

Demonic 1911

Chapter 1911 1911. Cracks

Noah saw the injuries that he had just healed opening again. His body was too weak to remain unaffected after a frontal clash with a middle tier creature. His destruction weakened the storms that fell on him, but the impact still flung him downward and covered his body with wounds.

Storms crumbled as Noah's consciousness continued to destroy the winds and force their energy to flow toward his descending figure. The impact and the fall didn't affect his awareness and concentration, so he healed as he struggled to disperse his momentum.

A vast tunnel that the storms didn't hesitate to fill formed between Noah and the brown avatar. The empty areas could only last for a few instants after his consciousness left them, but Noah could fail to see how his opponent stretched its massive arm toward him.

Holes appeared on the giant's limb as the storms closed to block his vision. Noah immediately understood that the avatar had started to prioritize him in that new environment. The world in his vision transformed into an array of lines as he prepared to deploy a movement technique.

Gales shot out of the giant before Noah managed to stop himself. The dense attacks pierced the gales and reached him instantly, but his figure disappeared before they could land on him.

Three long fissures opened from Noah's previous spot and created large cracks in the sky. They went downward, on the right, and upward, with the last one reaching the giant's back. The avatar tried to turn, but the dark world suddenly expanded and applied its weakening effects.

The brown avatar saw a long fissure opening on its back, and a wave of storms immediately shot out of it. The dark world fell apart as the creature finished turning to focus on its opponent, but it couldn't find anything behind it. Instead, a new crack opened and passed right above its shoulder to lead to its back again.

Noah reappeared behind the giant and expanded the dark world again before launching another powerful slash. A second fissure appeared next to the second, and more gales escaped from its depths. Those winds seemed slightly calmer than the previous ones, but they didn't make him relax.

Noah used his movement technique again as soon as holes opened on the giant's body. A crack that led to the void spread behind him as he sprinted to appear above the creature's head and unfold the dark world again. His slash followed, and another fissure opened on the brown alloy.

The new movement technique made Noah almost untouchable. The only issue was in its flexibility since he only had a few seconds to set his direction.

Noah had to change direction two times after the clash with the gales because he couldn't disperse his momentum before the arrival of the second attack. He had to create three different dimensional tunnels that allowed him to perform an inversion and shot toward the giant again.

Everything was easier when the giant didn't affect his movements. Noah could use a hit-and-run tactic to remain untouched and cover the avatar with injuries. His energy consumption during that approach wasn't even high since he mostly relied on the aspects of his law. The only issue was on the void.

Noah's consciousness used him as its center. His mental waves had allowed him to devour the winds around the giant during his offensive, but that prevented the world from fixing the cracks opened with his movement technique.

It didn't take much before the cracks became so predominant around the avatar that Noah didn't find new available paths where to build his dimensional tunnels. The only option at that point was to retreat and change the battlefield, and his opponent didn't waste that chance to attack him.

The avatar stretched its arm toward the retreating Noah as soon as it managed to focus on its figure. It had to endure his unstoppable offensive until now, but the large patches leading to the void that surrounded it had finally started to work as a natural shield.

The brown arm stretched in the patches of sky that floated among the void to launch dense storms toward Noah. The latter had enough time to dodge, but he didn't want to mess with the area's stability even more than that. His blades rose to fight the incoming attacks, and injuries appeared on his body after the impact.

Noah flew away and saw a second wave of storms shooting toward him, and he used his blades to fight them again. The winds and the two swords met for a brief instant before an explosion unfolded and flung Noah even further away.

His body reached a pitiful state after facing two waves of attacks in a row. The bones of his arms became visible after they lost entire patches of flesh. His torso wasn't better off since his rib cage was completely in the open. A few organs even tried to fall from the openings among his muscles, but the dark matter promptly created a black layer that kept everything in its place.

The second wave of gales made Noah leave the avatar's range. The creature's winds could still last until his new position, but he would have enough time to dodge them without relying on his powerful movement technique.

The new position gave Noah the chance to heal. The storms around him vanished as their energy flowed inside his body, but his injuries were too deep to heal consistently in a short time. The gales that had reappeared around the avatar after his consciousness left the area closed the cracks quickly and created a path where it could charge after its opponent.

The giant's state became clear after it left the patches of void transformed into parts of the world again. The avatar had multiple relatively deep fissures on its torso, head, and back. Winds continued to leak out of them, but that damage didn't seem to affect its overall power.

Noah needed to inflict more severe damages on that internal structure of tunnels to weaken the avatar's offensive power. He even believed it to have a core that ruled over that ability somewhere inside that tough body, but it would take him a bit to dig deeply enough.

The main issue in that situation was with his other abilities. The fight would be far easier if he could transmit his aspect of destruction to his Instabilities before teleporting them inside the avatar. However, the effects would inevitably be weaker at that distance, and the giant would probably leave as soon as it lost track of him.

Noah couldn't rely on his companions either. They could radiate his destruction due to their connection with his existence, but they lacked bodies as resilient as him. They might die after enduring one or two attacks, and Noah would never put their lives at risk when he could deploy other strategies.

His hit-and-run tactic was working. Noah only had to keep going until the creature crumbled due to the numerous injuries that he could inflict. The avatar's internal structure or core would eventually stop working if he could fill its insides with damage, but Heaven and Earth seemed to understand that point.

A sudden ray of white light pierced the storms while the giant moved forward, and Noah was too far away to stop it. The many cracks on the avatar's body disappeared as new brown alloy filled the empty spot. The creature healed in an instant.

Chapter 1912 1912. Laughs

'Come on!' Noah cursed in his mind as his eyes went toward the sky past the storms. 'What's the point of doing this over and over?'

The results obtained after many attacks that featured the peak of his battle style vanished in mere seconds. A simple ray of white light had been enough to fix the avatar and bring it back to its top condition.

The creature launched its wave of gales from the edges of its range. Those attacks could maintain their power until they reached Noah now since the giant's internal structure was whole again, but he didn't dare to use his blades to stop them again.

A crack opened next to the gales when they crossed the afterimage that Noah had left behind after performing his movement technique. The giant saw the dark world expanding again before a deep hole appeared on its chest.

Noah had launched a piercing attack after reappearing in front of the avatar. The hole created by his thrust was narrow, but it reached deep into the internal structure that regulated the storms contained inside the brown alloy.

The narrow hole pierced many tunnels inside the giant and created a new passage where the winds could leak. Yet, the gale that came out of the new opening ended up being far stronger than the previous attacks. The fissure was thinner than the normal cavities that the avatar created, so the winds that came out of it benefited from a more intense flow.

That gale didn't have the dense properties that the avatar could apply to its attacks, but it was so fast that it managed to hit Noah. A hole appeared in his shoulder as he completed the preparations for his movement technique, but he didn't let that injury interrupt him. His mind had alerted him about its arrival. His body couldn't move as fast as his thoughts, making dodging it impossible, but it allowed him to maintain his concentration.

Noah vanished and reappeared behind the avatar as a crack that led to the void appeared on his path. The dark world expanded, and another thrust came out of his blades. The quick gale arrived and pierced the side of his waist, but he didn't slow his offensive at all.

That was simply a test that Noah needed to check which abilities would bring him near his victory faster. His previous approach seemed to be more effective, but he didn't mind launching two more thrusts to

be sure of that. He didn't even care about Heaven and Earth since he had already developed a plan for the next descent of the light.

The four narrow holes on the giant's body never stopped releasing intense winds capable of piercing Noah's innate defenses, but the creature's attacks managed to retain the same power. Noah resumed his previous approach at that point, and a series of deep cuts opened on the brown alloy after a few exchanges.

The avatar was powerless against that speed. Noah's technique appeared as the final movement method. He only needed to activate it from a neutral position to be unstoppable.

Still, the weaknesses of the movement technique became evident once the cracks connected to the void surrounded the giant. Noah had to retreat again at that point, and the avatar could use the intact patch of sky among those black openings to launch attacks after him.

Noah had to rely on his swords to fend off a few waves of attacks, and the condition of his body inevitably worsened. The storms in the area continued to provide nutrients that stabilized his most severe injuries, but their energy couldn't fix him completely.

The drawbacks of the cursed sword continued to hurt his body even when the giant didn't manage to hit him. The injuries caused by the weapon were superficial at best, but they created problems since his condition was already pretty bad.

The black hole played a crucial role in keeping everything in its place. Noah could continue to rely on his superior resilience even if most of his muscles and organs had only a thin layer of dark matter covering them.

Heaven and Earth waited until the storms blew around the giant and closed the cracks connected to the void to send their light again. Noah was ready for that, and a black shadow came out of his body before a long fissure shattered the area between him and the descending white ray.

Thick black lines spread through the ray of light when Night appeared on its trajectory. Noah had to create a tunnel for his companion to make it reach the descending whiteness on time, and but it immediately spread his destruction after it arrived.

The Pterodactyl's innate hatred toward the light and Noah's understanding of that energy fused to spread destruction meant for the blinding ray. Almost a quarter of that descending fuel turned black as lines spread on its structure. Night didn't hesitate to fuse with the world and shoot upward while releasing cries that resembled a crazy laugh.

Everything had happened too quickly for the avatar to understand the nature of Noah's plan. The light descending to restore its structure shattered into a rain of white particles that tried to disperse into the world. However, a second fissure spread through the sky, and Noah's consciousness unfolded in the area.

The storms disappeared in an instant, but his mental waves didn't stop there. Part of the energy meant to heal the avatar fell in the fissure created by Night, but the rest fell prey to Noah's consciousness and transformed into nutrients for his body.

Noah's condition had been terrible, but his body healed in an instant after receiving the energy meant for a middle tier puppet. He even felt a surplus of fuel that his flesh didn't hesitate to absorb to increase its power.

'This is the right feeling!' Noah shouted in his mind as a roar escaped his mouth.

His body had already classified rank 9 materials in the lower tier as ordinary food. Noah had to go further to obtain something that could satisfy his current hunger, and the energy contained in the light seemed to meet those requirements.

Black flames gathered in his mouth and shot through the sky as he raised his head toward the sky. His roar expressed his ecstasy and conveyed his feeling to Heaven and Earth. If the rulers continued to heal their punishments, Noah would simply take that energy for himself.

His chilling gaze then turned toward the brown avatar as Night materialized next to him. Noah couldn't contain his hunger now that he had confirmed how effective middle tier materials were for his body. He had finally found a prey worthy of his time, and his various plans about Heaven and Earth vanished from his mind.

Noah didn't care about hurting the rulers anymore now. He only wanted that brown alloy for himself. Of course, he wouldn't refuse more energy from Heaven and Earth if they decided to send it.

Night returned inside Noah's separate space as a large crack that connected his position to the avatar's head opened in the sky. The giant had grown used to that battle style by then, but it couldn't do anything to stop it. Even launching attacks in every direction and in advance couldn't work against him since he could move forward or opt for a weaker technique.

Moreover, Night had countered the only flaw that Heaven and Earth had managed to find in his battle style, and its laughs resounded through the sky even after it returned inside the separate space. The Pterodactyl continued to express its happiness as it inspected the battle with great attention. It couldn't wait for its chance to destroy Heaven and Earth's whiteness again.

Chapter 1913 1913. Reinforcements

King Elbas and the other experts had joined hands with the dogs and had started to fight against the white avatars and the crackling clouds as soon as the brown giant disappeared. The sudden event left everyone in awe of Noah's battle prowess, but it also inspired them to reach the ninth rank as soon as possible.

The experts' offensive showed their desire to improve. They attacked violently and relentlessly, and their opponents soon failed to keep up. King Elbas and the others had faced those lightning bolts long enough to have committed their structure to memory.

Still, Heaven and Earth couldn't let that battle continue like that, especially since they knew how Noah's fight was going. King Elbas' team was even clearing the avatar quickly. The rulers had to do something, or their real target would run away.

A blinding flash filled the sky above the group of experts and dogs when they were about to put an end to their battle. Only a few avatars and clouds still lingered in the area before that sudden radiance, but an army materialized after the light dimmed.

The army was familiar for King Elbas and the others. They had seen a far stronger version many years ago when the dragons had forced them to join a battle that was far away from the reach of their cultivation level.

A swarm of white cockroaches led by a rank 9 cultivator in the gaseous stage had materialized high in the sky after the sudden blinding flash. The storms there had instantly disappeared due to the innate suction force generated by the thousands of specimens in the ninth rank inside the army. The weakness of those magical beasts granted them an easy path toward the higher levels of the cultivation journey, so Heaven and Earth could create entire platoons every few centuries.

The strongest cockroaches among the swarm were in the middle tier, but the army featured many of them. Their auras fused with the power radiated by their weaker underlings and made it hard for the experts to calculate how many leaders that pack had. King Elbas failed in the task even when he took out some rank 9 sensors from his space-ring.

The winged cockroaches weren't powerful. They would directly be at the bottom of any catalog of magical beasts if it weren't for their ability to fly. Heaven and Earth had created them to counter the dragons. They were the exact opposite of those might creatures that could reach the peak of the food chain in almost every environment.

Still, the terrifying power of the winged cockroaches came from their immense numbers. A single swarm could contain thousands of specimens in the ninth rank, which was a threatening force due to their disposable nature.

Those magical beasts were frail, but they still touched the standards of the ninth rank. A platoon could decide to sacrifice most of its members just to let a few hundreds of them reach their target. That was enough to kill most opponents, especially when it came to large creatures like the dragons.

Calculations happened inside King Elbas' mind, but the new opponents didn't let him prepare any plan or inspection. Heaven and Earth had already instructed the rank 9 woman hidden among the brightness radiated by the winged cockroaches about the situation. They only needed a few seconds to adapt to the change in the environment, and that time had passed.

The swarm descended toward their opponents, and their target became evident right away. The experts had an overall low cultivation level, but their battle prowess was above the dogs. Yet, the winged cockroaches barely cared about them as they created shining gales that aimed at the improved magical beasts.

The dogs immediately controlled the storms to launch a wave of attacks, but their abilities ended up dispersing before reaching their opponents. The winged cockroaches were simply too many. Their natural suction force could make the various winds crumble and transform into primary energy that fused with their bodies.

Luckily for the dogs, Noah had decided to bring his group there, and that included King Elbas. The expert had already seen the winged cockroaches once, so his curiosity had made him develop special abilities meant for those creatures a long time ago. Of course, he had also adapted it to the new level of his existence before leaving the orange city.

King Elbas transformed into a wave of flames that made him teleport in above the pack of dogs. The gales made of winged cockroaches were converging in that position. The expert had thousands of rank 9 specimens ready to overwhelm him with their sheer power and numbers, but he raised his hand fearlessly.

The space-ring on King Elbas's middle finger released a golden light as a small sphere that contained raging dense currents came out of the item and rose in the sky.

The item resembled Noah's black hole, but it radiated a golden glow, and its edges weren't solid. Its texture made it look like a jelly that could maintain its spherical shape even if its insides were rotating in various directions and creating multiple collisions.

The sphere transformed as King Elbas' fingers waved in the air. The expert modified the structure and fabric of that material to adapt it to its opponents. Its light grew darker while retaining its golden shades. Its shape also grew unstable as it neared the incoming winged cockroaches.

Heaven and Earth had an obvious weakness that an expert like King Elbas couldn't fail to exploit. The rulers always put themselves into their creations. That usually wouldn't create flaws since their products carried various features. Still, the matter was different for someone able to develop counters to existences in the span of a few exchanges.

A small piece of the dark sphere separated from the main structure and transformed into a bullet that shot toward the gales of winged cockroaches. The material changed shape again after it entered the range of the specimens' suction force. It crumbled to become thin dust that followed the pull created by the cockroaches' innate features.

The dark-golden dust appeared able to remain clear even among the whiteness radiated by that multitude of magical beasts. The winged cockroaches' light couldn't suppress the dim radiance released by each grain that dispersed among the gales.

Nothing seemed to happen after the cockroaches absorbed all the dust, but dim spots eventually appeared among the gales. Those creatures didn't care about anything and continued to charge forward, but even those in the frontlines had to slow down when they saw dark-golden runes appearing on their bodies.

The rank 9 woman hidden by the whiteness made the swarm stop at that point. She could accept that King Elbas had the power to kill multiple lower tier cockroaches at the same time. Heaven and Earth had a whole library about his creations meant to explain how good he was. Yet, she didn't expect his technique to affect even the specimens in the middle tier.

King Elbas was powerful, and his law allowed him to reach defying levels, but Heaven and Earth had never treated him like Noah. Beings two tiers above his cultivation level should be untouchable for him. However, the gales kept darkening as more and more cockroaches died. Only the middle tier specimens seemed able to survive longer, but the dark-golden runes on their bodies never stopped growing.

Chapter 1914 1914. Chance

It wasn't hard to understand the nature of King Elbas' creation. The dust had the properties of a disease meant for creatures that carried Heaven and Earth's influence. The expert had even made it hard to dispel since the symptoms fed on the rulers' power to intensify.

The middle tier flying cockroaches saw the dark-golden runes becoming bigger until they filled their entire bodies. Some of them would fuse with them while others would directly die.

Something strange happened after a few middle tier specimens managed to stabilize the disease. Faint golden shades fused with the white light radiated by their bodies before spreading into the glow of the magical beasts nearby.

That different halo changed the nature of the pure white light and transformed it into its own copy before affecting the other magical beasts. Even the weaker creatures stopped dying at that point and developed dark-golden runes on their bodies. Those inscriptions covered them before making them radiate the pale golden glow.

It seemed that some winged cockroaches had naturally developed antibodies against the disease and had even spread them on their own. The tainted auras worked as a trigger that altered the nature of their structure and allowed them to resist King Elbas' terrifying technique.

The winged cockroaches were weak, frail, but also simple. They barely required energy to mutate and transform into a version of themselves that could resist special adverse conditions.

King Elbas snorted when he inspected the middle tier specimens that had survived the disease. His attack had killed many magical beasts, but the swarm still counted thousands of members. He needed something different now, but his normal methods couldn't do much against that vast mass of rank 9 creatures.

The dark-golden sphere that had remained in the sky during the spreading of the disease, but it shot back in King Elbas' grasp when he summoned it. The jelly-like material lost its dark shades before another tiny piece of its structure separated and transformed into a lens that flew before the expert's right eye.

The mutated cockroaches resumed their descent while King Elbas was still busy using his item to study the army. They recreated the shining gales that converged toward the dogs, but something was clearly different from before. The matter didn't involve only the pale-golden glow that they radiated. They appeared slower and weaker.

The mutation didn't necessarily make them better than their previous version. That was almost impossible when it came to King Elbas' creations. The expert had built his disease after testing its efficiency and ability to hurt even creatures that developed immunity. He had made sure that tainting a living being with his runes would weaken them even if they were resistant to the other symptoms.

The creatures' weakened state didn't stop them from remaining fast, but King Elbas didn't move. He stood still as his fingers tapped invisible buttons that made the sphere change shades again as he gathered information through the lens.

Scarlet shades quickly appeared on the sphere before another tiny piece separated from its structure. The gales of winged cockroaches were almost about to overwhelm King Elbas, but the small chunk of the

jelly shot toward before exploding into a sea of golden waves that carried red lines all across their surface.

The sea expanded quickly and forced all the gales to pass through it. Nothing seemed to happen, but the winged cockroaches suddenly started to die again right before reaching King Elbas.

Tiny corpses rained from the gales before exploding into small puddles of blood. None of them developed immunity, but the rank 9 cultivator high in the sky forced creatures to stop before all of them could cross the sea.

The winged cockroaches regrouped and tried to fly around the sea, but King Elbas waved his hands to make it follow the creatures. The expert didn't leave any path open, and that forced the cultivator to call back the army.

King Elbas showed a proud smile, but a heavy aura suddenly filled his surroundings. A white halo spread right under the golden sea and revealed the rank 9 cultivator once the light dimmed.

Everyone could inspect the woman's features at that point. She had long brown hair and dark eyes. Her skin was dark, but it naturally radiated a bright glow capable of making the golden waves above her pale.

The rank 9 cultivator inspected the sea, but a frown appeared on her young face when she failed to understand its nature. The event confused her beyond reason, and her pissed eyes eventually fell on King Elbas.

"What is this thing?" The woman asked. "This isn't higher energy."

King Elbas' smile broadened, but an intense coldness filled his eyes. The knowledge of Heaven and Earth's followers was scary. No secret could last against that force as long as it existed under the sky or in its range.

"Are you my challenge?" King Elbas asked in a firm voice as the sphere in his grasp floated toward the center of his chest. "Are you my stepping stone for the ninth rank?"

King Elbas' chest transformed into flames that started to rotate around the sphere. The jelly-like item lost its scarlet shades and regained its pure golden color as the expert enveloped it around his fingers. The lens on his right eye flashed as it started to inspect the rank 9 cultivator. He was ready for the battle.

"I don't know what your group has started to believe after the hybrid's breakthrough," The woman scoffed, "But you can't be farther from the truth. Power must come from inside."

The woman raised her hand and touched the sea with her fingers. The structure started to shatter right away as cracks spread over its surface. Golden shards that carried scarlet shades fell from the sky and created a beautiful rain, but King Elbas wasn't in the mood to admire that spectacle.

The woman kept her eyes fixed on King Elbas as his technique fell apart, but she frowned again when she felt that something was off. She quickly raised her head and noticed that some of the pieces of the sea were stable enough to remain in their place.

The event shocked the cultivator. Her technique should be matchless inside the gaseous stage, but King Elbas' creation was too strange. The dense energy that he used was different from the higher energy, but it carried even more power. Moreover, it had an innate resilience that its new form shouldn't have.

That wasn't a matter of fairness. King Elbas and the others were already past the limits that Heaven and Earth had imposed on the world. The problem was with the nature of his jelly-like material. It seemed stronger than the higher energy even when deployed to perform specific tasks, which shouldn't be possible.

King Elbas laughed before waving his hand and preparing himself to give a long bragging that explained how he was the best in everything he did. However, a wave of silver energy suddenly cut through the remaining sea and landed on the rank 9 cultivator.

The attack had been so fast that even King Elbas struggled to recognize its nature. Still, the energy that came out of the blow belonged to one of his companions.

"Did you really have to do that?" King Elbas asked while shaking his head.

"I'm sorry," Sword Saint announced while materializing next to him. "I can't let this chance go."

Chapter 1915 1915. Incomplete

"That's not how it works!" King Elbas complained.

"How would it work then?" Sword Saint asked.

"I attracted her attention," King Elbas explained. "I get to fight her."

"That sounds stupid," Sword Saint commented. "Noah and Alexander switched roles last time."

"It still doesn't allow you to steal my opponent," King Elbas continued.

"I'm not stealing her," Sword Saint corrected. "I'm cutting her."

"How is that different?" King Elbas shouted in an exasperated tone.

"She's still yours," Sword Saint explained. "Just cut. The number of pieces depends on her."

King Elbas opened his mouth to speak, but he couldn't think of anything fitting for that situation. The lack of sense of the last answer had defeated him. His desire to reach the ninth rank almost waned when he thought he had to spend it with those idiots.

"Why would you cut her if she already has an opponent?" King Elbas eventually decided to try a bit harder.

"Why would anyone need a reason to cut others?" Sword Saint scoffed. "You are strange."

King Elbas wore a blank face as his eyes moved toward his companions in the distance. Wilfred, Steven, and Robert were doing their best to suppress their laughs. Instead, Divine Demon wasn't even trying to hide how fun he was having. The expert had even taken out a jug of wine from his space-ring to enjoy the scene even more.

"Are you sure you don't want to switch sides?" The rank 9 woman's voice resounded in the area as Sword Saint's silver energy shattered.

The silver energy rained toward the ground in the shape of tiny shards and revealed the rank 9 cultivator. She didn't move from her previous spot, and the attack didn't even manage to hurt her. The expert checked that her hair was fine while showing complete indifference toward the battlefield.

"You don't get to join this conversation," King Elbas cursed before a helpless sigh escaped his mouth as his eyes went back on Sword Saint. "That's not how it works. You should make her summon counters for my existence before taking my place. It's common sense."

"It's pointless to cut something that I know I can cut," Sword Saint explained. "The path ahead is hidden behind what I can't cut."

King Elbas rolled his eyes. It was annoying, but Sword Saint's words made sense, especially for his existence. Still, that didn't justify his actions.

"Why would I lose my chance to give it to you?" King Elbas honestly asked. "Give me one good reason."

Sword Saint turned toward King Elbas for the first time during that conversation. His long eyebrows hid his seemingly empty eyes, but King Elbas could feel his companion's focus on him. Sword Saint's gaze was sharp, but it wasn't strong enough to hurt him while the golden sphere floated before his fiery chest.

"Because it's incomplete," Sword Saint stated while focusing on the golden sphere.

King Elbas' pupils constricted. He didn't expect Sword Saint to see right through him so easily, especially when he wasn't even sure if the expert was paying attention to his surroundings.

Sword Saint resembled Divine Demon at times, but he was a completely different existence. His silence and fixation on the path of the blade didn't make him an idiot incapable of thinking about anything else. He was actually one of the smartest experts in Noah's group. His only issue was that he didn't care about anything unrelated to his law.

Sword Saint's devotion toward the path of the blade made him appear crazy. He had made countless enemies in the past due to his habit of challenging every expert that he met. The situation had gotten so bad that he had left for the stormy regions when he was nothing more than a liquid stage existence.

The years that Sword Saint had spent practicing and researching sword arts were also uncountable. The world carried the mark of his efforts. Mountains, plains, and other lands featured his cuts. Weaker experts saw them as inheritances, but they were nothing more than an expression of the depths of his knowledge. Their ability to instruct others about the path of the blade came from his desire to generate techniques that he had yet to see.

His driven but simple life had awarded him with one of the sharpest minds in the entire Immortal Lands. Sword Saint was a monster built on training. Part of the reasons behind his presence in Noah's group came from the latter's ability to find unreasonable opponents. After all, a maniac addicted to his practice required many training dummies, and Noah ensured that his life would never lack opponents.

However, things had started to worsen after the return in the stormy regions. Noah's group was too strong for normal rank 9 experts but too weak for the insane threats that those areas hid. Sword Saint could barely get opponents during the period in-between the two levels of battle prowess that the gales contained. The fact that he had companions didn't help either since he often lost the chance to fight existences that appeared vaguely interesting.

Sword Saint would typically leave the group and travel through the storms on his own, but he still felt that he owed Noah for his past teachings. Moreover, he would go back to hunting mere lower tier magical beasts if he were alone, and his existence was far past them.

The expert planned to imitate Alexander. Sword Saint wanted to overcome the counters to his existence and step into the ninth rank before leaving the group. His new level would grant him access to stronger opponents, which were nothing more than better training dummies in his eyes.

The only flaw in that plan was the lack of Noah's influence and ability to attract problems, but Sword Saint believed to have created enough mess in the last years to gain the status of a primary target. That should be enough to grant him opponents even without Noah.

"You are strong," Sword Saint continued. "You would probably defeat her even if she wielded the perfect counter to your existence, but your law wouldn't advance anyway due to the incompleteness of your core."

King Elbas didn't know what to say. It felt annoying to see all the idiots in his group coming up with smart speeches whenever they suited them. Sword Saint's words were on point. His new power wasn't complete. He planned to finish it during the battle against his counters, but that wasn't his style.

His creations had to be perfect to carry his name. King Elbas had an extreme standard when it came to what he built, and he didn't respect it when it came to the golden sphere. The item was definitely powerful, but it was also incomplete. Noah had been the reason behind his decision to use it in the battle came. The growth of his leader's existence had made him restless.

King Elbas glanced at the rank 9 woman before heaving another sigh and turning his eyes toward Sword Saint again. He almost couldn't believe himself when he spoke altruistic words. "You can have her."

"I think you are failing to realize how bad your situation is," The woman announced. "Do you think that taking care of me will be easy? Do you think that Heaven and Earth are still underestimating you?"

The woman raised one hand, and whiteness filled the areas around her. The winged cockroaches that had suffered from King Elbas' disease lost their golden shades as they retrieved their original appearance. Moreover, more creatures materialized in the areas around them. It seemed that the sky had transformed into one massive swarm.

Chapter 1916 1916. Wrong

The sky disappeared as the swarm took its place. Winged cockroaches materialized around the rank 9 cultivator and filled every inch of the area. They were so packed that they struggled to move their wings freely.

The second army was far bigger than the first. Tens of thousands rank 9 magical beasts had appeared in the sky, and the experts trembled when they noticed the presence of a specimen in the upper tier among the swarm.

A force that rank 8 experts should never have the courage to face had teleported above them. That seemed too much even for Noah's companions, but none of them showed fear. Calculations happened in their minds as countless plans surged and shattered. They would continue to fight as long as the faint hope to win existed.

"You," The rank 9 woman announced while pointing at Sword Saint. "I'll give you the fight you want. Let the others fight with the others."

King Elbas' cold eyes inspected that interaction. It was unclear how much freedom the cultivators under Heaven and Earth had. Some appeared as complete fools, while others almost seemed to go against their leaders. King Elbas wanted to find an explanation for those differences and, if possible, generate a counter.

"I'll give you a chance to fight me if you survive the cockroaches," The rank 9 woman announced when she noticed King Elbas' inspection.

Sword Saint didn't say anything. He didn't care that the rank 9 cultivator saw her victory as obvious. He had lost interest in everything that didn't involve his sword arts after confirming that he had found an opponent.

King Elbas was different. He had never lost his instincts as a leader, and he relied on them often, even when Noah was around. The dogs were the flying cockroaches' targets, so their safety had the priority.

King Elbas stored his golden sphere before waving his hand toward the pack of dogs under him. The rank 9 woman showed a smirk toward him as she turned to fly past the vast army. Sword Saint started to fly after her, but he suddenly recalled something that his solitary life had almost made him forget.

Sword Saint turned to perform a deep bow toward King Elbas. That was the only thought outside of the sword arts that his mind allowed him to have before focusing on his task. The expert chased after the rank 9 woman right away, and the duo soon disappeared from the area.

King Elbas snorted as a wave of golden flames enveloped the dogs. A fiery sea appeared and quickly condensed into a small sphere that acted as a separate dimension for those creatures. The item then shot toward King Elbas and fused with his figure before he teleported next to his companions.

The magical beasts wanted to fight, but King Elbas couldn't let them play Heaven and Earth's game. Still, teleporting next to his companions didn't improve his situation too much. The experts were against one of the weakest species of magical beasts in the entire world, but the swarm had an upper tier specimen. That threat might be too much to handle.

"Do you have a plan, Xavier?" Divine Demon asked as his cold eyes inspected the immense army.

His question generated surprise inside his companions. Divine Demon was in his serious mode in the middle of a battle. That was a rare sight even after his mind had started to show signs of stability.

"Who do you think I am?" King Elbas snorted. "I have two hundred and seventy-two plans. The only issue is that some of us end up dying in most of them."

"How many where none of us dies?" Wilfred asked.

"Depends," King Elbas revealed before turning toward his companions. "How alive you have to be to consider yourselves not dead?"

"Very alive," Steven promptly answered.

"A handful of plans then," King Elbas commented. "Are you really certain that you don't want to rely on luck? I promise that only two of you will die."

"Die how?" Divine Demon asked.

"By detonation after overloading your laws and throwing you in the middle of the swarm," King Elbas explained, "In one of the cases."

"Give it up," Robert sighed. "Let's go with no deaths and an upper tier corpse as a reward."

"You have all become too greedy," King Elbas cursed before taking a deep breath. "Fine then. I need time to create a weapon. I don't care what you do or how you do it. Just prevent the cockroaches from affecting my inscription method. Focus your efforts on the upper tier specimen. I'll place something to help."

King Elbas waved his hand, and countless formations came out of his space-ring. The whiteness of the sky intensified by the winged cockroaches seemingly stuck in their position paled in front of the golden light released by the immense number of inscriptions stored in his device.

Layers over layers of formations gathered around the group and created connections even if they belonged to different structures. Those inscriptions went from the seventh rank and reached the lower tier of the ninth rank. They seemed the King Elbas' lifelong accumulation of defensive methods. He was using everything he had ever created.

The various formations fused to create a golden disk that had the group as its only empty spots. Golden lines eventually stopped flying out of King Elbas' space-ring and fixed the last flaws that the structure still carried. The inscriptions seemed to have a mind of their own as they strived to the best shape that they could obtain.

The defensive method released a humming sound when everything stopped. The experts' eyes widened when they sensed the structure crossing the limits of the lower tier and stepping into the middle tier. King Elbas had created something so powerful while remaining a simple rank 8 cultivator.

"This is so beneath my level," King Elbas commented while showing a disgusted expression whenever his eyes landed on a seemingly flawless spot of the disk. "That area needs a second refinement. That spot has a different shade. Look at that! It's even trembling. Following Noah is forcing me to be sloppy."

The experts around King Elbas exchanged a glance after they checked all the spots that he had pointed. They didn't see anything off. Everything seemed perfect, but they silently agreed not to say anything about the matter.

The cockroaches started to separate and give themselves enough space to flap their frail wings. They had finally freed themselves of the restraints caused by the teleport, but their timing made everything feel suspicious. It was as if they had received orders to start the battle only after the experts completed their preparations.

The experts didn't take long to link that delay to the upper tier specimens. Heaven and Earth's fairness had probably forced the army to give them enough time to prepare to balance the presence of such a strong creature.

"Remember, focus on the upper tier specimen," King Elbas ordered. "This awful formation should be able to handle the others even if they attack together."

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The rank 9 woman led Sword Saint in a part of the sky quite distant from the army of winged cockroaches. The storms only took a few instants to surround them, but neither cared about that hindrance.

"Aren't you curious about my actions?" The rank 9 woman asked when she stopped and turned to focus on Sword Saint.

"The explanation when it comes to divine existences is always the same," Sword Saint replied before waving his hand and shattering all the gales in the area. "Your law rules your actions, and that also applies to the copies created by Heaven and Earth."

"Correct!" The rank 9 woman exclaimed. "You aren't as stup-."

The woman couldn't finish her line since a silver slash crashed on her body and filled the area with intense sharpness. That power was so fierce that it naturally created an oval zone where the storms couldn't enter.

"It's useless," The rank 9 woman's voice seeped out of the silver energy as it shattered and crumbled to reveal her intact figure. "I'll tell you a secret. Your path is wrong. Heaven and Earth didn't even bother to create a counter because you'll never reach the ninth rank."

Chapter 1917 1917. Limi

The rank 9 cultivator's words barely affected Sword Saint. Every expert who approached the ninth rank would have doubts about the path ahead or face events capable of shattering beliefs. A statement from one of Heaven and Earth's followers didn't even come close to make his existence shake.

The sharpness that was keeping the area devoid of storms converged toward the rank 9 woman. Silver light flashed, and an explosion followed. Sword Saint's iconic radiance hid the cultivator's figure, but no satisfaction appeared on his face.

Sword Saint started to create an ethereal silver sword a few seconds before the arrival of cracks among the sharp light that had covered his opponent. The rain of shards happened, and the rank 9 woman reappeared, revealing how she had managed to avoid injuries again.

"This last attack of yours had the power to hurt rank 9 existences," The woman announced, "But it doesn't make you worthy of the ninth rank. Many experts before you have crossed the gap among stages before failing during the breakthrough. It's almost sad."

Sword Saint didn't speak. His ethereal blade flickered as it destroyed the gales that had returned in the area with its sole aura. The weapon created a zone devoid of chaotic laws on its own, but even the winds in farther areas crumbled when it started moving.

Multiple sword arts unfolded at the same time. Sword Saint seemed to perform a simple slash, but his blade morphed and created countless ethereal afterimages that generated different attacks. Hundreds of techniques happened in the span of a single second, and everything turned silver.

Sword Saint didn't usually rely on attacks with a large area of effect. He had deployed countless sword arts during his last technique, but they had mostly generated single slashes that carried different features. None of them discharged its power on the sky. The silver halo that filled the area and cleared a vast chunk of the sky came from the sharp shockwaves that the impact with the rank 9 cultivator generated.

The discharge of energy was massive. That attack carried the same power that had managed to leave a mark on the middle tier cauldron. It went beyond what normal gaseous stage cultivators could handle.

Still, the sharp silver energy crumbled and transformed into a rain of bright shards that dispersed as they continued to fall toward the storms far away. The rank 9 woman reappeared, and Sword Saint finally accepted that something was off when he saw that she didn't suffer any injury again.

"You don't get it, do you?" The cultivator sneered while checking her hair.

"Your existence is peculiar," Sword Saint commented while lifting his long eyebrows to study his opponent with his white eyes. "Are you similar to Defying Demon?"

"Please," The rank 9 woman laughed. "Noah Balvan is a flaw, so it's in his nature to steer others away from the paths that might make them end in Heaven and Earth's system. Yet, that's just an innate feature that he has transformed throughout his growth. It's not a proper law."

"You must be blind to say that," Sword Saint responded while shaking his head.

Sword Saint had actually started to consider the cultivator's previous words after witnessing how easily she had stopped his last attack. Nevertheless, her statement about Noah's power made him accept that she was delusional.

"I think you misunderstood me," The woman added while placing a hand under her chin. "Noah Balvan's ability to affect flaws concerns the inherent potential. It can force techniques and living beings to go beyond what their imperfect original ideas can generate. His destruction carries some of those features, but it doesn't rely on it, not completely at least."

"You are forcing your argument into your speech," Sword Saint scoffed. "Nitpicking on what his power affects makes no sense."

"He can destroy because he is a destroyer," The woman continued, uncaring of those critiques. "He doesn't study the true nature of flaws. He only knows how to find and trigger them, but that's just a barbaric application that his ambition manages to bring on the same level of proper laws."

"So, you admit that he can match you without relying on his law," Sword Saint laughed.

"I feel no shame in doing that," The woman announced. "He would have forced me to ask for counters from the sky, but the same goes for Xavier Elbas. You can't do that."

"I suppose that has something to do with your existence, right?" Sword Saint guessed as a broad smile appeared on his face. "What do you do? Do you enhance innate flaws? You might have just become the perfect training dummy then!"

Sword Saint's determination in his search for perfection was boundless. It was hard to define how happy he felt to have found someone capable of showing flaws that he didn't see. He couldn't wait to exchange a few more blows against his opponent and find ways to improve even more.

"Please," The woman corrected. "I don't enhance flaws. I feed on them. Perfection is an unreachable state. You can always find something to improve as your rank increases. Those mistakes are necessary, which is why techniques crumble when I absorb them."

That explanation seemed to go against what the cultivator had previously stated. She had said that Noah and King Elbas would have made her rely on Heaven and Earth to counter, so there had to be a weakness in her law.

"I'm taking you seriously in case you were wondering," The cultivator continued. "Other experts would manage to hit me before I complete the absorption. That doesn't happen with you."

Sword Saint slowly realized how to connect the woman's initial words to her latest explanation. She had spoken about perfection, which was what he strived for when it came to the sword arts. He wanted to seize completeness in that field, but the rank 9 cultivator believed that to be an impossible state.

"Using your powerful defenses won't make me waver," Sword Saint grunted before raising his ethereal blade and preparing himself to launch another attack.

The woman didn't move from her spot. She waited for that attack to arrive without the slightest trace of fear in her eyes. Her aura carried pure confidence that the incoming blow wouldn't be able to hurt her.

Sword Saint prepared himself to make his blade descend, but his immense experience told him that the attack would fail. He checked multiple times whether his instincts had fallen under the effects of an external force and played many simulations inside his mind. Still, everything led to the same conclusion. He felt unable to cut his opponent.

"Do you understand now?" The woman asked. "You search for something that can't exist. Maybe you are talented enough to study everything that the sword has to offer, but one day someone else will develop something that you didn't know. The same is true for stronger beings. They will still be able to improve your techniques due to their higher power."

Sword Saint's eyes widened, but his belief continued to hold strong. Yet, the woman added something that made the crumbling of his existence start. "You have wasted your life chasing after perfection. Your efforts have been remarkable, and the same goes for your cultivation level, but this is your limit."

Chapter 1918 1918. Bald

Sword Saint couldn't help but finding some sense in the woman's words. He had never been delusional, so he had always considered mistakes and flaws that could affect his belief. The sword's path was immense, and it could even appear endless at times, but the expert felt confident in his ability and dedication. He would reach the end of that path and embody the final blade.

His relatively smooth growth had also been one of the main reasons behind his firm belief. Sword Saint had needed help at times, especially during his meeting with Noah in the Immortal Lands. Still, he had always managed to overcome his bottlenecks, and those achievements had managed to bring him on the edges of the eighth rank. One step forward was enough to reach the next realm.

Sword Saint almost laughed at how easily his firm conviction could crumble. He had found materials that he couldn't cut throughout his life, but that difficulty always came from a sheer difference of power.

The nature of the materials didn't affect Sword Saint's ability to cut them. He could target every type of fabric with his immense knowledge in sword arts. Even existences that countered the true meaning of his law would eventually shatter once he found a technique capable of piercing them. Still, he had never experienced something so blatantly hopeless that didn't involve the difference between cultivation levels.

Sword Saint didn't let the cracks that had appeared in his existence put him down. His instincts told him that his efforts were pointless, but he disregarded them. He raised his ethereal blade and started deploying his sword arts in a precise order. It didn't matter if the process took millennia or eras. He would continue to attack until one of his techniques showed the slightest effectiveness.

The woman shook her head before silver light engulfed her. Cracks quickly opened in that energy, but more attacks fell on her and increased the size of the area affected by Sword Saint's slashes.

The expert didn't speak nor breathe. Sword saint had reverted to the mental state he usually used during his training. He transformed into a mere humanoid chunk of flesh whose only purpose was to perform all the techniques contained inside his mental sphere.

The woman didn't move. The slashes weren't hurting her, and Sword Saint could feel it. The sky slowly shattered due to the countless powerful attacks releasing their power in the same spot, but the chaotic laws couldn't fix them due to the sharp energy accumulated in the area.

Only Sword Saint and the rank 9 cultivator existed in the area. The slashes couldn't affect the experts. Sword Saint simply reabsorbed the sharpness that touched him, while the woman appeared impossible to damage.

A strange trend slowly became evident after countless exchanges happened. Sword Saint's attacks grew weaker every time they failed to hurt the woman, while the latter became stronger as she absorbed the flaws in those attacks.

Sword Saint couldn't confirm it, but the woman had been sincere in her evaluation. She wasn't attempting to steer her opponent away from his path. Sword Saint's laws had actual flaws that the ninth rank would never accept.

Sword Saint's weakening accelerated as more attacks flew out of his figure. He could see his cultivation level falling as his existence saw large cracks opening on its structure. His law was crumbling, and he couldn't do anything to stop the process. Only hurting his opponent would restore his belief, but nothing seemed able to leave a wound on his opponent.

The expert eventually had to interrupt his offensive even if he had gone through only a fraction of his knowledge. His falling cultivation level made him incredibly weak, and he ended up struggling to raise his arms to slash again.

"Are you done?" The woman asked when Sword Saint stopped and tried to muster his strength to resume his offensive.

The silver light that had accumulated in the area transformed into tiny shards that vanished after falling across the sky. The rank 9 cultivator became visible again and revealed how the relentless offensive didn't even manage to tear her white robe.

Sword Saint didn't listen to her. He had overcome everything in his cultivation journey through sheer determination and training. He would do the same during that challenge or die trying.

"I can give you a way out," The woman eventually suggested while inspecting the sheer determination shown by Sword Saint. "Forsake your law, let me absorb its flaws, and join Heaven and Earth. You'll gain access to the vastest collection of sword arts in the entire world. It actually suits your existence pretty well."

Sword Saint's hair and eyebrows fell as his existence continued to shatter. The ethereal blade in his hands transformed into a small knife due to the loss of power, but he managed to wave it, and a weak slash flew toward the cultivator.

The silver slash shattered before reaching the woman. She could only shake her head when Sword Saint's cultivation level grew even more unstable. It remained in the solid stage, but it barely felt worthy of the eighth rank at times.

"My name is Camille," The woman tried again, "Lady Camille for you. I can reserve a special place for you in Heaven and Earth's system if you desire. They can turn you into the most complete embodiment of the sword. They will make you touch a level of power that you have only dreamed."

"Are you important?" Sword Saint laughed as he went bald and his long eyebrows completely disappeared. "I thought you followers were nothing more than gears."

"Most are," Camille revealed. "Others have a special place in the system due to our unique laws. My ability to absorb flaws can help the rulers greatly in their path toward the tenth rank."

"And what will be of you once they succeed in the breakthrough?" Sword Saint laughed again, but a cough interrupted his action.

The expert didn't waste that chance to turn his cough into slashes that flew toward Camille, but they didn't produce any result. They only made the cultivator heave another helpless sigh.

"We will live as part of Heaven and Earth," Camille explained. "The rulers aren't monsters like you rebels believe. You only happened to appear while they were in the middle of completing their path."

Sword Saint saw pieces of his skin separating from his body and falling toward the incoming storms. His cultivation level still touched the peak of the solid stage at times, so the winds didn't kill him when they filled the area again. Yet, his time was running out. He could sense that his existence was on the verge of shattering completely.

"Why are you even trying?" Camille asked in an annoyed tone. "You couldn't hurt me at your peak. How can you do it now?"

"I need to try," Sword Saint weakly explained.

"I gave you a better path," Camille rebuked. "You can achieve what your law wants if you join Heaven and Earth. What's even holding you back? Honor? Pride? Is Noah Balvan's influence so powerful that you can't think on your own anymore?"

"That's not my field," Noah's voice suddenly seeped through the storms and resounded around Sword Saint and Camille.

Camille's eyes widened in surprise as she turned toward the source of the voice. She noticed how a massive figure moved through the storms and shattered them during his passage. The dark shape eventually cleared the area around the two experts and revealed itself in its entirety.

Sword Saint and Camille could see Noah sitting cross-legged on the brown giant's head. A chunk of that brown alloy was in his hands, and a series of huge holes filled the avatar's torso. The puppet was inactive, but his mental waves were keeping it in the air.

"So," Noah announced while taking a bite of the brown alloy and spreading crunching noises throughout the area, "Are you dying on me, Sword Saint?"

Chapter 1919 1919. Devotion

The crunching noises caused by Noah filled the area and left Camille speechless. She knew he was fighting against the brown avatar, but she didn't expect his battle to take that turn.

Camille could accept that Noah had defeated the avatar. The middle tier creature was the dogs' counter, but it didn't have any specific ability that targeted him. It was simply strong, but that wasn't enough against him.

The word surprising didn't apply to Noah. The unexpected became normal with him, and Camille knew that far too well. Her astonishment came from how easily he was eating the brown alloy. After all, Noah had a mere rank 8 body in the upper tier. That center of power probably represented the best possible structure that skin, flesh, muscles, and organs could gain, but it remained two tiers weaker than the avatar.

Camille had to inspect Noah's bites multiple times to understand what happened. Black lines would appear on the brown alloy in his hands while it neared his teeth. His destruction gave him the chance to eat a material in the middle tier as if it were a normal meal.

"You won't save him," Camille announced while pointing her palm toward Sword Saint. "I won't let you."

"He won't let me," Noah laughed before turning toward Sword Saint. "Am I right?"

"Why would I want to survive to live as a maimed law?" Sword Saint weakly snorted.

"See?" Noah asked while glancing at Camille. "You don't need to be worried about me, not until he lives at least."

A wave of coldness spread from Noah's consciousness and cleared the entire area from the storms. He bit the brown alloy again as he fixed his reptilian eyes on the rank 9 cultivator. Countless thoughts on how to destroy her filled his mind, and she felt able to hear all of them.

Camille felt an innate fear trying to take control of her mind. Her first instinct was to call Heaven and Earth, but her surroundings grew dark as Noah's consciousness tainted the whiteness. She could still reach her leaders through special methods, but they wouldn't be able to find her under that darkness.

"What's the issue?" Noah asked while turning toward Sword Saint. "I initially thought you would have been the first of us to reach the ninth rank. Now, Alexander is somewhere among the storms while you are about to die. Life sure is funny."

"She is right," Sword Saint coughed. "My path was wrong. I can't achieve perfection in my path."

Noah had missed most of the previous interaction between Camille and Sword Saint. He had been on his way back from the battle against the brown avatar when he sensed the two experts. His consciousness had managed to spread there during the last exclamation of the rank 9 cultivator, but that was it.

Seeing Sword Saint in that state surprised Noah. He had been honest before. He would have never expected that monster to face such bottlenecks before the ninth rank. His life was even in danger now, which made the whole situation far stranger.

"We all learnt that the path doesn't end in the ninth rank," Noah announced. "Maybe your perfection will come later. You aren't the type to give up due to the length of the journey."

"I had to achieve it now," Sword Saint explained, "And that doesn't solve the issue. Perfection doesn't exist."

Noah could immediately understand how he would approach far differently. He had never sought perfection and finding out that his path was longer than he had predicted would probably make him happy. Still, Sword Saint was different. The sole thought that he had chased after an impossible idea for countless years was turning his existence into dust.

"Can't you find a way to fix it?" Noah asked as his eyes fell on the brown alloy in his hands. "I won't appreciate your premature death."

"My law is deep but not vast," Sword Saint explained as he crouched among the sky due to the sense of weakness that filled his body. "I dedicated my everything to one field, which has turned out to be a lie. Nothing will remain of me after losing it."

Sword Saint's life was a mystery. He had spent so long fighting random experts met on his path and alone in the storms that the stories about him had turned into legends from a distant past in the old society of the Immortal Lands. Noah didn't know much about the expert's history either, but he was one of the few who had survived after crossing swords with him.

That meeting in the Outer Lands had taught Noah about Sword Saint's value. The expert was a monster who could match his existence with nothing more than sword arts. A law that featured only one aspect was able to defeat techniques that defied logic.

Still, Sword Saint's sheer power wasn't the only part of his existence that had left Noah surprised. The latter had been able to notice the expert's relentless efforts and steeled resolve. Noah actually believed that no one could remain behind in the cultivation journey with those two features.

"Your understanding of the sword path is so deep that the ground carries it even after falling into Mortal Lands," Noah reminded.

"An imperfect understanding," Sword Saint replied as his complexion paled and more flesh fell from his figure.

"How did you get that imperfect understanding?" Noah asked. "It didn't magically fall in your hands. I can find another feature that is as strong as your sword arts."

Sword Saint frowned. He could immediately understand what Noah meant, but everything felt pointless without his previous law. His determination was incredible, but that alone was meaningless for him.

"My determination came with a purpose," Sword Saint contradicted. "I'm just will without meaning now."

"Seize a meaning then," Noah suggested. "You didn't lose your understanding, and your determination is still there. The issue is with your desire to reach perfection. Just throw it away since it's killing you."

"I need it," Sword Saint whispered. "A desire is necessary to generate action, and I can't find it inside me."

Noah glanced at the sky before inspecting his surroundings. Storms in the distance created a vast, circular empty area. They hindered his vision and prevented him from gazing at the space now devoid of the Immortal Lands.

"Do you think that we left our mark in the world?" Noah asked as his mind wandered among deep thoughts. "I found your mark in the Mortal Lands. I think something of us will remain for a long time, if not forever."

"What are you saying?" Sword Saint asked as his body seemed to reach the breaking point.

"Your knowledge and determination made you reach the highest point under the sky," Noah explained. "The world has seen your devotion, and it has experienced its effects. Maybe it will help you."

Sword Saint was about to die. He had nothing to lose anymore, so he did what Noah had suggested. Of course, he had given a personal meaning to those words when they entered his mind.

Sword Saint let go of his attachment to perfection and mustered the entirety of his remaining strength to straighten his back and spread his arms. His legs shattered during that action, but he barely felt it. He let everything flow away from his figure until only two aspects of his old law remained.

The expert's knowledge about the sword arts and his determination fused to give birth to the feeling that had made his journey possible. Silver light shone from the cracks that filled his broken body and spread his deep dedication into the world.

Sword Saint was giving himself up. The world could do whatever it wanted with his feeling. The expert only wanted everything and everyone to understand how deeply his devotion was.

Camille was about to mock that effort. The world belonged to Heaven and Earth, and everything had entered the sky after the apocalypse. The marks that Sword Saint had left throughout his life had long since become part of a greater existence.

However, tears started to fall from Camille's eyes as that dedication moved her feelings. A monstrous roar then came out from the sky as rain engulfed the area. Everyone could see how each of those white drops had the shape of a sword.

Chapter 1920 1920. Higher

It was hard to explain what was happening to the world. Sword Saint was only a shadow of his former self. His cultivation level barely allowed him to stand. His body was so fragile that the softest wind would shatter it into countless pieces.

Yet, Sword Saint didn't summon his power. He didn't even try to cause a reaction in his surroundings. He was only showing the pure feeling that his long cultivation journey had generated, and the world wept.

The devotion toward the sword was the core drive behind Sword Saint's path. That feeling was similar to Noah's ambition. It fueled the expert's determination and understanding, but it had never shown itself into the world.

That changed once Sword Saint lost everything and abandoned every hope. His aspects fused to return to the original idea that had given birth to his astonishing path, and the world approved it. The way of the sword was endless, but it had laws, and they acknowledged the expert. His feeling was so touching that even a cultivator belonging to Heaven and Earth's system ended up in tears when she experienced it.

Noah wore a solemn expression. At first, he thought that the world was willingly giving to Sword Saint power connected to the path of the sword. However, that turned out to be false.

The world wasn't free to do what it wanted. Almost everything belonged to Heaven and Earth, so it was hard for such a massive event to happen unless it involved something that even the rulers couldn't control.

Being almost in complete control of the world didn't make Heaven and Earth rule over laws. They could move energy at will and generate a wide range of true meanings due to their new fuel, but some forms of general understanding existed even above them.

Space, time, destruction, creation, and more were vast fields that contained many laws, some approachable only by existences beyond the ninth rank. The sword path was one of those true meanings, and it answered Sword Saint's selfless devotion.

Of course, Noah couldn't understand that. He studied the event and created countless hypotheses, some even close to the truth, but he couldn't be sure of any of them. He only confirmed that Sword Saint had managed to summon a force that went beyond Heaven and Earth.

Heaven and Earth screamed in anger, but Noah could sense different chaotic emotions among that monstrous cry. There was something that the rulers of the world should never express, even when they lost control of their actions. He felt their fear inside that voice, the fear that only something that went beyond their understanding could generate.

The white sky contained most of the energy and understanding of the world, including the sword path. Heaven and Earth had even absorbed countless experts who carried laws related to blades, so their existence had an abundance of those true meanings. They almost had a monopoly over them, but everything changed after something above them acknowledged Sword Saint's devotion.

The rain of sword-shaped drops contained raw understanding and power. It shared some features with the four spheres that Noah had obtained from the dragons, but it also carried a qualitative difference. That white water-like fluid wasn't something that Sword Saint had to study. It was a reward.

Noah's hunger intensified, but he suppressed that urge. He even retracted the features of his consciousness that could affect that majestic event. The sheer amount of energy carried by the rain was enough to build a rank 9 existence from scratch. His body would probably grow extremely close to the breakthrough or directly face it if he absorbed those drops. However, he didn't want his greed to kill Sword Saint, and he feared what could happen after disturbing that event.

Getting in the way of something that could make Heaven and Earth scream in pain and fear wasn't exactly a smart move. Noah felt slightly tempted to create a mess to understand what stood above the white sky, but he refrained from doing so. Part of him even felt glad that Sword Saint's near-death state made that choice so easy.

The drops curved when they risked hitting Camille or Noah. They even stopped falling when they were about to cross Sword Saint. The rain transformed into a floor made of tiny white swords that bathed in the silver light generated by the expert's devotion and let it change their structure.

Noah committed the event to memory. Laws could have many behaviors according to their meanings, but they could never steer away from that path. They were forms of energy that had reached a deep state, but they weren't existences that could act as they wished. Still, the sword-shaped drops proved that knowledge wrong.

Each drop contained various chunks of laws. All of them appeared incomplete, but they all belonged to the sword path, and they didn't hesitate to transform to answer to Sword Saint's devotion. Their shades changed as they generated a vortex that had the expert as its center.

It didn't take much before a whirlpool of laws formed around Sword Saint and forced both Noah and Camille to retreat. More true meanings separated from the sky and fell into the vortex to join the reconstruction of the expert. Sword Saint had given his life to the sword path, so the sword path would give him life. That was the least it could do in front of such a moving gesture.

A silver radiance filled the area and generated a pressure that Camille and Noah struggled to ignore. The cultivator tried to fly back again to avoid that force, but countless cuts opened on her back as soon as she tried to move. Noah attempted to do the same, but white marks appeared on his side and stopped his retreat.

The whole area was on the edge of a sharp sword now. The slightest movement would make the experts slide on that blade and create injuries. Both Noah and Camille understood that it was better to remain still until the process ended.

The rain soon started to fall, and the sword-shaped drops completed converging toward the center of the vortex. A blinding silver radiance pushed the whiteness back and stopped the two experts from inspecting the scene. Noah even failed to make his consciousness converge toward that area because his mental waves shattered whenever they moved.

The radiance quickly dimmed, and the experts could finally see Sword Saint again. Noah revealed a wide smirk at his appearance and cultivation level while Camille opened her mouth in surprise. Her opponent didn't only release a different aura now. He had also healed all its injuries.

Moreover, Sword Saint reappeared as a rank 9 cultivator that didn't have a single center of power stuck in the eighth rank. The energy that he had received as a reward for his determination was so massive that he had managed to complete three breakthroughs in a matter of minutes.

The time required to approach and overcome breakthroughs into the ninth rank usually involved entire years of seclusions and reckless actions meant to trigger the event. Still, Sword Saint had long since approached the limits of the eighth. He had only needed a slight push to step into the ninth rank completely.

Noah saw how Sword Saint hair had regrown. The same went for his long eyebrows, but his eyes managed to shine on the environment anyway. They radiated his new reassuring feeling and the deep gratitude felt toward forms of energy that he would encounter only if he went past the sky.