

## The Nameless 1681

### Chapter 1681: How?

His divine sense wouldn't respond to him properly, he couldn't manipulate atmospheric qi, and though he could access the holy type qi hidden within his inner world, when he tried to touch on the others, they inexplicably completely ignored his attempts. He suddenly understood that his cage was flimsy because it didn't need to be sturdy. This world itself was the prison!

To make matters worse, the speed at which these black figures were moving... They were definitely all dao experts!

Dozens of figures dashed for Dyon, but that was when he suddenly realized something else. Since even his soul was useless, and even with his inner world, he couldn't manipulate his own qi... Didn't that mean that they were handicapped in the same way?

Dyon's malevolent aura multiplied several times over as he held onto Little Precious tightly.

"Be careful! Don't kill the kid!"

"Hey, my qi isn't working!"

"Does it matter? There're more than 50 of us and only 1 enemy. Just focus, the informant is handling everything else."

"Why can't we kill the kid? It doesn't matter. Kill her and drag her body away. We'll hold her corpse hostage, that Unblemished whore will never know."

"HAHAHA, unblemished my ass! If she's so pure, why is the precious thing she's been guarding this whole time a kid?! She's even got a gigolo hidden away here and everything!"

"Don't be fools. The Unblemished One's power is far beyond our imagination. If it wasn't, why would we need to take such underhanded measures with the powers our backers have? Don't harm the kid, she will definitely know if we do."

Dyon's bare feet glided across the soft grass.

His expression was cold, as though he was a cornered beast protecting its cub.

50 figures swarmed him from all sides. Despite their loose lips, their actions were executed with precise professionalism. Any thoughts Dyon had of them underestimating him due to his cultivation were thrown out of the window.

If the world knew that 50 dao experts attacked a middle celestial with the utmost seriousness, it would become the Mortal Plane's greatest joke. Yet, here they were, doing exactly that.

Several sets of fists careened toward Dyon, their sharp whistling making Little Precious's earlier attempts sound like a joke.

At that moment, five pairs of golden wings sprung from Dyon's back, tearing his white silk top apart to reveal a toned torso.

Losing what she had been holding onto, the poor little girl panicked slightly, quickly crawling up in Dyon's embrace to wrap her arms around his neck. Her little face dug down, hiding behind Dyon's broad shoulder and chest.

Spreading out three meters each, Dyon's wings pierced outward, slamming into the coming fists with a metallic clanging sound.

'Ugh...' Dyon bit down on his cheeks, refusing to allow a sound to leave his lips.

His wings bent at awkward angles. Their sturdiness couldn't hold up to the body prowess of true dao experts. Though sprites had weaker bodies compared to other races, the difference of cultivation realms was far too large.

However, Dyon forcibly flexed the muscles in his wings, flicking them outward to snap the broken bones back into place. In the next instant, the only qi he seemed capable of controlling her acted once more, healing him.

Dyon shot into the skies, leaping out of the encirclement.

A strong anti-flight array bore down on him, forcing him to descend. Never had Dyon seen one actually capable of limiting his wings.

Dyon was immediately swarmed once more. The 50 black figures had suddenly lost their personalities, becoming nothing more than machines. It was as though they didn't register the oddity of Dyon's wings. While others may have been shocked, not a single one of their expressions even so much as flickered.

Attacks rained down from all sides. Dyon began to lose track of how many of his own bones had been shattered, only to be mended in an instant.

Dyon knew the truth. Had it not been because they didn't want to kill Little Precious, he would have long since died a gruesome death.

The dao realm... It represented what most cultivators strove after all their lives. Many didn't hope to transcend or even to become Higher Existences. This here... This was the root of a cultivators power.

Dyon kicked outward, grimacing as his leg snapped beneath the attack it met.

Almost instantaneously, his plant leg was assaulted. A sturdy, well timed heel collided into the side of his knee, snapping it inward.

Though Dyon couldn't send his divine sense outward, it roamed his own body freely. He could see the tendons snap and the cartilage of his knee spasm and break under itself.

His knee slipped in relation to itself. The pain was indescribable as he fell backward.

It wasn't until now Dyon truly understood just how much he relied on his divine sense. Though it was true it had been sealed before, who had he battled then? Those measly Kings and Emperors from the Valley of Geniuses? Those worthless disciples from the former Soul Rending Peak?

None of those battles pushed Dyon to his limits, none of them showed his glaring weakness: his battle experience was limited.

To Dyon, everything appeared slow to him. He could practically see his opponent's thoughts before they put them into action. Every muscle twitch, every shift of gaze, every feint, he could see through it all. He didn't need 'battle experience' because he didn't need to predict his opponent's movements, he could see them.

But, without his divine sense, this weakness was laid bare.

Dyon's thought flashed by speedily as he fell backward. His thinking speed was just as fast, it was just that he couldn't see everything as he had been able to before... He couldn't see all angles at once...

'How do I beat someone faster than my divine sense can track? Won't I have to battle The Entity in that sort of situation? ...' Dyon grit his teeth. '... Little Precious.'

#### Chapter 1682: Little Precious

The little girl hadn't let out even the slightest whimper throughout the entirety of the battle. She was trying her best in her own way.

A flash left Dyon's eyes as two of his wings pierced into the ground, stopping his descent backward.

He flipped upward, pushing himself into the air once more.

'Descend, Eternity's Balance.'

Dyon's pupils instantly turned an opaque white, like two murky white pearls.

The image of a beautiful haired woman appeared to his back, her eyes covered by a cloth as she held a golden balance in her hands.

Dyon hadn't realized it, but there was a reason the final stage of his Titan Diamond Body was known as the Fate Silk Realm... How long it would take him to notice that his Titan blood and his Eternity Pupils were a match made in Heaven... Well, only time would tell. Maybe... He had already figured it out.

The highest realm of weight Dyon could reach when his Titan Diamond Body reached perfection was 100 trillion jin.

This sounds like an obscenely large number. One so large that one couldn't wrap their minds around it. But the truth was that in the grand scheme of even the Mortal Plane, let alone the Immortal Plane, 100 trillion jin was a trivial number. Even a normal planet was billions of times heavier.

What was so important about this weight wasn't the weight itself, but rather how concentrated it was. Just what kind of effect would so much weight concentrated into a singular human body create? Just what would it mean?

The fabric of reality itself could be bent and molded, shifted to the will of large celestial bodies. Though it was incredibly minute, even a normal human could have a pull on this enigmatic fabric.

Now imagine for a moment that said human didn't way a normal 50 to 100 jin. What if they weighed a trillion times that? Would that person be able to bend the laws of reality around themselves? Would a single step shatter the laws of physics? Would the wave of a hand make the heavens tremble? Would one be able to turn their will into a tangible reality?

On the surface, Titan Diamond Body seemed like a muscle brained constitution, created only to amplify the bodily strength of its wielder, but was this truly the case?

In the past, Titans represented mankind's will to break from the constraints of the Heavens and rise above the beasts. In the present, Titan Diamond Body represented the spinning string of fate, allowing its wielder the potential to bend the Heavens themselves toward himself.

And what about the future then? Time and time again, the Ancient Battlefield was known as a land that connected the past to the present and the present to the future. Was it a coincidence that the Titan Diamond Body had it as its constitution world?

All of these seemingly mundane, benign things seemed to revolve around a single concept.

Bronze silk. Silver silk. Gold silk. Diamond silk. Crystalline silk. Fate silk.

Fate.

The world lost its color. What once was a complex mesh, interwoven with the push and pull of numerous wills became a cold world of black and white, one of calculation and set lines. In this world, the only thing that seemed to shine with its own light was the child in Dyon's arms, a small little girl holding onto his neck as tightly as her short arms would allow.

It was an odd balance. On one hand, Dyon saw the world as the Heavens did – a game of percentages it played with the lives of people. He saw lives as figures, a collection of numbers that dictated who they would be, what they would become.

But on the other, he saw the world as humans did. A shining light, a beacon of hope. The potential unknown stood as a possibility, even in ignorance, for the chance to grasp something great. No matter how small that chance was, did it matter? They couldn't see the number anyway...

The thin silky lines of fate wrapped Dyon and Little Precious.

A small gasp escaped from Dyon's lips as he suddenly felt his wings separate from his back.

A massive halo of emitted outward as his wings hovered a quarter of a meter behind him.

Suddenly, Dyon felt free. He could still control his wings liberally – no, he could control them even better than he had before – but the feeling was fundamentally different.

Dyon was only human. The space on his back was limited. One pair of wings was fine, but as time passed and his soul continued to progress, he found that his additional pairs of wings began to interfere with each other. Because his body was that of a human and not of a real angel, he wasn't equipped to cope.

Just now, he had only fleetingly had this thought once more, of how much better it would be if he could use his wings without them interfering with him so much... And suddenly, happened... He had grasped his own Fate... albeit on a minor scale... He had truly taken control.

"[Cleanse]."

The moment the words left Dyon's lips, a pulse light of white gold ejected from his body.

[Cleanse]. It was the first and simplest Blessing and the only one Dyon's clone had been able to learn even with two years of effort. In fact, Dyon had only just now grasped it. Its purpose was simply to expel all foreign energies. Dyon believed if he used holy type qi to fuel this magic, the effects would be beyond his imagining. But, he could have never guessed what would happen next. Not only did it work... It worked too well.

The restrictions placed on the hidden world weren't just lifted around Dyon, they were lifted within the entire world. When Dyon realized his mistake, it was too late. The 50 machine-like dao experts immediately felt their qi swell back within them, their strengths soared in an instant.

Dyon would have never expected such a thing to happen. The restrictions of this world were placed by Heaven's Children. How could a new magic he had only just learned have such a profound affect on it?

In an instant, the skies were no longer Dyon's own. 50 surging black figures, each of whom destroy Dyon with a single finger, came in from sides, radiating outward with more strength than a celestial could fathom.

Dyon watched this with a gaze far calmer than he should have had. He had already decided. With the seals gone, he could easily send Little Precious into his inner world now and send her off to Soul Universe. Even if he died here, once Junior reached the Celestial Realm with his soul, he would gain all of his main body's memories. He believed that Junior could uphold his Legacy for him and succeed where he failed.

Dyon rubbed the little girl's soft hair, soothing her for one last time. He still didn't know whether she was an illusion conjured up by Aslan or if she was real, but he knew that in the moment, he was happy to be the reason she could live.

Maybe if he had been in the proper state of mind, and not so masochistically sacrificial of himself, he would have realized that Little Precious hadn't disappeared when he cast [Cleanse].

It was just when Dyon was enjoying his final moment with Little Precious that the world suddenly shook.

In that moment, a beauty with a fluttering white gown and a transparent headdress that looked like the veil of a bride peeled back to reveal her exquisite features appeared. Rage that could pierce through the Heavens coated her flawless face.

"YOU DARE HAVE DESIGNS ON MY DAUGHTER?!"

Dyon stood in the skies as though he had been frozen in time.

"ALAUNA, MOMMY'S HERE!"

It was then that two gazes met across void.

'D... daughter...? Luna...?!'

Dyon finally realized that the little girl in his arms was more Precious than he could have ever imagined. He couldn't even register the tears that fell uncontrollably from his eyes.

Dyon eyes teared as he looked toward Luna.

The untouchable beauty floating in the sky, the one with rage that could shake his heavens, Luna... His Luna.



Luna's final moments replayed in his mind. Deeply remorseful, she took her own life, falling into the valley of a dao grade wind abyssal core.

Chapter 1683: The Unblemished One.

Dyon had felt it, her frail body shredding to pieces in an instant. He had thought that she was dead, that he would never see her again. But he would have never guessed that Luna was a Heaven's Child... It was impossible for her to die an unnatural death even if she wanted to...

[You're basically saying that my best friend has his best use as a pure-bred stallion...]

[He breaks the universe's rules. It's not difficult for him to have children, even with the most talented women in existence.]

[Oh please, how could the Heavens let its grand children die? Until they're birthed, Eli's children also have Heaven's Love. Afterwards though, they will be normal people. Well, normal and overly talented people.]

Words from the conversation he had with his grand teacher hit Dyon like a ton of bricks.

Heaven's Children, they broke the universe's rule. It didn't matter how talented their mating partner was, a child would be born 100% of the time if no precautions were taken. On top of this, the grand child of the Heavens would receive the very same protection Heaven's Children did until the day they were born.

Dyon understood... He understood everything...

Before Luna stepped off of that cliff and into the raging winds that tore her apart below, she had already been pregnant with Alauna, this precious little girl in his arms.

Dyon's heart felt as though it was being shredded to pieces. Just how many times did Luna experience being shredded to pieces in that time? She would have had to suffer until Planet Moon was either fully destroyed, or the abyssal core gradually weakened over time.

Every time he thought about it, he felt his heart bleeding. This woman he had thought he hated with every fiber of his being, the woman who was directly responsible for the death of a woman he truly love, Amphorae, had actually suffered so much. Any grievances Dyon had, any grudges he might have still held, disappeared like the wind.

To Luna, the only thing that kept her going when she realized she truly wouldn't die were those 'final' moments of her life... The choice Dyon made to still call out to her despite the horrors she had committed...

Dyon's grip around Alauna's small body tightened.

"I'm sorry... Daddy's sorry for not recognizing you immediately."

In that moment, the well behaved Alauna who hadn't made a single sound until now suddenly trembled. Dyon could feel her little face welling up with tears as she tried to not make a sound.

He should have known. Who else could have those hazel-green eyes, so similar to his own in the past... Shimmering with the same intelligence? This was his daughter.

At that moment, Luna felt silly for worrying... Silly for thinking that Dyon was a man who would ever consider abandoning his daughter. She had gone through so much trouble, even setting up a scheme to trick her own subordinates into thinking that Alauna was an illusion they conjured. She jumped through so many hoops, praying that Dyon would grow attached to Alauna, that he wouldn't forsake her.

Luna had carried Alauna for so long. Even she didn't know why...

Back then, she had no way of knowing that she would see Dyon again. Even if Dyon was born, the Mortal Plane was so large, what were the odds that they would meet each other? They were slim to none...

But she held on. She didn't want Alauna to grow up without a father.

It was irrational, now that she thought about it. Even if she met Dyon, was she supposed to swoop in with their child and claim a piece of his heart? What if he had a family? What if he already had children of his own? What was she, the woman who betrayed him twice, worth?

The day Dyon bounded into her Unblemished Castle, she felt as though the Heavens were finally smiling down on her. He was a bit taller than she remembered, more handsome too, even his hair and eyes were different... But his soul... That indomitable will, that commanding air, that impenetrable confidence. There was no one else he could be.

It didn't matter to Luna if Dyon never took her as his woman. As long as Alauna gained a loving father... There was nothing more she could ask for.

"You all..." Luna's voice carried an undisguised trembling that laid her emotions bare. "... Deserve to die the worst death... For daring to try to take something so precious from me..."

The rage of a mother protecting her child knew no bounds.

Even as the Heaven's Children rushed in to protect their Mistress, they could have never expected to see the scene they witnessed.

The Unblemished One title wasn't just a matter of appearance, it was a state of mind as well. Luna in recent years had been an unflappable queen. Even when she admonished the Sprite Star Lord and forced his retreat, her expression never changed once.

But now, these Heaven's Children were witnessing a completely different side of their Mistress, one where she was willing to raze even the Heavens down for daring to slight her.

The Unblemished One. Mother of Dyon's child. Luna Moon.

...

Facing so many Heaven's Children, even 50 dao experts were no match. Though, it was more accurate to say that Luna slaughtered them all alone. Even if her subordinates wanted to take part, they didn't get the chance.

It was only now that Dyon understood what must have happened in the previous timeline.

Luna was too powerful to go down so easily. The Sprite Alliance must have received intel about Alauna somehow and sent a squadron to kidnap her.

Dyon imagined that Alauna must have been kept in a vessel similar to Amphorae, where her existence was suspended in reality, not allowing her to move or age.

After getting their hands on Alauna, they were able to force Luna to do their bidding. Whatever it was they wanted her to do, definitely resulted in the disappearance of all of the Heaven's Children, which was why Dyon never met them in his other self's timeline.

#### Chapter 1684: Wrong

Thinking about it, Dyon shook with rage once more. Did he have a daughter he never knew he had under his rule then? Had Alauna died in the endless wars he waged? Or had these bastards killed her after getting rid of Luna?

The most heart wrenching part was that the most likely scenario was that Dyon was responsible for his own daughter's death. Even if the Sprite Alliance felt that Luna needed to be disposed of, the birth of a child from a male Heaven's Child and a female Heaven's Child were fundamentally different. Though Little Aiden would be a heaven defying talent, there was no doubt that he would pale in comparison to Little Alauna. There's no way Dyon's enemies would have thrown away such a talent.

Dyon rubbed his little girl's back, soothing her tears and hiding her away from the destruction. He wouldn't ever leave her in this life. He'd make sure she lived so carefree that she got sick of it.

"Mistress!"

The Heaven's Children moved as one, barring Luna from Dyon as though he was an enemy.

Clearly, they had no idea about Alauna's existence and what she meant to Luna. They still believed that Alauna was an illusion Aslan conjured, so their top priority was protecting Luna.

Dyon, however, couldn't be bothered with their reactions.

He sat in the air, forming a defensive array below him as he slowly pulled Alauna from his neck. He met the eyes of his little girl, an undisguised happiness on his face.

He slowly wiped the tears from Alauna's chubby cheeks.

"Ah!" Alauna panicked. Seeing the tears on Dyon's face, she too tried to wipe them away.

A father and daughter pair sat in the skies, trying to stop each other from crying. When Luna saw this scene, she almost couldn't hold herself back from crying aloud.

"Do you know who I am?" Dyon asked with a smile, rubbing his little girl's head.

"Mhm, mhm." Alauna's small head bobbed.

"You naughty little girl, do you like playing with your father's emotions?"

"No, no!" Alauna looked back toward Luna, not knowing what to say. "Momma... Momma told me not to tell you my name... I'm sorry..."

Dyon grinned, holding the pride of his life up.

"Oh? And what's your name?"

Alauna bit her lower lip, looking back toward Luna once more. She felt emboldened by the smile of encouragement she received in response.

"A – Alauna. Momma said my name is Alauna Sacharro."

Dyon grinned so widely her felt his jaw protesting.

"And who am I?"

"..." Alauna's eyes watered once more. She tried to use her little forearms to stop the tears from coming, but this time, she could never seem to move fast enough. "... Daddy..."

Dyon brought Alauna into his embrace once more, holding onto her tightly.

There was a reason Dyon was so enraged when Eli was taken away. It was the same reason he was enraged by Madeleine's parents not claiming her the moment they could.

As a man who lost his parents early in his life, he knew how much it impacted him. There was a time where all he could think about was seeing his parents once more. Seeing his mother's smile, sitting in his father's embrace, feeling their warmth. Those memories were what kept him warm in his youth.

Even right now, even though he had a family... Wives that loved him, a Master who cared for him, little brothers and sisters he could care and look after, there was simply no replacing the memories of his parents.

It pissed him off. The thought of a person willingly interfering in the relationship between a parent and child. What pissed him off even more was the thought of parents removing themselves willingly from their responsibilities. He didn't care what excuses you had, what reasons you had... No matter how justified you believed you were, there were certain things and concepts a child could never wrap their minds around...

All they would feel was an emptiness where they should have felt warmth. They would see other individuals with that warmth as well, a warmth they'd never be able to experience themselves.

Dyon swore to himself that Alauna would never become one of those children. She would have his warmth for the whole of her life, he would never allow her to pine for her father.

'Never again.' Dyon closed his eyes. He would never resign himself to death again. Even if he faced 50 dao experts alone, he would find a path to victory. No matter what. 'Daddy will always be here.'

"What the hell is wrong with him? Does he really have no idea he's being manipulated?" Maura looked toward Dyon with an undeniable disdain. "Why's he treating an illusion like a treasure, how pathetic."

It was at that moment that Dyon's closed eyes snapped open. His gaze seemed to tear through space itself, boring into Maura's own.

He didn't bother wasting words. He stood and walked forward, Alauna still in his arms.

"Stop where you are now!"

"[Devour]."

Nine Heaven's Children suddenly fell from the skies, agony taking over their very souls. The feeling of having their souls repeatedly drained again and again left them without recourse. They couldn't die because the Heavens didn't allow them, but their consciousnesses remained unable to focus on anything but the constant, perpetual death.

Dyon's steps easily passed the Heaven's Children. They could only blame themselves. Dyon was a person who reacted violently whenever his reverse scales were touched. Alauna could now be considered the greatest of his reverse scales. To call her nothing but an illusion to his face? Weren't they asking for this result?

Luna trembled as Dyon approached. Every fiber of her being was screaming to turn away, to run away, but there was something about his gaze that didn't allow her. She didn't even register that her people were now on the ground, writhing in pain.

She suddenly froze.

Dyon's forehead landed on her own. She could clearly see his eyelids shut tight.

#### Chapter 1685: Thank You

His spicy pine scent filled her nose, the warmth of his breath caressed her lips... Of all the things she thought might happen, this was the last.

Even in pain, the Heaven's Children couldn't believe what they were seeing. None of their bodies reacted to them, and scenes just continuously flashed across their eyes, but they could swear that they were seeing the mighty Unblemished One... blushing?

"Thank you... Luna." Dyon felt that he had never spoken words more sincere until this very moment.

At that moment, Alauna's giggling interrupted the silent moment. "Hehe, momma's blushing."

The little girl seemed to be emboldened within Dyon's embrace, nothing seemed to scare her anymore. Even the cries of agony from the Heaven's Children and the 50 corpses that lay in the hidden realm didn't faze her.

She happily grinned, wrapping one arm around Dyon's neck and the other around Luna's.

"D-Dyon..." Luna's voice trembled.

"You don't need to explain anything. In truth, my emotions aren't so easily manipulated. The Seal is protecting my mind from such things. You don't need to feel any guilt..."

"Thanks to you, I got to watch all of Alauna's first moments. I couldn't be more grateful..."



This was a major part of the reason Dyon was so shocked by his feelings for Alauna. He knew this entire time that The Seal was protecting his mind, so it should have been impossible for even a Heaven's Child to manipulate him. Initially, he believed that maybe he had just underestimated Heaven's Children.

One had to remember that treasures weren't allowed to be taken into the second trial, meaning, back then, Luna had only been able to manipulate Dyon's emotions because The Seal hadn't been able to follow him in.

It was only now Dyon understood that it wasn't that the Heaven's Children could ignore the Treasures of the 33 Heavens, but rather that he had instinctually felt a closeness to Alauna normal logic couldn't explain.

Heaven's Children were known as true Legendary Weapons while the Treasures of the 33 Heavens were known as Pseudo Legendary Weapons. However, the reason they were only known as Pseudo was because only one of their two abilities were truly classified as 'Legendary' – that being their passive ability.

The passive or Legendary ability of The Seal was the protection of mind. Meaning, it shouldn't lose a head to head battle with a Heaven's Child.

In the last countless millions of years, Luna had only smiled for Alauna. But in this moment, when she fell into Dyon's embrace, accepting a warmth she never thought she would have in her life, she smiled once more.

She felt a weight on her shoulders fall. The mighty world renowned Unblemished One was simply a happy woman in this moment.

"What should we do with them?"

After several moment, Luna couldn't help but ask. In the past, she would have made the decision herself, but she had unconsciously began to rely on Dyon. It wasn't because she couldn't do it herself, but rather because she felt that the matters of her territory should be decided between the both of them.

Even if she couldn't be Dyon's woman, she felt that she owed him at least this much. Luna was under no illusions. She knew that what she had done couldn't be forgiven so easily, and she was aware that Alauna's existence was the only reason Dyon wasn't pushing her away. She wanted to show Dyon that she was no longer the Luna of the past... She could be something other than a burden to him.

Dyon's thoughts were different. Luna's past was complex, but he had already forgiven it all. He had already decided. As long as his wives accepted Luna, he would as well. But this was a matter for another time. The current situation was more dangerous than either of them let on.

"You know the current situation, right?" Dyon pulled his forehead from Luna's, looking into her opal eyes.

Luna's eyes carried a hidden sadness. "I was betrayed..."

Dyon nodded heavily. He knew that his [Devour] alone couldn't restrain the Heaven's Children. It was only because he received Luna's hidden support that he could. Meaning, Luna was aware of his thoughts already.

There was only one way that Luna with all her strength didn't immediately realize there was something infiltrating her hidden realm to kidnap Little Alauna. Only someone capable of manipulating the senses of others would be able to pull the wool over her eyes...

The question was... Did Aslan work alone? Or did he receive help?

"Do you know who?" Luna looked toward Dyon with an expectant gaze.

"Well, I didn't know before, I only had some guesses. But now..." Dyon looked toward the Heaven's Children writhing in pain. "Aslan. Maura. And..." Dyon's gaze stopped on the final individual. "Caspian."

Luna closed her eyes and sighed. She knew how Dyon's [Devour] worked after seeing it in action and didn't need any further explanation to know that he was correct. Even if she didn't, she would trust Dyon's words regardless.

These three individuals, they were a match made in heaven. Together, conspiring against even the most powerful individuals in existence became easy. Dyon almost felt it was too bad he would never be able to make use of them. With their abilities, there's no way he would be able to trust them around his people, this was especially so for Aslan and Maura.

The former was able to have absolute control over his own and the senses of others. The latter could manipulate the emotions of people based on her will.

On top of this, with the help of Caspian's absolute spatial control, communicating and scheming was easy beyond belief. If they worked together... It was no wonder Luna had been tricked in this way.

Still, there were six remaining Heaven's Children that were completely loyal to Luna. The only reason Dyon hadn't released his [Devour] on them yet was because he didn't want them to act rashly without fully understanding the situation. Though they were screaming, Dyon knew that the Heavens dampened the pain they should feel considerably.

#### Chapter 1686: Perfect

Rudy – One with the Earth. He had the ability to manipulate the earth to his whim. It was a lack luster ability compared to the three traitors, but it was quite useful if applied correctly. For example, mining with his help would become far easier. There were many ores and metals that were difficult to extract simply by virtue of their sturdiness or maybe their volatility in some instances, but Rudy could bring them out with ease. Dyon thought of many more applications than this as well – aiding soil fertility, building underground fortresses... The list was endless if one had the ability to freely manipulate the earth.

Monet – Beast Whisperer. She had the ability to calm beasts. As long as they didn't follow the human path, there was no beast she couldn't bring under her control. That included transcendent and supreme grade beasts. She made Dyon's Beast Compendium look like a joke. Monet's ability would be devastating against the Five Clan Beast Alliance of Dyon's home quadrant.

Though... Dyon couldn't help but wonder why a beast tamer didn't have any beasts with her.

Fox – Duplication. He had the ability to duplicate anything inanimate. As long as he was given time to gather energy, even duplicating a supreme grade treasure wasn't impossible. There were very few

limitations to this. As long as the target didn't have a spirit – for example a weapon like the Dragon King's – and as long as it wasn't a Legendary object or an object with Legendary level capabilities, it could be duplicated given enough time and energy. Dyon could only imagine what this ability could do if paired with the seventh floor of the Sage Tower which could accumulate power from stars.

Unfortunately, pills weren't within Fox's capabilities because they were created from living herbs. This meant that anything that had an organic component could not be duplicated. That said, this wasn't a major loss considering the fourth floor of the Sage Tower could duplicate pills.

Ariel – One with Water. This ability looked simple on the surface, but its applications made Dyon feel a chill. Water wasn't limited to bodies of ocean or lake, water could be found within the human body. Ariel's control over such a thing made her abilities far less auxiliary than Rudy's and far more deadly. Though, Rudy could definitely use his abilities to cause destruction as well.

Her only limit was in dealing with targets with strong wills.

Bryzo – Absolute Deconstruction. Bryzo's abilities intrigued Dyon. She was able to deconstruct matter to its barest building blocks. This alone was a devastating ability, but it was the auxiliary ability that caught Dyon's attention. After deconstructing her target, she was able to understand it to its most minor of details. There was only limitation to this ability: her target couldn't have a will of its own.

Essentially, Bryzo's abilities were useless against living humans, but was great when applied defensively, reason being that her limitation didn't extend to things that gained will from outside influence. For example, a cultivator could technically apply their will to an attack, but Bryzo could still deconstruct said attack.

The only way for Bryzo's abilities to be thwarted is if her opponent's will is on the level of a martial intent, thus resulting in their will being perfectly fused into their actions, or, if her opponent was like Dyon who had their Presence fused into every fiber of his being.

Still, what Dyon found Bryzo useful for wasn't battle, but rather the potential help she could provide the researchers. If she was given corpses to deconstruct, she could perfectly explain what it was that made certain races special and aid Researcher Curie and Kline in their DNA research. If she was given an Ore or metal, she could help Research Obrien in his atom research.

Almost as if fated, the final Heaven's Child would be a great help to Chancellor Lind in her pursuit of helping the untalented.

Nixie – Pathfinder. She had the ability to find the path of least resistance, no matter what the task might be. If it was battle, she was easily able to find a weak point. If it was travel, she was able to find the shortest or safest path depending on the requirements. And, if it was about a child's development, she could easily see what a child was most talented in. In addition, even if that child was unwilling to follow the path they were born for, she was able to find the best path for them along the route they chose.

If her ability to find the path was matched with Researcher Lind's abilities to nurture along that path, the youth of Dyon's Mortal Alliance would have very bright futures ahead of them.

This wasn't all either... With Nixie's abilities, couldn't she also greatly help Dyon in war? What were the weak points of his enemies, where should he apply pressure, when should he move forward and when should he retreat?

There was only one glaring limitation to Nixie's abilities, she had to either lay eyes on her target, or she had to understand them perfectly. This meant that she couldn't arbitrarily give Dyon an answer to 'how should I conquer the Mortal Plane' because there was no way for her to perfectly understand every aspect of the Mortal Plane or lay eyes on the whole of the Mortal Plane at once.

However, Dyon was unbothered by this limitation. Even if it was just these six, he saw that his path toward success had widened once more.

With Luna's help, Dyon easily rounded up Aslan, Caspian and Maura, jailing them within his inner world where their abilities were the weakest. In this land, Dyon was the god. They couldn't twitch without him being aware.

Dyon didn't bother hearing them out. He knew their purpose.

"They were in league with the Heaven's Child who controls the Timeless Library."

Dyon's words were heavy rock thrown in a calm lake.

First, these six, not to mention Luna herself, had no idea there was an eleventh Heaven's Child.

#### Chapter 1687: Events

Secondly, they had no idea that this Heaven's Child controlled the Timeless Library. And thirdly, to hear that three individuals they thought of as family had betrayed them in this way... it was hard to swallow.

Heaven's Children were, in a lot of ways, lonely individuals. Though they weren't immortal, they lived for such a long time that they dwarfed even Transcendents. The only people they could form bonds with, grow with, were their fellow Heaven's Children. The betrayal of even one of them was devastating, let alone three.

"M... Mistress." Ariel looked up at Luna who stood elegantly to Dyon's side. Despite the betrayal, she had a smile on her face she still couldn't wipe away. Every time she looked over to see Little Alauna giggling with her father, she felt a scolding heat in her chest. "W-who is this man?"

Hearing the question, Luna snapped awake.

"He..." Luna didn't know what to say. What should she call Dyon?

"I'm her man of course." Dyon smiled.

His word choice was perfect. He didn't distance himself away from Luna, but at the same time, he didn't make the decision to accept her without the input of his wives first.

These words alone left Luna with a feeling of content that couldn't be described.

Still, to hear such things, the six Heaven's Children were in shock.

Luna smiled brightly. For them, who were used to seeing her stoic and brooding image, this shocked them even more.

"This is the father of my child. And this, this is Alauna, my little baby girl."

"Hi, hi!" Alauna waved happily, sitting on Dyon's shoulders and playing with his brownish silver hair.

"So she wasn't an illusion..." The Heaven's Children muttered.

"Are you all wondering why they chose these three but didn't approach you all?" Dyon looked at them and asked.

The six looked surprised at Dyon's words. Was he a Heaven's Child who read minds or something?

"The answer is pretty simple. They didn't think bring you all to their side would be useful."

They frowned at Dyon's words, but couldn't find room to refute. There was no doubt that Aslan and Caspian were a cut above them. Then there was Maura who had great use in certain situations as well. It could be said that the six of them were less 'useful', while Luna was simply too powerful to approach without certain countermeasures – those measures being Little Alauna.

"There are individuals in existence right now who want nothing more than to throw the Mortal Plane into an endless chaos. And, for them to do this, they want you all out of the way. Instead of trying to control you all, they chose to limit their allies to the most useful of you while also choosing to do away with the rest. Makes you angry, doesn't it?"

Of course, what Dyon didn't tell them was that Aslan, Caspian and Maura also didn't survive into the future. But, he felt it was more useful to manipulate their emotions using this tactic.

"You don't have to manipulate us." Rudy said straightforwardly. "As long as Mistress Unblemished orders us, we'll follow her to the ends of the earth. It's only thanks to her that we have a place to call home. If she tells us to follow and trust you, we'll follow and trust you."

...

The meeting with the Heaven's Children ended far easier than Dyon expected. He had no one else to thank but Luna. Though she had been betrayed, she had cultivated many loyalists as well.

At the moment, Dyon was watching over the sleeping Alauna with a smile on his face. This was the one thing he had never been able to witness before since Luna always took Alauna away when it was time for her to sleep. Such little things filled him with joy.

After a few hours, Dyon finally decided that he couldn't waste time away fawning over his daughter. If he wanted Alauna to live carefreely, he had to put in the appropriate amount of work.

"Tell me about your Unblemished Lands." Dyon sent a gaze toward Luna, sighing inwardly. He wanted to take her into his arms, but there were some things that were more complicated when you boneheadedly decided on more than one wife like he had. He could only maintain a healthy distance for now.

Luna didn't seem to mind. If anything, she was quite content. This was already more than she expected.

"The Sprite Alliance is on the verge of controlling 100 quadrants. You might know by now, but that was the purpose of the Star Clan branch family they sent to your tower quadrants. They were making plans to become a Planet Grade Alliance in preparation for the Ancient Battlefield's descent.

"I control 18 quadrants."

Dyon's brows shot upward. He had never expected Luna to control so much strength. If he was a normal man, he might feel embarrassed by the fact he couldn't match even a fraction of that.

"I've been masquerading as a Sprite for a very long time now, so I am considered to be one of the ruling Higher Existences of our Sprite Alliance. Still, I'm seen as an outsider because I rarely take part in their plans. It's bred some resentment over the years because they believe if they had my help, they would be stronger amongst of the five outer powers."

Dyon nodded. If he remembered correctly, only the Transcendent Beast Alliance and the Devil Quadrants were weaker. The Sapientia and the Nephilim should be the strongest. The Sprites likely felt that with their talent, they should be number one.



"This dissatisfaction reached a fever pitch recently. One of the four other Sprite Ruling Clans birthed a second Higher Existence. Because of this, it tipped the balance in their favor, allowing them to dominate the other three.

"Even though I, as the fifth, remained neutral, they insisted on bringing me into the fold. Matters became even worse once an oracle predicted the appearance of the Timeless Library was quickly approaching.

"They believed that the Timeless Library was the chance they needed to start leveling the playing field with the Sapientia and the Nephilim. But, I refused once more. That is what led to these events."

Chapter 1688: 110

Dyon took a deep breath and closed his eyes. To think the Sprite Alliance had five Higher Existences, six if Luna was counted, yet they weren't the strongest of the outer powers. Of Luna's words, this was what impacted him the most.

Still, he quickly collected himself. These were matters he had known long ago, but there was something about seeing the reality before him now that shook him. Maybe the scariest part wasn't that he was shaking from fear... He was shaking from excitement.

There was a keen confidence coursing through his veins. He felt like the higher the wall was, the more exciting the climb became.

"Is there something you'd like me to do?" Luna asked after Dyon remained silent.

In the end, Dyon shook his head.

"No. But, I don't think it's safe for you to remain here, I'd like you to leave a projection here and follow me to my Mortal Alliance, can you do that?"

Luna nodded without hesitation. "I can form a projection, yes. But is it really so unsafe here?"

"It's not the Sprite Alliance that worries me... It's the ones behind the Timeless Library. Those people are definitely aware that you all are Heaven's Children and that you're all here. I'm not sure how, but of this much, I'm certain."

Hearing this, Luna agreed. She had a deep trust in Dyon.

Dyon felt the safest place for the Heaven's Children was his inner world. Though he wanted to make use of them, he knew he had to be cautious. If they could find them once... They could do so again.

"If it's through you, I think I could enter and exit the Ancient Battlefield if what you say is true about it being your constitution's world."

That was when Luna said something Dyon would have never expected. If this was true, it could change everything.

"That's not all. As long as I'm prepared to hide our presences, no one would be able to find us. You don't need to worry. You can trust me."

Dyon looked into Luna's opal eyes. They were brimming with an energy... It wasn't pride, but rather... It was hope, hope that Dyon would choose to believe in her.

Contrary to her expectations, there was no hesitancy in Dyon's nod. He directly agreed to trust her.

Luna – Absolute Energy Control. There wasn't an energy in existence she couldn't control... Even if that energy was from the portal that connected Dyon to his constitution world. Dyon had suddenly gained the ability to move people in and out of the Ancient Battlefield.

Dyon had made massive gains during this trip. Not only had he gained the Heaven's Children, he had found his daughter, a precious little girl who was priceless.

Now, all that remained was to sweep through the 99 universes, the Uidah, the Pakal, the Ragnor, and the Five Clan Beast Alliance.

110 years remained.

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"Wow, wow~."

Little Alauna looked around Soul Palace with a fascinated look on her face. She sat on Dyon's shoulders, greedily trying to take in everything around her.

In truth, Soul Palace wasn't much better than Unblemished Castle. Though Meiying's designs were bordering on heavenly, Luna's comprehension of energies didn't lose out to anyone, making her level of Feng Shui far deeper than Meiying's though she never truly reflected upon it.

The only reason Alauna reacted in this way was because she was a child. Of course she found new environments exciting, especially when it was a place her father called home.

"This is daddy's home, do you like it?" Dyon smiled widely, holding onto Alauna's small ankles to make sure she wouldn't fall from his shoulders. Though, he was definitely being overprotective in that regard. With Alauna's level of body control, it was nearly impossible for such a thing to happen.

"I like it, I like it!" Considering how happy Alauna was, even if Dyon brought her to a garbage dump she'd react in the same way.

Luna followed behind Dyon nervously as the six Heaven's Children also followed behind her. They could see the nervousness of their Mistress and could only wonder why she was acting like this.

It was then that a number of swarming individuals converged upon the Soul Palace's grand hall. The activation of a planet grade formation wasn't something that happened every day, after all. The fact it had could only mean that something big had happened.

"Dyon? Dyon!"

Clara's body blurred. Her Wind Spirit constitution had clearly taken a massive leap forward after she entered the celestial realm because even Dyon was astonished by her speed. She crossed what should have been several dozen meters in less than the blink of an eye, crashing into Dyon's body.

Considering Clara's normal disposition, it was obvious how much she had worried over the past almost year. For Dyon to swear to bring Eli back, only to not come back himself, it was a devastating blow to the Sacharro Clan. The center of their world had suddenly been taken away.

To make matters worse, Eli could only be honest with them as well. Because Dyon hadn't allowed his wives to teleport to his inner world, for fear that they would worry too much, the information the received was squeezed from Eli himself.

When they heard that Dyon was acting weirdly, even ignoring Eli to a large extent, they began to worry more fiercely, especially when they learned that there was an individual among the Heaven's Children capable of manipulating emotions.

But here Dyon was, with a big smile on his face as though nothing had happened.

Keeping one hand on Alauna's little ankle, Dyon used the other to wrap around Clara's body.

"It's okay, I'm here now."

The Heaven's Children watched this scene with weird expressions on their faces, looking from their Mistress, to Clara, back to their Mistress, and then to Dyon. Suddenly, they both understood and didn't understand why Luna had such a nervous expression.

They understood because apparently the father of their Mistress's child had more than one woman but... They couldn't understand how a man could dare to have another woman besides the Unblemished One.

If word of this spread to the Sprite Alliance, billions of men would declare war on Dyon. No, it might even be trillions. Though, that was only if they believed something so absurd could become a reality.

Even more incredulous was the fact their Mistress wasn't enraged by this display of affection, but was rather growing more and more nervous by the second.

Bodies continued to surge into the hall. Clara had been the fastest, but familiar figures in Meiyang, Lyla, Zaire, and Amphorae appeared as well.

Soon, Delia and Eli appeared as well, following by a train of toddlers.

It was as though these individuals were intent of suffocating Dyon under a torrent of affection. Without regard for how much surface area his body had, they all piled on. In the end, Dyon was forced to raise Alauna up on a defensive formation so that she wasn't smothered along with him.

Just when Dyon thought it couldn't get more chaotic, Ri swept in, having returned from the Elvin Clan territory at her fastest speed and plunged into the pile as well.

The only one who didn't join was Amphorae who smiled contentedly from the side. Maybe there wasn't anything in existence that could make her lose her composure.

At that moment, any dissatisfaction the Heaven's Children might have had toward Dyon couldn't help but disappear. If a leader was so loved by those around him, they simply couldn't bring themselves to believe that he could be a horrible man. Maybe there was a reason their Mistress gave up her innocence for this man.

Of course, they were seeing their Mistress with rose tinted glasses. It would be more accurate to say that Luna stole Dyon's innocence rather than the other way around. After all, technically speaking, Luna lost her virginity to a woman, not Dyon. If anything, she was the impure one in their relationship.

Alauna giggled happily at this scene. Though, it was hard to tell whether she found it funny that her father was being dogpiled, or if the golden array beneath her was just that fascinating.

Finally, someone asked.

"Who is this adorable little girl?" Meiying's violet eye twinkled. She pulled Little Alauna down, playing with the little girl's chubby cheeks under her unrestrained giggling.

That was when Dyon dropped a bomb of his own.

"This is Alauna. She's my daughter."

The atmosphere became too complex to describe in just a few words.

First, it froze over. This wasn't because of anger, but rather, concern. After hearing Eli say that there were those capable of manipulating emotions and seeing that Dyon was followed by those they could only assume were Heaven's Children, they thought that Dyon hadn't escaped at all, but was rather being manipulated as they spoke.

Maybe these Heaven's Children had designs on what Dyon was building here and thus used this little girl as a pretext to control Dyon. After all, none of this made any sense at face value.

First of all, Dyon only had four wives, all of whom were currently in Soul Quadrant, though one of them was still in a coma and should soon awaken. Dyon wasn't the type of man to wantonly sleep around, or else there were quite literally countless women he could do so with – and with their consent at that.

There was the possibility that Dyon was coerced into having sex with another woman by this emotion manipulating Heaven's Child, but there were too many problems with that as well. Namely, this little girl was clearly about a year old, but it obviously took 9 months from conception to birth. Dyon had only been gone for 11 months, so this baby should be 2 months old, not almost a year old.

Dyon first tackled this by reminding them of The Seal, ensuring them that it was impossible for his mind to be manipulated. It was only after this that they breathed a sigh of relief and stopped looking toward the Heaven's Children so trepidatiously.

That was when the emotions shifted once more, into confusion and a slightly awkward atmosphere.

Now that it was confirmed Dyon's emotions weren't manipulated, where had this child come from? And who was her mother? And... Why had Dyon betrayed his wives, something none of them believed would have ever done before.

Though Luna was shaking nervously, practically collapsing into a pool of her own sweat, Dyon calmly faced these matters without blinking an eye. It wasn't that he didn't have complex emotions about these matters as well, it was rather that he felt it was his responsibility to take them head on.

For Ri, Clara and Amphorae, they only needed one name to understand everything – Luna.

They were all intelligent women. Dyon had told Ri, Clara and Madeleine about Luna and Amphorae the moment he exited his trials decades ago. As for Amphorae, she quite literally lived those moments herself.

After knowing it was Luna, the concern in their hearts was lifted immediately.

Dyon didn't seek to make excuses, but they all knew that his emotions were being manipulated during the second trial. If they weren't, how could a man as prideful as Dyon stoop to the level of taking a woman he felt he should hate as his own?

This was the very same woman who just hours later Dyon forced to fall into a trap he devised. If he was in his normal state of mind, he would have never had that moment with Luna.

[Author's Note: After Luna and Dyon's moment in the carriage on the way to the Viserion Clan, Dyon caught Luna stealing the Viserion Clan's core technique using her relationship with King Viserion's wife. Dyon ended up using this ploy to make it seem like a rift was formed between him and King Viserion, then used King Viserion turn coating as a trumpcard during his war with the Moon Clan.]

Alauna immediately became the center of affection for the three women. Even Amphorae stepped out of her comfort zone to say hello, even spending a few awkward moments holding the little girl in her arms.

Though they didn't say anything to Luna directly, they didn't need to.

## Chapter 1690: Dark

Dyon had already made his stance to Luna clear. If she wanted a place in his heart, she already had it by virtue of being the mother of his child. However, if she wanted a place in his family, it wasn't him she had to convince... it was his wives.

He didn't push them one way or the other. In a lot of ways, Dyon felt it was a good thing that Madeleine was asleep now.

If his first wife was awake, she would have immediately accepted Luna. Madeleine was too kindhearted. Though she was sharpening herself for the role of First Empress, she was still lacking, especially in comparison to Amphorae.

This adversity for Luna wasn't something Dyon saw as a bad thing. He didn't want his wives to feel like they had to bend to his will. They were the loves of his life. He refused to betray the love they gave him, even if it was for Alauna's mother.

Luna had matured enough to understand this truth as well. She was a woman who ruled over 18 quadrants, so she was determined to earn a place in the hearts of Dyon's wives.

"Poppa, these are my mommies too?" Alauna's large hazel-green eyes blinked.

"Of course, they're all your mommies." Dyon smiled, taking his little girl into his arms. Though it was heart warming to see her interact with Ri, Clara and Amphorae, he still felt the best like this.

"Yay, yay!~ My babies will have many mommies too!~"

Dyon's face suddenly darkened.

Junior fell to the floor, clutching his stomach in laughter. His fist slammed against the ground, unable to rein himself in.



Ri and Clara giggled, snickering at Dyon's plight, even Amphorae seemed to be trying her best to hold her smile back.

Karma was a terrible mistress indeed.

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"Are you sure?"

Dyon looked toward Amphorae with a serious expression.

"Yes. If I bring Luna, there'll no longer be a threat to my safety. I still believe that it's important to participate in the Conference. We can easily cover the ground the lost with Luna's help as well. If we don't appear, the façade of our strength will be put into question."

Dyon fell into his thoughts. These days, he always had Alauna by his side, so the little girl was obediently sitting on his shoulders, remaining silent.

The truth was that Amphorae was correct. Their façade of strength was very important. In addition, with Lyla going as well, it would be a great opportunity to look into the true thoughts of those heading this Conference.

Dyon still had no true idea why this Conference was being held. And, even if you were going to hold such a conference, was there a need for such a power play by the Star Clan?

One had to remember that the Star Clan forced dozens of Clans, each of whom had powerful individuals beyond reason heading them, to travel for almost a decade. This travel time could have been cut to just a few minutes if the Star Clan was willing to open the portals they controlled within the tower, but they refused to.

Yet, for some odd reason, even with this move showing a blatant disdain for the powerhouses of the towers, everyone went without complaining much. There were very few exceptions to this rule, one of

which being the current Head of the Atlas Clan, but that was only because though he had the talent of a True God, he didn't yet have the power of those upper echelon members, so others went in his stead.

The most obvious point for this oddity is that even the Dragons, the most prideful race in existence, laid down said pride to bow to the Star Clan's demands. It was truly baffling.

"Alright." Dyon nodded. He couldn't remain in the dark about this Conference.

Since in the previous timeline, he was obviously in no position to attend, he had little information about this Conference. In this timeline, Dyon believed that its effect would be far greater than it was previously...

The reason for this was simple. The Conference was being hosted by the Star Clan which was a part of the Sprite Alliance. In the past timeline, the Sprite Alliance was embroiled in its own inner conflict due to what Dyon now knew was the Timeless Library. In all likelihood, the purpose of the Conference was lost as a result of this inner conflict...

However, Dyon believed that now that the Sprite Alliance lost the means to control Luna, their actions toward the library would be much more reserved. It was possible that they could ignore it entirely for now and allow the purpose of the Conference to take center stage.

If Dyon's deductions were correct... This Conference was far more important than it seemed.

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"Hello Little Alauna." Clara said with a bright smile.

"Momma Clara, hello, hello!~"

Clara felt a heated pride fill her chest. This little girl was too adorable.

After a moment of assaulting her chubby cheeks, Clara let Alauna run off to go and play with Mia, Bella, Aiden and Junior.

"How are you doing?"

Dyon had found Clara resting by the small rivers that ran through the paradise hidden behind Soul Palace. It seemed she often came here to relax.

"I'm doing okay." Clara said with a slight smile. "Things just have been happening really quickly recently. It seems we haven't gotten a moment to rest."

Dyon nodded. What Clara said was true, especially for him. He felt as though he had been running around endlessly for the last two years. Though, to be fair, he spent almost a year on a cushy bed, watching his daughter go through the first milestones of her life. But, that time felt too short.

There was another, more glaringly concerning matter related to this 'speed', though.

Dyon kept repeating the 112 year mark in his mind, but were matters so simple? If he managed to conquer the two quadrants in that timespan, would that be the end of it?

Conquering lands wasn't just about power. What would happen after he did so? Would the loyalties of those he conquered magically change? What about their cultures? Their beliefs?

Dyon said he had 112 years, but the reality was that if he didn't conquer these two quadrants far faster than that, it would be impossible to assimilate the territory in time.

Not only did he need to conquer two quadrants, he needed to make its people feel as though they were his people... that he was their leader... that his cause was their cause.

If these matters were framed like this, Dyon didn't have 112 years at all. At most, he had 5 to 10 years... The remaining 100 would have to be spent slowly molding these two quadrants into the core of the Mortal Empire.

Once that was complete, assimilating future lands would become easier, but this first step had to be done right... It had to be done perfectly.

Dyon sighed, taking Clara into his arms. He stroked her long black hair.

Clara could feel it in that moment, the steady beating of Dyon's heart. It felt as though nothing could shake it.

In the past, Dyon buried this truth deep within himself, repeating the 112-year deadline. But now, he embraced the reality and didn't feel nervous at all. Instead, he felt a steady calm.

"In as little as 5 years and no longer than 10, I'll make both quadrants kneel."