

DEMONIC 651

[Chapter 651 651. Crossing](#)

The weekly Tribulation was on time, just like all the previous ones before it.

Noah, Flying Demon, and Dreaming Demon stood on the last available safe spot of the prairie as they stared at the incoming barrage of lightning.

"Breath" came out from the two red moons and black clouds formed in the dark-blue sky between them.

Then, lightning bolts began to fall on the ground.

The surface of the separate dimension was frail, the Tribulation destroyed the fake terrain and created deep holes whenever a bolt of lightning crashed on the prairie.

The separate dimension immediately provided "Breath" to reconstruct the destroyed parts, and further exhausted its reserves of energy.

The cycle of destruction and reconstruction continued for the entirety of the Tribulation.

The three heroic cultivators wore stern expressions as they stared at the devastation that Heaven and Earth were able to unleash in a world that was supposed to be outside of their domain.

They knew that they would have to sprint as soon as the black clouds dispersed, the strategy to reach the other side of the dimension alive was clear in their minds.

Yet, they couldn't help but admire the organized offensive that Heaven and Earth were capable of launching.

Such precise but wild lightning bolts could inspire anyone with an individuality linked to destructive effects.

However, their sole sight made Flying Demon sick, and Noah had an innate disdain toward those lightning bolts.

The scene was too similar to that during his breakthrough when he saw the defeat of the Cursed dragon species.

As for Dreaming Demon, her individuality simply didn't match that violent force.

The black clouds began to disperse after half an hour, and the Tribulation slowly ended, revealing the destroyed environment that was quickly reforming.

The gazes of the three heroic cultivators didn't linger on the scene but focused as soon as the last cloud vanished.

Then, they sprinted.

Shockwaves spread from Noah's feet whenever he kicked the ground under him, and cracks appeared on the prairie on the trail of the two flying elders.

The three of them had decided to fly as close as the ground as possible so that they would have more time to react to the Tribulation when they would be forced to face it.

That wasn't their highest speed, but that pace was also part of their strategy.

They didn't want to risk reaching the areas where the lightning bolts reached a power that matched the fifth rank, and they wouldn't purposely raise the difficulty of the crossing.

That pace would allow them to reach the spot where the Tribulation had a power similar to the peak of the fourth rank in precisely one week.

The precision of Heaven and Earth's attack could be used to their advantage, and it would be stupid to charge in without a plan.

Luckily for them, Flying Demon had explored the central parts of the dimension in the past thousand years and could provide precise details that greatly helped in the planning of their strategy.

One week passed quickly, and the group never stopped their flight in those days.

Noah was using his liquid "Breath" to fuel the Shadow sprint martial art, which made that speed somewhat sustainable.

He knew that he would have to rely on his Liquid dantian once they reached the deeper parts of the dimension, and he had already prepared the pills needed to refill his body with nourishments for that moment.

The elders would still be faster than him even when he used the full power of his Shadow sprint, but they had already decided that they would stick together.

The elders would take care of the first and fourth rank 5 Tribulation, while Noah would use his defensive items to defend against the second and third ones.

According to their calculations, they would be able to cross the area with rank 6 lightning bolts between the second and third rank 5 Tribulations in a bit less than one week, meaning that they could wholly avoid it.

Yet, that also meant that they had to face two Tribulations near the peak of the fifth rank.

Not even the joint power of the elders and Noah could defend against them, which is why they decided to rely on the defensive items that Elder Julia had given to him before the exchange meeting.

The moons aligned with the danger zones that divided the areas of influence of the three big nations and "Breath" began to seep inside the separate dimension.

The black clouds gathered as usual, and lightning bolts began to fall on the terrain, filling the entirety of the central territories of the dimension.

Noah and the elders landed on the terrain at that point and began to walk.

They were mighty existences in the heroic ranks, but they wouldn't have any chance to rest when the Tribulations' power reached the fifth rank.

So, they decided to make the best out of the lightning bolts with power in the middle tier of the fourth rank falling over them.

Orange flashes enveloped their figures and filled the scenery.

Noah and the elders were almost blinded by the countless flashes that occupied their view.

The Tribulation didn't give any space to the darkness, it continuously released lightning bolts on the prairie.

Noah felt hammers crashing on his head and shoulders every time a flash of lightning hit him.

However, his skin alone was enough to block them, and he didn't need to deploy any defensive measure.

His dantian began to refill its stash of liquid "Breath" as he walked through the lightning storm.

That would be the last rest before entering the area with the rank 5 Tribulations according to their plan, and he didn't dare to waste even one second of it.

Flying Demon and Dreaming Demon walked next to him, and they both showed surprised expressions when they saw Noah enduring the might of the lightning bolts with his bare body as if they were nothing.

His robe had shattered in that situation, which gave the elders the chance to see that he wasn't suffering the slight injury.

The Tribulation wasn't even enough to leave white marks on his skin!

The elders were using part of their powerful mental energy to create a barrier that fended off the lightning bolts coming for them, something below the fifth rank couldn't force them to focus.

However, Noah had taken that lack of concern to the next level.

Both elders were curious about his body-nourishing method, but they saw how focused he was in refilling his centers of power and decided to leave their questions for when they resurfaced.

Half an hour passed in which the rank 4 Tribulation didn't even manage to scratch the trio.

Then, Noah and the elders sprinted again when the black clouds dispersed.

Their next challenge would be a rank 5 Tribulation with power in the lower tier.

### [Chapter 652 652. Unique](#)

Another week passed quickly, and the trio spent that time flying almost at full speed toward the other side of the separate dimension.

The scenery didn't change at all during their journey.

The prairie looked the same no matter how much they advanced, and the starless sky didn't give them any sign of their progress.

The only aspects of the dimension that moved were the two moons.

They simply moved in a straight line in perpetual motion, illuminating with their red light the environment under them.

'It's as if Heaven and Earth are keeping track of this place.'

Noah couldn't help but think that when he saw the black clouds gathering again above him.

The moons radiated a steady pressure that he had been able to notice only when he entered the areas targeted by the Tribulations.

He felt an innate hatred against them, which led him to think that Flying Demon's hypothesis was on point.

The moons had probably been planted in the dimension by Heaven and Earth. Their power had been able to seep through a space that didn't belong to their domain.

'How far is their power able to reach?'

Noah suppressed that question when he heard that the crackling of the thunders had begun to resound above him.

The elders flying next to him wore a stern expression.

It would be up to them to protect the group from that Tribulation, but it wasn't its power the cause behind their focus.

The Tribulation would have a power that matched the lower tier of the fifth rank, and those two rank 5 existences were more than enough to handle it.

However, they would have to keep on sprinting through their duration.

That had been decided when they created their plan.

That was the best way to reduce the number of Tribulations to face while also avoiding those in the sixth rank.

Both elders hadn't fought nor used their real abilities for one thousand years, and they would obviously be quite rusty when using them.

Yet, they were still rank 5 entities.

They could make up for that issue with their focus.

Lightning bolts began to fall from the clouds, and Noah could immediately tell that his body alone wouldn't be able to face them.

Also, he wasn't entirely sure that his defensive spells would be able to counter them for that long.

A rank 4 battle prowess in the solid stage would be barely enough to fight a couple of those rank 5 bolts in the lower tier, and Noah could raise that number by a bit due to his body.

Nevertheless, he was sure that he wouldn't be able to last for the whole Tribulation, not if he only relied on his abilities at least.

An ethereal sphere suddenly surrounded the trio, and several layers made of thick ice appeared above their heads when the Tribulation began.

Noah inspected the defensive measures deployed by the elders as he kept fueling his martial art with the liquid "Breath" inside his dantian.

Flying Demon's methods were quite straightforward, and he simply created a hundred white layers that floated in the air and followed the group.

Instead, Dreaming Demons' ethereal sphere seemed to carry a profound meaning.

Noah felt that the energy radiated by the sphere was affecting the world around it as they moved and spread its meanings into the very structure of the dimension.

'Is she trying to mask our presence?'

Noah guessed as part of his focus went on the ethereal sphere.

That defensive measure spread peaceful feelings to its surroundings while carrying the distinctive mark of Heaven and Earth's will!

It was as if she was trying to tell the Tribulation that Noah and the others weren't its enemies.

The barrage of lightning began to fall and clashed with the layers of ice.

White shards fell everywhere as the relentless offensive of the black clouds shattered the surface of Flying Demon's defensive spell.

However, there were one hundred layers, and the Tribulation took about twenty seconds to pierce just one of them.

That defensive measure would last until the black clouds depleted their energy if the group remained in that spot.

Yet, they were advancing at high speed, which made them encounter stronger lightning bolts as they reached for the central areas.

The layers began to last less and less, to the point where the black clouds managed to destroy one of them in five seconds.

The trio was nearing the areas where the lightning bolts had a power similar to the middle tier of the fifth rank.

That wasn't a pressing issue since more than twenty minutes had already passed by then, and there was still Dreaming Demon's sphere as a last form of protection.

Orange flashes shone above them when the Flying Demon's defenses were destroyed, but no lightning bolt crashed on them after that event.

The energy radiated by the ethereal sphere seeped inside the bolts when they were about to reach for the group and made them explode before they could crash on the ground.

The Tribulation thought of the trio as friends thanks to Dreaming Demon's methods and stopped its offensive before it could hurt them!

Noah didn't even try to hide his amazement when he saw the effects of the ethereal sphere.

He knew that such methods would conflict with his individuality, but that didn't prevent him from appreciating such an expert.

Dreaming Demon's individuality was peculiar even in a stage where every heroic cultivator chased after their personal laws.

Of course, Noah didn't stop his flight to give voice to his amazement.

There would be time to discuss each other's individualities once they returned to the southwestern coast of the new continent.

The Tribulation ended after thirty minutes passed, and the black clouds dispersed to reveal the dark-blue sky.

The group had easily survived that danger, but that was to be expected.

The real threats were the two rank 5 Tribulations in the upper tier that they would have to face in the next two weeks.

The trio didn't speak as it neared the center of the dimension.

The air around them was tense, and their auras became sharp as they focused their minds on the imminent struggle.

They would be forced to stop right before the lightning bolts reached the peak of the fifth rank and manage to have enough energy left to cross the entirety of the area that saw rank 6 Tribulations in a week.

Then, they would have to survive another Tribulation at the peak of the fifth rank.

Their journey would be over after that point since the following threats could be handled easily.

Another week passed, and black clouds appeared once again in the sky.

Noah began to take out talismans from his space-ring, and the elders deployed their defensive measures once again.

Flying Demon had been injured before reaching that point in the past.

So, even him was surprised when the trio noticed that something was taking form in the distance.

The arrival of the Tribulation triggered a mechanism of the separate dimension, which revealed a tall and luxurious palace at some kilometers from them.

### [Chapter 653 653. Palace](#)

The palace was tall and stood right in the middle of the areas that were targeted by the rank 6 Tribulations.

Shining inscriptions covered its surface and gave it a luxurious and grand aura.

Half of the structure was hidden behind a square defensive wall that had statues of mighty magical beasts on the top of its corners.

Noah didn't have time to analyze those beasts since his view turned orange, signaling the beginning of the barrage of lightning.

The trio's focus went on the defensive measures of the elders.

The one hundred layers of ice were pierced in less than ninety seconds, and explosions began to resound above the ethereal sphere.

The lightning bolts released their power in the air above the group, but they kept on reaching closer for them as the effects of Dreaming Demon's method began to fade.

Not even three minutes had passed, but the defenses of the two rank 5 cultivators were already falling apart!

The power of a Tribulation at the peak of the fifth rank was incredible, and the elders alone had little confidence in managing to defend against it with their joint power.

Their defenses were effective, but there was a limit to how many of them they could create before depleting the energy inside their centers of power.

After all, the Tribulation wouldn't stop for even a second during those thirty minutes while cultivators needed at least a few instants to cast a spell.

Those instants would be fatal in that situation.

Yet, Noah's inscribed items would show their usefulness at that point.

Noah waited until the explosions of the lightning bolts became too close to them before activating one of his talismans.

The talisman created a giant gray vortex above the trio as soon as Noah shattered it.

The talismans that Elder Julia had provided him could defend against attacks in the fifth rank and didn't need "Breath" to be activated.

They were some sort of vessels that contained a specific spell that would be released once the items were broken, which made them quite handy to protect weaker cultivators.

They were mostly given to promising cultivators in the human ranks or heirs of some powerful family, but there were a few exceptions in the heroic ranks.

Noah had stored them since the exchange meeting with the envoys of the four nations and could finally put them to use to counter the great Tribulation.

The vortex rotated as it destroyed every lightning bolt that fell on its surface, and that tried to reach for the heroic cultivators under it.

The elders immediately prepared their defensive methods again and waited for the vortex to fall apart to deploy them.

Noah's stash of talismans wasn't limitless, and the group had to face another Tribulation at the peak of the fifth rank after that.

Conserving as many defensive items as possible was mandatory, Noah only had five of them after all.

The vortex lasted for almost three minutes before being pierced by the relentless rain of lightning bolts.

Still, three hundred layers of ice suddenly appeared in its position and continued to defend the group.

The power of a talisman would depend on the might of the cultivator that cast the spell.

Of course, cultivators would store their most potent spells inside it since they weren't in a battle.

On the contrary, the two Demons had to preserve their energies to last for the entirety of the Tribulation and sprint when it was over.

They couldn't deploy defenses that would leave them drained once created.

Doing that would only force them to stop their advance.

That was why the vortex lasted more than their spells.

Yet, their approach changed after the first talisman was used.

Flying Demon used more "Breath" and mental energy to fuel his spell and increased the number of layers.

He knew that Dreaming Demon would take over once his defenses were broken and that Noah would use another talisman after her.

That gave him the confidence in being able to recover in time to cast other spells without exhausting himself too much.

The three heroic cultivators were taking turns to take care of the barrage of lightning.

The approach that they had planned before starting their journey worked since Noah only had to use three talismans to reach the last stages of the Tribulation.

The black clouds would disperse after Flying Demon took care of what was left of their power.

The fact that Noah only had two talismans left wasn't a miscalculation.

Their strategy saw them flying through the next rank 5 Tribulation, meaning that its power would keep on diminishing as they advanced.

After all, they would have crossed the center of the dimension at that point.

However, the appearance of the palace occupied part of their minds as they defended.

Noah and the elders took glances at that structure whenever they had a few instants to spare.

They simply couldn't help themselves.



The palace in the distance stood its ground against the rank 6 Tribulation.

The fake terrain around it shattered before those mighty lightning bolts managed to land on it, but not even a crack appeared on the surface of that building.

There was some sort of shields around the palace that managed to block the lightning storm completely!

It was clear that the building hid something with the power of the sixth rank.

The Tribulation ended, and the black clouds began to disperse.

Noah and the elders would have to sprint in a straight line toward the southern side of the dimension according to their plan.

Yet, all three of them began to fly toward the disappearing palace.

There were no words, no mental messages, no decisions, they simply flew toward the palace as soon as the lightning storm ended.

Their strategy saw them using their full speed to cross the area where the Tribulation reached the sixth rank of power, but there was something even more potent than that at the center of the dimension!

How could Noah and two Demons give up on the chance to explore it?

Also, their calculations told them that they could still reach the territories with the rank 5 Tribulations even if they took that slight detour.

After all, they had chosen to endure peak rank 5 lightning bolts to be sure that they would have enough time, nothing about their strategy was random.

Noah fueled the Shadow sprint martial art with his Liquid dantian, and the elders increased their flying speed through their methods.

The palace disappeared in a few minutes, but the trio didn't slow down its advance at that sight.

They were set on uncovering the secrets of that mysterious place.

#### [Chapter 654 654. Chained attacks](#)

The vast prairie spread in front of the flying trio, and no trace of the mighty palace could be seen anywhere.

However, Noah and the elders didn't diminish their flying speed for even an instant.

They were going all out to reach the spot where it had disappeared.

Time was the key to their survival, and that detour was bound to waste a bit of it.

Yet, risks were usually accompanied by benefits, and anything that could survive a rank 6 Tribulation would obviously be valuable.

The group took three days to reach the spot where the palace had appeared, but both their eyes and mental energy couldn't see anything in the area.

There wasn't even the slight detail on the prairie that suggested that a vast structure was hidden somewhere in that fake land.

Nothing happened even when they flew right over the exact area that the palace was occupying during the Tribulation.

The group couldn't slow down, or they would risk being still in the zone targeted by the rank 6 lightning bolts when four more days passed.

Greed could lead men to their destruction, and those three heroic cultivators were aware of that.

Nevertheless, they were also experienced warriors that had survived through many unexpected situations.

Noah had the honed instincts of a lone cultivator, and Divine Demon had personally trained the elders.

Their minds ran through every possibility, and Noah even activated the Divine deduction technique to evaluate the little information gathered during the lightning storm.

The trio had only seen a palace appearing and defending against the Tribulation before disappearing without leaving any trace.

There wasn't much to work with, and many different events could trigger that scene.

Of course, Noah and the others didn't have time to test all their hypotheses, so they went for the most direct approach.

Their eyes suddenly focused when they were about to fly past the area previously occupied by the palace.

Noah launched a wave of white flames that shattered the fake terrain and spread cracks through the prairie.

Flying Demon summoned thirty-three blue spheres that floated behind his back and released water bullets on both ground and sky.

Dreaming Demon closed her eyes, and her consciousness sent soft mental waves that seeped inside the structure of the dimension.

Her mental waves destabilized the ground and air of the dimension, and some of them even took the shape of lightning bolts as they unleashed their destructive power.

They had all reached the same conclusion in those short instants: Attack!

That was the action that would waste less time, and that would test one of the options in their minds.

The building became visible and material during the Tribulations, which meant that a threat could trigger its appearance.

That spot of the prairie completely fell apart under the assault of the group.

Cracks spread even in the air above it due to the shockwaves released by the attacks of the trio.

Noah and the elders didn't know which of their attacks triggered the wanted effects, but their eyes shone when the palace began to reappear!

Its figure though started to disappear as soon as the dimension began to reconstruct.

The trio immediately launched another series of attacks, but it didn't care about their nature at that time.

Dreaming Demon waved her hands, and four massive tornados formed, destroying vast areas with their incredible suction force.

Flying Demon created clouds that released sharp white blades that froze the environment in their trajectory before exploding when they reached the ground.

The ice then spread through the shattered prairie and gave birth to shining blue flowers that fed on the "Breath" contained inside the separate dimension.

Noah slashed with his Demonic swords and continued to launch flames.

The three of them were launching some of their most potent attacks since it was clear that the destruction unleashed previously wasn't enough to materialize the palace completely.

They had silently decided to go all out when they saw a glimpse of the mighty structure.

The second offensive made the palace reappear, and its shape seemed about to become entirely material, but it eventually started to fade again.

It was needless to say that Noah and the elders attacked again at that sight.

Even the third offensive wasn't enough to make the structure materialize, but the trio had chained a series of spells and martial arts at that time.

That created lasting destructive effects that continued to shatter the fabric of the dimension even while the palace formed.

Then, they suddenly felt that the density of "Breath" around them had risen to levels that surpassed even those found in the new continent!

Their consciousnesses could sense that the world around them had drastically changed.

After all, they had launched attacks while hovering in the air right over the palace.

They were already inside its perimeter.

Some wariness appeared on their expressions when the building began to fade again, and they prepared themselves to sprint toward the south in case even that last attempt turned out to be a failure.

Their series of attacks made them lose more than ten minutes, which was almost over the limits that their strategy had set.

However, a strange sensation surrounded their bodies and began to make them disappear alongside the palace!

A pressure similar to that caused by a teleportation matrix weighed on their minds and forced them to close their senses.

The palace was around them when their consciousnesses spread again in the world, but the environment around the structure had changed.

They were still inside the separate dimension, the prairie, the moons, and the starless sky were there.

Yet, their colors were different.

The fake grass had turned yellow, and the sky shone with a bright azure light.

The two moons had lost their red shades and were completely black, and it was as if their light couldn't reach the insides of the palace.

Noah and the elders released sighs of relief at the sight of that scene.

It was clear that they had managed to enter another layer of the separate dimension.

Nevertheless, their entrance inside that place triggered reactions that they couldn't hope to predict.

The statues of the four magical beasts standing top of the corners of the defensive wall took life and descended from their pedestals.

Then, they shot in the direction of Noah's group and surrounded it.

Noah was immediately able to notice that those beasts weren't real living beings, but the danger that they radiated made him instinctively grab Chasing Demon's talisman.

Those creatures were constructs with power that matched the sixth rank!

#### [Chapter 655 655. Stall](#)

Noah held Chasing Demon's talisman in his grasp as the four statues encircled him and the elders.

He wasn't sure if someone inside the palace controlled them or if theirs was a natural reaction triggered by the presence of unwanted guests inside the defensive walls.

However, he was sure that they weren't living beings.

'A white tiger, a green dragon, a red phoenix, and a black turtle, all of them exuding the power of the sixth rank. Yet, the size of these statues doesn't reflect that of the species that they want to represent.'

Noah thought as he studied the puppets.

Those statues were all seven meters tall, a stature that any dragon and most tigers would surpass once reached that level.

The lines that covered their bodies shone with a blinding light and radiated a suffocating pressure, but they didn't charge at the group of heroic cultivators.

They simply limited themselves to surround Noah and the elders and stare them with their lifeless eyes.

That stall continued for a while.

Noah's group didn't dare to move since even the slight action could trigger unwanted reactions, and the beasts didn't take a step further either.

It was as if their job was only to contain any external threat.

"Are they waiting for orders?"

Flying Demon transmitted through his consciousness to the other members of his group.

The three of them were close and with their front facing the beasts.

Their consciousnesses touched each other, and they could transmit mental messages in the triangle created with their backs without leaking even the slight ripple.

"Probably. I don't see why they stopped otherwise."

Noah answered through the same method used by the elder.

The statues weren't doing anything, so that was a good time to make the point of the situation.

"Trying to escape is too dangerous, we have to follow the rules of this place."

Dreaming Demon added after a short moment of silence.

Separate dimensions usually contained inheritances and trials, which forced every contender to behave in a certain way.

They didn't know if the palace was meant to deliver an inheritance, but that situation didn't allow them to do much.

The threat of those statues was too high, just one of them was enough to take care of the three heroic cultivators.

Even Noah didn't have any confidence in escaping from that encirclement with Chasing Demon's talisman.

Also, they couldn't just escape.

They had lost too much time, and they couldn't reach the areas targeted by the rank 5 Tribulations before the next lightning storm anymore.

Their only options were to go all out and face the rank 6 lightning bolts in four days, or wait and see if those statues hid a deeper purpose.

Possible death was better than certain death, so they decided to wait.

The minutes became hours, and the hours eventually turned into days.

The Demons and Noah remained still in the air, and the four statues around them did the same.

Nothing moved inside the palace, and the three heroic cultivators did their best to breathe only when they needed it.

"There is the chance that there are mechanisms active only during the Tribulations."

Dreaming Demon transmitted at some point, and her companions agreed with her guess.

The statue and the ethereal properties of the castle worked as autonomous defensive mechanisms.

Still, there had to be some sort of intelligent being or spirit automaton controlling the entirety of the structure.

Yet, it was possible that such automaton would activate only during the Tribulations and go dormant in the days between them.

"We should prepare an escape plan if nothing changes. Do you have anything that can work against these constructs?"

Noah asked, and Flying Demon immediately replied without trying to hide his sarcasm.

"Haha, yes! I'll take out the secret item that I've decided to save during the last one thousand years! Demon Prince, these are rank 6 puppets, we are dead if they start to move."

Flying Demon's words were on point.

He would have already left that place if he had something that could oppose forces in the sixth rank.

"I might be able to affect the fabric of this layer if I go all out. I would fall asleep again though, and that only in the scenario in which these things don't notice my actions."

Dreaming Demon spoke, and Flying Demon's consciousness couldn't help but tremble slightly when he heard those mental messages.

The thought of seeing his lover suffering from the backlash of her techniques again stirred his emotions.

However, he immediately calmed down.

The situation was entirely different now.

They already knew the position of the exit, and the Hive was the fourth force in the Mortal Lands.

Waking her up would be effortless if they managed to reach the southwestern coast of the new continent.

The only issue would be in surviving the rank 5 Tribulations while also defending the sleeping elder.

"Demon Prince, do you have something that can buy enough time for our escape?"

Flying Demon asked when he accepted that momentarily sacrificing his lover was the only approach that could create a way out of that situation.

"Maybe."

Noah limited himself to transmit that word, and the conversation ended after that.

They were just evaluating ideas, and they weren't even sure that they would survive the next lightning storm.

More days passed, and the Tribulation arrived on time as usual.

Black clouds gathered in the sky, and orange lightning bolts began to fall toward the prairie.

The color of the Tribulation didn't change even from inside the palace.

Noah and the elders felt relieved when they saw that the shield around the structure easily fended off the rank 6 lightning storm, and let their mind wander at that sight.

They were right under a calamity with the power at the peak of the sixth rank, and they could observe it in its entirety from a safe position.

Most heroic cultivators wouldn't have the chance to witness such a sight until they reached a similar rank.

They didn't think.

They just admired the stage that every cultivator in the Mortal Land dreamed of reaching.

"I've stared at these bolts of lightning more than three hundred thousand times, but I've never become bored with them."

A firm voice suddenly resounded in the area, and the three heroic cultivators' gazes immediately turned toward its source.

They saw that the ethereal figure of a middle-aged man had appeared out of nowhere right next to the encirclement of the four statues.

The man wore a luxurious green robe and carried a couple of thick tomes under his armpit.

"Return to your pedestals."

The man ordered, and the beasts flew back to the four corners of the defensive wall.

Noah and the elders could finally relax when they saw that and waited for the automaton to explain further before saying anything.

The ethereal man didn't wait for them to act and performed a polite greeting gesture while adding a few words.

"Welcome to the house of the Divine Architect."

#### [Chapter 656 656. Programming](#)

The ethereal man's words confirmed one of the silent hypotheses of the trio.

The palace was the creation of an existence that had reached the divine ranks!

The title "Divine" wasn't something that was given randomly, and spirit automatons wouldn't use it so casually.

Also, the palace could defend against rank 6 lightning bolts, there weren't many existences that could build something capable of that feat.

Noah and the elders bowed to answer the polite gesture of the ethereal man.

They were still a bit tense, the automaton was capable of controlling four rank 6 puppets after all.

Yet, his courtesy made them slightly relax.

"Please, come inside. It has been too long since I had guests."

The ethereal man waved his hand to point at one of the tall, wooden doors that stood at the base of the structure.

Noah and Flying Demon immediately began to descend toward the entrance, but Dreaming Demon decided to near the automaton while wearing a smile that radiated friendly feelings.

"How should we call you?"

Dreaming Demon asked, and her question left even the automaton surprised.

However, he soon showed a smile of his own before answering her.

"I'm Automaton number thirty-seven, but you can just call me Thirty-seven."

Thirty-seven's mood seemed to have improved by a lot after Dreaming Demon gave him that unexpected attention, and Flying Demon couldn't help but glance at Noah while wearing a smug expression.

Noah simply ignored him and continued to descent.

He didn't know that automatons could replicate human emotions so vividly, the spirit of his space-ring was more similar to a program after all.

'I guess there can be pride in having the love of an amazing woman.'

June's face appeared in Noah's mind when he thought that.

She didn't have Dreaming Demon's grace, and she would never take the peaceful approach when she could obtain the same results through a battle.

However, Noah loved her straightforwardness, and he liked the fact that he didn't have to watch his back in her presence.

Noah suppressed the thoughts about his lover when he saw Thirty-seven appearing right in front of the door that he had pointed.

The door opened when he touched it, and a long corridor was revealed to the descending trio.

Inscriptions covered every surface of the corridor, they spread on the walls, floor, and ceiling, creating a brilliant and luxurious area.

It was clear that the creator of the palace had even considered the aesthetic aspect of the inscriptions during their construction.

"Master hadn't planned to build this dimension, it was a job commissioned by a fellow divine cultivator. Yet, I can say in all honesty that this place is one of her most impressive achievements."

Thirty-seven began to speak as he led the heroic cultivators through the long corridor.



The trio listened to him, but their minds wandered as they inspected the environment around them.

Noah wasn't interested in the grandness of the palace, he mostly cared about the resources that it contained.

'Three hundred thousand Tribulation should correspond to almost six thousand years... The world was different when this palace was built.'

Noah guessed the age of the structure by using Thirty-seven's words, but that realization didn't bring any benefits.

The demon sects had almost disappeared in one thousand years, and they used to be in charge of half of the Papral nation.

There was almost no chance that events that happened even farther in the past could affect his situation or the Hive.

"I must say, I'm surprised by how stubborn Heaven and Earth are. Their anger toward Master's creations is endless."

Thirty-seven continued to praise Divine Architect without ever giving voice to the details concerning her creations.

"What did she create in the past?"

Dreaming Demon tried to ask at some point, but Thirty-seven's figure flickered for a second at that question.

"Forgive me. I can't reveal anything that might uncover secrets behind Master's past and current feats. You obtained the right to learn about the Mortal Palace because you've managed to enter in its perimeter, but my freedom stops there."

Thirty-seven explained when his form stabilized.

He was a spirit automaton, and he had to act according to his programming.

Divine Architect wanted to keep the matters about her feats a secret, and Noah could completely understand her.

Her opponents would have a chance to study her individuality and develop countermeasures that exploited her weaknesses if they were to learn more about her.

Leaving no traces about their achievements was something that heroic cultivators were used to doing, the slight disadvantage could decide their defeat in a fight.

For example, Noah's enemies would never approach him in a melee battle after his fight against Adrian.

That intel about his battle prowess had spread through the heroic assets of the organizations in the Mortal Lands, and everyone knew that his body was unnaturally strong since then.

He had forever lost the chance of surprising his enemies with his physical strength.

Of course, that was also normal in the cultivation world.

Heroic cultivators had to strive for a variegated combat style if they wanted to have enough confidence in any situation.

"Can we obtain this palace then?"

Flying Demon questioned the automaton when he heard his words.

Thirty-seven had clearly said that they had obtained some rights over the building, but Noah's group didn't know how far those rights went.

Obtaining an item able to fend off rank 6 Tribulations could make any organization reach the peak of the Mortal Lands, Flying Demon's interest was more than justified.

However, Thirty-seven shook his head as he answered the elder.

"No. Master's creations will autonomously self-destruct once their energy is depleted on when anyone tries to seize them. Her creations can shift the balance between the powerful organizations outside of this dimension, and Master couldn't risk them blaming their defeats on her."

Disappointed expressions appeared on the faces of the group, but they didn't lose their hope and continued to question the automaton.

"Are there resources useful for our ranks?"

"No, anything with "Breath" has been devolved to keep the dimension intact."

"Techniques of some sort?"

"No, Divine Architect always kept everything on her person. She always said that even the simplest diagram could give her the inspiration needed to create an inscribed item in the divine ranks."

"What can we gain from this palace?"

Noah decided to directly ask that when he saw that the questions of the elders always met negative answers.

The corridor had ended by then, leading the group in a large hall that featured the same inscriptions on all its surfaces.

The hall featured a circular staircase that led to higher parts of the building and many passages connected to other corridors.

Yet, the most eye-catching aspect of that area was a massive sculpture in the middle of the staircase made by large floating spheres.

"You will obtain all the delicacies safely stored in the palace, knowledge about the Mortal and Immortal Lands, and me."

Thirty-seven answered Noah's question when the group entered the room, and eager expressions appeared on the trio's faces.

[Chapter 657 657. Sculpture](#)

Knowledge about the Mortal and Immortal Lands!

Noah and the elders' focus immediately went on that part.

The history of the Mortal Lands didn't interest them, but any heroic cultivator would pay a fortune to learn more about the Immortal ones!

It couldn't be helped, that was the ultimate goal in the cultivators' journey.

"The vast assortment of delicacies is enough to feed a nation for a decade, and the knowledge stored inside the palace covers four thousand years. It starts somewhere ten thousand years ago and ends right before Master's ascension six thousand years ago."

Thirty-seven explained further when he saw that his guests were interested.

'No resources, techniques, or items. Yet, obtaining that kind of knowledge can be incredibly helpful, and the elders would surely hand some of their methods to the Hive anyway. Also, there is this automaton.'

Noah summarized the gains obtained in that journey in his mind.

Thirty-seven was the spirit automaton of a rank 6 item, and his usefulness couldn't possibly be limited to his management skills.

Noah knew that well, even his ring's automaton could perform tasks that surpassed his level.

"What can you do? I guess your expertise must cover formations, inscriptions, and runes."

Noah asked Thirty-seven to obtain a clear idea of his value.

The spirit automaton of his space-ring could catalog a countless number of resources and identify which one of them would be the most useful in specific situations.

Instead, Thirty-seven's abilities had to be in line with Divine Architect's area of expertise since she had created him to handle the palace.

"Exactly. Divine Architect has authorized me to help my new masters with my vast expertise in all the inscriptions' fields. I can only pass down the method to build this dimension though. Master was very careful in maintaining her monopoly over her creations."

Thirty-seven explained, and the trio didn't know how to react to his words.

The help of a rank 6 automaton was terrific, but learning how to create a separate dimension couldn't bring that many benefits.

After all, those places were mainly built by powerful beings to pass down inheritances.

The Hive was at its prime, and Chasing Demon was far away from the divine ranks, a separate dimension wouldn't be that useful in their case.

Thirty-seven didn't fail to notice their slight disappointment and began to list the benefits of the dimension as he led the group on the staircase.

"There is nothing safer than a separate dimension! You can store wealth and use its insides to perform dangerous experiments in an environment that bends to your will!"

Thirty-seven seemed really heated when he explained those points, but the trio wasn't interested.

Building a separate dimension required an immense amount of wealth and work, and it could only become a secret area of some sort.

The Hive couldn't divert so much man-power and resources during that period since it would only slow down its growth.

Noah began to focus on the staircase and the sculpture at its center when he lost interest in the automaton's words.

The steps were transparent, they had been built with an alloy that resembled glass, but that was far sturdier.

'It is as if Divine Architect wanted to be sure that the staircase wouldn't hinder the sight of the sculpture.'

Noah thought as his gaze moved toward the floating spheres above him.

The sphere slowly rotated as they remained in their spots, but there was a bigger one that stayed still.

The group continued to climb the transparent steps, and the automation continued to argue with the elders, but Noah's mind had begun to wander.

The spheres became more detailed as the group neared them, and Noah's eyes widened when he noticed a few details on one of them.

That sphere was mostly azure, but there were a few brown spots of various shapes on its surface.

The issue was that their shapes seemed to match the continents in the Mortal Lands perfectly!

"You humans are all the same, always thinking about benefits. Do you want resources? With this dimension, you can reac-"

"Thirty-seven, is that our world?"

Noah's question interrupted Thirty-seven's words, and the elders immediately followed his gaze to stare at the sculpture.

The automaton suppressed his anger with a snort and wore a proud expression when he saw the amazed faces of the heroic cultivators.

More details appeared on the spheres as the group kept on climbing, and Noah began to notice other smaller brown marks on their surfaces.

His focus was on the sphere that seemed to depict his word.

He saw how accurate it was in representing the continents and the small islands on the vast sea.

His surprise further increased when he saw the piece of Immortal Lands depicted on it.

"Explain."

Noah said that simple word at that point.

The automaton wanted to gloat a bit, but his eagerness to show off Divine Architect's creation took over that feeling.

"The sculpture is an attempt to represent the Mortal and Immortal Lands that Master has been able to see with one of her creations. Of course, this world is the most detailed."

Silence fell on the group when the automaton spoke.

The heroic cultivators analyzed the sculpture with a newfound interest, and there was some disbelief in their expressions.

That disbelief originated by the fact that the sculpture represented multiple Mortal Lands!

'The five small spheres should all be Mortal Lands, which means that the bigger one depicts the Immortal ones.'

Noah quickly moved his focus on the bigger sphere at the center of the sculpture.

He already knew that other worlds existed out there, so it took him less than his companions to recover from that realization.

The bigger sphere was white, and it only featured one small black dot on its surface.

"Even Master's masterpieces couldn't allow her to learn much about the higher plane, which was why she had ultimately decided to ascend. Yet, she had been asked to build this dimension right before that."

Thirty-seven radiated an intense pride as he revealed events that happened far in the past.

"The job was incredibly ambitious. She would have to create a copy of the Mortal Lands with the hope that a higher plane would naturally form because of it. Yet, Heaven and Earth intervened and stopped the expansion of this place."

Anger appeared on the automaton's expression when his story reached that point.

However, his next words made the heroic cultivators focus on him again.

"Creating Mortal Lands while under Heaven and Earth's domain is impossible. Yet, one of the amazing features of this dimension is that its exits must be built from inside it. I believe you can understand how useful it can be."

[Chapter 658 658. Library](#)

Each of Thirty-seven's revelations surprised Noah and the elders to no end.

First of all, there was Divine Architect's attempt to represent the Mortal and Immortal Lands through a sculpture.

That attempt had ultimately failed, but she still achieved something spectacular in discovering other Mortal Lands that seemed connected to a single higher plane.

That discovery was useless for most heroic cultivators.

Still, some experts would surely decide to spend centuries to explore further the nature of the other worlds and their connection to the Immortal Lands.

Also, many peak heroic cultivators that were approaching the divine ranks would pay a fortune to learn more about the layout of the universe.

Then, there was the attempt to build a world outside of Heaven and Earth's domain to give birth to a new higher plane.

Noah and the elders couldn't even begin to imagine who had the time and assets to commission such an unrealistic and ambitious work.

They didn't even know if a higher plane could form naturally due to the appearance of a lower one!

In the end, there were the properties of the separate dimension revealed by Thirty-seven's words.

The possibility of creating an exit directly from inside the dimension meant that they could reach enemy lands without revealing their position.

The trio didn't know how exactly that worked, but the thought of building the dimension suddenly became interesting.

What if they could just appear inside one of the deposits of the Royal academy and disappear without leaving any trace?

What if they could appear behind the enemy's defenses and take by surprise an entire camp?

The applications to that feature were endless, especially for a nation built by the fusion of unorthodox sects and underground organizations.

'I wonder if my previous world is somewhere far outside of those Mortal Lands.'

Noah thought as his mind sorted all the new information acquired.

He knew that his previous world couldn't be classified as a Mortal Land, the absence of miraculous energies like the "Breath" put it far below the required standards.

Yet, he couldn't help but imagine it being somewhere far away from Heaven and Earth's domain.

'Maybe, Heaven and Earth will expand and annex my previous world, blessing it with their "Breath".'

Noah suppressed his thoughts after that.

The "Breath" was a blessing, just like the ability to cultivate.

However, he knew that Heaven and Earth were sentient entities and that their actions had to carry their hidden reasons.

It was clear that they strived for power and control, but heroic cultivators couldn't possibly understand their methods and exact intentions.

"Can we use the exits to return inside the dimension?"

Flying Demon asked at some point.

Noah and Dreaming Demon could understand the meaning behind his question and decided to remain silent.

Flying Demon had spent one thousand years trapped inside the dimension, and he had to know if there was an easier way out of that place.

An affirmative answer would mean that his long sufferings would have been for nothing, but his mind needed to know nonetheless.

He simply needed some sort of closure to put behind him all those years and move onward.

"Their functioning is set during their creation. Each door can work as an entrance, exit, or both. You just have to decide it during their construction."

"What about those inside this dimension? What are they meant for?"

Flying Demon gave voice to another question as soon as Thirty-seven explanation ended.

"Master knew about Heaven and Earth's possessiveness, so she limited the number of doors as much as she could. The door on the north can only work as an entrance, while that on the south can only function as an exit."

Dreaming Demon reached for Flying Demon's hand when Thirty-seven's words resounded in the hall.

That explanation cleared the elder's last doubts about his actions.

He now knew that he had done everything he could in those one thousand years.

Thirty-seven didn't even seem to notice the elders had begun to ignore him and were focused on each other.

Noah ignored them too since he didn't want to interrupt those expressions of affection.

His focus was on the top floor that was slowly being revealed as the group reached the end of the staircase.

Massive bookcases filled with countless tomes and scrolls appeared in his view as he stepped on the last transparent step of the circular staircase.

The top floor of the palace turned out to be a massive library!

Also, Noah was immediately able to notice that a tall item could be seen at the end of the library.

The item resembled a telescope that radiated an eerie aura that reached the sixth rank.

"Master has used the Space-lens to gaze at the worlds outside of these Mortal Lands, but the item was forever damaged when she turned it toward the Immortal Lands."

Thirty-seven said as he stared at the huge telescope.

Noah and the elders felt some eagerness to test it, but they quickly suppressed those feelings.

A rank 6 inscribed item had been damaged by a single glance at the Immortal Lands.

They couldn't even begin to imagine what that sight would do to their mental spheres.

Thirty-seven waved his ethereal hands, and a series of couches and praying mats materialized between the bookcases.

"Please, feel free to rest and browse through this knowledge as much as you want, I'll quickly transfer food and wine too. This palace can only last for four hundred years though, so be sure to leave before that."

The automaton disappeared after he said those words, and the cultivators shot smirks at each other now that they were alone again.

They were safe and had even obtained part of the legacy of a divine being!

Their decisive actions during the crossing had been rewarded by a vast knowledge and a rank 6 spirit automaton specialized in the inscriptions' fields.

Also, they were right in the middle of the territories targeted by the rank 6 Tribulations, which meant that they wouldn't have to face the peak rank 5 lightning bolts when they resumed their crossing.

Flying from that point for a week would make them directly reach the areas with rank 5 lightning bolts that had power in the middle tier.

Their travel toward the exit had just become far more manageable.

"I have no intention of staying here for four hundred years."

Flying Demon announced with a laugh as he lay on one of the couches.

"It's a pity though. These amazing items would self-destruct after our departure. Divine Architect was really careful."

Dreaming Demon said as she sat next to her lain lover.

"Let's rest, recover, and enjoy ourselves for a while. I'm too interested in these books to leave so soon."

Noah said as he neared the bookcases to inspect the scrolls and tomes on them.

The two Demons nodded at his words and used their mental waves to inspect the bookcases too.

It was needless to say that all three of them immediately looked for the knowledge concerning the Immortal Lands.

[Chapter 659 659. Relax](#)

Thirty-seven reappeared in the library shortly after while bringing the delicacies that he had promised.



A series of long tables floated inside the large room and softly landed in front of the couches where the three heroic cultivators were seated.

Noah and the elders had easily found tomes and scrolls that discussed theories and clues about the Immortal Lands while the automation was away.

The contents of those books had immediately claimed their interest, and they barely noticed that food and sweet wine had been placed in front of them.

Even Noah, who usually didn't care about historical records, was immersed in that knowledge.

It couldn't be helped, even the slight hint that concerned the Immortal Lands was a unique treasure for heroic cultivators.

Beings that strived for the divine would pay a fortune to learn more about it.

It was a simple but innate drive.

Thirty-seven remained silent when he saw that scene.

He considered himself already part of their assets, and he wouldn't do anything that could break their concentration.

Flying Demon was the first to notice the food, and he put aside the scrolls in his hands to dive toward those delicacies.

The elder hadn't seen food for centuries, and its sole sight was enough to make him drool.

Dreaming Demon followed his example, but her gestures were more refined as she reached for one of the plates.

On the other hand, Noah ignored the food in front of him and limited himself to fill one cup with that sweet wine without moving his gaze away from the tome in his hands.

He was reading about the studies of a certain Caleb Pettders, a talented noble of the Utra nation that had lived more than six thousand years ago.

Caleb had been a rank 6 cultivator and the pride of the royal family previously ruling that nation.

However, he ended up ruining his mental sphere when he asked Divine Architect for a favor.

According to the tome, the news that Divine Architect had built a telescope capable of taking glimpses of the Immortal Lands was known by most of the powerhouses living in the old continent.

That feat had been discovered when she moved the Space-lens in the separate dimension.

It was needless to say that the item immediately had become the center of the interests of the powerhouses of that time.

Rank 5 and 6 cultivators searched for her for years, but only Caleb managed to find her with the help of his family's resources.

Divine Architect and Caleb had made a deal at that point, which saw the Pettders family swearing not to blame Divine Architect for any unwanted consequence.

After all, Divine Architect had yet to become divine by that time, and the threat of the ruling family of the Utra nation could still scare her.

In the end, Caleb managed to see the Immortal Lands through the Space-lens, and their sight almost shattered his mental sphere.

The wealth of his family couldn't help him, rank 6 drugs were unobtainable, and no powerhouse would ever be willing to sell them.

The Pettders family could only see its power vanish as other nobles took over its domain.

Caleb had decided to write a book during those events to try to stop the decline of his family.

Still, the loss of their rank 6 existence had affected it too much by then.

Also, Caleb wasn't sane after the blow on his sea of consciousness, and his words didn't make much sense.

Noah had been able to learn about his story only because the tome in his hands gave a brief introduction before transcribing Caleb's words.

The concepts written by Caleb were messy, they didn't make any sense.

Noah had to read the entire book many times and analyze his words through the Divine deduction technique to sort out what could be real and what was only the result of Caleb's madness.

'The words "blinding light" are reoccurring and fit the Divine Architect's representation of the Immortal Lands. He even often mentions that he "saw feelings and watched sounds" when he stared at the higher plane.'

Those lines of thought were the summary of an entire book.

'No wonder he couldn't save his family, his book couldn't be worth much in this state. Seeing feelings and watching sounds is an interesting line though, it might refer to the laws radiated by divine beings.'

Noah took a few sips from his cup as he thought that.

Expressing a law could be done only when a cultivator became law, but there had to be similar features in the heroic ranks.

'I know that expressing the individuality should be one of the last steps in the heroic ranks, and I can already learn part of the laws that I'm absorbing due to my cultivation technique. Yet, there isn't much to gain from this book.'

Noah left the tome on the table and swept the bookcases with his mental energy.

He didn't expect to find many certainties about the Immortal Lands even in that vast library, but small clues and hints were all that heroic cultivators could desire.

The difference between the Mortal Lands and a higher plane was too vast, and even a rank 6 existence couldn't bear its sight.

'The Space-lens was forgotten after the powerhouses understood that it was too dangerous. I guess only Divine Architect knew how to use it properly.'

Noah thought as he took a glance at the massive telescope at the center of the room.

He would be lying if he said that he wasn't curious about that fantastic item.

Thirty-seven had warned them that it had been damaged, but the records confirmed that it had been used at least twice to stare at the Immortal Lands.

There was some missing clue that only Divine Architect could know, and Noah wouldn't try his fortune with something so dangerous.

Weeks passed inside the palace, and Tribulation never failed to arrive on time.

Noah and the Demons relaxed inside the comfortable, safe area at the top of the palace.

They even began to question Thirty-seven about some of the books contained in the library.

The automaton had read all those tomes and scrolls in the thousands of years spent alone in the dimension and claimed to be able to rewrite them.

Yet, the group still decided that it was better to bring them back to the Hive when they felt like leaving.

Some of those scrolls were originals that still carried the intents of their powerful authors, and their value couldn't be compared to regular copies.

The library offered a vast knowledge and safety, but Flying Demon was eager to return to the outside world, and the others in his group had similar feelings.

So, they simply stored all the food, wine, and books inside Noah's space-ring and waited for the arrival of the next Tribulation.

They had already decided that they would run in a straight line toward the exit once the next lightning storm ended.

### [Chapter 660 660. Aptitudes](#)

The weekly Tribulation arrived on time and unleashed its usual destruction.

Noah and the elders stared at the majestic sight of the rank 6 lightning bolts crashing on the shield of the palace from above the defensive wall.

They wouldn't have a chance to witness a similar scene from a safe position anymore after that day, so their complete focus was on that great calamity.

Anything with the power of the sixth rank was worthy of respect, even if it came from Heaven and Earth.

That was the last step of the heroic ranks, the ultimate target of all the heroic cultivators living in the Mortal Lands.

The lightning storm began to disperse after thirty minutes, and the group prepared itself to sprint toward the south, in the direction of the exit.

Then, the trio jumped off the defensive wall and began to fly at full speed when the last black cloud in the sky vanished.

They had one week before the next Tribulation, and that amount of time was enough to make them reach the areas targeted by rank 5 lightning bolts in the middle tier.

They could avoid the lightning storm with power at the peak of the fifth rank since their starting point was farther in the dimension compared to the checkpoint in their original strategy.

There would still be three Tribulations in the next part of their travel, but two of them would be in the fourth rank since they had set off from the palace.

The light radiated by a pendant on Dreaming Demon's neck flickered when the group left the perimeter of the palace.

Loud ruckus began to resound from the structure behind them, but the group didn't dare to stop to analyze the event.

Thirty-seven had activated the self-destruct measures of the palace since he was leaving the structure with the trio.

That action couldn't be avoided since the spirit automaton had been programmed in that way by Divine Architect.

Noah and the others didn't have the power to modify his programming without causing any unwanted reaction, so they simply gave up on the thought of keeping Divine Architect's creations.

Instead, they flew at an even higher speed to escape the rage of the blast.

Luckily for them, Thirty-seven had left the shield of the palace active to contain the explosion.

Earthquakes and shockwaves spread from the palace to the areas around it, but the shield managed to block most of its destructive effects.

Part of the prairie and the space above it still shattered, but those mighty events didn't manage to reach the three heroic cultivators that were already far in the distance.

It was needless to say that they felt helpless about that outcome.

A palace able to defend against rank 6 attacks and a damaged telescope able to gaze at the worlds outside of the Mortal Lands were items that any organization would do anything to obtain.

Yet, Divine Architect was too careful and powerful, Noah and the others could just accept the fact that they couldn't affect that outcome.

A week passed quickly, and Noah felt forced to eat many of the pills created by the Udye family to refill his Liquid dantian to help the elders with the Tribulation.

That rank 5 Tribulation had the power of the middle tier.

It couldn't be handled carelessly even if the group had already faced something stronger.

Noah and the elders repeated the same cyclic deployment of defensive measures, with Noah using one of his talismans and flames to aid the Demons during their breaks.

Of course, his flames couldn't possibly oppose those lightning bolts, but they could help in gaining a few precious seconds so that he wouldn't have to use another talisman.

The crossing was over in his mind, and his focus had to be in saving useful resources now.

The exploration of the separate dimension was bound to bring incredible benefits to the Hive, but Noah had to pay for them with his wealth.

After all, the Hive would gain two rank 5 cultivators, a rank 6 automaton expert in all kinds of inscriptions, and an immense knowledge concerning the history of the continent.

Also, there were the techniques and methods that Flying Demon and Dreaming Demon had kept in their minds since their exile.

Instead, Noah had only seen his Credits, pills, potions, and talismans diminish to obtain all of that.

He didn't mind the rank 4 drugs too much, but the loss of the rank 5 potion and the four talismans weighed on his mind.

They were lifesavers challenging to obtain, especially the potion.

'I guess I did gain something.'

Noah thought when the Tribulation was over, and the group resumed its flight toward the southern area of the dimension.

'I think I would have taken longer to reach the liquid stage if I didn't decide to sacrifice the immediate gains. Also, I've upgraded all my spells in a safe space in this period. I will be on a completely different level once I return to the southwestern coast of the new continent.'

Noah believed that he would have achieved similar results even if he wasn't trapped in the dimension.

Still, he couldn't deny the fact that meeting the elders had helped his individuality.

'They better find a way to repay me. Taking a look at all the techniques and methods inside their minds is the very least that they can do.'

Noah had already decided to directly ask for the knowledge of the demon sects when the group reunited with the Hive.

The unorthodox techniques of those sects were fascinating, and Noah couldn't wait to improve his combat style.

He had been using the same spells and arts for years by then, and he had even improved all of them recently.

Yet, they were random spells that didn't suit his individuality, only the second form of his martial art, and some of the modified diagrams carried traces of it.

'The weakness of the rarest elements...'

That thought appeared in Noah's mind when he reviewed his offensive.

Darkness and light aptitude cultivators were generally more potent than their peers, but they had to overcome the lack of proper diagrams and arts that could express their power.

That issue was further enhanced in the heroic ranks since cultivators would need to strive to their individuality at those stages.

However, Noah couldn't fully express his individuality without fitting attacks.

His battle style had been honed and perfected through many battles, but he still fought while using any spell that he could find.

'It's impossible to find a set of spells for my element that also fit my individuality. I can only slowly create them as I keep absorbing laws.'

Noah put the matter in the back of his mind at that point.

He had already taken the second step inside the heroic ranks, and the Divine deduction technique helped him in matters that afflicted ordinary cultivators.

There was nothing that he could do to improve faster.

The group faced the two rank 4 Tribulations in the following weeks and crossed them without any problem.

Then, Noah and the elders reached for the exit.