

"Demonic Palm!" Malphas roared with his aura bursting through his body. In the midst of a howling gale, the skies darkened dramatically. Shortly after, a palm-the size of a small hill- fell from the sky in Jared's direction.

It covered a huge area with a radius of a hundred meters, leaving Jared no escape regardless of where he dodged. Everyone at the scene was dumbfounded by the size of the giant palm. Sensing the aura that it brought, all of them staggered back in fear.

Even a Martial Arts Saint had no way of surviving such a terrifying technique. Meanwhile, Claus wore a grim look on his face. It was unfathomable to him that a demonic cultivator in the mundane world could wield such power.

"Jared..." Astrid exclaimed. Her sweat-drenched hands were tightly clasped. It was a reflection of the concern she had for him. Standing underneath the shadow of the giant palm, Jared clenched his teeth, his eyes glistening continuously. He knew that defending the attack was crucial to his survival. "Sacred Light Fist!" he roared. Fist shadows that glowed with a golden hue were launched up into the sky in blistering grandeur. The moment both attacks smashed into each other, the two opposing auras disappeared at once.

Disbelief was written all over Malphas' face as he stared up into the air. Jared was equally astonished upon witnessing Sacred Light Fist-which contained his full power-fade into nothingness.

Amidst both their shocks, a crisp explosion was subsequently heard. Crack... Crack...

As Jared and Malphas turned their gaze in the direction of the sound, they noticed the indestructible altar had begun to crack. As for the blood demon corpse, it was standing.

upright with its body bathed in light. Crash! The altar subsequently shattered into pieces as the light faded away. In spite of that, the blood demon's body remained standing and began to emit an aura. Jared was stunned by what he saw and didn't understand what was going on. In contrast to Jared, Malphas was filled with ecstasy as he frantically dropped to his knees. "Welcome back, Lord Baal. Your humble servant is at your service."

The moment Malphas knelt down, Skylar and the four Black Gold Robes came over and joined in on their knees. Baal remained suspended in the air. Although he wasn't moving, the glint in his eye was unmistakable. "What's going on?"

Jared's brows furrowed curiously. "Hahaha, Jared, you have been tricked. I deliberately told you to use a solid body to block the altar's light. Only then would you use Baal's body for that purpose, enabling him to be resurrected by the power of the spiritual energy revival! Hahaha, now that Baal has been resurrected, the world is ours to take. All of you are going to be killed!"

Malphas burst into hysterical laughter. The revelation elicited a grim expression from Jared, who couldn't believe he had fallen for Malphas' trick. "I can't let him be resurrected..."

Narrowing his gaze, Jared planned to destroy Baal's body. Before he could take action, a massive and intimidating aura burst out in all directions, engulfing the entire island within it.

All everyone saw was Baal lifting his hand and a tidal wave soared into the air from the ocean's surface. The overwhelming pressure generated by the aura brought Jared to his knees with a thud. Even those standing further out were forced to do the same.

Some of the weaker ones were crushed to death by the pressure alone. All Baal did was raised his hand slightly, but the gesture was enough to wreak havoc upon the surrounding area.

"We rejoice at your resurrection, Lord Baal," Malphas repeated with his body trembling with emotion. Baal subsequently descended from the air. When he swept his gaze across the crowd, everyone felt a crushing pressure that was unprecedented.

While Baal didn't show any emotion, everyone else lowered their heads, not daring to make eye contact. Only Jared was desperately trying to raise his head to look at him. Despite returning Jared's gaze, Baal's eyes were devoid of anger.