

Three Realms 1851

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

Chapter 1851: A Perfect Ambush

In this world, there was a thing called soul lamps. Not every cultivator had the right to have one tailored to them, but most important cultivators possessed one.

When Forefather Goldenbell's lamp shattered, the rebel leaders knew of it immediately. However, the three demigods actively silenced the news after a covert discussion.

Alas, bad news from House Yuchi slammed into them right after. The rebels really felt the pain this time.

Meng Qianqiu and the other demigod forefather tried to plead with the Yuchi forefather to prioritize the bigger picture. Perhaps the news that House Yuchi had been assaulted was false.

But why would he listen to them? The house was where his roots lay. Without it, what did the bigger picture even mean?

He was adamant on departing.

Finally, they came to an agreement that the Yuchi forefather could return with a few elites in tow. The house's main force would remain outside the Martial Sacred Land.

Within his airboat, the forefather's eyelid twitched when he imagined a terrifying prospect. Could House Yuchi have been attacked by outside reinforcements?

This was something the rebels hadn't predicted. If said reinforcements existed, it would be quite bad for all of them. He grew even more restless.

It was at this time that their airboat suddenly slowed, as if it had collided with something.

"What is that, forefather?" someone yelled.

"Hmm? Are we in the wrong place? This isn't the way."

All the House Yuchi elites exclaimed in surprise. Their airboat had sailed into alien space. There seemed to be an infinite number of passages leading out of it, and they were connected to ever more passages in turn. There was no end to them.

The Yuchi forefather's heart sank. He was experienced enough to know that the airboat was in trouble. They had either unwittingly entered a secret realm or a manmade formation.

He judged the latter to be much more likely. "Calm down, everyone," he growled. "Don't panic."

"What's happening, forefather?"

The Yuchi forefather harrumphed. "Enemies ahead. Be on your guard. I'll go outside to take a look. You steer the airboat and follow me."

As the most skilled here by a long shot, the Yuchi forefather wasn't helpless despite his surprise.

He landed outside the airboat with a whoosh. Once outside, he realized that it was as he'd surmised – they were in a formation that was a dimensional maze.

The Yuchi forefather harrumphed once more. “A formation like this wants to trap the likes of me?”

He clapped his hands, creating a whirl of lightning runes. They rippled in the air, then exploded.

The passages in the air collapsed before their witnesses' eyes. The sight of it was rather grand.

House Yuchi's cultivators shouted and jumped with joy. The forefather's moves were really something else!

This formation had been created by Jiang Chen's Nine Labyrinth Formation, of course. He'd used it against many powerful experts in the past, but never once had it been destroyed so readily.

The Yuchi forefather had used overwhelming strength to overcome the ingenuity of the formation and smashed it to smithereens. Even Jiang Chen had to admire the sheer force the forefather had employed.

Still, only some pseudo-space that the Nine Labyrinth Formation had generated had been broken. Its defenses weren't particularly sturdy in the first place, nor was Jiang Chen put in any danger upon their collapse.

The Nine Labyrinth Formation was completely intact as well.

The Yuchi forefather cackled after the dimensional formation dispersed. “Come on!” he waved a hand.

He barely had time to revel before his eyelids twitched in fear when they registered what they saw.

A beautiful, familiar figure, stark against the bleak sky.

Prime Puresmoke!

Which cultivator in Martial Divine Nation didn't know who she was? Though the Yuchi forefather was a demigod, as well as much older than Puresmoke, he didn't dare underestimate such a representative character of the sacred land.

Wasn't this woman supposed to be back at the sacred land's spirit herb base? Her appearance here... was the attack on House Yuchi related to her?

Was Goldenbell's death related to her as well?

Prime Puresmoke's eyes were colder than the frostiest winter. She fluttered her sleeves, unleashing a cascade of rainbow ribbons that swept toward House Yuchi's airboat like a swarm of wyrms.

The Yuchi forefather harrumphed. “You dare be so presumptuous before me, Prime Puresmoke?”

He materialized a longsword in his hand that was as bright as an autumn river, swinging it ferociously at the ribbons.

The rainbow ribbons fluttered in the wind, transforming into an uncountable number of waterfalling threads that covered the air. They sailed through the air from every direction, almost reaching the surface of the airboat in the blink of an eye.

Forefather Yuchi's sword cut clean and fast, its beams arcing through the sky with incredible alacrity.

The prismatic torrent was forced away from the airboat, its tendrils sliced into willowy fragments that scattered every which way.

This brief exchange was enough to reveal the Yuchi forefather's cultivation as being superior to Prime Puresmoke's. It was a limited lead, but the stronger cultivator was clear.

Puresmoke was upset that the forefather had countered her ability. Still, she understood and was relieved that the Vermilion Bird was the main weapon against the forefather instead.

The Yuchi forefather saw an opportunity to press the verbal attack after his snippy victory. "Puresmoke," he cackled, "did you attack House Yuchi?"

"So what if it was me?" the prime retorted coldly. "House Yuchi has used its wealth for only evil. Over all these years, it's accumulated quite the princely sum thanks to its incredible greed. I was only executing heaven's will."

The Yuchi forefather felt his heart tense. "Then you should die too!" His eyes glared daggers.

A little enraged now, he hurtled toward Prime Puresmoke with electric velocity. The sword in his hand scythed with meteoric force toward her, its swing backed by its wielder's momentum.

Puresmoke was unwilling to clash with the Yuchi forefather head on. Her graceful figure disappeared into the clouds as a streak of light.

"Where do you think you're going!" The Yuchi forefather tossed his sword airborne, navigating a path for the weapon with his consciousness directly to the prime's back. It stormed towards her as a radiant comet.

Suddenly, a huge talon reached out from within the dense cloud cover. It grabbed the golden light with a viciously accurate swipe.

The Yuchi forefather's his eyelids jumped. Was he hallucinating? His sword was no ordinary weapon. It was a divine blade, blessed by creation itself. Could it really be grabbed like that in such a mind-boggling way?

The forefather was beyond amazed. He gazed into the clouded sky uncertainly, activating a series of hand seals to summon his weapon back to him.

Unfortunately, nothing he did showed any signs of working.

"How can this be?" Apprehension flickered through the forefather's heart. He stared at the huge claw warily. The vapors around it slowly began to disperse.

The sky cleared to reveal a bird colossal enough to blot out the sun. It hovered above the Yuchi forefather, stealing the brilliance of the heavenly bodies. The scene darkened in front of the forefather.

"What... what kind of monster is this?" He was too close to recognize what he saw.

It didn't take long for him to recover from his astonishment and take better stock of his foe. The monster had vermilion feathers all over and a striking familiar shape. A horrendous thought leaped out from his memory.

It was a vermilion bird, one of the four sacred beasts of legend!

The Yuchi forefather felt his own body heat up as he viewed the flame-bathed fowl. His blood began to boil, the rising temperatures scorching his soul. The very notion of a vermilion bird brought many bad premonitions and rumors to the fore of his mind.

Were the Eternal Sacred Land's reinforcements here?

The thought prompted the Yuchi forefather to make an expeditious retreat. The opponent before him had slain actual gods! He was only a demigod – what hope did he have of winning?

Escape was his top and only priority. The loss of his sword didn't faze him. He needed to get out of here!

He landed on House Yuchi's airboat, then called out, "Take off, take off, now!"

It was a nightmare to meet a vermilion bird right now. He had no intentions of resisting.

But the Vermilion Bird was hardly going to allow him to flee successfully. That would let down its status as one of the four sacred beasts. The sacred fowl swooped down like a fireball, spontaneously expanding its body once more. It was so enormous that it seized the entire airboat in a single claw.

The vessel was of considerable size and could seat up to several hundred. The vastness of the claw was perfect for it. Their craft forcibly commandeered, the House Yuchi cultivators scampered out all at once.

They weren't going anywhere! A small flap of the Vermilion Bird's wings was sufficient to launch a hail of vermilion feathers at the runaways.

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Chapter 1852: Fall of House Yuchi

These cultivators were House Yuchi's elites. Most of them were at sixth or seventh level empyrean. However, they were completely helpless against the Vermilion Bird. Its feathers easily shot through them, leaving only a few lucky survivors.

Long Xiaoxuan and Prime Puresmoke stayed on the fringes of the conflict, cleaning up the stragglers. Jiang Chen was on standby, ready to strike at any moment. They weren't going to let anyone escape.

They swatted out the family's elites as easily as they would with flies. Forefather Yuchi only belatedly realized that the house was in trouble. Worse, they were in danger of complete destruction!

This was no time for the forefather to think about his reputation. He tried to escape through the least guarded area, which unfortunately, was still within the coverage of Vermilion Bird's consciousness. The bird wasn't going to let the forefather get away.

They were close in distance. With a whip of its giant claws, the bird sent the airboat ramming towards the forefather from the back.

Never had he anticipated the family airboat would be used as a weapon against him. The tremendous weight came at him from behind. He soared several hundred meters higher to dodge it.

He succeeded, but his attempt to escape was also cut short.

The Vermilion Bird brandished its other foot, the sharp claws trapping the forefather like a barbed cage.

Clink!

The forefather was still a hair too slow.

Torrents of air closed in on him. The claw caught him in a vise-like grip. He struggled against the grip, but no matter how hard he tried, the claw wouldn't budge.

Fear took hold of his body and paralyzed him. He went out the same way as Forefather Goldenbell.

Jiang Chen and the others had taken out the last of the others and made their way back to the bird. Long Xiaoxuan exclaimed, "Leave one for me, Brother Vermilion!"

Prime Puresmoke looked around and asked with disappointment, "Where is he? Has the old bastard escaped?"

Jiang Chen guffawed. "It'd be weird if he did."

"Then..." Prime Puresmoke stopped herself when she glanced at the bird. She'd figured out what it'd done.

The bird cocked its head and flapped its wings leisurely.

Jiang Chen smiled. "Brother Vermilion, I believe you're truly half a step from the divine realm now. Perhaps you'll break through soon."

Another ascension? Prime Puresmoke was doubtful. The bird already possessed terrifying might. She heard that even divine cultivators had died at its hands. How ridiculously powerful would it become if it broke through again?

House Yuchi was unfortunate prey. They were swiftly destroyed before they could even attempt to resist.

After sweeping through the battlefield, Jiang Chen smiled. "The plan went more smoothly than I expected. Next, let's take care of Meng Qianqiu!"

Prime Puresmoke nodded. "Meng Qianqiu is the more respected one among the four demigods. His death will have a significant impact on the rebels. It will be even better if we can get him to change sides!"

Jiang Chen smirked. "Let's see if he'll do the smart thing and obey us. If he insists on being stubborn, we'll have no choice but to kill him to prevent future trouble."

"Well, with Meng Tianxing in our hands, he most likely won't dare make a move," concluded Prime Puresmoke.

The Vermilion Bird approached them and presented a stunning sword to Jiang Chen with a wave of its wing. "I have no use for this, young master Chen. Take it."

Jiang Chen accepted the sword readily. It was Forefather Yuchi's signature treasure, just like Forefather Goldenbell's bell. Since Forefather Yuchi had been devoured by the bird, the sword belonged to no one. He certainly wasn't going to turn it down.

After cleaning up the mess they left, the four of them went back to the route the Dreamhaze Sect would be certain to pass through.

Once the seal on Meng Tianxing's consciousness was removed, the boy piped up, "Brother, I can tell you how to use me against my grandfather. If you do as I suggest, I promise that the Dreamhaze Sect will do the right thing.

"We weren't particularly enthusiastic about the rebellion to begin with. We only joined the rebels out of coercion and the profit they promised us. Why else would we have been dragged in? I'm an innocent victim as well. I've never done anything harmful to the Martial Sacred Land."

He tried to appeal to their empathy by exaggerating his plight.

Jiang Chen snorted. "Meng Tianxing, if you're able to turn your grandfather to our side, I can spare your life."

Meng Tianxing's eyes lit up. "For real?"

"Use your brain and you'll know," Jiang Chen responded coolly.

It didn't take long for Meng Tianxing to figure out what the prime and Jiang Chen were trying to do. They'd destroyed House Yuchi, but not the Dreamhaze Sect. The difference in their approaches told him that they had intended to give the sect a chance to do the right thing from the start.

If he was right, the odds of him surviving wasn't as slim as he'd thought. He'd assumed there was no way he could survive after being captured, but he was wrong. If his grandfather abandoned the rebel alliance and pledged his loyalty to the sacred land, they'd be pardoned for their wrongdoings!

They had a chance to survive.

His captors wanted to leverage his grandfather's influence. They weren't going to kill him as long as his grandfather played along.

He brightened visibly. "I'll do all I can to convince my grandfather to return to the sacred land's side, brother. It's finally dawned on me that the rebels are a disparate bunch who won't achieve anything substantial despite their numbers. Although the sacred land was in decline, fortune is still on their side. The rebels aren't meant to take over the nation."

Jiang Chen had underestimated Meng Tianxing. He was a clever and observant one.

As Jiang Chen predicted, it wasn't until a couple days later that the state of the Dreamhaze Sect's vault and Meng Tianxing's disappearance were discovered. The news then reached Meng Qianqiu.

He had been on edge since House Yuchi's destruction. The Dreamhaze Sect was a first tier faction as well. He worried that their enemies would go after his sect next.

He'd considered sending a group of elites back first, but bad news arrived before he could make a decision.

Meng Qianqiu was much more decisive than Forefather Yuchi. He'd suggested his peer keep the greater picture in mind when the house was attacked, but when it was his sect that was targeted, he wasn't that selfless.

He explained himself to the other remaining demigod forefather and left despite the forefather's attempts to keep him.

Meng Qianqiu asked anxiously about the situation. The Dreamhaze Sect still stood, but Meng Tianxing had disappeared, and his grandson's two personal guards killed. In addition, their vault had been raided, leaving nothing of value behind.

Hearing that pulled the rug out from under Meng Qianqiu, but at least his sect was at least more fortunate than House Yuchi. He'd made up his mind to depart when new information came.

"What? Forefather Yuchi's soul lamp went out as well? Are you sure?" Meng Qianqiu was shocked. Forefather Yuchi was about as powerful as he was. They were both demigods, and they each had their strengths.

But Forefather Yuchi had died in the two days since his departure! Had he encountered some powerful foe like Forefather Goldenbell?

Those who knew about the forefather's death could no longer ignore what was happening. Even Meng Qianqiu was getting paranoid. Two of the four demigod forefathers had been killed over the past few days. Their enemies were terrifyingly efficient.

What had happened to House Yuchi was especially telling. Their home base was first destroyed, resulting in Forefather Yuchi's return with their elites, which had ended with the forefather's death.

It was clear from the series of events that everything that had happened was related. Their enemies had planned their moves meticulously. It was laughable that no one on their side had connected the dots.

Now they knew, but Forefather Yuchi was already died. They only had two demigods left. The rebels had been weakened significantly.

"Fellow daoist Qianqiu, please look at the big picture. If you leave as well, we will fall apart." The other demigod forefather earnestly tried to persuade Meng Qianqiu. "Apart from the hits to our morale, our enemies are clearly picking us off one by one. They divide us because they aren't confident enough to take us on together. I can guarantee you that as soon as you leave for your sect, you'll get ambushed. We can't fall into this obvious trap again."

Meng Tianxing had to admit the other forefather had a point, but he scoffed in response.

"Even though we know what they're trying to do, my friend, would you be able to ignore death threats to your family if you were in my place? Will you be able to stay put knowing your descendents might be killed?"

The forefather sighed. "If you go, brother, we'll surely be taken out and die. If we stick together, we still have a chance of living. They separate us because they fear that we'll work together! They've already succeeded in taking out half of us by splitting us up!"

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Chapter 1853: Meng Qiangqiu's decision

Though Meng Qianqiu was someone who trusted his own judgment implicitly, he was able to listen to advice. The other demigod's counsel helped elucidate things for him.

But Meng Tianxing meant the world to him. If something happened to his grandson, Meng Qianqiu wouldn't be able to accept it at all.

The demigod made sense though. The enemy's intention was very clear. Divide and conquer was the objective. If he left now, it was quite likely the opening would be seized to strike at both forefathers individually.

As Meng Qianqiu considered this, a subordinate came to his ear. "Forefather, things are a bit irregular. Think about it: the news we got is that the Dreamhaze Sect is completely intact. Only the vaults were raided and young master Tianxing was kidnapped. House Yuchi, on the other hand, was razed to the ground."

Meng Qianqiu was no fool. His man's words were thought-provoking.

The subordinate continued, "These actions mean that this enemy is leaving some room for negotiation for us. Perhaps the winds are changing, forefather."

"Oh? What do you think about all this?" Meng Qianqiu glanced at his advisor.

"I've been collecting information from all around the world. I hear most sacred lands among the ten have successfully quelled their rebellions. Only a few remain which are still embroiled in their struggles. It's quite likely the Martial Sacred Land's call for aid has been answered. The rebel army is no longer in the same position it once was."

Meng Qianqiu's heart sank. He'd thought the same thing a few days ago himself, but the probability of the rebels' victory outweighed the wariness he'd felt. It seemed though, that he'd still been too optimistic.

Was this rebellion going to fail, just like all the others?

Alarm bells clanged in his head.

"Are our allies at their wits' end, then?"

"We're certainly in a difficult position. I feel that we must prepare ourselves for the worst. Thankfully, our enemy's kidnapping shows that they have future goals for us. Maybe we shouldn't stay here much longer anymore."

Meng Qianqiu was a decisive man. "Alright," he nodded. "Give the order for our troops to retreat immediately! We're part of this alliance no longer!"

His command stupefied the other forefather. "Daoist Qianqiu," he urged hurriedly, "are you withdrawing because of cowardice?"

"Even cowardice is better than having nowhere to turn to later on," Meng Qianqiu cackled. "Goldenbell and the Yuchi forefather are both dead, but we don't even know who was responsible. I don't want to be the enemy of such an entity."

This was the absolute truth. Meng Qianqiu didn't easily give in, but that didn't preclude him from being wise in his own way. He could clearly see that there was nothing to be done.

The Dreamhaze Sect's men pulled back under everyone's noses. The demigod forefather could only watch with eyes and mouth agape.

The rebel alliance was really in a bind now. First had been the departure of the Yuchi forefather and his elites, then Meng Qianqiu's withdrawal with the Dreamhaze Sect.

These two events in succession sowed suspicion and dissension in the rebels' ranks. The situation quickly became impossible to control.

"What is happening? Are the rumors true? Is Forefather Goldenbell really dead? And the Yuchi forefather too?!"

"Why did Forefather Meng Qianqiu leave? We need an explanation!"

"Yes, we can't just let him leave for no reason. If we don't get an answer, we'll leave too!"

These people were indignant. Many had been kept in the dark about these crises until now, but the problems were instantly drawn into the open by the series of misfortune. Emotions that were ignited by Meng Qianqiu's retreat ran high.

After leaving the army, the Dreamhaze group made a beeline for home.

Despite the fact he'd extricated his men from the conflict, Meng Qianqiu wasn't any more at ease for it. He knew that he was playing with fire. If he made a single misstep, he would lose both reputation and life. In fact, his sect might be totally destroyed as well.

If the rebels did end up winning against the Martial Sacred Land in the end, he would no longer have any room to survive in this nation.

Thus, though he didn't regret his choice, he was somewhat concerned for his prospects.

"There's no need to worry, forefather," his advisor pointed out. "The Dreamhaze Sect's withdrawal has weakened both the rebels' strength and morale. The Martial Sacred Land is sure to take back the initiative. Maybe this is actually an opportunity for our sect."

"An opportunity?" Meng Qianqiu was mildly perplexed.

"I've studied the Ten Divine Nations' situation and structure for quite a while, and have gained a rudimentary understanding of things. I believe that there's a reason for the ten sacred lands' authority up until now."

"Hmm? Be more specific." Meng Qianqiu's interest was piqued.

“The ten sacred lands have always kept their grasp on their nations’ lifeblood. Though things have been shaken up a bit the last few centuries, their influence and power remain. The intangible control and clout they have over the nation isn’t something that any non-sacred-land faction can replicate.

“Take our Martial Divine Nation, for example. The factions are strong, yes, but we can only ally together to match the sacred land. We aren’t truly unified, since only the prospect of profit ties us together. We’re fooled by delusions of what we will gain after we defeat the sacred land. If these delusions had materialized quickly, then we might’ve been successful.

“But the delays we’re experiencing are wearing down our collective patience. We’ve begun to indulge in anxiety and doubt about the correctness of our decisions. Even the smallest of ruts will cause our alliance to crack, and big hurdles might make it crumble altogether. The ten sacred lands’ fortunes will allow them to persist in the end.”

“Did you think of all of this yourself? Why didn’t you say so earlier?” Meng Qianqiu declared impassively.

“I am unimportant, and my words hold little weight. I would only be laughed at or cursed. But it’s not too late now. This might even be a chance for us to hoist ourselves out of this swamp. When the Martial Sacred Land recovers its breath and launches a counterattack, it’ll be too late for us to change our minds.”

“Will the sacred land really recover?”

“Without reinforcements, the sacred land wouldn’t have much of a chance. However, we can see now that the sacred lands obviously have some kind of hidden connection that we’ve never known about. In my opinion, the enemy we face probably comes from another sacred land!”

Meng Qianqiu sighed softly. His advisor was probably right. He was about to reply, then signaled with his hand that all his men should be on their guard.

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Chapter 1854: The Dreamhaze Sect Surrenders

“Grandpa!” A panicked voice came from the air. Meng Qianqiu’s body shook, and he couldn’t help but cry out, “Tianxing!”

He wouldn’t mistake the voice of his grandson anywhere. It really was him; Meng Tianxing was definitely here somewhere! Meng Qianqiu’s eyes searched the skies.

In the far distance, the air rippled continually until it finally burst forth like an enormous bubble. Two figures emerged from the commotion. Meng Tianxing was one of them.

“Tianxing, are you...” Meng Qianqiu was cut off when he saw the second person. There was another young man with a half-smile behind his grandson, restricting Meng Tianxing’s every move.

The young master looked with helpless glumness at his grandfather. Meng Qianqiu felt a painful tug on his heart when he saw the expression.

“Who are you? Why have you kidnapped my grandson? I’m willing to talk, but can you let go of my Tianxing first?” The old man quavered in anxiety on his grandson’s behalf.

“Forefather Qianqiu, we’ve waited you here for quite a while. I’m sure you’ve heard of what happened to House Yuchi by now, right?”

Meng Qianqiu was moved. His pupils contracted. “So the Yuchi forefather died at your hand, hmm?”

“So you do know! I’m not sure if you believe me, but I’m seventy percent confident that I can kill you in much the same way, even though you have the Dreamhaze Sect’s main force behind you.”

Meng Qianqiu’s expression darkened. He glared at the young man before him. “Call out your companions,” he stated coldly. “You wouldn’t dare boast like this by yourself.”

Jiang Chen chuckled. “I’d prefer them not to come out. If they did, a slaughter will be more than necessary. I’m sure a hard fight isn’t what you want, Forefather Qianqiu.”

Of course the old man didn’t want that. His grandson was still in this young man’s hands, and would surely be the first to be sacrificed if a fight broke out. He wasn’t going to suffer such an unnecessary loss.

Meng Qianqiu took a deep breath before continuing. “Who are you, really?” he asked. “I presume you waited here rather than killing Tianxing for a reason other than to ambush me. Why don’t we get to the point? I thought this was supposed to be a discussion.”

Jiang Chen respected the relative poise the old man was able to maintain. The hostage situation wasn’t exactly to his favor, and yet he remained doggedly rational.

“I appreciate your frankness, Forefather Qianqiu. As for the actual negotiations, I’ll let someone else take the helm.” Grinning, Jiang Chen waved to seemingly nothing.

A different figure floated out from behind Jiang Chen. It was Prime Puresmoke.

Meng Qianqiu colored when he saw the woman.

“Forefather Qianqiu. What ironic circumstances we find ourselves meeting in.” Puresmoke was cool.

Meng Qianqiu barked a bitter laugh. “I expected you, Prime Puresmoke. Forefather Goldenbell and the others fell at your hand, eh?”

“I suppose you can put it that way,” Puresmoke nodded.

“Then, do you intend to do the same to me today?”

“That depends on your choices,” Puresmoke replied noncommittally.

“Haha, my choices?” Meng Qianqiu spoke with some distaste. “Do you not see what choice I’ve already made, Prime Puresmoke?”

“It was wise for you to pull the Dreamhaze Sect out of the rebel army, Forefather Qianqiu. That alone isn’t enough, however.”

“What else do you want from me?” Meng Qianqiu asked.

“Immediately announce your loyalty to the Martial Sacred Land. Declare that you’re marshaling forces to suppress the rebellion, and urge the currently neutral forces to join your side.”

This was the correct attitude to take, a demand that wasn’t altogether unreasonable.

Meng Qianqiu considered it for a moment. He was able to come up with his response very quickly.

“Prime Puresmoke, since the Dreamhaze Sect has withdrawn from the rebel alliance, we will of course pledge our loyalty to the sacred land. I have my own request in turn, though.”

Now came the time for negotiations.

Puresmoke was unsurprised. “I’ll consider anything that’s reasonable.”

“I request that our slates be wiped clean. The Dreamhaze Sect is not to be trifled or troubled for any reason relating to our former involvement.” This was an acceptable compromise.

Prime Puresmoke furrowed her brow. “Is that it?”

“Yes, that’s it.” Meng Qianqiu was rather straightforward. He saw no reason to include Meng Tianxing’s release in the terms, because his grandson would naturally be released if the agreement stood. There would be no reason to threaten him then.

As for the raided vaults, Meng Qianqiu assumed correctly that Puresmoke wasn’t the one responsible. The prime wasn’t necessarily authorized to approve such a request.

Thus, he elected to eschew it as well.

Meng Qianqiu’s quick defection surprised Jiang Chen somewhat. He smiled faintly, but remained silent. He wouldn’t participate in the negotiations, since they involved Martial Divine Nation’s internal affairs.

He was here only to fight. If the negotiations fell through, he wouldn’t hesitate a moment to strike.

Prime Puresmoke accepted the appeal without delay. “If that’s your only desire, I guarantee with my life and a heavenly oath that no persecution of any kind will happen to the Dreamhaze Sect after the fact. Of course, this precludes any future acts of rebellion.”

Meng Qianqiu smiled easily. “A single rebellion is indecency enough. You can be assured a second will not occur. However, the rebellion wasn’t caused by the Dreamhaze Sect alone, but rather a sign of the times. If the sacred land wants full authority over the sacred land, it must provide something a bit more... convincing. Otherwise, another is all but assured.”

The old man spoke plainly. He knew perfectly well that the sacred land had been betrayed because of its recent displays of weakness over the past centuries rather than any kind of tyranny.

A tyrant would never be forsaken on such a large scale.

The widespread range of the rebellions was due to one reason only: the sacred land hadn’t shown enough strength to keep the nation in check. This was key to recognize.

The prime inclined her head a little. “The sacred land will take that into consideration,” she murmured quietly. “We have had our own ordeals to contend with. The truth will come out one day. Now that you’ve made your decision, Forefather Qianqiu, I take it you’ll stick to your word?”

“Hmph. Do you really have no trust in my honor?”

Prime Puresmoke nodded, then signaled to Jiang Chen. “Let the hostage go.”

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Chapter 1855: A Counterattack Strategy

How smoothly things had gone was beyond Jiang Chen’s expectations.

Meng Qianqiu was a clever and pragmatic man. As soon as he realized the rebels wouldn’t win, he cut his losses without any hesitation. He also smartly didn’t mention the raid of their vault. The Dreamhaze Sect had once been part of the rebels. It was a reasonable price to pay to be pardoned for their deeds.

After an understanding had been reached, Meng Qianqiu gave Jiang Chen an odd smile and couldn’t help but ask, “Prime Puresmoke, I’ve willingly submitted to you, but I have a question. Who is this young man?”

Prime Puresmoke smiled slightly. “Jiang Chen, the rising genius from the Eternal Sacred Land. Haven’t you heard of him?”

“Him?!” Meng Qianqiu broke into a cold sweat. Of course he’d heard of the name. He’d heard the genius mentioned one too many times lately.

Jiang Chen was the main reason the Eternal Sacred Land had quelled their uprising. Someone at Meng Qianqiu’s level had naturally been informed. It was astounding that this young man was the Jiang Chen who had saved Eternal!

He considered Jiang Chen curiously, shocked, but also relieved that he’d made the smart decision. Otherwise, if a fight had broken out, he would’ve ended up just like Forefather Goldenbell.

He’d heard about Jiang Chen’s companion, the ancient Vermilion Bird, and how it was powerful enough to rival a god.

Meng Qianqiu was haughtily confident in himself, but he didn’t think he’d be able to fight the divine bird. Besides, Forefathers Goldenbell and Yuchi had mostly likely died at their hands. He struggled to contain his nerves.

“Forefather Qianqiu, there’s no time to waste. Martial Divine Nation can’t afford to be at war for a moment longer. The rebels must be eliminated quickly. Make your announcement to the nation as soon as you can.”

“That won’t be a problem. I’ll do it now.”

“Ah yes, you’re one of the leading figures in the rebel alliance. You must know it well. Do you have an idea how we can break it up without a fight?” Prime Puresmoke asked.

Meng Qianqiu thought for a moment. “The alliance has been unstable since Forefather Yuchi’s departure. News about Forefather Goldenbell and Yuchi’s death have reached it. Our sect’s further drove them into panicking. They are at their most vulnerable.”

“If that’s the case, now is the best time for us to strike?” asked Prime Puresmoke.

“No, not yet,” admitted Meng Qianqiu. “The alliance is wavering, but it hasn’t fallen apart yet.”

“How do we make that happen?” Prime Puresmoke wasn’t too proud to ask.

“Forefather Goldenbell and Yuchi have to be proven dead. Then if we can kill the last demigod forefather, leaving the alliance directionless, its members will naturally lose their will to fight. My sect will be able to push some people into defecting as well. Then the alliance will absolutely break apart on its own.”

Prime Puresmoke listened with rapt attention. The sect head had spoken earnestly, proposing a plan from the bottom of his heart.

“What do you think, Sir Jiang Chen?”

Jiang Chen chuckled. “Forefather Qianqiu lives up to your reputation as a heavyweight. You’ve deftly identified the problems and provided the most efficient solution. I think your plan will work.”

His compliment made Meng Qianqiu see him in a more positive light. Although the young man had raided the sect’s vault and kidnapped the forefather’s grandson as leverage, he’d at least refrained from cutting off all possibilities.

They’d merely been on opposing sides. The young man’s previous actions were completely reasonable.

Prime Puresmoke looked around rapidly. “If so, let’s execute the plan.”

“I think we can even take it one step further,” Jiang Chen suggested with a crooked smile. “Forefather Qianqiu, if you take your group back to the alliance now, but help the sacred land kill the last demigod forefather at the last moment, what do you think it’ll do to the rebels’ morale?”

Prime Puresmoke perked up, looking at Meng Qianqiu expectantly.

“The Dreamhaze Sect will follow Prime Puresmoke’s orders,” Meng Qianqiu expressed obediently.

Prime Puresmoke was thrilled. This was their chance to win. It was the perfect opportunity to use the Dreamhaze Sect to catch the rebels off guard.

As soon as the last demigod forefather fell, the rebels would collapse. Then Meng Qianqiu would be able to easily convince many of them to change sides. That’d be the best case scenario.

Meng Qianqiu thought for a moment. “Prime Puresmoke, the demigod forefather is a little weaker than I am. I can suppress him on my own without much difficulty, but it won’t be easy to kill him right then and there.”

Prime Puresmoke smiled slightly. “You don’t have to worry about that. Am I right, Sir Jiang Chen?”

Jiang Chen chuckled. “If we can catch him off guard, it won’t be that hard to kill a demigod forefather. We did the same to Forefathers Goldenbell and Yuchi.”

The three of them brainstormed a plan.

Knowing the Vermilion Bird would be going with them gave Meng Qianqiu a boost in confidence. With the divine beast's help, it wouldn't be difficult to kill the demigod forefather.

Meng Qianqiu wasn't a merciful man. Although he was familiar with the demigod forefather by virtue of them being in the same alliance, he wouldn't hesitate to take out the other when necessary.

He knew the forefather wouldn't surrender. The man was stubbornly against the sacred land, while Meng Qianqiu was much more flexible in his stance.

In the end, they concluded that Meng Qianqiu should return to the rebel alliance. Jiang Chen and Prime Puresmoke would disguise themselves as members of the Dreamhaze Sect. As for the Vermilion Bird and Long Xiaoxuan, they could both reduce themselves to easily hide among the troops.

Meng Qianqiu gathered the elites of the sect and exclaimed, "You are all the sect's bravest warriors. I don't want you to lose your lives in this civil war. For the greater good of the sect, I've decided to return to the sacred land's side. The sacred land is now our friend rather than our enemy. Do you understand?"

"Understood!" Many of them never wanted to be a part of the rebellion. Therefore, their responses were more enthusiastic than Meng Qianqiu expected.

The sect head hadn't realized that those he'd personally trained would be so against the rebellion that they would be visibly relieved when they no longer had to be part of it.

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

Chapter 1856: The Blade Strikes

It was easier to mobilize his sect members than Meng Qianqiu had expected. Clearly, the elites were more inclined to be the sacred land's friends than enemies. That felt like the natural order of the world.

He had very mixed feelings about this. It'd finally dawned on him that the sacred land still had the upper hand, both in terms of morale and the people's support.

It was ingrained in every cultivator's mind that the sacred land was the rightful ruler of the nation. Going against it in a fight to the death was an unfortunate turn of events they had to face previously, but deep down, they were still fearful and uncertain.

Especially after hearing about the deaths of Forefathers Goldenbell and Yuchi, the elites of the Dreamhaze Sect had come to realize that it'd be unwise to stay on the sinking boat that was the rebellion.

Jiang Chen sighed. "The ten sacred lands have not yet reached their end, while the rebellion hasn't accumulated enough power. No wonder most divine nations have resolved the uprising in their countries, and only Martial Divine Nation and two other nations are still at war. I believe the two will restore their nations to peace soon after Martial does so. The rebellions were never meant to succeed."

A determined look filled Prime Puresmoke's eyes. "We will vanquish the rebellion. The sacred land wasn't built overnight."

Meng Qianqiu was overwhelmed by a myriad of emotions. He dared not ever think of disobeying the sacred land again.

He led the Dreamhaze Sect back to the rebel army.

There was a growing tension within the rebellion. Although the remaining demigod forefather had done his best to assure and control the troops, distrust continued to build among them.

After Forefather Goldenbell's death, the other three demigod forefathers were the leading figures of the alliance. It was only natural for people to waver when two out of the three had died or left.

Even the densest ones could tell something was wrong.

The remaining forefather was at his limit. He summoned the head of each faction to warn, to reassure, and to promise rewards, but it was next to impossible to build up morale after it had plummeted.

Just as the forefather was feeling lost, one of his men rushed with a message.

"Forefather Tongxuan, the Dreamhaze Sect has returned."

"What?" the forefather blurted out in surprise. "They came back?"

"That's right. This subordinate believes they must be up to no good by leaving and returning so suddenly. Forefather, should we send out our people to ambush and delay them?"

Forefather Tongxuan smiled wryly. "Ambush them? Who do you think will be willing to do that? That's Forefather Meng Qianqiu. No faction will risk their lives to attack him."

Given Meng Qianqiu's power and status, very few would dare antagonize him. Besides, they didn't know the forefather's intentions.

What if enlightenment had suddenly struck Meng Qianqiu and he'd returned for the alliance's sake? Wouldn't they be destroying their own future in attacking him? What was more, Forefather Tongxuan was the only one in the rebellion who could go head to head with Meng Qianqiu.

"Find out what's happening with the Dreamhaze Sect. If they're willing to cooperate wholeheartedly, we'll consider the score settled."

"Understood."

His man soon returned with an answer. According to Meng Qianqiu, he'd realized halfway to his sect that sticking together was the most critical at the moment. They shouldn't let their enemies pick them off.

Forefather Tongxuan was unconvinced.

Meng Qianqiu had been so determined when he left with his group. Why would he have such a sudden change of heart? Had he really changed his mind?

On the other hand, it hadn't been long since their departure. It was also unlikely for them to suddenly plot against the rebellion.

No matter what the truth was, he and Meng Qianqiu were the only two remaining demigod forefathers. He had his part to play.

“Come on, let’s see for ourselves what Forefather Qianqiu wants.” Forefather Tongxuan was still wary, so he took a group of elites with him. They soon met up at the fringes of the battlefield.

Meng Qianqiu looked at Forefather Tongxuan apologetically. “I’ve returned shamefaced, little brother Tongxuan. I know you haven’t forgiven me.”

It perturbed Forefather Tongxuan to be called “little brother”. They were about the same age and there wasn’t a difference in their status. It made more sense for them to call each other just ‘brother’. It seemed that Meng Qianqiu was as arrogant as ever.

He made a noncommittal sound and responded coolly, “Forgive me for being blunt, Daoist Qianqiu. You were quite determined to leave. Why did you suddenly return? What are you thinking of? Is your sect still part of the rebellion?”

After all, the sect head had threatened them when he left.

Meng Qianqiu shrugged. “The reason is simple. Do you want to know?”

Forefather Tongxuan’s eyes darkened as they settled on the sect head. “What the hell are you talking about?”

“Isn’t it obvious? That’s...”

“What?” Forefather Tongxuan’s pupils contracted. Something seemed to be off.

A sliver of strangeness filtered into Meng Qianqiu’s expression. “I received a message on my way back, Daoist Tongxuan. Your sect has been attacked by unknown forces and was annihilated like House Yuchi!”

“Impossible! My sect is located in the most remote region of the nation!” Forefather Tongxuan’s face contorted in shock. “If something happened to my sect, you wouldn’t have received the information before me!”

His consciousness was alerted as he agonized over the sect head’s words. Suddenly, a wave of red clouds roiled through the vast sky and crashed into him from above. Numerous arrows of fiery red feathers shot down from the looming clouds like a meteor shower.

Damnit!

Without hesitation, Forefather Tongxuan threw a vicious punch at Meng Qianqiu’s chest, bringing forth a strong torrent of air.

As if he’d seen it coming, Meng Qianqiu cackled and pulled his hands outwards in front of his chest, creating a translucent, rippling screen to block the punch.

Forefather Tongxuan hadn’t expected the punch to land. His form flickered as he seized the opportunity to retreat.

To his surprise, a deep, powerful bell ring came from behind him. Before he could turn around, an enormous bell fell on his head from above.

Sovereign of the Three Realms (WN)

Chapter 1857: A Complete Reversal

The golden bell had once belonged to Forefather Goldenbell, yet Jiang Chen had refined it with trivial ease.

The instrument was truly sublime, blessed by both heaven and earth. It was an immensely powerful treasure. Because of Jiang Chen's exceptional gift at refining treasures, the bell was no less powerful than it'd been in its previous owner's hands.

In fact, it's very nature had been improved.

When the bell crashed down in Forefather Tongxuan's direction, the old man sweated bullets. He used his art of escape once more to attempt to struggle free from the bell's influence.

Frankly, Jiang Chen found it remarkable that his ambush was avoided in the heat of the moment. Forefather Tongxuan possessed more than a modicum of skill and ability.

The old man wasn't proud of his feat though. He couldn't begin to fathom how he'd been trapped by an ambush, and yet he'd done precisely that.

Meng Qianqiu stretched out both arms, conjuring a crystalline tide that walked the border between reality and illusion.

Forefather Tongxuan knew his former comrade's methods well. Even he couldn't take on such an attack easily. He was prepared to retreat further when the space all around him broke apart, revealing a figure.

An enormous claw seized at the forefather's torso.

With inhuman speed, Forefather Tongxuan slipped out of the claw's clutches like a slick eel.

Alas, he didn't expect the suddenness of the follow up. The second grab came immediately after, and the old man wasn't so lucky this time.

The forefather was stuck inside an iron grip. No matter how much he tried to struggle free, his efforts proved in vain.

The Vermilion Bird would've been able to take down its prey quickly one on one, much less when helped by so many others. It broke off one of the forefather's bloody arms with a vicious pull.

Another followed with another tug.

Following this, the bird opened its beak and crunched savagely on both limbs.

The rebels were uniformly stunned. How could this have happened? Why had Forefather Meng Qianqiu suddenly attacked Forefather Tongxuan with no provocation?

Moreover, the latter had been captured despite his strength as a demigod within seconds. And now, even his body wasn't whole anymore!

A psychological blow like this was much more effective than any physical one. The naked truth was more threatening than any words of intimidation.

Prime Puresmoke materialized with somber splendor.

"You rebels have been deceived by malicious actors into doing these evil things," she declared solemnly. "The Martial Sacred Land will pardon those who surrender immediately. Only the instigators will be punished. However, if anyone resists henceforth, Forefathers Goldenbell, Yuchi, and Tongxuan will serve as your examples."

Three out of the four demigod forefathers had perished, and the remaining one had defected. These were fatal blows to the rebel army's morale.

The reason it had been able to remain orderly here for so long in the first place was due to the stabilizing presence of those forefathers. What future did it have without the powerful leaders? Prime Puresmoke's appearance here was convincing enough by itself.

Many cultivators dropped their weapons immediately.

"We surrender, we surrender! I wanted to stop a long time ago, but those bastards forced me to fight."

"Exactly. They only know how to fool us into doing what they want. None of them are reliable."

"There's no need to throw our lives away for them."

"If the last demigod forefather has surrendered, why hold out?"

When the winds changed, they took the hearts of the rebels with them. The remaining troops were as good as done for.

Jiang Chen didn't have to say anything himself. Prime Puresmoke's speech alone was enough to shatter the shaky alliances between the rebel factions.

Many factions clamored to defect.

There were a few stubborn rebels who tried to rebuke their fellows and salvage the situation, but Jiang Chen and his companions ruthlessly cut them down one by one. Eventually, the ones who objected were either too dead or too afraid to voice their opinions.

Everything was proceeding with unexpected smoothness.

The rebel army had always found it difficult to invade the sacred land proper. The recent rumors that'd spread through its ranks only added insult to injury.

Meng Qianqiu's desertion was the straw that broke the camel's back. The only forefather left, Forefather Tongxuan, was slain on the spot.

These successive blows dismantled the rebels' morale and fighting spirit completely, causing the rebel army's fractures to develop into full-fledged breaks.

Meng Qianqiu used this opportunity to launch a counterattack with the Dreamhaze Sect's cultivators. The most intractable adversaries were struck down with lethal force. He knew that this was a chance for the Dreamhaze Sect to show its merit. The more rebels killed, the more the sect would redeem itself.

The danger was finally past for the Martial Sacred Land.

Two-thirds of the rebels surrendered on the spot. The ones who were left were either cautiously observant, or had arranged avenues elsewhere.

The most adamant insurgents had been wiped out.

Internally, the Martial Sacred Land was incredibly excited and overjoyed at Prime Puresmoke's arrival. After all, she came with reinforcements and crushed the rebel army's encirclement and alliance.

Jiang Chen and his friends were hailed as heroes.

The young man himself hadn't expected the smoothness that he'd proceeded with. Still, he remembered the deal he'd made with Prime Puresmoke. She was obligated to bring him to view the Martial Sacred Land's heritage of formations – especially the part about the Great Formation of Heavenly Soul Confinement.

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

Chapter 1858: The Key to the Great Formation of Heavenly Soul Confinement

Prime Puresmoke occupied a rather lofty position in the Martial Sacred Land. There was no reason for it to renege on her promises.

However, the divine forefather who'd instigated the rebellion remained.

The Martial Sacred Land wished for the Vermilion Bird to lend its aid once more in order to hunt down the enemy leader in tandem with the sacred land's own.

The bird didn't mind the idea, but the rebel divine forefather was cautious and alert enough to flee at the first sign of danger. When a god wanted to retreat, it was impossible to stop him.

So the Martial Sacred Land's rebellion was over, but a snake in the grass remained. Not that the sacred land was afraid of it, since it had a god of its own.

At the celebratory banquet, Jiang Chen mentioned the matter of the Great Formation of Heavenly Soul Confinement once more. The sacred land was quite cooperative in this regard, leading him to its libraries and fully offering all relevant information.

After reading through everything, Jiang Chen had to admit that the Earth Bodhisattva Sect did contribute the most back then. The part it had been responsible for was the most difficult and complex part. Its historical status as the foremost ancient formation sect wasn't an empty name.

After memorizing the mysteries relating to the formation, Jiang Chen had a better idea of how it functioned overall.

The Martial Sacred Land was exceptionally courteous to him, the divine forefather included. Aside from the Taiyi Dragonscale Fruits he'd wanted very much, the Martial Sacred Land gave him a plethora of other valuable spirit herbs, including the components for his Crowning Empyrean Pill.

These herbs were even more scarce than the Taiyi Dragonscale Fruit.

As a faction famous for its cultivation of spirit herbs, the Martial Sacred Land's gifts in this category were incredibly high in quality. Jiang Chen was very well pleased with what he received.

Finally, the sacred land foisted a large sum of spirit stones upon him.

He never turned away spirit stones. He would only be worried about not having enough, rather than having too many. The Great Formation of Heavenly Soul Confinement needed to be constructed soon. Without enough spirit stones for it, setting up was impossible.

The amount of stones he had right now was only a drop in the bucket. A handsome addition to his finances was more than welcome.

As for exactly how many spirit stones the formation required, Jiang Chen didn't know as of yet. He was sure of one thing though: he couldn't possibly obtain that many stones himself, unless he became the strongest and most important person in Divine Abyss Continent.

After solving the Martial Sacred Land's dilemma, he didn't stay long despite their efforts to keep him.

Prime Puresmoke spearheaded the attempt to persuade him to stay. Her admiration of Jiang Chen seeped through her words and actions. She almost seemed to want her dearest disciple, Holy Girl Yu Ling, to become his dao partner.

But Jiang Chen had no intentions of forming that kind of bond. He was most anxious about returning to the human domain to see how it was doing.

It had been quite a while since his departure. He missed home.

He returned to the Eternal Sacred Land and related all he had seen and thought about to the venerated forefather.

"Since you come from the human domain," the venerated forefather mused, "you have a great burden upon your shoulders. The Eternal Sacred Land will not think any less of you for your origins. In fact, we once migrated from there a long ago as well. Our missions simply differ.

"However, Divine Abyss's future rests upon Myriad Abyss. If our coordinates here don't remain hidden, there will be an endless stream of offworld rogues and invaders. The demons in the ancient times were only part of one group among many."

The venerated forefather having approved his plan, Jiang Chen had no obstacles in returning to the human domain. The three primes certainly couldn't object.

"I only have one demand of you, Jiang Chen."

"Please go ahead, venerated forefather."

"As long as you don't forget that you are a member of the Eternal Sacred Land, that will be enough."

“Don’t worry, venerated forefather,” Jiang Chen asserted. “In my life, I won’t do anything that harms the Eternal Sacred Land. If the sacred land happens to need me one day, I will offer it everything I’ve got.”

Though his stay here hadn’t been long, he respected the place and the faction.

After settling his affairs at the Eternal Sacred Land, Jiang Chen was ready to leave. The situation in the Ten Divine Nations was clearing up. Most rebellions had been utterly crushed.

Though Myriad Abyss’s strength had weakened overall, the unity between its factions had improved—especially internally within the divine nations.

After the calamity of the civil wars, the remaining factions within the nations were close-knit with their respective sacred lands once more. Though it appeared the island had lost a number of powerful experts, it had actually gained in combat ability and camaraderie.

Jiang Chen took Starfate to the Bluesmoke Isles. The guys he’d picked up from Warmspring Island were still hiding here. He wanted to take them to Winterdraw.

Though they’d been pretty bored during their stay, the cultivators had remained loyal. None of them had run away. There was no longer any need to hide his identity with these men. When he revealed who he was, the cultivators became even more subservient.

The men from Warmspring Island were led by Lu Che. They were uniformly quite capable. In particular, Lu Che was a real advanced empyrean expert.

Jiang Chen and his men left Miracle City, finally setting sail for Winterdraw.

Myriad Abyss Island in general hadn’t been peaceful recently. Starfate was targeted by hooligans several times, but they couldn’t possibly threaten Jiang Chen. He didn’t even need to fend them off himself: his subordinates took care of the small problems that arose.

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

Chapter 1859: An Unwelcome Guest

They arrived at Winterdraw Island without incident. Lu Che and the others were surprised by where they were going.

“Master, isn’t this Winterdraw of the Rejuvenation Isles?” Lu Che was experienced enough to know where their path led to. Moreover, Warmspring Island wasn’t far from Rejuvenation Isles. They could be considered neighbors.

Jiang Chen smiled coolly. “Rejuvenation no longer rules over Winterdraw Island. I, Jiang Chen, am the island lord now, and you, its founding elders.”

His tone was completely serious.

Lu Che and the others were astounded. Why was their young master so interested in the island?

Of course, they weren’t going to question Jiang Chen. He could easily kill them with a single thought.

Once they entered the coast of the island, Jiang Chen could tell that all the restrictions were still intact. No unwanted visitors had foolishly barged in lately.

Yan Wanjun, who'd been tasked to defend the island, was thrilled to see Jiang Chen return. He'd been paying a lot of attention to the young man lately. After all, the fate of Yan Wanjun's descendents lay with the young genius.

He was surprised to see the group of men Jiang Chen brought with him.

"Elder Wanjun, they used to be expert law enforcers of Warmspring Island, but they're now part of us. We'll all be working together from now on."

Yan Wanjun was glad that Jiang Chen had brought such experts into their fold. It wouldn't hurt to have new members to strengthen the island.

"This is Yan Wanjun, former venerated elder of House Yan," Jiang Chen introduced. "You know him, right?"

A venerated elder from a first tier faction in Eternal Divine Nation far surpassed Warmspring's senior executives in both status and power.

"It's an honor to meet you, Elder Wanjun." Lu Che and the others obediently bowed to Yan Wanjun.

"Fate has brought us together. There's no need for such formalities." Yan Wanjun turned to Jiang Chen. He'd been on the island for a long time and knew nothing about the outside world. "Young master Chen, what's happening in Myriad Abyss? Has there been an uprising in Eternal Divine Nation?"

Jiang Chen smiled slightly. "Rebellion broke out in all ten divine nations at almost the same time. However, fate wasn't on their side and they failed to topple the foundations of the ten nations. Although the uprisings haven't been completely quelled, they will be soon. The rebellion won't stir up any more trouble."

"How is House Yan?"

Jiang Chen snorted. "I gave them an opportunity to redeem themselves. I hope they treasure it. They are to rescue Huang'er's parents. If they fail, I'll take matters in my own hands. However, that means a lack of devotion on their part. I won't go easy on them."

Jiang Chen had only forgiven House Yan because they were Huang'er's family. He didn't want Huang'er to be completely at odds with them if he could help it. He wanted her to be happy. Therefore, he wished to resolve the issue properly.

Unfortunately, he didn't have a lot of time. He had to return to the human domain as soon as possible.

There was a portal on the island, which made Winterdraw the perfect operation base connecting the two regions. It was to his great advantage to control the island.

"You people should stay here to assist Elder Wanjun. What do you say?"

Hesitant, Yan Wanjun spoke up in a low voice, "Jiang Chen, I'm still worried about my family. I don't think House Yan will be able to rescue Huang'er's parents from the Boundless Prison under the

leadership of that incompetent patriarch. I believe I should do this myself. It's my son who's suffering. I haven't been a good father all these few years..."

Yan Wanjun was earnest. Jiang Chen thought for a moment and nodded. "Alright, I won't argue with that. With your help, House Yan stands a much better chance of rescuing Huang'er's parents."

"I'm going as well!" exclaimed Yan Qingsang.

Yan Wanjun shook his head. "Stick with your brother-in-law. Myriad Abyss isn't at peace. You're only going to drag me down."

He wouldn't sugarcoat his words to his grandson.

Yan Qingsang slumped. Jiang Chen chuckled. "Brother Yan, the spirit veins on the island have been slowly recovering after the formation was reactivated. It's not a bad place for you to cultivate. You won't be of much help if you go with your grandfather. You might as well stay and focus on improving yourself."

"What do you mean? Are you not bringing me to the human domain with you?" Yan Qingsang rushed out. "Let me tell you something, you're not going without me!"

Before Jiang Chen could respond, the restrictions surrounding the island were triggered. He received the warning in his consciousness and snapped, "Someone dares barge into my island?"

Winterdraw Island was now his personal territory. The formations, spirit veins, and everything else all belonged to him, the island lord. He wouldn't allow any trespassers.

"Come, let's go take a look." Jiang Chen motioned at Yan Wanjun and the Warmspring elders to follow him. They rushed to where the restrictions had been triggered.

It was easy for people within the formation to see what was happening outside, whether it be invasion of powerful foes or other unusual events.

A large group of airboats were hovering at the fringe of the island, ready to strike at any moment. They were no friendly visitors.

Jiang Chen scoffed at the sight.

"Master, these airboats belong to the Rejuvenation Isles' elites," said Lu Che. "It seems that they are well-equipped, but Rejuvenation isn't a particularly powerful faction in Myriad Abyss."

"Ask them what they're here for," Jiang Chen orders calmly.

Lu Che nodded and exclaimed from the opening of the restriction, "Do you not know the rules of jianghu? What punishment do you think you deserve for trespassing into the restricted areas of our island?"

Those from Rejuvenation exchanged a confused look. Had they heard the man wrong? Since when had Winterdraw Island become someone else's territory? Wasn't the island theirs?

They'd long abandoned the island, considering it a worthless piece of barren land, but they recently received news from their scouts that Winterdraw had been restored to its vibrant past and the restrictions reactivated.

Of course Rejuvenation was unhappy. They couldn't accept that the trash they'd discarded had become a treasure again after being picked up by someone else.

That was why they'd come barging in with aplomb. They were here to reclaim their territory!

Sovereign of the Three Realms (WN)

Chapter 1860: Fighting Over Territory

Jiang Chen cast his gaze over the group of cultivators and saw a good number of familiar faces. Imperial Prince Huo of Rejuvenation was here, as well as the former chief warden of Winterdraw.

He remembered both men very well, especially the chief warden. That man appeared the sincere sort, and yet he'd committed unimaginable deeds just so Rejuvenation could get on Polylore Divine Nation's good side.

One of Imperial Prince Huo's underlings raged. "And who the hell are you? Don't you know Winterdraw has always been part of Rejuvenation territory? You squat on our land! How dare you shamelessly claim to be its owner?"

Lu Che knew enough about Winterdraw to retort with a scoff, "Ever since disaster befell it, the island has been a no man's land. Rejuvenation has long given up your ownership over the island. My master is the one who restored Winterdraw's formations. Of course he's the rightful ruler. What does it have to do with you?"

Jiang Chen looked at Lu Che appreciatively. The elder had spoken his mind for him.

Imperial Prince Huo's face clouded over and he glanced at the chief warden. "Chief Warden Ding, this is your jurisdiction they've infringed on. Are you going to let them challenge your authority like this?"

Chief Warden Ding frowned as he considered the restrictions on the island from afar. He wasn't in a rush to respond.

He was a smart man. As the former chief warden of the island, naturally he could tell the differences in the island's formations. The restrictions had been adjusted significantly, and the island's defenses noticeably improved.

As a whole, protections over Winterdraw had been strengthened exponentially, which gave him pause. He'd never managed to upgrade the restrictions during his long years as the chief warden. No one in Rejuvenation could.

These men had come out of nowhere to occupy the island and, in a very limited period of time, not only restored the restrictions, but also improved upon them.

Therefore, he was hesitant. Where were these people from? Could Rejuvenation afford to offend them?

Imperial Prince Huo's expression darkened with the chief warden's silence. He sneered, "It seems that you've lost your edge after what happened to Winterdraw, Ole Ding. Don't you even have the courage to defend our territory now?"

Chief Warden Ding sighed and transmitted, "Your Highness, we don't know who our enemies are. They were able to gain control over the island in such a short time. This is a warning sign."

Imperial Prince Huo wasn't going to listen. He scoffed. "I have thousands of elites with me, and we're in Rejuvenation territory. What's there to worry about?"

Chief Warden Ding shut his mouth with an impassive expression. He knew the imperial prince wouldn't change his mind no matter what he said.

Ever since what happened to Winterdraw, Rejuvenation had grown biased against him. He was here only because he used to be the island's chief warden. Otherwise, Rejuvenation would never assign him any tasks of any importance.

Imperial Prince Huo looked at Winterdraw with an icy gaze and boomed in a powerful voice, "I am the imperial prince of Rejuvenation. Winterdraw has always been part of our territory. Unfortunate disaster has hit the island, but that doesn't mean we've given up our ownership over it. It's already an outrage for you to exploit our plight without warning. Now that its rightful owner has come, are you going to refuse to surrender it and instead rob us of our land?"

Lu Che guffawed. "What was yours isn't always going to be yours. If I remember right, you now own many lands that didn't belong to you thousands of years ago! Nothing is constant in this world. You should focus on defending your little plot of land, Imperial Prince Huo, and don't bother with Winterdraw Island. My master has a temper. If you continue to spout off nonsense at our doorstep, he's going to be displeased."

Imperial Prince Huo flew into rage. Who the hell were these people? How dare they act so boldly in Rejuvenation's territory? Didn't they recognize Rejuvenation's authority?

"Your master is here? Good! I want to talk to him in person. I'd like to see who he is and why he'd dare rob us of our properties."

"Your properties? Is there anything that belongs to your imperial family on the island? Do you think you'll own the island forever just because you've once lay a finger on it? How naive and laughable of you!"

Lu Che wasn't a man who talked of reason. He'd beat anyone at their own game in making shameless claims.

Imperial Prince Huo raged. "Just who are you?! There isn't anyone as unreasonable as you are in the area. Tell your master to face me himself. I have a lot of things to say to him. This island is ours. Even if we file a lawsuit to the senior executives of the Ten Divine Nations, we will win the case!"

"Who is my master?" Lu Che broke into laughter. "Imperial Prince Huo, your precious Rejuvenation is nothing in Myriad Abyss. You want to file a lawsuit to the Ten Divine Nations? My master can do that for you. He has many friends in the divine nations."

“Friends?” Imperial prince wasn’t convinced. He scoffed. “Who is he friends with? Name a few for me. It’s easy to make outlandish claims. I can say all the figureheads of the Ten Divine Nations are my brothers! Hahaha!”

He clearly didn’t agree with Lu Che.

Lu Che turned to look at Jiang Chen, who gave him a nod, agreeing to reveal his identity.

Lu Che had known who Jiang Chen was beforehand. With his master’s permission, he coldly said without hesitation, “Don’t be scared when you hear who he is.”

Imperial Prince Huo laughed heartily. “If your master truly is someone important, I’d gladly bow down to him in submission.”

“My master is Jiang Chen, the top genius of the Eternal Sacred Land who single handedly turned the tide of the war in Eternal Divine Nation. Does he deserve your submission?”

His words exploded in Imperial Prince Huo’s ears.