

"Just as expected, a Draconian never bows to anyone. No more than a few thousand years have passed. Yet, the son of a dragon has grown so weak," Baal remarked as he gave Jared a curious look.

"Are you saying that I'm a Draconian?" Jared asked in response to the comment. He was excited over the opportunity to learn about his origins from Baal and possibly who his father was.

Instead, Baal shook his head. "You're not a Draconian yet. There's no way anyone of them is as weak as you are. That said, you've shown decent power with Sacred Light Fist. That's the old demon's most powerful technique. How did you manage to learn it?" Baal inquired.

"The old demon?" Jared didn't know any old demons. He had learned Sacred Light Fist in Pentacarna Tower from the soul of an old man who subsequently left.

He didn't even know the old man's identity, let alone if the latter was some sort of old demon. After Jared explained how he learned Sacred Light Fist, he was surprised to hear Baal burst out in hearty laughter. "Hahaha, that old man's soul has been suppressed within a tower. His fate is so much worse than mine."

Despite Baal's laughter, one could tell that he and the old man were probably friends.

"The fact that you saved the old demon and inherited Sacred Light Fist from him proves that you're his disciple. Now that I have been resurrected, I will grant you a wish. This is my way of repaying you on behalf of the old demon," Baal offered.

By then, Baal had contained his aura, allowing everyone present to get back on their feet. As his offer came too suddenly, the unprepared Jared didn't know what to ask for.

In the meantime, Malphas was dumbfounded by what he just heard. What if Jared asks for us to be killed? Wouldn't that be the end of us?

"Lord Baal, you can't do this, this man is at mortal enemy of demon spirits!" Malphas anxiously tried to stop. "Who are you?" Baal asked. "I'm a member of Evil Heart Sect," Malphas replied quickly.

"Evil Heart Sect?" Baal furrowed his brows. "We are a branch of Sky Demon Sect," Malphas quickly clarified, cognizant that Baal wouldn't know Evil Heart Sect.

"Hmph, what's the big deal about Sky Demon Sect? How dare you even call yourselves demon spirits?"

Upon letting out a snort, Baal ignored Malphas and returned his attention to Jared. "Kid, have you figured out what you want?" "Lord Baal, no..."

Just as Malphas continued to remonstrate, Baal shot him a sudden glance, sending him flying and crashing into a giant boulder. The boulder shattered into pieces amidst Malphas' agonized cry. "Mr. Malphas..."

Skylar and the four Black Gold Robes hurried to his side only to be greeted by a pile of mush. If Malphas were an ordinary human, he would already have lost his life. "B-Baal..."

Raising his finger at Baal in an attempt to say something, Malphas lost consciousness before he could do so. The scene was so shocking that everyone caught their breath.

In contrast to the Elite Eighteen's suicide explosion that barely harmed Malphas, a single look from Baal turned him into mincemeat. "Just look at you. How dare you call yourself a demon spirit? You're nothing but a disgrace!" Baal scoffed.

Thereafter, he reached out his hand and grasped at thin air. The four Black Gold Robes began to tremble as four black shadows left their bodies before fleeing in four different directions. They were the spirits within the Black Gold Robes and members of Evil Heart Sect.