

DEMONIC 781

### [Chapter 781 781. Mud](#)

Noah stored the corpse of the Three-headed Wolf and turned to analyze the battlefield. The other Elders were still fighting, doing their best to keep some distance between them and the other rank 5 hybrids.

That was the best approach against that kind of enemy. Humans would just be shredded apart if those mighty beings were to touch them.

However, that led to prolonged battles that would ultimately favor the hybrids since their stamina was incredible. The higher number of cultivators though balanced that factor.

Noah shot toward the rank 5 spider-type magical beast in the middle tier that had a rank 4 dantian. He didn't recognize its species, but it seemed some kind of poisonous creature that relied heavily on ranged attacks.

Its opponent was Elder Colleen, who assaulted it with a barrage of lightning bolts. Yet, her spells weren't able to pierce the thick layer of mud that covered its exoskeleton.

The spider endured the lightning bolts while spitting a series of fuming green spikes that the Elder kept on dodging. Elder Colleen appeared to have the upper hand in the battle since the hybrid had yet to hit her, but she was bound to exhaust herself before the creature if that trend continued. Having the advantage wasn't enough in that situation.

Noah landed directly over its lower body, stomping it on the ground where it created a crater. The spider was momentarily taken aback, but Noah didn't hesitate. He arched his fingers and stabbed his hands in the layer of mud, ripping it off as he pulled his arms back to wield the Demonic Sword that had followed him loyally.

"Breath" gathered around him as he divided the sword and slashed on the now exposed exoskeleton. Two black claws landed on the sturdy body of the spider and created cracks that spread even in the parts still covered by the layer of mud.

The spider released a human cry of pain and turned to stare angrily at the human on its back. However, Elder Colleen didn't waste the chance created by Noah and focused her lightning bolts into a thick orange arrow that chopped off one of the hybrid's legs. The arrow then crashed on the ground and created an explosion that flung both the spider and Noah away.

The blast didn't harm them, and they landed at some distance from the empty area that had naturally formed once the two rank 5 existences had begun to fight.

Noah found himself among rank 3 and 4 hybrids fighting against cultivators in the fourth rank, but his attention quickly went on Elder Colleen. He signaled her that she could take care of the other rank 5 creatures. He was enough to defeat the spider, especially after those last wounds.

Elder Colleen didn't hesitate to change the target. The spider was annoying to fight, but Noah's brute strength ignored its defenses, so he was a better opponent for it. Also, she could help the other Elders if he managed to defeat the beast on his own.

Noah moved his gaze back on the spider that had begun to attack him during the short exchange of gestures between him and the Elder. Fuming spikes reached for his position, but he promptly released a wave of flames that burned a few weaker hybrids on its trajectory.

The flames burned the spikes too, but they didn't have enough power left when they reached the spider. However, Noah had already charged and was nearing his opponent at high speed.

The spider had lost one leg, and its lower body was cracked. It was evident that it couldn't escape Noah even if he weren't using the Shadow Sprint martial art. So, it decided to go all out with its offensive.

An even thicker layer of mud covered its body, and Noah recognized that ability as a spell. It seemed that the spider's sanity wasn't completely gone, and it was able to rely on its capabilities as a cultivator. Then, it spat dozens of fuming spikes linked together by a series of sticky webs.

Noah's eyes sharpened at that sight. He was too far away, and using his flames would just put him in the same position as Elder Colleen.

The lack of "Breath" in his dantian prevented him from using powerful ranged attacks, but he couldn't just limit himself to block the creature's offensive. So, he charged ahead, waving his swords to pierce the web in a frontal clash.

Claws made of corrosive smoke and spreading a destructive force crashed on the spikes and web, but Noah didn't wait to see the result of that clash and kept on charging ahead.

His attacks destroyed a large part of the spider's offensive, but something inevitably landed on his body and pierced his natural defenses. A spike stabbed his shoulder, and another cut him on the right side of his waist. A sticky substance landed on him and hindered his movements when it accumulated on his joints.

Nevertheless, Noah disregarded the pain and leaped toward the spider that was preparing another attack, breaking the restrictions created by the remains of the web.

The spider was about to spit more spikes when Noah's knee slammed on its head. The layer of mud managed to protect it, but Noah followed his first attack with a series of punches. Meanwhile, his sword fused back together in the air and focused its injured lower body.

Noah tore apart the defensive spell little by little. There was nothing that his nails couldn't pierce, and his small frame made it hard for the hybrid to keep up with his relentless offensive.

Once the thick layer of mud fell apart, it was the exoskeleton's turn to endure Noah's beating.

The spider screeched in pain, sometimes using a beast's voice, and sometimes using a human one. His sanity seemed even about to come back at some point since the terrain around them started to take the shape of tall golems that wanted to target Noah.

However, it was too late by that time. Noah had already filled the exoskeleton with cracks and chopped off two more legs. His Demonic Sword had even finished piercing its lower body and was creating a mess of its internal organs.

Only the incredible resilience inherited from the magical beasts' world was keeping the hybrid alive, but Noah was finally ready to inflict the final blow.

Once the cracks became large enough to cover more than half of its body, Noah launched his flames that seeped inside the spider and turned its already wounded organs into ashes.

The battle was over, and Noah stored the broken remains of the beast before taking out the poisonous spike still stabbed in his left shoulder.

The spike had released its toxic substance inside his body, but that single attack wasn't enough to cause any real damage. Noah felt slightly sore on that point, but his healing properties had already limited the poison and were working to fix the affected tissues.

### [Chapter 782 782. Mantis](#)

In the time that had taken Noah to take care of the two rank 5 hybrids, the other battles on the same level were mostly over. The cultivators had relied on their higher numbers to overwhelm the creatures with barrages of spells. The innate defenses of the beasts had to give up at some point.

The cultivators in the fourth rank were still fighting against the swarm of weaker hybrids. They had it worse since the bloodlines didn't lack Flawed humans in the fourth rank, but the battle between the leaders of the armies usually decided the outcome of a war.

Yet, until the leaders stepped on, those weaker assets would keep on fighting and do their part in the battle between two worlds.

Elder Ingrid and a rank 5 cultivator of the Council that Noah didn't recognize eventually joined the rest of the battlefield and put an end to the last struggles of the hybrids in a matter of minutes. The ruins of the city became silent at that point, with only sparse cries of pain breaking it from time to time.

Craters and trails of smoke filled ground. The ruins of the city that had endured the Heaven Tribulation became small gray boulders after they saw the clash between so many heroic assets. Corpses of beasts of various species lay on the terrain among a few lifeless human bodies.

There had been casualties on both sides, even if the natives had suffered a crushing defeat.

Noah walked toward the other rank 5 Elders only to find them gathered around a tall rank 5 Silver Mantis that was still breathing. Injuries covered the creature, but its dantian radiated the unmistakable aura of a rank 5 cultivator.

'Harmony.' Noah thought as he neared the group.

The Mantis was panting, and its large eyes moved among the human figures that controlled it with stern expressions. It didn't release any cry of pain. It only breathed, as if it was waiting for the attack that would put an end to its life.

Noah caught a whiff of its scent, and his eyes became cold. He recognized that smell. It belonged to the first member of a bloodline that he had met in that world.

"Danielle," Noah said as he stood side by side with the other rank 5 Elders.

The Elders shot surprised glances toward him, but their eyes quickly returned to the beast. Their questions for Noah had to wait. The priority was to interrogate the creature, and it seemed that Noah was confident in making it speak.

The Mantis' eyes stopped moving and fixed on Noah. It felt a similar aura coming from that human figure, but its memories were foggy, and its mind struggled to create complex thoughts.

"Danielle Duron," Noah repeated as he crouched in front of the creature. "You lost the battle, and you will lose this world."

Noah saw the anger rising inside the Mantis, but he didn't move. Magical beasts usually vented their emotions, but it was too injured even to move. That feeling could only remain inside its sea of consciousness and force it to find other ways to come out.

A bit of clarity returned in its eyes, and a woman's voice came out of its insect mouth. "Noah Balvan, we will never forgive you for the death of our ancestor."

More questioning gazes landed on him when the Elders heard those words, but Noah didn't falter. He was too invested in that crisis to care about the opinion of his companions.

"How many assets do the bloodlines still have? Is there another army?" Noah hesitated a bit before giving voice to his last question. "Is it possible to trigger the transformation again?"

Danielle snorted and lowered her mantis head. She seemed about to exhale her last breath, but the vitality of the magical beasts was keeping her alive and trying to mend her injuries.

The Elders of the Papral nation were about to complain, but the rank 5 cultivators of the Hive promptly shot angry glances at them. The Demon Prince of the Hive was speaking. They had to let him finish out of respect for his status.

"There are other natives still alive, and I'm certain that other hybrids didn't hear your call when you gathered this army." Noah continued. "You simply have to choose between extinction and submission."

Soft growls echoed through his throat as he said those words, and the Demonic Sword floating above him imitated those sounds.

Danielle was stronger than Noah when it came to her centers of power, but she was too weak at that moment to reject the pressure that his pride was applying to her. After a visible struggle, her mouth opened again to speak slow human words.

"Our ancestor taught us how to survive the Tribulation," Danielle said, "But our leaders couldn't stand each other's smell and unleashed destruction across the six regions. I'm afraid this was our strongest force."

She lowered her gaze, and Noah could see some disappointment even if she didn't have human features anymore.

Truth to be told, he could understand her. Their inexperience had ruined the years spent preparing for that event in handling the instincts of the magical beasts. After all, their forces would be far more numerous and threatening if they had learnt to control themselves.

The assets from Noah's world would have been forced to retreat if their opponents had the same level of mastery as Noah.

"The transformation." Noah reminded her of his last question.

Danielle gave voice to a helpless laugh before answering. "Only an ancestor in the perfect form can trigger another transformation. Our leaders might be able to learn that skill in time, but we can't create a chain reaction without you."

"What does this mean!?" An Elder of the Council exclaimed when she heard that Noah was somewhat involved in that crisis.

He recognized her. She was Anthea, the rank 5 cultivator that had intervened during the independence of the Coral Archipelago.

"He is similar to our ancestors," Danielle said, trying to make a smirk with her mantis face, "His bloodline is fake, but it works as a global trigger when he transforms."

The cultivators that managed to reach the heroic ranks were generally smart. It didn't take much before they linked the crisis to Noah's different physical features.

"You," Anthea said as she pointed Noah, "This mess is your fault."

Noah didn't feel angry when she accused him so publicly. Instead, he revealed an uncaring smile and shrugged his shoulders before taking out the ashes of the rank 6 snake.

"If you want to blame me for the actions of a being at the peak of the heroic ranks, go ahead," Noah said. "But I killed it. I think a few rank 4 cultivators are a good price to pay for a rank 6 hybrid."

Danielle saw the bucket and began to shout. Her words became screeches as Noah handled the remains of the last ancestor as if they were a trophy.

It was needless to say that no Elder dared to complain anymore after seeing that scene.

### [Chapter 783 783. Rain](#)

Noah couldn't bother to keep his powers a secret anymore. He was a rank 5 cultivator now, even causing the death of a few assets in the fourth rank couldn't affect his status too much.

His status didn't depend on the Hive or the title given by Chasing Demon anymore. He had become an elite among elites.

Also, there was the matter concerning the death of the rank 6 snake. He had killed an enemy that only powerhouses could face, and an ancestor on top of that!

The Elders let go of the matter for now. They had already decided that they would spread that information, but that wasn't the time to focus on something that wasn't the war.

Elder Anthea took out a series of inscribed chains. Those items didn't belong to the Shandal Empire. Instead, they were an imitation created by the Elbas family to restrain eventual captives.

The troops of the Royals didn't join the battle, but they still delivered useful tools for the assets of the other factions. The chains were just one of them, but there were even the disposable items meant to defend against the shockwaves released above the clouds.

Tremors would reach the ground from time to time since Noah and the others were fighting under a battlefield that saw five rank 6 existences going all out. Their most basic attacks were enough to shatter the air and create shockwaves able to kill even beings in the fifth rank.

Yet, the Elbas family had created a special ointment that would absorb those shockwaves once they reached for a cultivator's skin. The tremors would slowly consume the lotion, but the Royals had provided enough of it to last for a few months.

The Elders started to chain the hybrids and led them back to the volcano. The best way to contain them was to send them to the other world, where the real power of four factions was.

Nevertheless, even a single rank 4 cultivator was enough for the task since the chains acted as a sort of oath, which prevented the hybrids from trying to escape.

Noah and the others started to explore the ruins once the surviving hybrids left for the volcano together with a rank 4 Elder of the Papral nation. They soon discovered that the Tribulation didn't target the castle of the Duron Bloodline, even if it was still in ruin due to the outburst of their leaders.

The Elders stored the remains of the castle. They couldn't let go of items able to make them invisible in the eyes of Heaven and Earth. Then, they rested for a while before pressing forward.

There were still wild hybrids to take care of, and they didn't wholly trust Danielle's words, even if they were quite inclined to believe her. After all, her mental state was too frail to make up lies, and there wasn't any reason to do so.

Noah would gaze at the sky from time to time. He would apply the ointment whenever he felt that the shockwaves were about to affect him, and hunting down the remaining hybrids only quickened its consumption.

There wasn't much that he could do. The ointment wasn't meant for battles. The Royals had initially created it for the human cultivators that wanted to explore the exposed areas of the new continent.

Yet, it became useful in that situation, even if the Elbas family had to create a far denser version than the original product.

Wild hybrids appeared as the group pressed forward. Most of them would be confused, but there were a few specimens that had been able to regain a part of their mental faculties in that period.

Of course, only creatures in the heroic ranks showed some awareness. The hybrids in the human ranks needed far more time to become used to their new status.

The Elders killed the hybrids in the human ranks and chained those in heroic ones. It must be said that they didn't meet a single being in the fifth rank along the way, which made Noah wonder whether most of them had died during the outbursts.

The group eventually moved toward the other regions. Danielle didn't lie. Noah and the others didn't find any big army waiting for them. The most threatening force in their way was a small pack led by the first wild rank 5 hybrid that they met outside of the army.

Noah's group became smaller as more and more assets left its ranks to bring back chained hybrids, but the Elders in the fifth rank were still there, so that wasn't too much of a problem.

Weeks went by, and the remaining regions slowly uncovered themselves in front of the thorough inspections of the invaders. There were bound to be hybrids that had ventured in the wilderness, but the Elders didn't care enough to create another exploration team.

They looted the castles along the way too, obtaining the secret history of the natives that the Elders still ignored. The years of researches piled up in secret chambers became prizes for the winning side of that battle.

The troops eventually reached the coastline, where they found another small army with eight rank 5 hybrids trying to give orders to their restless underlings. It was needless to say that another major battle happened, but Noah's side won again, suffering even fewer casualties than the previous time.

At that point, the war against the natives was over, with the only variable being the fight still raging above the clouds.

The five rank 6 beings had been battling for almost two months by then, but the assets on the ground couldn't understand which side had the upper hand.

Noah's forces were confident in their powerhouses. After all, other than being more numerous, the rank 6 cultivators there were exceptional figures.

King Elbas had single-handedly created the opportunity to travel to another world, and no one could imagine how many incredible items his expertise had allowed him to make.

God's Right Hand was the "closest man to God", which wasn't a title given just because it caused awe in those hearing it. Many believed that he would be the next existence to reach the divine ranks and ascend to the Immortal lands. That alone spoke for his prowess.

As for God's Left Hand, she was still a follower of the only divine entity in Noah's world, but her greatness was mostly obscured by her superior.

The Elders began to bring the remaining hybrids back to the volcano, but they had to stop halfway through their return since thick drops of blood began to fall from the sky.

Noah and the hybrids were the first to understand what those drops meant. They could sense the insane amount of primary energy contained in each of them.

'The battle is over.' Noah thought as he closed his eyes.

The drops hurt when they touched his skin. Even in that form, his body was too weak to eat something in the sixth rank.

#### [Chapter 784 784. Ac](#)

It rained blood for a while, and some reckless hybrid tried to open its mouth to drink that potent liquid. Their bodies started to convulse as they tried to absorb the insane amount of primary energy contained inside it.

The blood of a beast in the sixth rank was able to change an environment forever. Containing it inside a rank 4 or 5 body was merely impossible.

The hybrids either puked or fell on the ground, shaking as if they had ingested the most potent toxin in the world. Blood started to come out of their bodies, and their size began to increase in strange ways as their muscles tried to contain that energy.

Then, their tissues started to explode in an innate action of self-preservation to release the energy coming from the leaders of the natives back in the environment.

Noah shook his head at that sight, and the Elders around him began to look for cover to avoid being hit by the rain.

Noah had to join the Elders quite soon. The drops had started to hurt rather quickly to the point where some of them were about to pierce his sturdy skin. Yet, he still held on as much as he could.

It didn't happen to experience the might of a being in the last stage of the heroic ranks often, and Noah didn't want to miss that chance since his body could handle it.

The rain eventually stopped only to be replaced by the sight of a tall figure piercing the clouds and free-falling toward the ground at a few kilometers from their position.

Noah recognized the ape, but he didn't move to seize its corpse even if his hunger was screaming inside his mind. That wasn't his loot, nor something that he could handle without the help of a powerhouse.

The few remaining assets in the fourth rank cheered at that sight. One of the leaders of the natives was dead. Their victory was set in stone.

When another huge figure fell from the sky though, even some of the Elders in the fifth rank cheered.

Noah traced the fall of the turtle with his eyes. Seeing such mighty beings crashing lifelessly on the ground gave birth to an intense eagerness to join that realm. However, he tried to suppress his emotions when he saw three human figures slowly descending in the positions where the hybrids had fallen.

Even if the assets in Noah's group came from different organizations, they still decided to offer their respects to the powerhouses that had fought for the conquest of that world.

The three rank 6 cultivators seemed aware that the heroic assets were coming in their direction. They waited for them as they studied the corpses of the hybrids.

It was clear that the battle had been challenging. The three powerhouses were all sweating and had their robes partially torn apart. The two existences from the Shandal Empire were even injured, but the wounds were limited to small fractures and a few cuts.

Only King Elbas stood unscathed in the air. His robe was even the most intact of the three.

Noah couldn't help but reveal a cold gaze at that scene. He knew that King Elbas' individuality was connected to the pride in his bloodline. The intact robe, the lack of injuries, and his calm expression were all an act to create awe from Noah's point of view.

However, he had to admit that only an exceptional cultivator could pull that off when against two rank 6 hybrids. Even if he didn't want to, he began to respect him.



King Elbas' achievements were incredible. The dimensional portal was already something unheard of, but his display of power in the crucial battle added even more favor to his image. Also, the Elbas family had provided useful items to the other factions without complaining too much nor charging them.

"The Elbas bloodline is worthy of my respect." God's Right Hand said to break the silence.

King Elbas performed a slight bow toward the powerhouse, but his expression became serious as he replied. "Your title suits you. The previous one, not the submissive name that you are carrying."

Both God's Right Hand and God's Left Hand suppressed their anger when they heard his mocking words. King Elbas wasn't showing any respect for the God of the Empire. He wasn't even restraining his voice in front of the weaker assets.

He was openly announcing his disregard for the divine being in charge of the Empire.

Noah couldn't help but think about the book that described the past of the Shandal Empire retrieved from the Mortal Palace. He could sense the same defiance of the author in King Elbas' words.

'I wouldn't be surprised if he has even better historical records in his library.' Noah thought as he stared at the reactions of the powerhouses with interest.

King Elbas ruled the most advanced organization when it came to the arts connected to the cultivation field. That wasn't something achievable only through talented experts. There was a need for a broad foundation that encompassed many schools of the past.

Noah was sure that King Elbas knew about the strange habit of the God. The disappearance of a divine being wasn't something that could be kept hidden from the investigations of entities on that level. Yet, Noah wondered about the reason behind that behavior, and he couldn't help but think that King Elbas knew it.

"And yet," God's Left Hand said, "We are mere mortals in the Almighty's eyes."

King Elbas snorted, and he suddenly turned to leave after storing the ape in his space-ring. The two powerhouses of the Empire took the turtle and left too at that point, leaving the confused Elders on their own.

Elder Austin shrugged his shoulders when Noah glanced at him. The behavior of the existences at the peak of the heroic ranks was somewhat unpredictable since no one could restrain them. They answered to no one.

The group eventually left and reached the volcano after three uneventful weeks. The assets of the Empire and Royals were waiting for them there and raised cups full of intense wine in their honor.

Noah though wasn't in the mood to celebrate. The four factions were allies on that side of the portal. On the other, they were enemies ready to seize any chance as long as it gave them an advantage over the other organizations.

Now that they lacked a common enemy, the past grudges and complex political relationships would return. It was just a matter of time before they clashed again to divide the resources of the new world.

"Demon Prince, the Shandal Empire expresses its interest in your body-nourishing method." A rank 5 cultivator said as he neared Noah.

"Nothing you have interests me," Noah said and left to pick a cup of wine from a long table placed next to a river of magma.

However, he soon discovered that the envoy of the Empire was just the first of a long line of heroic assets eyeing him with eager expressions.

### [Chapter 785 785. Impossible](#)

Noah decided to ignore the celebrations when he understood that remaining in the encampment would only force him to refuse a countless number of complaints.

He didn't blame the other factions for being interested in his body-nourishing method, nor the Council for spreading the information about his peculiarity so soon.

If there were a chance, every cultivator would choose to obtain the features of the magical beasts. After all, most techniques and methods tried to imitate those creatures because they had a more natural path toward the higher ranks. Also, their physical might was too insane to ignore it.

Now that there was a chance right in front of their eyes, they couldn't just let it go.

Noah glanced at the other Elders of the Hive, but all of them were in the same situation. The assets of the other factions were engaged in polite discussions with them, but it was evident that their respect was only an act to cover their real intentions.

The Hive was still the weakest of the four forces, but everyone was treating its assets with the utmost courtesy.

Noah hastily took a cup from the table and left for one of the tents in the Hive's side. He saw no point in remaining there. It was better to use his time meditating until the powerhouses decided how to handle the new world.

There were six luxurious tents in that part of the encampment, and Noah saw that one of them had a large banner with the words "Demon Prince" written on it. Even if he had been in the wilderness during those years, the other Elders had prepared quarters suitable for his status.

The tent was covered in inscriptions that isolated its insides from the outside world, and it seemed to have even a few defensive features. They weren't too exceptional though. They only provided a necessary amount of protection and some privacy.

Noah ignored a few cultivators that were calling his name and crossed the entrance of his quarters, sitting on the first mat that he found and taking out a few hybrid's corpses from his space-ring.

The leaders of the natives had died, meaning that there was no one able to trigger the transformation anymore. He could finally put to use all the corpses accumulated during the exploration of the continent.

Of course, the thought that he could learn how to trigger the transformation had crossed his mind. Even as a fake, he was an ancestor in terms of bloodlines.

Yet, he had far more pressing matters to handle, and he couldn't find ways to exploit that skill to his benefits. So, he simply suppressed his curiosity and focused on his current problems.

The Demonic Sword had remained by his side for the whole time, and it didn't hesitate to stab one of the corpses. Noah began to eat too, but his gaze remained on his weapon as he studied its growth.

The blade was a living being in the fifth rank, but its power didn't increase so much in the last period, even if Noah had kept on feeding it.

'It should be a specimen in the lower tier, but it is capable of far more when I wield it.' Noah thought. 'Maybe, its growth is linked to my dantian since it is an expression of my individuality.'

Noah knew that he had yet to discover the full potential of his creation. After all, he had forged the Demonic Sword during the peculiar mindset reached in the transformation. There was even the fact that the blade could theoretically learn new abilities since it was alive and connected with his sea of consciousness.

Nevertheless, the blade was a newborn, and it was unaware of all its features. Even if Noah wanted to probe it, he would only obtain confused answers.

However, he could focus on the evident issues, and one of them was that its growth didn't reflect the amount of primary energy absorbed from the corpses. Noah had initially thought that its requirements in terms of nutrients were simply high, but he started to suspect that the reason behind its small improvements was his empty dantian.

'It would make sense.' Noah thought before activating the Divine Deduction technique to review the moments when his body assembled primary energy to create an imitation of the "Breath".

There was a limit to how much he could learn about that process without performing any test, but he lacked materials right now so he could just settle for that.

The main issue with that procedure was that the "Breath" produced would be weaker than that found in the environment. Also, it wouldn't reflect Noah's individuality, which was something that he felt forced to express now that he was a rank 5 cultivator.

Understanding the individuality, expressing it, wielding the laws, and becoming law were the stages that the cultivators in the heroic ranks had to go through in the path toward the divinity. Noah's situation was peculiar since his cultivation techniques had given his features to his "Breath", but he needed to step on the next phase now.

Countless ideas surged in his mind as he studied the issue, but a few figures soon gathered in front of his tent and waited for his permission to enter.

Noah recognized the cultivators and used his consciousness to lower the defenses of the tent. Then, Elder Austin and Elder Julia crossed the entrance and performed a bow before sitting in front of him.

"Prince," Elder Austin said, "They are quite restless."

Noah didn't need to question the Elder to understand who he was referring to.

"They will be disappointed," Noah said, "It's not something that can be taught. Also, I don't really want to see cultivators like me in the enemy ranks."

Having a monopoly over a resource was priceless. Noah was the only one who knew how to imitate the magical beasts and improve the bloodlines of the cultivators so that they could resemble the mighty ancestors of the natives.

"Is there anything that you can give away?" Elder Julia said, "The Hive could gain a lot from these transactions."

Noah thought for a while before coming up with the idea that could allow him to keep the specifics behind the fusion a secret while also accepting to discuss them. "I might point out mistakes in their procedures. I believe most of them are planning to resume the experimentations in that field."

The Elders' eyes lit up for a short second, but they quickly shook their heads.

"Prince, we don't want them to succeed too soon!" Elder Julia exclaimed.

"Precisely. Let them fail for a while, at least." Elder Austin said, "The Elbas family has already started an in-depth analysis of the compound. It won't take much before they learn how to force the improvements without the need for the transformation."

Noah could understand their point, but he knew far more on the matter than them. Even if the Royals managed to create a drug from the compound able to enhance the bodies of the cultivators, they would only create imitations.

"They won't succeed because it's impossible," Noah concluded.

#### [Chapter 786 786. Meetings](#)

The Elders wanted to discuss the matter further, but Noah had already made his mind. Of course, their doubts didn't concern Noah. Instead, they were worried that pointing out inevitable mistakes could put him in danger.

However, Noah knew far too well how troublesome it was to obtain the advantages of a magical beast. Imitating wasn't enough. Only a complete fusion could create a being similar to the ancestors of the natives.

That was merely impossible for entities that had already started to discover their individuality. The personalities of the cultivators would become something more than unique at that point, making it impossible to find a suitable match for a fusion.

Also, there was the issue of the instincts, which couldn't be ignored. After all, that problem had been the reason why they had managed to defeat the natives rather easily.

There wasn't a solution to those problems. For example, Noah had been able to find a match with the Cursed Dragon because he could use his personality as a standard. Yet, he couldn't find any species that suited his individuality.

As for the instincts, only a powerful mind could control and wield them. There wasn't a way around them.

There were also problems concerning the inscription method to use and the various calculations to make before proceeding with the fusion. Noah had managed to complete the testing phase rather quickly due to the Divine Deduction technique. Instead, the other forces would have to sacrifice a lot of assets just to obtain acceptable results.

The way Noah saw it, fusing with a magical beast once walking the path of the individuality was just impossible, which meant that no heroic asset would be able to obtain that power.

The only method that he could think of was to trigger the transformation and then return to a human form. There would be other issues connected with that procedure, and the outcome would be a bit weaker than him, but there didn't seem to be any other solution.

The Elders left the tent after deciding with Noah how the trades would work. The three factions could only send one envoy at the time and have private discussions with him at a price that had to be agreed beforehand.

Of course, the powerhouses weren't allowed in the meetings. Only cultivators with a similar or lower level to Noah could be envoys.

Noah resumed his meditation as he waited for the first envoy to arrive.

It took a while for the organizations to prepare questions and set a price with the Elders. Many even expressed complaints about how the Hive wanted to handle the situation. Nevertheless, that was the power of a monopoly, and a few resources were a small investment if they helped to avoid issues in the upcoming experiments.

A few days later, the Shandal Empire decided to send its envoy.

Noah lowered the defenses of his tent only to find a tall man at the peak of the fourth rank crossing the entrance while failing to keep a proud expression. Even the citizens of the Empire felt lacking when in front of a monster like Noah.

The idea of the Empire was quite crude. Its experts wanted to purify the compound and turn it into a core material for a body-nourishing method.

Noah listed a series of issues after he thought about that approach for a while. The biggest problem was that the cultivators training in that method would remain human beings, which meant giving up to the devouring properties of the beasts.

"You can't hope to obtain huge results with a non-invasive approach. Also, the quantity of compound necessary in the fifth rank would be immense." Noah explained, trying not to reveal more than he should.

The envoy left after his answer. It seemed that the Empire had paid a small price just to test if it was going in the right direction. Its experts would gather again now and request a meeting after they thought about something different.

A week later, Noah found himself lowering the defenses of his tent for Faith.

"I know. Even my superiors think that something is going on between us." Faith said as she sat on his same mat and revealed a playful smirk.

Noah put that matter in the back of his mind and focused on Faith's explanation.

The Council wanted to use the hybrids as a material to create formations on the bodies of its cultivators. Such formations would grow alongside them and feed on magical beasts as if they were some sort of parasites giving strength to its hosts in exchange for food.

Noah had to admit that the idea was interesting, even if it seemed impossible to accomplish due to various issues. However, he wasn't an expert when it came to formations, so he simply listed the problems that the Council could encounter if it used that approach.

First of all, a formation able to grow was akin to a living being, even if only in a form reliant on its host. Something like that was bound to have a will, and it could act against the cultivator in a desperate attempt for freedom.

Also, it appeared unstable as a method. The Council would need to develop a second formation to contain the parasite and force it to work according to the host's will. When considering the fact that the cultivators would still need a different body-nourishing method to improve, that approach seemed feasible only by a small number of elites.

Faith left after his answers, and Noah had to wait a month before another envoy knocked at his tent. The Empire had sent someone again, but it had a more precise idea at that time. Its experts wanted to create organic inscribed items from the hybrids and transplant them in their cultivators.

Noah felt shocked to hear that. He didn't even know that such inscription methods existed. Yet, there was a problem with the rejection of foreign tissues. Also, the hybrids weren't an infinite resource, which made that approach elitist.

After that meeting, the Elbas family finally decided to send someone, and Noah stood up when he saw June crossing the entrance of his tent.

"They said that you would just trick anyone belonging to the Royal family," June said.

Noah sealed the tent, and June pushed him on one of the couches available there when she sensed that they were finally divided from the outside world.

The two of them didn't have the chance to say goodbye when they returned from their mission due to the battle between the rank 6 existences. Yet, they made sure to fix that in that fortuitous moment of intimacy.

"Noah," June said as she turned to face her lover laying under her, "They want to use the Elemental Forging method. You knew that they would have made that connection."

Noah nodded and couldn't help but caress her cheek when he saw her worried expression.

Then, he abided to the terms of the meeting by pointing out the flaw of that method. "It's impossible to find suitable creatures for heroic cultivators."

### [Chapter 787 787. Energy](#)

The Elbas family knew about the Elemental Forging method, but it ignored its specifics. With Ivor dead, Noah was the only one in the entire world able to pass down those teachings.

However, the Royals didn't ask for the inscription method, which showed their confidence in being able to imitate it even if they lacked crucial pieces of information.

Noah didn't care if the Elbas family managed to reproduce the Elemental Forging method. The Royals could try and fail for as long as they wished since there wasn't a way around the issue created by the individualities.

Even if they succeeded in imitating Noah's fusion, they wouldn't be able to apply it to their current heroic assets.

June continued to ask questions as the two of them laid on one of the couches inside the tent.

The Royals didn't come up with only one idea in that period. As the most advanced organization in the fields that concerned the cultivation journey, the Elbas family had many methods at its disposal and could explore various approaches.

June asked Noah about processes that involved alchemy, runes, formations, inscriptions of various kinds, and even techniques that required specific spells. The number of experts among the Royals and their variety left Noah speechless, mainly since they covered even the ideas already discussed with the envoys of the other nations.

Noah couldn't give complete answers most of the time because he didn't understand even the basics of the inscription methods or procedures involved. However, there were unavoidable issues that he could point out.

If a method were too non-invasive, then it would create weaker versions of the hybrids. If the procedures led to the modification of the cultivator's species, then the mental instabilities would appear. As for all the methods between those extremes, they shared the problems with both approaches.

"You solved all of that by yourself," June said when her list of questions was over.

She traced the scales on Noah's chest with her fingers, but her gaze seemed to be elsewhere. She had always known that Noah was incredible, but she hadn't been able to understand the value of his achievements until then.

June imagined Noah alone in caves, performing countless tests on himself and magical beasts just to tune the procedure that would allow him to become stronger than his peers. She could even guess the kind of expression that he had when he decided that his human status wasn't worth much if abandoning it would bring him more power.

She still remembered his previous eyes when he still had human pupils. She remembered how his cold and detached gaze observed the world as if waiting for potential threats to appear from every corner.

"There are times when I still can't believe that you can look at me in this way," June said as she tilted her face to align her eyes with Noah's.

Noah was barely able to move his gaze away from her when they were in those intimate moments. Even his aura radiated the desire that he felt toward the lover lain on top of him.

He understood June's mood. Once that meeting ended, they would be forced to live apart for who knew how many years. It was time to say goodbye, but both of them found it hard to do after living together for such a long period.

For certain aspects, the sudden separation after the mission had been ideal. Yet, it was hard to let go of each other now that no one was pressing them.

"Hey." Noah broke the silence that had fallen inside the tent. "Do you have a secluded training area? Somewhere that only you have access to?"

"Yes, but I will probably get a new one after we go back to our world." June said, "Why do you ask?"

"I might be able to meet you if I know its exact location." Noah said, "It's a bit risky though, so you need to make sure that no one is spying on you."

June's eyes lit up at his words. She had long guessed that the Hive had a method to sneak up troops in an enemy country, and the thought that Noah could use it to meet her had crossed her mind.

However, the mission in the new world and the secret meetings planned with Danielle's help had given them too much to worry about. They didn't schedule their life after their return and focused only on enjoying those years together.

Yet, as their separation drew near, she understood that there was a chance to avoid spending decades alone and that Noah wasn't afraid to take it.

June kissed Noah as her excitement rose, and she couldn't help but mock him a bit to see his reaction. "Is this an official proposal? Do you need to see my parents and ask for my hand?"

"Hmph." Noah snorted as he sat while keeping June on his lap, "And here I thought that your hand had been mine for quite a while."

June lowered her voice at that point and wrapped her arms around his neck. "Of course, just like yours is mine since you kidnapped me."

Then, they simply remained in that position, stealing a few intense kisses even though they knew that they had to end the meeting before the other forces started to suspect something.

June left a few minutes after she and Noah settled the matter concerning her habitation. They decided that they would rely on Faith to exchange messages since she had proven herself to be trustworthy in the past years.

That meeting had still lasted far longer than the others, but June didn't even need to justify herself to the Royals when they saw that she had managed to obtain all the answers that she could.

Of course, Noah had only pointed out apparent flaws in the methods that he recognized, but his judgment had a lot of value since he was the only real expert in that field.

The Elders of the Hive then entered his tent and listed the resources obtained with Noah's performance.



The Council had mostly paid in territories, promising a large part of its share of the new world and even offering its help in protecting it. It added a few inscription methods created in the last years too since the Hive seemed interested in them.

The Empire didn't promise territories but offered a large number of techniques and spells without withholding those of the darkness element.

As for the Royals, they had given the Elders a choice. The Hive had to decide between resources that could benefit the Hive as a whole and a research that seemed to suit the cultivators of the darkness element.

"The Hive has already chosen to prioritize itself once. Now it's time to nourish its greatest talent." Elder Julia said as she handed Noah a few books.

'Creation of higher forms of energy.' Noah read the title of the first book, and his interest skyrocketed.

### [Chapter 788 788. Return](#)

'Once reached certain heights, every cultivator would see their "Breath" change shape and power according to their individualities.' Noah read through the contents of the books. 'These changes are a natural consequence of the separation of the cultivators from Heaven and Earth. Their existence would become something outside of their plan until they eventually become laws.'

The Elders had left Noah alone after they listed all the gains. He had a few spells to inspect, but the research given by the Elbas family was too appealing to focus on anything else at the moment.

'However, the "Breath" is both a miraculous energy and a shackle that keeps the cultivators bound to Heaven and Earth. A real individuality would ultimately affect even the internal composition of that energy and change it into something entirely personal, but there are ways to quicken that process.' Noah's kept on reading, and his interest could only increase at those words.

The introduction of that research went through what was considered common knowledge among the existences in the higher ranks. The changes of the "Breath" and the separation from Heaven and Earth's domain were events that anyone expressing their individuality could see.

Yet, the tomes continued exploring various possibilities, especially the creation of a higher form of energy.

'The "Breath" can be used as a material to build incredible items. So, it is theoretically possible to use it to create even stronger energy capable of improving the prowess of any cultivator drastically.' Noah read as he wondered who was the author of those tomes.

There were detailed descriptions of the experiments and arrays tested by the expert that was pursuing those ideas. The writer had even noted down the peculiarities of the inscription method used and his mental state when he performed them.

The first book turned out to list a series of failures, only to conclude with a revelation. 'The behavior of the "Breath" depends too much on its element. It's impossible to create a unified method.'

Noah hastily took the second book and resumed his read. 'I've found basic requirements for the higher energy of each element. In my case, I need to create a material able to give birth to stronger flames during the combustion. I'm still unclear on what I will use, but it's a start.'

The author then listed another series of experiments, but they mostly targeted the nature of the "Breath" of the fire element, which didn't interest Noah.

'I've found something that could work. I'm the best expert in the entirety of the Utra nation, and even the suppression of the Royal family can't put a stop to my improvements. I know now that there is no better fuel than myself.' Noah's eyes widened when he read those lines.

The image of a man wearing a crown had appeared in his mind for a brief second. He was starting to suspect that the nameless author was, in fact, King Elbas!

Notes filled the rest of the tome. They didn't describe experiments, but they reported random thoughts and brief moments of inspiration that the author had decided to put down as he kept researching.

The third and last book described the approach that a cultivator should have in the creation of higher energy according to each element.

According to the author, there was a specific behavior to each element that the cultivators had to exploit. Fire needed materials to burn, water needed density, wind needed perpetual motion, earth needed a foundation, and lightning required friction.

However, when it came to the light and darkness elements, the author couldn't identify a specific behavior, which forced him to give up on creating a method for those elements.

'Theoretically speaking, cultivators with light and darkness aptitude should be able to create higher energy that fits their individualities in ways that the other elements can't. The rarest elements don't have a fixed state and can contain any kind of behavior. I wouldn't be surprised if they could recreate the same matter of the world.' Noah closed the last book at those lines.

The research didn't tell him how to create higher energy with his element, but it gave him an idea and the certainty that it was possible. Most of the time, those two factors were all the things that an expert needed to achieve what he wanted.

'Is this the reason behind King Elbas' power?' Noah questioned himself. 'What a monster.'

He couldn't help but respect the powerhouse of the Royal family even more after that discovery. After all, he was a cultivator that had managed to create an entirely new branch of the cultivation journey!

Of course, Noah couldn't be sure that the author was King Elbas, but there were too many coincidences for him not to link the two of them.

'I've focused on the primary energy so much that I lingered on creating a stronger version of the "Breath" rather than outclassing it.' Noah thought as he read the books once again.

There were many aspects of the cultivation world that most humans ignored due to their species. One of them was the existence of the primary energy since it was something limited to the magical beasts' world.

Noah found himself in the same spot, even if in the opposite position. He had never considered the possibility that there were forms of energy more powerful than the "Breath" and that the cultivators could build them.

'The primary energy is like sand, while the particles of "Breath" are bricks.' Noah thought as the Divine Deduction technique gave him a broader perspective. 'The higher energy would be a building in comparison. How much power would it generate?'

Noah itched to test that procedure himself, but he knew that his situation wasn't ideal. He didn't have a way to accumulate "Breath", let alone using it to build more complex and powerful energy.

Yet, it was a path that reflected his individuality perfectly, and that would allow him to express his creation in ways that he had never thought before.

Meanwhile, the other assets started to take down the encampment to move it on the surface. There was no need to hide anymore. It was time to expand in the new world that still hid a series of threats.

The rank 4 cultivators could take care of the expansion though, and there was no need for that high number of stronger existences to remain there. Also, the Council and the Hive had left their borders exposed to make up for the presence of the powerhouses. Their assets wanted to return to their world.

Noah felt the need to return to the new continent too since he needed an environment where he could obtain all the resources that he needed. The only advantage of the new world was the presence of stronger creatures, but he didn't lack nutrients at the moment.

Just like that, the majority of the powerful cultivators took turns to enter the fissure to return to their world. The invasion was officially over.

### [Chapter 789 789. Home](#)

After more than fifteen years spent in the other world, Noah finally crossed the dimensional passage to return to his homeland.

The Utra nation had changed drastically in that period. Its vegetation had wilted, and various cracks had appeared on the now barren terrain around the big portal.

The shining lines that surrounded the majestic inscribed item able to connect two Mortal Lands had drained that nation even if the four forces had never failed to provide energy to keep it in function. The portal required too much power to work, and the territories around it had to bear its incredible consumption.

It wouldn't be surprising if the entirety of the Utra nation became a wasteland in the decades to come. After all, it was clear that providing external energy to the portal wasn't enough to make up for its adverse effects, and none of the four forces was inclined to shut it down.

Sacrificing a nation for an entire world was a trade that anyone would make.

'Where are the noble families?' Noah thought as he inspected the nearby areas with his consciousness.

The only trace of life that he could sense came from the small encampments built by the four organizations all around that region. There didn't seem to be anyone else on the southern side of the nation.

Noah could immediately understand that the political situation had changed in those years, but he suppressed his curiosity for the moment. The Hive would surely update him once he returned to the new continent, and he had to prioritize his dantian before involving himself with the political struggles.

More cultivators came out of the portal, but a sort of wariness replaced the excitement for their return. In that world, they weren't a joint force anymore. On that side, they were enemies that belonged to organizations doing their best to gain an advantage on the others.

Even Noah felt that change, especially when he saw June coming out of the dimensional passage. The shackles created by the political situation there were able to affect him even now that he was a complete rank 5 cultivator. However, he was nearing the point where he could start to ignore those restrictions.

Faith came out of the portal too and neared him to convey a few words. "I'll come to visit you, but I think I'll see June first."

Faith winked and turned toward the Elders of the Council, who had already started to gather in their encampment.

Noah saw a few of them explicitly nodding in his direction when they saw him talking with Faith. It seemed that their suspected relationship had already received the approval of her higher-ups.

The Elders of the Hive limited themselves to reveal polite smiles at the departing assets of the Council and Faith. They knew about Noah and June, but they didn't know what had happened in the wilderness. So, they just played along and left everything in Noah's hands.

Also, the Council was Ravaging Demon's home, which made that situation far more complex. It wasn't something that the Elders could influence. It was a matter that only Noah and the three Demons could discuss.

The Elders, Noah, and the rank 4 cultivators of the Hive eventually flew toward their encampment to reorganize before setting off for the Coral Archipelago.

Other troops would use the portal to start a thorough colonization, but Noah already knew that he would return to the other world only when he needed to refill his stash of magical beasts' corpses.

'I should be fine till the sixth rank with the new world and both seas.' Noah thought as he saw a few rank 4 cultivators expressing their intention to join the colonization. 'That issue is partially solved at least.'

It must be said that Noah didn't want to dive into the sea to look for suitable prey. The dark depths of that environment hid dangers that cultivators had always tried to avoid since there weren't many benefits available. It was pointless to colonize areas that they couldn't inhabit.

The group quickly reached for the Archipelago and separated there since Elder Colleen and Elder Ingrid had to resume their roles. The other Elders, Noah, and most of the assets in the fourth rank took the teleportation matrix to return to the forest of White Woods.

Chasing Demon welcomed them, and he led the Elders in his private quarters to celebrate their victory against the hybrids and Noah's incredible advancements.

Dreaming Demon and Flying Demon joined that celebration too, and Noah didn't hesitate to question them about the separate dimension.

"On that topic," Flying Demon said as he drank the cup in his grasp in a single sip, "We had to take down the branches under the Utra nation. That portal was starting to affect the functioning of the dimension, and we feared that it could even reveal it."

"What a waste," Noah said, "Well, there wasn't much more to do there anyway."

After the raids and accomplishing his vengeance, only the Capital and the Royal Academy remained as suitable targets. However, the Royals were controlling them, and their security had increased when King Elbas activated the portal.

There was no point in resuming the raids, especially with a new world available.

"What about the noble families? The Utra nation is slowly becoming unsuitable for cultivators." Noah asked, but the two Demons didn't answer and hinted that he would soon learn about that.

Noah eventually left while the other Elders were still busy celebrating. It wasn't that he hadn't enjoyed himself. Rather, the issue with his dantian was too pressing to spend time doing anything else.

As he flew toward his dome, he prepared a list of materials that the Hive would later send to his underground quarters. When he reached his dome though, he noticed a mansion with a familiar banner standing out among the plain-looking buildings of the city.

'This is unexpected.' Noah thought as he descended toward the mansion and spread his consciousness to speak with the rank 5 cultivator cultivating inside it.

"What are you doing here?" Noah transmitted, and the mansion seemed to take life when the other rank 5 existence noticed his presence.

After a short minute, a series of heroic cultivators came out of the building and bowed toward Noah as a form of respect, exclaiming something that left him even more surprised. "The Udye family greets the Demon Prince!"

Noah was speechless as he moved his gaze between those familiar figures. He saw Daniel, Amos, and the other nobles in the heroic ranks, but he still couldn't understand the reason behind their presence there.

"An explanation would be appreciated," Noah said.

Amos didn't hesitate to straighten his position before making a summary of the past events. "The portal has wasted the Utra nation. The Elbas family has suppressed the general anger of the noble families by promising ways to improve the level of the heroic cultivators and by force. With our homeland turning into a wasteland right in front of our eyes, the majority of the nobles surrendered. The Cause is no more."

[Chapter 790 790. Spells and reports](#)

A few lines were enough to make Noah understand that there had been some drastic changes during the years that he had spent in the other world. However, he had so much to do that he didn't feel like conversing for the time being.

He simply noted in his mind that Daniel had reached June and Faith's level in that period before giving a few orders. "I want a detailed description of everything that has happened in the past years. Just send it to Jason or Bruce. They should be around somewhere."

Then, he left for his underground quarters, and the nobles heaved a sigh of relief when they saw his figure disappearing. Yet, they soon realized that something had been off about that encounter. Noah's dantian seemed to be in the fifth rank!

Noah didn't waste time. As soon as he returned to his habitation, he sent the list with the materials to Elder Julia and began to review the new spells of the darkness element just obtained.

The Shandal Empire had used spells to pay for his advice on the hybrids' matter, and, to his surprise, he found a few diagrams suitable for his aptitude. Also, raiding the castles had given the invaders access to the natives' resources, which had some spells among them.

However, only a few of them suited his individuality, and there were even less able to match the rank of his sea of consciousness.

'I guess these three are worth translating once I get my "Breath" back. I'll keep the others for inspiration purposes.' Noah thought as he laid a tome and two scrolls on the ground before storing the other spells that he had discarded.

Two of those spells came from the Empire, while the Hive found the other in the other world. Among them, two could express a power up to the fifth rank while the other didn't have limitations in terms of cultivation level.

'To think that the Empire would give me something like this.' Noah thought when he gave a quick look to the spells without limitation.

The name of the ability was Shadow Copy, and it allowed a cultivator to create something similar to a puppet that could imitate part of the caster's attacks. It didn't have limitations in ranks since the power of the copy derived from the amount of energy used during its creation. The only issue was that the copy would be quite weak, but Noah was confident in improving it with a few modifications.

The spell coming from the other world was called Merging, and it was a movement-type ability. It wasn't limited to the darkness element. The cultivators would need to partially fuse with the "Breath" of their aptitude to move faster for a short period.

As for the last one, its name was Shadow Chains, and its primary purpose was to suppress and restrict living beings. The useful aspect of that spell was that the cultivator or beast wouldn't be able to use their centers of power once the chains were in place.

Noah started to memorize them since he had to wait for Elder Julia to deliver the resources needed for his experiments anyway. Yet, Elder Jason passed down a report from the Udye family at some point, along with some pieces of information gathered by the Elders that didn't join the invasion.

It turned out that a few crises had hit the Utra nation as soon as the exploration team ventured through the portal. The density of the "Breath" in the environment there had started to diminish, leading many magical beasts to migrate.

The noble families found themselves assailed by waves of starving beasts. There were even rank 5 creatures among those packs, and one of them was the Albino Snake that Noah had met so many years ago.

The nobles managed to protect themselves, but that was mostly because the beasts had no intention of remaining in the Utra nation. Their instincts were telling them that those regions wouldn't be a suitable home anymore.

The Elbas family then spread the rumor that it had a method to force breakthroughs in the heroic cultivators. Many nobles were skeptical about that matter. Still, there were too many heroic assets in their ranks with centers of power that had stagnated for centuries. Also, more nobles started to accept the Royals' terms when they saw that the cultivators joining them were improving.

Little by little, the noble families joined the Royals in the new continent, even if their status was completely subservient there. The constant suppression and the impossibility to seize fortuitous chances forced many nobles to give up, especially after their home was about to turn into a wasteland.

At times, rebels had to accept the fact that they couldn't win. The Elbas family had kept on growing stronger, and its Patriarch was a monster able to open passages leading to other Mortal Lands. No one would bet on its decline.

A few noble families though refused to side with the Royals anyway and decided to switch organization. Yet, the Elbas family labeled most of them as traitors and hunted them down, turning them into prisoners or directly killing them.

Only the families smart enough to deal with the Royals on a political field managed to change faction without deadly consequences. The Udye family was one of them, and it had to give up on most of its resources and wealth to become free to leave.

Its connection with the Hive ultimately brought it on the southwestern coast, where Chasing Demon decided to add it to the Hive's ranks, even if only in probation for now. After all, no one would trust someone who had already switched sides once.

Truth to be told, the Hive desperately needed heroic assets to match the three big nations, but it wasn't so helpless to blindly trust cultivators that had plotted a revolution for who knew how many years. Even with a few oaths, Chasing Demon still didn't give Amos and his family a seat among the other Elders.

Elder Jason's report updated Noah on the general situation of the Hive. The years spent in peace had allowed it to make full use of its positive trend, which saw the overall number of powerful cultivators increasing.

The Hive had more than seventy rank 4 cultivators now, and a few of them were even inscription masters in some of the schools taught by Thirty-seven!

Chasing Demon had ordered the construction of academies too, one for each dome. They would start to operate once enough cultivators became inscription masters and could instruct the human assets on those fields.

The resources requested by Noah eventually arrived, and he found his underground quarters filled by so many "Breath" blessings that he found it hard to find a place where to sit.

Of course, that was the last of his problems, especially now that he was finally starting to create his rank 5 cultivation technique.