

## Three Realms 2291

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

#### Chapter 2291: On The Eve Of Battle

“Old Gold, how much fighting strength does your tribe possess right now?” Jiang Chen privately asked the rat king.

“Young lord, are we fighting in the final battle against the demons?” The rat king’s eyes shone bright.

After surpassing his limits again and again, the rat king’s temperament had changed entirely. In the past, even as the leader of his tribe, he’d been a cowardly mouse. But now, there was an imposing air about him. Not even the four sacred beasts outshone him.

He’d finally gained the bearing of the ancient Goldbiter Kingrats.

“There’s no avoiding the decisive battle. However, your tribe will be our surprise troops, so I need to understand where your current battle capabilities,” Jiang Chen said resolutely.

“Hehe, don’t worry. Of course, we can’t go head-to-head against the ten demon tribes. But there’s absolutely no problem with causing trouble and disturbance through ambushes and guerilla warfare.” The rat king licked his lips, quite fierce and eager. There was a certain bloodthirstiness about him.

Jiang Chen smiled. “Your tribe needs continual battle experience to evolve ever further. The repeated clashes are very useful for your descendants. You might sacrifice a great many this time, but the survivors will lead your tribe to the true glory of the ancient Goldbiter Kingrats. Do you believe me?”

The rat king rushed to protest, “Of course I believe you. In fact, I’ve already awakened the heritage memories of the Goldbiter Kingrats. Both my bloodline and my soul have evolved into that of a Goldbiter Kingrat. Now it’s time for me to lead the entire tribe on the same path!”

Such a sentiment was proof the rat tribe’s thought process was on the right track.

Jiang Chen nodded. “The demons will certainly deploy all kinds of tricks and methods in this fight and call upon all of their powers. I’m confident I’ve already seen all their tricks though, and have fought against all of them. The only ones I have yet to meet in battle are the blood and yin demons. Perhaps the celestial demons count as well. This time, I think the blood demons will be the spearhead of their offensive.”

“Blood demons?” The rat king blinked. “Didn’t Demon Emperor Bloodmalva in Great Scarlet belong to that tribe?”

“He did, but his cultivation was nothing to speak of. The blood demons we now have to face will be their main strike force, their genuine elites!”

“Who cares! Young lord, I’m sure you have a way. Should our rat tribe handle them?”

“No need. They possess a terrifying corrosive ability. It’s not a threat to you, but I can’t say the same for your kin. Just wait for my orders and focus on ambushing their backline.”

The rat tribe was his stealth team. He had to use them as such in order to tilt the balance in mankind's favor. Merely turtling inside Winterdraw wasn't the path to victory.

If he had another decade or so of peace, he, the four beasts, and mankind as a whole would've shrunk the gap in strength enough to catch up to the demons.

The war would be much more straightforward then.

But aware of this potential threat, Celestial had launched the offensive ahead of time to cut their growth short.

After arranging for the rat tribe's mission, Jiang Chen privately summoned the four sacred beasts.

They'd been practicing the new formation he'd taught them. Although not yet touching upon the core mysteries of a plane's creation, the formation faintly alluded to the rules of the heavenly planes.

The four beasts were now all mid divine realm. Every single one of them a force to be reckoned with in their own right, they were strong enough to overpower ordinary demon gods in single combat, apart from the elite few like Celestial. They could now fight their own battles.

However, he had no plans to have them fight alone. Too much risk was involved. No matter how mighty their bloodlines, it made little sense to gamble with their lives.

Every detail mattered in war. One ought to maximize one's chances.

The beasts' greatest strength lay in their coordination. Together, they were twice as powerful, or possibly more. The four of them had been delighted to learn the formation, clearly sensing it'd elevate their battle prowess to new heights.

"Young lord, now that the final battle draws near, will we be able to fight to our heart's content?" asked Long Xiaoxuan.

"Not necessarily. It'll be a scrappy, hard-fought affair, but there will be opportunities nonetheless. Just follow me as you've always done, alright?"

They didn't refuse, of course. To fight at his side was always a pleasure.

Jiang Chen apprised them of his latest conjecture.

Long Xiaoxuan snorted with contempt, "The blood demons' mist is powerful, but a sacred beast won't be affected, don't worry."

True enough, their bloodlines were too noble to be so easily corroded.

The young human responded with a smile, "That's just my guess. Perhaps the celestial tribe will spearhead the attack in person, who knows? We must be ready to react to whatever they throw our way."

"Hehe, we'll leave the battle plans to you, young lord. Just point us to something we can whale on," the Astral Tiger interjected candidly.

Soon after, Jiang Chen called Xia Tianze, An Kasyapa, and the others, patiently warning them of what might come. In a momentous battle of this magnitude, he couldn't afford to neglect any details.

As the dark of night slowly receded to give way to the light of dawn, he pronounced, his voice clear and sonorous, "Everyone, the human domain stands right behind us. Winterdraw is our last rampart. We must stop the enemy here, or they will invade our homeland. Will you let the demons make slaves out of your children and descendents?!"

"Young lord, we're ready to fight to the last breath!"

"We fight!"

The shouts of the crowd merged into one deafening hurrah that rang pleasantly in his ears. "Everyone, follow the two seniors Xia Tianze and An Kasyapa and defend our all-important formations. I'll harass them with sneak attacks in the meantime to disrupt their offensive. We'll have ample opportunities to strike and thin their ranks. Remember, the demons are nowhere near as strong as they were in the ancient war, not to mention more than a third of their forefathers are already slain. Never doubt our chances to prevail!"

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

#### **Chapter 2292: The Battle Begins**

The demonic army finally set off at the first hint of dawn. Like a cloud of demonic locusts, they surged onward, darkening the sky over Winterdraw. With forbidding momentum, the ten tribes encircled the sea around the island so tightly that not even a mosquito could slip through.

They'd meticulously prepared the positioning of their various forces. Everyone knew the role they had to play.

Learning from past failures, the six forefathers of the celestial tribe deployed their tribe's domain as soon as the army was in place. This was both to safeguard their forces and to prevent Jiang Chen from using possible confusion to spring an ambush, as he'd done the last time.

The young lord was indeed hidden somewhere unseen. He observed the demons' movements, waiting for a chance to catch them unawares. But judging from the enemy's vigilance, opportunities would be scant.

He'd have to break the domain before any possible ambush, but he didn't yet have that sort of strength.

It wouldn't have stopped him had he been at seventh level divine realm. He could've charged straight in their midst and killed everyone standing in his way.

But there was an enormous gap between fifth and seventh level, so he kept his impatience in check and stayed hidden, patiently biding his time while waiting for whatever devilry the demons were up to.

Under the protection of the celestial tribe's domain, the four blood demon forefathers led their tribe in laying out the foundations of their blood mist.

It wasn't a difficult task in theory, other than being laid out in the sky, but to enclose a vast island like Winterdraw was another story altogether.

They had to arrange four formations first, then use the formation cores to gather blood demon energy. Then, creating a demonic resonance magnified by the formations, they'd engulf the entire island.

Secret arts dealing with status effects weren't too different from each other on a fundamental level. The demonic blood mist was a formation like any other, merely a harmful, evil one.

"The blood demon tribe, as expected." Jiang Chen's brows creased at the sight.

He mentally sifted through what he knew of them. His knowledge had been superficial at best in his past life, but he'd gained new insights after running into Bloodmalva. The four forefathers were on another level of power, of course, but their battle tactics shouldn't be too dissimilar. For the young lord, it wasn't entirely uncharted territory.

"Four forefathers... Not a weak tribe by any stretch of the imagination." He observed them in earnest.

Currently, the optimal way would be to sneak up on them and pounce on them from the shadows.

Sadly, the celestial tribe stayed ever-cautious, never allowing for this kind of opening. Their protection followed the blood tribe wherever the latter went.

"The celestial demons seem to have learned their lesson after losing a forefather last time. But their domain requires a constant supply of energy. I'll tip my hat to them if they can keep it up forever!" He stayed unruffled as he was in no rush. Opportunities would come in due time.

The blood demons' formations weren't overly complex. Each forefather levitated a blood bead in their hand that summoned the surrounding demonic energy and continuously absorbed it.

Little by little, the beads changed colors, finally flaring a bright crimson in the end.

Meanwhile, once processed by the beads, the demonic energy vaporized into the air and spread rapidly, shrouding all of Winterdraw in a mist.

Having expected this scene from the start, Jiang Chen continued to wait for his moment to strike.

Somewhere below, Xia Tianze clucked his tongue. "The young lord's foresight is truly beyond compare. Just as he's said, the blood demons are the ones launching the first attack. An Kasyapa, you know how to use the Earth Bodhisattva Orb he gave you?"

A wise smile floated on the latter's lips. "Let's start."

The orb fashioned another layer of protection for the island's formations. Pulsating with formidable power, this layer worked tirelessly to offset the blood mist by diffusing it toward the sea, crashing mighty waves over the water's surface.

Meanwhile, Xia Tianze opened his hand upwards, the Great Veluriyam Torch unexpectedly appearing within.

As the Veluriyam Palace's esteemed elder, he was the most suitable person to entrust the torch to.

"Great Veluriyam Torch, quell all demons with your sacred radiance!"

Suffused with the holiness of gods and buddhas, the torch's most marvelous ability was to purge all evil where it shone. No matter how many fiendish demons sullied the earth, the sacred light would purify them all.

In fact, not even the Great Divine Veluriyam himself had fully understood this power. But Jiang Chen had studied the item's characteristics in depth and mastered its uses.

Sure enough, the encroaching blood mist lost some of its luster the moment it came into contact with the torch's light, while the Earth Bodhisattva Orb pushed the remainder to the sea.

As a result, less than two tenths were left to assail the island's defenses.

At full power, the bloody mist would have sorely tested mankind's defenses, but it was a mere tickle in its present state.

Of course, the blinding light from the Great Veluriyam Torch also made it difficult to accurately gauge the situation on the island. The demons had yet to realize their plan had been effectively foiled.

Blissfully unaware, the four blood demon forefathers smiled grimly when they saw the light try to hamper their efforts.

Bloodreed sneered. "The torch is powerful, but how long can they last? We can maintain our mist until the end of the battle if need be. They can't win a battle of attrition. Let's put our backs into it, everyone, and make them bend to our tribe's will!"

In spite of its fearsome powers, the blood tribe had ultimately underestimated mankind's resilience.

While supporting the celestial demon domain and protecting the four blood demon forefathers, Celestial kept an attentive eye on Winterdraw.

The Great Veluriyam Light made his task arduous. Even so, he could see the torch dissolve half the blood energy at most. The other half should be battering the island's formations this very instant.

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

#### **Chapter 2293: An Opening**

"Your blood mist has formed, Bloodreed," said Forefather Celestial. "You don't need us to protect you anymore, do you?"

Bloodreed cackled. "We won't say no if you'd kindly offer us protection for longer."

Forefather Celestial huffed. "How will I be able to activate the celestial soundwave domain then? How do we attack Winterdraw through the formation?"

Celestial demon soundwaves were extremely powerful. It could penetrate the formation and attack the cultivators within.

Once the domain took shape, its might would threaten heaven and earth. There was no telling how many cultivators within Winterdraw would survive it.

Moreover, the domain's attacks were highly piercing. Even hiding underground wouldn't do anything. All beings up to the heavens and down in hell would feel the blows.

Bloodreed didn't push his luck. He grunted. "Then you should do that. We blood demons can protect ourselves." He called out to his companions, "Brothers, let's form a Bloodfiend Defensive Dome. Don't let the young man sneak up on us."

As its name suggested, the Bloodfiend Defensive Dome was a formation formed with blood energy. Attackers had to go through the dome first, which would allow the demons to detect even the most stealthy of foes.

It wouldn't stop any attacks, but it served as an alert system, giving them the time to react.

It was a useful technique, at least in response to ambushes.

Blood energy in all directions pulsed and spun itself into threads around the four forefathers. The resulting web spanned a thousand mile in radius to form a defensive dome, protecting the four demons.

Jiang Chen had been keeping an eye on the blood demons. It greatly depressed him to see them employ such a trick. With the detecting formation in place, it'd be unlikely for him to sneak up on them.

The Scrutiny of Existence was powerful, but its might would be greatly diminished after going through the defensive dome. The attack wouldn't be enough to kill a demon forefather then.

Jiang Chen never made a move unless he could take someone down. He never fought if he wasn't assured of victory.

The six celestial forefathers moved away from the four blood demon forefathers, advancing toward the island rather than retreating. It was clear that they were going to launch an attack.

Jiang Chen's heart sank.

Xia Tianze and An Kasyapa had been given treasures to deal with the blood demons. They should be fine against the demons' attacks. The celestial demon forefathers, however, would pose a serious threat to Winterdraw.

In his moment of hesitation, a chilling wind picked up below and howled furiously. Dark energy surged in from all directions. Eerie, stark-white flags shook themselves into existence within the darkness.

As the flags shuddered, countless ghouls and spirits emerged from thin air, as if summoned.

The miraculous method of summoning soldiers caught Jiang Chen's eyes.

"It's the yin demons manipulating dead spirits!" This was definitely yin demon handiwork. They were masters in commanding spirits.

The fascinating thing about yin demon manipulation was that it was very difficult to spot where the puppet masters were hiding. In that way, they were similar to wood demons commanding their demonic plants.

The best way to deal with the spirits was to kill the puppet masters. But where were they?

Jiang Chen's head brimmed with questions. It'd caught him by surprise that the blood, celestial, and yin demons had all made their moves at the same time. The demons looked poised to take Winterdraw in one fell swoop.

This battle would be more challenging than expected.

Nevertheless, his heart grew calmer in response. The more relentless the demons were, the more it showed their growing worry and dread. This was to be an unavoidable clash. Who would come out on top?

His heart like a boulder, Jiang Chen's mind was free of any distractions. He scanned the battlefield and transmitted his thoughts to the four sacred beasts, ordering them to be ready for a fight.

The six celestial demon forefathers were the most powerful among their enemies. It wouldn't be wise to target them. The yin demons commanded millions of spirits; it'd be extremely difficult to locate the commanders. Meanwhile, the blood demons had the Bloodfiend Defensive Dome. It wouldn't be easy to sneak up on them.

The demons had come prepared, considering their every move and allowing Jiang Chen no openings.

The young lord took some time to deliberate a plan of action and eventually came to a decision.

"Attack the ghouls and spirits!" he ordered.

The dead spirits' strength lay not in their individual power, but their numbers. That, however, was exactly what Jiang Chen wasn't afraid of.

He flung his magnetic mountain into the air, instantly transforming it to an enormous mountain. Out spewed millions of aureate light beams and his own golden monsters, charging at the spirits down below.

The mountain's cutting energy swept through the area as baleful astral winds. All of the ghouls and spirits collapsed one after another beneath this absolute, destructive might.

"Hehe, finally!" Forefather Celestial cackled and called out to his companions, "Activate our domain of soundwaves!"

A handbell appeared in his hand as he spoke. With a shake of his arm, the clapper violently rang with dissonance. An ear-piercing, harsh sound cut across that air, one that raised goosebumps on everyone's arms.

The other five demons proffered their various treasures: the gong, reed, suona horn, and chime stones appeared on the battlefield.

The six demons changed their own forms in a bewildering variety of shapes; their instruments followed their masters. Each shift gave rise to discordant, demonic music.

It sounded like the netherworld had boiled over, and its denizens wailing and screaming in concert. The anguished sounds could tear one's heart and lungs to pieces.

At first, the cacophonous strands rose and fell in all directions. Moment later, they converged to envelope all of Winterdraw and its surrounding areas.

The island became a living hell in the blink of an eye. Evil spirits howled and shrieked, sending wave upon waves of fatal notes through the island's formations.

The lesser cultivators threw up blood as soon as they heard the melodies. They covered their ears with their hands and ran around like headless chickens.

### Sovereign of the Three Realms (WN)

#### **Chapter 2294: On Even Footing**

This auditory domain resonated with all five senses via sound and ultimately invaded the soul to subdue the enemy.

Of course, it was useless against someone with a heart as steady as a rock. But the others?

Even some of the divine realm cultivators were dazed, their hearts and minds in turmoil.

The momentum of the war shifted immediately to the demons' side. Xia Tianze and An Kasyapa's group still held strong inside Winterdraw, but the rest, gods included, were affected, some going berserk.

"Young lord, things are taking a turn for the worse. These soundwaves are a dreadful form of mental attack." The divine beasts were naturally impervious to its effects, but they'd noticed the changes on the island.

Jiang Chen paled, secretly lamenting this turnabout. His plan to assassinate the demon forefathers was now dead in the water. He shouted, "Fall back to Winterdraw!"

Making a prompt decision, he flew to the island, the divine beasts in tow.

"The four of you go lend a hand against the yin demons while I deal with this sound domain." Without further ado, he swept a hand through the air. A zither suddenly landed in front of him: the Cloudsurge Zither once stored in the fifth link of his consciousness seal.

He snorted. "You want a battle of music? Let's see how you measure up to my tune of Cardinal Cloudsurge!"

His fingers danced on the zither's strings, plucking out majestic sounds that carried to every corner of the island. A mysterious energy soothed the mood of those who'd lost their minds and dissipated their agitation.

One note, two notes...

Every note resounded like the edge of a sword of justice cleaving through the sky. Clouds swirled with the wind from every direction, gathering with cloud-surging momentum.

This zither could kill as easily as it could rouse the spirit, swallow the soul, or bedazzle the heart. Jiang Chen had chosen a rousing melody to create a solemn stage brimming with purity.

Every strike of the chords carried the momentum of a million calvary troops galloping forward. It dispersed with all evil, washed away all filth, and returned brightness to the world.

"Hm?"

Winterdraw's cultivators felt the music steady their hearts. In disbelief, their now-calm eyes followed the source of the sound. They were greeted with the sight of Jiang Chen sitting high in the sky, playing a



zither with both hands. In a display of nature's myriad manifestations, vortexes had formed around him, spreading outward to eradicate all ills.

"It's young lord Jiang. He's always here for us!"

"His zither counters the demons' soundwaves!"

"Long live the young lord! He's saved us again. Now that the celestial domain is powerless against us, what excuses do we have not to fight back?"

"Kill the demons, kill them all!"

Other than cleansing evil, the melody could also lift morale and supplement courage. It aided men in fighting more fearlessly for their cause.

The zither pulled humanity back from the precipice of the abyss. Revitalized, the human cultivators began a mad assault on the ghouls and spirits invading the island.

Jiang Chen's pentacolor crystals had been refined into five thousand weapons. He'd created a specialized regiment, every member equipped with an anti-demon item. They became the bane of the demons the moment they charged out. Crystal-forged blades scythed through the enemy like a hot knife through butter, destroying ghouls and spirits left and right while dispersing the rest.

The four beasts also used their unique abilities to assist the humans.

Their fighting spirit rekindled, the defenders fought with redoubled zeal, dealing blow after mortal blow to the yin demons.

Still strumming the zither, Jiang Chen opened his eyes and observed the battle at large.

Suddenly, he latched onto a cultivator hiding among the ocean of spirits. He'd finally found one of the yin demon forefathers controlling the ghouls from the shadows.

"Hehe, you were indeed hidden deep. But that won't save you today!"

His music didn't falter despite his divided attention. His eyes scanned back and forth, emitting a power close to advanced divine realm as it converged into an evil golden beam that sliced through the air and locked onto the yin demon.

Secure in his own concealment, this forefather hadn't expected to be targeted.

Hence, he reacted belatedly. He tried to sidestep the fearsome beam, but it made a beeline for his eyes and pierced right into his consciousness. Bone-deep chills immediately froze his body; his mind seemed to be one block of solid ice.

His figure discolored at a speed visible to the naked eye. Within a single breath, he'd turned into a stiff statue devoid of breath.

With a cultivation incomparably stronger than in his past self, Jiang Chen's Evil Golden Eye was naturally also in a completely different league.

To begin with, the yin demon was at fourth level, lower than the young human. As a result, his doom was inevitable.

His fall threw the battle into chaos. Like balloons full of air, the ghouls and spirits under his command burst open before vanishing.

Of course, the yin tribe had more than one forefather.

But the others panicked when they witnessed their companion's fate. They summoned the surrounding spirits to form protective rings around them, afraid they'd follow in their tribesman's footsteps.

None of them specialized in melee combat. They were in their element when manipulating spirits, but they were sitting ducks once their positions were exposed.

Eerie white flags waving incessantly, they thought of nothing but their own survival. They all prayed not to become Jiang Chen's next target.

One of them transmitted, "Forefather Celestial, increase your output! You must keep us safe!"

But Celestial was too busy with the soundwaves to pay heed to this sudden request. He shouted, "What are you panicking for? Victory is right within sight. Our soundwaves will make short work of them. We'll win without lifting a finger!"

Away from the heart of the melee, he wasn't yet aware of the changes below. The yin demon wailed, "Forefather Celestial, are you sure your soundwaves are working properly? Why are the humans fighting back more fiercely than ever?"

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

#### **Chapter 2295: A Chaotic Melee**

Indeed, the humans were fighting back with increasing vigor. Fighting on the frontlines, the yin tribe was the first one to notice.

In comparison, Celestial remained dubious. "Just trapped beasts struggling on their deathbed. They won't last for long, so endure for a little while longer. Winterdraw will definitely fall!"

The yin demons groaned at his reply. What part of the humans looked like they were beasts at death's door? They were clearly mounting a counterattack!

"Forefather, not that we're questioning you, but we're suffering heavy casualties here. The soundwaves, the blood mist, are any of them working as intended? One of our forefathers is already dead. We're going to withdraw if you don't take down Winterdraw soon."

The yin demons were no fools. Ghouls and spirits could be sacrificed, but there were only so many demon gods. Every single death was an irreparable loss.

Four of them had survived the last war, but only three were left at this moment. If another one or two were to fall, wouldn't they lose their placement among the ten tribes?

To lead the charge was a glorious contribution, but not one worth losing forefathers for.

In truth, Celestial wasn't as confident as he'd sounded. His sharp senses had naturally taken note of the righteous music produced by the Cloudsurge Zither.

His tribe's domain was clearly being neutralized by the notes, so he couldn't tell how effective it was. Of course, he'd never willingly admit that out loud.

How would his tribe sustain its prestige otherwise? How could he let everyone know their pride and joy, the auditory domain, had proven itself impotent?

But war was sometimes fickle like this. A moment's hesitation was enough for the enemy to turn the tables. And sure enough, the yin demons' worries materialized themselves.

Long Xiaoxuan had the keenest sense of smell among the divine beasts. He'd managed to lock in place another yin demon forefather with his true dragon aura as the four sacred beasts attacked jointly, raining down an endless stream of abilities on their hapless victim.

To fight against all four of them was equivalent to facing a seventh level god. How could a mid divine demon god weather this massive onslaught?

With a tremendous boom, the beasts tore the demon to pieces in an explosion of light.

For the two remaining yin demon forefathers, it was the straw that broke the camel's back.

Their leader, Forefather Riverveil, roared in fury. "Celestial, you'll be the death of us! You told us to spearhead the offensive, and now we have two dead forefathers on our hands. You'll answer to us for that!

"We retreat!"

The casualties were too much for the tribe to endure. They didn't want to be shot like fish in a barrel.

The beasts didn't give chase. After all, the main demon army loomed menacingly not far behind.

Distressed by the yin tribe's full-on retreat, Celestial ordered, "All tribes, full charge! Everyone, attack Winterdraw. No falling back, we fight to the end!"

As the demons' supreme leader, the other tribes had to obey his orders no matter their qualms.

Hence, the army rolled into motion.

But at this very moment, sudden chaos struck the army's rear. Countless golden creatures emerged amidst their ranks as if surfacing from the sea. With tide-like momentum, the new attackers pounced on the demon soldiers, instantly annihilating them.

The Goldbiter Rats had finally joined the fight.

Leading by example, the rat king leaped ferociously on the monster demon forefather he'd been eyeing from the start.

The tribe's descendants numbered in the hundreds of millions. The surroundings teemed with rats in the blink of an eye. They dragged the monster demons down to the ground and devoured them before the demons could come back to their senses.

After a series of evolutions, the tribe's strength had exploded upwards. Their sharp teeth and fighting prowess were reminiscent of the heavenly planes' Goldbiter Kingrats.

In comparison, the monster demon tribe was less than a hundred thousand strong.

Lost in an ocean of rats, they struggled for dear life. No matter their desperate efforts, they all proved futile.

The scent of blood turned the rats into merciless machines of slaughter that fully matched the demons in pure savagery. No, perhaps they were even more bloodthirsty.

Monster demons ate their victims alive and drank their blood, but a crueler fate awaited the rats' victims. Consumed down to their bones, not a single trace of them was left in this world.

All in all, it was an even less enviable end.

The setback at the rear disturbed the army's chain of command.

Demons were ferocious, but they could feel fear all the same. The breach at the rear threw them for a loop. On the cusp of flying to the yin tribe's rescue, the soldiers now ran around like headless chickens.

"First things first. Deal with these stinking rats!" someone finally shouted.

Once the decision was made and countless powerhouses sprang into action, the rat tribe immediately found itself under immense pressure.

But sadly, it also meant the yin tribe was out of luck. Without reinforcements from the main army, they were merely sitting ducks.

At the sight of this, the four divine beasts hunted them without prompting, massacring them all.

The two surviving forefathers couldn't hide from the young lord's God's Eye. He had the sacred beasts to surround them while he harassed them with the Evil Golden Eye, making their lives miserable.

Of course, his actions didn't escape Celestial's notice. He shouted, "Split off a third of the army to rescue the yin tribe! Fellow daoists from the blood tribe, entrap the four sacred beasts with your blood mist. Hurry!"

They were in a race against time. He who acted the fastest would find the first opportunity to strike, as Jiang Chen well knew. The Goldbiter Rats were sacrificing their lives to create a window for him!

"Look alive. Kill the yin demon forefathers and return as fast as possible!" At the same time, he attacked the two yin demons with a volley of evil golden rays.

For Celestial, the golden flashes coming from Winterdraw was a dead giveaway Jiang Chen had entered the fray. He immediately punched in that direction, the energy of his blows shattering the sky where the beasts were.

Even they would've had to yield had they faced him in person. But what did they have to fear from a strike coming from so far away?

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

### **Chapter 2296: Time for the Divine Veluriyam Talismans**

The two yin forefathers were struggling.

The blood forefathers charged at the four sacred beasts in a flash of crimson light when they received their orders.

The four beasts knew it was now or never. If they failed to kill the two remaining forefathers of the yin tribe, then they wouldn't have the chance to do so anytime soon.

The blood demons were closing the gap.

Meanwhile, Jiang Chen was glad to see the addition of four new forefathers. He transmitted to Xia Tianze, "Come, Old Brother Xia."

Xia Tianze had been resisting the blood mist's corruption with the Great Veluriyam Torch. He handed the torch to Old Pill Rune and Mad Fiend when summoned.

"You two, take my place for a bit." With that, he moved to Jiang Chen's side.

The young lord draped the Immaculate Robe over Xia Tianze with a quick hand seal.

"This is the Immaculate Robe. With this, you'll be able to hide in thin air and approach enemies without being detected. Will you sneak up on four blood demon forefathers and kill a couple of them for me?"

Xia Tianze was close to reaching seventh level divine realm. Although the Divine Transcendence Pill had yet to send him up a level, he was already on the doorstep of advanced divine realm.

His cultivation was impressive. Though he might not win in an open fight with Forefather Bloodreed or even Goldenhowl, he was confident in his chances in launching a sneak attack.

His eyes lit up. "Is this what you had on when you attacked the celestial demon sixth forefather?"

"It is. Use it well. I'll consider it a job well done if you kill one of them, and a remarkable feat if you kill two!"

"Hehe, what if I kill three of them? Is the robe mine then?"

"In your dreams." Jiang Chen rolled his eyes before schooling his expression. "Don't get reckless. Those demons aren't fools. They won't let you get away with sneaking up on them too many times in a row. Your safety should be your top priority."

Jiang Chen had to stay put to keep the morale-reviving music flowing. Lending the Immaculate Robe to Xia Tianze was a good solution to his dilemma.

With him playing the zither, the enemies would lower their guard since they assumed he was rooted to his spot. That made the perfect opportunity to stage an ambush.

Xia Tianze took the robe a quick spin through its paces. The treasure was indeed magical. The senior marveled at it quietly. He'd thought Jiang Chen's most impressive heritage would be the ancient Veluriyam Palace, but the young man presented this out of nowhere. Where did it come from?

Xia Tianze was overwhelmed with excitement. He tried his best to recover his composure and snuck away from the island, approaching the battlefield.

The four blood demon forefathers wouldn't have left the protection of the Bloodfiend Defensive Dome if they weren't sure Jiang Chen was still playing the zither. They only charged at the four sacred beasts without concern because they believed humanity's leader couldn't spare any effort for them.

The same thought occupied their minds: If they could tame a sacred beast as their steed or contracted beast, it'd benefit them greatly.

Greed steadfastly gripped the forefathers.

The four sacred beasts had received instructions to buy Xia Tianze some time so he could ambush the blood demons.

They calmly built a formation and faced the blood forefathers rather than going after the yin forefathers. Their formation was so powerful that not even the four blood forefathers could break it.

This caught the blood demons by great surprise. They hadn't expected the four sacred beasts to gain the upper hand just like this.

Forefather Bloodreed scoffed. "Forefather Celestial, you've been projecting your soundwaves for a long time with no results. Are you going to keep at it?"

The blood tribe was growing displeased with the celestial tribe.

They'd thought their four forefathers would be able to easily deal with the sacred beasts. They hadn't expected the beasts' coordinated formation to be so powerful that the four of them were thoroughly suppressed by it.

If things went on like this, the best case scenario would be a standstill. But one wrong step would spell their doom.

As Bloodreed cursed the celestial demons out, Xia Tianze sidled close to the blood demons. He manifested an offensive talisman and activated it with a twist of his hand.

He was being highly ambitious. He wasn't aiming at only one of the demon forefathers, but at all four of them. The talisman he used was the Veluriyam Divine Talisman. A single attack contained Divine Veluriyam's full power!

Divine Veluriyam could rival Forefather Celestial back in the ancient times. An attack at the level of his full power was terrifyingly destructive.

Blinding light shot out of the talisman; the tremendous might of divine radiance enveloped all four of the blood forefathers.

One after another, statues of Buddha warrior attendants emerged from the talisman and attacked the blood demons with a great variety of techniques.

The talisman's might was undeniable.

The four blood forefathers had been struggling beneath the attacks of the four sacred beasts to begin with when the talisman came out of the blue and caught them by surprise. The powerful attacks of the warrior attendants landed directly on them.

Two lesser forefathers were caught up in the attack and exploded into a mist of blood, crushed by the might of Divine Veluriyam.

Bloodreed was the first to react. He took one hit with his back and attempted to flee, sending crimson crescents from both hands to offset the incoming attacks.

Bam!

He coughed out a mouthful of blood when the two forces clashed behind him. He rode the momentum and leapt right back into the defensive formation. The remaining forefather, however, wasn't as lucky.

He'd been on the fringes and dodged the first shockwave from the talisman. But the four sacred beasts weren't going to let him escape.

Crushed between the two grinding forces, this forefather was pulverized into ashes in the blink of an eye.

The sudden turn of events left only one of the four blood demon forefathers alive. Bloodreed cursed as blood gushed out of his wounds, "F\*ck you and your entire tribe, Forefather Celestial!"

He was furious. He believed the celestial demons were responsible for his tribe's downfall.

It would be fine for the celestial demons to stay out of the fray if their soundwaves did indeed take down Winterdraw's cultivators. That would help the demons win the battle.

However, the celestial demons had not only failed to kill the human cultivators, but also failed to keep Jiang Chen occupied.

Even now, Bloodreed still believed the one attacking them was the young lord. The thought that it could be someone else never crossed his mind.

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

#### **Chapter 2297: Celestial Demons Fly Into a Rage**

The scene epitomized chaos. Luckily, the two yin forefathers made it out of the heart of the battlefield.

Forefather Celestial's expression darkened at Bloodreed's insults. His confidence finally cracked. Had he misjudged the situation? Had their soundwaves really not destroyed the inner structure of Winterdraw and the human cultivators?

But what about the music? Wasn't it Jiang Chen playing the zither? If so, who was the one that had attacked the blood demon forefathers?

Countless questions plagued his mind, none of which he could answer.

"It seems that we've been played by the humans again, Forefather Celestial!" The celestial third forefather sighed faintly. He was the tactician of the celestial tribe and the demonic race at large.

Among the seven celestial forefathers, his status came second only to Forefather Celestial. Even the second forefather had to defer to his superior standing.

Therefore, he had the right to speak.

“Ole Third, didn’t our soundwaves terrify the leading sects in the ancient times? Weren’t we unrivaled wherever we went? How is it possible for a mere Winterdraw and a young man to completely defy common sense?”

Doubts crept in about Forefather Celestial’s understanding of the Divine Abyss Continent because of Jiang Chen.

“It’s clear from Winterdraw’s situation that our soundwaves have been countered by the zither,” admitted the third forefather, albeit reluctantly.

“How can that be?” Forefather Celestial couldn’t readily accept that conclusion. “Soundwaves activated by six of our forefathers would be impossible to resist for any of our own tribes. Even if Winterdraw’s formation has lessened its impact, who among the human race is capable of countering our domain?”

The third forefather sighed. “The others may not be able to, but Jiang Chen can.”

“If it was Jiang Chen, then who attacked the four blood demon forefathers? He can’t be in two places at the same time, can he?” Forefather Celestial was about to pull his hair out.

The third forefather shook his head without a word. He was wondering the same thing.

“We cannot hesitate, Forefather. We must regroup. Otherwise, we’ll be in big trouble.” The third forefather reminded his leader. “Our troops have fallen into chaos. You have to keep them under control.”

Forefather Celestial let out a long sigh, his expression tight and reluctant, but he had to face reality.

“Come with me.” Forefather Celestial charged at the four sacred beasts in a flash of light. If they could take down the four, then the battle today would be worth it.

However, the sacred beasts were no fools. As soon as they saw the six celestial forefathers approaching, they streaked back to Winterdraw.

Xia Tianze secretly returned as well. He’d been keeping a low profile while he killed three blood demon forefathers and crippled Bloodreed. The massive accomplishments left him on quite a high.

The Goldbiter Rats left the battlefield with the same ferocity as they entered it. Under their king’s guidance, the rats retreated like the receding tide as soon as the celestial demons approached, disappearing in an instant.

The demons had lost all will to fight. They didn’t even want to go after the rats, nor did they dare to. Their numbers were too great. Who knew who would win should the two parties clash?

Forefather Celestial angrily stormed after the four sacred beasts, but he was one step too late.

Watching Winterdraw’s formation close and dim from the outskirts, he growled out an order, “Attack!”



The celestial demon offensive power was formidable. Soundwaves wasn't their only trick.

They activated their methods to launch a series of relentless attacks, hitting the edge of the formation with an army of tens of thousands of demonic creatures, brandishing their claws and fangs.

The assault was powerful enough to shake the earth. Even the titan demons fell short in comparison and impressing Jiang Chen.

"The celestial demons do live up to their reputation. The titan demons considered unrivaled in frontal assaults, but they have yet to reach their leaders' level."

Nevertheless, Winterdraw's defenses were strong enough to withstand the assault after Jiang Chen's continuous improvements. Moreover, everyone inside the formation had been doing whatever they could to negate the incoming attacks.

If all the enemies' attacks landed on the formation, it'd break sooner or later, but the human cultivators didn't just sit idly by. The Earth Bodhisattva Orb, especially, did wonders in dispersing the enemies' attacks and lessening their impact.

Xia Tianze clucked his tongue in appreciation. "Although the ancient Earth Bodhisattva Sect claimed to be the best formation faction, they weren't able to do all this with the orb."

Jiang Chen smiled without a word. Many of the ancient treasures hadn't been fully utilized back in the day. Of course, he wasn't going to point that out.

A headcount imparted that there had been no deaths on Winterdraw's side since the formation had remained intact. The first wave of attack from the celestial soundwaves had hit many cultivators, but due to Jiang Chen's timely reaction, only a few weaker cultivators had been seriously hurt.

They'd suffered almost no major casualties in the trying fight. The result greatly boosted human confidence.

"See?" Xia Tianze spoke brightly. "Demons may be terrifying, but they aren't what they were back in the ancient times. They no longer hold a significant advantage over us. Celestial demons, blood demons, yin demons... the entire demonic army made their move in the end, yet they did nothing to us. I trust we all have more confidence in ourselves after this, no?"

As he said, those who hadn't fought demons before had gained new confidence.

Demons were powerful, but so was young lord Chen. He was able to counter every one of the demons' moves. That was true strength!

Jiang Chen wasn't overly excited. He declared solemnly, "We've driven away the demonic invasion and killed a good number of their forefathers without any human dying. However, the ones to make the greatest sacrifice are the Goldbiter Rats."

He knew better than anyone that it was the rats' fearless advance into the demons' formation that had sent the enemies into complete chaos. Thus, it was hard to call this a victory.

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

**Chapter 2298: Dissent In The Demon Camp**

When the Goldbiter Rats finally made their return, an aghast Jiang Chen realized they'd lost almost half their members in less than fifteen minutes.

Yet, despite his tribesmen dying by the millions, the rat king was excited beyond belief by the rewards he'd reaped from this particular battle. The survivors would certainly grow beyond their current limits, and the tribe could make up for the dead in a decade or two, thanks to its reproductive speed.

"Ole Gold, you and your tribe are the main heroes this time around."

The rat king grinned, its whiskers bobbing up and down. "We were merely lending a hand, young lord. I dare not claim credit, not to mention the prodigious benefits we acquired. You can't imagine the pleasure I felt when I saw the young'uns munch on them."

The demon tribes were famous across the whole heavenly planes. They used to be existences far beyond the rats' reach, yet such creatures now folded all the same in the face of a rat tide. The monster demons, in particular, had become the main course of a grand feast.

Not even their three forefathers had been spared. Besieged by an ocean of rats, they ultimately become food.

Of course, it was mostly to the rat king's credit. He'd successfully ambushed the three demon gods before donating them to his kin. Nevertheless, no one could deny the part the rat tribe had played.

Human cultivators looked at the rat king with conflicted emotions. There was gratitude, but also specks of fear.

Ole Gold basked in the atmosphere. The Goldbiter Rats had always been too timid to show their faces in public. But now, they commanded not only respect, but also trepidation.

It was the beginning of his tribe's time of glory.

"Alright, the demons have been dealt a monumental blow. They're still not to be trifled with, of course, but we're leveling the playing field, step by step. As long as we don't overreach, we'll ultimately drive them out of Divine Abyss!"

Another eight demon forefathers had fallen in the previous engagement: three from the baleful blood tribe, two from the yin tribe, as well as the three monster and winged forefathers killed by the Goldbiter Rats.

To begin with, they'd been twenty or so at best. After the latest massacre, the pitiful number of demon gods still alive no longer constituted a lethal threat for humanity.

At the very least, they'd suffered irreversible damage. They weren't yet six feet under, but without an injection of fresh blood, their best hope would be to fight mankind to a stalemate.

Of course, the young lord wanted no part of a stalemate. His end goal was their annihilation, pure and simple.

In the doldrums after this defeat, the demons had withdrawn several thousand miles away.

Their greatest loss wasn't the failure to capture Winterdraw. Morale had been critically shaken, and the celestial tribe had lost all prestige and authority.

Other than the monster tribe decimated by ambush from the Goldbiter Rats, the celestial tribe's performance had been the most lackluster.

The fiasco was solely due to their excessive confidence. Too slow to react at the moment of truth, they'd been mere passengers watching the tragic slaughter of the other tribes. The army was thoroughly disillusioned with their leadership.

The still-wounded Bloodreed even swore at them in the open, giving vent to his resentment. Seemingly of one mind, Goldenhowl also denounced them in the same way.

In contrast, no one truly stood up for them.

The monster and giant demons, in particular, had fallen prey to celestial schemes in the past. They'd fought each other, ultimately to Jiang Chen's benefit.

The yin tribe was also disgruntled by their massive losses.

Only the shadow, fire, and winged demons remained somewhat loyal. As for the wood demons, their attitude was ambiguous to say the least.

Noticing this strange atmosphere, Celestial said, "Everyone, my flawed judgment is the root of our defeat." His tone grave, he adopted a very humble attitude.

However, no one rushed to reply.

The crowd seemed dissatisfied by such a cursory apology. Bloodreed, in particular, smirked. "How can you celestial demons ever be wrong? Since the beginning of time, haven't you lot been ever-wise, never erring even once?"

Celestial snorted. "Bloodreed, I understand your distress, but didn't all of us formulate our battle plans together?"

Exploding in sudden fury, Bloodreed huffed, his eyes wide widened with rage. "It's true, everyone agreed to the plan. But we all know you're the pack leader when push comes to shove. You're our bellwether, but what did you do? A wiseman once said: fear not invincible enemies, but idiotic allies. And by idiotic, I'm talking about you lot!"

Entirely disabused, he swore his head off without a care in the world.

The time for courtesy was long behind them. Out of the blood tribe's four forefathers, he alone had half-survived. Their part in the demons' hegemonic plans on Divine Abyss was done and dusted.

Swearing was the only course left to him. It'd be best if he could instigate others into opposing Celestial and strip him of authority. Perhaps there was still room to salvage the situation, as long as they could out their long-standing leader.

Otherwise, talks of conquest would be sheer illusion. Even assuming an eventual success, the celestial demons would simply claim the fruits of everyone's labors.

The other tribes naturally weren't interested in such a thankless task.

Silence fell on the scene.

Everyone craned their necks, waiting to hear the celestial demons' reply. If the latter were to persist in their ways, the rest wouldn't mind joining forces to overthrow the old regime.

Celestial's power was unrivaled, but nine tribes were more than enough to humble a single one.

Celestial sighed. "Daoist Bloodreed, I have nothing to say in my defense. It's true, we've made the wrong calls. But ask yourself honestly. Without us, can the rest of you defeat the humans?"

Bloodreed cackled. "So will your participation ensure our victory? You were the ones at the helm in the ancient war. The result? We fell for their schemes and were sealed away. In the latest battle, you were again the commander-in-chief for an even worse outcome!"

His sentiment found an immediate echo with the other tribes.

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

#### **Chapter 2299: Demonic Panic**

The atmosphere turned awkward.

It was the first time ever that demons, as a whole, had turned their backs on their leaders.

The celestial third forefather sighed lightly. "Everyone, we're talking out of anger right now. Maybe the discussion will be more productive if we think over things more calmly?"

"Oh? What productive contribution do you have then?" Goldenhowl's cold chuckle was laced with mockery.

"First, it's obvious by now the humans' fighting potential at the top is stronger than in the past. It's our first time seeing so many of their cards. Don't you all find that odd?"

His words were a wake-up call, especially for some forefathers who hadn't lost their composure.

"You're right, it's curious indeed. There's something very outlandish about this Jiang Chen. Despite his young age, he's far and away a nastier opponent than the Great Divine Veluriyam."

"These sacred beasts are also new. Since when were they so close to humans? I thought there was great enmity between them as well?"

"Also, what about those strange mice? I'll be damned, why do they remind me of the Goldbiter Kingrats?"

The words "Goldbiter Kingrat" were the stuff of nightmares in the heavenly planes.

Even demons shied away from these creatures, as evidenced by the many forefathers blanching in horror at this name, visibly dismayed.

"Goldbiter Kingrats? How's that possible? Divine Abyss is nothing but a mundane plane, how could it house such a famous race?"

“What of the four divine beasts then? Do they match this so-called ordinary plane? There’s something uncanny about this world.”

“There’s also Jiang Chen. His strength and treasures are on an entirely different level from the ancient human sects!”

The crowd engaged in lively back-and-forths.

His expression livid, Celestial also found himself at a loss. Why had a trivial Divine Abyss suddenly become this complex? Demons and humans had fought scads of battles in the past, but this level of casualties was unprecedented, especially when it came to the forefathers.

For some reason, demon gods now seemed cheap, frail beings that crumbled at the first blow. Humans seemed to have suddenly found a way to mitigate their powers. Every new engagement now brought its share of dead forefathers.

What the hell was going on?

No one could answer for certain.

There had been a host of human gods in the past. But even for these innumerable powerhouses, killing demon gods had been no mean feat.

True, the tribes weren’t in perfect shape so soon after being released from their seals, but they weren’t too far from peak condition either. On the other hand, humans ought to have been far weaker than their ancient counterparts.

But Jiang Chen’s emergence changed the name of the game. Forefathers dropped like flies every time he was involved, not to mention the four divine beasts and the tribe that evoked the Goldbiter Kingrats.

Events seemed to be turning in a very unfavorable direction.

The third forefather sighed. “We all have our own points of view. Some of you are still overwhelmed by rage. I empathize, because it’s our first time taking such a sound loss. We celestial demons are in the same boat. This is new territory for us as well.

“So, rather than the conquest of Divine Abyss, the first question we should consider is the path we ought to take.”

“Path?” The crowd blinked collectively.

The third forefather nodded somberly. “I don’t know if you’ve acknowledged it yet, but I’m positive the humans have overcome their innate fear of us. This is an ominous sign. Without that weakness, their versatility will come even more to the fore. Our road ahead will be laden with trouble. Some of you might still be optimistic, but in my opinion, our most pressing issue is how to survive! Disaster is nigh upon us, everyone.”

Even Celestial frowned at his words. Wasn’t Old Third being a little too alarmist?

They hadn’t fallen so low they had to worry about staying alive, had they?

Granted, humans had achieved a few victories here and there, but never honest ones. They'd never taken demonkind head-on. Bluntly put, they'd always relied on tricks and opportunism.

Bloodreed cackled. "What? Are you trying to absolve yourself of blame by exalting the humans? So that you lot don't look as stupid?"

Celestial's wrath almost got the better of him. He was a hair's breadth away from striking the blood demon dead.

Alas, despite his power, he couldn't create a definite rift between his tribe and the others. It would be the end of them all. He had no choice but to repress this impulse and stay his hand.

The third forefather responded coolly, "Bloodreed, I understand your anger, but will lashing out solve the issue? Ask yourself honestly. If your tribe runs into humans, can you butcher them as easily as you used to?"

They couldn't!

After trading blows with the four beasts, Bloodreed was now intimately acquainted with their strength. If Jiang Chen was also lying in ambush nearby...

Well, hadn't he experienced the outcome once already for himself?

So he kept his peace, but Goldenhowl interjected frostily, "You can waggle your tongue and spew nonsense all you like. The cold hard truth is that our tribes have suffered heavy losses while you lot are almost untouched."

There lay the root of his anger. Why should the other tribes sacrifice their tribesmen while the celestial demons stayed safe and sound?

The celestial sixth forefather had been the only victim, and from an accident at that.

Put this way, the celestial tribe's selfishness became even more plain to see, fanning the others' ire. They all echoed, "That's right, why are you the only ones still fine and dandy? That's unfair?"

"Weren't you talking of fighting to the death? Next time, let's see you put your money where your mouth is!"

"Forefather Celestial, if your tribe can subdue Winterdraw, we're willing to follow your orders. But forgive us for not playing along if you're still planning to use us as cannon fodder!"

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

#### **Chapter 2300: The Celestial Tribe's Secret Ar**

Repeated failures had taught the demons that subjugating Winterdraw was a long shot.

It wasn't impossible for a desperate offensive to crack what they'd seen of the human fortifications. But what would be the point? What came after that?

They would lose half their forefathers in the process, or more.

Could the remaining half kill the island's defenders? Could they conquer the human domain? That was nothing but a pipe dream!

Out of the elites the demons had initially brought to the continent, less than two tenths were still alive, as well as roughly one-third of the forefather-level cultivators. It was too puny a force for their grand, beautiful dream. It was time to wake up from the illusions of grandeur.

The post-battle debrief ultimately ended on a sour note.

Celestial returned to his tribe's camp, barely holding his boiling anger in check. From the moment he'd led the troops into this world, his authority had never been thus challenged.

All he had to his name now were the tatters of dignity and a chest full of rage.

His cold gaze landed on the third forefather. "Old Third, aren't you the sociable one? Why'd you make our tribe even more of a laughingstock? To glorify the humans and shame us demons, whose side exactly do you stand on?"

The third forefather sighed lightly. "Celestial, my words were half honest and half to appease them."

"Which part was real?"

"My evaluation of humanity is genuine. The rest was to dispel their anger. I didn't want them to band together against us."

"Do they have the balls to?" Celestial sneered.

"We're already past asking this kind of question. At this rate, it's a matter of when, not if," the third forefather retorted calmly.

"Old Third, what are you saying?" The other celestial demon forefathers looked at him, dumbfounded.

"Are you still blind to the truth? They're merely waiting for an opportunity to unload their accumulated hostility on us. Even if they don't rebel outright, they'll find subtler ways to make our life difficult. Nothing will pacify them!"

In spite of his wrath, Celestial stayed silent. He couldn't refute Old Third's arguments.

"So there's no more hope left for our grand undertaking? Is that what you mean, Old Third? Should we give up just like that?" asked another forefather, clearly reluctant.

The third forefather muttered, "Of course we can't renounce our goal. Only, we're either headed towards a schism or..." He stopped there, his words trailing off.

But they jolted Celestial nonetheless. He stared at the third forefather, an intense glint in his eyes. "Old Third, speak plainly."

"Forefather, perhaps our final card is the only resort left to us. As celestial demons, it's our destiny rule over the fate of the tribes. They've lost their loyalty to our race, so we must sacrifice them for our grand ambitions..."

Everyone felt their blood run cold at his eerie tone. They all understood his implications.

As the supreme authority of their race, their bloodline possessed a secret art passed down through their distinctive mark.

Only those belonging to the tribe could unlock the mark and learn this art. None of the other tribes were aware of its existence.

The so-called secret art consisted of sacrificing other demons in times of need. Victims were absorbed and bloodlines of the tribes assimilated to strengthen the celestial demons.

As a result, they'd not only gain the other demons' strength, but also their unique abilities, ending up representing all ten tribes by themselves.

In due time, they'd once again slowly beget offspring belonging to other tribes. Through this cycle of fusion and division, the celestial tribe acted as a confluence for the entire race.

A heady rush of excitement flooded the celestial demon forefathers.

The secret art was an oppressive one. It magnified the tribe's power as soon as it was used.

Of course, it wasn't easy to implement. They had to absorb the other tribes first, then spend a long time to digest their powers.

The process was filled with dangers. If they couldn't stay in control, it was entirely possible for spontaneous implosion.

Of course, imploding didn't necessarily mean death for celestial demons. As long as their spirits lived on, they could reconstruct their flesh, reassemble their soul, and come back to life.

So it was a simple matter of time, a small price to pay for a glorious future.

"Forefather, let's do it!"

"That's right, the other tribes have clearly lost faith in us. Their role is done as far as our race is concerned."

"Forefather, we're all waiting for your word!"

The latter murmured to himself for a moment before giving his nod. "Very well. Since they don't know their place and challenge our authority, they'll have to reap what they've sown."

"Old Third, you're the one to first mention it. You must have a plan in mind?"

The third forefather smiled faintly. "There are roughly sixteen forefathers left in the other nine tribes, enough to match us in raw strength. So we must act in complete secrecy! Divide and conquer. We'll catch them in small batches. We can't let anyone slip through our net! We'll have a civil war on our hands if word gets out."

"Then who's first on the menu?" Celestial quietly asked. "The fire, winged, and shadow demons are still relatively loyal. Perhaps we should start with them..."

"No, we must be decisive and go right for the root of the problem." The third forefather shook his head in refusal, rather disapproving of Celestial's dithering.



“Good, we’ll do as you’ve said then. We’ll catch them one by one.”

“Once our tribe springs into motion, they’ll have choice but to submit to their fate,” the other forefathers voiced.

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Meanwhile, Bloodreed was slowly recuperating inside his tent. Thanks to the many pills he’d taken, he’d brought his injury under control, unlike the anger still running wild in his chest.

Beside him, Goldenhowl sipped a cup of wine with a subtle smile, a peculiar expression on his face.

“Just spit it out. Don’t hold it in, or it’ll fester!” demanded the disgruntled Bloodreed.

The golden demon clearly had some choice words, judging from his deportment.

Goldenhowl chuckled. “Hehe, you blood demons didn’t take my tribe’s woes to heart when your strength was still intact. How does it feel now that you’re down to my level?”