

DEMONIC 1331

Chapter 1331 1331. Inheritances

After learning about the Immortal Lands' layout, obtaining a vague understanding of their political divisions, and studying how to advance through the divine ranks, Noah could focus on his path ahead.

A peculiar aspect of the Immortal Lands was that most of their population didn't come from a lower plane. Most newly ascended existence struggled to survive the change of environment, and the rank 7 Heaven Tribulation was a difficult hurdle to overcome in the Mortal Lands.

Instead, the natives of the higher plane could rely on their backing and powerful divine tools to overcome that hurdle. Becoming a god in the Immortal Lands wasn't hard. It was a simple matter of resources.

The Soul Stones that Noah had obtained by selling his Instabilities were the reason behind that feature. That currency contained raw laws that cultivators could absorb to improve, so anyone could hope to reach the seventh rank as long as they had money.

That made the mines of Soul Stones quite valuable for the population of the Immortal Lands. Most of those locations belonged to important families, and Noah could memorize them as he studied inside the library.

Those locations became off-limits once a powerful family occupied them, but even those organizations couldn't control all of them. New mines of Soul Stones would appear every decade, and many explorers lived to find them.

Noah read about mining guilds and famous explorers who had managed to find those locations and seize them before the arrival of powerful organizations. The library couldn't offer him detailed reports about those mines, but it taught him why they formed.

Mines of Soul Stones would often appear after large battles occurred. The Immortal Lands would reabsorb the corpses of divine existences and generate those locations after a set amount of time.

Even the death of many rank 7 magical beasts could create those locations. The Soul Stones had a chance of forming as long as a massive amount of energy flowed back into the ground.

Noah didn't care about those mines for now, but studying them led him toward the type of knowledge he desired.

The Immortal Lands had witnessed countless experts rise and fall. An endless number of battles had happened on their surface and sky. Soul Stones' mines had been the reason behind some fights, but they weren't the only resource that divine cultivators sought.

Every existence strived to reach the higher ranks. Magical beasts could eat anything containing energy to improve, but cultivators and hybrids needed more than that.

However, gaining access to resources that could make them improve wasn't easy. Obtaining mines of Soul Stones required luck and long years of research, and the same went for unique resources that could benefit their training.

Still, specific locations could contain far more than simple resources, and it was hard to keep them a secret from the population of the Immortal Lands. Powerful organizations would try to hide them, but they always became famous if those forces failed to seize them quickly.

'How many inheritances the higher plane even has?!' Noah exclaimed in his mind when he read the reports about those locations.

Due to the presence of countless divine experts, the Immortal Lands had a large number of inheritances. The library had recorded thousands of them, and only a few of them had found worthy heirs.

Most inheritances still lacked an owner, and some were so hard to seize that the organizations controlling those areas had turned them into a popular attraction for hopeful cultivators.

The most famous known inheritance was the Land of the Fallen. Its location bordered the magical beasts' side, and its story was a legend that every cultivator had heard.

The peace between the humans and the magical beasts was only a temporary phase reached after countless battles. Those sides were unable to live together, so the clashes always resumed at some point.

Many famous wars had happened on the borders between the two sides, and the humans had often lost them. The endless tide of magical beasts was something that they couldn't restrain for too long. The "Breath" suited those creatures too much.

That led to a constant shrinking of the territories of the human sides. Many powerful organizations would band together to fend off the magical beasts every time the peace crumbled, but their efforts could only delay the inevitable.

The magical beasts' side was too powerful, and it hid dangers that the human forces didn't want to awaken. Even mighty rank 8 cultivators would limit themselves to reconquer only a few regions when they had the chance. They didn't want to anger the living calamities in the depths of the creatures' domain.

Many powerful existences had died on the borders between the two sides. Those regions were rich, and the death of so many cultivators had given birth to a peculiar phenomenon after countless years of war.

Divine cultivators weren't just a mass of energy. They had powerful seas of consciousness that could affect the laws of the world. Upon their death, their mental waves could alter the environment and give birth to improvised inheritances that respected their last wishes.

'To this day,' Noah read through the reports, 'The many powerful forces of the human side have confirmed the presence of two hundred and thirty-seven inheritances on the border with the magical beasts' domain.'

Learning about that sheer number of inheritances almost made Noah go crazy. His greed threatened to leak out of his figure, but he promptly suppressed it to continue his study.

'This number only considers the inheritances near the human domain,' Noah read. 'Regions that have seen even bigger wars are now deep into the magical beasts' domain, which makes them hard to seize. The library has recorded those great battles' locations, but it doesn't have more details.'

Noah put down the book in his hands after he read that part. Sword Saint's inheritance had taught him about the presence of those places in the Immortal Lands, but he didn't believe that there could be so many of them.

Famous organizations also controlled some of those inheritances. Noah read about names that he had heard during his short stay in Vagona city. Every force with a rank 8 existence in its ranks controlled at least one of them.

'The last wishes of dying cultivators are so powerful,' Noah thought as greed built inside his mind. 'Wonderful!'

Noah found it hard to contain his excitement. Differently from the other cultivators, he didn't have to limit his exploration to the human domain. He didn't care if his actions broke the peace between the two sides, and his species made him perfect for that task.

Noah called the waiter and paid him again to search every piece of information related to the Land of the Fallen. He even purchased reports and books stored on the higher floors of the library.

His slim finances became slimmer, but Noah didn't even bother to keep track of them as he studied those reports. It wasn't a problem for him to generate money if he had enough materials, and he couldn't think of a better way to spend it anyway.

Three months quickly passed while he amassed knowledge about the Land of the Fallen. Noah left the library after that period ended, and he didn't even glance at Chief Ash as he exited the structure.

Noah finally had a target, and nothing could distract him from it.

Chapter 1332 1332. Robe

The Land of the Fallen was the perfect target for an existence like Noah. His experience in the magical beasts' field and his prowess allowed him to move freely between the two domains and gave him the chance to inspect multiple battlefields.

The main issue was that he had to return to the area of influence of the Crystal City to reach the first battlefield. The belief of their members made them the perfect first line of defense against those creatures. That was the reason why the human side didn't complain about their fanaticism.

'I can't be unprepared anymore,' Noah thought as he walked through Vagona city.

Noah had learnt how easy it was to make enemies in the Immortal Lands after the events with Zach and the group from the Crystal City. He had also gained some fame in Vagona city, so he suspected that more troubles would appear on his path.

That forced him to make some preparations. Noah wasn't a clueless member of the Immortal Lands anymore. He had studied enough to learn how to improve his survivability and voyages, so he didn't mind spending more time in Vagona city to obtain everything he needed.

His research in the library had cost him almost half of his Soul Stones, but Noah could easily obtain more of them. Yet, he had to visit a few shops before understanding how expensive his needs were.

'I need to buy clothes,' Noah concluded after he reviewed everything learnt in the library.

Noah had always ignored defensive items because of his Body-inscription spell and powerful body. His skin was sturdier than most materials, so he found it pointless to waste time creating or purchasing armors. His battle style was also quite reckless, and clothes would only stand his way.

However, that inscription field was quite famous in the Immortal Lands. The higher plane's environment provided an abundance of divine materials, so the experts there could specialize in difficult creations. They could build light clothes capable of fending off divine spells!

That wasn't everything. The inscribed robes could have a multitude of effects depending on the needs of the customers. Some even had regenerative properties.

The cultivators' physical defense had always been poor, but the experts in the Immortal Lands could make up for that weakness by purchasing rank 7 inscribed robes.

'I don't need more protections,' Noah thought as he walked toward one of the most famous shops in the city. 'But having something that can hide my presence might be useful.'

Noah had learnt which forces handled the creation of inscribed robes. Most inscription halls had a few experts in charge of that field, but only a few of those masters could enter the Monney family and earn a fortune by building clothes.

That was the reason why the Monney family was more famous than the Balrow family in Vagona city. Its population was quite rich, so it could invest more money in those expensive inscribed items.

The Monney family obviously had shops connected to their inscription halls. It had built a business out of the creation of those valuable items.

Noah entered the biggest shop that he found and paid thirty Soul Stones to reach the higher floors of the structure. He did not need the cheaper robes. He needed to find a master and ask for clothes with specific features.

A waiter led him through the long staircase coiled around a huge pillar placed in the middle of the main hall and left him in a large room once they reached the last floor.

Other waiters brought a series of delicacies and beverages to enjoy while Noah explained his needs. Different masters had different specializations, even if they belonged to the same inscription field. The shop had to hear about his requests to offer a suitable service.

The waiters also gave Noah a catalog that listed all the features available. Some robes could even empower a cultivator's individuality if the expert managed to understand it. Moreover, the masters had a tier that stated their ability.

'A robe made by a tier-one master can cost up to one hundred thousand Soul Stones, with price depending on the level of the robe,' Noah read through the catalog.

That price was obviously out of his reach, so he had to settle for a meeting with a tier-four master specialized in cloaking robes equipped with regenerative properties.

A stern woman arrived in the room after a while. She was a rank 7 cultivator in the gaseous stage with short black hair and dark eyes. The master sized Noah in silence, but she soon shook her head.

"I can't create what you need," The master said before explaining further. "I don't have the power to build something that can hide your existence. Only tier-three masters and above can inscribe what you need."

That answer left Noah dumbfounded. The robes created by tier-three cultivators could cost up to one thousand Soul Stones, and he didn't know if he could accumulate that sum by selling Instabilities.

The value of his inscribed weapons would decrease if he started to mass-produce them. He would also need to kill multiple divine magical beasts to accumulate the materials required for their creation.

Still, he was about to venture for a long journey. The knowledge accumulated in the library didn't prepare for everything that he could encounter in the wild regions. He also desired something that could allow him to escape in case the situation required it.

"Call a tier-three master then," Noah said as he began to plan a hunting route while he waited for the new expert to arrive.

It took a while for the tier three master to arrive. Noah had to wait a few hours before a gloomy short woman with no hair and white eyes entered his room.

Noah felt slightly worried when her aura spread in the room. Her presence was far more intense than the other master, and her cultivation level was also on a higher level.

She was a rank 7 cultivator in the liquid stage, and Noah felt naked in front of her aloof gaze. Her eyes seemed to hide some secret, but Noah didn't have the power to uncover it.

"Do you have any affiliation or special status?" The woman asked after she finished her inspection.

Noah took out his green card, and the master nodded after seeing the name engraved on its surface. Then, she gave voice to a series of instructions.

"I'm Thea Monneay," The master said. "I accept your request and will start working on it as soon as you leave a deposit. The item will cost between one thousand and two thousand Soul Stones depending on its final state."

"Is one hundred Soul Stones enough for the deposit?" Noah asked.

"No," Thea replied bluntly, "But I will make an exception since the Balrow family is trying to rope you in."

Noah felt glad that the events inside the inscription hall ended up bringing him some benefits. He hastily took out the Soul Stones and waited for the master to give him further instruction.

"I only need to see your individuality properly now," Thea said after she stored the Soul Stones and sat on the couch in front of Noah.

Chapter 1333 1333. Cave

Noah left the shop after he completed Thea's requests. He wasn't worried that she could leak the details of his individuality. Every inscription master had to swear oaths that protected the customers, so he only needed to accumulate Soul Stones now.

The inscription hall of the Balrow family would probably give him a job if he asked, but Noah didn't want to waste time in Vagona city anymore. He had even decided to abandon the idea of mass-producing Instabilities since that would take a while.

The Instabilities were cheap to make. One magical beast could give Noah enough materials to forge even forty of them if it were big enough. However, he would rather create a single valuable item than use so many nutrients for something that he had to sell.

The robe could cost up to two thousand Soul Stones, and Noah had the vague feeling that he would require all of them to purchase it. Thea had to build an item in line with his individuality, so his ambition could play its part in the process.

Moreover, Noah needed to buy something that could allow him to fly freely. He had vaguely understood how expensive that would be, so he had to sell a masterpiece to accumulate enough money.

'What should I even build?' Noah wondered as he left Vagona city and shot toward one of the mountains around that plain.

Noah had a few ideas, but he would create a blueprint only after completing his hunts. He had to adapt to the materials that he found.

Leaving the city made Noah feel refreshed. The pressure radiated by the five rank 8 existences had always weighed on his mind in the past months. His instincts had never stopped sensing threats during his stay.

The pressure of the white sky soon replaced those powerful auras. Vagona city fended off those radiations, but they came back as soon as Noah returned in the wilderness.

'Maybe I can do something about this blinding sky,' Noah wondered as he let his senses guide him toward the nearest lair.

"It is the most hateful thing in the whole world!" Night exclaimed in his mind when it heard his thoughts. "I need to destroy it! Don't you dare to use your weakness to hold me back!"

Night had become used to the fact that the light couldn't kill it anymore, but it couldn't forget the experience of its first ascension. It hated the whiteness that filled the Immortal Lands with everything it had. Its feelings were so intense that they even affected Noah's emotions.

'I need to destroy it to reach the stars anyway,' Noah replied through the connection with the Pterodactyl. 'We only need to go through the various steps of the human world. It's not my first time climbing to the apex of the food chain. I only need to do it again.'

Night became silent after it heard those thoughts. It knew that Noah wasn't lying, and it trusted him to succeed. Its vague memories about its first ascension made it aware that its master was the strongest newly ascended existence in the world. His growth would be exponential once he seized what he needed.

Noah ran through the flourishing mountain chain until he arrived in front of a large cave that radiated a dangerous area. His superior awareness told him that a series of rank 7 magical beasts hid in its depths, and his instincts confirmed that he could handle the hunt as long as he was careful.

Yet, while Noah was about to enter the cave, his superior awareness warned him about the presence of multiple threats behind him. His instincts also told him that those auras didn't belong to magical beasts. Some cultivators were trying to encircle him.

'It should be impossible for the Crystal City to be already here,' Noah thought. 'This only makes me desire the cloaking device more.'

Noah heaved a sigh while he entered the cave. A lair of magical beasts was the perfect place to counter an ambush. He could rely on his hybrid features to make up for the numerical disadvantage.

The pursuers didn't stop running in his direction even after using their mental waves to inspect the cave. Ordinary cultivators couldn't sense the magical beasts as well as him, but that lair had enough creatures to make their presence impossible to miss.

'They aren't stopping,' Noah thought as dark matter flowed out of his chest and took the shape of a massive snake that engulfed his figure.

The events with the Twelve-legged Queen had revealed part of his abilities to the Crystal City, so Noah found it hard to believe that its members would follow him in a lair.

However, he was almost sure that he didn't offend anyone inside Vagona city. If his pursuers didn't come from the Crystal City, they were probably after his abilities as an inscription master.

'I would have agreed to talk inside Vagona city,' Noah thought as a cold expression appeared on his face, 'But we are in the wilderness now.'

Noah always had a reason to kill other cultivators. It didn't matter if they wanted him alive. Their dantians were resources that he wouldn't dare to miss.

He even had the chance to seize their storage spaces now. It had been impossible to force Bertha's item due to the restrictions of the Crystal City, but Noah believed that he wouldn't have problems against weaker forces.

Seven rank 7 cultivators in the gaseous stage entered the cave after confirming that Noah was inside it. They wore black robes, and tight hoods covered their faces.

"We need him alive," One of those hooded cultivators said as the group walked through the rocky environment. "This Defying Demon shouldn't have many resources, so his only value is in his abilities as an inscription master."

The other members of the group nodded at those words, but they soon hesitated to proceed when they lost track of Noah's aura. The seven then exchanged a glance before dispersing through the various branches of the cave.

Noah seemed to have completely disappeared, but those cultivators had already confirmed that the cave didn't have an exit. He had to be inside. It was only a matter of finding him now.

Soft steps echoed through the silent cave. Low snores resounded from the deeper parts of the lair and made the cultivators wary of the creatures resting inside that place.

Noah's disappearance had already messed up with their plans, but they weren't willing to give up on obtaining an inscription master just yet. The value of those experts was immense, especially for small organizations.

'I don't recognize those clothes,' Noah thought as he stared at the group from a peculiar hiding spot. 'Some of those auras feel familiar, but I can't put a face on them. They must have been among the crowd in front of the inscription hall.'

Noah was inside Snore. The Blood Companion managed to suppress his aura, and a layer of dark rocks disguised the creature as part of the environment.

Noah stared at the group's movements while he remained hidden, and he decided to act only when one cultivator neared his position. The expert walked slowly, but dark energy suddenly began to gather on the cave's ceiling. Snore launched its dark beam before the existence could even understand what was happening.

Chapter 1334 1334. Secret organization

'I need to sacrifice some of them to gain the upper hand,' Noah thought as he watched Snore's dark beam engulfing the cultivator and creating a hole in the ground underneath.

That attack alarmed all the existences inside the cave. The other six cultivators and the magical beasts in the lair converged toward the dark beam when they sensed that surge of energy.

Screeches and tremors filled the cave as the magical beasts left the depths to reach Noah's position. The cultivators were closer to that area, so they managed to see the massive snake closing its mouth and diving deeper into the lair.

Noah had no intention to face the cultivators head-on. He would rather pretend to be a giant snake and observe their fights to see if he could understand something about their origin.

Even while inside Snore, Noah was faster than his pursuers. The dark matter created with rank 7 darkness gave the Blood Companion immense power and made it almost stronger than any magical beast in the lower tier.

Those cultivators would have to use movement techniques to catch up with him. Still, deploying them while magical beasts charged toward them would only cause problems, especially since they had yet to locate Noah.

A series of giant Scorpions appeared in Noah's view at some point. They were almost eleven meters long, and their exoskeleton radiated a dark-gray shade as they ran through the shining cave.

Six thick legs, two massive claws, and a tail bigger than the rest of their bodies gave them a threatening appearance, but they could only show some hesitation when they saw Noah.

'Eight magical beasts in the lower tier,' Noah thought as his aura spread in the environment.

His ambition seeped inside the Immortal Lands' fabric and gave birth to black lines that reinforced the cave's overall structure. The air thickened as his individuality forced it to reach superior states of existence.

Noah's greed accompanied his ambition as he unfolded his aura. Intense aggression reached the Scorpions and the cultivators and made them feel pure terror.

The cultivators and the magical beasts understood that Noah was stronger than them as soon as his greed filled their minds. They had no chances in a one versus one battle.

The pursuers didn't let that feature scare them away. Cultivators could deploy tactics and make use of inscribed items to overcome a difference in power. They also wouldn't dare to split after seeing the instant death of their companion.

The magical beasts were different. They wouldn't mind banding together to defeat stronger opponents, especially when they invaded their lair. However, Noah's pressure compelled them to avoid him.

That wouldn't usually be enough to stop the always-hungry magical beasts, but Noah released a roar during their instants of hesitation. His deafening cry spread through the entirety of the cave and gave those creatures a third option.

"Let's focus on the humans!" Noah said through his roars.

Some rank 7 magical beasts weren't capable of generating complicated thoughts, but Noah's message was simple. It stirred their innate sense of belonging to a faction that saw the cultivators as enemies!

The Scorpions shot toward the six cultivators as soon as Noah's cry reached their minds. They saw him as a powerful ally willing to fight together to take care of the most annoying threat. Refusing him would be stupid.

The cultivators had understood that Noah was hiding inside the giant snake after he unfolded his aura. They were already preparing strategies to avoid the Scorpions and corner him, but the arrival of the draconic roar made their expressions pale.

The Immortal Lands were immense, and their citizens had deployed a countless number of unique techniques. Those living in the higher plane had seen so many strange abilities that they didn't even question the reason behind Noah's reptilian eyes.

Yet, the roar made the six cultivators feel a danger that only a powerful magical beast could generate. An obvious conclusion appeared in their minds as the cry echoed through the cave. Defying Demon wasn't a cultivator.

That discovery forced them to reconsider their approach. Capturing a hybrid was a complicated matter to handle. The group's preparations lacked tools that could make them suppress such a powerful creature.

The cultivators decided to retreat simultaneously. They stopped their charge and turned to avoid the incoming Scorpions, but their instincts made them stop as soon as they began to escape.

In the instant after they stopped, a series of black lines formed in front of them and shattered the air. Even the sturdy azure rocks of the cave couldn't survive that attack. A large chunk of the ceiling fell and blocked that tunnel.

Some of the bravest cultivators among the group disregarded the sharpness in the area and charged through the falling boulders. Yet, deep cuts opened on their bodies when they touched Noah's aura.

Their effort to prevent remaining stuck in the cave only brought them large injuries. The boulders sealed that path before any of them could reach the safe area.

The Scorpions reached them at that point, and the two groups started a violent fight. The cultivators had already given up on completing their mission, so they only wanted to buy enough time to create a passage through the boulders.

Instead, the Scorpions radiated pure hunger. Magical beasts on their level rarely had the chance to feed on cultivators, so they didn't hold back in their attempts to tear their flesh apart.

Noah kept his eyes closed as he remained inside Snore. The Demonic Sword was on his forehead, ready to unleash slashes whenever one of the cultivators was about to attack the boulders. He wouldn't let anyone escape the cave.

Even in that dire situation, the cultivators managed to gain the upper hand in the battle. The superiority of their species wasn't something that magical beasts could overcome so easily.

Noah had to help the Scorpions a bit more. Black lines severed the air in the battlefield and created holes in every distracted cultivator. He let his pursuers hurt the beasts, but he didn't allow them to have hope.

The cultivators slowly began to die. A few instants of hesitation and the multiple injuries accumulated on their bodies gave Noah and the Scorpions many openings that they could exploit.

Still, their deaths made the beasts' instincts go wild. Noah had to launch some of his slashes toward the Scorpions and roar again to make them focus.

He told them that they had to divide the prey together, and the Scorpions could only follow his orders for the time being. They would turn on him after that battle was over, and they knew that he would do the same.

"Wait!" One of the hooded cultivators shouted. "We can talk about this!"

The robe partially masked the cultivator's voice, but it couldn't hide much in its tattered state. Noah could hear the desperation in that man's tone, but he didn't slow down his offensive.

More cultivators died, and the man who had spoken before eventually remained alone against the eight injured Scorpions. His life was about to end, and only Noah could save him in that situation.

"Please, I will tell you everything!" The man shouted again. "I will serve you! I will give you everything I have! I will also let you take my companion's belongings!"

Noah felt interested in that offer, but he could sense that the cultivator was still holding something back.

A blinding red light suddenly came out of his body and covered a large area with an intense fire. Two Scorpions died after that attack, but it seemed that the item couldn't affect inanimate matters with its destructive might.

The fire didn't open a path through the boulders, and the man soon had to face the assault of the angry beasts again. His desperation reached its peak at that point, and he decided to reveal everything to appeal to Noah's mercy.

"I come from a secret organization!" The man shouted. "I can tell you everything you need. I can give you access to pieces of information that no library has! I can-."

The man couldn't finish his line since a cry of pain reached his ears, and green blood rained on his head. When he raised his eyes, he saw that the massive snake had bitten off half of a Scorpion's body.

Chapter 1335 1335. Terror

Noah was interested in the resources carried by his pursuers. He was also quite curious about what the man had to say since the library couldn't give him access to every valuable report.

However, his curiosity wouldn't lead him to spare the life of someone that had tried to ambush him. The appeal of valuable resources wouldn't hold back his blade either.

The man had to offer Noah something more valuable than that, and his words had centered the mark when he spoke about the secret organization.

There was a limit to what Noah could learn inside a library, and his lack of affiliations put him in a tough spot when it came to knowing what mattered in the Immortal Lands.

The Land of the Fallen, the other inheritances, and the names of the various organizations were only a small part of what the higher plane held.

Noah knew that every political environment had a dark side, an underground world that ordinary cultivators and reports didn't consider. His experiences in the lower plane had proven that he belonged to that secret part, and he couldn't wait to dive into it.

The five remaining Scorpions turned toward Snore when they saw the snake tearing one of their companions in half. They weren't among the smartest species of magical beasts, but they could realize when one of their allies betrayed them.

Loud screeches filled the cave as the Scorpions ignored the hooded man and turned their attention toward Snore. They simultaneously decided that they would take care of the snake before moving back to the cultivator, but the Blood Companion exploded into a storm of dark matter.

Noah expanded the dark world and reappeared on top of the nearest Scorpion. The center of power that had improved the most since his arrival in the Immortal Lands was his body, so he could finally show his superiority against those creatures.

The dark world had surprised the Scorpions, so Noah's target couldn't react in time to dodge his attack. His sword rose and descended before it could even realize what was happening.

Noah jumped off the Scorpion to reach the next target. Behind him, a fissure opened on the creature and divided its body into two halves. One slash had been enough to kill it.

The dark world could suppress part of the creatures' senses at its current level. Noah's technique had improved after his dark matter evolved, and it had become quite efficient against weak magical beasts.

The Scorpions needed time to get used to that strange environment. Their instincts could still sense imminent dangers, but they were slower than Noah. Being aware of his attacks didn't make them able to dodge them.

Noah reappeared above the next Scorpion, and the Demonic Sword descended again. Snore also formed in a different spot of the dark world and launched its innate ability toward another creature.

Two Scorpions died at the same time, and Noah didn't hesitate to make a move toward the remaining three creatures. Snore coordinated with him to finish that battle as soon as possible.

The hooded man was completely blind. The dark world suppressed his power and senses. It didn't even allow him to hear any sound coming from the battles unfolding around him.

He felt frail under the suppression of Noah's technique. He couldn't summon his individuality, and even controlling his "Breath" had become hard. His mental waves even crumbled as soon as they left his mind.

The hooded man had never been in a similar situation. Disbelief filled his mind when he understood that a single existence had been able to put him in that state.

Noah was on his level. His hybrid status gave him more power than any ordinary cultivator, but that could only influence the physical aspect of his prowess.

Yet, the difference of power shown in that battle was immense. The hooded man couldn't even understand how a gaseous stage cultivator could gain access to such strength. His hopelessness made him feel as if he was fighting against an existence in the liquid stage!

Of course, Noah was no match for actual liquid stage cultivators. His higher energy made him far stronger than existences on his same level, but he couldn't cover the difference between the stages yet.

The dark matter flowed back inside Noah's chest at some point. The hooded man regained his ability to see after the dark world dispersed, and the scene that appeared in his vision left him completely dumbfounded.

Noah had deployed the dark world for almost a minute. Six hungry magical beasts in the lower tier had been alive before his techniques, but they all died among that darkness.

The hooded man's eyes darted from one corpse to another. They all featured injuries that pierced them from side to side. Noah had access to attacks that could ignore those creatures' innate defenses and kill them in seconds!

That discovery made him even more desperate about his situation. Noah had just become an unbeatable monster in his eyes, and he would do anything to please him.

Noah landed on the ground, but he didn't call Snore back as he walked toward the hooded man. The Blood Companion slithered behind him and kept its dark eyes fixed on the cultivator.

The man didn't dare to move under that pressure. He let Noah place a finger on his forehead and inject a series of Shadow Swords into his body. He didn't even react when he sensed the spell closing on his centers of power.

"You might want to talk now," Noah said as roars mixed with his chilling human voice.

Snore encircled the two, and Noah sat on its body as he waited for the cultivator to speak. The dark matter that made the Blood Companion also morphed to create a large armchair that grew under him.

Noah's mental waves expanded and reached the corpses of the Scorpions. Those heavy body parts flew toward him and disappeared inside his separate space, except for a single claw that remained in his grasp.

Noah bit on the claw and started munching its tough tissues without moving his eyes from the cultivator. Green blood fell from the corners of his mouth under the man's skeptical gaze.

The hooded man felt only terror at that point. Noah had performed that act to show the difference between their species, and he had obtained the desired effects. The cultivator wouldn't ever try to lie to him after witnessing that scene.

"I-we have received the order to capture you," The man began. "Your performance in the inscription hall has attracted a lot of attention."

Noah continued to eat the claw, but the coldness radiated by his figure became more intense after he heard those words. That explanation couldn't satisfy him.

"I can unlock the space-rings of my companions for you," The man continued. "I will also give you everything I own."

The man hoped that he could please Noah with those words, but the coldness in the area became more intense again. Noah didn't want small pieces of information. He desired everything.

"Where do I need to start?" The man eventually asked.

"The beginning of this secret organization," Noah casually replied. "Don't forget any detail. I want to hear everything you know."

Chapter 1336 1336. Spy

The hooded man didn't know much. He was only one of the weakest henchmen in a large organization that dealt with multiple aspects of the Immortal Lands. According to his words, that secret force even had a few rank 8 existences in its ranks.

The man's name was Fergie, and he had a fire aptitude. He had short black hair and red eyes. A series of scars filled his body, and he appeared unable to remove them even with his divine status.

The item that had instantly killed two Scorpions before came from the division leader seated in Vagona city. It was something given to him after he completed multiple missions, but it was nothing more than a disposable weapon capable of great power.

Fergie had never met the leader of his division. He only had a special inscribed notebook that allowed him to communicate with the secret organization's higher-ups. He didn't even know the name of that force. He was only aware of its existence and that it was one of its members.

The secret organizations had members in every part of the Immortal Lands, according to Fergie's knowledge. It mostly dealt with rare items and specific political missions in Vagona city, but there didn't seem to be a limit to the types of jobs it could complete.

Moreover, it didn't have any competitors in its field. Fergie claimed that his organization was the only secret force in the entirety of the Immortal Lands.

The most incredible fact about that force was that most cultivators were unaware of its existence. The higher-ups of the other organizations and families ensured that it remained a secret from the ordinary citizens, and they even provided fees to keep it active.

'This isn't a simple group of rebels or mercenaries,' Noah thought as he listened to Fergie's explanation. 'This organization has deep roots in the very structure of the Immortal Lands. I'm surprised something like this even exists in this place.'

Noah knew a lot about secret organizations. He had been the Patriarch of a former underground sect, and he had witnessed multiple revolutions. The fact that something so big could survive among other powerful forces made him sure that its leaders couldn't be simple rank 8 existences.

"I don't know anything else," Fergie said. "This kind of knowledge is easy to obtain once you are inside the organization, but you won't find anything about it if you use normal methods. You can only trust my words."

"You are nothing more than the last wheel of a power that you don't understand," Noah coldly replied as he massaged his temples.

The situation had instantly become more complicated. Noah didn't expect to face repercussions for his actions in the cave, but he now knew that the Immortal Lands were hiding a lot from him.

Taking into consideration the many families and famous forces was easy. Remaining wary of a secret organization that could influence the entire human domain was a stressful matter. Noah also wanted to use that knowledge to his advantage, but he didn't know how far he could push his luck in that situation.

"I can set up a meeting with the division leader," Fergie proposed. "Inscription masters are a rare resource in the higher plane. I'm sure the organization will give you special benefits, especially after it learns about your species."

"Why would anyone willing meet stronger existences?" Noah asked in a rhetorical tone.

Meeting important figures inside the secret organization was out of the question. Noah couldn't ensure his safety in front of those existences. It would be perfect if he could seize benefits from afar, but he didn't know if that was possible in his condition.

"Give me everything contained in your space-rings for now," Noah eventually said as deep thoughts surged inside his mind.

Fergie began to gather his companion's resources while Noah continued to evaluate his situation. He had a few options at hand, but he didn't know which one could benefit him the most.

Becoming an external ally to the secret organization was the best option, but the other party could label him as a threat and hunt him down. The risk of creating more enemies was something that Noah had to consider thoroughly.

Instead, ignoring everything learnt from Fergie was a waste. Noah could kill him to remove the last witness of those events. No one would be able to warn the secret organization about his knowledge at that point, but he would also lose his only contact with that force.

'I need to use him,' Noah concluded in his mind.

He couldn't find a perfect solution, but Fergie gave him the chance to approach the secret force without exposing himself. The only problem was how freely he could control him.

"Do they check your memories?" Noah asked when Fergie neared him to deliver the goods.

"They won't unless I reach higher places inside the organization," Fergie replied. "I have been forced to join after I offended a member of the Sailbrird family. I need to work for it until I repay my debt."

"Which will probably never happen," Noah concluded Fergie's line.

A series of items fell in front of him. His pursuers didn't have much. They only owned a few Soul Stones and some valuable material. They didn't have any technique with them, but Noah could finally obtain the items capable of fending off the sky's pressure.

'A little more than six hundred Soul Stones and materials that I can't sell here,' Noah thought as he inspected the special items. 'Maybe commissioning a robe to a tier-three master has been too much at my current level.'

"Why are inscription masters so rare here?" Noah asked as he played with six black bracelets.

Noah had been able to gain three hundred and ten Soul Stones in a few days, but those cultivators were poorer than him even if they belonged to the secret organization. He suspected that the library had failed to teach him some crucial aspects of the Immortal Lands.

"It's hard for us natives to develop inscription methods," Fergie answered. "We don't live through the human ranks, and the divine materials of the higher plane prevent us from gaining experience in those fields. Only wealthy families can nurture talents since the heroic ranks."

That was another piece of knowledge that the library had failed to give him. Noah knew that divine magical beasts could give birth to heroic creatures, but he had no idea if the same applied to humans.

No cultivator in the human ranks could survive the Immortal Lands' environment, but there weren't many ascended experts in the entire higher plane. Still, Fergie quickly solved his doubts.

"Humans use artificial environments," Fergie replied. "Most families have special separate dimensions that nourish their children until they reach the heroic ranks. They pay good money to the libraries to keep the reports about them outside of their structures."

Dark matter seeped inside the bracelets and confirmed that they were harmless. Noah wore one of them and sensed some pressure leaving his mind. He could finally fly freely under the white light of the sky. He had obtained one of the items needed before the journey toward the Land of the Fallen.

"Tell the organization that I used my hybrid status to win against your group," Noah said after he decided how to use Fergie. "Tell them that I managed to run after killing the others, and mention that you want to move in the Land of the Fallen. I want to review every mission you receive from now on."

Chapter 1337 1337. Surprise

Noah let Fergie go back to Vagona city to report the failure of his mission. He had left a large amount of dark matter inside his body to keep the Shadow Swords active, so he didn't need to control him directly.

Fergie's dead companions also had inscribed notebooks that Noah could seize, so contacting him wasn't a problem. The Shadow Swords made the cultivator Noah's servant, but the two had to remain separated to avoid unwanted attention.

Noah's plan didn't change after learning about the existence of the secret organization. His main focus would always remain on his power, and the Land of the Fallen could offer him more opportunities than any other place in the Immortal Lands.

Still, he wanted to remain informed about other opportunities. Fergie could keep him updated about them. Noah planned to precede every group sent by the secret organization if he learnt about something interesting.

Noah could put the matter about the secret organization in the back of his mind after Fergie left. He still needed more than a thousand Soul Stones for his robe, and he didn't dare to begin his journey without that item.

His recent discovery had only reinforced the belief that he needed something capable of masking his presence. He couldn't allow anyone to follow him, especially since threatening existences hid in every organization of the Immortal Lands.

Noah still needed to decide which item he would forge to obtain that sum, but he had gathered some materials. The cultivators and the Scorpions had given him various resources that he could use to create something valuable.

His options quickly moved toward the weapons. Noah didn't know what the market of the higher plane needed now, but items that anyone could use were always a valuable resource.

'Do I just create the biggest bomb that I can make?' Noah wondered as he sized his materials.

He had enough materials to create something huge, but the actual value of a giant bomb would go down if he didn't add any important feature. The Instabilities were strong, but they were also easy to defend against. If Noah created a bigger version of those disposable weapons, he risked forging something that could endanger the caster.

'I guess it's time to create living weapons,' Noah concluded as he left the cave and set off to find other magical beasts.

Noah had usually needed Thirty-seven's help during the creation of living weapons. The automaton had immense knowledge, and it was the expert behind the birth of the modified Body-inscription spell.

That spell was necessary to isolate a magical beast's will and place it inside a Core, but Noah was a god now. He could use his mental waves to replicate similar effects and obtain what he needed.

He would also resume using the innate properties of his mental energy. It was a waste not to eat the wills of his prey, but his mental sphere was still too fragile for that type of training.

Noah needed to find a beast with an ability worthy of copying, and the Scorpions didn't have it. Most of the creatures inhabiting the mountains near Vagona city were the same. They lacked valuable innate skills.

A large Crackling Eagle eventually entered the range of his consciousness and aroused his interest. That creature wasn't too powerful, but it had a good movement technique that Noah could replicate.

Working with materials of the lightning element made him think about June, but the many adventures that waited for him on his journey made him ignore the longing that he felt.

His divine status and dark matter allowed Noah to simplify many procedures during the creation of that living weapon. He had to use the Divine Deduction technique and fail a few times to polish the process, but he eventually obtained something worth selling in an inscription hall.

"The leader accepted to transfer me in the Land of the Fallen," Fergie said through the inscribed notebook. "I will set off in a few months after joining a new group. You shouldn't come back to Vagona city until we leave."

Noah could understand the reasons behind Fergie's worry, but he had matters to complete in Vagona city. He couldn't leave just yet. He would deal with everything that appeared on his path after he obtained what he needed.

Noah quickly returned to Vagona city after he completed his weapon, and he didn't hesitate to walk back to the inscription hall belonging to the Balrow family.

Saul came out of the main structure once he saw him, and a small crowd formed in front of the inscription hall after they notice his arrival. Those cultivators believed that Noah would create many inscribed items again, but they soon felt disappointed.

"Do you have any cultivator with a lightning aptitude that can test these?" Noah asked as he revealed a simple-looking pair of shoes.

Noah didn't use many materials to create those shoes. The Crackling Eagle had provided resources with an innate resistance to lightning, and the Scorpions had given him a large amount of sturdy skin.

Saul inspected the shoes, but an Eagle's cry resounded through the inscription hall when his mental waves touched the weapon. That sudden event startled him, but an intense interest soon filled his mind.

The expert had never seen anything similar. The Immortal Lands had many unique techniques and weapons, but Saul had only interacted with prototypes when it came to living items.

Instead, those shoes didn't show the slightest flaw. They were a proper lifeform that Noah had built to serve cultivators.

Needless to say, Saul had already decided that he would purchase that item. It didn't matter if he couldn't use it. Studying that single living weapon could unlock many inscription methods that had failed to progress for years.

Saul eventually found a cultivator with a lightning aptitude and summoned her in the inscription hall to test the shoes. The will inside the Core tried to oppose its new master, but it soon agreed to comply with her demands.

The woman tested the shoes and remained speechless in front of their power. Even Saul had to admit that the effects shown by that item surpassed his expectations.

The shoes allowed the cultivator to release lightning bolts to accelerate. She had instantly gained a movement technique that didn't deplete much energy. She didn't even need to train to perfect it.

"One thousand and nine hundred Soul Stones," Saul said after the woman returned and left the shoes on a pedestal.

Noah's eyes sharpened when he heard that number. Saul had kept track of him and knew exactly how much he had to pay for his commissioned robe.

"Don't even think about it," Noah replied. "Six thousand."

"Even items in the liquid stage don't cost that much," Saul continued.

"This is the best available item for cultivators in the gaseous stage," Noah replied again. "I bet you have a line of rich customers willing to pay far more than that."

Saul smiled when he heard that remark, and the two eventually agreed to value the item four thousand and five hundred Soul Stones. Noah acceded to sell it right away after he heard that price, and he directly left to reach the shop where he had commissioned his robe.

A waiter calmly led him toward the shop's upper floors, and Thea quickly joined him in his room. Still, her expression showed a mixture of emotions that Noah couldn't decipher.

"Did something happen during the inscription?" Noah asked.

"No, no. Nothing that tragic," Thea replied. "It's actually the opposite. Your robe has come out as a rank 7 item in the middle tier."

Chapter 1338 1338. Famous

"What?!" Noah exclaimed when he heard Thea's words.

He couldn't hide his surprise. He had guessed that his ambition would influence the creation of the robe, but he didn't expect it to reach the middle tier!

After all, Thea wasn't an ordinary expert. She was a tier-three inscription master in the liquid stage. Her power and expertise put her far above regular rank 7 cultivators. Her backing also made her a privileged existence in the Immortal Lands.

Noah was sure that she didn't commit any mistake during her inscription. Masters at her level would be meticulous about the number and power of the materials used during the procedure. The reason behind that surprising outcome had to come from outside her ability.

Still, Vagona city had rules that every shop had to respect, and many of them revolved around inscriptions. Noah had commissioned an item, and Thea had asked a maximum of two thousand Soul Stones. The law was on his side in that transaction.

"Something like this has never happened to me," Thea said. "The expenses for the new materials will be on me. I only ask you to wait a bit longer for your commission."

"Can't you give me the robe in the middle tier?" Noah asked.

"You don't understand," Thea answered. "Our robes are so powerful because they perfectly match the individualities of our customers. They link themselves to their existence. Having something far stronger than you risks to suppress rather than empower."

There was an issue with the overlapping of individualities. Noah would probably face similar problems if the Demonic Sword were to surpass his level. The weapon would become the core of his existence instead of being one of its branches.

Noah had questioned Thea because he was unaware of the features of those robes. Yet, he became interested in her creation after he had learnt about them.

"What if you sold it to me anyway?" Noah asked, and Thea showed pure confusion at his question.

The rules of Vagona city forced her to recreate the robe at her expense. That included purchasing materials and the time required to perform the inscription. Also, it would waste her first creation since it could only suit Noah.

Choosing to buy the robe in the middle tier was simply stupid in her eyes. Noah suddenly sounded like an idiot to her. She suspected that he underestimated the dangerousness that could accompany a divine item.

Of course, Noah didn't underestimate anything. He was betting that he could control the middle tier robe with his current power. If the task happened to be impossible, he would commission a new item.

"This is a rank 7 item in the middle tier," Thea said as her tone grew calmer. "Its abilities reflect that level of power, and even its innate defense is quite high."

Thea had changed approach after she saw Noah's reaction. She wouldn't complain about his alleged idiocy as long as it could solve her issue. Yet, she couldn't sell an item in the middle tier at the same price as a weaker one.

"The laws of Vagona city are clear," Noah replied as a cold smile appeared on his face. "You have told me that two thousand Soul Stones were enough for your robe, and I won't spend more than that. The choice is yours. Either throw this item away and inscribe a new one or sell it at the established price."

Thea felt surprised for the second time in that conversation. She didn't expect Noah to know the rules so well, and he had even instantly understood how to exploit that situation to his advantage.

No one would ever buy a robe inscribed for someone else. The clash between the individualities would lower its power, making it express weaker features.

Thea would have to sell that item at a far lower price or directly throw it away. She could contain her losses and even gain something out of her work only if she completed the transaction with Noah.

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Noah came out of the shop a few hours later. Thea had almost instantly accepted to sell him the robe for two thousand Soul Stones, and she had used the time after the transaction to explain to him how the item worked.

The shop had even given him a storage item that could contain the robe. It was a crystal-shaped black pendant with less than a few meters of space, so it was relatively cheap in the current market.

Noah entered a random restaurant and ordered some wine while he contacted Fergie. The cultivator had warned him not to return to Vagona city, so Noah wanted to understand how the secret organization had taken that news.

"You are in the clear," Fergie's voice resounded in Noah's mind as he held his inscribed notebook. "The division leader has lost interest in you after learning about your hybrid state."

Noah had to wait a few hours to receive that answer, but he felt happy to hear it. He could now leave and take his time in the wilderness without worrying about other sudden ambushes.

'I need to leave soon,' Noah thought as he felt gazes landing on him. 'I have become quite famous already.'

The cultivators passing in front of the restaurant and those sitting on the tables near him couldn't help themselves. They would stare at Noah as soon as they recognized him.

That wasn't a surprising reaction from the citizens of Vagona city. Noah had gone from completely unknown to one of the most promising inscription masters in the gaseous stage.

Selling the living weapon to the inscription hall had made his fame skyrocket, and his many interactions with the best shops had helped in that matter. The name "Defying Demon" was now quite known, and many powerful families had already made plans to recruit him.

Noah could guess that powerful cultivators would look for him in the next period, and he didn't want to go through that. He feared that he would meet someone who could force him to join an organization.

Those were the dangers of being at the bottom of the food chain. Noah had been lucky with his encounters, but any cultivator in the liquid stage or above had the power to force him to join an organization.

Chief Ash, Thea, and Saul had no intention to use violent methods, and Noah wanted to leave before he met someone that would. His acquaintances could also change their minds if he stuck around for too long, so he couldn't hesitate anymore.

Noah left the restaurant in a hurry after he heard Fergie's answer. Vagona city couldn't offer him anything else for now, so he set off as soon as he reached its borders.

He had planned the route to the Land of the Fallen, but he didn't want to travel just yet. Noah had to solve the issue with the robe before diving deep into the wilderness, and only a long period of training could increase his chances to succeed in handling that item.

The middle tier was slightly weaker than the liquid stage but quite stronger than the gaseous stage. That would put Noah in a tough spot if he were a simple cultivator, but his hybrid status gave him some hope in the matter.

Also, he had overcome his bottleneck, so he had the chance to increase his power again before testing how hard it was to control the robe.

Chapter 1339 1339. Ownership

Noah had learnt how he had to advance through the divine ranks. Rank 7 cultivators needed to expand their individualities and made them able to affect the laws around them. Their existences had to become complete worlds that could interact with the higher plane.

That belief came from the sum of his clues and understanding. Earth and his experiences in the inscription hall had taught him what a cultivator had to strive for in the divine ranks, but his knowledge about the matter was still vague.

Different ranks usually represented different stages in the cultivation journey. Noah knew that he would be a world at the peak of the divine ranks, but he wasn't aware of the various steps he had to follow to reach that destination.

He could only guess them for the time being. Still, the first step appeared quite obvious now. His individuality had to learn how to take control of the laws around him.

It was the same effect of the dark world, but Noah had to obtain it with the sole force of his existence. His instincts told him that he would reach the eighth rank only when his individuality managed to create a personal domain right in the middle of those divine lands.

His guess seemed to work while he cultivated inside an improvised cave in the mountain chain around Vagona city. Noah sensed the arrival of bottlenecks from time to time, but he could overcome them by training on influencing the world with his individuality.

The cave and the rocky terrain around him had transformed after he spent a few years immersed in his cultivation. Thick black lines ran on the azure surfaces of his habitation, and part of the mountain around him had also turned black after his extensive training sessions.

Noah was growing at an incredible pace, and he was vaguely aware of that. The matter affected by his individuality would still return to its original state after some time, but he was slowly learning how to make those changes eternal.

The reason behind his success in his cultivation came from his experience in that process. The dark world had already shown how to handle a personal domain, and the pride inherited from the magical beasts' world allowed him to affect the laws more easily.

His hybrid status was helping his cultivation, and the same went for his fourth center of power. Features that would generally affect different aspects of his power improved his situation in ways that other cultivators could only envy.

Noah felt that the divine ranks were pushing his existence to reach a complete state that didn't see any difference among his centers of power. He guessed that growing as a god would make him more similar to his Demonic Sword since the blade had four centers of power fused into a simple form.

'It's time,' Noah thought once he felt that his existence had reached a superior level of completeness.

Spending unending years in seclusions had never been his main approach to the cultivation journey. Noah wanted adventures, so he didn't hesitate to take out his pendant once he felt that his power had risen to a decent level.

Snore, the Demonic Sword, and Night came out of his chest and waited for him to wear the robe. They would attack the item if something went wrong and limit the damages.

Noah activated the Divine Deduction technique, and the black hole in his chest spun faster to empower the resilience of his mind. He needed the best out of his mental capabilities to succeed in his task.

The pendant radiated a dark light that became more intense when Noah touched it. A long strand of a black cloth came out of the storage item, and a powerful aura spread in the environment when it landed on the ground.

That cloth didn't have the form of a robe. It was nothing more than a polished strand of a soft material. Still, Thea had told Noah how to activate its properties, so the item's shape didn't surprise him.

Noah undressed and took a deep breath before touching the cloth. The item began to move at that point, and an intense ambition came out of it to fuse with Noah's existence.

A violent surge of energy invaded Noah's mind once the two ambitions met. He felt as if a foreign existence wanted to take control of his thoughts and rule his actions.

Something similar happened to his other centers of power. His black hole slowed down its rotation, his dantian started to leak darkness, and his body felt clunky to move.

The cloth saw its ambition as the core of Noah's existence, and his individuality seemed to agree with that. Noah felt the ownership of his power slowly move toward the item as he remained in contact with it.

Snore and the Demonic Sword gave voice to hisses and roars when they saw Noah in that condition, but he refused their help through his mind.

Noah felt that he could tame that item. He was stronger than ever. The events with Fergie's group had benefited his body, and his dantian had grown well in the last years. He was far past the bottom of the gaseous stage.

His ambition surged while the cloth tried to take control of every aspect of his existence. Pride, aggression, greed, sharpness, destruction, creation, and everything fueled by his individuality came out of his figure and interacted with the item's aura.

The Demonic Sword resonated with Noah's individuality. The weapon roared as it unfolded its aura and helped his existence fend back the power of the cloth.

Noah felt through the influence that reached his mind that he was still far away from that level of power. However, he was against a piece of cloth that carried an echo of his existence. He had an immense advantage in that battle.

The cloth's aura slowly submitted to Noah's existence after the Demonic Sword helped in the battle. The fabric began to wrap itself around his arm and continued until it covered most of his body.

Once the process ended, Noah felt naked. He was wearing a black robe, but he didn't sense its weight. He couldn't even tell where the aura from before had gone.

'A true piece of art,' Noah thought.

That superficial feature had already proven that an expert had created that robe. Noah could sense that his new clothes' black fabric was as sturdy as his skin even if it wasn't its main quality, but he didn't feel the weight of its power.

'Let's try to activate its effects,' Noah thought as he poured darkness inside the robe.

The consumption of "Breath" of an item in the middle tier was incredible, so Noah had to use a lot of his darkness to see the effects of his new clothes. The robe morphed as energy flowed through its fabric. Strands of cloth came out of it to cover every exposed piece of skin.

The robe didn't even spare Noah's fingers. Only a small part of his face remained uncovered, but the hood and scarf that had appeared after that process ended could keep Noah anonymous anyway.

Noah quickly controlled the robe to free his fingers of its cloth, and the fabric followed his orders. A rank 7 inscribed item in the middle tier was following his directives. He had succeeded in subduing something more powerful than him!

Chapter 1340 1340. Exciting

Noah performed a few tests with the robe before calling back its power and turning it into its original form. He had to understand for how long he could use its cloaking ability, and the result satisfied him.

The robe required a lot of darkness to activate its power, but its consumption was almost non-existence once it fully transformed. That discovery eased Noah's worries since he could now treat the item as one of his spells.

The robe's style was quite simple in its normal form. It was tight and battle-oriented. It lacked any sign and pattern. It was nothing more than black cloth piled together to create elegant but plain clothes.

'I can finally move toward the Land of the Fallen,' Noah thought after he spent a few more months cultivating in his cave.

Fergie had told him that he had already left Vagona city to fly toward the Land of the Fallen with his new team. They were ahead of Noah, but the journey to reach that place was quite long, so he had the time to catch up with them.

The dark matter in Fergie's body could fuel the Shadow Swords spell for a few decades, and Noah needed to refill it if he wanted to keep the cultivator under his control. Still, there would be time to meet along the journey, and he could always sense how long his restrictions would last.

Noah wouldn't give up on his spy so easily. He had managed to place a mole inside that mysterious secret organization, and the benefits that it could bring made Fergie quite valuable in his mind.

Noah wasn't even after political recognition, so he could avoid arousing suspects easily. He only wanted to use Fergie to seize valuable resources and reach important areas before they became too famous.

The long journey started with Noah leaving his cave and flying in a straight line toward his destination. The bracelets seized from Fergie's last team would eventually stop functioning, but they could help him ignore the radiations of the white sky for now.

Noah would purchase a better version of those items at some point, but he didn't want to waste Soul Stones for now. That currency could help him overcome a few bottlenecks since it contained raw laws, so he wished to accumulate them until he found something necessary for his journey.

The knowledge obtained in the library gave Noah a complete image of the lands that he had to cross. The wilderness followed specific patterns in the human domain, and that made his hunts straightforward.

Every environment had a single leader in control of a predominant species. The regions of the Immortal Lands were immense, so their fauna didn't lack diversity. Yet, they all had certain creatures at the top of the food chain.

When Noah knew their features, hunting down suitable prey was almost a child's play for a hunter like him. He could make full use of his superiority and exploit the innate weaknesses of those creatures to kill them quickly.

His robe also kept him safe from the strongest beasts in the regions that he crossed. The item could hide his presence even from creatures in the middle tier, so he had nothing to worry about as long as he continued to be careful.

Noah's stash of materials grew as he flew through those lands and explored their environments. Majestic sceneries always filled his vision, and the pure aura of the Immortal Lands always accompanied his travel.

Still, Noah noticed how the magical beasts in those regions became more violent as he neared the end of the human domain. Their behavior didn't come from the scarce influence of the cultivators. Its cause was the intense aggression that flowed out of the lands in the distance.

That aggression managed to affect Noah too. He had distanced himself from the magical beasts' world after his existence evolved into something that surpassed the hybrids, but that aura was too intense even for him.

Noah didn't notice that feature after his ascension because the events that had followed it had been quite messy. He had also marched toward calm lands back then, so his senses never truly experienced the difference in the atmosphere.

Yet, he now experienced that aggression in its entirety. The violence that filled the air made him jumpy and paranoid, and it forced him to take breaks more often to calm himself.

Noah became sure that the magical beasts' domain hid threats that he couldn't quite conceive. He had experienced too little of the Immortal Lands to know the long-lasting effects of rank 8 creatures, but he knew that the lingering aggression had to come from something stronger.

'A horde of monsters that hide living catastrophes,' Noah concluded during his travel.

Those were the only words that he could use to describe his feelings toward the magical beasts' domain. His superior awareness worked against him in that situation since it made him sense that aggression more vividly, but Noah didn't let it scare him away.

That aura caused his instincts to go wild, but it also stirred his ambition to grow. Part of him couldn't wait to obtain enough power to explore those lands and uncover their secrets.

As the years passed, Noah eventually felt forced to contact Fergie again. He had to refill his body with dark matter, and he wanted to see if the secret organization had informed him about exciting issues.

Fergie didn't answer at the beginning. Noah waited for days that his spy listened to his mental message, but he lost his patience after more than two weeks passed without a reply.

Noah gave a quick command to the Shadow Swords at that point. He only needed to focus on his mental connection with that spell to activate a part of their power.

Of course, he didn't order anything that could expose Fergie, but he wanted to remind him who controlled his life. Noah didn't mind threatening him if that improved his results.

Fergie replied a few hours after Noah activated his spell. The cultivator was livid about the whole matter, but Noah gave voice to a series of threats that made him fear for his life.

The sole idea that the secret organization could become aware of his betrayal made Fergie shake in fear. Even exposing Noah wouldn't save him from endless tortures once his companions learnt about his status as a spy.

Fergie even agreed to meet Noah after his threats. The two had to travel for three months to reach a region that allowed Fergie to split from his group and encounter his master without arousing any suspect.

"I was in the middle of a hunt!" Fergie complained when he met Noah. "I can't show any weakness if I want to keep my privileged status among gaseous stage cultivators. You should also care about this!"

"I do care about the value of my precious spy," Noah said as he filled Fergie's body with dark matter, "But I suspect that he wants freedom."

"Not at all!" Fergie exclaimed as he lowered his head. "I swore to serve you! I will never dream about betraying my merciful master!"

Noah ignored those words to question him about important matters. He had already traveled for some years since his departure from Vagona city, but Fergie didn't give him anything valuable in that period.

"Teams don't usually receive new missions before meeting their new leader," Fergie explained. "That can happen when something rare appears out of nowhere. The Immortal Lands can be unpredictable, but you can't expect to meet new opportunities every decade."

"What about the old ones?" Noah asked. "Is there something worth exploring in these areas that you have failed to mention while you were busy hunting?"

A chill ran down Fergie's spine when he heard those words, and he fell silent for a few seconds as he thought about an answer that could satisfy his jumpy master. Then, he seemed to recall something.

"There is an old inheritance ground at a few months of travel from here," Fergie explained. "It belongs to the Balrow family, and it has already rewarded a few cultivators. Yet, it should still have many rewards too difficult to obtain."