all of the treasures in his possession, he'd be among the top cultivators of the heavenly planes. There would be some individuals who could overpower him, but not many.

It would be extremely difficult to refine the Divine Transcendence Pill without ascending to mid divine realm. Naturally, this hardship no longer existed with Jiang Chen's new breakthrough.

He went over the details for refining the pill many times before he decided to get to work.

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At this moment, more than a hundred thousand human cultivators were gathered on Winterdraw Island. They were all elites of the human race, with more than twenty divine cultivators numbering among them.

It was an unprecedentedly powerful group, a fact which imparted great confidence. It wasn't improbable for the sheer number of gods to rival the demonic army by also utilizing the island's mighty formations.

The foundation of the formations had been established by Pei Xing, the top wandering cultivator of the ancient times. Back then, the man's formation prowess had rivaled the Ancient Crimson Heavens Sect and the Earth Bodhisattva Sect, an extraordinary feat considering his faction-less background.

Winterdraw was his life's work. There were a plethora of powerful foundations here. Back when the island was still part of Rejuvenation territory, Warden Ding had tapped into only twenty percent of Winterdraw's potential.

Now that Jiang Chen had taken over and unleashed the full potential of the formations, Winterdraw was an absolutely impenetrable fortress.

The more he explored the true power of the formations, the more he admired Pei Xing. He had a theory that the ancient senior had set his eye on Winterdraw deliberately because of the portal. Perhaps the senior had long predicted that Winterdraw would become a strategic point for the human race in the future!

No matter what Pei Xing's true intentions were, the island had become the human race's most resilient stronghold.

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The celestial demon third forefather and Forefather Goldenhowl had been waiting outside the Bluesmoke Isles for half a month. They were at the end of their patience, yet Jiang Chen hadn't shown up at all.

Goldenhowl had had enough. He complained, "It seems you've made the wrong call, Third Forefather."

The third forefather's face clouded over. He wasn't too concerned about making the wrong decision. That happened to the best of them.

What worried him was the notion that Jiang Chen had plainly chosen the route through Bluesmoke, but detoured because he'd seen through their plan.

If that was truly the case, then the young man was a much more formidable foe than they'd imagined.

The forefather's mood plunged downwards.

Goldenhowl interpreted the celestial demon's silence as guilt and yammered on. "I say the young man is still in the Eternal Sacred Land! We should charge in and destroy everything and everyone. There will be no Eternal Sacred Land after we raze it to the ground!"

Hatred had overtaken him and compelled him to focus solely on revenge. He'd lost sight of the grand plan. He wanted nothing but to murder Jiang Chen and redeem himself.

The third forefather huffed. "We won't find him in the Eternal Sacred Land now."

"Oh? Aren't we wasting our time staying here as well?" Goldenhowl retorted. "Are you still unwilling to admit to your mistake?"

It was the third forefather he was talking to, not Forefather Celestial. Goldenhowl wasn't scared of the man. If the golden tribe hadn't suffered a crippling defeat and thus lacked manpower, Goldenhowl wouldn't have shown the celestial demon the slightest of decorum.

"I can admit to my mistake," the third forefather said faintly. "However, haven't you all realized that our foe may be more terrifying than we've expected?"

He didn't think it was a mistake for them to set up an ambush here. His oversight was his underestimation of Jiang Chen's capabilities.

A shadow demon god spoke up suddenly, "Third Forefather, we seem to have overlooked something important."

"What is it?" The third forefather wasn't too prideful to ask.

"With all of us gathered here, our demonic presence must paint a prominent sign in the sky. Jiang Chen is a cunning man. If he guessed beforehand that danger would be in his way, he won't come near us when he senses so much demonic energy, will he?"

His words were a wakeup call. Everyone's face fell.

The third celestial demon pulled a face and let out a long sigh. "We considered everything but that. If Jiang Chen flew an airboat, he might have sensed our demonic presence. If he took flight himself, our presence wouldn't have escaped his notice. He must've taken a detour."

The group's mood hit rock bottom.

Goldenhowl's expression turned sardonic. "Did you neglect such a simple issue beforehand, Third Forefather? You really don't deserve Forefather Celestial's trust."

The third forefather didn't lose his composure. "Do you know why we demons have suffered a series of losses, Daoist Goldenhowl?" he responded calmly. "Are we any lesser than the human race? No! It's because we fight unnecessarily among ourselves. The monster and titan demons are powerful. If they'd worked together instead of squabbling like children, Jiang Chen wouldn't have been able to defeat them."

Goldenhowl scoffed. "Isn't that exactly what the celestial demon tribe wants? If every tribe is on friendly terms with one another, you celestial demons would be the first to worry."

The celestial demons had been enabling the internal clashes. The tension between the monster and titan demons, at the very least, had been the celestial tribe's doing.

Their argument was interrupted when the third celestial demon forefather sensed something with his consciousness. He grabbed at the air to snatch at a celestial brand.

"Oh?" he said pensively. "Forefather Celestial has summoned us."

"He has? Has something happened?"

It didn't matter if something had happened. Forefather Celestial had summoned them. They had to return even if the world was ending.

This operation had yielded nothing. The demons were displeased, but they knew there was no use in complaining. If they'd been the one making the call, they wouldn't have done any better than the third forefather.

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Chapter 2285: The Divine Transcendence Pill

Forefather Celestial glumly looked over his troops assembled below him and declared, "Everyone, there's an abundance of evidence proving that Jiang Chen has returned to Winterdraw. According to scouting reports, the island has seen a lot more activity lately, and the aura around the area has strengthened substantially.

"This tells us a large group of human cultivators have gathered there. It seems that the humans have discovered our gathering of troops and have been readying themselves for our invasion. Unfortunately, we've been in the dark the past half month and allowed them the time to prepare."

Anger boiled in his belly. He'd made yet another mistake. He'd planned to kill Jiang Chen first, but his people hadn't seen even a shadow of the young man after half a month.

Perhaps Jiang Chen had already safely returned to Winterdraw.

"What if he hasn't arrived at Winterdraw, Forefather? Without him, any preparations the humans make will be futile."

“That’s right. As long as we take Jiang Chen out of the picture, the human race will pose no threat to us no matter what they do.”

“Perhaps we should test the island’s defenses with a probing attack, Forefather. Maybe the humans have simply put up a front and will fall easily.”

Speculations were thrown all around.

Forefather Celestial fixed a dark glare on the third forefather and the others. “I sent you to ambush Jiang Chen. You whiled away half a month without achieving anything. You should receive a demerit for this failure, but I’m willing to give you a chance to redeem yourselves. I’ll entrust the attack on Winterdraw to you. Do you have the courage to take on this mission?”

The third forefather asked, “Just the eight of us with ten thousand something men, Forefather? That can’t be enough, can it?”

“Hmph, I’m ready to attack Winterdraw as well. You’re but the vanguards. I’ll take charge and deal with that Jiang Chen myself!” He’d run out of patience.

He wasn’t interested in playing hide-and-seek with the human. He would kill the young man, invade Winterdraw, then the human domain, and destroy all of humanity!

“Prepare the troops,” he ordered. “We’ll divide our army into three and attack Winterdraw with all we have!”

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Winterdraw bustled with positive energy as of late, especially since three days ago. After exiting closed door cultivation, Jiang Chen summoned all of the divine cultivators on the island and gifted each person with a Divine Transcendence Pill.

The exquisite, perfect pill and its tremendous energy was mesmerizing to behold.

“No one can predict how the war against demons will end or what the future entails. As leaders of the human race, we inherit the duty of those who came before us. We must be able to face the future generations with our head held high. The Divine Transcendence Pills are rewards not only from me, but also the human race. I expect only one thing from all of you: when we finally fight the demonic army, I want you to give it your all. We will not allow any demons to enter the human domain unless it’s over our dead bodies!”

Most of the cultivators gathered here held similar beliefs. There were no rotten apples among them. The divine cultivators, especially, had undergone several trials.

Jiang Chen’s solemn tone put a serious expression on everyone’s face.

“We follow the young lord to death against the demons!”

“To the death, to the death!”

Their expressions varied. Some were serious, some smug, others calm, and some had a carefree grin on their faces. Nevertheless, they all agreed on one thing: If they failed to defend Winterdraw, the war would be lost!

Only by blocking the demons at the island would the human race have a chance to survive.

Jiang Chen was pleased with everyone's reaction. He lifted a hand. "Take your pills. The effects will be apparent within three days.

"Don't be so pessimistic either. Winterdraw's defensive formations are more powerful than we think. Even the demonic army won't break through that easily. Besides, we aren't going to sit idle and wait for them to take down the formations either."

Winterdraw's defenses might not rival the Great Formation of Heavenly Soul Confinement, but it was Senior Pei Xing's life's work. Jiang Chen had explored the full extent of their potential.

The formations would at least be able to withstand the demons' all-out attacks for a couple of months. More importantly, Jiang Chen wasn't going to just let them do that.

As soon as the demons attacked, he would find a way to retaliate.

Time passed quickly. One after another, the divine cultivators emerged from seclusion with bright smiles.

The pill had done their job. All of the gods had ascended to another level. There were no longer any first level divine realm cultivators on the island.

The third level gods took longer to cultivate since the leap between the third and the fourth level was much more significant. Their progress was substantial on a qualitative level as they entered mid divine realm.

The one who improved the most was An Kasyapa. He'd ascended to fourth level divine realm under Xia Tianze's guidance, and the pill further pushed him to the fifth level.

That was quite a pleasant turn of events for him.

He felt he'd be able to fight Lightford head-on if the old man had still been alive. In fact, only top level demons could intimidate him, and he was able to rival mid level demons.

The four sacred beasts hadn't taken a Divine Transcendence Pill. They didn't need any after each of them consumed an Amaranthine Clouddew Fruit.

Their progress, however, was much more remarkable than that of the regular human cultivators.

After returning to Winterdraw, the Vermilion Bird and Black Tortoise both reached peak fifth level divine realm. They were just one step away from ascending again.

Meanwhile, Long Xiaoxuan ascended to fourth level divine realm, and the Astral White Tiger was very close to making the same breakthrough as well.

The main reason for their tremendous progress was the life essence they'd gained from the demons. The divine beasts were much more efficient in consuming the ridiculously nutritious life essence than humans.

The true dragon, especially, benefitted the most from the life essence. Jiang Chen had a feeling that Long Xiaoxuan would soon catch up with the bird and the tortoise in cultivation, which he was most pleased with.

The four sacred beasts had finally matured. They would play an essential role in his future plans. He was another step closer to implementing the next phase of his plans.

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Chapter 2286: Enemies At The Gates

"Little White, try a little harder to reach mid divine realm as soon as possible. Once all four of you are there, I'll teach you another formation that'll enhance the foundations of your domain. Apart from restricting the enemy, it'll also boost your attack and defense."

Jiang Chen took the White Astral Tiger aside to motivate him one on one.

Frankly speaking, the tiger was already progressing at a startling pace. He wasn't any slower than Long Xiaoxuan; he'd just simply started much later.

Little White grinned. "Hehe, no sweat. Maybe I'll wake up from a nap one day, and tada! I'll be at fourth level. Don't worry."

The young lord handed him a mid divine relic, unconcerned about this show of favoritism. "Little White, I'm giving you special treatment, so keep it hush hush. With your bloodline and your constitution, you should be able to endure refining this relic. Breaking through will be child's play then. Maybe you'll even reach fifth level at the same time as Brother Long."

The tiger's eyes sparkled. "Awww young lord, I knew you loved me most."

Look at this fellow acting cute after profiting.

Long Xiaoxuan chuckled with no hint of jealousy. "Little White, if you can't catch up to me after all this special attention, it'll mean you astral tigers are worse than us true dragons."

"Poppycock! As if! I'll definitely catch up to you, just you watch!" The tiger strutted around.

There was no need to worry about the sacred beasts' cultivation. Their bloodline contained tremendous power, to say nothing of their unique abilities. They barely needed advice from him to begin with.

The Goldbiter Rats had also made considerable headway recently. The rat king's cultivation, in particular, had skyrocketed.

"Young lord, the children of my tribe have recently noticed unusual activity on the outskirts. You need to be careful," Old Gold warned.

"Ah? Are the demons finally on the move?" Everything was well within his calculations.

“They are. In the past few days, we’ve sensed a continuous stream of unfamiliar but dreadful energy approaching the surrounding islands. They’ve hidden themselves well enough, but there’s clearly a tremendous backer behind it all. I suspect it’s the demonic army. They must be approaching in small groups to avoid attracting our attention.”

Jiang Chen nodded, his expression grave.

He wasn’t too surprised by his enemy’s movements. It made perfect sense for them to start their operations now. In fact, he was rather pleased with their prudence.

Resorting to small movements clearly spoke of their fear of him. Why would they begin their offensive so furtively otherwise?

In any case, whether a straightforward charge or an ambush from the shadows, it was all the same to him. Winterdraw wasn’t entirely impregnable, but it was fully capable of resisting for three to five months, enough for the sacred beasts to reach mid divine realm and exponentially boost their fighting potential. By then, he gave himself a forty percent chance of victory in a frontal clash.

He knew better than anyone in Divine Abyss how fearsome the sacred beasts could become. Why else had he made sure to gather all four of them?

He knew their potential. Fully grown, they’d hold the absolute power to refine the earth, water, fire, and wind to create their own heavenly plane. By then, they could rampage through the universe unopposed if they so wished, to say nothing of swatting away some demon invaders.

Other than the items left by his father the celestial emperor, the four of them were his mightiest trump card. Not even the Veluriyam Sect’s legacy could compare.

“Old Gold, tell your children to keep an eye on the demons, but don’t fight them directly. Preserve your strength. You simply need to report on their movements.”

In the heavenly planes, Goldbiter Kingrats didn’t pale in the least compared to demons. A single rat wasn’t much of a threat, but an entire tribe was a swarm-like existence that wreaked terrible carnage wherever they went.

Everyone steered clear of their path, demons included. To provoke such a race was to stir up a terrifying hornet’s nest.

The demon army on Divine Abyss was only a small detachment from their race in the universe at large. Even their other brethren avoided falling afoul of the Kingrats.

However, no matter how the Divine Abyss ones feared the young lord, they still were unaware that he possessed such a dreadful weapon. Otherwise, they wouldn’t have been so optimistic about their conquest of the continent.

Time and time again, they’d increased their assessment of his abilities, but they’d yet to taste the full extent of his power.

In other words, they were blissfully ignorant of their enemy’s terrifying potential. If they’d known his past and the strength hidden within him, they’d do a one-eighty and depart this world without regret, rueing the day they’d set foot on Divine Abyss.

Only, there was no turning back once they launched their campaign.

On this day, Forefather Celestial scouted Winterdraw alongside several forefathers from his tribe. They hid behind the clouds and observed their enemy in silence.

A haze lingered above the island, born from the sea mist. They could see through the layer of clouds, but all they could make out on the island itself were vague outlines.

“Damn it, it’s a smokescreen. Our physical eyes are useless, but probing with our consciousness will definitely alert them,” swore Celestial.

“Heh, so what if they know we’re here? What’s there to fear? Our army’s only a few thousand miles away, ready to attack with a word from us. Forefather, aren’t you being too cautious?” said the celestial demon sixth forefather.

“Heh, Old Sixth, keep looking down on them. They might come out the victors in this battle at this rate. You don’t believe me?” Celestial said, his tone a mix of emotions.

“Isn’t our army powerful enough to break them by brute force? Jiang Chen might be strong, but he’s at Goldenhowl’s level at most. He’s still a ways away than you.” The sixth forefather seemed flabbergasted.

“Have you learned nothing from our past mistakes? Fighting against humans is never about raw strength alone. Why are you still so conceited?” Forefather Celestial rebuked, a little resigned.

It seemed not even he could remedy his race’s bone-deep complex of superiority toward the humans.

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

Chapter 2287: A Slap To The Face

An entrenched mindset was difficult to budge, much to Celestial’s chagrin. The demonic army was less than a third as strong as it had once been. Nevertheless, he was still confident in a frontal assault.

However, military strength wasn’t the only form of power. Some facets of power were intangible and invisible, but decisive all the same.

For example, mankind should’ve been in dire straits after its prolonged decline, but a savior in the form of Jiang Chen had emerged to become the pillar of their resistance.

Such was humanity’s good fortune. Luck was also a facet. Moreover, humans had mastered formations and a multitude of other strange arts.

Celestial held the conviction that the battle at Winterdraw would quickly go awry if his men thought of it as a foregone conclusion. The worst case scenario was a devastating defeat, but even a narrow victory would exact its price in blood.

More than ten demon gods had fallen so far. This sort of destructive power commanded respect. One had to stay wary of such an enemy. Overconfidence was no longer tolerated.

Celestial sighed inwardly. Despite long surveillance, he’d failed to spot anything of note on Winterdraw.

“From what we know, the island used to be an insignificant place. But it’s become nigh unassailable in Jiang Chen’s hands. This child is truly a monster.”

As an opponent, the youngster loomed increasingly larger over them.

All of a sudden, more than a dozen vortexes appeared around the island's formations in a swirl of clouds. Each one continuously fired beams of light, quickly raining a barrage in their direction.

Celestial had left the army behind on this reconnaissance trip. His concealment should have been perfect, yet the rays of light aimed at them with unerring accuracy.

It would seem the enemy knew of their presence long ago.

"Stay sharp, everyone!" he shouted. With a casual clap of the hands, myriads of scenes materialized from his palms. There were suns and moons and stars, or was it mountains and rivers and creeks? A single gesture seemed to encompass the entire world to manifest nature's every phenomenon.

"Hahaha!" A strange laughter sounded. The light instantly split into millions of strands that fanned out in every direction.

"Hmph, this is the Great Veluriyam Light. Stay on your toes." From his past fights with the Great Divine Veluriyam, Celestial was intimately familiar with the torch's abilities.

It could, for example, divide itself ad infinitum like now. It was an extraordinary evasion skill, as he recalled.

However, it looked to him as if Jiang Chen was using it to create mere chaos, presumably to confuse their senses and befuddle them.

Be that as it may, Celestial stayed vigilant. He threw a silent glance at his companions. They immediately caught his drift and drew closer to his position, clearly wary of the young lord. The boy wasn't an easy opponent, especially not with the Great Veluriyam Torch in his hands.

In the past, Celestial himself had never found a good way to handle this treasure. They were currently on enemy soil, without a numbers advantage. Trying to hunt down the youngster would be sheer folly.

The forefather sneered. "He's playing with smoke and mirrors. Something must be afoot. We're done here in any case, so let's leave for now and come back with our army!"

He remained self-possessed at this juncture. Even celestial demons weren't invincible. The thought of recklessly chasing his enemy's shadow didn't cross his mind at all.

Disregarding the net of light woven in the sky, he readied his escape skill, about to leave when the surrounding air vibrated strangely. His keen consciousness immediately perceived an impending threat.

He shouted, "Look out!"

However, from less than a hundred meters away, a searing beam shot in his direction without warning before his voice finished echoing.

The blinding light seemed to be born from the highest heavens, perhaps from another plane altogether. It streaked his way with a speed and power that could devastate the earth and pierce through the very existence of the world.

Even for celestial demons, an attack from this up close was a daunting prospect.

He dodged to the side without a shred of hesitation and avoided the fearsome light by a hair.

As the beam's power brushed past him, he could almost see a grand tangible vision of chanting Buddhas delivering just retribution from the heavens.

No matter how unyielding his defense, he would've been turned into minced meat had the ray landed.

Fear palpitating his heart, a ghastly cry reached his ears.

As it happened, the beam had squarely hit the sixth forefather. The demon had been running his mouth moments prior, but he couldn't even react before the light swallowed him whole, dissolving his consciousness and body into nothingness. Only a heartbreaking shriek clung to the air.

Damn it!

Without another word, Celestial threw a punch and projected the boxing aura toward the spot the beam had originated from.

But the culprit had fled the scene of the crime long ago, as if his strike had merely been a fluke.

Celestial persevered with his attack, fully covering the surrounding with a deluge of explosions as he growled, "We're leaving!"

How would his tribesmen dare stay one more second? They all chased his retreating figure, fleeing Winterdraw like the devil was on their tail.

They traveled several thousand miles without rest before finally stopping.

Celestial panted lightly, his expression dark. He'd perfectly hidden his tracks. How had he been discovered? One of his companions had even been killed right under his nose!

None of the Celestial Demon Seven had died since their arrival on Divine Abyss.

And yet, one of them had been lost today, all for the sake of a long distance scouting mission. From now on, the seven was no longer be whole.

Most of all, he'd been personally present, but had been helpless to prevent his tribesman's death. It was a blatant slap to his face, and a naked insult to the demons' prestige.

It was hard to fathom what had happened even now. He'd proceeded with extreme caution, fully aware of the potential threat posed by the Great Veluriyam Torch.

But it was impossible for the torch to have produced the terrible attack. The item simply didn't have that sort of firepower!

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

Chapter 2288: A Rude Awakening For The Demons

The rest of the group traded solemn glances with each other, quite alarmed by the sixth forefather's unexpected demise.

"Forefather, none of our evaluations seem to have done the boy justice," remarked the fifth forefather, his confidence rock bottom.

Huffing with rage, Celestial's face turned malevolent. "To think he was hiding a treasure with greater offensive abilities than the Great Veluriyam Torch!"

Why was humanity so strong? Not because of their individual power at all. Instead, they relied on their intelligence, or on treasures, pills, and formations they created. They were a polyvalent and opportunistic bunch.

In comparison, demons weren't nearly as adaptable. Most of the time, they simply relied on the superiority of their bloodlines.

"Forefather, was that strange light not produced by the torch?" wondered his companions.

"It wasn't." Celestial's voice was grim. "I've traded enough blows with the Great Divine Veluriyam to know this torch inside out. It has a variety of uses, like enhancing other abilities, or invading the soul and binding the flesh, but nothing like such a formidable direct attack!"

His familiarity with the treasure in question was the very reason for his doubts.

But that wasn't his greatest conundrum. How could their assailant have been this close without being detected by the sharp consciousness of his tribe?

Not even the Great Veluriyam Talismans could provide this sort of stealth.

If an enemy could creep up on them from less than a hundred meters away, then... For gods, this distance was simply a death sentence.

They were many possible ways to rob someone of their life at this range. An unseen opponent would have their pick of the litter. Divine realm cultivators, in particular, could attack from several thousand meters away.

At less than a hundred, they could land a strike before their victim could draw another breath.

Jiang Chen's maneuver shook Celestial to the core. The kid's seemingly inexhaustible bag of tricks made him impossible to predict. What was he even supposed to do against that?

"Perhaps he'll be a tougher opponent than the ancient Great Divine Veluriyam himself. Humans... What's the deal with them? Where did such a perverse monster spring from?"

His dejection was easy to understand. Despite his efforts in the past, he'd ultimately been sealed away, his victory snatched from him at the last second.

Now that he was free again, he'd expected his second expedition to sweep through Divine Abyss and break the humans like rotten twigs.

Yet, a youngster stood in his way at every turn.

He'd once despised Goldenhowl and the others for succumbing to repeated ambushes. But now, he finally understood they weren't to blame. The boy's cunning was simply out of this world.

Most of all, his boldness defied all reason. To dare appear in front of the mighty Forefather Celestial himself?

The kid possessed the pluck to match his ploys.

At first, he'd used the Great Veluriyam Torch to confuse the celestial demons and make them think the boy was merely taunting an ancient enemy.

How would they have expected the torch to serve as a simple diversion for the true killing move to follow?

It'd seemed as unlikely as a punching bag punching back.

The rest of the army couldn't believe their eyes when the group returned to the camp. Several celestial demon forefathers had left earlier, but one less returned.

Seeing Celestial's ashen face, no one had the gall to approach or bring up this touchy topic. Nonetheless, they could come to their own conjectures.

Even one who usually delighted in schadenfreude like Goldenhowl avoided stirring the pot.

To tease Celestial at such a time was to make life hell for himself.

Be that as it may, their campaign had been dealt a disastrous blow on the eve of the assault proper. It had an unmitigatable effect on the morale of the army, from the upper crust down to the humblest soldier.

Fortunately, Celestial promptly regained his composure. Like an arrow in flight, the offensive couldn't be halted at this stage. To scrap his plans for the sake of one measly setback would be even worse for morale. Demons were a fierce race that knew no fear.

If they were to dull their edge and combativeness for mere trifles, how would they preserve their aura of dominance?

So, rather than delaying the assault, he had to launch it, come rain or shine.

But the same issue remained. To conquer Winterdraw, they had to overcome Jiang Chen.

The demonic forefathers organized a meeting to find a solution to this very problem. Each tribe had its own abilities and hence its own methods, but none had proven very effective against the young lord so far.

For example, shadow demons dealt with ambushes and assassinations, while wood demons were poison experts.

But past experience had shown Jiang Chen could counter them all. It was the most troublesome dilemma for them. The little devil was too well-rounded.

In the past, even the strongest of humans were often at their wit's end against the manifold tricks that the demons had up their sleeves.

"Gentlemen, you're the backbone of our army, so feel free to speak up. When Winterdraw becomes ours, I'll make your contribution known to all." The picture of openness, Celestial encouraged them to air their views.

But the tribes looked diffidently at each other.

Jiang Chen had trounced most of them by now, including the celestial demons who'd just lost a forefather.

The blood and yin tribes were the only ones yet to clash with him, and thus the only ones with an undefeated record.

However, the yin tribe's Forefather Stonefiend was in human hands, allegedly killed by Jiang Chen according to their intelligence. Technically speaking, only the blood tribe remained undefeated.

For that reason, everyone subconsciously glanced that tribe's way.

The blood tribe's force was relatively intact. In total, they had four forefathers.

Seeing every pair of eyes on them, the four of them smiled reservedly. Clad in a crimson robe, their leader resembled an enormous blood smear at first glance. One couldn't help but be terrified at his appearance.

Known as Bloodreed, he was the strongest of his tribe. In fact, he ranked higher than Goldenhowl in strength. Among all demons, he was second only to Forefather Celestial.

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

Chapter 2289: Forced onto the Battlefield

The blood demon tribe was without a doubt, the current subject of the most attention and expectation.

Other than the celestial demons, no demonic tribe could rival the blood demons at the moment. In fact, the blood demons had always been the closest to threatening celestial demon authority. Even the celestial demons had to be wary of them.

Celestial demons had their heritage brands, while blood demons possessed the power of faith.

The latter's bloodline was effective in demonizing and brainwashing enemies, turning them into the tribe's followers and loyal servants.

The other tribes could do similar things. Monster, yin, and wood demons all had ways to turn enemies into demonic puppets. Celestial demons possessed the same power too.

What set the blood demons apart was that their manipulation worked not only on the body, but also the soul.

In other words, their thralls didn't lose autonomy. They knew full well what they were doing, but were willing slaves to the blood demons nonetheless.

Controlling the body made the thralls fight mechanically as puppets. Mastery of the soul turned them into ardent worshippers. The Resplendent Emerald Veranda master all those years ago was one such example. He'd been under the manipulation of Demon Emperor Bloodmalva.

Bloodmalva had been but a demon emperor; Forefather Bloodreed was the supreme forefather of the tribe. Once he assimilated a human cultivator, they'd never be able to break free of the manipulation.

In addition, the blood demon art was highly potent. They could demonize their enemies' bloodline during battles, with their enemies none the wiser.

Many regular divine cultivators had fallen victim to the blood demon tribe in the ancient times. Only the most powerful human powerhouses had been spared. Humans had been forced to kill close companions whom had been assimilated.

Such tragedies happened all the time in the ancient war.

To some degree, if the blood demons tried hard enough, they could surpass even the celestial demons in terms of destructive and ruling power.

Everyone's attention remained on the blood tribe.

Forefather Bloodreed smiled and responded casually, "Everyone knows what we are capable of. If anyone can send us into Winterdraw or break the defensive formations, I guarantee you that we will turn every cultivator on the island into our thralls. However, frontal attack isn't our forte."

That was the naked truth. Charging into battle wasn't a blood demon strength at all.

The most powerful attackers among demons were the golden, titan, and winged demons.

At the moment, the golden tribe had little enough strength to matter. The titan demons retained some strength, but not much.

This meant that the two best groups of frontliners had little to offer. The winged demons had suffered a serious blow to their fighting power as well.

"We all know how powerful your demonic mist is, Forefather Bloodreed. If you surround Winterdraw with it, the island's formations and restrictions will be corrupted and lose effect naturally."

"That's right. Your mist is the most potent corrosive agent. As long as you envelope the island with it, the human race is doomed to fall."

Forefather Celestial perked up and smiled. "Only a few of the ten demon tribes have yet to suffer a defeat against the humans, Brother Bloodreed. Your tribe is one. The celestial tribe counts as well, given that we've suffered some casualties, but our foundation remains strong. If you cover the island with your corrupting mist and we launch an all-out attack with our celestial soundwaves, Winterdraw's defenses will fall sooner or later!"

The celestial demons hadn't become royalty of the demonic race without their own strengths.

Most of the other nine tribes had one specific strength, while the celestial demons were skilled in every aspect.

They had powerful offensive and defensive techniques, such as the celestial brand and the celestial method. They were remarkably resilient; they could recreate bodies and souls and come back to life as long as a single strand of their spirit remained.

They were formidable foe in more ways than one.

A forefather from the yin demon tribe smiled. "If Brother Bloodreed is willing to take on the mission, my tribe volunteers to attack Winterdraw with millions of spirits."

They took their stand as well. These three tribes had the most well-preserved forces among the demons.

Attention sharpened on the blood tribe.

Bloodreed scowled inwardly. He knew what his fellow demons were doing. They were forcing the blood demons to take on the mission by weaponizing the greater good.

He scoffed. "Are you trying to force this on us?"

A demon chuckled. "Our very future is under an existential threat. If the blood tribe does nothing, we won't be able to take over Winterdraw, and our grand conquest will be nothing but an empty dream."

"Agreed. No other tribes can launch an attack on Winterdraw other than yours, dao brother."

Losing the bulk of the golden and titan demons had significant repercussions. They had no choice but to utilize alternative plans in order to take Winterdraw.

The blood demon forefathers were displeased. They knew the other tribes were determined to force their hand.

The sheer amount of demonic mist that would be required to cover the entire Winterdraw Island was too great. The four forefathers would have to strain themselves to even try to reach the goal. They also had to order their army to contribute to the cause.

This would take a heavy toll on the tribe.

More importantly, members of their tribe would be on the frontlines while their demonic mist surrounded the island. They would take the brunt of Winterdraw's retaliation.

In theory, their mist should be able to corrupt any treasure, but that was just in theory. Given Jiang Chen's monstrous track record, it was a possibility that their mist wouldn't work on him.

Therefore, Bloodreed was extremely reluctant.

Under the emotional blackmail from the crowd, however, the blood demons had no other choice available to them. They had to take on the mission no matter what.

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

Chapter 2290: Finger on the Trigger

Bloodreed contemplated the proceedings for a moment. "Our tribe can take to the field, but we need certain guarantees. As the main contributors, we need our pick of the spoils after we capture Jiang Chen and make Winterdraw ours. Three first-pick choices should do it. Also, credit for the accomplishment goes to our tribe."

"That's a little too greedy, don't you think?" someone immediately opposed.

Of course it was. It was no secret by now Jiang Chen was a walking treasure trove. Everyone lusted after his possessions.

Bloodreed had started with a sky-high opening price, fully ready for the ensuing negotiation.

Celestial smiled equivocally. "Younger brother, you're asking for quite the lion's share when you aren't the only ones to fight."

Bloodreed chuckled. "You have to keep us fed if you want us to do the dirty work."

"You can pick one item ahead of everyone else. How about it?" responded Celestial gravely.

"Not good enough!" Bloodreed shook his head. "Winterdraw is a large place. All four of blood demon forefathers will need to act in concert to fully cover it with our mist. I trust I don't need to elaborate on the dangers that that entails."

"One priority pick is already a tremendous reward. Younger brother, what of the other tribes who arrived in Myriad Abyss ahead of us? They've made sacrifices without any promise of reward," Celestial countered calmly.

Bloodreed cackled. "Forgive me for being blunt, but were they as selfless as you make it sound? Weren't they trying to nab their share before the rest of us?"

The thin veneer of altruism was torn to pieces. Or rather, the entire race knew of the first movers' ulterior motives, Bloodreed was simply the first one to point it out so unceremoniously.

"Hmph, old fart, what do you mean?" Goldenhowl immediately grunted in dissatisfaction. The blood demon had hit a raw nerve.

Bloodreed would have paid it no heed had it been someone else, but Goldenhowl was well known for his violent temper.

The golden demon was marginally weaker than him on paper, but in a real fight, the outcome was far from certain. What if the demon went ballistic and attacked the blood tribe? He had very little left to lose, after all.

"Hehe, Old Golden, calm down. I wasn't talking about you. I wouldn't have objections if you asked for an item as well. Your tribe's paid high enough a price." He smartly diffused the conflict and tried to rope in Goldenhowl at the same time.

Sure enough, startled by the unexpected offer, the latter stared eagerly at Forefather Celestial, clearly giving serious attention to the possibility.

A refusal would go down with difficulty at this stage. Therefore, while swearing inwardly at Bloodreed's underhanded ruse, Celestial kept a straight smile on his face. "Alright, it's a win-win for everyone in that case. Daoists Goldenhowl and Bloodreed will both be awarded an item. Daoist Bloodreed, by nobly giving up one of your own opportunities for someone else's sake, you embody the solidarity between our tribes and open the way to a brighter tomorrow. So let's not argue further, lest we sour the mood."

Further talks would only waste saliva and complicate matters even more so, so he opted to decisively settle the negotiations. Otherwise, everyone would clamor for their own share, He couldn't let things descend into chaos.

Putting words in my mouth? Inwardly glum, Bloodreed watched helplessly as Celestial turned the situation to his advantage. What was he to do? Everyone was looking at him with complicated expressions.

Haggling further would only anger the other tribes, so he sighed. "The golden tribe deserves it. They've toiled hard for our cause, and Daoist Goldenhowl is someone I've always admired."

If there were no more benefits to had, he might as well cajole the lone forefather and try to recruit him. The golden demon would be a tremendous asset. He was without a tribe to speak of, in any case.

Celestial glanced meaningfully at Bloodreed, then smiled coolly. "Good, it's so decided. You will cover Winterdraw with your blood mist while the celestial tribe attacks with our soundwaves. With millions of soldiers, the yin tribe is the most suited to battering their formations. The rest will bring up the rear and offer support as needed."

The overall goal remained the same, but the specifics had been slightly altered.

"We march tomorrow morning! Winterdraw will be ours!"

The forefathers stood up. No matter the conflict and hidden schemes between the tribes, everyone was on the same page regarding the humans.

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Jiang Chen made his way back to Winterdraw after felling a celestial demon with a sneak attack. He'd gained a clearer idea about the celestial tribe's strength, but it'd also served as a warning. The enemy was ready to launch their final assault on the island.

Fortunately, the island could rely on strong defenders and stout fortifications.

More importantly, the White Astral Tiger had reached the fourth level earlier today, and Long Xiaoxuan the fifth.

With all four beasts in the mid divine realm, they could practice the Four Sacred Beasts Formation and attain a greater mastery over their domain.

Once proficient with the formation, even advanced divine opponents might not be their match.

At a rough guess, Celestial should be the only advanced demon god they had to face. No matter how close, the others shouldn't be at that tier yet.

While the enemy gathered their forces, Jiang Chen also summoned all of the cultivators on the island.

"Everyone, the enemy encroaches on our borders. The decisive battle is upon us. But fear not! You have all been enhancing your strength, and we have mighty formations on our side. Moreover, repeated encounters have demonstrated that the demons aren't nearly as terrible as we'd first imagined. Victory shall ultimately be ours!"

He spared no effort to inspire his men. Morale was essential at such a time.

His fearless figure filled the crowd with renewed determination. How could they, as elders, lose to their junior in courage? How could they even think of shrinking back at such a time?

Xia Tianze grinned from ear to ear. “Come at me, demons. It’s high time I give you the works. I couldn’t participate properly in the last war, so I have to make up for lost time.”

As the Great Divine Veluriyam’s most trusted confident and the guardian of his legacy, Xia Tianze had been safely tucked away from the ancient war. But now was his turn to shine!