

DEMONIC 701

[Chapter 701 701. Recruiting](#)

Noah decided not to reveal his new power to the Udye family, but Daniel learnt about it when he saw him near the door right under his family mansion. The human troops of the Hive were with him, but their only orders were to remain still until Noah or the Demons decided otherwise.

It was needless to say that Daniel couldn't contain his amazement when he saw Noah, but the latter was too focused on his task to mind him.

Noah ordered Daniel to gather as much information as he could about the changes in the environment happening in that period.

The noble couldn't warn his family about Noah's breakthrough since he had learnt about it inside the dimension, and that would be a breach in his oath. So, Noah could obtain a clear idea of the fauna of the Ultra nation without exposing himself.

He knew that he couldn't hide his center of power for long, but attacking his family while it was in the middle of two large-size noble families was dangerous. He had to take all the precautions that he could, especially since the Royals were helping the Balvans in many ways.

Daniel continuously brought reports and pieces of information in the dimension, and Noah instructed the Demons to control the expansion of the tunnels.

The Udye family had accepted that Daniel couldn't join the raids since only rank 5 cultivators could affect the situation at that point. Also, Daniel didn't really like killing human cultivators, so he didn't mind being left with the human troops.

Noah simply left that area when the elders reached his desired destination.

"Why do you want to place a door in a danger zone, Noah? Are you sure about this?" Flying Demon asked when he sensed Noah's arrival, and Dreaming Demon showed a confused expression as she turned toward him.

They didn't understand Noah's intentions, but they had executed his orders nonetheless.

"I have a way to observe the southern areas without revealing our position. Dreaming Demon, I'll need your help when I'm done with my preparations." Noah answered while revealing a confident smile.

Some experts in the magical beasts' field could use the behavior of those creatures to their advantage, and Noah could take that action ever further.

The understanding of his pride had brought the oppressive properties of his aura to a new level that gave him full confidence in controlling a large number of creatures. He just needed to lure them in a safe area and prepare.

Finding the perfect spot where to gather a large pack of magical beasts wasn't a problem for him.

His expertise, coupled with the information provided by the Udye family, was enough to make him choose a territory that saw different faunas mixed.

The elders didn't question him anymore after his answer and Noah simply entered in the array that Flying Demon had just completed.

Noah found himself at the base of a mountain when he resurfaced.

The flora of the mountain fused with the short trees in the environment right after it. There was a small swamp in the woodland, and Noah could sense that a series of underground passages spread from under his position.

That was the territory with the most varied environments in the Utra nation that didn't feature human settlements anymore after the recent events.

There was the big city of Mistcall nearby, which was ruled by the large-size Hambot family only a few months ago. The Hambot family though was loyal to the Cause and had moved near the Udye family since it was aware that it had something to do with the raids.

Noah had calculated that detail in his decision. He could act as he wanted since there were no enemies in the area.

Also, the remaining cultivators in the city took direct orders from the Hambot family, so he could be sure that they wouldn't even investigate eventual strange events.

Of course, the other families of the Cause weren't aware that the Hive was helping them. They only knew that the Udye family had found a secret backer.

They would suspect the Hive since they knew that the Udye family sealed favorable trades with it, but they would obviously remain silent on the matter.

Noah closed his eyes and spread his powerful consciousness to gather the information that concerned the fauna in that area.

His natural awareness had further improved when he became a rank 5 mage, and the lifeforms both underground and on the surface couldn't escape it.

'Mostly rank 2 magical beasts, but there are some rank 4 specimens.' Noah thought when his mind processed the pieces of information, and he quickly flew toward the most crowded zone that he found.

The old continent had less powerful magical beast compared to the piece of Immortal Lands.

Rank 5 creatures could be considered overlords, but they were scarce since most of the continent had been colonized for countless years. Only peculiar territories like the mystical fog and the depths of the sea could hide creatures in the sixth rank.

When Noah reached the crowded area, he roared.

His voice made the trees around him shake, and the terrain under him crack. His pride spread along with the mental waves released with his cry and reached the magical beasts in the various lairs around him.

The weaker creatures directly fainted when the mental waves reached them, but the beasts that managed to remain conscious felt overwhelmed by his pride.

Noah's cry carried a simple order that every different species there could understand. "Come here!"

Low growls resounded in the area as the beasts came out of their hidings and slowly gathered under him.

Noah saw packs of wolf-type magical beasts coming out from the east, a series of ant-type creatures from the ground, and various species of monkeys from the west. Each of those creatures had their heads lowered as they neared Noah's flying figure and waited to learn their fate.

'Do they really think that they can escape?' Noah thought when he sensed that the two rank 4 creatures had begun to run away when they felt the roar of a rank 5 existence.

"Stay here!" Noah ordered with another roar as he shot toward one of the escaping rank 4 beasts.

His flying speed was far superior to the creature, and he simply landed in front of it when he reached it.

The beast was a wolf-type creature that could only tremble in fear when Noah cracked the terrain during his landing. The wolf lowered its head and waited for its fate to be decided, but Noah simply grabbed it from its neck and carried it back to the other beasts.

Then, he shot toward the escaping rank 4 Toxic monkey and did the same, throwing it back in the middle of the gathered creatures.

Noah hovered above the tide of beasts of various species at that point and moved his gaze through the specimens that kept their heads lowered.

'They are too weak.' Noah thought before taking one of the rank 4 corpses inside his ring and throwing it in the middle of the tide.

[Chapter 702 702. Attack](#)

Noah knew that he could rule over weaker beings, but he had no experience in that field.

So, he had to see how thoroughly he could control those beasts.

There was a considerable difference between what he could say compared to what those creatures could understand. After all, magical beasts had limited thinking skills, especially those in the human ranks.

'They have gathered here because they fear my power, but I don't know if they will die for me.' Noah thought as he watched the tide of creatures under him fighting for the rank 4 corpse that he had thrown among them. 'Also, the rank 4 beings had tried to escape, and I can't let that happen again.'

There were too many different species there, and the two rank 4 specimens weren't enough to subdue all of them.

It was needless to say that a fierce battle exploded as soon as the corpse reached the ground.

The beasts launched themselves in a selfless assault as they tried to seize a piece of the nourishing material. They didn't even consider the fact that most of them couldn't tear apart the skin of the corpse since their hunger had completely taken over their minds.

'That won't do. I won't be able to cross Mossgrove city like this.' Noah evaluated as the battle unfolded under him and decided to begin the honing of his leadership skills.

Months passed, and the rank 4 danger zone near Mystcall city saw earthquakes and roars often spreading in its insides in that period.

Noah needed time to learn what kind of orders the beasts under him would follow, and he even had to understand how well they would perform his task. Those skills would obviously take a while to master, but Noah didn't mind it since he was busy tuning his abilities to his new power.

His martial arts weren't a problem since the sea of consciousness didn't affect them, but he needed to improve his spells.

His last translations and modifications could only make them reach the power of the fourth rank, which would waste the new mental energy that he could produce.

Of course, he didn't need to upgrade all of them now.

Noah focused on the will of the Dark cover spell in that period since he needed it to discover the actual position of the Balvan mansion.

Bringing its power on the fifth rank wasn't an issue, but Noah still had to perfect it to reduce the consumption of "Breath" to the minimum.

Even the energy contained inside his Liquid Dantian vanished quickly when he used it to fuel a spell with the power of the fifth rank, so he had to make sure that he could activate it at least five times before moving to the next step.

Yet, there were some problems when it came to the actual effects that the will was able to produce after its improvements.

Noah's mental waves now carried traces of his individuality, which meant that they would conflict with abilities that didn't reflect it. Covering his presence didn't match his violent and sharp will, which ultimately affected the power of the improved spell.

'It still reaches the fifth rank in power, but I feel that it should be far more potent due to the amount of energy depleted in its activation.' Noah thought as he stared at the dark silhouette hovering above the sea inside his mental sphere.

The will radiated a subtle destruction that even its properties weren't able to hide. That destruction wasn't enough to make the spell useless, but it was bound to leave some sort of faint trace that stronger beings could notice during an investigation.

'My whole being strives toward specific abilities as my individuality starts to manifest. It's a bit annoying to see the appearance of limitations. Still, the abilities that make use of my individuality are far stronger now.' Noah could only give up on that matter as he thought that.

He had spent a little more than seven months on that will, and he had realized by then that there was nothing that he could do to avoid that issue.

After all, he was treading the path to become a law that didn't exist in Heaven and Earth's world.

That required a certain level of specialization that had to match the kind of existence that he was.

Noah believed that he would be able to solve that issue once he became able to create with the primary energy, but he could only accept that outcome for now.

'The spell is ready, and my leadership skills have reached the required standard. It's time to call Dreaming Demon.' Noah decided at that point, and his inscribed notebook suddenly appeared in his grasp.

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The seven months without raids didn't affect the new layout of the Utra nation.

The noble families were still scared that something would happen to them if they left the crowded areas too soon.

Also, that situation had finally forced them to pick a side, so the families on the southern side of the country were simply waiting for the Elbas family to intervene.

The nobles in that area had gathered around the city of Mossgrove, which was ruled by the Shosti family. There were families there that Noah had met or heard of during his life in the Utra nation.

There was the Voydol family that had moved there from Ebonrest city to join the Shosti family in the protection of the weaker nobles.

There were the Merger family, the Lansay family, the Sawler family, and the Noorge family for what concerned the medium-size noble powers.

Then, there was the Wilford family, together with other small-size noble forces that Noah didn't know.

Of course, there was also the Balvan family in that area, which had a far bigger mansion compared to the other medium-size families there.

That detail didn't escape the other nobles, but its relationship with the Royals wasn't a secret.

Everyone in the nation knew that the Balvans had let the youngest heroic cultivator in history escape. Noah was their greatest shame, but also the reason why the Elbas family provided so many resources to them.

Even some large-size families would envy that favorable treatment, but there wasn't much that they could do about that.

The nobles spent a quiet life in that territory, and most of them used that strange period to lose themselves in the many attractions that Mossgrove city offered. However, that peace was suddenly broken one night since a series of cries resounded from the northern side of the Evergreen forest.

The soldiers patrolling the areas near the city were surprised to hear that there seemed to be various species of beasts together in the same forest, but that was only the beginning.

Hundreds of beasts of different ranks came out from the border of the forest and charged toward the city, and the series of mansions placed next to it.

The soldiers could only give the alarm at that point.

Their strength wasn't even remotely enough to handle that catastrophe.

[Chapter 703 703. Dragon](#)

Ordinary medium-size families usually had less than twenty rank 3 cultivators, and most of them were tasked with the protection of the nobles.

The troops patrolling the surroundings of their mansions were mostly rank 1 cultivators that didn't even have a rank 2 martial art, which placed them at the bottom of the cultivation world. Also, there were almost no soldiers that had access to spells even if they managed to reach the status of a rank 1 mage.

The nobles controlled the entirety of the resources that concerned the cultivation world, and that aspect of the political system of the Utra nation didn't change in the last years. The fall of the piece of Immortal Lands had improved the situation for some commoners and simple soldiers.

However, they still had to swear ponderous oaths with the Elbas family before obtaining any benefit.

That led to a situation where the troops deployed around Mossgrove city, and the various mansions were utterly helpless against the tide of hungry creatures.

After all, there were three rank 4 beasts among the large pack made by different species!

Those rank 1 cultivators didn't even manage to reach the nearest city before the tide engulfed them.

Cries of alarm began to resound in the mansions and inside Mossgrove city at that sight. It was evident that simple soldiers couldn't deal with that sudden threat.

There was a need for the elite troops in the inner circles of the nobles to handle that massive number of powerful creatures.

There wasn't any expert in the magical beasts' field among those noble families, but every cultivator knew that such an event was incredibly rare.

The habitable areas and the borders of the Evergreen forest often saw clearing operations reducing the population of magical beasts in those territories. Those operations didn't stop after the raid began since it was pointless to trade one threat for another.

So, the nobles in that area were completely surprised to see that those creatures had managed to form such a massive pack in secret.

Also, they had never heard of a pack made by many different species!

That went against every study of the magical beasts' world, and the nobles obviously understood that there had to be hidden causes behind that event.

Yet, their focus was on fighting back the tide now.

A series of rank 2 cultivators, followed by few captains in the third rank, came out from the various mansions and charged toward the incoming beasts. The tall gates of Mossgrove city opened, and the small army of the Shosti family joined the other cultivators in their charge.

Meanwhile, more cultivators came out of the various buildings and began to prepare a defensive front that made use of inscribed items.

The tide of beasts was dangerous and had taken the nobles by surprise, but there were fifteen noble families there! That wasn't a force that simple creatures could defeat, especially since the defenses of Mossgrove city had yet to appear.

However, something strange happened right before the first frontal clash.

The cultivators between the city and the tide of hungry creatures suddenly lost their focus for an instant, which made them unable to react when the beasts pounced at them.

Those soldiers managed to regain their focus only when they were already between the maws of those creatures.

The cultivators deploying the defenses found themselves unable to finish their task since the first batch of soldiers didn't manage to slow down the advance of the assailants. The incoming tide forced them to retreat in the nearest mansion to rely on the defensive capabilities of those buildings.

The nobles would rather use their soldiers than spend resources to activate the defenses of their buildings, especially in that period.

However, the beasts were closing at high speed, and there wasn't enough time to deploy other troops.

Shining lines appeared on the defensive walls of Mossgrove city, and the mansions on the northern side of that area followed their example.

Halos of various colors spread in the territories around them and illuminated the night with their soft lights.

The beasts suffered injuries as soon as the multicolored light swept them. The weakest among them died in less than a second when the joint power of those defensive measures affected their bodies. Even the beasts in the third rank began to struggle to reach the walls filled by inscriptions, but some of them still managed to slam their bodies on the sturdy defensive walls.

Only the three creatures in the fourth rank were somewhat able to resist the halos.

Yet, a series of elite soldiers quickly came out of those buildings and began to fight them.

The number of specimens inside the pack began to diminish at high speed, and the nobles even managed to avoid more casualties once they activated the powers of their habitations.

The magical beasts began to retreat, but some of them tried to run through the open spaces between the mansions to look for something that could satisfy their hunger. Their orderly charge had turned into a wild battle for their survival, but it was evident that only a few of them would be able to return in the Evergreen forest alive.

That strange event was coming to an end, and even the heroic cultivators inside the buildings had their attention on it.

They had never seen magical beasts ignoring the differences in their species to work together in an orderly assault. It was something worthy of being noted in the historical records of that country, and that the Royal academy would surely want to study in-depth.

Nevertheless, they didn't notice that there were two powerful figures hidden in the clouds above Mossgrove city.

Dreaming Demon had her eyes closed as her consciousness seeped in the world below her, and Noah wore an expressionless face as he stared at a mansion under him.

His rank 5 mind was strong enough to suppress his instincts, and no trace of his hatred spread from his figure as he memorized the layout of the Balvan mansion.

Both Noah and the elder were using their methods to conceal their presence, but the diversion created by the beasts was necessary to keep the hidden powerhouse's attention away from the sky.

They were confident in their concealing abilities, but it didn't hurt to be careful, especially since they didn't know the exact power of the rank 5 noble.

"I memorized the layout of the defensive formations in the area. We can return in the separate dimension now." Dreaming Demon said as she opened her eyes and turned toward Noah.

He nodded when he heard her words, but he didn't move yet.

The images of the dragon from his childhood appeared in his mind as he kept his gaze on the familiar mansion.

'A dragon ignited my ambition, and a dragon will take the life of those that tried to suppress it.' Noah thought before moving his gaze away and turning to leave toward the nearest entrance to the dimension.

The time for his revenge had come!

[Chapter 704 704. Assault](#)

The strategy to use the magical beasts as a diversion worked perfectly.

Noah had been able to take a good look at the layout of the mansions around Mossgrove city while the heroic assets of the families were busy paying attention to the unusual event that he created.

He had to add other beasts as he advanced toward that area, but that long process helped in honing his ability to use his pride.

Also, Dreaming Demon had been able to learn about the defenses of those buildings!

Noah knew that Dreaming Demon's abilities were perfect to study one environment when inscriptions were involved, and she had even helped the tide of magical beasts during their charge. Her subtle mental waves couldn't be noticed in that messy battlefield, and they forced the nobles to activate the defenses of their buildings, revealing everything to her consciousness.

Noah and the Demons now had all the pieces of information required to plan the attack on the Balvan family.

Yet, there was still one thing that held Noah back from attacking as soon as the elders stretched the separate dimension right under the Balvan mansion.

'I might ask the elders to go there, kill Rhys, and end this matter.' Noah thought as he sat in one of his caves while holding his inscribed notebook.

A few weeks had passed since he used the magical beasts to attack Mossgrove city, and the Demons had just notified him that the tunnel had been completed. He could choose to enter the Balvan mansion whenever he wanted. Flying Demon simply needed to create the entrance.

'I might let Flying Demon and Dreaming Demon destroy everything in their path and kill everyone in a matter of minutes.' Noah thought. 'Any eventual defense provided by the Elbas family would fall in front of them.'

The images of his life inside the Balvan mansion appeared in his mind at that point.

Noah knew that the situation inside his family couldn't be simple. Information about the Balvans had stopped leaking for a while, and the support of the Royals only made the case more mysterious.

There was bound to be something that he didn't calculate inside the mansion, and Noah would need a bit of time to make the required preparations.

Waiting when he had the chance to deliver the final blow wasn't his style, but that matter concerned his family.

'No, it has to be me. It must be my blade that severs the fate chosen by Heaven and Earth. I can't let anyone do this for me.' Noah set his mind and proceeded to convey his decision to the elders.

Then, he focused on improving his abilities, especially his offensive.

He had to be fast and precise with his attack, and his real target was Rhys. The other members of his family could wait a bit longer, but he had to be sure that he killed his father before he died of old age.

Modifying his Dark cover spell had taken seven months even with the new power of the Divine deduction technique, which meant that the time required for each improvement had increased again. That was normal since his level had risen again, but there was the lifespan of his father to consider.

More than forty years had passed since he escaped from his family, and Rhys was already a middle-aged man back then.

Human cultivators could live for a long time, but his father had never really trained. So, he had to kill him now if he wanted to be sure of obtaining his revenge.

He wouldn't mind it too much if something inside the mansion suddenly forced him to retreat as long as Rhys died in the process.

However, he still spent almost two years in seclusion, even if he had decided to attack as soon as possible.

He needed that time to improve the offensive methods that made use of his mental sphere, and he didn't apply that enhancements to all his abilities.

What he had achieved in those two years was the least amount of preparation that Noah found acceptable before charging toward his family.

The layout of the Utra nation didn't change much in that period, and the Demons made sure to attack any family that left one of the two crowded areas loyal to the Elbas family. That forced the nobles to maintain their current position, even if their anger toward the uncaring Royals grew since they kept on ignoring the matters of the old continent.

The Udye family received many secret messages too, which opened the path to new potential allies inside the country.

It could be said that the Hive had already completed his task of destabilizing the political power there, and that had only taken three years!

"I'm ready." Noah conveyed those words through his inscribed notebook when he exited his cave for the first time in two years.

Daniel had long returned to his family in that period, and even the human troops had gone back to the new continent a few months ago.

Only Noah and the two Demons were left in that part of the separate dimension.

Noah flew toward the end of the tunnel only to find Flying Demon carefully laying lines on the ceiling of the dimension with a black, inscribed stick.

"The door is almost ready, Prince." Dreaming Demon said as she turned toward the incoming Noah.

Her eyebrows arched when she sensed the cold sharpness that he radiated as he took slow steps toward them.

She had never seen him like this. It was as if Noah's entire being had become a blade focused only on his target.

Dreaming Demon didn't say anything, and she just prepared herself to provide as much assistance as possible once they reached the other side.

Flying Demon soon finished the door, and he set his mind on the same state when he noticed the seriousness of Noah and his lover.

"You focus on isolating the mansion and containing any external threat. I'll call you if I need your help." Noah ordered before stepping on the array, and the elders nodded before covering their faces and following him.

Noah covered his face too as the light of the teleportation enveloped their figures.

Shining lines began to appear in one of the underground training areas that had been built in the last period.

Adrian Balvan was silently training when the appearance of those inscriptions awakened him from his meditation. He stared at the lines in amazement for less than a second before spreading his consciousness to warn the other members of his family.

Yet, his mind suddenly lost focus as three hooded figures materialized on top of the array.

"I can give you half of a time." Dreaming Demon said through her consciousness. "The effects of my mental waves will begin to disperse afterward."

The two Demons shot in the air at that point and reached for the upper parts of the mansion.

Adrian regained his focus at that moment only to sense a primordial fear filling his entire being.

[Chapter 705 705. Charge](#)

Noah and the Demons had covered their faces only as a form of protection against eventual recording devices hidden inside the Balvan mansion.

That measure was necessary in case something went wrong in the attack, and the Elbas family intervened to blame Hive. There would be no proof without images, and the words of a medium-size noble family couldn't match those of an organization backed by a rank 6 existence.

Also, the Demons had disappeared for one thousand years, and they didn't appear publicly yet.

The noble families around the Balvan mansion wouldn't be able to link those two rank 5 cultivators to the Hive even if they revealed their abilities.

On the other hand, Noah's abilities were quite famous by then, so his hood did very little in hiding his identity.

However, his spells had drastically changed in the last years, which gave him some leverage in the case someone inside the mansion survived the attack.

Adrian trembled when he felt Noah's gaze focusing on him.

He had sensed a similar fear before, but its intensity was utterly different from the past!

Yet, he was still a heroic cultivator, and he didn't hesitate to deploy his defensive spells when he felt threatened.

Adrian's size began to increase, and his skin started to change color, but that process seemed to take minutes in Noah's vision. Their levels were too different now, and each of Adrian's actions couldn't escape Noah's powerful consciousness.

'He couldn't even reach the liquid stage in these years.' Noah thought before a large amount of his mental energy condensed and came out of his sea of consciousness.

His mental energy transformed when it came out of his eyes and took the shape of an ethereal saber that destroyed the matter in its trajectory. The saber seemed almost material due to the density of the mental energy that made it, and it was incredibly fast too.

Adrian didn't even manage to complete his first transformation before Noah's spell pierced his head and released its destructive properties inside his sea of consciousness.

Adrian could only feel a sharp pain coming from his mind before his consciousness became dark.

Noah's focus stayed on his uncle's mental sphere to analyze the effects of his spell.

The destruction released by the ethereal saber spread through the walls of Adrian's mind after it pierced it, and they could only fall apart under such might.

'The Mental blade works as intended. I can finally use my mental spells again!' Noah thought as he shot toward his dead uncle to seize his dantian before it dispersed the "Breath" inside it.

He had been thorough with his modifications when he was in the separate dimension, and he had further enhanced the power of his spells in the two years spent preparing for the attack. Of course, Noah had chosen to focus on the spells that made use of his mental sphere before the attack.

The Mental tremor spell used to release a condensed beam of mental energy in its original form, but it had become a dense saber after the many modifications.

Noah knew that something in line with his individuality would produce more potent effects, so he had pushed his abilities on that path. Also, its power had been raised to the fifth rank, which made Noah decide to rename the spell "Mental saber".

Noah quickly ate Adrian's dantian and stored his corpse inside his space-ring. Then, he spread his consciousness to search for a specific presence.

The layout of the inner ring of the mansion appeared inside his mind as his consciousness covered the area.

Noah sensed many soldiers in the second rank, and even a few of them in the third rank. That high number of powerful soldiers was quite peculiar for a medium-size noble family, but Noah couldn't be bothered by them.

They were just ants in his eyes, and even a thousand rank 3 cultivators wouldn't be able to stop his charge.

Yet, his attention focused on an old human cultivator that wore an eye-patch on his left eye.

Noah's aura became violent when he recognized his father, and he directly pounced toward his direction.

The walls of the underground chamber couldn't block his charge, and even the floor of the inner circle crumbled as Noah advanced at full speed toward Rhys' room. The entire central building of the mansion shook as Noah broke anything in his path toward his revenge.

His movements were fast, but the other heroic cultivators in the area had all been alerted when Noah's consciousness spread.

Their instincts had told them to escape when they felt those dense mental waves, but a voice resounded through the entirety of the mansion when Noah was in the middle of his charge. "Block the invaders."

Noah heard that voice even if walls and debris fell everywhere around him.

The voice belonged to his grandfather, but the cultivation level that backed it made Noah's eyes sharpen.

'Rank 5 cultivator!' Noah exclaimed in his mind, but he didn't stop his charge. Instead, shockwaves resounded from under his feet as he performed the Shadow sprint martial art.

Noah was set on killing Rhys that day, even it that meant facing Thomas Balvan!

Of course, he had already noticed that Thomas wasn't a complete rank 5 cultivator.

His reaction timing was too low, and he had sensed Noah only when the latter spread his consciousness. Otherwise, Thomas would have detected the appearance of the teleportation matrix in one of the underground rooms.

The Shadow sprint made Noah reach an incredible speed, which brought him right before Rhys' room in less than an instant. However, a mighty gale swept his body and flung him away just as he was about to charge through the last wall before his father.

Noah felt an immense pressure landing on his body and attempting to reduce him to a pulp as the winds threw him directly in the outer ring of the mansion.

His mental energy focused on keeping his face covered, and both his arms and legs worked to stop his momentum.

Noah managed to stop right before the defensive walls of the mansion, where he straightened his position.

The spell didn't make him bleed, but he felt sore in multiple points. Also, the gale had killed many soldiers on its path as it carried Noah outside of the central building.

Then, Noah sensed three heroic cultivators descending toward him.

One of them was a rank 4 cultivator in the gaseous stage that resembled Adrian, and Noah didn't fail to recognize him as Keith Balvan.

The only woman in the group resembled Lena Balvan, and she was an incomplete heroic cultivator that had a rank 4 dantian.

The third presence belonged to Thomas Balvan, and Noah's coldness reached its peak when he saw that he held a struggling William from his neck.

Thomas revealed a smile when he saw that Noah hesitated to attack, and he lifted William higher in the air before announcing something. "A hood can't deceive me, Noah Balvan! Move, and your Master dies."

[Chapter 706 706. Smile](#)

Noah stared at the familiar man in Thomas' grasp, and he couldn't help but hesitate.

William had aged a lot in the more than forty years after Noah's escape, but that change wasn't supposed to be so sharp since he was a rank 3 cultivator back then. Yet, Noah was able to notice that his dantian seemed damaged since it didn't contain even the slightest trace of "Breath".

The truth was that the Royals had thoroughly investigated every soldier in the outer circle of the Balvan family after they decided to support Thomas fully.

The investigation revealed many crucial pieces of information that concerned Noah.

The Balvans learnt how Noah became aware of the existence of the Royal academy from Sandy and Mark, and how he obtained the second Kesier rune from William.

It was needless to say that the discovery had kindled the anger of the nobles who did their best to punish those betrayers, and even the innocent captain couldn't escape that. William had received a special treatment though since he was one of the direct causes behind Noah's quick improvements, which led him to that state.

Noah recognized the facial features of the man that had introduced him to the cultivation world under the wrinkled skin and the dirty gray hair. He was missing an eye, and even one of his ears had been cut off.

The skin on his wrists was torn and red, and only a prolonged time in chains could leave those marks on a rank 4 body.

William took a while to understand why Thomas had taken him out of his cell.

The hooded figure under him felt familiar, but he was too tired and old to link it to the disciple that he had trained such a long time ago.

However, he started to understand something as Thomas' words entered his ear.

His tired eye went on the invader and the coldness that he radiated awakened memories that he had been forced to suppress for a long time.

He began to remember about the hardworking disciple that he had trained so many years ago. He remembered his determination to strive for the higher ranks, as well as his resilience when he was forced to join the inner ring.

Then, he couldn't help but laugh when he connected those memories to the hooded figure under him.

William's laugh surprised all the heroic cultivators on the scene, but Noah felt complex emotions rising inside him when he heard it.

He had already made his mind on that situation, but he wanted to stare at his Master for a few more seconds before acting.

Nevertheless, William began to speak before he could do anything. "My disciple is the most driven and ruthless cultivator in the entire world. A ruined old man like me can't block his path, and you are fools if you think that you can do it!"

William kept on laughing when he finished his phrase, but he soon started coughing blood due to that effort. He was simply too old and ruined, and even that small action had brought him to his limit.

Noah lowered his head at that sight.

The Balvan family was using someone he cared about to limit his actions, something that his mother had chosen to prevent with her suicide.

He felt a fit of raging anger inside him, struggling to come out, but his powerful mind managed to suppress it. He felt the unwillingness of severing his ties with his old Master, but he suppressed that feeling too.

The chance to retreat was still there, and Noah was aware of that. He could just contact the elders that were busy somewhere around the mansion and retreat through the separate dimension.

William would have a pitiful life, but he would be alive at least. Noah would just have to wait until he died of old age and then attack again. Nothing was stopping him from doing that.

However, he had already decided to press on.

'This is my choice. I own it.' Noah thought before raising his head again to stare at Thomas.

He had gone through all the available paths in his mind, and there were a few of them that could even end up in William's rescue. Yet, those paths would force him to restrain himself once again, which was something that he wasn't willing to do.

Nevertheless, he didn't want to find justifications for his decision.

He had needed that time to make sure that he wasn't deluding himself with some excuse. He had decided to kill William to continue his revenge, to destroy one of the few people that he cared about to act freely.

There wasn't any emotion coming out of him when he stared at his enemies. His aura simply radiated a cold sharpness that became more intense with each passing second.

Then, he spoke. "Thomas."

Noah directed his words at his grandfather, and his voice resembled a roar rather than a human sound.

Thomas Balvan kept his confident smirk when he heard that unfamiliar voice, but there was only seriousness inside him.

His opponent was a rank 5 mage, while he only had a rank 4 mental sphere.

They were extremely close in power, which was something that genuinely amazed him. After all, he was sure that the hooded man under him was his grandson and seeing that he had reached his level in sixty years of life only affected his morale.

"What can you do against a faster, stronger opponent that you can't outsmart?" Noah asked.

Thomas showed a confused expression when he heard the second part of Noah's phrase, but William's eye widened at those words.

Those were the exact words that he had used to question him during one of their first lessons, and he could only smile when he understood that his disciple still remembered them.

Thomas didn't notice the changes happening inside the man in his grasp, but he did nothing to interrupt Noah. He knew that gaining time was the best option for his family.

He didn't know why no one had answered his call for help, but he was confident that such methods couldn't last long.

Noah saw the smile on his Master's face and felt sorrow, but he still proceeded in waving his hand and creating hundreds of ethereal sabers that floated next to him.

Keith and the other fake heroic cultivator retreated when they sensed the power contained in those ethereal sabers, and even Thomas felt a dangerous sensation coming from them.

The three of them were so focused on the spell that they didn't hear William's murmuring something that only Noah heard. "Giving up?"

William gave the answer that he had given so many years ago, but Noah quickly corrected it. "You become a demonic sword able to sever the fate chosen by Heaven and Earth."

Noah followed his words with another wave of his hand.

The ethereal sabers shot toward the four figures in the air at that point, and Noah made sure to fix his gaze on his Master during the process.

He saw how William's smile didn't fade even when the spell stabbed his internal organs.

[Chapter 707 707. Fear](#)

The ability used by Noah at that moment was the modified version of the Ghostly claws spell.

The diagram of that spell was able to reach a power in the fifth rank, so the modifications applied during his years inside the separate dimension were enough to make it suitable for his individuality. Noah had only reviewed it a bit during the period before the attack, but the spell was perfected already.

The claws had become sabers at that point, which made Noah change its name into Ghostly sabers spell.

The spell worked in the same way of its previous version, with the difference that its destructive power had wholly increased.

Keith and the other fake heroic cultivator retreated at high speed when they saw the ethereal sabers reaching for them, but they were too slow. Cultivators at the bottom of the heroic ranks couldn't match the speed and power of a spell in the fifth rank, especially one so hard to defend against.

The inscriptions on their robes shone only to flicker when the tide of sabers seeped in their bodies and pierced their internal organs.

Also, the saber released a spreading destruction when they reached their target.

Keith and the woman paled as blood came out of their mouths. Their insides were a mess, and they couldn't stop the spreading destruction even with their complete focus. They could only see how their consciousness began to fade before they lost control of their footholds and fell on the ground.

Noah didn't know if they had died, but the situation didn't allow him to check it. His eyes were on the rank 5 cultivator that was using one of his defensive spells to fend off the incoming sabers.

Thomas had directly used one of his most potent defensive spells when he sensed the amount of danger radiated by the ethereal sabers. Dense gales engulfed his figure and destroyed Noah's attacks with their raging motion.

Noah was backing the spell with the energy contained in his Liquid dantian, so he wasn't holding back his offensive in the slightest.

However, Thomas had access to the dense gaseous "Breath" of the fifth rank, which pushed the power of his spell to the peak of the fourth rank. Also, he was aware of Noah's abilities, so he had chosen the method that countered them better.

The gales were dense and contained a large amount of his mental energy, which managed to stop the advance of the sabers. Yet, that was still a spell with the power of the fourth rank, and there was a limit to how much it could resist against Noah's attack.

Thomas was soon forced to let go of William's corpse to focus on defending himself.

The wind began to rotate around Thomas as he wielded a big fan and started to wave it. An invisible whirlpool formed around him as he kept on condensing air with his fan, but Noah's attention had moved on William's falling corpse.

His Master was smiling even after he died, but the destruction released by Noah's spell was still consuming his body. A rank 4 body could only crumble in front of a rank 5 spell, and William didn't even have much "Breath" left inside it.

Noah saw how his Master turned into bloody dust during the fall, before becoming a simple red stain on the ground of the outer circle.

His gaze lingered on the stain for a few seconds, and he didn't even care that Thomas had completed his attack.

He just wanted to fix those images in his mind.

Of course, Thomas didn't wait for his opponent to be ready and unleashed the winds that he had condensed around him.

Those winds became a thick current that threatened to destroy everything in its path as it moved toward the hooded figure on the ground.

Noah saw that scene in slow motion.

His consciousness was too powerful, and he couldn't be distracted even if he focused on something else. Yet, he didn't move, and he let the thick current crash on his figure.

Noah felt pain when the dense winds slammed him on the ground and pushed him downward, creating a deep hole in the terrain of the outer circle. Earthquakes spread from that point, and even the inscribed defensive walls nearby threatened to crumble under the might of a rank 5 cultivator's attack.

The entirety of the Balvan mansion began to shake, but Thomas didn't fail to notice that the tremors seemed to stop right after the defensive walls abruptly. Some sort of energy was isolating the mansion and prevented the energy released inside it from spreading outside.

Thomas' eyes sharpened at that sight.

He didn't lack experience nor wits. He had only lacked wealth in his life.

He had never been able to obtain a rank 5 cultivation technique before, which led him to stop his training at the peak of the solid stage. His dantian had stagnated for decades in that stage, and it had been able to survive the breakthrough only thanks to the expensive drugs provided by the Royal family.

So, he knew that his grandson had some helpers that were managing the situation around the mansion.

Nevertheless, he suddenly felt a stabbing pain coming from his heart.

Thomas spit blood as his consciousness quickly focused on his internal organs. His mind noticed how a couple of ethereal sabers were running freely inside his body and tearing apart anything in their path.

Anger rose inside him when he understood that Noah had used his dense winds as a pathway for his ethereal sabers!

Thomas' defense was good, and it even countered the ethereal properties of Noah's spell. However, he had been defenseless when he used the winds around him to attack.

Noah had used that chance to send a large number of sabers through the current, and only two of them survived the journey to land inside Thomas' body.

Thomas began to use his "Breath" to restrain the movements of the sabers inside him, but he could only make them deplete their power more quickly. Meanwhile, they continued to tear his internal organs apart and spread their destruction through his body.

Also, Thomas knew that Noah was still alive!

He had used the full power a rank 5 martial art, coupled with a rank 4 item and his rank 5 "Breath", but Noah was still able to control his spell after that blow! That attack was one of Thomas' most potent offensives, and even a direct hit wasn't able to take care of someone with a rank 4 dantian.

Thomas began to feel fear, but the appearance of more than a hundred black sabers forced him to suppress that feeling to focus on the battle.

[Chapter 708 708. Individualities](#)

Noah didn't need to spend much time on the Ghostly sabers spell during the two years before the attack. So, he could focus on other abilities after completing the modifications on the Mental saber spell.

Of course, he had prioritized the abilities that didn't require much "Breath", and one of them was the Will-consuming rune.

Noah had yet to create another personal rune, but he had used that time to improve the saber-shaped one that he had made in the past. His mind had become able to condense stronger emotions when it reached the fifth rank, which allowed him to create a stronger version of his first rune.

Thomas saw hundreds of small, black sabers with power in the solid stage of the fourth rank filling the ground under him.

The sabers began to absorb the "Breath" in the environment and even the primary energy that Noah's spells had previously released with their destruction. Their power multiplied, and they seemed to near the peak of the fourth rank in just a matter of seconds.

The density of the "Breath" in the area quickly plummeted as the runes absorbed it, but Thomas couldn't focus on it since a series of ethereal sabers shot from the ground toward him.

It was clear that Noah was planning something and that he didn't want Thomas to interrupt his strategy.

Thomas snorted and surrounded his figure with gales again while also waving his fan many times. His mind felt the strain of using powerful attacks and defenses at the same time, but the situation required him to push himself to his limits.

Also, Noah was still nowhere to be seen. It was as if he had disappeared after the last attack flung him underground.

The raging, dense air around Thomas fought against the incoming ethereal sabers while the winds released by his fan crashed on the array of black runes on the ground.

He didn't want to fall in a passive position against an opponent that used mental attacks. After all, he had already been injured due to one slight distraction.

However, that approach lowered the might of both his attack and defensive method.

Thomas was only a rank 4 mage, but he was using abilities fueled by "Breath" in the fifth rank. There was a limit to how well he could handle two of his strongest skills at the same time, especially since their power surpassed the capabilities of his mind.

His mental energy depleted at high speed to control both abilities, but he managed to obtain some initial success with that approach. The black runes fell apart and released the energy that they had previously accumulated, and the ethereal sabers struggled to pierce the dense winds that surrounded him.

Yet, that positive trend was bound to stop as the reserves of his sea of consciousness kept on diminishing.

Thomas' focus reached its peak as he poured more energy to destroy the runes on the ground, and he moved his attention to the Ghostly sabers only when the other threat was taken care of. The winds around him became more violent when the last saber-shaped rune fell apart since Thomas could use all his concentration on the mental attack after that.

Nevertheless, he suddenly felt that an unstoppable force was tearing apart his defensive method.

Noah had hidden underground and used his Dark cover spell to conceal his presence while his spells kept his grandfather busy. Thomas had been so focused on the various sabers that he didn't notice that Noah had come out from the ground behind him and had directly charged at him.

Thomas' defensive method countered mental attacks, but it couldn't do anything against Noah's physical strength.

The winds dispersed under the pressure released by Noah's punch, and only then was Thomas able to feel the immense danger that Noah radiated.

Something inside him told him that he would die if that punch landed on his body.

Thomas' aura suddenly changed when death became so close to him, and he decided to forsake his mansion to use his most potent ability at that point.

Noah heard his grandfather murmuring a few words right before his fist connected with the center of his back. "The wind blows from within me."

Noah's knuckle touched Thomas' back, but a dense wave of condensed air landed on his body and flung him back directly to the other side of the outer ring.

His body had already been wounded in the last attack, but even his bones began to crack when that wind hit him.

Noah quickly ate a large number of Daniel's pills to fill his body with nourishments as he crashed on the opposite defensive walls and created deep cracks on its surface.

Meanwhile, his consciousness remained fixed on his grandfather and the destruction that he was unleashing with his new ability.

A series of tornadoes originated from Thomas' low-waist and spread in every direction, destroying everything on their path. The buildings of his mansion fell apart under the might of those strong winds, and their suction force further wrecked the area around him.

Thomas had suddenly become the center of a storm that didn't care for allies or foes!

However, his posture was off as he floated toward Noah, carrying his destructive winds with him.

'I broke his spine, but I didn't expect his individuality.' Noah thought as he stepped on the air.

Thomas was gravely injured, but the power of his individuality had pushed his most suitable rank 4 spell through the boundaries of the fifth rank!

On the other hand, Noah was holding back on some of his abilities to protect his identity. He still had the Demonic form and his sabers at his disposal, but he would instead use skills that the world had yet to see.

'A battle of individualities it is.' Noah set his mind at that thought and deployed his saber-shaped runes in the environment once again.

Then, he cast the Ghostly sabers spell on top of those runes.

In the end, he released a large amount of his liquid "Breath" and spread his mental waves to quicken the creation of primary energy.

"You dare pretending to be someone else even when I gave up on my family to fight you!?" Thomas shouted when he saw that Noah wasn't willing to use any of his renowned abilities.

His spell was too violent and had an area of effect so large that most of his mansion had been destroyed in a matter of seconds. Nothing could remain intact when a force that neared the power of the fifth rank appeared in the open.

Of course, Thomas didn't doubt about the assailant's identity for even an instant.

His instincts told him that the figure that did everything in its power to cover its face was his grandson, and he trusted them.

Yet, the fact that Noah wasn't willing to reveal himself even when he was going all-out angered him to no end.

That anger though vanished when he sensed that the saber-shaped runes had reached a power in the fifth rank.

[Chapter 709 709. Words](#)

Thomas had his back hunched as he stared at the threatening saber-shaped runes from the center of his storm.

The slight contact with Noah's fist had been enough to break his spine, which he managed to keep together only through his "Breath". Also, he had a rank 5 body, meaning that he couldn't die so quickly.

However, the Ghostly sabers spell had also damaged his internal organs.

He needed to fix his back before he could start healing, but his opponent kept on standing even if he had hit him with two of his most potent attacks.

Of course, Noah was far from okay.

Thomas' attacks weren't sharp like his, so they found it hard to pierce his skin. Yet, their might had managed to tear his muscles apart and even fracture many of his bones.

The resilience of Noah's body though was on a completely different level.

He was a rank 5 hybrid in the lower tier! It would take far more damage to make his body collapse or affect his actions. After all, Thomas wasn't a complete rank 5 cultivator yet, and that greatly influenced the battle prowess that he could express.

Noah suffered from the same issue, but his rank 5 mind gave him access to spells with that power.

His reserves of "Breath" obviously depleted at a faster pace, but he had purposely focused on the skills that mainly relied on his mental energy before the battle. Also, he expressed part of his individuality with each of those abilities while Thomas did that only with his last raging storm.

Thomas noticed how the power of the saber-shaped runes kept on rising even after they reached the fifth rank.

There didn't seem to be a limit to how much they could absorb, and Thomas knew that they were already deadly in that state.

That discovery made him anxious to end the battle before they reached a power that he couldn't hope to match.

Thomas struggled to redirect the storm toward the hooded figure, but Noah promptly answered to that gesture by launching the Ghostly sabers.

The ethereal sabers fell apart as they made their way through the raging winds, but some of them managed to reach for its center and stab Thomas. At the same time, the winds swept Noah, who felt an incredible pressure threatening to shatter his body.

The ground under Noah's feet crumbled as the storm raged in that spot, and he felt the pressure pushing him on the ground.

Yet, Noah endured the pressure and redirected his gaze toward his grandfather.

Thomas coughed blood as the Ghostly sabers seeped in his body and tore apart his internal organs. Still, the wind that originated from his low waist managed to prevent any deadly injury. However, he suddenly sensed a dangerous sensation coming from the intense stare of his opponent.

Thomas saw a dense, half-transparent saber shooting toward his head at high speed, but there was nothing that he could do to avoid it in that state.

The storm could only deplete part of its power.

The saber landed on Thomas' mental sphere, which began to tremble to no end as the destructive properties of Noah's spell spread through its walls. The raging storm had managed to make the Mental saber unable to pierce Thomas' sea of consciousness, but there was nothing that it could do about the properties of Noah's individuality.

Thomas' concentration wavered, and the tornadoes originating from his low-waist became wild once again. Noah felt some of the pressure on him being lifted when his grandfather lost focus, and he didn't hesitate to unleash his runes at that point.

Controlling the saber-shaped runes now that they had reached a power in the fifth rank consumed a lot of his mental energy, but that consumption was completely sustainable for his level.

The tide of black sabers shot through the violent storm and reached for the man in its center.

The violence of the storm wasn't affected by the momentary unfocused state of his grandfather. Its power was connected with Thomas' individuality, and it wasn't something that could be stopped once it was released.

Noah felt the thickness of the winds as he used his complete focus to push the saber-shaped runes deeper into the storm. Their trajectory was a bit off when they reached Thomas, but they still managed to stab him in many spots.

The runes severed his right arm, stabbed his left shoulder, pierced his legs, and created holes in his torso.

More basic energy formed on the battlefield as the mighty black sabers radiated Noah's individuality, and they kept on absorbing it to fuel themselves.

Even the storm began to fall apart as Noah's individuality destroyed the matter that made it. Large empty tunnels formed wherever the saber-shaped runes moved, and the destructive force lingering in those spaces spread through the storm, affecting its composition.

Thomas became aware of his surroundings only when the runes had turned and were ready to deliver a second attack. The tide of sharp, black weapons filled his field of view, and something inside him told him that he wasn't going to win that battle.

His body was a mess, and his mental energy was almost completely depleted. Also, none of the families around his was coming to help him.

His gaze moved away from the runes and went on the ground at that point.

His mansion was wrecked, and every building had crumbled as the battle between him and Noah shook the area. Only the inscribed defensive walls were still standing, but long and deep cracks had filled their surface too.

Thomas couldn't sense any trace of life coming from the debris, and he suddenly felt just as the defensive walls.

They were a ruined structure that protected wreckages just as he was a broken man that protected a family that no longer existed.

All his efforts had been reduced to dust in one battle.

"No, my family won't disappear." Thomas murmured when the first rune stabbed his shoulder.

Noah heard those words, but he didn't stop his offensive and continued to control the black sabers even as his grandfather continued to speak. "One Balvan will remain in this world. He might change his name, his face, and even his blood, but he will always be Noah Balvan."

More sabers reached for Thomas and pierced his body, but he didn't care and shouted. "His glory shall be my glory because his name is my name. I declare him Patriarch of the Balvan family with my last breath. May he learn to own his name as he strives for the sky."

Thomas couldn't say anything else since the tide of runes destroyed his upper body after those last words.

[Chapter 710 710. Destruction](#)

The windstorm dispersed when Noah destroyed his grandfather's upper body. The saber-shaped runes fell apart and released their energy in the environment as he relaxed.

Silence filled the area inside the scarred defensive walls, and Noah found himself alone in the middle of the wrecked mansion. His consciousness couldn't sense any trace of life, and his eyes could only see the ruins of what had once been his home.

Noah didn't feel anything at that sight.

He felt empty as he landed on the ground and tried to sprint toward the remains of Thomas' corpse.

Yet, he puked blood as soon as he took the first step.

'I'm injured.' Noah thought before straightening his position to keep advancing toward his grandfather.

His last exchanges with Thomas had been inside the windstorm, which had applied a threatening pressure on his body for its whole duration. Noah had endured that damage during the battle to press on with his offensive, but his wounded state became evident once he relaxed.

Most of his bones had cracks, and his muscles had been torn apart in many spots.

Those were injuries that he would take months to fix even with the improved healing properties of his body!

However, he couldn't stop and rest just yet.

Noah slowly closed with the remains of Thomas' corpse. He only found a pair of bloody legs attached to what was left of his waist, but that was enough for him.

The windstorm had modified the trajectory of his saber-shaped runes, but Noah had been careful not to touch his most crucial part.

Noah browsed through the insides of the corpse and found a shining orb that had already begun to disperse its dense energy. Thomas' "Breath" resembled a raging storm as it seeped out of his dantian, which showed that Noah's assumption about his individuality was on point.

Noah directly ate the dantian and closed his eyes to assess the amount of nourishment that it provided him.

His wounded body greedily attacked the shining orb and reduced it into primary energy that nourished all his tissues. Part of its energy went to the injured muscles and bones, but a large share of it simply fed his form as a whole.

Noah felt a warm sensation filling his body, and he could immediately tell that no rank 5 beast in the lower tier could match that amount of energy.

'This should be equal to a bit more than ten rank 5 magical beasts.' Noah thought before storing those remains and moving toward a specific point among the ruins.

His consciousness covered the entirety of the space inside the defensive walls, so finding his target in that mess was quite easy.

Noah slowly walked through the ruins until he reached a big boulder. A human figure appeared when Noah destroyed the block with a light push.

The figure belonged to an old man who had a broken eyepatch on his left eye.

The falling boulder had crushed his chest and his heart with it, but his face still carried his original features.

'The man that I've wanted to kill for so long wasn't even able to survive the fall of a building.' Noah didn't feel anything when he thought that.

Rhys' corpse was right under him, but he didn't feel any satisfaction.

His punch had forced Thomas to go all out, which unleashed his windstorm. Nevertheless, that spell had a large area of effect, and the mansion could only crumble under its pressure.

The cultivators inside it couldn't oppose the pressure either, which forced them to remain still as the mansion fell apart.

A battle between two cultivators that neared the fifth rank in power was bound to create repercussions that human cultivators weren't able to endure.

Noah had mainly used mental attacks, so the humans inside the mansion had been able to endure his offensive. However, Thomas' attack had affected the entirety of the estate, which left the nobles and soldiers inside it with no hope to survive.

'In the end, Thomas killed his family, and I killed my Master. Life is silly at times.' Noah sighed after those thoughts, and his mind began to wander. 'All this hatred toward someone so weak. What am I supposed to do with this feeling now?'

That question gave birth to a series of images that appeared and vanished inside his mind in a cycle.

Lily's face often appeared among those images, but they weren't limited to her. Noah reviewed the entirety of his life inside the Balvan mansion in a matter of seconds, and he could only feel empty when he compared them to the scenery around him.

Yet, his ambition soon began to fill that void.

'My hatred led me to defy the plan of Heaven and Earth.' Noah's aura released a tremor that spread in the matter around him when he thought that. 'All the sacrifices that I've made sharpened by form, but I still had to sever something that I cared about to fulfill my revenge.'

William's face appeared in his vision at that point.

Noah didn't feel good about his death, but he still decided to own that sin. Deluding himself would only hurt his mindset, and he needed to have a clear idea of what he was.

'My pain, my sorrow, and my actions made me become a blade able to sever the fate chosen by Heaven and Earth. No trace of it remains in the world, and only their flaw keeps on living.' He thought.

The matter around him began to fall apart, and "Breath" of the darkness element began to gather around his figure as his mind kept wandering.

Noah was too lost in his thoughts to care about it, but his dantian was forcing his cultivation technique to work at a faster pace!

Succeeding in his revenge and accepting William's killing allowed Noah to gain insights on the destructive part of his individuality. Those insights influenced the behavior of his dantian, which forced the Black hole cultivation technique to provide specific laws to its form.

The whirlpool at the center of the ring seemed to expand as it strived to reach a vaster area where to gather "Breath".

Flying Demon returned in the sky above the mansion at that point. His robe was torn in some spots, but his face was still covered, and he appeared unharmed.

He was about to call for Noah when he noticed the peculiar state in which the Prince was.

Flying Demon could see from his height how the ruins of the mansion turned into dust as the "Breath" of the darkness element inside their matter left them. All that "Breath" gathered around Noah before seeping in his low-waist that greedily absorbed everything.

Flying Demon saw how Noah's aura vanished for a second before spreading again in the environment with a newfound sharpness.

Also, the fact that the aura radiated a power in the solid stage of the fourth rank didn't escape his senses.