

DEMONIC 1451

### **Chapter 1451 1451. Transformation**

Jordan and Cassandra fought above the others, high in the white sky.

The two exchanged violent blows, creating shockwaves that spread through the very structure of the sky. Jordan spat flames and flapped her wings to launch dense gales that detonated mid-air. Instead, Cassandra controlled the flow of her opponent's attacks to redirect them.

They had yet to start fighting seriously, but everything changed when a loud roar echoed through the area. Jordan revealed a broad smile, and Cassandra wore a shocked expression when she glanced at the land below.

Jordan didn't need to look down to understand what had happened. Hybrids didn't need words to communicate. One roar was enough to express deep meanings like the victory over a powerful opponent.

"I think it's time to end this façade," Jordan said as her scaled wings arched and released dense gales.

The gales seemed alive. They flew through the sky and surrounded Cassandra before converging toward her figure. A loud detonation followed and a hurricane formed in that spot.

Jordan's true meaning was control. Her individuality depended on the amount of air that she could submit to her will. In theory, she could achieve something similar to the Shadow Domain as long as her opponents fell into her range.

The hurricane shrunk into the shape of a rotating sphere. The pressure in its insides was so high that most hybrids would struggle to survive in that environment. Yet, Jordan knew that Cassandra was still alive.

The sphere began to slow down. Its spin eventually stopped, and the whole attack opened to reveal Cassandra. She didn't suffer any injury. Even her robe was perfectly fine.

"Charles might be dead," Cassandra said, "But the situation doesn't change. I only need to kill all of you by myself."

"You can try if you want," Jordan said before launching more gales through her wings.

The winds transformed into a sea of sharp needles that flew toward Cassandra, but the cultivator waved her hand, and the attack condensed before dodging her figure.

The gale made of needles then flew around Cassandra to shoot toward Jordan. The cultivator only needed to wave her hands to send those attacks back toward her opponent.

Jordan's wings flapped again, and winds clashed with the incoming attack. Cassandra's technique didn't manage to do much, but that didn't solve Jordan's situation.

"Can you use your attacks?" Jordan asked. "I have already grown tired of these exchanges."

"You asked for it," Cassandra replied, and her individuality surged as a massive whirlpool formed among the sky.

Water also materialized as her aura flowed into the environment. The whirlpool had Cassandra as its center and caught Jordan in its external layers.

Even with her hybrid strength, Jordan didn't manage to escape from those raging currents. The whirlpool dragged her along its rotations, and she felt the pressure landing on her body increasing as she reached deeper areas of the structure.

"I prefer to use my opponents' attacks to fight," Cassandra said from the center of the whirlpool. "My techniques put an end to battles too quickly."

The pressure restrained Jordan's wings and her movements. She felt unable to do anything to escape from that attack. Her skin also started to cave in as the force pressing on her body continued to increase.

The whirlpool was a perfect trap that she couldn't escape. Jordan could predict that her body would be nothing more than a meat paste by the time she reached the center of the technique.

"I expected more from you," Cassandra said. "It's rare to find hybrids in the solid stage, but I guess that you have reached this level by sacrificing your potential. Your attacks are below the average of cultivators at your stage."

"Of course," Jordan said. "It's hard to pretend to be a human. Your form is so limiting."

Shock appeared on Cassandra's face when she heard that voice. Jordan was already halfway through the whirlpool. The pressure there was so intense that no sound could escape.

However, Cassandra had heard that voice. Something was off, and her shock increased when she glanced toward Jordan. Her opponent had disappeared. Only her robe continued to flow through the whirlpool.

When the robe crumbled, a large shadow appeared above Cassandra. The cultivator saw a giant dragon when she raised her head. Amber scales covered the forty meters long creature, but its eyes were the same as her opponent.

"Humans," Jordan's mocking voice came out of the dragon before it spat a wave of red flames that covered the whole whirlpool.

The pressure radiated by Cassandra's technique captured the flames and forced them to flow along the currents. However, signs of instability began to appear on the whirlpool as that massive fire fused with its figure.

Jordan continued to spit flames, and Cassandra eventually helped her technique to disperse the attack. The whirlpool absorbed the fire and destroyed it through its pressure, but Jordan's assault didn't stop.

The currents started to fall apart as Jordan's offensive continued. The whirlpool slowly crumbled under the might of those flames. Only Cassandra didn't move. The fire didn't even touch her.

"What an annoying individuality," Jordan said as a sigh escaped her draconic mouth.

"Your attacks are only slightly stronger than average," Cassandra replied as a mocking tone seeped into her words. "You might have changed form, but your power is still nothing compared to my law."

"Your knowledge of us is laughable," Jordan said as she completely unfolded her wings. "My fire is only an innate ability. It has nothing to do with my individuality or mental energy."

Cassandra understood what Jordan meant, but it was already too late for her. Jordan flapped her massive wings, and a mountain made of air fell on the cultivator.

The expert waved her hands to disperse the immense gale, but her power fell short against that technique. Jordan had moved too much air with her attack. Cassandra couldn't redirect something that carried so much energy.

The immense gale slammed on Cassandra and flung her back on the ground. Blood accumulated in her mouth and on the corners of her eyes when she hit the terrain. The attack had been no different than a direct punch from a magical beast.

Cassandra had survived only because her individuality had allowed her to disperse part of the attack's power, but that didn't change her situation. The massive dragon had begun to dive toward her. Cassandra had to do something, or she would die in the following exchange.

The cultivator created a massive dome that rotated and absorbed energy during its spins. Once it had accumulated enough power, it shot a condensed vertical current that pierced Jordan's draconic belly and opened a large injury.

Jordan didn't care about that wound. She continued to dive and gain speed under the concerned gaze of her opponent. Cassandra continued to use her dome to launch condensed currents, but the Dragon didn't mind enduring them.

Once Jordan was about to reach the ground, she unfolded her wings to stop and gather violent winds. Then, she threw those gales toward the ground, unleashing a shockwave that affected even the battlefields close to her.

The dome tried to fend off that attack, but the wall of wind was too dense for the technique. Cassandra could only watch as currents fell from her spell and an immense pressure landed on her body.

Before she could do anything, the pressure turned Cassandra into a bloody pulp. Jordan had only needed to hit her once to kill her.

### **Chapter 1452 1452. Parts**

King Elbas didn't get the chance to kill his opponent. Percival began to escape after his lightning bolts became useless against the Royal, and his speed wasn't something that King Elbas could match.

Still, Jordan chased Percival and finished him off with a massive gale. King Elbas had already injured him, so she didn't need to start another fight.

Jordan also flew in Don's aid. The hybrid had suffered many injuries during his unfavorable battle, but his superior resilience allowed him to continue to fight. Yet, his opponents were too many, so he didn't manage to deal finishing blows after defeating a few of them.

Jordan in her dragon form took care of those liquid stage cultivators and made sure that no one escaped. The less the Crystal City knew about them, the higher their chances of surviving future attacks.

Noah had watched the various battles through his consciousness. He had seen Don's violent fight against that group of liquid stage cultivators. He had witnessed the power of King Elbas' individuality. He had felt in awe in front of Jordan's dragon form.

His companions were monsters, just like him. Don was the expert who wasn't entirely off the scale, but his law allowed him to enhance his already superior features. The hybrid was also on his path to becoming an existence that normal labels couldn't describe.

'To think that she could transform into a dragon,' Noah thought as he watched the massive beast shrinking and regaining a human form.

Jordan winked toward Noah when she sensed his gaze on her naked body. His stare carried no lust. Noah only wanted to see if he could understand the secret behind her transformation. Still, Jordan didn't mind and let him watch as she wore a robe taken out of her space-ring.

'That guy is also quite troublesome,' Noah thought as his attention moved on King Elbas. 'I guess he really is the best at what he does.'

King Elbas' abilities seemed the best among the members of the group. The Royal could become immune to laws as long as he managed to develop a substance that countered their true meanings.

Noah could force his cultivation level to grow and skip entire stages as long as his potential reflected those improvements. Yet, King Elbas could render individualities useless. His expertise could also make him the most troublesome of the opponents.

If he had to speak the truth, Noah wouldn't feel completely confident in a one versus one battle against King Elbas. He would have the upper hand in the fight, but he didn't know if he could win.

Still, one thing became certain in his mind after that battle. The growth of every living being was exponential, but no existence could compare to the hybrids in that field. The strength that they could wield once they reached the solid stage was immense, and Jordan was a living example of that fact.

Noah began to wonder about the power wielded by the leaders of the Legion. Jordan appeared far stronger than any other solid stage cultivator, so the rank 8 existences inside her organization had to feature a larger difference of power against humans at a similar level.

'That difference will be greater with me,' Noah concluded as he closed his eyes to assess the damage on his body. 'I will surpass even the monsters sitting on the eighth rank. My potential is so high that even solid stage "Breath" can't satisfy me.'

Noah's body still featured many injuries even if the effects of the flames had run out. Spiderwebs of cracks covered his whole skin, and internal wounds still leaked blood through the body.

His flames had only managed to stabilize his body at that time. Those injuries had taken roots now, so he couldn't fly toward another area to burn something that could make him heal faster.

Those injuries were part of his body now, and only a normal healing process could fix them. Absorbing, eating, and burning "Breath" would fill his black hole with energy that would reach his tissues only after the organ purified it.

Jordan, Don, and King Elbas flew toward Noah and sat next to him after their battles were over. Only Jordan didn't suffer any injury. The others were far from their peak condition.

King Elbas had lost almost half of his torso. Golden flames flowed out of his injury and slowly rebuilt the missing tissues, but it was clear that the process would take a while to end.

Don had suffered wounds of different nature from his many opponents. His skin featured a multitude of injuries that slowly closed as he filled his body with energy. A dantian from a liquid stage cultivator was already in his grasp. The expert was only waiting to understand the gravity of his situation before starting to train again.

"Why don't you divide those?" King Elbas asked when he saw the suppressed dantian in Don's grasp.

"Jordan has killed more than me, Don explained. "I'm only using my share."

"I have the dantians that I've managed to save," Jordan explained as tinges of draconic voices leaked into her voice. "I will divide everything I found according to our service in this battle."

Jordan took out a few liquid stage dantians and gave them to King Elbas.

"Why so few to me?" King Elbas asked as he inspected the goods in his palm.

"You let your opponent escape," Jordan explained. "That alone takes away points."

"He was almost dead," King Elbas replied.

"Almost doesn't count," Jordan continued. "You will get less than us. Still, there isn't much to seize."

The members of the Crystal City had special items to store objects. Even King Elbas would struggle to break those defenses. It was also unclear whether he could approach those space-rings undisturbed.

However, their assailants didn't only come from the Crystal City. The members of Percival's guilds carried unprotected space-rings that Jordan had already opened and inspected.

"Don is also fine like this, right?" Jordan asked.

"You all took care about the enemies in the solid stage," Don said. "Elbas deserves some of their items."

Jordan sighed as she threw a few space-rings toward King Elbas. The expert fell silent after he received his resources.

"Your turn," Jordan continued. "What do you want?"

"What about dantians in the solid stage?" Noah asked, but Jordan shook her head.

"None left," Jordan replied. "You made your opponent explode. Mine are nothing more than meat pulps now. It's either items or items for us. You only have to decide which suits you the most."

Noah expanded his consciousness at that point. His mental waves flowed inside Jordan's space-ring and inspected the various items she had collected through the battlefield.

One item immediately attracted his attention. It was Charles' white blade, which had survived the detonation of the countless Instabilities.

Part of the item had suffered some damage during the explosion, but Noah felt sure that he could restore it. The sword also was an upper tier weapon, so he didn't mind investing resources to fix it.

The other items were quite useless for him. The liquid stage cultivators didn't own much in general, and Percival was even relatively poor. He had some techniques and notes about his individuality, but they mainly targeted experts with a lightning aptitude.

Those techniques were useless for Noah, so he took the white sword, along with the notes and other potions that focused on the body.

### **Chapter 1453 1453. Message**

The group left once Noah felt able to move again. They flew for a while until they reached a distant region where they could settle and heal properly.

Don's injuries weren't severe, and King Elbas had his methods to restore his body made of golden flames. Instead, Noah needed time to recover, so he secluded himself in a cave where he deployed the Dark Womb spell.

The sword-like coffin interacted with the dark matter in the black hole to harmonize the healing process and bring his condition to its peak. Noah recovered quickly, and he used that time to review his battle against Charles.

'The "embodiment of power" is as powerful as the tome suggests,' Noah thought during his rest, 'But I can improve the unstable substance. I need to turn it into something more reliable and less dangerous to use.'

Noah had been able to face Charles' attacks head-on when the unstable substance flowed through his black vessels. The technique had surpassed his expectations, but his channels couldn't completely withstand its power.

The "embodiment of power" was too violent for most of his black vessels. Noah didn't only need to improve the unstable substance. He also had to optimize the distribution of its power so that he wouldn't hurt himself during an eventual second activation.

The Shadow Domain was as perfect as it could get, so Noah couldn't do much there. He could only improve his production of special darkness and train on expanding the layer between dimensions faster.

His cursed sword had also shown its power during the battle, but the bloodlust that accompanied it was pretty dangerous. Noah guessed that he couldn't modify that item unless he wanted to remove its unique effects, so he simply let it be inside his separate space.

The battle had made him understand that the cursed sword had to be a trump card and not something he could use in every fight. Its drawbacks were too severe. Noah needed something stabler that he could use without worrying about his condition.

Charles' blade would suffice for that task. The item was in the upper tier and had the power to enhance his sharpness. Noah could definitely use it together with his Demonic Sword to perform dual-wielding techniques.

The battle against Charles had brought immense advantages and paved the way for future improvements. Noah knew which aspects of his battle prowess he had to develop and modify now, and a sense of hurry filled his mind.

The Crystal City had shown the group that it could find them even when they were in the magical beasts' domain. Noah and the others didn't know how far its influence spread, but they didn't feel safe anymore inside those wild lands.

Noah felt far more worried than his companions. He was the Crystal City's main target, and he had just survived an ambush that featured three solid stage cultivators.

The Crystal City wouldn't stop attacking him, and it could even send an entire army of solid stage cultivators in its next ambush. Noah didn't dare to consider the possibility of meeting a rank 8 expert in the near future, but he knew that he could expect anything from those fanatics.

He had to grow quickly. The organizations in the Immortal Lands wouldn't underestimate him. Charles' show of force had given Noah a clear understanding of what those forces were willing to do to those that opposed them.

'Ambition, personal arts, improved martial arts, and a better unstable substance,' Noah thought as he made a list of his projects. 'Finding and creating a new Blood Companion is also a must. I need to understand how the red crystals work. Snore and Night will become useless otherwise.'

Noah's evaluation didn't see Snore and Night as weak. The two companions were handy and strong against enemies at his same level. However, they became almost ineffective against experts more powerful than him.

The problem was that the companions couldn't express power superior to their level. It was the same issue that had prevented Noah from piercing Charles' defenses with the Demonic Sword. Only a higher strength could win against someone at a higher level.

Still, the Rats could ignore their innate weakness and obtain satisfying effects with their numbers. Noah wanted to do something similar, other than testing if the red crystals could allow him to avoid the issue altogether.

Noah's potential had skyrocketed after the battle. He could now increase his cultivation level again at the price of hefty drawbacks. Yet, Noah didn't mind enduring them to obtain that boost of power.

The personal arts and sword arts required time and tests. Noah could dual-wield again now, so he wanted to create techniques that could capitalize on that ability.

As for the "embodiment of power", Noah could only continue his tests until he found something better and with less impact on his black vessels. However, that also required time.

A simple conclusion eventually appeared in his mind. Noah couldn't improve his power in a short time. Only his Blood Companion was an exception, but he had yet to find suitable targets.

Noah's body fully healed at some point. He was back at his peak, but he didn't leave his cave since he had to invest time in his normal training sessions, which began as soon as the Dark Womb dispersed.

Having so much potential made his dantian enlarge faster, and the many preys seized during his travels always provided him food. His level grew smoothly, and he never met bottlenecks.

"We have to talk," Jordan's voice suddenly resounded inside the cave and forced Noah to interrupt his training.

Noah knew Jordan enough to understand that something had to be off. She would never interrupt his training unless a matter required her full attention.

Noah left the cave and joined his companions, who had already fathered in a spot near a lake. Severe expression covered their faces. Only King Elbas was the same as always.

"What is it?" Noah asked once he joined his group.

"We received a message from the Legion," Jordan said without wasting time in chit-chats. "The humans had invaded the Outer Lands. A battle between the sides has started. My organization wants us back to join the fight."

Noah felt surprised about that event. He had initially thought that the Legion would escape at first sight of danger, but the situation was far different.

"Why didn't they escape?" Noah asked.

"They did," Jordan explained, "But a meeting happened, and a hybrid died. The Legion can't let go of that. We must fight."

Noah studied the matter in his mind for an instant before understanding all its positive features. It was pointless to continue the exploration of the magical beasts' side. Moreover, it was too dangerous to wander in those regions since he didn't know how many spies they had.

Going back inside the human domain would also limit the Crystal City. That force couldn't send assassins so far away from their headquarters, and they had to respect when members from other organizations appeared.

That was perfect for Noah. He could abandon the magical beasts' field for now and focus on honing his battle prowess. A battlefield was the ideal training area for him.

### **Chapter 1454 1454. Pagoda**

Traveling through the Immortal Lands took years, decades, and centuries at times. The regions were vast, and each area featured dangers that took time to avoid or face.

Noah's group had been in the magical beasts' domain for centuries already. They had traveled as far as the beginning of the Outer Lands in that side of the Immortal Lands, but they had to go back now.

The whole human domain stood between them and their destination. The battle mentioned by Jordan was happening on the other edge of that area, and the political situation inside it was pretty messy.

Many small and big battles had happened among the various organization during the migration. Certain forces had lost their home after the invasion, and finding new ones in wasn't easy due to how chaotic the situation was.



He lands on the opposite side of the magical beasts' domain had remained unaffected by the invasion. That had forced the migrating organizations to fly past them to find new homes.

The event had inevitably led them to the Outer Lands. Those areas rarely had human settlements. They were the hybrids' domain, and those existences had grown tired of changing home whenever the human side decided to move.

Noah and the others flew as quickly as possible without disregarding their safety. They avoided the Land of the Fallen and ignored the new border with the magical beasts' domain to dive into the Outer Lands.

The group still hunted and engaged in training sessions from time to time, but they mainly focused on reaching their destination. Yet, even those relatively short breaks allowed them to grow.

Noah's power increased steadily. His dantian expanded like never before, and his cultivation level slowly neared the halfway mark of the liquid stage. His body and mind also grew, and each step toward the last phase of the seventh rank made Noah far stronger than before.

His growth was exponential. He was more than a hybrid. The level that his centers of power could reach was immense compared to other existences. Noah was the best specimen in the entire world, which forced him to collect countless resources to improve.

The magical beasts killed along the way gave him nutrients for his body. His spherical rune provided a constant internal pressure that forced his mind to enlarge. His dantian relied on his potential to improve, and his influence slowly expanded as his power grew.

Only one doubt remained inside his mind, and the hybrids shared the same confusion. King Elbas was still with them. The trio was flying in the Legion's aid, and the Royal was tagging along.

"Are you planning to help the Legion?" Noah eventually asked during their flight.

"Joining? No," King Elbas replied. "Helping the Legion is the only logical path for me now. I have already offended too many forces to remain among humans."

King Elbas' words made sense, and Noah would normally leave the matter be at that point. However, the Legion now had someone that King Elbas had to learn how to respect.

"Do you remember when you killed Chasing Demon?" Noah asked.

"Do you want to start a fight?" King Elbas answered. "I thought we silently agreed to never speak about those events again."

"I'm not doing this because I like to live in the past," Noah added. "Chasing Demon's Master is among the Legion. He is a whimsical cultivator in the solid stage. I suggest you prepare."

King Elbas remained speechless for a second. He didn't expect that news, and Noah had been king enough to warn him. He could prepare for the meeting now, but he didn't know how to announce himself in front of the expert.

"Will you tell him my real identity?" King Elbas asked.

"He has already seen you through my memories," Noah replied. "Hiding is pointless. You will have to face Divine Demon alone."

The duo didn't speak anymore for the rest of the travel. It was a silent journey when everyone knew what to do. The group had been together for so long that they didn't need to speak to decide their approach in specific situations.

The environment changed once they reached the other edge of the human domain. The lands before had been relatively peaceful, and they didn't feature any power struggle. However, the shockwaves that only rank 8 existences could create began to fly through the sky as the group neared their destination.

When the group began to see the Outer lands, they noticed how rank 8 existences were fighting high in the sky. The pressure radiated by their battle opened cracks on the azure terrain and created an area where no living being wanted to live.

Noah and the others didn't have the power to understand the battle. Their eyes could barely make out what was happening high in the sky, and their consciousness couldn't even reach the external layers of that battlefield.

The group felt forced to change direction and fly around that battlefield to search for the Legion. Jordan and Don had lived with that force for a long time, but even they couldn't be sure about its new location.

After searching for a while, tall structures appeared in the distance. The iconic buildings of Yellnbel filled the group's vision. The four had done it. They had completed one of the longest possible travels in the Immortal Lands.

Their arrival to Yellnbel wasn't as warm as they expected. The hybrids in the city didn't bother to look at the group. The battlefield was forcing them to leave, but they had another battle to fight. While the rank 8 cultivators fought on the border, the weaker troops had to join the offensive against the weaker cultivators.

The group dived into the city and quickly found a familiar face among its citizens. Ian greeted the group and launched a surprised glance toward King Elbas. She didn't expect Noah to bring another human toward the Legion.

"You are late to the party," Ian said as a faint smile appeared on his face. "We have been fighting for years already. Come, I will show you the battlefield."

Noah and the others were quite tired from the long travel, but they didn't hesitate to follow Ian. They didn't need to start fighting right away, so they didn't mind prolonging their journey by a bit.

Ian led the group deeper into the Outer Lands, in an area that featured a large six stories pagoda. A series of troops wearing robes that featured the symbol of the Monney family encircled the building, and multiple guilds supported them from the side.

The area was a mess. Large patches of ground were still burning. Intense winds blew through the area, and destroyed golem stood on the surface. It was clear that a battle had happened not long ago.

No corpse occupied the ground. Noah didn't understand how the battles there went, but he could guess that the Legion had to destroy that structure. Either that or killing all the troops that defended it.

A platoon of hybrids rested at some distance from the pagoda. They gazed at the building while wearing an annoyed face, and they quickly turned toward Ian and the others when they sensed their arrival.

A human suddenly stood up among that platoon. Noah recognized Divine Demon, but the expert didn't even look at him. His eyes had fallen on King Elbas, and they had no intention to move.

### **Chapter 1455 1455. Challenge**

Noah didn't want to see a fight between Divine Demon and King Elbas, but he had no say on the matter. The Royal had killed one of Divine Demon's disciples. Noah had no right to interrupt or try to divide the two experts.

Truth be told, Noah liked having King Elbas around. The two of them had similar mindsets, and they shared a deep respect for each other. Moreover, the Royal was extremely useful, especially when it came to situations that Noah didn't know how to approach.

Yet, Divine Demon was a fated ally. Noah owed him since he found his inheritance under the Great Whirlpool. The expert was even an asset in the solid stage. Noah would obviously side with him if the situation forced him to choose between the two experts.

Divine Demon left the platoon of hybrids and flew toward Noah's group. The air became tense as his influence spread through the environment. The world reflected the expert's mood and made everyone expect a violent move.

"Why is he with you?" Divine Demon asked once he stopped in front of Noah's group.

"He is useful," Noah replied honestly.

"Did you forgive him for what he did to my disciple?" Divine Demon continued.

"We have fought, won, and lost," Noah replied. "Our enmity has never come from our characters. Our circumstances have turned us into opponents, but we have never shared any deep grudge."

"Will you help him if I were to attack him?" Divine Demon asked without moving his gaze from King Elbas.

"No. He is all yours," Noah replied. "I will be the one drinking wine in the backlines this time."

Noah raised his palm, and Divine Demon smirked at that sight. Two jugs full of wine came out of his space-ring and landed on Noah's hand.

"Go get him," Noah said in a mocking tone before flying toward the ground and turning toward Divine Demon.

Don, Jordan, and Ian followed him and waited for the two experts to settle their matters. Ian tried to seize that chance to explain how that battlefield worked, but Noah quickly silenced him.

"That can wait," Noah said as he pointed toward the two experts in the sky. "You don't want to miss this."

Divine Demon inspected King Elbas from head to toe. His eyes carried a piercing force that tried to reach the Royal's insides, but an ethereal barrier always prevented them from studying the expert's core.

King Elbas was calm. He could sense that Divine Demon was far more dangerous than Percival, but he couldn't avoid that clash. Going back to the human side would only turn him into a target. The Legion was the only organization that could accept his presence and temporarily shield him from his enemies.

"You do seem strong," Divine Demon eventually said. "You must be to fly with my heir. How does it make you feel that the less talented of my disciples have defeated you?"

"Chasing Demon died to gain mere years," King Elbas replied. "I defeated the whole world when I escaped my banishment."

Divine entities had to stay true to their character. King Elbas couldn't pretend to be humble even if Divine Demon was ready to attack him at the first sign of hostility.

"Mere years, you say," Divine Demon replied. "Gaining mere years against the strongest existence of a lower plane. I call it a miracle."

"Miracles aren't real," King Elbas added. "Chasing Demon had a divine puppet and the determination to consume his life. Anyone else would have died against that opponent."

"I see," Divine Demon said as a broad smirk appeared on his face. "Why don't we test that? I challenge you, Elbas. If I win, I want the chance to take your life."

"Why would I even accept?" King Elbas asked, but a heavy pressure suddenly fell on the entire region.

The air became hard to breathe. The light radiated by the sky became heavier. Divine Demon was showing that he could kill King Elbas on the spot. The Royal couldn't refuse his challenge.

"What type of challenge?" King Elbas asked after he gave up on dodging that troublesome matter.

"I will leave the choice to you," Divine Demon replied. "I can't lose anyway."

King Elbas' arrogance intensified. Even if Divine Demon was a solid stage cultivator, the Royal couldn't allow him to be so arrogant in his presence.

"I choose the inscription field," King Elbas replied. "Any type of inscription is fine for me. I can't lose either since I'm the best."

"Name three areas," Divine Demon said. "I don't think I remember three of them."

Divine Demon exploded into a loud laugh. His words had left King Elbas speechless. The Demon wanted to challenge him when he didn't even know the names of three areas of the inscription fields!

"Formations, puppets, weapons," King Elbas eventually said. "The best creations earn a point. The level of the products won't affect the final evaluation."

"Of course," Divine Demon replied. "You won't accept the loss if I relied only on my cultivation level."

"I will choose your same reward," King Elbas concluded. "If I win, I want the chance to kill you."

"You go first," Divine Demon said without even bothering to address the Royal's last line. "I wouldn't know where to start if you don't show me what you create."

King Elbas felt the need to curse, but he suppressed his emotions. Divine Demon wasn't taking the challenge seriously. He was acting as if he had already won in areas unknown to his expertise.

King Elbas snorted and took a few steps back. Countless materials came out of his space-ring, and mental waves fused with them to create golden lines that hovered around him.

Initially, the lines created a simple oval shape, but the figure became messier as King Elbas added materials to the formation. His product even showed signs of instability as its size increased.

When King Elbas stopped sending meanings and materials inside his creation, the formation shrunk before expanding again. Its lines stretched until they covered a large area of the sky, and the white light suddenly became unable to cross them.

Golden drops fell from the lines of the formation. They contained so much energy that most of the hybrids in the distance gulped at their sight. King Elbas had created something capable of condensing the energy carried by the white light in a few seconds.

"I never understood why the inscription masters here don't exploit the white sky," King Elbas said. "It releases pressure, so it has an energy that formations can seize."

King Elbas then stored his formation inside his space-ring and shot an arrogant glance toward Divine Demon. The expert was scratching his head, but he soon recalled that he had to create something better than that.

"I have it!" Divine Demon said before exploding into a loud laugh.

His hands went toward the sky, and his aura expanded. His consciousness seeped into the fabric of the world, and his individuality forced the matter to work for him.

The world seemed to understand what Divine Demon needed. Dense currents formed in the sky around him and flowed above his head, where they gave birth to a small whirlpool.

The whirlpool attracted the white light and made it converge toward its center. A large area of the sky darkened as its radiance flowed inside the rotating structure and came out as a white river.

The river radiated intense energy that made the hybrids directly salivate. Some of them even opened their mouths as their desire intensified. King Elbas' formations could turn the white light into golden drops, but Divine Demon had transformed it into a proper stream.

#### **Chapter 1456 1456. Subordinate**

"How is that even a formation?" King Elbas complained. "That's a spell fueled by your cultivation level. It doesn't even count as an inscription."

"Are you questioning my methods?" Divine Demon replied as an arrogant expression appeared on his face. "I didn't use my "Breath". My consciousness has transformed the matter of the world and has given it the shape that I desired. It's exactly what you did. I only wasted fewer materials."

"I have used countless minute meanings and fused hundreds of materials," King Elbas complained again. "How can you even compare my creation to this?!"

"You have so much to learn in this area," Divine Demon replied as he looked toward a random spot in the distance. "The world must be your canvas if you want to use its true potential."

"You don't even know the name of this area!" King Elbas complained one last time before giving up on the matter.

Even if Divine Demon had basically cheated, King Elbas couldn't argue against his creation. The whirlpool performed better than his formation, so he had to admit defeat in the first round of their challenge.

"It's time for the puppets," King Elbas said. "Your spells won't help you now."

The whirlpool disappeared before countless materials came out of King Elbas' space-ring. Various metals with different properties melted and fused under the Royal's strict control.

His golden flames leaked out of his body to surround the materials with a scorching membrane that altered their nature. The metals transformed during that process, and a tall figure soon came out of the fiery shell.

The figure depicted a tall version of Divine Demon. It was incredibly lifelike, and it even imitated his expressions.

The puppet then bowed toward his creator. King Elbas stepped on its back and used it as a platform to stand higher than his opponent. He even jumped a few times to show its sturdiness.

Divine Demon supported his jaw as he studied the item. He didn't care that King Elbas had intentionally tried to mock him. The light radiated by his red eyes intensified as he tried to find a way to win that challenge.

His influence spread again into the environment when Divine Demon found a solution to his problem. His aura covered the ground and the sky, transforming the matter into particles of "Breath" of the water element.

Those particles began to flow and converge near Divine Demon. A massive figure slowly formed, and the hybrids in the distance couldn't help but laugh when they saw its odd shape.

Divine Demon had also created a taller version of King Elbas, but his puppet's proportions were completely off. Its head was as big as the rest of its body, but its crown was so small that its hair hid most of it.

The puppet performed a bow toward Divine Demon before it raised one of its legs and started to spin on itself. Divine Demon patted its head after it completed a few rotations, and a happy expression appeared on its face.

King Elbas didn't know what to say. Divine Demon had cheated again, in his opinion. He didn't use any actual material to build that puppet. The world had given him special water and rearranged it to create something slightly better than his opponent's product.

Divine Demon wasn't even doing much. He only expanded his aura, and the world did everything else. King Elbas didn't know how he could beat that. There didn't seem to be a limit to the Demon's individuality.

"I have already won, don't I?" Divine Demon said as his puppet broke and fell toward the ground. "I can give you the chance to win if you want. Let's say that the winner of the last round will win the entire challenge."

King Elbas snorted, but he didn't dare to refuse. He stored the puppet as golden flames flowed out of his body and fused with his mental energy to create a large vortex. Materials came out of his space-ring and fell into that spinning structure. Their bodies melted as King Elbas raised his hand and tightened his fist.

The vortex began to shrink. Its flames condensed into a fist-sized sphere that radiated immense energy. Its power seemed to surpass the limits of middle tier items. It went beyond that stage, into the realm of the upper tier.

The sphere slowly morphed. A sharp tip and a handle came out from its edges. King Elbas' flames took the shape of a golden sword in the upper tier, and the expert didn't hesitate to wield it.

King Elbas waved the sword toward the sky, and a massive fiery slash came out of its tip. Noah couldn't hide his surprise at that sight. The Royal had created a weapon in the upper tier in less than ten seconds.

As the blade crumbled, King Elbas' curiosity skyrocketed. His mind temporarily forgot about the challenge and focused on his creation. His eyes inspected the shards that fell from the swords and continued to watch that spot even after his hand became empty.

King Elbas had surpassed himself in that challenge. Creating something at that level in such a short time wasn't normal, especially for an expert in the liquid stage.

Even with his expertise, King Elbas needed a long time to create powerful items. Yet, he had managed to build a disposable inscribed weapon in a few seconds during the challenge.

Winning or losing suddenly didn't matter anymore. King Elbas only felt the bliss coming from his success in that procedure. It didn't matter if Divine Demon created something better again. The Royal had already obtained what he wanted.

Divine Demon also had to make his individuality improve. His law required victories, so he couldn't stop even if King Elbas had started to ignore him.

His aura expanded again. Mental energy flowed into the environment and transformed it into a mass of "Breath" that listened only to Divine Demon.

The expert stretched his arm, and the "Breath" gathered toward his palm. The various particles of "Breath" of the water element morphed to take the shape of a blade that shone with an azure glow.

The glow slowly changed color. It became white as more energy accumulated into the blade. It seemed that Divine Demon's individuality was making him obtain the same higher energy that the expert had used against Boss Van.

King Elbas glanced at Divine Demon when he sensed the energy radiated by the blade. The Royal had been the first to create the higher energy in his lower plane, so he couldn't fail to recognize it.

A short sigh came out of his mouth. Divine Demon had won again, and King Elbas couldn't even understand how he had lost. The Demon's individuality defied reason. It was what the Royal's curiosity hated the most.

"Come," King Elbas said. "Take my life. Avenge your disciple."

Divine Demon tightened his grasp on the white sword and neared King Elbas. The tip of his blade landed at the center of the Royal's forehead, and King Elbas didn't even try to avoid it.

A drop of fiery blood flowed out of King Elbas' forehead when the blade pierced his skin. Still, Divine Demon didn't push it deeper into his skull.

"You let my heir live," Divine Demon said. "I won't call you ally, but you aren't my enemy."

The white sword crumbled after those words. Divine Demon looked deep into King Elbas' eyes before heaving a deep sigh. A tinge of melancholy appeared on his expression, but a broad smile soon hid it.

"Besides," Divine Demon said as he turned to fly toward Noah's group, "You are already my heir's subordinate. Why would I even hurt his power?"

King Elbas felt glad that Divine Demon didn't kill him, but anger quickly replaced that feeling.

"I'm no one's subordinate!" King Elbas shouted, but Divine Demon had already stopped listening to him.

#### **Chapter 1457 1457. Idea**

Ian could finally explain how the battlefield worked after the chaos created by King Elbas and Divine Demon's face-off quieted down.

"This building is the core item to a massive formation," Ian explained to Noah and the others as he pointed toward the pagoda. "The forces of the human side know that they can't travel here separately, so they want to build a giant diagram to teleport entire cities in these regions."

King Elbas showed a surprised expression at that statement, and his reaction gave Noah an idea of how hard that task was. The Royal was the real expert in that field. The project of the human side had to be incredibly ambitious to leave him speechless.

"The humans need three pagodas to complete the formation," Ian said. "We managed to stop these troops before they went too far in the Outer Lands, but they won't be satisfied with only this region. They are too close to the edges of the human domains, so they won't gain much terrain if they remain here."

The political situation of the Immortal Lands was quite hopeless. The storms of chaotic laws surrounded the higher plane, limiting the territories that weaker divine existence could inhabit.

The Immortal Lands never stopped expanding, but the same went for the magical beasts. Those creatures continued to conquer territories and forced the human side to migrate after every invasion. The cultivators lacked space where to thrive, and they could only look at the Outer Lands to find new inhabitable areas.

The Outer Lands were vaster than the human domain, but their environment was harsher than the central territories. The storms were close there, so they weren't ideal in terms of habitability.



Still, as the Immortal Lands expanded, the storms would withdraw, creating new ideal areas that the cultivators couldn't wait to conquer. Those regions were one of the most precious resources in the higher plane since the magical beasts would take hundreds of thousands of years to reach them.

Any force with the power to defend their domain would want those regions. In theory, the magical beasts were their only real opponents, and conquering those lands would make them ignore that issue for a long time.

Yet, the Legion had grown tired of migrating every time the humans wanted more lands. Its leaders also felt that their organization had become strong enough to fend the cultivators off, so they decided to fight at that time.

"In short," Noah said. "We only need to destroy the pagoda."

"I wish it were so easy," Ian replied. "You can't feel it from here, but the pagoda is a rank 8 item. It has a barrier that can stop most attacks and many troops that protect it. Also, the building already works as a teleportation matrix, so the human side can send reinforcements whenever we kill too many of them."

The situation seemed hopeless. Only the rank 8 leaders of the Legion could destroy that item, but they were busy with the experts of the human organizations.

"What's your plan?" Noah asked.

"We keep killing them until they don't need these lands anymore," Ian explained. "We might be too few to stop their plans completely, but we can make them pay a hefty price."

Noah didn't know how to answer that. He understood that the Legion lacked the manpower to create a better strategy, but it wasn't trying to win with that approach.

Killing hundreds of rank 7 cultivators wouldn't stop the organizations from claiming those lands. The Legion would eventually lose those regions if the situation continued like that.

"I already told him that this strategy sucks," Divine Demon said when he noticed Noah's expression.

"The structure needs to accumulate a lot of energy to teleport another pagoda," Ian replied. "Then, these troops have to move it and repeat the process before they can start teleporting cities. Forcing them to send reinforcements consumes some energy, so we are slowing them down."

"You hope that one of your leaders wins and comes here to destroy the buildings," Divine Demon said.

"How many rank 8 cultivators does the Legion even have? Can they win against the joint force of many organizations?"

Ian didn't answer, but his expression was enough to understand how he felt about the matter. Hybrids had steeper requirements compared to the other species. It was harder for them to reach the eighth rank, and their lower number didn't help in the matter.

It was only normal for the human side to have more rank 8 existences. Only a few organizations were joining that invasion, but they were enough to put the Legion in a tough spot.

"Will you join us?" Ian eventually asked as he turned toward Noah. "You need these lands as much as we do."

Many thoughts quickly ran inside Noah's mind. He didn't mind fighting pointless battles since he needed to polish his battle prowess, but a strange idea had started to take form after he understood the whole situation.

"Do all those troops belong to the Monneay family?" Noah asked after a short break.

"We believe they come from guilds that the Monneay family has hired for the task," Ian explained. "We have confirmed the involvement of two more large organizations in this invasion, but there should be more of them."

"How did you confirm this?" Noah asked as his eyes lit up.

"We have spies in the human domain and inside various forces," Ian explained. "We even know which guilds will join the invasion in the hope of becoming members of the large organizations."

A cold smile slowly appeared on Noah's face. His idea seemed more feasible than he had initially thought, and it could even bring better results than the current approach of the hybrids.

"What is it?" Ian asked when he saw that reaction. Don and Jordan also became interested when they sensed the coldness leaking out of Noah's figure.

"You know which organizations are fighting for these lands," Noah said. "You know which guilds they are hiring. You even have spies inside their domains. Why are you even fighting here?"

Ian didn't understand what Noah wanted to say, but Divine Demon exploded into a loud laugh and almost spilled wine from his cup at those words.

King Elbas shook his head and made a silent comment on how the Legion lacked proper tacticians. He had learnt to know Noah enough to understand what he had in mind.

"You have lived at the edges of the world for so long that you can't imagine yourself at its center anymore," Noah explained. "Stop playing a game that you can't win. You have the chance to ruin their plans properly. Seize it before they kick you out of your home."

"What chance?" Ian asked as a tinge of exasperation leaked into his voice. "What can we even do more than this?"

"You don't attack a dragon when it is high in the sky," Divine Demon said as he took a sip from his cup. "You hide into its home and wait for it to fall asleep."

"The invaders' focus is on this region," Noah explained. "They won't expect enemies at their doorsteps. Instead of slowing them down here, we can get rid of the problem at its source. Let's attack their homes."

Ian's eyes darted left and right as he considered that option, but a cold smile soon appeared on his face. The expert then raised his head toward the sky and gave voice to a thrilled howl.

### **Chapter 1458 1458. Evaluation**

"Are you sure they are the best for the job?" Noah asked when he looked at the group of hybrids that Ian had gathered.

Noah's group, Ian, and a small team from the platoon of hybrids had returned to Yellinbel to organize the attacks. The plan saw them assaulting the various human forces involved in the invasion, so they required a relatively large side for the task.

Jordan, Don, Divine Demon, and King Elbas weren't enough for the mission. The homes of the human forces could hide countless defenses and multiple opponents. Also, they would contain the reinforcements meant for the invasion.

Noah required a team made of experts with experience in multiple fields. Those assets also needed to meet specific standards for their battle prowess and sharpness of mind.

Ian had quickly gathered a group of hybrids and had led them in the structure where Noah and the others were resting. It wasn't hard to find capable warriors among the Legion. The only feature that worried Noah was their mindset.

Noah inspected the ten hybrids who waited in a line in front of him. They were all experts in the liquid stage, and a faint fear appeared in their minds when Noah's cold gaze swept them.

"You, you, and you," Noah said. "Out."

The three hybrids that Noah had pointed glanced at Ian, who limited himself to shake his head. It was clear that the Legion lacked experienced tacticians, so Ian had to give Noah the power to decide who was worthy of joining the mission.

"Are we taking orders from outsiders now?" One of the hybrids complained. "Look at yourself, Ian. You are taking orders from humans!"

The hybrid was a tall man with a muscular body. Long hair and a long beard covered most of his face, and a tinge of arrogance filled his expression. His cultivation level was also above Noah's. It was slightly lower than Don's but still near to the solid stage.

Noah didn't hesitate to shoot forward when he saw that the other hybrids in line were about to join those complaints. His dark matter flowed inside his dark vessels before his fist crashed on the tall man's abdomen.

A clanging noise resounded inside the structure before the man disappeared from everyone's sight. A violent tremor swept the building, and the hybrids froze when they glanced at the hole that had suddenly appeared on the wall.

Noah had flung the complaining hybrid away with a single fist. His show of power left the other recruits speechless, and no one dared to speak anymore for fear of receiving the same treatment.

"Your raw power is useless in this mission," Noah explained as roars fused with his cold voice. "Many of you don't even remember how to fight cultivators. You have fought magical beasts for too long. I can smell their wild instincts lingering on your thoughts. You are too unstable."

Noah was a lone cultivator at his core, but he had learnt how to rule throughout his long life. He knew how to prove himself worthy of being a leader, and the task turned out to be relatively easy when it came to hybrids.

Those experts believed in strength above anything else, and Noah was the strongest. His cultivation level placed his power among the experts in the liquid stage, but his actual battle prowess surpassed what normal labels could describe.

When the hybrids realized how strong Noah was, they began to see him in a different light. Noah wasn't only an outsider anymore. He had suddenly become a valuable asset that the Legion had to obtain.

Even if Noah didn't bother to consider that eventuality, the hybrids soon began to think about what he could become inside the Legion. An existence with such limitless potential could very well become the most powerful leader of their organization in the future.

Moreover, the hybrids naturally reacted to Noah's pride. They could sense that his existence was already on the level when he could build his pack.

Their instincts told them that Noah could be an amazing leader, and they didn't dare to contradict them. The two hybrids that Noah had ruled out of the mission left silently, and they didn't even dare to glance back at him.

"Do I need to get three more?" Ian asked as he sent a series of mental messages through his inscribed notebook.

"No," Noah replied. "A small group is better for this mission. That noble will feel too important if he has to create too many inscribed robes."

"I'm right here, you know?" King Elbas sneered, but his aura went on the seven hybrids anyway.

"Don't be jealous, Elbas," Divine Demon joined the conversation. "It's only normal for subordinates to remain in silence when the leader speaks."

"I swear," King Elbas said after giving voice to a loud snort. "I will make you regret not killing me."

"How will you learn my superior methods if you kill me?" Divine Demon replied. "These younglings. They always think that they are better than their seniors."

King Elbas was about to curse, but he suppressed his anger. He had begun to understand Divine Demon's personality, so he knew that words were useless with him. Only actual achievements could free him from that annoying nickname.

Once King Elbas memorized the hybrids' auras, Ian laid a map on one of the tables in the room. The item didn't depict much, but it had a few marked areas that featured the names of specific forces.

"We have paid a steep price to obtain this knowledge," Ian explained. "I have marked all the areas inhabited by forces involved in the invasion."

Noah only needed to inspect the marks with his mental energy to read through their information. Each sign represented a guild or an organization, even if most of them were mere branches when it came to the largest forces.

"We can attack the small guilds first," Ian suggested. "Our group features three solid stage experts. Those forces won't stand a chance against us."

"This will only make the strongest forces retreat and build joint defensive structures," Noah explained. "That won't prevent them from continuing the invasion."

"You really did this before," Ian said as an excited expression appeared on his face.

"He did," King Elbas replied. "He has gained this experience by attacking my nation."

"You were already in the new continent by then," Noah said as Ian's eyes widened. "I also had a personal matter to attend. Your organization had chosen to shelter my family. Attacking your lands was necessary."

Ian began to worry when he heard that. Noah and King Elbas didn't seem to go along, and that hostility ran deeply into their past. The hybrid didn't know if the two of them could cooperate properly.

"Don't worry," Divine Demon said when he noticed Ian's worry. "My heir managed to kill his family in the end. Everything ended well."

Divine Demon's words only intensified Ian's worry, but the hybrid couldn't say anything on the matter anymore. Everything was up to Noah and that eccentric group of experts.

"We will attack the strongest guild," Noah eventually said. "Facing the large organizations right away is too dangerous. Destroying one of their main hired forces is the best way to slow down their plans and undermine their influence."

"The strongest guild has four solid stage cultivators and hundreds of weaker experts," Ian replied.

"That number is perfect," Noah said. "Go and prepare. We will move once everyone is ready."

### **Chapter 1459 1459. Invasion**

The strongest guild hired by the organizations involved in the invasion occupied a tall mountain that featured a thick forest on its sides. The environment was easy to defend due to its geographical layout. The experts of that force had even learnt to exploit the trees to improve their battle prowess there.

Many inscriptions surrounded the area. They kept track of the various magical beasts that inhabited the region and ensured that no cultivator crossed those borders.

The guilds were different from the large organizations. They moved whenever a better region became empty, but that force was different.

The four solid stage cultivators in charge of the guild were quite famous. They had completed many jobs for the large forces and had earned a decent reputation in a world controlled by rank 8 experts.

That guild had even received multiple invitations to join some organizations, but its leaders had always refused them. Those experts strongly believed that one of them would reach the eighth rank, so they couldn't bother to become the slaves of the large forces.

The inscription master in charge of the various formations around the mountain was a slim man called Bret. He was the second in terms of cultivation level in the guild, but his expertise mostly covered the formations' field.

Bret sat cross-legged inside a cave placed at the center of the mountain's peak. A luminous sphere floated in front of his eyes and depicted the entire layout of the region.

A few bright spots indicated the various cores of his formations. Bret could inspect all of them to study how the pack of magical beasts living inside the forest behaved. He could also do the same whenever his inscriptions sensed the presence of unwanted experts.

Nothing could escape Bret's control, but something he couldn't explain happened a few months after Noah's group departed from the Outer Lands. One of his cores flickered before returning to function normally.

That had never happened to his formations before. A malfunction on the defenses could cause a chain reaction that would leave the entire guild unprotected. Bret couldn't allow that, but his inscription didn't show any strange behavior after that short flickering.

"Did something happen?" A woman said after she suddenly appeared behind Bret.

"Your senses are as sharp as ever, Adele," Bret replied. "I wonder why do I even bother to keep track of these formations with you here."

"Did your formations detect something?" Adele asked, ignoring Bret's comment.

"It doesn't seem so," Bret replied. "Maybe I need to reharmonize some materials, but the formations work fine. I can even look through their cores."

"Don't leave your position during this period," Adele said. "The families can summon us at any moment. We can't have you wanted around in such an important moment for our guild."

"Right, right," Bret added. "The fight for the Outer Lands is necessary for our force. I didn't forget that."

"But your words don't carry our determination," Adele said.

"I can't help but feel that the Boss is wrong this time," Bret replied. "We don't need a larger land. The mountain is perfect for our number already. Risking everything to be the mercenaries of some organization seems pointless."

"You know how a larger environment can benefit all of us," Adele said. "Besides, I don't see any risk in this mission. The Legion will soon retreat as it has always done. Humans might not be able to do anything against the magical beasts, but those hybrids aren't a problem, especially when the large organizations are involved."

"We don't usually underestimate our opponents," Bret continued.

"They aren't our opponents," Adele said. "The organizations will summon us only when the fight is almost over. I wouldn't worry so much."

"You are right," Bret said. "Our backing is too powerful this time. We have nothing to fear."

.

.

"I told you to be careful!" King Elbas shouted toward one of the new members of Noah's group. "You are lucky that I'm here. I managed to tamper the formation before it captured your faces. It's safe to cross it now."

King Elbas was in charge of that part of the invasion. His methods allowed him to see almost every inscription in the area. He was the most suitable expert for the task.

"A magical beast was about to reach this area," The hybrid answered. "I needed to protect the mission."

"Protect it while following my directives," King Elbas concluded before he watched through his lenses again to see if he found more inscriptions.

Noah and the others were right behind the Royal. Ian, Divine Demon, Jordan, and the other hybrids followed him closely and didn't dare to step outside of their group.

King Elbas had to deactivate and tamper with all the formations that he found. That was necessary to keep the guild unaware of their movements.

"How long do you need?" Noah asked as a tingling sensation filled his fingers.

Noah couldn't wait to fight. He barely contained his excitement for that battle. He could face another solid stage, and his mind often wondered about the boost that his potential would get after he defeated that expert.

"I need to be thorough," King Elbas replied. "Then, I need to create the barrier. You can't rush this process."

"I would have done it in half the time," Divine Demon said before exploding into a loud laugh.

"No, you wouldn't have," King Elbas replied firmly before starting to ignore any external input.

King Elbas' task was crucial for the mission. He had to take his time to deactivate every formation in the area and create traps through the mountain. He also had to build something that prevented eventual who decided to fly away mid-battle.

No one had to know that the Legion was attacking the guilds. That would only unify them against a common enemy. It was better to maintain secrecy.

King Elbas took his time. He tampered with every formation in the area and built an untraceable barrier that isolated the whole area. No one could escape anymore unless they invested weeks in taking that restriction down.

"Can we charge now?" Noah asked after a satisfied expression appeared on King Elbas' face.

"Yes," King Elbas replied. "We are free to go. What's the attack plan?"

Noah smiled before giving voice to a draconic roar. Jordan, Don, Ian, and the other hybrids joined the cry and forced most magical beasts in the area to flee. Those that remained marched toward the group and bowed their trembling head toward their new masters.

After receiving a few orders, the magical beasts began to run toward the mountain's peak, led by a selfless desire to satisfy their new leaders. They couldn't escape those hybrids' orders after bowing their heads to them.

Noah and the others followed the tide of beasts closely. They already knew who their opponents were. The issue was to find them and divide them according to their strategy.

A loud alarm echoed through the area when the beasts reached the series of habitations on the mountain's peak. Countless cultivators began to fill the sky, but a wave of red flames covered the sky and turned them into ashes.

Four powerful auras came out of the mountain's peak at that point, and the invaders divided themselves according to the level of dangerousness coming from those presences.

Noah and King Elbas soon found themselves in front of a short solid stage cultivator who wore an eccentric metallic robe. He was their opponent. The two of them had decided to work together to take down one of the four leaders.

### **Chapter 1460 1460. Wall**

Noah and King Elbas' opponent had short black hair and a long beard. His dark eyes darted between the two experts as if searching for a reason behind their presence there.

The expert had understood that the guild was under attack, but he couldn't explain why his opponents were two experts in the liquid stage.

"Do you know who I am?" The expert asked when he realized that no one else would come to face him.

A tinge of anger appeared on his expression. The invading force was obviously underestimating him if it thought that two liquid stage experts were enough to keep him busy.

Noah didn't answer. Two swords appeared in his hands, and Snore's massive body came out of his chest to envelop his figure. King Elbas didn't reply either. Countless peak middle tier items appeared between him and the expert and spread a golden radiance through the area.

"Arrogant fools," The expert said in a low voice. "I, Victor, will make you regret coming here today."

Victor's robe suddenly expanded. The metal that covered his clothes transformed into a spiked wall that hid his figure. Holes then appeared on that structure, and a series of silver spears shot at high speed toward his two opponents.

King Elbas exploded into a sea of flames while Noah performed his movement technique to dodge the attack. Snore spat a black beam before turning into smoke that followed Noah through the dark matter that he released.

The spears exploded when they touched the ground. Countless azure shards flew through the environment after a large piece of the terrain disappeared.

The shockwaves released in the explosion kicked Noah out of his movement technique, but his body managed to endure those vibrations. A cold smile appeared on his face when he sensed that he didn't suffer any injury. He could only rejoice at that sight.



Noah waved his hands, and a storm of slashes flew out of his swords. Some were nothing more than an unstable mass of dark matter, while others were neat shapes that radiated an intense sharpness.

Noah had fixed Charles' weapon during his return to the Outer Lands. The task had been quite difficult since the blade was an item in the upper tier, but his dark world had allowed him to alter its fabric and fill the damaged spots with dark matter.

Adding meanings to an already finished inscribed item in the upper tier was almost impossible at his current level. The white blade enhanced the sharpness radiated by its user, and Noah couldn't modify it without destroying the core of the weapon. Still, he liked that feature, so he had used his dark matter to fill the missing spots and reinforce the sword's structure.

The white blade wasn't wholly white anymore. The purple marks on its shape had also changed color. Black lines now ran through its body and shone with a dark light whenever Noah's darkness flowed inside it.

Charles' blade couldn't contain Noah's individuality. It was a weapon meant only to enhance sharpness, so he couldn't add the many features of his laws to the attacks that it released.

Yet, his sharpness worked well with his destruction, and the blade didn't reject that feature. Noah could now use his Demonic Sword to launch attacks that carried his creation and the white weapon to express his destruction.

The result of that duality gave birth to a storm of different slashes that transformed the environment as they flew toward his opponent. Explosions happened whenever those attacks interacted with each other, and their detonation ended up creating even more slashes.

Victor felt confused in front of that attack. Noah had targeted one of the unprotected sides, so the expert could see his storm of slashes in its entirety.

The area between him and Noah had transformed into a place where only Noah's sharpness existed. Every speck of dark matter launched by the Demonic Sword changed under that influence and took the shape of slashes that flew toward Victor.

Noah had launched less than one hundred slashes during his attack, but their number had surpassed ten thousand when they reached Victor!

"Hmph!" Victor snorted and morphed his metallic wall again.

When Noah had fought Charles, the expert's individuality could naturally block most of his attacks. However, his new offensive had forced Victor to defend with his spells. Noah's base slashes had become strong enough to threaten the innate defenses of a solid stage cultivator!

The wall expanded, and more spears shot out from its holes. The attacks destroyed his storm of slashes and forced him to deploy his movement technique again. Still, the detonations that followed soon flung him away.

'You can help the others if you don't plan on joining this fight,' Noah transmitted through his consciousness after straightening his position.

'Why would I lose the chance to inspect your power?' King Elbas replied, but their conversation only made Victor angrier.

Victor could sense that his opponents were conversing mid-fight. He couldn't accept that offense. He was a mighty solid stage cultivator, but two mere experts in the liquid stage had the gall to talk while fighting him.

"I have let you play around long enough," Victor said before his wall morphed again.

The wall shrunk as it enveloped the expert. A spiked sphere soon covered Victor with an impenetrable shield that could launch threatening attacks.

Countless spears came out of the sphere. The weapons flew in every direction and turned the entire environment into a chaotic battlefield with their explosions.

Noah barely had the time to dodge anymore. The spears never stopped flying, and their explosions always kicked him out of his movement technique. Also, his attacks didn't manage to reach the spiked sphere through that chaos.

'Do I have to rely on the Shadow Domain again?' Noah wondered as he continued to dodge the spears.

Noah had activated Miss Void's spell at the beginning of the battle, but he wanted to win without relying on that technique. Even if his opponent was a solid stage cultivator, Noah saw that battle as part of his training. His focus was on improving his base abilities.

'We need to destroy the shell,' King Elbas transmitted.

'You don't say,' Noah replied as he closed his eyes and expanded his consciousness.

Noah continued to dodge the spears even without relying on his sight. His mind was enough to keep track of the weapons' movements, but their explosions were quickly starting to affect his body.

Blood soon accumulated in his mouth, but Noah didn't leave the area. He was searching for something inside him. He wanted to recall all the experience accumulated during the years spent wielding two blades.

'It feels so natural wielding two of them,' Noah thought as he raised his blades above his head.

A spear flew toward him as he stood still in the sky, without moving a muscle. The weapon would take less than an instant to reach his chest, but Noah needed even less to perform his technique.

Dark matter flowed through his black vessels. His physical strength skyrocketed as he fixed his mind on the incoming spear. His blades began to descend at that point, and they drew a cross as Noah slashed them forward.

Nothing came out of the swords, but the spear that was flying toward him suddenly disappeared. It didn't explode nor crumble. Its entire body vanished out of thin air.

Noah opened his eyes at that point, and his cold smile broadened. Even if it was only a fraction of the offensive, he had managed to stop the attack of a solid stage cultivator without using his cursed sword.