

DEMONIC 851

[Chapter 851 851. Cage](#)

The wasteland didn't have many resources, and the Empire had made sure to empty its buildings before the battle. The only real gains of the invaders were the same region and the contents of the space-rings of the fallen. Still, the leaders of the factions would divide them privately.

Wars were usually harmful to both the attacking and defending sides, and it was possible to determine how worth that effort was only years after the battles were over. For now, the three organizations had only gained some random resources and a large amount of land.

Of course, their primary interest was to weaken the Empire, so they didn't care too much about their temporary losses. Yet, the overall number of cultivators in the world was decreasing at high speed due to those fights.

The crisis that those Mortal Lands were waiting for had finally arrived. The greed of the cultivators had been the cause of that trend.

Similar events had repeated themselves across the millennia, as if in a constant cycle of growth and mutual destruction. The various organizations of the world would increase their number of cultivators until those territories became too crowded, and they felt the need to expand.

In the current political system, the war had begun due to the sudden weakness of the strongest organization.

The invading forces aimed to put the Empire in a situation where it had to surrender all its resources and swear ponderous oaths that enforced its cooperation. After all, it would be pointless to defeat the Empire if it ended up destroying all its riches just to hurt the winners.

Since there hadn't been many injured in the battle over the wasteland, the invaders resumed their assault reasonably soon. After only a month of rest and analysis of the remaining territories of the Empire, the army of the three forces marched toward a region filled by small rivers.

That region was more open compared to the forest next to it, so it would be easier for the invaders to spot eventual traps and similar. They were choosing to take care of the territory that appeared easier to conquest first.

The army of the Empire was waiting for them as usual, but its troops didn't have the same stern expressions that they had at the beginning of the invasion. They looked tired and dispirited as if they knew that they were about to lose again on that day.

Of course, the cultivators on the invading side didn't let that scene affect their judgment and charged ahead just as they did in all the previous battles.

The two armies clashed in a matter of seconds, and the Empire resorted to its usual defensive measures to contain its losses and make up for their fewer assets. The formations in place there created the blue pillars and the shadows, but they didn't add any new defense.

Only the human cultivators saw the defending troops making use of the environment to their advantage. Large packs of rank 4 Swarming Piranha filled the rivers, and most heroic cultivators would die if they happened to fall inside them.

It was needless to say what happened to the human troops that stepped inside those waters. Their entire bodies vanished before they could even scream in pain.

However, those magical beasts were too wild to turn them into a weapon against the experts in the heroic ranks, so the battles on the sky saw only cultivators fighting in groups of various numbers. Only a few experts dared to dive into one versus one battles among those messy fights.

June was one of them. She had finally managed to keep in check her higher energy and reveal only normal "Breath" in the fifth rank, so she could fight without worrying too much about exposing her strength and relationship. Yet, her power appeared quite underwhelming when she faced a rank 5 cultivator of the Empire.

She was a newly advanced cultivator when she used the regular "Breath". After all, all her centers of power had become used to the higher energy by then. She had made it a core part of her strength.

June struggled as she fought against the waves of blue flames launched by her opponent. She gritted her teeth and relied on the Perpetual Formations to increase the output of energy her center of power, but that wasn't enough to match the fire coming at her.

If Noah were to watch her during the battle, he would know that she was considering to forsake any pretense and unleash her real power. However, she held on and kept on fighting with her normal "Breath".

When that wasn't enough to face her opponent anymore, she retreated to join one of the groups of the Elbas family.

The Royals showed understanding smiles at her decision. It was only normal for someone who had been in the fifth rank for only a few decades to be unable to match other experts.

In their eyes, her decision to retreat was a mature acceptance of her limits.

June could only ignore those smiles. Her mood was quite bad since she couldn't have the battle that she had desired for so long. Yet, she had to hold back to preserve what was important to her.

Also, she knew that being in a relationship with Noah would inevitably force her to fight the best cultivators of that world. She would eventually vent her battle intent.

As for Noah, the army of ice figures entangled him in a battle once again.

Truth to be told, Noah didn't want to fight Icy Stare at that time. He had understood part of his weaknesses and accepted that he couldn't defeat her, so he desired to approach different experts now.

However, Icy Stare seemed set on fighting him even if she wasn't able to inflict critical injuries due to his tight defense.

Noah didn't understand the reason behind her fixation on him, but he went along with the battle since he had no intention to retreat. Even in a fight that he couldn't win, he would still express his individuality to its fullest.

Icy Stare didn't keep her intentions a secret. When the troops of the Empire started to retreat, and the figures made of ice stopped attacking, Noah heard her voice echoing in the area. "You are too troublesome to roam freely. I'll make you spend the rest of the war inside my ice."

Then, she left along with the rest of the defenders, leaving Noah in the middle of what seemed to be a cage made of ice.

Noah didn't answer her. He rarely spoke during a battle, and he had no interest in shouting after someone that was leaving. Yet, his aura was so sharp that the simple movement of his eyes shattered parts of the frozen sky around him.

It had been a long time since someone had tried to cage him, but he wasn't the human cultivators in need of teachings anymore. Now, he was a monster that she shouldn't have provoked.

#### [Chapter 852 852. Last battlefield](#)

The army of the invaders didn't lose much in that battle. Only the human troops had suffered due to the Swarming Piranha, but the heroic cultivators were mostly fine.

Also, the Empire only had one region left in its domain in the new continent. The three organizations were about to kick it out of the best territories in that world!

However, Noah didn't care about any of that.

The inscriptions of the Divine Deduction technique still shone inside his mind and consumed his mental energy to accelerate his thoughts. Countless ideas surged and vanished in fractions of instants as Noah reviewed his battles against Icy Stare.

He had already decided that his many projects would have to wait for him to create higher energy. Still, Icy Stare wanted to put him in a cage, and he wasn't going to let it happen.

The Empire was one step away from losing any claim over the new continent, but that didn't mean that the last battle would be easy. Instead, there was a high chance that the invading troops would have to struggle to conquer it.

The three organizations would take their time to prepare a thorough plan and gather more troops, and Noah guessed that they would need about six months.

That period was too short to increase his power substantially, and he would have to spend some years in hibernation if he forced the breakthrough of his body. Yet, Noah didn't need any extreme improvement. He just wanted to obtain something that could surprise his opponent.

Creating martial arts was an option, but their power would be underwhelming if he didn't fuse them with suitable spells. A living weapon could give him access to a new type of attack, but he knew that it would face the same rejections of the Blood Companions.

The truth was that cultivators wouldn't even think of creating something that made them capable of winning against an expert that was clearly above them. When they added only a few months to work with, such a project became even more unreasonable.

Being labeled as troublesome by an expert such as Icy Stare would even flatter them if they were in Noah's situation. After all, he had been a rank 5 cultivator for a little more than forty years, but he had already gained the recognition of the old monsters.

However, Noah was different. The sole idea that the Empire could think about caging him with a stronger opponent made his instincts scream in anger. His mind then turned those instincts in feelings that his aura expressed by radiating sharp destruction in the environment.

It was hard not to notice him. His mental waves were so dense that every heroic cultivator on the scene sensed them.

June stared at him with a cold expression, but she felt worried inside. She had already seen that expression on Noah's face many times in the past. It was the expression that he made when he was about to make something reckless to gain power faster.

The situation seemed even quite serious since Noah didn't try to sneak a peek at her when he turned toward the other Elders of the Hive. It was as if his whole being was set on an issue that he needed to solve.

Noah turned toward the Elders in the fifth rank and searched for a specific cultivator among them. He found Daniel in the back of a group led by Elder Justin, and he appeared fine except for the apparent tiredness that filled him.

Daniel saw Noah taking calm steps toward him, and a chill ran down his spine when he looked at his eyes. The sight of Noah's vertical pupils gave birth to an instinctive fear inside him.

Yet, when he reached him, Noah gave voice to words that Daniel would have never expected to hear. "I need your light."

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The armies returned in the territory with the Divine Stele and prepared for the final battle in the new continent.

The Elbas family started to hand its ointment to the human troops of all factions and tried to improve the countermeasures for the defensive formations showed by the Empire. The Elders of the Council practiced with the battle formations and shared specific strategies with the allied forces to improve their cooperation on the battlefield.

As for the Hive, it just reviewed the equipment of its heroic assets and made changes whenever cultivators showed improvements in their control over the living weapons. There were many of them still restricted in the inventories in the separate dimension, and most of them had a conscious Beast Core since they were the hardest to submit.

However, the Elders in the fourth rank that had survived through those battles had steeled their will and were ready to handle more complex and powerful weapons. The only issue was that they had only a few months to tame them and change their combat style to make use of their new asset.

On the other hand, Noah and Daniel had disappeared somewhere underground and didn't resurface at all during those months of preparation.

Faith had initially wanted to visit Noah during that period, and she had even proposed plans to sneak June into his quarters when she went to her tent. Yet, June had refused her offers, explaining with vague words that Noah wouldn't have been available until after the final battle.

In the end, it took seven months for everything to be ready, and the army of the three factions set off at that point to march toward the last territory of the new continent controlled by the Empire.

Noah and Daniel had resurfaced only a week before, but their centers of power didn't show any difference after that seclusion. The only thing that had changed was that Daniel looked far thinner than before as if he had exhausted himself in that period.

One week of rest though had been enough to make him recover part of his healthy appearance, and he showed no hesitation as he flew toward the battlefield among the other Elders in the fifth rank.

The army soon reached a thick forest that spread for the entirety of that region and blocked the view of the ground. The Empire had probably added some features on those trees too since they were able to stop mental waves from inspecting the terrain.

The troops of the Empire were waiting for the invaders and didn't show any emotion when they saw them charging at them. Even those powerful battle cries weren't enough to make them take a step back.

Noah soon found himself surrounded by familiar ice constructs. Icy Stare hadn't even waited for him to reach the enemy lines before unleashing her offensive on him.

Noah activated his usual set of spells and the Divine Deduction technique. His shape morphed into a scaled fiendish figure, and a sea of saber-shaped runes came out of his palm to fly around him.

Icy Stare had long since become used to his combat style and began to fly around him to freeze multiple parts of the sky. Yet, when Noah opened his mouth, the world around her lost its light.

### [Chapter 853 853. Fire](#)

The Cursed Dragons were a species of magical beasts that Heaven and Earth had punished due to the limitless potential of their flames. Noah had inherited that ability when he fused with one of their specimens, but he didn't rely too much on his fire since he often had stronger attacks available.

It merely was a matter of energies. The primary energy contained inside Noah's lungs fueled the flames and made them a powerful tool that he could use repeatedly. Still, they didn't match the might of his martial arts.

Noah would use his "Breath", his inscribed weapons, and his physical strength when executing his forms. The sheer power of his lungs couldn't match the energy released when he made use of all the tools of a cultivator.

His fire wasn't weak. It merely appeared limited when compared to all the abilities that a hybrid could wield.

However, it was still an ability that could break the fairness imposed by Heaven and Earth, and, as such, Noah had always valued it a lot. Its power could even surpass the level of his body, but it still increased alongside it.

The requirements of his lungs weren't even harsh. Noah would autonomously absorb the light around him and redirect it to the organs that produced the flames. Yet, that didn't mean that there weren't ways to quicken their growth.

During the seven months spent underground, Noah had asked Daniel to radiate his light so that he could bathe inside it. That created a training area where his lungs could absorb one of the purest lights available in the world.

It was needless to say that his lungs had surpassed the level of his body in that period. They had become able to produce flames that only rank 5 magical beasts in the upper tier could create. Also, since they were only an isolated body part, Noah didn't need to go through the usual hibernation to claim that power.

Of course, that tilted the harmony that he had reached when he transformed in the other Mortal Lands, but his body was already nearing the upper tier, so that wasn't a significant issue. His long sleep would reestablish the synchrony that he had chosen to lose to obtain that increase of power.

Icy Stare's vision went dark for an instant, but she didn't lose her focus due to that sudden event. She could understand what was happening around her through her consciousness and connection to her spells.

The frozen figures between her and Noah melted, and even the area of the sky that she had turned into ice became nothing more than air during that short instant of blindness. An extreme danger filled her mind too at that moment, and she instinctively retreated to escape from the incoming mass of destruction that was nearing her position at high speed.

The light returned to her world soon, and her eyes could finally see the fiendish figure pouncing at her with his swords raised.

It didn't take her much to understand that she couldn't avoid a direct clash.

Icy Stare summoned all her power to freeze the area around her. She created a series of constructs that stood between her and her opponent in a defensive stance. Yet, Noah stopped, and four additional arms rose from his scaled armor to wield the copies of the Demonic Sword that he had generated during his charge.

The dangerous sensation inside Icy Stare's mind only intensified at that sight, and she promptly detonated her construct to weaken the power of the attack that was about to appear. She even used her remaining ice to build a protective wall that would block the shockwaves released during the explosion.

A loud noise echoed through the battlefield as shards of ice shot in every direction. The shockwaves that spread from the epicenter of the detonation also dispersed part of the black cloud, revealing Noah's figure.

Nevertheless, they didn't manage to stop his attack.

An empty space appeared between Noah and Icy Stare as he slashed downward. All the shards in that path vanished as if they had never been there in the first place.

The wall in front of the expert of the Empire couldn't block the attack either, and a large, vertical fissure divided it into two parts before reducing its structure to simple shards.

A long cut appeared on Icy Stare. The wound ran from her shoulder to her left foot, digging deep into her muscles.

A layer of ice soon appeared on her injury and stopped the massive amount of blood that was about to leave her body.

Icy Stare's gulped a mouthful of blood that had tried to climb her throat and retreated. She knew far too well that her last attack hadn't been enough to stop the monster on the other side of the shards.

As if answering to her reaction, Noah charged through the shards floating in the sky and flew toward her. The maws of his fiendish figure were wide open as he pressed forward, and a thin gray smoke came out of them before being consumed by the dark gas released by the Demonic Form.

Icy Stare's timing had been perfect. In normal circumstances, Noah wouldn't have been able to reach her, which would have given her time to prepare a countermeasure to his new attack.

However, Noah's flames now had the power of a rank 5 creature in the upper tier.

Icy Stare's vision became dark again before a burning sensation enveloped her skin. She felt her body burn in the middle of an intense fire that reopened her last injury too.

Ice quickly formed above her skin to defend against that heat, but even her defensive spell didn't seem able to block that heat. The protective layer of ice melted before her body returned to burn.

The light returned to the world once again, and Icy Stare could see that the faint shapes of white flames were burning on top of her skin, leaving hideous injuries in the process. She didn't have to analyze that fire to know that it was above her level.

Steam started to come out from Icy Stare's body at that point. Wrinkles appeared on her charred skin as her pores released that foggy gas that pushed the flames away.

At that moment, she realized that the flames weren't completely white. They were faint, almost ethereal, but they burned stronger than any other fire she had seen in her life.

The flames dispersed, but her body had paid a heavy price. Icy Stare had suddenly become an elderly woman.

Nevertheless, Noah hadn't stopped charging ahead while she was busy defending against his flames. Before she could even heave a sigh, Noah was already on top of her, slashing with the divided Demonic Sword.

Noah severed his opponent in two and stretched his hand to reach for her dantian. Yet, a red halo enveloped the two bloody halves before he could touch them.

#### [Chapter 854 854. Retrea](#)

The two bloody halves of Icy Stare's corpse started to morph as the red halo kept them floating in the sky. Their size grew, and a layer of gray hair appeared over her maimed robe.

Noah instinctively took a step back. He had never seen anything like that, but he knew that the effect of some inscription.

As he focused on the rest of the battlefield, he noticed that there were other areas where the same red halo had surrounded the corpses of the dead heroic cultivators of the Empire.

The Elders of the Hive and the Council were as confused as him at that sight. Yet, their eyes didn't linger too much on those events. They looked for the leader of the troops of the Elbas family.

Andrew was aware of what was happening on the battlefield, but even he found it hard to hide his surprise. His expression was a mixture of curiosity, amazement, and greed as he stared at that red light.

The gazes of his allies forced him to snap out of his thoughts. He had to the situation through the notebooks that the Royals had spread among the troops.

"This is the Second Life formation. We can't win this time, but we must fight anyway." Andrew said.

His explanation ended there, but the other higher-ups of the army had learnt to know him reasonably well in that period of battles. They knew that his knowledge was incredible when it came to inscriptions and that they should trust his judgment.

Noah couldn't trust a member of the Elbas family, but he respected his expertise enough to do as he said. His attention though didn't leave the halved corpse of his opponent, which had transformed entirely in those seconds.

Icy Stare's corpse had disappeared, and the maimed body of an ape-type magical beast had taken its place. The red halo began to vanish at that point, and Noah flew under it to grab the corpse when it started to fall. The two bloody halves of the ape's body landed in his arms when the effect of the inscription vanished, and Noah could finally analyze that creature.

The ape had been cut in half, but what surprised Noah the most was that its skin had the same kind of injuries that he had inflicted on Icy Stare. Under the layer of hair, he saw signs of burn and aging that were a perfect copy of what his opponent had endured during the battle.

'What is even happening?' Noah thought as he kept analyzing the beast.

Countless ideas surged in his mind as he tried to understand the purpose of that inscription. The Divine Deduction technique was still active too, so it didn't take him much to come up with a few hypotheses.



'The trigger of the inscription is the death of a heroic cultivator,' Noah thought as he gazed at the ground. The human cultivators of the Empire kept on fighting and dying under the assault of the invaders, but no red halo came for their corpses.

'According to the name given by Andrew, this should be a life-saving formation specifically meant for heroic cultivators.' Noah concluded in his mind. 'Yet, not for all of them.'

Noah turned his eyes on the battlefield and noticed that the halo didn't engulf all the corpses of the enemy heroic cultivators. It seemed to reach only for half of them, which turned into ape-type creatures too before falling lifelessly toward the ground.

The sole idea that something like that existed made Noah concerned. There were so many majestic and miraculous aspects of the inscription methods that he ignored completely.

Yet, he knew that they had to respect the fairness imposed by Heaven and Earth, which meant the price to pay to save the lives of those heroic cultivators had to be enormous.

'What is the value of a cultivator in the fifth rank?' Noah questioned himself as he looked toward the forest that covered his view of the ground. He was almost sure that an intricate formation was right there, but he couldn't be certain that it was connected to the red halo.

Noah suppressed his thoughts after a few seconds. The war was still happening around him, and the Empire had just started to activate its defensive measures. The victory was not in sight.

Three blue pillars formed in the air and radiated their destructive light to push back the invading troops. Hundreds of shadows set off from the forest and joined the battles in the sky. Powerful hybrids came out of the terrain and roared as they flew toward the first target in the heroic ranks that they could find.

The intensity of those defensive measures was on a completely different level compared to the others seen in the other territories. It was as if the Empire considered that region as its headquarters in the same way as the Hive saw the forest of White Woods.

It wasn't a surprise. Each one of the four organizations had invested a lot in the first territories that they colonized, turning them into proper strongholds that were extremely hard to conquer. Only a series of attacks aimed to deplete the reserves of energy that fueled them could lead to a victory.

The Elders of the Council used their battle formations to block the blue pillars, but they managed to prevent only two of them from affecting the environment. The last one unleashed its full might on the invading troops, injuring them and pushing them back.

Only a couple of assets died in the process, but they had already been injured in the battles. All the others had reacted in time since they were used to that blue light by then.

The shadows had never been a real issue in the other territories, but they were a real problem there. Facing hundreds of copies of heroic cultivators was hard even if those shadows could only perform the same attack over and over again.

Also, there were still the other cultivators of the Empire to mind, so the invaders couldn't just take care of the shadows first.

The hybrids were a problem too. There were far more of them compared to the battle on the mountain chain, even if there was the same number of specimens in the fifth rank.

The invaders forced did their best to kill as many cultivators of the Empire as they could and deplete the resources used by the formations. Still, it quickly became apparent that they were slowly losing their positive trend in that battle.

There were too many defenses to face, and some of them were a threat to rank 5 cultivators. Also, the fact that the red halo replaced some corpses of the defeated with apes made the invaders feel dejected about whether there was even a possibility to win.

Because of those factors, no one felt surprised when Andrew, Elder Regina, and Elder Julia ordered a general retreat. The first battle for the last territory of the Empire in the new continent went on the defenders.

### [Chapter 855 855. Hawks](#)

"The Second Life formation trades the life of powerful beings to save another one," Andrew Elbas explained as the rank 5 cultivators of the three factions stood around him. "It transfers the injuries suffered by cultivators to the designed sacrifices. It can even undo their deaths if they are willing to give up to part of their cultivation level and potential."

Everyone listened to him while wearing complex expressions. Even the other experts of the Elbas family felt conflicting emotions appearing inside them as they learnt about that miraculous inscription method.

Noah could barely believe what he heard too. After all, Andrew was speaking of something akin to a resurrection!

The cultivation world had created wonders, but a tool that allowed beings in the heroic ranks to avoid death even after being killed seemed too much.

Yet, Andrew Elbas had no doubts about the functioning of the Second Life formation. According to his words, it was a legendary inscription method that appeared only in myths dated more than ten thousand years.

The powerhouses of the past knew about it and had tried to get their hands on that life-saving formation. Many rank 6 cultivators would be willing to sacrifice their millenary accumulation for the chance of cheating death, and some of them would even use their organizations as the price for their rebirth.

The cultivators at the peak of the heroic ranks only had eyes for the sky and the higher plane behind it. There were many of them willing to do almost anything to survive the Tribulations for the divine ranks.

"How do we counter it?" Elder Julia asked as she broke the silence that had followed Andrew's explanation.

The Royal shook his head and replied without minding the hesitant expressions that had begun to appear on the experts around him. "We can only keep fighting until the Empire consumes all its sacrifices. This is a divine formation. Ants like us can't break inscriptions at that level."

The meeting ended a few minutes after that line, and the cultivators of the three forces returned to their habitations to prepare for what would be a war of attrition. With the tremendous defensive measures and the Second Life formation, that was the only option left to the invading forces.

The blue pillars and the shadows used Obsidian Credits and other items capable of storing "Breath" to work. They couldn't exhaust that resource since the Empire had accumulated riches for centuries.

However, the hybrids and the Second Life formation were different. The invaders could force the Empire to a point where it couldn't make use of them anymore.

The second battle for the last territory of the Empire in the new continent began two months after the first one.

The cultivators on the defending side that had died the last time stood proudly among the other soldiers. Still, it was evident that their resurrection hadn't been entirely harmless.

Noah stared at the distant Icy Stare. There were a few wrinkles on the exposed parts of her skin, and her hair had lost part of its bright golden color. There was even a faint mark on her forehead, precisely in the spot where Noah's attack had landed the last time.

Also, she appeared weaker than before. Her cultivation level wasn't at the peak of the gaseous stage anymore, but it neared that limit.

The other cultivators who had been resurrected showed similar features. They all had scars on their bodies, and their cultivation level was lower compared to the last time.

'Even with these drawbacks,' Noah thought as he analyzed the enemy army, 'This is still an inscription able to resurrect heroic cultivators.'

The Hive had consulted Thirty-seven during the two months of preparation before that battle, but the automaton could only confirm the pieces of information conveyed by Andrew. There wasn't a way to break that miraculous inscription method without the help of someone that was at least half-step inside the divine ranks.

Of course, the Second Life formation wasn't perfect. It would go against the fairness of Heaven and Earth otherwise. The version used by the Empire had other flaws too, which underlined the drawbacks of that inscription on that occasion.

Yet, the cultivators of the Empire could always recover their previous level of power. The most important thing was to preserve their lives.

The battle started, and the armies found themselves creating various battlefields where groups of cultivators fought against each other.

Noah wanted to fight Icy Stare again. He didn't care that she knew about his flames now since that two months weren't enough to come up with a countermeasure that targeted his powerful attack.

Nevertheless, she completely ignored him and joined a group battle against the cultivators of the Council.

Noah found himself alone, without an opponent in the middle of a battlefield. Various fights occurred around him, but no one had come specifically for him.

'Did they decide to leave me free to act as I want?' Noah thought as a cold smirk appeared on his face. If the Empire gave him the possibility to fly freely among the battles, he would surely use that chance to get his hands on powerful dantians.

However, roars suddenly echoed through the battlefield, and Noah understood why the Empire hadn't deigned itself to provide him with an opponent.

Two rank 5 hybrids flew toward him. They were a pair of Sonic Hawks with a body in the middle tier and other centers of power at the beginning of the fifth rank.

They were four meters tall and had a series of brown feathers that started to reveal shades of red when they reached their heads. Also, they were almost identical, as if the cultivators that had transformed into those creatures had been twins.

Of course, they had inscribed chains around their necks, but they didn't seem to hinder their flight.

Noah didn't even have the time to curse before those creatures opened their beaks and released sharp sounds that forced him to focus his consciousness on his ears. He didn't dare to use his hands to hinder that noise because he knew the innate behavior of the Sonic Hawks.

Something similar to an explosion resounded on the battlefield as the hybrids accelerated. Noah couldn't follow their movements at that point, but he raised his divided Demonic Sword anyway as a scaled armor began to cover him.

Then, the world in that area lost its light for a brief instant.

When the light returned, the two Sonic Hawks had already flown past Noah after leaving two grave injuries on his shoulders. However, some of their feathers had vanished. There were even burns on those that had remained attached to their bodies.

Sonic Hawks were famous for destabilizing their prey with sharp noises before resorting to a sudden acceleration meant to exploit that opening. That was the reason why Noah had decided to raise his living weapon to protect his vital organs before surrounding himself with his ethereal white flames.

#### [Chapter 856 856. Noise](#)

Two cuts on his shoulders were noting if they allowed Noah to put his opponents in a worse position than him.

He had never fought two rank 5 magical beasts at the same time, and the creatures facing him in that situation were even hybrids. Yet, for Noah, they were just food that he had to obtain.

The only issue about fighting hybrids was that their physical might could rival his own. The fact that there were two of them with that power meant that the battle would be long and could lead to various injuries if he wasn't careful.

Engaging in such a fight in the middle of a battlefield was dangerous for various reasons. After all, someone had already tried to ambush Noah once. However, he couldn't just give up on the possibility of obtaining those powerful corpses along with their dantians.

Noah didn't activate the Divine Deduction technique. He knew how those creatures acted already, and he could handle the spells in their possession without enhancing his mind.

Also, he had to preserve as much mental energy as he could in case someone tried to sneak up on him.

He didn't hold back his other spells though. A sea of saber-shaped runes quickly surrounded him, and a black dot formed in his palm only to float upward to hover above his head. A series of Ghostly Sabers appeared around him too and pointed their tips at the Sonic Hawks that had already turned to face him.

Trails of gray smoke came out of the fiendish mouth of his draconic helmet as he prepared his flames. Just the slight touch with his fire had made the two Hawks lose a large number of feathers, which acted as protection in that species. A direct attack would probably cause a critical injury in those hybrids.

The only issue was that they were too fast for him to land a direct hit with his flames. They had even survived the direct contact with them thanks to their fantastic acceleration.

The Sonic Hawks released another cry, and Noah felt his consciousness struggling to maintain its focus on the two figures that had suddenly accelerated in his direction. The "Breath" in their dantians had improved their innate ability so much that they could even affect Noah's mind!

Yet, Noah had already raised his weapons and surrounded himself with his flames, ready to receive their attack and counter-attack.

The Hawks flew past him, piercing the layer of flames and leaving two deep marks on the sides of his waist. Blood started to come out of his injuries, but Noah's attention had never moved from the chains that bound those hybrids to the fissures on the ground.

As soon as he sensed the pain coming from his waist, he let go of his weapon and stretched his hand, tightening his grasp when he felt something metallic touching his fingers.

Noah flew backward, pulled by the momentum of one of the Hawks as he kept his hand on the chain linked to its neck. The speed that he reached in those short instants forced him to close his eyes, but his consciousness remained vigilant.

The Sonic Hawk understood that something was wrong when it sensed that its speed was decreasing, but a wave of flames suddenly enveloped it and forced its flight to a stop. With the inscribed chain held tightly in his grasp, Noah could aim his innate ability with high precision, and he didn't fail to hit the hybrid that had just become aware of his presence.

A series of loud cries spread through the battlefield as the Hawk screeched in pain. That noise claimed the attention of the other hybrid, which didn't hesitate to echo that sound and direct it to the human that had hurt its companion.

Noah felt as if his eardrums were about to explode. The sound attacks of those creatures were almost unbearable when he was too close to them. Yet, he didn't let go of the chain and began to pull to put a stop to his target's flight.

The Hawk in the middle of the white flames never stopped screeching, and Noah felt as if blades were piercing the insides of his mental sphere as he endured those sounds. He wasn't in a position to cast any other ability at that moment, but he could control those that he had already created.

The saber-shaped runes and the Ghostly Sabers shot toward the burning figure that was still struggling to escape from the force that was restraining it. The spells lost part of their power as they ventured through the flames, but they managed to inflict a series of grave injuries anyway.

The feathers had mostly turned into ashes by the time his spells landed on the Hawk's body. So, they could pierce its skin and destabilize the internal organs quite quickly.

His target though still struggled and even increased the intensity of its sound attacks. Its companion did the same as he began to speak in a human voice. "Let my brother go!"

Noah perceived those words as hammers that slammed on the walls of his sea of consciousness. They made him lose the focus of the spells that were piercing the Hawk in front of him. His left eardrum even popped as those noises kept on targeting him.

The creature in front of Noah was almost dead by then, but he wanted to deliver the final blow quickly. After all, that was still a two versus one situation.

The two hybrids continued to scream as Noah kept on pulling the inscribed chains. His right eardrum popped too as he endured that loud noise, but the claws of the Hawk were already in his reach.

Noah stretched his free hand to grab one of the hybrid's legs, and he held it still as if waiting for someone to help him put an end to the battle.

Of course, Noah already had something like that.

The Demonic Sword had reached Noah quite fast, and it didn't hesitate to fly toward the charred body that he was keeping still in his grasp. The movement of his flying weapon was decisive as it went for the throat of the hybrid.

Noah had planned that already, and he didn't act surprised when he saw the headless corpse of the Sonic Hawk. He simply stored it alongside its falling head.

The other hybrid released an inhuman cry at that scene, and Noah felt another hammer slamming on his mental sphere even if he couldn't hear anything with his ears. Yet, his consciousness made up for his broken eardrums and pointed him in the direction of the creature.

Noah turned to face the incoming hybrid that had begun to accelerate toward him. It was flying in a straight line, which created the perfect situation to use another mental attack.

The walls of his mental sphere trembled, and an ethereal saber formed in the air. The Mental Saber spell then flew toward his opponent that promptly tilted its wings to escape that threatening mental attack.

As it passed next to Noah, the Hawk left three bloody marks on his right arm.

[Chapter 857 857. Opposite mind](#)

The remaining Sonic Hawk didn't use only its physical strength and its enhanced innate abilities in the last attack. It had used one of the spells in its possession during that charge.

The chains that kept it bound to the ground began to shine as the anger for the death of its brother filled the hybrid's mind. The inscribed item tried to suppress its instincts from taking control of its mental faculties, but the emotions of the Hawk were too intense and kept on fueling its insanity.

Nevertheless, that didn't seem to stop it from using spells.

Noah's eyes sharpened when he saw the cuts on his arms. Generally speaking, a hybrid taken over by its emotions would rely on its beast side to fight. Yet, the Hawk had used even its human side in the previous charge.

'This should be impossible,' Noah thought as he stared at the creature that was turning to face him again. According to his experience, no hybrid could cast spells during those moments of insanity. Their thoughts would regress and appear in the form of pure instincts, which prevented the creation of diagrams inside the mental spheres.

'Is this because of the laws?' He wondered. That scene led him to consider the particular mental state that he had achieved during the transformation as the cause of that phenomenon. Still, the rank 6 ancestor inside the castle at the end of the continent would have obtained similar results if something like that was enough to control the mental instabilities.

'Maybe, it is a matter of variables.' Noah concluded as he saw the Hawk preparing to charge at him again.

The inscribed chains, a mind wandering in the world of the laws, the experience accumulated in those decades, and that last trauma forced the Sonic Hawk's mental sphere to reach a higher state. It still acted and thought as a beast, but its instincts seemed able to understand that its mind had access to more powerful attacks.

It was as if the mind of the Hawk had evolved after its brother's death, and it was aware of the spells stored in its memories. It had turned the knowledge that the hybrid had accumulated as a human into instincts that it could use in battle.

'Complete awareness, but in the form of instincts,' Noah thought before raising his weapon to face his opponent. 'The exact opposite of me.'

Noah knew that he represented only one side of the hybrids. He was a specimen that had chosen the path of the humans, of the individualities.

Instead, the natives of the other Mortal Lands had followed their ancestors' footsteps, becoming hybrid that pursued the path of the magical beasts.

Noah's path made him become an existence outside of Heaven and Earth's system, while the natives were still inside of it, even if as its natural enemy.

There wasn't right or wrong in those paths. Both of them led to power and could reach the divine ranks. However, Noah hadn't considered the possibility that even their minds could evolve in the opposite direction.

Of course, his interest wasn't purely academic. He had sworn to Danielle that he would fix the unavoidable mental instabilities of the hybrids inside the Hive, so he had to expand his knowledge about that topic.

The hybrid had the chains of the Empire binding it though, so Noah couldn't capture it alive to study it thoroughly.

'What a pity,' Noah sighed as he spat a wave of flames to surround his figure.

The feathers on the Sonic Hawk's body rose and became a spiked armor that it tilted in Noah's direction. Their tips cut the air and created large cracks in the sky, and its speed increased too due to the effects of spells that it vaguely remembered.

However, all that expression of power didn't scare Noah.

He couldn't follow the hybrid's movements with his eyes. Still, he could predict where its attacks were going to land due to the cloud of corrosive smoke and the intense flames that surrounded his figure.

As soon as Noah sensed some movements inside his area of destruction, he unleashed the Black Hole spell, his saber-shaped runes, and the remaining Ghostly Sabers in the spot right after that.

An explosion occurred, and Noah fixed his feet on the darkness under them to resist the repulsive force generated by the detonation of his dark sphere. The armor of smoke around him dispersed as the shockwaves reached him, but the layer of flames had already weakened them. His body suffered virtually no damage in that exchange.

When the sky reformed and the situation calmed down, Noah found the Sonic Hawk hovering weakly at some distance from him. Its body was a mess, and it had lost all its feathers during the explosion. Countless cuts filled its skin too, and there was blood coming out of its beak.

The hybrid had almost died in one attack, but it wasn't its fault. Noah had released the spells that had fed on primary energy since the beginning of the battle. The Hawk didn't have any chance against that.

Yet, the fact that it had survived proved how resilient hybrids were compared to humans. After all, Noah's attack was something that only rank 5 cultivators at the peak of the gaseous stage could launch.

Most experts would die if all those spells were to hit them directly at the same time. Their bodies would disintegrate even before the explosion.

The hybrid didn't seem intentioned to give up on its revenge and stared at Noah with a gaze full of hatred. That emotion was something that only Noah could recognize since he was a hybrid himself, and his mind could notice the various features of its expression even if it had the head of a bird.

Nevertheless, it was too weak to do anything other than remaining in the air.

Noah neared it, and his hand shot to close its beak when he saw that the Hawk wanted to use another sound attack. Both his eardrums had popped during that battle, and it would take them a while to heal. He didn't want to worsen the injury now that the fight was over.

A quick slash severed its head from the rest of its body. Without the feathers to defend it, the skin of the Hawk was slightly softer compared to beasts on a similar level.



The inscribed chain fell toward the ground as Noah stored its corpse after taking out its dantian. The body of the other hybrid appeared in his hands too, and he proceeded on taking its dantian away before storing it again.

The Sonic Hawks were too fast for him, and their annoying sound attacks had forced him to store the dantian of the first opponent for when the battle was over. That organ had lost some power inside the space-ring, but it still met the standards of the fifth rank.

Then, Noah threw the two organs in his mouth and gulped as he turned to look at the rest of the battlefield.

### [Chapter 858 858. Over](#)

The surge of energy that filled Noah's body forced his injuries to stop bleeding in a matter of seconds, but his overall condition didn't improve. He was still deaf and with a series of deep cuts that had yet to start to heal.

He could still fight. The consciousness of the heroic cultivators acted as a sort of sixth sense that could replicate the other five. However, it was a bit different for Noah since his body was an essential part of his increased awareness, and facing a rank 5 cultivator without one of his senses wouldn't be smart.

Everyone appeared rather busy though. The various groups of experts faced each other in careful battles filled with long-range spells that had a wide area of effect.

Both sides were taking a slow approach for different reasons. The Empire wanted to hurt and kill as many heroic cultivators as it could to delay the invasion, while the three forces wanted to deplete the reserves of their opponent.

A war of attrition was bound to bring the mental state of both armies to the limit, but there wasn't any other option since it was impossible to conquer that region in a single battle. The defenses in that place were too tight.

However, those defensive measures were already starting to crumble. Noah had killed two hybrids in the fifth rank, and the other heroic cultivators were obtaining similar achievements throughout the battlefield.

The invader's side was still more potent than the Empire's even with all those protections in place. The three forces only had to tear apart every defense without losing too many troops to consider the war a success.

The only real problem in those battles was the Second Life formation, which prevented them from securing kills on powerful heroic assets that created difficulties in every group.

It was evident that the Empire had linked the formation only to the cultivators that it couldn't afford to lose if it hoped to thrive once the war moved to the old continent. Losing its most powerful assets to weaken the enemy forces was a waste that would endanger its future as one of the leading organizations of the world.

The invaders would suffer injuries and waste precious inscribed items to kill powerful enemies only to see a red halo covering their corpses.

Knowing that their opponents weren't dead was a blow to their morals, but the worst part was that they had to target them to deplete the sacrifices required by the inscription method. There was already a list that took track of all the assets linked to the Second Life formation, but there were always more appearing as the fights continued.

It was as if the noticeable warriors among the troops of the Empire were immortals that they would have to fight and kill multiple times to take over that region.

Another awful aspect was that the dead would maintain their memories after their resurrection. That gave them insights on the battle styles and formations of the invaders, which were essential data to improve their performance in future fights.

The second battle in that territory was already harsher than the first one when it came to the group fights, and that could only become worse as the invaders kept attacking.

However, there was no way out of it. Only a slow and constant siege would eventually force the Empire to retreat.

In the end, Noah decided not to chase after other rank 5 cultivators. The possibility to obtain dantians was tempting, but his safety had to come first.

The second battle ended soon, and the two armies separated in an orderly way to return to their respective bases. The various leaders set up plans and strategies to better contain their losses, but there wasn't much to say to those now experienced troops. Everyone knew their role by then.

The third battle happened two months later after Noah and the other injured experts had healed their wounds and returned to their peak.

Noah found himself facing hybrids again, but there was only one of them at that time. It was another creature in the middle tier and with centers of power in the fifth rank.

His opponent was a ten meters tall Armored Elephant, a peculiar species that could control the earth element in the environment to create metallic defensive layers over its skin.

At the sight of that opponent, Noah could finally understand why the Empire didn't want to send cultivators against him but just wanted to keep him outside of its assets. Icy Stare had labeled him as "troublesome", but the truth was that his level of power was too uncertain about sending an appropriate opponent against him.

Even as a cultivator that had reached the fifth rank less than fifty years ago, Noah was extremely resourceful. He would improve after each battle, and he would always come up with ways to defeat his opponents if he fought them multiple times.

Peaceful Storm had lost his centennial accumulation of talismans, Furious Water had injured himself to match his blows, and his sword had taken Countless Wings and Silent Lightning's lives. Only Icy Stare had managed to suppress him for a while, but Noah had eventually found a way to kill her, even if the Second Life formation protected her.

Sending more cultivators against him would only go against the idea of preserving the lives of the heroic assets pursued by the Empire. Also, using someone in the liquid stage would weaken the other fronts of the battlefield, where the invading forces already had the advantage.

It was better to sacrifice hybrids to keep him away from the cultivators. The Empire had never thought about bringing them to the old continent anyway.

Noah didn't mind fighting hybrids. Their dantians weaker than those of the other cultivators and contained a less nourishing form of "Breath", but they were also easier to obtain.

Those hybrids were threatening for any human at the same level, but they were nothing more than prey for him since he could match their physical strength. He could make use of strategies that cultivators belonging to the human species couldn't apply.

The third battle went by almost in the same way as the second one, with the only difference that the Empire had finally started to feel the losses suffered in the previous two fights.

The fourth battle started two months after the previous conflict, and so did the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh.

The same events happened in each of them, with the invaders slowly driving the Empire into a corner, and the defenders doing their best to damage the incredible army created with the joint effort of three organizations.

Noah had always faced hybrids in those fights, and his allies had become so used to it that they would directly ignore any chained creature coming out of the ground. His breakthrough neared faster due to all the dantians eaten in that period, but everything ended in the eighth battle when the Empire detonated the entire forest to cover its retreat in the old continent.

#### [Chapter 859 859. Shares](#)

The Empire had finally given up on its last territory in the new continent, but the heroic assets of the three factions didn't waste time in celebrations just yet.

The detonation of the forest had affected countless human assets on both sides, but no heroic cultivator seemed to care about their well-being as they dived toward the ground.

There was a priceless piece of knowledge hidden under the burning trunks and the vast column of gray smoke that rose from the terrain. The Second Life formation was too powerful to give up on retrieving it just because the Empire had decided to burn everything.

Even a few sets of lines would have great value in the hands of those experts. Reconstructing the entire formation just with them would be impossible, but it was the beginning of a project that could eventually lead to the possibility of cheating death!

However, the Empire had been thorough with its destruction. It didn't leave anything valuable for its enemies to plunder.

The war that had seen the experts of the world fighting to kick the Empire out of the new continent had ended. Yet, the losses on both sides had been so devastating that such outcome barely felt like a triumph.

Many heroic cultivators had died, and the various clashes had required countless resources to provide protection and fight the defensive measures in place. The losses on the human assets had been massive too, which would inevitably lead to slow growth in the following years.

Wars were expensive, and the only ones that could benefit from a victory often were the future generations of cultivators since they would have access to a broader range of resources and territories. Yet, for the current age, the only assets that had gained something were those that had a water aptitude.

The gains of the invaders were a large chunk of territories, the space-rings of the fallen, and the Divine Stele. Also, the experts that had survived the battles had acquired a lot of experience when it came to fighting in the heroic ranks and expressing themselves.

Those heroic cultivators were bound to have a more natural way toward the higher ranks from that point onward. After all, nothing could beat real life-threatening struggles when it came to improving their understanding of themselves.

All of that would take time, but the three organizations weren't in a hurry to chase after the Empire in the old continent.

The Empire had controlled the central areas of the landmass for millennia. No one knew what to expect from the home of a force that had been able to put to use two formations that belonged to myths and legends.

There was even the countless number of slaves that worked to keep its economy running!

Everyone in the invading forces believed that they would have to face stronger opposition in the old continent, but there was no point in attacking now that they were at their weakest.

They had just severed every connection of the Empire from the most valuable landmass of the world. Its growth was bound to stagnate now that they had isolated it back in its original home.

Meanwhile, the three forces could grow and recover from the losses suffered during the war and even aim to surpass their original peak. They had too many possibilities at hand now that they could divide the entirety of the new continent among the three of them.

The three factions had already decided to build a neutral city around the stele. It would have a political system similar to that once enforced in the Coral Archipelago, but the control of the central governments would be stricter to avoid another Hive.

They would even assign the territories according to how close the domains of each faction were to them. The Hive, for example, would obtain control of a large part of the central areas since it controlled the opposite coast.

Of course, the width of those territories depended on the actual value that they had. Since the central regions were still mostly barren, the Hive ended up obtaining the largest share of land among the three factions.

Those long battles ended up improving the political relationships among the three forces. There were still unforgivable grudges between specific assets, but the presence of a common enemy not too far away forced them to stick together in a sort of natural alliance.

Also, there was always the threat that the records about the god of the Empire were wrong. The god could always return to the Mortal Lands in a matter of decades instead of millennia.

That unknown variable was the connection that the three invading forces shared, and that compelled them to remain in peaceful terms if the god returned and requested a price for their arrogance.

Noah didn't care too much about the division of the spoils of war since most of those resources didn't concern him directly. None of the fallen had a darkness aptitude, and most of the riches in their space-rings would go in the inventories of the three organizations.

He could ask for a list of those gains later on and take what interested him.

What mattered for him now was to absorb all the insights that he had gained during the battles. He had to make the necessary preparation for the breakthrough of his body too. He also needed to create his higher energy so that he could start working on all the projects that he had in mind.

After conveying his intentions to Elder Julia, Noah left the battlefield to return to his dome in the territory next to the lava lake.

Noah didn't do much at the beginning of his seclusion. He spent most of his time eating, cultivating, and using the Divine Deduction technique to evaluate his possible approaches to the creation of the higher energy.

He also went out to hunt at times, but he didn't eat all his prey since he needed to store some of them to feed the Demonic Sword during his period of hibernation.

The truth was that Noah could approach the limits of the middle tier far sooner. After all, he had eaten many dantians in the battle for the last territory. His stash of magical beasts and hybrids had even refilled after the experiments with the living weapons.

Yet, he had to improve his mind first, or he would end up like the natives, which was an outcome that he wouldn't risk.

The only issue was that he didn't know how strong his mind had to be to control the instincts of a creature in the upper tier. That forced him to abuse the innate properties of his mental energy for a few months before he felt confident in taking the last step toward the breakthrough.

In the end, he ate until familiar drowsiness enveloped his mind and put him in a deep sleep.

#### [Chapter 860 860. Ambassador](#)

Noah dreamt. The images that he saw in his sleep mostly concerned the life of the Cursed Dragon species, but there were also pictures originating from his connection with the Demonic Sword.

He saw his underground quarters through the senses of his weapon. He felt its hunger and the emotions that filled it when it stabbed its body inside the pile of magical beasts' corpses that Noah had left there.

In his erratic moments of awareness, Noah understood that his body was becoming used to the evolution of his existence. He wasn't just a hybrid anymore. He was an existence that was bound to become a law outside of Heaven and Earth's system if he kept on growing.

The memories of the Cursed Dragon species were not enough to represent the state that his body was reaching, especially after it had been in contact with his darkness and Demonic Sword for so long.

Among those images and sporadic awareness, Noah began to feel some eagerness for the sixth rank.

There was a pattern in the changes in his body. The breakthroughs between the various tiers would only bring slight modifications, other than a massive increase in his physical might.

Those were just attempts that his body made to harmonize itself with the rest of his centers of power, but the real changes happened when he advanced between the ranks.

His mental energy had changed during the breakthrough in the fifth rank, and the walls of his dantian had become far sturdier as his body improved. Something similar was bound to happen when he reached the sixth rank, but the changes wouldn't concern just his dragon part at that point.

Noah expected to see an actual harmonization with his evolving individuality, something that would sever his ties with the other hybrids and put him in a league of his own even from an anatomical perspective.

However, he knew even in his sleep that his breakthrough to the upper tier would increase the requirements of his body to unthinkable standards.

Noah woke up among the silence of his underground quarters, with the Demonic Sword releasing a happy roar as soon as it sensed that he had regained his awareness completely. His hunger though was so intense that he couldn't mind the affectionate gestures of his weapons.

A series of rank 5 corpses appeared in front of him, and Noah didn't hesitate to dive into them. The Demonic Sword began to fly around him protectively when it understood the state that he was in, and it didn't even try to take a bite of the food on the ground.

Noah devoured corpse after corpse, but his hunger didn't flinch. It continued to assail his mind as if it was an urge that he had to satisfy if he didn't want to go insane.

More corpses appeared on the ground in front of him, and Noah continued to take massive bites without even bothering to munch them. They would turn into primary energy as soon as they entered his stomach anyway, so any other action was just a waste of time.

His hunger calmed down only after he ate his tenth magical beast in the lower tier of the fifth rank, and he could finally relax to assess his gains at that point.

His attention went on his other centers of power first. He didn't have the chance to train his dantian during that period of hibernation. Still, his mind had improved thanks to the incredible quantity of spherical runes that applied constant internal pressure.

Noah's sea of consciousness had improved steadily and without any issue. Its walls had even regained some of the sturdiness lost when he abused the innate properties of his mental energy.

The runes worked well as an alternative method to the Kesier runes, even if they couldn't match their efficiency and safety.

'They can be the foundation for a new technique,' Noah thought. 'I need to review the basics of the Kesier runes with Thirty-seven. My expertise should have reached a point where I can create a weaker version, at least.'

Noah had initially created the spherical runes because he wanted to improve his control over the primary energy and see if he could fuse his inscription methods. However, after training in the technique of the natives, he had used them only to enlarge his mental sphere.

Yet, the Kesier runes were a pure expression of power according to the automaton, and he felt confident that he could turn his second success in the Will-consuming runes into something similar.

His attention eventually went on his body, and the first feature that he noticed was the immense quantity of energy that each of his body parts contained.

It was needless to say that he expected nothing less. After spending more than forty years eating rank 5 magical beasts and dantians, obtaining an insane amount of physical strength felt necessary.

Nevertheless, the features of his body didn't stop there.

His appearance had changed a bit during his hibernation. His black nails were a bit longer and slightly pointy, as if wanting to resemble actual claws, and his skin had become even rougher. His hair had become longer too, making it seem more as the mane of a beast.

Noah then blew softly toward his palm, and the azure light radiated by the underground walls of the new continent vanished for an instant before returning to the world. A small flame had appeared in Noah's hand during that instant, and he noticed how it was even more ethereal than the fire used in the last phases of the war.

His innate ability had improved as his body experienced the breakthrough. However, it remained inside the level of power of a beast in the upper tier, even if it still was stronger than the center of power.

Noah picked his inscribed notebook and began to send a series of mental messages at that point, but he didn't wait for answers. He directly called the Demonic Sword and started cultivating to make up for the time lost during his hibernation.

To his surprise, the intensity of his cultivation technique had improved even more after his breakthrough. It seemed that his body had harmonized with the rune on his low-waist, enhancing its properties thanks to its innate adaptability.

A series of messages resounded inside his mental sphere as Noah bathed in the feeling of sensing his dantian improving after so long. He soon learnt that he had spent almost eight years sleeping, and he also gained a general understanding of the changes that happened in the new continent during that period.

Those years had been peaceful and had seen every organization doing its best to recover from the losses suffered during the war. The Hive had also expanded in its new territories, but the most exciting piece of information came from Elder Julia and concerned the neutral city.

"Prince, we need a powerful ambassador there," Noah cultivated as Elder Julia's voice resounded in his mind. "Also, June Ballor is there already."