

The Shining Star Above The Heaven - Chapter 611: I Have Returned[1,672 words]

Chapter 611: I Have Returned

In the floating land where the grand palace was located, the situation remained calm and did not experience any disturbance like the ones outside the central area of the Everlasting Silent Forest. The barrier in this place was the most powerful compared to any other area across the continent.

However, even so, the sky above the palace also experienced changes as it became darker because of the portal, and the barrier could also be seen active with glimmering lights spreading across the sky. The barrier protected the area below strongly, without any disturbance.

Inside the grand hall, where a magnificent throne had waited silently for countless years for the one worthy to sit upon it, the situation remained the same. The condensed golden energy that had floated high in the hall, calling out to Aldrian for so long, kept flickering from time to time, brightening the hall.

Since the night Aldrian played his guqin, the condensed golden energy had become more active, sometimes flickering more frequently. Even now, it flickered rapidly, as if trying to call its owner to come to it.

As if the one it had called was finally answering, a figure suddenly appeared inside the hall. The figure's face was extremely pale, and he instantly dropped to his knees, coughing several times as blood stained his mouth. Sensing his arrival, the golden energy flickered even faster.

Aldrian, who had already established his domain that covered this place, had teleported here instantly from the devil territory. He had not even taken the time to heal himself and arrived with his soul still injured. Pain surged through his body and soul with even the slightest movement.

Realizing that he would only hurt himself more if he forced his body, he decided to heal first. Taking a meditative position, he closed his eyes and began to restore his injuries. With his energy, he started healing every part of his body. As each second passed, his countenance improved, and the pain gradually subsided.

Aldrian took a deep breath once the pain in his head and body had lessened. Then he opened his eyes and looked ahead, observing the interior of the grand hall, a place he had never visited before in this life.

His gaze was immediately drawn to two things: the grand throne and a large concentration of golden energy similar to his own. He could sense that this concentration of golden energy was the second calling that had always summoned him, alongside the will of Long Shentian and Feng Xuanyan.

His gaze turned to the throne first, the grand throne that, even without anyone sitting on it, radiated the majesty of the one destined to occupy it. A faint sense of nostalgia stirred within him as he looked at the throne he rarely sat upon in his past life

As far as he could remember, he rarely sat upon it, preferring to roam outside and stay in more natural places where he could see the night sky.

From what he could see now, the throne before him was identical to the one in his memories. The grand throne, as if alive, seemed to entice Aldrian to sit on it, which he found amusing.

As far as he knew, the throne was actually an artifact his past self had created during a moment of boredom. He activated his system to check the information about the throne, which then confirmed what he had suspected.

The Grand Throne of Absolute Ruler

Description: A grand throne created by the hands of the Absolute Ruler himself. Possessing a will of its own, the throne can only be occupied by the Absolute One or by those who have received his will and permission.

Level: ???

This throne was indeed the same one from his memories. It seemed that Long Shentian and Feng Xuanyan had taken the throne with them when they fled from the Higher Heavens. They had refused to let even a throne he had crafted out of boredom fall into the hands of the invaders, which made him sigh. He could not help but remember them again at this moment.

However, he steeled his heart for now and turned his gaze to the concentration of golden energy floating high in the grand hall. It had taken on a solid form, shaped like an oval, flickering with golden light that illuminated the entire space.

The size of the energy concentration was roughly that of his head. Visually, it did not seem like much, but he could sense the immense power from it.

He did not know how far his cultivation would rise if he absorbed that energy, but he believed it could boost his power significantly. At this point, he needed anything that could narrow the gap between him and Tarius, even the smallest increase mattered.

As he observed the floating energy, his gaze unconsciously shifted upward, beyond the golden light to the high ceiling above. There, his eyes landed on a massive symbol etched into the ceiling, something he had overlooked when he first entered the hall, as his attention too focused on the throne and the golden energy.

His gaze lingered on the symbol for a few moments. It was the same symbol that sometimes had appeared throughout his journey, as if quietly reminding him of who he was, and of that mysterious figure tied to his identity.

The Symbol of the Absolute Ruler.

The symbol that represented his power and authority.

He took a deep breath and floated toward the golden energy that had become the source of the calling. This concentrated form of his golden energy was everything Long Shentian and Feng Xuanyan had carried within their bodies. By draining the energy that had sustained their lives, they had sacrificed themselves so he could grow stronger, faster.

As he continued to approach, the pull from the energy grew even stronger. It resonated with the energy within his dantian, like a powerful magnetic force. He was not surprised, after all, it was originally his own energy.

The energy that had come from him... was returning to him.

He finally arrived right in front of the energy, which was now flickering even faster. He looked at it for a moment, remembering what Feng Xuanyan had said. The moment he absorbed this energy, the entire world, the entire universe, would show a sign of his return.

That sign would also serve as a warning to the invaders, a being like him had appeared, one who could pose a threat to all of them, and the most dangerous threat to their plans.

He couldn't help but smile as he looked up at the ceiling, at the symbol of the Absolute Ruler.

The universe would give a sign of his return? Then let every being who still held faith in him know they were not alone. He was with them. He would not leave them. He would not disappoint a single one of them, just as they had never let go of their faith in him.

And let those invaders know... they would face his judgment. One by one, their plans would crumble. He would retake the heavens. They would not know peace until the day they all stood before him.

"I have returned."

He reached out and touched the energy, closing his eyes as he finally absorbed it. Aldrian felt a warm sensation flow through his body as he drew in the energy greedily. It was as if his body had gone without nourishment for ages, and now, at last, it was drinking in rich vitality without hesitation.

Golden light surged from his body, mirroring the brilliance of the concentrated energy. Together, they shone so brightly that they blinded the entire grand hall.

Aldrian could feel his cultivation rising. From the peak of the Grand Duke stage, he broke through to the Low King stage, then to the Middle King stage, and it did not stop.

High king stage.

Peak king stage.

Until finally, he reached low emperor stage!

Before reaching the Low Emperor stage, there was usually a heavenly tribulation, but so far, no tribulation clouds had appeared in the sky above the palace.

Still, the rise did not stop. He could feel his senses sharpening, and his mind could process far more information at once. His awareness of his domain became clearer and faster, every detail flowing into him without difficulty. It was a truly refreshing feeling, and he did not want it to end.

As he focused on absorbing the energy, he also unconsciously entered a state of enlightenment. His mind and entire being became one with nature and the universe. In that moment, the words he had long known, the words that had accompanied him throughout his journey, began to echo once more within his mind.

I'm tied to the universe

I'm tied to nature

All of this is my own karma

Why I am different is also my destiny

My domain encompasses all things

There is nothing that can escape my view

There is nothing that can escape my sense

There is nothing that can escape my will

The words repeated over and over, echoing within him, until suddenly, another voice overlapped his own. It repeated the same words, mirroring him perfectly. Yet even as it joined his chant, Aldrian that deep in his state of enlightenment, paid it little mind.

Still, he could hear it clearly, but he felt no worry, no disruption. Because he knew the voice.

It was "his" voice.

The voice of that figure.

The one who had once said he was always watching him.

Aldrian's mind remained focused, comprehending more of his power, more of nature, more of the universe itself.

And in this moment, while still immersed in enlightenment, his domain was formed. The final domain, the one that allowed his domain to fully cover the entire Barisan Continent, had finally been created.

From this moment on, the entire Barisan Continent became his domain.

He was the Absolute Ruler here.

The Shining Star Above The Heaven - Chapter 612: Useless Effort[1,506 words]

Chapter 612: Useless Effort

The situation outside the continent grew increasingly chaotic as the spatial crack expanded. Although the pressure suddenly vanished, the aura and energy pouring out from the crack made the situation far worse.

The divine energy of Tarius had already begun corrupting the region surrounding the portal. Fortunately, the massive portal had formed above the Untouchable Continent, far from any other landmass. Anything touched by Tarius' divine energy would lose its vitality and have its properties altered into something no different from poison.

This was exactly what began to happen to the sea surrounding the Barisan Continent, its surface slowly darkening to a faint black. Any underwater beast that came into contact with it had its vitality drained and died instantly.

This phenomenon was also witnessed by many people aboard the flying fortresses. All of them decided to retreat to a much safer distance as the divine energy began to spread.

"Amitabha! What a terrifying energy! This is far more deadly than any devil energy we've encountered until now. Even the slightest touch of it can drain all vitality from anything it touches," said the monk as he observed the sea surface turning black.

"Damn it, we have to do something! If we just let this continue, our world might come to an end by tomorrow," said one of the black-haired leaders.

"But that energy is truly terrifying! Maybe we can withstand it for a while if we use our defensive techniques, but we can't keep expending our energy just to protect ourselves or the others from it. Remember, this is only the energy that the being is releasing. What about the other things it might be capable of? If something unexpected happens, we'll exhaust ourselves," said the brown-haired man.

As they continued to discuss what needed to be done, the blond-haired man spoke up.

"To be honest, I agree that we have to take action. Even though the situation looks grim, we can't just stand here and watch those devils destroy our world." He paused and looked at the others.

"We have to slow down the spread of this energy to other parts of the world. At the very least, it's better than just standing here, debating what we should do. If we're worried about something unexpected happening, then what can we possibly do against immortals? They're already far stronger than any of us."

"It's better to at least contain the energy here than to let it spread across the world and endanger innocent people."

After saying that, the blond-haired man soared into the sky.

"Your Majesty!" a few of his men shouted, their voices filled with concern as they flew after their lord.

But the blond-haired man did not stop as he approached the area where the divine energy had already corrupted the environment. He observed it for a moment before raising his hand, using his control over the elements.

Whoosh!

The sea surface began to ripple before a faint line appeared across it. Slowly, the sea started to split! Stretching for over five thousand kilometers, separating his side from the Untouchable Continent.

However, the divine energy was also traveling through the air, rapidly approaching their side. In response, he used another element.

Suddenly, a wall of wind surged forth, like an incoming storm forming an artificial barrier of raging gales. The wind wall extended the same length as the parted sea, and it actually slowed the spread of the divine energy.

Seeing that the blond-haired man had already acted on his own, the others—whether they liked it or not—were forced to follow. There was no way they could just stand by and watch as he acted alone, not when they were also leaders of their own factions. Doing nothing would invite criticism and tarnish their names.

Everyone at the King Stage or higher joined in, working together to stop the energy from reaching their side. They spread out, extending the defensive line from where the blond-haired man's technique had ended. Together, they formed an unbroken barrier to keep the energy from moving beyond the designated line.

But all of them could clearly see how quickly the ominous energy was corroding their defenses. With each passing second, the wall came close to collapsing. The cultivators behind it continuously reinforced it, pouring more of their energy to keep it from breaking.

This kind of action came with its own limitations in the long run, as they would eventually run out of energy. Still, they had to keep Tarius' energy contained on the Untouchable Continent's side.

Although their efforts were not entirely effective, since covering the entire continent required enormous manpower and precise coordination from powerhouses across the world, they continued regardless.

It was far better than allowing the energy to spread unchecked to other parts of the world. The same line of thinking also appear in the minds of many other leaders who had also arrived near the Untouchable Continent. They, too, began constructing defensive walls to stop the energy from spreading any further.

The only group that made no move was the devils. From a distance, they could see that the cultivators were trying to block the spread of the energy, an effort that made the leader of the devils watch them with a mocking expression.

The other devils also observed with amused looks, as if what they saw was nothing more than a futile attempt by weaklings to stop the inevitable.

"Let them waste their energy. They'll soon realize their efforts are meaningless once they witness the power of our god," the devil leader said as he looked toward the cultivators in the distance, then turned his gaze back to the sky.

He took a deep breath as if inhaling fresh air, though in truth, the air felt suffocating due to the portal's presence. His eyes locked onto the portal with a fanatical gaze as he continued to wait for their god to finally descend.

After a few moments, the entire portal was engulfed by the spatial crack, and the energy and aura pouring from the void grew even stronger. And then, suddenly—

Whoosh!

Duumm!

Rumble!

From within the spatial crack, an immense pressure surged toward the Barisan Continent, slamming directly into the barrier and producing a deafening sound. The barrier protecting the continent struggled to hold, and for a brief moment, the sky lit up in the instant of impact.

"Uaack!" Many cultivators near the Impassable Storm Region were swept away by the force of the pressure slamming into the barrier. Several flying fortresses were also pushed backward, caught in the shockwave.

The ground across the Barisan Continent trembled violently from the impact, and massive waves surged across the surrounding seas like a tsunami. People all over the continent were thrown off balance as the earthquake shook the land, many buildings collapsed, burying those beneath them.

"Ahh!"

"Be careful! Don't go near the buildings!"

"Help! Help! Someone's trapped under the rubble!"

Chaos and panic spread throughout the continent, as the attack had struck without warning.

In the devil territory, the allied forces lost their footing and fell as the ground shook violently. Even the World Tree had to strengthen her roots to keep herself stable. The shaking lasted for more than ten seconds before the tremor finally subsided.

"What the hell was that?!" one of the cultivators shouted, eyes snapping toward the portal in the sky. The others slowly stood up after the tremor ended, their gazes also turning upward.

"Why are you guys—" One of them, who had just gotten back on his feet and was brushing off his ass, began to ask, but stopped mid-sentence as he, too, looked to the sky.

All of them were staring in the same direction.

The moment their eyes turned to the portal, they froze. At that instant, there was not a single soul who wasn't looking at the sky. No sound could be heard, everything across the land stood still in dead silence.

Then, from the portal, a shadow began to emerge, dark and massive, stretching across the entire void. Its size was overwhelming, easily covering the whole portal. With each passing second, the shape grew clearer and clearer, until—

Whoosh!

Dang!

Rumble!

Another surge of pressure burst from the portal, and once again, the barrier activated to shield the continent. Most people fell to the ground from the force once again, shaken by the heavy tremor. But what they saw next struck terror deep into their bones.

The shadow moved, and then it parted, slowly opening to both sides, revealing the true form hidden behind it.

One eye.

One massive eye, covering the entire portal.

A glowing red iris, staring down at all living beings below, as if they were nothing more than ants.

"Finally... I can come here and see you rebels! Your end is here!"

The voice echoed across the entire world, as if rising from the depths of the underworld itself. It brought with it a wave of despair that struck the hearts of all who heard it.

The Shining Star Above The Heaven - Chapter 613: Is This the End?[1,762 words]

Chapter 613: Is This the End?

A deep voice echoed from the massive eye, its sound resounding across the sky as the eye fixed its gaze on the Barisan continent. Its attention shifted toward the central area of the Everlasting Silent Forest, as if trying to peer beyond the barrier that shrouded it.

Everyone outside the continent's barrier who heard the voice felt their ears on the verge of bursting. Blood streamed from many as the pressure tore through their eardrums. The cultivators above the sea who were closest to the eye felt their heads ring as their ears ruptured under the pressure. Not even the highest levels of cultivation could protect them.

They had already stopped maintaining the barrier after the earlier impact, swept away by the overwhelming force from the impact. Now, with this voice alone damaging their bodies, maintaining the defensive wall was impossible.

Tarius's energy was pouring out, causing panic across the sea.

"Get back, get back! Don't let that energy touch you!" shouted one of the cultivators.

However, not all of them could retreat quickly. Many were still affected by the voice, their heads ringing, their ears bleeding. Those left behind were swept up by the energy. In an instant, their bodies shriveled, as if something had drained everything from within, leaving only bones behind.

"Uwahh!"

"Fall back! Anyone who can still move, help those who can't!"

All the cultivators who witnessed the effect of the energy were horrified. They scattered in a panic, flying as far as they could. None of them could focus anymore, unsure of what they feared more, the eye in the sky or the energy that was killing them one after another.

The leaders of many factions had already retreated further from the Impassable Region, their eyes fixed on massive eye. Sweat trickled down their foreheads, and their faces turned pale with fright.

What they saw, and what they felt, was unlike anything they had ever sensed in their lives. Even without thinking too deeply, they already understood, the thing in the sky was something they could never hope to face.

"Is this our end? How are we supposed to fight that thing?" one of the leaders asked, his voice trembling with despair.

No one answered. There was only silence. All of them truly felt that the end was near. Their gazes remained locked on the eye, because they didn't know what else to do. Some had already begun to wonder if escape to another part of the universe was possible, but was it?

Could they really escape from that thing? They knew that the moment the eye appeared, it had already sensed everyone here. Their only hope was that it wouldn't give them special attention. They could only hope it would see them as nothing more than ants, unworthy of notice.

And true to their guess, the eye had instantly become aware of every presence surrounding the continent the moment it appeared, but it didn't care. To the eye, they were no more than specks of dust.

Its attention was fixed on something within the Barisan continent.

However, it seemed the eye couldn't see beyond the barrier, which made its voice resound again.

"I know you're here, rebellious dragon and phoenix! Surrender yourselves, or face a merciless death!" the voice boomed, its red iris glowing with a furious light. The pressure intensified, now focused entirely on the Barisan continent.

The barrier shone brightly as it struggled to withstand the force. Seeing this, the eye's glow burned even brighter.

"What a pathetic display of weakness! The mighty ancient divine dragon and phoenix now hide behind a formation to shield themselves. You've fallen so low that you rely on external means for protection," the voice thundered.

And with that, the glowing red eye suddenly unleashed a beam of red light.

The red beam of destruction struck the barrier directly, causing it to tremble. The Barisan continent shook once again, and everyone had already taken cover. None of them wanted to look at the eye, they felt nothing but despair and horror, even at the mere sight of it.

All they could do was hope that whatever was protecting them would not break. By now, everyone on the continent understood that something was shielding them, a powerful barrier was holding back the destruction.

They wondered if it had been prepared in advance. Perhaps it was a secret project by the major powers of the continent, designed for a moment like this. But no matter where it came from, that barrier was the only reason they were still alive.

The eye, seeing that its attack had failed, did not stop. The red beam vanished and not long after, black lightning crackled across the surface of the eye. A thunderclap echoed across the world, and the lightning carried a power beyond anything this world had ever known.

Rumble!

Boom!

Countless strands of lightning rained down on the barrier, as if the continent were caught in a doomsday storm. The strikes came without pause, one after another, and each bolt held power far beyond the reach of even the strongest beings in this world.

The barrier trembled even more violently as it endured the increasingly powerful strikes from the eye. Its light shone brighter, as if it were pushing itself to the limit to hold back the assault.

"For how long are you going to hide like rats inside that formation?! This pathetic barrier can't protect you!" the voice roared, louder than before, while the lightning grew even more violent and fierce.

"You two still don't know when to give up. You've already lost! Your universe is ours!"

The thunderclaps boomed louder, echoing across the world. The barrier shook harder under the relentless lightning.

And then, what so many had feared finally happened.

Crack!

A sharp cracking sound came from the barrier, a sound that, at this moment, brought nothing but dread to the entire populace. Amid the raging lightning storm, the crack was even more vivid, as if the barrier could no longer endure the onslaught.

By now, most of the population had fled, running in every direction in search of any place they believed might be safe from the eye's gaze. They ran and hid wherever they could, clinging to the thought that if they couldn't see the eye, perhaps the eye couldn't see them.

But there were others, those who had already accepted whatever fate awaited them. They remained where they stood. Though they didn't dare look up, fearing that the eye might draw out their very souls, they stayed still, letting the wave of panic sweep past them.

Those who had families held each other tightly, bracing themselves for what was to come. Many wept as they prayed to the heavens to save them, hoping, desperately that someone, anyone, could stop this and let them survive the apocalypse.

More and more began to think of Aldrian, wondering where he was in this moment. Some even prayed to him, begging for him to come and save them.

Rumble! Rumble!

The thunderclaps still roared violently, crashing over one another, and then—

Clank! Clank! Clank!

The sharp sound of something breaking echoed across the continent. Horror spread as people realized what it meant, the barrier protecting them had finally shattered.

In several places across the continent, the lightning pierced the formation and struck the ground.

Rumble! Boom!

The ground trembled as divine energy began seeping into the continent through the hole in the barrier. The energy started to spread, though something seemed to slow it down, enough to briefly catch the eye's attention.

But the eye didn't care. It chose to ignore it, as the energy was still successfully entering the continent. The areas closest to the breach were the Ivory Empire, the Demon Territory, the Atria Empire, and the Buddhist Sect's territory.

Though the spread of energy was hindered, it eventually reached the ground. The moment it touched the land, that area became a dead zone. Trees, grass, even the earth itself, anything that held the slightest vitality, was erased, as the energy rapidly spread to the surrounding regions.

The worst part was that some areas still inhabited by living beings. Both beasts and humans, were not spared from the energy. Several villages, and even small towns, were caught in its path.

There was no escape. Most of the people in these places were mortals without cultivation, or had cultivation too low to protect themselves.

"Run! Don't let that thing touch you!"

"Ahh!"

"Mother!"

Cries of panic echoed through the air. The elderly struggled to save themselves, children were separated from their parents, and the young shoved one another in a desperate bid to flee. It was a scene of pure chaos.

How could they not panic? All of them had seen what happened to any living being touched by the energy which appeared to them as the very embodiment of death. Wherever it passed, bodies were drained dry in an instant, left behind like brittle, withered twigs.

In the Devil Territory, the allied forces received panicked reports from their homelands. The energy had already begun entering the continent. Even when cultivators tried to resist it, their defenses were quickly corroded. The energy tore through everything as if nothing could stand in its way.

The leaders didn't know what to do. At this moment, they were powerless. They wanted to return and help, but then what? They couldn't stop the source of the energy. They couldn't stop the eye.

They could do nothing.

There was no way to stop it.

The only thing they could do now was hope that Aldrian, who had seemingly vanished, would come. Emperor Ladwin had asked Sylphia about Aldrian's whereabouts, but she was unable to reach him.

This left her shaken, panic rising alongside a creeping sense of despair. Had something happened to him? They had all just seen him fighting... but now, she couldn't connect with him at all.

Sylphia looked up at the eye, her gaze steady despite the fear, her hands clasped tightly together.

"Aldrian, where are you?" she whispered, her voice trembling as a single tear fell from her eye.

"Is this our end?" she thought. But then—

From her eyes' reflection, something appeared in the sky—something that left her stunned.

In fact, it wasn't just her. At this moment, every being across the continent—no, across the entire world and beyond, anyone who could see the sky, saw it too.

A breathtaking phenomenon had emerged. One so beautiful, it would be forever engraved in their memories.

The Shining Star Above The Heaven - Chapter 614: The Sign for the Entire Universe[1,690 words]

Chapter 614: The Sign for the Entire Universe

In the midst of despair and chaos, a phenomenon suddenly appeared in the sky. Even in that moment of turmoil, many people stood stunned as they looked upward. The people of the continent, the people of the world and beyond—everywhere, everyone who was not near the energy of Tarius or being pursued by it, instinctively looked to the sky.

Sylphia, who had just felt sadness and despair, was suddenly swept away by the beauty of the phenomenon. Her eyes reflected the many-colored lights that had appeared above, filling the dark sky with vibrant hues.

"An aurora?" she thought in wonder.

She couldn't help but feel her heart being soothed as she gazed at the sight. The colorful aurora displaying its beauty amidst the chaos and destruction was truly a striking contrast. It was as if, even in a moment of destruction and despair, the universe still wanted to show that hope remained.

At an unknown location, in a place where only vast forest spans as far as the eye can see, the sun still hung high in the sky. A few figures can also be seen flying through the high trees. These figures looked somewhat human, but certain features made it clear they were not entirely so.

Their skin was slightly green, and each had a kind of crown on their forehead. Both males and females were present in the group, and one of them, a beautiful woman had a different crown. Her crown is much more majestic compared to the others in her group.

They suddenly stopped on top of a tree trunk, their movement halted as they spotted the aurora phenomenon in the sky. Their eyes remained fixed, it was the first time they had seen something like this, and they were curious about what it was.

"He is back..."

Suddenly, their attention is redirected to the beautiful woman with the different crown, as she speaks in a trembling voice.

The moment their gaze turned to her, they were shocked to see the woman actually shedding tears as she looked at the sky. Then, suddenly, they saw her bend her body and prostrate herself, as if she were in front of someone with the highest status.

"Your Majesty?" one of them asked in shock.

Who is the one that came back? They did not know why the woman was doing something like this. The woman with the highest status, the one their race regarded as a god, was prostrating herself to someone, or to something?

"Welcome back, to the great emperor of all heavens."

Hearing what the woman said, the others felt their hearts tremble. The great emperor of all heavens? They were of the younger generation, born after the era of the great emperor. They only knew the story from the elders of their race, tales of a past era when there was a sole ruler of the universe.

The absolute ruler whom all beings revered.

It was said that the great emperor would someday return. And from what the woman had said, it seemed the sign in the sky was the sign of his return. The stories also said that the current situation of the universe could be resolved, as long as the great emperor came back.

They, who understood the significance of the story, and who saw how the woman instantly prostrated herself at the sight of the phenomenon, followed her lead. They, too, prostrated in piety, as if they had lived in the era of that great figure.

At this moment, all beings across the nine heavens also saw it. For those who knew the significance of the sign, they instantly prostrated in piety, as if greeting the true sovereign.

In another place, where vast land stretched with many beautiful kinds of flowers covering its surface as far as the eye could see, there stood a huge, towering tree. Its tip reached so high that it pierced the heavens. If Sylphia or Aldrian came to this place, they would instantly recognize it, for they had seen it in their visions.

Not far from the tree stood a beautiful woman with elven features. Her eyes, filled with tears, gazed at the sky. A few moments later, she silently prostrated herself.

This moment was something she had waited for so long.

In another unknown place with a mountainous range and harsh terrain, a handsome man with long black hair tied in a ponytail looked at the night sky. He sat on top of a cliff. Its height was so great that it pierced the clouds. The strong wind blew against his handsome face and swept through his long hair, making his charm seem even more striking.

At this moment, he smiled as he looked at the beautiful aurora in the night sky. This was the moment that signaled "he" was finally released from that small place and had begun to embark on "his" journey into the wider world, to regain "his" seat and become what "he" used to be.

"I hope we can meet again as soon as possible," he thought.

In another place, where a lone temple stood at the top of a mountain, a figure wearing a kasaya stood outside the temple. His appearance was not conspicuous, and if anyone saw him on the street, they would think he was just an ordinary Buddhist monk.

However, to those who knew him, he was one of the most revered figures in the universe—someone with a status equal to the Heavenly Demon and the heavenly tree of the world.

At this moment, he looked at the aurora with a smile. Then he bent his body and pressed his palms together in greeting.

"Regardless of the current situation, this sign would bring hope to many beings who had begun to grow weary. This would bring the new spirit they needed." He thought.

To the ones who did not know the sign's significance, they could only wonder what that phenomenon could be. They thought the aurora was truly beautiful, which made the beings look at it with full attention.

However, there were also beings who did not appreciate the appearance of the phenomenon. Eight shadowy figures gathered in a mysterious place filled with a white landscape.

The entire place was white, and normally it did not have any colours, except for the colours of the figures who stayed there. But at this moment, the aurora could be seen high above their heads.

All of them slightly frowned as they looked at the aurora.

"What is that? How did something like that suddenly appear outside of our prediction and detection?" asked one of them.

"The moment that aurora appeared, my control over the eighth heaven was slightly disturbed, which is truly astonishing. Even when I tried to trace what it is and what this sign means, I couldn't fully grasp or see it clearly. The only thing I could see was the vision of vast cosmos, which even I cannot fully comprehend," he added.

"I don't know, but that aurora contains many laws, and also something beyond my comprehension. It's truly surprising that there is still something in this universe that lies outside our understanding," said another figure.

"Well, it's not entirely surprising. Considering the fact that this universe holds things that can help us reach higher realms, there must be powers beyond our comprehension, like the unknown energy that radiates from that dragon and phoenix. They likely know something about it," another figure said.

"But do you think this sign is also signaling something else? Do you think it has something to do with those rebels? Isn't Tarius currently concentrating his efforts in the lower heaven by sending his clone? What if that aurora is connected to it?" asked another figure, which caused the others to fall into silence.

"Whatever the case, let's wait until Tarius is done with his business. He is still in the middle of subjugating those rebels. Once the dragon and phoenix are defeated, then we will know if this phenomenon has something to do with them," answered another figure after a few moments of silence.

After that, all the figures except one disappeared. The lone shadowy figure, who seemed to have a long beard, looked at the aurora with a narrow gaze. This was truly an unexpected development, and one that actually concerned him.

Something that was beyond their comprehension was the same as something beyond their calculation. That factor could determine the future they had already set, it could change everything they had planned to do.

At the Barisan Continent, the eye in the sky was also stunned as it looked and sensed the phenomenon. The aurora spread wide, reaching beyond the entire world, making the eye seem like a small pebble in the flow of a vast river.

The eye couldn't help but stop its strike as its iris moved left and right.

"This... what the hell is this?" the eye thought.

It sensed powerful karma laws and countless other laws within the aurora. It also sensed things it did not comprehend, which left it in shock.

There was something that he—Tarius—did not understand, even as a god? He, who was already at the level of a being that had comprehended the laws of the universe and mastered them, did not know the cause of this phenomenon or some of the laws within it?

Ridiculous! It was truly absurd!

However, one thing he could sense was that the aurora seemed to be flowing toward the central area of the Barisan Continent, a place he could not see.

Sensing that something was wrong, he became even more determined to destroy the barrier in that region. This kind of incomprehensible phenomenon was an unknown factor that could lead to undesired results.

"Whatever you do, you will not succeed! You can't change your fate—or this universe!" the voice from the eye shouted, booming across the sky.

Once again, it attacked with its black lightning.

This time, the black lightning concentrated on a single point—the place where the aurora was flowing.

Rumble! Rumble!

Boom! Boom!

The Shining Star Above The Heaven - Chapter 615: The Name of the Divine Sword[1,841 words]

Chapter 615: The Name of the Divine Sword

Rumble! Rumble!

Boom! Boom!

The lightning strikes came down repeatedly, all focused on one point in the central area of the Everlasting Silent Forest. The barrier protecting that place shone brightly as it withstood each strike. The lightning did not stop for the next ten seconds, all carrying the same power.

But then Tarius stopped as he saw how strong the barrier truly was. It had withstood numerous lightning strikes. He had to admit that the formation in that part of the continent was exceptionally powerful. This only strengthened his belief that there was something hidden there, something the dragon and phoenix had prepared.

The phenomenon unfolding before him was something he did not welcome. He felt that if he did nothing, he would face failure here.

As a god, he sensed it, the presence of another possible future, one in which he failed, and that sense was growing stronger with each passing second. It felt as though something behind that barrier could redirect his predetermined fate and plans.

He then decided on another method to shatter the barrier.

Suddenly, energy from the regions surrounding the continent was pulled into the eye, and something began to materialize in front of the red iris. The divine energy that had been wreaking havoc across the continent and its surroundings was also drawn in, merging with the energy of heaven and earth.

The energy formed a vortex that could be seen from across the regions. In front of the eye, the object that had begun to materialize became clearer. It was turning into a black, giant, elongated staff, and it kept growing.

Still, even though the thing that had materialized was not yet complete, the power it exuded was enough to fill everyone who could sense it with horror and despair. That was because its power could already be felt as far greater than the lightning strikes from earlier.

Every cultivator who witnessed this believed that the eye truly intended to destroy the world, this strike might even pierce the world itself. The pressure alone threatened to crush the continent, and it became clear that the barrier was weakening. Its light dimmed with each passing second.

Even the storm of the impassable region, which had blocked all entry into the untouchable continent since ancient times, began to recede. It grew weaker and weaker, until, finally, it came to a complete stop.

That should have been good news for anyone outside the Barisan Continent. But at this moment, there was no room for happiness, not when they were witnessing a power capable of destroying the entire continent in a single strike. If the eye could do that here, then their own continent might face the same fate.

For those on the Barisan Continent who saw the energy's vortex gathering in the eye and aimed directly at the continent, it felt as if their fate had already been sealed. They also saw the barrier growing weaker by the second, and it was clear this strike could end everything in an instant.

All they could do now was accept their fate. And for those who still had family, they held them close, at the very least, they could die together.

The long staff in front of the eye then transformed into a spear, one that carried the power to destroy the continent. The pressure it radiated was overwhelming, as if it meant to crush the continent even before the spear was unleashed. It pointed directly at the central area of the Everlasting Silent Forest, and it seemed the eye was ready to strike.

But then—

Crack! Crack! Clang!

Whoosh!

Suddenly, the entire barrier protecting the continent collapsed. The sound of its collapse echoed across the land so swiftly that most people could not even grasp what was happening, until a blinding light burst forth from the central region of the continent.

The golden light was so bright it could be seen even from the surrounding regions of the Barisan Continent. Against the darkness, its brilliance was overwhelming, forcing everyone to shield their eyes before they could adjust.

Even Tarius, who was nearly finished preparing his technique, was blinded by the golden light. He reflexively narrowed the eye, and his control over the technique wavered slightly, the radiance had truly disturbed even him.

For the first time, he felt a jolt of shock. He could sense the uniqueness of this light, and behind it, a different kind of energy altogether.

"It's like the energy those dragon and phoenix bastards exude...wait, no, it's even purer. Far more powerful!" he thought in astonishment.

At that moment, a sense of dread finally rose from deep within him, and for the first time, he gave it his full attention. He might have been arrogant, but he was not a fool.

As a god, he never underestimated his instincts or the weight of his intuition. This sensitivity was born from his comprehension of many laws, and now, that feeling could be a sign of something that might shape the events to come.

The moment that feeling emerged, he knew, something behind that blinding light might truly be a threat, even to him.

"Is it those bastards?No... this energy isn't theirs. Then who is it?!" he thought.

While he was still thinking, he finally began to see vaguely, through the blinding light. He saw a grand palace on a vast floating landmass. The moment he looked at the silhouette of the palace, he instantly recognized its shape.

"That palace... isn't that the same as the one in the Ninth Heavens? The Absolute Ruler's palace?" Tarius thought.

The structure was identical to the grand palace located in the Ninth Heavens. After their conquest, when they had successfully taken control of the Ninth Heavens, they had claimed that palace, which they believed to be the most magnificent palace they had ever seen.

The people of this universe called that palace the Absolute Ruler's palace. They did not know who this "Absolute Ruler" was, as they had never seen him. Some believed the title

referred to the Heavenly Demon, but after spending so long in this universe, it became clear that was not the case.

There was someone else. Someone they did not know, yet who seemed to be revered by all beings in this universe.

Did those rebels build a duplicate of the Absolute Ruler's palace here? For what purpose? Were they planning something with it?

He refocused his attention as he continued gathering power into the spear for an even stronger strike. He didn't care, whatever the case, he would destroy these rebels. They were truly stubborn, like cockroaches.

He could take their corpses later, they still needed them for their purpose.

Meanwhile, others could also finally see the central area of the Everlasting Silent Forest. The region that had been hidden behind the barrier for so many years was now revealed to the world, leaving everyone stunned.

A floating landmass with a grand palace. Floating land was something they had never seen in their lives, and the palace was so majestic that every palace on the continent seemed no more than a luxurious villa in comparison.

None of them had known that such a place existed on this continent.

While countless people across the continent and beyond were stunned by the blinding light and the appearance of the palace, the only person within that palace had just finished absorbing the concentrated golden energy in the throne hall.

Aldrian's body shone with golden light. His eyes remained closed, but the concentration of energy in front of him had already vanished. Inside his mind, he continued to repeat the words, until finally, the voice of that figure echoed once more, this time with different words.

"The 'crown' has already been shown to the entire universe. As the bearer of the 'crown,' your journey truly begins now."

The moment he heard those words, Aldrian opened his eyes.

He felt a surge of power unlike anything he had ever known. For a moment, it felt as though he could do anything.

He took a deep breath, letting the rush of power settle, then looked up, at the eye. At Tarius. The eye appeared ready to strike with overwhelming force, but Aldrian was not deterred.

He could now fully sense the destruction Tarius had caused across the continent, and fury rose within his heart. But he did not let it show. Instead, he stretched out his hand to the side, and instantly, a sword appeared in his grasp.

A longsword with a golden blade, its handguard and hilt beautifully crafted with flawless detail. Everything about it spoke of perfection. It had been forged over many years by the dwarves, using their greatest skill, and built according to the blueprint of the Origin Sword.

This was the sword that had become the national secret and treasured artifact of the Forgeheart Kingdom. The sword Aldrian had personally given its finishing touch, though he had yet to name it.

The sword that the "figure" had called the successor to the Origin Sword.

Aldrian brought the sword in front of him, his gaze fixed on its golden blade. He couldn't help but remember the Origin Sword, and its final words before it crumbled, causing an ache in his heart. But he steeled himself and looked at the sword with a solemn expression.

"The Origin Sword, the beginning of all swords, is no more. And you... you are not the Origin Sword, even though you were forged from its blueprint."

"But you do not need to be like the Origin Sword. You have your own identity, the identity that I, Aldrian, your master, will give you."

He then recalled what that figure had once said, that this sword was special, not just to that figure, but to him as well. No one else was worthy to wield it, only the two of them.

He thought that this sword was also special to that figure because it was created from the blueprint of the Origin Sword. The Origin Sword was that figure's sword, and this sword—its successor was now in his grasp.

He would be the one to name it. He would be its master.

They were two identical swords, but born under different circumstances.

If the Origin Sword marked the first appearance of the sword, then what did the one in his hand represent?

There was no way he would use the name *Origin Sword* again, because that was not this sword's true identity.

Then what name could he give it?

He had been thinking about that all this time.

If the Origin Sword marked the beginning of something, then let this sword symbolize the end of something.

From something to nothing.

"The sword that will end anything in its path... The sword that, once unsheathed and shown to the world, will signal that something is about to meet its end," Aldrian said, lifting the sword slightly.

"I will name you—"

"Sword of the End."

Rumble!

The Shining Star Above The Heaven - Chapter 616: Heavenly Tribulation?[1,687 words]

Chapter 616: Heavenly Tribulation?

Rumble! Rumble!

Suddenly, a rumbling sound echoed across the world. At the same time, above the sky of the Ancient Blue Gate World, black clouds appeared out of nowhere, gathering like storm clouds.

These clouds formed far above the portal, so high that they were already in outer space. They continued to expand, spreading until they covered the entire world—and even beyond it.

Once again, the people of the world were left in confusion. What in the world was happening today? So much had occurred in just the last hour. Many who saw the sight instantly recognized it as a kind of heavenly tribulation, but the scale of it was beyond anything they had ever imagined.

Was this truly a heavenly tribulation? Or was it something else entirely?

The eye of Tarius, which could also perceive this scene, trembled slightly. He felt his entire being shaken.

"This... a heavenly tribulation?" he thought in shock. *"This power... how can a tribulation of this scale appear in the Lowest Heaven?"*

A tribulation of this magnitude wouldn't surprise him in the higher heavens, but for it to descend here? In this place? This wasn't just a tribulation. From his perspective, it was more like a heavenly punishment, something meant to destroy, to kill.

Even in his current avatar, which he used to descend into the lower realms, his avatar could die if struck by this heavenly punishment.

He shifted his iris toward the blinding light radiating from the grand palace, when suddenly, a figure appeared high above it.

He stunned as he can see that this figure of red hair man is a mortal and only touch the cultivation of low pseudo Immortal Establishment stage. But—

"What pure and powerful energy! How can there be an energy that pressures even divine energy to this extent?!" he thought in shock, as the spear before the eye trembled slightly.

Now, he could finally feel the energy directly from the source, unlike earlier and he was shaken.

It was on a completely different scale compared to the dragon and phoenix, who also seemed to possess this energy.

"Who is he? We saw no figure, no future, where this mortal appeared. What is going on?"

He had truly been shaken over the past minute by several things he could not comprehend. He nearly lost control of the spear, causing its power to drop sharply from its initial state. Combined with the heavenly tribulation, which turned the energy around the eye into chaos, the spear could no longer maintain its original strength.

But then, Tarius's gaze shifted toward the sword in Aldrian's hand—and the eye began to glow with a deep red light.

"That sword... that's the mysterious sword that killed gods! The sword that cannot be fought against... and cannot be wielded by anyone!"

Despite that thought, a surge of greed rose from his heart.

An artifact whose origin they could not understand, but it was said to be the Absolute Ruler's sword. A sword that, even without being wielded by anyone, was already enough to kill gods. They could not imagine, if this sword were ever wielded by a god, wouldn't that mean the wielder would become invincible across the entire cosmos?

Their group had only managed to reduce its durability after the sword endured countless strikes from many gods, before it finally escaped, alongside the dragon and the phoenix.

Something capable of killing gods was priceless to a being like him.

He wants it!

With that sword, his position among the gods would soar, and he would have a much greater voice among them.

But then, he noticed something about the sword, it lacked the aura of that mysterious sword from the past. In fact, it felt incomplete.

That made no sense.

The mysterious sword he remembered was far more powerful than this, which left him truly confused.

But then, something clicked in his mind. His thoughts shifted toward the heavenly tribulation... the tribulation and the incomplete sword.

"This is the tribulation for that sword. The tribulation to reach divine grade."

The red glow in the eye flickered for a few moments as he remained unsure of what to do next. The heavenly tribulation was still looming, ready to descend at any moment. It was powerful—so powerful that it could possibly destroy the sword. He could feel the overwhelming force pressing down from the sky.

He was confused. He was certain this sword was the same one he had seen in the past.

"Is this only a replica?"

"But if this is just a replica... where is the real one? Didn't that sword follow that bastard dragon and phoenix here?"

Still, the most confusing part of all was the man himself. Who was he? Why did everything about him feel so wrong? A bad feeling kept rising within him as he looked at the man. He decided to speak first, his voice ringing out and echoing through the sky.

"Mortal, who are you?! Where are those bastard dragon and phoenix?!" he demanded, his tone sharp with the intent to intimidate.

But what he saw in response was Aldrian's cold expression.

He was stunned, he couldn't help but feel humiliated.

This man was clearly bad news, but he was still a mortal. And yet, a mortal dared to raise his head toward a god... and even show such open hostility? This was blasphemy. His pride couldn't accept it. To see a mere mortal act like this before him—it was unforgivable.

"Tarius! Wait until I come to your real body! I'll bring my judgment to you!" Aldrian suddenly shouted, pointing his sword toward the eye.

Hearing Aldrian shout something so absurd, as a *mere mortal*—Tarius finally lost it. His voice resounded in fury.

"Mortal who does not know the immensity of heaven and earth! You are asking for your own death!"

As his voice boomed across the sky, the spear's power which had wavered earlier due to several disruptions began to surge again.

Tarius no longer cared how this mortal knew his name. None of that mattered now. This was a chance to kill him, and he would take it. He didn't care if killing a mortal under the watch of a heavenly tribulation meant offending the heaven.

This strange mortal, an unknown factor outside of all their calculations, had to be eliminated as soon as possible.

The energy vortex appeared once again, as if trying to suck in the entire world's energy. With the barrier that had protected the continent already gone, the situation turned even more chaotic. Winds and energy from across the land were being pulled toward the spear in front of the eye.

But before the situation could grow any worse, the people across the continent felt a sudden shift, the chaotic atmosphere turned calm. At that moment, Aldrian was using his domain to protect them. The spatial shield surrounding his domain blocked all chaos from the outside.

Then, countless eyes turned toward the center of the continent, where the golden light had not yet faded. From within that light, something began to take shape.

A colossal golden avatar materialized.

Gasps of disbelief echoed across the land. The sheer size of the avatar... it might be as massive as the Everlasting Silent Forest itself.

And the avatar was complete—not a half-body projection like most who could use the avatar technique. Its full form stood tall, as if challenging the heavens themselves—but in this case, it was challenging the eye in the sky.

Although most people couldn't see the avatar's head now, as it was far too high, they had seen its face when it first formed. It was Aldrian's face, wearing a crown and clad in regal armor. Everyone instantly knew that this avatar technique could only belong to Aldrian.

Suddenly, across the continent, a new feeling stirred among the people.

Hope.

A hope that perhaps... they might survive this calamity.

"Lord Aldrian has come to save us!"

"Aldrian the Great has finally appeared! My lord, please punish that thing that brought destruction to this continent!"

"Lord Aldrian, please punish that thing!"

"Aldrian the Great has come!"

Countless voices shouted, all carrying their hopes toward Aldrian. They didn't know if he truly had the strength to defeat that being, but he was the only hope they could rely on. In desperate moments, people cling to even the smallest light they can find.

And now, Aldrian was that tiny hope.

All of their hope and faith flowed into Aldrian, and he could feel it—strengthening him to new heights. The collective faith of the entire continent poured into him, surging through his body. He felt a tremendous boost in power, which he then fused with the full might of his domain. In that moment, he felt like the most powerful being in this heaven.

"DIE!"

Tarius's voice roared as the spear before him launched. At the same time, heavenly lightning descended toward Aldrian, carrying the terrifying force of a pseudo-Immortal Stage. Its target was clear: the Sword of the End. Normally, such lightning would be disastrous for anyone even standing near the artifact, let alone wielding it.

But Aldrian showed no fear.

He welcomed it.

The lightning struck the sword directly, piercing through the avatar's form, yet Aldrian stood firm, allowing the lightning to pass through the avatar and pour into him.

The lightning attack made Aldrian's body tremble as the heavenly lightning surged into him. He felt the searing current run through him, but instead of pain, a powerful sensation flooded his entire being. Then, in that moment, he channeled the lightning directly into his sword.

The sword in his avatar's hand became fully linked with the heavenly lightning. And then, he moved.

Slash of Vanguard!

With the combined power of heavenly lightning from the tribulation, the faith of the continent, and the full power of his domain, he unleashed his technique.

Whoosh!

The strike tore through the air, sending shockwaves across the surrounding sea. The sheer force of the slash collapsed the space around it.

The spear, charged with immortal power, met the slash head-on—and then—

DOOONG!

The Shining Star Above The Heaven - Chapter 617: The Battle that Determined the Future[1,713 words]

Chapter 617: The Battle that Determined the Future

DOOONG!

A thunderous bang resounded as the two attacks collided. The impact was felt across the world, creating tsunamis that surged toward the surrounding regions of the Barisan continent. A spatial rift also tore open—its size rivaling that of the continent itself. Fortunately, their clash took place high in the sky.

A devastating spatial storm followed, sucking in everything near the rift. Amid this chaos, the spear and Aldrian's attack actually canceled each other out. Tarius, watching this, was truly shocked. Even though he had struck with killing intent, a mere mortal had managed to block his attack.

Although he was only using his avatar and not his full strength, he was still many times more powerful than anyone this heaven could produce. He possessed comprehension and power that no being in this lowest heaven could compare to. So how?

Another mind-blowing thing was that the man could control the heavenly tribulation. How on earth could he do that?! A mortal, controlling heavenly might? That was something only divine beings could attempt, and even then, not without consequences.

There was no record in history of any mortal ever controlling heavenly lightning.

After the attack, Tarius tried to see the fate and identity of the red-haired man. But shockingly, it was as if something was blocking his technique. As a divine being, he could observe or investigate mortals with ease. He could see their past, their future—their everything.

But when he looked into Aldrian, he saw nothing. Only darkness. As if there was nothing there to see.

"WHO ARE YOU?!" he roared as he prepared another attack. Three spears formed in front of the eye, and the flow of the world's energy began to shift. Tarius pushed himself further, absorbing the world's energy to forge the three spears, each requiring immense power.

But before he could finish creating them, the second lightning strike had already descended—and Aldrian used it to launch another attack.

Aldrian unleashed *Slash of Vanguard* once more, but this time it was far more powerful. The lightning strike that empowered it was stronger than the last. Tarius grew furious. He had not yet completed shaping the three spears, which carried power far beyond his previous attack.

In a surge of frustration, he instantly launched the unfinished spears toward Aldrian. Once again, the two attacks met in midair.

DAAANG!

Another booming sound echoed across the world, this time causing even greater destruction than the previous clash. The spatial rift from earlier had not yet closed, and now, with the second impact, it grew even larger.

The spatial storm intensified, and the clash could be seen from the farthest corners of the world. Its effect rippled outward, disturbing the weather across the world. Rain and violent winds suddenly erupted in distant regions, entirely without warning.

At the point of impact, beyond the raging spatial storm, a strange lightning storm had formed, one that was not being pulled into the void. Strands of lightning spread in all directions, carrying enough power to kill any living being. But fortunately, they touched nothing, as they were high above, far from the world below.

Of the three spears launched by Tarius, only two were destroyed, one managed to break through Aldrian's attack. The two had shattered Aldrian's *Slash of Vanguard*, and the third spear flew straight toward him.

Aldrian shifted into another stance as he watched the incoming spear. He also noticed that Tarius was already preparing another attack, not even waiting for the first one to land. It seemed Tarius intended to bombard him with rapid strikes, planning to overwhelm him.

Aldrian focused on the last spear first. He unleashed *Slash of Vanguard* twice in quick succession through his avatar. The slashes struck the incoming spear directly—

DAAANG!

Another deafening bang rang out, and because the clash happened much closer to the surface, its impact was far more destructive to those near the Barisan continent.

Whoosh!!!!

"Uwakh!"

"Akh!"

A violent wind swept through the surrounding region, repelling every cultivator near the Barisan continent. All the flying fortresses were pushed back, and some even began to fall, unable to withstand the force of the impact. High-ranking cultivators struggled to stabilize themselves, bracing against the shockwave until the winds finally calmed.

The leaders of each faction turned their eyes back to the battle, one that had long surpassed their understanding and power. Ever since the eye had begun to act, they realized it was searching for someone. And now, from the continent, a single figure had appeared, someone with the power to stand against an immortal.

They didn't understand the full circumstances, but all they could do was hope. Hope that whoever inside that giant avatar which was visible even from their place, could defeat the eye.

Anything was better than letting something tied to the devils win this battle.

The third heavenly lightning strike came down, and at the same time, Tarius launched another spears attack. Aldrian's two consecutive slashes had already succeeded in destroying the previous spear, and now he received another bolt of lightning, one even stronger than before.

Tarius sent another three spears, each far more powerful than the last. He had more time to forge them, and their strength reflected it.

As the heavenly lightning struck Aldrian, he took his stance. He pointed the *Sword of the End* toward the incoming spears. His avatar mirrored the movement, and a split second later—

The Pillar of Heaven's Judgment.

Shiiing!

A massive golden pillar shot forth from the avatar's blade. The blinding light radiated across the sky as the pillar met the three incoming spears head-on.

A booming sound erupted at the point of impact, followed by a blinding light. When the onlookers could finally see through it, they saw Aldrian's *Pillar of Heaven's Judgment* beginning to be pushed back by the three spears.

But as time passed, the spears began to lose momentum. The golden pillar showed no sign of stopping.

A few seconds later, the spears were destroyed.

Seeing his attack fail, Tarius immediately raised his defense, canceling the preparation for his next strike. A transparent red shield wall formed in front of the eye.

DOOONG!

The golden pillar struck the shield directly, collapsing the surrounding space, but the shield held firm. Tarius braced himself as the golden light continued to pour against him, showing no sign of stopping even after several seconds.

He was furious. He could not understand how a mortal could do this, or how that man's energy seemed endless, like a reservoir that had no limit.

The fourth heavenly lightning strike came down, and Aldrian immediately halted his technique to receive it. This lightning strike nearly reached the power of an immortal's strike, and there were still three more to come.

Aldrian unleashed a continuous series of slashes toward Tarius, forcing him to maintain his defensive techniques. Tarius grew increasingly frustrated. Being pushed into a defensive position by a mortal was unbearable. His pride felt trampled, and at last, he decided to take a risk.

He knew there was only one window of opportunity, those brief moments when the heavenly lightning struck and Aldrian had to pause his attack. That was the opening he had to exploit.

He endured the fourth strike, waiting. When the fifth heavenly lightning finally descended, Aldrian paused once more to receive it.

The red eye glowed menacingly as Tarius seized the moment. He activated his anathema laws and cast a powerful curse toward Aldrian. The malignant energy struck, and Aldrian was visibly disturbed.

"Now!"

Tarius attacked with a simple lightning beam. Even in its simplicity, the beam was enough to kill anyone affected by his anathema laws, as they would be unable to defend themselves.

But before the lightning beam could reach Aldrian—

Slash!

A sword strike cut through the beam, splitting it in two. The lightning veered off course and struck opposite sides near the Barisan continent.

Boom!

The impact triggered a massive tsunami, but fortunately, it could not reach the Barisan continent. Aldrian's domain still protected it. The cultivators from outside the Barisan

continent had already moved farther away, unwilling to be caught in the crossfire. The earlier impact had served as a lesson for them.

Tarius, completely unprepared for the counterattack, was shocked. Aldrian showed no sign of being affected by the curse!

He tried to cancel his lightning beam, but it was already too late.

The slash had already reached the eye.

Slash! Crash!

"Argghh!"

A roar of agony echoed as the slash actually struck the eye. The attack caused part of the eye to crumble, followed by a sound like shattering glass. In the damaged area, a dark void was revealed, and from within it, a strange black liquid began to drip.

The black liquid fell toward the continent, but was blocked by Aldrian's domain barrier. Each time it touched the barrier, a sharp *psst* could be heard, the liquid had corrosive properties.

However, the barrier held firm. It remained unaffected, and the liquid failed to penetrate it.

When they saw that Aldrian could actually wound a god, the people on the continent erupted into cheers. They had been holding their breath, unable to do anything but watch. A battle of this scale was far beyond their power to interfere in.

Many clasped their hands in prayer, placing all their hope and faith in Aldrian's victory.

"MORTAL!!!" Tarius roared as he felt pain.

Because of the mortal's attack, he had been wounded by a mortal!

"I WILL DESTROY THIS WORLD!"

Suddenly, as if he had gone mad, a violent energy vortex swirled into existence once more. Tarius no longer cared for defense. He had decided to unleash his most powerful attack. A massive sword began to materialize in front of the eye.

Aldrian, sensing Tarius's shift in focus, grew extremely solemn. He could feel it, Tarius was putting everything into this one attack.

He looked up at the sky as the sixth heavenly lightning descended. This time, he did not move. He allowed the heavenly lightning to strike the *Sword of the End* and flow into him.

If Tarius intended to use his strongest attack, then he would be prepared as well.

Aldrian took a deep breath and closed his eyes.

The Shining Star Above The Heaven - Chapter 618: The Slash that Will End Everything[1,652 words]

Chapter 618: The Slash that Will End Everything

Aldrian closed his eyes, and time around him seemed to move in slow motion—much slower than his thoughts. The sounds around him became muffled before falling completely silent. The falling drops of water slowed. The blowing wind slowed. Every being seemed to come to a stop.

He concentrated, taking a stance as if preparing to slash, his hand gripping the hilt of the *Sword of the End*.

His comprehension worked swiftly as he perfected the strongest technique in this moment, the sword technique he had created with the intent to end all things. There was nothing that could withstand this slash. Everything would meet its end.

At this moment, he strengthened the technique with even greater comprehension and laws, integrating everything he had come to understand over time. He wanted this to become a much stronger technique, one that would truly deserve the name "of the End." Even if he stood against the gods, they too would meet their end.

There is nothing that can escape my will.

If my will is the end, then the end it is.

While Aldrian remained still with his eyes closed, fully concentrated, Tarius had already formed a single, massive sword, far larger than any spear he had conjured earlier, and it

was still growing stronger. The massive energy vortex continued drawing in the energy of the entire world to empower the blade.

The red giant sword exuded an aura that could be sensed across the world. Its power had been fully amplified by Tarius, who was truly furious. He no longer cared if Aldrian attacked now.

He had already abandoned his defense and focused solely on creating his most powerful attack. He no longer cared about the consequences, his fury had reached its peak. He, the great god, wounded by a mortal?

He would be a laughingstock among the gods. Even if he succeeded in achieving his goal in this lowest heaven, he would still become a subject of ridicule.

A god, wounded by a mortal in battle!

Just imagining it made his blood boil, and his rage would not subside until the mortal, and anyone who had witnessed this battle was obliterated. He poured everything into this ultimate strike, one powerful enough to change the world forever.

The onlookers could also sense it. The eye, filled with uncontrollable fury, was preparing to unleash its strongest attack yet. Its power was far beyond anything it had released before. This time, the intent was clear: to destroy everything in existence.

Across the continent, people strengthened their prayers as all eyes turned to Aldrian. They knew that this strike from the Eye was unlike anything before, terrifying in its sheer power. And yet, they still placed their hope in Aldrian. They believed he could stand against it.

They had been watching the battle from the beginning knew Aldrian had the strength to challenge a god. That alone filled them with deep optimism.

Especially the leaders of the major powers, who truly believed he was the one foretold in prophecy, felt certain he would succeed. He was the light that would drive away the darkness, just as the prophecy had said.

The three women, Sylphia, Baek Jimin, and Angelica stood together, watching Aldrian's towering avatar. All of them prayed that he could endure the attack... and defeat the Eye.

While the people continued to pray for Aldrian's victory, the swords across the continent and even beyond suddenly trembled. A powerful sword will surged from the Barisan continent, and countless swords rose into the air, all pointing in the same direction.

Even the cultivators above the sea who wielded swords lost control of their weapons, which slipped from their hands or flew out of their scabbards. All of them pointed toward Barisan, leaving the cultivators in shock.

The leaders of each faction watched the spectacle with astonished expressions. They knew exactly what this meant.

"This is a sword will," said a blond-haired man, his voice slightly trembling. His gaze shook as he took in the sight, and even his own high divine-grade sword floated into the air, pointing toward the Barisan continent.

For his sword to respond to this sword will from such a distance, this was truly the strongest sword will he had ever seen or sensed. He could also see that every sword in the region, regardless of grade, reacted the same way. All of them floated and pointed toward the Barisan continent.

His heart trembled as he looked at the massive avatar. If they survived this calamity, he truly wanted to meet the man who, since earlier, had shown them the power to stand against an immortal.

Tarius, too, felt the overwhelming sword will. A sharp sense of danger ran through him, yet his fury did not waver—in fact, it grew stronger. He would not allow a mere mortal to keep pushing him, a being who stood above all, into feeling like he was on the weaker side of this battle.

Sensing that the giant sword now held enough power to obliterate everything, with nothing capable of stopping it, he pointed the weapon directly at Aldrian's real figure. He would make sure that everything about Aldrian was erased.

"DIE, YOU INSECT!"

Tarius's voice roared as he finally launched the sword and at the same time, the seventh heavenly lightning strike descended upon Aldrian. The lightning, shaped like a massive dragon, came crashing down with power already considered to be at the level of the immortals.

Seeing the giant sword falling at incredible speed, people across the world tightened their clasped hands, bracing for the worst. Their prayers grew stronger as the sword drew closer—closer to the world, closer to Aldrian. But Aldrian remained still.

The seventh heavenly lightning strike was nearly upon him, yet it was as if time had stopped. His eyes were still closed.

"This is the end."

He finally moved his sword in a slow, deliberate slashing motion, and his avatar followed suit. The seventh heavenly lightning strike collided with the Sword of the End, and the lightning instantly surged into him. This strike was unlike the ones before. With the power of an immortal behind it, the attack took a heavy toll on Aldrian's body.

He felt the searing pain of electrocution tear through him, but he ignored it. Gritting his teeth, he endured the torment as the lightning wreaked havoc inside him.

He would withstand it.

He had to.

He would take this heavenly lightning along with his own, and pour it into the sword technique.

"Your Majesty."

He didn't know why, but he heard the voices of his past followers, filled with support and reverence, just before he finally unleashed his technique.

The slash that would end all.

Slash of the End.

In real time, the people saw Aldrian make his move, and at that moment, a sudden chill ran through them. Goosebumps rose across their skin, as if they instinctively knew this attack was on an entirely different scale from anything before!

The massive avatar mirroring Aldrian's movements was moments away from unleashing the technique.

At that very moment, Sylphia, watching with a prayerful expression, froze as her eyes began to tremble.

She didn't know if it was a hallucination or an illusion, but she suddenly saw a figure overlapping with the giant avatar. She could not see the figure's face, and yet, deep in her heart, she could not explain why, but she felt certain it was Aldrian.

The figure appeared more mature and wore a regal robe she had never seen on Aldrian before. The sight confused her.

Then, just a second later, the figure vanished, right as the slash was unleashed.

WHOOOOSH!

The instant the *Slash of the End* was unleashed, it was as if the world lost all its color for a split second. A massive wave of slashing energy burst forth from the manifestation of the Sword of the End in the avatar's hand.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The slash carved destruction through everything in its path. Space itself split apart with a sound like shattering glass. Even the void was torn open, revealing darkness behind darkness.

All things that stood before it—heaven and earth's energy, divine energy, wind, time, and space, were cut by the slash.

Though it did not bring as much visible chaos as the giant sword, everyone could sense one thing clearly.

This slash was far more terrifying!

Tarius, upon finally witnessing the *Slash of the End* unleashed, widened the giant eye, an expression more intense than any he had shown before. The incoming slash was infused with many laws and deep comprehension, but what struck him most was the will embedded within it.

A will that everything in its path would come to an end.

Simple... yet unimaginably difficult to realize.

And yet, he could feel it. This slash carried the undeniable power to bring about "the end."

The will of "the end" itself.

In that moment, he forgot his fury. He forgot the reason he had come here.

Clang! Crash! Crash! Rumble!

The slash energy collided with the giant sword, and the sword instantly broke, shattering from the tip to the base of the hilt. The point of impact did not create the same widespread destruction as their earlier clashes. Instead, it was as if the giant sword, having lost all the power it had gathered, shattered the moment it touched the *Slash of the End*.

But the slash did not stop there. After breaking the sword, it continued forward, flying straight toward the giant eye in the sky.

Tarius, still stunned by the complexity of the *Slash of the End*, did not even react as he watched the giant sword shatter. He could only watch as the slash energy reached the eye.

"Truly... what are you—"

Crash! Rumble!

Before he could finish the thought, the slash struck the eye with overwhelming force.

The Shining Star Above The Heaven - Chapter 619: On the Other Side[1,594 words]

Chapter 619: On the Other Side

Crash! Crash! Clank! Clank!

The slash energy instantly split the massive eye in two, and it did not stop as it flew through the void behind it. The sound of space tearing and shattering glass echoed as the eye split and began to crumble slowly. However, the fragments did not fall into the continent; instead, they were sucked into the portal.

The eye continued to crumble, and the destruction spread toward the edge of the portal under the watch of everyone who could see it.

In an unknown place, the silhouette of a burly figure could be seen sitting in meditation within a world of darkness. From the shape of his head's silhouette, the large horns on his head marked that he was not purely human. The negative energy surrounding him was thick, on a scale far beyond that of the devil territory in Aldrian's world.

This place was a special realm this figure had created solely for himself.

He sat with his eyes closed in meditation, before suddenly grabbing one of his eyes and roaring in pain.

"Argh!"

He tilted his head upward, covering his right eye. Golden-blackish blood flowed from between his fingers, showing that he had been suddenly injured. He gritted his teeth, not because of the physical pain, but from a humiliation he had never experienced in his entire life.

He growled in fury, his killing intent surging like a tidal wave as the entire realm, which was far greater in size than Aldrian's world, trembled under his pressure. Although his eye could be instantly healed and the damage did not truly endanger him, he still felt nothing but humiliation and rage.

He, the great Tarius, one of the divine beings, had been wounded by a mortal!

It was absurd! Those other gods would never believe it if they had not seen it with their own eyes.

But he knew they would know.

He lowered his hand, and the eye that had been injured was already healed. His expression still burned with fury, but his mind was already turning to what he had just experienced.

"Who the hell is that man? How can he be so strong that he breaks the heavenly laws as a mere mortal?!" Throughout his life, he had never seen anything as absurd as this moment.

How could a mortal wield the power of divine beings? Even if he were some lucky soul who stumbled upon a treasure of the divine beings, no mortal should ever be able to wield divine power.

But that man?

He possessed energy like that of dragons and phoenixes—no, even purer and more powerful. It was as if what the dragon and the phoenix carried was only a fragment of that man's energy.

Then, a thought crossed his mind: perhaps the man was a reincarnation of a divine being who had comprehended the laws of Samsara and had ties to those rebels.

But even that guess failed to explain how a mortal could wield divine power. If the man was a reincarnated being, he was still a mortal in his current life. His body should not be capable of using divine power, no matter what he was in the past. The laws of mortality would apply to him now, and that was something known since primordial times.

Even so, Tarius still believed that Aldrian was a reincarnated being. All his strength and the complexity of each of his techniques were far beyond what any ordinary mortal could

possess. He was certain Aldrian had once been a divine being. But the biggest question remained—

How had he done it?!

How could a mortal body endure divine power and not be bound by the heavenly laws?

Then, a conclusion formed in his mind, and his eyes twisted with an ugly expression.

"Don't tell me... even the heavens are supporting his existence?"

Although it sounded absurd, since the heavens that uphold the laws are said to be impartial, as the saying goes, *"The heavens have no feelings, only rules"*—it was still possible to influence the heavenly laws under certain conditions.

For example, the heavens could be influenced by other beings, just as they had influenced the heavens in this universe. It was a united effort to weaken the heavenly laws and allow their forces to invade this universe more freely. Such a feat could only be achieved through the combined efforts of many gods.

To weaken the heavenly laws of the lowest heaven...

Did those rebels do something to that heaven?

He then remembered one of his colleagues mentioning that he had lost control of a small section of the heaven in that lowest realm.

Could it be connected to that man?

To those rebels?

But he was confused. There was no way those rebels could have done something like that while all of them were being hunted or blockaded. They could not have made such a move without his side noticing immediately, especially when his side already controlled most of the universe.

"Shit! I really don't know what's happening. I'm sure the other gods are already aware of what just occurred. This is something we need to discuss, because at this rate, we might lose the entire lowest heaven to that man!" he thought, gritting his teeth.

With that man's strength, it was only a matter of time before all of their proxies in the lowest heaven were purged. And when that time came, they would lose all influence in that heaven.

His body suddenly vanished, leaving the dark world in silence.

In another unknown place, somewhere deep within a forest, a massive altar stood. Dozens of people sat in a circle around it. The altar shared the same design as the one found in the devil territory on the Barisan Continent, though it was much smaller in size.

At the altar's circular floor, a vast black portal filled the entire space. It was a dark void connecting to the First Heaven, and the people gathered there appeared to be stabilizing the altar to keep the portal open from both sides.

Around the altar, camps had been set up, used by the devils as their base. All of them seemed to be waiting for someone to emerge from the portal.

"This should be an easy subjugation. Those rebels are already weakened in the Lowest Heaven. They have no chance against our lord," said one of the devils as he looked toward the portal.

"Yes. There's no way those bastards or the mortal ants from the lower heaven could withstand our lord," answered another as he stared at the altar.

Although they had also seen the strange aurora phenomenon in the sky, it did not shake their confidence or alter their plans. Their lord would bring the rebels, dead or alive, and they would spread their influence even further into the Lowest Heaven. In the end, this universe would fall under their side's control.

While they were waiting, a bizarre phenomenon suddenly erupted from the portal. A massive surge of energy burst out, shooting into the sky like a storm breaking through from the other side.

"Argh!"

"Uwagh!"

The devils surrounding the altar, who had been working to stabilize the portal, were swept away by the explosion of energy that reached into the sky. All of them were thrown from their positions, causing the portal to destabilize.

The other devils watching the altar were stunned by the sudden chaos.

"What the—"

But before any of them could comprehend what had just happened, they sensed a terrifying sword will. A second later, heavenly lightning emerged from the destabilized portal. And then—

Rumble! Rumble!

Swoosh!

Suddenly, the entire altar collapsed as the portal was split apart by the sudden appearance of a massive slash energy shooting out from within. The slash energy was so immense and powerful that it not only tore through the portal but also cut through and destroyed the surrounding ground.

The golden slash energy engulfed several devils, killing them instantly. It continued to surge upward into the sky, creating a violent spatial storm in its wake.

With the unstable connection between the heavens and the chaotic forces along the path, a massive spatial storm erupted, sucking in the nearby devils.

"Arrghhh!"

"Nooo!"

"Fuck! What the fuck is going on?!"

Many tried to fly farther away, but the spatial storm's suction was too powerful. Many devils failed to escape its pull and were instantly dragged into the void.

Several devils were forced to use their escape talismans, as the scale of the storm was truly terrifying. The space around the altar collapsed, and the ground was swallowed by a dark void.

The spatial storm wreaked havoc for several minutes before the rift finally began to heal itself. Only after more than ten minutes did the enormous spatial tear close completely, leaving behind devastation stretching for a thousand kilometers.

The land was now nothing but flat, barren earth, stripped of all structures and plant life.

It looked as if the entire area had been flattened in a single sweep.

The devils who had managed to escape the area looked at the destruction with tense expressions, sweat dripping from their foreheads. They then turned their eyes toward the trail of sword energy, though it had already vanished beyond their sight, having soared high into the sky and reached the outer space of their world.

Their hearts trembled. None of them knew what to think of this chaos.

What the fuck is going on in the Lowest Heaven?

The Shining Star Above The Heaven - Chapter 620: The End of the Prophecy[1,628 words]

Chapter 620: The End of the Prophecy

In the sky above the Barisan continent, everyone could see the eye collapse inward, sucked into the portal. The portal also grew smaller and smaller, allowing sunlight to illuminate the continent once again after nearly a month of darkness.

Not long after, the portal vanished, and the sky returned to how it used to be, with the sun still hanging in the sky. The heavenly tribulation clouds had also disappeared. The people could only stand frozen as they watched the eye vanish and the sky return to normal.

There was only silence, until the sound of sobbing began to spread.

Many finally allowed themselves to express relief, and many cried as they realized they had survived this calamity. What they had just experienced and witnessed was something they would never forget. Across the continent, people turned their eyes to the giant avatar that still stood tall even after the eye had disappeared.

They truly couldn't help but prostrate themselves in its direction, deeply revering Aldrian at this moment. There was no one on the continent who didn't feel the same. Even those who had begun to see Aldrian as a god had increased drastically. It couldn't be helped that they thought this way after witnessing a battle of such scale.

For those who didn't know the true strength of the gods, the battle had looked like a clash between two divine beings.

The alliance forces still within devil territory did the same, including the leaders of major territories. Only a few did not follow, among them were Aldrian's parents, Sylphia, Baek Jimin and Angelica.

Angelica clasped her hands, kneeling with her eyes closed in Aldrian's direction. Yet tears still streamed down her face, grateful that the prophecy had turned out to be true. She was truly thankful to the heavens that someone like Aldrian had come to them and fulfilled his role as the messiah.

Aldrey and Irine looked in the direction of the avatar with proud expressions, though Irine's eyes were already wet with tears that wouldn't stop flowing. They still couldn't quite believe that the one who had fought that terrifying entity was their son, their pride. Their son had battled a god and saved the continent.

Sylphia and Baek Jimin also shed tears, grateful to have survived this calamity. They had been tense since the beginning, sick with worry as they watched Aldrian face the eye. This battle was unlike any they had seen before, for what Aldrian fought was a god worshipped by devil cultivators. Fortunately, Aldrian had done it, he had saved them all.

High above the sky, Aldrian, still maintaining his avatar, could clearly sense the reverence of all living beings across the continent. With his cultivation having leapt into the low pseudo-immortal establishment stage, his senses had become far stronger and sharper. Now, he felt he could control everything within his domain more freely and with ease.

In this moment, he truly felt like a god within his domain, within this continent.

But at this moment, he could clearly feel that his body was in complete disarray. That final strike of the heavenly tribulation had been truly terrifying, it had reached the power of an immortal and wreaked havoc inside him.

He felt pain across both his body and soul, but he endured it. That was part of his strategy, to add more firepower to his technique by taking advantage of the heavenly tribulation triggered by the artifact's ascension to a divine artifact.

It was the first time he had tried something like this. The method was undoubtedly insane, but fortunately, it had succeeded, thanks to his current cultivation level and the strength of his domain, which could withstand even more powerful heavenly lightning.

Initially, the heavens had intended to reduce the power output of the tribulation for the Sword of the End, since everything was happening within Aldrian's domain. The heavens could have given the sword a much lighter tribulation.

But he had refused that and asked the heavens to let the tribulation proceed without any reduction. The heavens obeyed him and unleashed heavenly tribulation that no being in this heaven could possibly withstand.

All artifacts would have been reduced to ashes under that kind of tribulation. However, this tribulation was different, because the artifact itself was different. The *Sword of the*

End had been forged with a blend of rare materials from the higher heavens, including divine iron. Aldrian knew it could endure the tribulation.

Even when he used it against Tarius, the *Sword of the End* had not failed him. Back then, it hadn't even ascended to the divine grade, yet he had still been able to match Tarius's avatar. The sword didn't break, nor did its durability falter. If he had faced Tarius with the *Sword of the End* already in peak divine grade, he might have ended the battle in just three moves.

This was truly a special and powerful sword, a sword special to both him and that figure.

But then Aldrian stopped his thoughts as his gaze shifted toward the sea surrounding the continent. In the far distance, he could see many people aboard flying fortresses and smaller transports.

"Those must be people from other continents," Aldrian thought.

He wasn't surprised that outsiders had come. The commotion caused by the devils this time was far too great to be hidden from the rest of the world.

He assumed they must have started their journey after seeing the black pillar.

He turned his gaze toward one large group in the distance. The group he saw was a devil faction, devils from beyond the Barisan continent.

Still, the central figure of the devils in this world was Zhang Haoran, the apostle of Tarius, even though he was much weaker than the devils in the distance.

Considering how Tarius hadn't shown any concern for his apostle's fate, even after descending to the First Heaven, Aldrian knew Tarius didn't truly care about him. Zhang Haoran was nothing more than a tool, a means to help Tarius reach his purpose here.

The people from beyond the Barisan continent who had yet to leave after the battle grew tense as they saw the massive avatar's head turn in their direction. The battle they had just witnessed still felt surreal, and they didn't know what to do next. They wanted to enter the continent, but they were unsure how that person, the one who had just fought the god, would perceive them as outsiders.

The devil groups, especially, felt as if they were dreaming. They had already imagined a glorious life as rulers of this world, only to be slammed by reality... or was it a nightmare?

It felt like finding a rare treasure, only to watch it vanish right before their eyes. There were no fanatic cries or pious expressions, only silence, stunned faces, and blank stares filled with disbelief.

The leader of the devil faction showed his shock openly, his eyes trembling as he stared at the towering avatar. Who is that person? Who could possibly go against a god?

He truly didn't understand. Why had their god lost? The eye had disappeared, and the sky had returned to normal. The world had turned quiet again, and all he could hear was the sound of the sea wind.

This wasn't what he had envisioned. This wasn't how it was supposed to be. They were supposed to win. They were supposed to rule this world.

But then his expression shifted slightly as he saw the giant avatar's head turn in their direction. The other devils noticed it too, and their faces changed. Goosebumps rose on their skin as they watched the massive avatar suddenly lift its enormous sword.

They instantly knew, the avatar was about to unleash an attack!

The higher-ups, including the leader, didn't hesitate to activate their escape talismans, prepared for emergencies.

As for the rest who didn't have one? They tried to flee by any means possible. If they could fly, they flew. If they could swim, they swam. Those aboard the flying fortresses and cruisers were also desperate to escape that monster, steering their vessels as far from the continent as they could.

But before they could get far from their positions, the avatar had already swung its sword—

Whoosh! Boom! Rumble!

The slash energy reached their position in an instant, destroying everything in its path. Flying fortresses and cruisers were swept away and torn apart by the sheer force of the strike. The devils who didn't manage to escape were obliterated without a trace.

It didn't matter whether they were flying or swimming, every one of them was killed in a single sweep. That one strike alone was enough to erase over a million devils and annihilate everything they had brought with them.

The other factions watching from a distance felt a chill run down their spines. But they weren't surprised. The devils had stood no chance. Not even their strongest cultivators

could withstand that blow. If the one controlling the avatar had truly intended to wipe them out, their fate would have been sealed just as easily.

But even so, they remained tense as they waited for the one within the avatar would act toward them. They could only hope he didn't consider them allies of the devils, that kind of misunderstanding would be devastating.

A golden-haired man felt compelled to act before such a misunderstanding could arise. He flew out from the flying fortress, determined to speak. The being within the avatar seemed to notice him, as the massive head turned in his direction, making his heart tremble.

This moment could decide their future.

He cleared his throat and cupped his hands in greeting.

"Greetings, Senior."