

DEMONIC 821

### [Chapter 821 821. Sphere](#)

Countless Wings was a perfect counter to Noah's abilities.

The Ghostly Claws and the Demonic Form managed to repel the explosive power of the fiery butterflies, but Countless Wings kept on moving, and her arrows prevented Noah from chasing after her in a straight line. Also, as she kept Noah away, her wings would leave a trail of fire that created even more butterflies.

Noah found himself unable to reach her even when he used the Merging spell, which left him in a hopeless pursuit that only depleted his energy. It seemed that he didn't have any chance to gain the upper hand against Countless Wings.

'I didn't want to use this just yet,' Noah thought as he focused on activating another spell.

It all started as a black dot coming out of his palm. That little sphere floated above Noah's head and generated a gravitational pull when it was in position. The trajectory of the butterflies suddenly shifted and converged toward the sphere that shattered them until they were nothing more than primary energy. That primary energy then fused with Noah's spell, enlarging its shape and increasing its suction force.

Countless Wings was an experienced warrior who had witnessed a large variety of spells. The sphere summoned by Noah was an ability that the heroic assets of that world had already noted down, even if they weren't aware of all its specifics. Yet, Countless Wings had already encountered similar attacks and knew that all of them could only absorb a limited amount of energy.

It was a necessary feature dictated by the fairness of Heaven and Earth. An ability able to absorb energy indefinitely simply couldn't exist.

So, she decided to move even faster, increasing the number of flames that she left behind and creating more butterflies to overload that defensive spell.

Noah felt strange when he saw the reaction of his opponent. On one side, he felt happy that Countless Wings had chosen that approach. Yet, part of him was worried at the sight of the black sphere madly absorbing the energy released by the shattered butterflies.

The truth was that the Black Hole spell had gained unusual properties after Noah replaced the "Breath" of Heaven and Earth with his darkness. It had become a never-ending vortex able to devour any energy that came near it, and the usual limit applied to that kind of spells seemed to have vanished in its case.

When he tested it inside the separate dimension, the Black Hole spell had continued to absorb energy even after it had become too powerful for his mind to handle. Noah had been forced to detonate it back then and listen to a long series of complaints from Thirty-seven, which labeled it as an unstable spell.

Modifying and fusing two different diagrams had given birth to something impressive that could act on its own when Noah's darkness fueled it. The cause behind its unusual behavior probably was Noah's greed since it was a core part of the fused spell.

That feeling apparently resonated with his "Breath" and destabilized the structure of the spell, turning it into an all-devouring sphere that radiated his distinctive destruction.

Noah had understood that his mind had to improve before he could use it in battle at ease, but he always could detonate it before it escaped his control. So, his decision to use it in that fight wasn't exactly reckless. It just made him feel worried about potential drawbacks.

With the Black Hole spell taking care of the swarm of fiery butterflies, Noah could finally charge toward Countless Wings head-on. His Demonic Sword was enough to take care of the arrows, so he sprinted in a straight line, ready to bring the battle where his abilities excelled.

Countless Wings was initially confident that the black sphere above Noah would reach its limits soon. Still, it only became bigger as she kept on accelerating to maintain the distance with her opponent.

The main issue wasn't the width of the sphere. Its gravitational pull became stronger as it absorbed more energy, and it reached the point where even the arrows started to deviate from their original trajectory.

Also, the spell redirected part of its energy to Noah's body, which made him feel stronger than he had ever been!

Countless Wings could only begin to consider the idea of resorting to some of her items when she saw that her opponent was starting to gain ground.

At that point though, loud cries filled the battlefield, and the attention of the heroic cultivators went on the city, where they saw the human troops of the Empire retreating in a hurry.

The human army of the three forces had managed to overwhelm the enemy troops and take control of the city while the heroic cultivators were busy fighting the battles on their level. With the town occupied, the Empire didn't have access to the trigger of the blue pillar and couldn't defend that territory.

The heroic assets of the Empire heaved helpless sighs and revealed annoyed looks, but they announced their retreat nonetheless. As a nation with a long experience in wars, the Shandal Empire knew that it was pointless to exhaust its strongest cultivators over a city that they had lost after only two battles.

It was better to retreat to a place where they could benefit from their position as defenders once again. Letting the three forces overwhelm them with their superior numbers without even relying on some defensive measures was merely suicidal.

A wave of cheers filled the army that quickly divided itself according to the origin of its cultivators. The three forces had finally managed to defeat the Empire in battle, but they were still opponents united only to take down a common enemy.

Noah felt disappointed to see his opponent retreat so soon. Being interrupted when he had finally started to gain the advantage in his fight annoyed him, but he couldn't just chase after her when she had regrouped with the other rank 5 cultivators.

His attention went on the black sphere floating above his head, which had already become more than four meters wide. Its uneven edges leaked the destruction of his individuality and kept on creating primary energy to absorb.

'I wonder how much it can grow,' Noah thought for an instant before suppressing that idea and starting to suppress his ability.

The problem with letting it grow without limit was that Noah's mind would have to endure the pressure generated by his connection with the spell. A power in the liquid stage of the fifth rank was probably the best that his mental sphere could handle right now and that only because the connection didn't express the full might of the ability.

However, someone interrupted him before he could shut down the spell entirely.

"I saw those spells!" Thaddeus said as he stepped forward to face the group from the Hive. "They are the same abilities used by the cultivator that has destroyed the Balvan family."

### [Chapter 822 822. Accusations](#)

Noah couldn't be bothered to deal with Thaddeus. He had a lot to do, even without considering his usual training.

Analyzing a battle with the Divine Deduction technique had always managed to give him some insights on how to improve his combat style, and he couldn't wait to return to his cave to study them. However, Thaddeus seemed set on making that matter public even if Noah was ignoring him.

"The Hive has attacked the territory of my family!" Thaddeus shouted. "I have reason to believe that you are behind the assaults in the Utra nation."

More Royals joined Thaddeus in his accusations. They even began to list a series of criminals that had joined the Hive and the behavior of that organization when it had yet to occupy the new continent rightfully.

It seemed that Thaddeus aimed to discredit the Hive in front of the Council and possibly obtain a more significant share of the rewards of the war. After all, the wealth hidden in the Empire could lead any organization to the apex of those Mortal Lands.

"I was alone when I attacked my family," Noah eventually said when he saw that those accusations were beginning to affect the Elders of the Council.

He didn't care if the Royals tarnished his name, but he didn't want to lose the possible reward of that war. The Empire had even revealed that it owned spells of the darkness element, so he wanted to be in the first line when the plunder began.

The Black Hole spell still hovered above him and kept on absorbing primary energy. Noah had decided to wait a bit before shutting it down since the situation had become quite troublesome.

"I've taken care of some personal matters that concerned my family," Noah continued. "I believe that my actions are in line with your laws. After all, the Elbas family has no power when it comes to the internal struggles of the noble families."

Thaddeus snorted at those words and continued to press on with his accusations. "How could you appear in the Utra nation without anyone noticing? Also, you've just admitted that you attacked your family. That makes you the first suspect of the other raids too!"

"I've used a secret passage known only to the Balvan family," Noah replied. "My grandfather never felt the need to close it since your family had done a great job in convincing him of my death. It's a pity that you only ever saw a weapon for your secret army in me. I might have joined you if that wasn't the case."

Some laughs resounded among the Elders of the Hive, and even the heroic cultivators of the Council couldn't help but shake their heads. Noah knew some secrets about the Royals, and nothing was preventing him from revealing them.

Just the matter concerning the creation of a secret army with various criminals would be enough to kindle the rebellious spirit of the noble families that had joined the Royals after the dimensional portal ruined the Utra nation. That wouldn't be enough to create a rebellion due to the oaths in place, but it could cause some issues in the centuries to come.

The truth was that every powerful organization had secrets. That wasn't an issue during regular times when they operated in their domains. Yet, it could lead to problems now that they were in the middle of a war.

Also, the relationship between the Council and the Royals had worsened since the assassinations in the new continent. The Hive was even the weakest force among them, so the Council would benefit more by siding with it and force the Elbas family to lower its share of the gains.

"What secret passage!" Thaddeus couldn't contain his voice when he heard Noah's lies. "And, even if it existed, you were a whoreson! Your family would have never revealed its location to you."

Noah's eyes became cold at those words, and he controlled the Black Hole spell to move next to him. Thaddeus suddenly noticed that the black sphere had grown since he last focused on it. Its power was nearing the peak of the gaseous stage in its current form.

"Are you saying that I wasn't worthy of knowing that secret?" Noah said as growls began to fuse with his human voice. "How can you decide who is worthy of knowledge and power? You have barely made any progress in the time that it took me to reach this level."

Cecil was among the rank 5 cultivator deployed by the Royals, and he observed the situation with a far calmer mind compared to his son.

He could understand what Noah was doing. Discrediting Thaddeus in front of all those experts would make his words worthless and any accusation vain. Also, his explanations made sense and were backed by his incredible achievements.

It was easier to believe that the Balvan family had accepted Noah at some point in his youth and revealed the existence of the secret passage. Whether that passage was real didn't matter since Noah could just claim that he had destroyed it after the attack.

After all, those words came from the monster that had reached the fifth rank in eighty years of life. Due to his achievements, everyone would believe that Noah had been able to sneak inside the Utra nation, destroy a noble family, and escape without anyone noticing him.

It would be different if the cultivators charged with those accusations were just ordinary geniuses. A pact with the organization behind them would be enough to settle the matter, especially since it involved cultivators in the fifth rank.

However, the cultivator in question was Noah Balvan, and, according to his version of the story, he didn't even break any law since the Royals couldn't affect the internal matters of the noble families.

Cecil closed his eyes for a moment, only to reopen them and place a hand over his son's shoulder. Thaddeus struggled to calm down, but his father whispered something in his hear, and he eventually gave up on the matter.

Since Noah escaped from the Utra nation, taking care of him had always been one of Thaddeus' goals, but that mostly was because he was aware of the Royal inheritance. Now that the Elbas family had claimed it, Noah's secrets had lost a lot of value.

Also, those secrets had always been relevant only inside the Utra nation. He didn't have anything on the Royals that could endanger their safety. He could only spread bad rumors, which wouldn't force the Council to side with one of its allies.

"Indeed, you are an exceptional cultivator, Patriarch of the Balvan family," Thaddeus said as he performed a bow. "You have acted according to our laws."

When he turned to leave, Cecil whispered something to him again. "With the pool of enlightenment and the wealth gained in this war, the Elbas family will be unmatched. Patience, my son, don't let the drawbacks of the pool affect your judgment."

### [Chapter 823 823. Occupy](#)

After the discussion ended, the assets of the three forces began to explore the city to see if they could find something valuable. A few rank 4 cultivators belonging to each faction joined the inspection too since there was a limit to what the troops in the human ranks were able to sense.

The city didn't have any precious material. The Empire had already taken away anything valuable before the first battle. Yet, the buildings and the defensive formation were still there, and they were assets that the experts of the three forces could use and study.

The formation behind the blue pillars wasn't exceptional, but the Empire had built that city for the sole purpose of analyzing the evolution of the central lands. It featured many useful buildings, and it even had vast cultivation areas for the experts stationed there.

The leaders of the armies eventually decided to divide the city into three parts and use it to accommodate their troops. After all, there were many large habitations there, and they could even make use of the blue pillar in case the Empire decided to retaliate.

Of course, no one expected the Empire to attack. The three forces had managed to win while being in a disadvantageous position. It would be simply suicidal to try and reclaim the city now that they had gained the territorial advantage.

Noah didn't return to the Hive's domain and dug a cave in the outskirts of the city. He didn't need a proper training area since he mostly cultivated and meditated in that period.

Any experiment would consume years at his level, so he preferred to improve centers of power rather than immerse himself in one of his many projects. Also, the war would require his presence often, so it was better to focus on things that he could interrupt whenever he wanted.

The battle against Countless Wings left him almost unscathed. The detonations of the butterflies had burnt his skin in some spots. Still, those injuries would heal in a matter of days.

As he analyzed his battle, his confidence solidified. It was evident that he was on the same level as those old monsters even if he had yet to defeat one of them. His battle prowess mainly came from his darkness, but his spells were powerful in general. Also, the fact that he could use his martial art together with the Demonic Sword gave him access to a threatening and relentless offensive.

After all, Noah was never really fighting alone. All his opponents had to face two beings capable of expressing a battle prowess in the fifth rank, and that had perfect coordination. Even the most experienced cultivators would find him troublesome to deal with.

It didn't take much before envoys from the other organizations started to knock on his and the Elders' doors.

The armies had fought together in that battle. The allied troops didn't fail to notice the advantage of the rank 4 Elders of the Hive. The strange weapons that they wielded were simply too flashy to ignore.

The allied troops saw how those weapons were able to launch a seemingly limitless number of attacks with power similar to the enemy spells. Such items were simply fantastic, and the cultivators wielding them didn't even seem to suffer from any kind of drawback!

It was needless to say that both the Council and the Elbas family became immediately interested in the living weapons, especially since they showed clear connections with the magical beasts' world.

Both organizations expected that the Hive would come up with something after the events with the other world. They had Noah in their ranks in the end.

Yet, they didn't expect that he could create something so useful so soon. After all, most of their experiments were still in the testing phase.

Of course, the reason behind their failures in the past forty years was that they had mainly tried to replicate Noah's body. Even if they had consulted him on that matter, the heroic cultivators of the two organizations weren't willing to give up on obtaining the power of a hybrid.

That led to countless failures and deaths that they had kept a secret from the world. Decades had to pass before they accepted that Noah had spoken the truth and moved toward other experiments.

The envoys of both organizations tried to set meetings to discuss the living weapons, and they even named exorbitant prices just to analyze one of them. However, the Hive wasn't willing to give any information just yet.

Chasing Demon had decided that the Hive would wait until all its heroic assets obtained a suitable living weapon to create a market with those items. That was something that would have to wait for the end of the war when the thirst for those new assets reached its peak.

Noah would have considered meeting the envoys if that led him to meet June again, but the Elbas family didn't deploy her during the war. He expected that since the Royals wanted to show the power of their bloodline on the battlefield, but he still wanted to check up on her growth.

He knew that it wouldn't be a problem for her to hide her new energy. June still had access to her previous cultivation technique and could absorb normal "Breath" of the lightning element from the environment. However, he couldn't wait for the moment when he could just walk with her under the astonished expressions of the Royals.

He had to respect her wishes though. June still needed to take complete control over her family and leave the Royals on her own. She wouldn't accept Noah's help on the matter.

The days spent cultivating passed quickly, and the next battle eventually arrived. The three armies divided themselves again to attack three different cities built on the central territories in control of the Empire.

They were similar to the city that they had just conquered, but they featured far more habitations meant for human cultivators.

The Empire was famous for having the highest number of cultivators in those Mortal Lands, and it had maintained that record even after the Council and the Elbas family had become more open toward the commoners. The arrival of the new continent had been the Empire's great chance to obtain habitable territories for its insane number of troops, so most of its cities were just meant to accommodate them.

The troops of the Hive moved toward their target with their usual formation. The hybrids would face the human cultivators, while the heroic assets would fight in the sky.

Noah found a familiar face among the enemy rank 5 cultivators. Peaceful Storm was waiting for him with his warm smile radiating its usual calm aura.

"Demon Prince," Peaceful Storm greeted him when the battle below them began. "How many talismans are you going to make me waste this time?"

Noah didn't speak, but wielded the divided Demonic Sword and used the Merging spell to launch himself at his opponent. He was set on aiming for the kill in that battle.

#### [Chapter 824 824. Copy](#)

Peaceful Storm didn't hesitate to deploy his defensive area of distorted space when he saw Noah pouncing at him as soon as the battle started. Even the cultivator of the Empire had decided to go all out from the start since he had understood Noah's character by then.

A series of talismans appeared in front of Peaceful Storm, and spells of various kinds came out of them. Noah saw arrows, humanoid figures, and eagles made of wind shooting toward him as he charged ahead.

However, he was ready for their arrival.

A black sphere appeared in front of him and quickly moved on top of his head, generating a gravitational pull that affected the trajectory of the incoming spells. Black smoke also started to come out of his body and took the shape of the scaled armor of the Demonic Form.

Peaceful Storm's attacks met the black lines released by the Demonic Sword and deviated only to end up in the Black Hole spell. The gravitational pull became stronger in the process, but it was still too weak to affect all the talismans of Noah's opponent.

Noah's martial art had destroyed the humanoid figures and maimed the eagles, but the arrows were too fast and landed on his body, piercing the scaled armor and stabbing his skin. The surviving eagles then arrived and crashed on him, destroying a part of the Demonic Form and creating a series of light wounds on his chest.

Nevertheless, those clashes weren't able to stop Noah's advance.

Peaceful Storm's spells released energy when they crashed on Noah, which the black sphere promptly absorbed, redirecting part of it in his body. The injuries that he had just suffered stopped bleeding as soon as that wave of nutrients filled him.

Also, Noah had focused the humanoid figures because they were the only abilities capable of hindering his charge. The impact with the other attacks was barely able to slow him down.

Peaceful Storm could only brace for the imminent clash when he saw that his talismans didn't have any effect.

Noah slashed with the Demonic Sword when he reached the edges of the distorted space. His divided weapon released two black lines that detonated into a cloud of corrosive smoke when their trajectory shifted due to that defensive area.

Peaceful Storm saw the dangerous gas spreading inside his personal space and activated another talisman that created a series of gales. Winds began to blow inside the distorted area and pushed back the corrosive smoke, completely denying Noah's attack.

It was evident that the cultivator of the Empire had prepared for that battle, and Noah guessed that he had even exchanged notes with Countless Wings since he didn't seem affected by the growing sphere above his head. Yet, being prepared and being able to counter an ability were two very different things.

The destruction radiated by the Black Hole spell started to affect the area of distorted space. Small pieces of the sky began to escape Peaceful Storm's control and fuel the black sphere that kept on increasing the power behind its gravitational pull.

Peaceful Storm's spread his consciousness at that sight and reinstated his control over the space around him, preventing Noah's spell from affecting his defenses further.

It was as if two individualities were fighting for the control of that part of the sky.

Noah's spell kept on radiating an intense destructive area, but Peaceful Storm's control over his space was tight and didn't waver under that external force. However, Noah had already swung his weapons again at that point, and another pair of black lines flew toward his opponent still surrounded by chaotic winds.

As expected, Noah's martial art wasn't able to reach Peaceful Storm, and even the detonation of the black lines could only stop when it reached the winds.



The activation of another series of talismans followed, and Noah found himself surrounded by countless attacks made of wind that flew toward him. It seemed that Peaceful Storm had waited for that moment to use dozens of his items at the same time.

Noah knew that he had no chance to dodge. He could barely block the teleporting arrows. There was no point in trying to escape that barrage of attacks when he was so close to them.

His only option was to destroy as many of them as he could and endure the rest with his body and scaled armor!

Noah slashed like crazy, and a large cloud made of corrosive smoke formed around him as his martial art clashed with the incoming attacks. Arrows, slams, and claws would reach and hurt his body from time to time, but the Black Hole spell had become strong enough to affect his opponent's offensive by that time.

Meanwhile, the cloud spread and hid his figure, leaving Peaceful Storm confused about his actual position.

It was a peculiar scene. A black cloud was slowly surrounding a spherical area of distorted space that kept on fending off the corrosive smoke thanks to the gales blowing in its insides.

Noah knew that his saber-shaped runes would reach an incredible level of power in that environment, but he didn't cast them because he wanted to leave all the primary energy released with the corrosive smoke to the Black Hole spell.

His runes were too frail for the journey through the distorted space, but his unstable sphere could do the trick if it gathered enough energy.

'This brings up memories,' Noah thought as he activated another spell while the cloud still covered him.

The Empire had given him two spells as a payment for his pointers in the hybrids' field. The Shadow Chains spell was troublesome to use due to all its restrictions, and Noah had even needed to modify it heavily before it could suit his individuality.

As for the Shadow Copy spell, he had initially believed that a few changes to its diagram would have been enough to make it work. Yet, he soon discovered that he didn't have enough power to make a copy of himself, even one meant only to launch a few attacks.

His ambition was too intense, and his existence too complicated. His centers of power simply couldn't sustain the consumption of energy required to create another Noah.

Nevertheless, there was another living being that was easier to imitate since it was already an expression of himself.

Noah focused, and four copies of the divided Demonic Sword appeared next to him as he floated in the middle of the black cloud. They didn't carry the power of the original living weapon, nor the entirety of its complexity. They just managed to echo its destructive power, and that was enough for him.

Two pairs of additional arms took form from the sides of his scaled armor and reached for the fake Demonic Swords. Then, they performed a downward slash that focused both fake and real weapons into a single attack.

Peaceful Storm could only sense an intense, dangerous sensation before a long and deep cut appeared on his chest.

#### [Chapter 825 825. Path](#)

Noah had been unable to use his old martial art since he had fused his body with a Cursed Dragon. The physical strength that he had been capable of expressing since that moment prevented him from using the forms ideated by the cultivators through the years.

He was simply so strong that he couldn't force himself to reach the human requirements that the martial arts had.

That didn't hinder his battle prowess too much because even his casual slashes could match the power of a spell since the insane body of a hybrid backed them. However, those attacks would be somewhat predictable due to the lack of intricate forms capable of giving birth to amazing effects.

Noah had created martial arts over the years, but they had always been simple tools that made use of his physical strength. His greatest achievement in the past had been a slash that spread his destruction after it landed.

Nevertheless, he had always abandoned those forms due to the lack of harmony in his centers of power. The "Breath" required to match his physical strength would often surpass what he was willing to consume.

That issue had become somewhat bearable when his dantian reached the fourth rank. However, he still had to gather enough experience with his real power before creating something able to express everything that he was capable of.

It had been more comfortable with the spells since his body didn't play a part in their activation. Still, he had to become a complete rank 5 cultivator and create his Demonic Sword before he felt confident in creating a proper martial art.

His current Dragon's Claw was a rank 5 martial art with two forms. The first one created sharp lines that he could detonate to envelop his opponent in the corrosive smoke of the Demonic form. The second one used the Shadow Copy spell to perform a stronger version of the Third Form of the martial art that he had been forced to abandon when he was still a human cultivator.

'Void,' Noah thought the name of the final technique of the Three Forms of the Ashura when he saw the black smoke in front of him dispersing due to his last attack.

Void didn't release any black line or corrosive smoke, but cut directly toward Noah's target, severing everything in its path. It wasn't a flashy technique, but it was quite complex to execute and extremely powerful.

In its original version, the Third Form of the Three Forms of the Ashura would bring a cultivator's body to its limit to express such power. However, in the modified version, Noah had to compensate for his already overwhelming physical strength by using a spell together with the martial art.

Also, he had to be in the complete Demonic Form to create the additional arms and express the full power of what probably was his strongest attack.

It was needless to say that the effects of such a technique were astonishing since it fused a hybrid body, a martial art, a spell, Noah's darkness, and the Demonic Sword.

Peaceful Storm couldn't understand what had happened. A deep cut had appeared on his torso without him even seeing the attack that had caused it!

His focus went on his area of distorted space at that point, and his eyes widened when he saw that a long gap had appeared in his defensive method.

There was no black smoke on the edges of the gap, and the rest of his defensive method was still in place. Yet, a vast chunk of the distorted space between him and Noah was missing.

For the first time in the battle, Peaceful Storm felt fear. If it weren't for his defensive spell, Noah's attack would have landed on his head, and half of his brain would have vanished in that case.

As a rank 5 cultivator, there were only a few beings that could threaten Peaceful Storm's life. However, they were quite easy to avoid, mainly since he belonged to the stronger organization in the Mortal Lands.

Also, it was a rare event for cultivators in the fifth rank to engage in a deadly battle. The organization behind each of those assets would step forward whenever their life was in danger. After all, beings on that level were simply too valuable to risk losing them over something that could be solved with money and resources.

Nevertheless, Noah had almost killed him in a battle for a city that the Empire was already ready to lose.

Anger soon replaced the fear felt by Peaceful Storm. The cultivator from the Empire couldn't accept that such a young monster had forced his survival instinct to resurface.

His internal organs were about to come out of his injury, but he didn't care. He had to show to the Demon Prince that his forty years spent at that level weren't enough to match the experience gained in centuries of training.

The remains of the distorted space exploded outward, enveloping the entirety of the black cloud and flinging Noah away. Then, Peaceful Storm followed that attack by unleashing almost all the talismans contained in his space-ring.

The chaotic pressure hurt Noah's internal organs as he flew backward, pushed away by the might of the explosion. Yet, his instincts suddenly sensed a significant threat following after him.

Noah didn't try to stop the pushing force of the explosion anymore at that point. He worked together with it to escape from the bad feeling that was drawing near.

When his consciousness managed to analyze the cause of that threat, Noah could see that a wave of spells of the wind element was chasing after him as it filled the sky. It was as if a vertical tornado had appeared and was moving at high speed toward his position.

Various spells made the tornado. Noah recognized all the talismans that Peaceful Storm had used previously together with other attacks that he had never seen. There were spears, slashes, griffins, and even a few peculiar wolves that seemed to hold all those forms together in a single offensive.

'Is this his most powerful attack?' Noah thought as he used the Merging spell to escape faster from the incoming wave.

There were simply too many spells in that wind-wave. Noah guessed that Peaceful Storm had activated more than two hundred talismans at the same time to create something so powerful!

That wasn't something that he could face alone, and he would have problems blocking it even with the help of the other Elders.

'His stash of talismans is simply incredible,' Noah thought as he tried to find a way out of that situation with the Divine Deduction technique. 'He must have spent at least a century to create all of them.'

The Elders of the Hive noticed that attack, but they were busy with their battles and couldn't intervene. Noah was on his own.

'I need to use everything.' Noah calmly decided when he understood that he couldn't avoid the wave. 'I need to open a path in the middle of the storm.'

### [Chapter 826 826. Storm](#)

The copies of the Demonic Sword appeared once again next to Noah, and four fuming arms quickly rose from his scaled armor to wield them.

The fake weapons and arms dissolved as soon as Noah performed a vertical slash. Yet, he didn't wait to see the outcome of his attack. He directly activated the Warp spell and released the living weapon from his grasp.

The Demonic Sword began to send black lines through the black flames on its own, and Noah created a series of Ghostly Sabers that he launched toward the center of the wind-wave. Then, he roared, releasing a series of white flames toward the enemy spells.

In the end, he launched the Black Hole spell that was still hovering above him and summoned the Lazy Whale.

The massive figure of his Blood Companion covered him and the Demonic Sword, which kept on sending slashes through the Warp spell even from inside the puppet. Noah had aimed all his attacks toward a specific spot in the barrage of spells to create an opening that would allow him to survive, and now he was simply waiting for the storm to reach him.

The explosions echoing in the outside world sounded muffled from inside the Blood Companion, but Noah could sense how powerful they were through his consciousness. Also, his connection with the Black Hole spell was still active, and it gave him a general understanding of the amount of energy that it was absorbing.

Nutrients slowly reached for his body. The Black Hole spell was sending part of the accumulated primary energy toward him, but Noah was too distant from his attack, and the transfer proceeded slowly. Yet, just a few strands of power that arrived filled him.

Noah felt that his injuries were starting to heal as he bathed in that intense power, but the connection with the Black Hole spell suddenly broke, and a loud explosion followed that event.

The insides of the Lazy Whale trembled as the shockwave engulfed the Blood Companion, but the storm reached him at that point, and everything became too chaotic to keep track of the outside world.

The Blood Companion fell apart and reconstructed countless times in just a few seconds. Noah went from being full of energy to exhausted as soon as he clashed with Peaceful Storm's attack.

Cracks appeared on the ethereal figure of the whale inside his sea of consciousness as the cycle of destruction and reconstruction kept going until its half-transparent image crumbled entirely and fell on the sea below.

Noah felt the death of his Blood Companion, but the strong offensive of his opponent didn't give him time to focus on anything that wasn't surviving.

The scaled armor tried its best to destroy as much wind as it could, but it eventually fell apart, leaving Noah's body exposed to the storm created by his opponent. Noah instincts took over him when his skin started to crack, and he released a roar accompanied by his flames to answer the furious attacks that had engulfed him.

The Demonic Sword had stopped attacking and had reached him when the storm hit, and Noah held it tightly in his grasp as he waited for the storm to end.

He didn't feel hopeless. Peaceful Storm's barrage of talismans had created a wild wave of spells, but they weren't all aimed at him. Even such an experienced cultivator couldn't control so many powerful attacks at once.

So, Noah had calculated that he would have been able to survive if he destroyed enough spells in the area of the wave on his path. The only uncertainty was in how injured he would be after that.

Noah spent minutes filled with pain and with the hot sensation generated by his flames. However, his calculations were on point, and he eventually opened his eyes only to find himself in an underground area.

There was debris all over him, and he felt as if his body was in pieces. Yet, the connection with the Demonic Sword was still active, and his centers of power were fine, except for his body.

He couldn't help but release a laugh at that point. Even the accumulation of talismans of an old monster wasn't able to kill him!

The battles had temporarily stopped in the sky. Peaceful Storm had launched something so massive that he affected the even fights of the other heroic cultivators. The shockwaves that the storm released as it marched through the sky had also caused countless casualties in the city, which was nothing more than a pile of ruins after his attack.

The Empire had suffered more though since its troops were surprised to see such a massive barrage of spells suddenly appearing above them. On the contrary, most of the cultivators of the Hive could notice the storm in time and hide.

Of course, all the human assets of both sides had died, but Empire suffered far more losses for what concerned the cultivators in the fourth rank. As for those in the fifth rank, they were all alive, even if some of them were wounded.

The anger of all the surviving heroic assets went on Peaceful Storm, who appeared utterly exhausted. Trying to control so many spells had drained his reserves of mental energy, but he needed to make sure that most of his firepower went after his opponent.

He had failed to do that, but he felt still satisfied by the number of attacks that had concentrated in Noah's position.

In his mind, no cultivator in the gaseous stage of the fifth rank would be able to survive that offensive. After all, he had used only his most potent talismans, which had taken him more than decades to create.

He didn't mind the angry gazes of his enemies and companions. Killing the Demon Prince of the Hive was a great achievement, and sacrificing some cultivators in the fourth rank was just a small price to pay for that feat.

Peaceful Storm even straightened his back to assume a proud stance now that the attention of all the heroic assets on the battlefield was on him. He wanted to make them think that he could launch another one of those attacks whenever he wanted.

Nevertheless, debris began to move in the distance and claimed the attention of the cultivators from both sides.

Noah's bloodied figure climbed out of that rubble and slowly set foot on the cracked ground. He was holding the severed head of a rank 5 wolf-type beast in one hand, while his other arm covered the Demonic Sword that rested on his chest.

The storm had injured his weapon too, which couldn't fly anymore in that state. However, Noah wasn't worried since he knew that its life wasn't in danger.

Peaceful Storm stared at him with wide eyes. He couldn't believe that Noah had survived that attack!

Noah ignored his reaction and took a bite from the wolf's head before shouting something to Elder Julia. "You might want to gather the weapons."

### [Chapter 827 827. Victory](#)

Elder Julia snapped back to reality and dived toward the wreckage that was the ground to gather the living weapons left by the rank 4 cultivators that had died during the storm.

The truth was that Noah's safety had the priority in her mind, so she hadn't thought about the living weapons until he resurfaced and proved his well-being.

Of course, Noah was far from good. His body was a bloody mess. Peaceful Storm's attack had broken his skin, torn his muscles, and damaged his internal organs. Only his bones appeared to be somewhat fine because they were resistant against that type of offensive.

He would have to spend months in seclusion and consume a large number of powerful beasts to recover from his injuries and fix the Demonic Sword. Yet, he could stand and even put up a fight if the situation required it.

The resilience of a hybrid was incredible, and Noah had smartly decided to rely on it only after using all his spells and technique to weaken the area of the storm that was aiming for him. With all those factors put together, it wasn't a surprise that he had survived.

However, that only applied to him and to the Elders that were aware of his abilities.

The cultivators of the Empire felt amazed to see him surviving an attack that would be deadly for most existences in the gaseous stage of the fifth rank. After all, Noah had just reached that level in their eyes, but he was already an entity able to survive the most potent attacks of cultivators that had been in that rank for countless years!

Most of them started to feel envious about his discoveries in the magical beasts' field because they believed that his incredible achievements came from his status as a hybrid. They couldn't possibly know that his darkness did most of the work in improving his abilities so that they could match those of his opponents.

Also, with the Divine Deduction technique at hand, he could create and devise diagrams and methods far faster than his peers, which prevented him from stepping on higher levels unprepared.

Elder Julia eventually gathered all the weapons dropped during the storm, but she returned to the sky with a sour expression on her face.

There were almost ten living weapons among the wreckage, meaning that the same number of Elders in the fourth rank had died due to Peaceful Storm's attack. Those losses weighed on the overall power of the Hive since it had spent the last decades gathering cultivators and nourishing them until the heroic ranks.

The positive trend that it had experienced in those years had ended at that moment, and it would take the same amount of time to recover from that.

Wars were necessary to balance the political power in the world whenever a significant event happened, and the cultivators needed that kind of struggle to improve. However, the weaker side would always feel its losses more than the powerful organizations.

The Empire had lost a lot in that battle. Still, Elder Julia couldn't help but reconsider if the Hive was ready for that war.

It would take a while before their victories started to provide real gains. Those territories only featured useful buildings in the end, and the Empire could always move its resources away from their valuable domains when it felt that it was about to lose them.

The invading forces would start to obtain valuable assets only when the entirety of the Empire's territories on the new continent fell, and the war moved to the old continent.

The sight of Noah casually eating the wolf's head and dropping a few pieces of its flesh on the Demonic Sword, steeled Elder Julia's determination. The Hive wasn't as strong as the other organization, but it had some of the best talents in the entirety of those Mortal Lands.

Its power wasn't in its weaker troops but its exceptional leaders. After all, creating cannon fodder was easy, but cultivators like Noah and Divine Demon's disciples were assets that even the other forces envied.

"I hope the Empire won't lose its cool next time," Elder Julia said as she shot a glance toward Peaceful Storm.

The troops of the Empire pretended not to have heard her and retreated without saying a word. There wasn't a city to protect anymore, so the battle had ended without winners. The Hive could only take it as a victory because it had obtained more lands to add to its domain.

After the cultivators of the Empire left, the Elders gathered around Noah, who had simply sat on the ground. Only Danielle didn't stay to check on him and returned to the Hive with a conflicted expression.

Noah had noticed her behavior, but there wasn't much that he could do about her. He technically was the leader of the hybrids in the Hive, but he couldn't give them moral support. He could only show them how to make use of their superior bodies and wait until they lost their unwavering faith toward the teachings of their ancestors.

"How long will it take for you to recover?" Elder Julia asked as she analyzed his injuries.

"I'd say seven months," Noah answered while dropping another piece of flesh over the Demonic Sword. "You should be fine for the battles in this region."

Elder Julia nodded at his words. She felt glad that he wasn't as wounded as it appeared, but there was another issue that they had to cover before he secluded himself to focus on healing.

"Do you believe that Danielle Duron will honor the oath?" Elder Julia asked.

The human assets deployed by the Hive were mostly hybrids that needed someone able to control them since their mental instabilities were too prominent on their level. There were leaders among them that followed Noah's orders, but they would need a replacement now that he was injured.

Danielle was the only available candidate for that spot since she could force them to behave as soldiers rather than as beasts. Yet, without Noah's presence in the battles, there would be no one able to stop her without triggering her oath.

Elder Julia was worried that her mental instabilities could lead her to break her pact with the Hive and kill her.

A hybrid in the fifth rank was too valuable to lose it due to a lack of proper containment methods. So, Elder Julia was asking the only one that could know something about that matter if Danielle could control herself without him on her same battlefield.

Noah had to admit that he couldn't control her too much, even if he were there since she was stronger than him. She had all the power needed to ignore his orders and just do as she wished.

Nevertheless, part of his deal with her was that she had to perform well in the war, and benching her would just slow down the improvements that she was making by following Noah's example.



"She should behave, so keep her in the attacking team," Noah answered before taking out another beast's corpse.

### [Chapter 828 828. Divine](#)

Noah dug a cave among the ruins of the city when he felt that his body had stabilized. The Hive had already decided that Elder Justin would be his replacement in the upcoming battles, so he could focus on recovering.

Elder Julia would send him detailed reports after every fight too. The Hive didn't want him to return to the battlefields unprepared.

Noah ate entire rank 5 magical beasts every week and divided their flesh between him and the Demonic Sword. It took his weapon one month before the cracks on its surface closed, and it could resume its position as a core item of his cultivation technique.

Days spent meditating and eating passed in the calm environment of the cave. The sound of footsteps often resounded from the surface, but Noah didn't mind them and continued his slow recovery.

He even analyzed his last battle against Peaceful Storm, which gave him ideas on how his battle prowess should evolve.

The power of the second form of his martial art was incredible. Fusing a martial art performed with a hybrid body and a spell gave results that surprised even him.

Of course, he had tested that attack when he was in the separate dimension, but he needed data from a real battle against a cultivator to understand how strong it was. It turned out that its power surpassed even his wildest predictions, which led him to explore that path further.

The conquest of the other Mortal Lands had provided to the organizations of Noah's world a broad series of techniques and spells that made use of the peculiar qualities of the natives. Most of them used their ability to control the "Breath" in the environment, but there were some that placed their superior physical strength as a core feature.

However, the members of the Bloodlines were simply too few compared to the Flawed Humans. With so many cultivators lacking a dantian, the development of martial arts that made use of their strong bodies progressed slowly. Also, that wasn't even their primary focus since their dream was to transform into perfect hybrids, which would render such techniques impracticable.

Noah understood their point of view, but he felt disappointed to find himself wandering again in uncharted territories. Developing attacks that made use of both spells and martial arts would be far easier if he could gain inspiration from existing schools.

'I guess I can only create a new kind of technique,' Noah thought as he evaluated the issue as he waited for his body to heal.

It wasn't a surprise that there weren't examples of his idea in the world. It was already hard to find martial arts that made use of the physical strength of a hybrid in the other Mortal lands. A school that added spells to those rare forms couldn't exist because there had never existed someone able to wield such power.

'Creating forms isn't a problem,' Noah evaluated as he thought about the diagram in his possession, 'But finding suitable spells is troublesome, especially for me. I feel that I lack the core materials needed for these new kinds of attacks.'

Noah had been able to recreate the Third Form of his previous martial art because he had a series of spells that met its requirements. However, doing the same for multiple attacks was hard since he would have to invent both forms and spells from scratch at some point.

'I can only focus on what I already have now,' Noah concluded in his mind, 'This project will have to wait for the end of the war.'

The war continued while he was busy healing. Even the four organizations involved couldn't fight too often, but there was at least a battle every two months.

The three invading factions would mostly fight separately and focus on different cities. Still, there were times when the armies had to join their forces to conquest specific locations that had troublesome defensive measures.

The Hive didn't suffer such heavy losses in the following battles anymore. It was rare for rank 5 cultivators to lose their control and involve the weaker troops. The events with Peaceful Storms had been a case, and it was mostly Noah's fault that he had decided to go all out.

The conquest of the territories under the control of the Empire proceeded slowly since the cities started to feature more defensive measures as the three armies reached for the north-eastern coast. Also, the injuries suffered by the heroic cultivators took time to heal, and the three invaders didn't want to deploy all their assets in that war.

It would be too easy for one of the nations to double-cross its allies, so the invading forces maintained stable defenses in their respective domains.

Noah came out of his cave ten months after his battle against Peaceful Storm. His body and the Demonic Sword had been fine for a while by then, but there wasn't any fight in that period, so he simply continued to cultivate until Elder Julia summoned him.

After a year of battles, the Empire had lost its control over the central areas of the new continent. Everything was going smoothly from the invaders' side, but the first real struggles appeared once they reached the valuable territories of their enemy.

The Council had fought its last battle over a barren mountain chain where the Empire had built a series of castles that worked as a formation. The outcome of that fight had been the total defeat of the forces of the Papral nation, with only its rank 5 Elders managing to escape the battlefield.

Generally speaking, such a loss would force an organization to reorganize and prepare a strategy. Still, the Council had decided to contact its allies as soon as its Elders returned home.

The defenses in that area were too powerful, which meant that they had to protect something precious!

The Elbas family and the Hive had agreed with that hypothesis. They had moved the focus of the war on that territory, uniting their forces again to form a massive army.

Noah had initially been surprised to see so many heroic assets deployed on a single battlefield. Still, he understood the reason behind the eagerness of the three forces when he reached the barren mountains.

The castles built on the mountain peaks seemed extremely dangerous, but none of the heroic assets hovering at some distance in the sky cared about them. Their attention was on the ancient aura radiated from somewhere in at the center of that mountain chain.

'Traces left by divine beings!' Noah shouted in his mind when he sensed that aura. He understood now that the Council had found one of the most valuable territories of the Empire during its advance, and it didn't hesitate to ask for its allies' help to seize it.

Any organization would generally try to conquer such an area by itself, but the Council knew that it couldn't defeat those defenses by itself. It needed its allies to break through one of the most protected areas in the entirety of the new continent.

### [Chapter 829 829. Strategy](#)

Noah wasn't at his peak. The loss of his Blood Companion had removed one of his most reliable weapons, and he didn't have time to find a replacement during his period of healing. Also, he had to review the Body-inscription spell to understand why it didn't suit his darkness, which was something that didn't allow him to express its full power.

However, he wasn't too weakened either. He had already stopped relying on his Blood Companion in the battles against the rank 5 cultivators of the Empire because he had far stronger abilities at hand.

Of course, the lack of his last line of defense would force him to be a bit more careful in case another old monster snapped and unleashed their centennial accumulation on him. Still, he didn't plan to hold back or, rather, he wasn't sure that the situation allowed him to do so.

The troops of the Empire set off from the castles and rose in the sky to face the three armies that had gathered in that territory to take control of the traces left by divine existences. The army that they formed appeared majestic. It featured twenty rank 5 cultivators and more than a hundred experts in the fourth rank that looked at the enemies with resolute expressions.

They appeared ready to die to defend that area.

A swarm of human cultivators followed their appearance. The surface of the mountains became crowded, and thousands of warriors prepared themselves for the imminent clash.

Noah felt surprised to discover that most of those human troops were cultivators in the third rank!

'The reserves of the Empire are amazing,' Noah thought. The number of human assets of the Empire was simply incredible. No other organization could even come close to that manpower. However, the Empire wasn't facing just one force.

Noah moved his attention to his side, where heroic cultivators dressed with three different types of robes hovered in the sky and analyzed the battlefield.

The Elbas family had deployed eight cultivators in the fifth rank and more than forty in the fourth rank, and it had relied even on the noble families under its control to fill those spots. All its assets though

wore the golden robes of the Royal family and performed a series of analyses with items that Noah didn't recognize.

June wasn't among them. Noah guessed that she was still busy tuning her techniques and spells to her new lightning. After all, she didn't spend thirty years testing and improving them as he had done, and her new energy required even more attention than his darkness.

Her well-being didn't worry him since she had the key that opened the separate dimension with her. Even if the Royals started to suspect something, she would just leave.

The Council counted eight rank 5 cultivators too and a bit less than forty rank 4 Elders. Its assets wore green robes filled with protective inscriptions, and they assembled in peculiar battle formations as they prepared for the imminent battle.

Noah didn't see Faith either. Yet, she and June were basically on the same level, which meant that she was probably tuning her abilities too, or simply preparing for a significant breakthrough.

'June should be far stronger now,' Noah had that random thought as he moved his gaze toward the cultivators next to him. He believed that the centers of power of the two women were on the same level, but June had access to higher energy, which put her far above her peers.

The Hive had deployed many assets too, but their numbers paled compared to those of the allied forces. There were only twenty-five rank 4 Elders on Noah's side and six cultivators in the fifth rank if Noah included himself.

Elder Justin didn't return to the territories of the Hive when Noah rejoined the battlefield because the fight in front of them was simply too important. However, Noah was surprised to see Amos Udye wearing the robe of the Hive and standing side by side with the other Elders and Danielle.

It seemed that the Hive had decided to give a chance to the Udye family and was using that decisive battle as a sort of test.

Truth to be told, all the heroic cultivators of the Udye family had to swear strict oaths when they joined the Hive. Those oaths weren't like those of the Elbas family and didn't restrict the freedom of the nobles. It just prevented them from ever betraying the Hive and forced them to follow the orders of the higher-ups of their new organizations.

Nevertheless, Chasing Demon didn't want to welcome those nobles too soon and had left them inside Noah's dome to see how they behaved. The current battle then arrived, and the Patriarch decided that it was time to test Amos' reliability by making him join the fray.

The human troops of the invading forces arrived too and prepared for the battle. They formed a sea of cultivators that used various methods to defend themselves from the pressure created by the environment of the new continent.

The Hive had to deploy actual human cultivators together with the hybrids since the chaos caused by Peaceful Storm. Yet, the overall power of its human troops didn't decrease since there were many elites among them.

"Prince," Elder Julia neared Noah when she noticed his arrival, "Do you need another explanation of the defenses of the area?"

Noah shook his head at her question. She had already sent him a detailed report that described the protections uncovered by the Council during its first attack.

The castles acted as the cores of a vast formation, but the area had multiple defensive methods, and the Council had managed to trigger three of them during their previous offensive. Its troops had to face the blue pillars found in the other cities, strange shadow figures that imitated their abilities, and a series of hybrids caged inside the mountains with special chains.

There were bound to be more defenses, but the invaders had more heroic and human assets, which gave them some confidence in challenging those protections. However, none of the three forces believed that they would conquer that territory in just one assault.

They knew too little about that area, and they would have to face the army of the Empire at the same time. The odds weren't in their favor.

"The Elbas family will record everything and prepare countermeasures for the next battle," Elder Julia began to explain their strategy. "The Council will take care of defending against the defensive methods with their battle formations. As for us, we have to reduce their number of heroic assets. We stand no chance if we have to deal with the army and the formations at the same time."

Noah nodded at her words. The plan made use of the specialization of each organization and would limit the casualties on their side if nothing unusual happened.

The Demonic Sword roared as Noah wielded it and scanned the battlefield to look for a suitable opponent, only to find Countless Wings staring at him with clear battle intent in her eyes.

### [Chapter 830 830. Chase](#)

Everyone on the battlefield knew that the fight would be tough and bloody, but no one showed any hesitation. There were traces left by divine beings as the prize, which were the most valuable resource in the new continent.

All the organizations would pay any price to take control over them, even if they had to sacrifice heroic assets in the process.

The battle suddenly started, and the battle cries of the invading forces filled the mountain chain. Multicolored flashes soon shone both in the sky and ground as the two massive armies crashed on each other.

Noah went directly for Countless Wings. He didn't see Peaceful Storm on the battlefield, but he knew that the cultivator of the Empire had probably informed the other assets about his techniques.

However, he didn't care. After all, there wasn't a proper way to block the second form of his martial art, and he knew his new opponent too. The only issue was whether she had a trump card just as Peaceful Storm did.

The death of the Lazy Whale had removed his last line of defense, but Noah now knew how powerful those old monsters could be. Also, Countless Wings didn't seem the type to accumulate an immense number of attacks.

Noah expected her to use more items that weakened the magical beasts rather than rely on disposable weapons.

Countless Wings smiled when she saw him charging at her and created insect wings behind her hunched back to boost her flying speed and force Noah to chase her. Her trail made of flames reappeared too, and the same went for the fiery butterflies.

Noah immediately deployed the Black Hole spell and summoned a series of Ghostly Sabers as he chased after her. He had even activated the complete Demonic Form since the beginning of the fight.

He had revealed all his abilities in the previous battles, so there was no point in holding back, hoping that he could catch his opponent by surprise.

Countless Wings knew that her battle tactic was bound to fail when Noah went all out, but she kept on escaping. It was clear that she had some kind of strategy in her mind, but Noah could only play along as he looked for an opening.

What was surprising was that she didn't shoot any arrow as the chase continued, which made Noah catch up far faster than the last time.

Yet, when she was about to enter the range of his attacks, Countless Wings took out an inscribed crossbow from her space-ring and fired a series of inscribed arrows.

Noah saw more than ten arrows catching on fire as they flew toward him. The crossbow seemed able to shoot fifteen of them at the same time, but the issue was in the power behind those inscribed items.

The arrows were weapons at the peak of the fourth rank, and the crossbow radiated the power of the fifth rank. Also, the arrows flying toward Noah had been enhanced with a spell and with the particular substance that weakened Noah's body, which made them even more dangerous.

Noah could immediately see that the Black Hole spell wasn't able to change the trajectory of those attacks, and he didn't feel confident in blocking all of them with his Demonic Sword. He could mitigate the damage by destroying most of them, but his instincts were telling him that he shouldn't let any of those arrows scratch his skin.

Noah pushed the Black Hole spell forward and detonated it when it came in contact with the fiery darts. Everything in the range of the explosion turned into ashes and a massive area made of primary energy formed in the sky.

Nevertheless, Countless Wings was surprised to discover that Noah hadn't waited for the power of the explosion to fade before moving again. He had jumped right through the shockwaves to gain terrain on her!

The might of the explosion burned part of his skin but left most of his more valuable tissues intact. Also, the Demonic Form had absorbed part of the impact and had reformed after he crossed the detonation.

Countless Wings didn't expect such a reckless act, but Noah was simply making use of the incredible natural defenses of the hybrids. A reckless battle style was perfect for his species.

The cultivator from the Empire started to retreat again, but Noah had become close enough, and fake arms were already materializing on the sides of his scaled armor. Four copies of the Demonic Sword appeared too, and he wielded them to perform his most potent attack.

Countless Wings didn't look back and sprinted in unpredictable directions, trying to dodge the incoming attack that her mind labeled as deadly. Then, a sudden wave of pain spread from her right arm and spread through her body.

Countless Wings turned only to see that her arm was missing and that only a small piece of flesh and bones had remained attached to her shoulder. The injury though didn't slow her down and only made her more determined on putting some distance between the two of them.

Luckily for her, the inscribed crossbow didn't require two arms to use, so she could still apply her previous battle tactic.

Noah seemed to have the upper hand for the entirety of the fight. Countless Wings would just escape and force Noah to defend until he managed to catch up and unleash his threatening technique.

His attacks didn't always work though. Noah's recklessness had surprised Countless Wings once, but she wasn't going to let that happen again. There were many times in which Noah's reached her, but found himself unable to land any attack because she was either too far away or was already preparing herself to dodge.

Noah seemed to have the advantage even in that case, but he knew that Countless Wings was baiting his attacks on purpose. After all, she could have just changed place with one of her companions if she was really in danger.

However, she appeared set on winning that battle, even if she had to rely on a cowardly tactic.

Noah was using four spells continuously, and he cast another one whenever he was close enough. The amount of energy consumed after creating his darkness had lowered by a lot, but he was still using too many attacks. Also, the spells depleted his mental energy at the usual speed, which wasn't ideal considering that Countless Wings was trying to drag the battle on purpose.

It was evident that Noah would become exhausted before her, but there was nothing that he could do about that. It was just a matter of battle styles and a lack of viable alternatives.

Nevertheless, Countless Wings was suffering her fair share of injuries as the chase continued. Her left foot was gone too, and there was a long wound on her hunched back.

The truth was that Noah only needed one precise attack, and the battle would be over.

Shining lines suddenly appeared on the mountain chain and forced the battles to a stop. Most cultivators of the invading forces retreated, but the forces of the Council didn't leave the battlefield.