

# The Shining Star Above The Heaven

## Chapter 811 - 811: The Tree of Life

[ 1,702 words ]

On the next morning, Sylphia was with Empress Vilena, enjoying the scenery at the palace garden. Aldrian's avatar also stood not far from them, observing their interaction like a good guardian.

Although the situation outside the palace was still quite chaotic with the purging process underway, they still had time to relax. Especially for Empress Vilena, her mind could finally feel at ease without having to think about the plots of the opposition faction for the first time in years.

As long as there were no major problems hindering them, the purging operation could be handled by her generals.

The two women talked about many things until Sylphia finally brought up something that had already been on her mind even before she came to this empire.

"Your Majesty, to be honest, I truly wonder if I could see the Tree of Life. Since Your Majesty gave us the fruit of the Tree of Life last time, I've been curious about this legendary tree that is said to contain life laws."

Empress Vilena raised her eyebrows before smiling.

"Of course you could, Your Majesty. How could you not? Let me take you there right now," she said as she stood up.

The three of them then walked toward the deeper part of the palace, which was located right beneath the World Tree's trunk. As they went further in, the atmosphere felt more refreshing, and the number of people passing by gradually lessened.

They continued walking until they reached a pair of double doors guarded by two men at the peak of pseudo-immortal establishment. The guards opened the doors upon Empress Vilena's order, and the moment the doors parted, Sylphia raised her eyebrows at the sudden freshness that swept over her body.

She truly felt comfortable, as if she were back at the palace on the Barisan Continent—no, she could even say she felt much more comfortable here, which surprised her. To think there existed a place that could give her the same kind of new sensation she had

felt when she saw Aldrian's palace for the first time, though the energy here was not as rich as there.

The avatar that observed the change was not particularly surprised, as this was the combined effect of the World Tree and the Tree of Life. The World Tree could release rich heaven and earth energy, while the Tree of Life did the same but also have the effect of life laws. The atmosphere will created a distinct sensation for anyone who came near.

His palace on the Barisan Continent was richer in heaven and earth energy because of the presence of abundant divine energy, and it even contained a source of it. However, this place offered a far more refreshing and rejuvenating feeling thanks to the life laws.

Behind the doors stretched a wide natural path formed from the roots of the World Tree. They continued walking deeper for another fifteen minutes before they finally arrived at a vast open space beneath the world tree.

Although they were under the World Tree, the light here was bright enough for them to see everything clearly. It was neither too bright nor too dim, providing a comfortable glow for their eyes. This was all thanks to the rich illumination crystals scattered and embedded throughout the vast space.

They could see a shrine in the middle of the open area, and a lone, beautiful tree stood beside it, creating a stunning sight. The pond surrounding the shrine and the tree added to the serenity and refreshing atmosphere.

Sylphia couldn't help but recall the shrine of the Heavenly Tree beneath the World Tree in the capital city of the Ivory Kingdom, though this place was far more beautiful.

"Your Majesty must recognize the shrine, as it is something common among our race. However, the tree beside it is what differentiates this place from others. That is the legendary Tree of Life," Empress Vilena said before continuing to walk forward.

As they approached the shrine, Sylphia observed the Tree of Life. The tree was quite large and tall, forcing her to raise her head to see its crown. Its leaves were unique, white in color, and faintly glowing. The crown of the tree spread wide, casting shade and shadow over the area beneath it.

The avatar who also observed the tree couldn't help but feel nostalgic. Looking at it directly, he was reminded of his true body's past life, back when this tree still stood in the higher heavens. Every time he passed by the Heavenly Tree of the World, he would always visit this lone tree and sit beside it, spending his time simply enjoying the scenery.

It was the same tree from that time, although it had grown larger than he remembered. This tree was one of the beings that had directly witnessed history through the eons

until it ended up here. It was a silent witness to everything that happened after his death in his past life—the silent witness of the great war that forced it to be moved to this place.

As he kept walking closer, the tree, as if recognizing who he was, suddenly moved its leaves as though a strong wind had swept through them. It created a rustling sound that spread across the vast space.

This caused Empress Vilena to stop in her tracks and look at the tree in astonishment. She had never seen it move like this before, the most she had ever witnessed was the gentle swaying of its leaves under a soft breeze. Sylphia also stopped when she saw Empress Vilena halt, her eyes turning toward the tree.

"What happened, Your Majesty?" she asked.

"This tree... this is the first time I've seen it move like this. I wonder what could have caused it," Empress Vilena replied. She then glanced at Sylphia and couldn't help but wonder if it was because of her presence.

The first time she saw Sylphia, she knew that Sylphia was not an ordinary elf. There was something about her that felt so holy and transcendent that Empress Vilena could not describe it. Sylphia seemed like a being naturally worthy of reverence, and it amazed her, for as a cultivator at the peak of the pseudo-immortal stage, very few beings could evoke such a feeling within her.

Empress Vilena sighed and decided to set her curiosity aside, continuing to walk toward the tree.

After almost a minute, they finally arrived beside the tree. Empress Vilena touched the tree and observed it for a moment. As the Empress and the strongest elf cultivator at peak pseudo immortal stage, her connection with nature was strong. This allowed her to sense the feeling of the plants.

She could sense that the Tree of Life was happy, which made her raise her eyebrows. It was the first time she had ever sensed such a thing from the Tree of Life. Every time she had touched it before, what she sensed from it was nothing.

The tree had never shown any emotion before, as if it were lifeless, which should have been impossible. Now that she felt a change within it, she couldn't help but feel joyful. Perhaps this was a good sign for her empire. The problem with the opposition faction had been resolved, and now this unexpected good sign appeared before her.

Sylphia also touched the tree. Aldrian had told her that this tree would benefit her cultivation if she cultivate near it, even more so if she consumed its fruits. As someone who could communicate with plants, she could sense their intent, and she was stunned when she felt its happiness.

It was the kind of happiness one felt when meeting someone after a long time.

Empress Vilena, who was still touching the tree, sensed a fluctuation within it the moment Sylphia's hand touched the trunk. Her heart trembled as she realized that the tree was reacting to Sylphia's presence.

The sound of rustling leaves continued, and only after a few seconds did the two elves release their hands from the tree.

"This is an amazing tree, Your Majesty. I can't describe it in words. This is the first time I've ever felt something like this," Sylphia said in amazement as she looked at the tree.

"Isn't it? If you wish, you may stay here for a while. You can cultivate here as long as you want. This is the best place in our empire for cultivation, after all," Empress Vilena said with a smile.

"Is that so? Then I am truly grateful for Your Majesty's offer," Sylphia replied. That would be ideal, and it was one of her intentions in visiting the tree in the first place.

Before they observed the tree any further or did anything else in this place, they decided to offer their prayers at the shrine of the Heavenly Tree first. While they prayed, the avatar remained beside the tree, observing it closely.

The tree continued to move its leaves, even more erratically now that he stood near it. He couldn't help but smile as he finally reached out to touch it. The moment his hand met the trunk, the tree gradually began to calm. The rustling sound faded, and the movement of the leaves slowed until they swayed softly again.

He could sense the tree's overwhelming happiness at his touch, but also its sadness and tangled emotions. He felt a deep pang of guilt, realizing how lonely this tree must have been after Seralis placed it here. It no longer shared a bond with anyone as it once did with Seralis, or with him.

This tree had waited for him for who knows how long, enduring endless ages of solitude and longing with no one it knew beside it.

That was why, when it finally sensed him again, it couldn't help but reveal such intense emotion. Feeling guilty for what the tree had endured, he decided to contact his true body.

Empress Vilena, who had just finished her prayer, was stunned when she saw the tree fall silent.

'What is happening? Could he also affect the tree?' she thought. The tree had gone quiet, yet even without touching it, she could still sense its intense emotions.

Sylphia also finished her prayer and turned toward the tree with a gentle smile. But then her eyes widened in shock as another figure suddenly appeared beside it. Empress Vilena was just as startled.

"Dear!" Sylphia exclaimed in joy.

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## Chapter 812 - 812: Crying

[ 1,517 words ]

"Dear!" Sylphia exclaimed joyfully as she ran toward the figure. The one who appeared beside the Tree of Life was, of course, Aldrian's true body.

At this moment, he was wearing his imperial robe, the one he always wore when meeting visitors—suggesting that he had only just finished meeting someone.

The moment he appeared, he turned his head toward Sylphia and showed a warm smile. Although it had only been a short time since they separated, he acted as if they had been apart for a long time.

Sylphia's body collided with his, but Aldrian did not budge. Instead, he wrapped his arms around her in a tight hug to comfort her. Being targeted by malicious people on her first visit outside the continent must have been an unpleasant experience.

No matter how secure she felt under the protection of his avatar, he knew that her heart was still shaken. If not for that avatar, she would likely have died. What Grand Duke Freindor did was truly bold, yet carefully calculated, and would have brought him great reward if it had succeeded.

She must have known this, and she sought comfort in him the moment she saw him.

Empress Vilena was still shocked by Aldrian's sudden appearance. She did not immediately show hostility, since Sylphia had shouted her love for him the moment he appeared.

Still, she could not help but show her surprised expression toward Aldrian, which looked rather amusing. She could not understand how he could appear here without anyone noticing.

The World Tree should have known first if someone had infiltrated this place, even if that person were a peak pseudo-immortal cultivator.

"My apologies for my sudden appearance, Your Majesty, Empress Vilena. I believe this is our first time meeting directly, as I have always communicated with your daughter. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Aldrian Aster, the Emperor of the Aster Empire. It is truly a pleasure to meet you," Aldrian said while still holding Sylphia in his arms.

"I just happened to have some spare time to visit and hope I did not disturb your moment here. I sensed my fiancée's presence along with yours, so I thought I would come," he added.

Realizing her inappropriate behavior, Sylphia quickly pulled away from him and stood up gracefully.

Empress Vilena finally came out of her shock as Aldrian spoke to her. She set aside her surprise and any questions she had about him for now.

"Ah, yes, Your Majesty. It is truly my honor that Emperor Aldrian could visit this place. Welcome to the Verdyn Empire. And of course, I am not troubled. In fact, I just brought Her Majesty Sylphia here to see the most sacred place in the empire and the legendary Tree of Life," she replied.

Aldrian nodded and turned his head toward the Tree of Life. The tree began to move again, its leaves rustling softly after his arrival. Aldrian could sense its joy even without touching it, which made him smile warmly. He walked closer to the tree and gently placed his hand on it.

"So this is the Tree of Life," he said softly, as if seeing it for the first time.

While he said that, he infused his golden energy into the tree, causing it to calm down. The tree's movements slowly subsided, and he sensed that it was actually... crying? Of course, not literally, but its intent clearly expressed both happiness and relief at finally being able to touch his energy again.

He had finally returned to visit the tree, just as he once did in his past life. The tree seemed to recall those days, when he would sit against its trunk and sometimes play his guqin beneath its shade. His golden energy was also the same as in the past, when he would channel it into the tree to help its growth.

Although all of that had happened long ago, the tree seemed to remember it vividly at this moment.

Empress Vilena, seeing the Tree of Life react once more to the touch of another person, no longer knew what to believe. Could it be that all those from the Barisan Continent could draw such a response from the Tree of Life?

Since earlier, she had only seen the tree react to people from that continent.

Did they possess something special that made them so meaningful to the Tree of Life?

Viona, the World Tree's spirit, finally appeared not far from them after suddenly sensing a figure beneath her true body. At first, she was astonished and wanted to ask who he was, but the familiar aura stopped her.

She saw the same face as the avatar she already knew, and Sylphia's behavior toward this figure made her realize who he truly was. So, she approached him.

Empress Viena was startled and shocked when another figure suddenly appeared beside her—but this time, she recognized who it was. Still, her surprise did not fade, for the figure beside her was the spirit of the World Tree itself. The spirit rarely appeared, even she, as the empress, could not always meet it.

The spirit of the World Tree was a revered existence among all elves, something deeply ingrained in their very souls, a guardian existence for the elves.

For the spirit of the World Tree to suddenly appear, she must have sensed Aldrian's presence and come here at once. But then her eyes widened as if they would pop from their sockets when she saw the spirit suddenly kneel before Aldrian.

"Your Majesty," Viona said, her voice filled with reverence.

Of all the things that had happened over the past few months, from the emergence of Aldrian the Great to this very day, this was, for empress Viena, the most shocking sight she had ever witnessed. Even more than seeing Aldrian's power firsthand.

The spirit of the World Tree, a being of immense pride and one regarded as the extended hand of the heavenly tree of the world itself, an ancient existence that had seen the empire's long history, was prostrating before someone, and that someone was a human.

She knew Aldrian was special, but for the World Tree's spirit to willingly lower herself like this?

Empress Viena looked at Aldrian again, feeling she had to reassess him entirely. For the world tree's spirit to bow in such a way meant it regarded Aldrian as a higher existence, far higher than the spirit herself, a being revered by all elves.

'What is he then? A god?' the empress asked in her mind, completely overwhelmed by what she was seeing.

Aldrian looked toward the spirit, still wearing his gentle smile.

"You must be the spirit of the World Tree. You don't have to kowtow like that, just treat me normally," he said.

"Alright, if Your Majesty says so," Viona replied as she stood up again.

Empress Vilena did not know what kind of relationship these two beings had. It seemed as though the spirit already knew who Aldrian was, and Aldrian himself appeared accustomed to such reactions, which explained why he spoke so casually. As she was about to say something to him, he suddenly asked her,

"Do you like music, Your Majesty?"

The question left her stunned for a moment, but she soon answered, "I do, Your Majesty. In fact, I have both a guqin and a harp, and I sometimes enjoy playing them."

Aldrian nodded. "Would you mind if I played my guqin here? Seeing the scenery in this place suddenly makes me want to play."

Empress Vilena's eyes lit up, and she nodded with excitement.

"Of course, Your Majesty. You may play for as long as you like. If I may, I would also love to hear Your Majesty play," she said.

"Thank you. And of course, Empress Vilena may listen. I hope that after hearing it, Your Majesty will gain some great benefit from it," Aldrian replied before taking out his guqin, the Spirit of Great Path.

He sat down beside the tree and positioned himself to play, while the others also sat on the ground nearby. Sylphia sat closest to him, while the rest chose their own places.

Aldrian brushed his palm softly across the guqin's strings. He glanced at the Tree of Life for a moment before focusing once more on the guqin.

'You don't have to feel lonely again,' he thought, sending his intent gently toward the tree.

He plucked the first string, then the second. Soon, the sound of the guqin filled the air, weaving into a melody that stirred serenity within every heart. The music carried a quiet beauty, evoking cherished memories in all who listened.

At first, the music could only be heard by those nearby him, but it slowly spread through the surrounding vast space before reaching the entire palace. Those who heard it were stunned by the sudden, beautiful sound of the guqin and stopped what they were doing. Although they did not know where the sound came from, they did not care and simply let themselves be carried by the melody.

The Tree of Life itself responded to the music, its leaves swaying gently and creating a soft rustling sound that soothed the mind. It felt as though the tree had returned to the days of the past.

Unbeknown to Aldrian, within the Tree of Life, something had begun to manifest.

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## **- Chapter 813 - 813: The Tree of Life's Past**

### **Chapter 813 - 813: The Tree of Life's Past**

[ 1,550 words ]

As the music kept going, inside the Tree of Life, something began to manifest. In the space filled with darkness, particles of light gathered and slowly shaped into something without anyone knowing. Aldrian continued playing his guqin while the others were already deeply drawn into his music.

The thing that manifested inside the Tree of Life began to form into a human-like body, a small body. Slowly, the light grew more vivid and changed into various colors. Finally, the colors formed into skin, and the face shaped into that of a four-year-old child. From her head, long hair began to grow, revealing that this was a female child.

The various colors then shaped into an attire that fit her small body. If Aldrian saw the attire, he would recognize it, for it was always worn by someone.

The process took at least an hour before the manifestation was entirely complete. The female child, who looked around four years old, had long white hair and wore a green and white dress. Her cute face could make anyone want to pinch her cheeks. Her eyes were still closed, but her ears, which looked just like those of a normal human child, began twitching.

The sound of music kept resounding throughout the process, and the twitching ears seemed to show that the child was also listening.

Finally, after a few seconds, the child slowly opened her large eyes, revealing beautiful blue eyes like the surface of the ocean. They glistened with innocence as she blinked a few times. Then she looked at her own body and tried to move it, her hands, arms, and legs, before she finally stood up.

Once she stood, she turned toward one direction, to the source of the guqin's sound. Her face showed a happy expression before she tried to move toward it. She was actually flying, and in the next second, her body appeared outside the Tree of Life. Her innocent face looked at Aldrian, and she instantly flew toward him.

Her expression was truly ecstatic as she finally arrived beside him. She looked at his face intently, then turned to see what he was doing. Aldrian's eyes were closed as he concentrated on playing the guqin, and it seemed that he did not even realize someone was already beside him.

Seeing that he was still busy, she decided to wait while listening to his guqin play. Wanting to stay close to Aldrian, she lay down beside him, rested her head on his thigh, and closed her eyes. At that moment, she was just like a child seeking comfort from her parent.

Since Aldrian did not realize that a being was already asleep on his thigh, he kept playing without worry. His music continued to invoke past memories, beautiful memories that might have been forgotten by many.

However, his thread of origin, which was connected to the Tree of Life and to the child, began to react, growing clearer. At that moment, as Aldrian was still enjoying his guqin, he suddenly felt his surroundings change into somewhere else.

Sensing the shift, he opened his eyes while continuing to play. What he saw was a scenery and place that was not strange to him from his past life.

This was the place where the Tree of Life was located in the Ninth Heaven. He looked into the distance and saw the giant heavenly tree of the world, then glanced around. The place was filled with serenity and beauty, and the gentle wind was enough to make anyone feel sleepy.

He then looked below him and realized that he was standing atop the Tree of Life. He wondered if this vision was from the tree's own point of view. He did not know why this vision had suddenly appeared, but he did not resist it. Instead, he wanted to see it for himself—the vision that seemed to be the tree's memories.

As he kept playing the music, he suddenly saw someone approaching the tree. The figure walked at a normal pace, and when the figure came closer, Aldrian could finally see it clearly. However, the strange thing was that he could not see the person's face.

He raised his eyebrows, for this only happened when he saw the face of 'that' mysterious figure. The approaching figure wore a regal robe that made Aldrian's heart tremble, because the robe's style was the same as the one he wore in his palace.

As the figure approached, an unfamiliar joy welled up within him. He instantly realized that this was the tree's feeling, and he understood who the figure was.

'Is he me in my past life?' This was the first time he had seen his own figure from someone else's point of view. Until now, whenever he got a vision from his past life, it had always been from his own perspective.

Aldrian then felt the tree move its leaves in greeting as a rustling sound echoed. Although he couldn't see his own face from that time, he somehow knew that his past self was smiling.

"How are you?" his past life asked as he softly touched the Tree of Life. He then channeled his golden energy, which calmed the tree while keeping its joy alive. Aldrian could sense the tree responding with its intent toward his past self, who nodded in return.

"Good, good," he said before sitting beside the tree and leaning against its trunk.

A few moments later, another figure appeared, flying from the distance. As the figure drew closer, Aldrian finally saw who it was.

Seralis arrived and landed not far from his past self, then kowtowed respectfully before him.

"Your Majesty," she said with deep reverence.

"At ease. How are you doing?" his past self asked.

"I'm good, Your Majesty," Seralis answered as she straightened her body. "The Tree of Life really misses Your Majesty, as you haven't visited this place for a thousand years," she added with a smile.

"I can see that," his past self said as he tapped the tree trunk twice. "Then, how about I play a piece as my way to apologize for not visiting you? Would that be good?"

The tree happily responded with its intent, expressing joy, while Seralis's eyes glistened. To hear the absolute one play music was one of the greatest blessings any being could receive. Such a chance did not come often, and every time the absolute one played, his music would bring great fortune to those who heard it.

Aldrian's past self then took out his guqin, the Guqin of Origin, and took his position before he began to play. The music resounded, and Aldrian, still playing his own guqin while witnessing this, was stunned when his past self played the same notes as him.

Their combined playing created a beautiful sound that even made Aldrian lose himself in its beauty. He did not stop playing and at that moment, without him realizing it, the entire Ancient Blue Gate World suddenly heard the sound of the guqin. The beautiful melody, full of reminiscence, echoed across the world, leaving all beings stunned and entranced.

They could not help but stop whatever they were doing to listen. It became the most serene moment in the world, as all beings seemed to pause and let the music flow through them.

For the people of the Barisan Continent who knew Aldrian's story and abilities, they immediately recognized their emperor. Many in the Aster Empire had heard Aldrian's guqin in the past and knew how its melody could spread across a vast territory, so they instantly understood that this was his doing.

As for those who did not know, they were naturally confused. Yet the beauty of the music was undeniable, and they simply listened in silence.

In Aldrian's vision, he had been playing the guqin for a long time when his past self suddenly stopped and turned his head toward him. Aldrian was stunned as his past self looked straight at him and spoke.

"Take care of it, and good luck on your journey."

Aldrian raised his eyebrows, but before he could react, the scene changed. The scenery remained the same, yet his past self was no longer there. Only Seralis stood beside the tree, gently touching its trunk. Her face showed deep sadness as she spoke to the tree.

"His Majesty is gone. He will not be visiting us for now." She lifted her head to look up at the treetop. "It will be a very long time before we can see him again."

Hearing Seralis, Aldrian suddenly felt a deep sadness that belonged to the tree. His heart ached painfully, as if he wanted to cry but could not. The tree could only respond through its intent and the gentle rustling of its leaves, expressing its sorrow, and Seralis understood it simply by observing its reaction.

"However, don't be too sad. Although he may be gone for a long time, he will come back someday. No matter how long it takes, he will return." She spoke softly as she leaned her forehead against the tree's trunk. The tree understood and began to calm itself.

Aldrian, watching this, felt his heart ache once more. Then the scene shifted again. This time, he saw Seralis wearing a solemn expression as she placed her hand on the tree. After a long silence, she finally spoke.

"I will bring you to the lowest heaven. You must stay there until His Majesty returns. I will not let you fall into their hands."

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## Chapter 814 - 814: Waiting

[ 1,629 words ]

Hearing that it wanted to be moved, Aldrian sensed the tree's reluctance. The tree knew what Seralis had talked about, as Seralis sometimes spoke to it about the invasion of other universes.

When Seralis said she had to bring the tree to the lowest heaven so it would not fall into the invaders' hands, the tree understood that the situation was dire.

Still, the tree was reluctant to move, for it held many memories of this place. It had been a long time since the absolute one had gone, and the tree thought that it could remain here. Seralis, sensing the tree's reluctance, sighed but then smiled.

"I know that you're reluctant to leave this place, but I don't have any choice. With our current situation, it's only a matter of time before those invaders arrive here and find you. You are a special tree created directly by His Majesty's hands, something that even gods would pursue."

"I don't want you to suffer in the hands of those invaders, and I don't want you to perish before His Majesty returns. You don't want that, right?"

The tree answered with its intent, 'no', which made Seralis's smile grow warmer.

"His Majesty will return. He will be, and you just need to wait there. I believe he will visit you again," she said as she leaned her forehead against the tree.

The scene then changed again. This time, the tree was already in a different environment, and Aldrian knew that this was the current location of the Tree of Life. The Tree of Life was now under the World Tree, and at this moment, a woman stood beside it, gently touching its trunk.

The woman's face was not Seralis's, but from the tree's reaction and emotions, it was clear that this woman was Seralis. Aldrian thought that Seralis must be using a disguise technique.

"I will have to return to the higher heavens. I still have to defend this universe from those invaders. They have already taken the Ninth and Eighth Heavens and are still advancing, so I think I will have to say goodbye for now."

The tree's sadness could not be described, as its only acquaintance from the higher heavens had to leave. The absolute one had been gone for so long, and now its only

friend was leaving as well. There was nothing it could do. It could only show its protest through its intent, not wanting Seralis to go.

Sensing the tree's protest, Seralis showed an aching expression. She knew that the tree did not want her to leave and wished she could stay and accompany it here, but that was impossible for her. Her friends and all beings across the universe were still struggling to fight the invaders. The only thing she could do for the Tree of Life was to keep it safe here.

"I'm sorry, I'm really sorry, but I have to go. I truly don't want to leave you alone, but I must... You can be angry with me as long as you stay here and survive, waiting until His Majesty returns," Seralis said, sadness visible in her eyes.

She knew that once she left, this tree would have to live alone without anyone it knew, for who knew how long. Even though many people lived in this place, they would likely regard the tree as sacred and never interact with it, unlike her, the absolute one, or anyone from the higher heavens.

Even if the tree found someone like her or the absolute one, they would likely leave it as well, for they would have to ascend.

Imagining the loneliness the tree would experience made Seralis's heart ache even more, especially when she could feel its plea for her to stay.

Still, she hardened her heart and put on a firm expression before lifting her head to look at the tree.

"Keep living until His Majesty arrives, and you might return to your home. We will create new memories there once His Majesty returns," she said as her body slowly began to turn transparent.

The tree kept trying to express that it did not want Seralis to go and wanted to follow her, but Seralis's expression hardened.

"He will come, and I hope you can greet him directly. Maybe by then, you will have shaped your spirit." Her body grew more transparent, and before she disappeared completely, she finally showed a warm smile. She could no longer keep her expression hard in front of the tree that seemed like a child to her.

"Take care," she said one last time before she vanished entirely.

The tree could only watch silently as Seralis left it behind. From that moment, its life as the solitary Tree of Life began.

A few days after Seralis was gone, an elven woman entered the place and looked at the Tree of Life. She approached it and stopped three meters away. She gazed at it for a

moment before bowing deeply toward the tree, then sat down in meditation. Without saying a word, she began to cultivate.

Aldrian, who saw it, thought that this must be the empress of Verdyn empire after Seralis had returned to the higher heavens. After that, the scene kept changing, each one showing a different elf. The environment transformed as well, and the tree continued to grow. Aldrian did not know how much time passed between each scene, but he thought it must have been a very long time.

He could sense the Tree of Life's loneliness firsthand, as there was almost no one who could communicate with it as the way Seralis and his past life once did. The elves revered the tree too much and rarely tried to speak with it. There were some elves from different eras who tried to communicate with the tree, and the tree responded to them.

However, just as Seralis had said, they all came and went. For whatever reason, those who could truly connect with the tree and build a bond eventually had to leave, leaving it alone once again.

This brought sadness to the tree again and again, until the time came when it felt numb. From that day onward, the tree decided not to show any emotion and no longer tried to communicate with anyone.

The tree simply did not want those who grew close to it to keep leaving, so it chose to live without forming new bonds until the absolute one came to visit again. It kept waiting, expressionless yet filled with quiet loneliness, but at least not the sadness of being left behind.

The only sadness that remained was from being left alone by Seralis, and from the absolute one not visiting for such a long time. Still, the tree continued to wait, just as Seralis had told it to in the past.

After an unknown span of time, when the tree thought it would continue living its days as usual, the tree suddenly sensed familiar figures. Memories from the past rushed through it, the memories of when Seralis and the absolute one had visited this place.

At that moment, Aldrian understood that the tree was sensing his avatar and Sylphia. It was not surprising to him, since his golden energy was something the tree could easily recognize. As for Sylphia, after undergoing transformation through Seralis in her dream, her very being had begun to change, becoming more like that of Seralis herself.

Finally, the two figures neared the tree, which made it truly ecstatic. For the first time in a very long while, the tree showed a reaction. The time of waiting was finally over, the absolute one had returned.

Aldrian couldn't help but smile as he felt the tree's overwhelming happiness, even its urge to cry. After seeing its past, he truly felt bad, his heart felt as if it had been slashed

many times. For the tree to wait for him alone for so long, unable to do anything, he felt he could no longer bring himself to leave it behind.

Its life had been too pitiful for far too long, and he wanted to give it new, joyful memories, just like those it once had when his past life or Seralis still visited. Then he saw his true body appear, which made the tree confused at first, but it was instantly drawn to him, as his true body radiated the strongest resemblance to the absolute one.

For the first time in ages, the tree finally received golden energy again. At that moment, all the emotions it had held inside burst forth. The tree wanted more than to simply be a tree, it wanted to move, just like him and Seralis, or in this case, Sylphia.

It no longer wanted to be left behind.

The scene continued until he finally began to play the guqin, when suddenly his vision turned to darkness. After a few moments, he sensed that his consciousness had already returned to his real body, and his surroundings were the familiar space beneath the World Tree. He was still playing the guqin when he suddenly felt something on his thigh.

It wasn't Sylphia, nor anyone he knew. He was truly surprised that someone could approach him without alerting him.

Even though he had been inside the tree's memories, he could still forcefully wake up if he sensed danger or anyone nearby.

He opened his eyes and looked down at his thigh, stunned. His gaze fixed on the unknown child who had suddenly appeared and fallen asleep on his lap.

When he checked the child's information through his system, Aldrian was so shocked that his hand almost slipped while plucking the strings. He slowly stopped playing, letting the final notes fade into a beautiful ending.

When the music stopped, the others slowly awakened from their trance and opened their eyes. They were about to praise Aldrian's performance but froze the moment they saw an unknown child sleeping with her head on Aldrian's thigh.

Who was this child?

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## Chapter 815 - 815: Clinging Spirit

[ 1,576 words ]

All of them froze as their gazes were directed toward the unknown child who had appeared without any of them knowing. They wondered if it was because they had been too immersed in the music that they did not realize a child had come and even fallen asleep on Aldrian's thigh.

Empress Vilena looked at Viona and saw that she was also astonished, which showed that she, too, did not know how this child had entered. If even the spirit of the World Tree did not realize it, then there was no way the guards watching the doors to this place would know.

'Did this child appear just like His Majesty Aldrian?' she thought.

"Who is this child? Look at how cute she is," Sylphia said as she moved closer.

"This... this child is actually the spirit of the Tree of Life," Aldrian said, which made Sylphia and the others freeze before showing shocked expressions.

"What?! The spirit of the Tree of Life? Are you sure, Your Majesty? I have never seen or even read in any record that the Tree of Life has a spirit," Empress Vilena asked in surprise.

"I'm sure of it. This is the newborn spirit of the Tree of Life. It seems something was triggered in the Tree of Life when I played the guqin, and all the requirements were fulfilled for the tree to give birth to its spirit. Her properties, which allow her to truly blend with nature and possess rich life laws, might be the reason she could move undetected," Aldrian replied as he observed the sleeping child.

He could sense rich life laws radiating from her, and the energy itself was so soothing that it relaxed the surroundings. What he sensed from the child was identical to the Tree of Life itself. It was as if he was being embraced by two sources of life laws, which caused all his senses to remain calm and not triggered when this child appeared and fell asleep here.

However, his expression turned into a warm smile. To think that the Tree of Life would give birth to its spirit at this moment, he was glad for this development. At least now, the tree would be much freer than before.

She could express her emotions more clearly and communicate normally with others. She would no longer be left behind, merely watching as everyone moved away from her.

As if hearing the commotion, the child slowly opened her large eyes and blinked a few times. She turned her head and looked toward Aldrian, who was showing a warm smile, a smile that, from her point of view, overlapped with the one she remembered from the great emperor.

The child finally showed a happy smile as she woke from her sleeping position and moved to hug Aldrian.

"Ma... ma... ma... ma," she said, wrapping her small arms around his neck as if trying to circle it. Aldrian could only smile as he hugged her back. He could feel her warmth and the emotions she carried at that moment.

Looking at him and being able to move and hug him made her extremely happy, and it made Aldrian truly want to make up for all those pitiful years she had spent waiting.

He picked her up in his arms as she kept clinging to him. Sylphia approached them and looked at the child's face, which at that moment seemed content as she held Aldrian tightly. Sylphia was still astonished and couldn't help but feel fortunate to witness such an extraordinary event.

After all, the birth of a spirit from nature was not something that happened every day, especially from a tree as rare as the Tree of Life.

"How cute, but why did she call you 'Mama'? Shouldn't it be me?" Sylphia asked jokingly as she gently pinched the child's cheek.

The spirit looked at Sylphia and showed a smile.

"Se... se... se," she said, which left Sylphia confused. But then realization dawned on her.

"I see, she's trying to say something, but she still can't speak properly yet. I think you'll need some time to learn how to use your tongue," she said as she continued pinching and playing with the child's cheeks.

Aldrian kept his smile as he held the child safely in his arms. Of course, the spirit must have been trying to call him "Your Majesty" and Sylphia "Seralis," since she thought Sylphia resembled Seralis.

He then turned his head toward Empress Vilena.

"My apologies, Empress Vilena, but I think I will have to stay here for today."

Empress Vilena, who had been speechlessly watching the spirit child, finally came out of her daze.

"Ah, yes, Your Majesty Aldrian. You may stay here as long as you like. It seems that spirit child truly likes Your Majesty. You are truly fortunate to be liked by the spirit of the Tree of Life while she is still a child," she replied.

Aldrian nodded. "Alright, thank you."

He then contacted his family and the elder of the Xin family, who guarded the teleportation formation to his palace, to explain his circumstances. He asked the elder to deny any visitors for the day while he remained in the Verdyn Empire for one night.

After informing them, Aldrian continued conversing normally with the others while the spirit child kept clinging to him. He simply let her do whatever she wanted, as she must have felt safe and relieved now that she could meet him and act freely.

While Aldrian was in the sacred place of the Verdyn Empire, chatting with Sylphia and the others, confusion spread among the people outside. The sound of a guqin suddenly resonating across the world was something that had never happened before. Reports came from every corner of the world describing the same sound of the guqin.

The beautiful melody, which mesmerized everyone who heard it, made people question who was playing it and how such a thing was possible. Even those at peak pseudo immortal stage, whose souls were strong and not easily influenced by sound laws, were affected by the guqin's music and drawn into its beauty.

At first, the melody stirred memories of their beautiful moments. Then, it shifted into a sorrowful tune filled with loneliness, tightening their hearts and bringing tears to their eyes. Finally, it ended in a beautiful conclusion that left every listener sighing in relief.

The fact that their emotions could be swayed so deeply by the music was terrifying to those who understood its implications. For anyone to be affected by the sound of the guqin meant that the one playing it was a truly powerful cultivator, someone who had mastered sound laws to the level beyond their comprehension. The instrument used must also have been extraordinary, amplifying the music's effect even further.

Once again, it made many question among themselves, who could possibly achieve such a feat?

For the people of the Aster Empire, however, it was not much of a surprise. They calmly explained to those unaware that it was Aldrian the Great who had played it.

Those hearing this for the first time were completely stunned, amazed to learn of yet another incredible ability of Aldrian the Great. For someone to play music that could be heard across the continent, it was nothing short of magical and mind-blowing.

As people continued talking about what had just happened, the young master of the Valroy family, Randolph, gazed at the Aldrian's palace from one of the luxury inns in a city

located in the central region of the Aster Empire. His eyes narrowed in thought until his butler knocked on the door and entered.

"Is it him?" Randolph asked, still looking at the Aldrian's palace.

"From what the citizens here are saying, yes. It was Aldrian the Great's doing," the butler replied.

"From what I understand, he has mastered the sound laws to a level beyond my comprehension. It seems he could influence the entire continent if he wished. I also received reports that the sound of the guqin was heard across the world, so if that is the case..." The butler paused slightly.

"I could safely say that Aldrian the Great's ability and capability might cover the entire world, which means his true power could be at a level that affects an entire star." As he spoke those words, the butler's heart trembled.

To possess such power, he thought that Aldrian the Great had already surpassed all the limitations set by the heavens themselves.

Aldrian the Great was too powerful, and he was still only at the low pseudo-immortal establishment stage. If he were to reach the peak pseudo-immortal stage, wouldn't that mean he could rule over the entire first heaven?

How could the heavens allow such an existence to live without giving him any setback or a tribulation severe enough to end him?

Randolf narrowed his eyes, still processing what he had just experienced. To think that even he could be swayed by the melody of Aldrian the Great's guqin. He possessed an ability that prevented him from falling into any illusion, hypnotic effect, or mental technique, a reward he had once received from the system. It had always worked flawlessly, proven through several past events.

Yet this was the first time that ability had failed him. His emotions had been moved by the music, leaving him mesmerized.

'Truly a dangerous opponent. His ability can bypass my passive abilities granted by my own system. Does that mean all of his abilities are on a higher level than those given by my system?' he thought seriously.

Again and again, the more he learned about Aldrian, the more he felt the gap between them growing wider.

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## Chapter 816 - 816: Naming Her

[ 1,657 words ]

Randolf pushed aside the matter regarding Aldrian's ability and turned to his butler.

"How about the assassins sent by the Barevisk family?"

"I received information from Patriarch Barevisk that the operation was deemed a failure. They believe they cannot gauge Aldrian the Great's true limits. From what they understand, if they continue with the mission, their plan will likely be exposed, and the Silent Reaper will probably perish due to Aldrian the Great's retaliation," the butler replied.

Randolf nodded. "It's not surprising. I didn't put much hope in them anyway. With how things have been going since the failed surprise attack by the devils, all beings will be deterred and will maintain their attitude in front of Emperor Aldrian."

"Even if news such as the Spirit Ancestor appearing on this continent already spreads, no one would dare to provoke or cause trouble here. That would be suicide for anyone trying to challenge his authority, and there is no one who wants to be the first to be vainly sacrificed."

The butler silently agreed as Randolf continued. "For now, there is no one but me who will keep an eye on Emperor Aldrian. It seems that I have to stay here for a while, especially since he will go to the Fallen Star Cluster to retake it. Fortunately, he will do that without me having to do anything."

"At this moment, we have to keep a low profile and build a normal relationship with Emperor Aldrian," he said as he turned to look at Aldrian's palace in the distance, narrowing his eyes.

Aldrian was still useful for cleansing the devils' influence across the First Heaven, and Aldrian was the fastest way to achieve that. As long as he remained careful and Aldrian did not discover that he was an apostle of another god, everything would be fine.

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The next morning, Aldrian wanted to return to his palace, but the spirit child kept clinging to him. She refused to let go, wrapping her small arms around his leg. Her eyes watered as she looked up at him with a pitiful gaze that made his heart melt. His heart ached seeing her like that, and he gently picked her up.

"I will come back. I will not leave you like in the past, but first, I have something to do. You can stay here for now with Sylphia. We will never leave you again, so don't cry," he said softly.

However, the spirit child was still reluctant. She suddenly threw her arms around him and hugged him tightly. Her strength was enough to crush him to death if he were an ordinary cultivator, for this spirit was actually a peak pseudo-immortal existence!

Her cultivation came from her true body that had lived for many years while continuously absorbing energy. If she were not confined to the First Heaven, her cultivation would likely have been much higher.

Although he had already taught her to control her power since yesterday, it seemed her emotions truly burst out, and she forgot to restrain her strength.

Even so, Aldrian simply covered his skin with a thin layer of golden energy, forming a small shield that protected him from her crushing hug and helped soothe her at the same time.

Empress Viena, Princess Vaelir, and Viona were watching him from not far away. His conversation with the spirit child was beyond their understanding since they did not know the true relationship between the two. From what they could tell, Aldrian and the spirit seemed as if they had known each other for a long time, which in their minds was quite absurd.

Although they could not understand the true meaning of their interaction, they continued to quietly observe and listen to them. The spirit child had been clinging to Aldrian since yesterday and would sometimes cling to Sylphia as well. To them, the three looked like a complete family.

The spirit would only stay close to them, and the child did not seem very interested in anyone else. This made Empress Viena cry inside. To think that the spirit of the tree, which had existed since ancient times in this empire, would seem more like outsiders than she or anyone from this continent—it hurt her deeply, yet there was nothing she could do about it.

There must be something that made the spirit fond of Aldrian and Sylphia. She could not force the spirit child to like her or anyone else.

She could not help but sigh at the thought of the Tree of Life being moved to the Barisan Continent. Aldrian had already brought up the topic yesterday. Of course, she was reluctant, since this tree was one of the few things left behind by her ancestors and had been cared for by their descendants for generations. It had also been regarded as a sacred tree by many elves since ancient times.

Its historical value was enormous, and it was not easy to simply give it to someone else. Even if she wanted to give it to Aldrian, if others were to find out, it would create a backlash against her. Although they would not show their disapproval openly in front of Aldrian, behind him she would lose great support, even from her own faction.

Although Aldrian had already offered her and her empire compensation that made her heart tremble, she was still uncertain about how others would react. That was why she needed time to decide. Even if she finally chose to give Aldrian the tree, she would still need to convince the others. She hoped that the compensation Aldrian offered would be enough to persuade them when the time came.

Meanwhile, Aldrian was still trying to persuade the spirit child. Sylphia helped him by stepping forward and attempting to pull the spirit away from him, but the child refused to budge. She continued to cling tightly to Aldrian.

He sighed and gently patted the spirit child's back several times, trying to calm her down. As he thought of a way to make her release him, an idea suddenly came to mind. He looked at the spirit and asked,

"Do you want a name?"

Suddenly, the spirit's ears twitched as she heard something that caught her interest. She looked up at Aldrian's smiling face. Since yesterday, she had not been given a name, and she had shown little interest in anything other than clinging to him or Sylphia. Now was the perfect time to finally name her.

The spirit's eyes glistened, and she nodded twice.

"Alright, let's see... what would be a good name for you, hmm..." he said, pretending to think, though in truth he had already decided on one. Then, with a small shrug, he added,

"Forget it. I don't have any good name for a naughty child who won't listen to me. Maybe I'll give you one later? Or perhaps you don't even want a name from me?" he said, feigning annoyance as he turned his gaze away.

The spirit, who had never seen Aldrian act like this before, began to panic and hugged him tightly again.

"No... no... name... name," she said, her voice filled with panic.

Aldrian smiled softly. "Then be a good child, and I will give you a name. I need to go now, but I'll come back. Sylphia will stay with you, and you can play with her until I return, alright?"

The spirit was still hesitant, but she already seemed much calmer than before. Her expression turned thoughtful as if she were contemplating something. Then she looked at Sylphia, who was smiling warmly at her and gesturing with both hands for her to come closer.

After a few moments of hesitation, the spirit child finally began to loosen her grip on Aldrian. He gently moved her away and slowly passed her into Sylphia's waiting arms. The spirit allowed Sylphia to hold her, and soon she was safely embraced. Even then, her gaze remained fixed on Aldrian, and he gave her a reassuring nod.

"Alright then. Since you've been a good child, I'll give you your name now. Let's see... how about Sylvia? That's a good name for you. Do you like it?" he said with a smile. He couldn't help but think of Sylphia, slightly changing the letters to make it closer to her name.

"Sylvia... Sylvia..." the spirit murmured repeatedly, then nodded excitedly. "I... like... it."

"Good to hear. Then, Sylvia, please wait here with Sylphia. Be a good girl and don't be naughty," he said as he gently stroked her head. Sylvia nodded several times in response. The little spirit then hugged Sylphia, making her smile warmly. She couldn't help but feel as if she and Aldrian already had a daughter.

Aldrian also smiled warmly as he looked at Sylvia, then turned to his avatar, who had remained silent and stood not far from them.

"I'll leave everything to you again. Keep up the good work."

"I will, Your Majesty," the avatar replied.

Aldrian then turned toward Empress Vilena and the others.

"I will take my leave now. My apologies if I have unknowingly made any of you uncomfortable. And, Your Majesty, I hope you will consider my proposal seriously. I truly hope to hear a positive answer."

"Ah, yes, Your Majesty. Of course, there is nothing that made us uncomfortable. On the contrary, we are truly honored by your visit. Regarding your proposal, I will gather the nobles as soon as possible to discuss the matter. I will inform you of our decision once we reach an agreement," Empress Vilena replied.

Aldrian nodded.

"Thank you," Aldrian replied, gently stroking Sylvia's head once more before stealing a quick kiss on Sylphia's cheek. She froze in surprise, then blushed deeply. Aldrian had already disappeared, leaving her pouting at his sudden "attack."

She looked at Sylvia, who was innocently staring at her and blinking curiously. Seeing that adorable face, Sylphia's embarrassment melted away. She rubbed her cheek against the child's soft face.

'How adorable,' she thought.

'Well, I could consider this as preparation for the future—if I ever have a child with Aldrian. Or perhaps... I could just think of this little one as our child. An adopted child, maybe?'

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## Chapter 817 - 817: The Other Avatar

[ 1,465 words ]

As Aldrian returned to the palace, he continued his daily activities without much disturbance. A few hours later, he couldn't help but feel curious about his other avatar, who was currently on Akares Star. The avatar had already begun executing their plan and had even built his domain there not long after landing.

The reason Aldrian asked the avatar to report upon arrival at Akares Star was so he could transfer his consciousness into the avatar's body and establish his domain there. He had already tested whether he could teleport between his domain in the Ancient Blue Gate World and Akares Star, and it worked.

This also showed that each of his domains was not obstructed by distance. He could teleport anywhere as long as his domain existed, no matter how far.

"How are things there?" Aldrian decided to send a voice transmission to his other avatar on Akares Star.

"Good. The plan has progressed greatly, with Ilona's father slowly regaining support and rebuilding his own force. Although there are many eyes and ears of Munez, they still haven't found anything strange in our movements at the moment."

"I also don't see any strange movements from Munez. From what I understand, ever since the failure of the devils' surprise attack, he has become more passive and isn't making many moves," the avatar replied.

Aldrian nodded. "From your observation, could you solve this problem before my departure to the Fallen Star Cluster?" he asked.

"I can't give a definite answer because I still don't know what hidden card Munez is holding. But if nothing goes wrong and Munez doesn't have much left, then Ilona's father could take the seat of patriarch before you depart for the Fallen Star Cluster."

"The only troublesome part will be the Valroy family. Those people will certainly not allow the one they supported to fall and be replaced by someone unwilling to work with them. I might need you to come personally if that happens and Valroy insists on defending Munez."

"However, I hope they know when to back off so you won't have to intervene here."

Aldrian understood that and agreed with what the avatar said. In the end, if he wanted the problem within the Barevisk family to be resolved as soon as possible, there was a chance he would have to personally intervene with his true body. The avatar had its own limitations, and the Valroy family's reaction would also be the key.

As long as the Valroy family did not push themselves or make the situation more complicated or chaotic, the problem could be solved without him having to intervene.

But then he did not think too much about their eventual reaction. He predicted that the Valroy family would likely stay clear of the Barevisk family's affairs later on. This conclusion came from his analysis of Randolph's behavior.

Since Randolph did not want to raise suspicion and was trying to build a good image and relationship with him, the Valroy family would likely abandon Munez if things went south.

"I see. Then keep going. Just contact me if needed. Good luck," Aldrian said one last time before cutting off the connection.

The avatar on Akares Star was inside one of the rooms in a luxurious manor with three other people. They were sitting around a small round table and seemed to have been in the middle of a conversation when Aldrian contacted him.

The others, knowing he had received a voice transmission from afar, did not disturb him.

Inside the room were Ilona and two others, a man and a woman.

The man was a middle-aged man with short black hair, while the woman was a beautiful lady with brown hair. They were Ilona's parents, Sir Ferix and Madam Elysia. At this moment, there was nothing that showed they had ever fallen ill or suffered from any ailment.

Sir Ferix's cultivation seemed stable, and he had even begun to regain his lost strength. His wife, who had long been in a coma, was now awake and well. How did they become healthy again? Of course, it was because he had healed them.

Although he had to expend a great deal of energy to heal them due to the curse that bound them, they were able to return to the healthy condition as in the past. He also knew there was someone in this world who knew about the curse from the higher heavens that had been used to harm Sir Ferix and Madam Elysia.

Later, he found out from his true body that the young master of the Valroy family, Randolph, was an apostle of one of the invader gods. That would explain why there was a strange and powerful curse, far too complex for the first heaven, inside Sir Ferix and Madam Elysia's bodies.

One curse devoured a person's cultivation, while the other trapped their consciousness in a nightmare.

He thought that Randolph had aided Munez by using the curse technique granted by the system.

Because of how strong the curse was, he had to use a large amount of his golden energy to break both curses. Since he could not cultivate normally, he had to summon his main body to this place just to recharge his energy after finishing the healing.

However, the news of their recovery was known only to a few people. There were spies sent by Munez to keep watch over Sir Ferix, so they had to be careful not to draw attention. Even now, those spies still did not know that Aldrian's avatar had been inside the manor for an entire week!

This was part of the plan. Aldrian would carry out everything inside the manor without being detected. He mostly used his invisibility technique to avoid alerting anyone within the estate. None of them would realize that someone had already healed Sir Ferix and Madam Elysia.

When someone came to them, they could simply pretend, and there would be nothing suspicious.

Today was the first time they had gathered like this to discuss their next move. The avatar had teleported Sir Ferix and Madam Elysia into the room without anyone outside knowing.

"So, how was your meeting with Munez?" the avatar finally asked as he looked toward Ilona.

"Just as I expected, he immediately called for me as soon as he heard that I had returned without his order. But I followed the plan. I told him that Aldrian the Great had

begun suspecting the Barevisk family's involvement in the information leak. I also reported the strange case of Elder Vars, which must have sent his thoughts racing and shaped his own assumptions." Ilona replied.

"Moreover, with the report from his spy inside my team, it would strengthen my claim and might cause him to panic."

The avatar nodded.

"However, is this okay? I believe the Valroy family will eventually hear about this. We do not know how they will react when they learn that the Barevisk family is already under your majesty's attention," Ilona asked, worried.

"That will be their choice to make. If they are sensible, they will back off and not intervene in the Barevisk family's affairs. If not, then we will have no choice but to confront them," the avatar answered.

"To confront them? My apologies, your majesty, but could you do that? I mean, aren't you just an avatar here? No offense intended. Although your majesty's avatar is an impressive technique, it is ultimately only a cloning method and has its limitations, yes? Facing the Valroy family's strength may be too much for us, even with support from your majesty's avatar," Sir Ferix said.

"Well, what I can say is this, Sir Ferix need not worry. If the time comes and the Valroy family keeps pushing their agenda, I will make sure they regret intervening in the Barevisk family's affairs," the avatar said with a smile.

Sir Ferix sighed in relief when he heard it. He believed in the strength of Aldrian the Great, but Aldrian's true body was in the Ancient Blue Gate World. To reach this place, even with the fastest warp would take almost a day. If things went south, they would likely be dead before Aldrian the Great's real body could arrive.

If his avatar said there was no need to worry, then he could only trust him.

"Anyway, what we need to do is continue to secretly amass our power. I aim for Sir Ferix to take the patriarchal seat by next week at the latest. I believe that with our current situation, we can achieve that," the avatar said, which astonished the others.

"Isn't that too rushed, your majesty? We still have not gathered enough support and forces, and I don't think a week is enough," Sir Ferix replied.

"It's okay. We will try to gather as much support as possible until then. Moreover, I also have a secret weapon that can create destruction Munez will not realize until it is too late," the avatar said with a mysterious smile.

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## Chapter 818 - 818: The Discussion of Master and Vice Master

[ 1,508 words ]

In another place, two figures were inside a dimly lit room. One of them was Luvier, the vice master of the Silent Reaper assassins group, and the other was a man, his face hidden behind a black mask. The only thing visible from his face was his red eyes, which seemed to glow in the darkness.

He was the master of the Silent Reaper, the mysterious man who had been a fugitive for many years, hunted by many powers across the Akares Star and even other stars. Especially in Akares, everyone who heard about the master of the Silent Reaper knew he was truly a reaper, one who had never failed to claim the soul of his target.

At this moment, Luvier was sitting on his seat across the table from the master. His expression was calm as he opened his lips.

"We have to decide to ditch the Barevisk family and move to another hideout unknown to them, Master. At this moment, it's too dangerous for us to keep our connection with the Barevisk family. They have already gained the attention of Aldrian the Great, and we could be implicated by this."

"Even I think we have to clean up the entire higher-ups of the Barevisk family. Besides making Aldrian the Great stop focusing on that family, we could also erase our traces from them. This could ensure our safety rather than facing Aldrian the Great's wrath."

The master of the Silent Reaper did not say anything for a moment before he opened his lips.

"This is the second time you've said this to me since you came back. Is the situation really that dire that we have to cut off our connection with the Barevisk family? In the first place, can your information really be trusted in the Barisan continent?"

"I'm sure of it. When I gathered information about Aldrian the Great before deciding to abort the mission, I found traces of the group that seemed to have been left by Elder Vars of the Barevisk family. We know they were the first group to enter the Barisan continent and deliver information to the Barevisk family."

"From the information I got, their movements were quite strange. Their pattern looked as if they didn't want anyone from the Barevisk family, or anyone who knew them, for that matter to find them. Why do you think they did that, Master, hmm?"

The group master did not answer, but Luvier continued without waiting any longer.

"For me, that's because they somehow already betrayed the Barevisk family. I don't know what really happened to them, but I think they were discovered by Aldrian the Great and turned into double agents. If that's the case, doesn't it mean the Barevisk family has been played by Aldrian the Great for a long time?"

"I'm afraid there might be a possibility that Aldrian the Great already knows about our information. Elder Vars is someone who also knows about our close connection with Patriarch Barevisk, after all. What if Aldrian the Great already knew about our mission but instead let us do whatever we did?"

"What if all this time we're the ones being played without realizing it? Everything is truly confusing and uncertain, but I think what I have in mind might be right."

Luvier stopped talking, his face carrying a solemn expression. His eyes focused on the master's red eyes and did not move an inch. His voice did not crack, and it clearly carried a sense of urgency.

The master silently observed Luvier for a moment before he finally spoke.

"Did what happened when the devils failed their surprise attack still leave a shock inside you? I've never seen you in a state of panic and uncertainty until you came back from the Barisan continent."

"Well, to be honest, I still feel shaken, and my heart shudders whenever I remember the sight of Aldrian the Great pulling off something like that while slaughtering millions of devils," Luvier answered.

"But the thing that unsettles me the most is what I heard about Aldrian the Great himself. He is a man full of tricks and truly clever. The most dangerous man is a strong one with a sharp mind, and Aldrian the Great seems to be that kind of person based on the analysis I did."

"We just can't grasp the real situation we're in when Aldrian the Great is brought into the picture. We might think we're safe, but we could already be in his hand, while he's just watching us foolishly dance to his plan."

The master, seeing that there was nothing wrong with Luvier's reasoning, began to think about that possibility as well. He did not doubt the words coming from Luvier's mouth. Luvier was someone he had raised as his right hand. After so long, he no longer doubted Luvier's capability or loyalty to him.

Luvier also didn't seem to be lying, despite showing such an uncommon assessment. There was nothing strange about him either.

But then the master gave him a sign with his hand to move closer. Understanding the signal, Luvier leaned his head forward, and the master suddenly placed his hand on Luvier's head.

"Don't move. Let me check your memories for a moment," the master said.

Luvier didn't know why the master did that, but he stayed still and allowed him to proceed.

After a few moments, the master pulled his hand back and nodded to himself.

'There is nothing wrong with his memories. What he said matches what I saw,' he thought.

There was no anomaly in Luvier's memories, and the mind seal was still intact without any irregularities. He checked it just in case something had gone wrong with Luvier's memories or his investigation.

That was because what Luvier believed might not have been the truth, he might simply have believed what someone wanted him to believe. The master only wanted to confirm whether there was a possibility that someone had manipulated Luvier by planting false information, leading him to reach these conclusions.

Unfortunately for the master, he did not know that Aldrian's method of erasing memories and recreating seals was impeccable. He could make it so that no one would grow suspicious, even if they checked it themselves.

The hypnotic technique cast by Aldrian had already embedded itself deep within Luvier's subconscious. The master had no idea that, at this very moment, Luvier was already under the effect of hypnosis.

As the master thought about what Luvier had just said, he found the solution given by Luvier to be one possible way out. However, the problem with that solution was that it was not so easy to simply cut ties with the Barevisk family.

He was already deeply entangled with them, especially with Munez, and if he truly wanted to sever everything cleanly, there was only one way.

Just as Luvier had said, they would need to "clean" the entire upper echelon of the Barevisk family who knew about the close relationship between Munez and the Silent Reaper. In other words, they would have to slaughter those people, which would not be easy.

If anything went wrong during the purge, it would turn into a great battle instead, and the Silent Reaper would be at a disadvantage.

There was also the problem with Munez, who seemed to have had a dubious relationship with the devils for a long time. Munez appeared to possess a source of information that could track the devils' movements anywhere, even those coming from the Fallen Star Cluster.

Take the information about the devils' surprise attack, for example. That kind of knowledge should have been unknown to everyone else, yet Munez already knew about it but chose not to warn anyone. Even if he didn't have a direct connection with the devils, the fact that he remained silent despite knowing about the surprise attack already made him a collaborator.

From another point of view, the master himself was not so different from Munez. He had also been informed about the attack beforehand, yet told no one except Luvier. If anyone ever found out, he would be dead, for there was no difference between him and Munez—they would both be considered collaborators of the devils.

Each of them also knew the other's secrets, which meant they held each other's throats. If one betrayed the other, both would fall. The information they possessed was enough to bring all of them down together.

That was why, if he really wanted to move against Munez, he had to do it carefully and cleanly, leaving no chance for Munez to escape or reveal their secret.

After thinking for a moment, the master finally spoke.

"I will think about it."

Luvier fell silent for a moment as he saw that the master no longer seemed interested in continuing the conversation. He stared at the master briefly before standing up and walking away into the darkness.

"I hope Master can decide soon. I have a feeling that a storm will soon befall the Barevisk family," Luvier said before the room turned silent.

The master kept looking in Luvier's direction for a few seconds before taking out a communication artifact from his storage ring and trying to contact someone with it.

"Patriarch Munez, I have something to ask of you."

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## Chapter 819 - 819: Their Intent for Each Other

[ 1,516 words ]

There was no immediate reply from the other side. Only after waiting for five seconds did a voice finally resound.

"What is it?"

"Do you already know the situation you're in? Regarding Aldrian the Great?" the master asked.

"I know. There's a huge possibility that Aldrian the Great has already discovered all the things I've done in the past. This is one of the possibilities I've also been considering recently," Munez replied.

The master remained silent. If Munez also knew about it, then the probability that everything had happened and would happen according to Luvier's words grew even greater. That was because Munez had reached the same conclusion as Luvier.

"What is your plan to deal with it? This is not a trivial matter. We're talking about Aldrian the Great here," the master asked.

"For now I will lay low and create a strong reason regarding the first group that I sent to the Barisan continent. Even if that group betrays us, and even if Aldrian the Great has been playing us for so long, he will not simply attack us frontally."

"If he intended to attack my family, he would have done so long ago. The fact he has not yet attacked might be because something is holding him back. I know you already know this information and worry if it could affect your group, but don't worry, I have already started to erase any traces of our connection with you."

"For now we have to keep our distance from Aldrian the Great. We are in too fragile a situation now that he has set his eyes on me." Munez stopped.

"Then what if, in the end, Aldrian the Great still decides to come for you in the future?" the master asked again.

"Then I will bring the Valroy family into this matter. After all, everything I did was because they asked me to. They did not want to use their own hands, so they always used mine. I might be a pawn to be sacrificed in their minds, but I will not go down without making them pay the consequences."

The master narrowed his eyes. "All this time you only did all of that because the Valroy family told you to do so?"

"Yes."

The master's eyes narrowed further. He knew that Munez could reach his current status with the Valroy family's help and that Munez might have something to sacrifice in this exchange. Still, he couldn't help but feel shame for the Barevisk family. The family that had once been almost as strong as the Valroy family was reduced to a vassal, like a dog to the Valroys.

However, it seemed the dog did not want to go down without its master if things went south. Or maybe the dog wanted to abandon his master.

"I see. That would be one way out. If that is the case, then the Valroy family will have no choice but to help you regarding Aldrian the Great, right? You want to use them in the end even if that means you abandon them," the master said, but there was no response from the other side. That was answer enough for him.

"I only called you because I wanted to know how you will take care of this matter. There is a possibility that Aldrian the Great might have known about the Silent Reaper movement after all," the master added.

"Why do you think so? Did Aldrian the Great know about your group's involvement in this? How is that possible when there is no one who knows about your group's presence inside the Barisan continent? If Aldrian the Great knew about your group spreading the news regarding the Spirit Ancestor, your group would not have been able to return completely," Munez replied.

"That's why I thought that Aldrian the Great still did not know that it was us who spread it. If that news had successfully attracted many troublemakers, then we could have stayed and watched the chaos unfold. Aldrian the Great would have had no time to deal with us."

"However that news is meaningless now. It has even become an undesirable trace that could be tracked. With Aldrian the Great's reputation, there is no one who would dare cause trouble in the Barisan continent. Aldrian the Great might instead investigate the source of the news, which could then be pointed at the Silent Reaper."

"Although I believe normal cultivators would never know that it was us who spread it, we don't know what Aldrian the Great is capable of. We don't know if he has something that could track the source of the news, so this is one of the things that still burdens my mind."

Hearing the answer, Munez narrowed his eyes and couldn't help but feel that this could be another trouble for him. If Aldrian the Great somehow found out that the Silent

Reaper was behind the spread of the news, and that they had actually received a mission to kill him, then he could be dragged into this.

No matter what kind of patience Aldrian the Great had, he doubted that man would leave alive the ones who employed the assassin group to kill him. Aldrian the Great would instantly come for him and would not care about anything else because of his strength.

This was a problem he did not want to have, and the existence of the Silent Reaper at this moment could instead become the gate to his doom. He now had to worry not only about his family but also about the Silent Reaper, which gave him a headache.

Suddenly, one solution came to his mind.

'If I annihilate the Silent Reaper group, then I will have one less problem to worry about,' he thought seriously.

However, if he wanted to do that he had to act quickly and cleanly so the assassins could not escape, especially the master. The moment those assassins, or even if only the master, slipped away, only headache and nightmare would be waiting for them. Catching an assassin who had already become legend was a difficult thing to do.

Moreover, if the master used hit and run tactics, the casualties on the Barevisk side would be huge.

While Munez was already thinking of how to get rid of the Silent Reaper group, the group's master had also begun to think along the same lines. He started leaning toward Luvier's solution to this problem.

After hearing Munez's answer, it looked like Munez or anyone who knew about the Silent Reaper's connection to Munez be a huge problem. From his point of view, killing Munez and anyone who knew detailed information about him or his group within the Barevisk family became more and more preferable.

If they killed those people, there would be one less worry if Aldrian the Great really came to this star. Although there might be a chance Aldrian the Great would discover their assassination plan and attack the Silent Reaper first, they could vanish to hideouts Aldrian the Great did not know about.

Aldrian the Great might be strong, but he would not know every place that served as their hideouts.

However, Munez was a wild factor that could endanger their survival because he knew too much about their organization. What if Munez sold them out in return for his own survival? What if Munez, who knew so much about their operations, ended up bringing them down?

He would not let Munez do that.

Unbeknown to each other, they were already thinking of killing one another, and they seemed ready to do so. And unbeknown to both of them, they were already playing in the palm of Aldrian's hand.

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On the next day, the avatar was outside Sir Ferix's manor, strolling through the city. The city, Verlian City, was located on the border with a neighboring power, which was a kingdom. That kingdom was also under the influence of the Valroy family because its royal family was indebted to them. In the past, there was a time when devils had occupied half of the kingdom.

However, thanks to the Valroy family's help, they managed to drive out the devils. Ever since that time, the devils had not dared to act recklessly as they once did. That single event was what made Randolph's name soar and become famous.

Sir Ferix had been tasked by Munez to manage this city, which could be seen as Munez's way of distancing Ferix from the center of power in the capital. This border city was indeed far from the capital, and there was nothing particularly noteworthy about it besides its position on the border.

He strolled through the city, as it was his habit whenever there was nothing he needed to do in the manor. This way, he could see for himself how the people of this place lived. He liked to observe and learn new things in every new place, and there was much he could learn from this one.

As he continued walking, he suddenly encountered a group of six people exuding a familiar aura, and he instantly knew they were from the Barevisk family. His gaze kept following them as the group seemed to be heading toward Sir Ferix's manor, which immediately piqued his curiosity.

Why were these people visiting Sir Ferix?

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## **Chapter 820 - 820: Suspicious Offer**

[ 1,510 words ]

The group from the Barevisk family truly visited Sir Ferix's manor, as Aldrian followed them. The moment they entered the manor, one of them, who seemed to be their group's leader, spoke to the maid who greeted them.

"I would like to meet with Elder Ferix," he said.

He was a middle-aged man with cultivation at the middle pseudo-immortal establishment stage. Someone at this level would have already become an elder of the family. The maid, who knew the man's identity, immediately ran to notify Sir Ferix.

A moment later, Sir Ferix walked toward them. His face looked pale, and his cultivation was at the peak pseudo-immortal foundation stage. This made the man smile mockingly, thinking that Sir Ferix's cultivation had fallen again and that he had now been thrown out of the immortal establishment stage.

If he wanted to, he could kill Sir Ferix with a single slap, but he knew that was not possible because of the special circumstances. Although Sir Ferix had already fallen in status compared to his elder brother and now lived like an ordinary noble, his influence among some of the family members was still strong.

His presence here was what kept them in check and prevented them from doing anything reckless against the patriarch.

However, the man couldn't help but feel superior since his cultivation was higher and he possessed more power than Sir Ferix. At this moment, Sir Ferix appeared like a sickly and ordinary cultivator.

The avatar watching them from not far away couldn't help but mock this arrogant elder. If only he could rid himself of his arrogance and think more sharply, he would have noticed something strange about Sir Ferix.

His aura seemed far too stable compared to before, and if the man's senses were sharper, he would have known that the cultivation shown to him was mostly fake. At this moment, Sir Ferix had already returned to his former cultivation before being cursed, which was at the peak pseudo-immortal establishment stage.

Sir Ferix's cultivation foundation was now much more stable than in the past, thanks to the avatar's golden energy that helped heal and strengthen his foundation after it had been dried out for so long. He could now cultivate much faster than before.

"Elder Ignar, what a surprise for you to visit this place from the capital. Come, let me bring you to a better place," Sir Ferix said in a slightly hoarse voice, his expression showing that he was enduring pain. Watching Sir Ferix's act, the avatar thought that he was truly talented at playing a theatre drama. This elder named Ignar had no idea that Sir Ferix was actually already a healthy man.

Elder Ignar then turned to the men behind him. "I will talk to Elder Ferix privately. You stay here until I am done."

"Yes, sir," the others replied before Sir Ferix and Elder Ignar walked farther inside, as Sir Ferix intended to guide him to the guest room.

The avatar observed the rest of the group instead of following Sir Ferix, wanting to make sure they did not do anything strange while in the manor. Their visit here with an unknown purpose was suspicious to him, and he did not want to overlook anything.

After a few moments, when Sir Ferix and Elder Ignar were already out of sight, the five men began to disperse. The avatar narrowed his eyes, finding their actions odd, as if they had already planned this beforehand. He then decided to follow one of them.

Even if he walked right behind the person, they would not notice, so he calmly followed one of them.

As the avatar followed the man, the man appeared to be merely strolling around, not doing much and simply looking at his surroundings. He walked neither fast nor slow, as if he were admiring the manor, which the avatar considered nonsense.

From the avatar's perspective, the man was clearly checking or observing the manor itself.

He continued following the man for about fifteen minutes before being called back near the front door. The discussion between Sir Ferix and Elder Ignar seemed to have already ended.

After the rest of the group gathered and Elder Ignar returned, he said to Sir Ferix,

"I will wait for Elder Ferix's confirmation, but if you are too slow, I don't think there will be another chance like this."

"I will keep that in mind," Sir Ferix replied before the group left the manor.

Sir Ferix looked at them with an expressionless face for a moment before entering the building again. He walked toward the room where his wife was, and once he entered, he let out a sigh. Madam Elysia, who had been pretending to sleep, opened her eyes when she sensed that the one who entered was Sir Ferix. She couldn't help but narrow her eyes.

"Is there something wrong, dear? You look tired and exasperated."

Sir Ferix finally showed a faint smile and walked toward her. "Well, someone came to visit, and he—"

Knock, knock!

Before he could finish his words, a knock sounded on the door. His wife immediately pretended to sleep again, and Sir Ferix turned his gaze toward the door.

"It's me." The avatar's voice came from outside, making Sir Ferix and his wife sigh in relief. Sir Ferix opened the door but saw no one there. However, he didn't seem confused and calmly closed the door again. A moment later, the avatar's figure appeared inside the room.

"Your Majesty, I thought you were taking a stroll in the city," Sir Ferix asked.

"Well, I was, but I coincidentally saw a group of people who seemed to be from the Barevisk family. All of them walked toward this manor, so I followed them and observed what they were up to. When you interacted with that Elder Ignar, I was already watching them without anyone noticing," the avatar replied.

Sir Ferix sighed in amazement. There had truly been no sign whatsoever of the avatar's presence near them at that time. It still gave him goosebumps to realize that the avatar could move throughout the manor without him or anyone noticing.

He couldn't help but think, what if the avatar had also seen him and his wife acting lovey-dovey after she woke up from her coma?

He quickly shook his head to rid himself of such overthinking before hearing Aldrian ask,

"So, what did that Elder Ignar talk to you about? I observed his men and couldn't help but think that Munez is planning something. Those men seemed to be observing this manor with some unknown intent."

Sir Ferix sighed. "Elder Ignar offered me a spot in an expedition group heading to the Poison Valley in the southern territory. It was said that someone discovered a miraculous herb, the Celestial Angel Flower, a herb said to heal any injury or ailment, no matter how severe. It can also be used to support cultivation even at the pseudo-immortal stage. This is an extremely rare herb hunted by countless cultivators."

"Elder Ignar said that someone who has mastered the poison laws saw three of these flowers deep within the valley. However, because the flowers are guarded by spiritual beasts at the middle pseudo-immortal stage, he couldn't take them. Instead, he tried to post the task at the Adventure Guild. He wanted to ask for help and promised that whoever could retrieve the flowers could keep two of them."

"Fortunately, the Barevisk family intercepted the task after the Adventure Guild informed them about it, before it was released to the public, and decided to form their own expedition team. The team will depart tomorrow."

The avatar raised his eyebrows. "Then what is your opinion about it? What did you say to Elder Ignar?"

"Of course, I did not believe it. His story, although it seems legitimate, is also too good to be true. The Celestial Angel Flower is the rare herb that actually made my wife travel to the other side of the land to search for it before she fell into a coma. She heard news about the herb and wanted to find it for me." Sir Ferix looked at his wife with a smile.

Madam Elysia turned her head away in embarrassment, but then glanced back at him with narrowed eyes.

"There are also some strange things about this story and its timing. There's no real reason for Munez to offer me such an opportunity. So I told Elder Ignar to give me time until tonight, and I will give him my answer," Sir Ferix added.

The avatar nodded. "Yes, I agree with you, Sir Ferix. This does seem more like a trap—a trap specially prepared for you. I don't know what kind of plan Munez has, but I think this might be a dangerous journey for you if you accept it."

"Yes, dear, this is too dangerous. We don't know what could be waiting for you there," Madam Elysia said with worry.

Sir Ferix shared the same thought but then sighed. "I know, but if I don't take it, Munez will certainly grow suspicious of me. I'm afraid he might try to investigate me if that happens." Sir Ferix scratched his head.

"This is truly a situation where I've been caught between a rock and a hard place."

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