

Black Plain 1761

Chapter 1761 End Of The Battle

Boom!

When the Demigod and Minos' weapons touched, the two stopped in their positions for a moment. But then, as several blades flew out in different directions, the Divine Sword exploded.

Minos felt the thud of this fusion and made a painful expression but tried to ignore the feeling in his body to direct his spiritual blades toward his opponents.

His body was thrown far away, while the Demigod who attacked him felt his hands hurt as he held his own weapon.

He also flew in the opposite direction of his attack but much slower than Minos.

'What a wretch! He still managed to get himself...' He thought as he endured the pain in his hands and felt his spiritual weapon cracking.

But when he least expected it, a sharp, icy sensation spread through his being.

The other two Demigods were faster, and upon sensing the Spatial Sword's blades, they quickly used their strength to dodge them or even defend themselves.

However, this man who had attacked Minos had failed to notice the same thing as his allies, and upon looking at his own body, he saw a sword blade wedged into his back!

"What?" He exclaimed as he tasted blood in his mouth.

"Quick! Get back to your positions!"

Finally, someone from Minos' group shouted this, noticing that their battle there was not over.

Many of their opponents had died, but there were still three people stronger than them standing!

They were closer than ever to achieving their victory and the reward of 500,000 high-grade crystals, and they couldn't weaken just now.

The first of them to realize the situation immediately manipulated space and appeared behind the Demigod who had struck Minos.

This person used what looked like a large spiritual hammer to strike the blade on his opponent's back.

Pow!

"Aaaaagh!"

Four other peak Spiritual Sages appeared around that man, manipulating space as they pinned each of this Demigod's limbs.

One appeared above that person's head while his hands were ablaze.

"Time to die, Demigod!"

Another hammering struck Minos' spiritual blade when suddenly such a thing pierced through the chest of that Demigod in agony being blocked by those level 89 Spiritual Sages.

Simultaneously, another 16 level 89 Sages split evenly between the two remaining Demigods, quickly following the strategy trained over the past weeks, attacking space and causing those opponents to sink into the space fabric.

In the midst of this, before Minos collided with one of the many giant trees in that area, Starclaw caught him with her claws.

"That was impressive!" She said to him but with concern in her voice.

Minos was almost fainting, but he smiled at her. "Don't worry about me. In a few months, I'll be 100% again..."

"Why did you do that? Was there a need to use such a decisive move like that?" She questioned him as she carried Minos' body close to Fermo's group, who were already gathering to attack those Demigods.

"They threatened my entire empire... I had to ensure their extermination..." He said in a low voice before finally falling unconscious. I think you should take a look at

When that happened, the last cry of pain from the Demigod hit by one of his blades sounded.

When that person's heart stopped beating, the six Spiritual Sages around his body let it go, smiling in satisfaction at killing someone so strong.

But they didn't hesitate when one of them said. "Quick, focus your powers on those two! We must kill them and ensure the safety of His Majesty Minos!"

A woman shouted as she formed an attack, directing her weapon at one of those Demigods already trapped in the space trap of their allies.

"Yes, let's end it all!"

They moved against those two, joining their attacks with those of the mid-level Sages in Fermo's group, who were mercilessly attacking those two.

They sincerely preferred not to kill these Demigods of their family. Still aware that Minos would not accept such a thing, they attacked those two with everything.

Once they were killed, the Longus family could finally unite around Minos and walk toward their purpose.

Fermo looked at Minos lying on Starclaw's back and smiled. 'The ancestor was not wrong!

He chose someone outside the family because he knew that only someone like that could lead us in the face of the extraterritorial threat.

It's a pity that the family leaders got lost in the middle of the road and made a mistake...' He sighed as he looked at the remaining Demigods being pressured.

The two tried to use all their strength to break free of the spatial restrictions on them, but it was futile.

When they fell into the enemy formation, their bodies seemed to have entered new dimensions and could no longer escape their positions.

Simultaneously, all the attacks they had tried to send in the direction of their opponents had dissipated before they even got out of their weapons.

As such, both could only focus their forces on trying to escape from their position.

Amidst this, their opponents' attacks hit them hard, slowly increasing the wounds around their bodies.

Their bodies were powerful, but more than 60 enemies between levels 84 and 89 were hitting them.

That was more than they could handle with their defenses!

Hence, as time passed, more and more cuts and rocky patches appeared around the bodies of those two while their clothes and armor turned red.

Their eyes lost some of their light as the pallor affected both of these survivors.

They wanted to ask their enemies to stop, for they were willing to surrender. However, after suffering so much and using up almost all their energy, they no longer had the strength to speak.

When their energies stopped leaving their bodies, the attacks flying toward them finally ended their lives.

The claws of a hybrid reached around the neck of one of them and tore off half of that part of his body, ending this person's life while the rest of the blood from this body squirted out into the surroundings.

On the other hand, flaming feathers struck the body of the second, setting it on fire as if this was not the body of a Demigod but a piece of dead wood.

As the two bodies fell from the sky, the men of Minos' group finished their crusade, deactivating their techniques and sighing in relief.

Amidst this, the survivors of the Langus family, neutral to this conflict, would slowly leave their homes after this high-level battle.

From this moment on, everything would change for this family!

Chapter 1762 Post-Battle

When the high-level battle around that estate ended, no Spiritual Demigods were left to tell the story of what had happened there.

Of Minos' group, some of the stronger Spiritual Sages were wounded due to the intense escape attempt of those last three enemies and the blows of the other 10 Demigods before Minos attacked them.

But there was no casualty in their entire group.

Upon realizing this, they all smiled as they landed on the outskirts of that estate, commenting on the outstanding achievement of killing 10th-stage cultivators.

"Hahaha, we really did it! We finished off three fucking Demigods!" One of those mercenaries commented to his colleagues.

Not only would they get the mission prize and the bonus that Minos had promised them, but they would also be able to take the resources in the spatial rings of those three Demigods.

This was no small thing for Spiritual Sages!

Even if they were at level 89, some had Black grade talent, so they couldn't advance to the 10th stage. All they could do would be to get stronger through more powerful equipment.

On the other hand, those with Silver talent had the possibility to advance further in cultivation. Still, they had a cultivation bottleneck between the 9th and 10th stages.

It was by no means easy to become a Spiritual Demigod!

The resources left by those three would make a difference to all these people as much or more than the crystals promised by Minos, so everyone was overjoyed.

As they approached the group of beasts that had allied themselves with the Fermo faction, they greeted their battle companions as they walked to where Minos was with Starclaw.

Starclaw had already returned to her humanoid form and was holding Minos in her arms.

He was unconscious, and his body looked like that of an extremely sick person, very thin and listless in appearance.

His breathing was shallow, and it seemed that he might stop breathing at any moment.

One of the mercenaries looked at Minos and drew his eyebrows together. "How is he?"

It was only natural for them to worry. Only Minos could pay for their services since no one there would dare go through the belongings of someone so powerful.

Who could be sure of what was in his spatial rings? These mercenaries had experienced enough of this world not to disrespect the property of someone so powerful.

Starclaw then said. "He just needs to rest for a few days. Please, wait some time to receive your rewards."

Fermo stepped forward and said. "Guys, this area is safe for us to stay. All you have to do is choose a location, and we will welcome you for the next few days.

His Majesty will undoubtedly pay you after resting."

The leaders of each of the mercenary groups in that group looked at each other and nodded positively.

The battle had been easier than they had thought because of Minos' great participation. So they couldn't simply be angry that he had exhausted himself doing much of what should be their job.

"Very well. We will camp here while His Majesty recovers." A woman said on behalf of all these mercenaries as she looked in the direction of the members of this family coming out of the trees nearby. "But what about them?"

Fermo looked in the direction of his family members and sighed. "We will take care of it. Don't worry about them. They are not a problem."

With that said, the mercenaries soon gathered away from everyone there, starting a large bonfire where they intended to celebrate their gains. I think you should take a look at

Amid the celebration getting underway for some, the strongest remaining members of the family began to approach where Minos lay in Starclaw's arms.

A group of elders between levels 87 and 89, consisting of 6 people, three women and three men, stopped in front of Fermo and Starclaw's group, looking at the brown-haired young man in the arms of this beast.

"That's the chosen one..." A woman with blonde hair and green eyes said this in a low tone, seeing the person her ancestor had chosen.

The strongest of them, level 89, a man with a white beard and yellow and white hair, clenched his fists and said loudly.

"Everyone, behold the new patriarch of the family!"

Following his words, he bent his knees in recognition of Minos.

According to Henricus Longus' orders, the family should follow his chosen one once they emerge.

Now that the patriarch and the family leadership had been wiped out, there was nothing better for them than to accept the chosen one as their patriarch!

Everyone in the surrounding area did this, while weaker and older youths looked on from afar in their estates, sighing as they accepted the reality.

They were neither for Minos nor against him. They wanted to prepare themselves for the chaotic future of this world, but they were not willing to choose a side and fight to the end for it.

Because of their way of thinking, they felt terrible about the demise of the Demigods but could not help but accept Minos as their new leader.

After a moment of silence, this strongest man left said to Starclaw, "You must be the chosen one's mount, right? Follow Katia to the family medical wing." He pointed to a level 87 woman standing nearby. "They will help the chosen one recovers faster."

Starclaw looked at that blond woman and agreed, soon after following the lead of such a person.

Meanwhile, the level 89 elder looked into Fermo's eyes and asked deeply. "Is that really what you wanted?"

"Elder Amos, I didn't want anything," Fermo said as he narrowed his eyes. "All I want is a united Longus family, following the ancestor's advice."

Support the chosen one and facilitate his journey to protect this world!"

"Still, Fermo, you and your faction have brought death and destruction to our family." A level 88 woman said this, looking seriously at this hybrid.

Some of them were also hybrids, so there was no prejudice in these people's lines.

Fermo clenched his fists and said. "The former patriarch and the family leaders brought destruction upon themselves when they rebelled against the intentions of our God!"

What did you expect? That they would be forgiven? That the will of a God would be disregarded and all would be well?

Tsk! They got what they built! By betraying the one who gave them everything, they lost what they had of most value!"

"And how does the family stand in all this, boy?" The level 89 old man asked in a higher tone.

"On the side of the chosen one, of course," Fermo said, looking into that person's eyes. "You guys saw what happened here. Would we be better off siding with the old patriarch instead of the chosen one?"

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Chapter 1763 Solved Problems

"The Chosen One is only at level 80... How strong will he be when he is at level 90?" Fermo asked his elders.

Upon hearing that, the men and women of that family in the surrounding area were momentarily silent. But everyone there knew the answer to that question.

There was no way to compare Minos' talent with those killed this day.

'The chosen one must have a talent higher than the Golden, and his Physique is of Saint-grade. Furthermore, he can do several Golden-grade technique fusions...'

Several of these people thought the same thing.

Even more, Minos had the ability to create a supreme weapon!

The supreme weapon was God's creation which could be achieved through technique fusions in weaker people.

Usually, only high-level Demigods could do this, but by fusing three techniques, Minos had achieved this feat, something none of them expected since their ancestor had not warned them about it.

This was indicative of Minos' talent but also of how their ancestor favored him over his own family.

He had purposely said nothing to his family members about the possibility of the fusion of three techniques, which had caused all the surprise of the Demigods of this family, who had mostly died for that thing.

These remaining leaders of the Longus family immediately realized that their ancestor had hidden the whole truth from them in case they betrayed him, and Minos' action earlier was Henricus Longus' way of punishing them.

'The ancestor purposely chose someone ruthless as his heir...' One of the women there understood that her ancestor would be very angry if he were still alive. 'He gave us a chance, but he also prepared someone to exterminate us if necessary.'

"Sigh... Even though I know this would probably be the ancestor's will, I can't help but mourn the death of our experts." A level 88 man sighed as he said that. "We could do so much more with their help."

Fermo understood this person's view and remained silent.

But then one of the allied beasts in his group said. "It is better to give up some experts for the certainty of peace... What good would it do to have Demigods if these people were not trustworthy?"

There is no worse enemy than an internal enemy, my friends. That young human wisely exterminated those not committed to him."

With those words spoken, the matter died there, and soon these remnants of the Longus family wondered about something important.

"What now? What do we do?"

Fermo heard that and said. "We will wait for His Majesty to recover. But I believe he will invite all of us to his estate, so it would be good for everyone to prepare for our departure.

At his side, we will regain some of the strength we lost today with relative ease."

All the strongest people there nodded, aware that the Spatial Kingdom of Minos could do much for them but also the empire he had created.

The Black Plain Empire was not much in the eyes of beings living in the Grinia Empire when compared to other states in this world. But its resources were enough to attract the attention of small organizations like this family.

With this, several groups soon split up to start organizing the family, warn the weaker ones of what would happen from now on, and resolve the consequences of the battle in that place. I think you should take a look at

They were in a dangerous place, so they couldn't just casually stand around talking while so many bodies and destroyed trees lay in the surroundings.

Minos had killed more than 40 Spiritual Sages from the faction of the former Longus family patriarch before acting against the 10 Demigods earlier.

Thus, soon that group began its activities.

Amid this, Fermo was grateful for the support of the beast tribes that had stood by his side.

Some of them would stay around for Minos' awakening, but others would return to their tribes at the end of that day.

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Three days later...

While Minos was recuperating in the Longus family headquarters, two level 90 Demigods had just arrived in Dry City through one of the local wormhole ports.

Upon arriving in this city, these two men dressed similarly, in white robes, with no hair on their heads, and overweight, both looked at the surroundings of Minos' city.

"So that's the creation of that coward..." One commented as he observed how this place was not as bad as they thought.

The other smiled upon hearing that, understanding why his friend was disrespecting the ruler of this place like that. "He's a continental expert. How could he reach that position without doing despicable things?

Only the most capable of the most shameless can reach the peak." This other eunuch commented in a low voice, smiling as he saw the soldiers approaching them.

"Your Excellencies, welcome to Dry City!" A Spiritual Sage welcomed them as soon as he saw them appear there. "Here are the men we are looking for. You need only act against them."

Upon receiving the spiritual array that had the soul fluctuations of each of the high-level Sages of the Longus family around this empire, the two envoys from the Flowers Kingdom promptly kept in their minds who they were there to assassinate.

After Ruth's conversations with one of Queen Mcbride's daughters, the ruler of the Flowers Kingdom agreed to make a deal with the Black Plain Empire in exchange for Minos' future support.

And so these two level 90 Demigods were there to fulfill the mission of killing the high-level Sages of the former patriarch Longus' group without asking questions!

"Very well, in no more than a week, we will return with their heads." The stronger of the two said this as he smiled at those men of the Black Plain Army.

"We hope that His Majesty Minos Stuart will not forget that in the future." The other commented before the two disappeared from there, immediately beginning their search.

The men in that wormhole port smiled bitterly, looking back to where they had left without giving them a chance to finish what they had to talk about.

Esmond looked at where they had left and thought with a smile on his face. 'Soon, the danger about the empire will be gone.

After His Majesty finishes his affairs on the Divine Continent and these men settle what they came here to do, we will finally be able to grow in peace for the time being.'

Amid his thoughts, he looked in the southern direction and thought. 'I hope this war will last for many years!'

Chapter 1764 Beginning Of A Chaotic Era

While Minos' people were settling his affairs in the Divine Continent, the Supreme Pontiff of the Spiritual Church had brought forward the beginning of his seclusion.

It was not in his plans to go into seclusion so soon. Still, with Maximillian's steady growth of influence over the factions of the Church, Duncan had decided weeks ago to go early to the Seraph Spatial Kingdom to become a God.

His only chance to stop Maximillian and such a man's destructive interests was to advance to the 11th stage.

Fortunately, the Divine medicine of his Spatial Kingdom had completed its last maturation stage a few weeks ago, finally enabling him to begin his attempt!

After Duncan's departure, what prevented Maximillian from engaging in a war with Vico and his allies had disappeared.

Thus, within a few weeks, the already dire situation in the southern part of the continent had worsened, and finally, the war between the south and west had begun!

Some battles that would go down in history had already taken place these days, with the long-awaited confrontation between Vico and Maximillian taking place for the first time.

But for those involved with each of these men, the difference in power between them was not significant, and the first confrontation had not defined a loser and winner!

Vico was indeed a monster worthy of the title of strongest on the continent!

Even with Maximillian using a divine weapon, he hadn't gained many advantages over this specialist from the Eastern Empire!

Willow was not weak either, and by confronting Maximillian's level 99 allied beast, she had gained a significant advantage in that battle, balancing the outcome of the combat of the strongest.

After this first encounter, the leaders of each force saw that they could not end everything in a confrontation between them and returned to their groups to fight as a group!

From then on, the chaos of war spread to the southernmost part of the continent, with the border of the Eastern Empire and the Flowers Kingdom becoming one big battlefield.

Troops allied with Maximillian were also moving across the western borders with the Flaming Empire, trying to advance on Mairin.

And so, chaos had been spreading, with many populations around the continent becoming frightened, trapped in certain areas under conflict, and others already fleeing to more peaceful places.

The Black Plain Empire was the most common destination for weaker people. But among stronger groups, the Divine Continent was an option that had been attractive.

Many ships were leaving all the Central Continent regions as food prices and resources began to rise in many areas.

Because news like this had recently reached the Black Plain, Minos' men wished for the war to last as long as possible.

This way, they could have some peace to develop and prepare for the post-war period.

If Vico won, they would have a great enemy who would surely seek revenge. But if Maximillian were the one to prosper, the situation would still not be easy for them, for there was no guarantee that this man would remain favorable towards Minos and the Black Plain.

A Maximillian victory was definitely better than Vico winning, but both were terrible results.

Only war could favor them!

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In Dry City, Ruth had just received the news about the Demigods from the McBride family.

"So they sent these men even amid war..." Ruth heard from one of her men and sighed. "Thank Queen McBride for that. We won't forget it." "I think you should take a look at

The Flowers Kingdom was allied with Maximillian, but even at the beginning of this confrontation between the Southern and Western regions, she had accepted Ruth's request and sent two specialists to Dry City.

This would greatly help the Stuart family empire, something hard to forget.

"I will do that immediately, Your Majesty!" The army soldier said before leaving Minos' office.

Ruth sighed as she was alone with Dillian and Eda, "How much longer will Minos be gone?"

"Who knows..." Dillian said in a sighing tone. "But he must have reached the Divine Continent by now. Then his journey must be near the halfway point. It will all depend on how long it will take him to find the Longus family headquarters."

Eda, level 73, commented. "If we are lucky, he will be back in another year. But that could also take a few years... When you were away from the city during his trip to the Flowers Kingdom, we wondered about it many times, Your Majesty.

But sooner or later, he will come back. He always comes." She smiled at this woman, who was more worried than ever since she was so far away from her man for the first time.

Previously she would always travel with him in the Spatial Kingdom, and if he was in danger, he could, in an instant, rejoin her.

But the situation was different now!

"I hope it won't take that long..."

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A week later...

While Minos' people in the Black Plain Empire continued without news of their leader, a patch of space above Dry City distorted, and two Demigods appeared.

"Men of the local army, take these heads to your leaders!" One of the two level 90 Demigods shouted in the direction of a group of soldiers on top of a gigantic turtle flying nearby.

Then that man manipulated space and made one of his hands holding a bloody sack appear near where some of the strongest people were in that watch station.

"Our work here is finished. Don't forget your promise!" That same person said, releasing the sack with the heads of the high-level Sages of the Longus family who were around this empire.

"Goodbye!"

Those men from Minos' army didn't have a chance to say anything when the two Demigods had already disappeared from the area, rushing back to their kingdom.

Seeing that bag with some heads, one of the 8th stage soldiers quickly checked what was inside it, noticing that the spiritual fluctuations of those heads were indeed that of their wanted people.

"What shall we do now? Have those two found out about something?" One of those Spiritual Saints asked, talking about the Spatial Kingdom.

The post leader closed his eyes and looked in the direction from which the two Demigods had departed. "We can't be sure of anything. But if they have found something, we will know in a few hours.

If our capital isn't surrounded by Flowers Kingdom Demigods by the following evening, then they haven't found out anything!"

Gulp!

"In the meantime, we will notify Her Majesty and the local leadership!"

Chapter 1765 Awakening

A few more days have passed...

After almost three weeks since the battle at the Longus family headquarters, Minos finally awoke from his unconscious state this morning!

The Longus family doctors had helped him as best they could. Still, without Starclaw's permission to them use pills with strong medicinal power, they couldn't go far in helping him.

Starclaw knew how opposed Minos was to using resources that could destabilize the soul cultivation of humans. For him, the most important thing was not to quickly achieve breakthroughs but to do so without losing spiritual quality, that is, cultivating slowly using only his cultivation technique.

As her mount, she knew he would never allow anyone to give him unnecessary medicine. Since Minos had not suffered any mortal damage, she had not allowed this family's doctors and alchemists to act.

Thus, at most, the Longus family doctors used their techniques to ensure a more accelerated recovery.

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Upon awakening this morning, Minos felt much weakness in his body, noting the disadvantages of fusing three techniques at his current level.

What he had done should only be considered a combat option for Spiritual Demigods, the only ones who could handle the rebound from creating a supreme weapon.

His entire body was sore, and his soul seemed a bit unbalanced, as if it were a boiling lake instead of its normal calm, less agitated state.

The headache he felt at the moment made it seem like he had been smacked on the head, and his eyes seemed to have become totally unaccustomed to the light.

But Minos had expected these reactions when he decided to punish the leaders of the Longus family. Upon awakening, he tried to endure all these sensations with what he had.

Starclaw was the first who noticed his awakening and, as such, had soon brought him a feast, something she knew Minos loved to use to regain his energy.

Minos looked like a malnourished man when he awoke, but after an hour of slowly eating, his appearance improved somewhat, with his skin returning to its normal color.

He was still much thinner than normal when he finished eating, but his vitality seemed to have strengthened, and even his aches and pains lessened a bit.

"How are you?" Fermo asked as he saw Minos sitting up in the bed he had been sleeping in all these days.

In the surroundings of the room they were in, several empty food bowls, cups, and plates lay where Minos had left them moments ago.

Looking at this hybrid who had just walked in, Minos narrowed his eyes, still feeling several of the sensations from earlier, only less intense.

"I'm fine. I'll recover enough for us to leave this place in a few more weeks." Minos said in a low, rather hoarse voice. "I'll be 100% again in less than a year."

"A year?" Fermo opened his mouth in surprise.

"The costs of power, I would say..." Minos laughed subtly.

"When do we leave?" Starclaw asked, standing in front of Minos.

"In about four months at the most. By that time, I will have recovered enough to have the same strength as when we started our sea voyage." He lay down again.

"What do you intend to do about the Longus family, Your Majesty?" Fermo couldn't help but ask that.

Minos' eyes opened more significantly at the thought of this family. "Those who are willing to receive a Divine Seal may accompany me to my empire. I will send some of you to the Spatial Kingdom, and the others will travel with me and Starclaw.

We need a crew."

"Oh?" Fermo's eyes sparkled with his joy. I think you should take a look at

"There are how many of you currently? How are your forces?" Minos asked, still lying down.

"Considering the survivors, our group has 42 Spiritual Sages between levels 80 and 89. Unfortunately, most of the family Sages were part of the faction of the former family leader, so over 60 died at your hands previously.

Other than those, we have 650 more members between levels 60 and 79."

There were no children born less than 50 years ago in the Longus family. So there were no people with cultivation below level 60 in the group of survivors.

"That's good. You will bring a relevant power to my army." Minos said, yawning. "Under my command, we will have Demigods in your group again in a few years."

"Certainly, Your Majesty!" Fermo said in glee before remembering the beast tribes that had helped him gather strength with him before he met Minos.

"Your Majesty, some tribes allied with my faction know about your origin. Many are in the dark about the Spatial Kingdom and what is in it, but several are willing to join the Black Plain Empire.

Would you have room for them as well? I can extend the invitation on your behalf if you so decide."

"How many beasts are we talking about?" Minos asked.

"A similar number to the family group. But they are a little stronger than us on average. They don't have as many young men as our group, and they didn't lose any men in the previous battle."

"I see..." Minos closed his eyes and said. "All right, invite those beasts too... Also, prepare a new feast for four hours from now. Wake me up when it's all ready."

Before falling asleep, he threw a spatial ring with the crystals of the mercenaries in Starclaw's direction.

He didn't want to risk going to the Spatial Kingdom and revealing his riches to the mercenaries in his group. So he decided to sleep right there for the time being, feeling that the place was safe enough for that.

Starclaw saw that Minos was already asleep and understood what that spatial ring was about.

At that moment, the door to Minos' room opened, and the Longus family's strongest elder entered.

"I heard that His Majesty has awakened..." He said, eager to talk with Minos for the first time.

But Fermo smiled bitterly and said. "Elder, I'm sorry, but His Majesty has gone back to sleep."

"What?"

"But don't worry, I talked to him, and he intends to take everyone willing to commit to him. So get the family ready. We will be returning to the Central Continent!"

With that said, it wouldn't take long for Starclaw to leave to pay the mercenaries, while Fermo and the remaining leadership of the Longus family would begin preparations.

This hybrid would soon send letters to the tribes allied to him, informing them of Minos' decision.

While Emperor Stuart slept, his forces were rapidly growing stronger!

But while these forces were moving in favor of the Black Plain Empire, someone was watching in the direction of the Longus family headquarters!

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'So this is where that feeling came from... Let's see what exactly happened here weeks ago!' A white-haired old man made a few hand seals as he stood above the area where the Minos battle had taken place.

Then his eyes turned completely black.

Chapter 1766 Observatory Member

When the white-haired old man activated his innate ability, and his eyes turned black, his consciousness floated, and he slowly began to see scenes from a movie.

But this was not a movie, but what had happened in such a place below where he was standing.

Several low-level Demigods and high-level Sages had died in the area, mostly suffering from just a single individual.

'How strange...' This old man thought to himself, frowning, 'Why can't I see his face nor feel his spiritual fluctuation?'

In the movie playing in his mind, a man with blurred outlines killed most of the dead Spiritual Sages in this area with just a few gestures and then created a supreme weapon.

However, given the level of the opponents of this prodigy who had fought there, he couldn't be strong. That is, he couldn't be a high-level Demigod, as was the case with people capable of forming a supreme weapon!

After all, why would a high-level Demigod use such powerful high against mere low-level Demigods?

That would be like using the most powerful of moves to kill an insect!

This man was a high-level Spiritual Demigod, and he knew very well that forming a supreme weapon would weaken even someone at his level, level 97. So it made no sense to think the man who had slaughtered his opponents there was someone compelling.

As such, he couldn't help but find it strange that he couldn't see or feel the characteristics of this talented prodigy.

'Interesting... It looks like he must have some great contacts. Let's see if I can find out more about it the old-fashioned way.' He closed his eyes, and when he opened them again, they had returned to their normal state.

Looking at the tribe hidden among the trees, this man wasted no time, quickly approaching where the most powerful people were.

He completely ignored the surrounding defenses, looking from side to side for traces.

Finding only a weakened level 80 young man in the medical wing of the place, he was surprised to find no one stronger and looked at all the residences there for the wounded.

But there were none.

His eyebrows drew together, and he asked aloud. "What happened here? Can someone tell me?"

When his voice came up, the stronger Sages around this estate heard him and immediately noticed his presence in the protected area of this place.

This Demigod was so strong that no one there had noticed him approaching, and upon hearing him, everyone felt their hearts beating faster.

The level 89 old man, the strongest one there, looked at that Demigod and said. "Senior... Who are you? Have we done something we shouldn't?"

That Demigod continued to observe the surroundings but said to that person. "You are really rude... Haven't you learned to respect your elders? Answer my question before you ask other things, young man."

"That... I'm sorry." The old man said, but he didn't know what to say to this unexpected intruder. "What exactly are you talking about? We have been here for a long time. Many things have happened here."

"Don't be silly. You know what I'm talking about." The old man looked in the direction of that descendant of Henricus Longus, causing him to look away and look down.

"That... Hmm, well, uh, it was a battle. Someone attacked us." This fellow said as he felt the mercenaries hired by Minos had already left. "They left after attacking us."

The old man narrowed his eyes, seeing how this person lied right in front of him. "But what about the one who led those people? That person who hurt you most significantly. Where is he? What happened to him?"

Fermo heard this and finally noticed this invader, leaving Minos behind in that room. I think you should take a look at

"He is no longer a problem for us, senior. Please don't put any more pressure on us about this. We've suffered enough!" Fermo shouted as he gestured, humbly asking that man to stop.

With the difference between their levels, showing resistance would not help them. Only humbling themselves before such a person would give them any chance!

The Demigod looked at Fermo, noticing he was not lying.

"My friends, don't worry. I will do nothing against that person. I know he is still here, but I am not here to put you in danger. I am only interested in knowing who did that and understanding where this singularity comes from." He said in a friendly tone.

But the silence was all he heard right after he finished speaking since no one in the surrounding area would dare to talk about Minos.

'Damn it. We were so close!' Fermo thought. 'In a few more weeks, we would be in the Spatial Kingdom or traveling to the Central Continent! Why do we have to meet this man now?'

"Can the senior tell us how you found us, at least?" A level 88 woman knew it would do no good to remain silent and ask such a thing.

This white-haired old man looked at that woman and answered. "Simple, I was cultivating nearby and felt the spiritual fluctuation of a supreme weapon coming from this direction.

If it weren't for the fact that I was at a critical moment in my cultivation, I would have come here right after I felt that. Haven't you been visited by anyone else these days?"

"No."

"That means I was the only one who noticed it." He smiled, knowing that this way, things would be easier.

Like any fusion or technique, the supreme weapon created by Minos left traces after its formation, something that could reach even a few thousand miles away.

Minos knew this, but in the heat of the moment of battle, he had not bothered with the danger of drawing someone powerful to himself.

When he awoke earlier, he was so exhausted that he had ignored this possibility and continued in this place, thinking it was safe for him.

However, this person had noticed him and was there for him!

"So what? Will you tell me where he is? Unfortunately, I have not found anyone who fits the profile of the person I am looking for." He said, without hiding the truth from these people.

Minos was the only one who fit the profile, but this level 80 young man had no way of doing that!

It was absurd to think that, and he naturally judged that someone else was behind such an event.

"Do you want to know where he is?" A faint voice reached the ears of all the people nervously waiting to see what this Demigod would do.

Gulp!

Then Fermo looked back and saw Minos limping as he walked to the outside of that tree.

The old high-level Demigod looked at Minos with interest and was silent.

"High-level Demigod, do you wish to meet him? I can help you, but only if you tell me where you come from and your interest." Minos said in a weary tone, panting as he walked.

Chapter 1767 Invitation

"My name is Julian Kleinmann. I am a member of the Pantheon Of Honor."

"Pantheon Of Honor?"

'Pantheon Of Honor? But that's not...'

'That is one of the most powerful organizations in the Divine Continent!' The strongest remnant of the Longus family swallowed his saliva as he identified where this person was coming from.

Minos also realized the same. After all, this group had existed since the time of Henricus Longus.

The man continued as several people murmured about the organization he belonged to. "I just want to talk to this person. If possible, invite him to join us at the Pantheon Of Honor. He definitely has what it takes to become one of us."

"What if he refuses?" Minos asked as Fermo helped him stand.

Julian continued to smile, as he was immensely proud to be a high-level member of this powerful organization.

He said. "That wouldn't happen. We don't demand exclusivity in the Pantheon Of Honor. There would be no reason for him to reject us. There would only be benefits for him."

"Perhaps he is arrogant..."

"In that case, I would leave after collecting the truth about how he showed a supreme weapon while not being a high-level Demigod." He became more serious.

Minos closed his eyes and cursed himself, frustrated that he had forgotten that he might end up drawing the attention of someone powerful like this man.

'Now I can only deal with this guy...'

"Very well, I am the one who did what you saw with your ability," Minos told the truth, making all his subordinates in that family look at him with wide eyes.

Starclaw was already at his and Fermo's side and couldn't help but look at her master, seeing how he had the courage in the state he was in front of this Spiritual Demigod.

The man closed his eyes upon hearing Minos' revelation, wanting to laugh at this weak Spiritual Sage, trying to control himself not to teach this junior a lesson.

'What a joke...'

He clenched his fists, but as he opened his eyes and noticed the expressions of the many people there looking at Minos and sweating, he looked deeper at this young man.

In the next second, space distorted around his position, and he appeared in front of Minos.

Starclaw tried to stand before her master while the only level 89 Sage appeared next to Minos.

But the spaces around them vibrated with the movement of Julian's fingers. Then both appeared dozens of meters away while an invisible hand pressed them against the tops of some trees.

Only Fermo serving as a support for Minos remained beside this young man.

"You?" This old man's eyes turned black, and he touched one of Minos' shoulders, trying to understand how.

As he did so, he felt a chaotic energy through Minos' body, something fierce and unusual.

'What is this?'

However, as he felt what Minos had absorbed from the giant bones, he suddenly began to see something in his mind.

He saw a semi-transparent body with a golden spark shining brightly on Minos' head.

But then, as he admired this spark's purity, the body's surroundings became darker, and some giant silhouettes appeared. I think you should take a look at

When one of them opened its eyes, and a bestial sound appeared in the movie passing in Julian's mind, he felt his own soul trembling and deactivated his ability, taking a step back.

"What?"

He asked unconsciously, looking into Minos' brown eyes without understanding what that was all about.

His innate ability was one of the most powerful in the Spiritual World. Julian could see the past, see the talents, and even glimpse part of the future with his innate ability.

His power was not small, which was why he had reached level 97, even though it was so difficult for most people with the potential to achieve this cultivation to accomplish such a feat.

He was even a member of the council of the Pantheon Of Honor, a group that, besides him, only level 99 Demigods were part of.

But even with such a powerful ability and at level 97, something in the soul of a mere level 80 Sage had frightened him!

'He has unbelievable talent! I've never seen a gold as intense as the one in his soul. But what are those creatures?' He looked strangely at Minos, contorting every muscle in his face.

'What were those creatures? They are not normal! In fact, I've never seen anything like that in other people!' Julian couldn't help but wonder, for his experience of over 15,000 years of existence had never shown him a single person with those creatures in him.

Minos looked like a monster in this man's vision!

It was as if he had three or four fierce souls inside him protecting him.

Minos didn't know what had frightened this man, but he immediately thought it was the giant bones.

Only that, or Henricus Longus could be behind something capable of shocking a level 97 Demigod.

"You really did that... But how? It shouldn't be possible!" He muttered as he came closer to Minos again, feeling there would be no danger.

"I fused three techniques at once." Minos did not hide the truth.

By making the mistake of not fleeing to the Spatial Kingdom when he awakened earlier, he could only handle the situation by telling this person the truth.

Luckily Julian was there just to talk and invite him to the Pantheon Of Honor, as he had said.

"Three? Is that possible?" This man asked, but he thought something like that would explain something of this magnitude.

'He is quite weakened... It must be true.'

As he thought about it, Julian slowly became more optimistic, imagining that he could gain even more if this were true.

'If this young man is that good being only a level 80 Sage, he will be a great acquisition for my faction! With him, we'll be able to move up a few degrees toward the top!'

"Kid, what's your name? Where are you from?" He asked again, placing one of his hands on one of Minos' shoulders, but without trying to use his skill this time.

"My name is Minos Stuart. I am the emperor of the Black Plain Empire, a state in the Central Continent."

"Oh? Someone from the Central Continent? It's not for nothing that I've never heard of someone so promising." He commented, figuring he should pay more attention to this warring continent.

"So, Minos Stuart, would you like to accompany me to the Pantheon Of Honor? Please do not refuse before at least hearing what I have to propose. Surely we can come to a mutually beneficial agreement."

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Chapter 1768 Exception To The Rule

'What choice do I have?' Minos bitterly laughed. "But of course. However, how am I going to do that in my current state? I'm very worn out, so it would be better to schedule it for a few weeks ahead."

"Hmmm, indeed, it would not be good for you to accompany me like this." Julian agreed and then tossed a pill in Minos' direction.

"This is a high-level grade-4, 12-layer medicinal pill. It's for treating symptoms like yours. You probably have your soul destabilized and your body exhausted by the fusion of the three techniques, right? It will solve your problems after you absorb it.

Minos looked at the 12-striped pill that man threw, which was not as expensive as a low-level grade-4 yacht, but could make a big difference even to high-level Demigods.

'Is he giving it to me?' Minos naturally knew the value of this pill, which, unlike the Longus family resources, would not cause problems for his spiritual foundation.

A pill like this could damage the solidity of the foundation of a high-level Demigod who needed to use it to speed up their recovery. But on a low-level Sage, its effects would be so good that it could even improve their foundation!

In the Spiritual World, external items used for strengthening or recovery could damage the cultivation of those using them. After all, these were alternative means that would not support the natural spiritual growth of cultivators.

However, some exceptions didn't harm and could also help cultivators.

Aside from the Spring of Life, there were no resources in nature that had the potential to help and not charge any cost. Usually, anything that could bring good results comes with some consequences.

In a way, these resources enabled faster advancement or recovery in exchange for worsening the stability of the cultivation foundation of the one using them.

But alchemists could work natural resources and produce fantastic things without such high costs to the cultivators who used them.

The problem with this was that an alchemist could hardly produce a pill without side effects for consumers at the same level or stronger than them. In other words, a level 97 alchemist couldn't produce a pill without side effects for cultivators at levels close to his own.

But for someone at level 80, a high-level grade-4 alchemist could produce something good enough not to harm that person's foundations!

Unlike spiritual weapons, pills didn't have so many limits on the power of the person who was going to use them, so their quality level referred more to themselves than to the person who could consume them.

Of course, a pill for spiritual strengthening could not be consumed by just anyone, but a pill for recovery could!

So the pill in Minos' hands was quite helpful for him.

"I don't know what to say... This is very valuable." Minos said, being sincere.

He had never used resources like this for three reasons. First, he was very talented and had a Spatial Kingdom to cultivate; he already had an excellent cultivation speed. Second, these resources that could

help him were really too expensive for him to depend on, and he had many people in his state who didn't have the same talents as him and needed items like this more.

Thirdly, on his journey, he rarely met people capable of producing items that could help him without harming him.

For example, when he was at level 50, if he wanted to improve his cultivation artificially without paying high costs, he would have to consume low to medium-level grade-3 pills to achieve such effects. However, that would mean consuming products from alchemists between levels 60 and 75.

At the time, he didn't have access to anyone like that!! I think you should take a look at

Further down the line, at level 70, he would have to consume low-level grade-4 pills. He would have to have access to alchemists much stronger than him, between levels 80 and 86. But again, he had no access to such people.

So even if he wanted to take an easier path on his journey, Minos wouldn't have accomplished enough to change his cultivation speed without immensely damaging his state's foundations.

Rather than spend on resources made by people who were so much stronger than he was, Minos had preferred to set aside this possibility. In the meantime, he had created the foundations of the Black Plain Empire to make such a thing possible for his subordinates.

Precisely because of that that so many members of his army had grown so strong over the years, even with their humble origins.

Anyway, Julian smiled at Minos and said. "If you consider joining my group, you will already pay for it, haha. So come on, take your time to absorb the medicinal effect of this pill.

We'll settle our affairs once you're done."

After saying that, the Demigod soon found a place to meditate in waiting for Minos, putting aside who the people of this tribe were.

To him, it made no difference where they came from. The strongest ones there were mere Spiritual Sages, while Minos came from the Central Continent.

Minos had probably beaten them in some dispute, and now they were his to decide the future.

This would change Julian's interests absolutely nothing, so he didn't even try to understand better what had happened there by setting Minos aside.

Fermo looked at Minos with concern, and the next second, Starclaw and the level 89 elder appeared beside him, both worried.

"Your Majesty..." This old man addressed his words to his new leader for the first time but was interrupted by Starclaw.

"Minos, what are we going to do now? Is it safe for you to consume this pill?" This beautiful gray-haired woman asked.

He closed his eyes and nodded positively. "If he needed to resort to a pill to do anything against us, it would be bizarre, wouldn't it? Or don't tell me that any of you have any secret weapons useful against level 97 Demigods? Because I don't have one."

Starclaw was silent while Fermo and the level 89 old man looked at the ground.

"How can your majesty stand that pressure? Dealing with someone so strong..." Fermo muttered, feeling lost.

"That's bullshit. Against someone so strong, you can only be sincere and not insult their intelligence. Besides, the only thing we can do is go with the flow of things." Minos commented, before looking closely at that pill, noticing there was nothing that could indicate any kind of alteration.

He then swallowed it, signaling for Starclaw to carry it somewhere appropriate.

Such a strong pill needed to be digested slowly!

"Time to go into seclusion..."

Chapter 1769 Grandiose Purpose

In the blink of an eye, a whole week had passed...

On this day, while still meditating in the place that Satarclaw and the level 89 old elder of the Longus family had taken him days ago, Minos opened his eyes, feeling his powers returning to normal.

His soul was no longer destabilized as it had been days ago. It seemed as solid as a rock, as dense as the densest of minerals.

His body was no longer injured. Much less pain could be noticed by him.

Unlike those negative sensations of days ago, at the moment, Minos felt as if he was about to explode with so much force that he had achieved in these days of meditation.

Lightning was repeatedly forming in his surroundings while a dark fog spread over his body.

Simultaneously, when he opened his eyes, they shone brightly in rainbow colors, even without Minos trying to use his secondary visual ability.

His muscles were even stronger than before that fateful day, inflated, with beautiful outlines that would make women watch him slowly.

But the feeling of his cultivation was much more impressive than his appearance.

Starclaw could feel it as she watched her master, noting how he looked fiercer than ever.

While absorbing the medicinal effects of Julian's pill, Minos had taken the opportunity to 'rebuild' part of his sacrificed foundation to form the supreme weapon, Divine Sword, by mixing the powers of the pill with the chaotic energy of the giant bones in the Spatial Kingdom.

Because of this, he now felt even more connected to those bones and was absorbing more and more of the powers coming from the Spatial Kingdom.

His cultivation, which he thought would take a whole year to recover, had been recovered in these seven days, and now he felt as if he was a little stronger than on that day of battle.

With that feeling, he clenched his fists and stood up, smiling in a satisfied manner.

'The results were better than I imagined!' He looked in the direction of Starclaw and his staff waiting for him on the outskirts of that cultivation room.

Everyone there realized he had finished his meditation and was stronger than before. Thus, they were soon standing next to him, congratulating him.

"Your Majesty, what now? What will happen?"

Minos looked at Fermo and answered that hybrid's question. "I will accompany the elder Julian. In the meantime, you should travel to the coast where I arrived. Starclaw will show you where my ship is. Wait for me there."

Since Julian had found them in this place, it would not be interesting for them to go to the Spatial Kingdom from this position. It would be much better to do this in the East Sea, where they could ensure no one would notice them.

They all understood the motives behind Minos' speech, and no one there questioned him.

'Will you be all right?' Starclaw asked him as the men of the Longus family left to begin their migration as soon as possible.

Minos looked at her and said in the mind of this beast, 'Yes, don't worry. Worst case scenario, I will escape to the Spatial Kingdom...

Then if I don't reach my yacht within two months, you must lead these people to the Black Plain Empire and join my forces in Dry City.'

She looked at him worriedly but did not question him.

"Good luck. I hope your going to the Pantheon Of Honor will be positive for our forces."I think you should take a look at

With those words, she left, knowing that Julian was watching them.

And just as Minos finished saying goodbye to his people, the space in his surroundings vibrated, and Julian brought him to his side, dozens of miles above that forest.

Minos looked at this man who seemed to be meditating above the clouds and was silent as he watched him rise.

"I see you have grown stronger... It seems that your talent is truly otherworldly, young Minos." This elder said, looking into the brown eyes of Emperor Stuart, now much more confident of his theories.

There was something special about this boy. His powers were not normal, he cultivated very fast, and his understanding was absurd.

Julian thought that it would take Minos a month to absorb the medicinal effects of that high-level grade-4 pill. But this young man had done it in 25% of the time he had stipulated!

"I guess I got lucky," Minos commented.

"It could be. But it doesn't matter. Luck is part of our paths." After muttering this, he asked. "Ready? Do you still have something more to discuss with these beasts and hybrids of this place?"

"No, I am eager to find out what your proposal is about."

Julian shook his head and then distorted the space around him and Minos, quickly causing the two bodies to disappear from that area near the easternmost border of the Grinia Empire.

Almost instantly, they appeared dozens of miles above a large city in the central part of one of the two neighboring empires of that other state.

Julian pointed in the direction of where a grand temple stood and said. "Young Minos, this is the Pantheon Of Honor, the organization I am a member of."

I don't know what you have heard about us, but please disregard it. Let me reintroduce this place to you from the perspective of someone who has been part of this group for 11,000 years."

Minos nodded, knowing that he could not fully trust Henricus Longus' information since enough time had passed for this organization to change much.

"The Pantheon Of Honor is one of the most renowned organizations in the Spiritual World, where only experts at the 10th stage or higher have the right to enter."

We do not require exclusivity from our members, but most of us become exclusive after a time within our organization.

We have some of the best cultivation techniques and resources in this world, as well as two Spatial Kingdoms. Only those exclusive ones can enjoy the best of what we have. However, even someone still involved in other organizations' affairs can benefit greatly from being in our group.

We have contacts with all the strongest families in the world, with the Elves Island and the dragon government of the Continent of Beasts. In addition, we organize the Continental Tournament, but we also have the largest network of informants worldwide.

If something shocking to Demigods happens anywhere in the Spiritual World, our members would certainly be among the first to find out about it, even without being exclusive." Julian said proudly.

"That sounds incredible," Minos said, already knowing some of this information but surprised by others. "But what is the purpose of your organization? What do people like me have to give in return for joining you?"

"We do not desire domination if that is what you think. Our purpose is to study cultivation, develop our powers, and, who knows, reach new heights.

So few of us have reached the 11th stage... We are searching for a method to change this and facilitate the spiritual development of our world!"

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Chapter 1770 Fair Exchange

"Regarding what you would have to give us, that is support.

In order to keep our members well-informed, we need people to collect and send information. So the first thing you would have to do upon joining our group would be to create a line of communication between the temple and your empire.

In your case in question, you would help us collect information about relevant things happening in the Central Continent.

But this is just the basics. As a group with access to the best contacts in the Spiritual World, our members also have to support each other, make partnerships, create opportunities and help with our main purpose.

So, in summary, young Minos, you would have to provide us with your strengths, information, and resources, all in the interest of achieving our goal. In exchange, you would get everything I have already said and more, depending on your commitment to us."

Minos didn't think this exchange was unfair to the members' side.

What this organization was was very much like the format of guilds and associations of spiritual professionals.

The guild usually offered more to its members, while individually, each had to give only a little of what they had. But by pooling that little bit from each member, the organization could reach new heights and make things possible that alone these people could not achieve.

As associations, they didn't demand exclusivity, but there was the possibility for it.

Guilds and associations also had similar goals. All these groups sought to develop their professions and had their methods of bringing like-minded people over to their side.

In the case of the Pantheon of Honor, its purpose was to facilitate the advancement of Spiritual Demigods to the 11th stage and to increase the number of Gods in the Spiritual World.

Upon understanding how this organization worked, Minos immediately realized what kind of relationships should exist within this group.

Just like guilds and associations, these people were probably subdivided into factions that competed for power in the organization.

Meanwhile, some might indeed facilitate agreements with other members, but the opposite should also be true. So not all the contacts Julian was talking about that one could access in this organization could be easily obtained.

There was definitely the possibility, and it would be easier for a group member to reach some contacts, but it was not as easy as Julian talked about.

At the same time, this information, resources, etc., were certainly subdivided into levels. A beginner in the organization would only receive access to the basics and would have to achieve merit or something to get the best of this group.

Minos pondered this and asked. "Why me? How would I benefit you by joining your organization?"

Julian was straight to the point. "You would benefit not only me, young Minos, but the entire group. With a talent as refined as yours, perhaps you could help us answer our questions and get closer to our goal.

If you don't die prematurely, you will certainly reach my level one day. But what would happen then?" He asked with a smile, feeling somewhat anxious at the thought of it. "You would be an unstoppable monster!

No offense..."

"It did not offend ."

"Then, if you join our group, we can develop our knowledge of this world, of cultivation, deeper and faster. Maybe, just maybe, we'll have a chance to facilitate the advances of future generations with your help." He said with sincerity.

He obviously preferred to enjoy for himself the benefits of having Minos on his side, but for someone who had lived as long as he had, this man would not believe that his group would get answers so quickly on this young man's account that, in his generation, it would be useful. I think you should take a look at

He had not given up his dream of reaching level 100, but he thought that if one day he would reach this level, it would not be because of some kind of help that Minos would give his group.

So even though he was not so kind as to act only for the good of the generations yet to come, this man felt that Minos' participation would be more important for future generations than for his own.

"But of course, I cannot deny that I could benefit in other ways by bringing you into our group." He smiled at Minos. "As the one who would appoint you, you would enter the Pantheon Of Honor under my wings.

That would mean that for the time being, I would help you more than you could give me in return, but in return, you would be part of my group, and every good deed generated by you would help my faction."

He looked into Minos' eyes and said sincerely. "Your presence would give me influence now, but it would give me much more in the future. That's what I expect from you."

It was natural that every action had a cost. If this man said he would do something to help Minos, anyone with a functioning brain would feel suspicious and naturally not believe it.

So Julian preferred not to insult Minos' intelligence and to expose his intentions to him from the beginning.

He was not afraid of Minos, but he respected him. Someone with such talent deserved to be treated as an equal, even if he was as weak as this brown-haired young man still was.

Julian was not afraid of what Minos would become. After all, as strong as he might become, none of it would matter if someone killed him in the middle of his journey...

But he would not deny the benefits of being by the side of someone so promising!

Minos saw no problem in giving something back to someone who would lend him a hand and help him. It was only natural that one hand would wash the other!

There were no free lunches in the world, and he preferred to pay his debts whenever possible!

"If I can join your group without giving up my freedom, I am not against these things you have told me about, elder Julian. But would your group accept a mere Spiritual Sage like me?" Minos asked.

Julian became more serious. "Indeed, that will be a hindrance. But you're not normal, so I think it's worth a try. We have to talk to someone before that."

With those words, he controlled Minos' surroundings and moved, carrying Emperor Stuart to that city below them.

Minos could barely observe that place as he saw the space in his surroundings moving so fast that all he could see were bright spots amidst the darkness.

When he felt his body slowing down, he and Julian were already inside that majestic temple, where several auras of level 99 Demigods could be felt.

Sensing that, Minos contained the urge to vomit as he felt the greatest spiritual pressure he had noticed in his entire journey.

'These people are really out of the ordinary... Great! I'll join this group and try to build up my contacts for the sake of the future!'

As he was thinking about this, a level 99 Demigod appeared in front of him and Julian.

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