

The Nameless 54

Chapter 54

Sad whimpers started coming from Dyon's arms. He looked down to see Little Black hiding in his chest, trying to turn away from the scene.

That was when Dyon saw it. Two massive creatures hundreds of meters long and wide. One was exactly like the illusory deer he had seen in the sky. A picture of perfection, it rested quietly as its head rested against the forehead of another massive creature.

This other was covered in black scales. Its horns were massive, at least a quarter of the length of its body, they branched in elaborate and elegant patterns and had jet black ancient marks etched directly onto them.

'That's... a Qilin...' Dyon sucked in a cold breath.

The Celestial woman sighed, "This is my husband and I. We died in the war and he gave up his soul to nourish mine so I could stay alive long enough to birth Little Black... I had been suppressing my pregnancy with the strength my husband left me, but when I sensed you a few weeks ago, I had already assumed that you'd come eventually, so I was finally able to rest.

"Little Black... I hadn't had the heart to name him until now, but since you seem to like that name, my child, I'll allow you to have it. I'm sure you will give him another when he matures and enters his human form."

Dyon couldn't imagine how powerful this celestial deer and qilin had to be to become so big, but what was clear was that Little Black's blood line was extraordinary.

"Qilin's are prideful and solitary creatures. If it wasn't for me, he would have never died like he did. To protect a sect of humans of all things, he became the laughing stock of his clan and Little Black was disowned."

Dyon clenched his fists, 'The martial world truly is cruel.'

The Celestial woman sighed again, "Come with me."

They stepped into the tomb, letting a heavenly fragrance waft past them.

The Celestial woman walked to her husband's forehead and placed her hand on the center scale after raising up into the air. A light flashed, causing a shudder in the body of the massive dark Qilin as an enormous pitch-black drop of blood was pulled out by the woman.

She silently moved onto her forehead before pausing.

"After I pull out my Essence Blood, I won't be able to stay much longer. I'll properly fade away. So, first, I'll pass to you the legacy of the celestial deer clan. I don't ask you to get revenge for us. Nor do I ask you to put your life on the line. Enough blood has been shed. I won't even tell you the story behind our war..."

"I only ask that you take care of my child and once you're powerful enough, pass on the legacy of the Celestial Deer Sect. Once Little Black is able to make his own decisions, allow him to decide whether to return to his father's clan or not. I owe my husband to not let our child die for the same reasons we did," She said faintly.

Dyon could feel the sadness in her voice as a stream of memories invaded Dyon's consciousness. Not able to withstand it, he fell to the ground as a gentle wind carried him there.

As he was losing consciousness, a soft voice rang in his mind.

"The essence blood of a demon qilin and a celestial deer will give you a body strength few can match. It will take a few years to absorb all of it fully, but, it will be just in time for your body to start cultivating. Then you can choose from the celestial deer sect's whole collection.

"Since you don't have time right now, I'll help you forcefully ingratiate 5% of each with the last of my strength. In the future, you'll need high level body tempering fruits and medicines to continue.

"The demon qilin will help you have a high affinity for fire, wind, darkness, and demonic wills. However, my blood will allow you to better understand celestial, light, and crystal wills. This is my thank you to

you. I've seen your life and I understand what kind of person you are, I don't believe it's wrong to entrust you with this much."

The last thing Dyon saw before passing out were two massive drops of blood, one black and one silver, shrinking and condensing before flying into his chest.

He blacked out with a shudder.

A last voice rang out, "Thank you..."

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Delia practiced her sword skills under the high sun with Madeleine's melody as her back drop.

It had been a month since Dyon's death and though Madeleine still hurt everyday, she had insisted on helping Delia train so she could find a purpose again. Although she felt running away would be easy, she also knew that Dyon must have died fighting for her right to live a life she wanted to live.

A part of her wanted to give up, to end her own life in one of the many opportunities she had already had, but the thoughts of a young man with a beaming smile was firmly imprinted onto her mind.

Even if this was something she didn't want to do, she would marry Akihiko so she could live on for Dyon...

His parents were dead, he had no family, he had come to this world completely alone. Maybe she was the only one in the world who still truly remembered him. A part of her refused to allow his memory to die.

'You're my reason to stay strong.'

While Madeleine's smile was decidedly sadder, it had once again begun to appear on her face.

“You’re improving, Delia.”

“It’s all thanks to you. Your will of music makes it much easier to focus. I can feel the intent of my ice sword technique much better with you around,” Delia thanks Madeleine sincerely.

Delia walked to Madeleine and took a seat on the stone beside her.

“You know, ever since my mom disappeared, I’ve wanted to keep Patia-Neva Peak the exact same. Dad always said she loved nature and hated disturbing it, so I followed her path as best I could,” Delia said softly.

The blossoms from the trees fell around them, lightly gracing the wind.