

DEMONIC 1481

Chapter 1481 1481. Trapped

"You are lucky that the Crystal City wants you!"

"Can't we poke him a little?"

"Lord Ethan will make you regret what you did during the auction!"

The cultivators in the mansion shouted toward Noah, trapped inside the sphere standing above the pagoda. His cultivation level had fallen to the liquid stage. His ambition had run out, and he was dealing with the drawbacks of the forceful enhancement now.

Noah sat inside the sphere. His body hurt, his dantian struggled to keep darkness inside its walls, and his mind launched painful sensations that spread through his tissues.

Pieces of magical beasts came out of his separate space as Noah ate to recover. He was using his entire stash to be ready to fight. His situation was far from ideal, but it seemed that his death wouldn't arrive just yet.

"Why don't you try to kill me?" Noah asked the figure sitting above the sphere. "You have an entire army here. I'm sure you will destroy me in no time."

The cultivators standing around the pagoda fell silent when they heard those words, and their eyes went toward the figure sitting above the sphere. Miss Nine didn't want to answer, but the gazes of the experts from the Sailbird family forced her to give an explanation.

"You don't fool me," Miss Nine said. "I've already told you that I believe in your potential. You have the talent to reach the peak of the cultivation world, so I will use the safest approach that I can think of to kill you."

One of the cultivators among the crowd floated toward Miss Nine. He was an old man in the solid stage, and he performed a polite bow before giving voice to his thoughts.

"Miss Nine, I wish to express my honest opinion on the matter," The man said as he straightened his back and moved his long white hair away from his face.

"Speak freely, Ellis," Miss Nine replied.

"Defying Demon is trapped in a quasi-rank 8 inscribed prison," Ellis said before pointing at the crowd under him. "The Sailbird family doesn't have any rank 8 cultivator in this branch, but there are twenty experts in the solid stage gathered here. Ten more are in the various training areas, and an army of weaker soldiers fills the whole structure. We can end his life now."

Miss Nine glanced toward Ellis' confused face and heaved a sigh. She understood the expert. She had also lost assets because she couldn't believe in Noah's power.

However, Miss Nine wouldn't let her experience and convictions trick her anymore. Noah's power defied logic. She firmly believed that he had a chance to escape as long as he was against experts in the seventh rank.

Her belief was unreasonable, but she couldn't suppress how she felt. Miss Nine had seen Abe and Ebe dying under her gaze. Those two experts were core assets of the Crystal City, but Noah had managed to kill them.

Noah wasn't even a real solid stage expert, but he had killed two incredible cultivators. His battle prowess already bordered the peak of the seventh rank. Only fellow monsters could keep him under control.

"I know that you don't understand my actions," Miss Nine said, "But I ask you to trust me. Even your wildest overestimations can't describe this hybrid. We need a rank 8 cultivator to be certain that he won't escape death."

Miss Nine's words didn't manage to clear Ellis' confusion, but the expert let go of the matter and descended toward the crowd. The Sailbird family couldn't say much on the subject. The Crystal City had lost too much because of Noah. It was up to them to decide what to do with him.

"Notify Lord Ethan that the execution will happen inside the Crystal City," Ellis said once he returned among his companions. "He will know how to contact them."

Noah meditated in silence. He couldn't expand his consciousness, but he still gathered information about his surroundings. Miss Nine and Ellis' conversation didn't escape his ears. The duo had revealed what plans the Crystal City had for him.

"Do you fear me so much?" Noah asked. "Having a rank 8 cultivator take care of a mere liquid stage hybrid. What would the other organizations say about it?"

"How many plans depend on this question?" Miss Nine asked. "I know your kind. You will cling to anything to survive. Even the air that you breathe reeks of lies. I wouldn't be surprised if your current state were another piece of your tactics."

"I am an honest Demon," Noah replied. "I'm grateful for your zealous concern. You have no idea what your plan is doing to my ambition."

"Enjoy the feeling while you can," Miss Nine said. "I can accept that the strongest monster in the Immortal Lands can fill the gaps among the stages of the seventh rank. Still, that potential will be useless against a rank 8 existence."

Both Noah and Miss Nine had spoken the truth. Knowing that Miss Nine feared him so much had made his potential skyrocket, but she was also right in being so worried.

Noah had already recovered enough to express his peak battle prowess for some time. He could fight if the situation required it, and he had also stored enough special darkness for his Shadow Domain.

Noah could expand the Shadow Domain and teleport in that personal dimension as soon as the sphere opened. No one would be able to touch him at that point. His stash of special darkness would also give him the chance to fly safely for some time.

The sphere that was trapping him also offered temporary protection against attacks coming from the outside. Noah could focus on his recovery and prepare plans for now.

Still, his tactics would crumble if Miss Nine brought him in front of a rank 8 cultivator. His potential had no limits, but his centers of power were in the seventh rank. They couldn't give Noah what he needed to face that threat.

'If only I could destroy this item,' Noah thought as he glanced toward the invisible wall. 'I need to find a solution quickly, or I might really die.'

Noah had yet to lose hope about his situation. He was far away from the Outer Lands, his allies didn't know where he was, but he wasn't ready to give up just yet.

As long as Noah breathed, he would fight to live another day. It didn't matter how harsh his situation was. He would sacrifice every fiber of his existence to keep moving forward.

'I can't use the cursed sword,' Noah thought as the light of the Divine Deduction technique illuminated the insides of his mind. 'The blade might free me, but I will die due to its drawbacks. I might survive with a body in the upper tier, but I can't gather energy for the breakthrough here.'

Countless plans ran through Noah's mind. Ideas surged and crumbled as he evaluated every possible tactic that could lead to his escape.

'The companions are too weak,' Noah thought. 'My ambition can't give them enough power. I don't even know how much darkness Night needs to improve. It's pointless to consider them when my centers of power are closer to the breakthroughs.'

Noah could feel that his existence contained something that could help him, but he struggled to find it. Then, a realization hit him. He was relying on a technique created by a different cultivator to come up with a solution. The Divine Deduction technique had reached its limits, and it was time to improve it.

Chapter 1482 1482. Destruction

The Divine Deduction technique had accompanied Noah since he was a mere rank 3 cultivator. Divine Demon's ability had allowed him to ignore some of the harshest requirements in the creation of spells and arts. It had also been a core element in the procedure that had led to his hybrid body.

Still, the Divine Deduction technique inherited by Noah couldn't go past the seventh rank. Divine Demon had left a polished version in the lower plane before his ascension, but Noah had to modify it now. He needed something that suited his existence since his level was surpassing what the ability could accomplish.

'How can I improve it?' Noah thought as he meditated inside the quasi-rank 8 sphere.

The cultivators under him continued to give voice to loud taunts, and Miss Nine never left the spot above the sphere. Yet, Noah ignored everything and focused on the Divine Deduction technique.

Noah had scarce knowledge of the inscription method used to create the Divine Deduction technique. His expertise had always covered techniques that involved intense wills. His modifications could ruin the lines on his mental sphere if he didn't pay enough attention.

The lines were also inside the fabric of his mental sphere. Noah could risk hurting his mind if he failed to improve the technique. He would typically spend entire years meditating over various approaches since the procedure could cause many problems, but his current situation didn't allow him to be careful.

Noah had to improve the Divine Deduction technique. His very life was at stake. Nothing else in his arsenal could give him a chance to escape that prison.

The first issues that Noah had to face were his lack of materials and his shortage of energy. The inscribed sphere separated him from the outside world, so he didn't have access to the "Breath" in the environment.

Noah overcame that problem through his black hole. The fourth center of power could reassemble primary energy to create darkness, allowing Noah to turn his stash of magical beasts into fuel for his dantian.

That was only a temporary solution. Noah couldn't improve in that condition. He had a limited amount of energy for his experiments, but that had to be enough. Death would come for him otherwise.

'How can I improve it?' Noah wondered as he used the Divine Deduction technique to search for a solution to his problem. 'What can I use to transform this technique into one of my powerful assets?'

His first idea involved the black hole, but Noah quickly rejected that thought. His fourth center of power could already improve the capabilities of his mind. His years spent benefitting from those advantages had made him understand that the two organs couldn't fuse.

His second idea involved his ambition. His incredible law could automatically improve anything in its range. However, the Divine Deduction technique was already part of his mind. His individuality could only force its overall level to grow.

That wasn't enough for Noah. He needed a transformation, not simple empowerment. He wouldn't be in that situation otherwise.

Noah soon exhausted his ideas. He knew his existence and the abilities that made him defy common logic better than anyone else. Nothing in his body could give him the transformation that he needed.

He couldn't even use his unstable substance since his mind lacked black vessels. Modifying his body again was also out of the question. The experiments on his lungs had made his tissues reach their limits.

'It must be something that doesn't originate from my body,' Noah concluded in his mind before cursing loudly. 'Where can I even find such a material in this place?!'

The environment inside the sphere was his greatest limit. Noah couldn't hunt and had a limited amount of energy. Miss Nine had forced him into a seemingly hopeless situation.

'Is this the end?' Noah wondered as he opened his eyes and looked toward the white sky.

Noah still recalled his first life. He had now lived far more than any other human in his first world. He had lived long enough to forget his age. Yet, those millennia failed to satisfy him.

He still wanted to experience many things. Noah had barely explored the divine ranks. He was only a powerful rank 7 existence, but the cultivation journey could offer him far more.

'I have yet to reach the sky,' Noah thought as the whiteness of the Immortal Lands filled his vision. 'I have yet to see the stars.'

His dream had never changed throughout the millennia. Noah wanted to pierce the sky and reach the stars beyond that whiteness. Intense defiance had always accompanied those images, and ideas featuring sharp destruction inevitably surged in his mind.

A strange idea formed as Noah stared at the white sky. He had realized something while his wild thoughts ran through his mind and stirred his desire to live.

Noah had a force that didn't initially originate from his existence. He didn't consider it before because he couldn't control it properly. Yet, he had no other choice at that point.

The cursed sword could make Noah's bloodlust explode. Those violent thoughts were wild energy that he had only suppressed in the past. Still, they appeared as the only material that could force the Divine Deduction technique to improve.

'An unstoppable energy that seeks to destroy everything,' Noah thought as he dived deep into his mind to search his scarlet thoughts. 'It always ends like this with me. I should stop striving for stability.'

His dark mental sea hid a scarlet core in its depths. That spot resembled a tumor that strived to take control of Noah's mind. It carried his most violent thoughts and wildest desires.

That scarlet mental energy depicted bloody memories. Noah's harshest battles were there, along with desires that came from his instincts.

Interacting with the cursed sword had given birth to that lump of red mental energy. The weapon had forced Noah's mind to condense his bloodlust. That scarlet mass had also fed on the blade's aura, becoming denser and ready to scatter through the rest of the mental sea.

Noah's mental energy was atypical and could suppress that red lump, but ordinary cultivators would have to fight against that bloodlust often to keep it cornered in the depths of their minds. The cursed sword stayed true to its name. It was a weapon that could make anyone insane.

'These are nothing more than thoughts tainted by bloodlust,' Noah thought as his ethereal figure cut a piece of the red mass. 'In theory, the Divine Deduction technique should accept them even in this form.'

Noah flew out of his mental sea and placed those red thoughts on one of the lines in the mental walls. The tainted mental energy dispersed, and the Divine Deduction technique activated.

A sharp force ran through Noah's mind. Chaos spread through his consciousness as the Divine Deduction technique showed its effects. That sensation lasted for less than an instant, but Noah didn't forget to memorize the images that appeared in his vision.

The Divine Deduction technique would usually enhance the capabilities of his mind, but its effects were different at that time. Noah's thoughts ran faster as expected from the ability, but they didn't feature his usual calmness.

In the short instant under the effect of the Divine Deduction technique, Noah had countless ideas on how to better destroy everything around him. His focus had been on the sphere, but his thoughts didn't stop there.

When the bloodlust fueled the Divine Deduction technique, Noah obtained intense destructive thoughts that gave him ideas on how to turn the world into ashes.

Chapter 1483 1483. Decision

When Noah thought about it, it felt almost natural that his tainted mental energy would give birth to bloodthirsty ideas. The Divine Deduction technique enhanced the capabilities of his mind, but its effects also depended on the type of fuel used to activate it.

That brief moment of enlightenment wasn't enough to provide a solution to his problem. Noah had to find a way to destroy the sphere and escape from his awful situation, but his hope had intensified now.

'My bloodlust can be a source of destructive thoughts,' Noah contemplated inside the silence of the quasi-rank 8 sphere. 'I wonder what the Divine Deduction technique would be able to produce if I harmonized its lines with that feeling.'

His short enlightenment had been the product of the original Divine Deduction technique. The ability had a general use and could create solutions for different tasks.

However, if Noah's modifications could transform the technique into something that could only generate destructive thoughts, its efficiency would multiply. He couldn't even begin to fathom how powerful it could become.

A possible solution was in his reach, but Noah hesitated. Applying those modifications to the Divine Deduction technique would make it lose part of its abilities.

Noah had mainly created weapons throughout his life, but he had also given birth to expressions of life. His hybrid body was one of those products. Changing the Divine Deduction technique would forever separate it from one of the core aspects of his law.

The decision wasn't easy, but Noah couldn't find another solution. He couldn't escape from the quasi-rank 8 sphere in his current condition, and reaching the rank 8 existence unprepared could only lead to his death.

"It's time to move," Miss Nine said as she stood on the sphere.

The cultivators around the pagoda opened a path that allowed her to drag the sphere on the ground. The experts continued to mock Noah, but his gaze was empty when it fell on their ecstatic faces.

'Maybe I don't have to sacrifice anything,' Noah thought as countless faces ran through his vision. 'I would only lose part of my creations. I can still build creatures meant only to destroy.'

Noah had already made a decision, but he was trying to justify it inside his mind. There would be no turning back after his experiments began. He had to be entirely sure that his approach wouldn't create conflicts in his existence.

'It can work,' Noah concluded once Miss Nine dragged him outside of the mansion. 'I never create defensive items anyway. It seems only proper that I force my attention to converge on destructive products.'

Miss Canson, a few liquid stage cultivators, and two solid stage experts joined Miss Nine. Felicia was among them. Her complexion was awful, and she often shot hateful glances toward Noah. Yet, she didn't speak. A faint trace of respect also appeared in her eyes whenever they fell on the insides of the sphere.

Felicia was one of the few experts in the world who could understand Miss Nine's decision to bring Noah in front of a rank 8 cultivator. She had tasted Noah's power, and she couldn't blame her companion for taking so many precautions.

The group moved quickly. Miss Nine sat on the inscribed item that began to levitate under the effects of her consciousness. The other experts flew around her, creating a defensive formation that blocked part of Noah's vision.

It was clear that they didn't want Noah to escape. Their attention never wavered even if he was inside a quasi-rank 8 item. It was as if they believed that he could pull something strange off.

Noah guessed that the experts were flying toward the Crystal City. He didn't know how far that was, but he couldn't waste even a second. Death waited for him at the end of that travel. He had to create something that could make him escape before the experts reached their destination.

'I can't hesitate anymore,' Noah thought as he prepared for the procedure.

His ethereal figure dived back into the mental sea and grabbed all the tainted mental energy he could carry. Then, he resurfaced to feed those thoughts to the Divine Deduction technique.

Noah didn't focus on the quasi-rank 8 sphere now. His attention went on the whole Divine Deduction technique. He wanted his bloodlust to tell him how to modify that ability to transform it into a source of destructive creations.

Countless bloodthirsty ideas filled Noah's mind, but he filtered them to memorize only the most feasible. Many random thoughts had also appeared in that stream of violent images, but he quickly discarded them.

'Not yet,' Noah thought as he repeated the process.

The bloodlust accumulated at the bottom of his mental sea wasn't enough to lead him toward a solution, but Noah could generate that feeling endlessly. He only needed to summon his cursed sword to taint his thoughts again.

The quasi-rank 8 sphere isolated his influence, so Noah could make the cursed sword come out of his chest without alerting the experts around him. Yet, he still arched his back to hide his torso and cover the weapon with his robe.

The process continued until Noah understood what he had to do to modify the Divine Deduction technique. That answer slightly surprised him, but he couldn't deny its effectiveness.

Noah wouldn't use the Elemental Forging method nor his Will-consuming runes. He lacked proper materials for the former, and he didn't know the theory behind the Divine Deduction technique enough to affect it with intense wills.

He would use the inscription method learnt from the natives of the other world to modify the ability. Noah would expose the lines of the Divine Deduction technique to his bloodlust to slowly change their nature.

Of course, Noah couldn't wait for too long. The original inscription method could take years to show its effects, but he needed immediate results.

Modifying the Divine Deduction technique wouldn't be the end of his plan to escape. It was nothing more than the beginning. Noah needed the new ability to find a solution to his issue.

'Time to go all-out,' Noah thought as the spherical rune that he used to enlarge his mind came out of his forehead and dispersed the dark matter in its insides.

His mind felt far lighter after Noah removed that pressure, but that feeling wouldn't last. After reabsorbing the dark matter, he filled the empty spherical rune with tainted mental energy.

That spherical rune weighed far less than before since the mental energy was lighter than the dark matter. Noah could store many more of them inside his mind without reaching its structural limits.

Still, as he created more spherical runes and filled them with bloodlust, his mind soon began to hurt. Noah didn't feel satisfied with a slow but constant modification. He wanted to accelerate the process, so he covered the Divine Deduction technique's lines with many runes.

His mind grew unstable with so many runes radiating bloodlust near its walls. Snore's ethereal figure even hid inside the mental sea to avoid that dangerous influence.

His mental walls suffered under that destructive force, but Noah endured the pain, using his dark matter to reinforce his mind's structure and keep it stable.

As the bloodlust continued to fall on the mental walls, the lines of the Divine Deduction technique slowly changed. Initially, they were nothing more than marks ready to lit up. Yet, they began to transform into scarlet strings that illuminated his mind.

Chapter 1484 1484. Demonic Deduction

Miss Nine and the other cultivators of the Crystal City continued to drag Noah through the regions of the Immortal Lands. They flew, ignoring the fauna and avoiding any human settlement that appeared in their range.

Noah also ignored the environment. He couldn't understand where he was, and that knowledge wouldn't affect his priorities. His plan didn't depend on how close he was to the Crystal City.

The many spherical runes filled with his bloodlust had never stopped modifying the Divine Deduction technique. The ability was almost ready. It only needed a few more weeks to transform.

His mind was almost at its limit, but Noah endured the internal pressure. His pain didn't matter in that situation. He was even willing to injure his mental walls if that gave him a chance to survive that situation.

His black hole helped immensely during the process. The fourth center of power could understand how desperate Noah's situation was and redirected all its energy toward his mind.

His ambition also helped in the matter. Noah didn't lie when he said that Miss Nine's concern had improved his potential. His law was forcing his mind to remain stable because it sensed Noah's desire to defy that hopeless situation.

The travel was mostly silent. The experts didn't speak. They limited themselves to exchange glances and shoot hateful glares at Noah.

Noah also remained silent. His focus was elsewhere. The various glares that landed on his figure couldn't break his concentration. His whole consciousness was inside his mind, ensuring that his mental walls didn't crumble due to the insane internal pressure.

As the group continued to fly, they eventually reached a vast plain that featured a few white buildings. Those structures had the shape of small castles, and a few troops surveilled the area.

Those experts were nothing special. They were a small platoon of gaseous stage cultivators that defended one of the many lands under the control of the Crystal City.

The cultivators performed deep bows when they saw Miss Nine and her group. They even prepared a banquet and a series of materials to help the guests cultivate and recover after the long travel.

The group remained for a few days inside those castles before setting off again. The gaseous stage cultivators flew with them and escorted the experts during their travel.

Noah had ignored that event. He opened his eyes only after he completed the modifications to his Divine Deduction technique, and a surprised gasp almost escaped his mouth when he gazed at the army.

His potential couldn't help but increase again when he saw that his wardens' number had increased. Still, Noah didn't have the time to enjoy that sensation. His technique was finally complete. It was time to test its effects.

The lines of the Divine Deduction technique had become red. They ran through Noah's mental walls and radiated a dim light that shone on his dark mental sea.

Faint violent thoughts leaked out of those lines and spread both inside and outside his mental sphere. It seemed that the forceful modification applied by his spherical runes had also changed part of the nature of his mental walls.

His dark mental energy suppressed the violent thoughts that flew inside his mind and stored them at the bottom of his mental sea. However, those leaking outside of his mental walls surrounded him with a scarlet halo that carried an intense bloodlust.

If the other experts could sense his aura, they would notice that Noah appeared more threatening now. He gave off the impression that he could attack anyone for no reason at all.

That appearance didn't reflect his actual mindset. Noah was calm, calmer than he had ever been in his entire life. He stored the spherical runes containing his bloodlust and let his mind heal properly. Then, he began testing his new technique.

Initially, Noah tried to activate the lines through his normal mental energy, but they rejected it. They didn't want those pure and calm thoughts. Only a power that suited their nature could flow through their structure.

Noah's expectations increased at that sight. The steeper their requirements were, the better their effects would be once he managed to activate them. He couldn't wait to see what those lines could produce.

His ethereal figure went to the bottom of his mental sea to pick a handful of bloodlust before flying toward the mental walls. The scarlet lines accepted that energy, and an intense red light filled the entirety of Noah's mind after the technique activated.

A wave of bloodthirsty ideas filled Noah's mind. He could barely make out what he was seeing during that sudden enlightenment, but his consciousness managed to capture a few images.

His focus had been on the quasi-rank 8 sphere. The ideas generated by the modified Divine Deduction technique concerned that item. They described countless approaches that could lead to the destruction of that invisible fabric.

Some of those ideas saw Noah detonating part of his body to obtain enough power to destroy the inscribed item. The new Divine Deduction technique didn't care about his well-being. It only wanted to defeat his targets without minding what he had to sacrifice to achieve that.

Noah didn't immediately discard those ideas. A few of them were interesting, but they would force him to forever sacrifice part of his physical strength. They wanted him to turn some limbs and organs into disposable weapons meant only to destroy the sphere.

Noah was desperate, but he didn't want to sacrifice his power. He put away those ideas for now and activated the scarlet lines again. He would consider those options only if the technique didn't find anything better.

That process continued for a while. Noah even relied on the cursed sword to produce more bloodlust. His mind began to suffer again due to the stressful activity, but Noah could only endure for now.

A decent idea arrived at some point. It still involved a sacrifice, but Noah was willing to make the trade. The outcome wouldn't even make him lose the spell forever. It would only turn it into something that he couldn't hope to control.

Divine experts fought through domains. Their influence would affect an area and transform it into their world. Techniques like the dark world usually worked on cultivators that didn't surpass Noah's level, so he rarely relied on them anymore.

One of those techniques was the Demonic Form spell. That ability had accompanied Noah since his first steps into the cultivation journey, but it had slowly lost power as the quality of his opponents improved.

Every powerhouse in the lower plane had developed countermeasures to his corrosive smoke. The divine experts could deploy suitable defenses even if they weren't aware of the properties of the Demonic Form.

Noah had to stop relying on that spell since it was too hard to touch his opponents with his corrosive smoke. The technique wasn't as effective as his slashes, even after he fused it with the Black Mark spell.

Noah couldn't apply its corrosive effects even with the help of the dark world. He mostly used it to obtain a slight improvement in his physical strength or as a layer of armor. That was its limit in the Immortal Lands.

Still, the new Divine Deduction technique had shown him a path. Noah could modify the Demonic Form and transform it into a weapon meant only to destroy. He could turn it into something that could break the hard structure of the inscribed sphere.

A cold smile appeared on Noah's face, but his metallic hair prevented the experts around him from seeing his expression. The new Divine Deduction technique was perfect for his existence. It gave him exactly what he needed. It allowed him to identify the destructive potential of his abilities.

'This name doesn't suit the ability anymore,' Noah thought as he focused on the scarlet lines. 'Divine Demon will forgive me if I rename his technique. I will call it "Demonic Deduction" to honor its first creation.'

Chapter 1485 1485. Plan

At first, Noah's Demonic Deductions were nothing more than basic ideas. Bloodthirsty thoughts accumulated in his mind and took the shape of outlines or approaches.

Proper ideas slowly began to form as the small army continued to fly through the Immortal Lands. Noah had an advantage in that project. He had already modified the Demonic Form spell. That diagram couldn't hide much from him anymore.

The Demonic Deduction technique soon put Noah on an unexpected path. The most feasible approach saw him transforming the spell into a peculiar living being.

His experience in the creation of Blood Companions and his knowledge of the magical beasts' field made Noah the perfect expert for the task. The Demonic Form also had high destructive capabilities. It turned out to be relatively easy to create a general outline for his new weapon.

Noah had already treated the Demonic Form spell as a living being. Still, his previous project had only modified its nature. Now, he needed to transform those black roots into something far more powerful.

Since it was a spell, the Demonic Form fed on his darkness and mental energy. Its diagram was even unique since its power depended on the Kesier runes.

Noah didn't have the time to remove that requirement from the spell. He wished to separate the ability from those rare materials completely, but his situation didn't allow him to spend entire years rebuilding the diagram.

'To think that this turned out to be useful,' Noah thought when his focus moved on the insides of the separate space.

The piece of fur depicting the Seventh Kesier rune was there. Noah lacked valuable materials, but it seemed that his decision to keep that item had granted him a chance to survive.

As his deductions continued, a plan also took form. His situation didn't allow him to gather energy, but he had a quasi-rank 8 inscribed item around him. Its invisible walls had to contain an immense amount of power. That could become the fuel required for his breakthroughs.

The experts around Noah could guess that he was planning something, but they couldn't even imagine how incredible his ideas were. Noah managed to keep most of the tests inside his mind and separate space, so his wardens never understood what he was up to.

Once Noah made sure that his approach could work, he began experimenting on the black roots entangled on the Kesier runes. He desired to transform that diagram into something more interactive. He wanted to give it a destructive will.

Noah slowly separated the various roots from the Kesier runes. He had to create the dark world inside his mind to make sure that the spell didn't suffer any damage in the process. The workshop also helped in perfecting that procedure.

Noah felt like a surgeon operating on a diagram. The dark world allowed him to create fake Kesier runes that could keep the spell temporarily alive. Meanwhile, the workshop modified its structure, condensing it and improving its innate abilities.

Once Noah felt satisfied with the modifications, he approached the most challenging part of the procedure. He could still put back the spell on the Kesier runes now, but the following steps could lead to irreversible damages.

It was time to give the diagram a will. Noah had reached the point when he had to transform the spell into a living being.

Noah had no wills available. He couldn't replicate what he had done with Snore, and he couldn't even make a copy of his personality since that could lead to many problems.

Still, his ambition could improve anything in the world. Stones would become metal under his influence, and something similar could happen to the Demonic Form.

Noah could even force his ambition to focus on his spell. He severed pieces of his ethereal figure, filled them with his law, and turned them into a shining dark powder.

The process didn't stop there. Noah had to maximize his creation's destructiveness, so he relied on his bloodlust to gather all the violent memories connected to the Demonic Form.

The number of those memories was immense. Noah had relied on the Demonic Form since his escape from the Balvan Mansion. Almost all his battles featured that ability.

After Noah condensed those violent thoughts, he fused them with the dark ethereal dust. A strange substance came out of that process, but he didn't waste time analyzing it. The destructive force that it radiated was enough to tell him that it would suit the spell.

Through the workshop, Noah fused the dark roots with that dark-red substance. The spell condensed even more, and it soon transformed into a minute stem covered in spikes.

The stem slowly grew. That improvement didn't only involve its size. The spell had transformed into a unique plant that was slowly giving birth to a strange flower.

An intense pressure filled Noah's mind when the flower came out of the minute stem. The plant had black petals and a black pistil. It was so dark that even his mental waves couldn't wholly grasp its form.

Moreover, his mental energy struggled to come near the plant. They would crumble whenever they gathered around its structure. A destructive aura surrounded the whole spell.

The destructive aura wasn't only a natural consequence of the new structure. The plant seemed to desire those effects. It wanted to corrode anything in its range.

That intense desire eventually started to affect the dark world. Noah saw his dark matter crumbling under the destructive properties of the spell's aura. It even reached the point when he couldn't contain it in that safe environment anymore.

Noah didn't care about the damage that his mind could suffer if that spell went wild. His main concern was the well-being of the plant. In its current form, the plant lacked any foundation. It didn't have the Kesier runes.

'Can't Night do this?' The Demonic Sword asked when Noah gave the order.

The living blade didn't like what Noah had asked it to do, but he didn't have time to discuss. His hand shot inside the separate space and grabbed the Demonic Sword, which condensed its body until it became nothing more than a minute knife.

'Blood for the mental link,' Noah thought as he pierced his palm.

'A suitable terrain where the plan can grow,' Noah thought as his mental energy flowed inside the separate space and covered the Seventh Kesier rune.

'The modified spell which has yet to take its first breath,' Noah thought as his dark matter transported the plant from his mind to his separate space.

Noah used the Demonic Sword to gather his blood and cut away a piece of his skin. He then covered the Kesier rune with those materials before placing the dark world around it.

The workshop activated and prepared the fusion between the piece of fur and the plant. The spell instinctively attached itself to the rune, and roots began to grow from its base.

The destructive aura surrounding the plant intensified, and a shrill noise spread through the separate space after the fusion ended. The spell had spoken for the first time, and Noah could hear its voice inside his head.

'Welcome to the world, my creature of pure destruction,' Noah said in his mind, but a voice coming from the outside world suddenly made him focus on his surroundings.

"We have arrived," Miss Nine said as an immense palace appeared in the distance.

Chapter 1486 1486. Surprise

Noah didn't initially feel that because he had been too focused on his project, but he couldn't miss it once his attention went on the outside world.

A purple forest appeared in his view. Tall trees filled the land, and a few white rivers ran through that azure terrain. Noah couldn't see any magical beast from his position, but he felt that he couldn't find any of them even if the sphere didn't limit his senses.

The environment appeared too perfect. The trees lacked claw marks, the ground didn't have any crack, and the rivers lacked ripples. It seemed that the entire region stood still. Nothing moved.

The only trace of life in the region was the oppressive aura that filled the whole area. Noah could feel it from inside the inscribed sphere. He could even understand the level of the beings that radiated it.

'Two rank 8 cultivators,' Noah thought as he moved his attention back on the separate space. 'I'm too late.'

Noah was exhausted. He had tested non-stop during the travel, and he didn't even take breaks during the actual procedure. His mind was in deep need of rest. He was in no condition to make a grand escape.

The plant wasn't ready either. Noah had just planted the Demonic Form into its new environment. The roots had to spread, and the destructive aura had to stabilize before he could use his new asset to break the sphere.

'It seems that I have to face rank 8 cultivators,' Noah concluded as he closed his eyes to maximize his recovery speed.

The destructive aura radiated by the plant continued to intensify. Noah didn't completely know its effects, but he didn't affect its growth.

Noah didn't care if the plant grew out of his control. His first opponent was a quasi-rank 8 inscribed item. He needed all the power he could get.

The army performed polite bows toward the immense palace in the distance before resuming the travel. The experts soon landed in front of a tall gate that opened to reveal the majestic insides of the structure.

Noah didn't see any of that. His consciousness couldn't expand, and his eyes were closed. His entire focus was on his condition. He was about to face the harshest battle of his life.

"Are you still planning something?" Miss Nine mocked him when she saw his state. "You are in Madame Canson's range now. You can put away your hopes."

Noah didn't even hear her. His concentration was unbreakable. Her voice was nothing more than a buzzing noise in his ears.

Still, the insides of the palace hid someone that could force Noah to open his eyes. As the group moved through the various large halls and spacious gardens, he heard a voice that made him unable to concentrate.

"I'm sorry," A old-looking man with long white hair said. "I didn't think my actions would lead to this."

Noah opened his eyes and revealed a cold gaze when he saw Shandal standing near one of the corridors' tall doors. Shame filled his expression. He barely seemed the same god that Noah had met in the lower plane.

Noah didn't immediately speak. His eyes remained fixed on the expert as countless thoughts filled his mind. Then, he opened his mouth to give voice to a simple but meaningful question.

"Who?" Noah asked. "Who ascended?"

Shandal couldn't reach the Immortal Lands on his own. He had to cross the passages opened by other divine cultivators during their ascension.

Noah had seen Shandal leave the main world during the invasion of the Eternal Snakes. He knew which powerhouses were in the other mortal plane. There was a high chance that the answer would feature familiar names.

"I am truly sorry," Shandal repeated without giving a proper answer.

A familiar man crossed the door behind Shandal at that point. Noah recognized him. He was Ethan Sailbird, the expert that he had offended during the secret auction.

"You have no idea what we have prepared for you," Ethan said. "I must admit that you have been difficult to capture. Yet, we will make an example out of you."

Noah's mind grew cold when he heard those words. His black hole spun faster as the bloodlust radiated from his mental walls intensified. He knew how influential large organizations were, and a few guesses inevitably appeared in his mind.

Shandal had connections in the Immortal Lands. He had allies who had taught him about the complex political environment of the higher plane. It wasn't hard to guess that some forces were already aware of him.

Noah had arrived in the same landing zone that Shandal had used for millennia. That area was under the control of the Crystal City. It made sense that those fanatics could understand whether Noah and Shandal knew each other.

Most of his friends had migrated to the other world after the invasion of the Eternal Snakes, but those Mortal Lands were relatively close. Noah wouldn't be surprised if they shared the same landing zone or if those areas were close.

With the influence generated by two large organizations working together, it wasn't hard to target Noah's allies. Shandal was even on their side. Those realizations could only fill Noah's mind with worry.

"Who has ascended?" Noah asked again, and Ethan exploded into a loud laugh.

Shandal lowered his head even more. He didn't want to look at Noah's cold gaze, and he also wished to avoid those questions. However, his shame forced him to say something.

"You don't know what it feels to have a second chance after millennia spent wandering between two planes," Shandal said. "I can finally cultivate again. My journey isn't over."

"Who have you sacrificed for that?" Noah asked as roars mixed with his voice.

The group reached an immense hall at that point. Two thrones stood at the center of that room. White and purple crystals made the first one, while the second resembled a simple metallic seat.

A beautiful woman sat on the crystal throne. Her features resembled Miss Canson's, but she wore a cold expression that the weak expert lacked.

The other throne was empty, but a man supported his back on its side. The expert had long black hair and a pair of dark eyes. He was slender, and his expression radiated a slyness rarely seen on the natives of the Immortal Lands.

Those two experts were rank 8 cultivators. They were the source of the oppressive auras that filled the whole land. Their influence could spread as far as the region's edges, and they carried enough power to suppress every existence in their range.

The quasi-rank 8 sphere tried to shield Noah from their influence, but the item failed to block their dense auras. If the experts wanted to, they could crush Noah while he was inside that prison.

"This is the creature who has caused so many problems?" Madame Canson asked without moving her gaze.

"Yes!" Miss Nine shouted as she kneeled on the floor.

The other experts around her did the same. They all kneeled toward one of the pillars of the Crystal City.

"Don't worry, young one," Madame Canson said as she kept looking straight in front of her. "Your execution won't start yet. You have to understand the gravity of your actions first."

The wall in front of her moved after her line, and a vast garden appeared in Noah's view. The hall also went upward, lifting all the experts above that new environment.

Noah inspected the garden, and his eyes inevitably widened when he saw five familiar figures hidden behind a few trees in the distance. June, Flying Demon, Dreaming Demon, Faith, and Daniel were using the vegetation as a cover.

Chapter 1487 1487. Trap

Noah's old companions were there, in the Crystal City. They were all rank 7 cultivators in the gaseous stage, but their condition appeared relatively poor.

Injuries filled their bodies. Their complexion was pale, and even their auras didn't manage to spread far. They didn't show signs of torture. It seemed that they had just gone through a long and harsh battle.

"They are your friends, right?" Miss Canson said as she straightened her position and neared her mother's throne. "The Crystal City despises magical beasts and hybrids, but they are useful for certain entertainments."

Noah ignored her. His whole attention remained on his five friends, and his emotions couldn't help but burst out of his figure as memories filled his mind.

He had shared most of his life in the lower plane with those five cultivators. Two of them were good friends that Noah had saved from certain death. Faith and Daniel had followed him since forever, and June was his longed lover.

Noah couldn't express how he felt. The Crystal City had managed to surprise him. That force had his companions, and it was now using them to punish him.

"Shandal," Noah said as low growls escaped his mouth, "Is this what you have worked for fifty thousand years? I thought you wanted to defy Heaven and Earth."

"I can't defy Heaven and Earth at my level," Shandal replied as the shame in his expression intensified. "My cultivation level had the priority. Also, I didn't expect the secret organization to help the Crystal City."

"The secret organization?" Noah asked.

Noah had initially thought that Shandal worked for the Crystal City, but it seemed that his allies were part of the secret organization. His eyes went on the second rank 8 cultivator at that point. That expert was the only figure that Noah couldn't identify.

"Don't act so surprised," The rank 8 expert said as a slight smirk appeared on his face. "Did you really think that you could place a spy among us? We might not be as united as the other organizations, but we know how to find traitors better than anyone else."

The man glanced toward Madame Canson, and she nodded toward her daughter. Miss Canson then pointed at one of the doors in the hall, and two cultivators came out of it.

One of the cultivators was God's Right Hand. Pride filled his expression, and his liquid stage aura spread through the hall. The expert was dragging a poor-looking liquid stage expert who had clearly been through many tortures.

Noah recognized the other cultivator. He didn't have any hair left, he had lost one of his eyes, and part of the skin on his face had disappeared. No aura came out of him, and his hands lacked a few fingers.

Fergie was almost unrecognizable, but Noah managed to see past his injuries. The expert's face lacked any expression. He barely appeared to be alive at all.

"The technique you used to control him is quite peculiar," The rank 8 expert continued, "But he continued to keep you a secret even after it ran out. How did you even obtain such loyalty? We have tortured him for years, but he never mentioned your name. Luckily, connecting the dots has been easy after we talked with Madame Canson."

"Luke," Madame Canson said, "Do not say my name so casually. You are only the leader of a cell in an organization that doesn't dare to work in the open. Remember who allows you all to exist."

"Right," Luke replied. "I forgot about your temper. Please, accept my apologies."

The two rank 8 auras suddenly intensified. A clash between influences happened in the hall and flung away all the experts gathered around the thrones.

Only Noah could avoid facing those auras since the quasi-rank 8 item absorbed part of their power. Still, that influence managed to make him slam on the invisible walls of his prison.

The two experts eventually withdrew their auras and began to ignore each other. The other cultivators went back to their position, and some of them descended in the garden to activate hidden mechanisms.

"You wanted to know the secret behind my power," Miss Nine suddenly said as she neared the sphere and opened her robe.

Noah glanced at her bare chest and saw that a purple crystal had fused with her skin. Rank 8 power flowed out of that material and spread through her body, improving her overall prowess.

"Madame Canson can empower all of us," Miss Nine continued. "She has done the same to that failure of a god. You couldn't beat me. You will have no chance with her."

Madame Canson didn't seem concerned that her underling was revealing the nature of her power. The other experts in the hall even nodded at those lines.

Noah understood what was happening. His punishment had already begun. Those fanatics wanted to make him lose hope before the show started.

"I can let your woman survive if you beg me," Ethan said as he also neared the sphere. "She would have to satisfy my guards every day, but I give you my word that I won't kill her."

Noah glanced toward Shandal. His face showed no emotions, and the sphere blocked his influence. Still, the expert could almost sense the pure anger radiated by his reptilian pupils.

"Don't blame him," Miss Canson said as she stepped forward. "Blame yourself. You have offended too many organizations without having enough power to defend your friends. This isn't the lower plane. You are nothing more than a promising asset here."

The landing zones were Noah's miscalculation. He didn't expect Shandal's betrayal, so he didn't think that they would be a problem for June and the others. He believed that they could swear the oath and fly away.

Roars began to echo through the area at that point. Massive shapes appeared in the garden. They were magical beasts in the lower and middle tier. That was the treatment that the Crystal City had given to June and the others during their imprisonment.

"Your law forces anything around you to improve," Luke said as he scratched his head. "You and Madame Canson are actually similar. That Fergie has improved faster than ever while he was under your control. It's a pity that he didn't improve quickly enough."

The experts in the hall sat on the floor and began to watch the magical beasts advancing through the garden. The creatures could sense June's group, so they quickly ran in their direction.

Noah moved his attention to his separate space. The new Demonic Form was almost ready, and his mind had long since stopped hurting. He had returned to his peak, and the spell only needed a few minutes to stabilize.

He was almost ready to fight, but his current situation made him hesitate. Noah had a slim chance to escape on his own, but he couldn't save his companions. It was simply impossible to do that with two rank 8 cultivators controlling the area.

Noah had to leave his companions there. He had no other option but to attempt a miraculous escape and abandon his lifelong friends. The Crystal City had prepared a trap that he couldn't completely overcome.

Chapter 1488 1488. Hatred

Noah had survived through countless harsh situations, and he had also made many difficult decisions throughout his life. However, the Crystal City had put him in front of a challenge that he didn't know how to overcome.

June, Daniel, Faith, Flying Demon, and Dreaming Demon were hiding from the magical beasts. Two rank 8 cultivators were in the hall with Noah, and an army of divine experts also encircled the area.

Noah was even inside one of the headquarters of the Crystal City. It was safe to say that he had never felt so hopeless and angry throughout his entire life.

Noah glanced behind him. Fergie's figure reminded him of William during his final meeting with Thomas Balvan. Noah felt as if Heaven and Earth were mocking him. He had never expected his situation to become so awful after a single battle.

'A single defeat has led to this,' Noah thought as he closed his eyes.

That scene was too much to bear, but Noah soon reopened his eyes to fix them on his companions. He hated his powerlessness, but a stronger feeling eventually took over his mind.

A stronger wave of hatred suppressed his anger and every other emotion that the situation had caused. Noah was the target of that feeling. He hated himself because his instincts had autonomously started to wait for an opportunity.

Noah knew that his chance to escape would arrive once the show in the garden reached its end. Everyone would be slightly distracted when the magical beasts slaughtered his companions. That was the perfect opportunity to deploy his plan, but Noah couldn't completely accept that.

His body almost moved on its own. Noah's rational side knew that he couldn't do anything in that situation. Saving his companions was impossible, and attempting in that hopeless feat would only lead to his death. Instead, if Noah used their sacrifice to create an opening, he would have a chance to survive.

It was pointless to throw away his life. Noah knew that far too well. Still, his emotional side wanted to lay waste to that place and save his friends. Even his vast experience couldn't manage to suppress that feeling.

Noah wouldn't attempt any pointless heroic gesture. His very ambition forced him to do everything in his power to survive. He would use his companions' death to escape, but he couldn't avoid feeling that intense hatred toward himself.

"You know," Noah said as his growls almost suppressed his human voice. "I had to sacrifice someone dear to me once. The force who put me in that situation doesn't exist anymore."

"Did I hear a hint of desperation behind those words?" Miss Nine said as a cold smile appeared on her face.

"Definitely. I am desperate," Noah replied. "Still, I can promise you something. It doesn't matter what will happen today. It doesn't matter if my friends survive or not. If I ever live through this situation, you can be sure that the Crystal City won't exist anymore."

"Empty threats won't lead you anywhere," Ethan said before exploding into a loud laugh. "Look around you. This outcome was inevitable. You can consider yourself lucky to have lasted for so long."

"Don't worry," Noah replied. "I have looked enough, and I didn't forget you. The Sailbird family will also fall. The human domain will have to beg me to leave a few cultivators alive."

Ethan laughed, and some cultivators in the hall imitated him. Noah's threats were too unreal, even if they didn't consider his current situation.

"I didn't forget about you either," Noah said as he glanced toward Luke. "The secret organization will also pay."

"You speak as if you have a chance to survive today," Luke replied in an annoyed tone. "It's always the same with rank 7 existences. You wouldn't be the first to escape similar situations, but your state would remain the same. You are alone against overlords. Your power alone will never amount to anything."

"Let me live," Noah replied. "I will prove you wrong."

Luke revealed a sly smile before turning toward the garden. The magical beasts had almost reached the five experts. The show was about to reach its apex.

'I should also give them a chance,' Noah thought as he suppressed his survival instincts. 'This is a gamble anyway. I might as well make them join it.'

Noah wouldn't try to save his companions, but they would get a chance to escape if he started his escape a few seconds before the beginning of the battle. Some of them might be able to survive during the chaos.

As soon as the magical beasts and the five experts began to fight, Noah summoned the Demonic Form and activated his law. His cultivation level rose, and sharp pain spread from his right palm.

Holes appeared on his palm. Noah initially felt surprised by that event, but he accepted that pain when he realized what was happening. The new Demonic Form didn't seep through his tissues. Its roots had to pierce his skin to appear in the outside world.

Roots spread under Noah's skin and came out of his palm. The flower didn't leave the separate space, but its structure absorbed mental energy, darkness, primary energy, and dark matter from Noah's body.

Noah's energies weren't fueling the spell. The Demonic Form was a living being now, so it didn't need external inputs to work. However, it absorbed Noah's power anyway, as if it was a parasite.

Noah placed his palm between his crossed legs. The quasi-rank 8 sphere prevented the cultivators from sensing the changes in his cultivation level, and even the rank 8 experts ignored his actions.

Madame Canson and Luke could sense that Noah's cultivation level was increasing, but they didn't do anything about it. He was still inside a quasi-rank 8 item in the end, and they expected his struggles anyway.

As the battle inside the garden continued, the roots accumulated under Noah. The corrosive aura surrounding them intensified as his ambition fueled the plant, and toxic smoke slowly began to gather in the sphere.

The smoke didn't damage Noah, but it acted like his black flames. The roots and the gas were slowly eroding the invisible wall, and the energy they absorbed flowed back inside his body.

The plant wanted to take all the energy, but the black hole stopped it. The fourth center of power seized that power before it could reach the core of the Demonic Form and filled Noah's tissues with it.

An intense surge of power filled Noah's body. As expected, the quasi-rank 8 sphere contained an immense amount of energy, and his tissues used it to improve.

Noah couldn't face the breakthrough since his ambition had already forced his body to reach the upper tier. However, his tissues stored the absorbed energy and let it fill their fabric.

Cracks appeared under Noah. The Demonic Form was succeeding in shattering the invisible walls, but he couldn't feel any happiness. His eyes never left his companions as he saw the injuries accumulating on their bodies.

'Break already!' Noah shouted in his mind, and the Demonic Form sensed the intensity of his feelings.

The flower grew after absorbing more energy from Noah's existence. Its roots also thickened, and the corrosive aura that they carried intensified.

Noah grew paler, but the energy coming from the invisible wall restored any damage that the Demonic Form inflicted. The process was excruciating, but Noah couldn't feel anything while his eyes remained on the garden.

The sphere was about to break, but his friends were also about to die. Even if he had decided to begin his escape sooner, he had ended up coordinating his moves with the battle in the garden. His ambition had played him again.

'I can't choose who I am,' Noah said in his mind in a desperate attempt to focus on his situation, but a flash of golden light suddenly filled the sky above the Crystal City.

When the light dimmed, a tall pagoda appeared in the sky, together with a familiar army.

"My heir!" Divine Demon's voice echoed through the entire region. "I have come to rescue you!"

Chapter 1489 1489. Danger zone

Noah couldn't believe in his eyes. Divine Demon stood in front of the pagoda in the sky. His white hair fluttered in the wind, and his cultivation level spread in every corner of the region.

Nothing could stop his aura. Even the quasi-rank 8 sphere failed to stop Divine Demon's influence. His cultivation level had reached the eighth rank!

'How did they even find me?' Noah wondered without losing his focus on the Demonic Form.

The answer to his doubts quickly arrived. A pale King Elbas crawled out of one of the roofs of the pagoda. His crown was about to fall, his hair was dirty, and sweat rained from his forehead.

King Elbas was exhausted, and annoyance filled his face. However, an arrogance that Noah didn't fail to recognize brimmed in his eyes.

A second rank 8 aura spread from the army in the sky. Wilfred suddenly became visible on the last roof of the pagoda. He wore a broad smile that radiated an intense bloodlust as he looked toward Madame Canson.

"We have finally found you," Wilfred said, and his voice carried shockwaves that destroyed most of the crystals in the hall.

The rank 7 experts began to cough blood, but Madame Canson's aura soon covered the hall and protected them from Wilfred's influence. The cultivator also turned her head to look at the hybrid. Her expression remained cold, but a trace of surprise appeared on her face.

"Do not worry, my heir," Divine Demon continued. "Your enemies are my enemies! Now, which one of you wants to challenge me?"

The white sky turned azure as Divine Demon's influence intensified. The world began to transform and provide energy to the expert. He was ready to go all-out.

"You can't do anything to us," Luke calmly said. "We have hostages. They will die if you try to touch us."

Divine Demon was initially surprised at those words. He had convinced King Elbas to tamper with the pagoda to find Noah, but he didn't expect the Crystal City to have more hostages.

His eyes went toward the garden, where he saw the five experts staring at the army. The magical beasts had run away when Divine Demon's aura spread through the environment, so they could focus on their surroundings now.

Tears inevitably fell from Flying Demon and Dreaming Demon's eyes. The duo couldn't contain their emotions when they saw that their Master had come to rescue them. However, they also understood that something was off.

They knew who Divine Demon's heir was. Their eyes suddenly went on the floating hall, but they couldn't see its insides. Still, they could guess who that structure contained.

"Oh, you are also here," Divine Demon said when he recognized his disciples. "Remain where you are. We will talk about your punishment later."

Flying Demon and Dreaming Demon's expressions froze, but they didn't dare to complain. They focused on the fact that their torture was over and decided to follow their Master's orders.

"Humans siding with the hybrids," Madame Canson said. "You lot are beyond saving. I will kill your heir in front of your eyes and enjoy seeing your hopes vanish."

"I wouldn't suggest it," Divine Demon said before giving voice to a loud snort. "I might have taught my heir's subordinate how to divine this place, but the Legion's priority is to destroy you fanatics. You shouldn't be so arrogant."

"I'm no one subordinate!" King Elbas weakly shouted. "And you didn't teach me anything. You just provided your miraculous energy."

"How could a rank 7 existence like you even understand," Divine Demon replied before waving his hand. "Don't be shy. I might teach you something else later on."

King Elbas wanted to complain, but he didn't have any strength left. He laid on the roof and lost consciousness before a hybrid grabbed his body and dragged him away from the battlefield.

"You have nothing but words," Luke said, but his eyes suddenly widened when he saw Wilfred kicking the pagoda toward the floating hall.

The attack surprised even Divine Demon, who had to deploy an evasive maneuver to dodge the building. Wilfred had thrown the pagoda without even bothering to control his strength.

"My heir is there!" Divine Demon complained, but Wilfred gave voice to a loud snort.

"He is a hybrid," Wilfred said. "He will be fine."

Smoke began to come out of the pagoda. Its surfaces started to burn due to the incredible acceleration caused by Wilfred's kick. Even the hybrid showed a worried expression when he saw the speed reached by the structure.

"He should be fine," Wilfred corrected himself before shooting after the pagoda.

Divine Demon's mental waves grabbed the five experts in the garden and threw them in the sky where the other hybrids supported them. Then, he also shot after the pagoda.

Noah's mind reached an unfathomable level of clarity when he saw June and the others disappearing from the garden. His hatred also vanished and left nothing but anger toward those who had put him in that situation.

The Demonic Form began to drain his body even more. The roots covered the whole item and devoured the energy inside the invisible fabric. Noah felt stronger than ever, but he didn't have the time to bathe in that feeling.

When Luke and Madame Canson stepped forward to block the falling pagoda, the quasi-rank 8 sphere shattered, and a cloud of corrosive smoke tried to expand through the entire hall. Noah's aura also surged and revealed his solid stage cultivation level.

Miss Nine waved a hand toward him. An invisible wall was about to slam on Noah's head, but a series of roots covered his figure and allowed him to pierce the attack. The Demonic Form had devoured the spell before it could touch him.

"What is this?" Miss Nine asked before all the other cultivators in the hall shot toward Noah.

Snore appeared behind Noah, and Night shot out of his chest. The Demonic Sword also appeared on his left hand as he pointed his free palm toward Miss Nine.

The roots coming out of his palm shot forward and pierced every invisible protection deployed by the expert. Still, they bought some time, enough for Miss Nine to deploy a powerful spell.

A massive black figure appeared above Noah's head. A metallic wall had formed in the sky and began to fall toward the hall. Miss Nine didn't mind her companions in her offensive. She didn't even care that Ethan was with them.

Noah's roots retracted. He swiped the edge of the Demonic Sword with his right palm before slashing upward. A massive attack came out of his blade, and a large gap appeared on the black wall falling from the sky.

The entire hall passed through that gap, and an intense explosion followed that event. The two rank 8 cultivators had destroyed the pagoda, but they were now facing Divine Demon and Wilfred.

Noah slashed toward Shandal, but a thick black wall appeared on his trajectory. Miss Nine successfully protected the expert, and Noah used that moment of distraction to wield and attack with the white blade.

The roots came out of Noah's palm before he completed the attack. The curved slash that flew out of his blade carried a corrosive smoke that tried to spread everywhere in the hall.

The auras of the rank 8 experts were suppressing Noah's corrosive smoke, but it still managed to touch some of the cultivators around him.

Cries of pain echoed through the sky as the smoke corroded and infected the cultivators. Miss Nine promptly joined her hands and pointed them toward Noah, but a shockwave suddenly ran through the area.

Everyone spat blood. Noah wasn't an exception. The four rank 8 experts had begun their battle, so the entire area had become a danger zone where rank 7 existences couldn't remain.

Chapter 1490 1490. Escape

The shockwaves released by the rank 8 existences were too intense for the experts in the seventh rank. Even Noah couldn't withstand them. His insides shook and shattered every time those tremors spread through the area.

The palace crumbled under the intense pressure released by the rank 8 experts. Divine Demon and Madame Canson tried to hold back to preserve their underlings, but Wilfred and Luke didn't care. They launched attacks that carried their full power, creating a moving calamity in a place filled with rank 7 existences.

Noah and Miss Nine couldn't continue their battle in those conditions. They could barely keep their bodies together, but they didn't dare to make the first move.

The other experts ran away as fast as they could, but Noah and Miss Nine remained still. The expert from the Crystal City preferred to die rather than let him go, and Noah needed more time to deploy the Shadow Domain around him.

"Why don't you leave?" Noah asked as blood flowed out of his mouth.

"Why don't you die?" Miss Nine asked as her arm shattered.

In a matter of seconds, only Miss Nine, Noah, and Fergie remained in the hall. The structure was even falling apart due to the shockwaves that spread through the sky. Everything was about to crumble, and their bodies weren't an exception.

"I know that you want to use that strange dimensional technique," Miss Nine said. "I'll make sure that you die before meeting the requirements for its activation."

Noah could only reveal a cold smile. The fact that Miss Nine had already guessed his plan shocked him, but it was better to remain silent in that situation. The less she knew, the longer Noah could use the Shadow Domain as his trump card.

"I won't spend the last seconds of my life staring at an enemy," Noah said as growls fused with his human voice.

His bloodlust surged even if the cursed sword remained inside the separate space. That feeling was part of Noah's consciousness now. His destruction intensified, and roots came out of his palm again.

Noah stored the white sword before pointing his palm toward Miss Nine. A shockwave suddenly arrived and destroyed the roots shooting toward the expert, but a faint black gas remained between him and the expert.

Flames came out of Noah's mouth at that point. They burned anything in their range before crumbling when another shockwave fell on the hall.

A purple radiance came out of Miss Nine's chest and protected her already broken body. The faint trace of a rank 8 aura came out of the expert and allowed her to endure the shockwaves.

Noah had an incredible body, but Miss Nine had the purple crystal. The two were almost on par when it came to their resilience. Miss Nine could resist as long as him.

'Damned fanatic,' Noah cursed in his mind as he stored the Demonic Sword.

Snore and Night had also returned inside his body. Noah's companions couldn't endure the shockwaves as well as him. He couldn't rely on them in that situation.

Noah took a step forward, and a torrent of blood flowed out of his mouth when another shockwave arrived. That didn't manage to stop his advance. It only slowed him down.

Noah took a few more steps before another shockwave ran past him. His consciousness began to waver, but he never stopped providing special darkness to the Shadow Domain.

Miss Nine could resist as long as Noah, but she couldn't move. She could only see her opponent drawing close and throwing a punch directed at her face.

Noah's fist slammed on an invisible wall, and his right hand opened when he saw that his physical strength wasn't enough to take down that defense.

The roots came out of his palm and pierced the invisible wall, allowing him to stretch his hand toward Miss Nine. Still, another shockwave arrived, and Noah found himself grabbing Miss Nine's robe instead of her head.

Noah didn't let that setback stop him. Roots came out of his palm and spread corrosive smoke, but a shockwave turned them into ashes before they could reach Miss Nine.

A snort came out of Noah's bleeding mouth. Spells and companions were too unreliable in that condition. He had to use his physical strength to be consistent in his offensive.

Noah ripped Miss Nine's robe open and stabbed his fingers in her chest. Her skin opposed no resistance at all, but a shockwave forced him to stop moving.

"I will take this," Noah said as his fingers grabbed the purple crystal and pulled.

The crystal didn't want to leave Miss Nine's chest no matter how much strength Noah applied. It felt like a core part of her existence, something that Noah couldn't rip out with his sheer power.

"Madame Canson has personally awarded me this," Miss Nine said as she exploded into a loud laugh. "What makes you think that you can steal it?"

When Miss Nine used the word "steal", something unlocked inside Noah's mind. His curiosity intensified, and a deep desire to seize the crystal filled him.

The Demonic Deduction technique activated on its own and fed on the bloodlust accumulated in the mental sea. The black hole also spun faster, and Noah's eyes became as bright as stars.

Something strange happened in Noah's vision. A series of strands became visible. They connected every matter in the world, and most of them led far away.

Noah didn't know what was happening, but the crystal slowly began to slide away from Miss Nine's chest. The cultivator's eyes widened. She couldn't believe that Noah was actually managing to seize that item.

Once the crystal was entirely out of Miss Nine's chest, Noah stored it inside the separate space and dived his hand deeper into her body. He soon reached her heart, which exploded when his fingers touched it.

Noah didn't stop there. He raised his hand until it reached the base of Miss Nine's neck. The expert didn't move nor try to defend. The loss of the crystal had made her incredibly weak. Noah could kill her on the spot.

Still, a series of shockwaves fell on the hall at that point. The force carried by those vibrations shattered the floor and flung Miss Nine away. Noah and Fergie fell toward the garden, and the duo found themselves unable to stop their descent.

Creating platforms of "Breath" in that chaotic environment was almost impossible. Fergie was also unconscious, so he couldn't even try to save his life.

'Snore!' Noah shouted inside his mind, and the Blood Companion began to form under his feet.

A shockwave quickly destroyed Snore, but Noah used the creature's dark matter to jump through the sky. He had to return to the area where the Shadow Domain had expanded to escape, but he had to make a stop first.

Noah shot toward Fergie, and the expert disappeared when Noah touched him. The separate space could contain living beings, so he wasn't a problem.

Snore reappeared under Noah and allowed him to leap upward. He had enlarged the Shadow Domain enough to contain him before the fall, but the shockwave had stopped him from entering it.

Noah used his Blood Companion to continue his climb, and he stopped once he reached his last spot.

"He is escaping!" Miss Nine shouted, and Madame Canson turned to look at Noah's jumping figure.

Madame Canson's aura shot toward him, and Noah didn't hesitate to activate the Shadow Domain. His figure disappeared, but part of the expert's aura had touched him and had forced its way through that dimension.

Noah felt a massive force pushing him away. His shoulder broke, but he didn't have time to mind his condition. The attack had made the Shadow Domain unstable, making Noah fly in a peculiar dimension that bordered the technique.

Noah didn't know what was happening, but he couldn't stop. He didn't have any strength left, and his mind could never expand since he continued to cross dimensions during his flight.

The attack had thrown him deep into the magical beasts' domain. It had made Noah almost teleport in an area that he had never explored.