

DEMONIC 631

[Chapter 631 631. Drawback](#)

Noah's bit the ox's neck when he came out of the Warp spell.

The rank 5 magical beast was too injured to react and couldn't avoid that sudden attack.

Its neck had already lost a chunk of flesh, and that last bite tore another strand of skin and muscles.

Then, Noah waved his sabers upward.

The head of the Hairy ox fell on the ground after those slashes, and its body prostrated as life abandoned it.

Noah couldn't help but roar at the sky at that point.

Killing his first rank 5 creature filled his being with pride, it was as if that battle had sealed his entrance in the fifth rank!

'My dantian and Liquid dantian are basically empty, and even my remaining mental energy isn't enough to keep the Divine deduction technique active for long. Fighting a rank 5 beast is expensive.'

Noah thought as he sat on the ground and began to eat the corpse of his prey.

The feeling of having his first satisfying meal since he entered the fifth rank didn't stop him from analyzing the battle.

He could finally understand where he stood compared to other cultivators, fighting the ox had forced him to use all his assets after all.

'My defense is clearly in the fifth rank, but my offensive is somewhere in the solid stage of the fourth rank. My physical strength is in the fifth rank too, but I don't believe that my enemies will ever let me get close to them.'

Noah summarized as he munched the sturdy meat of the ox.

Anything that made use only of his body was on the same level of rank 5 beasts in the lower tier, but his other attacks could only reach the power of a rank 4 cultivator in the solid stage.

Of course, that was possible only thanks to his Liquid dantian.

Noah's new inscribed item gathered the energy released by his body during the activation of the secret art.

That energy was the basic form of the "Breath", it was the pure substance in which the "Breath" was transformed once his body absorbed it.

That energy, coupled with his physical might or mental energy, gave birth to martial arts and spells that could match a solid stage cultivator.

'I guess rank 4 cultivators in the solid stage can be a match for rank 5 beasts in the lower tier, which means that I can't beat rank 5 cultivators unless I reach the middle tier or improve my other centers of power.'

Noah quickly established a list of the power levels between cultivators and magical beasts.

He couldn't be sure about those details before because his level was simply too low to evaluate such powerful existences.

However, after the breakthrough, he could finally begin to understand the differences between the fourth and fifth rank when it came to beasts and humans.

'Using defensive arts and spells is useless in my current state, my body alone would match their power. I should focus all my energies on my offensive and leave my protection to my natural defenses.'

Noah concluded when his analysis was over.

A rank 5 beast in the lower tier could be compared to a rank 4 cultivator in the solid stage, which meant that the spells fueled by his Liquid dantian could only match his natural defenses.

So, it was better to use his small reserves of energy to improve his offensive since he wouldn't have many chances to touch his opponents in the future.

The images of his battle against Adrian had spread through the big nations, only fools would let someone like Noah get close to them after seeing them.

'Flames, Dragon's claw martial art, and spells for my offensive, with the last two being fueled by my Liquid dantian.'

'Shadow sprint martial art fueled by my dantian for a burst of speed that can take even liquid stage cultivators by surprise, and fueled by the Liquid dantian to match those in the solid stage.'

'Skin and muscles for my defense, it's pointless to waste my "Breath" to use defensive spells that can only match my body.'

Noah set those points in his mind, that was the best way to use his centers of power in his view.

The corpse of the ox soon disappeared from the ground, only a few red spots remained on the terrain after Noah was done with his meal.

The four wounds on his abdomen had already stopped bleeding and were beginning to heal.

The regenerative capabilities of the Yin body had been passed down when Noah fused himself with a Cursed dragon, and they had obviously been enhanced after the breakthrough.

Injuries that would take weeks or months to heal would be fixed in days or weeks due to the regenerative properties spread through his body by his black heart.

'I need a few weeks to heal completely, but I can start to move in a week or so already. Being a hybrid is awesome, but the issue of the "Breath" required for the breakthrough is quite problematic.'

Noah thought as he activated the secret art to refill his Liquid dantian.

His body required far more "Breath" to improve compared to the other magical beasts, but Noah had never considered it an issue since his higher battle prowess would allow him to hunt powerful creatures safely.

However, the ox that he had just eaten didn't make him improve by much.

Noah felt as if its nourishment was akin to that provided by peak rank 4 creatures when he was still in the fourth rank.

That realization made Noah understand that he would probably need a hundred or so rank 5 magical beasts to reach the middle tier!

After all, he had eaten countless rank 4 creatures and even a few dantians to reach the upper tier when he still had a rank 4 body, and his requirements in terms of energy had only increased after the breakthrough.

'Where am I even going to find a hundred rank 5 creatures that I can kill?'

Noah couldn't even begin to imagine the struggles that he would have to go through to find one hundred rank 5 creatures.

'The Albino snake sure is patient, it would need tens of thousands rank 4 snakes in the lower tier to improve. How many years would it take?'

The images of the valley in Twilboia Cliff reappeared in his mind when he understood that reaching the sixth rank would take centuries.

The issue was that there weren't enough powerful magical beasts in the entirety of the Mortal Lands according to his prospects!

'What would happen in the sixth rank? How many rank 6 beasts are even around? Ten? Twenty? They are not enough to make me advance!'

It was at that point that Noah understood why magical beasts were innately inclined to assault the encampments and cities of the humans.

That understanding made him aware of one basic necessity that he had to fulfill if he wanted to avoid spending millennia absorbing the "Breath" in the environment.

'I need to eat dantians.'

[Chapter 632 632. Icy Cascade](#)

'Improving my other centers of power will allow me to hunt stronger creatures. Hunting stronger beings will make my body improve faster. It's a cycle that will abruptly stop in the sixth rank due to the absence of powerful prey, but there isn't much that I can do about that.'

Noah thought as the needs of his body became evident in his mind.

The drawbacks of being a hybrid were beginning to appear, but Noah didn't feel any regret in learning them.

Being able to face rank 5 beasts as a rank 4 cultivator in the gaseous stage was enough to make Noah disregard all the hindrances that waited for him in the future.

After all, that feat was shocking!

Noah would never purposely choose a weaker body-nourishing method because it had easier requirements, he would never forsake the powers that made him superior to the other cultivators.

'I can only solve one problem at the time, and, right now, my most pressing issue is the weakness of my other centers of power. I can express a battle prowess that matches solid stage cultivators for a limited period, I can only rely on my body after both my dantian and Liquid dantian are emptied.'

Worrying about matters so far in the future was pointless, Noah's focus had to be on his solving the weaknesses of his current state.

His mind was improving steadily, and his Liquid dantian somewhat compensated for his lack of a suitable "Breath", but the core of the issue remained.

The gaseous "Breath" was too weak for the standards of his body!

'Creating darkness that belongs only to me. Is it doable? I have yet to create spells, how can I possibly create an element?'

Noah asked himself as he waited for his body to recover.

His individuality seemed to push him to a state where he could match or imitate Heaven and Earth.

However, he lacked the primary energy needed to create a world, he wasn't able to exude something similar to the "Breath".

'That should be my path though. Otherwise, I can just wait for my individuality to start affecting the "Breath" inside my dantian and work from there. I wonder what I will become.'

The new shape of his Demonic form made it clear that his mental energy could affect his spells, but that wasn't an expression of his individuality, it was only the natural consequence of his bloodline.

He wasn't a human, so it made sense that his centers of power underwent some changes.

Even his dantian was far sturdier than before, Noah had long stopped restraining his cultivation technique when he understood that no amount of stress seemed to affect that organ.

'Almost nine years have passed since my Heaven Tribulation, the breakthrough to the liquid stage should be fairly close.'

Noah let his mind wander after that thought.

He didn't mind waiting a few weeks to heal his body completely, he didn't need to hurry in his search after all.

The demon sects had been exiled a thousand years ago, delaying his mission for a bit wouldn't affect the status of their remains.

Noah left the Ox Woodland when his body and centers of power returned to their peak and flew toward the territories of the Shandal Empire.

The clues gathered by the elders pointed him deep inside the area of influence of the most powerful nation in the Mortal Lands, he wouldn't dare to approach it when wounded.

Noah slowly flew above the countless camps of slaves that filled the areas around the Empire.

The area of influence of that nation was mostly made by defeated nations that had been enslaved and forced to work under its rule.

Chinking sounds continuously resounded from the areas under him as hundreds of slaves excavated the terrain to gather the Vostum needed to sustain the incredible number of cultivators of the Empire.

Noah noticed how the density of "Breath" in the environment kept on diminishing as he ventured deeper into the domain of the Empire.

'Human cultivators generally can't affect the environment, but the Empire has so many of them that the "Breath" is becoming scarce. This is the price to pay for being at the top of the Mortal Lands.'

Noah thought as he flew past those camps.

The soldiers in charge of those encampments were only human cultivators, they couldn't notice his presence unless he wished for it to happen.

He was still outside of the actual territory of the enemy nation, but his awareness was at its peak nonetheless.

Then, he sensed that someone worthy of his attention was finally coming to greet him.

A heroic cultivator wearing the red robes of the Empire appeared in Noah's vision, and he simply waited in the air for the former to reach him.

"I'm Icy Cascade of the Western Force of the Wardens. It is my job to keep the western border of the Empire safe, so you can understand my surprise in seeing the Demon Prince of the Hive flying in this region."

The heroic cultivator that greeted Noah was a tall woman with short black hair and a scar that diagonally marked her face.

She wore a stern expression, but traces of fear could be seen in her dark eyes.

It was clear that Noah's presence there was unexpected and that she wasn't comfortable in front of him.

Icy Cascade was a rank 4 cultivator in the gaseous stage with a rank 4 body in the upper tier.

Also, she was an experienced warrior, she had earned her prestigious position in the Wardens through war merits.

However, Noah gave birth to an intense fear inside her, the natural aura that surrounded his body made her feel like a simple prey.

Noah took out his token when he heard her words, and Icy Cascade slightly relaxed when she understood that he didn't have malicious intentions.

"The higher-ups of our nations have fought together during the crisis of the winged beasts, and you have tried to help Eager Titan. The Empire will respect Chasing Demon's will and your good intentions."

Icy Cascade said while performing a welcoming gesture.

The agreement that enforced peace between the four nations had worn off after the crisis, but no force wanted to start another conflict too soon.

Also, Noah's situation was quite peculiar due to the wrongdoings of the escorts of the Empire in the natural paradise on the western coast of the new continent.

Icy Cascade didn't mind treating him as a guest due to that event and Chasing Demon's vouch, especially since Noah's intentions could set the foundations for favorable trades.

Noah went straight to the point when the two of them began to fly together deeper into that region.

Icy Cascade needed to send a few mental messages before she could pinpoint the location of the slaves that he had mentioned.

Of course, she wasn't doing that for free, there was a tacit understanding between Noah and her that her services would require a cost when the matter was over.

[Chapter 633 633. Slaves](#)

Icy Cascade led Noah toward the slave camps in the southern area around the Empire when she managed to discover something.

The conditions of the slaves improved as they neared the borders of the big nation and even their tasks began to change.

There were still half-naked chained men and women digging the terrain, but there were also many of them who dressed plain clothes and managed large farms.

Icy Cascade explained how the actual citizens of the Empire were mostly soldiers whose role was to fight and defend certain areas.

Yet, cultivators were still humans, and they had basic needs that had to be satisfied.

The Utra nation and Papral nation left those jobs to the commoners and encouraged them through the noble families and sects.

The Hive was a bit different since its territories didn't grant much space to reserve to the production of basic needs.

Most of the products required for the sustain of its human cultivators were imported from the other nations or fished by its weakest citizens in the sea around the archipelago.

The Empire, instead, used the slaves.

Vast farmlands began to appear as Noah, and the woman from the Wardens flew toward the southern border of the nation.

The number of slaves that filled those lands made Noah wonder about the number of wars that the strongest nation of the Mortal Lands had fought and won.

Also, all those slaves were cultivators of different ranks!

Noah was even able to spot some chained rank 3 cultivator every now and then.

'Beings at the peak of the human ranks forced to work as farmers or miners. What a strange view.'

The cruel fate of those cultivators created conflicting sceneries.

Humans that had strived to become aloof existences were forced to stare at the ground for the rest of their life because of their defeat.

"This way. The slaves that match your description are stationed in a mine of Hoslite, one of the main materials used in the creation of the inscribed chains."

Icy Cascade said as she pointed toward a dark gray mountain chain in the distance.

The rocky terrain visible on the surface of the mountain reflected its metallic features, but what caught Noah's attention was the state of the slaves working there.

Chained men and women in an evident malnourished condition used rudimentary pickaxes to break the hard terrain of the dark-gray mountain.

Then, they gathered the debris accumulated in the process and carried them in a structure ruled by cultivators wearing the robes of the Empire.

"Why are they treated so differently from the others?"

Noah asked when he saw the difference in their condition compared to the slaves working in the farms.

"The records about them aren't complete, you are asking about matters that happened centuries ago after all. It should be some kind of punishment toward the bloodlines that filled this region before the Empire conquered them."

Icy Cascade explained without showing a slight trace of emotion.

The descendants of the families that inhabited that independent region were still punished for something that not even their rulers remembered.

That cruelty made Noah curious about the nature of their guilt, but he didn't care enough to ask.

His mission was clear, and he was too close to an enemy nation, he would rather confirm the clues in his possession and return to independent lands.

"How can you ensure their survival?"

Noah asked.

There was one thing that concerned the slaves' matter that he didn't understand: Why did they even keep on living?

Cultivators generally had strong personalities and wills, they could settle for poor conditions to survive, but what he saw was a bit too much.

'Living in chain only to see your progeny bound by your same shackles, what's even the point in being alive?'

Those were Noah's thoughts about the matter.

The way he saw it, being alive was pointless if you couldn't pursue power, and the hoping that someone would restore your freedom was simply a delusional thought.

They were slaves of the Empire, the most potent force in the entirety of the Mortal Lands, who would ever be willing to go against its will just to free them?

"Our inscribed chains are our masterpiece. I'm not an inscription master, but I know that those items have peculiar effects on the mental spheres once bound to an owner. I can't be too specific though. I'm sure you'll understand."

Noah nodded when he heard Icy Cascade's explanation.

It seemed that the chains didn't only restrain the actions and freedom of the slaves, but even their mindsets.

'They probably can't kill themselves nor stop procreating. They are nothing more than livestock forced to work until they fall apart.'

That realization appeared in Noah's mind for less than an instant before disappearing.

The world was cruel, he had always known that.

That feature was enhanced in a world where humans could strive for powers that elevated their status and separated them from their mortality.

The only way to escape any cruel outcome was to have enough power to oppose those events.

"I need to question them, possibly alone. It would also be appreciated if you removed the chains for that period."

Noah said, but Icy Cascade promptly shook her head.

"I can make you analyze them, but you can't stop their work. Our economy has a tight schedule, one delay might result in a loss of tens of thousands of Credits. As for removing the chains, that's simply impossible. They aren't made to be removed."

Icy Cascade was extremely serious when she said that, and Noah could only agree with her for the moment.

He neared the group of slaves digging the surface of the mountain and began to analyze them with his mental waves.

The slaves didn't even notice his presence, but he instantly obtained a complete understanding of their cultivation level.

That allowed him to notice that one of the chained men had a body that exuded a peculiar firmness, it was as if he was naturally stronger than his peers.

A technique didn't cause that feature, it seemed something intrinsic to his bloodline.

"I wish to question him."

Noah spoke as he pointed toward that peculiar slave, but Icy Cascade shook her head once again.

"Our productive system nears perfection. We can't inter-"

"You! What is the value of the resources mined in this camp each day?"

Noah interrupted Icy Cascade's words to question one of the soldiers stationed in the structure that gathered the resource mined in the mountain.

The soldiers were only human cultivators, they instinctively lowered their heads when Noah moved his gaze on them, and they felt forced to answer him due to the pressure that it carried.

"A-a few thousand Credits, sir."

Noah nodded at that point and took out one hundred thousand Credits from his space-ring.

The shining crystals created a small pile when they fell on the ground, but the soldiers couldn't even begin to count them since another question reached their ears.

"This should be enough to cover the work of one slave, right?"

[Chapter 634 634. Descendan](#)

'The Enduring demon sect was said to have techniques that directly affected the bloodlines of its members.'

Noah thought as he neared the slave with a peculiar body.

Icy Cascade didn't even try to stop him, those Credits were more than enough to cover for the work of one cultivator.

Noah could guess that the cultivator from the Wardens was rising issues on purpose, but he didn't care if the Empire wanted to use that chance to rip him off.

Money was useless in his mind, and he was rich anyway, he could casually throw even a few millions of Credits without blinking.

The slave didn't even notice his presence, he just kept on breaking the surface of the dark-gray mountain with the pickaxe in his grasp.

Noah applied a bit of pressure with his mental sphere, and the man became confused for a moment.

Yet, it immediately resumed its work when his mind stabilized.

'Rank 3 body, rank 2 dantian, and rank 1 sea of consciousness... The Empire even forces them to cultivate.'

Noah thought as his mental waves probed the state of the slave's mind.

The latter's mental sphere couldn't do anything against his inspection, the difference in the power of their minds was simply immense.

Noah could read his thoughts as if they were words on an open book, but that only confirmed his suspects.

The insides of the slave's mind were murky, his sea didn't radiate any form of light, and a black smoke occupied the rest of his sphere.

His half-transparent figure was full of cracks that resembled a tight array of chains that covered the entirety of his ethereal body.

'This man is broken to the core, he can't give me any answer. The chains of the Empire are indeed scary.'

"How much for him?"

Noah said after having those thoughts.

He couldn't obtain an answer, but that didn't mean that Chasing Demon couldn't either.

"No slave can leave the working area alive. The Empire has a wide choice of purchasable cultivators, but these ones are not for-"

Icy Cascade began to speak, but a sudden pressure generated by Noah's mental energy forced her to stop.

The man in front of him collapsed on the ground, and the shining lines on the surface of his chains turned dark as life abandoned his body.

"He is dead now. How much?"

Noah asked again as he turned toward the heroic cultivator standing in the air behind him.

The soldiers in the structure near them could only hold their breath when they saw that scene.

They couldn't understand who was stronger between Noah and Icy Cascade, but they were sure that their lives would be in danger if a battle were to happen there.

After all, Noah was doing whatever he wanted without caring about the rules of that area.

However, they were only human cultivators, and they knew that beings in the heroic ranks had values that they couldn't even begin to comprehend.

Icy Cascade stared at the corpse of the slave for a while.

Noah was correct in thinking that she wanted to exploit his presence, but his actions were too direct, and he didn't show any interest in money.

He was just taking the shortest approach toward his target, raising the intensity of his forcefulness at each new problem.

Icy Cascade felt the cold, vertical pupils on her body as she inspected the dead slave.

Sweat began to fall from her forehead as that stall continued.

She had to admit that she didn't know how far the Demon Prince of the Hive was willing to go to obtain what he wanted.

Noah was famous for enraging forces far more potent than him, but a direct attack there would cause substantial repercussions on the organization behind him.

However, Icy Cascade didn't know if he cared about that.

The real issue with the unorthodox organizations was that they didn't act according to the common sense of the orthodox ones.

After all, the Hive had been launching an assassination campaign against the Utra nation while the territories of the Empire were under attack!

The three big nations weren't even aware of its presence in the new continent at that time!

How could she predict the behavior of someone who had spent his life defying higher powers?

She couldn't, and she didn't want to risk her life to learn more about it.

"O-one million for the corpse, but you can't take the chains."

In the end, she forced herself to stutter those words.

Noah waved his hand, and a big pile of shining crystals appeared on the terrain next to him.

Heroic cultivators wouldn't see that sum as spectacular, but the soldiers in the distance froze when they saw all that wealth.

They couldn't help but think that those entities in the heroic ranks lived in a completely different world.

Then, Noah went for the corpse and tore the chain around the neck of the slave with a swift gesture.

The hard alloy of that inscribed item was powerless against his physical strength.

It didn't even bend, it only fell apart.

Noah stored the corpse of the slave and turned to leave at that point.

He had obtained what he wanted, it would be up to the elders to see if they could find the technique that had caused the slight modifications in the man's bloodline.

'They might be able to reverse engineer the techniques or methods used on his bloodline in the past. The Enduring demon sect might be restored if those techniques turn out to belong to that organization.'

Noah thought as he began to fly back toward the western coast, but he decided to leave a few words before his departure.

"I might have other tasks that concern the territories of the Shandal Empire in the future. I will personally inform the Patriarch of the hospitality provided by the Wardens."

The group from the Empire could only stare as his figure disappeared in the distance after those words.

The human soldiers heaved a sigh of relief when they saw Noah leaving, but Icy Cascade remained somewhat worried.

She couldn't understand if Noah was threatening her, or just trying to be polite.

Either way, it was clear that he would return, he wouldn't have just warned her otherwise.

Noah simply flew back to the Lutren nation after that meeting.

There was a teleportation matrix connected with the Coral archipelago there, and Noah didn't mind wasting a few weeks to deliver the corpse of the possible descendant of the Enduring demon sect.

He was taking the slowest approach to the task on purpose, he was enjoying the freedom that his new mission had given him after all.

The long flights could be used to translate diagrams, train, and meditate on his individuality, the task didn't hinder his growth in any way.

'The clues concerning the Morphing demon sect lead to the Utra nation, but I don't see the Royals welcoming me as the Empire has done. I should focus on the central area of the old continent for now.'

Noah thought as he resumed his journey, the next clues pointed toward the mystical fog.

[Chapter 635. Information](#)

The demon sects had escaped from the Papral nation, so it was reasonable to think that most of them had set new homes near its borders.

Noah flew toward the nation of Efrana and began to interrogate any tribe that he found.

Efrana nation was the first independent country after the mystical fog, there was a high chance that some exiled demon sect had decided to establish itself there in the past.

The power of the tribes that inhabited that land was low, even the strongest ones would only have one heroic cultivator in their ranks.

It couldn't be helped, the Empire and the Council would just recruit any tribe that had managed to give birth to heroic cultivators in that miserable condition.

After all, the tribes there were continuously used as cannon fodder, cultivators that could survive the wars between two big nations and become stronger at the same time were highly valued.

Noah didn't need to pay anyone there, his cultivation level and the threat of the organization behind him were enough to obtain all the answers that he needed.

The pieces of information obtained by the tribes were fragmented, even the older tribes there only had knowledge passed down by the previous rulers of the central areas.

Sometimes Noah had to explore the nearby territories to follow the leads created by the information gathered.

It was needless to say that the process took a while, Noah had to fly back and forth along the border of the Papral nation to uncover the events that had happened in the last thousand years.

Noah flew from the Efrana nation to the danger zones that surrounded it.

He explored the danger zones to then reach for the encampments of the Empire, where he was received by other heroic cultivators that belonged to the Wardens.

It took a bit of Credits and insights, but, in the end, he obtained a general understanding of the fate of four demon sects.

'The Bleeding demon sect and the Thieving demon sect had been powerful tribes in Efrana nation in the past. It seemed that they wanted to build a nation back then, but the joint influence of the Council and Empire had forced them to give up on that dream. Those big nations should have recruited them after that since the records state their sudden disappearance.'

Noah thought as he hovered in the sky over Efrana nation.

That knowledge had been mostly gathered from the stronger tribes, and the rumors passed down by the older ones.

There was bound to be some inaccuracy, but there was a limit to how much Noah could do about that.

Reaching that conclusion was already far more than enough.

'The Severing demon sect had passed through Efrana nation too, but it didn't stop here. It marched toward the eastern coast and clashed with the Empire. The sect lost the battle, and its members were enslaved. It possible that some of their descendants are still around in some slave camps, but I can't recognize them.'

The Severing demon sect was specialized in unorthodox martial arts, it didn't focus on the bloodline of its members like the Enduring demon sect.

Noah couldn't distinguish its descendants from the other slaves without such apparent features, so he had simply thanked the envoy from the Wardens with a few thousand Credits and left the camp where his clues had led him.

'The Suffering demon sect had gone toward the western coast in its escape. It followed the path of the Chasing demon sect, but its tracks stop in the Scarlet mountain chain.'

The Scarlet mountain chain was a rank 5 danger zone inhabited by eagle-type and hawk-type magical beasts.

The area was quite chaotic, Noah had only been able to do a quick search before two rank 5 magical beasts in the middle tier noticed his presence.

However, that made him almost sure that the demon sect had been destroyed when it entered that area.

The Suffering demon sect didn't have a rank 5 cultivators before the exile, its survival in a rank 5 danger zone was nearly impossible.

'The Morphing demon sect or its remains should be in the Utra nation, and I can't return there yet. That leaves me with the Flying demon sect and the Dreaming demon sect.'

Noah's list only had two demon sects left.

Yet, no matter how much Noah had searched and investigated, he didn't find any trace of them.

That could lead only to three possibilities.

The first one was that they had been destroyed before leaving the Papral nation.

The second one was that the information about them had vanished during the last thousand years.

That scenario though saw them destroyed in some danger zone or enslaved by the Empire.

Clues about them would surely appear in the case of their survival, only thorough destruction could erase their traces in that way.

The third and only possibility that Noah could affect saw both demon sects inhabiting the mystical fog.

'There are bound to be rank 5 creatures inside the fog, but my natural awareness should be enough to keep me safe. Also, there shouldn't be any other area in the old continent so full of powerful magical beasts. I might benefit from its exploration.'

Noah thought as he turned his gaze toward the north.

The mystical fog divided the border between the Papral nation and the Empire, and it became thinner only in the Efrana nation.

He knew that mighty beings had artificially created both the mystical fog and the mountain chain on the other side of the continent, but the purpose behind their existence still escaped his mind.

Those creations were simply too old, even older than the Empire.

Only the god in the Mortal Lands could know something about them, but even that wasn't certain.

Noah thought for a while before deciding to explore the mystical fog.

Benefits usually accompanied risks, and Noah was enjoying that period of exploration too much to put a stop to it so soon.

Also, Noah felt that his dantian was nearing the long-awaited breakthrough, and he would gladly accelerate its arrival by acting according to his desires.

He had even translated the diagrams of the Dark ray spell, and Dark cover spell that he had abandoned since he became a rank 4 mage.

It was time to make some modifications since reaching the liquid stage would grant him deeper reserves of "Breath".

Those modifications would need many tests, and only a danger zone featured enough threats to keep his mind sharp and focused on the task.

Noah stopped hesitating when he made his mind and sent a mental message to inform the Hive about his decision.

Then, he flew toward the north, and his figure disappeared as he entered the thick, gray fog.

Chapter 636 636. Hunt

The mystical fog was confirmed to be at least a rank 5 danger zone, but Noah believed that there had to be at least one rank 6 creature in that vast and unexplored area.

Magical beasts would naturally thrive in the absence of cultivators, especially in a vast territory that hadn't been the target of cleaning operations for who knows how long.

Also, the mystical fog seemed to be undergoing a slow but steady expansion, which was a clear sign that the fauna inside it was prospering.

Noah flew through the fog at an average pace.

The environment obstructed his vision, but his powerful mind was enough to fend off the effects that the fog generally had on weaker mental spheres.

His natural awareness further enhanced the investigative capabilities of his sea of consciousness, there was no risk that he would lose himself or fail to notice a threat.

Packs of magical beasts led by rank 3 creatures appeared now and then, but Noah completely disregarded their presence.

He was in peripheral areas that some tribes and even travelers looking for quick gains would explore from time to time.

Information about the two lost demon sects would have appeared if they had established their new homes there.

Noah was sure that he had to go deeper to find something that could reveal more about their fate.

Of course, that would happen only if the demon sects had acted according to the third scenario that Noah had visualized.

Flashes of dark light randomly appeared around Noah as he kept on flying, they were the effects caused by the failures of his tests.

He wasn't only venturing in the mystical fog and paying attention to his surroundings, part of his focus was on the wills created after the translation of the six diagrams.

He had chosen to make modifications to the Dark ray and Dark cover spell first since their power was only up to the third rank, which meant that their diagrams were far more straightforward than those of the other spells in his possession.

His efforts were focused on the Dark ray spell right now since it was the simpler of the two.

The spell created a black ray made of mental energy and "Breath", only martial arts could be more straightforward in their effects compared to that attack.

That gave Noah enough confidence in completing the modifications in a short amount of time, and succeeding in the task would give him the confirmation that he could raise the level of specific diagrams.

After all, it was just a matter of finding the right harmony between the two energies and expanding the intrinsic limits of the original diagram.

Packs led by rank 4 beasts began to appear as Noah reached deeper parts of the mystical fog, but he ignored them too.

He would rather spend his time training his mental sphere and modifying spells than wasting it over creatures that couldn't increase his power nor satisfy his hunger.

That approach changed when he began to sense the presence of rank 5 beasts.

The mystical fog was a peculiar environment that featured a quite variegated fauna.

However, there was a species of creatures that could be considered in charge of that danger zone.

'Fog demons are a rare kind of insect-type magical beast that can use the fog around them to assume various shapes. They are considered far below the average in terms of power compared to other species since they can only manipulate the fog and not create it, but they are extremely dangerous in this area.'

Noah reviewed the information about the rulers of that danger zone in his mind as soon as he sensed the first rank 5 creature.

The appearance of such a powerful beast signaled Noah's entrance in the deepest area of the mystical fog, but also the arrival of worthy prey.

Noah immediately stopped his tests and changed direction to fly toward the powerful presence in the distance.

His consciousness was soon able to see a tall hyena roaring at a pack of smaller ones.

The tall hyena's body wasn't solid, but it carried properties similar to Noah's Demonic form.

'I've read that they could imitate other species and impersonate them, but it's still amazing to witness it. I guess the right environment can put one of the weakest species at the top of the food chain.'

Noah thought as he flew right above the transformed rank 5 Fog demon while making sure that the beast didn't notice him.

The beast seemed able to sense that something was off, but it couldn't be able to pinpoint the cause of that feeling.

Also, controlling magical beasts of a different species was a tiring task, most of its control had to be on those rank 4 hyenas.

Noah had no intention of fighting the beast on even ground.

He had already tested his strength against the Hairy ox, he was only hunting to feed himself now.

The Fog demon under him was a rank 5 magical beast in the lower tier, and it had clear weaknesses that could be exploited with enough preparation.

Noah began to charge the Dark blast spell with the energy contained inside his Liquid dantian and waited for the attack to absorb enough power to break the thick layer of fog that surrounded the real body of the Fog demon.

Noah simply threw the massive, uneven sphere toward the ground when he felt that the spell had reached the required energy.

The Fog demon noticed the attack at that point, but it was too late.

The spell crashed on the pack and released an explosion that even dispersed part of the fog in the area.

The hyenas in the fourth rank and below turned into dust as soon as the blast engulfed their bodies, while the Fog demon only lost the condensed fog around its shape in the explosion.

A one-meter long ant was revealed after the fog around it was dispersed, and Noah could finally lay his gaze on the real body of that creature.

Of course, he was already aware of its physical features, and he didn't hesitate to exploit the favorable condition that he had created.

Noah dived toward the terrain while using the Shadow sprint martial art fueled by the Liquid dantian.

His sudden acceleration made him reach such a high speed that even his mind found it hard to keep track of his movements.

Yet, he didn't need to see where he was going since he had already set the trajectory beforehand.

A shockwave spread in the area as Noah crashed on the defenseless body of the Fog demon.

The ground crumbled, and fissures filled the terrain around the spot where the two rank 5 creatures had clashed.

Noah was so fast that the ground was able to stop his descent only after he had dug it for hundreds of meters.

When he stopped, the lifeless body of the rank 5 ant was under him.

The power behind the impact had reduced it to a pulp.

[Chapter 637 637. Thorough](#)

The bodies of the Fog demons were fairly weak, but their ability to manipulate the fog around them was somewhat threatening.

The form that they assumed would work as a defensive layer that could launch various attacks at the same time.

Also, they could replenish the expended fog rather quickly if the environment around them had enough of it.

Of course, they would be at their weakest when their gaseous armor was destroyed.

Knowledge was power only if a cultivator had the strength to make use of it, and Noah met those standards.

The charged Dark blast spell dispersed the armor of the creature, and his sudden dive exploited the instants in which the beast was defenseless.

The Shadow sprint martial art, fueled with the energy inside his Liquid dantian, made him reach an incredible speed.

The Fog demon could only feel a mountain falling over its small body before it was reduced to a pulp.

Noah gathered the remains of the corpse of the ant and flew back in the air.

The ruckus that he had created would surely attract other powerful beings nearby, and he didn't want to give those creatures any advantage over him.

He had been able to kill a rank 5 beast so quickly because of his preparations and knowledge, but the battle would have been different if the creature had noticed his presence.

The Fog demon would have relentlessly attacked Noah while refilling the depleted fog, leaving him no openings to exploit.

The gaseous armor had to be dispersed in one powerful attack, or the outcome of the battle would depend on their endurance.

Noah ate the corpse in a few bites, and he couldn't help but sigh in dissatisfaction when he felt the amount of nourishment that it provided.

'As expected from such weak species of magical beasts, half of the Hairy ox body would have satisfied me more.'

Noah evaluated when he felt the energy contained in the rank 5 creature being absorbed by his body.

The size of a magical beast's body wasn't a reliable indicator of the "Breath" contained inside it, but the Fog demons were weak other than small.

That meal was surely above the standards of the fourth rank, but it was still barely able to satisfy him.

'I guess I should strive for quantity in this environment. I can't waste this chance.'

It didn't happen that often to find rank 5 magical beasts that could be easily hunted, and Noah wasn't going to be picky because they weren't as nourishing as the Hairy ox.

Noah resumed his flight inside the deepest areas of the mystical fog.

Unfortunately for him, he was only able to find another solitary rank 5 ant in the lower tier before packs led by Fog demons in the same rank but in the middle tier began to appear.

Noah hunted the creature in the lower tier before being forced to raise his height to avoid the natural awareness of those stronger beings.

The central areas of the mystical fog were the lairs of the real rulers of that danger zone, Noah wouldn't be surprised if creatures in the upper tier began to appear.

His guess was on point, but nothing above the fifth rank appeared, and the thickness of the fog slowly diminished as he advanced.

The faint shape of the sun could be seen again from under the layer of gray gas.

Noah took that sign as a warning.

The dispersion of the mystical fog only meant that he had almost reached the other side of the danger zone.

There would be the Papral nation on that side, and Noah didn't want to enter its domain.

Ravaging Demon was part of the Council for what Noah knew, and he wouldn't be safe in that country with a natural enemy in such a high position.

'I flew in a straight line through the mystical fog, but I didn't find any trace of the Flying demon sect and Dreaming demon sect. I should explore this danger zone from the west to the east now.'

Noah decided when he saw that the previous approach didn't uncover anything.

He would simply give up and return to the new continent if even that exploration didn't bring any result.

After all, he had tracked down all the demon sects that had survived after the exile and brought those that he could recognize back to the Hive.

The others had been either recruited by the three big nations or enslaved in a war.

Noah had done everything in his power, but the one thousand years that had passed since the exile created hurdles that even his power couldn't overcome.

A second exploration began, the only difference was that Noah wanted to sweep the danger zone from coast to coast at that time.

He started from the west coast and began to move toward the east, making sure to explore both the outer and central areas inside the fog.

That approach took far longer, but it was thorough and would give Noah some level of certainties.

Noah didn't mind using his time in that way.

He was still training, and the random appearance of rank 5 beasts in the lower tier allowed him to improve the level of his body.

It was as if he was a new creature ready to destabilize the food chain of that environment.

The fauna there had stagnated for centuries, Noah wouldn't be surprised if the Fog demons had forgotten the feeling of being the prey.

Noah went through the entirety of the mystical fog between the western coast and the Efrana nation, hunting three more rank 5 ants in the process.

However, he didn't find anything that uncovered some clues about the two demon sects' disappearance.

The fog became scarce when he flew in the sky over Efrana nation, but it soon filled his vision again when he crossed its borders.

The environment on that side of the danger zone was similar to that near the western coast.

There was still a variegated fauna, and Fog demons were ruling its central areas, but Noah was able to notice that the fog there was somewhat thicker.

'The real danger is here then.'

Noah thought as he flew toward the eastern coast.

A few rank 5 Fog demons appeared, but those in the lower tier seemed to always move in groups of two.

It was as if there was some sort of innate organization between their ranks.

The cause behind that organization soon became clear since Noah sensed the faint presence of a threatening being in the distance.

'There was a creature in the sixth rank after all.'

Noah stopped his tracks at that point.

The mystical fog was confirmed to be a rank 6 danger zone now, Noah had to take additional measures to ensure his safety.

'I'll return here after I apply modifications on the Dark cover spell.'

Noah flew toward a danger zone outside of the mystical fog when he thought that.

He needed a safe environment where to test his wills.

[Chapter 638 638. Hidden](#)

The Dark cover spell made use of the natural darkness of the night to cover the figure of the cultivator casting it.

Noah had never relied on it because of that restriction and the limit to the power of its diagram.

However, the appearance of a rank 6 creature in the area that he needed to explore made him reevaluate his priorities.

The modifications on the Dark ray spell had been almost completed, but Noah didn't need it right now.

He could always pick up from where he had left in the future.

Yet, now he needed something that could allow him to fly unnoticed through the mystical fog.

Of course, he knew that a normal spell wouldn't be able to deceive the natural awareness of a rank 6 beast, but the conditions in that danger zone were quite favorable to him.

The fog naturally affected the perception of the living beings living inside it, and the Fog demons weren't an exception.

Also, the senses of the specimens of that species would be further limited when the gaseous armor surrounded their real bodies.

The Fog demons were able to thrive in the mystical fog, but they were still a weak species, any expert in the magical beasts' field would be able to exploit their weaknesses.

Noah already had a few ideas on how to modify the Dark cover spell.

He had completed the translation of its diagram during his travel, but he couldn't rely on something that could only be activated during nighttime.

Luckily for him, the Cursed dragons naturally absorbed the light in the environment to nourish their lungs.

That feature created a constant dark halo around their bodies, and Noah wasn't an exception.

'Instead of the darkness of the night, I need to make use of the darkness created when I absorb the light around me.'

That was Noah's idea regarding the modifications needed to improve the Dark cover spell.

Noah reached the Scarlet mountain chain and chose one of the seemingly empty mountain peaks as his training area.

Chasing Demon's task didn't have a time limit, and he didn't mind focusing on his spells for a while now that he found a situation that required them.

The first step in the modification was to alter the structure of the will created when Noah translated the diagram.

The tricky part was that the original spell made use of the natural abundance of the darkness element during the night to fuel its effects.

Noah could keep that feature, but he also wanted to create a way to make use of the spell during the day, which meant finding a different source of darkness.

The natural dark halo that surrounded him wasn't enough to match the night, but Noah could make up for that with the "Breath" inside his dantian.

That approach would make the final product a bit more expensive for what concerned the energies needed to activate it, but it would be worth it if it made Noah able to take by surprise cultivators on his same level during the day.

The next hurdle was the expansion of its limits.

Noah needed to spend a lot of time finding the right method to push the power of that translated diagram so that it could become useful in the fourth rank.

He couldn't just stretch the meanings contained in his will, and he also needed to reestablish the previous harmony once he improved its power.

The difficulty of that task though couldn't match that of the translation and modification of the Warp spell.

Every diagram was simple compared to a spell that could accompany a cultivator through the entirety of its journey.

It took Noah a little less than four months to complete the modifications to the Dark cover spell and perfect its harmony.

A dark but void human shape hovered over the sea inside his mind when the process was over.

That was the new form that his spell had taken after all the improvements.

'This should allow me to fly through the eastern part of the mystical fog without alerting its rulers.'

Noah evaluated when he analyzed the will and decided that it was time to resume his exploration.

He returned in the danger zone that divided the areas of influence of the two big nations, in the spot where he had first sensed the rank 6 creature.

That oppressing presence was still there when he returned there, it seemed that the creature didn't move at all during those months.

Noah quickly fueled the will inside his mind with the energy contained inside his Liquid dantian and mental energy.

Part of the will was consumed during that process, but a dark layer slowly formed over Noah's skin and covered the entirety of his body due to its effects.

The dark layer was formed by the darkness that his body naturally created and the "Breath" in his dantian.

However, the spell was fueled by his mental energy and Liquid dantian.

That allowed Noah to push the power of the spell to the solid stage without emptying his dantian.

The layer perfectly adhered to his body, Noah was barely able to notice it.

Yet, he could feel that his presence was somewhat faint and that his figure radiated an even darker halo.

He wasn't invisible, but a cultivator would only be able to see a black spot in broad daylight.

'The effects are similar to Elder Julia's hiding methods. I should still avoid entering the line of sight of the beasts and cultivators if I want to surprise them. However, I can go completely unnoticed in environments similar to this.'

Noah nodded when he thought that.

The new Dark cover spell turned out to be a situational ability even with all those modifications, but Noah was satisfied with it.

Perfect abilities didn't exist, cultivators could only have a set of skills that could give them an advantage in every situation.

Noah resumed the exploration of the eastern side of the mystical fog after he activated the spell.

He still increased his height when he flew over the area where the rank 6 creature was staying.

There was a limit to how much a spell could do against such a powerful being after all.

The exploration continued peacefully, and Noah even found the chance to kill another rank 5 Fog demon in the lower tier at some point.

The Dark cover spell lasted for a few hours, so Noah was forced to reactivate it whenever its effects began to wear off.

Nevertheless, that wasn't an issue, those hours were more than enough to refill his centers of power.

Noah began to think that even the eastern side of the mystical fog didn't contain any clues of the two demon sects since he was about to reach the east coast of the old continent.

However, it was at that point that he noticed strange lines on a random spot on the ground.

The lines didn't shine, but they were part of some sort of formation, and Noah didn't hesitate to analyze them.

[Chapter 639 639. Dark-blue sky](#)

Noah dived toward the terrain as soon as he made sure that the area was safe.

The lines stretched for a while, they created a large formation that covered an area a few hundred meters large.

Noah knew that such a formation could be considered big according to usual standards, but he didn't have much knowledge about that field.

He had seen many teleportation matrixes and the shining lines of the copying formation in Chasing Demon's old training area, but he had never studied that inscription method.

Yet, June had given him a brief explanation.

Generally speaking, formations worked as large diagrams that only required "Breath" to function once set.

Their effects originated from the precious materials and meanings that the formation master put inside the lines when the formation was created.

Inscriptions added meanings and effects to certain items through the same process, but the will used was far denser compared to other inscription methods.

Runes were condensed meanings that took specific forms, and that could produce the intended effects only when a large number of them were used.

Instead, formations used faint meanings, precious materials, and vast arrays to work.

Those were the three leading schools when it came to inscriptions, and all three of them had variegated branches.

The Elemental forging method was a branch of the first category that used incredibly strong wills to fuse precious materials and make them surpass their natural limits.

June's Perfect circuit was a branch of the third category that used her centers of power as cores and her body as a precious material.

Countless branches had appeared through history, but only so many of them had managed to survive the discoveries and achievements that happened through the years.

For example, Divine Demon's inscription method was a branch that made use of both Attunement method and formations and could be considered quite innovative even in the current era.

Of course, Noah knew only the general description of each category, but he had never studied them since the Elemental forging method was a perfect match for his peculiar situation.

He had only learnt from June that formations required a long period of study due to the nature of the materials and lines used to create them.

Each material would express a different effect depending on the meaning applied and the form of the lines.

Formation masters could only learn to predict those effects by testing every material in different ways and adding that knowledge to their studies, it was a vast field filled with long periods of collection of data.

June was better off compared to most students of the formations' filed since she inherited Eccentric Thunder's accumulated knowledge in the matter.

Yet, she would have to perform those tests once her path led her in areas that Eccentric Thunder didn't explore.

'The materials used to trace these lines appear quite consumed. How old is this formation?'

Noah thought as he analyzed the lines of the array inside the mystical fog.

The lines of the formation were still intact, and no trace of erosion could be seen on its surface.

However, the materials inside them were old and rotten, Noah could even smell traces of mold from it.

'I can recognize some similarity with the teleportation matrixes that I've seen, but there are also a lot of differences. I wonder if it works.'

Noah could only compare that array to the others that he had encountered through his life, but there was a limit to how much he could understand.

'A teleportation matrix would explain the complete lack of clues concerning the Flying demon sect and Dreaming demons sect. Might as well try it.'

Noah took a few hundred Credits from his space-ring and threw them inside the formation.

The formation autonomously absorbed the "Breath" contained inside those shining crystals, and some light began to be radiated by its lines.

However, the light soon vanished, and the Credits turned into dust when the "Breath" inside them was depleted.

'It works, but the energy wasn't enough to activate it.'

Noah thought as he observed the process.

It was needless to say that the formation interested him.

It was something that had remained hidden in the depths of a danger zone for who knows how long, that array wasn't mentioned even when he studied the records concerning the mystical fog.

Noah flew again in the air and decided to finish his exploration of the danger zone.

He would focus on the formation only after he made sure that no clues about the two demon sects could be found inside the fog.

The exploration turned out to be fruitless, he didn't even find other rank 5 creatures in the lower tier to hunt.

He didn't expect to find traces left by the demon sects after discovering the formation, but he still wanted to finish his exploration.

The mystical fog seemed suitable to become his hunting area in the future, and he wanted to have a clear understanding of it before focusing on other matters.

In the end, he returned to the spot where he found the array after sending a few mental messages with his inscribed notebook.

The messages had been sent to the rank 5 elders of the Hive, but even their knowledge carried no trace of that array.

'This formation might be as old as the mystical fog, even Chasing Demon knew nothing about it.'

Noah guessed when he heard the elders' answers.

Ordinary cultivators had no reason to explore the mystical fog, and those in the heroic ranks wouldn't venture in an area that couldn't provide them any benefit.

Not all danger zones could be turned into sources of income, the desert on the southwestern coast was an example of that.

Also, the mystical fog was easily crossable in the Efrana nation, there was no need to venture through its deepest parts to reach the opposite area of influence.

'Let's see where it goes.'

Noah began to throw Credits inside the formation as soon as he took that decision.

The array absorbed the "Breath" inside the Credits, and its lines began to shine as more and more energy filled their surface.

The power radiated by the lines soon surpassed the human ranks and reached for the heroic ones, but the formation kept on absorbing "Breath" nonetheless.

Noah continued to throw Credits until all the lines began to exude a white light, and their functioning appeared to have reached some sort of harmony.

The formation was active and stable.

Noah didn't dare to step inside it blindly and summoned Havok to test it.

The Night falcon came out of Noah's sleeveless arm and left a trail of corrosive black smoke as it flew inside the light.

The formation flickered at that point, and Noah lost control of his Blood companion.

Havok's body was destroyed when that control was severed, but it soon reformed over his shoulder as if nothing had happened.

Noah kept his eyes closed as he focused on the foggy images that his Blood companion had shared with his mind during the teleportation.

A vast, dark-blue sky had filled Havoc's vision for an instant.

[Chapter 640 640. Roofs](#)

The images shared by Havok were confused and cloudy.

It couldn't be helped, the connection with the Blood companion was able to hold on only for less than an instant after the teleportation.

Yet, Noah was able to make out the color and the nature of the sky in that short moment.

'It seems quite large.'

Noah thought as he opened his eyes to stare at the formation.

The light radiated by the lines dispersed when the accumulated energy was depleted, and the array returned to its previous state.

However, it seemed that its activation had restored some shine to the old materials inside the lines.

Even the smell of mold had mostly gone away.

'A formation that restores itself through the "Breath" that fuels it? Quite spectacular.'

That discovery amazed Noah.

Everything in the world had to face the inevitable erosion generated by the passage of time.

It was something natural and impossible to stop, time couldn't be halted, not even in the heroic ranks.

So, a formation capable of restoring itself when activated was a piece of art, it surely was the work of a mighty expert!

'June's expertise might improve if she studied it. Well, I'll remember to mention it the next time we met.'

Noah began to throw Credits inside the array again as he put those thoughts in the back of his mind.

He wasn't interested in the formations' field, and that old masterpiece couldn't give him any benefit.

He simply wanted to know where the teleportation would bring him.

Havok flew from his shoulder to land inside the formation when it was fully activated.

Confused images appeared in Noah's mind once again, but he didn't analyze them just yet.

He continued to throw Credits inside the array to keep it active while his Blood companion's body reconstructed next to him.

Then, he sent Havok inside the shining lines again.

Havok kept on being destroyed every time the formation teleported it.

Still, Noah completely disregarded the pain that the process caused and continued to use the Blood companion to gather information.

The process was quite expensive, Noah was forced to waste thousands of Credits for each activation of the array.

However, he preferred that approach.

Blindly using an unknown teleportation matrix that was too dangerous, Noah wouldn't dare to step inside it without inspecting the environment on the other side first.

Noah had to send Havok inside the formation dozens of times before obtaining a somewhat clear picture of the scenery on the other side of the array.

He had been forced to waste a bit less than two million Credits to reach that result, and even Havok's ethereal figure had been wounded after that cycle of destruction and reconstruction.

Nevertheless, he now had enough information to formulate a few possible hypotheses.

'It doesn't lead anywhere. It's the entrance to an extremely realistic separate dimension!'

The first thing that he discovered was that the formation wasn't a teleportation matrix, but a door!

'It's something similar to Eccentric Thunder's inheritance ground, only more stable. I would have easily confused it with the real world if I hadn't performed so many inspections.'

Noah could understand it from the lack of visible runes in the sky and ground.

The sky was dark-blue, which seemed to shine on its own, and the ground was a vast prairie covered in dark-green grass.

The detail that made him understand that it was a separate dimension though was the presence of two red moons almost hidden on two opposite sides of the horizon.

'The red moons illuminated lands in the distance, and even Havok's sight couldn't evaluate how far away they were. This separate dimension is vast, maybe vaster than Eccentric Thunder's inheritance ground.'

Noah continued to sort the information in his mind.

The idea that the array led to another world had crossed his mind for a second, but he quickly discarded it.

Noah came from a different world, so he knew that there could be other Mortal Lands out there.

Yet, he didn't believe that a few thousand Credits were enough to perform that kind of teleportation, which ultimately led him to the conclusion that the area was a separate dimension.

The second important thing that he managed to discover was that the density of "Breath" in that dimension was extremely low.

'Who would bother to build such a large area without tuning the "Breath" inside it according to its needs? That seems unlikely. I'm more inclined to believe that some powerful being inside it has absorbed it.'

That conclusion felt obvious inside his mind.

Creating a separate dimension took an incredible amount of time, money, and efforts, no one would create something so grand without perfecting a vital detail such as the density of "Breath" inside it.

The cause of the scarcity of that energy had to find its origin in external forces, which could either be human cultivators, magical plants, and magical beasts.

Noah waited for a few hours to pass before resuming his gathering of information.

He mainly focused on observing the movements of the red moons and the lands that they illuminated.

The moons moved slowly, but the light that they radiated made Noah able to understand a few details of the areas in the distance.

There seemed to be mostly prairies, with some small hills now and then.

Also, he wasn't able to see even one life form except for the dark-green grass.

The separate dimension appeared utterly desolate.

Yet, during the second day next to the old formation, Havok managed to capture the images of what seemed roofs.

'Cultivators!'

Noah exclaimed in his mind when his Blood companion shared the sight of the roofs reflecting the red light of the moons.

'There can't be many strong creatures due to the scarcity of "Breath", and there might even be something interesting hidden inside!'

Noah quickly sent mental messages to the elders at that point.

He was aware that the two demon sects had probably used the formation during the escape and that there had to be a reason why they didn't come out for all those years.

Yet, he was eager to explore that new land, it was straightforward but intense curiosity!

The dimension didn't even appear too dangerous for his level.

After all, he had flown over a rank 6 Fog demon just recently, what would he even fear if he was careful?

The elders agreed with his hypotheses and left the matter of the exploration to him.

They knew that the Demon Prince had to be left free to follow his individuality, they would never hinder his path on purpose.

Also, Noah was more than skilled in surviving in unknown environments.

There was no one more suitable than him to explore a forgotten separate dimension.

Noah simply waited until Havok's ethereal figure healed before activating the old formation and stepping inside it.

The light radiated by the lines flickered, and his figure was nowhere to be seen after that radiance dispersed.