

The Nameless 1671

Chapter 1671: Conviction

It was rare for a female Dragon to feel such emotions. This was why everyone found it so odd that a mighty one on Giralda's level would fall for such a weak man in Marco.

'It was fine for you to come back after so long Sect Master, but was it necessary for you to be shirtless?' Damaris rolled her eyes.

It was a fleeting feeling, but that was all. Even if Damaris bowed her head to Dyon's strength, something like sharing her man with other women wasn't something her Dragon's pride would allow. That thought allowed her to stamp out whatever was budding without remorse. Plus, she only bowed her head so that one day she could beat him with her own hands.

Dyon smiled. "Thank you for your help twelfth elder, I gained a lot."

Twelfth Elder Agios raised an eyebrow before smiling. "It seems so. You've help us quite a bit as well."

Dyon nodded. As much as he wanted to stay for pleasantries, he didn't have the time. Every day that passed was another Eli spent creeping closer to a future where Dyon would never see him again.

"Give the rest of the elders my regards."

The twelfth elder wanted to say something more, but Dyon had suddenly disappeared before him.

The feeling was too shocking. A mere middle celestial...

"Wait, wasn't he a lower celestial a year ago?" Twelfth Elder Agios' pupils constricted as Damaris laughed bitterly. It seemed the bar was raised once more.

If he was so powerful as a 1st stage celestial, how powerful was he now?

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Dyon patted the bundle of pink that flew into his arm. He really did neglect this little sister of his too much.

The atmosphere within Soul Palace had become lively once more. Though they had been distracting themselves for the past year, there was no doubt that they were all worried for Dyon. No one was meant to take that sort of assault on their minds for so long.

Ri, Amphorae and Clara maintained their queenly auras and controlled their impulse to act as spoiled as Lyla, but the glistening in their eyes was all Dyon needed too see.

"What a terrible father." A snort rang out.

Junior's antics gained the intended laughter. Watching the younger version of Dyon berate him for escaping responsibility was the sort of heartwarming moment they needed.

After allowing the atmosphere to remain light for most of the remaining day and into the next, Dyon finally had to put a stop to it.

"Delia."

His change in tone alone was enough to pour cold water over the festivities. But, no one had the heart to blame him for it because they knew exactly why he would do this. The kids had long since gone to bed, so this time couldn't have been any better.

"It's time."

Delia trembled, her eyes watering.

Ever since Eli disappeared, this little sister of his hadn't said a word about it. She didn't press Dyon, nor did she complain, she even became a surrogate mother of Junior, Mia and Bella. Dyon owed her more than he could say aloud. The least he owed her was finding her husband.

The ring on Dyon's finger flashed, causing a massive vat to appear, it was to the point where massive might have been an understatement. If it wasn't for the large size of the soul palace's great chamber, there was no way it would fit here.

It stood at over 25 meters tall, but its width was even more exaggerated at over 50 meters. It was impossible to see what was inside of it as it was covered with a metallic lid.

"This... Represents how badly Eli wants to see you again." Dyon said softly.

As Delia's heart seized, Dyon's aura erupted.

The metallic vessel shattered, and what it revealed caused those here to cover their mouths from the sheer horror.

Hearts. Millions of human hearts.

"Every day, Eli would rip his own heart out, and fill this vat." Dyon's voice almost sounded cold. It was completely devoid of emotions, but anyone who saw the fire of controlled rage in his eyes knew better than to make such a mistake.

How many times did Eli had to suffer death to build up this many hearts? How many hours did he suffer in silence? How many tears did he shed? How many mental hurdles did he need to leap? This was the representation of his determination. A man with little to no strength of his own was willing to go through anything if it meant seeing his family once more. This was the kind of man Eli was, it was the man he had always been.

"There is a planet grade formation that allows you to find anyone, no matter where they are. The problem is that this formation requires blood essence. The weaker the person is in their cultivation, the more blood essence is required."

Delia and the others didn't need Dyon to explain anymore as they closed their eyes. With Eli unable to leave the Foundation Realm, he was as weak as they came. He had no choice but to overcompensate wildly, even if it meant ripping his own heart out thousands of times a day.

This vat was filled with the blood essence of a Heaven's Child. Even a single drop was enough to give a mortal hundreds of years of life. But, Dyon never touched it. Even when he lost his arm, he never thought for a single moment of using Eli's conviction in that way.

A roar escaped Dyon's lips. His soul pressure blanketed the whole of Planet Soul. It was as though a moment of silence pierced through the light and dark sides of the planet.

Amphorae's brows raised. There was a change in Dyon's Presence, a massive change.

Soul qi surged. Eli's hearts began to burst one after another, living a thick crimson liquid that bent under Dyon's will.

A large bloody formation formed, condensing and as it swirled viciously.

"Once I leave." Dyon said in a voice that left no room for debate. "Contact Lilith. I will only use the Relay Station as a last resort. If possible, I don't want to leave any traces of myself in that place."

Dyon wanted to use the Devil Quadrants as a proxy. He couldn't guarantee what would happen if he left a Relay Station in the place he was going... If he was correct about where Eli was taken, he could not, under any circumstances, underestimate them.

Dyon smiled toward Delia. He could see the guilt she was holding in, thinking it was her fault that Dyon was putting himself at risk once more.

"Don't forget Delia... In this world, Eli was the first friend I ever had."

In his youth, Dyon had no one else but Clara. But they became estranged after Dyon's parents died. He threw himself into his work, wanting to ignore the world.

Back then, when Dyon first met Eli, he irrationally charged out as a mere mortal. That day, he ended up humiliated. But the one bright spot from that day that never faded was Eli.

One of the few things Dyon truly enjoyed was Array Alchemy. Everything else in this martial world seemed to want to do nothing more than tear him apart, but that was the one thing he loved. It was Eli he spent countless nights talking about that love with.

Dyon stepped into the blood red portal that formed. He would bring him back.

Chapter 1672: Stop

According to Jade, a major event would take place within the Sprite Alliance in just two years. By the date, there was just 11 months remaining until that date.

Jade was unsure of exactly what happened, which only made sense. After all, considering her and Dyon's status in the former timeline when this matter occurred, there was no way they could know. It was something they only learned of after the fact, long after the matter concluded.

Whatever would happen, or whatever triggered it, Dyon only had a vague understanding – if it could even be called that.

A war was sparked within the Sprite Alliance that resulted it in being spiraled into an internal warfare. This war continued even after the Ancient Battlefield descended, leaving the Sprites in shambles.

Whenever the battlefield descended, it was the responsibility of the peak race of that time to take the helm and lead their Plane to victory against the invaders. However, with the Sprites in such turmoil, it was impossible for them to form any sort of cohesive unit. This only exacerbated the downfall of their Plane.

In the end, Dyon's future self was able to take advantage of the Mortal Plane being unsettled. While the Mortal Plane and the Failed Clans warred against each other, once his cultivation was unsealed, he was able to cut out a place for himself that eventually served as the anchor for him conquering the whole of the Mortal Plane.

That said, these matters are irrelevant now. All that mattered was that Dyon had a faint instinctual feeling that Eli's disappearance was related to this matter.

Why? Because Jade never mentioned Dyon having any interaction with Heaven's Child in the former timeline. Not even once. The only exception was the Heaven's Child who controlled the Timeless Library.

Something like this was baffling to Dyon. If he took the entire Mortal Plane under his control, how was it possible that he never found a Heaven's Child?

One had to understand that these were individuals who could not die. The Heavens quite literally didn't allow them to. So how did Dyon never find them? That was impossible.

It was then that Dyon suddenly thought of something else. Which place was the easiest for a Heaven's Child to blend into? Which race had abilities the closest to Heaven's Children? Wasn't it the sprites?

Dyon reappeared in a whole new world. Maybe if it wasn't for the calm his mind had gained, he would have appeared to be shocked beyond belief, and that was saying something considering he had just exited Calming Lake less than a day ago.

It wasn't that Calming Lake was less beautiful, but rather that it was a mystical world. It was meant to be a world of its own. But, Dyon was certain that this place was on his very same Mortal Plane, on a very ordinary planet, yet it was breathtaking.

Everything seemed to be bathed in immaculate white, silver and gold. In fact, even that people who passed by Dyon were all adorned in white. It was to the point where if Dyon wasn't hiding in the void, he would definitely stand out simply because of his commoner clothes.

If one were to imagine Heaven, where angels and white stood adorned, they might just paint this place.

"Hm?" Suddenly, a golden-haired individual paused, looking straight at Dyon with a confused look.

Dyon's brow knit slightly.

"What's wrong Achiel?" A gorgeous silver-haired woman who had been leisurely strolling hand-in-hand with her man was startled by his sudden stop.

"I thought I sensed something..." The man shook his head, brushing past Dyon with an absentminded gaze.

'That man wasn't even a Pseudo-Dao expert, but he actually sensed me?'

'Ah, that's because he's a Spatial Half-Sprite. It only makes sense that he's more sensitive to shifting in the void around him.' Little Yang spoke from Dyon's shoulder.

'Doesn't that mean if I come across a dao spatial half-sprite, we're screwed?'

'We would need to be careful no matter what.' Little Yang continued. 'According to my Ancestors' knowledge, planets like this – ones from exceptionally high-level societies, I mean – are very particular about who can and cannot enter them. Even if a single additional insect is born, they'll be aware. You need to be careful. They've likely already sensed an oddity.'

Dyon's frown deepened, but he nodded in understanding, immediately shifting away.

Eli was somewhere on this planet, that he was certain of. Dyon knew it was foolish to teleport directly to Eli as the formation intended, so he purposely shifted himself away a few kilometers.

Luckily, even though he did this, Dyon didn't need to guess where Eli was. The coordinates were practically burned into his mind. However, what he could never have guessed was the fact the Heaven's Children weren't hidden at all on this planet... In fact, the coordinates led directly was a vast castle of white...

It looked as though it was plucked straight from the middle ages, but washed clean of all impurities. It even had a moat, though there was nothing but water clear to the very bottom and beautiful rainbow carp and catfish.

Dyon struggled with himself. Should he trust his divine sense and soul talent? Or should he remain cautious? If he deployed his divine sense, he could lock onto Eli in an instant and even directly send him a message...

'Little Yang, go and send Eli a message for me. If they truly treat him like one of their own, it won't be difficult for him to leave on his own.'

If this went well, it would be good. But, there was a problem Dyon hadn't dealt with. If they had managed to take him back once, how would he stop it from happening again?...

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To Eli, the days were monotonous and bland. Maybe for anyone else, living in this place would be like entering a Heaven, but he couldn't help but think the world had lost its color.

He could eat all the foods he wanted, there probably wasn't anything he couldn't afford to buy, and those around him tried to ingratiate themselves with him well. But, Eli only saw them as enemies – foul people that dared to take him away from his family all because they believed they knew better.

Even after more than 3 years, they continued to smile and pretend as though they hadn't hurt him more than anyone ever had.

Chapter 1673: I've Come

He had never even seen his son. His wife was all alone raising their child, he couldn't imagine the weight on her shoulders. What about his elder sister? Was she doing okay? And what about Dyon? He wanted to be there, to help the Mortal Alliance become the Mortal Empire, to be a silent backbone that propped them up even if he didn't have any true strength of his own, but this was all taken away on the whims of others...

"Eli, you should try this." A familiar black robed young man pushed out a dish of exotic fruits. "The Unblemished One helped these grow personally, you'll love them."

The group sat in the castle's inner garden. Those with similar or overlapping abilities to Eli seemed to frequent this place, but Eli was the first with an actual Botanist ability. The others had proxy abilities like energy manipulation that could help certain plants, but not all of them.

Of course, The Unblemished One seemed to be an exception. While the abilities of the others were limited in various fashions, hers seemed without limit.

Eli looked at the plate of fruits before averting his gaze.

The black robed young man looked toward the red robed one that was also quite familiar, but it seemed even he didn't have a solution.

It was the duty of those who brought in new Heaven's Children to assimilate them into their society. But, obviously, some tasks were far harder than others.

Eli hadn't spoken a word in more than 3 years, nor had he eaten. Of course, the Heavens wouldn't allow him to starve to death, but he remained staunch in his silent protest.

"Eli." The red robed young man cleared his throat to start a speech he had probably given a million times already. "This is a paradise. No one will ever hurt you here unless you yourself want to be hurt. Don't you think you're making yourself more miserable than you need to be? The life of a Heaven's Child is fundamentally different.

"Let's say I'm willing to concede the fact that your family doesn't want to use you, and loves you unconditionally. So what?"

The red robed young man's words turned harsh. "In a million years, they'll turn to dust and you'll be alone. The earlier you separate yourself from them, the better. At least that way you can hold a fanciful ideal of what raising a family must have been like.

"Get used to ignoring the outside world, because it'll whip by, and before you know it, people you once called friend and family will be nothing but dead bones rotting in the ground."

Eli's sandy blond hair shifted slightly under the garden's cool breeze as his pair of dull brown eyes met the red robed young man's.

The red robed young man was shocked by their lifelessness and couldn't even react before Eli stood and disappeared into the distance.

To Eli, these words didn't matter. If he had known he was a Heaven's Child before he married Delia, it would be one thing. He would have turned tail and ran as far away as he could... Only that way could he spare both his feelings and the feelings of the love of his life.

However, Eli hadn't known back then. To make matters worse, he didn't know until Delia was already pregnant. If he ran now, simply because he knew he would end up with an inevitable, everlasting pain... Wouldn't he be too much of a coward? It was alright if he was weak, but he refused to be such a pathetic man.

"Look what you did Aslan." The black robed young man slapped the back of Aslan's hand. "It took us 3 months to pull him out of his room the last time you gave that morbid speech, who knows how long it'll be until we succeed again. He might never come out if he knows he'll hear your bullshit every time."

Just when the red robed Aslan was about to quip back, he suddenly froze.

The black robed young man, Caspian, frowned when he noticed this change. "Did you sense something?"

No one understood Aslan's ability better than Caspian, other than Aslan himself, of course. It was called Absolute Sensory Control. Despite not having any cultivation, Caspian was able to blanket an entire universe with his sense with absolute ease, a feat even Dyon couldn't accomplish. In fact, not only could he see through any barrier, he could hide from every form of detection as well. This was the meaning of absolute sensory control.

Dyon had miscalculated. In truth, it wasn't entirely his fault.

He was aware from the beginning that all Heaven's Children had heaven defying abilities, but there was no way for him to know all of their abilities ahead of time.

'Dyon, I've been detected!' Little Yang quickly sent a message to Dyon, realizing he had been seen through for the first time in his life.

Dyon's expression didn't change. The moment he heard this, without a shred of hesitation, he launched himself forward, leaping over the castle's moat and smashing their gates apart.

"Eli!" Dyon's roar shook the white castle. "I've come to take you home."

This wasn't how Dyon wanted to do things. If it was up to him, he would have silently entered and exited without leaving a single imprint of his arrival. However, some things didn't work out the way you wanted no matter how diligently you plan. Not only had his plan to infiltrate silently gone up in smoke, it likely was also impossible to leave without using the Relay Station.

Dyon knew that the moment Little Yang was detected, these matters had gone south. If Little Yang couldn't escape being seen through, that meant that Dyon himself had no chance. Since he'd only be prolonging the inevitable, he might as well go all out.

Whether he would be able to save Eli now or not... It would all be up to luck

Chapter 1674: So Close, So Far

The White Castle, known by the residents of this planet as the Unblemished Castle, was in a complete uproar. They were located in the very heart of the Sprite Alliance, not to mention dao experts, even the Higher Existences of their Alliance didn't dare to wantonly stroll in as they pleased. Yet, someone had shattered their gate?!

Dyon's Presence bloomed. In the next instant, the 20-kilometer radius around him completely changed, an illusory world of blue skies and green grass appeared, followed directly by a manifestation that loomed over the unblemished planet.

When Eli heard Dyon's voice, he trembled involuntarily. The first true emotions other than guilt and rage he had felt in the last more than three years bloomed, but in the next moment, he plunged into an even

deeper pit. He knew that Dyon was smarter than this. The only reason he was acting this way was definitely because someone or something had forced his hand.

Dyon charged into the castle. It seemed as though he was just walking with strong, sturdy steps, but somehow, he glided forward several hundred meters every time his foot dropped.

Since he had nothing more to hide, Dyon's divine sense bloomed outward in full force, locking onto Eli in an instant.

'Come!' Dyon's arm stretched outward, forming a teleportation formation below Eli's fit in an instant.

Just when he thought he would succeed, an overbearing spatial lock descended from the skies. Dyon had never felt anything like it before. Even the dao experts he had faced didn't make him feel this helpless.

Still, Dyon's eyes didn't so much as flicker.

A roar left his lips.

The illusory world that had been forming around the 20-kilometer radius suddenly solidified. It was an act that blew common sense out of the water. Two realities fighting for dominion. And in the end... Dyon won.

The castle of white was obliterated in an instant. Not just it, but everything in surrounding 40-kilometer diameter as well. In its place, a new world took form. Dyon's inner world.

Dyon had spent countless years thinking of how he could possibly counter a Heaven's Child, ever since he learned that they would one day become his enemies.

How do you beat something with seemingly infallible abilities? That didn't know death, or fear? Some of whom had even become completely immune to pain?

It was a matter that ravaged his mind for decades, until he finally figured out.

If the Heaven's Children received their power from the Heavens... He just had to take the Heavens away.

Dyon's roar shook the skies.

In that moment, the spatial lock over the surroundings weakened then shattered.

Caspian, the black robed young man, was in shock. While Aslan's ability was known as Absolute Sensory Control, his ability was Absolute Spatial Control. He could manipulate the spatial qi of an area at his leisure, whether that was to teleport, or to attack, he could even cross one end of the Mortal Plane to the other in an instant as long as he willed it and accumulated enough spatial qi.

Never in his life. Never. Had his spatial lock been undone.

Before Dyon, 9 individuals appeared. With the reality of the Unblemished Castle shattered, replaced by Dyon's reality, everything they had once called home was gone. They couldn't help but look around, absolutely stunned.

Dyon eyes scanned them before finally falling on a familiar young man. He couldn't help but grin as his trembling fingers reached outward, forcing Eli to teleport to his side.

In Dyon's mind, he was still standing tall, a mighty and calm man who had just thwarted the Heaven's Children. But, there was a reason why Eli's tears were falling from his cheeks, and it wasn't happiness.

Dyon's beautifully sculpted new body had practically smashed itself to pieces. Just a few years ago, even sending out a projection of his inner world could only last a few seconds, how could he suddenly force it to manifest its true form without consequences?

His body was fragmented. But the truly horrifying part was that he didn't bleed. It was as though part of him was being erased, as though it was being deleted from reality.

Dyon's hand clasped on Eli's shoulder. "I'm taking you home."

With a vapid whooshing of wind, Dyon's Inner World disappeared along with Eli.

Dyon stumbled, but managed to catch himself at the last minute. 'I just ... I just need to ... Just need to teleport back...'

The feeling of being so close yet so far had never resonated with Dyon so profoundly. He just needed his mind to touch upon the Relay Station. As long as he did that, he could bring Eli back home. That's all he needed to do... That was it.

Even with his plans going awry, he had managed to succeed, no? He had taken control of the situation even when it seemed impossible, no?

So why was his mind no longer reacting to him? What was this endless blackness? What...?

[A Ruler isn't a person who can't admit to his mistake and can't change course...]

Why were his manifestations words ringing in his ears again?

Under the stunned eyes of the 8 Heaven's Children, Dyon collapsed.

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Dyon startled awake.

His body was suddenly racked by an unimaginable pain, even having his body reconstructed wasn't on this level.

To this day, the most painful thing Dyon had ever experienced was having his meridians implanted all those decades ago. Yet this pain... It was several times that. It was to the point where Dyon was certain that the him of several weeks ago would have asked to die under its pressure.

Despite the pain, Dyon coldly observed his surroundings. He wasn't surprised that he was alive in the least. At the very least, he had calculated this much.

The moment Little Yang was discovered, he knew things had gone awry. Retreating was definitely not an option, if Little Yang could be seen through, he was in even more jeopardy.

At that moment, Dyon decided to go all out. His purpose was to get Eli into his inner world no matter what the costs were. As long as he succeeded in that, the aftermath didn't matter – and that included him losing consciousness.

Chapter 1675: Go Home

The reason was simple: they had no way of taking Eli from him at that point. In addition, killing him would necessarily implicate Eli's life as well. As a final measure, Dyon had essentially taken his own friend's life hostage. It wasn't the morally upstanding thing to do, but if he and Eli ever wanted to get out of here, it was the necessary thing to do.

Dyon went out of his way to show the Heaven's Children that he could negate their abilities, albeit for a devastating price. As a result, they had no way of knowing whether killing him would actually kill Eli as well. Even if they didn't understand the intricacies of [Inner World: Sanctuary], they would have to be careful.

Of course, Dyon's inner world collapsing after his death likely wouldn't kill Eli. Dyon's cultivation wasn't powerful enough to form a world completely without the overseeing of the Heavens, meaning Eli's life was still protected.

However, if that happened, Eli would be forced to drift across the endless void of time and space forever. This was something that was no different than death, and also something the Heaven's Children wouldn't risk.

In the end, they had reached a stalemate. They couldn't kill Dyon, or else that would implicate Eli. And, Dyon was now their prisoner, they also probably couldn't treat him too poorly either. If they allowed him to die by other means, it would still implicate Eli.

Still, Dyon would be lying if he said he wasn't surprised to find where he was.

Of course, he was in a cage, but it was too spacious. It curved at the top like he was some sort of bird and was actually made of gold. The only differentiator between it and a bird cage was that it wasn't hung from the ceiling and was instead seated upon soft, lush green grass.

Not to mention the fact the cage was spacious, but Dyon was actually seated upon a plush bed that he could only imagine was filled to the brim with the feathers of a majestic and pure bird. Even his clothes had been changed to a soft white silk. It seemed similar to what a rich man would wear to sleep in his mortal world.

'Isn't this too far?' Dyon almost didn't know whether he should laugh or cry. How could this count as a prison? Shouldn't they be... harsher?

Dyon should have been enraged with these people for taking his friend away from his family, but he was finding it difficult to keep that rage in this environment. Was this a tactic of theirs? If so, he had to hand it to them.

Dyon shook his head, sending his mind inward toward his inner world.

"Eli?"

Eli, who had been wandering aimlessly through the 40-kilometer space was startled to suddenly hear Dyon's voice.

"Dyon? Dyon!"

Eli enveloped Dyon in a massive bear hug. Considering the scrawny guy stood at seven foot tall, Dyon was definitely the one who lost in that exchange.

"How are you? Are you okay? Did they do anything to you? I tried calling out to you, but you didn't respond for days!" A string of questions left Eli's lips.

"I'm fine, I'm fine. Just have a bit of headache, it's no big deal." Dyon patted Eli's shoulder reassuring him. Of course, it was easier to fake health with a projection than it would be with his true body. To say he was in shambles right now would most definitely be an understatement.

"But... What do we do now?" Eli nibbled his lips. He already had a good understanding of Dyon's plans just because of his own guesses, but if he was correct, they were in a stalemate. There was no worse situation to be in considering the opponents were immortal ... Even though it looked as though Dyon had leveled the playing field, he was working with a limited lifespan, while his enemies weren't.

Of course, because Dyon's lifespan was limited, that also put Eli's life on a ticking timer. But, the Heaven's Children didn't believe Dyon would be stubborn to the point of holding out until he died of old age, that was simply too ridiculous a thought.

"What do we do, hm?" Dyon smiled meaningfully. "I don't know about me, but you most definitely have something to do. Go home to Delia and Little Aiden."

Without giving Eli a chance to retort, Dyon forcefully activated the Relay Station, sending Eli across the Mortal Plane in an instant.

Like Dyon thought, he wasn't powerful enough to create a space completely separate from the Heavens. What did that mean? That meant his Inner World was technically just another universe on the Mortal Plane. As a result, a Planet Grade formation was enough to send Eli back.

Because Eli was within a separate space, the spatial lock the Heaven's Children placed around Dyon's cage had no impact whatsoever and thus Eli faced no interference.

Unfortunately, Dyon could only send a projection into his inner world and couldn't enter personally, so he himself couldn't leave. Dyon believed that this was likely because his body acted as an anchor that stabilized his inner world. His body was the very connection to the Heavens that allowed this to be possible. Until he was strong enough to stabilize his world on his own, this would continue to be true.

Still, seeing his friend off was more than enough for him.

Of course, Eli could only stay for a few days before coming back because Dyon had yet to find a perfect plan that ensured he wouldn't be kidnapped once more. But, he could easily go back and forth as he pleased. With Dyon acting as a shield for him, the Heaven's Children wouldn't realize he had changed locations unless he stayed for too long.

This wasn't all either. With Eli going back, he could reassure Dyon's wives that he was doing just fine.

After sending Eli off, Dyon's eyes once more turned cold. He needed a plan to escape...

Chapter 1676: Ba! Ba!

But first, he had to heal his body. Luckily, after reaching 10 billion jin, Dyon had been able to fully enter and exit his constitution's world. It seemed like a reward he received whenever he perfected a realm.

Unfortunately, he skipped over the 1 billion jin mark so reaching the next milestone would be several times more difficult. But, this much was fine. As long as Dyon didn't rush his breakthrough, he could continue to take advantage of this.

The saint grade holy type qi Dyon excavated from the alpha wyvern's cave poured into his body. A comfortable feeling assaulted him, but Dyon could feel that it wasn't helping as much as he hoped.

After reaching 1 billion jin, Dyon's body cultivation had already reached the peak celestial realm. After pushing past and entering the 10 billion jin threshold, Dyon was on the verge of forming a dao body and was at the very peak of what was possible for a pseudo-dao expert. Once he broke into the Gold Silk Realm, he would do exactly that.

Unfortunately, this also meant that what was needed to heal his body had also taken a massive leap forward.

Of course, this didn't mean saint grade holy type qi had become useless. Dyon could still feel his body rapidly healing. It was just clearly not effective as it had been in the past.

Still, Dyon didn't want to jump to conclusions. Was it really his body's improvement that was causing this? Or was it the nature of his injury?

Dyon felt that his injuries this time were very different. He couldn't even remember bleeding. In fact, he couldn't point out a body part that necessarily 'hurt'. It was as though his very being was aching. He vaguely felt that if it wasn't for his nascent soul, he really would have pushed it too far this time.

'Hm?'

Dyon opened his eyes from his meditation. He must have been focusing on healing himself for at least a few hours when he heard an odd sound. Gurgling? Maybe?

Dyon's divine sense couldn't leave the walls of the cage no matter how hard he tried, so when his eyes were closed, he was basically blind. But when he opened his eyes to confirm the same things his ears had already sensed, he couldn't help but be stunned.

'A baby?'

Right there, just outside his golden cage, an adorable baby sat, rolling around in the grass and dirtying her pink bear print pajamas.

Dyon could only describe it as the most adorable baby he had ever seen. Even if others thought he was an arrogant, narcissistic prick, he felt that his own baby form, Junior, lost by far to this baby.

Her hair was still short and curled on the top of her head as though she could be more than a few weeks old at most. It was a color red-silvery color that made it look extremely similar to bronze-rose. If reflected the right way, it could look pink, brown and red all at the same time.

Her chubby cheeks smiled happily as she giggled, her large eyes twinkling. They were a mesmerizing intelligent color, shining with a hazel-green color.

The baby's soft skin had a slight tan to it, but as expected of a recently born child, it was completely blemishless.

This child was truly baffling. Before Dyon realized it, he had already stared at the little girl for several minutes. In fact, the little girl had stared back, not nervous in the slightest.

"~~Hetho! Hetho!~~"

The little girl sounded as though she was trying to say hello. But, this only baffled Dyon more. He was sure that this little baby couldn't have been more than a few weeks, old, how did she know words? Even he took a few months before he could speak.

Still, Dyon couldn't help but smile.

"Hello. What's your name?"

"~Thnamph?~"

Dyon was baffled once more. The little girl didn't have a name.

The little baby giggled at Dyon's confusion before she got distracted by a fluttering bee.

She tried to stand and chase it, but it seemed her body wasn't as developed as her mind was. She fell over after a single step, landing on the soft grass below her.

An adorable frustration colored her features, she pouted with annoyance, trying to stand once more.

Dyon was mesmerized by the sight, he felt that he was watching something beyond beautiful. He couldn't help but feel his heart pound.

He found himself standing at the edge of his cage, cheering on the little girl silently. He suddenly forgot about the pain in his body and the situation he was in.

Maybe a faint part of Dyon believed that this was another ploy of the Heaven's Children.

He had clearly awoken several hours ago, only to find himself in what looked more like a luxury hotel than a jail cell. And, instead of sending someone to speak and negotiate with him, they sent a baby? Or maybe the baby had just crawled here on her own. But if that was the case, then how could they be so irresponsible? Allowing an innocent child so close to someone who was a criminal in their eyes?

Dyon felt a faint anger, not toward what one might expect, but rather because those bastards actually allowed such an innocent little baby so near danger.

What if he was a horrible man who decided to use her as a hostage? Even if the space was locked around his cage, it wasn't as though Dyon was completely without methods. Considering he had already negated their abilities once, how could they be so neglectful?

Somehow, Dyon didn't see this anger as irrational despite his supposed evolution toward calmness. It was just that the little girl was too adorable, how could you allow something so pure come to any harm? It was unforgivable.

"~~ Ba! Ba!~~"

Before Dyon noticed, he had already watched over the little girl's play session in the garden for several hours. In the end, she was suddenly swept up by an invisible wind as though the negligent asshole who left her alone for so long finally found her.

Chapter 1677: School

She waved so strongly that her little body swayed within the wind.

Dyon smiled widely and waved back.

When the little girl was gone, Dyon blinked as though he had awoken from a dream. He looked around in confusion, not because he had lost his memories, but rather that he was very much aware of everything that had happened in the last few hours, but couldn't make much sense of it.

Could they be trying to soften him up with this baby? Wasn't that a bit too naïve?

But maybe Dyon underestimated them too much. Considering they were immortal and he was very much not, who said they had to send a negotiator so quickly? Maybe they'd let him rot for a bit... Then, maybe might have been a coincidental event. Dyon had found it weird that such a big castle only had 9 people in it, maybe there was a hidden Mystical World somewhere he hadn't noticed before.

Dyon pushed it from his mind and began to process of healing his body once more. But who would have known that, the very next day, he would hear the very same gurgling?

"~~Shtowy Shtowy!~~"

Dyon somehow didn't feel any dissatisfaction having his healing session interrupted once more.

"You want to hear a story?"

"~~Yesh!~~"

Like this, a new tradition began. Half of Dyon's days were spent healing himself, while the other half was spent weaving fanciful tales for a little girl who became half of his world.

As a mortal, he had almost too many legends to pull from. Not to mention endless children's novels, there were movies and TV shows as well. After Dyon began to cultivate, his already great memory became sharp beyond belief.

Dyon had never taken pride in something so minor and silly before, but somehow he felt so accomplished entertaining this little girl with all the memories he remembered with absolute clarity. It was to the point where Eli's few visits a week weren't even the highlight of his day anymore.

Every time the little girl was whisked away once more, Dyon was sink into another baffled state. He couldn't for the life of him understand.

Dyon sighed. 'This little baby is definitely a Heaven's Child capable of manipulating emotions. Even knowing this, how could I harm a little baby? She's too adorable...'

Dyon watched as the little girl went from crawling, to stumbling, to eventually waddling on her own. He could only say that the beauty of this garden paled in comparison.

It was a scary feeling. Dyon could feel his own emotions flying out of his control, he was very much aware of it, but there was nothing he could do about it regardless.

Maybe this was the true fearsomeness of Heaven's Children. To be aware, yet be unable to do anything. To have your own will whittled away at in such a way. It was like experiencing death by old age in a short time frame. Every day, Dyon felt another portion of himself was taken away by this little girl.

"~~Mama shaid I haph to go to school.~~"

Dyon's eyebrows raised. This little girl was only a few weeks old no?

No, it had been about two months... So she was about 3 months old? What do you mean school? How could you send a little girl to such a place so early? Aren't you too heartless?

Dyon could only console the little girl.

"Be careful! And watch out for icky boys."

Dyon stood proudly as the little girl was whisked away once more, irrational unshed tears threatening to fall.

...

"How was your day?" Dyon smiled lightly toward the adorable little baby girl.

The little unnamed girl seemed to look cuter by the day. She wore her school uniform proudly, clumsily twirling with her navy-blue skirt and white collar shirt. She looked as though she was just coming back from a day of pre-school in the mortal world.

She began to excitedly tell Dyon about her mad adventures for the day.

"~~We painted with our fingers on a big big BIG white paper!~~"

The little girl stood to her tippy toes, reaching her small hands into the sky as though to reach for the stars above.

The faint blue, purple and red markings on her chubby little face and hidden underneath her fingernails made her tale all the more real.

She wove a story of deception and betrayal, not to mention excitement and enthrallment. Her speaking ability seemed to have skyrocketed over the past few months. Though her word choice was still simple and to the point, she rarely slurred her words any longer.

"~~I reeeaaalllyyyyy wanted to paint with purple, but Lily wouldn't let me have it. I asked Big Miss for more purple but she said she didn't have anymore.~~"

Dyon felt his heart pang. 'That damned Lily, how could she be so selfish?' He furiously cursed in his heart.

If those of the tower quadrants saw the mighty True God Sacharro so enraptured by a little girl's story, even to the point of cursing another little girl, their jaws would drop to the floor. Who knew the man so many of them feared actually had this side to him?

"~~But Little Precious is very smart!~~"

"Little Precious?"

"~~Mhm, mhm! That's what momma calls me!~~"

Dyon smiled, nodding with satisfaction. What an accurate nickname for such an adorable little girl. Little Precious indeed. There probably wasn't a better little girl around. Yup, yup. She was definitely the best.

"~~I saw that when blue invaded reds space, it made purple!~~" The little girl giggled, her laugh made it seem as though all the light in the world revolved around her.

"Ah! Little Precious is very smart!" Dyon grinned, feeling an irrational pride bloom in his chest.

He continued to listen to the little girl's tales. She made something even as mundane as losing her crayon feel as though it was a tragedy. Whenever she was happy, Dyon was happy. Whenever she was sad, Dyon wanted to rip apart the bastard who made her feel that way even if that so-called bastard happened to still also be child.

Chapter 1678: Played

The matters grew out of hand. It was to the point where Dyon ignored Eli's visit for several hours at one point simply to finish listening to Little Precious' story for the day. He should have probably remembered that the 11 month deadline he had in mind before he came here was approaching quickly, with 5 of the 11 having already passed, but he was lost in his own world.

**

At this moment, in the main hall of the Unblemished Castle, a small gathering was taking place.

If one looked from the outside, they'd be completely shocked. The very territory that Dyon had destroyed just months ago stood as though nothing had happened. This wasn't as simple as them using the months that had passed to rebuild the area... No, it was truly as though nothing had happened. The castle, every blade of grass and herb, every mountain peak and valley dip, was identical to what Dyon came to find 5 months ago.

Rather than rebuilt... It was as though someone had reversed everything to its previous state.

Within this hall, eight individuals kneeled before a wide staircase of white, leading up to a throne. And on this throne, a beauty the likes of which the world had never seen sat... She was a beauty the world couldn't see, a beauty the world didn't deserve to see.

Her eyes seemed to hold the depths of the cosmos, shimmering with countless, endless stars. Her hair fell to her shoulders as though it was illusory, radiating a pure silver light despite being covered by a transparent, white laced headdress.

Her white gown was obscenely long, covering her legs and even descending down several of the wide staircases' steps. But, what was most enrapturing was her perfectly sculpted features.

Smooth cherry lips, a small button nose, unblemished, soft skin... One could spend days, months, even years trying to describe just why her beauty was so enrapturing, yet still fail.

She was the leader of the Heaven's Children, The Unblemished One.

"Mistress." Aslan spoke from a kneeled position. "Your plan is working very well. Maura's abilities are working out perfectly."

Another beauty – though it was hard to call her as such before one of the Unblemished One's caliber – with long cascading brown hair that almost bordered on red smiled.

"He's wrapped around my finger. I've never seen a man of his caliber fall so quickly. His mind is exceptionally weak. It seems he has great cultivation talent, but that only barely covers up what he's greatly lacking. With that level of mental fortitude, he'll never become a Higher Existence in his entire lifetime.

"Even if we let him out now, as long as we leave 'Little Precious' around, he'll follow her every word. He would probably kill his own wife if Little Precious said she didn't like her." Maura spoke with an undisguised disdain. "In just a few more months, as long as Little Precious asks to see Eli..."

The eight kneeling individuals smiled knowingly. Dyon truly was playing right into their hands.

**

"Dyon, what's going on?" Eli looked toward Dyon with a worried expression.

He had been happier in the past few months than he had been in his whole both, but there was a nagging darkness that remained, and it was none other than the friend of his here.

From the beginning, he felt a horrible guilt. While he was able to return to his family, it was at the expense of the one friend he had – a friend willing to risk his own life for his sake. Unfortunately, as time passed, that guilt only grew worse because he noticed that something was wrong with Dyon.

"What do you mean?" Dyon smiled at his long-time friend, a carefree expression on his handsome features.

"Dyon, I know something is happening." Eli said seriously. "I haven't paid much attention to the other Heaven's Children, but I have a vague understanding of their abilities. You sent me away before I could warn you the first time, but you need to be careful.

"Aslan has an ability called Absolute Sensory Control, it really embodies every aspect of that word. He's able to manipulate not only his own senses, but the sense of others. It's too easy for him to make you see something that doesn't exist at all. He can make it seem every bit as real as if it was really there. To make matters worse, he can manipulate it so that it makes you feel as good as possible.

"Maura's ability is even scarier depending on the situation, it's known as Emotional Manipulation. She can subtly pull on your heart strings, she can make you feel emotions as though they're your own. It's easy for her to make people feel love when they otherwise wouldn't. Even Higher Existences who've comprehended their own Martial Intents aren't perfectly protected from her abilities.

"If the two of them combine their abilities... Dyon I'm afraid."

It wasn't that Dyon couldn't understand the veracity of Eli's claims, it was rather that there was nothing he could do about it. In the end, he could only sigh and reassure Eli.

"Don't worry about me, there's only so much worrying can do. I think it's best you don't come back here."

"Dyon?!" Eli stood stunned.

"If they're focusing on manipulating me, it means that they're not looking for you. It's best that you stay in Soul Quadrant. I'll relay orders from here by sending messages through the Relay Station, don't worry about it."

"But..!"

Dyon shook his head. "You don't know this, and neither do they, but the situation will undergo a drastic change in 6 more months. While they're focused on slowly bringing me under their control, there's an enemy unknown to even them approaching."

Dyon didn't explain any further because the matters with Jade shouldn't be discussed so freely, but this should be enough to hold Eli off for now. Somehow between now and then, something happened that wiped the Heaven's Children from the face of this Mortal Plane.

Dyon suspected that this ploy was related to The Entity. One of its major obstacles in taking control of the Mortal Plane and the Heavens fully were the Heaven's Children.

Chapter 1679: Little Precious

It was obvious when one thought about it. Why would the Heavens create individuals with such heaven defying abilities? Was there really no purpose behind it? It wasn't as though the Heavens was really a mother who gave birth to them after copulating with some other Heavens level existence. These Heaven's Children were manufactured, created... It had to have a purpose.

That purpose was none other than as a last line of defense for the Heavens. It was no wonder The Entity and its lackies would want to get rid of them as quickly as possible.

"Don't worry about it Eli, your help will be very important." Dyon pointed to the life ring on Eli's finger. He had given it back to him long ago now. "You'll play a key role in the coming war. Soon, the Jafari Clan Treasure will finish its task and even the Heaven's Children won't be able to find you easily again."

Eli could only leave under Dyon's insistence. But, he missed the coldness that pervaded Dyon's eyes after he was gone.

**

"Mistress Unblemished, have you considered my proposal?"

The hall's atmosphere had completely changed. Though the Unblemished One still sat upon her throne, the Heaven's Children were gone, replaced by a singular man.

This man's aura could only be described as overbearing. Even in the presence of the Unblemished One, the atmosphere distorted around his very being.

Long blue hair flowed down his back, disappearing into his azure robes. But, what was shocking were the stars that twinkled around him perpetually... This man... He was an Alchemy Star Lord!

"The Sprite Alliance is quite greedy." The Unblemished One's unbothered tone flowed through the room. For an instant, the trembling atmosphere around the long blue haired man stilled, as though being forcibly quelled by the holy mistress.

"I don't believe you can classify this as greed. We've allowed you to live unbothered in our territory for so long, we're simply asking for a small favor."

"A small favor, is it?" Though the Unblemished One's immaculate features didn't shift, it felt as though she was smiling down mockingly. "You want me to help you take control of the Timeless Library. Not

only are you asking me to risk myself in this endeavor, you're indirectly placing the billions under my charge at risk as well.

"You claim that you've allowed me to stay here ... But, I wonder what the citizens of my Unblemished Lands would say?! Leave!"

...

The matters between the Unblemished One and the Sprite Alliance were fleeting. After giving the Unblemished One a deep glance, he turned to leave. He was intelligent enough to know that he alone stood no chance against this woman.

For the length of time the Unblemished One had lived, she could only be a Higher Existence. If that was true, he was lucky he even got an audience, if he dared to act impudently on top of that, he would lose his life here.

What the Unblemished One said was true. It would be more accurate to say that she was allowing the Sprites to live in her territory rather than the other way around. The citizens of the Unblemished Lands practically worshipped her. No, they did worship her. She embodied everything it meant to be a goddess in their eyes.

"I hope you'll remember, Goddess... But the matters of the Timeless Library are related to Fate of our entire Plane. Please think about our proposal."

With those words, the long blue haired man left.

**

The months continued to tick by. As they did, Dyon's relationship with Little Precious only grew.

"I want to be big and strong! A meanie named Blake told me girls will always be weaker."

The little baby girl waddled in one day with a clearly more depressed face than usual. In fact, her little cheeks were stained with years and her large hazel-green eyes had reddened.

Dyon felt an indiscernible rage overcome him.

All this time, he hadn't felt rage at being locked in this place until now. The barrier between him and this precious little girl became his worst enemy in an instant. But his smallest bit of rationality remaining told him not to blindly attack the cage, there was no way they had kept him behind normal bars. If he acted without thinking, he'd have wasted the months he spent healing himself.

The little girl pitifully looked up at Dyon. She was dressed in her favorite purple colored dress, but its once clean exterior had become wrinkled and stained with grass, proving she had rushed here so quickly that she stumbled and fell multiple times.

"Is he right...?"

Seeing Dyon remain silent for so long, the little girl almost burst into tears again. Her large eyes began to fill to the brim with unshed tears as her bottom lip trembled.

It was then she seemingly remembered that Blake had made fun of her because she started crying after falling, so she tried her best to hold it back, maybe because she really hoped Dyon would disagree with that meanie.

But this big man was a boy too, what if he believed what Blake did?

The little girl's head was filled with crisis-like thoughts. She should have gone to her momma instead, her momma would definitely say that girls could be strong because her momma was strong.

Little Precious felt herself losing control of her tears, so she quickly rubbed her forearm and palms to her eyes again and again, trying to pretend as though she was remaining tough.

It was then she was startled by Dyon's words.

"Of course he's wrong, girls can be super strong! I'm pretty powerful, but I know plenty of girls stronger than me, you can be just like them."

Dyon smiled brightly.

"~~Really?~~" The little girl spoke as if probing if Dyon was lying or not.

"Of course! I would never lie to Little Precious."

The little girl giggled at these words, seemingly happy with Dyon calling her Little Precious.

"~~Can you teach me how not to cry anymore?~~" The little girl asked with anticipation, her eyes, still reddened from crying, twinkling with hope.

"Do you believe whether or not you cry decides if you are strong or not?"

Chapter 1680: Like This?

The little girl's head tilted in confusion. Wasn't that the case? Why would Blake make fun of her for being weak because she cried, then?

Dyon felt his heart flutter. Her inquisitive look was far too adorable.

"Strength is decided by your will. As long as you can feel sad and cry, but get back up and try again, that's true strength." Dyon explained with a smile. "Because Little Precious cried yet still wanted to learn how to get stronger, Little Precious is already strong."

"~~Really? Really?~~"

The little girl jumped up and down happily. Without exaggeration, Dyon felt that this beautiful moment was the best he had ever experienced. Nothing could top this, nothing.

Time continued to tick by. While Dyon taught Little Precious what it meant to be strong in heart, he also began to teach her how to be strong in body. If one passed by the Unblemished Castle's gardens, it wasn't impossible to see the scene of a man and a little girl throwing punches in the air together – a scene that could warm the heart of even the coldest person.

**

"Are you sure about this?"

Months had passed, and suddenly, the 11th month greeted them in the form of several black figures skulking in the shadows.

"The Unblemished One has a secret realm she doesn't allow anyone to enter. According to a credible source, there's something important of hers hidden within it. As long as we can take whatever it is, she'll have no choice but to do our bidding..."

...

"~~Like this, like this?~~"

Little Precious brandished her little fist, punching outward. If it wasn't for her small body, anyone could have confused her for a seasoned expert.

Her fist left a sharp, crisp whipping sound hanging in the air. Dyon was certain that she was far stronger than other children her age, and she wasn't even 1 year old yet!

Dyon grinned with pride. What a perfect little girl. She couldn't possibly be more perfect.

"Good job!"

Little Precious beamed at Dyon's praise, her little body jumping up and down with excitement. She had already gained an agility that was far beyond what she should have.

Just as Dyon and the little girl were bonding, a loud crashing sound resounded through the garden.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Dyon's eyes sharpened. He realized what was happening immediately. This garden, it was a mystical world and someone was trying to forcibly enter.

Just where were the Heaven's Children? Dyon had gone through so much trouble to just take a single step into this place, so how were these individuals wantonly slamming away at the barrier without being stopped?

It wasn't that Dyon assumed no one else could fair better than he could. It was just that, according to his grand teacher, there were many examples of Heaven's Children being controlled by massive empires of the past. This meant that the strength of the Heaven's Children wasn't infallible, especially when they weren't aware that they were Heaven's Children.

This was a large part of what Aslan and Caspian used to justify taking Eli away. They thought he was being used like they had been used in the past.

Suddenly, Dyon's attention snapped back to Little Precious, what he saw made him feel as though his heart was being shattered into countless pieces.

She gripped her little fists, staring as hard as she could at the ground. She looked as though she was trying her hardest to not be scared, but the shivering of her small shoulders told a different story.

She flinched at every loud bang, her small body shivering from head to toe.

Rage built up from the depths of Dyon's soul. If he got his hands on the bastards making an innocent little girl feel this way, he'd tear them apart!

A vicious aura surged from Dyon's body.

His healed body pulsed with silver light, his veins surging with mercury-like blood.

Dyon's hand suddenly reached outward, grasping the golden bars that made up his cage and yanking backward with every ounce of his being.

It was then that something Dyon could have never imagined occurred....

Just as the entrance of the mystical world was torn apart, the bar Dyon had forcibly pulled on came flying free.

Dyon almost didn't register the numerous moving black figures as he held the flimsy bar in his hand. He couldn't believe what he was seeing.

Dyon was certain. He didn't tear this cage apart because he had superhuman strength... This cage... From the very beginning... Was made of normal soft gold!

Dyon didn't have time to think about why his cage was something he could torn his way out of whenever he chose, nor did he have time to think what was the point of all of this if he was never truly caged. Maybe they believed manipulating his emotions with Little Precious was enough to keep him in place.

He swept forward, scooping the little girl into his arms.

At that moment, the trembling little girl who had been completely focused on reining in her own fear was astonished by the sudden change.

She felt a warmth she hadn't felt in her entire life, a sense of security that hadn't been there before. It was then that her shaking stopped as she focused on gripping Dyon white silk pajamas.

Dyon held the little girl to his chest. He too felt a sense of calm overwhelm. Nothing in the world could make him release this little girl.

He immediately found that the space around him was still sealed. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't send Little Precious into his inner world. For the first time, he regretted giving the life ring to Eli.

"That must be it! That little girl!"

The black clothed figures reacted instantly to their new scenery.

Dyon's jaw set, feeling Little Precious grip the cloth on his chest tighter. "Don't worry, I won't let anything happen to you."

Though he said these words, Dyon didn't know how he would deal with this situation.