

The Shining Star Above The Heaven

Chapter 1065 - 1065: Reaching the Island

[1,439 words]

Aldrian drew closer to the island, and after a few moments, he reached three kilometers from it. The sword will there was already extremely intense, to the point that he had to use most of his domain's power to strengthen his own sword will.

Upon reaching two kilometers from the island, he decided to use the full power of his domain. He had no choice, because at this point, if he used anything less than his full power, his own sword will would be easily overwhelmed.

Even when he used his sword heart to support his sword will, he was still overwhelmed.

Aldrian did not find it surprising, as he could sense just how powerful the sword will in this place was. His purpose was to test his sword will and sword comprehension, and he finally experienced a sword will that stood on the same level as his own.

No. Saying it stood on the same level was too arrogant.

He had not yet reached the island itself, and he knew that his sword comprehension and power were nowhere near the true source.

He finally approached the island until he was only one hundred meters from the shoreline before he stopped. He could sense that this was the limit of what he could achieve even with his entire power.

The sword will on the island was something else entirely, something that even made him feel goosebumps. The fact that such a terrifying sword will could not be sensed by the entire world was truly astonishing. That meant the island itself served as the confinement of the sword will.

'I see. The island itself is covered in a formation that confines the sword will. If the formation breaks, I doubt the entire northern pole of this world would remain habitable.'

From his estimation, the sword will in this place could engulf the entire northern pole as a killing zone, and the rest of the world would be able to sense it.

The sword will on the island contained profound comprehension that he himself still could not completely grasp.

But because of that, he finally understood at least the minimum cultivation level of the one who left their sword will on this island.

Whoever it was, they must be a divine realm. A god.

The sword will on the island itself affected both reality and illusion. Forget about entering the island with a real body or a spiritual body. Even if someone tried to enter the island through illusion or dreams using special techniques, they still would not succeed.

The sword will would still kill them if they forced their way in.

One thing that Aldrian could grasp from this powerful sword will was one concept: to protect.

He could sense that one of the strongest will within this sword will was the will of protection.

This concept made the sword will in this place far more powerful and prevented anyone from observing the stone tablet for too long. The sword will could slash everything in order to protect the secret of the island.

Aldrian found it ridiculous that those devils were interested in this place, as this island could easily become their grave.

He doubted that those devils could even reach the island unless they brought someone possessing the same level of comprehension as the one who left the sword will here.

In other words, a god.

In the distance, the spectators' hearts were already pounding with anticipation. It looked as if they would truly witness new history today.

No. Even before this moment, Aldrian had already created new history by reaching this close to the island.

From the records, the man who approached the island the closest, at thirteen kilometers, described the sword will as impossible to pass. At that distance, even the strongest peak pseudo immortal stage cultivator would be overwhelmed by the sword will.

Only a miracle could allow anyone to reach the island.

Now, in their lifetime, they finally witnessed someone who looked like the miracle itself. The destined one who would step onto the island.

Near the island, Aldrian still did not move and observed the surface of the island for a moment.

From this distance, he could see that the island was covered with countless extremely thin slash marks. From afar, no one would be able to see them because of how thin those marks were.

He released a breath, and then he released his golden energy. His body exuded a golden hue, and at that instant, he felt the sword will react to him.

He did not hesitate to move forward, and finally he reached the shoreline. However, he did not land and instead continued flying toward the stone tablet.

Those who saw it felt their hearts tremble.

"He did it!" Prince Martis said, a glimmer shining in his eyes.

Aldrian flew closer to the stone tablet until he stopped and landed right in front of it, where he could see the letters engraved upon its surface.

Finally, he could read the engraved words.

The strongest sword that never breaks, the sturdiest sword that never bends, the wise sword that guides all beings.

May the greatest sword never lose its brilliance.

May the greatest sword be eternal.

Even while reading those words, Aldrian could feel the conviction of the one who engraved them. The conviction that the greatest sword would never break, and that the strongest sword would always maintain its brilliance.

He did not need to think long about what the strongest sword mentioned in the inscription referred to.

The sword pointed toward him.

This was the first time someone referred to him as something other than the stars. The one who engraved the words was truly a swordmaster who viewed the world as if everything were a sword.

A pure sword cultivator.

To them, everything was a sword, and the sword was the only thing that mattered.

He observed more carefully and could point out that the engraving itself had actually been carved using a sword. He was truly impressed, as he did not immediately realize that the letters were engraved by a sword, which showed the extraordinary skill of the one who carved them.

The letters contained a strong sword will, and this time he could sense that the dominant will within them was "strongest."

After deciding that there was nothing more he could observe, he closed his eyes and created his domain.

The moment he succeeded in forming the domain, Prince Martis, Princess Xena, and the others who were still observing Aldrian with admiring expressions were suddenly blinded by a powerful light that shone from the stone tablet.

They felt a strong and terrifying aura erupt from Aldrian for a brief moment before losing consciousness.

The prince and the princess fell from the sky toward the sea while everyone inside the vessel collapsed.

This situation was extremely dangerous for them, as they were in their most vulnerable state.

If anyone wished to kill them, this would be the best opportunity.

Fortunately, at that moment, every being nearby also lost consciousness. This included several powerful spiritual beasts in the sea that could have endangered Prince Martis and Princess Xena.

Luckily, the two royal siblings possessed talismans that automatically activated when they fell unconscious. A defensive barrier formed around them as they fell onto the sea surface.

They floated upon the water while the barrier continued protecting them.

While the others remained unconscious, Aldrian's consciousness had already entered a different place.

At this time, he stood on a hill, and in his surroundings there were countless swords. The swords were stuck into the land, and the sight stretched all the way to the horizon.

The condition of each sword varied.

Some were still in good condition, while others had already rusted to the point that they might crumble the moment he picked them up.

But the most noticeable thing was that, he could sense the power contained within each sword.

Some were weak, some were strong.

It was as if every kind of sword, from ordinary blades to the highest grade divine swords, existed in this place.

After observing what lay before him, he turned his body to look behind him.

He finally saw a man with long black hair tied in a ponytail kowtowing toward him.

He looked at the man curiously. The man wore a clean white robe without a single stain, a sharp contrast to their surroundings. Although he did not sense any aura from the man, he could not help but feel as if he stood before a sword.

He was the sword, and the sword was him.

As if sensing his gaze, the man finally spoke.

"Eastern Heaven Divine Swordmaster, Jian Yu, greets Your Majesty, the Great Emperor of All Heavens."

Aldrian raised his eyebrows when he heard that name and title. That was because—

'Did I ever meet this man in my past life? Was there such a title in my past life?'

He did not know him, and it made him feel bad.

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