

## Three Realms 2321

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

#### Chapter 2321: Setting Off

On this day, Jiang Chen summoned the four sacred beasts and Goldbiter Rat King for a meeting.

Hearing that they were going to leave the Divine Abyss Continent and venture into the heavenly planes lit the fires of excitement. The rat seemed especially eager. The peace of the continent was making it antsy. One couldn't improve when there was no conflict to be had.

The Goldbiter Rats had been complacent for too long. It was their truest calling to venture into the heavenly planes and announce to the world that the Goldbiter Kingrats had returned.

The four sacred beasts didn't particularly like the peaceful life either. They were getting bored with Divine Abyss. A new challenge sounded perfect.

"When do we set out, young master Chen?" asked the rat with an eager expression.

"There's no timing like the present! Why not today?" The Astral White Tiger voiced a series of excited roars.

Anticipation brimmed in the eyes of the other three sacred beasts as well.

"We leave in a couple of days. However, this quest may be a dangerous one. It's a heavy task that I'm taking on. You'll be at risk as well."

The Vermilion Bird chuckled. "How long have we known each other, young master Chen? We weather death together, there's no need for such words as these. To be honest, it feels better to follow you into life-threatening scenarios than to live a serene, but boring life."

Long Xiaoxuan nodded lightly. "That's right. We'd rather die a meaningful death than live an uneventful life! We're still hale and hearty. It'll be a waste to not strive for something great."

The Black Tortoise was more level-headed, but it wished to enter the heavenly planes and explore the vast world as well.

It was more than obvious that there wasn't much to see on the Divine Abyss Continent anymore. They were frogs at the bottom of a well, eager to know how far the sky stretched.

Jiang Chen waved a hand with a smile. "The heavenly planes are indeed impressive, but don't worry, there won't be that many who can bully us given our strength. Divine cultivators are as common as muck in the heavenly planes, but we're advanced gods. Only godkings are stronger than us, and they aren't that common even in the heavenly planes!"

"Does that mean that we can throw our weight around even in the heavenly planes?" The tiger grinned, its eyes shining brightly.

"You can say that. Even in the heavenly planes, there won't be that many who pose a serious threat to us. In fact, there may not be anyone. We're still growing stronger. The speed at which we progress will make the heavenly planes tremble!"

Jiang Chen was half joking, but it was effective in lightening the mood and further rousing the sacred beasts.

“That’s right. We may come from humble origins, but we have the ability to intimidate the heavenly planes!” The Goldbiter Rat King licked his snout, his eyes glowing faintly.

The Vermilion Bird smiled. “Even a rack of old bones like me is getting excited, young master Chen.”

Jiang Chen laughed heartily. “You aren’t old, Brother Vermilion. There are countless individuals much older than you are in the heavenly planes. You’ll realize what a young whippersnapper you are once you get there.”

Everyone burst out laughing.

Due to Jiang Chen’s intentional omission of the truth, the farewell wasn’t a melancholic one.

He told his parents that he was going on an adventure to see the outside world. It was in his parents’ nature to remind him to be careful.

Nevertheless, a man should have their eye on the bigger world. Jiang Feng didn’t protest his son’s. He too felt the continent wasn’t big enough for his son.

Jiang Chen was a dragon that shouldn’t reside in a small pond.

Xu Qingxuan worried her lips as she sent Jiang Chen off. She watched until he was far, far away and put in prodigious effort to stop her tears from falling.

She was more sensitive than the others. She could tell from Huang’er’s behavior that her brother hadn’t departed simply for a jaunt.

Nonetheless, she didn’t push for an answer. Deep down, she had faith in her brother. No matter what he was going to do, he would return. That was the only thing that mattered.

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“You sure are popular in Divine Abyss, young master,” Jiang Yuan said with a smile. “They’re all so reluctant to see you off.”

“It’s fortunate that the demons have been eliminated, and the world is at peace again.” Jiang Chen replied in lieu of a response.

They reached the fringe of the continent. This was where Jiang Chen had established the spatial currents.

“There’s no interdimensional portal on the continent, young master,” explained Jiang Yuan. “We’ll have to fly through the space in between worlds ourselves. It’s going to be a challenging journey, but you should be fine given your level of cultivation.”

Jiang Chen waved a dismissive hand. “Let’s not waste time. Should we fly in an airboat, or just ourselves?”

“Better not use an airboat. There’s no guarantee that you airboat will be strong enough to withstand the currents. It’s also easier to dodge an unexpected storm if we just fly. Inside an airboat, we’ll be less agile.”

They made some simple preparations. The four sacred beasts attached themselves to Jiang Chen, while the Goldbiter Rats took their position in the Millionditch Stonenest.

The rats couldn’t travel through realms at the moment.

Although Jiang Yuan had warned him, it wasn’t until Jiang Chen entered the currents that he realized how difficult the trip would be.

At first, everything was quiet. The vast universe was a deep blue, and the view intriguing.

Over time, though, the environment changed as quickly as a child’s mood. The deep blue turned to grey, and storms emerged out of nowhere.

Then the environment turned red with random jets of spatial flames.

Every once in a while, something would happen to test Jiang Chen’s reflexes. He kept his guard up as he carefully traveled through space and stopped treating this as a joyride.

One month, two months, three months...

It wasn’t until six months later that Jiang Yuan took Jiang Chen to a small realm to refuel.

After half a year of nothing but flying, Jiang Chen’s attitude had changed. He’d become more composed as it was more than apparent they were no longer on the Divine Abyss Continent. His glory was all in the past. It was time for him to enter a new phase in life.

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#### **Chapter 2322: An Arduous Voyage**

Jiang Huan and Jiang Chen resumed their journey after resupplying on the lesser plane.

They traveled uneventfully day after day, stop after stop, before finally reaching a more affluent lesser world several years later.

A lesser world was essentially a miniature greater world. Identical in structure, it simply lacked the presence of a celestial emperor or a creation token. Most of them were home to planar portals.

This form of transportation didn’t come cheap, but thankfully, Jiang Chen wasn’t short on money.

“Here’s where we’ll proceed with our first planar jump. There will be eight more to follow,” Jiang Huan imparted.

“Will we have to trek this long every single time?” wondered Jiang Chen.

“Heh, it all depends. There’s no saying if the route will remain entirely the same as I remember. If not, we might have to make a detour. It’ll be a miracle if we can reach our destination in less than a hundred years. Three to five centuries is a more realistic figure.”

Jiang Chen’s cheeks spasmed at this revelation.

He'd promised Huang'er he'd hopefully return in a few decades. He'd mentioned a few millennia as a worst case scenario, but deep down, he'd prefer to go back sooner rather than later.

Five centuries merely to reach the Taiyuan Plane?

It was fortunate he was a man who could adapt on the fly. Since he couldn't shorten the trip, he might as well consider it a form of tempering. Perhaps it was yet another trial on his long road of cultivation.

To become a godking, one had to slowly accumulate cultivation for a long, long time. It was a bridge most cultivators couldn't cross their entire lives.

The young lord was confident in his capabilities, but there was no telling how many hurdles he'd have to surmount to achieve his goal. His one certainty was that his seal's last link wouldn't be undone before he reached the godking realm.

Judging from his father's hints, Taiyuan's creation token was stored inside. The moment it returned to the world, its existence would be exposed, painting a giant bull's eye on his back. Many on Taiyuan would set their sights on him, but on the flipside, the token might be invaluable in securing the celestial emperor's throne and reclaiming Taiyuan Plane.

Everything hinged on the opposition he'd face from Taiyuan's godkings. Exactly how many of them had been party to his father's ousting?

In the end, Jiang Huan's guess proved to be spot on.

The path he'd once taken from Taiyuan to Divine Abyss didn't stay eternally unchanging for several hundred thousand years.

A deviation occurred at the fourth transit point. The original portal been destroyed, forcing them to find another path that lengthened their travels by a considerable margin.

But Jiang Huan took it all in stride. The road to happiness was strewn with roadblocks, so what was a little more time spent on the way?

Furthermore, the more winding and arduous their meandering, the more Jiang Chen's character was put to the test.

Journeying for decades had honed the young man's mental fortitude. The sanguine and perhaps somewhat overweening nature of the master of Divine Abyss had given way to a certain steadiness. Many experiences along the way were worthy lessons that remoulded his psyche from the bottom up.

He didn't let the divine beasts loose, afraid they might stir up trouble on their long journey, but he sometimes allowed the Goldbiter Rats outside for fresh air, especially when they ran into into planar brigands or reckless thugs. Those ended up as food for the rats, altruistically abetting the tribe's growth.

Five hundred years quietly elapsed by the time they finally reached the last transit world.

"Jiang Chen, as a lesser world affiliated with the Taiyuan Plane, you can find out a lot of information here concerning Taiyuan."

His heart suddenly stirring, the young lord immediately decided on a brief stopover to make some inquiries.

As he'd expected, a ninth level god was a rare commodity even on a greater world.

Hence, in order to ward off unwarranted attention, both he and his companion concealed their true strength and passed themselves off as seventh level gods. Even so, they received interest aplenty within a few short days, as well as many calling cards.

Some came from planar adventurer bands. Bluntly put, these consisted of troublemakers who ventured into the farthest reaches of the universe.

In fact, the demons who'd invaded Divine Abyss could also be included in the lot. Like dogs to a bone, they flocked to fertile lands yet to be explored, or material planes without an owner.

These bands were often made up of the most abhorred and ill-famed existences in the planes, so Jiang Chen naturally wouldn't touch them with a barge pole.

Of course, he also received love calls from powerful local factions. Well entrenched on the lesser world, these sects were always keen to ally themselves with strong experts.

Powerhouses like Jiang Chen and his companion were choice targets for their scouts. No sect worth its salt would let an advanced god slip away.

But Jiang Chen's indifference soon became manifest. Every invitation was met with tactful rejection. His interpersonal skills greatly pleased Jiang Huan.

With these kinds of achievements at his age, the usual young genius would be parading like a peacock, but he's nothing but poise.

It was proof of the young man's maturity, if there ever was one.

"Young lord, most of the time, these sects are related to factions on the greater world, or they're straight subordinates. Even if you don't want to join, you still should treat them with courtesy."

The young man followed his advice. At the very least, he refrained from making snide remarks, and never tried to demean or find fault with the locals.

Thanks to the experience of two lives, he knew better than to make enemies for no good reason.

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#### **Chapter 2323: Crimsonwaters Minor**

This lesser world was called Crimsonwaters Minor, named after a particular place bearing the moniker of, as one might guess, Crimsonwaters.

The region in question was a lake that stretched beyond the horizon.

Located at an extreme altitude, its waters were red rather than blue or green, hence the origin of the name. Some also called it the Heavenly Crimson Lake.

Jiang Chen was no stranger to this world. In his previous life, he'd once come sightseeing with his father. Back then, he'd been the son of a celestial emperor, an imperial prince far removed from the masses.

There were many legends about Crimsonwaters, but they left him cold once his father had revealed it was nothing but a volcanic lake.

However, it was suitable for the cultivation of those who specialized in the fire element, so its ownership had been contested since olden times. Celestial Emperor Taiyuan had been forced to mediate too many times to count, but one of his status couldn't always stick his nose in the affairs of a lesser world. He usually turned a blind eye as long as they didn't cause too much of a racket.

Presently sitting near the windows inside a pub, Jiang Chen watched an unending stream of bodies that were adorned in garb of every shape and form. He couldn't help but sigh with emotion. This close to a greater world, one could spot a much greater diversity of races compared to Divine Abyss.

All kinds of strange beings could be seen going about their business, mingling with other tribes in harmony, as if long accustomed to this melting pot. Disputes only erupted over material interest, and never over racial differences.

With Jiang Huan out on an intelligence gathering mission, the young lord sat by himself, worrying about his father.

Despite Taiyuan Plane's descent into chaos, the celestial emperor himself was still alive to this day. Where was he now? Perhaps locked up somewhere, or sealed away?

The distance between his father and him had never been this small.

Lost in thought, graceful steps suddenly sounded by his ear. They were followed by a faint voice, "Brother, please forgive the intrusion."

He looked up, startled. The newcomer was a young cultivator dressed in the style of an exotic tribe. He wasn't human, if his eyes and features were anything to go by, but race meant little in this place. The young lord acknowledged him with a nod.

"Brother, isn't it boring drinking alone? Why don't I treat you? We can have a few drinks while we chat about the state of affairs on Crimsonwaters."

Jiang Chen smiled wryly. Pontificating about the affairs of the world? Quite the presumptuous one, wasn't he now?

In all honesty, the young lord knew nothing of the local situation. How could he be otherwise, when he'd arrived mere days ago?

Seeing his vacant face, the fellow wondered, "Brother, are you a foreigner? First time on Crimsonwaters?"

Jiang Chen shook his head. "Not technically, but it's been a long time since I came back, so I have little to say on this topic. Sorry to disappoint, brother."

“It doesn’t matter. As a fresh returnee, you’ll need guidance to navigate our maze, or you might get in trouble for speaking out of turn or offending the wrong faction.” Seemingly a natural-born socializer, the fellow sat down at the table, uninvited.

Jiang Chen made no move to shoo him away.

All smiles, this fellow enlivened the atmosphere when he spoke. He didn’t seem like an evil person. Not to mention, he was merely mid divine realm and wouldn’t pose a substantial threat.

“Brother, what is your esteemed name?”

Jiang Chen chuckled. “This one is named Zhen, Zhen Shi.”

The young lord offered the name without hesitation. It wasn’t his first time borrowing it, after all. Back in Veluriyam, young lord Zhen’s name had resounded like thunder throughout the capital.

“Brother Zhen it is. Looking at your features, you must be a human through and through?” probed the fellow.

Jiang Chen smiled leisurely and stayed noncommittal.

“Alright, I’m being too nosy. Let me introduce myself, I go by Gou She. You can call me Old Gou, or Brother Gou.” The fellow immediately started behaving like a close friend.

Jiang Chen nodded. “Brother Gou, there must be a reason you picked me out of all the people here. Please state your purpose. I like cutting to the chase, so why don’t you give it to me straight?”

Gou She blinked, then laughed out loud. “Fine, you’re the direct type as I thought. Then let me be blunt. Judging from your dignified appearance, you didn’t seem like a local. So I thought I could offer you something tempting enough to recruit you.”

“What is it?” Jiang Chen smiled gently.

“You must have heard about the Heavenly Crimson Lake? If so, you must be aware of its competition that takes place every ten thousand years. At least a hundred factions will be participating, but only the top five can control the lake region and establish their sect in the vicinity. No matter how strong your sect used to be, you have to pack up and beat it the moment you lose your spot.” Words flowed like a river from Gou She’s mouth.

“It sounds like you’ll be one of the participants, Brother Gou.”

“Heh, not by myself, of course. But my faction firmly aspires to be one of the winners. Recruitment is in full swing for the major sects. Everyone’s trying to attract powerhouses, so we can’t afford to fall behind.”

“But the contest is a must-win every single time, I presume?”

“It might seem so, but the previous times, though cruel and bloody, weren’t as significant as the coming one. There are other benefits attached this time, it seems. I’ve heard the winners will be entitled to an audience with the celestial emperor.”

“The celestial emperor?” Jiang Chen froze. “Who’s Taiyuan’s emperor? Don’t they say...”

“Hush!” Gou She hurriedly made a silencing gesture, intimating at the young lord to stay quiet. “Brother, I pray you never spew this sort of nonsense on Taiyuan. The realm’s never been without a celestial emperor. Only, hehe, you get my drift.”

“I don’t.” Jiang Chen shook his head candidly.

Gou She looked at him, a little baffled. “Brother Zhen, how long have you been away?”

“A very long time, several millennia at least,” Jiang Chen responded offhandedly.

“Then you should be aware that the bloody struggles for the throne have produced a continuous string of nominal emperors. Some simply last longer than others.”

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#### **Chapter 2324: The Fiendstar Sec**

Jiang Chen understood things a bit better after that explanation.

The position of celestial emperor was currently determined by strength alone. Since all candidates to the throne were pretenders without creation’s recognition, that was the only possible measure of ‘worthiness’.

Such a ‘celestial emperor’ was so in name only, not the true lord of the Taiyuan Plane. They had no long-lasting authority to speak of.

“Brother Gou,” Jiang Chen asked seriously, “I’ve only recently returned from the outside world, so I may be ignorant of recent affairs here in the Taiyuan Plane. If I may, who is the current celestial emperor?”

“Hmm, the current celestial emperor is called Celestial Emperor Skypillar. He’s been in his position for over three hundred years now,” Gou She answered with equal gravity.

Jiang Chen was speechless. A celestial emperor who’s only been one for three hundred years?

“How many celestial emperors have there been over the past ten millennia?” he probed curiously.

“Oh, about seven or eight. The shorter reigns last five centuries or so, the longer ones, two or three millennia before an usurper comes along. No one can sit in the spot for very long without being changed out.”

“Why is that?” Jiang Chen feigned perplexity. “Such rapid changes in ruler for a great plane like this can’t possibly be a good thing.”

“Heh, that’s not something we should worry about. It’s a matter far loftier than we small folk, one that we have no right to discuss.” Gou She was cautious enough to cut off the subject.

Instead, he looked expectantly at Jiang Chen. “Brother Zhen, let me introduce my home faction to you. We aren’t the strongest upon the plane of Crimsonwaters, but we’re pretty prominent. We’re not that well-known because of how soon it’s been since our founding, but we’re confident to get one of the top five spots.”

“What is your faction’s name?” Jiang Chen grinned. “Surely it has one?”



“Ah, ah, of course. We’re called the Fiendstar Sect! An awesome name, wouldn’t you say so?” Gou She chuckled.

Jiang Chen fell speechless once more.

Awesome? The name was beyond idiotic. Had the person who’d come up with it suffered a devastating brain injury of some sort?

He could only pretend to smile and nod. “That is indeed an awesome name. Still, I know nothing about your sect. What will I get out of accepting your invitation?”

He was actually looking for more information.

“We can talk about the other conditions at length, if you’re interested! We’re always looking for new talent. If you have the skills, we’ll definitely give you more than deserving treatment for it. No need to be concerned about that.” Gou She continued to laugh.

“Of course. If I didn’t get what my skills deserved, I would just leave,” Jiang Chen asserted.

“Haha, let’s talk about it some more then. Friend, if you join the Fiendstar Sect as our guest elder and help us contend for the Crimson Lake, we will pay you as one of our very own elders. If we end up winning, we can bring you along when we visit the celestial emperor as well. Imagine! How amazing would it be to meet the celestial emperor in person? If he takes an interest in you, then you’ll really have made it big!”

Gou She had an active imagination and honeyed lips.

Smiling, Jiang Chen feigned strong interest, though with some reservation. “This is too important. I need to talk with my companion when he returns.”

“Oh? You have a companion? Who? Are they as strong as you?”

Jiang Chen nodded noncommittally in reply.

“Wonderful. You should get them to join us as well. The Fiendstar Sect needs more talent like you two! Trust me, it’ll be worth it when we do win and get to visit the celestial emperor,” Gou She described breathlessly.

Jiang Chen saw no reason to douse his eagerness.

“Sorry, Brother Zhen, I lost myself for a moment. I urge you to think about my suggestion! The Fiendstar Sect is more sincere than anybody. I swear on my own character that we absolutely won’t do you wrong. We really need people like you!”

Jiang Chen didn’t take these words too seriously, though he naturally maintained civility. “I’ll definitely consider it. If we’re a good fit, I would be pleased to cooperate on this grand occasion.”

This was a bit of dangling bait.

“Good, good! It’s settled, then. Don’t leave, Brother Zhen! Wait for me here, I’ll go find the sect head. Stick around, alright? I’m very serious, so please don’t brush me off...” Gou She stomped downstairs excitedly.

Jiang Chen smiled as he watched the other man leave. He had a pretty good impression of him; Gou She was a fast talker, but had a reasonably good heart. He was also easy to trick and pry information out of.

The young lord had learned quite a lot from the conversation just now. The constant changes in just who was celestial emperor, for example.

The pieces of information he had learned weren't secrets in the outside world, but there was much to be gleaned from them regardless. The Taiyuan Plane was still in a state of chaos – that much was obvious from the pretenders' strife alone.

Without a celestial emperor acknowledged by creation itself, a stable hierarchy couldn't be established.

"The fact that Gou She cares so much about visiting the current celestial emperor means that the factions down below thirst for a powerful, authoritative ruler. They wouldn't be like this otherwise."

There was a good basis of popular support for retaking the Taiyuan Plane and restoring order then.

Aside from a handful of opportunists, no one wanted to live in an anarchic society. For one, safety was no guarantee for anybody. The young man became more confident after what he'd observed.

At this moment, a different youth emerged from one of the tavern's private rooms. He carried a proud and scornful expression. "Come with me. Someone wants to see you."

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

#### **Chapter 2325: An Exotic Woman**

"Are you talking to me?" Jiang Chen blinked. He really wasn't sure, since the newcomer didn't seem to want to look in his direction.

"Are you messing with me, kid? I told you to get your ass over here, so what are you blabbing on about?" The proud youth glared at Jiang Chen.

Oh, so the words had been directed at him after all.

Jiang Chen grew mildly upset. He had tried to keep as low a profile as possible, yet trouble had come to find him after all.

He was used to killing multiple ruffians like these in a single day back on Divine Abyss. Though he was on Crimsonwaters now, he nevertheless furrowed his brow in displeasure.

"I don't understand an animal's words. Would you care to demonstrate?"

The youth didn't expect Jiang Chen to respond in that kind of tone. He cackled. "Brat, you have some guts to you, don't you! Do you know who you're talking to?!"

"I sure don't." Jiang Chen smiled.

The youth sputtered. Blood rushed in and out of his face. His robes were prominently marked with the insignia of his sect, which was why he typically wore them on outings to impress the populace.

He lorded over countless people with these clothes. Every wandering cultivator who saw him always treated him with simpering respect. How could this kid be so blind and cheeky?

“You haven’t been back here for a while, have you, friend? The White Drake Sect is one of the top three on Crimsonwaters,” helpfully advised a neighboring diner.

“If someone from the White Drake Sect wants to see you, it can only mean good things for you.”

Jiang Chen wasn’t sure what the correct reaction was. He appreciated the counsel from his neighbors, but the sect’s name almost caused him to spit out his drink.

The hell? The White Drake Sect? More like the White Dimwit Sect. No wonder this person was so irredeemably idiotic.

“You scared now, huh, kid? Get down on your knees and kowtow to me three times. Beg me to forgive you!” The new youth was smug indeed.

He relished the reverent manner in which others spoke of his sect. It filled him with elation.

Jiang Chen shook his head. “I should’ve checked my almanac before coming out today. I would’ve learned then that I would meet an idiot.”

He was speaking to himself without looking at the other young man, but his words and actions pierced the young man’s skin deeply. This bumpkin was ignoring someone from the mighty White Drake Sect, and calling him an idiot while he was at it!

How could this be tolerated?

The scornful youth stalked forward in order to hit Jiang Chen, but the latter turned and cast a potent look into the youth’s eyes.

The youth felt a deep terror pass through him, as if he’d seen the most horrifying thing in the world.

Jiang Chen had held back from making his attack lethal. Otherwise, his Evil Golden Eye would’ve turned his target into a statue.

“Looking for a fight?” He smiled as he scrutinized the fool opposite him.

Large beads of sweat trickled from the other youth’s forehead. The sharpness of the look directed at him had sent him on a tour of hell.

The young man was haughty, but he was no fool. He instantly realized that the stranger before him was hard to deal with and dropped his raised arms back down to his sides.

“You... just you wait!” The young man headed back to his private room, leaving only a feeble threat. Before he could reach it, a group of people emerged.

A woman stood at their head, clad in exotic garments that bared her arms, shoulders, and elongated legs. There was more of her that was uncovered than covered.

She cut a wild and provocative figure.

“Mistress,” the person who had threatened Jiang Chen knelt and howled. “That guy rudely insulted both the White Drake Sect and myself! He deserves to die a thousand times over...”

Crack!

The woman delivered a resounding slap to her subordinate's face. "Throw him out and feed him to the dogs," she said to her other followers.

Her tone was airy and detached, as if she was speaking about some common stray dog.

Jiang Chen remained strangely silent. The proud youth didn't deserve his respect, but this firebrand of a woman wasn't going to be easy to shake off, either.

The woman considered him for a long while, then laughed suddenly. "Your name is Zhen Shi? I heard everything just now."

Jiang Chen grunted noncommittally.

"That buffoon from the Fiendstar Sect was trying to recruit you, hmm? A word of advice: they're not reliable. It'll be hard for them to make their way into the top ten, much less top five." The woman seemed to be taking an interest in Jiang Chen, hence her profusion of words.

Jiang Chen chuckled. "Thank you for your concern, miss. I'll definitely take it in mind."

Was that all?

The answer was clearly unsatisfactory. The woman brushed her bangs aside, then smiled in the most alluring way she could. Her silver armlets rang pleasantly, adding to the charisma she radiated.

The woman was dressed in an intentionally seductive way that accentuated her figure and showed a lot of skin.

Jiang Chen wasn't much interested though. She was lascivious and untamed, but also dangerous. He was never the kind of young man to let lust control his mind. The woman's wiles were useless on him.

"A wooden blockhead, I see. I'll get to the point, then. Are you interested in coming with me? The Fiendstar Sect can't possibly compare to the White Drake Sect, and I am the daughter and heir of the sect head. You'll have a much better chance at rising to the top if you join us." Seeing the futility of her suggestive gestures, the woman made a clearer offer.

The information that she was the White Drake Sect head's daughter astounded many. Most of the diners around her quietly stood up and went to pay their bills.

Evidently, she was a well-known public figure.

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#### **Chapter 2326: Two Mighty Women**

Jiang Chen smiled slightly when he saw the other diners retreat. He glanced around, then chuckled.

"Look, everyone's scared of you."

"They're just a bunch of gutless cowards. They snuck some looks at me and were scared I'd make them pay for it, so they snuck off instead. However, how can I let them off free of charge like that? You lot, go catch as many as you can and gouge out one of their eyes. Consider it a display of what the White Drake Sect is capable of."

"Yes, ma'am!"

The woman's followers charged down the stairs like a pack of wolves. Their efficacy was quickly accompanied by a wave of shrieks.

The young heiress of the White Drake Sect seemed to take great joy in inflicting suffering – or that was what her tittering indicated.

Jiang Chen's face darkened. This woman was utterly malignant.

If she was wearing such exposed clothing, what reason did she have for punishing the bystanders so harshly for their sidelong looks? There were surely those who had laid eyes on her only accidentally. Did they deserve this cruel and unusual punishment too?

"Aw, Sir Zhen, are you taking pity on them?" The woman giggled when she saw his distaste.

"Everyone has a different way of doing things," Jiang Chen retorted coolly. "I'm not in the business of minding other people's."

"You really are taking pity! Well, too bad. That's how Crimsonwaters is, and that's how the Taiyuan Plane is too. The fiercer you are, the better off you can be. Weakness is a crime in itself. Welcome back, Sir Zhen!" The witch of a woman made the above declaration with mock seriousness.

Jiang Chen sighed, but said nothing. To a certain extent, she wasn't strictly wrong. Strength and ferocity did generally improve quality of life, since they were qualities that prevented one from being hunted or bullied by others.

But, was this really the Taiyuan Plane of old? Not at all.

There was far too much chaos and pandemonium for his liking. Once upon a time, the Celestial Emperor of Taiyuan and the laws of the heavenly planes were generally upheld.

Unfortunately, order was sorely lacking in the world in front of him today.

Survival of the fittest was the only remaining law. The food chain ruled over all.

"Heh, you're not taking me very seriously, Sir Zhen!" Jiang Chen's disinterest seemed to pique the woman's own. She patted the table in front of him. "Are you scared of looking at me? Are you worried I'll gouge your eyes out too?"

"I've looked at you many times already," Jiang Chen smiled evenly. "Are you going to?"

"That's the kind of honesty I like. I've taken a liking to you, so you'll be spared that fate for now. If that changes... it'll be your unlucky day. There's a way to avoid that from happening, though. you'll be able to look at me all you like then."

"What is it?" Jiang Chen frowned.

"Join the White Drake Sect and follow me. If you do that, I might even let you look at me more and more."

"No thanks." The young man shook his head.

He was entirely unaffected by the woman's tactics. To him, she was completely boring to look at. Yes, her figure was nice enough, but such a tantalizing woman was usually far too thorny of a rose to approach.

Anger and rage flashed in the woman's eyes. Jiang Chen's refusal struck a nerve.

"You'd rather have it the hard way, eh?"

It was obvious that storm clouds were rapidly gathering. He had found some limited favor in her eyes before, but that was changing fast. Jiang Chen's blunt response had ruined her day.

It was at this moment that a different voice blasted in from the outside. "What are you trying to do, you hag? If you have a problem, why don't you come at me?"

Another woman stormed up the stairs. She was very pretty and dressed like a married woman, but the ferocity upon her brow made her look shrewish.

Though her clothes weren't as racy as the first woman's, they showed a fair bit amount of skin too. Past her rolled-up sleeves, two ivory arms resting upon her waist completed the picture.

The young mistress of the White Drake Sect felt her annoyance multiply. "Oh, it's the little widow. What, are you trying to kidnap a new husband from the street now that your first one's dead?"

The second woman was none other than the Fiendstar Sect's sect head. Her name was Han Shuang, but most called her Madam Han. She was a notorious individual in Crimsonwaters in her own right.

She had once been the fiancée of the last head of Fiendstar, who had died before they'd had a chance to actually marry. Nevertheless, she successfully inherited and expanded his sect through her personal competence.

There was a gap between Fiendstar and White Drake, but the Madam Han wasn't known for her timidity. She wasn't just going to stand by and watch as White Drake stole her new talent!

Madam Han strode into Jiang Chen's vicinity, then placed herself in front of him, a silent declaration that "this big sister will protect you!". Her arms remained firmly upon her waist. "How about that, you tramp! I'll take you on any day."

The young mistress of the White Drake Sect was somewhat wary of Madam Han. After all, she was only the heir to her sect, while Madam Han was the actual head.

Woman to woman, she had no advantage if they happened to go head-to-head.

"What are you shouting about, you hussy? I'm gonna find a thousand thugs and have them enjoy you a hundred times over, until you die from delight!"

Madam Han's retort only exceeded her in vulgarity. "Why don't you get your daddy to come too? I'll happily absorb the White Drake Sect if you're offering. I'm not sure if I want a stepdaughter like you though!"

The conversation was quickly heading toward an inappropriate zone.

Jiang Chen never expected a catfight to occur over him. He was supposed to stay undercover! He wanted to dig a hole in the ground and hide in it until all this blew over.

The young woman from the White Drake Sect was verbally backed into a corner. Her eyes glared at Madam Han, then back at Jiang Chen. "You like married women, huh, kid? Such awful taste. You owe me one of your eyes, and I'll make sure to make you pay up sooner or later!"

### Sovereign of the Three Realms (WN)

#### **Chapter 2327: Headhunting**

Watching the White Drake girl and her men beat a hasty retreat, Mistress Han puffed out her chest, flush from the victory of reconquering lost territory.

Her outfit wasn't particularly revealing, but it nevertheless displayed curves in all the right places, showcasing the superiority of her womanly charms.

Sensing Jiang Chen's strange gaze on her, she tittered as she took a seat, her expression instantly brightening.

"Let me introduce myself. The name's Han Shuang. You may address me as Madam Han, or Sectmistress Han. Little Gou mentioned you were interested in joining our Fiendstar Sect? That's why I came here as fast as possible. To think White Drake would bully my people in public! How ludicrous! Some might be afraid of her, but not this queen! Hehe, little brother, don't be shy... There's nothing to be afraid of."

Jiang Chen found himself dumbfounded. This girl looked like a spicy number. Had he mentioned anything about fear? She was simply putting words in his mouth.

And since when did he become part of her people?

But she rattled off before he could reply. "That witch's hobby is to collect handsome men and frolic with them behind closed curtains. She'll keep the obedient and useful ones for a little while. The rest become ostracized servants. They'll be lucky to survive then."

Jiang Chen cared little about this piece of gossip.

The morals or private life of White Drake's young mistress had little to do with him. He was merely a passerby stopping in Crimsonwaters before his final destination.

Looking at his absentminded expression, Han Shuang plopped down opposite him and rested her chin in her hands, her eyes as wide as her grin. "How is it, are you considering this sister's offer? Or are you more tempted by that witch?"

Jiang Chen chuckled. "Is feminine wiles how White Drake and Fiendstar entice fresh talent?"

Blinking, Han Shuang froze. "Of course not. Everyone on Crimsonwaters will tell you I'm a right and proper lady. Do you think I'd stoop this low? Brother Zhen, I can tell you're no ordinary man. You can achieve great deeds with us. A guest elder's nothing to speak of. If you join us, I'll promote you to the seat of a formal elder. No one in the sect will contest your status, I promise."

Forceful and straight to the point, this woman spoke with forthright enthusiasm. She leaned over the table, her two pure, ravishing white hills vaguely visible beneath her slightly open collar. Someone

without the young lord's iron will might have been overwhelmed by the stimulus and agreed on the spot.

Yet, she herself seemed unaware of the tantalizing figure she cut. As earnest as ever, she continued her lobbying. "Our sect's indeed in an awkward spot, so we need more capable people. To establish a base at the Heavenly Crimson Lake would be an immense boon. Not to mention, it's the dream of many to gain an audience with His Majesty, isn't it?"

Jiang Chen didn't know how others might feel, but said audience left him apathetic.

He'd once been in daily contact with a celestial emperor, a genuine one to boot, rather than a fake without the blessing of the supreme dao.

Jiang Huan's footsteps sounded from below, interrupting their conversation.

"My companion's back." The young lord smiled leisurely. Let him deal with it. He was indifferent either way. There was no harm in joining. It might facilitate their information gathering.

Jiang Huan was a little surprised by the fuss upstairs, especially by the sight of a girl sitting with Jiang Chen.

The young lord is quite a flirt. He's already caught a target in the short time I was gone!

He was no stickler for propriety or the like, at least not in this department. A slight weakness for women was rather harmless, in his opinion, as long as it didn't deter men from greater things.

"Hehe, sonny Shi, who might these guests be?" Their aliases had long been agreed on. Once in Taiyuan's sphere of influence, the young man would be Zhen Shi, and he Zhen Huan.

"She's the Fiendstar Sect sectmistress. Those are her men," Jiang Chen briefly introduced.

Han Shuang glanced at the older man. He seemed more seasoned, and was roughly his junior's equal in cultivation.

Her previous attitude immediately gave way to a more reserved smile. "Fellow daoist, your friend came into conflict with the White Drake Sect, so I had to do something for justice's sake. We started chatting once they left. It's a good thing you've come back. We can discuss some things together."

Han Shuang was obviously a skilled chameleon. She was bold and untamed with a jaunty youngster like Jiang Chen, but more modest with the mature Jiang Huan.

"What's there to discuss? Is there something interesting afoot?" Surprisingly convivial, Jiang Huan sat beside the young lord with a chuckle.

Han Shuang patiently repeated her sales pitch, clearly expressing her desire to recruit them.

"That's a good thing," Jiang Huan responded happily, much to the young lord's surprise.

"Haha, indeed. Friend, I take it you're agreeing?" Han Shuang hadn't expected him to be so straightforward. She'd thought the younger one a softer target, but this middle-aged uncle was the one first to be roped in. She replied with a smile. "As you say, it's a win-win for us both."



Though a little taken aback, Jiang Chen waved a hand without batting an eyelid. “Whatever you say, Uncle Huan. Your nephew will follow along.”

Jiang Huan smiled. “Sectmistress Han, we’re absolutely open to the idea. But we must first agree on the terms. I don’t want bad surprises down the line.”

Han Shuang grinned broadly. “Feel free to ask around. When have I ever sold someone short? You can count on Han Shuang to treat people fairly.”

“Very well, since you’re so plain-spoken, my nephew and I won’t be coy either. We’ll wait here for your sincerity. We’ll happily join as long as your conditions are to our liking. Do you need to go back and discuss with the other elders?”

“I don’t. I’m the sectmistress, my word is law!” Han Shuang replied unequivocally. “But I have to go back and think about the specifics of my offer. I can’t disappoint you, after all.”

“Good, then we’ll stay here and respectfully look forward to hear from you.” Jiang Huan raised his hands in a cupped fist salute.

With a buoyant smile, Han Shuang stood up and saluted back. She led her men away in brisk strides, warning repeatedly before departing, “Don’t back out on me now, gentlemen. No matter who tries to poach you away, our sect will more than match their price. We’ll stop at nothing to acquire new talent!”

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

#### **Chapter 2328: Joining the Fiendstar Sec**

When she left, Jiang Chen looked at Jiang Huan with puzzlement. Why had he agreed so readily?

Jiang Huan transmitted, a grin hanging on his face, “The walls have ears. Let’s talk later. In short, we’ll join them and then win a spot for them at the competition. It’s the precondition for the next step of our plan.”

“The next step? Uncle, what did you learn?”

“In sixty years, there’ll be a grand congregation of all the titled godkings in the Taiyuan Plane. Rumor has it that this meeting will decide Taiyuan’s fate. It’s imperative we attend it.”

A conference of titled godkings?

On the Taiyuan Plane, every godking-level existence was bestowed a title. It could be the lordship of a lesser world, of a fertile region, or of a secret realm. No matter the level of the title itself, each of them was a ruler in his own right.

A greater world possessed at least dozens of such overlords.

Of course, there was no telling how many of them were left amidst Taiyuan’s turmoils, but a few dozen was the bare minimum for a greater world. For example, one such godking oversaw Crimsonwaters.

Both Fiendstar and White Drake were local factions. As such, they had to obey the will of the world’s sovereign, lest they provoke his ire and be reduced to ashes in a matter of minutes.

The world of cultivation was strictly divided into hierarchical strata. Few dared defy the pecking order, except in the case of rebellion, but that was another story altogether.

Jiang Chen understood the implications without the need for further elaboration.

The godkings were to assemble in sixty years. He had to attain that cultivation realm before the fateful date, then find an opportunity during the conference to wrest back control.

It would be do or die. In case of failure, his exposed identity would make him a public target, not to mention the avarice an exposed creation token would cause.

For a godking, taking a token was equivalent to obtaining the blessing of the supreme dao. One could call themselves a legitimate celestial emperor with it. No one with a shred of ambition could resist its siren call.

Fiendstar's Han Shuang soon returned as spiritedly as she'd left, bearing her sect's proposal.

"Gentlemen, this is the list of terms we're ready to offer. Please take a look. Everything is negotiable." She boldly handed over the list.

Jiang Chen let Jiang Huan peruse it first.

The older man skimmed over it, smiled, then passed it to the young lord. A myriad of gaudy items was written on it, from treasures to gems, to various promises of status, down to women.

Jiang Chen shrugged with a smile. "I have no objection."

Jiang Huan laughed out loud. "Sectmistress Han is truly sincere. From today on, the two of us are yours to command. But I have to mention something upfront. If unfortunate events or our own affairs lead us to depart, please don't try to stop us."

Han Shuang blinked. "What's this talk of quitting before you even join?"

"Heh, I promise we'll see the competition to the end at the very least. Also, we must take part in the audience with the celestial emperor. It'll be a first for us to meet such an august figure."

"That's fully acceptable as long as you can contribute to the contest for the lake," Han Shuang promised on the spot.

It was a relief to learn they wouldn't leave before the main event. And if they had business elsewhere afterwards, then that was that. A no-nonsense woman like her wasn't in the murky business of detaining people against their will.

After finalizing the agreement, Jiang Chen and Jiang Huan followed her to Fiendstar's headquarters.

On Crimsonwaters, the sect ranked somewhere between a bottom tier first-rate faction and one of the strongest second-rate ones. To reach the top five seemed close to impossible.

The top ten would have been a cinch, but unfortunately, there had only ever been five spots in total, and not a single one more.

So the sect faced an uphill battle. They weren't one of the front runners. In fact, many sects considered them flimsy opposition at best.

But their lack of strength was the very reason for their thirst for talent. As a result, Han Shuang had sent her men scouring the world high and low for powerhouses.

There were few restrictions in the competition. Anyone belonging to the sect could participate, no matter their join date.

Jiang Chen and Jiang Huan had concealed their strength, but what little they'd revealed was enough to tempt Fiendstar. After all, the sectmistress herself was merely a seventh level god.

The sect also had two elders at the same level, their cultivation a hair inferior to hers, but no other advanced gods could be found in the whole of Fiendstar.

In comparison, White Drake's sectmaster was at ninth level, with some elders also at the eighth level.

It went without saying one of the spots had their name written on it. They were top three in strength on Crimsonwaters, and only two other sects deserved being mentioned in the same sentence. These were in fact also assured of final victory.

As a result, there were only two spots left for Fiendstar to fight over. At a minimum, close to ten sects were powerful enough to vie for them.

Among these, Fiendstar didn't even rank in the top five. Many of them had seemingly better odds. All things considered, Fiendstar was in a precarious, nigh-hopeless situation.

Listening to Han Shuang's analysis, Jiang Chen and Jiang Huan glanced at each other without voicing their inner thoughts.

To tell the truth, the competition would be a breeze with their full strength. Few, if anyone, on Crimsonstars could withstand them. The lesser world's titled godking in person would struggle against two ninth level gods, four mature divine beasts, to say nothing of the incomparably savage Goldbiter Rats.

But it was too soon for them to unleash their true power.

"Elders, you've already joined our sect, so please feel free to mention any good ideas you might have. I'm fully open to different views." Han Shuang was determined to lay her hands on one of the five seats.

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

#### **Chapter 2329: Inhouse Spar**

Jiang Huan grinned. "Sectmistress, since our main opposition consists of lesser first-rate sects instead of White Drake or the like, then it'll be a piece of cake. We simply need to find them once the contest starts and take out their powerhouses. Won't their strength plummet if so?"

His rather crude and simplistic reasoning left the dumbfounded Han Shuang speechless.

Of course the thought had crossed her mind, but it'd be a very long shot in practice. As far as plans went, this one was sheer fantasy.

The other two elders also scowled. Were the sectmistress' two new recruits complete frauds?

What other explanation was there for such a brainless idea?

Jiang Chen had planned on staying discrete, but he interjected in spite of himself. "My uncle likes to joke around, so please don't take him at face value. It's hard to offer good advice without knowing the rules of the contest, so please enlighten us, Sectmistress Han."

That was more like it!

The two elders eased up a little.

"They're very simple, truth be told. First comes a strength audit. Only those who pass it are eligible to take part in the main competition. The audit itself is very strict. We need at least five advanced gods, or our application might be rejected." Han Shuang looked meaningfully at Jiang Chen and Jiang Huan.

Jiang Huan grinned. "Hehe, what a coincidence you found us then, Sectmistress. The three of you must be the only advanced gods in your esteemed sect? With the two of us, doesn't that make for exactly five? The audit will be a breeze then, eh?"

Since he and his 'nephew' had concealed their strength, so it was difficult to get a precise read on their levels. They were mostly likely around advanced gods, but no one knew whether they'd reached the seventh level proper.

At least, it was impossible to tell for those weaker than them.

One of the elders snorted lightly. "Please forgive this old man's bluntness, but as new elders, shouldn't you display your strength for us to appreciate?"

"That's right. Otherwise, how can we be sure you're qualified as elders? The audit is nothing to sneeze at. Our entire plan will be ruined if we fail that early. None of us can shoulder this kind of responsibility."

The other elder barely concealed the barbs in his words. Perhaps they weren't satisfied by the sudden recruitment, or maybe they resented Han Shuang for not consulting with them.

The sectmistress chuckled, her eyes roving around Jiang Chen and his companion.

"I personally have no doubt you're advanced gods, but these two gentlemen don't seem like they'll let it drop if you don't show your hand."

Grinning, Jiang Huan made a small stretch. "Hehe, let's do it then. Sectmistress, how should we prove our worth? Should we roll up our sleeves and flex our arms for you to see?"

With a titter, Han Shuan rolled a pair of sensual eyes at him.

Jiang Chen chuckled. "Let me be the representative then. Elders, let's avoid bad feelings. Let's go with a spar, what do you think?"

The two elders immediately sprang up. They were itching for this!

"Very good! Your heroic spirit is commendable, Elder Zhen Junior!"

For reasons legitimate or otherwise, they thought the enlistment of the two new elders too rash, so they wanted to verify whether the newcomers were con artists.

If so, they'd be thrashed, then chased off. As a bonus, it'd also be a ruthless slap to the sectmistress' face.

In the first place, they'd been highly put out to see an unmarried widow seize control of the sect. She wasn't all that more outstanding than them. The sectmaster's seat ought to have belonged to them.

Jiang Chen faced their eagerness without batting an eyelid. "Elders, how should we proceed? Let's not overdo it since it's a friendly spar, do you agree?"

"Hehe, of course, we'll stay our hands," the shorter elder agreed with a smile.

The thinner one sneered, "No one begins a fight by begging for indulgence. I'm very disappointed, Elder Zhen Junior."

Yawning, Jiang Huan murmured, "How ungrateful. My sonny Shi is just trying to spare you some injuries."

The two elders boiled with anger at his words. A snot-nosed runt afraid of harming them? How could they tolerate such naked provocation?

"Come, I, Old Ge, will fight you first." The skinny elder took the initiative.

"How shall we play?" Jiang Chen's smile remained nonchalant.

Elder Ge glared. Whatever his misgivings, the brat did possess an unsettling poise. There was an undeniable air about him. Even if he were to come up short, his attitude was genuine.

"Take three strikes from me. I'll be able to tell by then, hehehe." With a sneaky grin, Elder Ge suggested the most primitive form of testing.

Jiang Chen frowned, irked by the elder's frivolousness and provocative tone.

"Just taking a few blows won't be enough to demonstrate my skills. How about this instead? I'll stand right here. It's your win as long as you can make me move my feet within three moves."

Even Han Shuang stared on in shock, to say nothing of the two elders. She looked blankly at Jiang Chen, a little baffled.

Inside the wine shop, the young man had been cool-headed from beginning to end, as if nothing in the world could affect him.

He'd turned a blind eye to the charms of White Drake's little witch as well as the flirty glances she herself had thrown his way. He shouldn't be one to lose his composure, so why had he become so flippant all of a sudden?

Elder Ge's eyes narrowed into slits. "Is that a joke?"

Jiang Chen shook his head. "Not all all. Just try me. It's nothing but a friendly bout, isn't it?"

His cold mockery and barely veiled contempt lit a fuse in Elder Ge. "Very well, let's go along with it then. No need for three moves. If you can take a single one without moving an inch, it'll be my loss!"

Could someone below seventh level withstand a strike of his without budging? The answer was self-evident.

Elder Ge looked at Han Shuang. "Sectmistress, Elder Zhen Junior was the one to suggest it. I decline any responsibility whatever may happen."

Han Shuang shot the young lord a meaningful look, then glanced at Jiang Huan. Doubts arose when she saw both of them unconcerned, as if it was no more than a warmup.

She nodded. "Good. Elder Ge, you have my permission. Elder Zhen Junior, don't force yourself. Feel free to move if you're at your limit."

Jiang Chen nodded shortly without further comments.

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

#### **Chapter 2330: Always One Move**

Elder Ge focused his mind and readied himself for a killing strike. Enraged, he wasn't going to easily let Jiang Chen off the hook. Although he wouldn't necessarily deploy the most powerful attack he was capable of, he did intend to make it hurt.

"Have you made up your mind yet, Elder Zhen? These fists spare no one." Elder Ge's response sounded like both a warning and a threat.

Jiang Chen smiled faintly. "Make your move."

He readied his tempered body. Now at its peak after ascending to ninth level divine realm, it was strong enough to withstand a punch from a ninth level god, let alone a seventh level like Elder Ge.

Jiang Chen's nonchalance stoked the fires of Elder Ge's heart.

With grit teeth, the elder charged at Jiang Chen in a flash of light, focusing his might into a faint shadow overshadowing his fist that lunged forward like a hungry tiger.

Han Shuang's slender eyebrows drew together. It displeased her that Elder Ge had pulled such a powerful move in a friendly match.

Jiang Chen, however, remained unfazed. He didn't even blink as Elder Ge's fist slammed toward him.

Irrked by the young man's lack of reaction, the elder put even more power into his punch.

Suddenly, Jiang Chen lifted his arm and drew a circle in the air with his finger. A golden line spiraled outwards.

Bam!

The punch landed on the spiral and dissipated like it'd been devoured by an unknown force. The seemingly impressive attack ended in a faint whimper, offset in an instant.

Jiang Chen put down his finger.

He hadn't taken a step. Even his upper body had remained still throughout. All he'd done was made a circle with his finger.

Elder Ge stood rooted to the spot, his eyes filled with confusion. How had his attack been intercepted? He felt like he'd hit a ball of wool, and then... nothing.

Jiang Huan cackled. "Such restraint you've shown, Elder Ge. Holding back, are you?"

The elder flushed red. He hadn't held back at all. In fact, he'd even infused more power at the last moment. Anyone with eyes could see that.

Still, he'd failed to even touch Jiang Chen. The young man had simply moved a finger and poof, gone was his attack. How powerful must the young man be?

Frustrated and furious, Elder Ge planted his feet with his face red. There was nothing he could do to recover from the humiliation.

The shorter elder was skeptical. His colleague must have held back, but there was no reason to.

If he hadn't pulled his punches, however, what happened didn't make any sense. Could the young man truly be powerful enough to counter the elder's attack with only a single finger? That couldn't be!

If the young man was so powerful, why would he come to the Fiendstar Sect? There were much bigger sects that would happily take him in.

Was he interested in Han Shuang? That made even less sense. Mistress Han was a beautiful woman, but she was a widow whose fiance had died before they'd gotten married, which was an ill omen. It might not be her who had caused her fiance's death, but it was a stain on her record.

Nothing made any sense about this match.

"Elder Ge, you made your move. What do you think?" Han Shuang was much more confident now that Jiang Chen had taken Elder Ge's hit with ease.

Weren't you doubting me? Didn't you think I was careless to bring in two new elders? Well now, the joke's on you!

Elder Ge was shamefaced and wanted to hide.

"Fine, I'm not good enough to test his true power. It's clear from the ease with which Elder Zhen countered my attack that he's good." He did his best to stay neutral and speak from the heart.

It was cathartic for Han Shuang to see Elder Ge admit his mistakes. What a win! She'd taken the right step.

"What about you, Elder Xu?" Han Shuang turned to the shorter elder.

Elder Xu chuckled. "Old Ge made only one attack. I'll do the same. However, may I pick the older Elder Zhen as my opponent?"

Jiang Huan pulled a long face in response. "Me? I have to warn you that I'm not as good-tempered as my nephew."

Elder Xu grinned. "This is but a friendly match between peers. Please don't get too riled up, Elder Zhen."

Jiang Huan threw his half-eaten fruit away and mumbled, "I'll show you what I've got. We were picked by Sect Head Han. I can't have you thinking that we're some useless scum."

He suddenly flashed to the center of the area, seemingly without moving a muscle. His agility was stunning. It was clear that he wasn't just here to fill a seat.

Elder Xu tensed slightly. "Same rules?"

Jiang Huan shook his head. "I'm not one to stand and take a hit. How about this: I'll move one finger. If you can take that and stay within a hundred meters, you win. Deal?"

"A hundred meters?" Elder Xu looked around. "Just one finger?"

"That's right," Jiang Huan responded nonchalantly.

Elder Xu grit his teeth. The conditions were heavily in his favor. It would be beyond humiliating for him to not accept the offer.

"Alright. As you wish. I'm curious how you're going to knock me a hundred meters away with only one finger."

Given the conditions, Elder Xu believed he'd be able to dodge. What was one single finger going to do to him?

Even if his opponent was a seventh level god, the gap between their strength couldn't be that large. He would be fine.

"Come on then!" Elder Xu beckoned with newfound confidence. He steadied his footing and readied his stance.

Jiang Huan raised his arm with a chuckle, leaving countless, ever shifting shadows in the air like the Thousand-Armed Buddha.

The next moment, a beam of scarlet light shot out from his finger. "Crimson Charge!"

The bright light shot through the air like an arrow and brought forth a torrent powerful enough to topple a mountain, hitting Elder Xu with impressive might.

Before Elder Xu could do anything, the point evolved into terrifying attacks covering all directions in the blink of an eye, leaving no room for him to move out of the way. Caught up in the torrent, he barrelled out several hundred meters away until his advance was halted by a wall.