

## Lightning 401

### [Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

#### Chapter 401: Silva's Leadership

After Silva left the Spire, he quickly called on every member of the Land Camp. There was no reason to wait for an attack. After all, no attack would come. Every second he wasted waiting would be a second where Shira increased her power.

Silva was done with being passive. It was time for him to become active and slaughter his enemies. As he gathered his camp, he walked past Shira without looking at her. Yet, Shira felt something different from Silva that made her narrow her eyes.

'Something has happened to that viper,' Shira thought. 'He is backed into a corner and realizes that he is about to die. He will strike with everything he has. I can't become careless now. As long as I continue suppressing him, he won't be able to live for long.'

After a while, all beasts of the Land Camp had gathered before the mountain range leading to the Hyena Tribe. Then, Silva turned to them with burning eyes.

"I have committed a mistake," he said slowly to his camp, surprising them. They had all thought that they had the best commander in existence. In their eyes, he had never committed a mistake.

"I have become too protective of you," Silva said. "By wanting to keep everyone alive, I have not given you a chance to rise to power. By disallowing you from dueling sea beasts without my consent, I have stunted your growth."

The beasts all remained silent as they listened to him.

"This won't happen again. Everyone wants to become powerful, and I have kept you from achieving that goal, fearing that you will die in the process. Yet, if I continue like this, none of you will ever achieve this goal. I have realized this, and I will do my best to rectify it."

The camp remained silent. Many of the beasts didn't have the mental faculties to process Silva's words, but the smarter ones managed to understand them. Yet, they weren't angry at their commander. By protecting their lives, he was keeping them alive, and as long as someone was alive, they could reach supreme power.

"For this war," Silva said, "I will only give you some basic commands and tactics. Everything else is up to you and your teamwork. As long as you all work together, no enemy can beat you. You should use your strengths to protect the weaknesses of your comrades. If no one can take advantage of your weaknesses, the weaknesses don't exist. Like this, you will all be powerful."

Nearly all of the beasts in the Land Camp were looking up to their commander. Because of that, his words resonated with them deeply. Their morale started increasing as their fighting will burned. The mood in the whole camp changed.

Earlier, they had not been scared or nervous. Silva's commands always protected them, and only very few beasts died. Because of that, such a war had felt more like practice and less like a war. Yet, now, they felt like they would enter a field of flowing blood.

"Today," Silva shouted, "we will assault the Hyena Tribe with our basic configuration. The only instruction I have for you is to kill your enemy with everything you have. The more you kill, the more food you will get. The Oracle will keep watch over the fight and will determine the food that everyone gets based on their performance."

"It's time to realize your dreams. Charge!" Silva shouted as he was the first to charge over the mountains.

"RAAAAAAAA!" the camp roared in unison as their roars echoed throughout the horizons. They were all fired up and couldn't wait to get into a chaotic battle.

Yet, in all the chaos, they never left their formation. The beasts with stronger defenses like tortoises, pangolins, rhinos, and such charged at the front. The beasts with incredible speed and attacking skills charged at the side while the beasts that could attack from range charged behind the defensive line.

"Realize the strengths of your enemies!" Silva shouted while charging. "See which beasts are the greatest danger to your comrades and kill them. Beasts that are dangerous to your comrades might not be dangerous to you. Don't look at what beast is dangerous to you, but what beast is dangerous to your comrades!"

The Land Camp listened intently and remembered the words of their commander. His fiery motivation was igniting their fighting instincts, and they started to become one coherent unit. This was something that Shira wasn't able to accomplish.

After charging over the mountains, the beasts charged over a wide land-bridge. Orthar had already created this path for them. Since they were invading a land territory, they didn't need the Earth Movers to change the terrain. Instead, the Earth Movers would protect their comrades from dangerous ranged attacks.

They quickly saw some scouts from the enemy that tried to flee. Silva didn't order anything, but he also didn't need to. The fastest members of the army charged at the scouts to hunt them down. Of course, they couldn't kill every scout. Yet, the more beasts they killed, the weaker their enemy became, and the more food they got.

After another minute, they saw the hyenas in the distance, quickly forming a defensive line. There were slightly more hyenas than there were invaders. On top of that, they had the advantage of positioning. The hyenas only needed to wait and attack while the Land Camp had to charge at them.

The army didn't retreat and only felt more bloodlust as they saw their enemies. They only charged wildly at the enemy lines.

"They don't use any tactics. This fight will be easier than we have initially believed," the second general of the hyenas said to his army. "Just follow my commands, and we will be victorious."

The hyenas showed that they understood the order and simply remained at their positions. After some seconds, the general gave his first order. "Fire hyenas, attack!" he shouted.

The fire hyenas threw their fireballs to the front, directly into the middle of the camp.

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**

Yet, all their blasts were blocked by walls that had been created by the Earth Movers. Seeing that his plan didn't work, the general changed his tactic. "Wood hyenas, create a powerful wall to halt their charge."

CRRRRRRR!

A huge wall of brambles appeared in front of the charging army. An army without someone commanding them would charge right into the brambles and injure themselves. On top of that, the brambles would stop their momentum.

Suddenly, the front line of the Land Camp parted and slowed down. Then, the Earth Movers charged through the opened gap. Silva wasn't commanding them, but their Team Leaders still lead their teams. The Earth Movers quickly stopped before the brambles at the same spot.

CRRRRRRR!

Earth rose and split in two as a pathway opened between the brambles. The majority of the army charged through that pathway. The enemy general gritted his teeth. "Attack!" he shouted directly. The enemy was already too close to kill them from range.

The hyenas charged forward, but their morale couldn't compare to the River Tribe. The hyenas have seen two of their plans fail while the Land Camp felt unstoppable. Nothing was able to stand in their way!

BANG!

One fire hyena jumped up. From this position, it could see the backline of the enemy. Then, it gathered all its fire around its body to shoot.

BANG!

The sound of a collision could be heard as another beast charged through the flames and bit the fire hyena on the neck before it could shoot its projectile. They both fell down and hit the floor.

"Kill them!" Silva shouted with an unrecognizable, burned head after he spat the corpse of the hyena to the side.

"RAAAAAAAA!" the army thundered with all their power as they charged directly into the enemy ranks. Some beasts of the Land Camp died in the charge, but the formation of the enemy was utterly broken. The Land Camp still held their formation while the hyenas were just scattered around.

"Camp A, fall back! Camp B, attack the front and scatter-"

BANG!

The general couldn't concentrate on giving orders anymore as he had to evade a sudden attack. One of the faster beasts of the Land Camp had circled around the chaos and directly engaged him. The beast had realized that the general was dangerous to its allies. So, to protect them, it had charged at the general.

Like this, the fighting became more chaotic.

At this point, this wasn't a war anymore. It was just mindless slaughter.

### [Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

#### **Chapter 402: The Matriarch**

The war raged on for many minutes. Typically, such a battle would take longer, but the Land Camp was only interested in blood right now. They attacked with reckless abandon, overwhelming the defensive hyenas.

By now, around 25 of the 60 beasts from the Land Camp had died. Yet, the losses on the side of the hyenas were way more devastating. They fell from around 100 beasts to just 30. The hyenas' morale had utterly vanished by now. They were killing their enemies, but, in turn, they were completely slaughtered.

"RAAAAAA!"

And that was the straw that broke the camel's back. The panther that had ambushed the general had triumphed. The panther was injured all over its body, and even a leg was missing, but it stood triumphantly over the general's corpse.

The hyenas grew panicked and started to concentrate more on defending than attacking. This only made their situation even worse. On top of that, around a third of them had started scattering in all directions.

Another third realized what was happening and started laying down in submission. It was better to join a new Tribe than to die.

"Kill them," Silva ordered atop another two corpses.

The beasts were all shocked for a bit. This was unlike Silva. He usually accepted the surrender and included the enemy into their Tribe to strengthen it. Yet, on this day, he decided against that.

The beasts immediately continued the slaughter crazily. They hadn't expected such a command from their commander, but that didn't mean that they didn't like it. In actuality, they preferred killing their enemy.

In nearly no time at all, nearly every hyena was dead. Only a number in the single digits managed to flee. After that, silence fell upon the land. The beasts were exhausted and laid down to treat their injuries.

Meanwhile, Silva looked at the remaining beasts of his Land Camp. "33," he said as he finished counting. Together with the 14 hyenas still in the River Tribe and the couple of land beasts keeping watch over the other borders, the land camp only had a total of about 55 beasts left.

Silva sighed as he realized that a lot of his companions had died. Yet, this was what everyone wanted. He was giving his camp the freedom to decide their own future. Most of the relatively weak beasts had died, while most of the stronger beasts survived. The Land Camp's total strength had been reduced, but the average strength of the members had increased.

Yet, Silva had other things on his mind as he looked deeper into the territory of the Hyena Tribe. The powerful Matriarch hadn't shown up, even though her entire Tribe had been killed. This made Silva feel uneasy.

"Congratulations on the victory," Orthar said as he walked to Silva's side. "Including our own dead tribesmen, we have over 120 corpses to distribute. This means that, on average, every beast will receive about four corpses."

Silva sighed as he looked at the resting Land Camp. "The members of the Land Camp keep track of how many equally powerful beasts they had consumed. The Land Camp will gain more than one Lord."

"Why did you sigh? Isn't that a good thing?" Orthar asked.

Silva sighed again. "I didn't sigh because it's a bad thing. I have won several battles and wars in the past. We always gained new companions, and the Tribe grew bigger. Yet, my army had never produced a Lord before."

"I have always put the value of a new member over the value of a corpse. Yet, that might not always be the correct path. I have followed our Leader's advice one time, and my camp has become as powerful as never before," Silva said. "I don't know what to think about that. Have I truly been wrong?"

Orthar chuckled a bit. "That is the difference between mindsets. By accepting new recruits, you increase the quantity of your army, but not the quality. In a fight with equal sides, quantity is incredibly important."

"Yet," Orthar said. "By only focusing on quantity, you will never take a step forward. Your old way had stability in mind. Your goal was to not lose because winning can cost a lot. This time, you fought to win. Your camp has paid the price, but it also received its rewards."

Silva just absentmindedly looked at his resting camp, but he was listening to Orthar. "You know," he said. "I could have created a distraction at the front. Then, all their firepower would concentrate there. After that, I would have had three fast beasts assault the general, destroying their morale."

"I could have won this battle with less than ten casualties while integrating over 50% of the enemy's army into our ranks. In theory, this result sounds way better. Instead of having 33 remaining members, we would have over 80."

"That's because you have the wrong goal," Orthar said. "You consider Lords as leaders, not as soldiers. Yet, if the commanders are level two Lords, why wouldn't it be possible to have level one Lord soldiers?"

Suddenly, Silva's eyes widened in realization. He had tried so hard to understand Gravis' mindset. Yet, he somehow wasn't able to completely agree to it. That was because he hadn't considered Lords as soldiers. Lords had always been powerful Leaders in his mind.

Silva hadn't had the luck to see the Sand Kingdom. He was still rather young, and the Sand Tribe had already deteriorated before he joined the army. Yet, after listening to Orthar's words, his whole thinking had changed. Yes, why couldn't Lords be soldiers?

Silva released another sigh. "Thank you for your guidance, Oracle," he said.

Orthar laughed a bit. "No problem. After all, that's my job." Then, Orthar looked deeper into the hyenas' territory. "Now, to do my other job."

Silva looked at Orthar with determined eyes. "I wish you luck, Oracle."

Orthar chuckled a bit. "Don't let Gravis hear that," he commented.

Silva wasn't sure what Orthar meant, but Orthar continued speaking before he could ask. "In the case that I don't return, I will transmit the contributions of each soldier to you. You should reward them appropriately."

Silva narrowed his eyes. A beast that was able to keep another Lord in check couldn't be simple. There was a real chance that Orthar wouldn't return.

Then, Orthar transmitted the contributions to Silva. After that, he started hovering and shot towards the core of the hyenas' territory. This fight wouldn't be easy.

After flying for about a minute, Orthar arrived at his destination. In front of him was a high-rank Spirit Plant. This was the tree that the Matriarch always used as a resting place. Below the tree, as usual, laid the Matriarch.

As Orthar approached, she slowly opened her eyes and looked at him. When Orthar felt her gaze, his whole body shivered suddenly. He felt that her physical power was not that of a level-two Lord, but she somehow felt like one to him. The passive pressure that she gave off felt nearly unreal to Orthar.

"I assume my Tribe has been killed?" she asked calmly.

Orthar took a deep breath. "14 are part of our Tribe while around six or seven have fled the battle."

The Matriarch looked into the distance. "A little over 20, huh? Their numbers had never been that low after they lost an invasion. I assume you have decided to prioritize quality over quantity."

Orthar realized that something wasn't right. She had said that the numbers hadn't been so low in the past. This meant that her whole Tribe had been killed more than once before. At that point, the Lord of the attacking party would try to kill her with everything they got, including weakening her with their army. Yet, the Matriarch was still alive.

Slowly, the Matriarch stood up. Orthar felt the pressure increase as he watched her.

"The number of survivors actually doesn't matter," she commented calmly. "I have never bothered to increase the power or territory of my Tribe in the first place. My children always wanted to do this, but I didn't care."

Then, she stretched a bit. "As long as I stay alive, I can always make a new one."

"Additionally," she said as she started walking towards Orthar. "Their real use is to lure a powerful army with a Lord into attacking me. After all.."

The Matriarch lifted her right front leg, and a violent blizzard gathered on it.

"No level one Lord poses even a slight challenge to me."

BANG!

[Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

**Chapter 403: The Power of Unity**

A mighty thunder echoed throughout the area as a lightning bolt hit the ground between the two enemies. After the lightning bolt vanished, Gravis stepped out of it with a smirk.

The Matriarch looked at Gravis seriously. She had never seen anything even similar to that. It almost seemed like that the beast in front of her had been just lightning a second ago. Yet, that was obviously impossible.

Meanwhile, Orthar looked strangely at Gravis. "Gravis, why are you here?"

Gravis only smiled at Orthar. "I want you to go through genuine life and death tempering, but there is a difference between life and death tempering and suicide. Your chance of winning is zero if you fight her. I can feel her power," Gravis said.

Orthar took a shaky breath. He had been overwhelmed by the pressure of his enemy. Yet, he had believed that this was normal. Orthar had a lot of experience, but he hadn't fought many enemies that were a genuine threat to his life. He had just expected that this kind of pressure was normal for such dangerous fights.

"Well, if both of you come together, this might actually prove to be some sort of fight," the Matriarch said calmly as she looked at Gravis.

Orthar looked seriously at the Matriarch. "Gravis, do you want to fight together?" he asked.

Gravis only laughed a bit. "Even though I still have my Lightning Fork active, she won't be even a slight challenge to me."

Orthar was a bit taken aback. "But your body, Spirit, and lightning are only a third as powerful as your peak state. I do not doubt that you could easily win in your peak state, but I'm not sure that you can fight her with your Lightning Fork still being active."

Gravis only shook his head slightly. "Orthar, as soon as I regained Unity, I have not been the same as before. How can humans fight the beasts if their bodies are three times weaker than the enemy's body? That's because humans have a particular weapon that beasts don't have. Don't forget that I can move my centers of power around however I wish."

A look of realization appeared on Orthar's face. "Right. I apologize. I forgot about that," he said.

"It's okay. After all, I am the only human in this world. You wouldn't find another beast able to do what I can," Gravis answered.

"Are you two done yet?" the Matriarch answered impatiently. She had watched Gravis and Orthar converse and grew annoyed.

Orthar looked at the Matriarch and then distanced himself from them. There was no reason for him to get involved.

The Matriarch noticed Orthar's actions and narrowed her eyes. Then, she looked at the calm Gravis. "Your body is weak," she said. "You have, by far, the weakest body of any Lord I have ever seen. Yet, the octopus stepped aside. Are you really that foolish that you think you can beat me on your own?"

Gravis laughed a bit and shook his head. "Matriarch, your isolation from stronger Lords has dulled your senses. I feel that you have an impressive battle-strength for your level, but if you continue to hunt for only weak Lords, your battle-strength won't improve. As soon as you become a level two Lord, your battle-strength might actually only be slightly above average. What then?"

The Matriarch narrowed her eyes. "And what's that to you?" she asked with annoyance. She had also had similar thoughts. Yet, she had decided on her path. Such a weak Lord had no say in her matters.

"I can tell you what it's got to do with me," Gravis said with a smirk. "I want to recruit you into my Tribe."

The eyes of the Matriarch widened in surprise. "You want to recruit me?" she asked incredulously. She couldn't believe that Gravis was serious.

Gravis nodded. "Exactly. My Tribe is different from other Tribes. My Tribe isn't about getting as many beasts as possible or about gaining as much territory as possible. My Tribe is all about increasing the power of the truly strong beasts."

The Matriarch listened to Gravis' words and realized that he was actually serious. Then, she burst into laughter.

"Such a weak Lord is talking about such grand ideas. Even if I were to consider joining your Tribe, you would first need to prove that you are more powerful than me," she said with a sneer. "Yet, I can't imagine that happening with that weak body of yours."

Gravis only had a third of his power, but one shouldn't forget that he had tempered his lightning and Spirit far beyond what other humans could. Even though he only had a third of his power right now, his Spirit, lightning, and body could be considered just as powerful as the centers of power of other humans in his Realm.

Starting at the Unity Realm, even an average cultivator was able to put up a fight and maybe kill a beast at their equal power. Yet, what about Gravis' other strengths? His battle-strength, Will-Aura, Punishment Lightning, mindset, and some other things allowed him to even fight Early Rank Unity Beasts or level two Lords in the language of the beasts. And that was considering that he still kept his Lightning Fork active.

Gravis laughed a bit and shook his head. "What if I'm able to suppress you in three different ways so that you won't even be able to put up a fight? Would you then consider joining my Tribe?" he asked.

The Matriarch sneered at Gravis. Was this weak beast dreaming? How would that even be possible? "Sure. If you can do that, I'll do whatever you want," she said.

Gravis smiled and nodded. "Okay, though..." he said as he trailed off with a sigh. "You're really lucky that you're not a level two Lord yet. If you were, I wouldn't even offer you to join my Tribe. If you were a level two Lord..."

"I would just directly eat you."

WHOOOOM!



A massive pressure appeared as Gravis activated his Will-Aura. Starting at the Unity Realm, the Will-Aura depended on the power of the Spirit. The Spirit was the medium that the Will-Aura used to take effect on the world.

Since his Spirit was only a third as powerful as his peak, it would be significantly weaker. Yet, since Gravis was back in the Unity Realm, he could just move his physical power and lightning into his Spirit. Like this, his Spirit was just as powerful as usual, and so was his Will-Aura.

The Matriarch felt an unreal pressure press into her. She felt like she was encased in some powerful mud and could barely move her body. Her speed had been reduced by over 99%. Yet, she wasn't able to analyze all these things. The only thing on her mind was shock.

"This is the first suppression," Gravis said as he slowly walked closer. The Matriarch could barely move, and Gravis just walked over to her until only a hundred meters were between them. This was only three times of the Matriarch's body length.

Whoop!

The pressure disappeared, and the Matriarch could finally move again. Feeling the control over her body returning, she quickly looked at Gravis with narrowed eyes. This beast was incredibly dangerous!

BZZZZZZ!

Gravis moved all his power into his Punishment Lightning and summoned about half of it in his hands. Destruction Lightning was already incredibly powerful for cultivators in the Initial Unity Realm. Yet, Gravis had Punishment Lightning, something that was way more dangerous.

The Matriarch looked at the lightning floating above Gravis' hand and felt its immense power. She had seen a lot of Lords in her life, and many of them had been way more powerful than her. With her experience, she judged that this lightning was about as intense as the lightning of a level two Lord. This gave her another incredible shock.

She was only a level one Lord. An elemental attack from a level two Lord would be absolutely devastating to her. She didn't dare to get closer. All her instincts, heart, and mind were telling her that she would die if that hit her.

"That's the second suppression," Gravis said.

Whoop!

The lightning vanished, and Gravis moved all of his power into his body. Now, his body was just as powerful as the body of a level one Lord. The Matriarch had been too preoccupied with the pressure and lightning to notice that Gravis' body had become many times weaker earlier. Yet, as the power of his body increased, she noticed it, and her eyes widened. How was this possible?

"Now, time for the third suppression. Try to put up a fight, at least, okay?" Gravis said nonchalantly.

BANG!

Gravis transformed into lightning and shot at her with unreal speeds. He hadn't used up any of his resources yet, so there was no danger in transforming. In less than a second, Gravis materialized directly before the Matriarch.

The Matriarch panicked. This speed had been so fast that she couldn't even react. Yet, her combat instincts kicked in, and she swiped at him with one of her claws.

Pack!

Gravis' right hand easily grabbed her left paw. One shouldn't forget that their bodies' were equally powerful. The Matriarch didn't hesitate and immediately used her next three attacks simultaneously. Using three simultaneous attacks was very impressive, and that showed her incredible combat power.

She used her captured paw and her hindlegs as support to hit Gravis with the other paw. At the same time, her mouth shot at him with an intent to bite. Additionally, a very powerful icicle appeared on Gravis' right side and shot at him. Everything was happening at the same time.

BANG! BANG! Pack!

Gravis used his tail to parry the icicle. Something like this required incredible finesse and control, but Gravis had enough combat experience to do something like that easily. His other hand grabbed the other paw. Meanwhile, he lowered his head and headbutted her chin.

The Matriarch's head shot upward, and Gravis jumped forward while still holding her paws.

BANG!

The Matriarch's body flipped, and she fell on her back. Gravis used that time to grab her throat with both of his arms and squeezed. The throat was one of the weakest parts of most animals. If he wanted to, he could tear half of her throat out with his claws, and the Matriarch knew that very well.

Her mind stopped working as panic and fear took hold of her. She was about to die! This was not a fight. It was like she was doing exactly what her enemy wanted. She hadn't felt this helpless in a long time.

BANG!

Gravis threw her body away, and she landed a couple of hundred meters away. Yet, she didn't stand up. The shock she had received was too powerful. A seemingly incredibly weak Lord had grown into a titan in her mind. She still couldn't process that everything was real.

"Convinced?" Gravis asked from around three hundred meters away.

### [Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

#### **Chapter 404: Liza**

The Matriarch continued laying on the ground for over 20 seconds. She required a lot of time to process what had just happened, and Gravis gave her that time. Meanwhile, Orthar floated over to Gravis with a sigh.

"I've underestimated your power," Orthar admitted. "I apologize."

Gravis just waved him off. "It doesn't matter. It's normal that you wouldn't believe something like this without seeing it yourself. After all, if you believed everything you heard, you would only be naive."

"What was that?" the Matriarch asked in shock as she regained some control over her mind. The only thing on her mind right now was to understand what had just happened.

"That's a third of my power, Matriarch," Gravis said, shocking her again. "I currently have a technique active that lowers my power to a third of its peak, but I can deactivate it whenever I want. When I'm at my peak, I'm even confident in killing level three Lords."

First, the Matriarch didn't believe that. After all, the concept that a level one Lord could kill a level three Lord didn't even exist in legends. Something like that just seemed impossible.

Yet, as she remembered the frightening pressure and the powerful lightning, she started believing him. Gravis could probably also kill a level two Lord with these two things, and that was considering the power he had shown just now. If he were able to triple his power, it wouldn't be impossible that he could kill a level three Lord. It would not be easy but possible.

The Matriarch sighed. "I don't deserve to be called Matriarch by you, Leader," the Matriarch said in a conceding tone. "Please call me Liza, Leader."

Gravis nodded. The fact that she called him Leader meant that she had accepted to join the River Tribe. Even though one could say that Gravis was the reason why 90% of her children had died, he never doubted her word. Beasts were different from humans.

If a human killed the children of another human, the other human would never rest until the first human was dead. Yet, for beasts, it was different. Skye had also accepted her parent's death without any problem. As long as beasts strived for power, it was normal for them to die. All beasts accepted that and didn't hold a grudge. In this sense, beasts had a simpler mindset than humans.

"What is your goal?" Gravis asked.

"Excuse me?" Liza asked in confusion. What did he mean with goal?

"Do you want to reach supreme power? Do you want to take revenge? Do you want authority? Do you want a powerful family? I'm asking you what your reason for becoming stronger is," Gravis asked.

Liza sighed as she thought about her past. "My main reason is revenge, but I also dream about becoming the strongest. Yet, my revenge takes precedence right now."

Gravis nodded. "I have expected something like that. Your approach to power didn't have a long-term goal in mind. I expected that you noticed that but chose that approach anyway."

Liza nodded. "Yes. I want to become a level three Lord. Only then will I be able to take my revenge," she said.

Gravis scratched his chin. "If you don't mind, could you tell me more about that?" Gravis asked.

Liza thought about this for a while. If she told him who her enemy was, Gravis might think that the risk of offending such a power was worse than what she brought to the table. In that case, he might decide to just eat her directly.

Yet, in the end, she decided to just say it. "I was part of a Tribe with a level three Lord as a leader. When I was young, I wasn't outstanding at all. My combat power was below average, and the Tribe demoted me to become Prey."

"If I managed to win three fights, I would be able to rejoin the Tribe. My first fight came immediately after the demotion, and, if I'm honest, I only won by luck. After that, I fled the Tribe and never returned. Ever since then, I have fought many dangerous battles and managed to achieve my current power."

Clap!

Gravis clapped into his hands once. "Great! I've been searching for powerful enemies to increase mine and the Tribe's power. This comes just at the right time!" Gravis said with an excited smirk.

Liza looked at Gravis with a bit of confusion, but then, she remembered Gravis' previous words. He had said that his Tribe wasn't about becoming bigger but about becoming more powerful. If that were truly his goal, such a powerful enemy would help a lot.

Her nervousness vanished as Liza sighed again. She had been worried over nothing. "What will you have me do?" she asked.

Gravis only looked at her with a smirk. "I already have two very capable commanders. I also have two powerful councilors. I have three different positions in mind, but to find the best position for you, I need to know more about you. Tell me, are you interested in dangerous life and death battles?"

Liza directly nodded. "Yes. The stronger I become, the better. Yet, I don't want to die before I can take my revenge. Right now, revenge takes priority over becoming supremely powerful."

Gravis scratched his chin in thought. "If the Tribe were to annihilate your hated enemy without you, would you mind?"

Liza thought about this for a bit. "No, I don't think so. I can already kill the officer that was responsible for my demotion. As long as I can see her die, I'm fine with not being part of the slaughter of the Tribe."

Gravis lifted an eyebrow. "Then why didn't you return to kill that officer?" Gravis asked.

Liza was a bit taken aback by that question. Had Gravis never been part of a Tribe? That question just seemed stupid in her mind. Yet, she decided to answer anyway. "Because I can't just kill someone in that position. If I did that, the whole Tribe would kill me. My revenge is important to me, but not more important than my life."

Gravis had a skeptical look on his face. Then, he looked at Orthar. "Is that true? Are other Tribes like that?" he asked.

Orthar had talked a lot with Morn, and Morn had way more experience in these sorts of things. "Yes. Normally, it's not allowed for Tribesmen to fight each other. That's because it would reduce the power of the Tribe and bring unrest to the members."

Gravis was a bit surprised by that answer. "But that's so stupid!" he said.

"Yes, I know," Orthar answered evenly.

Liza was surprised by their exchange. Did that mean that the River Tribe was different? Then, how did it work? Seeing Liza's confused expression, Gravis let Orthar explain the rules and mindset of the River Tribe. It wasn't that Gravis felt that it was beneath him to explain that, but that Orthar had much more experience in explaining the Tribe's rules. After all, he had explained them to nearly all new sea recruits.

Liza had a shocked look on her face. "Wait. That means that I can just directly challenge another Lord in the Tribe, and you would let me kill them?"

Gravis shrugged. "Sure. It would suck to find a new Commander, Elder, or Oracle, but nothing speaks against it."

Then, Liza looked at Orthar. "So, I could directly challenge and kill him, and you would do nothing?"

Gravis felt his insides ache when he heard that. Orthar was his closest friend in this world. Yet, Gravis sighed. "Orthar is my closest friend, but no one will stop or go against you if you decide to do that. Yet, you would need to fight him in an equally advantageous terrain to both of you. Water doesn't make much difference at your levels, but, at least, his chances of victory are a bit higher."

"Don't feel bad, Gravis. These are the rules, and I have accepted them. If I die by them, I won't regret it," Orthar said.

Gravis sighed again. He really didn't like this, but he had created these rules, and he couldn't play favorites. If Orthar died to them, there would be nothing wrong with that.

Instead, Liza was taken aback a little. Gravis would even allow someone from his own Tribe to kill his closest companion. She had never seen a Lord that was this neutral and fair.

Then, Liza laughed a bit. "Don't worry," she said. "Why would I kill someone from my Tribe when there are a lot of Lords in the neighboring territories? Also," she said with a smirk as she looked at Orthar. "A whole Tribe would probably be a bigger challenge than him."

Nearly every other beast would become angry when faced with such disregard. Yet, Orthar had himself entirely under control. He knew that she could kill him without much trouble. So, what was the problem with her showing disregard towards him? Orthar only needed to become more powerful than her. Power was the only truth.

Gravis released a sigh of relief. "Thank you," he said. "I might allow it, but that doesn't mean that I wouldn't hurt when my closest companion dies."

Liza smiled back at him. "You don't need to thank me. After all, we're part of the same Tribe now," she said and then turned around. "Anyway..."

Gravis looked with surprise at her. "Where are you going?" he asked.

Liza released a heartfelt smile. "I only need one more Lord to become a level two Lord. Since I see the death of my enemy approaching on the claws of the River Tribe, there's no reason for me to stay complacent."

The River Tribe was to the west of the hyena's territory, but she looked towards the east. "I'll go deal with the neighboring Tribe, east from here. I'll eat the Lord and send the interested members to the

River Tribe as Prey. Most of them will be ecstatic when they hear that they only need to win one fight to join your Tribe."

Then, she looked back at Gravis. "I'll be back in a day or so, and then, I'll be a level two Lord. Meanwhile, think of a position that I should assume. I will take up that position as soon as I return."

Gravis nodded with a smile. "No problem. I'll inform the Tribe about you and our future recruits. Have fun!"

Liza only smiled sweetly. "Thanks. See you later," she said, and then, she was off.

Gravis rubbed the back of his head a bit. "She sounded way more casual at the end."

"She has probably missed talking to equal beasts," Orthar said.

"Could be," Gravis said. "Anyway, let's inform the Tribe."

Orthar agreed, and then, they flew back to their Tribe.

Today, their Tribe became much more powerful.

### [Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

#### **Chapter 405: Silva's and Shira's Evolution**

Orthar and Gravis split up as they left the hyenas' territory. Gravis went back to do whatever he was doing all day while Orthar informed the Tribe about their new member and the recruits that would be coming in about a day.

Silva was surprised and nervous when he heard the news. He wouldn't be able to keep someone so powerful under his control when they joined. Liza would be a level two Lord and was way more powerful than anyone except Gravis. She surely wouldn't listen to him.

Yet, Orthar calmed him down by telling him that Gravis wouldn't overlook something like that. Gravis obviously had his own plans for her. Putting her into a normal army was just too big of a waste.

When Silva heard that, he calmed down. Yet, he was also frustrated at his own lack of power. He had gotten enough corpses to become a level one Lord in this fight, and he would be able to eat them by tomorrow. At that point, he would finally become a Lord, a dream he had had for a long time.

Yet, as soon as he achieved that dream, an overpowering new member joined the Tribe that Silva couldn't even think about controlling. One had to know that Orthar was the strongest member of the Tribe beside Gravis, and Orthar had said that he didn't even have a chance against her, and that was considering that she was still a level one Lord.

It would take the Land Camp around two days to eat and digest all these corpses, and according to Silva's calculations, they would get five more Lords in the Land Camp, excluding him. Luckily for him, Shira knew nothing about this. After all, the whole Land Camp was still inside the hyenas' territory. This would be a mighty surprise for her.

Like this, a day passed where the Land Camp only rested and ate inside the hyenas' territory. Though, it couldn't be counted as the hyenas' territory anymore. It would become part of the River Tribe in no

time. In actuality, the fungus was already converting the new territory into theirs. A lot of wide and deep rivers could already be seen stretching through the land.

Whoooooom!

A one-hundred-meter long beast shot over the resting Land Camp with incredible speeds. Most of the beasts didn't even notice it. Yet, Silva had already reached the level of a Lord, and he had noticed the "trespasser."

Silva sighed. "The new member of our Tribe just passed over us," Silva said as he scratched his chin with his new claws.

Silva had seen the advantage that arms had when he had fought Gravis back then. Ever since then, he had planned to change his body. Right now, his body was only around a hundred-meters-long, half the length of his previous body.

On top of that, he had two long and thin arms ending in powerful claws. His whole body was relatively thin, which would allow him to evade attacks easier and use it to grab his enemy like a constrictor snake. His long arms would be able to defend him from attacks and grab other parts of his enemy.

The Land Camp waited for another day after this occurrence until they finally returned. They had to get everything ready for the new recruits.

When Liza arrived at the Spire of the Tribe, most of the beasts were panicked for a second but then remembered Orthar's words. Their panic transformed into worship as they realized that their Leader managed to subdue such a powerful beast. They had never seen any beast that was as powerful as Liza.

Gravis talked to Liza and explained what he had in mind for her. "I think it would be best if you took care of all the new recruits and Prey inside the Tribe, land beasts and sea beasts. You just need to let two equally powerful beasts fight and oversee it."

Liza thought about this for a while. "I can do that. I don't mind sitting around and watching some fights. It might even be entertaining."

Gravis nodded. "Yes, that's what I thought. Right now, we need to get further into the continent. We can't remain at the fringes of the continent forever. After all, we need powerful enemies to become more powerful."

"As soon as we find some Tribes with level two Lords, you can join the fighting. Of course, I won't force you. After all, I also need level two Lords as food," Gravis explained.

Liza nodded with a smile. "Sounds good to me. As soon as the new recruits win the fight, they get transferred to the Land and Sea Camp, correct?"

"Yes. Just send them to their respective Commanders. Of course, it can also happen that the current members of the River Tribe show interest in a fight with a new recruit. It is also your duty to stop them from doing that."

Liza furrowed her brows. "I thought every beast could fight every other beast," she said.

"Yes, but only if they are members of the River Tribe. The new recruits are not yet members. I don't want the River Tribe to attack the recruits or Prey because this couldn't be considered tempering. Every member of the River Tribe has won, at least, one genuine life and death battle. By fighting against the new recruits, the members of the River Tribe would have it too easy."

Liza hummed for a bit. "That makes sense. Your goal is not only to increase their Rank but also to increase their Battle-Strength. I guess that is the best way forward."

"Exactly. There is no free food in the River Tribe. Every member needs to fight a genuine life and death battle to become stronger. Only like this will they have the highest possible Battle-Strength," Gravis explained.

"Sounds good to me. I'll get right to it then," she said.

"The two level one Lord snakes are the Commanders. Just ask them where the recruits are. Currently, the recruits are still under the Commanders, so they know where they are. Just gather them all and let them fight."

"Alright, bye!" Liza said and shot away from the Spire, right into the Abyss that was surrounding it. She had already felt one of these Lords and went to talk to her.

Shira had also become a level one Lord. Yet, her evolution was different from Silva's. Instead of decreasing her size, she increased it. By now, Shira was over a kilometer long. On top of that, she had a new addition.

Shira had decided that her most powerful weapons were her venom-filled fangs. As long as she hit an enemy with them, she would be able to win the fight. Therefore, she had grown a second head. On top of that, if one head was destroyed, the other could take over for the body.

With this evolution, she had duplicated her most potent weapon and had also gotten rid of a weakness. Shira didn't like it at all that she was losing the authority over her recruits to some new member. Yet, what could she do? Liza's power was eclipsing hers. She could only accept the loss.

Yet, she quickly recovered her usual, confident mood. After all, while Silva had been away, she had gone to work. When Silva returned, he would realize how close he was to his death. This provided her with an endless amount of comfort. Her impending victory over Silva was keeping her happy.

What had Shira done?

While Silva had been away, she had instigated one unfair fight after the other. With that, she had managed to kill every remaining member of the Land Camp. Her Camp had eaten all the hyenas and border-guards that hadn't joined the invasion. She might have also lost some of her powerful members, but that was no issue.

On top of that, she managed to raise three other Lords with these fights. Sadly, only two of the Lords remained as the third had directly challenged Shira. The fight had been brutal, but Shira had won against him. With this, she was already one step closer to becoming a level two Lord than Silva.



One day later, Silva returned with his remaining 33 members. Shira was shocked when she noticed that Silva and five other members were already Lords. She grew incredibly frustrated when she realized that suppressing him would become incredibly difficult now.

With the abundance of Spirit Beasts, it wasn't hard for Shira to find beasts that had a perfect counter towards other beasts. Yet, with only two other Lords, she didn't have as many options. Shira quickly changed her plan. Now, she wanted to create as many Lords as possible, even if it meant that the Sea Camp would fight each other.

Yet, her plan was about to be thrown to the wind. As soon as the Land Camp returned to the River Tribe, Silva turned to his soldiers.

"The Sea Commander has used all her schemes to kill our members. I'm also sure that she wouldn't have missed such a prime opportunity to give us another hit. Right now, we are probably the only remaining members of the Land Camp. All of our companions are probably already dead," he said.

The Land Camp got enraged when they heard that. The Sea Camp wouldn't care about something like that, but the Land Camp had an attitude that reflected Silva's attitude. They saw their Land Camp as one being. They were united, and when someone attacked their comrades, it would be like someone had attacked them.

"The time to remain passive has passed. Now, we become active!" Silva shouted.

The Land Camp listened to him with battle-intent. It was almost like they were back in the invasion of the Hyena Tribe.

"Go wild! Shira can control some fights, but not all of them. Go crazy!" Silva shouted. "Go out, find any member of the Sea Camp that you think is weaker than you, and directly challenge them!"

"You have all gone through a bitter war and have experienced a powerful life and death battle. Half of our companions have died in this war, but you, you are the stronger half! You have proven your strength! So, what can some shrimps from the Sea Camp possibly do to you!?" Silva shouted aggressively.

"RAAAAA!" the beasts shouted aggressively in answer.

"Go out! Kill, slaughter, and feed!"

Then Silva took a deep breath.

"FUCK THE SEA CAMP!" he shouted with all his power.

Some of the beasts were surprised by Silva's choice of words, but their Battle-Intent quickly returned.

"FUCK THE SEA CAMP!" they shouted back.

"GO!" Silva shouted.

"RAAAAAAA!" the Land Camp answered as they charged into the River Tribe.

Today, blood will flow, and chaos will reign!

## Lightning Is the Only Way

### **Chapter 406: Shira's Crisis**

This day was one of the busiest days Orthar and Morn ever had. They had to approve of every challenge, after all, and the challenges just kept on coming. It was almost like the Land Camp had gone crazy. Yet, those two only smirked.

The blood, death, and chaos inside the Tribe would increase the power of the Tribe tremendously. Only the beasts with the strongest Battle-Strength would be able to survive, and these beasts would, therefore, also have an above-average Battle-Strength for Lords. Every single Lord would have proven to be an elite beast!

This was different from other Tribes. Other Tribes only had a certain standard for Battle-Strength, and as long as a beast proved to fulfill that standard, they could fight the Prey. After all, Prey was there to be eaten, was it not? Because of that, the Battle-Strength of these Lords would be lower than the Battle-Strength of the Lords inside the River Tribe.

Shira grew nervous as one battle report after the next arrived at her side. She had no time to search for beasts that countered the beasts of her enemy. As soon as she found out about the weakness of one of her enemies, that beast had already won a second life and death battle.

Weaknesses and advantages could only help so much. As soon as a beast went through many life and death battles, it would become powerful and experienced enough to counteract these weaknesses. At that point, individual power easily outclassed the inherent weakness of that species.

Her heads started hurting as Shira's brains worked overtime. The advantage of having two heads also came with the benefit of increasing the processing speeds of her brains. Yet, this wasn't helpful at all right now. On top of that, her advantage of having more recruits had vanished.

All other land beasts were already residing inside other Tribes, but that fact wasn't true for the ocean. There was an endless amount of Spirit Beasts willing to join the River Tribe. Because of that, Shira always had more recruits than Silva.

Yet, on this day, an army of over 200 land beasts had arrived, and all these beasts were willing to join the River Tribe as new recruits. Obviously, these were the beasts of the Tribe that Liza had visited a day before. Without their Lord, they weren't willing to remain in that Tribe. After all, one invasion from the ocean, and all land beasts would die.

Like this, they all joined the River Tribe. Additionally, Shira couldn't control the battles of the recruits anymore. After all, Liza overlooked that department now.

As the day progressed, the Sea Camp became smaller and smaller. The Sea Camp still had their powerful members, but all the weaker ones were falling like flies. The Battle-Strength of the Land Camp clearly outclassed the Sea Camp.

Shira thought for a long time about this issue, but she just couldn't find a reason. She had no idea why every beast inside the Land Camp was so powerful.

As more and more time passed, more and more of her Camp died to the Land Camp. By now, her Sea Camp only had around 50 remaining members. Of course, the Land Camp also had casualties, but those couldn't be compared to the Sea Camp's.

In total, the Land Camp had only lost around seven beasts. Meanwhile, this crazy slaughter gave rise to more Lords inside the Land Camp. By now, the Land Camp already had eight Lords, excluding Silva.

Yet, shortly after that, an even more devastating report had appeared. One of her two remaining Lords had been killed by some panther from the Land Camp. One shouldn't forget that Lords also counted as soldiers. Therefore, they could challenge any other Lord to a duel.

'What is going on!?' Shira thought in frustration and nervousness. When the day had just started, she had been assured of her victory over the Land Camp. Yet, as soon as Silva returned, her dream had transformed into a nightmare. If this continued, the whole Sea Camp would be annihilated!

On top of that, at some point, there would probably appear a Lord in the Land Camp that countered Shira's power. When that happened, it wouldn't only be her Sea Camp that died. When that happened, her own life would be in genuine danger!

As time progressed, the members of the Land Camp became fewer and fewer. When the next day arrived, only twelve members were left inside the Land Camp. Yet, all twelve of these members had already become Lords. Like this, the slaughter stopped after Shira's last remaining Lord died.

It was only allowed to challenge beasts at the same Rank. Therefore, the Lords of the Land Camp only had each other, Shira, the Elder, the Oracle, and Gravis left to fight. No more sea beasts from the Sea Camp died. Yet, Shira only had around 20 left. On top of that, she was the only remaining Lord.

Shira fell into despair. There were some beasts inside the Land Camp that could be a genuine danger to her life. The only reason why she hadn't been challenged yet, was that her venom was a strong deterrent. Even if a Lord won, they could very likely succumb to her venom if she hit them once.

Yet, Shira couldn't count on that fact. It was only a matter of time until a perfect counter to her became a Lord. When that happened, her death would come. Shira feared for her life, and she had never been this scared before.

She already considered fleeing from the River Tribe. Additionally, she never trusted Morn and Orthar. There could very well come the time when one of these two decided to challenge her. After all, they also needed food to become more powerful, and those two were a powerful threat to Shira's life.

Shira felt like she was completely out of her depth, with monsters all around her that were a danger to her life. Sadly, she didn't realize the irony in that thought. After all, Silva had had the same feelings towards her before he consulted Gravis.

Shira couldn't find any solution to her current predicament. Without assets or power, her craftiness was nearly useless. She had relied on her craftiness for her entire life, and today was the first time when it had failed her.

She stood before a crossroad. Flee or stay? If she fled, she would need to either establish her own Tribe or join the Tribe of another beast. Both options had problems. If she established her own Tribe, she

would need to completely rely on her own power. After all, there would be no other Lord inside her new Tribe. This meant that she needed to kill the enemy Lords personally.

If she joined the Tribe of another beast, she would first need to search for a Tribe that had, at least, a level two Lord as a leader. Level one Lords wouldn't allow such a dangerous snake into their midst. On top of that, she would need to join as Prey, and that was hard. She would need to fight several brutal battles.

The issue with finding such a powerful Tribe was that these Tribes didn't reside on the outside of the continent. She would need to travel a considerable distance into the continent. Of course, that meant that she had to go through the territories of other Tribes. Like this, she would need to fight these Tribes either way.

Additionally, there was a massive issue with both of these choices, and that issue was the River Tribe's insane growth. The growth of the River Tribe completely shocked Shira. In just over a week, the Tribe went from having no Lord to having over a dozen. If she left for another Tribe, she would sooner or later become food or Prey for the River Tribe.

When that happened, enough time would have already passed for the River Tribe to be many times more powerful than now. At that point, she could probably only join as Prey, and if she survived, her strength would only allow her to become a mere soldier.

In order to counteract this possibility, she would need to travel such a vast distance that it would probably take over a year of travel via the ocean. Yet, if she did that, she would still have to deal with the other issues.

Shira felt like there was no way out. In her mind, it didn't matter what she chose. Only death remained.

After hours of dealing with her despair, Shira finally remembered something. She remembered that Silva had been completely suppressed by her. Yet, as soon as he invaded the Hyena Tribe, he had completely transformed.

'No,' Shira thought as she narrowed her eyes. 'He had already changed before that. After he passed by me, I felt the difference in his mindset. All of this happened just after he had gone to the Spire. What happened in the Spire that it changed him that much?' she thought.

As she thought about this, a realization slowly dawned on her. 'That viper had already known Morn for a long time. Morn wouldn't be able to change his mind to such a degree. On top of that, the Oracle had stayed at the border to wait for the invasion. There was only one powerful beast remaining at the Spire during that time.'

'The Leader!' she thought with narrowed eyes. 'That viper has probably realized that his death was around the corner. Not finding a way out, he probably went to consult the Leader. After their talk, his whole mindset had changed.'

Shira was currently at the bottom of the Abyss and looked upwards at the Spire with narrowed eyes. 'That viper had no way out, so he simply followed the Leader. After all, his naïve methods hadn't worked against me.'

Suddenly, Shira's eyes widened as she realized something else. 'Doesn't that sound just like my situation?' she thought in frustration. As she continued thinking, her frustration grew. 'No, I can't! If I consult the Leader, I would have only proven that my way is wrong! Then, all my efforts over these years would have been for nothing!'

Yet, Shira's grimace slowly changed into a frown as she looked at the ground. 'Prove that I was wrong?' she thought and then looked at the Spire again. Now, she only had an unsure expression. 'Haven't I already proven that my path is wrong by ending up in such a situation with no way out?'

Then, Shira's body shook in anger and refusal. After that, she shook her heads in violent frustration and released a shout as her tail destroyed the wall to her side.

After calming down, she looked upwards at the Spire with motivation. 'So what if I lose the battle!?' she thought with anger. 'I'll accept this loss to win the war!'

Then, she shot at the Spire from the Abyss.

It was time to consult the Leader.

### [Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

#### **Chapter 407: Gravis Talks With Shira**

Shira quickly reached Gravis' cave and entered it without hesitation. She had a nearly manic look on her face, which came from a mixture of frustration, anger, motivation, and several other emotions. As soon as she entered, Gravis opened his eyes and looked into hers.

After looking at Shira for a second, Gravis scratched his chin in interest. "Huh," he said casually, "seems like I was wrong."

Shira hadn't expected these words to leave Gravis' mouth. In actuality, she was quite surprised. Didn't Gravis realize that admitting a mistake made him appear weaker to the beasts in his Tribe? Admitting when he was wrong would create doubt in the lower members. If that happened more than once, some might even think that he was weak. Gravis couldn't possibly be serious.

"Are you joking?" she asked unamused.

Gravis only grinned as he stood up. Then, he slightly shook his head. "No, I'm not joking. I was genuinely wrong. I've expected you to be a beast that would hold onto her philosophy until her death would come. The fact that you appeared here means that I have made an error."

Shira still wasn't convinced. "Stop playing with me," she said with annoyance. "You know exactly that admitting a mistake would make you appear weaker in the eyes of others. They would think that you are not as intelligent as you appear and will lose respect in you."

Gravis only continued grinning. He was actually enjoying it when he was wrong. Whenever he was wrong, it meant that he had another opportunity to grow.

"So?" Gravis asked with a smirk.

And again, Shira was perplexed by his answer. "What do you mean with So? Appearing strong is what allows you to keep firm control over the Tribe. At some point, a member might think that you're weak and then attack you."

Gravis only continued smirking and shook his head again. "That's the difference between you and I. Your words have shown that you have this whole concept of power backwards. That is also the reason why you are currently in such a dangerous situation."

Shira only huffed in disdain. "Then please enlighten me," she said sarcastically.

Gravis didn't mind her tone. "Hypothetically, if I were a stupid beast, would you be able to overthrow me?" he asked.

Shira wanted to answer directly but stopped herself. She remembered how Gravis had even managed to subdue Liza, a powerful level two Lord. This meant that his strength was, at least, above-average for level two Lords.

When Gravis saw her hesitate, he continued speaking. "Assume that you have total control over the entire Tribe. Everyone, including Liza, Orthar, Morn, and the Land Camp, would follow your every command. Now, let's assume that all of them are ready to throw their lives away to overthrow me. Would you succeed?" he asked.

Shira thought about this. Yet, by what she had seen, Gravis could probably kill the whole Tribe. It actually didn't matter how many beasts of the Tribe attacked him. As she realized this, Shira's frustration grew. She couldn't find any way to kill Gravis with only these assets.

Gravis saw Shira's frustration and kept grinning. "Craftiness and intelligence help you in fighting against opponents that are slightly more powerful than you. Yet, as soon as the power gap widens, it becomes nearly useless."

"So, tell me," Gravis said as he looked at her. "As long as my power is so much stronger than everyone else's, how would it be possible to overthrow me?"

Shira remained silent, but she quickly found an answer. "Power doesn't remain static. Beasts die, and other beasts become more powerful. At one point, their power will be enough to kill you," she said.

Gravis only shook his head. Shira hated it when Gravis shook his head like that. He acted like everything was in his control. "Raising more powerful beasts requires time. Other beasts become more powerful, but so will I. My Rank is a whole level lower than Liza's. Yet, my Battle-Strength is so powerful that she would need to rise another level to become a threat."

"Rising to a level three Lord requires a level two Lord to eat about eight other level two Lords. That's a lot of resources. I require more food than others but only double the amount. Normally, I would need to eat 16 level one Lords to become a level two Lord."

"Yet, with my Battle-Strength, why would I need to eat level one Lords? I could just eat four level two Lords to become a level two Lord. At that point, Liza would need to become a level four Lord, meaning she would need to hunt eight level three Lords, while I only need four."

"Resources are limited, Shira. Even if I were to only take half of the resources of Liza, she would never be able to become a threat to me. In extension, by always fighting more powerful Lords, my Battle-Strength won't decline. To be frank with you, I'm not even interested in fighting level two Lords. I only want to fight level three Lords right now," Gravis said.

Shira narrowed her eyes. "Why would you do that? Didn't you say that level three Lords could be a danger to you? Why would you put yourself into unnecessary danger?"

Gravis noticed that Shira grew more interested in the conversation. "Where do you think my Battle-Strength came from? Do you think this was handed to me?"

Shira didn't answer.

"When I started my journey, I had a Battle-Strength that was equal to the Battle-Strength of a Low Rank Spirit Beast. With my power, I would have easily been able to reach that level by taking the safe route."

"Yet, what then? As soon as I would reach that level, my Battle-Strength would only be average. I wouldn't be different from any of our soldiers. So, I went through an incredible amount of genuine life and death battles."

"Two of my battles stand out as the hardest. I'll convert the power of my opponents to standards you know. My first powerful opponent was someone that had the power of a High-Rank Energy Beast. Back then, I could only be counted as a Mid-Rank Energy Beast. My chances of survival were lower than 10%."

Then, Gravis smirked again. "Yet, it wasn't him that attacked me. If I wanted to, I could have left without him chasing me. Instead, I went into the battle, knowing fully well that I would most likely die. Yet, I survived. By winning this battle, my Battle-Strength increased significantly."

"My second extremely perilous battle was against someone that was more powerful than a High-Rank Spirit Beast, but not as powerful as a Lord. Back then, I was at the upper border of a Low-Rank Spirit Beast. This was a jump of two entire Ranks."

"By winning this fight, I had become even more powerful. These were the two most dangerous battles in my life. Yet, by risking it and winning, I have managed to increase my Battle-Strength to such a level."

Shira listened intently. She didn't know anything about Gravis' past. Orthar didn't really keep it a secret, but Shira didn't talk to him much. Morn, for example, knew most of what had happened to Gravis since he talked more with Orthar.

"When you look at the end result, I just appear like a monstrous freak that can't be judged by normal standards. Yet, if you hear my whole story, you will realize that my Battle-Strength simply increased faster than my opponents'. Of course, all of this is only temporary."

Shira wasn't sure what Gravis meant. She estimated that Gravis' Battle-Strength would probably even be powerful when he became a King, the Rank above a Lord. How could something like that be temporary?

Gravis saw Shira's expression and guessed what she thought. "My Battle-Strength would probably also be good among Kings, but what about Emperors? What about the level after that? If I become complacent now, I would have already given up on my goal to become an Emperor. By staying complacent, I would have put a border on my potential."

Then, Gravis looked into Shira's eyes with a smirk. "And that's exactly what's happening to you now."

Shira had a skeptical look on her face.

"When you took part in the invasion, you have decided to attack the strongest beast in the enemy's army. Back then, you directly attacked Silva. Tell me, were you assured of your victory?"

Shira remained silent for two seconds. "No, but I had to take the risk. I saw how his army almost worshiped that viper. If I allowed him to live, he would become a powerful enemy."

Gravis nodded. "Exactly. You took the risk. You weren't able to win, but your Battle-Strength should have become more powerful after the fight. Yet, what about all your fights following those?"

Shira remembered the fights, and she noticed that every single fight had been easy, except for her latest one against one of three Lords that had appeared inside her camp. That one had been the only difficult one.

"You have taken the easy road. The only fight that managed to increase your Battle-Strength was your newest one. All other fights before that only increased your Realm. When you had been a Spirit Beast, your Battle-Strength had been outstanding. Yet, what about now?"

Shira fell into thought.

"Think back to five days ago," Gravis said. "Think of all the members in the Land Camp. How many of them were powerful enough to be a danger to your life?"

"One," Shira said. "It was only the viper."

"And what about now?" Gravis asked.

Shira remained silent for a while, and her expression deteriorated. "Five," she said.

Gravis nodded. "Your Battle-Strength hasn't increased, but your Realm has. This means that, effectively, your Battle-Strength has even decreased in comparison to your new enemies. What about when you become a level two Lord? Wouldn't this trend just continue?"

Shira remained silent, but her face scrunched up in unwillingness. She realized that she couldn't find a counterargument. All the evidence showed that this trend only continued. This made her feel even more nervous about the future.

"Your path has come to an end, Shira," Gravis slowly said. "As long as you don't step onto another one, you will soon die."

"In actuality," Gravis commented as he looked at Shira with a mocking expression. "The only reason you're still alive is that Silva hasn't yet realized that he has already become more powerful than you."

"I keep a close watch over all of you, and I've seen most of your fights. With my experience, I'm pretty good at estimating the power of others. And right now, if Silva were to fight you, you would only have a 30% chance of winning."

[Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

**Chapter 408: New Program**



Shira's eyes narrowed again as she looked at Gravis. "I don't believe that."

Gravis only smirked. "Silva puts the success and survival of his Camp over his own life. This means that he didn't only aim to become a Lord. Instead of finding food, he used these hunting-opportunities as a method to get rid of the most powerful beasts in the Sea Camp."

"Your fights had been easy, but his fights had been difficult. This has increased his Battle-Strength more than he realizes. As soon as he realizes that he is more powerful than you, he won't hesitate to challenge you directly. At that time, your life will likely come to an end."

Shira's frustration increased when she heard Gravis. She didn't want to believe him, but deep inside, she realized that he was right. There might really be a possibility that the viper was already more powerful than her. Yet, her pride made it difficult to accept that.

After some seconds, Gravis continued speaking. "To go back to my original point. You said that appearing strong is what makes a Leader. Yet, I say that being strong is what makes a Leader. As long as you have supreme power, it doesn't matter what others think of you. They might look down on you, but they can't do anything against you."

"And I am also pretty sure that I know why you have been complacent," Gravis said. "You are too happy with what you already have. You don't dare to risk your life to increase your Battle-Strength. Yet, you also want to become more powerful."

"Shira, you need to realize that you can't have both. Either you take it easy and forever remain at this power, or you take risks to become more powerful. There is no in-between. It's either the one or the other."

Then Gravis turned away from her and looked at the wall. "I've helped Silva once when he had come to ask me for guidance. I have given him this guidance, but I have also told him that, to remain fair, I would give you the same opportunity if you ever came to ask for guidance."

Then, he turned back to her. "Back then, I didn't expect you to ever come to me for help, but, as I said, I was wrong. I have incorrectly assessed your personality. So, right now, I will tell you what you have to do to get out of this mess."

Shira remained silent.

"Back then, Silva was on the verge of death, just like you. Back then, I have told him that his weakness was that he placed the survival of his Camp above its power. I told him that he needed to let his members go crazy. Like this, many will die, but many others will become powerful."

"He followed that advice, and now, a single beast of his Camp can annihilate your whole Sea Camp. Yet, that was advice that was specifically tailored to him. The advice I will give you will be slightly different."

Shira still didn't say anything.

"Silva has the advantage over you that his Camp trusts in him. Because of that, he doesn't need to fear that his underlings become more powerful than him. At least, not until they are one or two levels higher than him."

"In your case, that is different. You do not have the ability to instill trust in your Camp. Therefore, the only way to remain in power is to be the most powerful beast inside your Camp without question. Yet, being the most powerful beast is also a powerful advantage in and of itself."

"Therefore, your only remaining choice is to risk your life in life and death battles. Tomorrow, I will make an announcement to the Tribe about a new program. My help to you is to allow you to start on that program one day early. Of course, it's up to you if you accept it or not."

Shira still remained silent as she listened to Gravis.

"The Tribe has become too powerful for our current lands. All our neighboring lands only have one Lord, but we have over ten. Using Spirit Beasts for an invasion is a waste of resources. I don't want more Lords. I want more level two Lords. Therefore, starting tomorrow, I will allow the Lords in our Tribe to kill the Lords of any Tribe they can find."

Shira narrowed her eyes.

"Yet, they are only allowed to go alone. Their Battle-Strength is above average. This means that a one-on-one battle with a Lord from another Tribe wouldn't increase their Battle-Strength by much. Only when they battle such a Lord with the whole Tribe attacking them at the same time will they truly be challenged."

Gravis looked back into Shira's eyes. "Fighting a whole Tribe by yourself is easier than fighting the members of the Land Camp. Yet, it will still be dangerous. My advice to you is that you should fight and kill three Lords alone. If you manage to survive, your Battle-Strength will be even more powerful than Silva's current Battle-Strength. You would probably be even more powerful than Orthar then."

"When you're finished with that task, you should kill five of the strongest beasts of the Land Camp. This will weaken the Land Camp significantly while making you more powerful. Of course, I won't tell Silva about what we have talked about today. I will only tell him that we talked, but not the contents of the conversation."

"If he realizes that you will become more powerful in a very short time, he will be forced to become more powerful himself. If he doesn't realize it, you would just directly kill him before becoming a level two Lord. After all, you would already be more powerful than him at that point. So, in the end, it depends on him if he survives against you."

"And as soon as you become a level two Lord, it doesn't matter what Silva does. He might be able to eradicate the whole Sea Camp, but he won't be able to kill you. As long as he can't kill you, the Sea Camp will just become more and more powerful. This is just like your current situation. You have more beasts inside your Sea Camp, but you can't do anything about the overwhelming power of the Land Camp. This will be switched in the future."

Gravis looked deep into Shira's eyes. "The only way to realize your ambition is to become truly powerful. If you're not powerful, no one will follow you. Why would a level three Lord follow you if they realize that they can annihilate you with a casual smack?"

Gravis stopped talking, and Shira fell into thought. She realized that this was truly the only way left for her to realize her ambition. Without becoming more powerful, she wouldn't be able to control stronger beasts. Was she happy with forever remaining at her current standing? Of course not!

After half a minute, Shira sighed and decided to go through with it. An hour ago, she had seen no path forward, but now, she had one. This path was dangerous, but it had a possibility for success. The motivation to become powerful returned in full. She hadn't always been this complacent. This had only started after becoming part of the River Tribe.

One shouldn't forget that Shira had had an outstanding Battle-Strength when she had been a Spirit Beast. Such a powerful Battle-Strength didn't come from playing it safe. The undying greed from back then had returned.

When she had joined the River Tribe, the greed had taken a back-seat. Before joining the River Tribe, it was like she had been hungry constantly. Yet, as soon as she joined, it was like she had eaten her fill, but now, it returned even more powerful than before.

Gravis saw Shira's mindset change and smirked. 'Now, it all depends on you, Silva,' Gravis thought. 'Your enemy has gone through a rebirth. Either you become more powerful, or you will die. I won't save you a second time. If you die to Shira, it just shows that you are too weak to rise to power. I'm fine with either outcome.'

Suddenly, Shira smirked as she looked at Gravis. "You know, I never asked for your help. You gave me this advice of your own volition. So, that means that I still-"

WHOOOOOM!

An apocalyptic pressure appeared and pressed into Shira. Before she could even process that, a mighty hand clasped around each of her throats. Gravis' body felt way more powerful than before. Yet, what was even weirder was that the pressure seemingly didn't originate from Gravis. This powerful pressure felt like it came from outside, shocking her to no end. What was happening?

Gravis pressed down hard on her throats and pulled the heads towards him. Bones were breaking, and flesh was tearing as his grip strengthened. Then, he looked deep into the eyes of Shira's heads with a severe expression.

"Don't play this political game with me!" he said with a severe tone.

Shira felt like she was about to die. Fear was gripping her minds as she panicked.

"I have told you about this, and if you didn't want my help, you could have left. There are very few things that I hate more than dishonesty. Don't forget that I can kill you whenever I feel like it. Never forget that I am in the same Rank as you. I don't even need to break the rules to break your necks," Gravis said brutally.

"I can drag you into an arena right now and tear you apart." Then, Gravis sneered. "And sure, if you still don't accept the fact that I helped you, then listen. Right now, I am offering you my help. That help is that I won't kill you right now. Do you accept?" he asked.

"Y-yes... I-I accept," Shira transmitted meekly.

Gravis' sneer transformed into a smirk. "Good."

CRRRRRRRK!

Shira fell away from Gravis and screamed in pain. Gravis had torn one of her heads off. Very few beings had the privilege to feel the pain of losing an entire head. Most of them just died.

"Fuck off, and don't you dare appear in front of me in the next week," Gravis said as he looked at her writhing body coldly.

"Yes, I'm sorry," she quickly and quietly transmitted. Then, she slithered away with fear as panic still gripped her remaining mind.

Gravis huffed again and went back to sit in the middle of the room.

'With over ten Lords destroying all other Lords, we should be able to reach the territories of a level two or three Lord in no time. When that time comes, I can finally increase my power again. I haven't gone through any tempering since entering this world. Oh, how long I've waited for this.'

Gravis chuckled a bit as he went back to doing whatever he was doing all day.

### [Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

#### **Chapter 409: The Neighbors' Crisis**

After Shira left the Spire, she immediately flew to the south. She realized that she didn't have any time anymore. The Leader had said that Silva was already more powerful than her, and, for once, she believed him. It would only be a matter of time until Silva challenged her. After all, Silva was ready to take this risk for his Camp.

Like this, Shira left the Tribe, and she wouldn't return until she had killed three Lords. If she intended to start right now, she would have flown to the west. After all, they had a direct neighbor there. Yet, she wouldn't go there in her current condition. First, she had to wait for her head to regrow. That would probably take some hours.

A day later, Gravis gathered the whole Tribe and told them about his new program. The reactions were mixed. The Lords grew excited when they heard that. Initially, they had believed that there wasn't enough food for everyone. Yet, this solved the whole issue.

The Spirit Beasts, on the other hand, didn't like this at all. An invasion was the easiest way to become more powerful. After all, a powerful commander would kill the enemy and keep them alive.

But why didn't the Spirit Beasts know that it was better to go through life and death tempering? After all, hadn't there been a devastating war some days ago?

The reason for that was simple. Every Spirit Beast, except for around ten from the Sea Camp, were new members. Every old member of the Land Camp had either died or become a Lord. They had seen the effect of tempering. That was why they were so excited.

The new members hadn't seen that effect yet. That was why they were unhappy about this development. A lot of them went to complain to the Oracle or Elder but without success. Yet, the Elder and the Oracle were able to alleviate their worries somewhat.

When the Lords went wild, a lot of Spirit Beasts would become homeless. When that happened, most of them would join the River Tribe. Like this, there would be enough food. Sadly for the Spirit Beasts, the new recruits had to go through a real fight to join the Tribe, just like them. This meant that they weren't easy targets.

This put the Spirit Beasts before a choice. There was no easy way to power anymore. They either had to go through perilous fights or leave the River Tribe. There was no restriction to leaving, and all beasts knew that.

Because of that, over 30% of the Spirit Beasts left the River Tribe to join another Tribe as Prey. At least, if they managed to join another Tribe, they could leech some food from the wars. Yet, the remaining 70% decided to stay.

These 70% now knew that there was no easy way out anymore. They couldn't wait anymore and hope for a lucky invasion, and since they had no other way anymore, they immediately went wild with challenging others.

By now, there were a lot more new members. With one dedicated beast, Liza, overseeing the entire process, one new member after the other appeared. Because of this, even though nearly all Spirit Beasts of the River Tribe had died two days prior, there were more members now than ever before.

As soon as the Lords went crazy, there would be a gigantic influx of new recruits. Gravis had already foreseen this development and ordered the fungus to create 20 more arenas. They would need them all soon.

Meanwhile, the Lords asked the Elder and Oracle how they should proceed exactly. Gravis had informed Orthar and Morn about how he wanted things to be done, and they relayed the information.

Gravis didn't see a bigger territory as an advantage but as a liability. If the territory were bigger, fewer beasts would congregate in one spot, and therefore, there would be fewer fights. On top of that, they would need to send more beasts to overlook the borders.

Because of all these reasons, Gravis informed them that they would only annex the one territory to the west. Currently, the River Tribe was in the southern part of the continent. To the south was the ocean, while to the west and east were some fringe territories.

Gravis informed the two that a width of 1500 kilometers was more than enough. As soon as the territory to the west was annexed, they would only expand to the north. They needed to get closer to the core of the continent to find better food.

On top of that, if the territory were too big, beasts would take longer and longer to get from A to B. Because of that, they would only expand north and keep their current width. After some annexations, they would also move their headquarters further into the continent.

They would still keep the southern territories at that point, but they would only send some Lords to keep watch. Finding these Lords was actually not that difficult. At some point, a beast would feel comfortable enough to remain at its current level. These beasts wouldn't want to fight anymore and endanger their life.

So, Gravis decided to make use of these beasts. As long as these beasts became Lords, they could remain in these territories and rule over them like they were their own Tribe. As long as they kept the steady stream of new sea recruits going, everything would be fine.

In actuality, to these beasts, this was even better than actually having their own Tribe. If they had their own Tribe, they would need to be careful of beasts that became powerful enough to overthrow them. In that case, they would never dare to let another Lord rise.

Yet, they didn't need to care about that with their new status. As soon as a new Lord rose, they would just be sent further inward.

Gravis had planned this whole thing out. He would make a long street going far into the continent. As the number of recruits grew, and as the average strength of each soldier increased, he would create multiple checkpoints along the way. As soon as a beast reached the next Rank or level, they would progress to the next checkpoint, if they wanted.

Yet, all of this was far into the future. Right now, the Lords had heard something very interesting from the Oracle and the Elder. The whole expansion into the north only referred to the territory. It didn't mean that they couldn't attack other Tribes to the east and west. It just meant that the Tribe would just leave these areas empty.

This meant that the Lords had no boundaries. As long as they attacked a Tribe alone, they could go absolutely wild. One Lord could even just continue going in one direction until they became a level two Lord.

Additionally, some uninformed Lords from other Tribes or the ocean would notice that a new territory had opened up. Then, they may decide to invade that land and expand their Tribe or create a new one. At that point, the food would have basically restocked itself without them having to do anything.

The last rule only entailed that they should advertise the River Tribe after killing the Lord. This was not hard. In the case that the Lords found a powerful territory with more than one Lord, they had to report to the Elder or Oracle. After all, they wouldn't be able to take such a land solo. Though, if they were confident, they could try it anyway.

After hearing all the specifics, nearly every Lord shot off into the distance. They all scattered and tried to find a direction where no other Lord from their Tribe would go. After all, it was first come, first serve.

Meanwhile, the Lords of the neighboring Tribes had no idea that an apocalypse was coming. No Tribe expected that some newly conquered territory at the edge of the continent housed over a dozen Lords.

Meanwhile, these Tribes only had one Lord with average Battle-Strength.

There were only so many neighboring territories, and in total, there were more Lords from the River Tribe than there were territories neighboring them. Because of that, faster beasts would arrive first. Slower beasts noticed that someone from their Tribe was already fighting and just continued running further away.

If the neighbors were already busy, they could always go to the neighbors' neighbors.

And with that, the River Tribe expanded with ridiculous speeds.

## Lightning Is the Only Way

### **Chapter 410: Visitor**

A couple of days passed.

By now, the River Tribe had been in existence for slightly more than two weeks. Yet, in these two weeks, it went from a Tribe with no Lord to a powerful hegemon that devastated the surrounding thousands of kilometers.

Huge swathes of land were empty of any powerful beasts. Yet, weaker beasts that were usually ignored thrived.

Where did the weaker beasts come from?

Every Tribe left the weaker beasts alone. After all, eating them wouldn't increase the Tribe's power at all. Because of that, it was like there were two separate worlds. It was very similar to the world of cultivation and the mortals in the lower worlds.

The weaker beasts just lived with each other. Occasionally, they would notice a mighty beast pass them. Yet, these beasts would only ignore them. Sometimes, the weak beasts would also hear and see these powerful beasts fighting. Yet, these mighty beasts never interacted with the weaker beasts.

Only when a beast became a Spirit Beast would it be noticed by the Tribe. Basically 100% of the continent was occupied by Tribes, Kingdoms, and Empires. These weak beasts just didn't know about this. Because of that, every weaker beast was living inside the territory of an organization without their knowledge.

Yet, when strong beings fought, the weak would suffer. Due to that, there were still a lot of casualties among the weaker beasts. After all, who cared about them?

Because of the vast empty lands without any Tribes, these beasts thrived. No more fighting appeared around them. Sadly, these beasts were too stupid to realize the change. Even if they were smarter, they still wouldn't know the concept of a Tribe. To them, it just appeared like all the strong beasts had vanished.

Yet, what had the Lords of the River Tribe done in that time? How many Tribes had they killed?

In these couple of days, most Lords only killed a single Tribe. On top of that, three Lords from the River Tribe died in these fights. These fights were not without danger, after all. Ironically, due to that, the River Tribe had even fewer Lords than before.

These couple of days were too short for the recruits to reach the power of a Lord. Therefore, no new Lord had appeared inside the River Tribe. Yet, the surviving Lords had become more powerful, even though their level or Rank didn't increase.

As said before, most Lords only killed one Tribe in this short amount of time. After all, they needed to heal themselves, digest the prey, and think about their fights. Starting at the Unity Realm, there were no stupid beasts anymore. Therefore, they also reflected on their fights and what they could have done better.

Of course, there were also some beasts that killed more than one Lord. These beasts were Morn, Orthar, and the panther from the Land Camp, who had made a name for himself inside the River Tribe by now.

Yet, there was one beast that had already left to kill a third Lord. This beast was Silva.

When the announcement about the new program had been made, Silva had noticed the suspicious absence of Shira. Normally, she should have appeared at such a momentous occasion. Because of his doubts, he had gone to Orthar to ask about her whereabouts.

Orthar had only told him one thing, but this single thing made a lump form inside Silva's stomach. Orthar had only said that Shira had gone to Gravis to ask for guidance.

Initially, Silva had been shocked since he had never expected that, but he quickly grew incredibly nervous. He had seen what Gravis' guidance had done for him and the Land Camp. If Shira followed Gravis' guidance, it would prove devastating to Silva and the Land Camp.

When two beings fought regularly, it often happened that they knew their opponent better than even themselves. Shira and Silva had noticed the other's weaknesses and tried to use these weaknesses to their advantage.

Because of that, Silva quickly realized what the worst-case scenario would be. Shira wouldn't be able to make the Sea Camp rise by itself. After all, the Land Camp had way more powerful Lords, and also more of them.

As soon as a Lord from the Sea Camp appeared, the Land Camp would directly kill them. Therefore, there was only one path left.

Shira had to increase her own power so that she became powerful enough to directly kill Silva. Without Silva, the Land Camp would fall to Shira's machinations in due time. When Silva noticed this, he immediately decided that he couldn't take a break now. He had to become way more powerful to protect the Land Camp from an unfair death.

Because of that, he killed three Lords. His third fight had been the most difficult by far. The Lord from that Tribe didn't only have above-average Battle-Strength, but the Tribe had also attacked him with an impressive amount of coordination.

Silva had only won by sacrificing nearly half his body to kill the Lord. Luckily, as soon as the Lord died, the other beasts stopped attacking him out of fear. Even though Silva had been on the verge of death, he still instilled incredible fear and respect among the Spirit Beasts.

Healing that wound had taken him nearly a full day, but after eating and healing, Silva noticed that his Battle-Strength was more powerful than he had thought. A couple of days ago, he would have firmly believed that he wouldn't be able to win such a devastating fight. Yet, he had achieved what he had thought impossible.

After healing, he returned to the River Tribe.

Yet, a piece of shocking news reached him as soon as he returned.



Shira had returned, and not only that. She had immediately killed two of his Lords. The first one had average power in relation to the River Tribe's standards, but the second one was what truly shocked him.

The second Lord that Shira had killed was the panther. Silva considered this panther as the most powerful beast inside the Land Camp. The fact that Shira had killed him shocked Silva immensely. He had also estimated that the panther had the best chance at winning against Shira.

Yet, such devastating things often happened suddenly. On top of that, Shira had made an announcement to the whole Land Camp after killing the panther.

"I still have three more fights left until I become a level two Lord," she had said. "Any Lord from the Land Camp that kills one of my Lords will have to fight me next."

When Silva heard this report, his rage exploded. Shira was easily powerful enough to become a level two Lord, but instead, she used these fighting opportunities as a deterrent.

There were only two ways how Silva could deal with that. One way was that a beast needed to kill Shira. Yet, no beast inside the Land Camp was powerful enough to kill her, including himself. So, that option fell out of the equation.

The second option would be to sacrifice three Lords from the Land Camp. If a beast fought without eating the carcass, it would constitute as mindless slaughter, and Gravis didn't like that. The beasts better eat their opponent, or Gravis would quickly get rid of them.

Because of that, Shira would be forced to eat her enemies unless she wanted to go against Gravis. Of course, Silva knew that Shira wouldn't want to commit suicide. So, after killing three Lords, she would be forced to become a level two Lord.

When that happened, she wouldn't be able to challenge level one Lords anymore. This would force her to look on as the Land Camp completely suppressed the Sea Camp.

Yet, this solution had two issues. One issue was that Shira would then count as the second most powerful beast in the River Tribe together with Liza. On top of that, the road to power didn't end there. As soon as anyone in the Land Camp became a level two Lord, she would just directly kill them. Like this, the Land Camp would be suppressed again.

The other issue with that was that Silva wasn't willing to sacrifice three of his comrades to get rid of an enemy. He had had twelve Lords before the new program took effect. Three had died to the enemy Tribes, while two others died to Shira. If Shira killed another three, there would only be four Lords left.

Of course, in Silva's mind, his feeling of responsibility and companionship far outweighed the potential outcomes in terms of priority. He could deal with the fact that his companions died in fights, but he could never force them into suicide.

With this, a kind of unsteady and foreboding peace came over the River Tribe. The Lords of the Land Camp no longer dared to look at the Sea Camp. On top of that, Shira did something that made the urgency inside Silva's mind rise.

Shira was forcing the Spirit Beasts inside her Camp to fight each other. Silva had planned to keep the Spirit Beasts of the Land Camp away from the Sea Camp so that the Sea Camp couldn't challenge them. When Shira saw that, she forced the Sea Camp to battle each other with an absolutely frightening frequency.

In just two days, Shira managed to create her first Lord. Even worse, she showed no sign of stopping. She was fully taking advantage of the brief period of deterrence. After all, such deterrence couldn't hold forever.

When Silva noticed that, he realized that there was only one path left. Because of the panther's death, a giant gulf in Battle-Strength appeared in the Land Camp. No beast could be compared to Silva anymore.

So, it was his responsibility to take care of Shira. He needed to suppress the Sea Camp and become more powerful than her in the process. Then, he would need to put his life on the line to kill her. This was his only way out!

Yet, the new Lord from the Sea Camp was too weak to pose a challenge to Silva. Killing the new Lords wouldn't help him at all. It would only delay the issue. He needed something that genuinely put him through devastating mortal danger.

So, he went to Morn to ask about a territory that had two Lords instead of one.

Sadly, this conversation didn't take place. Because...

"Insect, you have gone against the Stone Tribe and created an abomination of a Tribe! Come out of your hiding hole and accept your death!" a powerful voice announced from above the Spire.

Every member of the upper echelon noticed this voice, and they were also shocked by this visitor.

It was a 500-meter-long shark, and it was flying above the Spire. Yet, what shocked them wasn't its appearance but its power.

This was a level two Lord, an Early-Rank Unity Beast!