

### Three Realms 431

#### Chapter 431: Calming Internal Conflict, Induction Ceremony

The Iron family was quite sincere in wanting to reconcile with Jiang Chen. However, when they arrived with large amounts of presents, they discovered that Jiang Chen was in closed door cultivation.

It was a good thing that Gouyu was born a princess and knew the proper procedures. She didn't seal off the door to reconciliation, but didn't accept the Iron family's presents either.

"My house's young master did have a few grudges with the Iron family, but that was in the past and all has been resolved. Whether we are friend or foe now all depends on your intentions. My house's young master is a forthright person and has only grand plans in his mind. How would he have the thought to spare for your small grudges? We do not attack unless we are attacked."

Gouyu's words were quite suited to the occasion.

She wasn't rejecting the Iron family, nor was she agreeing to the reconciliation. She was just expressing the attitude of 'I won't attack others unless I am attacked'.

The person who'd come on behalf of the Iron family this time was one of Iron Long's brothers, Iron Tang. He was also an elder in the sect and had a relatively high status.

He was comparatively more steady and didn't insist on continuing when he saw that Jiang Chen truly was in closed door cultivation. However, he could also make out that Jiang Chen didn't intend on beating his Iron family to death with one stick. This was to say that the attitude of the Iron family would be the determinant of how the reconciliation went.

When he received this hint, Iron Tang was servile and obsequious and forced the presents onto Gouyu.

"Miss Gouyu, these presents are the thoughts of the esteemed elder Iron Long to congratulate Jiang Chen on entering the sect. You must accept them, or else I will be unable to explain myself when I return."

Iron Tang completely humbled himself, giving off the posture of I'm not leaving until you accept them.

Gouyu was resigned and waved her hands. "Then leave them if this is the case. It will be up to the young master to decide if he accepts them or not after he emerges from closed door cultivation."

Iron Tang finally left happily when he heard these words.

The other followers were all delighted by Iron Tang's departing figure.

"Sister Gouyu, it looks like the Iron family is thoroughly afraid of our young master." Guo Jin sighed.

Gouyu smiled faintly, turning her gaze to Xue Tong. "Xue Tong, what do you think of the Iron family wanting to make peace?"

There was logic in her actions of not asking anyone else but Xue Tong.

When Lu Wuji had colluded with the Hidden Death assassins, they'd snatched Xue Tong away. He'd suffered quite a bit during that time and been pinned with great crimes.

Although the culprits had been executed, Iron Can, who'd harbored the culprits, still remained free and clear of the law. Although this matter wasn't directly linked to Iron Can, Gouyu was worried that Xue Tong would have certain thoughts.

Xue Tong rather recognized the times they were in. "The young master has just arrived in the Precious Tree Sect and it's also an inappropriate time to have ill relations with the Iron family. Taking an overly hard tone will give others a feeling that we're domineering. Although the young master has the right to, us subordinates should avoid bringing trouble to him. We should give the Iron family an opportunity to make peace if they want to. At the end of the day, it's them who are worse for the wear after our various conflicts."

Gouyu also smiled. When it came down to things, the Iron family truly were the ones who'd come off worse for the wear after multiple engagements with the young master.

Now that the young master had grown into his strength, even Iron Long may not be able to win in a fight if he took the field himself. What could the Iron family bring out to contend with the young master?

Not to mention they had lordmaster Ye Chonglou's protection as well.

The young master's position within the Precious Tree Sect was as impregnable.

Since he possessed both good a position and advantages, what need did he have to destroy a negligible Iron family and give rise to unfavorable discussion?

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Iron Long stood in a bow outside forefather Thousandleaf's residence. He'd stood there for two hours already, waiting to see the forefather.

Iron Long knew that the forefather was very disappointed in the Iron family lately. It was one thing to be locked in internal conflict with the Xie family, but they'd actually suppressed Jiang Chen all along and hadn't recruited him early into the sect early on. This had caused this supreme genius to wallow in the secular kingdom for all these years. This was what forefather Thousandleaf was most depressed about.

With Jiang Chen's potential, if he'd entered the Precious Tree Sect two years earlier for further training, he might even be at the spirit king realm now, just a step away from the origin realm.

How precious was two years to a genius?

Of course, this was all forefather Thousandleaf's understanding of things. In reality, Jiang Chen had run into many fortuitous occurrences whilst adventuring in the secular world, such as the Bewitching Lotus of Fire and Ice in the Maze Realm Autumn Hunt.

Or the secular selection for another, in which he'd gained the magnetic golden mountain, and the cores of the Fire Raven King and the Redscaled Firelizard...

"Forefather, esteemed elder Iron Long has been waiting outside for about two hours."

Thousandleaf had been of a mind to leave Iron Long out in the cold for a bit longer. But he was a benevolent forefather in the end and spread out his hand after thinking for a bit, "Let him enter."

Tears almost flowed down Iron Long's face when he heard that forefather Thousandleaf was willing to see him.

"Forefather, Iron Long has been foolish and has come to beg the forefather's forgiveness."

Forefather Thousandleaf snorted derisively. "Beg my forgiveness? You also know that you've committed a crime?"

Iron Long was deeply unsettled, "Your subordinate is guilty of being incompetent in managing my men, giving rise to a lot of trouble. Iron Long is willing to accept whatever punishment the forefather wishes to decree."

"Hmph, if I wanted to punish you, I would've made a move a long time ago. This matter is already very clear, begging me would be of no avail. Your family has offended Jiang Chen and forefather Ye Chonglou."

Iron Long sighed dejectedly. "I also know how ludicrous things were back in the day. I am sincerely admitting to my wrongs now and would like to set aside prejudices to offer up strength for the Precious Tree Sect. I have also consciously realized that only through internal unity will a sect grow strong. This is the only way forward."

Iron Long was quite familiar with forefather Thousandleaf's personality. The more you humbled yourself and adopted a modest personality, the happier the forefather would be.

Indeed, Thousandleaf's expression softened. "It is right that your thoughts turn this way. However, if you say one thing but mean other, resulting in a second offense, then even I will not be at liberty to intercede for you."

"Please be at ease forefather. I absolutely have no other thoughts. If either forefather Ye Chonglou or Jiang Chen wished to move against my Iron family, we would've perished long ago. This means that they are magnanimous. If my family still doesn't know how to appreciate what is good, then I will have no words of complaint even if the forefather kills me yourself."

Iron Long knew that the forefather's mindset was weakening when the latter's tone became a bit softer. He hastily expressed his viewpoint.

"If this is so, I will find forefather Ye Chonglou to discuss this matter. The only way forward for the sect is if we unite together. The Purple Sun Sect has been able to be dominant for so long precisely because they are united and do not engage in internal conflict."

Thousandleaf also gave a promise and then said, "But you must also consider carefully. If any untoward developments happen again, then your Iron family will truly be left to eke out survival on your own. I trust that with forefather Ye Chonglou and Jiang Chen's open mindedness, they will not continue to wax eloquent on past wrongs. The key of the matter is Iron Can of your house. He is an expert at causing trouble. Are you sure that he is not professing obedience, but truly submitting with good grace? Is he finished causing trouble?"

Iron Long felt a jolt of surprise. It looked like although the forefather didn't say much normally, he was well aware of what was going on.

He hastened to reassure, "If that vile spawn Iron Can dares cause further trouble, I'll end him myself!"

Forefather Thousandleaf nodded. "Say these words to forefather Chonglou."

He made a gesture and formed a message glyph, sending it on its way.

Ye Chonglou's hearty laugh resounded before long. "What might Daoist Thousandleaf need from me?"

Iron Long found it hard to sit still upon hearing this. He had to stand up with his arms by his sides, looking down humbly as a complex mixture of emotions passed through his heart.

When Ye Chonglou had drifted amongst the mundane world, his position had been far less than Iron Long's lofty status. They had both been evenly matched.

But now, Ye Chonglou was referring to forefather Thousandleaf as fellow daoist. The origin realm was truly a boundary in life that demarcated two completely separate lives.

Ye Chonglou seemed to think of something when he walked in and saw Iron Long.

Thousandleaf smiled, "Chonglou, Iron Long has just come to find me to admit his mistakes and express sincere repentance. However, he's worried that you and Jiang Chen will still seek redress for past wrongs. Are you willing to give the Iron family a chance?"

Ye Chonglou was now one of the origin realm—why would he care about a mere Iron family? He smiled faintly. "It's easy to convince me. You only need to convince Jiang Chen and I will express no other opinions."

Thousandleaf laughed heartily, "Chonglou has always had a generous temperament. Iron Long, you need to express your attitude in front of forefather Chonglou. There can be no more of hypocritical behavior. Otherwise, there won't be a single place for your family in the entire sect."

It had been a difficult journey to arrive at this wondrous situation that favored the Precious Tree Sect. If the Iron family stirred up any internal conflict again, then they truly would be universally condemned.

Ye Chonglou also knew that Thousandleaf possessed a soft heart and was planning on giving the Iron family a chance. He decided not to be a villain and spoke noncommittally, "Everyone in the sect is busy readying for the induction ceremony. Your Iron family should also move to action and accomplish some things for everyone to see."

Iron Long was delighted by these words and knew that this meant Ye Chonglou's position was softening. Joy filled his heart and he hastened to say, "Yes, yes. Your subordinate will go now and prepare things. I will help sect head Xie make this a glorious and magnificent induction ceremony."

Iron Long was very smart with his words and had struck the right tone with his posture. His words of "help sect head Xie" fully expressed that his Iron family wouldn't even resist the Xie family anymore. He would thoroughly submit to the leadership of the sect head.

The matter with the Iron family was just a minor interlude, but it loosened the atmosphere in the sect. When all sides united together, this greatly enhanced the efficiencies of the Precious Tree Sect.

The preparations were handled competently over the next couple of days.

Then, those from the three sects started trickling in.

The first to arrive was the Myriad Spirit Sect. Forefather Ninelion gave the Precious Tree Sect quite a lot of face as he personally led a group that was comprised of almost all of the Myriad Spirit Sect's elite disciples.

The two sects ordinarily enjoyed good relations, so it was a given that the Myriad Spirit Sect would give the Precious Tree Sect face.

The Flowing Wind Sect also arrived ahead of time after the Myriad Spirit Sect had arrived. Similar to the Myriad Spirit Sect, venerated Icemist had brought almost all of her elite disciples with her this time.

However, those from the Purple Sun Sect had yet to arrive even on the day of the induction ceremony.

It looked like they had hardened their heart to give no face and not come.

However, forefather Thousandleaf didn't mind this at all. The entire sixteen kingdom alliance knew that the Precious Tree Sect had thoroughly suppressed the Purple Sun Sect in the battle of the Shangyang Kingdom.

In the eyes of the outside world, the Purple Sun Sect's absence was a kind of evasion—they were frightened of the Precious Tree Sect.

All was in readiness for the induction ceremony, only forefather Thousandleaf's commencement was needed.

He smiled slightly, "Honored guests, we are flattered by your attendance at the induction of forefather Ye Chonglou and Jiang Chen. My Precious Tree Sect has prepared a gift to express our gratitude. Each sect will receive one Divine Fruit of the Rosy Dawn."

The Precious Tree Sect boasted of great wealth to gift one of these precious fruit without further ado. This was an undoubted move to win over people's hearts.

But even if this was so, this still greatly shocked the other two sects. This was quite a display!

The Divine Fruit of the Rosy Dawn was the hallmark treasure of the Precious Tree Sect. Even sect geniuses may be unable to receive one unless in moments of critical need.

But here the forefather was, bringing the Fruit out as a gift to thank the two sects for showing up!

## Chapter 432: Arriving with Dominance

This gift made those of the other two sects feel that this trip was greatly worth it.

Forefather Ninelion swept his gaze in a circle and suddenly asked, "Daoist Thousandleaf, there are two stars to the induction ceremony, how come I only see one?"

The news of Ye Chonglou setting foot into the origin realm had long since travelled throughout the sixteen kingdom alliance. Everyone knew of him.

But Jiang Chen, the one who'd killed three Purple Sun Sect elders and been suppressed within the Eternal Spirit Mountain had yet to appear.

Forefather Thousandleaf smiled, "It's an unfortunate coincidence that Jiang Chen announced that he was entering closed door cultivation a few days ago. He must have had some comprehensive of martial dao and is facing a critical moment before a break through. Everyone will certainly be able to see him if you are able to linger in the Precious Tree Sect."

It was indeed a bit of a pity that Jiang Chen wouldn't be able to attend the induction ceremony. It was a bit of a flaw in an otherwise perfect occasion, as if the crown was missing its most brilliant gem.

"Daoist Thousandleaf, did you perhaps purposefully hide Jiang Chen, afraid that we'll come steal him from under your nose?" Ninelion started joking.

"What? Does that petty villain Jiang Chen dare not show up at this induction ceremony and great fanfare that the Precious Tree Sect has put up?" A low and sinister voice suddenly came from midair.

Everyone was shocked to hear this.

Old monster Sunchaser?

The Purple Sun Sect hadn't arrived earlier or later, but had come at precisely this time, just what did they mean by this?

When one came when the party was in full swing, the goal wasn't to participate in the party, but to ruin it.

A shrewd light danced in Thousandleaf and Ye Chonglou's eyes when they heard this voice. Their gazes cut across the air like sword light as they looked outside the door.

Large numbers of Purple Sun Sect members descended from the sky from a red mass of clouds, swiftly approaching the Precious Tree Sect from the distance.

Judging from the looks of things, they too had arrived in full force.

Forefather Thousandleaf's expression grew frosty. Those who had come were not friendly, and those who were friendly had not yet come. The Purple Sun Sect's sudden appearance had been unannounced by the Precious Tree Sect disciples. What did this mean? It meant that the newcomers had barged in without the Precious Tree Sect's approval.

Even guests would report their arrival when they arrived at the foot of the mountain. The host would then go down to welcome them.

For someone to directly bypass the entrance and charge into the core area like the Purple Sun Sect—their intentions were quite clear. It was absolutely a provocation, absolutely here to stir up trouble.

"Daoist Sunchaser, is this how your Purple Sun Sect behaves as guests?" As good as forefather Thousandleaf's upbringing was, he couldn't accept such crude behavior.

Sunchaser was out in front and laughed uproariously. "Who told you I'm here to be a guest?"

When he said this, all those in the Precious Tree Sect surged to their feet in a blustering and aggressive manner, glaring at Sunchaser with anger in their eyes.

If he wasn't here to be a guest, then he was here to pick a fight!

Sunchaser sneered haughtily as he looked sideways, sweeping his glance throughout the entire assembly. He said leisurely, "I've long since heard that the Precious Tree Sect has a Precious Tree of the Rosy Dawn. Thousandleaf, an esteemed guest has arrived. Go and bring out some of its fruits!"

Thousandleaf was completely incensed by these words. Sunchaser's odd posturing was actually concealing his covetous intentions towards the Precious Tree. Thousandleaf immediately possessed a stern self righteousness and his wariness increased greatly.

His gaze turned to those behind Sunchaser.

There were actually a few unfamiliar faces in the front of the entourage. A blue clad man was leading three gray clad men. They were at obvious odds with the rest of the Purple Sun Sect.

The blue clad man in particular, exuded a frosty and arrogant presence, as if those participating in the induction ceremony were like dirt in his eyes, unworthy of a single glance.

This person possessed an awe inspiring demeanor without needing to do anything at all. He had a natural, stifling presence that made others fear and respect him.

"Daoist Sunchaser, my sect invited you to this wondrous gathering with good intentions, what is the meaning being your brutish actions? Since this is the case, my sect does not welcome you. Send the guests out!"

Forefather Thousandleaf also burned with rage.

Sunchaser laughed heartily, "Send the guests out? It's easy to summon a deity and much harder to send it off. Thousandleaf, cut the blather. I've come today to settle some old scores with you"

Ye Chonglou slammed his hand on the table and shot to his feet, "Sunchaser, do you intend on behaving unbridledly in my Precious Tree Sect territory?!"

Sunchaser laughed coldly and flicked a glance at Ye Chonglou as if he was looking at an idiot. "You're right, I've come today precisely to act how I will!"

The scene erupted in an uproar. All those in the Precious Tree Sect started exhorting loudly.

"Shut up!" Sunchaser suddenly growled lowly, looking sternly at Thousandleaf. "Three matters. First, hand over Jiang Chen. Second, hand over the Precious Tree. Third, pledge allegiance to me."

"Piss off!"

These three conditions made those of the Precious Tree Sect explode in loud curses.

"Screw off and go the hell back to your Purple Sun Sect to keep being ostriches with their heads in the sand!"

“Purple Sun idiots, haven’t you had enough die after those elders? Have you come here for more of you to die?”

“F\*ck the hell off, our sect doesn’t welcome crazy dogs!”

One of the gray clad individuals behind the blue clad man suddenly sharpened his gaze and shouted lowly, “How noisy!”

The gray clad person flashed over like lightning and reached out to one of the Precious Tree Sect disciples. His speed was uncommonly fast, even Thousandleaf and Ye Chonglou didn’t react in time.

The disciple’s throat was crushed just like that.

“This will be your downfall if you keep making that noise.” The gray clad person threw the corpse aside as if he was throwing trash away.

The gray clad person was about to dash backwards.

Ye Chonglou was enraged and slammed the table. His green robes rustled as he threw a punch towards the gray clad person, “Die, madman!”

The gray clad person chuckled and drew circles with his hands, calling upon all the strength in his body and punched out towards Ye Chonglou’s blow.

Enormous forces crashed into each other and the gray clad person was sent backwards a few steps from Ye Chonglou’s force, landing precisely where he’d been.

A trace of surprise flashed through Ye Chonglou’s eyes as his body wavered.

He was internally stunned beyond belief. The other was only a spirit king, but he’d taken Ye Chonglou’s blow and suffered no injury!

Ye Chonglou’s rage built when he didn’t succeed with one blow. “Where do you hide after killing one of my sect?”

He was about to follow up after these words.

Suddenly, the blue clad man in front of the other three snorted derisively as a sharp gleam sparked through his eyes. He brandished his sleeves, “Stand back!”

It was as if the sleeve contained the heavens and earth as the force behind this flourishing motion transformed into a momentum that roiled and churned up to the skies, crashing into Ye Chonglou.

Ye Chonglou was caught off guard and was sent flying from this force. His body involuntarily flew backwards as he crashed into a large pillar.

The tremendous collision sent the pillar trembling. A sweet taste welled up in Ye Chonglou’s mouth as he almost spat out a mouthful of blood.

Everyone was stunned after this.

The blue clad man had only shook his sleeves to call up such a momentum to send a bonafide origin realm cultivator flying. This was astounding even if Ye Chonglou was of only first level origin realm.



There were many venerated experts from the four sects present, but all of them privately felt that they wouldn't be able to do anything on this level.

Thousandleaf was taken aback and bounded to Ye Chonglou. He asked lowly, "Chonglou, are you alright?"

Ye Chonglou managed to take in a mouthful of air and slowly expelled it, along with the impurities in his body and suppressed the churning of his spirit ocean. He spoke after a while, "Be careful brother Daoist. Those who have come are not friends, and those who are friends have yet to come. This blue clad man is only stronger than Sunchaser, and not weaker."

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!

All those within the Precious Tree Sect rushed to gather behind the two forefathers after the fighting broke out. Whistles resounded throughout the Precious Tree Sect in that moment as the sect's highest level of alertness was raised.

"Sunchaser, your Purple Sun Sect is thus domineering. Have you hardened your heart to set your foot over my sect?" Thousandleaf repressed the fury in his heart.

"Thousandleaf, are you always going to be this fussy like a woman?" Sunchaser jeered. "It's still those three conditions. The Precious Tree Sect will be removed from the list of the sixteen kingdom alliance today if you don't agree!"

It was an overweeningly dominant declaration, a completely naked threat.

Ninelion had kept himself in check for a long time and finally spoke angrily, "Sunchaser, it's the Precious Tree Sect's joyous day today. Don't you think you're much too out of line with your wild rampage? Even with the grudges between the two of you, you should decide on a day to settle them openly. Just what do you mean by all this?"

"What? You want to stick your neck out?" Sunchaser snorted coldly. He was also ill disposed towards Ninelion and could make use of this opportunity to vent his spleen.

Ninelion was enraged. "If it was just the grudges between your Purple Sun Sect and the Precious Tree Sect, then it would indeed be inappropriate for my sect to intervene. However, these friends don't seem to be of your sect? I don't care where you've invited these helpers from, but your actions is a blatant violation of the rules of the sixteen kingdom alliance. My Myriad Spirit Sect would never idly sit by for this. Venerated Icemist, what are your thoughts?"

Icemist sighed softly. She'd always taken the neutral position and didn't like to get overly embroiled in conflict. However, she'd just accepted a gift from the Precious Tree Sect and the Purple Sun Sect's behavior was truly out of line.

If it'd just been a conflict between two sects, she would absolutely have no opinion. But to involve outsiders into the sixteen kingdom alliance, this was absolutely breaking the rules and something that would never be permitted by the four sects.

“Daoist Sunchaser, what grudges exist that cannot be settled internally? To let outsiders intervene is upending the rules that have been set for a thousand years in our alliance.” Icemist expressed her opinions.

“Haha, rules? Sixteen kingdom alliance? Everyone, what are the rules? They’re standards that the strong have come up with to constrain the weak. Now that I am the strong, I set the rules. The sixteen kingdom alliance? That’s ancient history. There will soon be no position for the alliance in the Myriad Domain soon, and you still chatter at me with talk of rules?”

Sunchaser’s words were so unorthodox that they flabbergasted those of the other three sects. They were all privately astonished, has old monster Sunchaser gone mad?

If he hadn’t, why would he utter such crazy words?

The forefathers of the other three sects all grew extremely cautious at this moment as they looked at the blue clad man, feelings of unease stirring in their hearts.

Can it be that Sunchaser had led the wolf into the house and wanted to betray the entire sixteen kingdom alliance?

#### Chapter 433: Domineering Arrogance, the Agreement of Nine Matches

Sunchaser’s words made the originally wavering Flowing Wind and Myriad Spirit Sects instantly stand on the Precious Tree Sect’s side.

This was because everyone had a forbidding premonition.

“Old monster Sunchaser, I think you’ve lost your mind! You make the rules? Who the hell do you think you are? It hasn’t come down to your sect calling the shots in the sixteen kingdom alliance!” Ninelion’s personality was the most short-tempered out of those present and he began cursing loudly.

Sunchaser cackled. “Old monster Ninelion, you frogs in wells are absolutely blind to the greater picture. The sixteen kingdom alliance is destined for change. Only destruction awaits if we do not.”

Suddenly, the blue clad man behind Sunchaser took a step forward and reached out with his hand to prevent Sunchaser’s further words.

This man was the envoy from the Ninesuns Sky Sect. His blue robe placed him in a position noticeably higher than the other three gray clad men.

This person’s gaze was deep and it seemed like a current of frostiness swept across those assembled as he looked across them.

“Everyone, allow me to introduce myself. I am Zuo Lan, a rank four inspector of the Ninesuns Sky Sect. Sunchaser is the representative that my sect has chosen for the sixteen kingdom alliance.”

The Ninesuns Sky Sect? Rank four inspector?

Everyone was completely befuddled. What was that? They’d never heard of that before. What Ninesuns Sky Sect? What inspector?

Thousandleaf, Ninelion, and Icemist exchanged glances with each other. They all read bafflement in each other's eyes. Although Ye Chonglou had travelled through many places, he'd never left the Myriad Domain.

There was nothing about a Ninesuns Sky Sect in the Myriad Domain in his memories.

Zuo Lan displayed a contemptuous smile when he saw the looks of ignorance on the origin realm cultivators. What a pitiful bunch of frogs at the bottom of a well.

Sunchaser sidled over and smiled apologetically, "Sir Zuo Lan, these bumpkins have long resided in a remote place, how would they know the dignity of the Sky Sect? The summer bugs know not of what winter is. Only harsh methods can be used on people like them. These despicable low life won't submit docilely if they're not beaten upon."

Zuo Lan's background was impressive, but he wasn't as familiar with the situation of the sixteen kingdoms like Sunchaser. His understanding of them was naturally less than Sunchaser's.

Zuo Lan had planned on using the authority of the Ninesuns Sky Sect to intimidate and awe those present.

Sunchaser however, wanted Zuo Lan to make a move and bully these old fellows, killing a few people in the end to force everyone to submit.

Thousandleaf and Ninelion all burned with rage when they heard Sunchaser's shameless words. Sunchaser was being ludicrously shameless, apart from leading the wolf into the house, he was voicing such traitorous words!

However, Zuo Lan's presence and strength were all noticeably stronger than the forefathers.

His posture spoke volumes of his preparation beforehand.

"Let's speak candidly. My Ninesuns Sky Sect has conscripted the sixteen kingdom alliance. We have formed the Purple Light Division with the Purple Sun Sect as the foundation. Sunchaser is temporarily holding the position of Division Master. From today forth, the term of the sixteen kingdom alliance no longer exists, and the four great sects are thus eliminated. There is only the Purple Light Division here, and you must submit to it. Those who adhere will prosper, those who defy us will die!"

Zuo Lan was from the Sky Sect and naturally embodied its dignity and aura. His words were as if an imperial decree, allowing no room for questioning.

"Now, those of you who do not accept this can step forth and speak."

Zuo Lan suddenly took a step forward and flared his aura. The presence for a fourth level origin realm immediately filled the skies, making the expressions of the origin realm cultivators around him change drastically.

The spirit realm cultivators close to him suddenly felt their breathing become belabored, as if there were a thousand tons pressing down on them. Their faces grew beet red, and they seemed like they would explode at any time.

“Releasing his origin power externally, his aura roiling forth as if the earth, this is the earth origin realm!” Ye Chonglou gasped lowly and murmured, “No wonder he was able to send me flying with one flourish.”

Of those present, even the strongest—Sunchaser, was only at the peak of the third level origin realm.

Thousandleaf and Ninelion were of third level origin realm, and Icemist only at the peak of the second level. Ye Chonglou had just broken through to the first level.

This was to say that whether it was first or third level, they were all only of the minor origin realm.

And this envoy from the Sky Sect was of the earth origin realm!

Although there was only one division between the two, the difference in strength was as if a far reaching mountain range.

Particularly the fact that Zuo Lan had come from a place such as the Ninesuns Sky Sect. His advantages would be far in excess of the origin realm cultivators of the sixteen kingdom alliance in no matter what aspect.

Zuo Lan’s posture was a blatant declaration that he was going to use physical force to suppress all dissidents.

Whoever didn’t agree with him could step forth!

Zuo Lan’s gaze was remote as he swept it across the various origin realm forefathers. He suddenly smiled. “I’m of the earth origin realm, and if I use my strength to suppress you, you’ll think that I used brute force to oppress you and never accept the result.”

Zuo Lan pointed slightly with his right hand after speaking and indicated those wearing gray robes. “These three are my underlings, also inspectors of the Sky Sect. Their cultivation has yet to break through to the origin realm and their existence is at the bottom in the Sky Sect.”

Zuo Lan’s gaze was leisurely as he swept it across the three sect’s spirit realm cultivators. “Spirit realm to spirit realm, you can pick your representatives as you will. As long as anyone can triumph over my men, then you still have the right to negotiate in the matters of today. If no one can win, then submit docilely. Remember, that I am not killing someone now doesn’t mean I won’t kill anyone!”

Spirit realm matching off against spirit realm, this wasn’t an out of line request.

If the three sects felt that facing off against an earth origin realm such as Zuo Lan was unfair, there were plenty of experts at the peak of the spirit realm amongst them. There were even spirit kings.

The origin realm cultivators looked at each other, all feeling quite repressed in their hearts. The situation was very clear, the other wasn’t only here for the Precious Tree Sect.

They were here for all of them.

Although they didn’t know what the Ninesuns Sky Sect was, it was obvious that none of them wanted to bend the knee and bury the foundations of their sects, to flock to some bloody Purple Light Division banner and be Sunchaser’s underling.

This was an enormous insult to the three great sects. They'd rather die in battle than join Sunchaser's side.

The three sects formed a united front with great accord in the span of an instant.

However, judging from the other's posturing, their opponent didn't seem to care if they'd form an alliance at all, seeming to think that the three sects would lose no matter what.

Origin realm to origin realm, or spirit realm to spirit realm, the three sects had their picks.

They would either battle or submit.

There were only these two options left to them.

If they submitted, this meant that they would forever lose the inheritance of their sect and become a vassal beneath Sunchaser.

If they fought and still lost, they'd be hard pressed to escape the fate of being an underling.

However, in the world of martial dao, those who didn't fight were cowards. No matter how strong one's opponent was or how frightening, only through taking the field would one be able to grasp their own fate.

"Disciple Tang Hong is willing to fight!" Tang Hong had been itching for a fight a long time ago.

Tang Hong's enormous body thudded as he ran forward, grasping a large club in his hand. It was the dragon bone of the Redscaled Firelizard that Jiang Chen had gifted him.

Sunchaser's eyes squinted when he saw this club. This looked vaguely familiar.

Tang Hong pointed with the club, "Which of you is up?"

A gray clad man with a star drawn on his chest snorted derisively. "What something like you doing out here making a fool out of yourself? Get the hell down!"

The man walked up the stage after speaking and flung a punch out at Tang Hong.

This person occupied the lowest position and had the weakest strength amongst the Sky Sect envoys. However, the momentum of his punch actually subtly embodied the sounds of the wind and thunder. It was obviously not weak and was at the level of ninth level spirit realm.

This punch brought with it a force that would level mountains and upend the seas. How was it something that Tang Hong, a cultivator who'd yet to enter the sky spirit realm, able to withstand?

Tang Hong felt his eyes were full of shadows in an instant as the other blocked off all avenues of movement in an instant.

"This is bad!"

"Tang Hong, hurry and retreat!"

Those on the Precious Tree Sect side all exclaimed in shock and warning.

"Haha, overconfident fool!" Cold jeering sounded out from the Purple Sun Sect side.

“Tang Hong’s brains are damn useless alright. How would a mere earth spirit realm cultivator dare step forth and make a fool of himself?”

“This punch is going to beat him half to death!”

Tang Hong suddenly smashed down with the club in his hand in his haste as he called upon all the strength in his body. He roared, “I say block! Block, block, block!!”

Bam!

The strong force from the club smashed into the boxing aura. A red light flashed as Tang Hong’s body flew backwards. He stumbled a dozen steps before finally finding his footing.

“Hmm?” The gray clad person was rather surprised. Even one of the first level origin realm may not have been able to take his blow. This foolish brute was only of the earth spirit realm, and had broken apart a good portion of his boxing aura with one blow. This was quite strange.

“Brat, you were lucky just now. I’ll kill you for sure with this blow!”

Tang Hong’ blood was roiling. Although he hadn’t been severely injured, he could summon almost no strength after taking this punch.

Forefather Thousandleaf flourished his sleeves and swept away the force behind the other’s punch. “We concede this match.”

Thousandleaf was placing quite a bit of importance on Tang Hong now, second only to Jiang Chen. He would never allow something to happen to Tang Hong. He also knew that Tang Hong’s cultivation level was far too low compared to the other. There was no fighting this match at all.

Thousandleaf speculated that it must have mostly been the aid of that marvelous club’s help in that blow just now that Tang Hong had escaped serious injury.

Zuo Lan smiled faintly. “I only give you nine matches. I have three of my subordinates here, and they will each fight three times. If any of you win even one battle in a match between equal levels, then you will have the right to negotiate with me. If you’re unable to win even one, then you’re trash. Trash should have the self awareness as trash and submit docilely, be content hangers-on. If you persist in your stubbornness, I don’t mind erasing the three sects from this world!”

Zuo Lan’s domineering was different from Sunchaser’s.

Sunchaser’s was using vicious words to express himself. He often failed to scare others at all.

However, Zuo Lan’s domineering was one that blended into his natural bearing. It was as if he’d been born with the right to be thus and made other’s heart palpitate with fright.

They would have the right to negotiate if they won if even one match out of nine.

If they couldn’t, then the fate that awaited the three sects was to be a pawn of others and utterly lose the dignity and inheritance as a sect.

Although the other was overbearing, they had indeed given the sects a chance.

If they couldn't win even one match, then what right did they have to haggle over terms?

#### Chapter 434: The Momentum of Utter Trampling

The three gray robed men stood in a row. Each one had one star, two stars, and three stars respectively embroidered on their chests. Their formation abreast indicated the difference in their positions and levels.

The blue clad man stood in front of them with his arms crossed, superiority in every line of his body. "None of my underlings are over thirty years old. They are, respectively, of the ninth level spirit realm, peak of the ninth level, and spirit king. Each person will take the field three times. You three sects can first discuss amongst yourselves and send out those you think has the highest chance for victory."

The gray clad individual with one star embroidered on his chest was the one who'd just defeated Tang Hong.

He was also the youngest, roughly twenty or so years old. His brows were as sharply defined as a sword, and hints of frosty arrogance and cockiness played about his thin lips.

"I am Wu Chen, ninth level spirit realm, who dares challenge me?"

Wu Chen's gaze was haughty as he swept his eyes dismissively across the entire assembly. Unconcealed mockery dripped from his tone as he spoke, "Are the so-called three great sects all turtles who prefer to cower in their shells?"

There were groups of ninth level spirit realm cultivators in each of the four sects. However, no one dared take the initiative at this critical moment.

Everyone held some reservations in their hearts. This matter had to do with the future of the three great sects. In the face of such titanic repercussions, a single failure would result in immense pressure and may even cause one to be remembered as a traitor through the ages.

Wu Chen's gaze was full of disdain as he looked around once more. He laughed heartily, "Do the so-called three great sects have not even the courage to fight? Are cowards like these worthy of learning martial dao?"

He actually sat down cross legged after these words and planted himself in the middle of the field, laughing deliberately, "Since you're all so chicken-hearted, I'll wait here until you build up enough courage. Wake me up when you have the guts to walk down here!"

Wu Chen closed his eyes and began to meditate.

This move completely triggered an acrimonious wave to spread amongst the cultivators from the three sects. This was an enormous humiliation!

That Wu Chen was holding this kind of attitude in a match between cultivators was without a doubt the great insult possible to the three great sects, one that left them no face whatsoever.

Zuo Lan wore a faint smile. He didn't disapprove of Wu Chen's actions at all, but rather looked upon him with a hint of admiration.

This kind of blatant provocation would whittle away at the morale and mindset of the three great sects.

The sect forefathers could no longer pay heed to posturing or face anymore. They grouped together and began discussing nervously.

"Those who have come are not friends and neither is Wu Chen's strength simple. We should send out our strongest ninth level cultivators. Even if the first one up doesn't win, we must aim to tire him out and win a fight at all costs. If we don't prevail over Wu Chen, then we'll have even less hope when it comes to dealing with the peak of the ninth level and spirit king realms."

The three sects had cultivators at the peak of the spirit realm as well.

However, they didn't actually have any cultivators who were a half step into the origin realm, those who could be called a spirit king!

They used to have Ye Chonglou, but now he had stepped into the origin realm as well.

This meant that the three sects' only hope was to win a match at the ninth level spirit realm or peak of the ninth level.

If they didn't, they wouldn't have a chance to win at all.

"Forefather, I am willing to fight." A ninth level spirit realm cultivator spoke up behind Precious Tree Sect head Xie Tianshu. Eyes turned to look at the speaker, vice head Lee Yuan.

At the ninth level spirit realm, Lee Yuan counted as his sect's strongest fighting power.

The head elder of the Flowing Wind Sect also stepped out. "I too am willing to fight."

Another vice head on the Myriad Spirit Sect also volunteered out of a strong sense of duty.

They were all of the ninth level spirit realm—the highest fighting power that the sects could bring to bear.

If they wouldn't, then the rest would do even less.

This was Precious Tree Sect territory, so vice head Lee Yuan would naturally be the vanguard. He raised a cupped fist salute to everyone else, "Everyone, the sect stands above all. I will seek the farthest limits of my ability with this fight even upon pain of death. If I so happen to fall, please take care of my family for me."

It was apparent that Lee Yuan knew that his opponent came from some momentous place. His sheer arrogance was a measure of his ability. Lee Yuan had a premonition that no matter what, he would absolutely be unable to triumph in this match.

But even though he felt this premonition wash over him, Lee Yuan wasn't willing to shrink back. As long as he was able to force his opponent to expend enough energy to drag him down in the match, it wouldn't be a waste of a battle.



“Wu Chen, save your arrogance! I, Lee Yuan, will fight with you!”

Wu Chen’s eyes suddenly opened, a celestial light shooting out. A bark of laughter rang through the air as he rose.

“Have you made your choice?”

Wu Chen suddenly shook his finger, casting his gaze up and down Lee Yuan. He leered and pointed with a finger, “Ten moves, I need only ten moves. If I don’t beat you into the ground with ten moves, then count it as my loss!”

Presumptuous, domineering, yet full of confidence.

Lee Yuan was one of the top cultivators in the sixteen kingdom alliance if one set aside the forefathers. He’d always been one of the few standing at the peak of power.

And now, he was being thus humiliated by a young man who only looked around twenty years old. As shrewd as he was, even he felt the blood rush to his head in that moment.

“Arrogant thug, do you really feel that there’s no talent left in our three sects?!”

Lee Yuan glared ferociously and grasped the air, a mace appearing in his hand.

Lee Yuan’s mace was a bit longer than ordinary maces. It’d been crafted from the fossilized bone of an ancient beast. Its might was not to be underestimated—it was a nine times refined spirit weapon!

A beam of yellow light pierced through the air as the mace stabbed forward. It formed a vortex that grew rapidly, spreading out through the air.

Dots that were images of Lee Yuan’s mace materialized from the vortex, appearing everywhere in the surroundings. It was like countless needles were rushing towards his opponent, eye-catching to the extreme.

Wu Chen laughed heartily, “Parlor tricks!”

He didn’t retreat, instead striding forward, not even using a weapon. He rubbed his hands together, causing golden sparks to coat his hands, appearing as if he’d automatically put on gloves.

His hands seemed to resemble the claws of a golden dragon as he clawed the air in front of him. Numerous claw shadows reached out towards the mace like countless hands.

Crack!

As Wu Chen’s body shifted between a fast advance and retreat, he reached out with two fingers and unerringly grasped the tip of Lee Yuan’s mace with his right hand.

Wu Chen snickered as he then reached out with his left hand, his middle finger flicking forward from his thumb as fast as lightning.

Ding!

A tragic breaking sound rang out.

Lee Yuan hurriedly backed up but it was too late. The mace in his hand had been broken in two by the force behind that flick!

The fingers on Wu Chen's right hand were still holding the broken segment of the mace, the look in his eyes dismissive beyond belief. He threw away the broken segment as if he were throwing away scrap metal.

"Are the so-called four great sects all as trashy as this?"

Wu Chen shook his head lightly, disdain writ over his face. "A ninth level spirit realm as useless as you should just stay home instead of sticking your neck out to make up the numbers. Don't come out and make a fool of yourself."

Wu Chen's body surged forward after speaking as the shimmering golden gloves on his hands sparkled faintly, all sorts of illusions and glyphs transforming as his hands formed several seals.

The golden light suddenly radiated outwards and formed the shape of an ancient, fierce beast that rose up and pounced towards Lee Yuan.

"No!"

Turbulent waves of emotion rose in the hearts of the forefathers beneath the ring as they watched this development.

They knew that the newcomers had uncommon cultivation and immense strength, but realized just how large a gap could exist between peers of the same level after exchanging moves.

Apart from the forefathers, only Xie Tianshu and Iron Long dared say that they were confidently stronger than Lee Yuan in the Precious Tree Sect. However, those two were of the peak of the spirit realm.

Lee Yuan's single move just now had resulted in his nine times refined spirit weapon being destroyed. His opponent had used only that move to force Lee Yuan into dire straits.

The difference between the two wasn't one of a spar between two in the same level, but a one sided trampling!

A despairing thought appeared in the forefathers' minds at this moment, not to mention Lee Yuan's—would they win against Wu Chen even if they sent out those of the peak of the spirit realm?

And this Wu Chen was the weakest, lowest ranked, and most junior amongst the three from their opponent's side.

If the other two took the field, would they roll over everyone below the origin realm?

Lee Yuan was enveloped by the golden light and retreated madly, but discovered there was no place to retreat to. The fear in his heart was easy to imagine. He hadn't thought that his nine times refined spirit weapon would be destroyed with a single move and that he would then be forced into this desperate situations with a second move.

Lee Yuan lost hope, feeling only that everything was over in that moment. He hadn't thought that he would lose so thoroughly and utterly.

He'd been ready to taste defeat before he took the field. He had been ready to fight to the death.

But when he truly faced off with his opponent, he realized that the other was so much, so much stronger than he'd thought.

To put it bluntly, he hadn't even had the chance to lay his life on the line before being instantly taken out by the other.

Thousandleaf could also put on a thick skin and step forward to push with his hand when he saw the situation. A green light surged out of his hand and dispelled the other's attack.

He then reached out and pulled Lee Yuan to the back.

Zuo Lan smiled mockingly, his tone remote, "Are you all kids and need adults to step in when you can't win?"

Lee Yuan was ashamed beyond measure. He felt that even if all the humiliation in his life were combined, it still wouldn't match up to how he felt at this moment.

Wu Chen became even more cocky. His gaze was sharp and flinty as he looked at the two candidates from the Myriad Spirit and Flowing Wind Sect side.

"Do the two of you want to come one by one or do both of you want to go together?"

"Don't be too cocky, arrogant thug! I am Wang Tuo, vice head of the Myriad Spirit Sect. I will do battle with you."

Wang Tuo was precisely the person who'd openly recruited Jiang Chen during the initial selection. His position was second to only forefather Ninelion and the sect head. His strength and position were all top tier.

Whenever one of the Myriad Spirit Sect battled, they were always accompanied with their contracted spirit beast. A fierce beast like a tiger or panther bounded out with Wang Tuo, its eyes gleaming with a ruthless, violent light and giving others the feeling of extreme hunger.

"What, you brought a helper because one isn't enough?" Wu Chen jeered. "What do I have to fear even so? I gave him ten moves, and so do I also give you ten moves!"

Having learned his lesson from Lee Yuan's fight, Wang Tuo was in no hurry to attack.

He'd observed things for a bit and noticed that Wu Chen's strength came from his gloves. If he was guessing correctly, those gloves should be an origin realm spirit weapon.

Otherwise, it would've never broken apart Lee Yuan's mace so easily!

## Chapter 435: The Momentum of Defeat

Wang Tuo had learned from Li Yuan's match and wanted to focus his efforts on defense.

Wu Chen was strutting on about counting the match as a loss if any of the three sects could hold out for longer than ten moves. Although Wang Tuo intensely despised Wu Chen's arrogance, given Li Yuan's previous example, Wang Tuo didn't dare take things lightly and decided to first make it past ten moves.

When he saw Wang Tuo's posture, a trace of contempt filled Wu Chen's eyes. He grasped at his waist and pulled out a whip.

This whip was a good ten meters long and sent a hum through the air when Wu Chen shook it slightly. It was as if he held a green, legendary water dragon in his hand. It seemed to come alive with Wu Chen's infusion of spirit qi and gave off a vitality that was as doughty as a dragon and lively as a tiger.

"Will cowering in your shell take you past ten moves?" Wu Chen smiled coldly and stepped forward, the long whip drawing out a beautiful arc through the air.

The whip whistled through the air and churned up countless air currents, sending rocks and dust flying and closing off all space.

Wang Tuo had wanted to close in on Wu Chen with a pincer movement with his contract beast, but he couldn't see any openings as Wu Chen brandished his whip.

The attacks of a long whip were very difficult to defend against.

Especially as its attack range was quite large. It would be a nightmare to a defender once the attacker started exerting himself.

Wang Tuo was absolutely suffering unspeakably at the moment.

He'd thought that Wu Chen would continue using the mysterious gloves and had planned on employing a defensive strategy. He hadn't thought that Wu Chen would have so many tricks up his sleeve and took out a long whip instead.

The whip continuously narrowed the space he could move in as it cracked down. Spirit power formed into shadows of the whip as each image partitioned the air further.

Wang Tuo could only feel that his range of movement was becoming more and more constricted. He knew that his downfall would be the same as Li Yuan and he wouldn't make it past even one move.

He whistled and exchanged some messages with his contract beast. Wang Tuo suddenly howled lowly the contract beast actually drilled into the ground, vanishing without a trace.

Wang Tuo shifted his hand and brought out a treasured blade with a tiger's head at the hilt.

The blade danced furiously as beams of light spurted forward, sweeping away all of the afterimages of the whip in an attempt to widen Wang Tuo's range of movement.

As his blade carved the way, he knew that his attack wouldn't threaten Wu Chen at all. However, there was hope in him gaining a bit of space of himself.

As long as the contract beast could leverage Wang Tuo's aura to distract Wu Chen, then Wang Tuo would have a chance after all.

Wu Chen smiled coldly as his ears suddenly twitched, as if he'd caught something.

His gaze suddenly grew frosty as a sliver of a smile appeared on his lips. He shook the whip and suddenly stabbed it into the ground as hard and as durable as metal.

The whip seemed to be alive as it sank into the ground with ample spirit power.

In the next instant, Wu Chen's arm shook once, with he flinging it viciously upwards after that. The long whip broke free from the earth like one pulling out a daikon root and bringing out chunks of earth as well, hauling the contract beast out of the ground

The long whip was wrapped tightly around the contract beast like it'd trussed up a chicken.

The contract beast was whining and growling, fear and panic in its eyes as it kept crying out for Wang Tuo to save it.

Wang Tuo and the contract beast had stuck together and helped each other through difficulties. They were as close as brothers. And now that he saw the contract beast being tied up, Wang Tuo was enormously shocked and didn't care for his own safety at all as he rushed up crazily, raising a blade to chop down at Wu Chen's face.

"Hmph, one couldn't do anything to me and neither can two!"

Wu Chen's tone was grave as a layer of golden radiance suddenly washed over his arm. The radiance instantaneously reached the whip and flashed, a tremendous explosion sounding afterwards.

Wham bam!!

The contract beast's body immediately broke apart into pieces like a chunk of tofu being crushed, flinging blood and flesh into the air.

Wang Tuo's momentum had been exceedingly fast. He was caught up in the gory rain and ended up drenched in the bloody remnants of his contract beast.

There was even a strand of intestines hanging off his neck.

His eyes almost split apart with their pain amidst this blood and gore. Wang Tuo almost fainted away.

The contract beast that had followed him for some many years had been made into meat paste with one move and had been flung all over him!

Wang Tuo had been in the world for so long and dominated the four sects—when had he ever come off this worse for the wear in a match?

He ground his teeth and almost sank into insanity, bellowing like a tiger's roar, "I will fight to the end with you!"

Wang Tuo waved his treasured blade as his momentum was like a mad tiger's, charging his opponent with an air of laying his life out on the line. The blade flashed and sliced down with devastatingly frosty qi, cutting down at Wu Chen's neck.

However, without the contract beast's cover, Wang Tuo was like a fierce beast with no claws. He posed no threat at all and was even slightly less than Li Yuan.

Wu Chen stepped out lightly like he was taking a stroll in his backyard. He leaned backwards, out of the way of Wang Tuo's blow. He then lifted his foot and stomped it directly onto Wang Tuo's buttocks.

Wang Tuo's body shot high into the air like a rubber ball.

Forefather Ninelion could no longer bear to watch as his body wavered in his quick dash upwards. He reached out with a hand and grabbed Wang Tuo.

It was a good thing that although this kick had been fierce, it hadn't been fatal. However, it was still enough to confine Wang Tuo to bed for several months.

Ninelion had a fiery temper. He glared fiercely at this overweeningly proud young man with his head held high. "So vicious at such a young age?"

Wu Chen smirked contemptuously. "It wasn't that I'm vicious, but that they're too trashy. Do I show mercy to even trash?"

He then completely ignored forefather Ninelion and looked in the direction of the Flowing Wind Sect. "Who else?"

The head elder on the Flowing Wind Sect who'd been readying to take the field completely lost her will to fight after seeing Li Yuan and Wang Tuo's defeat.

She knew that it would be just self humiliation if she stepped forward as there was no chance of winning at all. With a soft sigh, the elder moved soundlessly behind Venerated Icemist. It was apparent she wasn't going to fight.

The scene sank into awkwardness in that moment again. No one had the guts amongst the three great sects to answer the call. This made the forefathers both infuriated and resigned.

Wu Chen was so dominating that almost no one in the ninth level spirit realm could fight him. Whoever did so was asking to be humiliated and even courting death.

"Forefather, only I can take the field now that things had come to this."

Precious Tree Sect head Xie Tianshu smiled ruefully. He knew that it'd be unrealistic for him to look to others to make a move instead of himself.

A gray-clad man behind Wu Chen sneered when Xie Tianshu stepped forward and jumped out himself. "Wu Chen, you can go rest now."

There were two stars embroidered on the newcomer's chest. His position was obviously higher than Wu Chen's.

Wu Chen chuckled when he saw the other's move. "Brother Gu, you couldn't hold back anymore huh? That's just as well, this trash is yours!"

Xie Tianshu was of the peak of the spirit realm, as was the two star gray-clad man. They were the ones who should face off, logically speaking.

“Sky Sect second rank inspector envoy Gu Xiong. Challenger, report your name! I do not hit nameless pawns.” This gray-clad man was tall and stocky with firm muscles. Although he wasn’t as childish or biting with his tone as Wu Chen, his words were still filled with pride.

“Envoy Gu, this person is Xie Tianshu, the head of the Precious Tree Sect.”

Spiritual Master Zixu on the Purple Sun Sect side seemed to offer a reminder in a fawning manner.

Gu Xiong gaze was arrogant as his well built body gave him the advantage of one in a superior position surveying all that before him. He sized up Xie Tianshu and laughed coldly, “Do the so-called sects have this little bit of foundation to them? The sect head himself has to take the field? Heh heh, you call yourselves a sect? What an insult to the name! If you come to your senses, you should join the Purple Light Division earlier rather than later. Otherwise, the fact that you dare call yourself a sect is the greatest blasphemy of all, worthy of death!”

The sect head of the Precious Tree Sect was one in which all the attentions and fortunes of the sect were focused on. He wasn’t someone that the vice sect head could measure up to.

The sect head’s strength, cultivation level, and equipment were all at the apex of the sect.

Xie Tianshu was unassuming before he made a move, but soared to the top of the skies when he finally did. The light from his sword dancing was filled with spirit power, as if a spirit snake on the prowl, attacking with uncanny moves.

Gu Xiong was firmly rooted in his posture and faced Xie Tianshu with empty hands.

He punched out with his fists and could actually block Xie Tianshu’s fierce sword qi by that alone.

Xie Tianshu’s heart was calm. He knew that he was shouldering an important mission that he’d never held before. It had to do with the life and death of the sect! Therefore, his every stroke was filled with the all of his comprehension of the dao of swords in his life.

He actually let go of all pressure in that moment and began to slowly deploy all the meanings behind the sword that he had yet to comprehend.

Xie Tianshu’s sword technique was named the “Tender Rain Sword”. It was as gentle as the spring winds and rain, as if all things on earth were coming back to life, as if spring revisiting the world, as if a drizzle of light rain.

When the meaning behind the stroke was finished, the battle situation became embroiled in the conception of gentle rains drifting through the air.

The sword qi was as if strands of silk, permeating every bit of the air with countless numbers of thin rain drops.

Gu Xiong was at a disadvantage because he’d been empty handed to behind with, having given first mover advantage to Xie Tianshu. Gu Xiong was actually forced backwards in the face of Xie Tianshu’s display of uncommon skill. The former actually had to defend passively.

“Gu Xiong, can it be that this little bit of meaning behind the sword is enough to make you lose the guts and courage of a cultivator?” Blue-clad Zuo Lan was exceedingly put out by what he saw and roared lowly.

Gu Xiong’s body trembled as he seemed to attain some sort of inspiration, some kind of clarity from Zuo Lan’s words.

Pfft pfft pfft pfft pfft!

Gu Xiong shook as several strokes in a row connected with him, drenching him in his own blood.

“Good!”

The Precious Tree Sect erupted in a hubbub and cheered when they saw Gu Xiong harmed by the sword qi.

Zuo Lan however, revealed a mocking smile. He knew his methods of provocation had worked.

Gu Xiong reached out with his tongue and licked off the blood that had sprayed onto his face, his expression becoming even more of a grimace.

“Is the power behind the sword qi of a so-called sect head this mediocre?” A broadsword with a rather ridiculous design appeared in Gu Xiong’s hand.

When he gripped the sword, Gu Xiong’s presence suddenly increased multiple times. He was like a violent beast awakening from slumber as man and blade became one, his form as if a demon god from ancient times and his aura dominating.

“Eat my blade!”

Gu Xiong leered, raising his hands up high and brandishing the sword over his head. He seemed to have gathered all the forces in the galaxies for this stroke as he cleaved through the air, like a bright wheel of sun ripping through the dark of the night and forcing down a beam of light. Xie Tianshu’s carefully nurtured atmosphere was completely shattered by this stroke.

Blades collided with each other as the dominating presence of the sword qi actually increased by three, four times and hurtled towards Xie Tianshu.

Xie Tianshu’s chest felt muffled as the sword qi invaded his body.

He spat out fresh blood and fell down backwards.

Gu Xiong had been locked in by Xie Tianshu’s sword qi a moment ago, but a mysterious power seemed to have awakened in him in the next. The momentum of his blade formed spontaneously as it crashed forcefully and suppressed the meaning behind Xie Tianshu’s sword. Gu Xiong broke apart Xie Tianshu’s defenses and wounded him!

Chapter 436: Jiang Chen Emerges From Closed Door Cultivation, Strikes Back with Strength

Xie Tianshu, defeated!



Gu Xiong rested the sword on himself and appeared different from the menacing Wu Chen. He couldn't seem to be bothered to chase after Xie Tianshu at all, allowing him to fall from the ring, defeated.

"Weak, too weak. If even the sect head is this pathetic, who else is able to put up a fight?"

Gu Xiong was full of primal charisma and an awe inspiring connotation filled his words. This made it so that the peak of the spirit realm experts actually didn't dare meet his gaze.

"Who else?"

Zuo Lan smiled faintly and started applauding. "Only three matches have passed since the agreement of the nine matches. Don't say I'm bullying you. Send out whatever you've got. Only when you accept your complete and utter loss will you wholeheartedly toil away for my Sky Sect."

There was no mockery or irony in these words, just full of the superiority of one in a stronger position. He didn't bother to conceal it at all, but this was undoubtedly the greatest humiliation to the three great sects.

"Accept a complete and utter loss? Pah!" Ninelion was the first one to reject this. "I don't care where you come from or how strong you might be. I only know that the sixteen kingdom alliance has always been our territory. I reject it from the bottom of my heart that you want to come and act how you will in our territory!"

"Reject?"

Zuo Lan's face grew frosty. "Reject? Then send your people to fight until you're all meekly submissive. You're old monster Ninelion of the Myriad Spirit Sect? Do you think you're quite something just because you're an origin realm cultivator?"

"Do you think it's an insult to slave away for my Sky Sect?"

Zuo Lan snorted derisively in quick succession. "I have to say, you think too much. Someone on your level is as common as the hairs on an ox in our Sky Sect. Your laughable self confidence and dignity is a joke in front of the authority of the Sky Sect. I don't even know how many within the sect can crush you with one finger!"

"Do you think I value your strength in wanting to bring all of you under control? That I have some use for you?" Zuo Lan's tone was dismissive. "The reason why I spare your lives is because even if a place is a desolate wasteland, any domain listed within Sky Sect territory needs some guard dogs. You all are just the watch dogs that I've chosen. No matter how strong you are, the strong experts of the Sky Sect wouldn't deign to come here at all!"

Watch dogs!

These two words stabbed deeply into the hearts of all those present from the three sects.

Even those from the Purple Sun Sect had on some awkward expressions. However, they were more aware than anyone that they truly were only watch dogs.

And this was the Sky Sect giving them face. If the Sky Sect was incensed, any random expert they sent would be able to crush the entire sixteen kingdom alliance.

“Cut out the blather. There are six battles left out of nine. Either you continue fighting, or you submit!”

Zuo Lan’s tone suddenly changed as he pushed forth his aura. The pressure from the earth origin realm filled the scene and made everyone from the three sects feel stifled and anxious.

Even the forefathers felt woozy and nauseous. They almost wanted to vomit.

Those with spirit realm cultivation all broke out in a sweat and couldn’t stop themselves from vomiting.

The earth origin realm was only a step away from the forefathers, but the energy and aura that Zuo Lan was displaying seemed to be a far cry from the earth origin realm that they were familiar with.

“This is bad! Although Zuo Lan is only of the fourth level origin realm, his level of cultivation is at least two to three times higher than the earth origin realm we’re familiar with. His strength alone is enough to challenge us four origin realms. Add to that the traitor Sunchaser, the three sects will only be surprised even if we fight with all we have.”

Ye Chonglou’s thoughts were spinning exceedingly quickly as countless ideas flashed through his mind all of a sudden. A beam of inspiration rose.

“Hold!”

Ye Chonglou waved his hands and called out.

Zuo Lan’s gaze was remote as he looked at Ye Chonglou. “What? Do you plan to be the first to surrender? Very good. It’s said that those who suit their actions to the times are wise. The sixteen kingdom alliance is but a tiny bit of land that’s backwater and barren. The people here are destined to be lower class, destined to be slaves for others. To be able to fall under the banner of my Sky Sect is great fortune in your lives. If you’re willing to toil away, perhaps you might fight your way to glory and wealth one day. Wouldn’t that be an act that honors your ancestors? Isn’t that much better than being frogs at the bottom of a well in your remote backwater?”

Ye Chonglou’s expression chilled. “Envoy Zuo, you think too much. Surrender? I’ve lived for a great deal of time and have no plan of betraying my ancestors to eke out a living.”

Zuo Lan’s brow knit together as his pupils contract rapidly. Killing intent exploded out of him. “Then you are making fun of me?”

Ye Chonglou was hit with an overbearing flare of Zuo Lan’s aura. The former’s chest heaved heavily, but he managed to hang on. He said determinedly, “You said that only three matches have occurred out of the nine. Are you unilaterally announcing your victory now?”

Zuo Lan started. He looked around the premises and smirked disdainfully. “What, do you think there are any in your three sects who dare fight?”

“Yes!”

When Ye Chonglou spoke this word, another more ferocious and determined voice also voiced this word amidst an air current.

One voice was close at hand and the other far away, but they seemed to have reached a prior agreement as they opened their mouths and spoke at the same time.

Ye Chonglou's brow arched when he heard this voice and delight blossomed on his face. "Jiang Chen, you've finally emerged from closed door cultivation?"

A low howl traveled forth as sound waves suddenly rippled forth from the empty air. The nameless blade trapped to his back, Jiang Chen came in on the wind and landed in the middle of the scene.

The current Jiang Chen had long, dominating brows, eyes sparkling with celestial radiance, and his twenty year old body seemed even more well balanced and upright. He seemed perfect no matter what angle one looked at him.

Jiang Chen's appearance drew the looks of all three sects. Everyone's gaze had been a bit dull and depressed beforehand, but the light of hope now shot out from their eyes. It was as if a trace of light had appeared in endless darkness, and they'd found someone to place their hopes on. Everyone's spirits were revitalized in that instant.

Zuo Lan hadn't thought that someone else would suddenly appear at this moment.

"Who are you?"

Jiang Chen smiled faintly. "And who are you?"

The light of hatred shot out from the eyes of all the Purple Sun Sect members present when they saw Jiang Chen appear. It was a reaction in marked difference to that of the other three sects.

"Master Zuo Lan, this vile swine is Jiang Chen. The Sky Sect's favored Long Juxue of the innate constitution was killed by this scum!"

Sunchaser's eyes grew red when he saw Jiang Chen, as if he'd truly seen an enemy. He itched to pounce and tear Jiang Chen to shreds, hacking his corpse into ten thousand pieces.

"Jiang Chen? You're that so-called secular genius?" Zuo Lan's gaze was arrogant as he sized up Jiang Chen. "A mere spirit realm, but the three sects reacted to your arrival like they'd seen a savior. What, is a mere spirit realm pawn wanting to assume the role of a savior?"

Zuo Lan's tone was full of disdain. He was obviously completely dismissive of Jiang Chen. His place was high, he'd come from the Sky Sect, and he was of the earth origin realm. He naturally wouldn't think much of a spirit realm cultivator like Jiang Chen.

In Zuo Lan's eyes, anyone below the origin realm was an ant.

Zuo Lan found it hilariously ludicrous that an ant wanted to hop out and be savior, and that the three sects were full of anticipation that he would save them.

Jiang Chen attitude was noncommittal, unmoving in the face of the pressure from the earth origin realm. He'd entered closed door cultivation for seven days this time and had refined the Divine Fruit of the Rosy Dawn to break through the ninth level spirit realm, entering the peak of the spirit realm in one go. With the strength and quality of his fighting capabilities, he had the right to be hailed spirit king now.

However, the title of spirit king could only be obtained after the accumulation of time and battle victories.

Jiang Chen qualified for the title in all areas of requirements now, he only lacked experience. This would be rectified through continuously defeating cultivators on the same level as him.

Zuo Lan's aura was strong, but after Jiang Chen's repeated breakthroughs, his Boulder's Heart had reached ever increasing levels. The state of his strength of heart had long since reached a stage of more than ten times that of one of his peers.

Add to that some of the essence he'd absorbed from the magnetic golden mountain—it'd added a certain quality of being as stable as a mountain to his demeanor.

"Savior?" Jiang Chen smiled remotely. "I'm not any savior, but neither are you some sort of cataclysm that will destroy the heavens and earth."

Ye Chonglou spoke, "Envoy Zuo, the agreement of the nine matches has yet to conclude. Now that our candidate has arrived, do you only want to stand here and continue the verbal sparring?"

Zuo Lan snorted coldly after Ye Chongou's sarcastic words. "That's just as well, it looks like you lot won't repent until you fail completely, like refusing to cry until you see your coffin! This Jiang Chen must be an unsurpassed genius in your heart and your last hope."

"However, you will soon see that your so-called hope is just your unilateral delusions. It will burst just like a bubble after one poke."

Zuo Lan suddenly raised his voice after speaking thus and shouted, "Gao Xiang, Gu Xiong, Wu Chen—which amongst you is willing to do battle?"

"I am!"

"I am!"

"I am!"

The three gray-clad men all took a step forward and stared courteously at Jiang Chen like hunters measuring up their prey. None of them bothered to conceal the mockery in their eyes.

"Jiang Chen, don't underestimate your opponents. Three experts from the three sects all took the field just now and lost utterly. Even sect head Xie Tianshu was defeated by that Gu Xiong. There's another who has yet to fight—the one with the three stars. His cultivation level should be even stronger than Gu Xiong's at the realm of spirit king. I exchanged blows with this person just now and he actually took one of mine!"

Ye Chonglou reminded Jiang Chen that of the three to fight, Gao Xiang had yet to display his strength. They'd exchanged a punch, and when Ye Chonglou wanted to follow up on it, Zuo Lan had prevented him from doing so. He naturally had to alert Jiang Chen to the fact that this person could take one of his blows.

Jiang Chen nodded faintly, his face as calm as the waters of an ancient well. His gaze turned towards the three and then suddenly at Zuo Lan. "Envoy Zuo is it? It's not that we can't spar, but will you immediately get the hell out if I win?"

Zuo Lan laughed in his anger. "Win? Even the sect head of the Precious Tree Sect would find it difficult to win. What right does an unweaned brat like you have to speak about winning?"

Wu Chen was unruly and hot-tempered as he cracked his whip, charging to Jiang Chen. "Kid, let Master Wu send you on your way. Die!"

He cracked the whip and sent it snaking towards Jiang Chen's neck. The whip was like a lesser dragon, full of consciousness and moving faster than lightning.

Jiang Chen only smiled slightly and suddenly concentrated the God's Eye. He saw through the trajectory of the white amidst the various illusions and realities. He suddenly grasped at the air as if snatching a fly.

The shadows of the whip that had filled the air were instantly dispelled by a miraculous power, vanishing with no trace at all. The other end of the whip landed in Jiang Chen's hand.

Jiang Chen's gaze was remote. "You dare run your mouth with this little bit of ability? One of you isn't enough, all three of you come at me together and save me from doing things one by one."

He pointed with his left hand at the whip as he spoke.

Pfft pfft pfft pfft! The whip started crackling and popping with flame after Jiang Chen's point, as if it'd been set on fire. The fire consumed the whip with an astonishing speed, like it was crawling up the lead wire of a cannon and instantly traveling to the other end.

Wu Chen was frightened senseless and hurriedly flung out his hands.

#### Chapter 437: One Point, One Palm. Astounding His Opponents

This point encompassed the strongest power of fire essence that Jiang Chen currently possessed. He'd absorbed the Fire Raven King's core, assimilated another two caverns worth of fire essence spirit veins, and now had refined the Divine Fruit of the Rosy Dawn. The fire essence power running through him had reached a frightening stage.

This point was a technique that he'd practiced during his closed door cultivation, called "Supernova Point". This technique could destroy a plane of existence or an entire continent when trained by the proper cultivators. Its power was astounding.

Jiang Chen had only scraped the surface of this art, but when he focused the power of fire essence onto his fingers, the power behind the sudden outpouring of the blazing essence was enough to destroy everything.

It was a good thing that Wu Chen had quickly withdrawn his hands. But even so, his hands had still been burned by the residual heat from the immense fire essence power. His entire palm would've likely been crippled if he hadn't for the mysterious gloves.

The frightening scene shocked Wu Chen beyond belief. His expression changed greatly as he stumbled back a few steps and looked at Jiang Chen in fright.

Wu Chen had previously crushed Li Yuan of the Precious Tree Sect and Wang Tuo of the Myriad Spirit Sect one after another. His confidence had been greatly inflated and he'd felt immensely superior to the cultivator in the sixteen kingdom alliance.

Therefore, when he'd snapped his whip over, he'd thought that he could thoroughly destroy Jiang Chen. He never would have thought that this opponent would be completely different from all his previous ones.

Jiang Chen had used almost the same way that Wu Chen himself had used on his previous two opponents to absolutely dominate Wu Chen.

He was Jiang Chen alright, the situation was completely turned around as soon as he made a move.

The previously overweeningly proud Wu Chen was now ashen faced. He wore a completely panicked look and made those of the other three sects all feel that they could puff out their chests and lift their heads with pride.

Although Jiang Chen had yet to complete the induction ceremony, all of them now were viewing him as the spokesperson of the three sects.

He was their only hope to save face and salvage a losing situation.

The forefathers all exchanged several looks and could reach from each other's gaze a sliver of comfort. It was obvious that they saw hope from Jiang Chen.

Zuo Lan had also not anticipated that Jiang Chen would be so different.

He was well aware of Wu Chen's strength. Although Wu Chen was ninth level spirit realm, he could absolutely put up a fight when facing a spirit king of the sixteen kingdom alliance level.

But this Jiang Chen however, had used one finger to destroy the whip that Wu Chen was proud of and almost took his hand in the process.

Even Zuo Lan hadn't seen just what method this had been.

Wu Chen had come off worse in the exchange, and Gu Xiong's large body immediately jumped out, grasping the broadsword in his hand and raising it with a flourish, calling upon the strength from the ninth heavens and cleaving down on Jiang Chen's head with the momentum.

"Are you even worthy of using a blade?"

Jiang Chen snorted derisively, taking a step forward and rising to meet the blade's momentum, neither dodging nor evading. He seemed to be throwing himself to the blade's edge.

"What's he doing??" Those watching beneath the ring were all dumbfounded.

The forefathers also stared at each other, at a loss of what to do. They didn't know what Jiang Chen was cooking up.

Even though Zuo Lan was of the earth origin realm, he too found this scene incredulous. He knew better than anyone just how strong the strength behind Gu Xiong's blade.

Jiang Chen was so careless as to charge headfirst into the momentum of Gu Xiong's blade, was he seeking death?

Jiang Chen was indeed not courting death. As he moved, his God's Eye circulated quickly as he clearly saw through the trajectory of Gu Xiong's stroke.

Although his stroke was fierce and fast, his movements were all dissected under the function of the God's Eye, as if in front of a slow motion lens.

Jiang Chen was able to see through clearly and form a counter to Gu Xiong's stroke with one glance.

Gu Xiong's movements then seemed to become a naughty child playing with a wooden sword in front of Jiang Chen, posing no threat at all.

Jiang Chen suddenly flicked his wrist and used his palm as a blade, cleaving out diagonally with one slice.

An eye piercing flash of golden colored light appeared with his hand blade, striking unerringly on the back of Gu Xiong's blade and giving rise to a metallic collision sound.

Gu Xiong felt the area between his thumb and index go numb as a bizarrely strong surge of strength traveled up through the back of his blade up to his hand, spreading throughout his entire arm and invading his organs.

Gu Xiong felt like lightning had touched him, instantly becoming paralyzed.

Jiang Chen sliced out again with his palm.

Another crisp breaking sound rang out as Gu Xiong's broadsword was broken into two halves.

"You dare parade your blade techniques with such a dilapidated piece of scrap metal? Get the hell off the stage!"

Jiang Chen roared lowly and stomped one foot onto Gu Xiong's stomach.

Bam!

Gu Xiong flew out like a sandbag that had been kicked off, flying out more than ten meters in bedraggled fashion and landing with a thud, kicking up a mess of dust.

Gu Xiong, who'd just defeated the head of the Precious Tree Sect, seemed to be as helpless as a child who'd just started walking in front of Jiang Chen.

Wu Chen and Gu Xiong had both trampled several senior executive powerhouses of the three great sects not too long ago, but they had been revisited with the same cruelty in the blink of an eye.

Jiang Chen had crushed them with an ease that was more than ten times what they'd displayed against the senior sect levels just now.

"Thousandleaf, I, Ninelion, have lived for quite some time and have never been jealous of any innate constitution, but I'm really quite jealous of your Jiang Chen."

Icemist also sighed with a complicated tone, "The Precious Tree Sect's foundations are solid with this extraordinary genius. It would be an easy matter to pass on your legacy for tens of thousands of years."

Thousandleaf was enveloped by bliss at the moment. He didn't know what to say and could only grin foolishly. He'd already speculated about Jiang Chen's abilities to the greatest of his abilities.

However, Jiang Chen's performance had still exceeded his estimations.

To be honest, when the forefathers had seen Wu Chen and Gu Xiong easily roll over the sect executives, they'd truly felt helpless and resigned in that moment.

But Jiang Chen had swept away everyone's dejection with his appearance and completely turned around the battle situation. He'd even used the same methods as their opponents and had even done so in a more stunning fashion.

Ye Chonglu was the happiest amongst the forefathers. A mix of emotions assaulted him when he saw Jiang Chen's performance.

He'd always firmly believe that Jiang Chen was exceed him, but he'd never thought that this day would arrive so quickly. With Jiang Chen's current display, he absolutely had the right to be mentioned in the same breath as Ye Chonglou, even though he was still only of the spirit realm.

The three great sects were all excited beyond belief.

Zuo Lan and the Purple Sun Sect however, all felt incredulous. It was as if Wu Chen and Gu Xiong had been swapped out for someone else. They completely lacked the bearing they'd had earlier in crushing the three great sects and had been thoroughly trampled instead.

"Just what kind of fortuitous occurrences has that scum Jiang Chen received? Why has his strength risen so quickly?!" Sunchaser was the epitome of dejection.

From the momentum and strength behind his moves, Sunchaser could see that Jiang Chen had improved greatly from his battle in the Shangyang Kingdom. It could even be said that his strength had improved by leaps and bounds.

How would he know that after Jiang Chen had taken the Divine Fruit of Rosy Dawn, he'd broken through and not only entered ninth level spirit realm, but he'd continued to climb and charged into the peak of the spirit realm. He was even worthy of the title of spirit king.

Since entering the peak of the spirit realm, Jiang Chen's God's Eye had had tangible improvements, and his eye for detail had now entered the aspect of noticing the most minute details.

Cultivators on the same level as him wasn't on the same level at all.

He'd trained the "Nine Transformations of the Demons and Gods" to the third level, where he was now training his tendons and bones. His hardened body of immensely solid tendons and bones were now stronger than a nine times refined spirit weapon. Add to that the inner armor that he'd refined from the scale of the Redscaled Firelizard, it'd enabled his body to attain an enormous breakthrough.



Therefore, the force behind his hand blade just now had been in excess of ordinary nine times refined spirit weapons. Add to that his unique advantage in his spirit ocean, this enabled his use of spirit power to be far beyond his peers.

Gu Xiong and Wu Chen had both received enormously good heritages from the Sky Sect, and their cultivation and equipment were all far beyond cultivators in the sixteen kingdom alliance.

Such were their advantages.

But these were only advantages compared to those of the sixteen kingdom alliance.

Jiang Chen was an exception. Compared to Jiang Chen, none of their techniques or equipment were of any use in front of Jiang Chen.

This was particularly true for techniques. In Jiang Chen's eyes, as advanced as their methods were, that was still just a method. With Jiang Chen's experience from his past life and the God's Eye that he trained in this life, he could see through to the heart of his opponent's technique with almost just one glance.

Once Gu Xiong and Wu Chen lost their advantages, they were no different from the senior executives of the four great sects.

This was why Jiang Chen had so easily trampled his opponents with one point and one palm, destroying two weapons and their fighting spirit.

This wasn't a simple crushing of cultivation level, but also one of martial dao knowledge and a holistic victory.

"Do I need to say this one more time? Just one of you isn't enough, all there of you can come at me."

Jiang Chen's tone was faint. Although he wasn't purposefully strutting around, his words and strong attitude was enough to make those of the three sects feel greatly proud of themselves.

After continual humiliation from Wu Chen and Gu Xiong, they'd now returned it to the two in spades.

"Jiang Chen is it?" Zuo Lan suddenly spoke. "I admit that I underestimated you before. That Long Juxue of the innate constitution actually did not die a wronged death in your hands. However, the fate of a low birth is a disadvantage that you will never be able to overcome. How about this, pledge allegiance to me and I shall mentor you. Be one of my envoys and work for me. This will be better than living out your life in drudgery in this backwater."

"As long as you agree, all previous matters can be forgotten!" Zuo Lan was very domineering as he didn't seek opinions from Sunchaser or the Purple Sun Sect at all.

Zuo Lan was actually recruiting Jiang Chen! The forefathers of the three sects all had mixed emotions in that instant, deeply worried about losing something precious to them.

## Chapter 438: The Aura of the Earth Origin Realm

Although Zuo Lan's sudden recruitment was unexpected, it was made at a very ingenious time. The emotions of those in the four sects were all very complicated.

The three sects were all patently worried that Jiang Chen would change his mind and be tempted by Zuo Lan's words. Although he hadn't offered any promises, he was an earth origin realm cultivator after all and possessed quite a background. He was much stronger than the Precious Tree Sect.

In addition, Jiang Chen had only verbally agreed to joining the Precious Tree Sect. He hadn't even completed the induction ceremony yet. Would such a Jiang Chen have any feelings for the Precious Tree Sect at all?

In the face of such a stark contrast between strength, would Jiang Chen choose to remain in the sect and not answer Zuo Lan's call?

It was no wonder they were worried. After all, many would choose to flock to the banner of the stronger Sky Sect in these circumstances and toil for Zuo Lan, not the weak Precious Tree Sect.

If Jiang Chen did so, then the sects' last trump card was gone. They would have no other choice but to lay their lives on the line in defying Zuo Lan.

If they didn't, they could only accept the harsh reality of becoming the other's vassals.

The three great sects were worried, and the Purple Sun Sect was a mess of envious hatred.

There was a deep feud between Jiang Chen and the Purple Sun Sect. If Jiang Chen chose to accede to Zuo Lan, his position would rise intangibly and even eclipse that of the Purple Sun Sect.

If that was the case, they would never be able to exact revenge on Jiang Chen in the future, much less act against him.

Sunchaser's heart felt as if a viper had sunk its teeth in. But since Zuo Lan had spoken, Sunchaser didn't dare pipe up at all.

The atmosphere at the scene was exceedingly odd in that moment.

All pairs of eyes focused on Jiang Chen. It was apparent that everyone wanted to see how Jiang Chen would decide.

A small smile played around on his face. Jiang Chen seemed contemptuous of giving a response.

Zuo Lan seemed to read something from Jiang Chen's smile. His tone hardened, "Jiang Chen, this is your last chance. Your birth is base and lowly. If you don't take advantage of this opportunity to change your fate, you'll be relegated to the fate of a wild dog in a remote backwater even if you have some potential. And, you should know that death is the only future that awaits you in defying an envoy of the Sky Sect.

"Sky Sect?"

Jiang Chen had always been extraordinarily sensitive to the word "sky" in this life, and was particularly ticked off by "geniuses".

That Zuo Lan proclaimed himself from the Sky Sect really irked the hell out of him.

"Sky". That was the birth of Jiang Chen's past life and unparalleled honor. Judging from Zuo Lan's piss poor appearance, his sect wouldn't be much better. How dare they call themselves the Sky Sect?

It was one thing to call themselves the Sky Sect, but how dared they mouth off without shame in front of the son of the Celestial Emperor about fate and a base birth?

Zuo Lan never would've thought that his pompous words would thoroughly cross over that bottom line in Jiang Chen's heart and elicit his deep irritation.

"Zuo Lan, don't talk about wild dogs. You should really look at yourself in the mirror. This is Precious Tree Sect territory, but you're here yapping your heads off. What are you if not wild dogs?"

Jiang Chen smiled faintly. "Remember, only I am master of my destiny. I don't need to change anything and absolutely do not need to rely on your Sky Sect to change my fate. Whether it's the Sky Sect or the underworld, I am ashamed to keep such company as long as you are here!"

Those of the three sects all cheered raucously and applauded vigorously, filling the air with a wave of applause.

Jiang Chen's attitude had been more than clear in his words and he'd clearly declined Zuo Lan's recruitment, thoroughly planting himself on the side of the Precious Tree sect.

The forefathers looked at each other, immensely gratified. Only Ye Chonglou nodded his head lightly, as if long since anticipating this result and had nothing but admiration for Jiang Chen's decision.

Although none in the Purple Sun Sect cheered, they all relaxed inwardly.

Sunchaser in particular was baying with laughter inside. "That scum Jiang Chen is young after all in not knowing the depths of the heavens and earth. He's passed by his only chance to change his life. Good. This way, I won't have to worry about the Sky Sect envoys not supporting my decision to kill him in the future. This kid is dead without a doubt after offending Zuo Lan!"

Zuo Lan's face abruptly darkened upon hearing these words.

He'd never have thought that his series of proposals and even threats wouldn't result in even a split second of hesitation in the other.

Jiang Chen had not only rejected him, but jeered that they were the wild dogs instead and said he was ashamed to be in the same company as Zuo Lan!

The phrase of "whether the Sky Sect or the underworld" was an even more blatant desecration of the Sky Sect! Zuo Lan was from the Sky Sect and very proud of this. He would never allow for a single word of disrespect to his sect!

A layer of frost instantly appeared on his face. "Kid, you will be submitting to pressure after turning down my invitation! Desecrating the Sky Sect will result in the annihilation of your clan. Jiang Chen, accept your fate!"

Zuo Lan began to build up his momentum after speaking, bent on doing things himself.

"Hold!" Forefather Thousandleaf couldn't sit still at this time. Jiang Chen had already thus expressed his stance, there would really be no excuse if the forefathers still didn't step out and protect him.

“Envoy Zuo Lan, Jiang Chen has already won two matches according to the agreement of the nine matches. You were the one who said that as long as we win even one match...”

Zuo Lan laughed heartily, “I only said that you would have the right to negotiate with me if you won even one match. I already proposed my terms to Jiang Chen just now and he declined. Since he has declined, you have no more right to negotiate.”

Thousandleaf didn’t have a comeback to that. The other had indeed said that they would have the right to negotiate if they won won match.

Zuo Lan’s fan grew frosty as his tone suddenly chilled. He called out, “From now on, the Precious Tree Sect, Myriad Spirit Sect, and Flowing Wind Sect no longer exist! Those who are willing to surrender, come to me. Those who are not will die!”

“You only have this one chance. Those who do not step over within the span of ten breaths will be viewed as defying the Sky Sect. There will be a slaughter with no exceptions!” Zuo Lan’s gaze was domineering as he swept it across the three sects.

Forefather Ninelion was incensed. “Zuo Lan, the elite disciples of our three sects are all here. Do you truly want to fight to the death?!”

Zuo Lan smiled remotely. “Fight to the death. You sure think highly of yourself. Why do I need to risk my life to kill you? What right do you have to speak of fighting to the death with an earth origin realm cultivator?!”

Zuo Lan’s body shifted like a ghost as soon as he’d finished speaking, shooting towards forefather Ninelion.

Forefather Ninelion didn’t dare take his charge lightly given Zuo Lan’s fierce momentum. Ninelion’s hands covered his vitals as he took a few steps backwards, the sect treasure of a rosary made of beast bones around his neck suddenly shooting out beams of purple light, forming an enormous restriction of protection. At the same time, Ninelion’s hands pushed outwards and formed an origin realm qi wall with a surge of qi.

It was obvious that Ninelion didn’t dare underestimate Zuo Lan’s vigorous attack.

However, as strong as Ninelion’s defenses were, Zuo Lan’s attacks were even stronger.

The latter had already flashed to Ninelion in the span of a moment.

Ninelion punched out with fast reflexes, also just managing to defend himself against as he hastily attacked.

He then took the other’s single punch with both his hands. The purple splendor from the rosary exploded and then disappeared. Ninelion’s body was flung several meters backwards from this punch.

If it hadn’t been for the defensive capabilities of the rosary, Ninelion likely would’ve had broken bones and ripped tendons from this punch.

The other forefathers congregated around him, fanning out to block off Zuo Lan.

Thousandleaf asked in a low voice. "Ninelion, how are you?"

Ninelion's blood churned and roiled. He felt like the punch had smashed his spirit ocean. He gathered his strength several times before finally managing to regain his calm.

"Hoo!"

Ninelion exhaled a breath of putrid air, clearing out some of the irritation in his heart.

"What a strong punch!" A trace of wariness flashed through his heart and he spoke to the others in a low voice. "Everyone be careful, the boxing aura from this thug is vicious. He doesn't seem like fourth level origin realm at all."

Everyone's hearts grew stern when they heard this.

To be honest, Zuo Lan really was only of fourth level origin realm. However, he was from the Sky Sect, and so the various profound mysteries and divine arts he trained were all from the Sky Sect.

The Sky Sect was a super sect, its foundations were at least tens of thousands times over and absolutely not something that a small sect like the Precious Tree Sect could measure up to.

Therefore, Zuo Lan's fourth level origin realm was a completely different concept than the one in the forefathers' minds.

Jiang Chen didn't dare to lag behind. He stood next to Ye Chonglou and asked in a faint tone, "Envoy Zuo, once the declaration of war has been proclaimed, it will be difficult to retract. Are you sure you want to fight to your very last breath?"

Zuo Lan snorted derisively. "How many times must I repeat myself? A fight to the death? Down to my very last breath? That is just your wishful delusion. If I, Zuo Lan, wish to kill all of you, it will be no different than killing a dog!"

After concluding his words, Zuo Lan's gaze continued his inspection and swept past the disciples of the three great sect once more.

"You still have five breaths worth of time. All of you only have this amount of time to be in charge of your destiny. After the five breaths, those that still disobey the decree of the Sky Sect will all be killed without exception!"

"Four."

"Three."

"Two."

"One."

Zuo Lan's face was devoid of expression and was as apathetic as frost on the ground. There wasn't the least bit of human emotion on him, as if the people he was speaking to were all a pile of stones, a cluster of statues.

When he counted down to one, Zuo Lan's face had completely darkened. "Outstanding, indeed outstanding. I didn't think the three great sects were all tough birds. Looks like all of you will not be convinced until death stares at you in the face. That's just as well, I'll send all of you on your path to the netherworld then."

When he finished, he suddenly flared his aura, and it was as if endless tidewaters and enormous waves had surged into the great hall at that time.

The suffocating pressure from the earth origin realm aura made the tiles on the ground shatter. Countless cracks spiderwebbed through the surroundings.

"What a strong aura! This is bad, I can't open my eyes!"

"Ah! My ear drums burst!"

"Damn it, just what is going on?"

Cultivators with lower cultivation levels all began crying out tragically towards the rear of the three great sects.

Zuo Lan's mindset was exceedingly perverted. He seemed to thoroughly enjoy the cries of his prey. The smile on his face became even more manic and wanton.

"You chose this path for yourselves, accept your fate!"

Zuo Lan increased the pressure from his aura again.

At this time—

Strum...

A minute sound came from the air, piercing through with incredible force through the flaring of the aura that was crashing down as if a tsunami. It was like a small blade of grass had suddenly poked out through a crack in the stone.

Strum strum strum...

The sound carried forth unceasingly after it's sounded. It was like the rain, first pattering down droplets, then a gentle drizzle. It turned into an enormous downpour in the span of a second and formed an undeniable momentum within a few breaths.

This was the sound of a qin!

To be more exact, it was the sound of a guzhen!

It had thoroughly transformed from the hint of a weak sound to a force of a torrential downpour in only a few breaths.

It even started gathering into wind and wisps of clouds in another moment, as expansive as the waves beating down on the shore.

Zuo Lan's aura was slowly suppressed by the music sounds that had come from an unknown location.

After not too long, the sound of the gushed became to form invisible blade fragments, cutting into Zuo Lan's presence.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, all of Zuo Lan's aura collapsed beneath the dicing of the music notes.

#### Chapter 439: Zuo Lan Flees in a Panic

The thrumming of the guzhen's rhythm was constantly fluctuating, at times fierce and at times melodious.

But there was an indistinguishable strength within this unpredictable rhythm, a strength that brooked no opposition from Zuo Lan's aura.

Zuo Lan's expression suddenly changed drastically, the light in his eyes vanishing as he searched his surroundings with fear and shock, trying to ascertain where the music notes had originated from.

However, he was destined for disappointment. The notes seemed to be coming from all directions, and there was no way to pinpoint their source.

Zuo Lan was still caught in the depths of his shock and suspicion, his eyes tinged with genuine surprise. All of a sudden, he deflated like a fully inflated ball being pricked by a needle.

His expression took on a more thoughtful look as he took another glance at the three sects. He grit his teeth and waved, "We go!"

Zuo Lan was suddenly retreating!

The forefathers of the three sects all looked at each other, completely baffled.

Zuo Lan had been building up his strength and about to erupt in full glory. Everyone had been ready to fight to the death. How could he have given up all of a sudden?

Even Zuo Lan's three subordinates found this hard to believe, much less the three sects.

However, in the end, they answered to him and naturally didn't voice objections. They followed behind him with greatly sullen visages.

The Purple Sun Sect was even more caught off guard.

Sunchaser, in particular, had already been rubbing his fists and wiping his palms, ready for a great battle. He hadn't thought at all that Envoy Zuo Lan would suddenly wheel around as if he'd seen a ghost.

This completely demoralized Sunchaser. He'd already decided in that moment that he would have to use his strongest methods possible to kill Jiang Chen.

He wouldn't be able to live in peace if he didn't eliminate Jiang Chen.

Jiang Chen was simply growing too quickly, so quickly that even he, an origin realm forefather, felt exceedingly uneasy.

At this rate, it wouldn't be long before Jiang Chen could directly threaten old monster Sunchaser's existence.

At that time, he and the entire Purple Sun Sect would thoroughly be bereft of security.

When he considered how deep the feud between the Purple Sun Sect and Jiang Chen was, it was easy to imagine the depths of fear and unease in Sunchaser's heart.

However, Zuo Lan had already retreated, and those of the Purple Sun Sect naturally couldn't linger.

Sunchaser had a darkened face of awkwardness as he too gestured and took the Purple Sun Sect slinking away.

The three great sects immediately began booing and heckling when they saw the Purple Sun Sect turn tail.

"Old dog Sunchaser, go back and lick the arses of your Sky Sect envoys!"

"We'll beat you old and young dogs if you dare come and throw your weight around again!"

The younger disciples of the three sects were all still enraged and cursed loudly.

Sunchaser almost spat out blood when he heard the venomous haranguing. For now, he had to pinch his nose and restrain himself no matter how ugly the words he heard were.

After the Sky Sect had withdrawn, the Purple Sun Sect couldn't kick up a fuss by themselves. They'd be courting death if they faced the three great sects alone.

With the three sects' currently furious emotions, it was highly likely they'd be caught in a lynching if they were just a bit slower about leaving.

Although Sunchaser was confident, he wasn't blind enough to think that he would be able to resist the combined efforts of all three sects.

Sunchaser's group finally caught up to Zuo Lan and the others when they were 50 kilometers away from the Precious Tree Sect.

"Honored Envoy, we held the advantage just now, why did we suddenly leave?"

Sunchaser asked, baffled, when he finally caught up to Zuo Lan.

Zuo Lan's face was ashen, a hint of wariness still in his eyes. He looked back in the direction of the Precious Tree Sect and snorted softly, but didn't respond.

Sunchaser didn't dare erupt in rage even though he'd ended up with a face full of dust. He could only follow glumly behind Zuo Lan, walking forward with his head down.

Zuo Lan's heartstrings finally slowly relaxed after they'd travelled speedily for approximately three hours. He had truly been quite frightened just now.

He'd never have thought that there would be a hidden expert within the Precious Tree Sect, at least one capable of using ethereal music notes to destroy his origin realm aura.



Even though Zuo Lan didn't know who the other was, he was certain of one thing. The expert with the guzhen was even stronger than him.

They'd been able to use mere music notes to destroy his aura from such a far distance, and even with such overwhelming dominance at that.

However, the Precious Tree Sect was just a small place, how could it be concealing this level of an expert?

Zuo Lan couldn't come to an answer no matter how he thought about it, so he called over Sunchaser and asked, "Sunchaser, apart from Thousandleaf, is there an even stronger expert within that sect who has yet to emerge?"

Sunchaser was completely turned on his head by this question.

"A stronger person? Sunchaser shook his head unconsciously. "That's not possible. I've held court in the sixteen kingdom alliance for so many years and know the four great sects like the back of my hand. I wouldn't miss intelligence of even a promising disciple, never mind someone stronger than Thousandleaf. What kind of stronger existence is there in the Precious Tree Sect? If there is, all those within it would never keep such a low profile."

The four great sects were in constant competition. If anyone had such an absolute trump card, they would take it out every now and then to awe the other three sects, even if they didn't show it off all the time.

Not displaying an advantage wasn't the style of the four great sects.

Zuo Lan was deep in thought. He too didn't believe that the Precious Tree Sect would have any sort of unparalleled expert. However, what he was certain of was that the owner of the guzhen was much stronger than him. Of that, there was no doubt.

Could it be that some sort of hidden expert was residing in the sect and didn't wish for the sect to be attacked? If this was the case, then the situation had just taken a complicated turn.

As the Sky Sect's envoy, he was here to settle the sixteen kingdom alliance and support the men of the Purple Sun Sect in uniting the alliance.

If he didn't complete this mission, then his inspection tour would be deemed a failure.

A failure was fine, but not receiving the Sky Sect's reward for completion or negatively impacting others' viewpoint of him, this was something that Zuo Lan didn't want to see.

"Sir Zuo Lan, are you suspecting whether some sort of expert has appeared in the Precious Tree Sect?" Sunchaser suddenly asked.

"Sunchaser, you claim that you know everything in the sixteen kingdom alliance. How come you haven't heard of an expert in residence in the Precious Tree Sect?"

Zuo Lan's tone was rather displeased. His sudden withdrawal today had indeed taken the edge off his spirit. He felt rather embarrassed when he even thought about it.

“Sir, when it comes to this expert, your subordinate has always had some suspicions. However, I’ve never been able to obtain confirmation and so didn’t dare speak of nonsense in front of the honored sir.”

“Tell me what you know.”

Zuo Lan’s tone was irritated. He was quite irked that Sunchaser had withheld information.

“Sir, I’ve been wondering that an enormously strong expert has been supporting Jiang Chen and helping him rise. Otherwise, a young man born of an ordinary kingdom has no reason to climb so high, so fast.”

Sunchaser voiced his speculations and then delved into the details of them. Much of this had come from Master Shuiyue.

If he’d only been suspicious before, then when Jiang Chen had killed Long Juxue in the ring and he himself had been beaten back with a pinecone, Sunchaser was certain in that moment that there was an incredible expert behind the scenes.

However, he’d been unable to determine whether this expert was here by coincidence or because of Jiang Chen.

But now with Sir Zuo Lan’s current posture, he’d obviously been scared off by an incredible expert. This expert very likely had a great deal to do with Jiang Chen.

When he finished listening to Sunchaser’s words, Zuo Lan’s brow knit together. “So that arrogant kid Jiang Chen had an incredible expert as his backer. No wonder he was so cocky.”

Sunchaser still refused to accept things and asked, “Sir Envoy, is this matter over just like this? Do we abandon our work when we’re one step away from success?”

Sunchaser was obviously highly dissatisfied with this result. Jiang Chen wasn’t dead, and the Purple Light Division hadn’t swallowed the other three sects.

Whether it was his personal grudges or his ambitions, none of them had materialized.

Zuo Lan laughed coldly. “What? Do you still want to return to the Precious Tree Sect?”

Sunchaser was a bit awkward. “Even if there is an incredible expert, they are still courting death in going against the Sky Sect. Sir Envoy, just how strong is that expert?”

Sunchaser was even more curious about this question.

Zuo Lan sighed softly. “I don’t know how strong they are, but of one thing I am certain, and it’s that although the expert didn’t reveal themselves, they are far stronger than me. If the Precious Tree Sect has gained their protection, it will be exceedingly hard to swallow it.”

Sunchaser was enormously depressed to hear of this.

What he wanted most was to teach a lesson to the Precious Tree Sect! If he couldn’t do this, then there was no fun in being the division master of the Purple Light Division.

"Alright, return to the Purple light Division first. Sunchaser, you do not need to continue inquiring about this matter. Since an incredible expert has intervened, I must request guidance from my superiors. I trust that even stronger envoys will arrive before long. Hmph. I hadn't thought that a mere sixteen kingdom alliance would be this knotty and difficult to handle. This was rather out of my expectations."

Zuo Lan had thought that with his strength, his three subordinates, and the Purple Sun Sect, they would absolutely be able to sweep the three great sects and awe them all.

All had been proceeding in this fashion to begin with. Although the extra factor of Jiang Chen had appeared, but Zuo Lan had believed that as long as he took the field himself, then even Jiang Chen wouldn't be a problem.

Sunchaser's heart was quite unsettled. The sixteen kingdom alliance was just this small place. Zuo Lan's arrival had been quite shocking already.

If an even stronger envoy arrived, he really didn't know how he'd wait upon them.

While Zuo Lan and Sunchaser were busy being paranoid, so were the forefathers of the other three sects equally bemused.

Zuo Lan's presence had been so domineering just now that they'd barely managed to hang on, but a wave of notes from a qin had seemed to sound.

In the next moment, Zuo Lan had run away like he'd seen a ghost.

"Who can tell me what's going on here?" Ninelion was mystified.

Thousandleaf and Ye Chonglou looked at each other, equally dumbfounded. They knew nothing either.

If those of the Precious Tree Sect were clueless, then the others were even more puzzled.

It was rather Jiang Chen who had a grave expression on his face as he seemed to guess at something.

He too had heard the notes and felt them strongly cut away at Zuo Lan's aura, destroying it like crumpling a dead branch.

"Can it be? Was it her?"

A hazy figure appeared in his mind at that moment, but this matter was of great importance, and so Jiang Chen kept quiet to avoid giving rise to unnecessary speculation.

#### Chapter 440: The Inheritance from the Precious Tree of the Rosy Dawn

"Jiang Chen, did you hear those notes just now?" Ye Chonglou actually asked Jiang Chen first after he contemplated for a bit.

The lordmaster had a habit now that he would always ask Jiang Chen first regarding anything that seemed bizarre or was inexplicable.

Jiang Chen didn't deny things and nodded his head. "I heard it, and that Zuo Lan seemed rather frightened of it?"

Ye Chonglou sighed. "That playing was able to instantly destroy Zuo Lan's aura from such a distance away. The cultivation of the one who made that move is absolutely above Zuo Lan."

Zuo Lan was of the earth origin realm. His aura was something that even the combined efforts of the forefathers could barely stand up to.

However, this overweeningly proud character been scared off by just a string of music notes.

One had to say, there was always one thing to overcome another. The gap between the strong and the weak in the world of martial dao was simply too great.

"Jiang Chen, do you know the origin of the instrument's sound?"

Jiang Chen shook his head. "I am equally as baffled. Perhaps there is some expert hidden around the Precious Tree Sect, or a reclusive forefather within the sect?"

Although Jiang Chen had some thoughts, he had yet to confirm them himself, how would he possibly voice them prematurely?

The induction ceremony had more or less been affected by the debacle from Zuo Lan and the others.

Although the ceremony was continuing, the emotions of those assembled were greatly different. Because of Zuo Lan and the Sky Sect's appearance, even old monster Sunchaser had betrayed the sixteen kingdom alliance. This was simply too much pressure for the three great sects.

Even though Zuo Lan and the others had withdrawn today, it was obvious that the matter was not over yet, and the Sky Sect he represented was even less likely to let things lie the way they were.

Therefore, troubles were sure to arise one after another in the future.

Forefather Thousandleaf took out a green Fruit of the Rosy Dawn to both reward Jiang Chen and stimulate everyone's excitement again.

The green fruit flowered only once in three hundred years. It was the advanced version of the red fruit with a much stronger effect.

If one used it in the spirit realm, the cultivator would be able to rise two levels in a row and purify their spirit ocean.

The green fruit would form only once in three hundred years, and there was no absolute guarantee about its success. Ordinarily speaking, there was only a fifty percent of a red fruit becoming a green fruit.

This was to say that out of the ten red fruits left on the Precious Tree of the Rosy Dawn, no more than five would become green fruit!

It went without saying the success rate of those further becoming purple fruit.

After a cycle of six hundred years, normally only one or two, at best three, would become purple fruit.

The three that they'd once collected was absolutely a record for the Precious Tree.

Forefather Thousandleaf had the eldest seniority in the sect and the oldest age, but he was only three hundred some years not, not yet four hundred.

Since he'd taken charge of the Precious Tree Sect, the most advanced fruit the Precious Tree had produced was a green fruit. He'd never even come across a purple fruit.

It was said that a purple fruit would be able to help an origin realm cultivator unconditionally rise one level.

Therefore, forefather Thousandleaf greatly yearned after the legendary purple fruit. He'd halted at third level origin realm for many years now and had been unable to find the opportunity to break through.

Therefore, he ardently desired the purple fruit to mature.

This meant that the most precious fruits Thousandleaf had on hand at the moment was the green fruit. Taking one out to give to Jiang Chen showed just how much he valued Jiang Chen.

Even Ye Chonglou hadn't received a green fruit from Thousandleaf.

"Jiang Chen, this green fruit can help you unconditionally rise two more levels in the spirit realm. With your current level, taking it will give you a chance to enter the origin realm!" Ye Chonglou came forth to offer his congratulations.

He wasn't jealous. Whether the green fruit or red fruit, he didn't have much use for either of them. What was useful to him now was only the purple fruit.

Unfortunately, even forefather Thousandleaf didn't have a purple fruit.

Although Jiang Chen didn't necessarily have need for the green fruit, he didn't decline it either. He'd joined the Precious Tree Sect for its resources.

Forefather Thousandleaf had been quite clear just now that this green fruit was a reward for Jiang Chen defeating Wu Chen and Gu Xiong just now.

Jiang Chen had no reason to refuse it since it was a reward.

After the mess from Zuo Lan, the guests from the other two sects were disinterested even though forefather Thousandleaf had brought out the green Divine Fruit of the Rosy Dawn. They wished to return home.

They were all afraid that those bastards would go make a mess at their sects.

Therefore once the induction ceremony was complete, those of the other two sects all raised their intentions to leave. Even though Thousandleaf invited them to stay, none of them were in the mood to linger.

"Fellow daoists, I know not the background of the Sky Sect, but they are absolutely a very strong existence. Otherwise, with Sunchaser's personality, he never would've easily flocked to their banner. If even Sunchaser is willing to betray the inheritance of the Purple Sun Sect, then it can be seen that the Sky Sect has vast ambitions. Our three sects are rich pickings in their eyes. They won't rest until they

have us. From today forth, our three sects should further enhance our communication and provide aid in times of need. We absolutely cannot allow them to defeat us one by one.”

Although Sunchaser was normally indifferent to fame or gain, he placed great importance on the heritage of the Purple Sun Sect. He would never wish to see the sect be swallowed whole and incorporated into some Purple Light Division.

He wouldn’t necessarily be willing even if he was invited to be Division Master, much less be Sunchaser’s minion.

After all, Division Master was just the head of a Sky Sect division. Once they became the division of the Sky Sect, that would mean that the Precious Tree Sect had lost its autonomy and had to listen to the Sky Sect in all matters.

What if the Sky Sect set their sights on the Precious Tree of the Rosy Dawn? Would they hand that over on bended knee as well?

Ninelion nodded when he heard Thousandleaf’s reminder. “Daoist Thousandleaf speaks sense. Us three sects are crickets on the same rope. We are leaves of the same branch and must remain united. Otherwise, we will be separately defeated by the Sky Sect.”

Icemist sighed lightly and said glumly, “Let’s take one step at a time. If a mere inspection envoy was so domineering and they’ve come off worse in this exchange, I’m afraid that a stronger cultivator will arrive next time. Our three sects are but a piece of meat in their eyes. I’m worried if we’ll truly be able to hold out if we continue resisting?”

These words were slightly out of spirits. It was apparent that Icemist was a bit pessimistic about the future of the three sects.

Ninelion spoke angrily, “Even if we can’t hold out, we must not become Sunchaser’s dogs! There is no undefeatable sect beneath the heavens, only indestructible heritage. If they really wish to employ brute force, then we’ll just go down in a blaze of glory then. As long as the sect heritage has yet to be destroyed, then we can arise from the ashes even if the sect is destroyed. But if we start to cower and wish to give up from our own mindset, then what is destroyed is our heritage. That is when our sect has truly been destroyed.”

A heritage wasn’t the mere inheritance of a sect’s methods or knowledge, but a type of mentality and spirit. If they gave up, that would mean that this kind of spirit was at an end.

Once this spirit was extinguished, then even if a sect had ten million people, it would still be one without a foundation.

Take for instance, the Sky Sect envoy wanting to assimilate their sects into a Purple Light Division under Sunchaser’s command. This meant that they would all become Sunchaser’s troops and become his vassals in all things, unable to act of their own accord.

This was something that Ninelion would never be willing to accept.

Jiang Chen was quite admiring of Ninelion’s heroic manner. In contrast, a woman such as Icemist seemed to lack that bit of seeing things through to the end at this critical moment.

When it came to the sect's legacy, the spark of this spirit was sometimes more important than passing down techniques or methods. If a sect's mentality was strong, then even if they were down to the last disciple, he would still find a way to pass on the torch of the sect so that it would never be extinguished.

Jiang Chen had seen all beneath the heavens in his past life and weathered the passage of a million years, seeing many great powers rise and fall. Hadn't some sects still vanished in the traces of history in the end?

Why had that been?

Because those sects had only profit in their eyes, and none of spirit or faith. No goal or legacy that people who would willingly lay their lives out on the line.

Ninelion sighed and walked up to Jiang Chen, clapping his shoulder. "Jiang Chen, if you were a disciple of my Myriad Spirit Sect, then I would ignore all talk of a Sky or Earth Sect. Keep training well! I believe that you'll trod on the so-called Sky Sect one day, hahaha!"

Ninelion's hearty laugh was quite infectious. It could be seen from this that Ninelion possessed quite some mettle and was a forthright person. He wouldn't frown ceaselessly even if the pressure from the Sky Sect was as monumental as a mountain.

Jiang Chen also smiled faintly, "My brother Liu Wencai has unparalleled potential. I'm sure that one day, he will be worthy of being hailed as one who can shoulder the sect on his shoulders."

"Alright! I will surely focus great attention on cultivating Liu Wencai just because of those words."

Liu Wencai was standing behind forefather Ninelion, and he cast a look of gratitude at Jiang Chen at this time. He walked up with Tang Hong. The three of them laid their palms on top of each other and bid the others farewell.

"Take care!"

"Take care!"

The Precious Tree Sect regained its calm after sending off the two great sects.

If it wasn't for Zuo Lan's party, the Precious Tree Sect should've been immersed in boundless joy at this moment for the emergence of two great experts, an origin realm forefather and a genius at the peak of the spirit realm.

All middle level executives and above of the sect were gathered beneath the Precious Tree.

Forefather Thousandleaf stood in front of it, calling out loudly, "Everyone, this is the first time that the garden of the Precious Tree of the Rosy Dawn has been opened to everyone. I want to tell you that it is because of this tree our sect has been able to pass down our legacy for a thousand years. If we lose our legacy, then we will find it greatly difficult to retain the tree. Your children and grandchildren, your disciples and juniors will never be able to enjoy the fruits and protection of the tree! Tell me, do you wish to be a sect disciple with the spark of spirit, or be someone's lackey in joining that so-called Sky Sect?!"

"We vow to live and die with the Precious Tree Sect, and will protect the Precious Tree unto death!"

All of those present wept tears and cried blood.

Even if those in the sect had never dared looked upon the Precious Tree, it had long since become a totem in their hearts and branded itself into their souls.

The Precious Tree was their legacy, their spark of spirit, and their only faith.

They could fight internally or conduct ludicrous acts, but they would never tolerate blasphemy against the tree. This was because it was the pillar of morale for all of the sect's disciples.

They may not be able to enjoy the fruits themselves, but the sect had its rules. If they reached the qualifications to one day, or their children did, the sect would naturally pass on its fruits to them.

The Precious Tree was something that all those in the sect partook in.