

The Nameless 1301

Chapter 1301: Your Turn

When Dyon turned his senses to the bull-bird, he suddenly felt bad. The leg the bull-bird had used to kick him into the tree back then snapped in two. In fact, the bone still protruded out of what could be considered the heel of that leg. Even worse, it seemed to be infected by some gross, overflowing green-beige puss.

'No wonder her babies are so hungry, she can't hunt with one of her two legs in that state...'

One had to remember that Dyon's body weighed one billion jin back then. Although the bull-bird was powerful and had excellent body refinement cultivation, it wasn't to the point of competing with Dyon's constitution. Although it was strong enough to kick him away with such force, it wasn't strong enough to come away unscathed. It was only now Dyon grasped the overbearing nature of his constitution.

Dyon sighed. 'This is technically my fault, I can't leave it like this. Although her babies are almost as ugly as her, they're still babies.'

With a thought, Dyon tested his spatial will abilities. He found that he could flash about a hundred meters now, down from the almost ten kilometer improvement from in his real world.

'This should be enough. Consider this a thank you for the energy I took from you...' Dyon muttered to himself. If it hadn't been for the bull-bird's energy, he wouldn't have survived Head Void's attack.

Cultivation was all about karma. Although Dyon's strength and comprehension was too low to understand this now, he was still a person who had a hard exterior but a soft disposition. He found it too difficult to ignore the plight of this family, so he took action.

In an instant, his body flickered and he appeared within the hidden den filled with energy stones. He remembered that the first time he saw this place, he was filled with greed. But, now he was just confused about why this bull-bird mother hadn't made use of this energy to help her children.

These energy stones weren't the conventional type from Dyon's home. Instead, they were filled with various types of energies he had taken from the beast dung. The only difference was that they weren't

nearly as pure. Dyon estimated that it would take absorbing thousands, if not tens of thousands of one kind to match the equivalent of what the bull-bird had pulled off.

KKKKUUUUAAAAAHHHHHH!

The moment Dyon appeared, the high-pitched screech of the bull-bird filled his ears.

It tried to stand up and storm toward Dyon, protecting its children to her back, but she stumbled and fell, a pained expression appearing on her large, furless and bull-like face.

The injury to her leg became worse in an instant. The already protruding bone pushing out further as fresh blue blood began to mix in with the foul stench of puss.

Dyon sighed. 'It must be that these creatures aren't intelligent enough to cultivate a method of extracting the energy from these energy stones, so they can only do it by eating other beasts and refining them within their bodies by instinct.'

Suddenly Dyon's brows furrowed. 'Even if these creatures don't understand this method, it has to be the case that some of them do. After all, this mother couldn't have grown so powerful on a whim... Right? Since she ate other beasts with energy to grow powerful, some of them must have more advanced methods of their own.'

Dyon was only partly right. After staying in the den for practically her whole life, the bull-bird had indeed passively absorbed some of the energy of these stones. However, at the same time, there were some more intelligent creatures had learned higher level methods.

When these intelligent creatures gave birth with lesser species, this energy would be passed down. Then, unintelligent creatures like this bull-bird would eat their offspring and thus grow more powerful.

Dyon sucked in a cold breath. 'These higher-level creatures must be the true overlords of this space... This bull-bird is nothing compared to them...'

Thinking about how powerful this bull-bird was, Dyon couldn't help but cringe. It might have injured itself killing him, but think about it in another matter. This bull-bird was actually capable of sending one billion jin flying with a single strike! Even Dyon couldn't do such a thing as matters stood.

Dyon held up his hands, trying to show that he was no harm. With a thought, he extracted some energy he had taken from the beast dung and sent it out as a stream of energy toward the four bull-bird babies.

This projection of energy was something only celestials could do. But, now that Dyon had stepped passed the normal realms of sainthood, he had gained some of the lesser abilities only a celestial would have.

In the next moment, the scrawny babies suddenly puffed up with life. They ran over toward Dyon excitedly, dodging the attempts of their mother to stop them.

Dyon smiled lightly. "It's your turn now."

The bull-bird's large head snapped toward Dyon repeatedly. But the Dyon of back then wasn't the Dyon that was here now. With his current strength, especially since he could move freely now, he didn't fear this bull-bird. Although it was too powerful for him to provoke wantonly, he could retreat freely without being forced into a sorry state.

After dodging the bull-bird's feeble attempts, Dyon soon found the section of its den filled with what would be classified as Holy Energy. This wasn't the same as Holy will, but was rather a name given based on the fact those who chose to cultivate with it were known as Holy Cultivator. They were known for their endless stamina and great recoverability.

With a thought, Dyon drained his meridians of their energy completely, sending it into his inner world. One should note that this wasn't Dyon abandoning his cultivation. In the eyes of others, he still appeared to be a peak saint. It was just that his inner world and his meridians had perfect communication and interchangeability.

Chapter 1302: Second Phase

Soon, Dyon fell into a state of meditation, keeping his mind on alert in case the bull-bird tried to crawl its way over to where he sat.

A faint smile appeared on Dyon features. Holy type energy was truly too comfortable. He could feel the hidden injuries from his body tempering disappearing with each passing moment. Although this energy was far less pure than what he received from the bull-bird, its recovery abilities were uncanny.

If Dyon had to place a label on this Holy type energy, he would categorize it at the essence level. Yet, it was capable of healing his celestial body! This was how amazing these sorts of energies were. Dyon could only imagine what saint level Holy type energy would feel like. Actually, he didn't need to imagine. That should have been the level the bull-bird's beast dung was at. Dyon could remember that energy healing parts of his body that had erupted into a cloud of blood in an instant!

This world was truly a treasure trove. Although Dyon couldn't take any objects out with him, energy that became one with him was a completely different matter. Not only could he use this world to heal himself when he was in dire straits, he would be able to load himself up on those amazing energies now.

One had to also note that not just anyone with the Titan Diamond Body could do this. For one, simply reaching the bronze-silk realm and gaining access to this world was bordering on impossible. Secondly, Dyon's cultivation technique was the greatest ever created. While the cultivation techniques of others would struggle to respond to these new energy types, Dyon was like a fish that had jumped into the ocean. He took practically no time at all to adjust.

Hours later, Dyon felt that his meridians had been filled to the brim once more. He had managed to do this five times over the span of time he had been here. It was just that he passed off the energy to his inner world because he realized that this healing energy also sped up the growth speed of the grass in his inner world. Although he couldn't bring in those spiritual plants he had planted in his inner world for now, he could make a good guess that their growth speed would increase as well.

Dyon shook his head. He felt that it was about time he was blessed with all of this luck. He had toiled in pain for too long.

Standing up, he made his way to the still enraged bull bird. Dyon couldn't help but applaud its tenacity. It had crawled almost 500 meters just using its large chin trying to make its way to Dyon.

"Thank you." Dyon said sincerely. After he pushed the bull-bird babies that had refused to leave his side toward their mother, he began sending steady streaming of energy toward her. In the end, the bull-bird's enraged state was overwhelmed by a keen sense of calm. Pain that had overwhelmed it for years abruptly soothed themselves.

Taking advantage of the situation, Dyon quickly appeared to its side and snapped its broken bone back into place before dodging a sweeping kick the bull-bird sent in response.

Dyon chuckled to himself. This bull-bird really was too untrusting. But, if he knew that he had squandered ten years of her hard work, he'd have a little more sympathy for her.

Half an hour later, the bull-bird was finally healed completely.

"Consider us even now." Dyon patted its large head before dodging her snapping teeth. "Now you can hunt for your kids. I'll be back soon. Your den is really too much of a convenience for me to miss out."

Laughing once more as he dodged the bull-bird, Dyon disappeared from the world.

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When Dyon awoke, he found himself on his throne once more, Madeleine still sleeping comfortably in his arms. He had another thought of helping her heal, but he fought off the urge again.

After placing her within the tower for rest, he couldn't help but test out his body.

His fists careened through the air, sending shock waves of booming strength forward before they enigmatically disappeared. This was one of the peak common grade techniques Dyon had learned to the one with self-realm, [Vanishing Fists]. The strength behind them caused even him to raise an eyebrow.

'This isn't my peak strength, my body actually feels fatigued after entering and exiting the world. It seems it takes a toll on me to stay in there for extended periods of time. As things stand now, I can last about four to five hours without too many problems. I can push it to one day if I force it, but then I'll

likely have to rest for another month before entering. If I don't push myself, I can enter once a day without issue.'

Dyon smiled, continuing to find the limits of his strength. He found that after he healed his hidden injuries, his upper limit had increased by another five million jin. Now, his peak weight was 106 000 000 jin. His strength was absolutely devastating.

"Good. It's time to head to the second phase sky castles."

Looking down at himself, Dyon shook his head. He was practically coated in his own blood, he really should do something about that. The nagging sound of Lilianna's voice in his Mind's Eye only made things worse.

'Can't you be as quiet as Red and Green?' Dyon said, clearly annoyed.

He had long since asked them for their names, but they both answered that they had forgotten long ago. So, he settled with referring to them by the color of their armors.

'You stuffed me in here and never let me out! Madeleine at least let me see the outside world, but all I get with you is this endless black. Are you trying to drive me insane?' Lilianna's voice resounded in his mind.

'I can always put you back into the torture sphere.'

'You scoundrel!'

Dyon couldn't be bothered to answer. Instead, he brought out a large vat. It looked like a massive porcelain pot of white, covered by a lid that weighed several ten million jin.

Chapter 1303: Ever

When Dyon conquered his second sky castle, aside from the green-armored guardian, most of the things he gained were absolutely useless to him. Many revolved around taking control of beasts much more powerful than yourself, but since he had Biibi, Sen, Shere and Linlin, he didn't plan on doing so. At least not yet. Because of this, he planned on handing off much of what he gained to Ri. But, there were two things he set aside for himself that were extremely useful.

The first was a beast controlling formation compendium. This compendium gave detailed information about the best and most effective formations for absolute control over beasts, covering practically every Common, Earth and Heaven Grade beast to ever exist.

Beast Tomes provided a breakdown of anatomy of beasts, but this compendium went even further, detailing their evolutions, weaknesses, even to the point of detailing their DNA and chemical makeup. All of this was then condensed down to singular formation, one per beast. This formation had an 80% likelihood of completely enslaving the beast it was targeted toward, irrelevant of cultivation! If you drew the blood of this beast and added it to the formation first, this percentage would grow to 95%.

Of course, the only drawback of this book was that there were no beasts detailed above the Heaven Grade. It was also noted that these formations would drop to only 20% effectiveness if the beast in question was a King beast or if this beast followed the Human Path. Plus, there were high requirements for preparation. Other than that, it was practically perfect.

It had to be said that this compendium was on a completely different level than Dyon's usual use of The Seal. Although The Seal was a treasure of the 33 heavens, Dyon had very minor understanding of the seal path. However, this compendium was written by a Higher Existence who gave her life to the seal path!

If Dyon coupled The Seal with the formations noted in the compendium, although he wouldn't be able to increase the 80% and 95% threshold, he could increase the likelihood of enslaving a King or Human Path beast from 20% to 50%!

This sort of Beast Compendium could deal a devastating blow to the Five Clan Beast Alliance of Dyon's home quadrant. So, Dyon immediately set it aside, slowly making plans for the future.

The second treasure he found that was of use was none other than this large vat.

This vat was filled with Dragon Saliva. Although this sounds disgusting, it was an absolute treasure. In fact, since the cultivation of the Dragons this came from were so high, there were next to no impurities to be found. So, instead of a foul stench, the saliva gave off a soothing fragrance that smelled like a fresh spring just after a light rain.

There were two major uses for this Dragon Saliva. The first was incredibly important the beast babies. After beasts evolve their bloodlines, they undergo a period of instability. This saliva was not only able to instantly end this period, it was also able to perfect the fusion and ignore any rejection the original blood might experience with the new one. This would cause a qualitative improvement in the beast's strength.

However, obviously, this wasn't why Dyon would use it. He had already given the beast babies an adequate portion each and they should be out of their training any time now. Instead, his use lied in this saliva's more mysterious origin.

Dragon Saliva didn't refer to the spittle within their mouth, but rather the mucus that coated their throats and vocal cords. In the ancient era, the scariest magic to exist was tied to 'Dragon Tongue' that relied on these very portions of the body.

If one thought back to the Dragon Transformation Technique of the Viserion Clan, the very same technique Dyon stole during his second trial, the later portions referred to tempering one's Vocal Cords. Doing this would allow one to speak Dragon Tongue, an ancient magic that shook even the most powerful Higher Existences.

The use of this magic was lost to the Dragons now, but during the time before this Mystical World was created, it was still very much prevalent. Whenever Dragons used Dragon Tongue, ancient magic and its mysteries would accumulate in their throats, causing a qualitative change in the saliva over extended periods of time.

This vat here was filled with that very same mucus! It was the richest source of cultivation energy possible in the martial world, and it was incomparably gentle. Using this saliva, Dyon could propel himself to the peak of the saint realm and fill his 117th meridian completely!

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A few days later, Dyon exhaled a hot breath. The air around him trembled, almost as though it was pulling toward his will. That space wanted to leave the constraints of heavenly laws and recognize Dyon has its true master.

Dyon's eyes opened with a flash, a beam of energy shooting outward and surprisingly causing a crack in the wall of the sky castle.

'The saliva at the top of this vat is already so tyrannical and effective... What is the Dragon Saliva at the bottom like?...'

From the method of Dragon Saliva extraction Dyon understood, a Dragon would be killed and then dissected. Their throat would be taken out and opened. In that case, the newest and freshest Saliva would be on the outside. These portions spent the least amount of time being tempered by Dragon Tongue. Obviously, then, the deeper layers of saliva had been tempered for the longest time.

Right now, Dyon was only capable of skimming some off of the top. The deeper portions were still beyond his ability to handle for now.

Still, Dyon could tell that the deepest portions would help celestial cultivation at most. This made sense, though. A first phase castle wouldn't have anything too ground-breaking. The Star Grade pills of the alchemy castle was obviously an exception since it was actually meant to be a trap.

Almost as though it was planned, the moment Dyon's eyes opened, the beast babies walked out from their cultivation. They had stepped out before because they were worried about Dyon, but now it seemed they were on a completely different level to before. If it wasn't for the fact all of them but Sen were in their adorable toddler forms, they'd look like imposing experts.

Chapter 1304: Trick?

There's black eyes flickered with a deep blue occasionally that gave off a dangerous light. Sen's massive body pulsed with an illusory royal armor, it seemed to follow his breath, appearing and disappearing with his every inhale and exhale. Biibi might have had the least improvement, but from her aura, Dyon could tell that she too had stepped into the King realm. Finally, there was Linlin who Dyon found it difficult to see through completely. Her eyes contained a depth that didn't match her cute, chubby face.

Dyon smiled lightly. "It seems you're all prepared. The second phase is probably a mess by now already. This is a matter of life and death for them. Without gaining a key to the third phase, they can only die on the grounds below.

"We have many enemies, all of them with ill-intentions. But, I plan on wiping them all out. Are you with me?"

Dyon's Presence shattered the space around him. He had a feeling that if he summons his projection of his inner world now, its effects would be devastating.

Shere's small face grinned with an evil light. "I haven't killed enough yet, big brother. I can feel my slaughter heart awakening."

If someone from the mortal world saw Shere now, they'd immediately think that she was a horror movie antagonist. Even Dyon couldn't help but feel his heart thump at her vigor.

"Good! Let's go."

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Unlike the first phase, the second phase only had a single visible castle. According to Madeleine, it was supposed to have several invisible castles, just like the first phase, but Dyon had no intention of going to them.

Dyon had thought with how much he took his time, many would have long since found and taken advantage of this singular visible castle. But, he had forgotten two things.

For one, the second phase involved sky castles that were much higher in the skies than previously, at least by several hundred kilometers. Even worse, those who had relied on flying beasts to reach the first sky castles were out of luck. Now that the seals on these beasts were undone, they had awakened to Pseudo-Dao Formation cultivations. In fact, many were killed by their flying beasts, being unaware of the change in rules.

Secondly, not everyone had Dyon's divine sense. How difficult was it to find a single castle, several hundred kilometers in the sky, within a world that was 500 000 km from start to end? Too difficult!

So, even while Dyon wasted months, taking his time and still finding that castle almost immediately, others spent months struggling to find methods of flying safely into the skies all while avoiding the dangerous beasts below and the winged beasts of the skies. More than a few would be angered by the ease of Dyon's experience compared to theirs.

Currently, many stood in the air using various means. Those of the Sapientia Guilds used defensive formations they either created themselves or that came from array plates. Some of the better ones among them used their Beast Master abilities to tame those wild Pseudo-Dao formation beasts, giving them an advantage unto themselves.

Surprisingly, those of the Golden Crow Sect didn't have any problems standing in the air. Their golden flames ignored the laws of this Mystical World, allowing them to soar into the skies with ease. This was a matter that made sharp individuals narrow their eyes.

Finally, the remainder of the young geniuses used flying treasures they had brought in with them, carrying members they saw as friends or fellow disciples with them.

Still, no one dared to move. Unlike the previous castles where they simply stormed in, this castle seemed different.

It stood with an imposing air, bearing down on them with a cruel yet illusory feeling. However, what many couldn't take their eyes off were the Sentries that protected the doors. There were a total of fifty of them, each of whom gave off an aura between the high celestial and peak celestial realm and one of which was a pseudo-dao expert! It was no wonder they didn't dare to move...

It was at this moment that everyone looked in the same direction to find a handsome young man sitting on the back of a massive beast, heading toward them as though he was taking a stroll.

Dyon leisurely entered the group of spectators, commanding his own space. From what he could see, little more than thirty or so individuals from the over two hundred that entered were here. Where the rest of them were? He didn't entirely know, but he guessed that they either were hiding from the strengthening beasts or searching blindly for this sky castle, still.

When he appeared, Dyon felt a growing killing intent from two peak celestials within the Sapientia disciples, both of whom were women wearing azure robes fluctuating with illusory images of comets. Clearly, these two were Comet Lords of the Alchemy faction.

If Dyon remembered correctly, Wilder was a white robed genius of the weapon's, runic veins, and alchemy masters. So, he was under the purview of these peak celestials. It seemed that even when he revealed his Moon Lord status, some still hid some animosity toward him.

The injured Wilder was nowhere to be seen, but Blythe was here. She sent an angered glare toward Dyon, but he could tell that it didn't reach the level of the former two women. Clearly, although this girl was a little prickly, she wasn't quick to wish death upon people unlike her counterparts.

Aside from them, Dyon noticed that among the Flaming Lily Disciples, only Yandevere, Sabona and one other peak celestial was here. He had been keeping tabs on the others, and they seemed to have not been able to make it here.

Of course, the largest group was undoubtedly those of the Golden Flame Sect. Not only were top ranked Inner Disciples like Angela here, in her blazing and scant golden armor, God Goldeen along with his four peak celestial protectors were also here.

Then, there were loners like True God Tatsuya and Falkor who still looked toward Dyon like they could leap toward him to fight at any moment.

'Interesting, it seems that no one wants to make a move and suffer a loss first. At the same time, no one wants to take the lead either because of how difficult it is to command so many strong headed individuals. No wonder these people haven't gotten anywhere even though I took my time...' Dyon spoke to himself.

'Red, Green. Are there any tricks to this?'

Chapter 1305: Flying?

Green, who was a woman as well, just like Red, spoke first. 'No tricks. It's just that the door to the castle is particularly heavy. But, aside from that, if you're fast enough, you can ignore the puppets and enter directly. Not only can they not step out more than a kilometer from the castle doors, they also cannot enter.'

'Heavy?' Dyon raised an eyebrow. 'How heavy are we talking?'

If he had time, Dyon was confident in moving any door restricted to the realm of a celestial. However, there was a pseudo-dao expert among the puppets. If it took more than a split second, he was as good as finished. Although the puppets down there were only comparable to higher third grade and lower second grade experts, a pseudo-dao expert was trouble for Dyon, even after his improvement.

'About half a billion jin per door.' Green responded nonchalantly.

Dyon suddenly felt a headache coming on. The threshold of strength for a dao expert was a billion jin. Moving both doors was asking for too much without enough time.

'You should also know that the doors are attached to a spring mechanism.' Red's voice called out. 'Individually, their weight isn't a billion jin, it's only after the spring is taken into account that they are.'

Dyon's headache grew. No tricks, you say? This was the worst kind of trick.

The fact there was a spring made matters a million times worse. That meant they needed to continuously apply force instead of inching the doors open step by step. It was near impossible for one person to do this alone. Not at their cultivation realm, anyway.

Suddenly Dyon's eyes flashed with an idea. He had planned on using the second phase to clear his enemies and enter the third phase calmly, but it seemed it would be impossible now. With the lingering thought that this world might not be so simple as it seems, he had wanted to focus his entire mind on potential tricks the Lord Creator might play... Unfortunately, nothing in the martial world allowed everything to go according to plan.

God Goldeen cleared his throat. "I know that everyone here is a genius in their own right, but standing here isn't very productive. I believe that we should ..."

Dyon ignored the annoying, uppity speech that rung in his ears. With a thought, the beast babies disappeared into his inner world, and he flashed before Sabona, Yandevere and the third peak celestial. It wasn't long before he explained himself. Though the third peak celestial, a disciple named Kali, didn't agree, Yandevere and Sabona did, disappearing into Dyon's tower.

Under the astonished eyes of everyone, Dyon flashed into the kilometer radius of the sky castle.

The formerly dormant Sentries suddenly shook awake, their silver armor clanging as their visors shone a bright red. The golden armored pseudo-dao Sentry stepped backward first, protecting the door as the 49 silver armored Sentries charged, the banging of their weapons drowning out God Goldeen's voice.

Those spectating looked toward Dyon with an incredulous expression. Was this kid a fool? Did he expect them to help him now that he had so valiantly stepped out? What a joke. They'd just wait for him to tire himself out and whittle away at the puppets they needed to deal with. They had never seen such an idiot in their lifetime.

At that moment, the two azure robed Comet Lords looked at each other and nodded. They had reached a tacit understanding.

'He's nothing but a peak saint... Where does his confidence come from?' Kali snorted. How ridiculous.

Lingering dissatisfaction from how Dyon berated her and the other Flaming Lily Sect disciples months ago was bearing its fruit now. She didn't appreciate Dyon's arrogant attitude despite his handsome face. If anything, the fact he was so attractive only made her dislike him more.

Dyon smiled lightly as he saw the 49 celestial Sentries charging toward him. 'Anyone below the first grade is nothing to me...'

His body began to sway in an enigmatic matter. It was almost as though he became illusory at time, disappearing into the wind without presence.

At first, those spectating had expected an immediate struggle to break out. Although Dyon had defeated Comet Lord Wilder in a single blow, there were multiple factors to consider. First of all, he had the

support of his beast companions, beast companions he had clearly put away in some sort of hidden space. Secondly, he used an attack that took several seconds to complete. Such a technique in a battle between celestials was completely useless. Even a saint wouldn't allow you so much to charge a technique. And, lastly, Wilder was simply not that powerful.

Although Wilder was a first grade genius, he was just of the first order. In addition, he had leaped into the skies to attack Dyon in a world where flight was restricted. His movement were inherently handicapped. To top all of this off, he had only just recently broken into the middle celestial realm! He would struggle against even one high celestial second grade puppet, let alone the peak celestial second grade puppets here.

However, this destruction of a True God they were expecting didn't happen. Dyon's body slipped into and out of existence with such an ease that they felt a chill in their hearts. He looked so at ease, yet the movements he was executing proved how powerful his divine sense was. Not a single matter slipped his recognition.

Dyon found that his spatial control was even further dampened within the range of the sky castle. In fact, he could only move a single meter in any direction. But, that was more than enough!

Whenever he felt himself falling from the skies, he would flash upward. His control was so precise that from a spectator's view, it seemed that he was gliding across a see-through floor instead of the empty skies he was! After decades of refining his energy manipulation in Chaos Universe, he had reached otherworldly levels.

"Could it be that he's flying? How... That should be impossible here for anyone who –" Seventh Ranked Inner Disciple Egan Goldeen began muttering to himself but his last words were cut off as he received the glares of the Golden Crow disciples around him.

Chapter 1306: Grabbed

First Ranked Inner Disciple Louis Goldeen looked toward Dyon with interest. As an inner disciple, he had yet to break into the celestial realm, so he treated Dyon as a rival. He had yet to realize that he was delusional.

"He isn't flying, he's using incredibly precise control of his spatial will and his movement techniques to make it seem like he is." He said, somewhat breathlessly. He had never seen something so beautiful.

"What is the point of that?" Egan's face twisted in disdain. Ever since he shouldered the responsibility of losing so many Key Towers in the campaign against Madeleine and Alidor, he had hated Dyon to the core.

Second Ranked Inner Disciple Meaghan Goldeen looked toward her cousin in contempt. "Would it kill you to not sound stupid for a single second?"

"Puppets are simple creatures and don't have the flexible thinking of humans. Since they're fighting in the skies, True God Sacharro would be placed at a disadvantage if he was attacked from front, back, above and below. He's keeping his line of trajectory perfectly straight without deviating so that the simple-minded puppets continue to attack him head on. If he dipped up and down, the puppets would spread out more and attack from more variable angles."

Egan snorted. "None of that matters. He'll be slapped to death with a single strike from the pseudo-dao puppet."

Although his cousins and siblings still disdained him, they couldn't refute this. The pseudo-dao formation realm was a completely different animal. Even a ninth order peak celestial would have to be cautious against even a second grade pseudo-dao expert.

Ahead, Dyon couldn't be bothered with the words of praise or disdain he was receiving. He had used his constitution's abilities to lower his weight to barely a million jin. With this weight and the strength of his muscles, his speed was akin to a third order peak celestial. These puppets couldn't touch him.

In mere seconds, he sidestepped them all, dodging a last spear and flashing toward the pseudo-dao puppet.

A brilliant defensive array appeared below him, shattering under the weight of his feet as he careened forward.

Currents of booming air blasted behind him. In an instant, he made his way to the pseudo dao puppet, shining in gold under the sunlight.

Dyon smirked as his divine sense caught wind of those two Comet Lords making a move. Did they really believe that their shabby concealment arrays could escape his detection? What a joke. However, he ignored them for now. Since he couldn't fly, he was still at a massive disadvantage. But, he couldn't make use of Linlin or else his plan wouldn't work. He had to be alone to make sure that everything worked out to perfection.

Unfortunately, the problems didn't end there. Even as Dyon created defensive array after defensive array to propel himself forward, he realized that they were far too weak to withstand the power of his kicks. A lot of his force was dissipated, resulting in him only being able to bring out 20% of his true speed.

If Dyon made use of his spatial will, he could increase this restraint. In fact, if he allowed his spatial pseudo-dao to appear, this one meter restriction would shatter before him, allowing him to move far more freely. However, he needed to keep his true power level hidden to explode forward at the perfect time.

When he was weaving through the puppets, he had only flashed forward a few centimeters at a time. This made those watching think that this spatial intent wasn't very developed although he had great control of it. The reason for this was simple. The moment these people stepped into the kilometer radius of the castle, they would comprehend the restriction he was under. If he was suddenly flashing one meter forward, they'd be able to extrapolate his true limits, something he couldn't allow to happen!

The problem with this approach was that it drastically increased the time he needed to cover the kilometer radius, allowing the puppets who could fly to catch up to him and give him more trouble.

"Just what is he thinking?..." Some couldn't help but mumble to themselves.

Kali snorted. "He's probably already realized his stupidity, but his pride won't let him back out."

Many couldn't help but agree with Kali. That was what it seemed like.

Watching Dyon continually weave through the puppets, only for them to catch back up with him once more, was almost painful to watch. This cycle continued again and again. They had never seen a saint take so long to cover what just amounted to one kilometer.

"What exactly was his plan, Disciple Kali?" Someone of the Sapientia Disciples couldn't help but ask.

"He —" The moment Kali wanted to speak, she felt an overwhelming Presence descend from above, shattering all of her resolve. She felt as though she was facing an insurmountable mountain, one that could press down and crush her at any moment.

'Don't think that just because I allow you to speak all the nonsense you want that I can't kill you with a single thought.' Dyon's voice drifted into Kali's ears like the call of the Reaper. 'You'd better choose your next words carefully.'

Those who were looking toward Kali for an answer suddenly saw her pale. In just a split second, her red velvet core disciple gowns were drenched in sweat. Did she really let her anger make her forget that Dyon was a True God? What was she thinking?

Kali grit her teeth before shaking her head. "He just said that he was confident in clearing this alone. That was all." She managed to squeeze out.

It was only then that the weight on her chest finally disappeared.

Dyon didn't even take a single glance back. This spineless Kali wasn't worth his time.

When he was just twenty meters from the golden Sentry, his eyes flashed with a decisive light.

He cleared the silver sentries for a final time, sliding by them with an incomparably calm expression on his face.

The glow in the gold sentry's visor grew fiercer. It grabbed at the air, causing a three-meter-long golden spear to appear in its hands.

Chapter 1307: Good News

In that moment, Dyon felt an overbearing pressure collapsing upon him. If it wasn't for his fierce Presence, he would have lost the will to fight completely. He could feel that the gap between him and this puppet was akin to heaven and earth. No matter how much he struggled, he had no chance...

This was the presence of enigmatic energy! An energy emitted by a ruler of the world!

Dyon sneered as these thoughts swirled in his mind. "In this world, there isn't a single existence that can make me bend my knee."

With a single thought, Dyon's weight dropped from one million jin to less than a single pound. The energy in his meridians completely disappeared, replaced by Light Type energy.

In the next instant, Dyon's foot kicked backward. But, this time, instead of his strength dissipating into the air, 100% of it connected perfectly!

"Hmph?" True God Tatsuya's eyes flashed as his dragon blood trembled. Only he sensed what had just happened, but the aura disappeared so quickly that even he wasn't certain.

Dyon had used the Golden Dragon Scale!

Before Dyon had undergone all of these changes, the Gold Sentry had already begun its attack, but that was when Dyon completely slipped away from its detection. Dyon's speed had increased to such an unfathomable realm that he tore through the void with his physical body alone! Somehow Dyon had accomplished something only a dao formation expert could!

When the two Comet Lords that had snuck in using Dyon's boisterous feats to their advantage realized they too lost track of him, they slightly panicked. But, that was when they realized that Dyon had suddenly arrived hundreds of meters to the Golden Sentry's back!

Dyon felt his body creaking under his overwhelming speed, but his body was no normal body. And, although his meridians were completely dried of energy after that single move, didn't he have an entire inner world filled with this energy?!

The Golden Sentry detected that its target had suddenly reappeared, but it was all too late, Dyon was too close to the door.

"Sister, let's go! This fool probably doesn't know that this door is incredibly heavy! We'll attack and kill him the moment he gets stuck, then we can blame it on the Sentry!"

The two Comet Lords that had been waiting far above the sky castle took action, shooting downward at their fastest speed even as Dyon was mere inches from the doors. They could already see his death.

Dyon's smirk widened even as those spectating in the distance shook their heads as though they too could see his death. They didn't know what treasure he used to reach that speed, but they could only hope for his sake that it wasn't a one time use one. Unfortunately, how could a treasure that allowed a mere saint to reach the speed of a dao formation expert be used continuously?

Alas, Dyon had no intentions of dying this day. The moment his body was about to strike the door, he circulated his hardening ability to the max. For a split second, Dyon's body became resplendent, shimmering like cut diamond under the sun light. Then, he circulated his understanding of momentum to the max and shot his weight up from less than one pound to one billion jin!

BOOM! BOOM!

Under the shocked expressions of all those watching, the supposedly heavy doors were blasted inward with such force that it felt as though even the skies themselves were collapsing.

The eyes of the Comet Lords widened in shock. They had just been sending palm attacks toward Dyon, when suddenly a rushing wind startled them. The inside of the castle became open to everyone spectating, especially for the two Comet Lords who were just meters away.

Suddenly, they forgot all about Dyon. If they could enter this castle before everyone else, they could definitely grasp on of the keys to the third phase for themselves!

However, reality was cruel. Even as they rushed forward, the last thing they saw was Dyon's sneer as he used his Presence to shatter their concealment arrays.

Everyone watched in horror as two doors, each with 500 000 000 jin of weight behind them accelerated toward these two azure robed Comet Lords.

They stood not a single chance. The moment the doors slammed into them, they erupted into nothing but a cloud of meat paste.

A violent wind knocked Dyon flying once more as the doors closed behind him. Those who had been spectating could only watch with bitter expressions on their faces – none more bitter than Kali who only had to have said yes to take part in what Yandevere and Sabona were taking part in...

"The title of True God really is well earned..." Some couldn't help but mutter to themselves. But, something was telling them that this Dyon was on a complete other level than what a even a True God should be capable of. If he wasn't constantly doing things to subvert their expectations, how could they as Kings and Emperors dare to look down on a True God? Yet, time and time again, he shocked them.

Within the sky castle, Dyon coughed violently, wincing as he popped his shoulder back into place and released the beast babies along with Yandevere and Sabona.

A shocked gasp left Sabona's lips. "He really did it!"

Even Yandevere's normally bland expression twinkled slightly in surprise. They had agreed with Dyon's plan, but that didn't mean they thought he'd succeed. At most, they thought that for Madeleine's sake, they should help pull him out of trouble when he sunk in too deep. Yet, he actually didn't need them at all!

Dyon was too injured to respond immediately. He simply popped a comet grade Heaven Soothing pill into his mouth and pushed his white flames to the limit, amplifying its abilities several times over.

His plan might have seemed simple, but it actually put a lot of strain on his body. Although reaching the speed of a dao formation expert was nothing more than energy expenditure to him, running into a

billion jin at that speed sheered multiple of his organs apart. It would take some time before he was back at peak condition.

The good news was that not only had he entered the sky castle, but he had also eliminated three of the peak celestials that group could have had help them. The first was Yandevere who he brought in with him, and the last two were obviously the peak celestials that plotted to kill him.

Chapter 1308: Damned

Now that that already small group of 30 or so was whittled down even further of its experts, it would take them far longer to breach the castle. If Dyon had to guess, they'd likely err on the side of waiting until more people found the sky castle before attacking. This could take anywhere from days to weeks, and even then, it would be a massive trial to make it through all the puppets, especially the pseudo-dao one.

"Where is Madeleine?" Sabona couldn't help ask.

Dyon coughed, spitting out a glob of blood before standing up. He felt much better now.

"She's in secluded training right now." Dyon said absentmindedly. He looked around, realizing that they were in a foyer between two large doors. It seemed that after the large double doors that guarded the castle, there was a second set of doors directly behind them that required the key from the first phase.

"Don't lie to me! I heard people talking about how she was very injured!" Sabona waved her massive red hammer around. Dyon found it adorable that what looked like a little girl was brandishing a weapon twice her size.

The truth was that months ago, Dyon was forced to carry Madeleine around because her situation was still unstable and sometimes took a turn for the worst. But, by now, Madeleine was out of the woods.

"She was very injured, and now she's in secluded training." Dyon didn't even bother to attempt and concoct a good story. "Let's go."

With a thought, his six-sided key appeared in his hand and flew toward the second set of doors. Unlike the previous heavy set, these doors opened with remarkable ease. In fact, they didn't even stop Yandevere and Sabona from entering as well despite the fact they didn't have to use their keys. It seemed that one key was enough to allow an entire group entry.

Sabona pouted. "I fought so hard for my key and it turns out I don't even need it. This Lord Creator is too —."

However, her words froze as she saw the space they entered, greed replacing her previous pout.

Below them was a ground of solid marble. It shone with interlaced lines of pearly white, greys and sparse flecks of black. But, the room had no walls or even a ceiling to speak of. Instead, it was replaced by an expanse of space.

Stars twinkled in the distance, shining down with a faint light. It was even possible to see moons of various colors and streaking asteroids and comets. It was almost as though this slab of marble had been ejected from a planet and was now floating aimlessly. If it wasn't for the fact that there was another set of identical double doors at the end of the marble slab, they'd really believe that this was the case as well.

This said, none of these matters were what made Sabona's eyes light up with greed. While some of what hovered in this night sky were stars, there were also orbs of shimmering lights as well.

Within these orbs of light, outstanding treasures floated, completely trapped. The best part was, judging by the auras of these treasures, even the worst of them were Peak Comet Grade Spiritual treasures, while the best of them were Peak Planet Grade Supreme treasures!

Dyon turned an interested eye to the floating orbs. Truth be told, he had relied on himself for most of his fighting prowess mostly because Spiritual grade treasures were almost glorified ornaments in the hands of anyone below the celestial realm. Dyon even remembered that he had one wore a domineering battle changpao to his first campaign that he had never worn since simply due to the fact it wasn't worth it.

It had looked quite cool to wear a white leather changpao, laced with silver and gold. But, not only was it heavy, restricting Dyon's movements, its defensive and offensive capabilities were locked to him since he didn't even have an ounce of energy cultivation at the time.

However, now, matters were different. Not only was he very close to breaking through to the celestial realm, he had even gained some abilities of celestials before even entering their level. In just a few more months, his cultivation would completely stabilize at the peak of the 18th Order and he would be able to accomplish things practically no other saint could.

When that time came, such Spiritual grade treasures would be highly beneficial to him. Also, his treasures of the 33 heavens would take a massive leap in their abilities as well.

For Dyon, whose cultivation path was innately slow, the best way to explosively increase his combat prowess in as little time as possible would be to rely on these treasures.

Of course, he also remembered his master's rule that he couldn't use them until he breached the 1st innate level of his Weapon's Master will, he was sure that she'd forgive him for breaking this rule in life and death situations.

'This room shouldn't be so simple, right?' Dyon directed this question toward Red and Green.

'Lord Creator never gives out anything without taking something back.' Red explained. 'The better the treasure, the further from this floor they are. You have to send out a rope of energy to pull them down, but the amount of energy needed is dependant on how far the treasure is. Also, the treasure can pull back as well... If your feet leave this marbled floor, you'll lose its support and you could end up drifting aimlessly until the Mystical World closes and you're forced out.'

'I see...' Dyon thought to himself. If it hadn't been for those Martial Saint pills, Dyon would have been out of luck in this second phase. Without the abilities of a celestial, it was impossible to project energy out from one's self without a medium like wills and intents or a weapon. Only celestials and above could project their actual energy to influence the world around them.

This may seem like a useless ability, but it was quite helpful. It not only gave celestials most deft control on their techniques, it could also be used as a sort of telekinesis. Stories of cultivators grasping their enemies from afar and crushing them all stemmed from this ability.

Sabona stamped her feet angrily when she realized this reality. "This damn Lord Creator!"

Chapter 1309: Transportation

Although she too had used her various fortuitous encounters to break into the celestial realm, her realm was still unstable and her control was still weak. By her calculations, to take even the weakest treasure here would take the energy pool and control of a first-grade higher celestial. This was too hateful.

Dyon smiled lightly, but said nothing. He had helped them enough.

Although Dyon's saint energy couldn't compare to celestial energy, his depth of energy was unmatched. He could rely on his control and stamina to reach the treasures he wanted as long as he took his time.

"Senior Sister Yandevere, are there any treasures here that you must have?" Dyon asked lightly. He didn't want to start any unnecessary fights that could be avoided. He had to help out his beast companions as well as Madeleine, so he wanted Yandevere to pick first.

The quiet Yandevere sent a glance toward Dyon before pointing toward a Lower Moon Grade protective vest. From Dyon's senses, he could tell that it improved energy recovery and was also a great defensive treasure. But, most of all, its energy recovery ability was linked to its hidden strength of improving energy flow. By his estimations, it could increase the speed of a cultivator by almost 20%.

Dyon nodded and said no more.

Sabona pouted and sat down in a huff. Eventually, she focused on one of the weaker treasures, deciding that she should at least try her best.

"I want that one!" She said defiantly, pointing toward a small book with wings printed on its cover.

Dyon looked over in interest. He remembered that he had trouble fusing his movement skills with his wings. If that book was a movement technique that involved its user have this natural flight ability, it could be very helpful to him.

Looking at Sabona's red mercury wings, he could guess why she wanted it as well.

"How about this. If you fail, I'll help you get the book and you can let me take a look at it for a few hours."

"You?" Sabona's brow furrowed. No matter how she looked at it, Dyon was still a peak saint. His abilities here should be even worse than hers. But, after seeing him do so many heaven defying things, she just nodded subconsciously.

Dyon smiled. "It's settled then."

After this, Dyon's eyes focused on a golden treasure in the distance. Since he was so good at offending people, he definitely needed a faster mode of transportation...

"HA!" A light roar escaped Dyon's lips, his aura releasing to an entirely new level.

The odd inner world trembled under his might. Not only did his divine sense spread to its limits, his Presence unleashed its full strength. Did these floating treasures dare pull back against an Emperor?!

Yandevere and Sabona's pupils contracted into pinholes. They couldn't understand how a mere celestial had such momentum. This was on a completely different level.

Only the beast babies hopped around excitedly. If Dyon could take these treasures easily, that meant they could get what they wanted too.

Dyon's aura pressed down on the golden treasure in the distance. Its protective barrier trembled under his might, almost shattering in an instant.

Pressing his two fingers together, Dyon's arm gained the presence of a weapon. With a single stroke, he shot it forward, causing an arc of light to pierce forward.

'That's not celestial or saint energy, it's... spear qi?' Yandevere's eyes showed doubt. 'Could it be his weapon will has reached the 7th intent level? But that's impossible!'

Not only did celestial energy have special properties, but so did celestial level intents, referring to the 7th, 8th and 9th intent levels. This was why Lilith's sword will had the ability to seal space when she fought Dyon. If it hadn't been for the fact her soul was injured, Dyon would have suffered a loss fighting her.

However, the reason Yandevere was so shocked was because mastering a weapon will to the celestial realm was a completely different sort of feat. It was near impossible!

Following a weapon path needed a depth of insight that a saint simply couldn't bring to the table. There was no such thing as a weapon's abyssal core. The closest thing to one would be Battle Scars left behind by absolute experts, but those were far more difficult to glean results from than abyssal cores. As a result, those who comprehended weapons could only rely on themselves. This made the path far more difficult!

It was no wonder Yandevere didn't believe her senses.

Eventually, she shook her head. 'Even if he has, a will isn't enough. If it was, Sabona would have just used her fire intent...'

However, the next moment shocked her even more. The spear attacks began to stack upon one another. This wasn't Dyon sending out more strength, but it seemed to be stemming from an innate comprehension of resonance and momentum fused with the spear qi!

'This is True Weapon Will!' Yandevere, a woman known for her stoic expressions, had never shown so much emotion in her life. 'Is he even human?!'

Dyon had long since comprehended True Weapon Will thanks to his tribulation. The True Weapon Will of the spear was able to layer its attacks, multiplying its destructive force.

There was another matter that Yandevere didn't pick up on either. Both Clara and Dyon had the ability to use their divine sense's range to increase the range of their wills. If Dyon wanted, he could start a fire

200 000 km from himself, simply relying on his fire will. This was the majesty of the secrets of the [Dao of Array Alchemy].

Although the strength of the will decreased the further from Dyon it was formed, in this sort of situation, this was irrelevant.

Dyon was able to slowly add more spear qi the further his attack travelled. So, instead of weakening, his spear only increased in strength! Coupling this with its True Weapon Will ability made it seem like Dyon's qi was immortal and inexhaustible.

Even without this, Dyon could easily send an attack out dozens of miles. However, with it, he wouldn't tire even if it was hundreds of miles.

This trial should have been tough. Not only could the orbs of light fight back, they could also dodge their lines of energy. But, not only did Dyon make it so that the orb didn't dare to move under his Presence, he made use of various other abilities to instantly pierce an orb several hundred miles away.

The orb shot toward Dyon with a 'Tssss' sound, unable to resist the pull of his arm under his Presence. In an instant, the orb of light reached his palm, shattering under his force and allowing a small golden boat to float just about his hand.

"Wow..." Sabona who was much less reserved than Yandevere breathed out, looking toward Dyon with praise clear in her eyes.

Dyon smiled although his face was slightly pale. That maneuver had taken about 70% of his stamina. However, this could only be expected. He had linked thousands of spear qis to shoot across hundreds of miles, then used his [Striking Chain] energy manipulation technique to pull them all back at once. It was definitely draining. But, his reward was a 6th Stage Supreme Grade treasure.

The Demon Sage Tower was a decent transportation treasure, but it wasn't designed to be one. It was a war machine. It was meant to be stored within a true transportation treasure then appear on the battle field as a headquarters.

Plus, Dyon was reluctant to use it as a transportation treasure because its efficiency was terrible. It burned through energy stones without reserve, yet the speed that he received in return was pitiful. This was most likely because it was meant to be powered by energy stones of the Immortal Plane and not the Mortal Plane.

However, this golden yacht was different. Although its defensive abilities fell way short of the Demon Sage Tower, its speed and offensive abilities far outstripped it. To make matters even better, it had the ability to use its formations to 'cultivate', allowing it to match the speed of a lower dao expert even if Dyon didn't give it any energy stones!

Still, the moment Dyon sent his senses into it, he realized that he had underestimated a supreme grade treasure far too much. What he saw made him suck in a cold breath.

Chapter 1310: Creepy

'This golden yacht is amazing...' Dyon mumbled to himself.

When Dyon first learned about manifestations, he was greatly intrigued by them. Due to the fact the soul was the basis of communication between the body and the heavens, manifestations were able to amplify this connection, thus giving its users great benefits.

Back then, Dyon had met many individuals capable of forcibly raising their will comprehensions through their manifestations, in fact, he was one of them. But, as time passed, this ability became less and less prevalent until eventually Dyon and those around him couldn't grasp it anymore.

This wasn't an accident or a trick of fate, this was simply the way of the martial world. While increasing the power of a will level will was simple, doing so for an intent, or even a dao, was beyond the capability of most manifestations. This wasn't necessarily because these manifestations were weak, but rather because the comprehension their owners had for them was too shallow.

Comprehending one's manifestation was even more difficult than comprehending a unique weapon path on your own. This was especially so for those who awakened Unique Manifestations. It was precisely for this reason that Ancient Manifestations were so powerful. They weren't necessarily of a higher quality than other Unique Manifestations, but they had been studied and refined over so many generations that they could pull out more of their potential in comparison to others.

So, what was the point of all of this? How did manifestations relate to this Golden Yacht?

Well, this 6th stage Supreme grade treasure was actually capable of replacing the function of a manifestation and strengthening the connection between its owner and the heavens by using its wielder's soul as a basis!

If, for example, Dyon wanted the ship to move faster, he could infuse his comprehension of wind into the ship's mechanisms. While, normally, Dyon's comprehension of wind was too shallow to increase the speed of a treasure already matching the pace of a lower dao expert, this Golden Yacht was able to raise his efficiency to entirely new level!

Because of how large the gap between an intent and a dao was, currently, the ship was only capable of raising Dyon's intents to the 1st dao level. But, once he breached the dao realm on his own, then this yacht would be capable of raising his dao by three levels! If the will in question was a supreme law, it would still be capable of doing so by one dao level!

The consequences of giving Dyon such a treasure was devastating. Giving him an ability booster that relied on his soul strength was like giving four pairs of wings to a celestial tiger!

'If I infuse my current half-step dao wind comprehension into this treasure, its speed would increase from the peak of the lower dao realm, to the lower middle dao realm!'

Dyon's heartbeat quickened. This ability essentially made certain that this Golden Yacht would never become useless to him. As long as his comprehension increased, its abilities would only grow more otherworldly.

The best part was that Dyon was applying this ability in the simplest fashion. What if instead of wind will, he used spatial will? He'd be able to cover distances only a dao expert in spatial will could cover in an instant! And, none of this even touched upon the attacking formations of the yacht! Dyon suddenly felt undefeatable.

'Is this the true nature of a supreme grade treasure?... Have I been taking them for granted...?' Dyon calmed his heart, recollecting his thoughts.

Of the treasures he had, his greatest were his four treasures of the 33 heavens. Their might couldn't be questioned, Dyon had relied on them many times to get out of trouble. But, how about his other treasures?

For example, his broad sword. He had cared for it so little that he didn't hesitate to simply hand it over to Little Rain to use as a body. Was that a mistake? Maybe he couldn't feel the true power of it because he had yet to step into the dao formation realm?...

While Spiritual grade treasures could only reach their full potential in the hands of a celestial, a supreme grade treasure could only reach its in the hands of a dao expert. Maybe Dyon was too rash?

After pondering for a while, he realized just why this golden yacht was so amazing in his hands. Wasn't it able to display such shocking abilities because his soul could rival almost any dao expert's?

If, for example, Dyon gave this treasure to any other peak saint, or, even if he gave it to another peak celestial, at most all they could do was benefit from its lower dao realm speed. Only Dyon had a soul so powerful that he could make use of formations only a dao expert had the stamina to sustain. Any other person of his generation would barely be able to use this treasure to its fullest power for a few seconds, but Dyon felt like he could use it for half a day without breaking a sweat!

Finally, Dyon understood. Treasures weren't created to simply hand their user's power, the use of treasures was meant to supplement, not make up for. The same way he could use this golden yacht well because he was powerful, was the same way he couldn't make use of his other treasures well because he was too weak.

Unless one had a treasure of the Legendary Path – a path even the treasures of the 33 heavens could only emulate by half – it was necessary to be powerful!

Now, Dyon knew why his master had barred him from using his treasures. He wasn't worthy of them now! This same logic applied to his martial techniques.

Dyon smiled lightly. 'I will be in the future, though. Wait for me.'

"Big brother, stop grinning to yourself so much, it's creepy. Quickly, get this Ape Emperor a massive stick to play with!" Sen, who had been influenced by his beast sisters, was currently in his toddler form. Other than his vulgar mouth, he looked every bit the part of an adorable little boy. It was too bad that mischievous glint in his eyes was too obvious.