

## **Strongest Mage with the Lust system**

### **#Chapter 791: I'm Ready, My Lord~ - Read Strongest Mage with the Lust system Chapter 791: I'm Ready, My Lord~**

Minutes ticked by, and before long, half an hour had passed.

During this time, Esme thought about many things, recalled many old memories, and fought many internal battles.

In the end, she managed to resolve most of her conflicting feelings, though a few knots lingered. However, she knew only time would be able to unravel them—the time she was going to spend with Max, to be exact.

Taking a breath as deep as her battered lungs allowed her to, she turned her gaze toward Max.

When she saw he seemed to be cultivating, she hesitated.

Interrupting one's cultivation was considered a taboo because it could cause a backlash. Unless they were enemies or it was absolutely necessary, a matter of life and death, no one would interrupt someone's cultivation.

A moment later, however, she realized he wasn't exactly cultivating, and interrupting him wouldn't cause him any harm.

Relieved, she softly called out, "I'm ready, my Lord."

As Max had begun recovering his bloodline energy after pushing his reserves to the brink of complete exhaustion twice without having sex to negate the side effects, he started becoming horny.

In this half an hour, he had recovered about ten percent of his bloodline energy reserves, and each percent increase seemed to have multiplied his lust that he was barely able to suppress after recovering over sixty percent before he helped her regain consciousness.

So, when she called out to him, he had stopped recovering more energy and was instead doing his best to suppress his overwhelming lust that threatened to consume him—mind and body.

However, the moment he heard her words spoken in that voice soft as velvet and sweeter than honey, he felt his body tingle, blood rushed to his head, and his lust intensified severalfold.

Snap!

Immediately, the fragile rope of his will, barely containing his lust, shattered into pieces, and...

Swoosh!

One moment he was sitting cross-legged on the ground—and the next moment, he was above her on the bed, pinning her wrists above her head with his hands while his lips crashed onto hers, kissing and sucking on them with a raw, primal need.

Esme's eyes widened at the surprise attack.

Of course, it was mostly because with her injured foundation, she wasn't able to use her divine sense effectively; otherwise, Max's lightning-fast movement would have seemed slow to her.

After her surprise ebbed away, she realized something.

'He... has been like this, so aroused, since earlier?' She thought, feeling bad because she asked him to give her time without thinking whether he would be uncomfortable waiting.

'But he suppressed himself for so long for me.' She could practically feel his lust oozing out and his stiff member poking her abdomen, which told her how aroused he was and therefore how difficult it must have been for him to suppress himself.

Her gaze turned a notch more tender. Then she closed her eyes, stayed in that defenseless, vulnerable position, and let him do whatever he wanted.

His lust had momentarily overwhelmed him; otherwise, knowing she was injured, he wouldn't have been so rough.

After he kissed her and sucked her lips, and his tongue danced in her sweet and refreshing mouth for several minutes without a break, he somewhat regained his senses.

Realizing what had happened, he paused for a moment and looked at her before continuing to ravish her, savoring her taste properly.

Esme's face was beet red, not only from her feeling shy and difficulty in breathing, but also because... she was feeling good, getting devoured by him like this and feeling his hot thing pressing onto her abdomen, which made her feel tingly down there.

Then she suddenly felt him stop, his gaze settling on her. She blushed even more and closed her eyes tighter.

When he continued a moment later, she felt sweet in her heart because in that moment he stopped, he shifted his legs apart so none of his weight was on her, and she wouldn't feel uncomfortable. And although he seemed to be kissing her with the same intensity, he was being more careful and even a little gentle.

'He is such a good man...' She thought, but in the next moment, she felt his hard and hot thing that had just moved away once again poke her abdomen and rub up and down slowly.

She blushed, '...He is quite naughty too.'

After ravishing her lips and tongue for a few more minutes, Max finally broke the kiss, allowing her to breathe properly.

He then placed a gentle kiss on her forehead and asked in a husky voice, "You alright?"

Esme stilled when she felt him kiss her so tenderly on her forehead and ask whether she was alright. Numerous emotions welled up in her heart. After she calmed them down, she realized his kiss just now had resolved more of her lingering conflicting feelings.

Taking a breath, she gathered her courage and opened her eyes. Her heart skipped a beat and her breath hitched when she saw the intense desire to ravage her in his reddened eyes.

Her pussy tingled, causing her to rub her thighs. Then, with an enchanting red face, she met his gaze and meekly nodded, "Mm, I'm fine, my Lord. Y-You can... continue."

Max almost lost his mind once again when he saw her expression and heard her voice. Taking a deep breath, he said in a strained tone, "Tell me if you feel uncomfortable, okay?"

"Mm," Esme nodded,

'Fuck! How can she be so tempting? She is leagues beyond Rima, and even Bellie and Siana shouldn't be her equal.' He thought.

Beille—Amara's aunt—and Siana—the auction host he saw in the auction where he bought Golden Python's egg—were the two most seductive women he had come

across. Although he hadn't faced their full charm, he felt they shouldn't be her match, especially because Esme was being this irresistible without even trying.

'No wonder her husband did his best to make her stronger so she could live longer. How could he bear to see this wonderful woman die before him?'

Pushing all the useless thoughts to the back of his mind, he took off his robe, getting naked just like her, and leaned down, softly kissing her cheeks, the tip of her nose, her chin, and her ear. After blowing a hot breath in her ear, which made her tingle, he came down to her, his lips gently grazing her fragrant skin.

Esme held her breath when he started leaving a trail of kisses on her face and neck. But when he came down to her breasts, kissed them before taking her already erect, pink nip in his mouth, lightly biting it between his teeth, she exhaled deeply and let out a moan.

Ahn~

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[A/N: I have uploaded Esme's picture in the picture section and also in comment section of this chapter.]

Ahn~

Max felt a shiver run down his spine when he heard her sweet moan.

Wanting to hear it again, he moved to her other nipple and bit it.

Ahn~

'I... want to do it already.' He closed his eyes and thought. But since she was already injured, he wanted to make sure she was ready to accept him so as not to cause her any discomfort.

'It's going to be too difficult to hold back.'

'Fuck, I wish she wasn't injured!'

He smiled wryly at the thought and shook his head. If she wasn't injured, she wouldn't have agreed to become his woman. He had no doubt about it after seeing how much she loved her late husband.

A moment later, he stopped thinking about everything and focused on her.

As he started sucking on her nipple, his hands gave her breasts a gentle squeeze, feeling their incredible softness and elasticity.

Then he squeezed again, this time a little harder, which elicited a moan from her. Getting more worked up, he started squeezing and kneading them like a man possessed while his mouth savored her nipples' taste and turned her chest red with hickeys.

He worked on her breasts for less than ten minutes, but Esme was left breathless, her legs quivering.

Suddenly, he moved up and captured her lips again in a kiss that lasted several minutes.

Pa~

When he broke the kiss, Esme's eyes were glazed over. Seeing the state he put her in, a proud smirk appeared on his face.

When her eyes regained clarity half a minute later, he looked into them and said in a low but firm tone, enunciating each word clearly.

"You are mine now."

Thump!

Esme's heart skipped a beat, her face turning red in embarrassment while she unconsciously evaded his eyes.

Then, thinking that he might be displeased if she didn't meet his gaze, she looked back at him. After that, she gathered her courage, took a breath, and nodded lightly while biting her lower lip, looking extremely tempting.

"Mm. I'm yours, my Lord."

Blood rushed to his already erect cock, making it throb and become harder than a pole of steel.

Swoosh!

Immediately, he took her lips again, and one of his hands roughly molded her breast while his other hand travelled down her abdomen and reached the holy place between her legs.

Mmn~

Esme trembled and moaned in his mouth, feeling his intense care, and his hand grazed her mound.

Because of his ministrations, she had been feeling all tingly down there and had been rubbing her thighs. So, her legs were closed at the moment his hand reached.

She was too embarrassed to open them, but... to her dismay, the moment she felt his hand caress her thighs, her legs parted automatically, allowing him to do whatever he wanted.

'This... Why am I responding like that? It's too shameful.' She thought, embarrassed. But the next moment, her eyes widened in horror because she realized she was already wet.

'What would he think if he saw this? Wouldn't he think I'm a hypocrite for acting like that earlier?' Ashamed and panicked, she was about to close her legs and push him away when she heard Max's voice and stilled.

"You are already wet? Good, my efforts are not wasted." He said, feeling her damp thighs before moving his fingers toward her pussy lips.

Gulp!

She gulped in nervousness as his fingers inched closer, and her heart started racing, which sent jolts of pain through her body, but she wasn't able to focus on anything else now.

Max, feeling she was responding to his kiss like before, furrowed his brows and stopped. It was then he noticed how stiff her body was.

For a moment, he thought he had been too rough and some of her injuries had flared, but he soon realized the reason why he was so tense and couldn't help but smile oddly and shake his head.

'She is acting just like a virgin.' He thought, taking a deep breath in a bid to calm his throbbing cock, only to fail.

"You only have yourself to blame for being this irresistibly charming and sexy." He whispered in her ear before playfully biting her soft earlobe. "

"Huh? What do you—"

Before she could ask what he meant by his words, Max's fingers—previously moving very slowly—suddenly picked up pace and reached her pussy. After rubbing her wet lips a few times with two of his fingers, he suddenly plunged them inside her.

Squelch!

Esme's toes curled, her body arched up, and she threw her head back before letting out a loud, throaty moan.

Ahhnngg~

Her moans were music to Max's ear. He tried pushing his fingers deeper in her but was having a hard time because... she was just too tight.

Max wasn't surprised because it was untouched for the past two hundred years. Even if she was a normal human, the same would have happened, not to mention she was an emperor mage.

Just thinking how amazing he would feel inside her, he almost drooled.

Ha! Ha!

His heart rate increased and his breathing became rough and hot—he was barely able to hold himself back from grabbing his cock and plunging it deep inside her love canal.

'Calm down, damn it! There is no need to rush.' Max scolded himself and took a deep breath. He then slowly started moving his fingers back and forth, wanting to make her wetter and loosen her stiff muscles a little.

After a short while, he succeeded in his former objective—her pussy was overflowing with her love juices—but failed the latter; she was still as tight as before. However, this only served to increase his excitement.

He sat up and moved down.

Grabbing her legs, he raised them and put them on his shoulder before adjusting his position so their crotch areas were aligned.

He then grabbed his burning hot and steel-hard cock and placed it between her lips and started rubbing it up and down, lubricating it with her juices.

From the moment he suddenly pushed his fingers inside her to the moment he grabbed and lifted her legs and positioned himself between her legs, not much time had passed, and Esme was still out of it from the pleasure his fingers made her feel.

However, when she felt his hot cock on her labia, she shivered and snapped back to her senses.

"W-Wait, son! I'm not—" She cried out in a panic, thinking he was putting it in.

Snap!

Max was going to ensure his cock was properly lubricated before he proceeded with the things; however, when he heard her, his string of rationality snapped.

Grrarr!

Issuing an almost beastly growl, he pulled his hips back, put his glans at her narrow entrance, grabbed her thick thighs, and pushed forward without caring about anything.

Squelch!

Thump!

His cock parted her folds and slid deep inside her, reaching the entrance of her womb, with a wet squelching sound. Then his crotch slapped against her thighs and soft ass, producing a satisfying clap.

Arghh~!

Feeling her tightness and warmth, Max threw his head back and groaned in satisfaction.

At the same time...

Ahhhhnnnnngggg~!

Esme's breath hitched, her body arched up so much that it almost made a downward 'U', and her pupils rolled up before she let out a long and loud moan.

After the overwhelming pleasure coursing through her body slowly ebbed, she lost her strength and started to fall back down.

Seeing this, Max hurriedly supported her back and prevented the fall that surely would've aggravated her injuries.

Hisss!

He had overlooked that her bending her body so much just now would have already aggravated them. Only when she let out a pained hiss and her body convulsed did he realize this and immediately felt guilt wash over him, significantly dousing the furiously burning flame of his lust.

Slowly, he started withdrawing his cock, wanting to let her recover and calm down properly.

However...



"No!"

Esme suddenly looked at him, and despite the pain, she vehemently shook her head, stopping him.

Max stared at her for a moment, and seeing the determination in her eyes, he nodded and waited for her pain to subside.

Phew!

Just five minutes later, Esme exhaled in relief and said with a tender look in her eyes, "I know you don't want to cause me pain, my Lord, but it's inevitable if I want to get better soon. Besides, I can endure it easily. So, please don't feel any guilt and..."

Her face blushed red, and she averted her gaze before murmuring in a mosquito-soft voice, "...Continue."

"I understand." Max nodded and leaned forward, hovering above her.

"Look at me." He demanded,

Esme bit her lower lip and slowly turned her gaze to him.

Ba-Dum!

Seeing him above her, looking at her with that intense gaze of desire, her heart skipped a beat.

"I'll take your word for it. Try to endure as much pain as you can, but if it becomes unbearable, tell me, okay? I'll stop... for a while," Max said.

"Mm,"

The moment Esme nodded, Max's head swooped down and captured her lips for a deep kiss while his hips slowly moved back, withdrawing his cock out of her tight and warm sheath before suddenly thrusting forward, depositing his cock into her depths once again.

Ahhhhnnngg~

Esme moaned in his mouth, and Max could tell from the slight twitching of her hips that the impact had caused her some pain, but ignoring it, he slowly pulled back while savoring the heavenly sensation before thrusting forward again.

Thwop!

Ahnnnggg~

Slowly, he increased the speed of his thrust while trying his best not to increase the intensity, but it was almost impossible to do.

Half a minute in, Esme wrapped her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist, showing how good she was feeling. She also started to kiss him back more, no longer staying passive, which inflamed Max's desire.

Thwop! Thwop! Thwop!

Ahnnngg~ Hnnngg~ Mmm~

He started moving his waist in a rhythm, drilling his cock into her honeyed cave without a break. Even when he wanted to slow down and stop for a while to let her catch her breath, her sweet moans didn't allow it.

After what felt like a long time but in reality was only ten minutes, Max felt his climax building.

Greedy to feel her velvety pussy massage his cock for a while longer, he wanted to hold it back, but then he looked at Esme's sweaty and red face and felt her strained breathing and her loosening hold around his waist and neck.

Clearly, despite her trying her best to suppress the pain, she was reaching her limits.

Taking a deep breath, he removed her hands from around his neck and pinned them down on top of her head with one hand. Then he removed her legs from his waist and started thrusting his cock rapidly while rubbing her clitoris with his other hand, wanting her to climax her third time with him.

A few moments later...

"Ahhngg~ It's cominggg, my Lord~" Esme moaned, her eyes rolling up.

"Come, babe. I'm also cominggg~" Max groaned in response and hugged her tightly before releasing his control, filling her womb with his thick baby batter with several spurts.

For over a minute, both their bodies shook from post-orgasm bliss.

After he regained his senses, he raised his head from the crook of her shoulder and kissed her moist and puffy lips.

"You were amazing." He said.

Esme, although severely injured, was still an emperor mage. She had recovered a short while before him and was sensing their energies mixing up inside her womb, slowly producing a brand new energy, when she felt his lips on hers and heard what he said.

Immediately, her focus shattered, and images of her being wrapped around him while urging him with her moans and her waist movements flashed in her mind, making her blush in shame and cover her face with her hands.

Max grinned victoriously.

Then, he focused on her womb—maybe it was because the disparity between her Pure Yin energy and his Yang energy was a lot, his bloodline was taking time to convert them into Nascent Energy.

Since he couldn't pull out before all of their energies were converted into Nascent Energy, he just lay on her, feeling her soft body pressed beneath him.

He tried to make small talk with her, but Esme was just too embarrassed to say anything. So, in the end, they lay there in silence, feeling each other's warmth.

A short while later, some Nascent Energy slowly came into existence.

When Max sensed it, he let out a sigh of relief because his guess was correct—their union did indeed produce more potent Nascent Energy, even though it still felt like it was Four Star.

Under his bloodline's influence, it started rushing toward his cock, but Max stopped it and directed it toward her heart.

"Try taking control of it and heal your heart." He told Esme.

"Okay." Esme grew serious and slowly tried to guide it but was having a hard time. Sensing this, Max started helping her.

Esme was very nervous right now, and rightly so, because everything would be in vain if this energy couldn't heal her.

"Hey, calm down. No need to be so nervous." Max said, gently caressing her lovely face before kissing her forehead to calm her a little.

"Mm." Esme nodded and waited to see the results.

A while later, when she saw her heart slowly but surely recovering, she let go of her worries and visibly relaxed.

"It's really working." She muttered, biting her lip, and her eyes turned moist.

Max just smiled in response and continued guiding more energy toward her heart.

As seconds turned into minutes, her heart recovered more and more.

While Esme was feeling happy and relieved by this, Max was inwardly frowning, and by the time her heart healed completely, his frown had become visible on his face.

"Thirty percent."

He muttered.

"What?" Esme asked,

Max took a deep breath and explained, "It took three-tenths of the total produced energy to heal your heart. It seems we need to do it a couple of times before your physical injuries are fully healed."

Esme blushed like a ripe tomato.

"We... can do that, my Lord, but I have a suggestion." She said, shyly looking at him.

"Hm, what is it?" Max asked, still in thought.

"As you'd told me before, it seems your current realm is limiting the potential of this energy. If you were stronger, this energy would have been more potent. So, why don't you use this remaining energy? It shouldn't take you more than a day to reach the peak of the Four Star."

She suggested before adding in a low voice, "If we do it then, the produced energy would be at least two parts more potent."

(A/N: Two Parts → 20%)

"I was thinking the same." Max smiled at her, "But let's heal your other organs a little first. I don't want you feeling the pain when we do it again."

Saying this, he started directing the Nascent Energy toward her lungs, liver, and other organs.

Two long hours later, all her inner organs had recovered by 30%. Now, she was no longer in any immediate danger and wasn't feeling as much pain as before either.

Max absorbed the remaining Nascent Energy, and after giving her tantalizing lips a kiss, he sat down cross-legged and said,

"I'm going to cultivate. You rest for a while and then go out. Gene must be getting worried. Also... accompany my family."

Esme smiled beautifully when he kissed her, but when she heard his words, her smile slowly receded, and she nodded, "I understand."

Max closed his eyes and brought a strand of Nascent Energy into his core. Slowly, it was assimilated into his core's mana.

Max almost trembled in joy when he saw his refined mana had increased by almost a hundred units.

He then assessed how much Nascent Energy he had.

'I should easily reach peak Four Star with this much.' He thought and started cultivating.

Meanwhile, Esme stayed put for a while. When she felt Max was engrossed in cultivation, she slowly stood up from the bed with the bedsheet wrapped around her graceful body.

When she took the first step toward the attached bathroom, she felt her pussy sting and blushed.

Looking at him, she thought to herself, 'If he... did me like this knowing I was injured, how will he treat me when I'm fully recovered?'

She gulped her saliva nervously at the thought, a shiver running down her spine that made her pussy tingle in... anticipation.

Embarrassed by the fact that she was feeling this way, she hurried to the bathroom.

Since her dantian was damaged, she could barely use her mana; otherwise, she wouldn't have needed to take a bath.

After half an hour, she walked out of the bathroom, dressed in a light blue dress, looking refreshed.

She helplessly shook her head when she saw him sitting there stark naked and walked out of the room.

...

Creak!

Gene was nervously waiting outside when she heard the doors creak. She immediately rushed over and waited for them to open.

"W-Whoa! Who are you, lady?" She asked in surprise when she saw the young and beautiful woman appear in front of her.

But on a closer look, she looked familiar.

Just when she thought this, the woman pouted her lips in mock dissatisfaction. "Don't tell me you no longer recognize your Granny, Little Gene?"

"WHAT?!"

Gene's eyes widened when she heard the familiar voice.

She then took another look at her.

Her hair and eyes were similar to everyone's in their family, her body shape was also familiar, and her voice was almost exactly the same as her granny's, but her face—it was completely different.

"Y-You are Granny?" She asked to confirm.

"Of course." Esme smiled.

Whoosh!

Gene lunged forward and hugged her tightly while crying out, "Granny!"

Esme flinched in pain from the impact, but there was a smile on her face as she caressed her back. "I'm sorry for worrying you so much."

Gene kept her face buried in her chest and sobbed in relief, "I'm so happy you are healthy again."

It took Esme a while to calm Gene down.

"How do you look so..." Gene muttered, looking at her changed face.

"...Different?" Esme asked with a smile.

"No," Gene shook her head, "I meant beautiful."

Esme blushed before coughing lightly to regain her composure and told Gene her history.

After hearing this, Gene frowned and asked, "Then why did you recover your face now?"

Ba-Dum!

Esme's heart skipped a beat before she hurriedly said, "Well, when Max healed me, the spell came undone."

Hearing her mention Max, she finally remembered him and looked toward the door, which Esme had closed after her, and said, "He really healed you like he said he would. I have to thank him."

Esme became flustered when she saw her step toward the door and hurriedly pulled her back.

"H-He is exhausted and needs to rest right now. So, let's not bother him. You can thank him later, okay?"

"Oh? Okay." Gene nodded before asking, "But why are you so flustered, Grandma? Your face is completely red."

"Oh, this. Maybe it's because I still haven't properly recovered." Esme gave her an excuse and thereby revealed to her that she wasn't completely healed yet.

Gene became worried upon hearing this. So, Esme smiled and ruffled her head, "No need to worry, little Gene. My L-grandson, Max, will slowly heal me."

Her face turned beet red after her fumble, and she hoped Gene would overlook it.

Fortunately for her, while Gene raised her brows in suspicion and thought about why she was being weird, she was too relieved and happy to hear that Max could help her recover completely, so she didn't dwell upon it.

Seeing this, Esme sighed in relief and then asked, her expression turning somber, "What happened after I lost consciousness? How is the Garfield family?"

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[A/N: Check the author's note, please~!]

A few minutes before Max and Ashroth arrived at Ninam City...

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

A group of eleven people suddenly appeared in the sky above the Green Leaf Kingdom's War Temple.

Ten of these eleven were Monarchs of the Imperial Domain Family, while the last person was none other than Ashton, who they picked up from Ninam City.

Luman glanced at the blinking device in his hand before looking down at the War Temple.

"It's in there." He said, putting away the device.

"Let's go."

Just as they were about to go down,

"Stop right there!"

A commanding voice sounded, and then...

Swoosh! Swoosh!

Two figures appeared in front of them—a man and a woman, both Monarchs. They were from the central alliance and had been here since the beginning of the war, overseeing the situation.

Just like them, there had been two demon monarchs too, but they disappeared just a few moments after that dangerous wave reaped the lives of countless beings.

Luman glanced at them and immediately realized they were both mid-stage Monarchs, but any one of his companions could deal with them easily; however, they weren't here to create trouble with the natives, so he introduced them before the two even asked.

"I'm Luman, and these are my companions. We are not looking for trouble and are just here to pick up a family member. So, it would be best for both of us if you don't interfere."

The monarch duo raised their brows and communicated between themselves for a moment before nodding.

"Alright, outsiders, we'll allow you. But make sure you don't cause any trouble." The female monarch said, "Now, please follow me."

Shua!

Immediately, all of them disappeared and appeared inside the War Temple. Then the female monarch glanced at Luman, who understood what she wanted and closed his eyes, his divine sense spreading and immediately covering the entirety of the temple.

Shua!

The monarch duo frowned seeing this, but they didn't stop him for three reasons.



First and most important, Luman and his group were too strong for the two of them.

Just because they weren't looking for trouble didn't mean they would obey their every word—Luman's tone earlier had clearly relayed it to them.

Second, the war temple didn't have any secrets they couldn't afford to reveal to them.

Third, although he was violating everyone's privacy, including the emperors by scanning every nook and corner... They didn't care and just wanted these outsiders to quickly leave.

That was right—the moment they laid eyes upon Luman and others, they knew these were the first group of outsiders that they received the information about half an hour ago. They were also advised not to provoke them even if they had more Monarchs on their side.

'This guy should be someone from here?' They thought, glancing at Ashton. They didn't feel the same unfamiliar feeling from him, but his disposition, cold, calm, and indifferent, just like the other ten made them doubt it.

"Found her." Luman suddenly opened his eyes and disappeared. The rest also followed suit.

A moment later, they appeared in front of a simple-looking wall, but it was the entrance of an emperor's room—Wyomin's to be exact.

Luman raised his hand, about to blast the wall open but hesitated. He then glanced at the central alliance's female monarch and said,

"Would you mind calling them out for us?"

The female monarch almost flinched when she saw him suddenly look at her.

Quickly regaining her composure, she nodded, "Sure."

She was about to release her divine sense to call out Wyomin when Luman shook his head.

"The isolation formations are up. Your divine sense is too weak to breach them."

The female monarch narrowed her eyes. Though he was way stronger than her, she had her pride as Monarch, so she couldn't help but feel angry seeing how he was looking down on her even though what he had said might not be wrong.

In her rage, she didn't even bother to check whether the isolation formations were strong enough to stop her divine sense and directly obliterated them.

Boom!

Boom!!

Boom!!!

...

Inside the room, Wyomin and Rose were talking to Lily, Emily, and Sera when suddenly, their eyes narrowed, and they released their aura to shield them.

Boom!

Boom!!

Boom!!!

All the isolation formations exploded one by one, and the chamber rumbled violently.

"The demons are attacking? Have they gone mad?" Rose narrowed her eyes, enraged.

Wyomin frowned. If it was a demon attack, someone would have informed them already. So, this was probably not the case.

Just then, a cold and authoritative voice rang out...

"Come out, you five."

...

Outside the chamber, Luman expressionlessly stared at the female monarch, who felt a chill run down her spine.

"I... Did I—" She began speaking when he interrupted her, "Go on, call them out. We don't have time to waste."

The female monarch sighed in relief before gritting her jaws in humiliation.

"Come out, you five." She coldly called out, letting her voice echo in the chamber.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

A moment later, Wyomin and Rose appeared in front of them, carrying heavy frowns on their faces.

However, when they saw the large group with auras in the Monarch realm, their expressions stiffened.

Rose glanced at the monarchs from the central alliance, having seen them some time ago, and bowed, "Greetings, my lords."

The female monarch's expression improved a little when she saw this and nodded. She then glanced at Luman and saw he was staring at three figures walking out with a slightly excited look in his cold, golden eyes.

Behind him, others were also looking at the three—Emily, to be exact—with heated looks on their faces.

"Tier-3 bloodline potential, and she is about to awaken her second ability." A female monarch among their group muttered, awe clear on her face, "Just what did she encounter that made her awaken our bloodline and such a high potential at that?"

Others nodded in agreement, wondering about the same thing.

Ba-Dum!

The central alliance's monarchs' hearts skipped a beat when they heard Emily had a tier-3 bloodline. Their eyes grew heated, but a cold look from Luman doused their fire.

Luman took a deep breath, barely able to calm his excitement. While his companions only felt she had tier-3 potential, he realized her bloodline potential wasn't limited to tier 3—with some of the rare resources of their family, her bloodline could be purified and strengthened, reaching tier 4 potential.

He, Luman Arcadius, was a top genius of their family, outshone only by one other person, who had tier-4 potential, unlike him, who only had tier-3 with not so great hopes to reach tier-4.

'With another tier-4 bloodline in our younger generation, we have hopes of retaliating against those bastards and regaining our former glory.' He clenched his fists tightly.

Then, taking a deep breath, he stepped forward and smiled, "Hello, young Lady. I'm Luman, here to take you back to your ancestral family."

After Emily saw how tame Wyomin and Rose's expressions were and how tense their bodies seemed, it wasn't difficult to realize this group of people was way stronger than them.

Then she noticed her father standing among them and couldn't help but be surprised.

Just as she was about to speak, Luman stepped forward and introduced himself.

Seeing he wasn't hostile and instead appeared quite respectful, she relaxed a little and then asked, "Are you an emperor mage or a monarch?"

Luman, his companions, and the alliance's monarchs were taken aback.

'This girl...'

Though Luman was perfectly restraining his aura, very few people in the lower realms should be able to speak so calmly in his presence; even kings would stutter, not to mention a freshly broken-through Four Star mage like her.

However, here she was, speaking so calmly, and from what they could see...

"You don't feel the suppression?" Luman asked, his eyes shining.

Emily's gaze flickered when she heard this. Knowing there was no use in lying, she nodded, "Yes, I don't."

Luman inhaled a cold breath and said, "Yes, young Lady. I'm a monarch, and all these people behind me, except your father, are also monarchs."

Emily nodded in understanding. No wonder Lady Wyomin and Lily's master are so tense.

"Now, what do you mean by taking me back to my ancestral land?" She asked,

"Let me explain it all to you." The female monarch who had spoken earlier stepped forward with a smile on her face.

Emily nodded and heard everything she said with a calm expression on her face, but her heart wasn't as calm.

When she finished speaking, Emily glanced at Wyomin. "Are we really living in a cage like she said?"

Wyomin glanced at the alliance's monarchs, and seeing they were standing there, expressionless, she nodded, "Yes."

Emily was silent for a while. She then glanced at Ashton, who was looking at her with a proud and encouraging look on his face.

She frowned slightly before looking at Luman. "I want to take my family with me." She announced with a tone of finality.

Luman sighed in response, "It's not possible, at least not at the moment, young Lady."

"Then I'll stay here and wait for the time when you can take out all of us." Emily said,

Ashton frowned in displeasure when he heard this, while Luman shook his head and said, "My apologies, young Lady, but I can't allow that."

Emily narrowed her eyes. "Then what are you—"

She had just begun asking when her vision blurred and she blacked out.

Shua!

The female monarch gently held her, stopping her from falling.

"Let's go." She said,

Luman nodded.

Just then, Lily spoke up.

"Seniors, although you are taking her away forcefully, please make sure she isn't treated unjustly out there."

"Oh?" Luman looked at her, a hint of surprise in his eyes.

'An Ice and Fire constitution?'

"You don't have to worry about that. She is family and will be treated like family." He said. Then after hesitating for a moment, he offered, "Do you want to come along? If you join my family, we can help you awaken your constitution."

A hint of confusion flashed in Lily's eyes before she shook her head and bowed lightly, "Forgive me, senior. I have to decline your gracious offer."

Luman nodded without saying anything. He then glanced at the alliance's monarchs and thanked them for their cooperation before they all vanished from the place and headed back to the ancient temple.

The teleportation formation in the ancient temple was one way and thus couldn't be used to travel back. So, they had brought eleven Space Rending Talismans with them, ten for themselves and one for the person they were looking for—Ashton.

After picking him up from Ninam City, they were about to depart when Ashton told them about the bloodline resonance he felt when Emily awakened her bloodline, though he had felt it was Max who awakened it.

Luman and others were pleasantly surprised upon hearing this and immediately headed to pick Max up.

However, when Luman scanned the War Temple, he realized it wasn't Ashton's son who awakened his bloodline but his daughter, but this slight misunderstanding was of no consequence.

But since they were twelve people now, they had no choice but to ask the Head Watcher's help.

Soon, they arrived at the ancient temple.

They didn't need to say anything because with a glance, the Head Watcher understood what had happened.

"You want me to lend you a Space Rending Talisman?" He asked,

"Yes, senior." Luman respectfully nodded.

The Head Watcher shook his head. "I don't have any extra left."

While Luman and others frowned upon hearing this and thought they should try asking the old witch and others stationed here, the Head Watcher casually added, "However, there is no need to worry. You can use the spatial tunnel the natives just forced open to go back."

"What!?" Luman asked in shock. Others also had the same expressions.

"Oh, you didn't feel it when they tore open the spatial tunnel?" The Head Watcher smiled.

Luman took a deep breath and asked, "How can you be so nonchalant about it, senior? Should you go and close that tunnel before it's too late?"

"No, there is no need to be so worked up." The Head Watcher shook his head. "Those people already knew they couldn't seal those monstrosities forever, so they told their descendants to be ready."

Luman's and others' expressions turned grim when they heard this. They also knew this, but the thought of them roaming free in the world sent chills down their spine—they had read how terrifying those devils were, after all.

"Besides... even though the seals are slowly weakening, they shouldn't have any problem keeping them sealed for a few more centuries. Of course, if their puppets manage to find some way to weaken the seals more, we'll have way less time."

Luman was silent for a while. Then he bowed deeply toward him and said in a grateful voice, "I understand, senior."

The Head Watcher just smiled.

...

A short while later, their group left the ancient temple and headed in the central plains' direction.

As the Old Witch, Monarch Robert, and other Monarchs watched them leave, the Old Witch smiled with a peculiar look in her eyes, "It seems Senior is quite close to the Arcadius family."

Monarch Robert gave her a sidelong glance before slowly saying, "Old Witch... I know your coven also took part in their family's suppression, but you were there just for some benefits and can't be considered mortal enemies."

The Old Witch narrowed her eyes. "What are you trying to say?"

Monarch Roberts smiled, "I just want to advise you to ask your elders not to bother them anymore and, if possible, try to make amends. We are about to go through tumultuous times, and in such times, it's better to have one more friend rather than a troublesome enemy."

"Heh! You think they are still strong enough to cause any trouble?" The Old Witch scoffed but her gaze was focused on Robert, reading his expression. She knew he must have noticed something she failed to, and while this irritated her, she was more curious to know what it was.

Unfortunately for her, Monarch Robert just shook his head in response and closed his eyes.

...

An hour later, Luman's group arrived on the border between the three Empires and the central plains.

"Leaders of the Human Alliance, come out. I, Luman Arcadius, have a proposition for you." Luman announced in a resonant voice, his peak Monarch realm aura spreading out in all directions.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Just a second later, several figures shot up in the air and appeared in front of the group.

There were over a dozen Monarchs and a Quasi-Supreme among their lineup, but their leader was undoubtedly Barren, who stood at the forefront.

"We are listening." He calmly said,

---

[A/N: Thank you very much Brave827 for the gift!]

Luman's gaze swept across everyone, briefly stopping on Barren before finally settling on the Quasi-Supreme.

A moment later, he frowned, a hint of caution appearing in his heart.

Even though this Quasi-Supreme was significantly weaker than the weakest Quasi-Supreme he had seen in Terron, he was still not something he, a peak Monarch—no matter how strong he might be—could deal with.

Even if he wouldn't die if they fought, he still would be at a disadvantage and might even suffer crippling injuries.

He dipped his head in respect for his strength before turning his gaze over to Barren, the apparent leader of the group.

The Quasi-Supreme, Barren, and others revealed a hint of surprise when they saw this—they hadn't expected him to be so... polite?

Maybe he really has some reasonable proposition for us? They thought and waited for him to speak.

"I heard you've torn open the spatial tunnel to the outside world. We would like to use it. In return, we'll take a few of your people with us and make sure they aren't bullied and don't die in the hands of those extremist factions." Luman proposed.

Barren's and others' faces fell when they heard him.

[Sure enough, those people won't treat us kindly when we go there.] One of the monarchs said through divine sense transmission, his expression ugly.

Did those people really want them to stay confined forever?

Others' expressions were no better.

Seeing everyone stay silent, the Quasi-Supreme glanced at Barren, who nodded and said through divine transmission,



[There is no use in feeling indignant or worrying too much. What we should do is think about how we can make sure we don't die upon stepping out of this place and can build ourselves there.]

Saying this, he paused to ensure he had everyone's attention before continuing.

[Right now, we have one such opportunity in front of us. If he is really trustworthy, which I feel he should be, I think it would be better to agree to his terms.]

The monarchs contemplated for a few moments before one of them asked, [Can we use the spatial tunnel as much as we want? Or would it close after using it for some time?]

[We can use it indefinitely as long as we have someone here to keep it stable.] Barren answered. But then his expression turned solemn as he added,

[However, because it is taking the grand sealing formation's energy to function, the Seals are getting less energy than usual. Although the amount it is using shouldn't cause any immediate problems, it is definitely weakening the Seals'.]

Everyone grew solemn at his words. Although they hated the outsiders for forcing them to stay in this prison, they didn't wish to see the devils they had heard about in stories break out and cause chaos.

The Quasi-Supreme, the Ruth family's ancestor, spoke at this moment, [We can't just not use it. So, we should try to go out there, find a way to ensure our survival like Barren said, become stronger, and then find another, more sustainable way for transportation.]

Barren and others nodded in agreement.

[So, let's make a deal with him, no?] Barren asked. After everyone agreed, he turned toward Luman and asked,

"Before we talk about everything else, can you tell us how you planned to return if we hadn't opened the spatial tunnel?"

Swish!

Luman directly took out a thin black crystal with tiny inscriptions.

Barren's eyes shone brightly when he saw it—he could feel the spatial energy contained within it.

"This is a Space Rending Talisman. This can cut open a temporary spatial tear, which we were going to use to leave this place." Luman explained.

"How many of these do you have?" Barren asked,

"Eleven," Luman answered, and before Barren could speak, he added, "However, these are very precious. If you ask for them, the most we can give you is three."

Barren bit back his words.

Then after thinking for a moment, he nodded and said, "You have our gratitude for that. Now, let's talk about your offer."

After discussing it for a few minutes, they finally reached an agreement.

They would allow them to use the spatial tunnel, and in return, they would take eight people with them and provide protection for some time, regardless of whether they choose to join Luman's family or not.

Not long after they reached the deal, eight people—seven from the seven founding families of the central plains alliance and one from the elven race—all peak Monarchs—stood in front of the spatial tunnel in the underground palace with Luman's group.

"You all ready?" Luman asked the eight, who nodded.

Then under Barren and others' gazes, they jumped into the spatial tunnel one by one and disappeared from the place. Luman was the last to go in. Before going in, he looked at Barren and threw a golden emblem toward him.

"If you can't find a safe place to stay and develop after coming to the other side, come to my Domain Emperor Family."

Barren caught the emblem and nodded.

Zoop~!

Luman turned around and stepped into the tunnel, vanishing instantly.

...

In Ninam City, Max suddenly frowned and opened his eyes.

"What was that?" He murmured in confusion.

Even after thinking for a long while, he didn't understand just what he had felt. So, he closed his eyes again and resumed cultivation.

...

Lily and Sera were anxiously pacing around in Wyomin's chamber, chewing their lips in worry.

"How are we going to tell him about it?" Sera muttered, "He would definitely get angry."

Lily nodded in agreement.

Rose and Wyomin were sitting on the plush sofa, watching the young ladies.

When Rose heard her, she scoffed, "What are you so worried about? It was not your fault she was taken away, nor could you have done anything to stop them."

Lily looked at her master with an exasperated look on her face. She was a great woman, but when it came to emotions, she was really... dense.

Shouldn't she be able to see they were not worried about Max getting angry at them?

"What? Did I say anything wrong?" Rose asked when she saw her expression.

Wyomin gave her a sidelong glance and said, "Lady Rose, how about you let them be for a while?"

Rose stared at her with narrowed eyes before glancing at Lily and Sera. She then sighed and closed her eyes.

"Alright. Have it your way."

Swoosh!

Whoosh!

Creak!

The next day, at noon, Max's aura suddenly surged, causing the curtains, bedsheet, etc., to flap wildly and even the furniture creaked, seemingly about to give out under the sudden pressure.

A moment later, he slowly opened his eyes, and as he did, his surging aura began to calm down until it was fully contained within him.

Phew~!

Exhaling a deep breath of stale air, he greedily inhaled fresh air and then looked down at his hand, which he slowly clenched.

Katcha!

The satisfying sound of joints creaking sounded.

"I've reached the peak of the Four Star, huh?" He muttered in a low voice, sounding a little incredulous.

The first ever Four Star mage he saw was the old headmaster of the cloud academy. When he saw him, felt his powerful presence, and witnessed him magically appear and disappear, he had thought when he would reach the same stage as him—and now, he had, in such a short time since he became a mage; he couldn't help but be a little emotional.

How many years, how much effort, sweat, blood, and resources people burn through before they are able to reach this stage, touch this mortal boundary? The answer was, a lot.

Even after all that, a majority of them still fail to do so before their limited, mortal lifespan is exhausted, leaving them filled with regrets and wishes.

And here he was, reaching this stage in less than a year.

'It's all thanks to my system. If not for it, I might already be a pile of bones.' He thought and tempered down the slight arrogance and disregard for things that came with the increase in strength.

A moment later, he slowly stood up and started stretching his stiff body.

"Now, I need to reach the peak of the third level of [Barbarian God Physique]. Then I can break through to the Five Star realm." He muttered.

He had intimately felt that the stronger his body was when he broke through to the next realm, the stronger he would become overall—his body could easily bear the pressure of his dantian and allow smoother progress.

He thought for a long while about how he could increase the [Barbarian God Physique]'s level quickly, but nothing came to mind, except for using the Nascent Energy.

However...

'Do I really have to use it to elevate my physique?' He thought, reluctant.

If he used the Nascent Energy produced from his and Esme's union, it wouldn't take him much time to raise the technique to the peak of level three, but it was not the most effective method because he would have to spend a lot of time adjusting to his improved body.

This, however, wasn't the real reason he was reluctant to use this method. The real reason was—he felt it wasn't the correct way to train his body.

'If I could have another session with Emperor Alton—wait. I should ask Esme about it.' His eyes lit up.

Cleaning himself with a wave of fire elemental mana, he donned a fresh set of robes and left the room.

...

After hearing everything that happened after she lost consciousness, Esme took Gene and went to meet Esther, Mina, and Anna and accompanied them.

They returned late, after Anna—who had been crying nonstop—and Mina—who was burning in anguish at losing her son—were asleep.

Since Gene was used to sleeping with her, she couldn't suddenly leave her alone and return to Max. Also, since he was cultivating, she didn't want to disturb him, so she found another room and slept there with Gene.

In the morning, they had breakfast with little Arya's family.

Be it Ryan, old man Raku, or little Arya's uncle, everyone was captivated when they saw her, but when they felt cold glares from their wives, they snapped back to their senses.

Elena then asked how she recovered, and Esme, not wanting everyone to know about his mysterious bloodline, told her that it was thanks to the healing medicine Max from the war temple.

At this moment, she was accompanying Mina in her room when Max suddenly barged in.

"You done cultivating already?" She asked before focusing her senses on him. A moment later, she gave him a small smile in congratulations.

Max nodded at her before turning to Mina, who was looking at her with a blank look on her face.

Walking over, he sat beside her on the bed and gently hugged her shoulders. "I'm sorry for William and Eva."

Mina shuddered, and tears pooled in her eyes, but she bit her lower lip and didn't let them fall down.

A few seconds later, she raised her head, looked at him with her reddened eyes, and spoke in a low, hoarse voice, "Do you remember when I trained with you, you promised to do one thing for me when I asked?"

"I do." Max nodded.

"Help me become strong enough so I could kill the murderer of my son, Eva, and sister Amelia with my own hands." She said through gritted teeth.

Max wasn't surprised by her request because he was also dying to take revenge, but... her request wasn't easy to fulfill because she wasn't talented...

As if seeing through him, she raised her hand, palm facing upwards, "Although I'm not a genius in terms of cultivation..."

Rumble!

Fwish!

As she spoke, suddenly the ground beneath her feet rumbled, her mana surged out of her, and then it started condensing. Half a minute later, it turned into a fist-sized rock.

"...but I'm quite good in terms of mama applications."

She exhaled a tired breath and looked at him earnestly, "So, I'm not really a hopeless case."

Max was looking at her in astonishment. He never knew she was so good at mana manipulation. If he wasn't wrong, she was almost at the threshold of mastering the Earth Law.

"You..."

Esme, however, was a lot more astonished than him, or it might be more accurate to say, she was horrified.

Her eyes were wide and her face was pale as she stared at Mina.

"Y-You can resonate with Earth?! Doesn't this mean you..."

Mina looked at her and nodded, "Yes. I can sense his essence in your belly."

Boom!

Esme felt an explosion go off in her mind, her face turning paler.

'Hm?'

Max knitted his brows when he saw her expression.

'Does she really not want to reveal our relationship?' He thought,

As if realizing her reaction was a bit too much, she glanced at Max with an apologetic look on her face, "I—I'm sorry, my Lord. I just feel too ashamed because you were supposed to be my... you know, but here I am..."

She bit her lip, and her eyes turned moist before she lowered her head and muttered, "I'm sorry..."

Right then, she felt two strong arms wrap around her and pull her over.

"You don't need to apologize, and there is no need to announce our relationship to anyone until you are ready." Max said, gently stroking her back and hair.

He then glanced at Mina, but before he could say anything, Mina said, "Don't worry. I won't say anything about it to anyone."

Max nodded gratefully.

Esme calmed down after a while, but her face was red from embarrassment.

She was a high and mighty emperor mage and was supposed to be able to keep her composure even in the direst situation; however...

'Why am I acting like a girl in front of him? Stupid!' She scolded herself.

Max waited for her to regain her composure before he asked, "What's the Earth Resonance? I saw you were quite shocked."

Mina also looked at her, wanting to hear about her ability. She only knew it granted her a very high control over mana, earth element mana to be exact, and could help her cast earth element spells faster and make them stronger than they were supposed to be.

"Do you know about the five stages of law comprehension?" Esme asked,

"Not really." Max shook his head.

Though he had heard Arivand, the demon emperor who Alton had killed on their way to the battlefield from the capital city, shout out right before his death that Alton had reached the third stage of law comprehension, he didn't know anything else.

Esme wasn't too surprised and calmly started explaining.

"As I said, there are five stages of law comprehension; however, I would only tell you about the first three."

"The first three stages of a law comprehension are,

Whisperer of the Law,

Bender of the Law,

And,

Master of the Law."

"At the first stage, you, the practitioner, start to become aware of your respective law. You can feel its presence all around you and control it, though to a limited extent, to suit your needs.

For example, right now if you want to cast a fire elemental spell, you need to pay attention to your mana; otherwise, it could harm your mana veins.

If you have comprehended the first stage of fire law, however, you wouldn't need to pay much attention to it, which would allow you to focus on other things, thereby increasing your battle power. This is just one example, as it can be used in several other ways.

Overall, the first stage increases your battle power by one-tenth.

At the second stage, your connection to your law deepens a lot more, allowing you more control over it. With that much control, you can do as its name—Bender of the Law—suggests; you can bend the law.

For example, you are fighting another fire elemental mage. Unless his law comprehension is deeper than yours, his fire element wouldn't be able to harm you even if you allow him to attack however he wants. Of course, you are not to take this literally because several other factors are at play in a battle, not just law comprehension.

This stage of comprehension increases your overall battle power by around three parts.

Now, at the third stage—Master of the Law—your understanding of your respective law has reached a very high level, and so has your control. It obeys you and seems to actively support you.

This stage of comprehension doubles your battle power.

Moreover, because you have become master of your element, you can easily suppress others with lower comprehension; you can even suppress people who have comprehended other elements, though the suppression isn't as strong on them."

After speaking till here, she paused for a short while to let them digest the information before she continued.



"Normally, comprehending a law is very difficult. Even more than half of the kings aren't able to reach the first stage, and some even fail to reach superior mastery over mana, which is the prerequisite to the comprehension of a law."

Saying this, she looked at Mina and said with a solemn expression on her face, "However, there are some outliers—like her—who can easily comprehend the first stage, the second stage, and with some luck, sometimes even the third stage. For them, it's almost as easy as it is for a genius to progress through the mortal realms."

Intense envy burned in her eyes as she said this, which sent chills down Mina's spine. She was almost about to apologize for being one of these outliers when Esme exhaled deeply, her shoulder slacking and a bitter smile appearing on her face.

"You see, on this unending quest to reach higher heights in cultivation, everyone—be it an ordinary person, a genius, someone with no background, or someone with an impressive background—reaches a stage, hits a roadblock, at some point where no matter what they do, they are never able to progress further.

One of the toughest roadblocks on this journey is the Law Comprehension. It stops nine thousand, nine hundred, and ninety-nine out of ten thousand kings and emperors from progressing further.

However, these outliers, their journey is so smooth that it's almost unfair."

Max took in a cold breath when he heard this.

From her words, he understood that even a talentless person could increase his realm as long as he had enough resources at his disposal, but even a genius would stumble at the king and emperor realm, and if he could not comprehend the Law enough, he would be stuck in the same realm, forced to see himself grow old and die.

'I should give law comprehension more importance.' He thought, deciding to train and push his mana mastery to superior mastery as soon as possible.

He then thought for a moment and asked, "What makes people like them the outlier?"

Esme took a deep breath and said in a solemn voice,

"Law Resonance."

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"Law Resonance? They can resonate with the law?" Max asked,

"Yes," Esme nodded. She then proceeded to explain just what the Law Resonance was and why it was so special.

"When we comprehend the law, we are only able to gain a subtle understanding of it because... well, the laws are just too complex. Then unless we can meditate in places where laws are concentrated or have a medium to sense them better, we aren't able to deepen our understanding.

But when we keep trying and trying, sometimes when we are extremely lucky, we achieve law resonance—we resonate with the essence of the law and communicate with it. During the moments of resonance, our understanding and comprehension rapidly increase.

Many who aren't able to step into the Whisperer of the Law, Bender of the Law, and even Master of the Law stages break through and step into these stages."

She paused after saying this before adding, "However, as I said, it rarely happens, and you have to be extremely lucky to achieve it. It is so rare that in the last two hundred years, only three people in the entire central plains had it."

She then glanced at Mina and said, "However, people like her, they can resonate with their respective laws whenever they wish."

Mina's light brown eyes shone brightly when she heard all this.

"So, you mean I can easily comprehend the earth law and would have no bottleneck when I reach... king and emperor realm?" She asked, feeling it was too good to be true.

"That's correct. You only need to work hard at cultivation and focus on increasing your realm." Esme nodded.

"That's good." Mina nodded and looked at Max, waiting for his answer to her request.

Seeing this, Esme cautioned, "Remember, you should do your best to hide that you can resonate; otherwise, people would want to capture you."

Max was thinking how he should help her because he only had a few cultivation resources at hand, like mana crystals, but currently, she was too weak to use them.

When he heard Esme, he raised his brows and asked, "Why? Can she somehow be beneficial to others?"

"Yes," Esme nodded, "If you meditate near her and have her constantly resonate with the earth law, the chances are—although not much—you would be able to comprehend it even if you are not an earth elemental mage. As for those who are... well, I don't need to say how much they would benefit."

"This... is a big problem then," Max said.

"Indeed. That's why, almost every outlier, when found out, becomes someone else's property if they don't have a strong background or are strong enough to resist others." Esme said with a grim expression on her face.

She didn't want to worry them too much; that was why she didn't tell them that even those with strong backgrounds were not safe once their innate resonance ability was revealed. After all, no power, as long as it did not possess absolute strength to dominate everyone, could face the unrelenting pressure of countless experts and powers.

...

Mina, seeing Max was frowning deeply, said, "Don't worry, I won't use earth resonance unless it's absolutely necessary or I'm in a safe place."

"Yes, you should do that."

Mina's eyes widened, and Max's and Esme's expressions fell because... it wasn't them who spoke just now.

Swoosh!

Max jumped to his feet and stood in front of the ladies, facing the person who had appeared in the room at some point.

It was a female elf, dressed in a light yellow, tight-fitting dress that highlighted her strong build. Although she wasn't too muscular, her muscles were well defined.

She was beautiful, but her beauty had a wildness to it. Her long yellow hair was unkempt, and her eyes, the same color as her hair, had an almost manic glint in them as she stared unblinking at Mina standing behind Max with a fearful look on her face.

"A monarch..." Esme whispered to let Max know what kind of existence she was.

Max wasn't too surprised when he heard this because the moment he saw her, he knew she was way stronger than Alton, Wyomin, and other emperors he had come across until now.

"Little human lady... you want to become stronger, right? Come with me; I can help you. In return, you just have to use your gift to help me, just a few hours daily," the Elf Monarch said, taking a light step forward.

Boom!

Both Max and Esme were unceremoniously flung to the sides and crashed into the walls.

Mina gulped in fear, feeling her towering presence.

"Take my hand, little lady. Otherwise I would have to force you, which I don't really feel like doing." The monarch said, extending a hand toward her.

"..."

Despite the situation, Mina's lips twitched at her words.

She was clearly forcing her but was claiming otherwise.

How shameless and overbearing!

She took a deep breath, glanced at Max and Esme, who were sprawled onto the ground, and said, "Don't harm them."

As she said this, she cautiously grabbed her hand, which made the elf monarch grin wildly.

"Good decision." She said, and then...

Whoosh!

They disappeared from the room.

Several minutes after they left, Max and Esme twitched and slowly regained consciousness.

Max immediately scanned the room and didn't see the monarch or Mina. His expression darkened.

After a moment, he checked his body for injuries, but there were none.

'She wasn't hostile, huh?' He noted, his expression still not changing.

Slowly standing up, he walked over to Esme and saw she had also regained her senses but was staring at the ceiling in a daze.

He scanned her body and sighed in relief upon seeing she was also unharmed.

"Hey..." He gently shook her.

Esme's eyes gradually regained focus. She looked at him and said in a desolate tone, "I was wrong..."

Max furrowed his brows. He could see she wasn't being like that because Mina was taken away but due to something else.

He didn't ask what she meant immediately, and Instead, helped her up and led her to the bed.

Only then did he ask what she meant.

"What do you mean?"