

## **Demonic 1951**

### **Chapter 1951 1951. Hunched**

Divine Demon had departed with the old cultivator. Storms blew on his face as he inspected his opponent. The vitality that his figure radiated created a stark contrast with his hunched back and white beard, and the scene eventually tickled Divine Demon's curiosity.

"Before we start killing each other," Divine Demon asked while nearing the cultivator, "I have a doubt that I'm dying to solve."

The old cultivator was still a bit pissed about the previous interaction with Noah, but that sudden question from Divine Demon left him surprised. Heaven and Earth had obviously studied him since he was a potential threat, so it felt strange to see traces of mental stability in him.

"Why didn't you fix your back?" Divine Demon quickly continued and made the expert's surprise shatter.

"You are a literal god standing near the peak of the cultivation journey," Divine Demon commented while spreading his arms in disbelief. "Why would you even keep this appearance? It's even uncomfortable to drink wine like this."

The old cultivator stared at Divine Demon taking out a cup full of wine from his space-ring and trying to drink while pretending to have a hunched back. Part of the liquid fell, but he promptly stopped it with his mental energy.

"Maybe I'm doing it wrong," Divine Demon guessed before taking out another cup and handing it toward the cultivator. "Show me how you do it."

The old cultivator felt the urge to attack Divine Demon on the spot, but he held back while continuing to fly forward. He completely ignored the offer. After all, no one would ever accept drinks from an enemy.

"Being cryptic won't get you closer to Heaven and Earth," Divine Demon scoffed while emptying both cups and throwing one away. "I suppose the hunched back won't either."

The cup in his hands returned full by the time he lowered it. The old cultivator didn't miss that detail, but Heaven and Earth had already recorded it. Still, he wanted to confirm that Divine Demon didn't lose that ability after regaining that apparent mental clarity.

"Maybe it's a cultivation technique necessary for your law!" Divine Demon exclaimed as his red eyes lit up. "No, wait, it's called world for those in the ninth rank. The world of the hunched backs that takes down opponents with its sharp curves! Does it get stronger depending on the angle that you create?"

Divine Demon drank from his cup while scratching his chin. He seemed to have forgotten that a deadly battle was about to unfold. His entire focus was on trying to solve that doubt.

"It's about respecting the form that you had when you obtained divine powers," The old cultivator eventually explained. Still, he remained surprised when he sensed a flicker in Divine Demon's cultivation level.

"Don't mind it," Divine Demon sighed. "It happens sometimes. I end up clearing challenges that have stayed with me for millennia. I probably had one about hunched backs. I can't be sure. Most of my memories are still fuzzy."

The old cultivator made sure to memorize everything Divine Demon said. He even tried to find details that Heaven and Earth might have missed after they went partially dormant. Still, Divine Demon felt too hard to study. His existence never appeared clear. Inspecting him could even confuse most of the time.

"How did you even reach the step before the ninth rank?" The old cultivator asked as his curiosity became unbearable.

"I'm a demon," Divine Demon explained. "I simply pay the price to advance, be it lives, pain, or memories."

Divine Demon could appear complicated to study, but the old cultivator seemed to understand something after that answer. Heaven and Earth had often thought about Divine Demon's existence as an intricate law with boundless potential. The rulers even paid a great deal of attention to him because his world could become a crucial part of their power. Yet, that evaluation felt off now.

The old cultivator could sense an innate purity in Divine Demon's mind. The latter wasn't stupid. He actually was one of the smartest existences in the entirety of the world when it came to things that he desired. However, his core drive didn't seem to have many twists and turns. It felt extremely simple, like an urge that he couldn't stop.

"You are a special case in the world," The old cultivator declared after a while. "You could bring immense benefits to Heaven and Earth if you decided to join them on your own."

"Impossible," Divine Demon snorted. "I might consider teaching them something if they prostrate to me for one hundred thousand years, but I don't want to give them false hopes."

"I'm talking about the rulers of the world," The old cultivator repeated as a frown appeared on his face.

"You might be right," Divine Demon laughed. "One hundred thousand years is too little for them. Let's make it a million, and I'll think about it."

"Heaven and Earth!" The old cultivator shouted while pointing at the sky, "The actual rulers of the world. How should they even bow?"

"That's their problem," Divine Demon uncaringly replied. "That's my offer for now. It might be two million in a few years."

The old cultivator finally understood the issue with Divine Demon. He could only be himself. The nature of a situation didn't matter. His bottlenecks didn't matter. He was Divine Demon because that was the only shape his existence had ever allowed him to take.

"We have to kill each other then," The old cultivator sighed.

"Didn't we already decide that?" Divine Demon asked while bringing his hand back on his chin. "I didn't forget, did I?"

The old cultivator shook his head before inspecting his surroundings. His connection with Heaven and Earth made him understand his current position. He had put enough distance from the lake, and the other battlefields were far away too. That area was perfect.

The expert snapped his fingers, and the storms shattered, clearing an immense area that could hold the imminent battle. Divine Demon wore a cold smile at that scene, and he didn't hesitate to throw his cup away even if it still had some wine left.

"You won't have challenges on my end," The old cultivator announced. "We have studied you for too long to give you such a huge advantage."

"I wouldn't be a challenge if it were so easy to obtain," Divine Demon laughed as his aura spread in the environment and took control of part of the world.

"I must also admit something," The old cultivator revealed while wearing a complicated expression. "You are strong, and your law appears boundless."

"Thanks?" Divine Demon replied in a confused tone.

"Heaven and Earth have such a high consideration of you that they don't allow us to kill you," The old cultivator explained. "They have long since prepared something meant to capture your law. I'm sorry. You won't have a battle."

The old cultivator raised his hand, and the world released a humming noise. A pillar of light pierced the storms and activated one of the functions that Heaven and Earth had added to the world.

A cubical prison suddenly materialized around the two experts. Walls made of the same fabric as the sky appeared around them before they could even think about reacting. The space inside that cage also shattered and fused with the white material to leave them floating among the void.

### **Chapter 1952 1952. Flattering**

The cage was perfect to counter Divine Demon's ability. The absence of energy inside the void and the white walls that isolated the two experts from the outside world served their purpose to limit one of the most flexible and miraculous laws in the entirety of the Immortal Lands.

Divine Demon found himself immersed inside the darkness illuminated by a familiar white radiance. A small cloud made of the azure energy absorbed before the activation of the trap floated around him, but everything else was either empty or belonged to a realm that he couldn't affect.

The white walls seemed to share the same fabric of the sky, and their power was also insanely high. They stood at the very peak, in the upper tier of the ninth rank. It was clear that Heaven and Earth didn't come up with that trap on the spot but had prepared it a long time ago. The old cultivator had even stated that, but his words couldn't compare with that breathtaking sight.

"Heaven and Earth had to add laws to their world to make this possible," The old cultivator explained. "Don't worry. This wasn't your fault. Everything under the sky had the power to activate this trap. We have been ready to take you out for a long time."

Divine Demon wore a cold expression as his eyes darted among the environment. He had some energy, but that would be barely enough to create a couple of abilities in the ninth rank. His opponent was a liquid stage cultivator, so a comparison between their reserves of fuel was impossible.

Divine Demon tried to spread his influence to the white walls, but they didn't react to his incredible law. They appeared impossible to affect. His mind struggled to analyze them even after the glow of his Deduction technique shone from behind his eyes.

"We had the chance to oppose this decision," The old cultivator continued. "This trap is expensive, and it expresses how none of us would have been able to capture your law safely. However, none of us tried to convince Heaven and Earth otherwise. We all respected and feared you enough to ask for the rulers' help."

Divine Demon didn't care about those praises. Countless calculations happened inside his mind as he tried to find a way out of that situation, but his thoughts could only reach dead-ends.

Fighting a liquid stage cultivator was a difficult feat, even impossible for rank 8 cultivators, but Divine Demon felt strong enough to succeed in that challenge. Yet, the unique environment that Heaven and Earth had prepared for him seemed to destroy his hopes.

Divine Demon couldn't gather more energy. He had no matter to affect, and he also felt reasonably sure that even his opponent couldn't take down those walls unless they fulfilled their purpose. Heaven and Earth committed many mistakes, but they rarely left such striking flaws out in the open.

The trap appeared perfect. Divine Demon believed that the energy inside his centers of power and the small amount of fuel gathered from the outside world could create an attack that could affect his opponent. Still, it would be almost impossible to defeat the old cultivator with a single blow. Moreover, he wasn't sure whether the white walls would fall after achieving that victory.

"Did you do all of this for me?" Divine Demon eventually asked. "It's almost flattering."

"You should feel flattered," The old cultivation responded while waving his hand to highlight the white walls. "Don't see it as a trap. This is a formal invitation. Your existence can become the foundation on which Heaven and Earth will reach the tenth rank. You can become the core of the strongest existences in the world and help them advance to throughout the future stages."

"Did you rulers know that I would rather die than submit?" Divine Demon asked while scratching his chin.

"Obviously," The old cultivator responded. "Heaven and Earth's study doesn't only involve raw power. It uses countless calculations and divinations meant to predict how much potential each law has. It even inspects how beneficial they can be to the rulers' existence, but you might want to know that they went even further with you."

The old cultivator raised his arm, and his gesture made the whiteness radiated by the walls intensify. A heavy pressure fell on the void, and matter almost began to fill it due to the radiance's density. That light also carried the same power as those shining edges. It was energy in the upper tier.

Divine Demon's eyes widened when that energy shone on him. His flesh seemed to rejoice when it spread its effects on his figure. It felt like a fuel capable of nourishing his existence in ways that no other

energy had ever done before. It actually resembled his very law, only in a version that belonged to Heaven and Earth's system.

"This is a prototype of what you'll future law will be if you accept to join the system," The old cultivator stated while wearing a knowing smile. "Don't bother trying to exploit it. I've never seen so many protections and traps in a single place. You wouldn't be able to use it for your own power even if you were at the peak of the cultivation journey."

"Why showing it to me then?" Divine Demon asked as he waved his hand among that light.

"As a proof of our honesty," The old cultivator replied. "You can inspect it and decide if it's good enough. Heaven and Earth are willing to modify it as you desire. You only have to surrender your existence to the system to become a peak rank 9 cultivator with an existence made exactly as you want."

"You must really want me," Divine Demon laughed.

"You have no idea," The expert smiled. "You wield a unique power. You might even be the key to handle every unexpected situation that the future steps of the cultivation journey will place in front of Heaven and Earth."

"With the first being my heir," Divine Demon added.

"Indeed," The old cultivator chuckled. "Noah Balvan will probably reach the peak. That's something that Heaven and Earth know to be almost impossible to stop. That's an unavoidable consequence of their mistake. He will continue to grow stronger as the rulers get closer to their goal."

Divine Demon fell silent. His hands swam among the dense radiance as his existence tried to affect it. His Deduction technique couldn't understand much, but it made him aware that his power couldn't touch that light. It wasn't only a matter of difference in power. That fuel had specific counters that made it untouchable for his law.

"Is this fear?" Divine Demon asked. "Do you fear us so much?"

"Heaven and Earth do," The old cultivator announced. "They don't believe that you can win, but they know that you can cause many problems. This is to prevent the worst possible outcome."

"Which is?" Divine Demon asked as his eyebrows arched in curiosity.

"Your team becoming so strong enough to force Heaven and Earth to start everything again in order to defeat you," The old cultivator explained. "They do not fear defeat, but they know that you can make them waste a lot of time."

### **Chapter 1953 1953. Existence**

Divine Demon rarely had to think about his life. He was pure when it came to his decision and mindset. He never had to hesitate because he embodied what a true demon had to be.

Yet, Heaven and Earth had put him in a hopeless situation. The trap didn't have ways out. It was perfect in every sense, and Divine Demon could understand that clearly. It seemed that he only had to decide how to die.

Giving his existence away would preserve his thoughts. Divine Demon would lose everything he had built in those years, but he would maintain his mind. Instead, even if he decided to fight, Heaven and Earth would still steal part of his law.

Divine Demon couldn't find any other option. He had failed to predict Heaven and Earth's trap, but he couldn't blame himself either. He couldn't really oppose the rulers when they set their mind on a project.

"You sure put me in a difficult position," Divine Demon announced. "Well, not really."

The old cultivator frowned, but Divine Demon didn't hesitate to reveal the meaning behind his words. His aura surged and expanded among the oppressing whiteness that the walls were radiating.

The light could suppress Divine Demon's existence, but it simply retreated when his aura expanded. It wasn't its role to fight against him in that situation. Heaven and Earth had put it inside the trap to tempt Divine Demon, but they couldn't use it to defeat him due to the limits of their fairness.

The azure energy that Divine Demon had gathered before the activation of the trap rotated around him and started to condense when it flowed toward his right arm. The power contained inside his centers of power also came out and helped in the process.

Circular inscriptions formed on Divine Demon's arm and expanded to create the technique capable of releasing opposite laws that he had used in the past. A cylindrical formation soon grew from his limbs and created a cannon-like structure that stretched past his hand.

The light of the formation went from azure to white. Divine Demon's law transformed that power into higher energy that brought the overall level of the inscriptions near the liquid stage.

The old cultivator's face couldn't help but show his astonishment in front of that orderly and calm display of power, but no fear appeared in his eyes. He was ready to die in that situation since he had already fulfilled his role.

"Impressive but useless," The old cultivator exclaimed while raising his hand and gathering his power. "Come on. Test your power against me if you feel like it. It will give you an idea of how Heaven and Earth's path is the best choice."

Divine Demons snorted as his expression grew colder. His opponent wasn't taking him seriously, and he understood the reason behind that reaction. It didn't only involve Heaven and Earth's trap. It also took into consideration the power of his technique.

A single attack with power in the liquid stage couldn't be enough to defeat a liquid stage cultivator. Divine Demon even required the entirety of his energy to launch it, while his opponent only had to rely on his normal power to defend.

The lack of energy in the environment would limit Divine Demon to that single attack, and he couldn't even use it to kill a mere cultivator. It felt incredibly disappointing that the entirety of his journey had to culminate in that pointless expression of power.

"I don't doubt that I will die here," Divine Demon said in an almost uncaring tone, "But please, understand this old demon. I will never die silently."

"Do whatever you feel like," The old cultivator shrugged his shoulders without lowering his hand. "Heaven and Earth are ready to accept you in every form. The rest is up to you."

"I guess I can still seize a small victory then," Divine Demon whispered before closing his eyes.

His white energy trembled and grew unstable. The formation expanded as small flares tried to escape its structure. It seemed on the verge of exploding, but it was appeared too dense to shatter.

The formation's power increased during the process. It had already stepped on the liquid stage, but it continued to grow as Divine Demon's resolve surged. The old cultivator couldn't help but remain astonished again when he sensed that the level of the technique surpassed his centers of power.

"You are incredible!" The old cultivator shouted. "That's exactly what Heaven and Earth need. You have had access to powers that only rank 9 existences should be able to wield from the beginning of your divine path. You are the "Breath" blessed son! You are the perfect product of the rulers' system!"

"I challenge myself to overcome this trap," Divine Demon announced without opening his eyes. "May my existence pay the price for my failure."

The old cultivator's expression froze at those words. His excited and stupefied smile transformed into a worried smirk that struggled to trust the trap completely. His fears also intensified when he sensed the formation going past the liquid stage and stepping into the solid stage.

Divine Demon's technique had reached the peak of the cultivation world in that exact second. The unreal event was nothing more than a miracle. He had managed to push energy that could barely touch the liquid stage in its perfect form past its natural limits. He had created power from nothing even while inside a trap meant to isolate his law.

The scene was breathtaking, and it even confirmed that Heaven and Earth's hopes were on point. Divine Demon's law wielded the very potential to improve. It could ignore meanings, requirements, fuel, and common reason to produce the intended effects. Only the word miraculous could describe its incredible effects.

Yet, Divine Demon always had to pay the price for that power. The world often paid in his place, but the trap prevented that from happening. The expert had to use another currency to perform that technique, and only his existence could work.

The old cultivator knew that Heaven and Earth had prepared countermeasures for that eventuality. They had predicted an eventual suicide on Divine Demon's end. Still, the resolve shown by the expert worried him. Divine Demon was basically consuming his existence even before launching the attack. He was using his ability to perform miracles to perform that last incredible technique.

Not even Heaven and Earth knew that Divine Demon could do that. After all, only specific existences could use their potential or future gains as a proper fuel, and Divine Demon wasn't among them. In theory, he could do everything, but that remained an unforeseen event that didn't properly match his law.

Moreover, everything was part of a challenge, meaning that Divine Demon's existence would suffer a second time if the technique didn't consume all of it.

"Heaven and Earth surely hav-," The old cultivator tried to speak, but Divine Demon activated his technique before he could finish his line.

A wave of whiteness filled the insides of the trap, and the old cultivator felt forced to use the entirety of his power to protect himself from that discharge of energy. His body morphed as additional limbs, flesh, and muscles came out to defend him, but most of them turned into a gory mess anyway.

When the whiteness dispersed, the old cultivator noticed that only his head and a chunk of his chest had survived the attack. He was still alive, but he would die unless Heaven and Earth fixed him.

Nonetheless, the most striking detail on the scene was the absence of Divine Demon. The old cultivator was alone inside the trap.

### **Chapter 1954 1954. Cup**

The emptiness of the area inside the white walls startled the old cultivator, but his mind didn't manage to remain active long enough to ponder about the issue. Life abandoned him, and darkness soon replaced his consciousness.

Still, the walls suddenly shone with more intensity, and their light converged on the maimed corpse. The dense energy radiated by those structures rebuilt the expert and brought him back to life in a matter of seconds.

The old cultivator revealed an elated expression when he realized what had happened. His leaders had saved him, and he performed a deep bow toward the walls to express his gratitude.

The expert remained in that position until his curiosity had the better of him. His hunched back didn't allow him to straighten his figure too much, but he still raised his head before moving toward one of the walls.

Heaven and Earth had prepared for the eventuality of Divine Demon's suicide. That felt only normal for such a driven expert, but the procedure he had used to destroy his existence had been peculiar, and that had made the old cultivator worried.

A sigh of relief came out of the cultivator's mouth when he inspected the walls. The whiteness confirmed that everything had gone well. Heaven and Earth had managed to record the last stage reached by Divine Demon before the destruction of his existence. The rulers wouldn't be able to create a perfect copy of his law, but they could get pretty close.

Moreover, they would be able to perfect it in time and rebuild what the "Breath" had managed to generate on its own. Divine Demon seemed to represent Noah's opposite. The latter was the strongest product of the system's flaw, while the former appeared as its favored son.

"To think that such extreme personalities have ended up in the same team," The cultivator sighed while pressing his hand on the wall.

It felt almost hilarious that Noah and Divine Demon had been part of the same group of rebels. One of them had the potential to embody the perfection imagined by Heaven and Earth, but Noah's presence had brought him closer to become one of their greatest failures. Still, the rulers had acted before the

situation became too troublesome. They had taken care of Divine Demon before he could transform his existence into a world.

The walls released an intense light that filled the entirety of the void inside the trap. That radiance inspected every corner and each brim of energy still floating in that empty space before cleaning everything up.

The rulers couldn't allow themselves to commit mistakes or overlook something in that delicate situation. Divine Demon's law was too powerful and unpredictable to leave something unchecked. The walls performed many inspections before accepting that the expert was utterly dead.

The cultivator heaved another sigh after the light retracted. Everything had worked perfectly, and a laugh even escaped his mind when he realized how he had started to doubt the rulers for an instant.

Divine Demon's unreasonable display of power had almost managed to create a crack in his faith, but the truth had eventually revealed itself. Heaven and Earth had been perfect with their preparations, and nothing could beat that.

A frown appeared on the old cultivator when a peculiar spot on the wall entered his vision. The light trembled there, and he didn't hesitate to check the nature of that event.

"Incredible!" The old cultivator exclaimed when he placed his hand on that spot of the wall. "He had almost threatened the stability of the trap!"

That small chunk wall was still trembling due to the effects of Divine Demon's attack. The expert had actually touched Heaven and Earth's level when he sacrificed his existence to perform his last devastating technique.

The old cultivator shook his head before pressing on the wall to stop the tremors. Everything went still afterward. The last trace of Divine Demon's life disappeared from the wall.

The situation remained silent and still for a while until Heaven and Earth decided that it was time to remove the trap and move the project to the next phase. The walls shattered before transforming into light that rebuilt space and brought the cultivator back in stormy regions.

The old cultivator dug out his own eyes and tore apart a piece of his mind before dispersing it among the whiteness. His memories and impression of Divine Demon fused with the world and added the last materials required to rebuild his law.

Part of the storms flowed toward the cultivator to fix his injuries. His eyes and head regrew in a few seconds, but a thinking expression appeared on his face when the chaotic laws were about to leave his figure.

"Maybe I should really fix that," The old cultivator whispered before making use of some of the chaotic laws around him.

The energy flowed inside his back and straightened it. Modifying a body was nothing difficult for an entity at his level. His hunched figure didn't even affect his movements, so that feature was mostly an aesthetic issue.

"It doesn't feel bad," The old cultivator smirked before focusing on the sky again.

White lumps of light gathered in a spot above him until a chrysalis formed. Heaven and Earth wanted to give birth to Divine Demon's copy right away to test its powers, and they didn't hesitate to use everything they had learnt for the procedure.

Light fell from the sky and flowed from different spots of the world to gather inside the chrysalis. An aura that resembled Divine Demon began to spread out of that structure, and the similarities with the expert intensified as more power gathered inside it.

The old cultivator wore a solemn expression during the process. Heaven and Earth had to succeed now, or Divine Demon's existence would forever be outside their reach. The issue wasn't with creating a simple copy. They had to recreate him in his entirety but in a version that belonged to their system.

The chrysalis gathered energy until cracks opened on its shining surface. The shards that fell from the structure floated among the sky before converging toward the human figure that appeared after that solid membrane crumbled.

The human figure absorbed everything, and the light radiated by its edges dimmed to reveal an exact copy of Divine Demon. The only difference was with its color. Its skin was clear and white, his hair was longer than before, and his eyes didn't carry their red shades anymore. They shone with the white light that always accompanied the rulers.

The figure's centers of power activated and revealed its gaseous stage power. The existence carried by its aura was almost identical to the original Divine Demon. There didn't seem to be any difference except for a vague sense of belonging to Heaven and Earth's system.

"Divine Demon!" The old cultivator announced once a tremor ran through the figure. "Bow toward your masters and announce the new role of your existence."

Divine Demon's copy glanced at the cultivator before turning toward the sky. He nodded, and his back began to arch as he prepared himself to perform a bow. However, another tremor ran through his body and forced him to straighten his figure.

"What's the issue?" The old cultivator asked.

The expert didn't feel any worry. It was normal for such a complicated product to face a few problems until it completely stabilized. He was there to help it realize how to use its power for Heaven and Earth's sake.

"This isn't me," The white figure whispered while raising his palm.

The storms immediately moved toward its palm and sent their chaotic laws to create what its existence truly desired. It didn't take much before a cup full of wine appeared in that spot.

### **Chapter 1955 1955. Missing**

The old cultivator remained confused in front of that behavior, but he didn't panic. A replica meant to be almost identical to the original could have many malfunctions, especially when it came to a highly complicated existence.

Heaven and Earth would have already created the favored son of the "Breath" by themselves if that were an easy task. Finding and recognizing Divine Demon among the rebels had been a lucky chance

that they didn't dare to waste, and their follower on the scene knew that far too well. He didn't hesitate to activate some of the many precautions the rulers had prepared for the occasion.

The rulers' priority was to preserve what they had created since nothing like that existed in the world anymore. They had the closest copy to the dead original, but they had to turn it into the actual existence they were trying to obtain.

Storms gathered around Divine Demon's copy and the old cultivator. They transformed into currents of white light that fused with the former to adjust a few details in its law.

The issue seemed to be with some separation from Heaven and Earth. The white law belonged to the system, but it appeared unaware of that, so the old cultivator had to fix it.

Truth be told, the old cultivator's task was relatively easy. Heaven and Earth had already programmed the world for those functions, and they had even prepared enough energy. The expert only had to activate each phase depending on how the white figure reacted.

Heaven and Earth would gladly handle the process themselves, but their quasi-dormant state prevented them from affecting the world too much. Moreover, they were dealing with a law almost stolen from a rank 8 cultivator. They had already stretched the limits of their fairness to create the trap, and the process had actually caused backlashes that Noah and the others couldn't see.

Joining the process would only intensify those backlashes, which wasn't ideal in their current state. After all, the rulers had already proven how they were their worst enemy. Everything wanted to see them fail, so each mistake could cause problems that they would need millennia to solve.

Heaven and Earth preferred to play it safe when it came to their existence, and their liquid stage follower had already proven himself to be capable enough to handle the matter. He activated each function in the world in the precise order declared by the rulers, and Divine Demon's copy slowly changed.

The modifications didn't affect the figure's appearance. It changed its aura and some details of the law that it radiated. The connection with Heaven and Earth carried by its existence intensified, and the currents of lights eventually let its fabric go.

"Let's try again," The old cultivator uttered before pointing at the sky past the storms above him. "Divine Demon, take a look at the sky."

The white figure had remained with its palm raised, but its cup had disappeared during the process. A frown appeared on its face when it noticed that detail, but its shining white eyes moved toward the sky anyway.

The blinding radiance of the sky shone on the copy's eyes and resonated with their whiteness. They clearly belonged to the same existence, and their light was even identical. Yet, the figure's frown deepened before it turned its head to look at its palm again.

"What are you doing?" The old cultivator asked while activating multiple sensors hidden in the very fabric of the world.

Chaotic laws moved on their own and flowed toward the copy's palm. They gave birth to the cup again, and they didn't hesitate to fill it with wine.

"That's not me," Divine Demon's copy remarked while pointing its free palm toward the sky.

The old cultivator continued to remain relaxed. The idea that Divine Demon could come back to life didn't even appear inside his mind. He had confirmed his death with a rank 9 item in the upper tier. Nothing could escape that. Even the rulers would struggle against that.

Still, worry inevitably appeared, even if for different reasons. The expert wanted to succeed in that task and provide Heaven and Earth with that law. His duty felt almost holy when he considered the many advantages that the rulers could seize with the addition of that true meaning in their existence.

The copy of Divine Demon's law wasn't even a simple true meaning now. It was a world since Heaven and Earth had rebuilt that power with level in the gaseous stage. It felt incredible how a simple copy had already come out so strong, so the cultivator had to preserve it.

"Just drink it and try to remember," The old cultivator suggested without showing the slightest doubt.

Divine Demon's copy almost seemed to ignore his orders, and it eventually brought its cup to its lips. The first sip from the wine concocted by the chaotic laws made his eyes widen, but it didn't link to anything. There was something off, but that off wasn't alive.

"Strange," The copy commented and made the old cultivator relax.

It seemed that the new law was far more stable than before. It had doubts about its nature, but it remained incapable of going against Heaven and Earth, which was already a lot.

The old cultivator checked his sensors. There didn't seem to be anything off with the copied law. It even seemed better than the original now, so the expert decided to let it rest for now.

Divine Demon's copy continued to stabilize and grow closer to Heaven and Earth as its harmony intensified. It wouldn't take much before the rulers could properly absorb it into their existence and deploy its power. Perfection was close, but the figure still complained whenever it looked at the sky.

"Not me," The white figure stated. "That's definitely not me. I must find myself."

"Of course you must," The old cultivator promptly responded while handing the sensors. "Do whatever you feel like yourself."

The figure nodded before another cup full of wine materialized in its palm. It drank it in a single sip, and the chaotic laws quickly refilled it. It drank again, and the cup also shattered during the process.

Something was off, completely off even. Divine Demon's copy knew that it was missing a crucial aspect of its existence to express itself, but the world didn't seem to have it. However, the figure was itself. It could think, so its true self had to be inside its law.

Divine Demon raised its hand and stared at it for a few seconds before stabbing its own chest. The old cultivator almost shouted seeing the structure Heaven and Earth had spent so much creating hurting itself. The components were still in the sky, but it would require more fuel to rebuild it now.

Storms quickly converged toward Divine Demon's copy, but they froze in the sky when he raised his hand. The old cultivator's annoyance transformed into confusion at that sight. The gales of chaotic laws were part of one of Heaven and Earth's functions, so the white figure shouldn't have power over them. Yet, a simple gesture had been able to stop them.

"It must be here somewhere," The copy continued while digging its arm deeper into its chest. "Maybe it's missing on purpose, but I know what it is. I can sense it."

The old cultivator activated all the restrictions in the area, but the chaotic laws didn't follow those instructions. They seemed to obey Divine Demon's as they gathered in front of its figure and made energy seep past its glowing skin. Nothing happened right away, but a faint red shade slowly started to appear among its white eyes.

### **Chapter 1957 1957. Blood-red**

The hurricane rumbled. The storms thundered as they expanded throughout the world and seized as much energy as they could. Divine Demon's copy had given birth to a calamity meant to complete what Heaven and Earth didn't even dream to do. It wanted to restore the existence that they desired desperately.

The procedure's requirements in terms of energy were massive. The issue was with the multiple activities that the copy had to perform at the same time. It had to replicate what Heaven and Earth had partially tried to do before but on a larger scale.

Masses of chaotic laws carrying enough energy to satisfy even the strongest hybrids vanished in mere instants as formations appeared, activated, and generated solutions among the storms. A flow of information that even King Elbas would struggle to absorb in a single training session flowed inside Divine Demon's copy and filled it with answers about its situation.

The old cultivator didn't lie. The process was impossible, but Divine Demon's copy didn't want to approach it through the normal path. It had already decided that he would shatter his world, go back to the eighth rank, and face the breakthrough again.

The energy required to perform all of that was immense, and Divine Demon's copy could understand if everything had been a success only after the process was over. No one in the entire world would ever think about wasting so much power over such a faint hope. Most experts would struggle even to gain access to that quantity of fuel. Yet, Divine Demon's copy was different. The world bent to its will and helped its existence with everything it had.

The hurricane expanded and churned depending on the procedures happening in its insides. Inspecting its center was impossible due to the sheer size and violence of the storms, but anyone could guess that Divine Demon's copy was at its center.

The sky's radiance seemed to intensify from time to time. Those long flashes matched specific procedures that Heaven and Earth wanted to study for different reasons. The rulers were learning from Divine Demon's copy even in their dormant state, which only increased their desire to seize the expert.

The issue was that they had already reached the limits of their fairness, so they couldn't do anything there, at least when it came to hurting Divine Demon's copy. The rulers didn't want to give up on that law, which meant that they had to hope for the replica's success.

The rulers rarely relied on hope when it came to such important matters. They had the power to help Divine Demon's copy there, and it didn't take much before they decided to follow through with that idea.

The storms couldn't expand endlessly. Even Divine Demon's copy couldn't perform that miracle. The hurricane reached a point when it couldn't grow anymore, which inevitably put an end to its relentless absorption of energy.

Yet, chaotic laws came out of the sky after the hurricane starved for a few hours. Heaven and Earth released energy to fill the areas cleared by the calamity and add more power to those lands.

The new chaotic laws ended up inside the hurricane as soon as they reached the general area of the stormy regions. Heaven and Earth were adding power to a technique meant to restore their opponent's energy.

Divine Demon wasn't even a simple enemy. The "Breath" had taken him as its favored son, so the investment could go incredibly bad. Still, they were willing to take risks to have the chance to obtain something so valuable.

The old cultivator found it surprising that his body wasn't falling apart. He was stuck inside the storms, but they didn't appear interested in destroying him. They didn't even care about the energy contained in his centers of power. Yet, they didn't let him leave either, so he remained among that mess with his senses and consciousness obscured.

The expert couldn't sense almost anything, but he couldn't miss the arrival of the energy seeping out directly from the sky. He shared a deep connection with the rulers, so he could understand that Heaven and Earth had decided to help Divine Demon's copy.

The old cultivator couldn't understand the reason behind that action, but he slightly relaxed after learning that Heaven and Earth had joined the fray. The world had taken a stand, so he could enjoy his role as a spectator.

The addition of the new energy made the hurricane denser and eventually allowed it to condense into a rotating chrysalis. The structure spat out the old cultivator and other useless materials accumulated during its expansion to create the perfect cradle for the birth of Divine Demon's true world.

The old cultivator could finally expand his consciousness and study the event, but disbelief soon filled his mind. The rotating chrysalis was massive, immense even. It was so big that it didn't fit his vision from that position.

Standing near the chrysalis also required him to use some weak defensive techniques. The churning gales of chaotic laws weren't trying to affect him, but they still created an intense pulling force in the nearby areas. The old cultivator didn't want to end up in that mess again, so he did his best to protect himself.

The chrysalis never stopped spinning, but it slowly shrunk as the hours passed. A faint dangerous sensation also spread in the area. It was clear that something big was about to appear, but the old cultivator didn't know what to think. A large part of his beliefs had crumbled that day after witnessing a copy seizing control of Heaven and Earth's energy. He had lost the ability to understand what was reasonable.

The chrysalis shrunk until it reached the size of a two-meter-tall sphere. Its edges even caved to give it a shining humanoid shape identical to Divine Demon's copied version.

The process seemed to have failed, but everything changed when the figure opened its eyes. A blinding blood-red radiance came out of those organs and unleashed a type of rank 9 energy that the old cultivator had never sensed in his life.

That aura felt like the heaviest form of energy in the world, but it was also incredibly thin. It could have the texture of the air of some Mortal Lands or the density of the strongest metal in the higher plane. That strangeness in its features made it almost impossible to evaluate. The old cultivator only understood that it was in the gaseous stage of the ninth rank.

"Who are you?" The old cultivator asked as a frown appeared on his face due to his consciousness's struggles to study that aura. "Are you the copy or the real?"

Divine Demon's eyes converged on the cultivator and applied all the pressure that they were capable of. Its power was immense for an existence in the gaseous stage, but its opponent could endure it easily. The issue there was with the nature of that suppression. Its nature hurt to study.

"I didn't know Heaven and Earth held me in such high regards," Divine Demon announced in a cold voice as he stabbed his abdomen with his hand and tore out a glowing white orb. "They even tried to hide this inside me."

Divine Demon closed his hand, and the orb shattered into countless white shards that started to rotate around him. The ground, air, and space broke when he spread his arms and waited for their energy to converge in his palms. That white fuel became blood-red as soon as it entered the range of his eyes.

## **Chapter 1956 1956. Plan**

Divine Demon's copy almost ravaged its figure. It tore its chest open and studied its insides while gales flowed inside its broken body to help with the process.

The old cultivator in the distance didn't know what to do. He had sensors showing him data that he couldn't read properly. Heaven and Earth had literally made those functions to prevent similar situations, but everything appeared pointless in front of the influence of the favored son of the "Breath".

The chaotic laws stopped abiding by their programming to help Divine Demon's copy. That energy was the product of Heaven and Earth's second form, but that didn't seem to matter. Every fuel in the world belonged to its peculiar existence in case of need.

The influence of Divine Demon's copy went past the powerful ancient inscription methods used by Heaven and Earth to program the world. It appealed to something that went deeper than formations or hidden meaning. It was as if every energy in the world was born to serve it.

"Where is it?" Divine Demon's copy asked as annoyance seeped in his tone. "Where did you put it?"

The old cultivator had no words. He couldn't answer truthfully when the copy was in that state. He had to stall until the restriction finally calmed it down. Still, he didn't know whether he would have enough time for that. Nothing was working on his side, and Heaven and Earth were mostly dormant. They couldn't do much in that situation.

The truth about the matter could turn Divine Demon's copy berserk. That white existence was probably searching for the core that its current form lacked. Yet, that part of its law didn't exist in the world anymore. It had disappeared when the original died. Heaven and Earth would have already retrieved it if they could.

Divine Demon's copy was ravaging its body attracted by a faint resemblance. The energy gathered by the chaotic laws was pushing its current existence closer to the original, but two different beings could never create an identical true meaning. The rulers knew that far too well, which was the very reason behind their initial invitation.

Only a complete acceptance on Divine Demon's side to surrender his law would have preserved it in its entirety. The expert had even gone all-out with his last attack, so a lot of his original true meaning had disappeared. A lot of the current state of the copy's world was only a reproduction of what Heaven and Earth had memorized.

Divine Demon's copy had uncovered the entirety of its torso, but no organs appeared in the open. Its insides were a mass of whiteness with different textures. It was nothing more than a puppet created to replicate its old self, and the red shades coming out of its eyes had slowly started to realize it.

Initially, that realization was only a mere doubt, but the torrents of energy flowing inside its figure continued to enhance its functions, which eventually led to a conclusion. Divine Demon's copy learnt to be a mere replica of a law that the world didn't recall.

Everything stopped at that point. The conclusion left the copy speechless and devoid of any desire. It had to acknowledge to remain incomplete to find the will to move on, but it couldn't consider that life. No one at its level could.

Divine Demon's copy turned toward the old cultivator as anger gathered in its red eyes. It couldn't find itself, but it could vent as long as it felt those burning feelings. It had a proper target in its reach even, and its hand quickly rose to point at the bald expert.

Chaotic laws flowed toward its hand as soon as they felt its intentions. The copy amassed power to prepare a spell that could take out its opponent in a single blow, but confusion appeared on its face when it noticed that the gales weren't taking the intended shape.

Divine Demon's copy rotated his hand to study those chaotic laws, and they transformed into a cup full of wine as soon as its palm aimed at the sky. Its eyes sharpened when it inspected that familiar item and sniffed the booze that it contained. The world was telling it something. It was showing a path.

"I see," Divine Demon's copy eventually exclaimed as understanding dawned upon its mind. "The world doesn't know. Heaven and Earth don't know either, and my existence is mostly fake. Yet, I remain the closest thing to the original, so I can naturally tend toward that state."

The old cultivator had feared for his life before, but that announcement made him snap back to reality. He had to stop what was happening since the process could completely destroy that existence.

The expert had no power over Divine Demon's copy, but he had a weapon. He had the truth, which he didn't hesitate to announce now that the situation had become too problematic. "You can't recreate yourself. Your old existence dispersed. It's gone forever. You can only accept to remain a replica!"

"I think that the old me would have had something cool to say now," Divine Demon's copy snorted before spreading its arms and calling upon all the energy that its influence could gather.

Gales made of chaotic laws stormed the area and fused with the white figure, transforming into a massive hurricane that enhanced its influence and allowed it to reach distant locations. The calamity grew as more winds gathered inside it, and the old cultivator found himself unable to keep his eyes open once everything became too violent.

Everything lacked order, but Divine Demon's copy had a plan. It was vague and far from perfect, but it was a proper tactic that could allow it to retrieve its existence.

Its current power came from a world built on top of understanding that Heaven and Earth had copied and replicated after millennia of study. The rulers had never managed to grasp what Divine Demon would have become in the ninth rank. In theory, a true rank 9 version of the expert's existence had never appeared in the world.

Divine Demon's copy couldn't change its current world to obtain the true rank 9 version. However, it could force itself to regress in the eighth rank, create an almost identical replica of its previous law, and approach a proper breakthrough.

The creation of the world could theoretically fill the gaps that Heaven and Earth had been unable to copy since its existence would naturally tend toward its intended state. The problems that the procedure could cause were countless, but Divine Demon's replica planned to compensate for everything with the help of the Immortal Lands.

"I'm coming to get you!" Divine Demon's copy shouted, and the massive hurricane echoed its words before expanding even more.

The calamity became so violent that the old cultivator had to retract his consciousness to keep it safe inside his mind. The gales had become too dense and fast. Even his incredible cultivation level couldn't allow him to observe that procedure properly.

The world was raging to announce its support to its favored son. The storms were willing to forsake everything just to give the copy a chance to retrieve its true self, and everything eventually started to shatter. Laws didn't matter anymore in front of powers that could touch Heaven and Earth.

### **Chapter 1958 1958. Fairness**

"Who are you?!" The old cultivator shouted again.

Divine Demon was different from his original version and his replica, but the old cultivator didn't know if he had succeeded in retrieving his original law. That blood-red influence was eerie and powerful, but it

didn't seem to have anything to do with the previous azure and white shades that the energy captured by that existence obtained.

"You talk as if my answer could change your position," Divine Demon announced in a chilling voice as the world continued to shatter to give him energy.

"I need to know!" The old cultivator exclaimed as additional flesh and muscles grew on his figure.

The expert transformed into a giant in no time. His shape was monstrous. Bulging patches of skin grew from strange places and ruined his humanoid figure. He even had muscles growing out of the back of his head.

"You want me to confirm your faith in Heaven and Earth," Divine Demon understood while the light radiated by his eyes intensified. "You have power. Used it to find your answers."

The old cultivator snorted before growing additional limbs and shooting ahead. He feared Divine Demon's potential, but he remained a gaseous stage existence now. Putting up a fight wasn't an issue.

Divine Demon remained still as the monstrous figure approached him at high speed. His mind appeared able to understand the nature of the expert's world as soon as he entered his blood-red range. That power had something to do with his blood and flesh, but it continued to have Heaven and Earth's influence.

Divine Demon raised and waved his hand, and the energy that had fallen under his control until now shot ahead to face the incoming monster. The trails of fuel transformed into different abilities as they converged toward the old cultivator. They became beams of light, snake-like puppets with venomous fangs, masses of energy carrying unique effectiveness against blood and flesh. Their impact with the liquid stage expert caused an explosion that spread the cracks nearby.

The world shook in front of the clash between two worlds in the ninth rank. The old cultivator seemed able to modify his body freely and develop new muscles or limbs depending on the threats he faced. However, no one could defend from Divine Demon's power.

The blood-red abilities were never-ending. They always managed to inflict damage on the expert's monstrous body, and their discharge of energy spread Divine Demon's influence. More chunks of the world gained those bloody shades as they transformed into fuel that generated most spells.

The world also adapted to the old cultivator's existence. It took only a few waves of attacks before all the blood-red abilities became giant snakes carrying a special venom that made blood and flesh directly explode.

The energy in the Immortal Lands wanted Divine Demon to win so badly that it created an ability meant for that battle. No counter or defense could work when the entire world was working so desperately to kill you.

Chunks of the monstrous giant exploded and transformed into gory clouds that the blood-red influence turned into more fuel. Divine Demon wasn't moving at all, but the snakes handled the situation for him. The old cultivator charged forward in the hope that his body would be able to withstand that relentless destruction, but his will to fight vanished when he found himself kneeling in front of his opponent.

The old cultivator had turned into a gory mess. He had regained his human figure, but wounds and blood covered his skin due to the injuries suffered during the charge.

Small versions of the blood-red snakes had become chains entangled on his limbs and head to suppress his movements and consciousness. The world had learnt how to cage a liquid stage cultivator in a matter of seconds, and the latter couldn't even raise his head after he ended up kneeling in front of Divine Demon.

"How is this fair?" The old cultivator whispered, and his voice struggled to seep past the snakes entangled around his head. "How can you not acknowledge the irrationality in your power? No being should be so above the others due to simple birthright."

"No existence should be so blind in the ninth rank," Divine Demon whispered as his red eyes shone on the expert under him. "You still think that my current power is mere luck."

"How can it not be?!" The old cultivator cursed, and the snakes tightened their grasp when they sensed some power seeping out of that gory skin. "You can literally control all the power in the world without limits. Nothing would stop you if you were to use it to slaughter mere rank 7 experts. There is no fairness in that!"

"What do you think the Tribulations are?" Divine Demon laughed.

"They are tests tuned specifically for each existence!" The old cultivator complained. "They follow precise rules capable of binding even Heaven and Earth!"

"Why would you even consider that normal?" Divine Demon laughed, and his influence expanded.

More pieces of the world shattered until the nearby area transformed into a vast hole connected to the void. Yet, blood-red energy quickly flowed toward the openings and rebuilt the fabric of space, giving it its unique shades.

The energy didn't stop there. It erected a series of tower-like structures on top of the new blood-red layer that divided the Immortal Lands from the void. Those buildings performed sharp turns when they were about to reach Divine Demon, and they fused to transform into a dark throne after arriving right under him.

Divine Demon sat and opened his palm. Energy flowed inside his grasp and created a cup full of wine. The expert voiced a satisfied laugh after he took a sip from that blood-red liquid. A broad smile even appeared on his face when he gazed at the shape of his world.

"We are monsters," Divine Demon eventually explained. "I'm not talking about my team. Those who step on the cultivation journey become monsters as soon as they escape their mortal limitations."

"I won't talk philosophy with an existence fueled by the very world," The old cultivator snorted, but Divine Demon ignored him.

"You fail to see what the cultivation journey really is," Divine Demon chuckled while drinking from his cup. "Only weaklings demand fairness. Those meant to reach the peak only want more power, enough power to stand above everyone else."

"Easy for you to speak from your throne," The old cultivator replied.

"Should this justify your weakness?" Divine Demon laughed while standing up. "I have suffered, fought, and earned every last bit of the power that I currently wield. It's not reasonable and definitely not fair, but that's the whole point of the cultivation journey. We aren't an organization. We aren't a group of experts trying to create a fair playground. We are monsters inside a world full of monsters striving to the peak!"

Divine Demon spread his arms, and the blood-red light intensified until it created an ethereal screen that started to depict the entirety of his life. The old cultivator felt able to see it even if the snakes were suppressing his power. Still, he didn't need to watch those scenes since he had already studied them in the sky.

"The system is unnatural!" Divine Demon shouted. "You can't put limits to power, ambition, and determination. Heaven and Earth tried to balance potential and efforts, but they have failed to see the inevitable flaw in that plan."

"Which is?" The old cultivator groaned.

"Suppression gives birth to Demons!" Divine Demon laughed, and the world laughed with him.

### **Chapter 1959 1959. Potential**

"It's easy to defend an unfair system from your position," The old cultivator complained. "How can you justify the countless experts treated as mere cannon fodder by beings stronger than them? How can you ask them to accept such unfairness when the world builds thrones for you?"

Divine Demon took sips from his seemingly bottomless cup. His smile never left his face as strands of blood-red energy flowed toward his mind and awarded him knowledge over topics that suited his argument.

"Heaven and Earth put Noah Balvan into an environment meant to suppress him," Divine Demon stated. "Look at him now. Isn't he one of the flaws in the system that your fairness was trying to ignore?"

"You don't know what you are talking about," The old cultivator snorted.

"Xavier Elbas was nothing more than a curious cultivator in a world full of monsters," Divine Demon continued. "Look at him now. Isn't he standing with us as one of the new potential threats for your system?"

"Everything has flaws," The old cultivator justified. "Perfection can't exist in this world."

"Sword Saint has chased after an impossible goal for millennia," Divine Demon didn't stop. "His determination has allowed him to ignore the flaws in his path until the peak of the eighth rank, and his devotion has inflicted a deep wound in existences that he can't even touch."

The old cultivator remained silent at that point. He couldn't argue against that. Even Heaven and Earth couldn't predict that the sword path would pick Sword Saint as one of its avatars.

"You talk about flaws in an almost perfect system, but I see countless errors kept together by an array of punishments," Divine Demon explained while pointing at his opponent. "Weren't you like them too before giving your existence away? You might have had rightful ideas even before joining the rulers, but your power proves how you have also accepted selfishness at some point."

"I knew nothing about the world back then!" The old cultivator remarked.

"I'm telling you that you knew everything already," Divine Demon laughed. "Selfishness is natural and necessary in the cultivation journey. Do you want to become a saint? Get more power than the others and change the system. Don't use your ideas to justify your weakness otherwise."

"Heaven and Earth-," The cultivator tried to speak, but the blood-red snakes tightened their grip on his head again and silenced him.

"Heaven and Earth are like me, Noah, Xavier, and all the other existences who have approached the divine ranks," Divine Demon snorted while turning to tap on the throne. "They merely are ahead of us for now."

The throne and the many towers shattered into a rain of blood-red shards that flew inside Divine Demon's figure. The nature of his world was simple but profound. The "Breath" had appointed him as the heir of its power. He was the crown prince of a plane that still had a king.

The old cultivator never understood that part and the blood-red snakes around him prevented him from witnessing that scene. The sight of the throne entering Divine Demon's figure might have revealed something, but he lost that chance.

"What are you going to do now?" The old cultivator asked. "Heaven and Earth will hunt you down. They won't give up on your power."

"How is that different from before?" Divine Demon laughed before snapping his fingers.

The blood-red snakes stabbed their fangs on the cultivator and released their venomous power inside his world. Everything shattered in a matter of seconds, and the expert soon transformed into dust that dispersed among the whiteness.

Divine Demon didn't turn to watch the scene. He didn't even feel worried about a potential resurrection. He glanced at the sky to show a challenging smirk, and the intensity of his blood-red light inevitably intensified as he thought about the incoming battles. He had almost forgotten how fun the cultivation journey was.

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King Elbas followed the young-looking woman among the storms. He wasn't like his companions. He had already activated sensors meant to inspect his opponent, but his inscribed items appeared unable to learn anything about her.

That result didn't surprise King Elbas, especially since he had asked for an opponent who wasn't a mere brute. He needed more than simple exchanges of abilities to perfect his path, and only a fellow expert could provide that.

The two flew across the gales of chaotic laws for a while, but the woman eventually stopped. King Elbas imitated her while taking out countless quasi-rank 9 weapons that had a few proper rank 9 inscribed

items among them, but his opponent didn't react to that show of power. She didn't even expand her consciousness to inspect the golden array of tools that had appeared around him.

King Elbas didn't attack, but the situation became awkward as minutes passed. The woman didn't even turn to look at him. She remained among the storms as her long golden hair fluttered in the wind.

"I'd rather have an actual fight," King Elbas announced. "Killing you like this won't bring any benefit to my existence."

Pure arrogance flowed out of King Elbas' figure and seeped inside the words that spread in the area. He was treating that liquid stage expert as a mere stepping stone meant to elevate his existence, and his opponent only needed to hear his announcement to understand that.

"Heaven and Earth used to hold you in high regard," The woman whispered without turning, and her voice pierced the storms to reach King Elbas' unfolded consciousness. "It's a pity that you had to band together with such brainless idiots."

"Your false flattery won't work with me," King Elbas explained while cutting away the mental waves that had touched her voice. "Did you think that you could hide the properties of her voice from me?"

"Please," The woman giggled while turning to look at her opponent. "You wouldn't even be able to arouse Heaven and Earth's interest if you couldn't discover something so obvious."

The cultivator's laugh created soundwaves that tried to affect King Elbas' consciousness. Their invisible influence transformed those mental waves and forced the expert to cut them away, but a golden orb eventually appeared in his palm and dispersed among those thoughts.

King Elbas' consciousness gained golden shades that radiated a unique aura. Nothing seemed to have changed in its structure, but the woman's eyes widened when she sensed its new properties.

"Try to speak," King Elbas ordered while taking more orbs almost identical to the first. "I'm sure I need to change the composition of the shield a bit."

The woman smiled at that scene, but a helpless sigh eventually left her mouth. The golden light that filled King Elbas' consciousness flashed when that sound reached it, and some mental waves soon started to transform.

"I knew it!" King Elbas announced while cutting away those mental waves and picking one of the orbs around him. "Stay still for an instant. This one should be perfect."

The woman shook her head when she saw King Elbas using the other item to create a new shield around his consciousness. She could immediately see how the new protection was as perfect as the cultivator said. He had successfully managed to counter her passive influence after listening to her for less than a minute.

"You really had the potential to overcome Divine Architect's peak," The woman sighed again, and King Elbas' expression grew cold as soon as he heard those words.

**Chapter 1960 1960. Attemp**

At first, King Elbas believed to have misheard. Of course, he didn't truly think that his ears could trick him, but the shield around his consciousness could malfunction and transform the words that reached his thoughts.

A second inspection revealed that his shield didn't affect the woman's words. She had really voiced a name that King Elbas had obviously heard during his stay in the Mortal Lands. He would be ashamed of his ignorance if he didn't know about the expert who held the title of best inscription master in the world before his rise to prominence.

Still, some doubts remained in his mind. The Immortal Lands was immense and had countless Mortal Lands connected to its sky. Different experts could obtain the same titles if they happened to have similar laws.

The woman remained silent as the corners of her mouth curved upward. She seemed to know what was happening inside King Elbas' mind. She could see his curiosity trying to take over his actions.

"It's her," The woman eventually revealed. "It's quite coincidental that the same Mortal lands have given birth to two of the most talented inscription masters that the world has ever seen."

"Or it has happened on purpose," King Elbas added, and the smile on the woman's face broadened when those words reached her.

"You do understand the system better than your companions," The woman complimented. "Even Noah Balvan can't give complete explanations to his sharp intuition, but you are different."

"I'm the best," King Elbas announced.

"You could have been," The woman corrected while pointing her hand at the sky. "Heaven and Earth could have taught you inscription methods that the world has believed to be lost for entire eras. Your arrogance and genuine curiosity could have brought the inscription field past what Divine Architect can achieve, but you have decided to taint your existence with rebellious thoughts."

"I have found a path that even Heaven and Earth fear to approach," King Elbas sneered. "You can't deceive me with your lies."

"They aren't lies," The woman chuckled while lowering her arm to point it at the golden halo that covered King Elbas' consciousness. "Your shield didn't react, right? I'm not trying to deceive you. I strongly believe in what I've said."

"That doesn't make it true," King Elbas stated.

The woman rolled her eyes before replying. "It might not be the truth, but it's the most accurate evaluation you can get in this world. I still have the rulers of the sky behind me."

King Elbas snorted. He didn't take her comment to heart, but there had to be some truth inside it, and he knew why. The orange city had taught him a lot, so he could guess how the sky could give him far more.

"I only need to succeed on my path to prove you wrong, right?" King Elbas eventually asked while taking out the jelly-like golden sphere. "Please, be a good lab rat and help me reach the ninth rank."

"The path that stands at that embodies the ultimate form of the energy," The woman commented when she saw that golden sphere. "Did you ever wonder why Heaven and Earth didn't go past the "Breath"?"

"Because they are ignorant brutes," King Elbas mocked.

"Don't speak like this," The woman heaved an annoyed sigh. "These insults are beneath you. Come on. You are an exceptional inscription master. Why did Heaven and Earth settle for the "Breath" even if they had the chance to gain access to the higher energy?"

"They couldn't," King Elbas promptly responded. "The superior version of the chaotic laws is the very matter around us. They don't grow stronger but only change form. Heaven and Earth made their existence so messy that they couldn't gain access to other elemental forms of higher energy. As I said, they are ignorant brutes."

The woman's eyebrows arched in surprise, but she quickly hid that reaction. She didn't expect King Elbas' explanation to be so detailed, but she found comfort in the fact that he had missed something.

"They could have still built stronger versions of the avatars by picking specific meanings of their existence and evolving them," The woman explained.

"We'll find those in the sky, right?" King Elbas guessed as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "Heaven and Earth shouldn't be able to divide their existence and enhance some of its aspects everywhere. They need their sky to do that."

The woman felt genuine astonishment now. King Elbas had never seen the insides of the sky, but he had already guessed the nature of its guardians.

"You are correct," The woman revealed. "The sky does have avatars made of higher energy."

"Why are you telling me this?" King Elbas groaned while scratching the side of his head. "Now I really want to study them. You shouldn't underestimate a man's curiosity."

King Elbas took out a lump of golden flames from his space-ring and tinkered with it for a few seconds. The fire took the shape of sparks that expanded and gave birth to a puppet similar to Heaven and Earth's crackling avatars. The only difference was that his creation didn't carry the same nature.

"They are like this, right?" King Elbas asked as a tinge of excitement shone in his eyes. "Ignore the obvious weakness and different element."

"They are like that," The woman said, but the golden halo surrounding King Elbas' consciousness trembled when those words reached it.

"It's annoying when you lie," King Elbas sighed before waving his hand and turning his puppet into flames that fused with his body. "I guess I have to reach the sky to study them. Well, that has always been the original plan."

"You won't be able to reach the sky," The woman quickly contradicted. "Your path has no solution. Not even Heaven and Earth can reach the goal that you have set for yourself, and they have access to far more inscription methods."

"Sword Saint told me how a cultivator had said something similar to him before his breakthrough," King Elbas uttered before spreading his arms and looking at the sky. "You should know that our potential already goes past the sky."

King Elbas' curiosity intensified as his aura spread through the world. His whole figure began to release a golden light as flames seeped out of his skin. His cultivation level even seemed ready to step into the ninth rank, but it fell slightly short.

"Entities past the sky, hear my words!" King Elbas announced as his flames started to express his dedication in the inscription fields. "Gaze at my existence and feel my devotion."

The many inscribed items around King Elbas started to tremble and echo his feelings. They increased the range of his aura and made it pierce the storms above him. His flames stretched toward the sky as he tried to attract the attention of the paths that stood past the Immortal Lands.

The woman took a few steps back before glancing at the sky. She couldn't believe that King Elbas was trying to imitate Sword Saint. The aura that spread in the environment also had a solemn feeling. She truly thought that laws would start to fall soon.

However, nothing happened as time passed. The sky remained still, and the world didn't answer. King Elbas remained in that position for a while, but he eventually gave up on the matter and retracted his aura.

"I had to try," King Elbas shook his head before pointing his gaze back on the woman. "Now, what were you saying about Divine Architect?"