

# **The Shining Star Above The Heaven**

## **#Chapter 361: Comprehending 'Life' - Read The Shining Star Above The Heaven Chapter 361: Comprehending 'Life'**

### *Chapter 361: Comprehending 'Life'*

On the road leading to an inn within the Heavenly City, a young man and a woman sat inside an unmarked carriage. The woman was as beautiful as an angel, while the young man was handsome and full of charisma.

Aldrian had decided to bring Angelica outside to meet Sylphia and the rest of his group. It was much better than being constantly confined within the main church.

The pope did not find it troublesome and happily granted him permission to take Angelica out of the church. Due to her status and condition, she rarely left, which was understandable. This was a good opportunity for her to spend some time outside the church.

Aldrian let out a small sigh as he glanced at Angelica again. Her life was pitiful, and she had little opportunity to experience the real world beyond her role as the church's Saintess. His gaze shifted to her blind eyes, then to her legs beneath her elegant white dress.

*"Can I fix something that has been there and unchanged since her birth?"* he thought.

This question had surfaced in his mind not long ago. When he injected golden energy into her body for the first time, he also examined her condition—and what he discovered made him sigh inwardly. Her eyes and legs, from the thighs down, appeared underdeveloped, with essential parts of the organs, such as nerves, meridians and certain muscles, never having formed.

Because of this, her eyes and legs were little more than "decorations," which made him feel deep pity for her. He wanted her to be able to see like others and walk like others. That was what his heart desired, but he couldn't give her false hope. Her case was vastly different from simply healing an illness or lifting a curse. In her situation, he would need to create something that had never existed in the first place.

However, he did not despair or give up, especially after meeting the "figure." That encounter had left him feeling even more motivated. His abilities were still waiting to be fully uncovered, and one of them might be the power of "creation"—the ability to bring something into existence from nothing.

Thinking this way, he felt an unexpected shudder deep inside his heart, mixed with excitement. This was the power of a literal god. If he could achieve it, wouldn't that mean he was one step closer to divinity? The mere prospect of performing such a miracle made him eager to start studying how to do it.

*"The golden energy is an all-purpose energy that obeys my will. It can possess killing properties or healing properties, but creating something from this energy requires far greater comprehension. How does one create something from nothing?"* he wondered.

*"It's not just about creating something simply because I will it, right?"* he then said to Angelica.

"Angelica, would you mind giving me your hand?"

Angelica was confused by Aldrian's request, but she still stretched out her hand toward him. He took it gently, his touch soft and tender. Her face flushed slightly, but she held back her embarrassment as she sensed Aldrian was channeling his golden energy into her.

She could feel that the strength of the energy was far more powerful than when Aldrian had first injected it into her more than a year ago. However, she was no longer surprised. After all, he was now a Duke-stage cultivator—something that had initially shocked both her and the pope when they sensed his cultivation level in the Shrine of the Beginning.

They had been utterly shocked. His leap in cultivation was truly absurd, defying common sense. How could Aldrian advance an entire realm in just over a year? It was nothing short of a miracle.

Now, as his warm energy flowed into her legs, she noticed it concentrating on certain internal areas. The warmth was soothing and comforting, yet at the same time, she felt a slight ticklish sensation. This made her wonder—what exactly was Aldrian doing this time?

After a few seconds, Aldrian stopped injecting his energy and inwardly shook his head.

*"As I thought, there's no way that simply 'willing' it would make something appear out of nowhere. However, the good news is that my golden energy does respond to my will in this regard. It seems the only thing lacking is my own comprehension. I just need to understand what will make this 'creation' possible,"* he thought.

Aldrian then released her hand and smiled at Angelica.

"I only wanted to check something, and it's done," he said.

"Is there something wrong with me?" she asked.

"No, it's nothing. I just wanted to check your condition, and everything seems fine," he reassured her.

His answer, which seemed to show genuine care for her, made Angelica shy as she lowered her head. His attention and care were a new experience for her, as this was the first time any man, aside from her father, had acted this way toward her.

Meanwhile, Aldrian continued to think about his experiment on 'creation.'

*"If the death laws are the ones that cause the end of creation, then clearly, the life laws are what bring creation into being. But how do I comprehend life laws?"* From his current hypothesis, his comprehension of the death laws, which is *the end of everything*, can also be applied to their opposite—the life laws.

If his understanding of death laws was that every being, whether with a soul or without, would eventually meet their end in one way or another—essentially "death"—then the creation of anything, whether with a soul or not, could be considered "life."

A forgemaster once forged a sword, then they essentially gave that sword a "life," but it would face "death" if the sword were to break.

A husband and wife, indulging in intimacy, bring a child into the world, which is the same as a form of creating "life." If the child dies, that is "death."

Someone concocting an unknown elixir from many ingredients essentially gives "life" to the elixir, but it meets "death" once swallowed by someone.

Aldrian then closed his eyes, sensing something inside his mind. He did not miss it. He instantly recognized this as a state of comprehension. He felt as though he was on the verge of understanding something from this new laws, yet he still felt something was missing—something personal, something unique to him.

Angelica, sensing the sudden change in Aldrian's bearing and aura, was stunned. What had happened to him? After trying to sense his body, her eyes widened.

*"This is comprehension state!"*

Just a moment ago, he had been talking to her, but now it seemed like he was entering a state of comprehension, based on what she could sense. His aura was fluctuating, and the energy around him was congregating around him.

She was truly shocked by how effortlessly he had entered the comprehension state. From her experience, entering such a state required a supportive environment and a serene atmosphere to help the cultivator focus. But Aldrian, after just speaking with her, had seemingly entered this state with ease. A state that important for any cultivator

seeking to raise their comprehension to greater heights, which also benefited their cultivation process.

Angelica continued to watch Aldrian as his aura fluctuated and the energy around him responded.

Inside Aldrian's mind and mindscape, he kept his eyes closed as he repeatedly focused on what he had found possible for his own comprehension of the life laws. He had already touched the essence of it, but he still felt something was missing—something special, something that would show the life laws could work according to his will, his intent.

*"I've grasped what I believe is the meaning of life itself, but there's still something missing that would make my life laws unique to me. Hmm..."* Aldrian exhaled as he thought, then a few moments later, realization hit him.

*"How could I forget to consider my golden energy in my comprehension? That's the crucial element in all of this. The golden energy is an all-encompassing energy that acts according to my will. It can be the medium that creates something from nothing. Without it, my life laws would be limited compared to what I've envisioned in my mind."*

He then tried imagining his golden energy and the laws of life, combining them inside his mind according to his will. His mind worked at its maximum capacity, envisioning the golden energy shaping something with the laws of life. His comprehension deepened, and finally, he felt something stirring within his soul and body.

He saw a different color of energy appear inside his dantian, beside his golden energy. It was a white-colored energy that quickly disappeared, swallowed by the golden energy. He was now certain that this was his own life laws, and he felt a surge of excitement because he had finally done it!

Unbeknownst to him, still deep in his own "world," his real body exuded white energy that began to affect the outside world. The people around felt more spirited and rejuvenated. The plants and birds seemed to respond with happiness, the tree branches swaying as if blown by the wind, and the birds flying toward the carriage where Aldrian was.

This caused Angelica to be shocked, as the closest person to him. The aura and energy she felt from Aldrian were pure, containing the power of positivity. She could sense it had a powerful healing effect, or something similar.

She didn't know what kind of laws Aldrian had comprehended, but she believed they were extraordinary laws that she didn't understand.

A few moments later, Aldrian opened his eyes, and the first thing he saw was Angelica's shocked expression. He smiled at her.

"What's wrong? Why are you shocked?" he asked.

Hearing him, Angelica calmed herself and then smiled.

"Congratulations on successfully comprehending something. I can feel that this is something extraordinary."

"Thank you. Indeed, this is extraordinary, and it will be very useful in the future," he replied, looking at Angelica with a warm gaze. He was excited—he could finally try to fix her shortcomings and couldn't wait to attempt it later.

But then a question popped into his mind. He spread his senses outside the carriage and found nothing strange, except that all living beings seemed to be affected by his new comprehension. He confusedly extended his senses toward the sky but still found nothing.

*"Is there no Heavenly tribulation after I've comprehended the life laws?"*

*Chapter 362: Return*

Aldrian felt confused by the lack of reaction from the heavens. Life laws are on the same level as death laws, meaning they can only be comprehended by "higher" beings. He knew this because of his continuous visions, which provided him with such knowledge.

If someone like him, who was still a mere mortal were to comprehend these laws, the heavenly laws would judge whether he was worthy of such enlightenment. He would have to face an immensely powerful heavenly tribulation. The power of such a tribulation was said to be insurmountable, as these laws were considered taboo for mortals.

Now, just like when he comprehended death laws, he should have triggered a heavenly tribulation. Yet, the heavens remained still, leaving him confused.

He closed his eyes and tried to sense the heavens himself. Ever since he had left the Shrine of the Beginning, he had felt an invisible connection to something "higher," something beyond mortal perception, something he believed to be the heavens themselves.

Combining this new connection with his senses, he attempted to feel the presence of the heavens. He then succeeded in connecting to them. Within his domain, the heavens were easily accessible, which only deepened his curiosity.

What was the difference between the heavens inside his domain and those outside of it? Why was the heaven within his domain much easier to sense?

Suddenly, he felt an intent appearing in his mind, coming from nowhere. Unlike that place where he could communicate with the heavens as if speaking, in this world, he could only sense the heavens' intent.

The intent was quite clear—clear enough for him to interpret and attempt to understand.

"Hmm, what is it? No... heavenly... tribulation... universe... law... stop... me?"

The message seemed fragmented, making it difficult to grasp the heavens' true meaning. However, from what he tried to understand, he did not trigger the heavenly tribulation because the laws of universe had stopped only for him?

*"Is it because I'm already connected to the heavens directly? And I'm being given some leniency or something like that?"*

"Young master, is there something wrong?"

Angelica's voice pulled him from his thoughts, and he smiled at her.

"Nothing, I was just thinking about my newly comprehended laws and how to utilize them later. I'm just excited about it," he replied.

Angelica nodded. She had thought something was wrong because he had gone silent.

After a few minutes, the carriage finally came to a stop, and the coachman's voice rang out.

"We have arrived, my lord, your holiness."

Hearing this, Aldrian took out a black veil from his storage ring and carefully covered Angelica's head and face. He wanted to ensure no one would recognize her. Although she rarely left the church, meaning most people had never seen her face directly, there were still some who might recognize her instantly. If that happened, it would be troublesome if a crowd began gathering around them.

The carriage door opened, revealing the coachman, who had already prepared Angelica's wheelchair.

"Excuse me, Angelica."

"Ah."

Before she could react, Aldrian suddenly lifted her into his arms in a princess carry, making her gasp in surprise. Instinctively, she grabbed his shoulder to steady herself, her gaze unconsciously locking onto his face. This was the closest she had ever been to him, and the realization made her cheeks flush a deep red.

Aldrian gently placed her in the wheelchair before quickly pushing it toward the inn right in front of them.

The coachman, who was also from the church, watched them with a pious expression. Bowing deeply, he then turned and made his way back to the church.

On the journey here, he had witnessed miraculous phenomena—signs that he believed to be divine messages from the heavens. The miracles surrounding the prophesied one did not cease, and even nature itself seemed to follow Aldrian, bestowing blessings upon him.

The coachman felt deeply honored. His faith in the heavens—no, his faith in Aldrian—had only grown stronger.

Aldrian continued pushing the wheelchair, paying no attention to the curious glances directed their way. It was uncommon to see someone using a wheelchair here, but the moment people felt Aldrian's aura, their instincts screamed at them to mind their own business. None dared to look at him directly.

Aldrian then spotted someone running toward him from the stairs that connected to the second floor. He smiled warmly and positioned himself in front of the wheelchair just as the person leapt into his arms.

Sylphia clung to him tightly, inhaling his scent as if it were the very air she needed to breathe. Aldrian let her embrace him with all her strength, allowing her to "crush" him as she pleased. In return, he held her tenderly, gently stroking her hair.

"What took you so long? What happened to you? Sir Arthur only told me that you were in seclusion and would be staying at the church for a while," she said in a slightly sulky manner, making Aldrian feel guilty.

"I'm sorry for not telling you anything, but I didn't expect to spend so much time inside the church." He then noticed a few people approaching, smiling at him. Aldrian smiled back, recognizing them as part of his group.

Sylphia lifted her head from his chest and looked behind him at Angelica. She was stunned by how beautiful and angelic Angelica looked, and then turned her gaze back to Aldrian.

"Who is she?"

"Let's move to a more private location. It's not good to talk about it here," he replied.

Before anyone could respond, Aldrian and his group suddenly disappeared. The crowd sighed in relief, as Aldrian's presence, though calm, gave off an intimidating vibe they couldn't quite explain.



Once they arrived inside his room that Sylphia had been using for the past year, Aldrian finally introduced Angelica to everyone.

"Let me introduce you all to the Saintess of the Heavenly Direction Church, Miss Angelica," Aldrian said, causing everyone in the room to widen their eyes in shock. Even Xin Haotian's eyes slightly widened as he looked at Angelica. He had never met the Saintess before, but he knew of her fame.

Angelica gave a slight bow.

"Although I'm the Saintess of the church, you can all call me Angelica, just as Young Master Aldrian does. I'm truly pleased to meet you all."

Her soothing voice made the people in the room feel as though blooming flowers had filled their hearts.

Then Sylphia approached Angelica and slightly bent her body in a respectful gesture.

"I've heard so many great stories about the Saintess of the Church—how you have used your abilities to help the people of this continent. It's truly an honor to meet you in person, Your—I mean, Miss Angelica," Sylphia said.

"However, this is surprising to me—that you came to this place with Aldrian. I heard that because of your status, the church doesn't allow you to leave easily, but to think—" Sylphia stopped mid-sentence as she noticed Angelica's condition, which was unusual for someone with a cultivator's body.

"It's okay," Angelica reassured her. "I'm used to it, and Young Master Aldrian brought me here because of my selfish—"

"I brought her here so I could introduce you all to Angelica. You can become friends in the future. After all, it's never a loss to make more friends, right?" Aldrian cut off Angelica's sentence, knowing she would try to make it seem as though she wanted to be here. He wouldn't let her do that.

Sylphia looked at Aldrian, then back at Angelica.

"Of course," Sylphia said with a smile. "It's truly great to make a Saintess a friend. I'm really glad Aldrian brought you here. I feel like we'll have so much to talk about, and we can keep each other entertained."

Angelica smiled at Sylphia, and Aldrian began introducing each member of his group to her. He also explained Angelica's condition to the others, which made them feel pity for her.

Sylphia then bent down, gently taking Angelica's hand, which left her stunned.



"I'm truly sorry to hear about your condition. Even with what you're going through, you still think of helping others and their well-being. That's truly inspiring," Sylphia said, her voice filled with empathy. She then turned to look at Aldrian.

"As for you, I need to talk to you for a while," she said, standing up. Without hesitation, she grabbed his hand and dragged him outside to her room, which had been vacant for some time.

Angelica watched their interaction, confused.

"Don't mind her," Eleine's voice resounded. "She's his lover, so they must have many things to discuss after being apart for so long."

Angelica's eyes slightly widened. *So, that's his lover?* She nodded in understanding. It made sense, someone as great as Aldrian must have many admirers from the opposite sex.

She suddenly felt a blush rise on her cheeks and tried to hide her embarrassment. However, before she could fully recover, another voice interrupted her thoughts.

"Miss Angelica, I've heard so many things about you, and I'm truly curious. Would you mind satisfying my curiosity and sharing your story with me?" Baek Jimin asked.

Angelica smiled at her and nodded.

"Of course, it's my pleasure."

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In another room, Sylphia, now only in her underwear, revealed her voluptuous body as she kissed Aldrian with intensity. Aldrian reciprocated with equal fervor, knowing how much she missed him, the sound of their smooching echoing through the room.

After a few minutes, she separated her lips from his and looked at him with a desire she couldn't hide.

"You better satisfy me this time to make up for your absence."

Aldrian smiled, feeling the same desire.

"Of course, milady. I will give you the satisfaction that will take you to heaven."

*Chapter 363: Power of Faith*

After two hours of pounding and screaming in ecstasy, Sylphia was utterly exhausted, unable to move even an inch. Her sacred hole had been filled with Aldrian's seed

multiple times, causing her body to twitch occasionally from the lingering pleasure. Sweat and traces of their passion covered her skin, making it glisten.

"My love, your stamina is no joke! And you always hit the spot. How did your cultivation improve so drastically? What happened over the past year?" Sylphia asked through gasping breaths.

"Did you know you caused a huge commotion last year? Many people rushed to the main church and gathered in front of it. That place was in chaos, even the church was overwhelmed by the sheer number of people wanting to offer their prayers inside. They thought the heavens had descended. Even now, people are still flocking to this city as if on a pilgrimage."

Aldrian wasn't surprised. It had been unexpected that he could directly connect to the heavens and cause such a grand phenomenon.

"I had an enlightenment and couldn't pull myself out of the comprehension state at that time. I just wanted to seize that rare opportunity. I never expected it to last for more than a year," he answered, half-truthfully.

He wasn't lying about enlightenment and cultivating, but he chose not to mention his conversation with the heavens—or with that figure. He feared that telling Sylphia about it would place an unnecessary burden on her karma and destiny.

Sylphia nodded, but then suddenly narrowed her eyes at him.

"You seem close to the Saintess, huh? You even brought her here in disguise to avoid drawing attention."

Aldrian smiled at her and leaned in closer to her pointy ear.

"Jealous?" His warm breath against her ear made her shiver, but she only pouted at him.

"Who's jealous? I was just wondering how someone of her status who rarely steps outside ended up following you. Even the Pope allowed it, which means he must trust you immensely. I can only imagine that for a woman of her status and special 'condition,' the Pope would be extremely strict."

"You're not wrong, but let's just say I managed to earn their trust—aside from their prophecy about me."

Aldrian then began telling Sylphia about his time at the church. He explained how he built his relationship with the Saintess, how she shared her story with him, and how he became both a good listener and entertainer. He also mentioned healing the Pope and

receiving a sign from the heavens, though he left out the details. This event ultimately led to him to stay in the church's most sacred ground.

Sylphia was surprised upon hearing more details, but then her expression turned sad.

"I didn't expect the Saintess to have such a tragic past. She's truly pitiful... No wonder you wanted to bring her here. Even without you asking, I would gladly be her friend," she said.

Aldrian nodded and kissed her temple.

"Good girl." He then suddenly remembered someone.

"Ah, by the way, where's Elena? I haven't seen her since earlier."

Elena, who had accompanied their group, hadn't shown herself when they greeted him and Angelica.

"Ah, yes! I almost forgot to tell you," Sylphia said. "After news of the coup in the Atria Empire spread, she left immediately. She said her family is in the empire and that they need her to return. She only left a message saying that if you've come out of seclusion, she hopes you can spare some time to visit her family."

Aldrian nodded. When he hadn't seen Elena earlier, he had already suspected that she had returned to her family. What Sylphia said only confirmed his guess. However, he still didn't know which faction her family belonged to, and he could only hope that, whichever faction they belonged to, they would still be there when he arrived, as they might hold a clue to his origins.

Aldrian then smiled, and they continued talking for a while until Sylphia eventually fell asleep. He gazed at her sleeping face with a gentle smile before turning his thoughts inward.

He hadn't had time to inspect his gains after emerging from the Shrine of the Beginning, so now was the perfect moment before he had to leave again tonight to capture Cardinal Carsius.

*"Let's see what I've gained."*

He then sensed a foreign force concentrated within his body. This power that boosting his overall strength. Even outside his domain, he could already feel that he was far stronger than before.

Aldrian immediately recognized the nature of this foreign force that was amplifying his power.

*"The power of faith... The collective faith of many people has gathered within me, strengthening me."*

This was a power that no mortal should possess and only divine beings could wield it. If someone from a higher realm were to witness this, they would be utterly shocked. Aldrian's existence alone defied common sense and overturned established knowledge. There was no precedent for a mortal wielding such power, even in the higher realms.

For divine beings, the power of faith is one of the most important forces for increasing their strength, it is also a privilege exclusive to them. The more people place their faith in or worship a divine being, the stronger that being becomes.

This is why divine beings constantly compete to gain as many followers as possible. Unlike mortals, they don't necessarily need to cultivate in the traditional sense; they can rely solely on the faith of their worshippers to strengthen themselves.

Aldrian took a deep breath as he felt the power of faith surging within his body. He could sense that this faith came from many people—he estimated their numbers to be in the millions. Such an overwhelming amount of devotion, concentrated in him alone, was enough to boost his power immensely at his current stage.

Taking another deep breath, he expanded his senses across his entire domain, which now covered nearly half of the continent.

He felt as though his eyes were positioned at the highest point within his domain, gazing down upon the continent with his Eyes of Heaven. At this moment, he resembled a god watching over the mortal world. Sweeping his gaze across the land, he tried to sense every being within his vast domain. He wanted to test his limits with his current Duke-stage cultivation and newly enhanced strength.

After more than half a minute, he finally stopped, feeling a sharp headache that nearly caused him to fall toward where Sylphia slept. He steadied himself to avoid disturbing her, though his eye twitched from the pain. Despite the discomfort, a satisfied smile appeared on his face.

*"I can now detect most of the population of one empire, which numbers around 25 billion people and process over five hundred thousand pieces of information simultaneously. This is a massive improvement from before."*

Previously, Aldrian had only been able to sense hundreds of millions of people and process the information of more than 20 thousand individuals at a time within his domain.

He felt satisfied, knowing that this new ability would make his life easier in the future, should he need to utilize it. For instance, if he needed to find someone in a densely

populated region, he could locate his target much more swiftly than before, as the number of objects he could detect and analyze had increased.

Aldrian took a deep breath to rest his mind after the headache he had felt. Closing his eyes once more, he reflected that although he had only tested his limits for less than a minute, his mental condition had already been drained, and he felt a wave of sleepiness—something he found understandable.

He decided to close his eyes and rest for a while. This would be his first sleep in over a year, and he thought it would be okay to indulge for now. It was still noon, and his only planned activity was with the paladins later that night.

Before long, his breathing steadied as he rested his head against the headboard of the bed and drifted into sleep.

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The day quickly turned to night as the sun sank below the western horizon. Aldrian slowly opened his eyes and glanced toward the side, where the sunlight had already disappeared. He knew the time had come for him to return to the church.

Looking around, he saw that Sylphia was no longer by his side, leaving only the lingering fragrance and the traces of their passionate moments.

He smiled and extended his senses to the room where Angelica was. He saw that Sylphia had already joined her, listening attentively as Angelica spoke. The other ladies were still there, while Xin Haotian had already returned to his room to cultivate.

Aldrian stood up, deciding to visit them. He wanted to inform them about his mission tonight, it wouldn't good if he simply disappeared without a word.

"Sorry, ladies, to interrupt your conversation, but I just wanted to let you know that I have to leave again," he said as he opened the door to their room. He had a hunt to carry out tonight!

#### *Chapter 364: Start of the Hunt*

At one of the church's gathering areas, where the Paladin knights had already assembled, Aldrian stood in front of them alongside the Pope, observing the paladins. They were clad in their unique armor, each exuding the aura of a low-grade heavenly artifact, signifying their esteemed status.

Aldrian was alone, without anyone from his group or the Saintess. Sylphia and the others preferred to converse with the Saintess, so he had left them there. It was better this way, as it allowed them to forge deeper friendships.

"I will need only a group consisting of five members. The rest will act as backup and can be mobilized if the situation requires it," Aldrian said to the paladins. He then turned to Arthur, the leader of the knights.

"Of course, I will pick Sir Arthur. As for the rest—you, you, you, and you," Aldrian said, pointing at them.

Disappointment was evident on the faces of the paladins who were not chosen. To them, Aldrian was the one they most desired to serve, the person to whom they wished to prove their devotion.

Aldrian could sense it, and it was no exaggeration to think that these people regarded his position as even higher than the Pope's, all because of the miracles he had performed. As the purity of holy energy continued to rise reaching its most powerful state today, they had already come to believe that Aldrian was the one destined to lead them in the prophesied time.

"For those who remain behind, don't be discouraged. Your time has not yet come, but in the future, I may need your help. So keep your spirits high! Do you hear me?!" Aldrian shouted.

"Yes, Your Eminence!" the paladins answered in unison.

"Alright, for the rest of the paladins whom I did not choose—dismiss! The others, stay."

At his command, the knights began to disperse, leaving only Aldrian, the Pope, Arthur, and the four chosen knights. Among them were three men and one woman, the only female paladin Aldrian had seen among their ranks. However, she possessed one of the highest cultivation levels, having reached the high king stage, which was why he selected her.

Everyone he had chosen had the highest cultivation among the paladins, with all of them at least at the high king stage. Arthur and one other man stood as the strongest, having reached the peak king stage.

"I have chosen you because I believe you are the most suited for this mission. The traitor is dangerous—he possesses several high-grade artifacts, and he may have accomplices that you'll need to deal with. So be ready for battle."

"Yes, Your Eminence!" they responded in unison.

Aldrian nodded. He can handle this on his own with his strength, but it would take too much time. Moreover, he needed someone from the church to guide him to the place where they had been investigating Cardinal Carsius's escape. With the help of these knights, the time required to catch the traitor would likely be much shorter, so he chose this path.

Aldrian then turned to face Pope Claudius.

"I will go first, Your Holiness."

The Pope nodded.

"Be careful. May you succeed."

Aldrian gave a final nod before walking toward the exit of the church, the paladins following closely behind. Along the way, members of the church bowed to him, some even prostrating themselves in worship. Aldrian could feel it—the faint fluctuations of the power of faith within him. He sensed their pious devotion, the way they looked upon him as though he were a god.

As he passed them and neared the outer area of the church, Aldrian turned his head toward Arthur.

"Where are the traces that the church believes to be clear evidence of his escape route?"

"The first one is in the southern part of the territory. We detected his presence near a small village called Buran. This village is also close to Oris Town, the only place in that area with a teleportation station. Because it's the only teleportation station there, we were able to easily track the traitor's movements to that location."

"Alright, we'll head there first. I'll see if I can find anything," Aldrian said. "The town is in the south, correct?"

"Yes, we can use the teleportation—"

"Wait."

Aldrian's words cut off Arthur's sentence, causing Arthur to look at him in confusion. He saw Aldrian close his eyes, and the others also watched him in confusion. They didn't know what was happening or what Aldrian was doing as he just stood there, eyes closed.

Suddenly, they all felt the world around them shift, and when they opened their eyes, everything had changed. They were no longer where they had been. Now, they found themselves standing outside what appeared to be a city wall. The paladins widened their eyes in shock as they recognized the place. Aldrian had brought them to Oris Town!

Even if Aldrian had used some sort of space manipulation technique, it would require an enormous amount of energy—energy that could only be achieved by someone at the high emperor stage. And that was just to move himself to this place. The fact that he



had brought all of them here at the same time required even more energy than they could imagine.

However, they could sense that Aldrian was only at the duke stage, and from his expression, there were no signs of energy depletion. It seemed like no big deal for him, as he casually observed his surroundings without a hint of concern. What they didn't know was that the entire territory of the Heavenly Direction Church had already become Aldrian's domain. He could teleport here and bring them along effortlessly.

"Alright, we're already at Oris Town. So, Arthur, which way do the traces of the traitor lead?" Aldrian's voice snapped Arthur out of his stunned state, and he sighed.

Arthur already knew about Aldrian's powerful strength and many of his achievements, since he was the only one here who knew that Aldrian was the mysterious swordsman. However, he hadn't anticipated that Aldrian's abilities had grown to such an extent—abilities so great that he couldn't even comprehend how Aldrian had done it.

"We need to head toward the southern side of the town, where Buran village is located. If we fly there, it'll only take about three minutes. The traitor's hideout is near the village, it's quite remote and well-disguised, to the point that even the church's artifact can't detect it."

"Alright, lead the way," Aldrian said as he began floating.

Arthur nodded and flew in a specific direction, with Aldrian and the others following. The knights were once again amazed by Aldrian's ability to fly at the same speed as the king-stage cultivators. At this point, they no longer believed that Aldrian was merely at the duke stage, they thought he must be using some method to conceal his true cultivation.

After flying for more than three minutes, Arthur landed in a dense forest. Aldrian could see several lights in the nearby area, which he guessed were from Buran village. They landed on a cleared patch of land, which had been cleared by the church. Ahead, they saw the entrance to an underground hideout, made of wood.

Aldrian spread his senses toward the hidden hideout and instantly mapped out the entire underground structure in his mind.

Arthur then stepped down into the hideout, and they continued along a narrow path that led to an extensive underground complex with many rooms.

"This place is leaving behind the presence of the devils," Arthur said. "It seems like it was cleared not long before we found it a year ago. This is also part of the reason we eventually figured out why the devils were able to launch surprise attacks in various parts of the church's territory when we had gathered the power of the continent at that

time. This kind of hideout was used by the devils to gather secretly. No wonder they could strike quickly and disappear before we even had a chance to respond."

Although the church had already purified the devils' traces using holy energy, Aldrian could still sense lingering traces. His sensitivity to the devils' presence was far greater than most. He felt a slight irritation when he encountered the residual traces, even though there were no actual signs of the devils remaining here.

"Later, we discovered that one of the residual energies in this room couldn't have come from the devils, and we confirmed it was from Cardinal Carsius. From our guess, he seemed to have used one of the church's artifacts, which explains the large residue of holy energy here before he hurriedly moved on, leaving this place," Arthur explained while entering one of the rooms.

"At the same time Cardinal Carsius was here, some of the devils were still present, and they might be the same devils that attacked Aldrey Flamecrest and Irene Rivas before they were trapped in the Everlasting Silent Forest."

Hearing that, Aldrian paused. He looked at Arthur, narrowing his eyes.

*"The devils that attacked Father and Mother?"* he thought.

#### *Chapter 365: Another Hidden Path*

"When the Church was under surprise attack by the devils 18 years ago, this was the path where Aldrey and Irene passed. The devils ambushed them, forcing them to escape further south toward the Everlasting Silent Forest."

"Why were they in the southern region of the church? Their territory is in the northern direction," Aldrian asked.

"From our investigation, it seems their envoys were meeting here, though we don't know the reason. The devils somehow found out, allowing them to intercept the meeting," Arthur said as they continued inspecting the room.

Aldrian pondered for a moment before he thought something.

*"Did Father and Mother choose this place just to meet because it's remote from the north?"* He facepalmed inwardly. That was the only reason that popped into his mind when he heard about their envoy's meeting. He could only imagine his parents coming up with some fabricated excuse just to move here and meet each other.

How did the devils sniff them out? He suspected it must have been from his mother's side, when her own retainer fell under the control of one of the Seven Devils of Annihilation.

"And we also found out why the devils managed to infiltrate the Church's territory so easily and it was because of Cardinal Carsius' help. That's how thousands of devils were able to enter without much problem. All this time, they blended in with civilians using their own methods, making it impossible for us to detect them."

Aldrian nodded. That was the same method the devils had used to infiltrate other territories.

"I already know how they infiltrate. They've been using the same method all along, and it's true that Cardinal Carsius has been helping them," Aldrian said.

Arthur nodded. "Yes, we've gathered information from both the Doria Empire and the Vindas Empire, and they confirmed the same thing."

Aldrian only smiled inwardly. Of course, they had the same information, because they got it from him.

Cardinal Carsius was one of the key figures involved in creating the artifact that allowed the devils to infiltrate other territories. He was the last person Aldrian had yet to deal with, the others had already died by his hand.

After a few minutes, they left the room and inspected the others before finally finishing their observations.

"This is all we found in this place. So, what do you think, young master?" Arthur asked.

"You're saying this is everything the Church has discovered? They didn't miss anything?"

"Yes."

Aldrian nodded before walking to the far end of the corridor. He placed his hand on the wall, and a few seconds later, strange glowing symbols appeared. Suddenly, the wall split open, revealing another hidden path.

The others were shocked—they hadn't detected anything!

"What?! Another hidden path? How did we miss this?!" Arthur exclaimed. "We even had cultivators specialized in the earth element check for hollow spaces!"

Aldrian looked at Arthur and the others.

"There's a high-level formation here, one that even low Emperor-stage cultivators can't detect. The one who created it must be a formation master. That's why no one could find the entrance—even earth-element cultivators wouldn't sense it if they were much weaker than the low Emperor stage," he explained.

Aldrian already knew the entire layout of the area. Nothing could be hidden from his sight and senses within his domain. This hidden path was quite long, and he already knew what lay at its end.

"Let's go. We need to check this place—there might be another clue."

Arthur wanted to warn Aldrian not to rush, but remembering who he was, he only sighed and warily eyed the hidden path. Taking their stances, they carefully stepped inside.

The knights instinctively gripped the hilts of their swords, ready for any situation. The passage was narrow, just wide enough for two people to stand side by side. If a battle broke out here, they would be at a disadvantage.

Aldrian walked leisurely in front, with Arthur right behind him. After another minute, they reached a door, and Aldrian opened it without hesitation.

The moment the door swung open, the Paladins' eyes widened. Before them lay a vast underground hall, with a massive formation at its center. A sinister aura radiated from it and still fresh, making it clear that someone had either attempted to use the formation or had already done so not long ago.

When Aldrian had scanned the underground hideout, he had detected the movements of a few devils in this area. They had fled in a direction no one would have expected when he opened the hidden path. He chose to let them go for now. They seemed to believe they had already escaped from him and the Paladins, unaware that they were still within his grasp.

He was intrigued by the giant formation, which bore the same pattern as those the devils had used in the past to summon powerful creatures. From his understanding and experience, this type of formation required sacrifices to summon an emperor-stage being. However, for creatures at the king stage like the Hydra he had fought in Balin, they could be summoned quickly as long as the formation was drawn correctly and a few devils activated it simultaneously.

From the ominous aura and the presence of death laws lingering around the formation, he knew this was another summoning formation designed to release an emperor-stage creature, similar to the Cerberus or the Black Rock Snake. Fortunately, it seemed the devils had not completed the activation. The moment they sensed him and the knights approaching the hideout, they had abandoned the summoning process and fled.

The devils seemed to treat him and the knights with caution, even though they were protected by a formation capable of concealing the entrance from low Emperor-stage cultivators. Yet, they had still chosen to flee to another location.

Aldrian dropped to one knee, placing his hand on the formation to feel it directly. He wanted to understand its details, how this summoning worked and whether there was anything useful he could learn from it.

Meanwhile, Arthur and the others spread out, carefully inspecting every corner for potential traps or ambushes. However, after thoroughly checking the entire hall, they found nothing dangerous. The only thing that concerned them was the formation itself.

They turned to Aldrian, who appeared focused as he examined the summoning circle.

After a few minutes, Aldrian stood up and looked at the others.

"This is a summoning formation capable of calling forth a powerful creature, one on par with the being that appeared in the Vindas Empire more than a year ago," Aldrian said. "How do I know? Because I saw the formation myself back then."

The others gasped, immediately realizing what he was referring to. That creature had been unlike anything they had ever seen. Even after it was slain by the mysterious swordsman, its corpse remained dangerous, radiating a terrifying energy and aura they couldn't comprehend. If this formation could summon something similar, then—

Their expressions turn grim. Arthur looked at Aldrian solemnly.

"Young master, if this thing can summon a creature like that, we can't afford to leave it intact. We should destroy it before someone else can use it," he said.

However, Aldrian didn't answer right away. Instead, he looked at Arthur in silence.

"Can you evacuate the entire population of Buran Village to a safe location?"

Arthur looked confused by Aldrian's request, but after a few moments, something clicked in his mind. His eyes widened in realization.

"Young master... are you planning to summon the creature from this formation?"

The others also widened their eyes in shock. When Aldrian gave a simple nod, a shudder ran through them.

"Wait, Your Eminence, why would you do that? We don't need to summon such a dangerous creature! If we can't contain it, it could even threaten Oris Town!"

"Yes, Your Eminence, there's no need to take such a risk. If this creature is anything like the one in the Vindas Empire, we would have no choice but to call upon His Holiness which we could still prevent now!"

The other knights voiced their concerns as well—this was far too dangerous. They couldn't understand what Aldrian was trying to achieve by summoning such a creature.

Aldrian was well aware of their worries. He knew they likely thought he was being reckless, perhaps even unreasonable, for attempting to call forth an enemy. But he had his own reasons.

And it all came down to one thing.

Curiosity.

He wanted to know if he could hijack the summoning if he was the one to activate it. He wanted to see what kind of creature would emerge this time. He wanted to uncover the Devil Lord's secrets, how he managed to have so many powerful beings as the summons?

There were many things he want to test.

And this was a rare opportunity—one where he had found an intact summoning formation before the devils could use it first.

He actually had another option and that is reverse summon. By modifying this formation, he could transform it into a teleportation formation, allowing him to teleport himself to the other end of the summoning connection.

He had done something similar before when he appeared at Boraz Fortress using the devils's teleportation artifact. While this was a summoning formation rather than a teleportation formation, the core principles were the same, both involving spatial movement. And Aldrian was a master of both spatial techniques and formations.

However, there was a problem.

He had no idea what lay on the other side. Teleporting blindly could be reckless—if he ended up in an enemy stronghold, he might find himself surrounded by powerful creatures like the ones summoned in the past. If he carelessly teleported straight into the heart of the enemy's lair, he could end up in a situation too dangerous to escape from, possibly even dying before he had the chance to regret his decision.

That's why it was much safer to summon the creature here and observe it himself.

#### *Chapter 366: Adding One More Energy*

Arthur looked into Aldrian's eyes—eyes that did not seem to care whether his actions would endanger the people around him. However, Arthur knew it was not that Aldrian was indifferent to those around him, but rather that he was confident in himself. He was certain that the creature emerging from the formation can't harm anyone nearby. That

was the confidence of a cultivator whose strength could overwhelm everything in his path.

"Let's go evacuate Buran Village," Arthur said.

"Captain."

A fellow knight, whose cultivation was equal to Arthur's, wanted to voice his opinion, but Arthur signaled him to stop. He was the vice-captain of the Paladins, someone who had never been assigned the same mission as Arthur due to protocol.

Leaders and their deputies were not permitted to undertake the same mission. This was the only exception, because Aldrian had specifically chosen him.

"Young Master is not someone who would recklessly endanger others. He must have a plan in mind, and we can show our devotion by trusting him and obeying his orders."

The others, who had also wanted to persuade Aldrian, swallowed their words. They did not know the full extent of his strength, and their worries remained. However, their captain's words stirred something within them.

They wanted to devote themselves to Aldrian in this mission as their true leader and the prophesied one chosen by the heavens.

Gritting their teeth, they remained silent before slightly bowing toward Aldrian.

"We obey, Your Eminence."

Aldrian smiled at them.

"You don't have to worry about the creature that will emerge from this formation. Like Arthur said, I wouldn't be doing this if I weren't sure of myself. If I lacked confidence, I wouldn't have attempted it in the first place."

If they still harbored doubts after Aldrian's words, it would mean they lacked faith in the prophesied one. Accepting this, the knights chose to follow his plan without hesitation, quickly returning to the surface to begin the evacuation.

Left alone, Aldrian turned his gaze to the other side of the hall, his eyes lingering on the wall. Though the others couldn't detect it, he was aware of another hidden passage that led to a place. However, he set that thought aside, refocusing on the formation as he reached out and touched it.

*"Can it only be activated using devil energy?"*



He had never learned how to recreate devil energy, despite having absorbed countless memories of devils.

*"Let's try with my own energy first."*

Aldrian injected his golden energy into the summoning formation, hoping to activate it. However, within seconds, he immediately stopped, his energy had begun purifying the formation, which, in effect, was the same as destroying it.

Next, he attempted to use the demonic energy of the Heavenly Demon. The formation briefly shone for a split second, but cracks quickly began to appear across the formation, forcing him to stop again.

With this, he confirmed that only devil energy could activate the formation. Closing his eyes, Aldrian focused on the negative energy within the surrounding heaven and earth.

He decided to attempt the cultivation technique of the devils, a method that claimed had an unknown origin. In the past, he had never paid much attention to this cultivation technique, believing he had no need for it. But now, things were different.

Following the instructions in the cultivation manual, he began absorbing the negative energy. As he drew it in and gathered it within his dantian, he finally understood why those who practiced this method could grow stronger so much faster. He also realized why devils inevitably abandoned their morals and integrity.

This cultivation technique truly stripped away one's moral. The more negative energy a person absorbed, the more their morals were forcibly pushed aside. They would inevitably be influenced by it, and depending on which type of negative energy was most dominant, they could even lose their sanity. Pride, greed, wrath, envy, lust, gluttony, or sloth—each could take control.

However, he only needed devil energy to activate the formation, not to cultivate it. Without concern for which type of negative energy he absorbed, he simply took in all of them at once—something no other devil could do. The burden of such an act would normally be overwhelming and they can lose their minds.

Aldrian paid no mind to the risks and continued absorbing the negative energy. He felt a slight shudder in his soul from the overwhelming influx, but he held firm. At the same time, he kept his golden energy at bay, carefully maintaining a balance—he didn't want it to purify the negative energy before he could use it.

After a few moments, he finally sensed a new presence within his dantian—a dark, ominous red energy.

He had successfully created devil energy, and the realization brought him satisfaction. However, just as he relished the success, he felt something stir within his soul—"something" trying to connect to him, and without hesitation, he severed the connection.

His instincts told him that this would bring bad news. He thought it was a karmic thread, one that might connected him to a higher being or perhaps even the god of the devils.

It was not yet time to face such an entity. He was still too weak compared to them.

He then watched as the devil energy was absorbed by his golden energy, but Aldrian did not panic—he had already accomplished what he wanted.

In his dantian, his golden energy functioned as the dominant force. Due to its all-encompassing nature, it naturally absorbed any other energy created within him. However, if he willed it, he could still use other energies, such as the Heavenly Demon's demonic energy or various elemental energies.

Testing his control, he summoned the devil energy into his hand. A moment later, a dark, ominous red aura appeared in his palm, bringing a satisfied smile to his lips. However, he also felt a sense of disgust and irritation. Even though this was his own energy, it still irritated him, leaving him to wonder— was he angry at this energy simply because he had encountered that 'thing'? Or was it because the fury from that time still lingered within him?

Thinking about the irritation caused by the energy, he recalled another strange energy within the holy energy of the church when he connected to the heavens. Unlike devil energy, this energy was more "*calm*" yet it corroded the purity of the holy energy.

At that moment, he had finally sensed the direct source of the holy energy's gradual degradation. The presence of this energy had also irritated him, stirring an unexplained anger within his heart. He had some guesses about its origin, but for now, he set them aside—it was still beyond his reach.

Right now, he focused on the devil energy in his hand and pressed it against the formation on the floor.

*"If others saw me right now, they would instantly mistake me for a devil."* That was also why he preferred to be alone at this moment, leaving the others to handle "*them*" at Buran Village.

Following the summoning method he had learned from the memories of past devils, he finally got a reaction from the formation. A reddish light flared to life, and a smile formed on his lips—he had succeeded!

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On the surface, in Buran Village, the activities had already stopped since it was nighttime. The village was eerily quiet, with no signs of movement or sound, making any passerby wonder if it was still inhabited. The only indication of life came from the faint glow of lanterns inside the wooden houses.

In one of the houses, four people sat together—three men and one woman. All of them were Grand Duke stage cultivators, an uncommon sight for a mere village. At this moment, they were on edge, as if waiting for something.

"Why have those church bastards returned? Didn't they already ransack the entire outer hideout? From their auras, they're powerful King stage cultivators, with one at the Duke stage," one of the men muttered.

"I don't know, but from the aura they're exuding, they all seem to be from the Paladin Knights, except for that one at the Duke stage," the woman said.

"What do you think?" another man asked, turning to the last man.

The last man remained silent, deep in thought. They were in the middle of their usual activities—there were no missions from the higher-ups, just the task of maintaining the summoning formation. The sacrifices had already been completed, and all that remained was to summon the creature. However, they knew they had to wait for the prophesized time according to the plan. If they summoned the creature now, the effect would be minimal.

However, what he did not expect was for the church members to return to their hideout. When he sensed their cultivation levels and their knightly aura, he immediately realized that the church had likely discovered something! All the King stage cultivators from the Paladin Knights were not opponents they could face. The only option left was to summon the creature.

But just before they could complete the summoning process, he sensed that one of them had discovered the hidden path! Without hesitation, he ordered them to abandon the process and escape. Their lives were more important after all.

But then, if the church found that formation, everything they had done in this place would be in vain.

He gritted his teeth at the thought. He had spent over nineteen years maintaining control of this place, only for it to fall apart now.

His train of thought abruptly stopped when he sensed a group of people approaching from the sky.

"They're here."

### *Chapter 367: The Creature That Appears*

Arthur and the others flew toward Buran Village and upon arriving above it, they stopped and hovered in the air.

"To the residents of Buran Village, this is an emergency! I repeat, this is an emergency! Due to a dangerous situation near the village, we urge all of you to evacuate to the south until we have neutralized the threat. I repeat—"

Arthur's voice was amplified with the energy of heaven and earth, ensuring that every villager could hear it.

One by one, the villagers began emerging from their homes, gazing up at the sky. The announcement echoed a few more times before finally stopping.

"Who is the village head here?" Arthur asked.

The villagers pointed at one man, and Arthur turned his gaze toward him. He was accompanied by three men and one woman.

Arthur landed in front of the man, causing him to flinch as if in a panic.

"Sir Knight, what happened? What kind of danger are we facing? We have lived here for a long time and have never encountered any threats or problems, aside from attacks by wild beasts," the village head said.

Arthur observed the man for a moment. He couldn't sense any cultivation from him, leading him to believe that he was an ordinary mortal. This made sense, as Buran Village was a small settlement without many cultivation resources.

"I can't give you the details, but please trust us. Gather all the villagers and lead them to the southern part of the village. We will help organize them and ensure everyone's safety while they are there," Arthur said.

"Alright, Sir Knight."

The village head glanced at the villagers, who were all looking at him, seemingly waiting for his decision.

"Alright! Just as Sir Knight said, we will gather in the southern part of the village. Do not panic and follow the knights' instructions. Young ones, make sure the elders are not left behind. Let's not waste the knights' time!" he shouted.

The villagers began moving in an orderly manner, making the Paladins' work much easier. Under their watchful eyes, the villagers quickly headed south toward a vast field

where they cultivated their crops. This was the only location where the Paladins could effectively oversee and protect them, as the flat terrain provided a clear view.

However, in the midst of the evacuation, the entire ground suddenly trembled violently.

The Paladins floating above could see the earth shaking, but many villagers collapsed to the ground, unable to keep their footing due to the intense tremors.

Rumble! Screech!

Without warning, the land near the village caved in, and a massive silhouette burst into the sky. A wave of devilish energy spread across the area, so powerful that even the people in Oris Town could feel its presence.

A chilling screech echoed throughout the entire region, distorting the very fabric of space.

The Paladins instinctively turned toward the source of the disturbance. When they laid eyes on the creature emerging from underground, their expressions froze. Their eyes widened in shock as an overwhelming sense of terror and pressure emanated from the monstrous being.

The creature spread its enormous wings, casting a shadow that engulfed the sky. Thick devilish energy radiated from its body, exuding the aura of a High Emperor-stage being—its presence alone was enough to strike fear into the hearts of those below.

It was a colossal bird, unlike anything the Paladins had ever seen in their lives. Its head resembled that of an eagle, while its wings, glowing with a golden-red aura, were so huge that they could easily crush the entire village beneath them. Just its sheer size was enough to intimidate, and the thought that this creature could single-handedly destroy an entire city sent shivers down their spines.

"What is that?"

"What kind of beast is that?"

The Paladins asked in disbelief, their voices shaken as they gazed at the monstrous being soaring into the night sky, its massive form eclipsing the moon.

The village head, turning toward the giant beast, was equally stunned. His breath hitched as he took in the sight of the terrifying beast.

*"Is that the creature my lord spoke of?"* the village head thought.

The Devil Lord had given him the method to summon the creature, but he had never known what kind of being would emerge from the summoning formation. The only thing

he had been told was to ensure that the summoning process was ready when the time came. And now, as he gazed at the monstrous entity before him, he had no doubt—this was the beast brought forth by their summoning formation.

A grin spread across his face. If this creature was truly under their control, they might have a chance to escape this dire situation.

But then, confusion crept into his mind. How was the summoning formation activated?

He was certain there were no devils left in the hideout. Only members of the church remained. So how?

He finally noticed another figure standing atop the giant beast's head. The same sight was visible to everyone present.

Arthur focused on the figure and instantly knew that it was Aldrian.

Aldrian stood on the beast's head, completely unfazed by its overwhelming presence. Unlike the others, who struggled under its oppressive aura, he simply looked down at the creature as if it were nothing more than an ordinary beast.

The knights watched in awe. While they still felt fear from the creature's immense pressure, they couldn't help but be astonished by Aldrian's ability.

Meanwhile, Aldrian observed the giant beast beneath him and mused to himself.

*"The Great Peng... another spiritual beast that isn't supposed to exist in this continent. And just like Cerberus, this one is also a clone."*

The giant bird beneath him was the Great Peng, one of the spiritual beasts that resided in the higher heavens. In one of his visions, he had seen a being called the Golden-Winged Great Peng—one of the most powerful races of beasts from the higher heavens. This was inseparable from the fact that they were one of divine beasts.

At this moment, he could confidently say that this Great Peng was under his control. This confirmed that he could indeed hijack summoned beasts from the devils, as long as he was the one who summoned them and established a connection.

The only downside was the beast's overwhelming devil energy. He suspected this was due to the environment of the place it had been summoned from. That might also explain why the summoning formation could only be activated using devil energy.

He sighed at this. While he could use the beast as a mount or for something useful, its nature remained unchanged. The devil energy within it was so dense that its mere presence could kill the environment around it. If he attempted to purify the devil energy

inside its body, he would inevitably kill it, as the devil energy was one of the foundation of this Great Peng's clone.

However, there was some good news. This Peng only obeyed its master, and right now, that master was him. This made things much easier, as he planned to trap the beast somewhere and let the people of the continent witness a living spiritual beast from the higher heavens. It would also serve to acclimate them to the existence of beings from above—something they might encounter in the future.

In conclusion, he couldn't rely on this giant beast for regular use. He would only use it again when he deemed the time was right.

Arthur and the others watched as the giant beast flew toward them at incredible speed. However, before it could reach them, several villagers suddenly leaped into the air with swift movements, unleashing techniques to attack.

The Paladins, still shaken by the beast's sudden appearance, were slightly sluggish in their response. However, they managed to block the incoming attacks just in time.

"What is the meaning of this?" a female Paladin demanded, deflecting a dagger aimed at her forehead with her wrist.

"You're dead!" one of the attackers shouted. Believing that the summoned beast was still under their control, they saw this as the perfect opportunity to eliminate the Paladins.

Arthur's gaze landed on the one attacking him. "Is this the path you've chosen, Village Head?"

The village head grinned. "A dead man should just shut up."

Arthur frowned but then paused his movement.

*"Stay on the ground and cover yourself with energy."*

Aldrian's voice transmission echoed in the minds of the Paladins, leaving them momentarily stunned. However, they quickly obeyed, dropping to the ground just as another wave of villagers launched their attacks.

Then—

*Screech!*

The giant beast let out a piercing cry, unleashing a powerful sonic attack. A violent gust of wind followed, sweeping through the villagers before they could strike.



"Arghhh!"

The force sent them flying in all directions. Many crashed to the ground with devastating impact, their bodies reduced to lifeless heaps upon landing.

Finally, the giant beast landed right in front of Arthur and the others. The powerful gust from its wings nearly sent them flying, but they remained firmly on the ground, having prepared themselves as Aldrian had ordered.

As the massive bird came to a halt, it lowered its gaze toward the people below, as if watching mere ants beneath it. The Paladins felt their hearts freeze. The sheer presence of the beast was suffocating. They couldn't even fathom facing such a creature in battle. Just the sound of its screech had made their heads tremble, as if their very organs were on the verge of rupturing.

Amidst the wreckage of the field, the village head lay sprawled on the ground, his body bloodied and broken. Blood poured from all seven of his orifices, yet he still forced himself to look at the giant beast before him, his eyes wide with disbelief and terror.

"How... is this possible?"

*Chapter 368: Leaving to Another Place*

The village head's mind couldn't process what he was seeing in front of his eyes. A creature that was supposed to help them was obeying the enemy instead?

*"What the hell happened? My lord said that this summon would obey only the devils and that the way of summoning could only be known and performed by us. But what is this?!"* He couldn't understand what had gone wrong, and he refused to believe that his lord had deceived him with false information. So why?

His thoughts came to a halt when the person standing on top of the giant beast suddenly appeared right in front of his face. The village head tried to move his body, but he couldn't due to his grave injuries.

Without much resistance, Aldrian picked him up effortlessly with one hand, grabbing his head.

"Y-You... who are... you?"

Aldrian ignored his question and closed his eyes, delving into the village head's memories. Once he was done, he simply released his grip, letting the village head's body drop to the ground. The impact made him grunt in pain.

"Are...you also...a devil cultivator?" the village head asked through his pain.

However, Aldrian did not answer him. Instead, he looked at some of the people near the village head who still had shallow breathing. They were barely alive after that one sonic attack, but for Aldrian, as long as they were still breathing, that was enough.

He continued checking their memories one by one. When he was done, he looked at them with an expressionless face.

*"It's confirmed. These are the same ones who attacked my parents that year,"* he thought.

Without warning, Aldrian suddenly disappeared, taking the village head and three others with him, leaving behind the Paladins, who remained on high alert as they cautiously surrounded the great Peng.

Their souls still trembled, and now, being even closer to the giant beast, they felt an overwhelming unease. The thick devil energy emanating from the great Peng clashed with their holy energy, making them deeply uncomfortable.

The great Peng merely glanced at their movements before ignoring them altogether. To the great Peng, they were nothing more than flies, and it simply waited for its master's return.

After a few minutes, Aldrian reappeared alone and approached the Paladins. They were still on edge, unable to relax in the presence of the giant beast. Worry lingered in their minds—what if the creature suddenly attacked them?

"Don't worry. This giant beast won't do anything dangerous as long as I control it. You'll have to get used to this kind of presence in the future because there may be other beasts like this—or even more powerful," Aldrian said.

Arthur and the others were stunned, but then Arthur looked at Aldrian.

"So the devils have many creatures as powerful as this, just waiting for the right time to be summoned?"

"That is correct. And I plan to show this creature to the world so they begin to realize what kind of beings they will have to face if an all-out war breaks out with the devils," Aldrian replied.

The Paladins' faces turned grim as they thought about it. They believed that the prophesied time marked the outbreak of another great war with the devils. And if this giant beast was only a fraction of the devils' power, then winning wasn't even a possibility—they could be wiped out without much resistance.

Fortunately, Aldrian had discovered this formation in time. If not, the future would have been disastrous.

"Young master, did you already know the truth about Buran Village? That these villagers were actually fakes and, in reality, devils?" Arthur asked.

Aldrian smiled at his question.

"More or less. Although you couldn't detect it, I deduced it from the fact that the hideout was directly connected to the village houses. It became clear that the devils had already occupied the entire village."

Arthur and the others were stunned but then sighed. When they first arrived in the sky above the village and met with the village head, they hadn't noticed anything strange and thought nothing of it. However, the oddities began to surface when they started the evacuation.

There were no children among the villagers, and the elders' movements, though seemingly natural at first, felt off—almost as if they were pretending to walk like elders.

The most telling sign that these people weren't real villagers was their reaction when the giant beast emerged from the ground. While they all appeared shocked, there was no real panic or fear—just surprise, nothing more.

When the devils finally attacked, the Paladins, though shaken by the great Peng's presence, were able to block the assault. As king-stage cultivators, they had already anticipated an attack, so the devils' offensive did not pose a real threat to them as long as they were prepared.

"All the real villagers have already been killed by the devils. To summon a creature of this strength, they needed many sacrifices, and they have been doing this for years. They were also behind many of the crimes that occurred within the church's territory, all to gather more sacrifices."

The Paladins clenched their fists, fury and shame washing over them. They had been completely unaware of the devils' scheme within their own land. Their negligence had allowed so many to die, and they felt as if they had failed in their duty.

Sensing their emotions, Aldrian spoke firmly.

"Paladins, listen! You are not gods who know everything under the heavens. The only reason they were able to do this was because they had help—the traitorous Carsius! Don't waste your guilt on yourselves, and don't let it consume you. The real perpetrator is him."

The Paladins exhaled, finally letting go of their lingering thoughts. Aldrian was right—the traitor was the one who had made all of this possible.

"Young master, where are the surviving devils?" Arthur asked.

Aldrian smiled. "I've already placed them somewhere to await their judgment."

As for the ones who had attacked his parents, he had something special in mind for them. They would make a fitting gift in the future.

Aldrian then turned his gaze north. "It looks like the commotion here has already attracted people from Oris Town. Many cultivators from the church branch there are approaching this place," he said.

Arthur and the others were confused, they couldn't detect anything. That meant Aldrian's range of perception far exceeded theirs.

"Let's move out. It'll be troublesome if we have to deal with this right now," Aldrian said.

Suddenly, the giant beast whose presence had been weighing heavily on them vanished, shocking the Paladins. After that, Aldrian and the others also disappeared, leaving behind nothing but the now-empty village and thousands of devil corpses for the approaching cultivators to find.

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More than thirty minutes later, a large group of cultivators arrived at the site and took in the scene of destruction. Countless corpses exuded devil energy, and the lingering remnants of that energy in the air sent a chill down their spines.

The strongest among them, a peak Grand Duke-stage cultivator clad in knight armor bearing the church's symbol on his chest plate, stood frozen in shock.

"What is going on here?!"

He was the mayor of Oris Town, appointed by the church. While still inside his mansion, he suddenly sensed a terrifying surge of devil energy accompanied by a horrifying screech from afar.

Everyone in the town felt it, and panic quickly spread as they feared a massive devil army was attacking. It was an incomprehensible thought, given that their region was far from devil territory, located in the southern part of the Heavenly Direction Church's domain.

Then, he saw it—a massive flying creature silhouetted in the distance. The townspeople saw it too, and fear took hold. Chaos erupted, and even the town guards struggled to keep the situation under control.

However, the strange thing was that the giant beast did not approach the town. Instead, it landed in the direction of Buran Village, its screeching echoing through the distance.

Though it was far away, its massive form remained visible, instilling deep fear in everyone who saw it.

The mayor immediately reported the sighting to the main church in Heavenly City and awaited reinforcements. However, it would take time for aid from the capital to arrive.

After waiting for several minutes and seeing no movement from the beast, he made a decision—he would lead the town's army to investigate. Despite his fear, he needed to assess what that creature was and how much power the devils had gathered there.

They advanced toward the giant beast with caution but maintained considerable speed. However, just as they approached, the massive creature suddenly vanished, leaving the mayor and his group stunned.

He pressed forward, and upon arriving at the scene, they were shocked by the devastation, the village lay in ruins, and countless corpses emitted devil energy.

The town mayor remained on high alert, wary that the creature might return. Despite his fear, he spread his senses, searching for any survivors.

"Search for survivors! See if any villagers remain! Check everything for any abnormalities!" he shouted. His men, though visibly shaken, obeyed his orders without hesitation.

As they carried out their search, the mayor carefully scanned the surroundings, hoping to find any clue left behind.

"My lord, I found something!" one of his men suddenly shouted, drawing the mayor's attention.

He quickly approached. "What is it—" His words stopped mid-sentence as his eyes fell on a message carved into one of the standing trees. It stood out conspicuously from the others, as if placed there deliberately.

The writing seemed fresh, glowing faintly with the energy of heaven and earth, indicating that it had been inscribed not long ago.

*Don't worry about the commotion, it has already been taken care of. The prophesized one and his group are here, fulfilling their duty.*

#### *Chapter 369: Arbares City*

While the people of Oris Town were still in commotion over the appearance of the giant beast, Aldrian and the others had already moved to another location. Aldrian made a brief stop in a vast, deserted area before arriving at their current destination.

When Arthur looked around, he was shocked to find himself in another city—this one located in the northern region, within the territory of the Heavenly Direction Church.

Arbares City, the second-largest city after Heavenly City, had a population of over a hundred million. Its grandeur was evident in the sparkling lights illuminating countless buildings and the bustling streets below. They had appeared on a hill overlooking the city, allowing them to take in its full splendor from above.

"Arbares is the other destination I wanted to mention to you, young master. We found evidence that the traitor might have fled here. His traces were discovered in this city, and that is further supported by the fact that the mayor is one of his supporters," Arthur said with a sigh, trying to get used to the strangeness of Aldrian's abilities.

"We tracked his movements after an operator at the teleportation station reported seeing someone matching the traitor's description. However, he appeared to be injured, as he walked past many people while trying to hide his face. His traces were later found in one of the city's inns, and from there, he was seen heading toward the mayor's mansion before we lost track of him," Arthur explained before turning to Aldrian.

"Young master, did you find something that made you come here before I even had the chance to inform you?"

Aldrian nodded. He knew that Cardinal Carsius's next destination was this city. As the church's investigation had revealed, Cardinal Carsius had spent several days at the hideout in Buran Village before making his way here—something Aldrian had also confirmed from the memories he had read.

It seemed that the traitor had first sought help from the devils, which was why he visited the hideout in Buran Village.

But why was Cardinal Carsius injured? The answer lay in what had happened at the hideout. The devils had set a trap for him, intending to eliminate him in secret. Since Cardinal Carsius possessed crucial information about the devils' operations within the church's territory, and after learning that he was being pursued, they decided to dispose of him.

Faced with a powerful formation that could have endangered his life, Cardinal Carsius was forced to use one of the high-level artifacts he had brought with him to escape. This was why traces of his holy energy remained at the site when the church's investigators arrived.

After escaping from Buran, he made his way to this city. However, since the devils in Buran had no way of knowing where he had fled, and they couldn't move freely due to the church's main forces frantically searching for both the traitor and the devils, they ultimately gave up on pursuing him. In their eyes, the traitor would inevitably meet his end sooner or later, with the entire church hunting him down.

With many church members actively searching for Cardinal Carsius, the devils' activities and communications across the church's territory had essentially come to a halt. The same was true for this city.

Although Aldrian did not know Cardinal Carsius's exact location after his arrival here, he had gained valuable information—there was another devil's lair hidden in this city.

The lair was massive enough that, if the devils launched a sudden attack, it could plunge the city into chaos before anyone even realized it. And that was exactly the situation at hand. The devils' lair in this city was concealed by a powerful formation that rendered it undetectable to the church's members. Thanks to that treacherous bastard, even the mayor himself was unaware of its existence.

"Wait a moment, let me check something from here," Aldrian said before closing his eyes. He spread his senses across the entire city, scanning each individual within it.

Nothing could hide from him. Even hidden masters or those who attempted to conceal their cultivation or true identities were powerless against his scrutiny. He examined each person meticulously, looking their information with absolute precision.

His mind worked at an incredible speed, processing vast amounts of data with unparalleled accuracy. After nearly a minute, he let out a sigh, opened his eyes, and shook his head.

*"He is not in this city,"* Aldrian then turning to the others.

"It looks like he is no longer in this city and has already moved elsewhere," Aldrian said to them.

Arthur raised an eyebrow. What made Aldrian so certain? However, he chose not to question it, trusting that Aldrian had his own way of determining the traitor's whereabouts.

"However, I discovered something else—something the church seems unaware of until now. The underground area surrounding this city serves as a hideout for the devils, housing a considerable number of them with formidable cultivation. The strongest among them has reached the low Emperor stage, with thousands of others below that level. Additionally, there is another massive summoning formation, similar to the one we saw in the hideout at Buran Village."

Aldrian glanced at them before continuing, "And right now, the place we're standing on is one of the secret entrances to their hideout. You know what that means, don't you?"

While scanning the people's information, Aldrian also examined the vast underground network the devils had built. He had to admit, the devils were not to be



underestimated—they had managed to construct such a massive hideout without anyone noticing.

Hearing Aldrian's words, the others' faces turned to shock.

"What?! Then we have to warn the city folk and inform the mayor to mobilize the army! With that many devils and such high cultivation levels, this will turn into a large-scale battle! And that summoning formation—if a giant beast appears here, it could be catastrophic!" Arthur exclaimed.

However, Aldrian shook his head.

"There's no need to alarm the citizens—that would only cause unnecessary panic. Just inform the mayor and have the city guards maintain order. We'll take care of the devils below," he said calmly.

"Are you sure, Your Eminence? If what you say about the thousands of devils with the strongest at the low Emperor stage is true, then there's no way the battle won't be felt on the surface. It will be massive, and it could affect the entire city," said a woman from the Paladin Knights.

"And if the devils successfully summon the beast, it will be a disaster."

"Don't worry," Aldrian replied with a smile. "I will make sure the battle doesn't affect the surface, nor will I give them a chance to activate the summoning formation. The people above won't even realize a battle is taking place underground."

As he finished speaking, his gaze shifted to a newcomer in the group—a black-haired man clad in a dark robe, the symbol of a flying Great Peng emblazoned on his back.

Though he had remained silent the entire time, his presence alone was overwhelming. He exuded an air of mystery and unapproachability, making others instinctively hesitant to draw near him.

"You stay here. Don't move, and keep your energy and aura completely restrained. Not even a trace of your devil energy should seep out," Aldrian instructed.

"Yes, Master," the man responded.

Aldrian nodded while the others eyed the man with narrowed gazes. This was no ordinary person—he was actually a Great Peng that had taken human form. It was common knowledge that spiritual beasts could transform into human form once they reached the Emperor stage.

Before arriving here, Aldrian had stopped in a vast, deserted area to test the Great Peng's transformation. There was no way he could travel openly with a massive

creature exuding thick devil energy—that would only cause widespread panic and unnecessary trouble. That was why he needed the Peng to assume a more "simple" form.

However, Aldrian had been concerned that, since this was a clone from unknown place, there might be some differences compared to the normal spiritual beast information. Fortunately, his worries proved unfounded—the Peng was able to shift into human form just as expected.

"Martinez and Gloria, go to the mayor and inform him about the situation. If he underestimates you or dismisses the information about the devils, use my name—or anyone else's who can intimidate him," Aldrian instructed the vice-captain and the woman.

"Yes, Your Eminence!" the two responded in unison before dashing toward the city.

Once they were gone, Aldrian dropped to one knee, placed his hand on the ground, and closed his eyes.

"Wait, let me prepare something before we breach their lair," Aldrian said.

He then focused on multiple points of the formation. Without the devils realizing, he silently overwrote their existing formations, transforming the underground hideout into a "giant cage" that trapped them inside. With this, no vibrations or even the slightest sign of battle would reach the surface. In essence, he had created his own space with spatial barrier, severing the underground base from the outside world.

Next, Aldrian turned his attention to the hidden formation concealing the entrance to the underground base. This formation was far more complex, designed to evade detection even from mid-Emperor stage cultivators.

To Aldrian, it was nothing more than a minor obstacle—he cracked the formation in less than a minute. Suddenly, the ground trembled before splitting apart, revealing the entrance below.

Behind the opening, two devils stood in shock at the sight of the unexpected guests. However, before they could even let out a scream of alarm, their heads were already severed from their bodies. Aldrian had flicked his finger, unleashing a sharp slash energy.

"Let's go. We'll clean up this place first before moving on," Aldrian said, stepping forward.

No data found.

## *Chapter 370: The Battle Beneath the Surface*

*Slash!Clang!*

"Arghhh!"

"Hold them back! Don't let them—Uargh!"

Screams of horror and panic echoed through the underground base of the devils as Aldrian and the Paladin knights launched their assault. The knights led the charge, cutting down their foes in a ruthless slaughter, while Aldrian at the rear.

Upon entering the hideout, they were immediately met by many devils that caught off guard by the sudden invasion. Many fell before they could even react. The presence of three King-stage cultivators was too much for the small fry devils, whose leaders resided in the deeper sections of the hideout.

There was little suspense as the Paladins began their slaughter. The strongest enemy they had encountered so far was only at the Duke stage—far from a real threat. While the Paladins cut down the devils before them with their holy swords, Aldrian remained behind, observing their battle and clearing any trap formations along the way.

The underground base was vast, with wide passageways that allowed the knights to fight freely without fear of striking their own friends. The sheer size of the space worked in their favor, enabling them to unleash their techniques without restraint.

Aldrian was impressed by the display of power before him. Though their enemies were far weaker, the Paladins fought with lethal efficiency, cutting down their foes with practiced precision. Slashes and thrusts of their holy swords raged through the underground base, and in mere moments, hundreds of devils had already fallen.

They pressed forward until they finally sensed a few powerful auras rapidly approaching from ahead. Moments later, five King-stage devils stood before them—three at the middle King stage and two at the high King stage, blocking their path.

"Capture at least one of them. We need to find out how they discovered this place," one of the high King-stage devils commanded before the others launched their attack.

Arthur, however, merely cast a glance at the incoming enemies before striking. With a single swing of his Heaven's Judgment Sword, he unleashed a devastating attack.

The peak Heaven-grade holy sword radiated overwhelming power, its aura and holy energy surging as Arthur channeled his formidable technique. The entire underground base trembled as if on the verge of collapse. His slash carved through the devils in its path, cutting down many devils before striking one of the high King-stage devils. The devil gritted his teeth, struggling to block the attack—only to be cleaved apart in an instant, along with everyone standing behind him.

The remaining King-stage devils, witnessing their comrade's swift demise, wasted no time in using their devil forms. However, it made little difference. The Paladins, having effortlessly slaughtered the small fry, now turned their attention to these stronger foes with eager determination.

Two high King-stage Paladins were more than enough to dominate the battlefield, cutting down the King-stage devils in mere moments. Paladin knights were chosen for their exceptional strength and potential, each capable of fighting opponents above their cultivation level. Against devils of the same stage, even in their devil forms, the difference was negligible—let alone against those weaker than them.

They had long since lost count of how many enemies they had slain. From the moment they entered the hideout, their only thought was to kill—again and again. Their armor already soaked in devil blood, and their breaths had grown slightly uneven from the endless waves of enemies. Yet, they pressed forward, cutting down every devil that appeared until they finally reached a junction.

Aldrian glanced at Arthur and the others.

"You take the left path. I'll go right. I can sense a few powerful devils on that side, so be careful. As for the trap formations, you don't need to worry—I've already cleared them."

One of the Paladins hesitated before speaking.

"Your Eminence, shouldn't you at least take one of us to guard your back?"

"It's okay. You three will have your hands full over there. If you split up, it'll only become more troublesome and dangerous. There are still thousands of devils on that side—it's better if you watch each other's backs," Aldrian replied.

Arthur nodded. "Then we're going, Young Master. Be careful on your hunt," he said. Knowing Aldrian's strength, he trusted him completely and didn't hesitate to take the left path, followed by the other two Paladins.

Aldrian watched them go before turning toward the right path alone. Why did he choose this route? Because this was where the most powerful devil resided, along with the stronger devils and the summoning formation.

He walked leisurely until a group of devils came rushing toward him, wielding swords and shields. The commotion had undoubtedly alerted the stronger devils inside, and by now, they were fully aware that their hideout had been breached.

The devils attacked Aldrian with elemental techniques, unleashing blasts of wind and earth, but he paid them no mind. Suddenly, every single one of them dropped dead, as if their souls had been destroyed from their bodies in an instant. Terror was frozen on their faces, their expressions twisted in horror as their souls collapsed.

Aldrian had used his illusion technique, which had grown even more terrifying as his strength increased. Now, as a Duke-stage cultivator, he could not only instantly kill opponents of the same cultivation level if they were trapped in his illusion but also drive low Grand Duke-stage cultivators insane if they failed to break free.

This surge in his illusion's power wasn't just due to his growing strength. His comprehension of illusion laws had also deepened. Through countless visions and encounters with beings and phenomena beyond mortal understanding such as the heavens themselves, he gained new insights and inspiration. As a result, his illusions could become an undeniable reality within the minds of his victims.

After walking for more than fifteen minutes and killing hundreds of devils along the way, Aldrian suddenly stopped, his gaze locking onto a specific direction.

*"Oh, so you're finally going to activate the summoning formation,"* he thought. The devils had now decided they needed to use the summoning formation, a clear sign that they were about to trigger chaos in the city ahead of schedule.

*"They must think this base has already been compromised by the Church, so they've chosen to summon a giant beast and cause as much destruction as possible before making their escape."*

Aldrian smirked at their desperation. He sensed more devils rushing toward him from the dark hallways, but he had entertained them enough for now.

*"Like I'd let you do that."*

In an instant, he vanished from where he stood. The devils approaching from the opposite direction were momentarily confused, but their wariness heightened as they sensed Aldrian's presence had suddenly disappeared.

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A few seconds ago.

In a vast underground hall, dozens of devils gathered around a giant summoning formation. They channeled their devil energy into it simultaneously, their expressions filled with focus. However, one devil stood apart, watching the process with a deep frown.

He was the strongest devil in this underground base and the one responsible for the plan's implementation in Arbares City. He hadn't expected the hideout to be discovered by outsiders, especially after ensuring that no one could possibly uncover their lair.

*"Did that bastard Cardinal get caught by the Church and reveal our hideout?"* he thought.

The only man in the Church who knew about them was Cardinal Carsius. He was the one who had helped them operate unnoticed, ensuring that Church members remained unsuspecting of any devil activity within the territory.

He could sense that the intruders who had breached their base were powerful and they were getting closer. One of them was even heading straight toward him. However, something about the situation unsettled him.

"Why is the one coming this way the weakest among them?"

He could sense Aldrian's aura from where he stood, and it was clear that Aldrian was alone after splitting from the others. He didn't know what kind of plan they were using, but before he could think further, he suddenly sensed Aldrian vanish, deepening his frown.

Even with his Emperor-stage senses, he couldn't detect Aldrian's presence. Before he could investigate further, a sudden force sent all the devils surrounding the giant summoning formation flying across the hall.

"Argh!"

"Ahh!"

Many of the devils, unprepared for the sudden intrusion, were injured as a powerful wind technique swept them away. The summoning process was abruptly interrupted by the appearance of a mysterious young man who now stood at the center of the formation. They watched in shock as he calmly swept his gaze over them, a smile playing on his lips.

"Good evening, gentlemen. I'll be taking care of this formation, so excuse me."

Aldrian then injected his devil energy into the formation, leaving every devil in the hall stunned.

"Stop him! Don't let him complete the summoning process!" roared the strongest devil.

His instincts screamed of danger, if he allowed the young man to finish what they had started, the consequences would be disastrous.