

Three Realms 2374

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

Chapter 2374: Returning to Divine Abyss

Inside Hoarfrost's mansion, the godking chortled at Han Shuang.

"Girl, aren't you usually the bold and headstrong sort? Why are you playing the timid maid at a time like this? Just tell me, do you want to be his concubine or not?"

Her cheeks bright red, she refused to give an answer, opting for a soft smile instead.

"I'll take that as a no, then. I'll refuse His Majesty's proposal. He should pick a virtuous and proper daughter-in-law instead."

"Err, my lord, are you saying I'm not virtuous enough?" Han Shuang grew anxious.

The godking chuckled. "You, virtuous? Are you skilled with needlework? How about cooking, aiding a husband, or raising children? I don't think you're exactly the type."

Han Shuang sulked in silence. She really couldn't compete in that domain.

Her life was centered around dancing swords and gory rains of blood. She'd never aspired to be a prim and proper lady of the boudoir. She wanted her abilities to do the talking, to accomplish great things, and to leave her mark in history. To become a tombo—no wait, a female hero revered by the world!

That was why she'd set thoughts of her reputation aside and become involved with Fiendstar, thanks to that fake engagement. She'd even been willing to bear the infamy of being a husband killer, playing the part of a widow despised by all.

Only she knew where her true goals lay!

But all of it now weighed on her mind. She was still pure of body and heart, but would she be to His Majesty's liking? What about the prince? Did the annoying Elder Zhen Junior still remember the trials and tribulations they'd shared together?

Nothing was for certain.

But she had no regrets. On the contrary, she was very proud of herself for accomplishing her goals and making outsized contributions to Taiyuan Plane's renewal.

Idly fiddling with the Measure Of Heaven, her thoughts were at sixes and sevens. She wasn't the archetypical housewife, but she was earnest. She truly wished to be with that irritating little fellow.

For his sake, she was willing to mold herself into the picture of a demure, feminine lady!

The godking couldn't bear to continue poking fun at her when he saw her lost, heart-broken face.

"Alright lass, I'll stop teasing you. His Majesty's talked to me already. He circled your name specifically. He's very fond of you and thinks you'll make a most suitable daughter-in-law."

"Really?" Han Shuang's eyes trembled, unable to hide her happiness.

"Of course. A gentleman wouldn't joke about such matters." The godking smiled.

“Then... what about the prince?” A little worried, Han Shuang stepped heavily into the ground with her toes, trying to shift all her nervousness to the floor. “H-he isn’t a simple Fiendstar elder now. With his status, I...”

She wouldn’t have felt so inferior with someone else.

As a bold woman, she wasn’t one to shy away from her sentiments. She’d never felt that kind of pressure, but he was an exalted prince, and a celestial emperor in his own right to boot!

By shamelessly saying yes, wouldn’t she be like one of these gold diggers looking for a free ride? She wasn’t coy with her feelings, but she had her self-respect.

“His Highness? The celestial emperor gave him a second life, how can the prince refuse? There are two lifetimes worth of gratitude at play here. Not to mention, you two were once part of the same sect. You spent decades as friends in harsher circumstances. They say familiarity breeds affection.”

Han Shuang stared into space. Did he mean familiarity breeds contempt?

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Jiang Chen’s feelings for Han Shuang didn’t run nearly as deep as those for Huang’er. Nevertheless, he didn’t have a bad opinion of her.

He’d first thought her a loose woman willing to expend any means, fair or foul, to reach her goals. But that first impression flew out the window once he’d gotten to know her better, to the point where a deep-seated admiration developed when he’d learned of her true goal.

He couldn’t refuse his father’s resolve to find him a new bride, so there was no reason for him to give her the cold shoulder.

Their magnificent wedding gave rise to unprecedented celebrations throughout the greater world.

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As his father pointed out, the heavens seemed to restrict the amount of a godking’s progeniture.

It took Jiang Chen and his new wife six hundred years to beget a son, then another three centuries for a daughter, much to his father’s great delight.

It was now two thousand years since he’d left Divine Abyss.

Jiang Chen broached the matter with Han Shuang one day. She replied forthrightly, “My husband, they say husband and wife are attached at the hip. I’ll follow you wherever you go.”

Jiang Chen laughed. “Haha, marvelous!”

Emperor Taiyuan personally saw off them off, ceaselessly exhorting, “Chen’er, you have to treat all my daughters-in-law equally well. Don’t forget Shuang’er the moment you set foot back on Divine Abyss.”

Jiang Chen made a face. “Father, what the heck are you talking about?”

They both laughed heartily, aware it was a joke.

All the godkings on Taiyuan Plane were present to send them off.

The young lord began his new journey, accompanied by his wife, the four sacred beasts, and the Goldbiter Kingrats.

Jiang Huan wasn't with him this time, but he didn't need an escort. Taiyuan Plane was back on track. The coast was clear, not to mention his status was a shield in itself. Who'd dare cause trouble for him? They would be thankful enough if he didn't go looking for them.

As he was now in a godking, the journey back wasn't nearly as tedious as before. He'd spent several centuries traveling to Taiyuan Plane, but cut the return trip down to one tenth of that timeframe.

Two thousand years after his departure, he finally returned to his former home. The outer space around Divine Abyss was extremely stable, a sure sign that nothing of note had occurred during his absence.

Prosperity reigned in Divine Abyss. Like Taiyuan Plane, it was well in the throes of a golden age.

One day, various strange phenomena appeared all over Veluriyam Palace, imparting peculiar feelings for the young lord's loved ones. As they puzzled over it, Jiang Chen made his return known!

The entire continent erupted in jubilation. It'd been two thousand years since his departure!

A procession from Veluriyam Palace traveled ten thousand miles to welcome the return of its prodigal son. Jiang Feng and his wife were included in the party.

Han Shuang felt rather nervous. On a mundane plane like this, all the locals put together wouldn't be able to bring down a ninth level god like her. But the pressure currently on her shoulders was enormous, as if the people rushing her way were dreadful beings that could threaten her life.