

DEMONIC 801

[Chapter 801 801. Mess](#)

The dark-red crystal wasn't a real Bloodline Inheritance, not in terms of the benefits that could bring to the cultivators' minds at least. Noah had only used his knowledge in the matter and the intensity of his will to recreate suitable conditions and force the crystallization.

Cracks filled the crystal, and Noah sensed his mental energy escaping through those small fissures to disperse in the air. The Elemental Forging method had made it become part of the item, so they didn't belong to Noah anymore.

'This won't do.' Noah thought as he analyzed the crystal.

It wasn't its cracked state that left him unsatisfied. He could fix that with enough practice in the forging process. Yet, the fact that his mental energy had occupied the insides of the crystal was a troublesome issue.

He wasn't trying to create actual Bloodline Inheritances, but a physical imitation of a sea of consciousness that could contain the wills of the magical beasts. That fake center of power was the key to the creation of living weapons.

Noah knew that creating something as unique as his Demonic Sword was merely impossible. He had poured too much of himself in that weapon to produce something with similar qualities. However, forging organic inscribed items was possible, just extremely difficult.

Noah didn't need just to create them though. One of the most important requirements was to build living weapons that were also stable and wouldn't revolt against the cultivators wielding them.

'I need to decide on a species if I want to optimize the process and reach the point where I can mass produce empty Bloodline Inheritances.' Noah thought before summoning his sword to cultivate.

Noah barely had any free time in that period. The training of his centers of power always had the priority, but testing his abilities and researching the organic living weapons forced him to execute multiple tasks at once.

Luckily for him, it wasn't hard to train all his centers of power at the same time.

For his cultivation technique to work, he just had to press the Demonic Sword on the rune on his waist and make sure that its position remained completely still even with the enhanced suction force attempting to move it. One hand was enough to complete that task after he became used to the procedure.

He could use his other hand to hold the sixth Kesier rune, which worked together with the spherical runes in his mind to enlarge its walls. After all, he just needed to keep a direct line of sight for the rune to unleash its effects.

As for his body, he could take bites of any creature's corpse even when his hands were busy.

Rank 5 cultivators would generally avoid that approach when it came to their centers of power. Small mistakes in their training could hurt them, and the periods between every breakthrough were simply too long at that level.

Most of them didn't have a reason to risk injuring their centers of power just to have access to more free time. It was better to seclude themselves for years and temporarily neglect their cultivation during their period in the outside world.

Truth to be told, Noah didn't have any hurry either, except for the sixth Kesier rune that he could keep only for a limited amount of time. However, the matter with the living weapons interested him too much to delay it by a few years.

The possibility of creating living beings able to give cultivators part of the power of the magical beasts without passing down their drawbacks was simply too incredible to ignore. After all, Noah had seen how helpful his flames were in an actual battle, and he couldn't even begin to imagine how strong the Hive would become if he managed to give a similar weapon to each of its heroic assets.

Also, he was diving deeper into the laws connected to his creation with those experiments. Success in that field would eventually benefit his dantian in the long run.

As for June, she was busy studying the various formations provided by Thirty-seven, which put her in a situation similar to Noah. Yet, they decided to take a break every two months in which they would spend an entire day together.

Noah felt his level increasing as the months passed, but he could sense how slow it was compared to when he was still a rank 4 cultivator. The fifth rank was too vast to calculate the time required for each breakthrough, and there seemed to be hidden obstacles along the path.

The journey between the fifth and the sixth rank would ideally bring cultivators from expressing their individualities to wielding laws, which was a huge qualitative leap. It was no wonder that even incredible experts spent more than a thousand years to succeed in reaching the apex of the heroic ranks.

Thirty-seven revisited the mansion at some point. He had ideated a formation able to reproduce some of the effects of the Body-inscription spell. Still, he wanted to discuss the matter with Noah before involving an inscription master in the case.

When he saw the mansion though, he discovered that dozens of magical beasts' corpses of various species surrounded the area of the separate dimension around it.

The corpses weren't in a good state. All of them were missing their heads and blood, and there were even multiple bite marks on them. Also, one of the corpses had a black sword stabbed on its back, which drained it right under the stupefied gaze of the automaton.

"Hurry, I was waiting for you." Noah's voice resounded from inside the mansion, and Thirty-seven simply floated above the corpses to reach him.

The automation soon discovered that the trail of corpses continued inside the mansion. Still, there were a few areas that had been purposely kept away from those remains. Yet, those rooms had multiple burns on their walls, with some of the reinforced ones even featuring black cracks with the shape of a spider web.

Whatever the couple was doing inside that luxurious building, it didn't mind its integrity.

Thirty-seven found Noah in a large room filled with blood, buckets, and maimed corpses. Noah was sitting cross-legged directly on the blood, uncaring that his robe was getting dirty. His focus was on the bucket in front of him, which trembled as his hands forced some kind of procedure.

The automaton immediately understood that Noah was performing an inscription, and he didn't dare to interrupt him. There was nothing more sacred than an inscription master at work in Thirty-seven's mind.

The process only lasted a few minutes, and Noah promptly took out a dark-red crystal from the bucket. Blood fell from the smooth surface of the crystal, and Thirty-seven noticed that there were similar items sparse in the room, which seemed to be of inferior quality.

Noah turned to speak with the automaton after he inspected the crystal and stored it. "You can summon Flying Demon already. We need to perform practical tests before advancing in this field."

[Chapter 802 802. Materials](#)

Noah had managed to complete the prototypes of the fake Bloodline Inheritances in those months, but there was an issue that prevented him from improving his expertise further.

Since the prototypes came from beasts of different species, there would be slight variations in their creation. So, Noah had to decide which kinds gave birth to the best products and specialize in that process.

Yet, only actual tests could solve his doubts. There was a limit to how much the Divine Deduction technique could calculate.

Thirty-seven understood that the testing phase had already reached that point and contacted Flying Demon before exiting the mansion and preparing a few marks on the ground of the dimension. The insides the couple's quarters, and the area around it were simply too dirty to build formations.

Noah came out too and made a quick trip to the wilderness to submit a few heroic beasts in the lower tier. He made sure that they belonged to different species to test all the variabilities of his fake Bloodline Inheritance.

When he returned inside the separate dimension, Flying Demon was already drawing on top of the marks left by the automaton.

Noah's decision to contact the Demon wasn't casual. The testing phase still saw only rank 4 materials, which meant that any inscription master in the heroic ranks could complete the task. Yet, those experiments involved creations that could increase the power of the Hive as a whole, other than giving it the monopoly over an incredible resource.

Noah would work only with experts that he trusted.

The formation ideated by Thirty-seven was quite peculiar. Flying Demon had to modify certain lines according to the magical beast involved in the procedure and use its blood as a core material for specific inscriptions. Also, it used the heart of the creature too, making it rather expensive for a formation on that level.

The testing phase though had just started. Thirty-seven and Noah had yet to perfect their methods, and there were aspects of the procedure that they could tune only after acquiring empirical data.

"Let's start with the ape-type," Noah said and growled to bring the tall ape in his group of beasts forward.

The fact that he could control magical beasts wasn't surprising after his hybrid status became renowned. The Demon just gazed at the ape for a few seconds before focusing again on the formation to tune it to the creature's shape.

Noah handed a fake Bloodline Inheritance to Flying Demon and sat at the borders of the formation, leaving the rest of the experiments in the duo's hands. His knowledge of the inscription method was too shallow to help, but his time would come toward the end.

Flying Demon materialized what seemed to be a petal made of ice and killed the ape that had just entered the formation. Its blood flowed inside specific lines that lit up and activated other mechanisms of the inscriptions.

Those lines spread on the corpse too and searched for its heart. The core of the creature began to burn from inside its body. Thirty-seven observed it for a while before giving a signal to the Demon.

Flying Demon quickly removed the corpse of the beast at that point, and the formation began to shine with a pale-red color. The light became denser, and the image of an ape soon took form in the air above the inscriptions.

Thirty-seven turned toward Noah when the figure emitted its first roar. It was his time to submit the will of the beast.

Noah had fought mental battles before his dantian had formed. Defeating the will of a creature in the fourth rank wasn't an issue even if the fight was outside of his sea of consciousness.

His mental waves surrounded the ethereal ape and assaulted it from every direction, piercing its figure in multiple spots. The beast crumbled after only one offensive, and Flying Demon promptly threw the dark-red crystal at the center of the formation.

The shining dust released by the defeated creature converged in the fake Bloodline Inheritance and filled its insides. The crystal began to shine with a strange light that flashed from time to time.

It seemed that the will of the beast didn't like to stay inside that container, but it couldn't escape since it was just dense mental energy. Its behavior was only something that the modified version of the Body-inscription spell had condensed.

Noah picked the crystal and began to study it. There were no abnormalities in its functioning. It appeared that he had succeeded in copying yet another center of power.

However, Noah wasn't satisfied with only one test.

He had managed to create a dozen fake Bloodline Inheritance using three of the most populous kinds of beasts in the Hive's domain, namely ape-types, worm-types, and tiger-types creatures. Yet, he had to decide which of them gave birth to the best containers before specializing in the procedure and attempting to create a rank 5 version of that item.

Thirty-seven and Flying Demon agreed with his plan and proceeded to perform more tests with the other beasts that Noah had gathered.

The three of them completed a total of eleven formations, ending up with eight contained magical beasts' wills. The fake Bloodline Inheritances created with the blood and brain of the tiger-type creatures weren't able to accommodate even the will of a similar being. They broke apart after storing it for a few minutes.

As for the other two types, they seemed to work almost perfectly.

The automaton and Flying Demon waited for Noah to give his evaluation. They weren't suited to judge creations that they barely understood, and Noah was the only one able to tell the subtle differences between those similar results.

There was a reason why Noah had limited his gathering of blood and brains to the populous species. He needed an almost endless source of materials that shared similar properties so that he wouldn't need to adapt the forging every time.

Nevertheless, he hesitated when it came to deciding which material was better between the two kinds.

It wasn't that Noah was confused about their performance. He knew which one of the materials had behaved better in the form of a center of power. However, he couldn't help but think that his past experiences could influence his judgment.

'It doesn't matter if I'm just more used to it.' Noah thought as he took his decision. 'A better product is still a better product. Also, I would just fix any problem that arises.'

Noah's decision fell on the crystals made from the blood and brain of the worm-type magical beasts. Their creation was simply smoother, and they even worked better as a whole.

The Bloodline Inheritance that he had absorbed in the past had given him some sort of innate understanding of those similar products, which was why he appeared to handle the worm-type creatures better.

After he took his decision, the Demon and Thirty-seven left to handle matters connected to those experiments. The first phases had been a success, but they needed to press forward now.

[Chapter 803 803. Experiments](#)

The experiments continued. Thirty-seven and Flying Demon worked on improving the formation, while Noah kept on perfecting the fake Bloodline Inheritances and studying the next steps.

A series of buildings soon appeared next to the mansion. They were reinforced quarters that used part of the knowledge behind the Copying technique to restrain the creatures needed for the experiments.

Those creatures weren't only ordinary magical beasts. The Hive had delivered even hybrids of various kinds as a way to invest in the promising project unfolding in the separate dimension.

Noah didn't need to hunt worm-type beasts anymore once the Hive became involved. The heroic assets on the surface would take care of gathering the blood and the brains of those creatures and deliver them to the mansion so that he could wholeheartedly focus on the experiments.

As time passed, the need for a terminology became evident since the fake Bloodline Inheritances obtained different features according to the quality of the will that they contained.

Noah named them Beast Cores, and their power followed the same classification as the bodies of the magical beasts. However, that was only the basic feature of those items. Their real power was in the type of will that they contained.

Depending on the amount of awareness that the will had, Noah classified the Beast Cores into three categories: wild, clouded, and conscious. The wills of ordinary magical beasts would fall into the first category. Yet, those of the hybrids could end up in all three of them. That depended on the level of intelligence that they kept after being contained inside the fake Bloodline Inheritances.

Noah predicted that wild Beast Cores would be easier to control once turned into a living weapon, but they would also have limits since their lack of intelligence would prevent them from adapting to their new bodies.

On the other hand, conscious Beast Cores would learn how to use the living weapons to their full potential, and they could even surpass the limits of their level once paired with the "Breath" of a cultivator.

As for the clouded Beast Cores, the wills inside them were still confused, but they had a chance of becoming conscious since they came from hybrids.

The production of Beast Cores became more streamlined eventually. Noah would only take care of forging fake Bloodline Inheritances, while Flying Demon and Thirty-seven handled the imitation of the Body-inscription spell.

Flying Demon was more than capable of submitting creatures in the fourth rank.

They even approached the creation of Beast Cores in the fifth rank even if only in a limited number since it was hard to find and hunt worm-type creatures at that level. Also, they needed the wills of a rank 5 beast too, which made the creation of their stronger version quite troublesome.

That was expected though. No one would be so deluded to think that they could mass-produce living weapons in the fifth rank.

Those limits depended on Noah's skill too. At his current level of expertise, the Beast Cores with power in the lower tier of the fifth rank were the best that he could achieve.

It took almost three years before Noah, and the others were almost ready to start the actual construction of the living weapons with all the Beast Cores created in that period.

The Elbas family had summoned June some time before Noah declared the experiments with the Beast Cores over. The Royals requested her presence in a political event aimed to solidify the new noble families.

It seemed something that often occurred among the powers that had a fragmented political system, and the Elbas family didn't want to soften its control over the other nobles now that it was busy with its research. Even with oaths binding them, the nobles still needed to see the wills of their leaders, especially in that particular historical period.

Noah and June had to separate, but they both knew that it wouldn't be for long. Even if they still kept their relationship a secret from the other forces, June's home was the mansion inside the separate dimension now. She would return there once she dealt with that political event.

Of course, she left behind the studies provided by Thirty-seven. She had memorized them already, and she would only risk to expose herself if she reviewed them in public. There was no point in carrying them along.

The next phase of the experimentation began, and it quickly led to countless failures. It was time to turn the Beast Cores into actual weapons, but that meant modifying specific body parts of the magical beasts so that they could become different living beings.

Noah had already done far more than that. He had created life from inanimate objects even if he had to pour his individuality inside it and was under the peculiar mental state reached during the transformation.

Yet, he was trying a different approach now, one that would eventually have set rules and requirements. He was creating a new field in the inscription methods, a school that had never managed to succeed.

Noah tore the lungs of fire-breathing wolves, the venom glands of threatening snakes, the feathers of flying beasts able to create wind slashes, and much more. He was basically seizing the organs that allowed such creatures to attack.

Then, he would fuse them with other materials to improve their effectiveness and durability, adding useful features when the body parts allowed substantial modifications.

The other experts of the Hive couldn't help him in that process. The Elemental Forging method was the best when it came to fusing different materials, and he was the only expert in that field. Thirty-seven though stuck with him and used his immense knowledge to suggest materials that were a better match for specific body parts.

Noah had initially planned to create something similar to a Liquid Dantian and fuse it with the body parts to create a complete living being, but he quickly gave up on that idea.

The experiments would only take longer in that case, and giving a dantian to a living weapon was akin to giving it a chance to rebel. Without that center of power, the might of the weapon would be fixed, but it would also be easier to control.

Once Noah succeeded in the modifications, he had to fuse Beast Cores with his creations, matching their level of power and aptitudes to avoid any form of rejection.

Noah and Thirty-seven saw countless Beast Cores falling apart as the fusions failed, or the products were unable to remain alive. They both expected that though, so they simply kept going until Noah managed to forge something stable.

An eagle's scream resounded in an open area of the separate dimension.

The automaton and Noah stared at a fan made of shining gray feathers held together by a series of white strings that helped to spread energy through the surface of the weapon.

Noah quickly grabbed the fan and used the primary energy inside his spherical runes to fuel the weapon that suddenly released a series of wind slashes.

[Chapter 804 804. Fan](#)

Both Noah and Thirty-seven analyzed the power of the wind slashes with great interest.

The attack flew for a while through the quiet environment of the separate dimension until it crashed with one of its invisible barriers, slightly enlarging it in the process.

Satisfaction soon appeared in their expression when they understood the might of the slashes. Noah had used a rank 4 wild Beast Core in the lower tier and the feathers of a Sharp Eagle at the same level to build that weapon, and the prowess that it was capable of reflected the might of its materials.

Noah did a quick evaluation in his mind. It hadn't taken a lot of primary energy to produce that attack. It seemed that they had optimized the distribution of power quite well for their first complete living weapon.

Thirty-seven took a transparent container full of a shining liquid from one of the structures around them, and Noah didn't hesitate to drop the weapon inside it.

The living weapon was a newborn, which meant that it didn't know how to manage its body, especially since it was human-made. The liquid inside the container was a type of fluid that prevented the energy inside the fan from dispersing and gave it time to learn how to preserve it.

Since they didn't have a dantian, the living weapons didn't have a way to refill the primary energy that made their bodies. They would have to go through maintenance often to prevent their tissues from decomposing, even after they learnt how to preserve the power inside them.

"The first product is indeed promising," Thirty-seven said as he looked at the fan, "The initial investment has been massive, but it took you only eight years to create a stable weapon."

Hearing the automaton speaking, Noah realized how much time had passed since he immersed himself in that engaging schedule.

The eight years mentioned by the automaton considered only the experiments after the creation of the Beast Cores, which meant that he had spent a total of eleven years to create his first stable product. When he considered the two years spent in peace with June, he realized that he was already more than one hundred and ten years old.

"This is just the beginning," Noah said as he moved to return to the mansion, "Bring a cultivator with a wind aptitude to test it properly once it stabilizes."

He didn't even need to turn to know that the automaton was nodding at his orders.

The truth was that Thirty-seven had accompanied Noah for the entire duration of the experiments. Due to his peculiar status, he was always able to know when Noah resumed his tests and managed to appear right before he started forging.

The automaton was wholly engrossed in the school that they were creating. It was as if nothing else mattered in that walking encyclopedia. He had even tried to press Noah to stop spending so much time

cultivating, but he soon understood that it was impossible to make him modify his schedule. Yet, he accepted it since Noah was improving the procedure at an incredible speed, which made him respect the Demon Prince's determination.

On the other hand, Noah appreciated his help. The vast knowledge of the automaton encompassed every inscription's field and allowed him to find suitable materials for each body part that they wanted to turn into a living weapon.

Also, he was quite handy when he didn't complain, so Noah just kept him around.

When he returned to the mansion, he found June waiting for him with a curious expression.

She had already come and gone a couple of times to complete missions for the Royals, but she had never been away for more than six months on both occasions.

"Did you do it?" June asked, and Noah's nod made her continue to speak. "You are incredible. The other nations are sacrificing resources and cultivators just to copy something that you've done when you were still a human while you are already moving forward."

June was honestly surprised that it had taken him so little to obtain his first success. After all, she was busy finding a way to create a rank 5 cultivation technique for when her breakthrough arrived, but Noah had completed his task before hers.

"My individuality suits these experiments too much," Noah answered, "It's as if I have an innate understanding when it comes to building lifeforms of that kind."

He was speaking the truth. There were many times during the tests where he would just follow his instincts, which turned out to be on point quite often.

Noah noticed those changes even when he cultivated. It seemed that his training speed increased every time he advanced in his experiments.

Expressing his individuality was benefitting him, but his improvements were still incredibly slow compared to when he was just a rank 4 cultivator. Even the requirements of his body had reached an insane level now that it was in the middle tier.

"How is research going?" Noah asked as he sat behind her.

His hand went for her low-waist, and his consciousness focused that same spot to check the status of her dantian.

June had been in the fourth rank for almost seventy years by then. Her body had reached the fifth rank when she was in the wilderness of the other world, but her dantian was still at some distance from the peak of the solid stage.

As for her mind, it was only a few years behind her dantian, which was something quite rare for a heroic cultivator as young as her.

"What do you think?" June asked without showing the slightest embarrassment. They were so used to that kind of physical contact that it felt just natural to be in each other's arms.

"You should reach the peak in a bit more than a decade." Noah evaluated.

Eccentric Thunder's inheritance made her spare a lot of time. He allowed her to focus only on the formations since they were the true expression of her individuality in her cultivation technique. The foundation was the Perfect Circuit, a method that could theoretically work for every cultivator with a lightning aptitude.

In a certain aspect, Eccentric Thunder's technique was revolutionary since he had created something that every cultivator could adapt to their individuality once reached decent expertise.

June dropped the scrolls in her hands and lay on Noah's chest. They had to skip their last bimestrial break because Noah was too busy with the experiments, but now it was the perfect moment to make up for that since he was waiting for the weapon to stabilize.

"The world is at peace now," June said as her hand went under his robe to play with a familiar scale on the side of his torso, "But the Elbas family seems on edge. I think something big is about to happen."

June had already talked about that with Noah, but there wasn't much that they could do. They could just improve and prepare for the next crisis.

Their only consolation was that they would wait for it together.

Chapter 805 805. Test

The world had been at peace for too long, and even the battle against the natives wasn't enough to appease the divergences that divided the four organizations.

The Papral nation and the Elbas family had grudges against the Shandal Empire, and all three of those forces hated the Hive for the independence of the Coral Archipelago. Those resentments didn't just disappear. They were still there, waiting for a chance to come out in the open.

The fall of the new continent, the crisis of the winged beasts, and the dimensional portal had simply kept the four forces busy, but it didn't solve their natural enmity.

The race for the power of the hybrids was just another distraction, but everyone knew that something would eventually happen, and chaos would follow it.

Yet, there wasn't much that Noah could do about that. Even as a heroic cultivator in the fifth rank, he couldn't face the wills of such big organizations alone. He could only prepare and try to improve the foundation of the Hive before an inevitable storm hit it.

The fan eventually stabilized, and Thirty-seven summoned a heroic cultivator with a suitable aptitude and level to test it. The Beast Core inside it though had become used to its new body and wouldn't let anyone use it.

That was just the innate instinct contained in the will inside the Core. Cultivators would have to tame it like they would tame a wild creature, which was usually a tough task if there wasn't a significant difference in power.

However, Noah was there, and the will inside the Beast Core hadn't lost its natural fear toward a being that was above it in the food chain.

As expected, the strength of the fan exceeded the might of the original Sharp Eagle since "Breath" fueled it now. It became able to shoot wind slashes that didn't differ much from spells in terms of power.

However, it didn't need mental energy, and even its requirements in terms of "Breath" were far lower than the average consumption of the spells. Noah and the automaton had basically created a weapon that allowed every cultivator to shoot an almost countless number of spells without depleting too much energy.

It soon became evident that the experiment had been a success.

"We can improve the anatomy and add multiple features to make it more consistent in battle," Thirty-seven judged, ignoring the amazed expression of the rank 4 cultivator wielding the fan. "The only issue is taming them, but these weapons weren't meant for ordinary assets in the first place."

"Agreed," Noah said without moving his eyes from the fan. "We can even create weapons in line with the cultivators' individualities. Every other kind of inscribed weapon will become outdated once the living ones make their appearance."

The automaton nodded. Noah and Thirty-seven had limited themselves to create something that worked, but they could start pursuing specific features now that they had confirmed their success.

The heroic cultivator wanted to keep the fan, but Noah and Thirty-seven needed it as a sample for future projects. Also, the Elder didn't submit the weapon, which was only working because it feared Noah.

Even without a dantian, the weapon could still use the primary energy inside its body to revolt and attack its owner. After all, it was alive and with the mind of a wild beast.

Noah and Thirty-seven immersed themselves in a long period of research and tests. Their school shared similarities to the formation field when it came to the knowledge concerning the materials to use.

There were countless times when a particular body part would just reject the materials added to its shape, and there were even limits connected to the body part itself. Even after modifying its anatomy, those weapons could only express so much power.

A catalog began to take form, and Thirty-seven diligently noted every interaction between certain species and specific materials. The experimentation had reached a point where Noah could aim to perfect his creation and try to bring out their full potential.

The financial losses of the Hive were immense in that period. Most heroic assets were busy hunting down worm-type creatures or purchasing them from the other world, and a large number of them were wasted in the experiments.

Elder Austin even had to check Noah's work at some point. The automaton had started to miss his classes, and Noah resembled a hunger-driven monster able to consume dozens of magical beasts in the heroic ranks every week!

The Elder had to see with his own eyes where all those resources went.

Noah simply handed him a rank 4 living weapon in the upper tier and told him to test it.

That weapon had the form of a sack that had a cave metal tube on one end. It was only of the size of an adult's forearm, but claws-like legs were sticking from the bottom of the sack. That gave the item a menacing aspect, but it wasn't its most peculiar feature.

That was one of Noah's latest creations and used a conscious Beast Core to work, which meant that it could perform more complex tasks.

Elder Austin followed Noah's instructions and let the legs of the weapon pierce his arm as he equipped it. Blood flowed inside the sac at that point, which began to take life as if awakened by that intense flavor.

The Elder showed a surprised expression when he felt the will of the hybrid contained in the Beast Core trying to affect his mind, but he quickly suppressed and tamed it with his superior consciousness. Then, he poured a little part of his "Breath" to see its effects.

The sack enlarged as the "Breath" activated its functions, and red flames came out of the metallic tube. The fire didn't fly in a straight line though. They morphed and took the form of a tall wolf that jumped directly toward the Elder.

Elder Austin only had to focus his mental energy to suppress the rebellion of the weapon, but he managed to evaluate the power of the flames nonetheless. Using his "Breath" made the fire reach the peak of the fourth rank, which was something that cultivators could express only through spells, except for a few exceptional cases like Noah.

Giving such a weapon to worthy assets was akin to giving them a spell that didn't require mental energy to work. Also, the cultivators wouldn't need to train to use that power, and the only drawback seemed to be its unwillingness to follow orders.

"Is the blood necessary?" Elder Austin asked as he removed the sac from his forearm.

"Yes," Noah answered, "Blood Snakes use their blood or that of their victims to fuel their flames. Even I can't modify the natural features of the body parts used in the creations of these weapons. I tried already."

Elder Austin simply nodded at his answer and handed the sac back to the automaton that promptly stored it in one of his containers.

"How long until you make something in the fifth rank?" Elder Austin asked at that point without bothering to suppress his interested smile.

[Chapter 806 806. Fire](#)

The Hive provided Noah and the automaton with even more resources once Elder Austin confirmed that their research was promising.

Generally speaking, Noah didn't have to create too many living weapons since the Hive didn't have a lot of heroic assets compared to the other nations. A hundred or so weapons of various power would be enough to equip even the cultivators that managed to reach the heroic ranks in the imminent future.

Yet, creating those weapons benefitted Noah's individuality, which made his cultivation speed increase consistently. Also, he needed his expertise to rise before he could approach the forging of weapons in the fifth rank.

There was even the issue of making them specifically for the individualities of each cultivator, and Noah couldn't complete that task without a large amount of experience.

The years kept on passing as Noah and the automaton continued to work. Their creations eventually became more complex and featured multiple effects. The only problem that they couldn't fix concerned the unwillingness of the Beast Cores, but that was something that their wielders had to solve on their own.

The connection with the living weapon had to be nurtured personally, and it needed specific behaviors according to the wills contained in the Cores. Wild wills mostly required to fear the user, but the conscious and clouded ones could be quite canny and plot against their wielders. The cultivators had to break their determination before they could use them in battle safely.

The news that Noah was creating a new type of armament spread, and he started to work on commission. The heroic assets of the Hive would report a series of requirements and explain their individualities to Thirty-seven, who would then formulate a blueprint with the catalog built in the past years.

Noah would review everything after the automaton's analysis and decide which weapon to prioritize according to the cultivators' achievements.

Of course, he was still forging living weapons in the fourth rank, and those cultivators didn't need to pay for his work. Those assets didn't have anything interesting for someone in the fifth rank.

There were some of his old acquaintances among the cultivators that requested a personalized living weapon. Bruce, Roy, Sarah, and other members of the original Chasing Demon sect that had reached the heroic ranks in those years gave a detailed explanation to Thirty-seven, and Noah did his best to stick to those requirements.

The fact that weaker existences could express their preferences didn't bother him too much since he saw that as a form of training. Also, he simply refused to fulfill some of their requests when he found them stupid or could hurt the final product.

Living weapons soon began to spread among the heroic assets of the Hive, and most of its cultivators became busy trying to submit them. Some even had to request for weaker Beast Cores since the clouded and conscious ones were too hard to handle.

Noah didn't mind that either. After all, he would just store the weapons that they sent back and create new ones.

The Demonic Sword grew along his dantian too, so he just kept on following his packed schedule and seize valuable time with June whenever he had the chance.

As for June, she kept on researching a way to cultivate in the fifth rank since her breakthrough was drawing near. After studying the schools provided by Thirty-seven for years, she had found a solution to her issue, but she required Noah's help to implement it.

Noah stood inside one of the largest rooms of the mansion and stared at a complex array of shining lines drawn on the floor. June was on the other side of the formation and was wearing an expression that he hadn't seen since their first months as a couple.

She was blushing.

"What's wrong?" Noah asked without even trying to hide his interest in his lovers' behavior.

The two of them had spent so much time together that they had lost any kind of embarrassment toward each other, and June was usually quite straightforward with her desires and requests. Yet, there she was, blushing as she tried to turn her thoughts into words.

"I've found a type of formation that could work in creating the higher energy that I need to cultivate in the fifth rank," June said, "But I need your help in initiating it. Well, any heroic cultivator would be able to do it, but it has to be you."

Noah understood the meaning behind her words only after she explained the method that she had ideated.

When Thirty-seven gave June a series of teachings, he included even old and archaic schools that the world had mostly put aside due to the appearance of more reliable inscription methods. One of them was a type of dual-cultivation that aimed to alter the "Breath" of one of the participants.

According to King Elbas' research, June needed to create friction to obtain higher energy with her aptitude, and the only method that she found to apply that theory involved that formation.

There was a chance that Thirty-seven could have helped her more if she had just asked, but she needed to set the formations by herself to express her individuality. So, she could only work with what she had discovered and apply modifications where the method required them.

The reason why June was embarrassed was that she wouldn't need to do much during that process. The cultivator giving away his energy would do most of the hard work, while the receiver only had to enjoy the procedure.

To put it simply, June would create formations on her body that Noah had to activate according to a slow procedure. Also, that process had to last one entire week and required quite a lot of study.

"Are you wondering if I can hold back for a week with your naked body in my hands?" Noah smirked as he asked that question.

He was joking, but his instincts were really a problem for that method.

"Would you prefer me to ask someone else?" June answered with her usual sharp words, but she didn't manage to make Noah feel jealous since it was evident how she despised that thought.

"I hate to interrupt your work, but I really need this," June said, "I wish there were another way."

Noah simply shook his head at her words and neared her to lift her head and make their eyes meet.

"I don't," He said, but June's expression kept on revealing the struggle happening in her mind.

"Our relationship wasn't supposed to hinder our path toward the higher ranks," June complained, "But now I'm asking you to take a break for my sake! What if I'm unconsciously trying to find a way to slow-

June didn't have time to finish her phrase since Noah's kiss forced her to stop speaking.

He understood her worries, but he also guessed that June was mostly worried about endangering the nature of their relationship. So, he felt the need to reassure her with a few words. "June, you are the fire behind my creation. Making you stronger can only benefit me."

[Chapter 807 807. Holding back](#)

Loud moans resounded in the mansion inside the separate dimension.

Noah had made sure to send away Thirty-seven and to announce that he would take a month's break from the creation of living weapons to memorize his role in the dual-cultivation modified by June.

Of course, he stopped training only when he approached the seven days treatment since June required his presence for the entirety of that period.

On the other hand, June had made sure to warn her family and the Royals. It would have been troublesome if they summoned her during the procedure.

Noah touched specific spots of his lover's naked body and poured small bits of his "Breath" inside the cores of the formation that she had drawn on her skin. The shining lines around them reacted every time part of his energy dispersed inside her and helped in modifying it so that she could absorb it.

June couldn't keep her eyes open nor hold back her voice during that treatment. It seemed that the creator of that inscription method had some hidden intentions since the body of the cultivators receiving energy would be sensitive during the procedure.

Noah had to keep his cool and focus on injecting the right amount of "Breath" in each specific spot with precise timing while his lover almost screamed in pleasure. What was heaven for June was basically hell for him since he couldn't vent the arousal that built inside him.

Yet, Noah kept going, using his powerful mind to control his body and prevent it from fall prey to his instincts. For the first time in his life, he felt glad that his body was still in the middle tier even after feeding it for so many years.

The week eventually passed, and the formation on both floor and June's body shone together at that point. She felt part of her "Breath" changing form and taking features that didn't match her usual energy as the light swept her.

Then, a black spark appeared in her hand while she was still lying exhausted on the floor.

Noah had promptly left the formation when the procedure ended and was inspecting the unique spark floating in her palm. He noticed that its aura carried properties similar to his individuality, but it was completely different at the same time too.

'What a reckless inscription method.' Noah thought as he kept his eyes on the black spark.

Modifying the nature of someone's "Breath" could ruin their potential and endanger the integrity of their individuality. He would have never gone through that process if June wasn't sure that it was her only way to create a cultivation technique in the fifth rank.

"I'm sorry," June whispered as she lifted her tired eyelids to shoot a loving glance at him. "You have to hold back for a little more."

Noah left after her words. He would have liked to help her since she was quite weak after the procedure, but he had reached his limit long ago and couldn't hold back if he remained in her same room.

When he came out, he announced that he would resume creating weapons and started to cultivate almost immediately.

His cultivation speed had increased once again, but his mind was a mess. Images of June's naked body kept on appearing in his vision, and the sound of her moans echoed in his ears. He really was at his limit.

His announcement though helped in keeping him busy and slowly suppress the arousal that had accumulated in that week. The heroic assets of the Hive had filled him with requests in just a few minutes, and he waited for his training to end before starting to create living weapons again.

Thirty-seven had returned too and resumed his role as assistant, wondering how Noah's expertise had improved again in that short period. After creating a couple of living weapons at the peak of the fourth rank then, they decided that it was time to take their creations on a higher level.

Noah knew Elder Austin quite well, and he had even watched the exposition of his individuality. If the Elder had followed Chasing Demon's advice, his power would concern the explosive might of a volcano.

Noah focused on that as he approached the creation of a rank 5 living weapon that used a wild Beast Core at the same level and with a fire aptitude.

Every failure in creations with that level of power would be costly since many precious materials would be lost.

The loss wasn't limited to the brain and blood of the worm-type creature in the fifth rank used in the creation of the Core. It also involved the body parts of a magical beast at that same level and the precious materials used to modify and improve their anatomy.

There were only so many magical beasts in that rank, and even less when Noah added his need for specific materials. Also, the fact that the cultivators in the fourth rank couldn't hunt those powerful creatures made the gathering of body parts quite slow.

However, Noah didn't mind waiting. He was so engrossed in his schedule that he could only appreciate those calm moments when he had nothing to do.

Normally, he would just spend them with June, but she was still in seclusion inside the mansion, and he didn't want to disturb her.

The idea behind Elder Austin's weapon was rather simple. Explosiveness was a feature that even wild Beast Cores could understand and put into use, but Noah wanted to create something in line with the Elder's individuality.

After all, his current version of the living weapons couldn't grow, which meant that he had to do something unique. Otherwise, the Elder would just stop using it after he advanced between the stages of the fifth rank.

Noah decided to create a metallic glove made from the scales and lungs of a rank 5 Black Dragon once he had an idea of how hard it was to create a living weapon at that level.

The creation was a success, and Elder Austin traveled toward Noah's mansion to test his new weapon as soon as he could. The glove wouldn't just spit flames. It had a series of containers inside its fabric that allowed it to store and condense "Breath" of the fire element. The Elder could then decide when to release that energy and create an offensive that would make most rank 5 cultivators in the gaseous stage run away.

Ideally, Noah would have done the weapon with a conscious Core and added more features that only an intelligent will could handle. Yet, it was too hard to obtain suitable specimens at that level, and he didn't want to risk the revolt of a living being in the fifth rank.

A few weeks after Elder Austin took the glove and left, the aura of a rank 5 cultivator spread from inside the mansion.

Noah turned only to see June wearing her usual orange robe but having dark sparks appearing on her skin from time to time. She had finally become a cultivator in the fifth rank.

[Chapter 808 808. Crisis](#)

Noah wasn't surprised that June had caught up with him. The fifth rank was simply too vast, and an entire century wouldn't be enough to make a cultivator reach the next stage. Instead, a century was enough for talented cultivators to cross all the steps of the fourth rank.

Of course, that didn't mean that Noah and June were on the same level now. June's mind had yet to reach the fifth rank, and her dantian had just experienced the breakthrough. There were decades of training of difference between her centers of power and Noah's.

Noah analyzed the dark sparks that appeared on her skin from time to time. He could sense that they were denser than the spark created when they dual-cultivated, and there were even orange shades in their dark brilliance.

"Did you make it?" Noah asked, but June shook her head even if she maintained a happy expression.

"I just implemented a small spark of the higher energy in the Perpetual formations and Perfect Circuit," June said, "It will take time to modify all my centers of power and sever them from the "Breath" completely. It is strange though. I've never felt so powerful and frail at the same time."

Noah nodded at her words. He knew how her cultivation technique worked and how she wanted to move forward in the fifth rank.

June wanted to replace her "Breath" to cross the limits of her centers of power. Yet, she didn't have Noah's understanding and had to rely on King Elbas' research to create those dark sparks. That led her to produce higher energy that her Perfect Circuit had yet to learn how to handle. It would take time before she felt confident in using it.

On the other hand, Noah had created his darkness because he didn't want to lose that type of energy. He was a creator in his mind, and creators needed to have access to all kinds of materials to work.

The primary energy was the result of his destruction, and his darkness was a pure expression of his individuality. The higher power that he planned to make in the future would be an expression of his creation, which would give him access to all the types of energy available in the world.

He couldn't just let go of his darkness like June planned to do with her "Breath". After all, she just needed sheer power, while Noah's individuality made his requirements more complex in terms of energies.

"Shouldn't you be cultivating?" Noah asked with a smirk when he saw June nearing him.

"I have to take care of my man first," June said without any trace of shame and took his hand to bring him in the mansion.

The following period inside the separate dimension was quite messy. Heroic cultivators in the fourth rank would often contact Thirty-seven or directly use the teleportation matrix to request a meeting with the Demon Prince.

However, Noah's focus was on the living weapons in the fifth rank now, which forced him to ignore the requests of those weaker assets.

As much as Noah wanted to equip all the rank 5 Elders of the Hive though, his cultivation level prevented him from creating something with a power that surpassed the lower tier of the fifth rank.

The living weapons were a nigh-endless source of powerful attacks, but they were useless if the cultivator wielding them had access to a stronger offensive. Even the lower consumption of "Breath" wasn't enough to make up for the lack of power.

Beings like Elder Julia and Dreaming Demon couldn't request their living weapons because they were too strong for Noah, and the same went for other Elders. The only entities that could commission weapons were Elder Justin and Elder Ingrid since they were still in the gaseous stage.

That was Noah's current limit, but the other Elders didn't mind it. Actually, they were eager to see him grow after Elder Austin demonstrated the power of his weapon.

Everyone was sure that Noah would improve in no time and that he would soon become able to arm all the heroic assets with his weapons. Only Elder Julia, Dreaming Demon, and Chasing Demon weren't sure if he would ever catch up with them since they had cultivated for far longer than him.

The production of living weapons slowed down after Noah completed the work for the rank 5 Elders in the gaseous stage. Most of the other assets in the fourth rank had already received theirs and were just asking for more of them so to improve their battle prowess further.

Noah wouldn't prioritize their requests since many had yet to learn how to control their first weapons. Also, having more living weapons could hurt their individualities since some heroic cultivators would start to rely on them too much and neglect their training.

It was the same with the organizations. Cultivators would start to rely so much on powers that didn't belong to them and neglect their real strength. The Hive didn't need those kinds of assets. It wasn't in a position where one of its heroic cultivators could give up on the prospect of becoming stronger.

Amid that peaceful period though, the crisis that most cultivators were waiting for eventually showed itself.

It all started with a series of gales gathering in a seemingly random spot above the sea and continued with black clouds appearing in the sky and shooting their threatening aura in that area.

The ground began to shake, and earthquakes spread through both continents, warning even the human cultivators that something massive was about to happen.

Noah was still in the separate dimension with June when the tremors spread in that place that was supposed to be safe from the events unfolding in the outside world. The ground shook, and small cracks appeared the frailest surfaces of the mansion.

Noah suddenly felt his instincts screaming in fear and anger. He had already tasted that kind of danger. It had happened during one of his dreams when a dragon tried to battle against the endless barrage of black clouds.

June glanced at him, and Noah nodded. There was no need for words between them. They simply kissed each other and moved toward their respective teleportation matrices to return to their nations.

When Noah reappeared in the forest of White Woods and flew in the sky to inspect the events, he noticed that a vast array of black clouds had gathered in an area at some distance from both continents.

The array of clouds was so vast that Noah was able to see it even if he was almost on the opposite side of the Mortal Lands, but he wasn't able to make out who had triggered that massive Tribulation.

Chasing Demon suddenly appeared next to him, and other Elders soon gathered in that same spot. Even the two Demons arrived and shot a questioning gaze toward the Patriarch of the Hive.

Chasing Demon gave voice to a single line before flying toward the Tribulation. "God's Right Hand is attempting to reach the divine ranks."

[Chapter 809 809. Help](#)

The Elders stared at Chasing Demon's departing figure, but they didn't dare to follow him. The Patriarch was venturing into a territory where they couldn't survive. After all, they were about to witness a Heaven Tribulation meant for beings at the peak of the sixth rank.

Countless thoughts filled Noah's mind. The knowledge retrieved in the library of the Mortal Palace hinted that the breakthrough of a rank 6 existence would mark the start of the decline of the Shandal Empire, and he could only feel excited about that.

Generally speaking, the cultivators of different organizations would hope to see the enemy assets fail during their breakthroughs. Yet, the possibility of the god of the Empire disappearing from the Mortal Lands alongside God's Right Hand would weaken the strongest nation beyond any measure.

Noah could already imagine the Hive fighting together with the other two big nations to plunder the defenseless Empire, taking away resources that only the strongest force in the world could accumulate through millennia.

Of course, Noah knew that the other nations might not know about the strange behavior of the god of the Empire, but it would be easy to spread that information.

Thinking about that, a part of him regretted that he didn't forge June a living weapon. The main issue there was that June's power was still too unstable to control a Beast Core in the fifth rank, which led both of them to decide to wait until her centers of power became used to the higher energy.

That would break the intrinsic limits of her Perpetual formations and allow her to develop her individuality beyond her wildest hopes. Yet, the Tribulation arrived before that could happen.

Massive lightning bolts began to fall from the barrage of black clouds. Their orange light spread into the world and blinded any human cultivator that dared to look at that incredible catastrophe.

Even Noah and the Elders found it challenging to keep their eyes on the blinding light in the distance, but they struggled to maintain a line of sight to analyze that once in a lifetime event.

The sea seemed about to crumble when the lightning storm fell, but the area targeted by the Tribulation was quite small compared to the width of the barrage of clouds.

That event differed from the Worldwide Tribulation that happened in the other world since Heaven and Earth could focus all their might toward a single existence.

The northern coastlines of the two continents saw deep fissures appearing on their regions as a consequence of the shockwaves released by the lightning storm. Tsunamis followed them as the seabed kept on trembling.

It must be said that God's Right Hand had chosen the area where to face the Tribulation wisely since its destructive effects didn't spread after the coastlines.

'Why didn't he just face it in the new world?' Noah wondered, but all his thoughts vanished when the mighty existence began to fight back.

Clouds gathered over the surface of the sea, and a torrent of purple drops clashed against the lightning storm, pushing it back and tainting the lightning bolts that were still falling from the sky.

Purple rain flew upward and clashed with the clouds of Heaven and Earth, dispersing some of them as the toxic properties of God's Right Hand's individuality affected the Tribulation.

However, Heaven and Earth had just started to unleash their power.

The clouds in the sky shrunk as they condensed to unleash an even stronger offensive. Red lightning bolts as thick as buildings fell toward the sea and targeted the mighty figure that Noah and the other Elders weren't able to see from their position.

The sea rumbled. That environment wasn't empty, and countless powerful existences hid in its dark depths. When the red lightning bolts pierced the surface of the sea and brought light there, the fauna reacted.

Grave roars resounded through the water, and Noah felt his instincts screaming as he heard them. Then, two massive figures came out of the sea and clashed directly with the clouds.

Noah could recognize them even if their figures appeared blurry from his position. They were a couple of giant crocodile-like creatures that had fins instead of legs. Both of them were more than seventy meters long and radiated the threatening aura of beings in the sixth rank!

'They should be extinct!' Noah exclaimed in his mind at that scene.

The two creatures were Scaled Mosasauri, and Noah's world hadn't seen one of them for entire eras, which ultimately led the experts in the field to label them as extinct. Yet, they made their appearance when the Tribulation threatened their home and showed to all the humans that they were more than alive!

The scene in the distance became messy at that point. Two giant forms would jump and fall back in the sea through the blinding red halo created by the lightning storm. Black clouds vanished with each of their attacks, but their cries of pain often echoed through the world.

It was evident that they were no match for the Tribulation, but they still attacked it due to their innate aggression.

"Did he choose that spot on purpose?" Elder Justin asked in the midst of his amazement. Yet, he didn't turn to see if the other Elders knew the answer to his question. After all, those weren't matters that cultivators in the fifth rank could know.

The powerful Mosasauri eventually retreated, but their attack had given God's Right Hand enough time to prepare one of his strongest spells.

The sea suddenly rose and created a series of purple columns when it fused with the clouds created by the cultivator at the peak of the heroic ranks. The spell resembled the attack used by the god of the Empire to stop the fall of the piece of Immortal Lands. The only difference was in their structure since the god's spell had used ice instead of toxic water.

The level of the sea lowered as the columns reached for the sky and crashed on the barrage of crackling clouds. The light released by the lightning bolts though still managed to illuminate the area even when submerged by the toxic water.

The struggle of the clouds lasted for hours, and God's Right Hand never stopped pouring his toxic water inside his spell. It seemed that he was trying to wear the Tribulation down, making it consume its power little by little.

A lightning bolt would manage to pierce the thick columns from time to time, but Heaven and Earth clearly missed their targets since God's Right Hand's spell only continued to grow stronger.

The toxic properties of his water even spread to the sky that lost its azure color and became purple in many spots around the black clouds. A battle at that level was bound to modify an environment forever.

During the twentieth hour since the beginning of the Tribulation though, the columns began to fall apart only to reveal a clear sky above them. Then, an oppressing aura spread through the entirety of the world.

The Shandal Empire had obtained another god.

[Chapter 810 810. Plans](#)

It wasn't just a matter of power. The aura that spread after the Tribulation ended carried a certain gravity that the weaker heroic assets weren't able to define with their words.

A purple cloud spread in the position where the lightning storm had unleashed its power. The sole existence of a being at that level was enough to modify the nature of the air that surrounded him.

The laws that ruled the Mortal Lands seemed to disappear as God's Right Hand's influence spread. It was evident that his control over his newfound power wasn't perfect since his aura leaked and changed the environment around him.

'Strange,' Noah thought as he analyzed the event with wide eyes.

Generally speaking, the matter of the world would crumble if a powerful entity was to absorb its energy. Yet, nothing similar happened after that breakthrough. Actually, it was something almost opposite to an absorption.

God's Right Hand's aura turned the world in part of his individuality, without taking its structure inside his centers of power.

There was a limit to how much Noah could understand due to the distance and his poor cultivation level. He was sure that there were laws involved in the breakthrough of the mighty entity, but he couldn't grasp their meaning just yet.

There was an issue though. The purple halo kept on spreading and didn't seem inclined to stop anytime soon.

A blue light suddenly pierced the purple halo and stopped its advancement before it could even begin to threaten the northern coastlines of the two continents. Time seemed to slow down as the two lights interacted only to resume flowing at a normal pace when they both disappeared.

Everything had happened too quickly for anyone to analyze the event, but it was evident that the god of the Empire had intervened to prevent God's Right Hand from losing control.

Nevertheless, the purple spots on the sky and sea didn't disappear. God's Right Hand's individuality had tainted that part of the world and changed it forever.

The world fell silent after the god intervened. The heroic cultivators of all the other organizations didn't dare to speak or, rather, didn't know what to say after witnessing that massive event.

A cultivator at the peak of the sixth rank had just won against the Heaven Tribulation that blocked its path toward the divine ranks, and he had even used two rank 6 creatures to help him with the task.

It took only a day for all the rank 4 and 5 cultivators of those Mortal Lands to feel incredibly small when put in front of the hidden dangers of the world.

"What now?" Elder Austin asked.

He was the first to break the silence in the sky above the forest of White Woods, but the other Elders quickly understood the meaning behind his words.

The Hive had classified and studied the knowledge retrieved from the Mortal Palace. So, all its higher-ups knew about the peculiar behavior of the god of the Empire. The only problem was that they couldn't be sure if the divine existences had already left that lower plane.

"He has yet to ascend." Dreaming Demon said at some point.

"You'll know when that happens." Flying Demon added.

There was no need to explain how the two Demons knew that. They had been alive when the two powerhouses of the Papral nation left the Mortal Lands.

'So, you don't have to leave the world right away.' Noah thought after hearing their words.

That was a matter that had always been unclear in the records that he had studied. Some said that the divine existences would ascend during their breakthrough. Still, others stated that gods had remained in the Mortal Lands for a while before leaving.

He didn't think much of it since the behavior of the divine beings was quite unpredictable, but hearing the testimony of the two Demons made him inclined to believe that cultivators were free to decide when to ascend once reached that level.

None of the Elders left after their words. There was still someone that they had to hear before deciding on their next move.

As if hearing their thoughts, Chasing Demon soon reappeared in their vision and floated until he stood right in front of his underlings.

"This world now has two divine beings." Chasing Demon announced.

His first words confirmed what the Elders were already believing, but he didn't show any trace of fear.

"I've already exchanged messages with the powerhouses of the other nations," Chasing Demon continued, "According to what happens next, we will decide how to act. Gods generally avoid interacting with weaker beings, but most of them leave something behind for their organizations. I know that you are eager to invade the Empire, but we should still make the necessary preparations for an assault. We might obtain good terms if we struggle enough."

There was some helplessness in his words. He knew that the Hive would have no chance if the Empire decided to attack and use its new divine asset. So, he was just trying to prepare the Elders for the worst possible outcome.

"You four," Chasing Demon said as he pointed at the two Demons, Elder Julia, and Noah, "Follow me in my quarters. We need to make a back-up plan."

The other Elders didn't mind that the Patriarch had chosen only the four of them. Someone had to prepare the assets in the various domains of the Hive. Also, the four cultivators that he had summoned had shown exceptional survival abilities, which were more than needed in the possibility that a god attacked.

The group of five reached for the underground quarters under the forest of White Woods and sat on a table that Chasing Demon had promptly taken out from his space-ring. He didn't serve any wine though, but no one was in the mood to drink in that tense situation.

"I know for a fact that divine entities have limited power in the Mortal Lands," Chasing Demon announced as soon as everyone sat. "I don't exactly know how it works, but refilling their dantians in the lower planes is quite troublesome for them."

None of the Elders on the table heaved sighs of relief once learnt that. The sole existence of a god was enough to work as a deterrent.

Chasing Demon nodded at their reactions and continued. "I've already contacted Thirty-seven. He is moving all our resources inside the separate dimension. If anything happens, I want all of you to hide inside it and come out after a thousand years. This is an order."

Struggle appeared on the rank 5 cultivators' expressions, but they eventually nodded. There was simply nothing that they could do to oppose a divine being.

However, Chasing Demon suddenly smiled after the four of them accepted his orders and placed an old tome on the table. Everyone could recognize it since the title "Rise and Fall of the Empires of the bored god" was right in front of their eyes.

"Now that we made plans for the worst outcome," Chasing Demon said, "Let's decide how to act for the best one."