

DEMONIC 771

[Chapter 771 771. Inspection](#)

Tremors and loud sounds spread through the entirety of the castle as the group rested in the corner of the ground floor. The battle between the rank 6 snake and the Tribulation was unfolding above them, but there was nothing that they could do to affect its outcome.

Noah's state wasn't ideal. He would often fall asleep only to wake up every time his survival instincts reacted to one of the shockwaves released above him.

His body was still stabilizing, and he did his best to quicken the healing process by eating the corpses of the standard magical beasts in his stash. However, the emptiness of his dantian affected his recovery.

The transformation had destroyed his cultivation technique and had forced his dantian to reach the fifth rank. Yet, he had used all the energy stored inside it to forge the black sword, leaving it empty.

Also, Noah lacked a rank 5 cultivation technique, which left him powerless about the current state of his center of power.

He couldn't refill his dantian without a suitable cultivation technique. The recent events had forced him in a situation quite dire and usually avoided by cultivators.

Nevertheless, he was a hybrid, so he wasn't too worried about his battle prowess. The only real issue was that the three of them were stuck in the castle as long as the Tribulation kept raging.

There was the possibility that the lightning bolts would ignore them, but none of them was willing to test their luck. They would rather wait for the calamity to be over before deciding on their next move.

As for their companions back on the volcano, they couldn't contact them since a mental message couldn't reach the other side of the continent through the lightning storm.

Noah woke up when another shockwave made the entire castle tremble. He felt a lot better. His body had finally gained new stability after his past meals.

He still felt somewhat weak due to the lack of "Breath" in his dantian. Yet, his injuries had mostly healed, and he wasn't experiencing the after-effects of the transformation anymore.

"It's been a week," June said, "But the Heaven Tribulation doesn't show any sign of stopping."

Noah realized that he had been sleeping on June's shoulder when she spoke. She was sitting right next to him, and an orange robe covered both of them as if it was a blanket.

Faith was at a few meters from them, sitting with her eyes closed as she spread her consciousness to check the situation in the outside world. Instead, the black sword laid on Noah's shoulder, with its tip pointing toward the staircase in front of them.

"I think it likes me," June said as her eyes went on the sword, "I can't say the same for Faith though."

"Of course, it likes you." Noah said while revealing a smile and straightening his position, "It's connected with my mind. It feels part of my emotions."

June couldn't help but show her affection at those words, but the sword soon began to stare at them again, ruining the intimate mood that had taken over the couple.

"Is this what it feels to have kids?" June asked, "I'm starting to reconsider my idea of family."

Noah smirked at her joke and pulled her near his chest. One hand went on her hair while the other grabbed the sword and held it still in front of him.

The blade cheered when Noah wielded it, but he intended to use his newfound clarity to inspect its actual structure. It had only one sharp edge, and it was almost double the size of his usual sabers. Its hilt was thin but not severe, and it didn't have any guard between it and the blade. Also, it was straight, entirely black, and no one would understand that it was alive from just its aspect.

Truth to be told, Noah didn't really know what the sword was capable of. The peculiar state that he had reached while he was striving to become a perfect being had enlightened him, but it didn't tell him what he was creating.

The blade surely was the materialization of his individuality, but he didn't know its abilities. Some evident features were coming from the materials used during the forging, but that was still a lifeform. There had to be more to it.

The sword didn't hide anything from Noah's inspection. He just needed to will it, and the functioning of that peculiar lifeform became evident in his mind.

'I see,' Noah thought, and the structure of the blade began to change.

It became almost liquid, only to solidify when it divided itself into two parts and assumed the form of his usual Demonic Swords.

'This ability comes from the Liquid Dantian,' Noah thought as he tested the pliability of the sword before making it regain its original shape.

'It is alive, but it doesn't need air. It feeds only on primary energy. A sword-type magical beast, the first of its kind.' Noah evaluated as he learned about its functioning.

The entirety of the sword acted as a dantian and stored primary energy inside its fabric. Part of it was necessary to produce attacks, but its structure required some of it to improve.

Body and dantian had basically fused in the sword, without losing the abilities of those centers of power. As for the sea of consciousness, the blade didn't exactly have it.

It didn't have a mental sphere, but it could think and radiate intense mental waves that carried Noah's pride, greed, and ambition. It was as if all its cells were an extension of Noah's consciousness that didn't weigh on his actual mind.

Noah could understand though that the sword would be forever linked to his individuality, which meant that he needed to nourish it if he wanted to remain faithful to the path that he had chosen.

'I've more mouths to feed then.' Noah thought, 'Well, my battle prowess would increase by a lot when I fight with it.'

Noah was now a rank 5 cultivator able to summon a rank 5 Blood Companion and wield a living weapon in the fifth rank. History wasn't his field of expertise, but he was quite sure that no existence in his rank could claim to have his same foundation.

Another shockwave spread from the top floor. The three of them, together with the sword, moved their attention to the source of those tremors. Even after a week, the snake was still fighting against the Tribulation.

Yet, the intervals between each shockwave were becoming shorter. It was as if Heaven and Earth were slowly gaining the upper hand in the battle.

"I wonder how it's going outside," June said without leaving Noah's chest.

Faith shook her head at her words. She kept her consciousness outside of the castle, but the lightning storm didn't allow her to understand much.

The Tribulation had isolated them, and all they could do was to wait for everything to be over.

[Chapter 772 772. Gains](#)

Noah did his best to recover the assets lost during the transformation and to understand the prowess of the sword as he waited for the Tribulation to end. His empty dantian limited his possibilities, but there were a few things that didn't immediately require his "Breath".

Noah recreated the Will-consuming runes used during the forging. The peculiar state reached during the transformation had allowed him to control the "Breath" in the environment, but he had yet to inscribe the walls of his mind entirely.

Then, his focus went on his sword. The name Demonic Sword was too fitting for that new species, and even the blade seemed to like it. So, he simply called it like that before moving to its abilities.

As a lifeform that resembled the magical beasts, the sword had a series of innate skills that made use of the properties of the precious materials mixed in its structure.

It could release the corrosive smoke of the Demonic Form and use it to create dragon-like shapes during its offensive. Such attacks would radiate Noah's sharpness and use the energy contained inside the blade. Yet, Noah could increase the might of those attacks by using his energy, martial arts, and spells.

There wasn't any form or rejection between him and the sword, and even their instincts matched. It was as if they were the same entity, just divided into two different bodies.

Of course, Noah couldn't perform many tests in that situation. He didn't have "Breath", and he would rather avoid claiming the attention of Heaven and Earth during the Tribulation.

After his injuries had healed and the tests were over, he felt the need to go through the thoughts experienced during transformation.

His mind had gained access to a higher form of understanding since the perfect hybrids were supposed to be the most dangerous enemies of Heaven and Earth.

He remembered the feeling of having the laws of the world displayed right in front of his eyes. They were deep and unfathomable, powers far more intricate than the individualities. Also, they were everywhere, even if in a messy and chaotic state most of the time.

It was thanks to that understanding that he had managed to create the new Demonic Sword, but that hadn't been the only exciting event. His body had begun to transform primary energy into "Breath" of the darkness element after the breakthrough of the dantian!

The secrets behind that process had been the center of Noah's meditations for years. After all, his initial idea on how to complete his individuality concerned the creation of a different kind of "Breath".

Noah had memorized the process, and he didn't hesitate to analyze it with the Divine Deduction technique once he had dealt with the other pressing matters.

Many flaws and issues immediately appeared when he tried to reverse-engineer that procedure. The "Breath" instinctively created by his body was an imitation of the energy belonging to Heaven and Earth. It was slightly weaker than the original, and it was able to express its full power only when a hybrid of that kind used it.

That couldn't work for Noah. There was no point in creating a different version of the "Breath" of the darkness element if there was something stronger in the environment. Also, he needed to modify the procedure to make something perfect for his peculiar existence.

'With a slash, I destroy worlds.' Noah thought, waving the Demonic Sword without putting any strength in that gesture.

The sharp edge of the weapon cut the air and left a trail of primary energy at its passage. Noah's destruction made the trail spread and create more primary energy.

'With another slash, I create worlds.' Noah thought, cutting the air again.

The primary energy accumulating in front of him entered in the sword that used it to create abstract forms made of corrosive black smoke.

Noah felt that his control over the smoke was superior when he used the blade to cast it. It was as if his power overall was whole only when he worked together with the Demonic Sword.

That discovery didn't surprise him since the weapon was actually him but in the form of pure expression of his individuality. However, seeing that his connection with the blade gave him so many benefits, he began to modify his plans for his techniques.

He had ideas that saw the Demonic Sword as the core part of his cultivation technique and some spells. Still, he would need to return to a safe environment and acquire other materials before testing all of that.

Faith and June kept themselves busy as the Tribulation raged and shook the castle, together with the entire Mortal Lands.

Faith spent most of her time cultivating and trying to understand what was happening on the other side of the gray marble that made the walls of the structure. Nevertheless, she was never able to gain a clear picture since the power of the lightning storm destroyed most of her mental waves.

June cultivated too, but she had it better than Faith since Noah was with her. The two of them could spend their free time together and prepare in the eventuality that the rank 6 snake survived the Tribulation and unleashed its rage on them.

Of course, their preparations weren't battle-related. They simply used that time to have some intimate moments in case their lives were about to end.

It was needless to say that the situation was quite strange since both Faith and the Demonic Sword didn't exactly agree with that behavior. Yet, Faith understood their needs and did her best to close her senses whenever the couple reached a point that was too intimate for her to see.

On the other hand, the sword was difficult to convince, and June would often end up arguing with it.

Noah simply laughed when he saw his lover trying to explain the meaning of privacy to a flying blade that could only answer with roars. However, the two of them reached a sort of understanding at some point, even if the sword didn't like it.

The Tribulation lasted for an entire month, and an eerie silence fell on the world when the lightning storm vanished.

The castle had stopped shaking a few days before, but Noah and the others didn't dare to climb to the top floor until everything was over. Then, an entire day after the last lightning bolt, the three cultivators and sword stood up and moved toward the top of the structure.

Noah felt relieved when his consciousness seeped through the hall and noticed a huge and motionless corpse, but he still crossed the entrance with the utmost attention.

Luckily for him, the rank 6 snake wasn't playing any tricks at that time. Its charred corpse lay on the floor without radiating the slightest trace of life.

Noah noticed how countless holes filled its skin and that one of its wings was completely missing.

He couldn't feel excited though since the Tribulation had been thorough in that destruction. When Noah neared it and touched its skin, a large chunk of its meat fell apart and turned into dust.

[Chapter 773 773. Determination](#)

Noah had hoped for a better outcome. The flesh of a rank 6 being was an incomparable treasure, even more to him. Every piece of its body could become part of rank 6 inscribed items, objects with a power that only cultivators at the peak of the heroic ranks could wield adequately.

Yet, when the other parts of the snake's charred corpse fell apart and turned into dust, he accepted the fact that he had already been lucky enough to survive that encounter. When he considered the fact that he had even gained a lot from that meeting, the fact that he couldn't obtain the rank 6 body seemed reasonable.

A large bucket appeared in his hands, and his mental energy spread in the room to gather all the dust accumulated on the floor. There wasn't even an ounce of "Breath" in that material, but it still came from a rank 6 existence. It had to have some value in the hands of a suitable expert.

The dust floated inside the bucket, and Noah sealed it before storing it inside his space-ring. He didn't need to seal it since the formations inside his device were enough to prevent any form of spoiling. Yet, he was used to that practice due to the Body-inscription spell, so he simply executed it by instinct.

Noah focused on the chains afterward. They seemed to have lost their power after the death of the rank 6 existence, but he picked and stored them anyway. He couldn't leave them there.

When he turned to leave though, he found June and Faith staring at him with a tinge of awe in their eyes.

Noah's confused look was enough to force an answer out of June. "You do realize that you've killed a being in the sixth rank?"

Noah understood what she meant. The snake had managed to keep its shape even after the Tribulation erased every trace of energy from its body. The thought that Noah had caused the death of something so powerful had made both women realize how resourceful he was.

"The Tribulation killed it." Noah said, dismissing the respect that they were giving him, "The retribution of Heaven and Earth is what caused its death."

He meant those words. The three of them wouldn't be alive now if it weren't for the self-imposed chains restricting the snake.

The truth was that relying on Heaven and Earth had left a bitter taste in his mouth. He wasn't underestimating himself. He knew that few cultivators would have been able to revert the transformation in his situation.

Gazing at the laws made him able to complete his individuality only because his accumulation in his inscribed method was high. He was worthy of his new rank.

Yet, he couldn't help but see the event from the opposite point of view too. The fact that his individuality was ready to step on a higher level had been a fluke.

He had been smart in exploiting it, but he would be a dragon now if he didn't have a different path to complete during the transformation. His plan would have failed otherwise.

"Look at me in that way when I can kill existences on that level with my own hands," Noah said as he walked past the women and reached for the staircase.

He had always known that he was just a puppet when higher entities were involved. After all, he couldn't even see his lover freely since the forces behind them didn't get along.

Yet, completing his individuality had cleared most of his doubts when it came to the cultivation journey. There were crises that he couldn't predict, and beings that he couldn't control, but that wasn't a good reason to feel annoyed or angry.

Only his ambition to move forward mattered, together with the few things that his current power allowed him to care about. Everything else was outside of his grasp, and he wouldn't let it affect him since he had no control over it.

If he found a hindrance in his path to power, he would destroy it. If he lacked a road, he would create it. If his efforts ultimately led to death, he would accept it, knowing that he had lived just as he wanted.

June and Faith knew that Noah had changed after his meeting with the snake. Still, his personality was just starting to show that. Of course, June had noticed some slight differences in his behavior during their intimate moments, but most changes had yet to show up.

The three of them took all the scrolls and tomes contained in the castle and exited it through its main door. Heaven and Earth didn't react when they were in the hall, so they were confident that the calamity was over and wouldn't target them.

A wasted world appeared in their sight. Countless trails of smoke filled the sky in the distance, and most of the flora on the coastline of the continent had become nothing more than dust.

The island and the ruins on it were relatively intact since the Tribulation had focused its rage on the top floor of the castle, but a few black craters still filled its surface.

The three of them tried to contact the assets of their respective forces, but they didn't obtain an answer. Also, no mental messages had arrived after the lightning storm went away, which meant that every note left by their leaders had vanished together with the black clouds.

They were alone and on the opposite side of the continent. They didn't even know how the situation had evolved after the month spent inside the castle.

"We can only reach the volcano," Noah said, and his companions nodded at his words.

If those were their Mortal Lands, they could just wait for some of the higher-ups of their organizations to pick them up and escort them back to their headquarters.

However, they didn't know if the portal had survived the Tribulation nor if any of their companions were still alive. They didn't even know if the other heroic assets had just abandoned them when the lightning bolts started to fall.

So, they could only fly to the volcano and evaluate the situation by themselves. Only then would they be able to decide on their next move.

Noah closed his eyes and spread dense mental waves that carried an intense pride. His mental energy obtained a peculiar aura when it crossed the walls of his mind, and the environment instinctively reacted to his thoughts.

The "Breath" around Noah gathered under his feet and lifted him in the air. Performing such simple tasks even if the inscription of his walls wasn't complete was easy, but he needed to become used to them.

It felt strange for the "Breath" to follow his orders, but it felt natural at the same time. It was as if his mind was meant to impose laws on the energy around him. He just didn't know it before that moment.

The Demonic Sword, June, and Faith quickly reached him, and they didn't hesitate to move in the direction of the volcano.

[Chapter 774 774. Intelligence](#)

Noah flew through the sky, followed closely by his companions and sword. His hair didn't flutter in the wind like it used to but remained quite still as if it was some kind of heavy mane.

His focus was on the cracked and shattered ground under him, even if he had to use part of his attention controlling the "Breath" that was allowing him to fly.

Using the "Breath" in the environment felt different. He was moving something that didn't belong to him through his will. The sensation resembled that felt when he controlled magical beasts, but it came from something more profound than the pure fear of a more potent being.

As for the environment under him, it was nothing like the island that they had just left. There were dark craters everywhere, with sparse burning trees appearing now and then.

It was evident that the Tribulation had hit harder on the landmass, and it didn't seem to have minded the casualties when it tried to wipe out any being carrying the compound.

The continent appeared completely deserted even if only a few months had passed since the group saw it filled with magical beasts.

That scene confirmed that the Tribulation had targeted even the creatures carrying the compound, but Noah was still unclear about the actual effect that it had on them. After all, they were already magical beasts.

The answer to his doubts though came rather quickly, after only a few weeks flying straight toward the volcano.

The absence of magical beasts on their path and their lack of need to explore the continent further allowed the group to cross many regions quickly. That brought the group deeper into the mainland, where they met the first trace of life since the beginning of their return.

A pack of spider-like creatures appeared in their view. A wounded rank 5 Hairy Spider stood in front of a series of rank 3 and 4 specimens and waved its front legs as if it was trying to explain something.

It was needless to say that such a scene was unusual even when it came to creatures that had given birth to a Bloodline Inheritance. The leader of the pack was performing gestures that weren't battle-related. It was trying to communicate through something more intricate than its cries.

Noah didn't even wait for his companions to notice the unusual scene. He dived directly in the middle of the pack and fixed his reptilian eyes on the five meters tall leader.

To his surprise, the spider didn't immediately attack. Instead, it screeched a series of confused orders to its underlings, and Noah understood that it was telling them to stay still.

The rank 5 spider was in the lower tier other than injured. Noah's oppressing presence was enough to make it tremble in fear. However, Noah noticed that its eight eyes hid traces of intelligence as they stared at him.

There was an innocent curiosity in the creature's gaze, something that Noah had never seen in a magical beast when it didn't concern a meal at least.

The weaker specimens in its pack seemed to have similar intelligent gazes. They trembled in fear as they studied the human figure that had suddenly landed among them.

'I have to admit that the snake was a genius.' Noah thought as he realized that those creatures had developed a perfect mental sphere.

His consciousness enveloped the various beings around him, and he inspected the mental waves that they innately radiated. He sensed simple thoughts as if they were children that had suddenly woken up inside powerful spider bodies.

The instincts that had ruled their lives felt somewhat obsolete now that they could formulate complex ideas, and everything about them appeared new.

However, even their newfound intelligence couldn't take over their instincts completely. Their aggression was something rooted deeply into their beings, and the snake's action of chaining itself was a clear example of that.

The rank 5 Hairy Spider released a battle cry that forced its underlings to pounce at Noah with everything they had. Meanwhile, it tried to dig a hole in the ground to escape from the inevitable anger of that powerful human.

Noah felt amused when he saw that scene. The leader didn't even test his strength before deciding to escape.

In some ways, he could consider it smart.

Noah sprinted through the barrage of legs and hairy bodies, destroying everything in its path. The sheer force released as he shot toward the leader was enough to shatter the blockade of those weaker beings.

The rank 5 spider had almost disappeared underground when Noah reached it and pulled one of its legs to drag it outside of that hole. A series of sticky and poisonous webs shot in his direction, but a black flash consumed them before they could reach him.

The Demonic Sword released a roar as it hung above the spider's head. The blade had never left Noah's side. It had merely laid on his back because it saw that he was interested in the improved abilities of those creatures.

Yet, when actual attacks reached for him, it appeared in the open and revealed its might.

"Easy," Noah said, "I need its head."

The sword released an annoyed growl, but it didn't dare to disobey Noah's orders. It knew through its connection with him that studying the spider's minds was necessary, so it simply hovered there.

The rank 5 spider sent all its legs toward Noah, but cracking sounds echoed on the scene when they met Noah's fist. Even after awakening its intelligence, a rank 5 creature in the lower tier couldn't hope to match the prowess of a hybrid in the middle tier.

Noah tore the spider apart limb by limb and studied his body in the process. There weren't substantial differences in terms of physical strength, but his movements seemed smoother and fiercer.

The spider inevitably died as Noah kept on creating cracks in its sturdy exoskeleton, and he tore open its head after its last cry.

'As expected,' Noah thought when he saw that he didn't find any trace of a Bloodline Inheritance.

The mental sphere was ethereal in its structure, and the absence of a dark-red crystal confirmed that the compound made the infected beasts develop a sea of consciousness.

Noah then inspected the corpse and cracked open its lower body. A shining organ full of primary energy appeared in his view, and he felt slightly surprised by its perfect state.

The organ was a fake dantian, but it was remarkably similar to a real dantian in power.

Noah stored the corpse and repeated the same inspection for the weaker specimens, without minding the few unharmed spiders that had already escaped far in the distance. Each one of them didn't have a Bloodline Inheritance and featured a fully-formed fake dantians in their lower bodies.

June and Faith waited for him to complete his analysis. After all, Noah was their greatest hope in reaching the volcano alive, and he needed that to understand what they were going to face once they reached the human domain.

[Chapter 775 775. Reinforcements](#)

A few hours before the arrival of the Tribulation, the assets from the four forces were going on with their daily occupations as usual.

Most cultivators were studying and listing the immense amount of new materials that the new Mortal Lands had to offer. There were far too many applications to those new substances when they met the various inscription methods that the experts had to offer.

The formation field saw discoveries happening every year since the inscription method of the natives shared its focus on the natural properties of the materials.

The improvements discoveries didn't stop there. The appearance of new substances widened the inscription field as a whole, especially when it came to schools that could make use of the Elite beasts.

A new brand of inscribed weapons appeared in those years, and the alchemists created new brands of drugs that helped the dantians of cultivators in many ways.

It was needless to say that testing the effects of those creations was a crucial aspect of the procedures. Yet, the majority of the cultivators there valued Noah's warnings and suppressed their eagerness to see if their discoveries could work on humans.

Of course, some of them grew restless since Noah's group didn't find anything specific, and even the fear coming from those strange-looking skeletons began to vanish as the years passed.

After all, they were dimensional explorers. They had to take some risks when foreign Mortal Lands were involved.

That belief ultimately led them to their doom.

It all began with a soft echo. Everyone living in the headquarters built around the volcano knew that Noah's group had gone inside the last trace of civilization available on the other side of the continent.

Their mission was quite crucial, and their discoveries had helped the four forces in many ways. All the cultivators living in the headquarters were partially grateful that the three of them were dealing with such a tedious and repetitive task.

Nevertheless, that echo spread through the sky less than an hour after they reported that they were entering the last castle.

The experts on the volcano didn't mind it at first. They were outside of the human domain, and it wasn't unusual for packs of powerful magical beasts to cross their position.

Even creatures in the sixth rank would find it hard to break through the defenses of the underground encampment that surrounded the fissure. The cultivators there had deployed an insane number of protections there, and they even had the help of God's Left Hand in that matter.

In their minds, that world couldn't threaten them once they were inside those protections. They would have never imagined that the danger would have appeared from the inside.

As the echo became stronger, every cultivator that had joined the mating sessions or that had been tainted by the mutagen started to transform.

Panic spread in the encampment. Almost twenty rank 4 cultivators had suddenly become magical beasts and were finding it hard to control their newfound instincts.

Some of them said a few words before their roars suppressed the last bits of sanity that they had managed to muster before their hunger took control of their bodies.

The assets of the four forces didn't deploy their offensive at that scene. Their first idea was to contain their transformed companions and study the event before deciding on their fate.

After all, even as perfect hybrids, they were still creatures in the fourth rank, and the encampment had eight rank 5 cultivators and a rank 6 existence. Those beasts weren't a real threat.

However, the Heaven Tribulation followed their transformation, and the insane defenses of the encampment struggled to keep up with the intensity of the lightning storm.

The four factions were confident in exhausting the power of the Tribulation since God's Left Hand was on the field. Yet, as days passed and the lightning bolts didn't slow down their offensive for even a second, they began to rethink their initial approach.

Was it worth to damage the integrity of defenses laid down over fifteen years for a bunch of heroic cultivators that had lost their sanity?

The only real loss would be in the experts and individual cases, like Lix Elbas, who had the blood of a rank 6 existence even in his beast form.

Lightning bolts of various power fell on the thick barrier that protected the volcano. Some of them would barely meet the standards of the heroic ranks, but a few sparse ones were able to make even God's Left Hand Tremble.

The situation was becoming too dangerous, and that wasn't something limited to their area. God's Left Hand's resolution surged when she sensed that the lightning storm wasn't limited to their territory and that more transformation had happened in the rest of the continent.

Her choice became evident when she understood that the natives could directly attack them if they wasted their defenses to fend off the Tribulation.

The communications with their world were slow due to the nature of the portal, and no amount of improvements could solve that issue. They simply couldn't shorten the distance between the two worlds more than that.

God's Left Hand decided to kill the hybrid before the forces on the other side of the fissure were able to answer. The Tribulation stopped falling on the volcano when those creatures died, but she made the troops retreat nevertheless.

They had to regroup in their world. The delay in the communications could be fatal in such a crisis.

As for Noah's group, they couldn't contact them due to the lightning storm, and the thought of crossing the continent to pick them up was merely delusional. Also, the portal was still open, so they weren't exactly leaving them behind. There was no way to help them anyway.

The same went for the cultivators still in the natives' domain. There was nothing that they could do for them.

The assets returned to the homeworld with a single trip through the passage. The portal could withstand rank 6 existences now. Adding a few rank 4 and 5 cultivators could hardly be counted as a problem.

There, the rank 6 existences held a meeting that assessed the unbelievable events of the other world.

None of them cared about the loss of their rank 4 assets when they could lose an entire world filled with resources. Yet, they had to set specific terms before they proceeded with their next move.

God's Left Hand was the first to cross the portal again, and she brought a series of heroic assets along with her. Her role was to keep track of the Tribulation, and she didn't hesitate to report it when the dark clouds vanished.

She tried to send mental messages to the assets that they had left behind too, but she didn't receive any response. It seemed that the "Breath" in the air was still too chaotic, which hindered the correct functioning of their inscribed notebooks.

Then, about three weeks after she reported the end of the Tribulation, King Elbas and God's Right Hand crossed the fissure and stepped on that alien world.

[Chapter 776 776. Battles](#)

Noah's group didn't encounter many living beings as their journey continued. There were rare specimens that had luckily survived the lightning storm or that had smartly used the environment to protect themselves, but the continent appeared desolate nonetheless.

However, they could begin to sense traces of life as they neared the human domain.

The landmass of that world was somewhat circular, while those in their Mortal Lands were almost rectangular. That had slowed down their exploration, but it made their path back to the volcano quite short.

Yet, they weren't even halfway through it when a sudden shockwave spread far in the distance, from the territories under the control of the natives.

Huge figures could be barely made out in the sky far from them, but they knew that only rank 6 existences were able to create such powerful after-effects in their battle.

The communications were still down, but Noah could only think about two explanations for the event happening on the other end of the continent. The first one saw the rank 6 existences of the natives losing control of their transformation and fighting themselves, while the other one alluded to a battle between the powerhouses of the two worlds.

Either way, the human domain had suddenly become a danger zone that they had to avoid if they wanted to keep their lives.

Noah led June and Faith on a more peripheral path. They would lose days of travel through that path, but that outcome was better than risking exposing themselves to a battle at the peak of the heroic ranks.

Their target was the fissure under the volcano. Noah's group had already decided that those Mortal Lands were too dangerous for them right now.

Ripples and cracks appeared in the sky as the battle unfolded. It seemed to go on forever, day and night, and the earth never stopped shaking in that period.

"They aren't giving this world a break," Faith said, annoyed by the constant tremors, "It's crisis after crisis."

June and Noah could share her annoyance, especially since they didn't know if there was still a way back to their world. There was a chance that those Mortal Lands would be their new home for a while, but the three of them didn't want to make plans for that eventuality just yet. Rather, the idea would be just to escape and find a safe spot where to wait for reinforcements.

The battle in the human domain eventually ended, and the three cultivators didn't even manage to take a look at the beings involved since they were still too far away. However, they were nearing the volcano with each passing day, and it would take them less than a few months to reach their destination.

When they were almost there though, the tremors returned, but Noah was able to recognize the existences involved at that time.

A vast and fiery snake flew above the natives' domain and filled the sky with a torrent of flames able to cover entire regions. A massive tornado followed the snake, and dark clouds gathered above them, releasing what seemed to be purple rain.

"Our forces are attacking the natives!" Noah said without stopping his flight.

Faith didn't know much about the powerhouses of their world, but June could recognize the fire of the Elbas family when she saw it. As for Noah, Chasing Demon had been detailed in his report after the crisis of the winged beasts, so he could even name the rank 6 existences involved.

The three of them picked up speed. The three powerhouses had decided to fight above the enemy territory, which meant that the portal was still in function and needed to be protected!

Two gigantic figures rose in the sky when the powerhouses threatened to destroy everything in their path. One of them was a massive turtle with a shell filled with spikes and buildings, while the other was a tall ape surrounded by white sparks.

Of course, both beasts were in the sixth rank, and their presence gave off a feeling similar to that radiated by the rank 6 snake.

The five existences didn't start to attack each other. They simply stood there, staring at each other without dispersing their spells or auras.

Noah and the others knew that they were speaking. They probably hoped to find a way out of that situation that didn't involve a battle on their level. Nevertheless, the meeting went sideways rather quickly, and the roars of the two massive beasts shook the sky as the cultivators' spells engulfed them.

The world seemed about to end for the third time, but the five existences soon dragged the battle above the clouds, at a height where the natives' domain wouldn't be affected by the shockwaves.

Loud sounds and roars accompanied the trio's return to the volcano. The earth had stopped shaking since the powerhouses went to the sky, but the air kept on shattering, and the shockwaves were still somewhat suffocating.

Yet, they managed to reach the volcano in one piece, and few incredulous figures shot out of the protective barrier to greet them.

Elder Austin, Thaddeus, Cecil, and Elder Clara appeared right in front of the trio that landed on the ground at their sight. After more than fifteen years in the wilderness, the three of them had returned, putting a definitive end to their mission.

Noah let the two women reunite with their factions first. There was no time to say goodbye to June due to the battles between the rank 6 existences. So, he wanted to at least gaze at her figure one last time since he didn't know how long it would be before their reunion.

Nevertheless, Faith suddenly turned and hugged him.

"I'll take care of her," Faith said, "Thank you for taking care of me out there."

Then, she broke the embrace and ran after Elder Clara that was staring at her with an incredulous expression.

June snorted when she saw that scene, but she limited herself to bow toward Cecil and Thaddeus. The two Royals informed her about Lix's death, but they didn't show any surprise when they saw no change in her expression. Instead, they released a helpless sigh and began to lead her inside the volcano.

Noah watched her leave and turned toward Elder Austin, who was doing his best to suppress a grin from appearing on his expression. Noah didn't even bother to try to explain his misunderstanding, but, as he took a step forward, a whiff of his aura reached the four cultivators that had greeted them.

Elder Austin's grin froze when he sensed it. Elder Clara moved her gaze away from her disciple to stare at Noah with a black expression. Cecil and Thaddeus suddenly turned to show disbelief and traces of fear.

Noah didn't pretend nor try to hide under the inspection of those cultivators. He kept on walking toward the volcano, with his hair reflecting the sunlight, and his sleeveless robe revealing few sparse scales on his arms.

The Demonic Sword appeared too. He couldn't hide it when his pride was overflowing. After all, he was the youngest rank 5 cultivator in history.

[Chapter 777 777. Unfair](#)

It was impossible, or, at least, it should have been.

Noah walked toward the volcano with an unwavering gaze. He didn't have to explain anything, and there was no point in gloating in the surprise that his rank had caused.

The others could see his whole existence. Primary energy would form naturally around him, and his body absorbed it every time he breathed. He didn't hide it. He couldn't just suppress himself at that level.

The many emotions that ran through their expressions were all justified. Noah had barely crossed the eighty years' mark, but he had already stepped on a level that countless cultivators failed to reach.

Elder Austin didn't know how to react. It was as if his brain had frozen in shock when he sensed Noah's aura.

The Elder had been considered a genius back when he was a rank 4 cultivator. Reaching the fifth rank in one hundred years wasn't something that many existences could do. After all, some cultivators could spend centuries in the fourth rank as they immersed themselves in their individualities.

Yet, Noah had done that in a bit more than forty years. Heck, he had gone all the way from being a commoner to a feared existence in the time that it took the Elder to go from the fourth to the fifth rank.

Noah had already been called a monster, but there weren't words to describe his latest achievement.

The four cultivators that had greeted him didn't fail to notice his scales and the peculiar features of his hair. It was clear that something had happened to him, and that seemed connected with the sudden transformations.

However, here he was, still in his human form, with a rank 5 dantian and a flying sword that radiated a power similar to a rank 5 magical beast.

"He's one of them!" Thaddeus shouted in the midst of his disbelief.

Elder Austin shot an angry gaze at the Royal, but Cecil intervened before him. He placed a hand over his son's shoulder and shook his head. The meaning behind his gesture was clear: Thaddeus had to let it go. Whatever plan or scheme they had for the most famous criminal of the Utra nation, it was too late now.

The truth was that Noah's sight was disheartening for those cultivators. They didn't lack resources, and they had trained for most of their lives too. They were even improving their power steadily.

However, Noah's growth was unreal. One day he was just a rank 2 cultivator that had managed to escape the control of powerful organizations; the other his power was enough to affect the political affairs of countries that had lasted for millennia.

Noah didn't mind that Elder Austin didn't follow him as he went past the barrier around the volcano. Certain events were hard to digest and could break a cultivator's will. He needed to stay alone for some time, and Noah wouldn't complain about that.

A crowd of cultivators appeared in his view when he dived toward the underground of the volcano. Red rivers shone on his face, and a series of inscribed tents filled the few areas without magma. Cultivators were flying above them, behind a few ethereal screens that depicted the natives' cities.

They immediately noticed Noah's arrival, and the same disbelief that had struck the existences outside filled them too.

Noah couldn't possibly know it, but bets were going on among some of them. The stakes concerned his growth, which was a topic that those heroic entities were interested in discussing in their social circles.

Many of them believed that Noah would reach the fifth rank after the one hundred years' mark, and some of them even thought that he would hurt himself and remain stuck at the fourth rank since his growth was too insane.

Nevertheless, all of them lost their bets.

There was an apparent unwillingness in their expressions. Noah appeared simply unfair to them. However, pride soon appeared among some of them.

Only then did Noah notice that most cultivators in the encampment came from the Hive and the Papral nation. There were even ten rank 5 cultivators belonging to those factions.

Noah recognized Elder Justin and Elder Julia, but two more rank 5 cultivators were wearing the robes of the Hive next to them. They were the elders in charge of the Coral archipelago and the Lutren nation, and Noah only knew their names, but he couldn't assign them to a face.

'This must have been a way to balance the presence of the powerhouses from the other nations.' Noah thought.

Sending so many rank 5 cultivators was something that the Hive would never do under normal circumstances. After all, the four of them and Elder Austin made all the rank 5 assets of the Hive. That was what the other forces believed at least.

However, the Elbas family and the Shandal Empire had deployed their rank 6 existences. Even all those powerful troops could barely make up for their commitment.

Noah neared the elders since they appeared to be too amazed to move and performed a quick bow to greet them. That gesture made them return to reality, and the two strangers didn't hesitate to announce themselves.

"I'm Colleen, and I run the Archipelago. It's an honor to meet the Demon Prince." A woman with dark skin, long and crispy black hair, and unusual white eyes said.

"Ingrid. I handle the Lutren nation." Another woman with fair skin, short brown hair, and a pair of shining red eyes said.

Except for the two Demons, the rank 5 assets of the Hive were all there.

As they finished their presentation, Elder Austin entered the underground area and joined them. Noah could see how even Cecil and the others had returned, and his eyes crossed June's for a brief second before focusing again on the Elders.

Once Elder Austin managed to let go of his sour feelings, he was all smiles every time he looked at Noah. After all, the Hive had now eight rank 5 cultivators, which was something that he was incredibly proud of.

The others shared his happiness. It didn't happen so often that someone reached their ranks, but they couldn't find anyone more fitting than Noah. Also, he already had his dome in the new continent. The Hive had basically expected his breakthrough.

"What's the plan?" Noah asked at some point, "Do we just wait and see how the battle between the powerhouses unfolds?"

He didn't like that idea. As long as the natives remained free to act, there was a chance that the compound inside him could be triggered again, and he was quite sure that he couldn't pull another miracle off.

The forces of his world had to take control of the situation until they managed to reverse engineer the transformation and find ways to stop it.

"You would be surprised, Prince," Elder Julia said as she revealed a confident smile.

Elder Ingrid then finished her phrase. "We are going to war."

[Chapter 778 778. Rumors](#)

It turned out that the four factions shared Noah's worries too. The fact that their cultivators could suddenly transform in magical beasts wasn't a threat that they were willing to leave alone.

The elders gave Noah reports that described the improvements enforced in the encampment and the events during and after the Tribulation.

Apparently, the first battle had been between the turtle and the ape. It seemed that the transformation carried a few unavoidable mental instabilities that took them some time to suppress. After all, they had to deal with the drives of a magical beast now, and Noah knew far too well how hard they could be.

The casualties among the natives during that fight had been massive, but the two rank 6 hybrids eventually calmed themselves and retreated in their domain to manage the damage. However, the forces of Noah's world didn't fail to use that chance to analyze the prowess of those beings.

It was evident that they had more rank 6 existences on their side, but beasts in the sixth rank were tough to kill, let alone intelligent creatures that could use spells. The powerhouses couldn't just match their numbers. They had to overwhelm and destroy them thoroughly.

That's why the four factions had ultimately decided to send three powerhouses, with two of them being among the strongest existences that their world had to offer.

Many vital assets of the other organizations had to cross the passage to balance the temporary weakness of their local enemies. Still, the Empire and the Elbas family had both deployed troops around the portal anyway. They couldn't leave it in the hands of the other forces. After all, losing many rank 5 cultivators would be a harsh blow, but banishing three powerhouses was appealing too.

Of course, those were all precautions. The truth was that an entire world was at stake, and the competition over a few pieces of land of the four forces appeared almost petty compared to what they could gain through the portal.

Tremors would reach the underground encampment at times, but they were only faint echoes of the battle happening above the clouds. Both sides didn't want to destroy the assets of the bloodlines, even if their reasons were completely different.

The natives wanted to contain the damage to their population, especially after losing control the first time. Instead, the alien powerhouses wanted to annex their civilization and studies. That world far behind them in many aspects of the cultivation field, but it had achieved remarkable results when it came to alchemy, techniques, and buildings.

To ensure that the invading forces managed to put their hands on those resources though, they had to fight on the ground too.

Battling right under the fight between rank 6 existences wasn't ideal, but they had to take risks if they wanted to seize enough rewards. Also, they had to keep the population of transformed cultivators in check, and that needed a personal touch that the aloof powerhouses couldn't have.

"Just to be clear," Elder Ingrid said, "You aren't going to transform in the middle of the battlefield, right?"

That question was directed at Noah since it was impossible to hide the magical beasts' aspects of his body.

Noah gazed at the middle-aged woman that was inspecting him with a bit of concern and noticed that even the other elders had similar doubts. It couldn't be helped. He could do a lot of damage if he lost control near them.

Elder Ingrid wasn't polite in her manners. She was direct and didn't care about Noah's social status when she needed pieces of crucial information.

Generally speaking, cultivators would avoid probing their peer's powers and individualities. It was a custom respected by most people, especially those in the heroic ranks. Yet, Elder Ingrid uncaringly asked the question that her fellow elders were suppressing due to Noah's status.

"I will be fine. Also," Noah said as he picked the bucket containing the ashes of the snake from his space-ring, "These belong to a rank 6 creature. They don't have any energy left, but Thirty-seven might have some use for them."

The faces of the elders turned from worried to incredulous in less than an instant. The dust inside the bucket didn't radiate any special aura, but they didn't believe that Noah would lie about such a matter.

"You should keep them," Elder Julia said while shooting an angry glance at Elder Ingrid.

She didn't like her attitude toward the Demon Prince, even if she understood her worries.

As for Noah, he kind of liked Ingrid since her direct character reminded him of June. Also, they were on the same side, and they had to settle all their doubts before flying into a battle.

"The plan is simple," Elder Justin said, "We kill everything that moves and start taking captives only when the situation calms down."

Noah didn't have any complaints about that strategy. His world would prefer to commit a genocide rather than risking other transformations inside its ranks, and he agreed with that view.

The troops inside the encampment waited a few days for reinforcements to arrive. They were about to leave the volcano and the portal, so there had to be cultivators defending the area while they attacked the bloodlines, or what was left of them.

Meanwhile, rumors spread among the troops.

Even if a large part of the cultivators there came from the Hive, Noah's sparse scales worried most of the heroic assets. That and the fact that Faith would often visit him even when he was alone in his tent didn't turn the crowd in his favor.

As for Faith, the years spent in the wilderness had made her lose any care for the rules of the Council. She could just justify her actions telling that she needed him for her individuality, and there would be little that her leaders could do at that point.

Her position inside the Council was different from June's. Faith was already part of that organization, and she was even a promising asset. Instead, June was a cultivator that the Royals had yet to fully acquire, and her relationship with Noah had been unclear since their days in the academy.

Of course, Faith would visit June often too, even if that didn't create the same number of rumors.

The day of the battle eventually arrived, and most assets left the encampment to fly toward the natives' domain. The reinforcement had delivered a series of disposable inscribed items useful to resist the shockwaves created by the rank 6 existences. Still, they would be useless if those powerhouses happened to be too close.

It was just another form of precaution, and the assets there accepted it without complaining before setting off.

There were more than sixty heroic cultivators in the raiding team, and twelve of them were in the fifth rank. A force like that would scare most organizations, but it was necessary when their plan saw them taking over a world.

As they crossed the defensive wall though, they saw entire platoons of various magical beasts waiting for them in a defensive formation.

[Chapter 779 779. War](#)

Everything became messy rather quickly.

The natives were waiting for the alien forces to attack, and they had done their best to assemble an army to repel the invaders. However, even their mental state wasn't in perfect condition, and the battle happening above them worsened their situation.

It was impossible for humans that had always relied on their minds to become used to the intense instincts of the magical beasts in a matter of months. Actually, that aggression and hunger that they had developed would work against them until they fused both parts of their existence into one.

Noah had to spend years in the wilderness, learning about his beast part, and it was only after his body reached the fifth rank that his centers of power obtained the benefits of his hybrid status.

The natives couldn't experience the same things due to the lack of time and the crises that they had to survive after their transformation. There was a limit to how much they could prepare in the months that had seen a Tribulation and two battles between rank 6 existences.

The foreign forces shot toward the platoons as soon as they understood their power. There were ten rank 5 creatures in the army and numerous beasts in the fourth rank followed by a swarm of beings in the human ranks.

An army with so many powerful assets would typically force the cultivators to reevaluate their plans. Still, they quickly noticed that the dantians of some of the hybrids in the fifth rank didn't match the level of their other centers of power.

Noah saw a huge rank 5 Three-headed Wolf in the middle tier radiating "Breath" belonging to the human ranks. He noticed a spider-type magical beast in the fifth rank exuding the unmistakable aura of a rank 4 cultivator.

The same strange feature could be seen among the majority of those creatures. Most of them would have their bodies and minds at a level far higher than their dantians.

'There wasn't enough primary energy to reach harmony!' Noah thought as he shot forward with the other heroic assets.

The transformation had forced the growth of a dantian inside the Flawed humans. Yet, there were simply too many of them in those small regions. Even the miraculous compound couldn't create rank 1 dantians and push them forward until they reached the level of the other centers of power, not with a limited amount of energy at least.

So, the natives didn't match the invaders in terms of raw power, even if their number of rank 4 assets was quite incredible.

As Noah's group crossed the defensive walls, countless spells of various power reached for them. A loud explosion resounded in the sky, and a gray cloud filled the area, but, to the natives' surprise, the more than sixty cultivators came out of it unharmed and counterattacked.

The natives weren't experienced in wars since the bloodlines rarely started battles. On the other hand, the assets of Noah's world had gone through many conflicts.

That was a crucial difference between their political systems. Noah himself had gone through a few wars, without counting the crisis of the winged beasts.

Such experienced assets knew that the most dangerous point in a battle between heroic entities was the initial clash when countless attacks would pile up and become threatening even for powerful beings. So, they had a series of defensive talismans ready before they sighted the army of hybrids.

The natives began to roar when they saw the human figures launching spells on their own and focusing the rank 5 specimens with them. Hundreds of weaker hybrids in the human ranks jumped forward at their orders and became meat shields that fell apart when the attacks landed on their bodies. Yet, their sacrifice allowed the creatures in the fourth rank to block the remaining power of the attacks.

The first clash appeared to have ended with the invaders' victory. However, the natives didn't lose too much power in that exchange.

However, a figure suddenly shot through the maimed corpses to land in the middle of the rank 4 hybrids. Panic spread in the rank of the beasts when they felt the innate fear caused by that foreign presence in their army.

Generally speaking, no cultivator could fly close to the barrage of spells and cross them after they exploded. The shockwaves released at that moment weren't something that a human body could endure. Yet, there weren't only humans on the invaders' side.

Noah released a roar as he swung two short swords held tightly in his grasp. The Demonic Sword echoed his cry even in its divided form and created two huge dragon claws that pierced the scared hybrids around them.

The fact that Noah could use his hybrids' abilities better than the natives was an immense advantage in that battle. After all, every creature below the fifth rank would just be suppressed by his pride.

Reaching a perfect form might have significantly improved the power of those Flawed humans, but they were nothing more than children who knew nothing about their strength in front of Noah.

Fifteen rank 4 hybrids died in less than an instant. Noah had successfully created a breach in the enemies' defenses, and his companions didn't fail to exploit it.

Another series of spells shot above him and landed on the core assets of the natives. The rank 5 hybrids roared, trying to force the weaker creatures to protect them, but Noah released a cry of his own and stopped their efforts.

There were ten rank 5 beings giving orders from the other side, but none of them could be as convincing as Noah.

The spells crashed on the leaders of the army, leaving many specimens injured but without killing anyone. Their bodies were too strong, and even the joint attacks of Noah's group couldn't kill any of them in one round.

Nevertheless, Noah's opening allowed them to inflict the first series of wounds on creatures that were quite hard to kill. The matter was even more troublesome when they took into consideration the hybrids born from the members of the bloodlines since their centers of power were in harmony.

The rank 5 hybrids shot angry gazes at Noah. It seemed that part of their innate aggression was taking control over their mental faculties.

Noah simply smiled at that scene. In his mind, he felt as if he was proving to the natives that their transformation wasn't so unique and that he had been able to create something better on his own. His aura naturally reacted at those thoughts, and the hybrids could sense how he was taunting them.

The hybrids lost their last trace of reason at that point and pounced toward Noah, without even remembering that they were able to use spells.

Noah didn't even move since eleven figures appeared above him and launched another series of spells on the reckless beasts and dispersed them. The elders from the Hive and Council were keeping their distance, but Noah waited for a brawl.

[Chapter 780 780. Brawl](#)

Noah couldn't fix the issue concerning his empty dantian any time soon. It had taken him eight years of experiments to create a cultivation technique that made use of his greed, but the path in front of him was bound to be far more complex.

He couldn't just reproduce his previous technique and add a stronger suction power. He needed something that reflected his individuality as a whole, and, to do that, he had to use his Demonic Sword.

The process though could take years and an insane amount of precious resources. It wasn't a problem to obtain both, especially for Noah, but he had to take care of the threat of the natives.

Noah was sure that he wouldn't be able to stop a second transformation. So, he had to join the war, even in his inconvenient state. There were aspects of his life that he had to protect personally, and there was nothing more personal than his individuality.

However, his weakness remained and limited his power. He could express a battle prowess fitting of a rank 5 cultivator, but he would be among the weaker entities in that rank.

Of course, he wouldn't be at its bottom either. After all, he was already nearing that level when he was a rank 4 cultivator.

Most of his spells were off the table because they required too much "Breath". That was an inevitable weakness of the darkness element. Their higher requirements in terms of energy made their more potent effects fair.

There was his saber-shaped rune available, but Noah didn't want to use it because there were too many eyes on him on the battlefield. He didn't want to expose his involvement in the attack at the Balvan mansion.

He could use a weaker version of his martial art by controlling the "Breath" in the environment though. His Demonic Sword would even improve its power and add its effects.

Yet, he also had his body.

Noah let go of his sword and shot toward the Three-headed Wolf. The Demonic Sword returned to its original form and followed Noah in its charge.

The Elders above him had already chosen their targets, smartly using their higher numbers to take care of the strongest hybrids. However, Noah knew that he would be more effective if he took care of the weakest ones among them.

The Three-headed Wolf was a rank 5 hybrid in the middle tier with a rank 5 mental sphere. However, its dantian was only in the human ranks, which meant that it was nothing more than a Flawed human with an improved body.

Noah slammed on it, throwing a punch to its central head before following it with a sharp movement of his other hand. His fingers arched as if they were claws and dug five deep wounds on its upper body.

Nevertheless, Noah was surprised to discover that the Wolf managed to endure those attacks without being flung back.

It had never happened to him that a creature on his same level could match his physical strength. After all, he had fused with a dragon, the most potent species among the magical beasts. Yet, the transformation had produced similar results, bringing the natives to a level of physical might that surpassed the realm of the simple beasts.

In that fraction of an instant in which Noah realized that the Wolf could endure his hits, he felt happy.

It was strange. Noah and the Wolf were both hybrids, but they had chosen opposite paths.

The Wolf had taken the path of the beasts, giving up its individuality to become the perfect enemy of Heaven and Earth, a being in tune with the laws and capable of building "Breath" from primary energy instinctively.

Instead, Noah had taken the path of the humans, choosing to make his individuality flourish to escape Heaven and Earth's system.

They had countless features in common, but there were also a few crucial differences that made them completely different, and Noah wanted to prove that he was better.

The Wolf seemed to regain some clarity after his blows, and the "Breath" around it started to gather to create a large eagle. Yet, "Breath" moved in Noah's direction too and collected on his palm where the tattoo of a whale had suddenly appeared.

A vortex formed at the center of his palm and affected the fiery eagle that began to lose its flames. They became primary energy when they came in contact with Noah's aura, and his body absorbed it as if it was coordinating with the Blood Companion's ability.

The Wolf felt restrained too under that suction force and wanted to shoot into the air to escape that attack, but a sharp pain suddenly spread from its left head. The Demonic Sword didn't stay still during that exchange and exploited that distraction to attack.

Of course, the sword couldn't pierce the head too deeply, but it managed to inflict an injury, which left Noah satisfied with its sharpness.

The Wolf roared in anger before speaking human words in the natives' language. "This is the body given by the ancestors!"

Noah didn't have time to mind its fanaticism and spread his mouth to release a wave of white flames that engulfed the entirety of the Wolf and continued behind it.

The Three-headed Wolf was strong, and it could endure Noah's physical attacks, but it cried in pain when his flames burned its hair and burned its skin.

Noah pressed on, expressing his full mastery as a hunter. It didn't matter that the Wolf had a sea of consciousness. Its body had the shape of a magical beast, so its same weak spots.

Noah kicked its huge ankles, punched the bottom of its necks, ordered the sword to deepen the cut on its left head, and launched white flames whenever it tried to retreat.

The Wolf felt cornered even in that vast battlefield and summoned all its concentration to fly away. Yet, Noah used the ability of the Lazy Whale to hinder his movements until he managed to kick it back on the ground.

The difference in their battle prowess was immense, but most of that came from the native's inexperience with its new body. If it gave up on its instincts, it would not use spells. If it tried to fight as a cultivator, it would lose part of its coordination.

It would have been a worthy opponent if it could mix both worlds into a single battle style, but Noah soon lost interest in an enemy that he could predict so easily. Its endurance though wasn't something that it had to control, so the battle continued for a while.

The Demonic Sword eventually managed to pierce the hard skull of its left head, and Noah used that moment of pain to stab his finger through the right eye socket of the central head. As he dug through its brain, he released a wave of flames on the remaining head.

It took some more beating, but, in the end, the Wolf collapsed on the ground, without any trace of life left inside it.