

# **The Shining Star Above The Heaven**

## **#Chapter 431: What Do You Think of Him? - Read The Shining Star Above The Heaven Chapter 431: What Do You Think of Him?**

### **Chapter 431: What Do You Think of Him?**

Aldrian was silent for a moment. In truth, he did not dwell too much on who would lead the alliance in the future. For now, his primary concern was securing the support of the sovereign families from each territory across the continent. Once the alliance was established, they could decide on its leader.

He smiled at the baron.

"To be honest, I haven't thought that far ahead. But let's hear your reasoning—why do you say that? What makes you so certain that I should lead? What makes you think I would be a good leader?" he asked.

"What makes you believe I am suited for this position?"

Baron Rosalind continued to smile at Aldrian.

"There are several reasons why I believe young master should lead the alliance. The first, of course, is strength. Without a doubt, young master is already one of the strongest individuals on the continent. Many people are well aware of this, and with strength comes respect. No member of the alliance will overlook this factor, even if young master is much younger than the others. In the end, strength still reigns supreme."

"Second, your affiliation. From what I have observed of young master's movements in recent years, I can conclude that young master is not tied to any single territory. Your travels across various regions of the continent make you seem more like an adventurer than a noble tied to a specific empire. It would be best if the alliance leader were someone who is not already a subject of any particular empire, as that would allow the leader to make impartial decisions."

"Third, it's about maintaining harmony among the alliance members. If young master has already gained the support of several sovereign families across different territories, then they must have accepted that joining this alliance means setting aside past grievances between their lands. With young master leading the alliance—and for the reasons I mentioned earlier—I believe they will choose young master as their leader, just as I have now."

"In other words, they trust you more to lead this alliance. They would feel more assured with young master at the helm than entrusting the position to someone else."

The baron finally stopped speaking, then picked up his teacup and took a sip.

Aldrian nodded in understanding after hearing the explanation. What Baron Rosalind had said was reasonable, and he agreed with all of it. In fact, he couldn't find any flaws in the baron's reasoning.

However, there was one more factor that made him believe he was the best choice to lead the alliance.

Beyond the reasons the baron already mentioned, he believed that by the time the prophecy come, his domain would have already covered almost the entire continent. This would provide him with a steady flow of reliable, real-time information, greatly aiding in decision-making. Having such an ability would make leadership much easier.

Also, with his domain, he could definitely do many things with his ability without having to wait for orders from a higher authority. He could act at his own discretion, and there would be no conflict in decision-making because, as the leader, his decision would be final.

"I see. That is also reasonable. However, let's set that aside for now and leave it for the future, when all of us gather to make that decision. It's still too premature to decide, but I appreciate your assessment of me as a leader," Aldrian said.

"Alright," Baron Rosalind replied with a smile.

Although Aldrian said that, Baron Rosalind knew that the position of alliance leader would eventually fall to Aldrian. He could sense it instinctively, but it was also just common sense. If the leaders of various territories were already showing their support for Aldrian in forming this alliance, then they must have already placed their trust in him.

There was no way those stubborn old men would set aside their differences and join the alliance despite the prophecy drawing closer if not for Aldrian.

After that, Aldrian and Baron Rosalind talked about other matters for more than an hour before finally finishing their discussion. Aldrian excused himself and asked to be led to his room to rest. He had been awake for days, experiencing many things during that time, so he felt he needed a moment to rest his mind.

Although, as a Duke-stage cultivator, he could go without sleep for long periods, his mind and mental state were not like his body, they still required rest. Over the past few days, he had experienced some visions, gained new comprehensions, and had been constantly thinking, enough reason for him to take a break.

After Aldrian left, Baron Rosalind turned to his daughter.

"What do you think of him, my dear?"

Elena tilted her head.

"Hmm, he is truly capable and will undoubtedly leave his name in the history of the continent. Even now, his achievements have already recorded for future generations to remember."

"Yes, I agree. But that's not what I meant by my question, my dear," Baron Rosalind said with a smile.

Elena looked at her father in confusion, not understanding his intent.

"What do you—"

"I mean, what do you think of him in your eyes as a woman?"

Finally, Elena realized the direction of her father's question, and she couldn't help but blush.

"Father, what do you mean?" she asked, her voice trembling as she avoided his gaze. She seemed flustered, unwilling to meet his eyes directly.

"Look at my daughter, getting shy just because I asked about a man. Is this the first time I've seen this from you? You've always seemed uninterested in men. Many young masters of noble families, even the first and second princes, have shown interest in you, yet you never wavered. But now, with a young man as capable as Young Master Aldrian appearing, I think he is the most suitable match for you. At this point, I don't think there's a better man than him."

Elena's face grew even redder as her father seemed to have already made up his mind about her and Aldrian, making her feel incredibly embarrassed. With her face flushed, she lowered her head and mumbled in a quiet voice.

"What are you talking about? With Young Master? Although he is admirable, he already has a lover... Why would I be with him?"

By the end of her sentence, her voice was barely louder than a whisper, but Baron Rosalind heard her clearly.

He was momentarily stunned—Aldrian already had a lover? But after a brief pause, he simply shrugged, not seeming to mind. Instead, he found himself more amused by his daughter's reaction than anything else.

"Ah, I see. You're already interested in him, but his lover is keeping you from approaching him. Don't worry, my dear. A man as capable as him will surely attract many women, and a harem is not—"

"Father, stop it! I don't want to discuss this right now!" she shouted in embarrassment, standing up and stomping her foot before striding toward the door, intending to leave.

She couldn't believe her father had just suggested she accept being part of a harem! Never in her life had she thought he would say such a thing. She knew her father's character well—he always wanted the best for her and considered her precious.

Even if she were to marry, her father would ensure that her husband had only her as his spouse. She was far too precious to be part of a harem! But what was this now?!

"Ahahaha! My dear, don't be so shy. Let's talk about it!" Baron Rosalind's boisterous laughter echoed behind her.

"No! If you keep talking about this, I'll tell Mother," Elena said as she neared the door.

Just as she was about to reach for the handle, the door suddenly opened, revealing a mature woman.

The woman bore a strong resemblance to Elena, though her features were more refined and carried a graceful maturity. Her beauty exuded the warmth and elegance of a motherly figure.

Elena froze in surprise at the sight of her.

"Mother?!" she blurted out.

The woman was indeed Cynthia Rosalind, Elena's mother. She stepped inside with a gentle smile, her eyes filled with warmth as she looked at her daughter.

"Where are you going? Are you finished speaking with your father and Young Master Aldrian? I just met him in the hallway," she asked.

Elena just nodded repeatedly before suddenly hugging her mother.

"Mother, Father has been bullying me," she said in a grievance-filled tone.

Cynthia was stunned by her daughter's complaint and turned to look at Baron Rosalind with narrowed eyes. However, he simply raised his hands in surrender and smiled at her, which only left her puzzled—until she heard his voice transmission.

*"It's about Young Master Aldrian and a harem."*

Cynthia's eyes widened slightly as she grasped the situation, then shifted her gaze back to her daughter.

"Father wants to pair me with Young Master Aldrian even though he already has a lover," Elena pouted. "He's such a bully."

Instead of responding immediately, Cynthia tilted her head, seeming to consider something.

"So, what's the problem? He is a nice and capable man—of course, many women are attracted to him. There's no harm if you become one of them. You're already mature and should start thinking about your future spouse. In that regard, I believe Young Master Aldrian is the best choice."

Elena froze and stepped away from her mother, staring at her with wide eyes and a flushed face.

"Mother, you too?!"

The mother who had always supported her had now betrayed her!

"Ah, you're all the same!" Elena shouted, stomping her foot before striding out of the room, covering her embarrassed face.

Baron Rosalind and his wife simply laughed as they watched their daughter. This was the first time they had seen her so flustered over a discussion about a man. At the very least, they now knew that their daughter was capable of being attracted to someone!

## **Chapter 432: Clinging Scarf**

The next day, the situation in Rosalind City had significantly improved since the siege by the second prince's troops was destroyed. Economic activities were rolling again, and the teleportation station was active once more, as the city could now significantly reduce its energy stone consumption due to the deactivation of the city's barrier following the safe conditions after the battle two days ago.

With the teleportation station operational again, the people of the city could reconnect with the outside world.

Baron Rosalind had also sent a King Stage expert to Ardima Town yesterday to manage the area after hearing about the situation from Old Man York. As a result, the town had finally reactivated its teleportation formation.

There were still several cities and towns within the Rosalind Barony under the occupation of the second prince's faction, but they could now be easily taken care of by

the Rosalind troops. After all, the main force that had attacked the barony had already been destroyed by Aldrian.

Amid all these positive developments, the people had begun discussing matters beyond the hardships of war. The hottest topic was the circulating rumor about a mysterious swordsman who had appeared in the southern region of the empire and destroy the second prince's troops there.

Of course, many people had seen two mysterious figures arrive in Ardima and Rosalind, but they couldn't confirm whether one of them was the rumored swordsman. After all, the people in Caritas hadn't seen their lord use the teleportation station, and even for cultivators who could fly, it would take at least a month to reach Ardima or Rosalind.

However, the battle outside Rosalind City further strengthened the rumor that the mysterious swordsman was indeed in the southern region and even inside Rosalind City. Some even claimed to have seen Baron Rosalind escorting the figures toward his mansion.

This caused a sensation—how could this enigmatic person have already reached the southern region and engaged in battle with yet another large army from the second prince's faction?

Another story, no less intriguing than that of the mysterious swordsman and widely discussed across many parts of the continent, was the sound of the guqin that had resounded the night before last. It was said that the music could be heard in multiple regions across the continent.

This sent shudders through many people's hearts, as it could only mean that a cultivator highly skilled in the sound element and the guqin had the power to affect vast regions.

The beautiful sound of the guqin could be heard across different empires—something even an Emperor Stage sound element cultivator couldn't achieve. This led many to wonder about the identity of the guqin player. For sound element cultivators in particular, the desire to meet this figure grew stronger. A person capable of such a feat had to be a powerful cultivator with profound attainment in the sound element.

Rumors of another mysterious figure, akin to the enigmatic swordsman, began to spread. Many had already come to believe that this was a sign of changing times. With mysterious figures appearing one after another, there was a growing sense that a major event could soon shake the entire continent.

The only thing that came to their minds was the rumored prophecy of the Heavenly Direction Church. Unfortunately, the church itself had not widely spread the prophecy, and what had reached the masses was merely a rumor. Without confirmation of its authenticity, people remained uncertain about its credibility.

However, when questions about the prophecy arose, neither the church nor the noble families across the continent provided a satisfying answer. This led to a division in public opinion. Some believed that the prophecy's time was truly approaching, while others dismissed it as nothing more than a baseless rumor, fabricated by devils to sow chaos across the continent.

In the end, whatever the truth may be, most people across the continent were already aware of the prophecy. The numerous strange phenomena and incidents involving devils in recent years had only caused the number of believers in the prophecy to grow.

However, the appearance of powerful cultivators like the mysterious swordsman gave people a sense of security amidst these uncertain times.

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Inside one of the luxurious bedrooms in the Rosalind family's mansion, Aldrian sat cross-legged on a cultivation mat, meditating. After taking a break and refreshing his mind with a stroll through the city yesterday, he felt revitalized.

This morning, he spent his time meditating. Afterward, he planned to head elsewhere—to join another battle in the southern region. His goal was to disrupt the second prince's plans for the southern part of the empire. He had already decided to visit Grand Duke Arim, who was said to be in an unfavorable position in his main city within his grand duchy.

His job in the Rosalind barony could be considered complete, as he had already cleared the way for Baron Rosalind's troops to move freely again to the towns and cities that still under the second prince's faction.

He believed that those managing these areas on behalf of the second prince wouldn't be much stronger than the Grand Duke Stage. Baron Rosalind could simply send King Stage cultivators to handle them.

After an hour of meditation, he decided it was enough and stood up. Glancing at his arm, he saw that the scarf was still clinging to it. He sighed—this scarf was truly persistent. No matter how many times he tried to push it off, it refused to budge.

"I know you understand me. Can you release my arm now? I have to go somewhere, and it'll be too conspicuous if I walk around with you clinging to me like this," he said to the scarf.

But the scarf remained motionless.

After thinking for a moment, he came to a decision. *"Well, there's no choice then."*



He focused his gaze toward the scarf, and in an instant, his aura shifted as he released a hint of his killing intent. He kept it as restrained as possible, knowing that if he unleashed it too excessively, it could even disturb heaven and earth.

The scarf, which had stubbornly refused to move before, suddenly trembled. Slowly, it unraveled itself from Aldrian's arm and flew toward the back of the large wardrobe, hiding itself away.

Aldrian remained still, but with a mere will, the scarf teleported right in front of him.

The scarf, which had been trembling as it hid behind the wardrobe, was stunned to find itself suddenly facing Aldrian once again. He could sense the fear and feeling of being wronged emanating from it after he had released his killing intent. Aldrian felt bad about it, but it had to be done, otherwise, the scarf would never leave him.

If he had simply teleported the scarf away, he was certain it would have found its way back and continued clinging to him. As a sealed artifact of divine grade, he believed that even if he sent it to the farthest edge of the continent, it would still return to him.

"Alright, I don't intend to harm you. I'm sorry if I scared you, but I had to do it. You need to understand my circumstances—carrying you around on my arm isn't convenient. If you want to stay with me, then you'll have to remain inside a storage ring like the others."

Of course, Aldrian was referring to his other divine-grade artifacts, such as Eternal Spirit and the Spirit of Great Path.

The scarf did not seem to calm down even after Aldrian's words and remained frightened. Slowly, it attempted to retreat again, but Aldrian simply caught it with one hand and infused it with his golden energy to soothe it.

The trembling scarf suddenly stilled in his grasp, ceasing all movement. It seemed to enjoy his golden energy as if it were nourishment.

After a few minutes, Aldrian finally spoke again.

"Alright, are you good now? I'll store you inside the storage ring. Don't worry, I'll bring you out occasionally."

After receiving a response from the scarf in the form of intent, he nodded and infused it with his golden energy one last time before placing it inside his storage ring.

Aldrian sighed, finding the situation somewhat ridiculous.

*"Here I am, comforting an artifact just so it doesn't cling to me too much."*



If he weren't so preoccupied with outside activities, he wouldn't have minded letting the scarf stay wrapped around him. He understood that the *Heavenly Scarf of the Divine Phoenix* felt lonely after being separated from the Phoenix Ancestor for so long, so he didn't want to be too harsh with it.

After storing the scarf, Aldrian cleaned himself up before leaving the room and heading toward Baron Rosalind's study. It was time for him to depart, so he wanted to express his gratitude.

On his way, he noticed Elena outside the mansion, practicing with her sword. She wore a tight-fitting outfit that accentuated her curves, and her glistening skin, combined with her beautiful face and ponytail, only enhanced her charm.

Sensing his gaze, Elena paused her sword movements and looked in his direction. Aldrian smiled at her, but to his confusion, she suddenly lowered her head and turned away making sure he couldn't see her front.

He wanted to speak to her and say goodbye, but before he could, he felt a sudden tugging sensation in his mind. He immediately knew what it was.

A moment later, Sylphia's voice transmission echoed.

"Dear, we have a problem," she said, panic lacing her tone.

### **Chapter 433: Plague**

"Help! Somebody, help my son!"

"Is there a physician here? We need immediate treatment!"

"Please, help my wife! She's already unconscious."

"My baby, my baby, please, somebody..."

At Caritas, panic spread as many people suddenly collapsed, stricken by an unknown disease. Those who rushed to help felt their burning skin, their bodies consumed by an intense fever. At first, many believed it to be mere coincidence that so many fell ill at once, but soon, more and more were affected.

The initial symptoms were weakness and fever, but before long, violent convulsions took hold, followed by bleeding from the orifices. Within an hour of the first symptoms appearing, death inevitably followed.

When the physicians attempted to treat the afflicted, they too succumbed, collapsing limply as the disease spread to them. This only fueled the growing panic, as there was no one left to combat the mysterious outbreak. The number of infected continued to rise

at an alarming rate, with tens of thousands already afflicted, hundreds dead, and the toll climbing by the minute.

However, the disease appeared to only affect cultivators below the duke stage—a small consolation in the midst of the crisis. Those at the duke stage or above were the only ones able to move freely and assist others. The problem, however, was that their numbers were far too few compared to the masses. Even if there were duke-stage physicians, they still couldn't identify the cause of the disease, and the sheer number of patients quickly overwhelmed them.

Many people had already turned to the city mayor's mansion for help, but Sylphia and the others could do little, as they had to take care of themselves, the mansion had also been infected! Several people inside had already fallen ill, confined to their rooms to receive treatment, yet there was still no sign of improvement.

At this moment, Eleine lay on her bed, her face contorted in pain. Though her eyes remained closed, the occasional furrow of her brows showed her suffering. Beads of sweat dripped from her forehead, soaking both her skin and the pillow beneath her. Her complexion had grown pale, and her breathing was uneven.

Sylphia and Baek Jimin could only watch from a distance, helpless, as Eleine remained under strict quarantine in her bedroom. A special barrier, created by Xin Haotian's energy, encased the room, designed specifically to contain anything inside and prevent the spread of infection.

At this moment, a king-stage physician was treating Eleine, using his healing technique to alleviate her pain. However, the effects were minimal. She continued to writhe in discomfort, occasional grunts escaping her lips. At times, she mumbled incoherently, and most of her words revolved around her young master—it was as if she were hallucinating.

Xin Haotian stood in the same room, watching Eleine with a deep frown. His thoughts lingered on the sudden outbreak, and he couldn't shake the feeling that this was no ordinary plague. He wasn't specialized in healing or disease, but even he could tell that something was off.

The timing was far too suspicious, and, more importantly, this mysterious illness wasn't just spreading through Caritas—it had already begun to plague Weimar as well.

He had just received a report from the assassins of the Thunderous Shadow Pavilion confirming that Weimar City was experiencing the same crisis. There were also reports from other cities and towns in the Weimar Barony, but their cases were far fewer and not as severe as those in Caritas and Weimar.

Caritas and Weimar were the two cities liberated by Aldrian, making Xin Haotian suspect that this outbreak was no coincidence. He couldn't help but think it was a scheme orchestrated by the second prince's faction.

Sylphia and Baek Jimin watched Eleine with sorrow, unable to do anything to ease her suffering. As early-stage cultivators, they were highly vulnerable to the disease, and until the source or cause was identified, they couldn't risk approaching the infected.

The only thing they could do was send voice transmissions filled with words of encouragement to Eleine, though they knew she couldn't respond—she was too consumed by her pain.

Sylphia nervously watched Eleine, unable to stop fidgeting.

*"Aldrian, when will you arrive?"* she thought anxiously. She had just informed him of the crisis in Caritas, and she knew that the moment he heard about their situation, he would return as quickly as possible.

Her question was answered in an instant. Suddenly, Aldrian's figure appeared right near Eleine's bed, appearing like a ghost. He had teleported directly from Rosalind Barony, using his domain's ability.

The only person visibly shocked was the physician, who hadn't sensed a single sign before Aldrian suddenly appeared. Staring at him in astonishment, the physician couldn't help but wonder who he was. Since Aldrian wasn't wearing his mask, the physician who had been called by Arson Vuran to treat Eleine could see his face clearly.

But then, the physician suddenly recalled a sketch from the news—a drawing of the mysterious swordsman and the newly appointed city lord of Caritas. As he compared the young man before him to that image, realization struck. His eyes widened in shock as he finally recognized Aldrian's identity.

No wonder Arson Vuran had sounded so panicked when he contacted him. Arson had warned that if this treatment failed, all hell would break loose.

Seeing Aldrian's arrival, the others felt an immense sense of relief. To them, Aldrian was someone who could solve any problem—he had never once failed.

Without hesitation, he rushed to Eleine's side, and the physician instinctively stepped aside to give him space. Aldrian gently took Eleine's hand, stroking it with tenderness.

"Young master, I have already administered a pain reliever and used my healing technique to alleviate her suffering, but her condition has shown no signs of improvement," the physician said carefully. "From my observations, this disease is attacking the dantian, meridians, and internal organs of the infected."

"The strange thing is that when I apply my healing technique, her body seems to reject my energy. I can suppress it with my cultivation, but even that is not enough. The disease is incredibly persistent and refuses to subside."

He tried to explain the situation as clearly as possible so that Aldrian could understand the problem and why his technique had failed. The last thing he wanted was to be blamed or end up on the bad side of this young man, whose reputation had already spread across the continent. He knew offending Aldrian due to his inability to cure this woman would be disastrous, so he laid out the issue in hopes that Aldrian would grasp the challenge of treating her.

Hearing the physician's words, Aldrian gave a slight nod.

"Alright, thank you. You can focus on treating the others now—I'll take care of this one," he said, his gaze still fixed on Eleine's face.

The physician sighed in relief upon hearing Aldrian's response and gave a slight bow.

"Excuse me, then," he said before leaving the room to tend to the others in the mansion who were suffering from the same condition. He had no idea what Aldrian planned to do or how he would treat the woman, but it wasn't his concern. His just needed to follow the young man's orders.

Once the physician was gone, Aldrian slowly infused Eleine with his golden energy, easing her pain. Feeling the familiar energy and presence, Eleine's eyes fluttered open. They were bloodshot, as if there was internal bleeding in her eye sockets, and from her perspective, Aldrian's figure appeared blurry.

"Young master... you're back," she said weakly, her voice hoarse. Even speaking caused her pain, as if her vocal cords were too dry.

"Yes, I'm back, so just relax," he said softly.

"Young master... am I... going to die?"

"Shh, shh, shh. You won't die, and I won't let you. There's no need to worry—just relax while I heal you," he reassured her.

Eleine gave a faint, weak smile before closing her eyes again. With her young master by her side, she finally felt at peace.

Aldrian continued focusing on his examination of Eleine's body. His golden energy had already spread throughout her body, soothing her pain while he carefully analyzed the source of the illness. Based on what the physician had described, he was familiar with these symptoms—an affliction that persisted and actively rejected external energy attempting to heal it.

There were two possible causes he could think of: a Gu infection or a curse.

Activating his karma laws, he searched for any karmic threads that would indicate a curse, but he found none. That meant this was likely a Gu infection. However, when he tried to locate the Gu within Eleine's body, he found nothing.

He frowned. Although he could sense a faint resistance to his energy, similar to what happened when curing someone afflicted by a curse or gu, there was no sign of the Gu itself.

Usually, the Gu would be located in a person's vital organs, but Aldrian found nothing anywhere in Eleine's body. He tried to think of another approach, but as he continued injecting his golden energy in a stable manner, he finally noticed something strange—something he hadn't realized earlier.

From his knowledge, if this were a Gu infection, the part where the Gu resided would be the one repelling any foreign energy trying to destroy it. However, in this case, Eleine's entire internal organs seemed to try rejecting his energy.

Narrowing his focus, Aldrian decided to examine a single organ more closely as an example. He chose her heart. The moment he concentrated on it, he finally saw and sensed something he had overlooked before.

*"This..."*

## **Chapter 434: The Cause of the Disease**

*"This."*

Aldrian was stunned when he sensed something he had missed earlier. What he detected was a vast number of tiny, microscopic creatures gnawing at Eleine's heart. These creatures resembled cells but had grotesque appearances—red in color, with tiny jagged mouths and numerous legs covering their bodies.

Additionally, they were releasing some kind of poison that affected her organs. He thought that their overwhelming numbers made the poison deadly, causing the symptoms she was experiencing now.

He was now certain that the source of this outbreak was these tiny creatures, which he thought were a special type of gu. When they came into contact with his golden energy, their movements slowed, and their defense mechanisms activated to repel any foreign force attempting to destroy them.

Aldrian had not immediately altered his golden energy's properties to cure the disease earlier, as he wanted to first understand the nature of the disease afflicting Eleine and many others. That was why he had only used the golden energy to ease Eleine's pain

and calm her. However, now that he had confirmed the cause, he no longer needed to hold back—he finally unleashed its deadly properties against the gu.

The tiny creatures couldn't withstand the healing and purifying properties of the golden energy. Many of them instantly vanished, their bodies crumbling like ash before disappearing without a trace.

Aldrian applied this to all of Eleine's internal organs, carefully scanning her body to ensure none remained. The damage caused by the poison began mending at an incredible speed with the help of his golden energy. Her complexion grew much healthier, and her breathing became steadier until, finally, Aldrian could hear her soft, even breaths. She seemed to have fallen asleep.

After a minute of healing, Aldrian finally stopped and withdrew his hand from Eleine's. He smiled softly at her sleeping face before turning to the others.

"It's done."

The moment they heard him, Sylphia and Baek Jimin rushed to Eleine's side, leaning in to examine her closely. They sighed in relief upon seeing that her condition had indeed improved.

Xin Haotian watched everything unfold in amazement. Was there truly anything this young man couldn't do?

He had witnessed the desperation earlier when even a king-stage physician had failed to find a cure—yet Aldrian had succeeded. Unable to hold back his curiosity, he asked, "Do you know the cause of this outbreak?"

Sylphia and Baek Jimin looked at Aldrian, eager to learn the cause of this sudden disaster. They had been completely unprepared for something like this, and since they were still below the Duke stage, they were powerless against the contagious disease.

They could do nothing for those who came to the mansion seeking help, forced to watch them suffer and slowly dying without being able to save them.

They could do nothing when their friend was afflicted, enduring the pain without relief.

Now, they wanted to be prepared if something like this ever happened again.

"It's gu—there are vast numbers of them, and they're so small that you would miss them if you only scanned the body normally with your senses. To detect them, you must focus your senses on a specific part of the body, as the gu are microscopic in size. Even a king-stage physician would likely overlook them because their senses would mistake these creatures for normal cells. However, if they focused their senses properly, they would likely perceive them the same way I did," Aldrian explained.

He then sent a voice transmission to a physician who was currently tending to another patient in a different room. A few seconds later, the physician rushed to Aldrian in a hurry, as if his life depended on it.

When he entered the room, he saw Eleine's condition and couldn't help but be shocked. Even without checking her body, he could tell that her condition had improved significantly—her complexion had turned a healthy hue, a stark contrast to earlier or to any other infected patient, who all looked deathly pale.

"Young master, this...?"

"Sir physician, what is your name?" Aldrian's question cut him off before he could finish.

The physician was momentarily stunned but quickly responded.

"You can call me Fred, young master."

Aldrian nodded.

"Alright, Mister Fred, I'm going to tell you how to cure this disease. We have little time to save many people, so listen carefully."

Fred's expression became solemn as he focused all his attention on Aldrian, determined not to miss a single word. He couldn't help but wonder—how could this young man, known as a great swordsman, also cure a disease that he himself could not?

"First, this is not a normal disease. It is caused by gu—not ordinary gu, but microscopic ones that you would mistake for normal cells. Their numbers are vast, and they release a poison that damages internal organs. What you need to do is use a healing technique specialized in destroying gu. A physician of your caliber, at the King stage, must have a technique capable of eliminating gu, right?"

Hearing Aldrian's words, Fred was shocked. He had also suspected that the disease might be caused by a gu infestation, but he had been unable to find any trace of them. This had left him confused, as the slight repelling reaction from Eleine's body was one of the signs of a gu infection.

He then answered Aldrian, "Yes, I have a technique specialized in destroying gu."

"Good. Now go and do as I've instructed."

"Wait, young master," Fred interjected. "May I ask how you knew this was caused by gu in the first place? How were you able to so quickly conclude that it must be gu and then find a way to cure it?"



There was deep curiosity in his voice—this might be his chance to expand his knowledge and deepen his understanding of healing.

"How did I know this was caused by gu? Because the sickness was truly bizarre. The healing process you described sounded exactly like someone trying to destroy gu or break a curse. But I couldn't sense any curse on Eleine, so I suspected it must be gu. Yet, I couldn't see any—so where was the problem?"

"That was when I noticed something I had initially missed—my energy was being slightly repelled by all of her internal organs. You've treated patients with gu infections before, haven't you? Based on your experience, what is the difference between this case and those in the past?"

Fred pondered for a few seconds before his eyes widened in realization.

"I see... If the body is afflicted by a normal gu, we can see and sense it due to its size, and only one part of the internal organs would repel foreign energy. However, if the entire body reacts the same way, it can only mean that something 'invisible' is causing this response. The truth is, it must be something extremely small—so small that we can easily overlook it with our senses. In this case, it turned out to be a special type of gu."

Fred gave a slight bow after reaching his conclusion.

"Thank you for your guidance, young master. I will take my leave now to treat the others using your method."

With that, he hurried toward the next patient in the other room.

Aldrian then turned to look at the others.

"I'll go heal the others first. Sylphia, Jimin, you two stay here."

After saying that, he teleported to another room, where several of the mansion's employees lay weakly on their beds. Their friends, unable to do much, did their best to ease their suffering—giving them potions and placing warm, damp towels on their foreheads.

Their conditions were much worse, as if they were already at death's door.

When their friends saw Aldrian suddenly appear, they were stunned, but a wave of relief washed over them, as if they had finally found someone who could help.

"My lord!"

"You've done well. Now, leave the rest to me," Aldrian said.

After that, he repeated the same process he had used on Eleine, but this time, he didn't hesitate to use more of his power, instantly destroying the gu. Time was ticking, and with so many still in need of help, he couldn't afford to waste a single second.

The patients' bodies briefly emitted a golden hue before their complexions turned healthy, returning to normal.

The onlookers were initially stunned but soon became ecstatic—they had finally found a way to cure this deadly disease! They watched in awe as Aldrian took only 30 seconds per patient, an astonishing speed in such dire circumstances.

However, Aldrian frowned. To him, this was still not fast enough.

*"This won't do. If I continue at this pace, many people will still die before they can receive treatment. Even if I tell the other physicians how to cure it, their numbers are still too few. I need to find a way to heal multiple people at once,"* he thought.

As he continued destroying the gu, his mind raced for a solution. After a few moments of deep thought, an idea finally came to him.

*"Yes... I can try it, even though it's still just a theory."*

### **Chapter 435: Treating Many at the Same Time**

Aldrian quickly treated all the infected people inside the mansion first. Afterward, he put on his mask before stepping outside. As he emerged, he saw that the front garden had already been turned into an emergency camp, where many infected people had gathered, seeking help.

The entire area, including the road connecting the mansion to other parts of the city, had become a treatment site. Dozens of physicians worked tirelessly to cure the disease. Patients lay on mattresses on both sides of the road, forming a line that stretched all the way to the city's main streets.

The moment Aldrian stepped outside, he floated into the sky. It was only then that the people finally saw him emerge from the mansion.

"That is the city lord!"

"My lord, help us!"

"My lord, please help my child!"

"My lord—"

Countless desperate voices filled Aldrian's ears, pleading for aid, but he had to ignore them—there was something he needed to do first before he could help them. Suddenly, his voice resounded across the entire city.

"Attention to all physicians within the city who are still treating patients. I am Caritas's city lord, and I must inform you that this disease is caused by a special gu inside the bodies of the infected. The gu are extremely small and numerous, so you will need to focus your senses to detect them. These gu attack vital organs with poison, so you will find them there."

The physicians across the city who were treating patients paused their work, unable to hide their shock. This disease was actually caused by gu! No wonder their usual methods had failed to cure the infected.

"The only way to treat this is by using techniques specialized in destroying gu. Normal healing techniques will have no effect and may even agitate the gu, causing them to release more poison and kill the patient even faster."

"For now, I want all physicians to prioritize these groups: mortals, children, and cultivators at the lowest stages. Move them to a single location to make treatment more efficient."

"As for the rest, do not panic—I will personally work to contain this outbreak. All you need to do is remain calm. Agitation will only disturb the gu inside your body. Please, hold on a little longer."

After the announcement, the physicians did not take long to act, quickly moving according to Aldrian's orders. They separated the people as instructed, and in no more than five minutes, the entire city had already been categorized accordingly. Without delay, they began using their gu-destroying techniques to treat the infected.

Only physicians at the Duke stage and above could move freely, and fortunately, at their level, they all possessed techniques specialized in eliminating gu. As experienced healers, they had encountered gu-related cases at least once in their lives.

Just as Aldrian had said, the physicians were finally able to sense the microscopic creatures swarming inside the patients' bodies. They were astonished—until now, they had mistaken them for normal cells and completely overlooked their presence!

When they used their gu-destroying techniques, for the first time since the outbreak began, they finally saw signs of improvement in the patients. The complexions of the infected gradually brightened, and their pain lessened. Hope reignited among the people, and many couldn't help but feel deep gratitude toward Aldrian.

Looking up, they saw Aldrian still floating in the sky, his eyes closed as if he were deep in concentration.

Inside Aldrian's mind, he was already constructing the concept and method for a new technique specifically suited for this kind of situation. He had already shaped the foundation of how his new technique would work.

What he needed was a technique that could cover a vast area, turning it into a healing ground capable of channeling his golden energy. Fortunately, his golden energy made everything easier—he simply had to inject it into the patients' bodies to cure them.

Since he was already within his domain, he could use it to speed up the creation of his technique. If he wanted to use this technique outside his domain in the future, he could refine it further, but that would come after resolving the outbreak.

The concept forming in his mind resembled a technique used by Angelica, the Saintess of the Church. Among all healers, she was considered the best when it came to treating large numbers of patients at once with her technique, *Heavenly Sanctuary*.

From his knowledge, Angelica's *Heavenly Sanctuary* was a type of domain that had purifying properties, one of which allowed it to cure illnesses for anyone within its range. This was already well known among those who had received her aid in the past. She had faced several disease outbreaks before, and each time, she used *Heavenly Sanctuary* to heal entire afflicted areas. It was an incredibly effective and convenient technique for mass healing.

However, Aldrian did not want to simply copy *Heavenly Sanctuary*, as he knew that technique was not specifically designed to destroy gu. Instead, he wanted to develop his own version, one with a unique approach. With his golden energy—an energy that encompassed all—he could make the process even more efficient. He could eradicate gu without much effort, simply by altering the properties of his energy.

What he needed to figure out was how to inject his golden energy into many people at once without physically touching them. Separating and directing energy to multiple targets in close proximity was a common ability among cultivators.

However, what he needed now was to spread his golden energy across his entire chosen domain and allow it to seep into the patients' bodies. This was the key difference between his technique and *Heavenly Sanctuary*.

For *Heavenly Sanctuary*, Angelica only needed to cast the technique, and everything within its range would be purified and healed. However, for particularly stubborn gu like those causing the current outbreak, that alone was not enough. What he needed was to directly inject his own energy into the patients to ensure complete eradication.

In theory, it sounded simple, but in practice, this was an incredibly difficult feat. Aldrian needed to spread his golden energy across a vast area while ensuring that each strand of energy precisely entered the patients' bodies. Additionally, this technique would quickly drain his energy, posing a significant drawback.

However, Aldrian was willing to proceed despite these challenges, knowing that his domain could resolve them. Within his domain, he had an unlimited energy.

Suddenly, Aldrian's body began to emit a radiant golden hue. The people watching him were mesmerized, their eyes fixed on the young city lord. They had never seen energy of this color before. The unique golden energy and its aura left them in awe, making them wonder what kind of laws and properties inside such an extraordinary energy.

Aldrian, using his domain, had already scanned the entire city, filtering and counting every single person in need of treatment. From the millions of people in the populace, he had identified those requiring medical attention. There were already more than 40,000 infected patients, and the number continued to rise.

From the moment he began developing this new technique to the completion of his scan, the entire process had taken less than seven minutes.

The golden hue surrounding his body grew even brighter. In the next moment, everyone in Caritas felt a subtle change in the air around them. Suddenly, a golden glow appeared around the patients who had yet to receive treatment from the physicians, instantly enveloping them.

Across the city, the same phenomenon unfolded—the golden hue spread everywhere.

Aldrian was transferring his energy through the atmosphere, allowing it to reach the patients' bodies even from a great distance!

The golden energy blanketed the patients, remaining that way for a full minute. As the patients were enveloped by Aldrian's golden energy, onlookers from afar could clearly see their conditions improving. Finally, when the golden hue faded, they saw healthy bodies in stark contrast to their earlier state.

There was no more pale skin, no bulging veins, no red eyes—nothing to indicate that these people had just been gravely ill. In fact, some individuals with congenital diseases also benefited, as the golden energy not only restored their health but even cured their ailments.

The physicians who witnessed this were utterly shocked, this feat defied their knowledge and understanding of power! How could Aldrian accomplish such a thing while merely hovering in the air, as if he were overseeing the entire city? He stood there, bathed in a golden hue, resembling a god descending from the heavens.

They had already done their utmost to treat the patients, yet their healing speed was nowhere near as fast as Aldrian's. It seemed absurd. They understood that he was using his special golden energy to cure the infected, but it still didn't explain how he could transfer his energy with pinpoint accuracy to many individuals across such a vast area, simultaneously!

They couldn't even begin to fathom the mental state and sheer focus required to perform such an act. Even an Emperor-stage physician wouldn't be able to achieve this feat.

Singularity.

There was no other word to describe Aldrian in the minds of the physicians. What he had just accomplished was already beyond their comprehension!

Yet, Aldrian did not stop there. Suddenly, a golden hue spread once more, blanketing the entire populace of the city below the Duke stage!

### **Chapter 436: Treating Other Places**

Suddenly, everyone below the duke stage within Caritas was enveloped in a golden hue. This unexpected phenomenon startled many, as they were unprepared for it. Some instinctively tried to resist, but they were unable to. They felt the golden energy forcibly entering their bodies, but upon sensing its warmth, they stopped resisting and allowed it to flow through them.

After some thought, Aldrian decided to extend his golden energy to those who still appeared healthy as well. This was to ensure that anyone who might be infected but had yet to show symptoms would also be cured of the gu. It was far more efficient than waiting for symptoms to appear and treating each individual separately. With this, he could eradicate the outbreak in one sweep.

After a minute, the golden hue finally disappeared. Although they did not understand why the city lord had enveloped them in his energy, they felt deeply grateful to him. The sensation was wonderful, and they could even sense that the golden energy had healed some of their ailments.

Many turned their eyes toward the figure still floating in the sky and instantly kowtowed before him.

"Thank you for helping my child, my lord."

"Thank you for healing my illness."

"Thank you for saving my mother."

"Thank you for—"

Countless voices of gratitude filled the air, each one sincere. Some even began to develop a sense of devotion toward Aldrian, believing there was nothing he could not do. As he absorbed the power of their faith, he was struck by the intensity of their

devotion. It was far stronger than anything he had received before, leaving him momentarily stunned by the overwhelming feeling.

Unbeknownst to him, a seed had already been planted in the hearts of some of these people. A seed that would grow quickly into a towering tree, a tree of unwavering faith that saw Aldrian as their god.

They began to view him as a divine figure, a savior who had descended to bring them salvation. This was especially true for mortals and low-rank cultivators, whose hearts were gradually filling with devotion to Aldrian as their god.

Aldrian gazed at those from whom he felt the strong surge of faith, their numbers had already reached the thousands and they continued to grow! In their eyes, he saw the unmistakable glimmer of fanaticism, the same look one might give to an idol or something even greater.

He then swept his gaze across the rest of the crowd.

"I have already healed all the infected patients and included everyone below the duke stage in my healing technique to ensure that no one remains infected. I can assure you that there are no issues within your body, and you may resume your daily activities." His voice echoed across the city.

"To those who have lost family members, friends, or loved ones, I offer my deepest condolences. I know that my words are not enough to ease your pain, and I regret that I was too late in discovering the cause of this outbreak. This outbreak has not only affected this city, even Weimar and several other cities and towns across the barony are also suffering the same fate. I will travel to Weimar next to help them."

"While I am in Weimar, I want the remaining physicians here to spread out to the other towns and cities. There are only a few cases in those areas, and the situation is not as severe as it is here or in Weimar. With your current abilities, I believe you can contain the outbreaks. If you seek a reward for your service, you may come to me once you have completed your task."

The physicians across the city, who had been listening intently to Aldrian, were momentarily stunned. However, they quickly bowed before him.

"I would not dare to accept a reward from someone as magnificent as yourself. It is my duty to save lives, and with the knowledge I have gained from you, I have also improved my skills in curing this outbreak. Instead, I wish to thank you for the wisdom and experience you have shared with us."

"We do not dare to accept a reward. Saving lives is already our responsibility. You need not prepare anything, my lord—I will gladly assist in treating the people."



"My lord, I will do it without—"

Many voices rang out as the physicians expressed their decisions and stances, making Aldrian nod in appreciation. The profession of physicians was often overlooked by many simply because their role in a cultivator's life was not as apparent. Cultivators typically only sought their help when they fell ill, which was quite rare for them, or under certain special circumstances.

In contrast, alchemists and blacksmiths were far more valued, as their professions had a direct impact on a cultivator's life. Alchemists were essential for their ability to create pills and elixirs with various functions, such as aiding cultivation and enhancing abilities. Meanwhile, blacksmiths were the ones who forged artifacts that were crucial in combat or served other practical purposes in daily life.

The ones who truly appreciated physicians were mostly mortals and cultivators who had personally experienced their services.

This was why the number of physicians across the continent was not as high as that of alchemists or blacksmiths. For Caritas to gather even dozens of them was already a great feat. Many physicians were willing to help despite the ongoing civil war.

Aldrian admired those who pursued this profession out of genuine devotion, as their primary intent was to save lives. With such commendable hearts, he had no reason to reject their generosity. Besides, it also made things much easier for him, as they were willing to do their work without expecting a reward.

After that, Aldrian disappeared, and the physicians immediately rushed toward the teleportation station. They quickly coordinated their efforts, deciding where to go, how many groups to form, and how to divide their tasks before setting off.

Since this was the first gu outbreak to occur in the barony, and they were the only ones who knew how to cure it, they had to act swiftly to reach the affected areas.

There were 23 cities and towns across Weimar Barony, and with more than 43 physicians, they could only hope that the situation in those places was not too severe by the time they arrived.

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The situation in Weimar City was more or less the same as in Caritas. The streets were filled with people collapsing, and certain areas had already been turned into quarantine zones. Large spaces such as plazas and parks had been converted into emergency quarantine sites, with many physicians working tirelessly to treat the infected.

Baron Weimar was on the streets personally overseeing the situation. Frustration filled her as she watched the disease spread rapidly. It was highly contagious, causing

anyone below the duke stage to collapse. Since this morning, there had already been thousands of casualties, and the number of infected continued to rise.

This was the first time she had experienced something like this. The disease was strange—vastly different from any recorded outbreak in the history of the barony. The physicians could only slow the inevitable deaths, and their numbers were far too few compared to the city's massive population.

She had also received reports that Caritas was facing the same outbreak, along with a few cases emerging in other cities and towns across her barony. She knew she couldn't ask for support from those places, they would already have their hands full treating the infected.

As she searched for a solution, she suddenly sensed a presence in the sky above the city and immediately looked up. When she saw the figure, her eyes widened because she recognized that mask. Before she could fly to greet Aldrian, his voice had already spread across the city.

"Attention, people of Weilmarr!"

The sudden voice that echoed throughout the city brought all activity to an abrupt halt. Instinctively, many began searching for the source. When they realized the voice came from above, they turned their gazes skyward.

The moment they saw Aldrian, most of them recognized him instantly. How could they forget that masked figure, the very same person who had saved their city just days ago?

Now that he had the city's full attention, Aldrian continued speaking.

"I'm the city lord of the Caritas city and our city also experiencing outbreak like you all. However we already overcome it, and my presence here is to help you all."

Hearing Aldrian's announcement, the physicians in the city were shocked, but before they could ask him anything, he continued speaking.

"This disease is caused by a special gu inside the bodies of the infected. The gu are extremely small and numerous, so you will need to focus your senses to detect them. These gu attack vital organs with poison, so you will find them there."

"The only way to treat this is by using techniques specialized in destroying gu. Normal healing techniques will have no effect and may even agitate the gu, causing them to release more poison and kill the patient even faster."

The physicians were astonished upon hearing the cause of the outbreak, and some couldn't help but immediately check the patients' bodies. True to Aldrian's words, they detected numerous microscopic gu surrounding the vital organs of the infected.

Without hesitation, the physicians applied their gu-destroying techniques. For the first time, after repeated failed efforts since the morning, they found that it actually worked! The patients' conditions began to improve as their energy was finally able to heal their bodies once the gu had been eradicated.

Just as the physicians prepared to continue their efforts, a golden hue suddenly blanketed many people across the city!

### **Chapter 437: Successfully Containing the Outbreak**

A golden hue suddenly blanketed many people, and after a minute they disappeared. The once-infected individuals were healthy again, while those who had shown no symptoms also felt a change in their bodies. They felt refreshed, as if they had just consumed elixirs.

"I have already healed all the infected patients and included everyone below the duke stage in my healing technique to ensure that no one remains infected. I can assure you that there are no issues within your body, and you may resume your daily activities." Aldrian voice echoed across the city.

He then looked in Baron Weimar's direction and sent her a voice transmission.

*"My apologies for coming like this, but this is urgent, and we must save as many people as possible."*

Baron Weimar was stunned but quickly replied, *"Young master, you don't have to apologize. In fact, I truly appreciate your help. This outbreak was completely unexpected. After our city barely escaped the second prince's troops, now we have this. I'm even starting to suspect that the second prince has a hand in it."*

*"I agree. Anyway, I'll head to another place and make sure this gu outbreak is quickly contained."* After that, Aldrian vanished.

Baron Weimar sighed as she watched Aldrian's figure vanish, then looked around. The once-infected patients were starting to wake up one by one, and joy spread across the faces of the masses. The cheering voices of the people truly relieved her stressed heart and slightly lifted her mood.

The gu outbreak had already claimed thousands of lives, which was a great regret, but she chose to focus on the positive, the outbreak had been quickly contained thanks to Aldrian's intervention. She felt grateful that he was here to help them.

*"He's truly multi-talented. To think he can also heal people like a physician,"* she thought.

*"With his resourcefulness and ability, he will become a great cultivator like no other. He could grow into an exceptional leader, as he has once again effortlessly won the hearts of the people."*

What Aldrian had done for the city and its people was enough to make the populace truly admire him, and his popularity might have already surpassed hers. She did not take it to heart, as he was indeed more capable than her, and it only showed that Aldrian could easily become a leader if he could gain the trust of the masses this effortlessly.

She then walked through the city to continue observing its condition. Seeing the situation improving, her headache had already begun to subside. However, a thought crossed her mind, making her expression darken.

*"If this was truly caused by the second prince, then he has gone too far by involving innocent people."*

If the second prince was indeed behind this, then it meant he no longer cared about the fate of the very people who might one day be his subjects if he won the civil war. He didn't seem to care about the possibility of this backfiring on him in the future.

One of the most important things a ruler must secure when governing a territory is public opinion. To maintain stability and avoid turmoil, the ruler must win the hearts of the people.

However, what if news spread that the second prince had resorted to something as despicable as an outbreak to force the rebel faction to surrender or achieve some other purpose? Even if he won the war and claimed the throne, he would lose the people's respect, even from those who initially supported him, and they would never truly see him as their rightful ruler.

This could become a ticking time bomb, one that would haunt the second prince for as long as he ruled. A commotion even greater than the current civil war might erupt, and that could spell the end of the Atria Empire.

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For the next hour, Aldrian had been teleporting to each city, town, and even small village within the Weimar Barony. Since the barony had already become his domain, he was determined to contain the outbreak and prevent it from worsening. Fortunately, each of these areas had only tens or, at most, hundreds of cases. The physicians he had summoned also did an excellent job treating the patients.

They were able to destroy the gu quickly and effectively. Aldrian was not surprised, as all of them were duke-stage or higher physicians. As cultivators, they possessed strong cultivation, and as physicians, they had vast knowledge and experience. Eliminating gu

that only affected cultivators below the duke stage was an easy task for them. The only thing they needed was direction, which Aldrian had already provided when he informed them of the outbreak's cause.

After another hour, Aldrian finally returned to Caritas and went to visit Eleine, who was still resting in bed. Sylphia and Baek Jimin sat beside her, seemingly keeping her company. Eleine remained peacefully asleep, while the two women appeared to be guarding her. Xin Haotian had already left the mansion to observe the situation outside.

The two ladies smiled at Aldrian as he entered the room.

"How is it?" Sylphia asked.

Aldrian nodded with a smile.

"Good. I've checked every populated area within the Weimar Barony, and I don't think there are any infected people left." But then, he sighed.

"However, we lost far too many lives in the first hours of the outbreak. The number has almost reached a hundred thousand, and most of the victims were mortals and lower-level cultivators. They were the most vulnerable and succumbed to the gu infection the fastest."

Sylphia and Baek Jimin also felt a deep sense of regret. Sylphia sighed as she turned back to gaze at Eleine's sleeping face.

"How could the gu outbreak spread so suddenly? How the hell did this happen? Who was responsible for spreading the gu? I refuse to believe this is just a coincidence." She turned to look at Aldrian again.

"Don't you think so, dear?"

Aldrian nodded.

"Of course. The timing is far too convenient, and the outbreak only occurred within the Weimar Barony. I've already asked my informants about the situation in other noble territories, but none of them have faced an outbreak like ours. That alone is a huge red flag. With this, I'm certain that the second prince is the one behind it."

He finally understood the plan known as the "Plague Plan"—the one he had discovered from the memories of Marquess Xavier and Duke Schmidt. The name, the timing, and the outbreak all aligned perfectly. It was far too much of a coincidence for this to be the work of some unknown party.

Hearing Aldrian's words, Sylphia and Baek Jimin's eyes widened.

"How? Why would he do this? Doesn't he realize that if word of this gets out, he'll face massive backlash from the public? Does he not care about his people? Does he intend to rule through total tyranny, crushing the people with an iron fist?" Sylphia asked.

"If we analyze this outbreak, it's clear that he's desperate to maintain his supremacy in this civil war. After I crushed his forces multiple times, he realized that facing me head-on would only lead to further losses. So instead, he resorted to a scheme like this to keep me in check. By creating this crisis, he's trying to force me to remain in the eastern part of the empire while he deals with the rebel forces elsewhere." Aldrian replied.

He then walked closer to Eleine's bed, standing right beside Sylphia, which made her lean her head against his body.

"I have to admit, he is truly decisive and cruel for involving innocent people in his plan. If he's already this ruthless, we can only imagine how he will rule in the future. He doesn't care about public opinion because he believes he can suppress it with his own forces and the support of his allies." Aldrian said.

He gently stroked Sylphia's hair, but she remained focused on his words.

"Then we should turn the people against the second prince. Even those who are neutral in this empire, if they learn what he has done, they will likely side with the rebels. And with your presence here, it will give them the courage to stand up and fight." She said.

Aldrian nodded.

"That's true. Now, what remains is figuring out how the second prince managed to spread the gu in Weimar Barony. While I can confirm that he is behind this, I still don't know his method. I'm afraid that once he learns his plan has been thwarted, he might try again in the future. As long as we don't understand how he spread the gu, we'll always be at a disadvantage. There's even a chance he could unleash another, entirely different plague."

"For that, I first need to determine how the gu entered this city. I believe the second prince's primary targets were this city and Weimar, as they are the two main cities of the barony and the ones I liberated from him."

Aldrian then turned to Sylphia.

"Dear, what have Eleine, you, and Baek Jimin been doing since my battle against the second prince's troops outside the city? Specifically, is there anything Eleine did that you and Baek Jimin didn't?"

## **Chapter 438: He had Enough**

Sylphia and Baek Jimin pondered for a moment before Sylphia spoke first.

"From what I know, there is nothing particularly suspicious from our activities. Since your battle with the second prince's troops outside the city, I have spent most of my time within the mansion's area. I mainly cultivate and occasionally manage matters on your behalf, such as meeting with people or interacting with nobles who visit the city."

Baek Jimin then also answered,

"As for me, I haven't done much either. I spend most of my time within the mansion's area, sometimes cultivating or taking strolls, but nothing that could be considered suspicious." She then looked at Eleine.

"For Eleine, I think her activities are not much different from ours. Since our rooms are close to each other, if any of us had done something, at least one of us would have known about it," Sylphia said.

Aldrian frowned, seeming to be deep in thought.

Suddenly, Baek Jimin remembered something.

"Ah, yes, I just recalled that she went outside the night you left for the Rosalind Barony. I don't know exactly where she went, but she left the mansion's area. She told me she wanted to take a stroll in the city. That was the same night you played the guqin."

Aldrian tilted his head.

"She went out for a stroll?"

"Yes. I don't know why, but she said she just wanted to take a stroll alone. This was when your guqin music had already started," Baek Jimin said.

Sylphia looked at her in confusion.

"Why didn't I know about this?"

Baek Jimin smiled.

"You didn't know because you were in your room, while I was in the garden and happened to meet Eleine when she was about to go for a stroll." She then looked at Aldrian.

"Anyway, after that night, Eleine didn't leave the mansion's grounds until she collapsed in the middle of her training this morning. At least from my perspective, there was nothing suspicious about our activities—as far as I know. The only thing that might be a clue is that Eleine went out for a stroll."

Sylphia put on a thoughtful expression.



"I agree. There's nothing particularly suspicious about our activities. The only thing that stands out is that Eleine went for a stroll that night." She said.

She then looked at Aldrian.

"Dear, you're trying to figure out if there was something different in our routine, something that explains how Eleine got infected by the gu while we didn't, right?"

Aldrian nodded.

"Yes. As we know, this gu only infects cultivators below the duke stage, and you two are still below that level—yet you're both fine. That means Eleine must have done something that you two didn't. Based on Jimin's information, the only thing that stands out is when Eleine went for a stroll in the city alone."

"However, to confirm things further, I can just ask a few people here."

Aldrian then walked toward the room that served as the quarantine area. This was where a few infected employees were resting, and by now, some of them had already woken up, while their friends remained by their side to care for them.

As soon as they saw Aldrian enter, they immediately stood up, and even those still lying in bed tried to rise.

"My lord!" they said.

However, Aldrian gently used his energy to push back those attempting to get up, keeping them resting on their beds.

"Easy. You don't have to stand to greet me."

Those lying down were visibly touched, some even on the verge of tears. One of them, dressed in a butler's attire, spoke to Aldrian.

"Thank you for saving my life again, my lord. I am truly grateful to you. I don't know how I can ever repay your kindness, but I swear my loyalty to you. I'm just a mere butler in this mansion, yet you healed me with your own hands."

The others were also deeply moved. To them, this young lord, whom they had only known for a week, already felt much closer than they had expected. He didn't seem to care about the difference in status between them.

Although their previous city lord had never mistreated them, as a noble and the ruler of the city, he had always maintained a certain distance. They understood that it was simply the way of nobility. So when their former lord was executed by the second

prince's troops after they took control of the city, they had only been able to lament his fate, and nothing more.

Their fate had been even worse. The men were subjected to torture, while the women were reduced to mere playthings for the second prince's troops during their occupation. They had believed there was no future for them, that death was inevitable.

That was until they saw the light.

A light that saved them from their nightmare, taking the form of this young man. And now, he had saved them once again.

His reputation had already spread across the continent, with nobles well aware of his title and strength. Yet, despite his status, he still cared for people like them, those often overlooked by those of much higher standing.

"This is only right. I also need you to take care of this place, so this is the least I can do." Aldrian waved his hand as if it were no big deal.

The others simply smiled, amused by their young lord's easygoing personality.

"Anyway, I want to ask you and the others who were infected by the gu a question. Your answer will help me with my investigation," Aldrian said.

"Please ask us, my lord. I will answer as best as I can," the butler replied, while the others who had already woken up also nodded in agreement.

Aldrian nodded.

"In the last three days, have any of you gone to other districts of the city, outside the mansion's area?" he asked.

"Yes, I went to one of the blacksmiths in the commercial district in the afternoon to pick up my order. I had ordered a set of armor a few days ago," the butler said.

"As for me, I went to the market at noon to buy supplies. I do this once a week, and that was the time I needed to restock," a maid added.

"I went to a restaurant during my break after my shift ended. I visited it at noon," another person said.

"I went to—"

One by one, they began telling Aldrian that they had, indeed, gone outside the mansion's area within the past three days. This strengthened his suspicion that the source of the gu outbreak was somewhere in the city, not within the mansion.

However, all the locations they had visited were different, leading him to consider another possibility.

"Good. Now you can continue to rest," Aldrian said before turning his attention to a few others who were also cultivators. They were also maids and butlers, some of whom were below the duke stage yet remained uninfected by the gu.

"You, have you gone outside the mansion grounds in the past three days?" Aldrian asked a maid.

"No, my lord. I have stayed inside the mansion these past few days. My task is to manage the interior of the west wing, so I rarely need to leave."

Aldrian nodded and turned to another butler. "How about you?"

"No, my lord. I have remained at my post most of the time and occasionally cultivated."

Aldrian continued questioning several more people, and their answers were all the same—they had not left the mansion grounds.

With this, he confirmed one of his hypotheses, the gu outbreak had only affected those who had been outside the mansion's area.

Earlier, when Aldrian was analyzing the source of the gu outbreak and thinking it through, he finally recalled one of the key characteristics of gu which was that it was not like a disease.

Gu could not spread from one person to another like a normal illness. Once gu entered a person's body, it became embedded and could only be removed by its creator or someone capable of destroying it, such as a skilled physician.

The fact that all those infected had been outside the mansion's area and had come from multiple locations meant that the outbreak did not originate from a single place but from several. The gu had likely spread through the air and been inhaled by many people before its effects became visible three days later.

Many believed that this disease was contagious because they saw numerous people collapse after approaching those who were already infected. However, they had misunderstood the situation. The ones who collapsed had already been infected by gu, their collapse simply occurred at different times based on when they had inhaled the gu over the past three days.

So, when people began collapsing one after another, everyone assumed that an outbreak had occurred and that it was highly contagious.

"Alright, thank you all for your answers. Keep up the good work while I take care of something," Aldrian said before walking back toward Eleine's room.

Now, a question lingered in Aldrian's mind—who had spread the gu? Was it just one person, or were there multiple individuals involved?

Aldrian thought that they must have already escaped. Even if they had initially stayed in the city to observe the aftermath and ensure that the gu worked, after witnessing his healing process, they had likely already left.

He needed to find a way to track them down.

Although he knew this was the second prince's scheme, he still had to catch the bastards responsible for spreading death, especially when it had nearly claimed Eleine. If not for him, she would have been among the thousands who had already lost their lives.

He decided that he had played slow for long enough. Once he caught those bastards, he would knock on the second prince's door.

## **The Shining Star Above The Heaven #Chapter 439: My Role is Finally Done - Read The Shining Star Above The Heaven Chapter 439: My Role is Finally Done**

### **Chapter 439: My Role is Finally Done**

After returning to Eleine's room, he saw that she was already awake. It seemed she had just woken up, as she was still gathering her thoughts. When she saw him enter the room, she smiled.

"How do you feel?" he asked as he approached her.

"I'm good. Thank you, young master, for saving me."

"No worries. We are close family, after all." He smiled and sat on the edge of the bed.

"If you feel even the slightest discomfort, let me know. Your health and comfort should come first," he added.

"Okay," Eleine replied.

She then leaned her head against the headboard of the bed and looked away, as if deep in thought. A moment of silence passed before she turned her gaze back to Aldrian.

"Young master, when you played the guqin that night, what was your intent behind the music? It made me feel the vastness of the sky. Do you have any aspirations to reach beyond it?"

Aldrian was stunned by her unexpected question. He knew his music could be heard by many, but he hadn't expected his guqin playing to reach this place.

"You heard me play the guqin?"

Eleine tilted her head.

"Of course I heard it. Everyone did. Just ask Sylphia and Jimin," she said, making Aldrian glance at the two ladies. They both nodded in confirmation.

"Yes, as expected of you. You played beautifully that night," Sylphia said. "According to the reports I received from the maids, from that day until just a few hours before the outbreak, your guqin performance was still the talk of the city. Rumors about it have even begun to spread."

"They're saying that another genius and powerful cultivator has emerged to rival the mysterious swordsman," Baek Jimin added. "It's also seen as a sign that the era is truly changing and that great events are on the horizon, sparking discussions about the church's prophecy."

"I wonder how the masses will react when they find out that the guqin player and the mysterious swordsman are the same person," Sylphia mused. "It would cause another uproar, further elevating your reputation as the most talented and gifted cultivator of all time."

Aldrian raised his eyebrows. He truly hadn't known about this. He hadn't realized that his guqin playing could be heard from such a great distance and that it had sparked new gossip. Was his guqin playing already at that level? Even he hadn't been aware that his own ability had become powerful enough to make his guqin music reach as far as Caritas.

At the time, he had simply wanted to play music that resonated with his heart, he hadn't thought too deeply about it. The most important thing was that he enjoyed playing; no other thoughts had crossed his mind.

Aldrian pondered for a moment before arriving at a realization. It seemed that, without him knowing, his music had resonated with the heavens and the earth, allowing its sound to travel far and wide.

Achieving such a feat was no simple matter. Music that could resonate with the heavens and the earth required a deep level of comprehension.

Moreover, the musician needed to be in a specific state of mind while playing. To think that he had reached such a state without even realizing it—it seemed he truly loved music and had already immersed himself in it completely.

Aldrian sighed at his own ability and said to Eleine,

"I simply enjoy playing it. It resonates with my heart. I like gazing at the night sky and admiring the vastness of the universe. Of course, I have aspirations to reach the sky and beyond—because to me, it's beautiful. Being closer to it would allow me to appreciate the universe's beauty even more. That's the feeling I poured into the music. But beyond that, I didn't think too much while playing."

Eleine nodded.

"When I heard it, I could feel the concept within the music—its portrayal of the universe's majesty and the aspiration to reach the sky. It made me realize that the young master holds truly grand ambitions, and that thought filled me with pride. But as I listened, besides thinking about your future, I also thought about myself... that my role is finally done."

Aldrian frowned, confused by Eleine's words. "What do you mean?"

"I believe there's nothing to worry about when it comes to the young master's future. With your talent and strength, I have no doubt that you will be the one to reach the sky and leave this continent behind. Your greatness is too vast to be contained here, and knowing that your aspirations extend beyond this land gives me a sense of relief."

She gazed out the window at the endless blue sky.

"Sometimes, I lament that someone as great as you is confined within this continent, unable to fully showcase your potential to a much larger world. As the descendant of Lady Irene, you deserve a far greater stage to shine."

"When I think about it, I realize that my role here is truly over, and the time for me to return to Lady Irene's side is near. Well, not that my role ever had much meaning anyway, since I didn't help much. But now, I have witnessed the young master's entire journey and seen what you aspire to become. Lady Irene would be happy."

She smiled faintly.

"When the entire continent learns of your origin, that will be the moment I return to Lady Irene's side, watching your journey from afar. Well... if not for the young master's plans, I think I could leave even now."

Silence followed Eleine's words.

Aldrian felt an inexplicable sense of loss as he looked at her face. This woman had been by his side for all sixteen years of his life—even helping his mother during his birth. Now that she spoke of returning to his mother's side, an unexpected sadness welled up within him.

He had long considered Eleine part of his family, someone irreplaceable. The thought of her departure left an emptiness inside him, a feeling of something missing.

Sylphia and Baek Jimin were also stunned, but they seemed to more or less understand why Eleine brought up her 'role' here.

As noble ladies, they understood that Eleine's status within the Rivas family was tied to her duty as the retainer of its young miss—Aldrian's mother. Even though Aldrian already considered Eleine part of his close family, in her heart, she still saw herself as someone who was by his side only because his mother had ordered it.

When the time came for her to return, she would do so without hesitation, believing that her role had come to an end. Aldrian was fully capable of handling everything on his own, and he had already set his sights on the future. To Eleine, that was enough. She believed her duty was fulfilled because she trusted that her young master no longer needed her.

Baek Jimin broke the silence. "Is that why you took a stroll that night?"

Eleine looked at Baek Jimin and nodded.

"I just wanted to be alone at that time, so I walked across the city to think about my decision for the future. In the end, I decided that I will return to Lady Irene once the young master's identity spreads across the entire continent."

Aldrian sighed at her.

"Eleine, are you thinking that because you don't fit in with the group, it's better for you to return to Mother?"

Aldrian could sense the insecurity in Eleine's heart, and he knew exactly what it was. Given her status in the Rivas family as his mother's retainer, she had developed a certain mindset—one that made her unconsciously distance herself from the rest of the group, as they were all nobles.

Sylphia was the princess of a great empire.

Baek Jimin was the daughter of the matriarch of a powerful sect.

Xin Haotian was the young master of a hidden family.



Their names were known far and wide.

Hearing Aldrian's question, Eleine was slightly stunned, but she still smiled at him.

"That's part of it, but it's to be expected. Our statuses are different now, and I was trained from a young age to be Lady Irene's retainer, so it's only natural that I think this way."

In her mind, Aldrian already had more suitable companions for his journey—another reason she could return to Lady Irene with peace of mind.

"But if I were leaving just because of that, it wouldn't be entirely true," she continued. "I simply feel that my role is done, and it just seems right for me to return to Lady Irene's side. It's been so long since I last spoke to her, and with Cecile gone, my desire to return has only grown stronger. She doesn't have many friends aside from Cecile and me."

Aldrian sighed again, his heart felt heavy. If this was what Eleine truly believed, he couldn't force her to stay. Besides, she was right—his mother would need a companion now that Cecile, her other retainer, had passed away due to the devils' machinations.

Suppressing the sadness welling inside him, Aldrian asked again, "Are you sure, Eleine?"

"I'm sure, young master. I've made my decision with full conviction."

Aldrian sighed once more before nodding.

"Alright, I understand," he said, then stood up and walked toward the door. Right now, he needed fresh air to ease the heaviness in his heart.

Sylphia and Baek Jimin could only sigh as they watched the exchange between Aldrian and Eleine. They knew Aldrian would need time to accept her decision. It wasn't easy to part with someone who had always been by his side, only for her to return to the place she believed she belonged.

## **Chapter 440: Where the Perpetrators Came From**

Aldrian walked outside the mansion with a heavy heart. To be honest, he had known for a long time that Eleine would eventually have to return to his mother's side. She was supposed to be by her side as her retainer, assisting her in every way, yet instead, she had accompanied him on his journey.

Since they had always been together, from their time in the secret realm until now, it made him feel lost and saddened to hear her say that she would be leaving soon.

Although he had gained many acquaintances, friends, and even a lover, Eleine, who had always been by his side, held a special place in his heart.

Trying not to drown in his sorrow, he exhaled and forced himself to stay positive.

*"Yes, Mother must miss Eleine as well. They haven't seen each other in over six years. With Eleine returning to her side, she will have her trusted companion again. Mother needs her, especially after losing Cecile. Eleine and Mother can support each other once more,"* he thought to himself.

Once again, he exhaled and tried to focus on the problem at hand—finding the ones responsible for spreading the gu.

Based on his earlier guess, the ones who spread the gu had already escaped, but truthfully, he was still unsure of their movements. His assumption could be right or wrong, but one thing he was certain of was that they hadn't dared to enter the mansion or spread the gu near it. If they had, the number of infected inside would have risen, as the gu would have inevitably reached the mansion directly.

The information he gathered from the infected was too vague and offered no clues about the perpetrators.

As he pondered where to start looking for leads, he suddenly stopped in his tracks and slapped his forehead.

*"Why did I forget about the one 'being' that always watches over my domain?"*

He had been too preoccupied to remember this and had relied only on conventional methods for his investigation. Why was he making things so difficult when he had something that was always watching?

He stood still and focused his intent, reaching out to communicate with that being.

*"Heaven, you can hear me, right? And you must already know what I want to ask. I know this will be easy for you since it happened within my domain. So tell me—how many of them are there, and show me the ones responsible for spreading this gu outbreak in the city?"*

After a few moments, he finally received a response from Heaven. A smile formed on his lips as the answer reached him.

*"Fifteen people... Oh, these are their faces?"* Aldrian was truly astonished by Heaven's efficiency. Then again, it was to be expected from the force that governed the universe, so he didn't dwell on it and simply accepted the answer.

What he had just experienced was more than a simple response—Heaven had not only answered his question but had also embedded the faces of those responsible directly into his memory. It was as if he had already met them, their images stored within his mind and ready to be recalled at will.

Aldrian was truly ecstatic about this and grateful to have Heaven as his helper. He could already imagine how much simpler things would become in the future with Heaven's help, as long as the events occurred within his domain. Investigations like the one he was conducting now were just one example of how he could rely on Heaven to make things easier.

However, he still didn't understand why Heaven said they couldn't help him when something happened outside his domain—like when he had asked about Cardinal Carsius's location. He had asked about it before, but Heaven seemed reluctant to answer. That was a mystery he could only uncover slowly over time.

*"Where are they?"*

A few seconds later, he received a response, but the answer made him frown.

*"They're dead?"* He paused for a moment, then asked again,

*"How did they die?"*

He waited a few more seconds, and the answer left him stunned.

*"Infected by the gu outbreak?"*

Suddenly, something clicked in his mind. A smile formed on his lips as he finally grasped a crucial clue and determined the direction he needed to take next.

*"I see, I see... The second prince actually sent a suicide squad to the city to spread the gu. With a suicide squad, there would be no clues linking him to the outbreak. He must have thought that I wouldn't find any evidence of his involvement once those people died, just like the others who perished from the outbreak."* He thought to himself.

Aldrian felt like giggling to himself, finding the second prince's efforts amusing.

Unfortunately for the second prince, he had no idea that Heaven itself was literally aiding Aldrian in this case.

*"Where did they come from? They must have arrived in the city while I was at the Rosalind Barony."*

Heaven had to know the exact time they entered the city. And since the teleportation station within the city was connected to the places they had come from, Heaven must also know which city was linked to the portal at that moment.

He dismissed the possibility that they had entered through the city gates, as they were likely below the duke stage. Traveling to Caritas from wherever they had come from would have taken more than just a few days, meaning the timeline wouldn't match if they had taken a conventional route.

After a few seconds, he received another answer.

*"Varuga Town?"*

He fell silent for a moment. He wasn't familiar with the place, so he decided to ask someone more knowledgeable about the empire.

*"Do you know Varuga Town?"* Aldrian sent a voice transmission to Arson Vuran.

Arson, who was in the middle of his disguise as an old man near the mansion, was momentarily stunned upon hearing Aldrian's voice in his mind. However, he quickly responded.

*"Varuga Town? That's a town within the Donovan Grand Duchy's territory. The Donovan Grand Duchy is in the northern region of the empire, and Varuga Town is located in the southwest part of the duchy. It's quite remote and surrounded by dense forests. Because of its isolation, many people use it as a base for shady activities."*

Aldrian was stunned upon learning the town's location.

Donovan Grand Duchy? The one led by Grand Duke Donovan, one of the nobles supporting the second prince and the very person who suggested the "Plague" plan to him?

From the memories Aldrian had read from Marquess Xavier and Duke Schmidt, Grand Duke Donovan was highly respected among the nobility for his sharp mind and strategic thinking.

However, Aldrian frowned at this move, whether it was the second prince's decision or Duke Donovan's. If so many claimed that the duke possessed great intellect and strategic insight, then why had he made such a fatal and foolish mistake?

Sending a suicide squad from his own territory was no different from leaving a glaring sign that the operation had been authorized by the very authority governing that land—in this case, Grand Duke Donovan himself.

He should have known this was a reckless and fatal move, yet he still went through with it. And the second prince agreed to it as well?

Did they simply not care that Aldrian would find out about their involvement?

However, after thinking it over again, he could understand why they had made such a reckless move. They must have believed that no evidence would be left behind, as the suicide squad had already died from the outbreak. With their deaths, nothing would point back to them, and no one could prove their involvement.

Although many would still harbor suspicions toward the second prince's faction, since the outbreak had only occurred in Weimar Barony, that was as far as it would go. Suspicion without evidence was nothing more than an accusation, and its impact on the populace would remain minimal.

They must have also assumed that even if he suspected their faction was behind it, he wouldn't have any evidence. Plus, with his hands full managing the outbreak, they likely believed he wouldn't have the time to go after the second prince directly.

If he pushed himself to attack the second prince while neglecting the city's people, he would be criticized for abandoning them. In the end, his image would suffer, and many would begin to see him as a man who cared little for the well-being of the people.

"Pfft!"

Aldrian nearly laughed at their sheer confidence and arrogance.

Too bad for them, he had resources they could never have imagined, making their plan effortlessly exposed. His next course of action was already set.

Until now, since arriving in the Atria Empire, he had only used passive-aggressive methods. But from this moment on, he would strike directly at the enemy's camp!