

The Nameless 1001

Chapter 1001: Who?

Alidor's words left no room for discussion. The most important thing to an army was order and hierarchy, if any one of those things crumbled, the results would be catastrophic. Of course, Alidor had already warned the Flaming Lily Sect disciples of the dangers of disobeying his orders, but he felt the need to remind them since they weren't hardened veterans.

The trade off for this reminder was an expected drop in the morale of the troops. If their commander was already saying that they'd be beheaded for deserting the army, how could the situation be good?

In the distance, two armies were rapidly approaching from two opposite directions. Alidor had no delusions about where these armies came from. One was from Red Flame Tower, and the other was from Golden Flame Tower.

According to Alidor's calculations, the four hours they had been fighting for wasn't enough time for them to make it here. This was especially true since Gale and Rubrum were too arrogant in the beginning and wouldn't have informed them immediately, thinking that they could take this merit for themselves first.

However, what Alidor hadn't expected was the Rubrum was much more level headed than Gale. He had informed his junior to send a message the moment they were informed of the attack. In addition, the Flaming Lily Sect wasn't the only army with the ability to use teleportation stations to their advantage. In fact, since Purple Flame Tower was controlled by the Golden Crow Sect, it cost even less for them to send individuals here.

The two armies charged into the purple poison without hesitation. Since they were on the side of the defending army, the energy they needed to use to ward off the poison was much less, so what fears would they have?

In the air above the Red Flame Tower army stood their two commanders. While Purple Flame Tower was controlled by the tenth and ninth ranked disciples of both the Flame Rebirth Sect and the Fiery Rebirth Sect, the Red Flame Tower was commanded by the 3rd and 4th ranked disciples of the Fiery Lotus Sect.

Almost their mirror, two more commanders stood about the Golden Flame Tower. They were the 3rd and 4th ranked disciples of the Flame Rebirth Sect.

The ranked disciples of the Flame Rebirth Sect were two outstanding beauties wearing tight fitting, short, red dresses. It seemed like any movement too large taken by them would cause their ample breasts and asses to fall out for everyone's viewing pleasure.

Judging by their similar appearances, they seemed to be a pair of sisters. They each gave off a heat that made even the poison fog uncomfortable, causing it to uncontrollably melt around them.

Their delicate feet and calves were wrapped by transparent ribbons. At first one could ignore it as a fashion statement... Until you felt the aura of a Spiritual level treasure coming from them!

The ranked disciples of the Fiery Lotus Sect were a pair of males. They both wore armor that resembled pieces of molten lava stitched together into a domineering pattern. One had the chosen weapon of a trident while the other chose a glaive.

The aura these four disciples gave off raised the morale of their armies, causing them to roar into the skies even as they charged.

By this point, it was clear to everyone that the Flaming Lily Sect army was wholly outnumbered. Not only had they only taken a third of their armies with them, they were being attacked by not one sect, but three!

'Delia, can you handle two of them?' Alidor asked.

"No." Madeleine spoke her first words. "Leave the four of them to me."

Madeleine's voice was soft and delicate, like a goddess of peace bestowing her orders down to her people. However, even still, it traveled through the entire battlefield, almost directly counteracting the drop in morale Alidor caused.

Those who knew Madeleine weren't surprised. She had grown up with Delia and saw her as a little sister, so why would she allow her to take such a risk?

However, what they didn't know was that Madeleine hadn't said this out of desperation. The truth was that if both her and Delia were occupied, then who would conquer the tower?

The two females of the Flame Rebirth Sect frowned with discontent. But, they also saw this as an opportunity. They knew the reason their sect decided to get involved. If they could deal with Madeleine now and take her away, it would stop the Golden Crow from pulling any tricks on the back end. After all, even though Madeleine's Phoenix blood was most useful to them, how could any fire user give up an opportunity to benefit from the most legendary fire beast to ever exist?

The two males, however, had a completely different reaction.

The trident wielder grinned. "Madeleine! It's good to see you again. If I win, will you finally accept my offer?"

"Shut up." The glaive wielder reprimanded. "Madeleine, forgive this brute. If I win, I'm willing to share you."

The Demon Generals roared in anger at these words. This was their Mistress, who were these men to say such vulgar words to her.

The male pair involuntarily took a step back, unable to handle the pressure the Demon Generals gave them. It was only now they understood that Madeleine wasn't the only one capable of fighting them here. If it wasn't for the fact they were needed to command the armies, they would have already charged into the skies.

Madeleine couldn't even bother to waste disdain on those two fools. They couldn't even handle the pressure the Demon Generals.

It had to be said that most of the Demon Generals were still at the Essence Gathering stage after Dyon made them abolish their cultivation. If it wasn't for this fact, this battle would have ended long ago.

After all, if each one of them could compare to a top ten disciple of a 4th ranked quadrant, how could a mere Gale and Rubrum have lasted until now?

"Do you know what I told Anak of the Emperor Giant Clan when he said the very same thing?" Madeleine spoke calmly, her voice still just as lovely despite the anger in her eyes.

The two ranked disciples of the Fiery Lotus Sect froze when they heard this name. Who didn't know this legendary man?

There were less than 30 God level characters living right now. But, eleven of them stood above the rest, and Anak was one of them. Even the name made those standing feel their knees weaken.

Seeing they didn't have the courage to answer, Madeleine continued calmly. "I told him that if he overstepped my boundaries, my husband would kill him."

The two froze. When they finally comprehended what they had heard, they burst into a fit of laughter.

The trident wielder wiped tears of his eyes. "For a second you scared us. If you had accepted God Anak's marriage proposal, then we would have reason to take a step back. But, to think you'd make up a fake husband capable of matching up against a God? Isn't that too laughable?"

The two Flame Rebirth women sneered as well. "My, my. If you have such an esteemed husband, why isn't he here yet?"

"Is he not a real man?" Her younger sister supported. "To so easily accept the disrespect of his wife... He must be impotent."

"Come, come. Tell us. Who is this esteemed husband of yours?"

They jumped around, their eagerness clear for all to see. By this point, how could they not want to know? In fact, they were all too eager to poke and prod until they got their answer.

It was clear by now that although information had spread in the outside world, the geniuses who had come here to prepare for the war ahead of time weren't privy to all of the information yet. Or rather, they had been purposefully left in the dark.

If the allied forces suddenly knew that they were angering such a formidable opponent, would they dare to be so blatant? Would the disciples of the Fiery Lotus Sect dare to make a pass at Madeleine? Would the disciples of Flaming Lily Sect dare to take Madeleine away so publicly? To kill her so publicly? Even the weakest God could shake a quadrant ranked below third once they reached their full potential.

Chapter 1002: Demon Generals

This was even worse considering the those two sects alone weren't technically ranked fourth. If it wasn't for the outstanding disciples of the Golden Crow Sect and the Flaming Lily Sect, the Fiery Lotus and Flame Rebirth Sect would be more appropriately ranked in the 20s or 30s. The only reason they have an equal share of universes with the two is because they're too busy counterbalancing each other to split their territory.

If Dyon turned his anger on them when he crossed into dao formation, how could they possibly withstand the wrath of a God?

They wouldn't have any delusions of the Golden Crow Sect protecting them. In fact, the Golden Crow Sect might even side with Dyon, trying to absolve themselves of blame.

Delia's ice turned ice cold. Even the two sisters of the Flame Rebirth Sect suddenly felt their fire domains freezing over, causing them to look over at the black dressed beauty with shock in their eyes.

"My big sister's husband, and my big brother are one in the same. God Sacharro."

The moment they heard the word God, their smiles had already frozen over. But, when they heard the name Sacharro, they involuntarily trembled.

It was only now that they remembered Madeleine's last name. Before, they had been rude on purpose, directly calling her by her first name in order to goad her. But, now they remembered it was Sacharro as well!

The two sisters of the Flame Rebirth Sect suddenly felt a terrible premonition coming as they looked at each other. Their elders ordered them to kidnap the wife of a God?!

The two males began to sweat. "Apprentice Sister Sacharro," Their address immediately became more respectful. "This is all just a misunderstanding. There's no need for someone as esteemed as God Sacharro to get involved, right?"

"That's exactly right." Madeleine replied unexpectedly. However, before they could breathe a sigh of relief, she continued. "I alone am more than enough to handle the four of you."

The four geniuses grit their teeth. They had already thought of another problem: They had no idea how powerful the Celestial Deer Quadrant was!

Even though they were ranked 100th for so long, only a fool would believe that was their true ranking. The only reason they fell so far was because they stopped sending people into the tower to compete for their ranking. If no one came, it was an obvious result that they'd fall.

But then, they suddenly sent a wave of talented disciples that shot their ranking up to 51st place in a mere year!

What if the Celestial Deer Quadrant hadn't lost its power at all? What if their legacy and heritage was still enough to be ranked in the top three? What if they had been silent for so long because they had conquered the entire quadrant to become a One Comet Sect?

If that was true, wasn't their fourth quadrant doomed? They had insulted the first wife of the most prized genius of a quadrant so powerful, wasn't that courting death?!

Even as their imagination ran wild, Madeleine's long, purple hair began to flow in the wind as her violet pupils sharpened.

The charge of the two armies had stalled because of the conversation between the top geniuses of the sects. By now, they couldn't help but tremble when they thought of who Madeleine's husband was.

The worst part was that the smarter individuals were sure that the Golden Crow Sect knew all of this information already, yet they decided to act anyway. Even though the Golden Crow Sect had a God of their own, he wasn't among the eleven most outstanding ones. How could he be a match for an angered Dyon when he fully matured?!

What was the Golden Crow Sect trying to do here?!

Before they could continue, Madeleine's beautiful crystal embroidered Lyre appeared in the skies.

At that moment, she gave off a brilliant radiance. A halo of light enveloped her as her delicate, long and slender fingers reached for the strings.

Seeing Madeleine so resolutely prepare to attack them, the four geniuses had no choice but to push forward. If they allowed her to pick them off one by one, they wouldn't stand a chance at all. It had to be said that even though all five of them were Emperors, Madeleine was on a completely different level.

If the Flaming Lily Sect conquered the Epistemic Tower, their God level character would lose key wielding responsibilities. No one had any doubt in their minds that if Madeleine became a key wielder, it wouldn't belong before they had to call her God too!

Four resolute attacks pierced forward. A trident, a glaive and two ribbons ripped through the air, displaying the full power of Peak Level Saints. As 3rd and 4th ranked disciples of their respective sects, they had long since entered the 9th saint stage.

Unfortunately for them, Madeleine had already entered the 12th.

The moment the fight between the five ranked geniuses exploded, the war below began. The Flaming Lily Sect army was outnumbered, being short about five million troops compared to their opponents. But, they had a cohesion that the Fiery Lotus and the Flame Rebirth Sects didn't have.

Alidor frowned as he scanned the battlefield. In a little less than two hours, the pills handed out by them and refined by Clara would start failing. As much as they wanted to simply hand out more pills, there were ten million of them in this branch of the army. Each one of them needed a saint level detoxification

pill, which were much more expensive than their anti-poison pill counterparts. That materials used for each pill had already reached an astronomical price.

The amount of capital Dyon had spent on this war had eaten up 20% of his savings. Just thinking about that made even Alidor hurt. But, Dyon would never let something like money get in the way of him helping his wife. He could always make more.

'There's 50min until the planned retreat... Maybe we should retreat earlier.'

"Alidor, Dyon wanted me to tell you something." Delia suddenly spoke although he eyes never left Madeleine's battle.

"What's that?"

"He said that you lost to him because you're too cautious. You'll never win unless you take some risks."

Alidor's eyes lost their luster. Just 16 years ago, he had nearly killed Dyon. Even before that, he had spent almost 15 years alone in the Gate world, protecting his sister and meticulously planning out his revenge.

Yet, all of that planning had fallen apart in a few months because of one man. If that hadn't happened, he would be the key wielder of the Celestial Deer Quadrant, and maybe others would call him God Gautama by now instead of calling his rival God Sacharro.

When he thought back to it, after all those years of meticulous planning, what did it amount to? All of that caution, all of the scheming, what was the result?

Alidor could still remember the picture of Dyon diving head first into an abyssal core of death.

'Would I have done that?' Alidor couldn't help but think to himself.

If it was for his little sister, he would be willing to do anything. However, Dyon hadn't jumped into that abyss for the sake of Ri. If he had wanted to save Ri, he could have just taken her and run. With the Demon Sage Tower, who could have caught them in the danger of the gate?

But Dyon didn't do that. He stood in front of an army of millions and used the Tree of Life and Death to pierce into the ground and wipe out large portions of their people, all for the sake of protecting everyone who saw him as a leader.

Dyon's risk, in the end, almost cost him Ri's life. He might have never seen his wife again. But, what had he gained?

He ended up involuntarily stumbling upon Madeleine's plight and helping her break through in her celestial will, thus saving her. He ended up learning what was still his strongest will to this date: Death will. And he ended up becoming the key wielder of their quadrant, all because he took that one risk, that one leap of faith.

What if Alidor had taken a risk too? What if he had attacked the Epistemic Tower when the gates were closed, taking the greater danger on his shoulder? He wouldn't have even needed to fight Dyon in the end...

Suddenly, Alidor's eyes sharpened.

"Good. We'll fight until the only possibility is retreat then." His voice was firm. In that moment, his Ethereal Permeation, a supreme law only capable of being mastered by those with Uidah and Gautama blood, finally broke through to the intent level.

The momentum of his newfound power rocked the battle field, causing the Demon Generals to grin wildly and roar into the skies.

"Darkness prevails over all

The blood seeps into the ground

The strong slay the weak and stand tall

While the unfortunate are silenced without a sound

The sage of the demon empire is supreme

Unmatched and unprecedented

Unchallenged and without flaw

Immortal and esteemed

He leaves his legacy for only those as evil as he

Only those as ruthless and heartless

Cast away your humanity for strength

Drench the soil in the blood of your enemies

Plant the seed of your life within it

Become the next Sage of the Demon Empire "

The chant of the Demon Generals blanketed the battlefield. Their eyes blinded with pride, they charged forward, slaughtering all those before them.

Chapter 1003: Not Deserved

Madeleine stood in the air, allowing her red mage robes to flutter gently in the midst of her glowing halo. Her hands delicately plucked the strings of her lyre, sending out a calming music that was still somehow filled with a deadly intent.

Much like Dyon, Madeleine had learned to fuse her wills. In fact, considering the time Dyon had spent with his own sealed, she had become much more skillful than he had once been. The most devastating part was that Madeleine's Celestial will never downgraded from its upgrade to a Supreme Law.

Every time Madeleine used it, she remembered the day she felt her will erupt to a new level. She had been certain that Dyon had died. Anyone could see that his wound was far too severe for any normal means to bring him back from the realm of death.

During that fight with Zabia, Dyon had laid everything on the line for him to survive, trusting in his sovereignty path even when he faced Death.

What he didn't know was that that day his determination wasn't alone. Madeleine had made a decision to live her life for her husband on that very day as well.

The combination of music will and celestial will was almost impossible to match. The four geniuses couldn't help but become frustrated when they realized that none of their attacks could even make Madeleine sweat. She hadn't even used her flames yet!

They were simply far too ignorant. Everyone was so distracted by Madeleine's Amethyst Faith Seed that they had completely disregarded the fact that she was born with one of the top three God Constitutions: Goddess' Disposition! Her ability to use purity type wills was second to none and her life essence and ability to heal reached unprecedented levels.

Madeleine's Celestial Will had already reached the 6th intent level, only a breath away from breaching the 7th level and entering the realms of a celestial level intent.

The problem with that was that that metric only applied to normal wills! A supreme level will at the 6th intent level... It was enough to dominate an entire battlefield of saints!

The two sisters grit their teeth in frustration, launching their attacks in combination.

"[Vermillion's Cry: First Feather]." They cried out delicately.

The 3rd and 4th ranked disciples of the Fiery Lotus sect shot backwards, avoiding the attack of the two sisters. The four of them weren't used to working together and couldn't afford to take too many risks in attacking, lest they underestimate the range of each other's attacks. They had no choice but to pull back, launching attacks from the distance.

Two pairs of ribbons shot forward, turning into a blazing trail of fire.

The temperature sky-rocketed, burning the poison in its path.

Madeleine's beautiful violet eyes remained calm as her fingers stretched out. "[Heaven's Pasture: First Overture]."

The melody changed. What once was a simple string of notes without structure became a grand story. Those who were lucky enough to watch felt as though they had been transported to a world of green...

A peaceful feeling overwhelmed them as the steady vibrations in the air slightly distorted.

The wind was delicately molded to Madeleine's soft hands, becoming almost like a vessel for the stars. Dazzling and bright it curved with a mind of its own, shattering the attack of the two sisters.

"[Second Overture]." Madeleine continued calmly, her figure fluttering in the air and seizing their hearts.

The green fields sprouted beautiful flowers that gently bobbed in the wind. A fragrance filled with air, it was as though the flowers weren't an illusion in the sky, but right before them... As though they could reach over and pick them up as long as they wanted to...

The flowers became the embodiment of Madeleine. A beauty they could all see, but not touch. Too pure, too holy. Who would dare to say that they were worthy of such a woman?

The two sister were blasted backward, causing them to spit up blood violently. Even though this was a beautiful scene to everyone else, to them, it was a death sentence. To step into the domain of a Goddess without consequences? Who did they think they were?

By then, the attacks of the two men had reached Madeleine, were immediately deflected by her slowly building world.

"[Third Overture]."

The attacking army began to shiver in terror. Their commanders were being toyed with as though they were children. Only half an hour had passed, yet anyone with eyes could see that Madeleine was toying with them. She was known for her flames yet she still hadn't used them! What chance did they stand?!

The green lands and flowers split, allowing a calm river to spread through it. It gushed silently, filling the lands with a sense of vitality and purity it hadn't had before.

Every overture added a new layer to the world, making it more realistic. Madeleine's music told a story, weaving a reality that her audience had no choice but to accept.

Music will, especially taken to Madeleine path of Creation was among the most versatile of wills, but also among the very most difficult to utilize.

When one mastered music will to a certain level, they became capable of breaking into a new mold and becoming a Composer. The higher level of composer you were, the better your music, the higher level technique you could create... The most powerful music techniques in existence were composed by geniuses of the past...

At this moment, Madeleine's [Heaven's Pasture] was a self-composed music. Madeleine had created her one Lower Level Earth technique!

The moment the world was split by the river, the four disciples were blasted hundreds of meters backwards, their chests heavily caved in.

Madeleine's fingers continued unperturbed. Although her technique could only be classified as a lower level earth technique, since it was created by her, its effectiveness far surpassed that level. It could even be said to be a borderline heaven level technique in her hands. Such was the power of a Composer.

"[Fourth Overture]."

The four geniuses looked up in horror and mountains fell from the skies.

Beautiful and majestic peaks appeared in the illusory world. The green stretched out, flowers graced its soil, rivers gently flowed, and mountains stood tall.

Even Madeleine was strained playing her fourth overture. It contained a hidden domineeringness that she could only bring out when she thought of Dyon. Her nature wasn't to be arrogant or confrontational. But, when it came to her husband and those who dared to provoke him and her ability to stay by his side, she could become the fiercest demon the world.

The tips of her fingers slightly bled as a robust tune played. Those listening felt as though their hearts had been invaded by the melody, stomping out their own intentions and the normal rhythmic beats of their chest to replace it was something entirely new.

BOOM!

The illusory mountain fell upon the ashen faced geniuses.

They tried their best to launch attacks, to destroy the attack before it reached them. But, everything they did was of no use. It was as though they were throwing small stones into an ocean... The mountains only lightly rippled, before Madeleine's Celestial Intent purified the acts of aggression forcefully.

The four geniuses were crushed with tens of thousands of pounds of weight, burying them into the poisonous grounds of the Purple Flame Tower.

Their bones cracked and their organs oozed with injury. Cries of pain sounded out as four geniuses that were once the symbol of arrogance fell pitifully. By the time the illusory world had disappeared, the crater in the ground had grown to untold proportions.

While Madeleine had been fighting, Ava and Thor had cut a path forward and were a mere hundred meters from the entrance of the Purple Flame Tower, valiantly taking the vanguard.

Ava's smile never faded; she had the utmost confidence in Madeleine. However, it was only then that those not familiar with her came to understand there was a vast chasm separating the ranked geniuses of the 3rd and 4th ranked sects of their fourth quadrant as compared to the Flaming Lily and Golden Crow Sects. They didn't deserve to be placed on the same level at all!

Not only was Madeleine far younger than all four of them, she had already surpassed them in cultivation and comprehension. They would be hard-pressed to find jobs shining her shoes.

Chapter 1004: Fatal

When Alidor saw the placement of the massive crater Madeleine formed, his eyes shone with realization and admiration. Only now did he understand that Dyon hadn't given him command because Madeleine wasn't capable. Instead, he gave him command because he wanted to temper him for the future, slowly weeding out his overly cautious tendencies to make him the most effective commander he could be.

Dyon had placed a strict ban on any of the Demon Generals speaking of Madeleine's past as a Sapientia because of the trouble it could cause. But, at this moment, Alidor couldn't help but remember that Madeleine wasn't just a pretty face, there was a good argument to be made that she was far more intelligent than even he.

Almost on cue, the rumbling sounds of a third approaching filled the battlefield. However, it wasn't long before they noticed that their advancement forward had been completely cut off by a massive crater.

If it was a normal crater, there would be a problem. After all, even the weakest warriors here were essence gatherers, they could fly. The problem was that the ground beneath the Purple Flame Tower wasn't normal. Beneath its surface was a reserve of a poison abyssal core that could kill even the strongest amongst them here!

With Madeleine's attack, a dam had been broken and a geyser of poison fog erupted into the skies.

While the Flaming Lily Sect army was still immune to this level of poison gas, it had to be remembered that the defending army wasn't. Their advantage wasn't that the poison wouldn't effect them, but rather it would be easier for them to deal with. However, with Clara's pills, this advantage had been completely destroyed.

Now, the third army approaching from the Epistemic Tower's direction had ugly expressions on their faces as they saw the wall of purple, greens and disgusting browns before them. Even if they were tens of times braver, they wouldn't dare to cross. Only their strongest geniuses could, but then wouldn't their three-pronged pincer attack fall flat here?

'It's time Delia, go!'

The black dressed Delia immediately gripped her sword and charged forward, not toward the geyser, but toward the tower!

In the distance, above the third approaching army, the first ranked disciples of the Flame Rebirth and Fiery Lotus Sect dove forward with ugly expressions. They had no time to worry about Delia's actions because they had to save their ranked disciples!

While everyone's eyes were focused on the geyser, they had completely forgotten about the four geniuses buried underneath, taking the full brunt of the poison directly.

Egan Goldeen grit his teeth. Was he really going to fail like this?

"No!" Egan raged. "Apprentice Brother Gaea, Apprentice Sister Vermillion, with me!"

The two first ranked disciples looked at each other with complicated expressions, each with their two juniors in their arms.

Vale looked up, averting his gaze to see his little brother Gale still fighting in the skies against Arios. He could see that it was only a matter of time before he lost, in fact, it was fairly clear by now that Arios

was just stalling for time. Although he wasn't powerful enough to defeat Gale outright, he definitely had the upper hand.

Rina Vermillion followed Vale's gaze to see yet another one of her juniors on the verge of losing.

At this point, what other choice did they have but to fight?

Their eyes reddened with rage. In all likelihood, the four geniuses that fought Madeleine would die, and even if they didn't, their talent would definitely be crippled.

"You've gone too far!" They roared into the skies.

Madeleine didn't bother to respond. How many of her fellow apprentice sisters had died because their three sects so shamelessly colluded to wipe them out? Did they deserve to talk about what was too far? Did they deserve to survive simply because they were the geniuses of their sects? These same two couldn't be bothered to care about the normal disciples dying for them even as they spoke, but somehow their third and fourth ranked disciples were worth more? How disgusting.

Seeing that Madeleine disdained to answer them only drew their anger to new heights. As first ranked disciples, even if their sects were below that of Madeleine's, they were still much more powerful than their 3rd and 4th ranked disciples. In fact, they had already stepped into the 12th saint stage, just like Madeleine!

Rina Vermillion brandished a sword that looked to be forged of red gems and pointed it toward Madeleine.

"Do you think that just because you're the first ranked inner disciple of the Flaming Lily Sect that you can look down on us?!"

"No." Madeleine suddenly spoke. "I look down on you because you're shameless."

"YOU –!" Rina roared.

"Do you think that your Flame Rebirth Sect is very clever? That I don't know that you've only joined this war to steal my faith seed and blood essence? And you want to speak of what's too far?"

Rina froze, her words becoming stuck in her throat.

Her body trembled violently, unwilling to accept that she had been seen through so easily. "First disdain... Then slander! What a good Flaming Lily Sect disciple you are. And you wonder why three sects have decided to end your cruel reign?!"

Egan watched on coldly. This is exactly what he needed. He couldn't care less about the optics of the situation, the true King and the writer of history was always the victor. What he needed was for both Rina and Vale to attack with everything they had and support him well without thought of retreat. He needed them to be as invested as he was.

From his perspective, Madeleine revealing this now was quite stupid of her. Now that the Flame Rebirth Sect knew that she was aware of their plans, they couldn't back out no matter what. As for the matter of the Fiery Lotus Sect, they'd have to join out of necessity, because they were already inextricably tied to his Golden Crow Sect!

"I see..." Madeleine spoke. "I wonder how your elder sister feels about the words you just spoke."

Rina's eyes reddened when she heard Madeleine's words. "How dare you!"

"And how about your elder sister?" Madeleine's eyes shifted from Rina to Vale who seemed about to implode himself.

There was hardly an explanation needed for Madeleine's words. Both Vale and Rina's elder sisters were taken and married into the Goldeen family through the top core disciple and key wielder of Golden Crow Sect. However, this in itself wasn't the story.

Although there was no solid evidence found, it was almost certain that both elder sisters were raped against their wills. Because of the conservative views of the martial world, their elders felt they had no choice but to accept the marriage proposal of the Goldeens. The problem was that they were slapped in the face in the end... At first, the Goldeens made it seem that it was their intention to allow Sister

Vermillion and Sister Gaea to become official wives, but at the very last moment, they were conferred as concubines, disgracing both the Gaea and Vermillion families.

But now, their younger brother and sister stood here speaking of the high moral character of the Golden Crow Sect? Wasn't that too hypocritical? Too disgusting?

Madeleine wasn't one to listen to rumors. However, just a decade or so ago when she was still a top ranked outer disciple of the Flaming Lily Sect, she had witnessed this very same thing almost happen to the former first ranked inner disciple of their sect, and now a member of their core disciples, within the 4th Quadrant's shared Mystical World.

Thanks to Madeleine's supreme law level Celestial Will, she was able to purify her senior sister of the effects of the poison and allow her to fight back against the lackies of God Goldeen who had schemed to take her away.

After that day, she became absolutely certain that the stories were true and she felt even more deeply disgusted by this supposed God Goldeen. He truly brought shame to the title.

Egan smile faded. He hadn't seen things going this way... At this point, he couldn't tell if the two first ranked disciples were more angered by Madeleine or him. After all, God Goldeen was his elder cousin!

The two first ranked disciples grit their teeth.

"You can slander me and even my sect, but not my elder sister!" Vale roared, charging into the skies with Rina on his tail.

By now the 5hr mark that Alidor had set had already passed. In fact, there was only 50 or so minutes until the effects of their pill wore out and their armies had no choice but to fight off the poison with their own energy.

Of course, none of this mattered because as Madeleine had been speaking, the two first ranked disciples along with Egan completely missed a very important point: Delia.

Truth be told, to say they missed it was misleading. It was more accurate to say that they saw and ignored Delia. From their eyes and what they could see of Delia's Presence, she was a mere Duke. In their sects, even their 100th ranked inner disciple was that at a bare minimum. As for their top ten disciples? They were all Kings at worst. How could they be worried about a mere Duke?

However, this would be their fatal mistake. In a battle of this scale, just a single such thing could gain momentum and quickly rolling out of control, starting from a small point until it was towering mountain.

Chapter 1005: Why?

Madeleine watched as the two geniuses charged toward her with an unconcealed disappointment in her eyes. One of the reasons she so very much cherished the time she had spent with Dyon was because he taught her to fight, something she had forgotten when she fell ill.

The reason Madeleine chose to marry Akihiko after she thought Dyon died wasn't because she was too cowardly to commit suicide. In fact, it took everything within her to fight back the impulse, to not give up, to always look for a path to live.

Madeleine wanted Dyon's name to be remembered. She wanted the things he had done for her, the sacrifices he had made, to live on. If she had given up and died, what would Dyon's death have meant? Would anyone have spoken of him anymore? Would he still be remembered?

In the end, it was because of this will to live, to fight on, that Madeleine was alive when Dyon finally came back. Wouldn't it have been far too tragic if she hadn't been?

Madeleine's eyes lost their pity at that moment. For two individuals of this level to not even be willing to fight was far too pathetic. Dyon came from far poorer backgrounds than these two did and faced far greater enemies, what right did they have to feel anger toward her?

Even as the two geniuses charged, Madeleine began to play her melody once again. However, this time, it was completely different. Madeleine no longer had the luxury of testing out her own compositions, these two were on a completely different level than her previous opponents.

"[Peacock's Dance: First Feather]."

An illusory tail of feathers appeared behind Madeleine exuding a beauty beyond words. Swirls of pink, violet, blues and greens arranged in complex patterns made up their form, elevating Madeleine's elegance to an entirely new level.

This was the very same technique that Madeleine used during the World Tournament, the only difference being more than ten years of practice.

The first of the nine illusory tails lit of with a blinding light, vibrating with the rhythm of Madeleine's music.

The melody picked up, conveying the scene of a prideful bird, stalking around with its chest puffed out and its feathers raised to upmost degree.

Despite the beauty of it all, Rina and Vale had no choice but to douse a bucket of cold water over their rage. If they took the first ranked inner disciple of the Flaming Lily Sect lightly, wouldn't they be asking to be injured?

Rina's ribbon came to life, shooting out and deflecting Madeleine's melody. Unlike her fellow sect members, hers had a distinct golden hue, and judging by its aura, it was very close to a peak Spiritual treasure.

Vale wasn't to be outdone. In fact, he took this fight much more seriously than even Rina did, immediately using his Fiery Lotus Sect's most ubiquitous core teaching.

His palms slammed together, causing an illusory lotus to appear in the skies. Its petals were delicate, but still exuded a heat so fierce that those below were glad they didn't take part in this fight.

"[Fiery Lotus: Variation One]!"

The lotus spun in the air even as petals flew from its image, coating Vale's palms as he pushed them forward with deadly momentum.

With his every strike, the air seemed to burn... A perfect fusion of palm and technique, timed to mastery and executed without flaw.

Madeleine's wall of Celestial Intent fell into a constant cycle of bombardment, assaulted from two sides at once.

The fight immediately fell into a heated exchange. The proud peacock's single feather whipped around the battlefield, deflecting Rina's ribbon in one movement before faltering Vale's palm in the next.

'We're all 12th stage saints, how could there be such a gap!?' Rina and Vale roared in their minds, but there was nothing they could do about their inferiority.

They tried to calm themselves, rationalizing what they were experiencing. This Madeleine definitely had more resources than them, definitely more guidance. It had to be the case.

Unfortunately for them, Madeleine hadn't accepted a new master since she rejected her last. In fact, even if one chose to still count Elder Sapientia as her master, Madeleine could already reduce her to dust without lifting a single finger!

When geniuses reached this level, what separated them wasn't cultivation, but comprehension! How deeply did you understand your techniques? What level of will mastery have you achieved? What is your battle talent like? How quickly can you learn and adapt?

Madeleine was far too great at all of these things. From start to finish, she had only used two wills despite knowing far more because her opponents simply weren't worth her effort.

"[Second Feather]." Madeleine spoke calmly, but her eyes sharpened. In that moment, the burden on her mind doubled as the projectiles to control also doubled. However, this was far from straining her.

The already losing first ranked geniuses fell on an even deeper back foot. Madeleine's melody became erratic and unpredictable, directing the feathers to attack at trickier angles and with faster speed.

The once complacent Egan couldn't help but grit his teeth, was he going to have to intervene personally? If he as a member of the Goldeen Family had to team up to beat a woman, where would he put his face? However, there was no other choice. He was a mere 7th ranked disciple... Even if he was of the Golden Crow Sect, he was still too green to defeat Madeleine alone.

However, before he could act, the arrival of a new group to the battlefield froze his steps.

...

The moment the aura of teleportation appeared on the battlefield, Alidor and Madeleine caught it. However, Madeleine was in no position to do much else about it.

That said, it didn't mean that they hadn't expected this. No matter how conceited the Golden Crow Sect was, after getting word that the Flaming Lily Sect had reconquered so many of their towers so quickly, how could they continue to remain unperturbed?

Out of everyone on the battlefield, Egan was by far the most nervous. His sect had left all of this under his command, yet could he have failed any more miserably? He lost two towers within the first three days, and he was about to lose a tower that had been firmly in their possession for tens of thousands of years. Who knew how he could possibly wash this shame away?

The moment the light faded, everyone realized that it wasn't a group, but actually, a single person. Despite realizing this, those of the 4th quadrant sects couldn't help but feel their hearts seize.

This woman was every bit as beautiful as Madeleine, except her dressing was far less conservative.

Her armor only covered her most important parts with a blazing gold metal that hurt the eyes to look at. Her hair, just as brilliant a gold, hung loosely from her back, extenuated by her red eyes.

Despite having the same hair and eye color as Egan, she came from another pillar family of the sect. Not the Goldeens, but instead, the Crow family. This was the Golden Crow Sect's third ranked disciple, Empress Angelica Crow.

Unlike the Flame Rebirth and Fiery Lotus Sects, cultivation wasn't the strict determiner of rank. For example, Egan was a 12th stage Saint, but Angelica was an 11th staged. Not only was their quality far superior, their comprehension of various arts was at an all time high.

"Senior Sister," Egan greeted nervously.

"Why aren't you fighting?" Angelica responded coldly. One would never think that such a scantily clad woman would also be so cold and unfeeling. It was definitely a virtue to not judge a book by its cover.

In truth, Angelica had her own reasons for cutting her armor like this. However, only her most powerful opponents learned why, and considering most of them are now dead, there's no one to tell the tale.

It was only after she spoke that those with their heads stuck in the clouds suddenly realized that despite being given the impression that they could almost see her everything, Angelica perpetually released a fire and steam so boiling that it distorted the air around her, making it difficult to see her long smooth legs and ample cleavage. Even her features were difficult to see causing many to begin to doubt if she truly was just as beautiful as Madeleine, or if the vague mystery had boosted her rating.

Chapter 1006: Tower!

However, they could only think these things silently. Anyone daring to say any of these things to Angelica's face would have long since been killed.

"This... I was surveying the situation. Before we appeared, our army was obstructed by this massive crater. I have no idea what the enemy could be planning so I didn't think it wise to leave the corps unattended."

Angelica didn't answer, instead, she looked up into the skies to see Madeleine fighting, before checking around.

"While you're standing here "attending" to the army, the Flaming Lily Sect is just moments away from the conquering the tower."

"That's imposs –" Before Egan could finish, he looked over wide-eyed to see Ava and Thor having already pushed the distance from a hundred meters to only about twenty. "How?!"

It was only now that Egan realized that the Duchess he had ignored earlier was having a massive impact on the battlefield. Her sword was elegant and light, as though she was dancing without care, yet her cold gaze chilled even his fiery hot blood to the core.

'If she charges up the tower, it's over!'

"Go stop her." Angelica said coldly.

Egan rushed forward. Although he wanted to ask his senior sister what her plan was, judging by how her eyes were trained on Madeleine, there would be no suspense to the answer.

Angelica turned her gaze from Madeleine to the crater before snorting coldly. Her delicate hand stretched out as a blazing golden-red flame erupted from her palm.

The army stumbled backward, unable to handle the heat. '6th stage fire intent!'

The golden flames wrapped around the edge of the crater, melting the ground.

At first, everyone wondered what Angelica was doing. If she harmed the ground any more, she wouldn't be helping, instead, she'd be sending them all to their deaths!

However, it was at that moment that an illusory pair of golden-red wings appeared on her back and the fire intent became wind intent!

A cold wind gushed through the battlefield, quickly cooling the molten rock just as it covered the cracks allowing poisonous gas through.

By this point, everyone was stunned. It could be considered arrogant beyond belief to send a 3rd ranked disciple when you were aware that you were dealing with a 1st, yet who would dare doubt a woman who so easily used two 6th level intents on such a large scale with blinking an eye?!

It was only now that they remembered that the Golden Crow Sect was ranked first for a reason... Not only were their two pillar families outstanding in bloodline, they had by far the most disciple depth, so much so that even their 7th ranked disciple was already a peak saint... and their third? Comparable to the Flaming Lily Sect's first!

"Charge." Angelica's cold voice sounded out, snapping the corps from the Epistemic Tower out of their stupor.

In instant, the pressure on the Flaming Lily Sect army re-doubled. A pincer attack from three sides assaulted their lines, applying too much of a burden to allow the fluid switching of their formations.

Alidor frowned in the skies, but he remained calm. The way the battlefield was set up now, the Purple Flame Tower gave them some cover.

Because of the tower, it was impossible to launch an attack from a fourth direction. But, at the same time, their path to retreat had all but disappeared. Had they followed his original plan, they would have retreated before the third pincer attack even arrived which wouldn't have allowed Angelica time to reach this position. But, what's done was done. Since he had decided to take this risk, he would go all out. It was impossible to hammer out his caution with one battle, but if he got good results here, it would be a great help in the future.

'Gaylia, prepare a volley. On my command, fire toward the crater.

'Kaeda, is the Gorilla Formation prepared?... Good. In the next maneuver, your medical units will be exposed, I need you to hold on.'

The Gorilla Formation was the very same formation that the Elves used to hold on for months at Lotus Tower during Dyon's first campaign. It was an intricately laid maze of concealment and defensive arrays. However, its best feature was the hidden teleportation station at its center, allowing carefully picked members to quickly leave and enter the formation. Now, it was too weak to be used as a central

formation on a large scale, especially when dealing with enemies as powerful as Angelica. But, as an HQ of sorts, it was perfect for medical units to safely treat and protect themselves.

Angelica frowned when she noticed an almost three-hundred-meter diameter at the center of the battlefield inexplicably disappear from view, causing the charging third pincer attack to hesitate. They had no idea how benign the formation was, so they didn't dare to act rashly.

"Who's the Vice Commander here?" Angelica suddenly asked. She needed to see if they had any formation masters that could give her an explanation.

However, Alidor didn't allow Angelica the time to find her answer. At the beginning, he had sent one branch of the army at 5:30 and the other at 10:30. This resulted in Kaeda's medical corps being protected by the tower to one side and the back of the battlefield to the other.

With the appearance of the Epistemic Tower corps, however, there was now an army charging directly from that back portion of the battlefield. Alidor knew that even with the deployment of the Gorilla Formation, even though Angelica wasn't a soul cultivator, it wouldn't be long before they realized there wasn't much danger and charged into the core of their formation. But, how could Alidor allow this?

'Now!'

The moment Alidor spoke, the rumblings of a pre-conceived plan erupted into action.

Maalshiira's branch on the right suddenly turned at an angle, cutting downwardly with a fierce momentum toward the crater.

Halaena's branch on the left performed the mirror movement, turning at its own unique angle and cutting upward toward the tower.

Each movement cut off the approach of one of the pincer armies. Halaena's maneuver made it impossible for the left pincer to provide aid to the army crossing the crater while Maalshiira's maneuver cut off the tower defending corps from doing the same.

A Tornado of armies swirled on the battlefield, sweeping through their obstacles.

At that moment, the Demon Generals roared into the skies. From the beginning until now, they had taken a back foot, only commanding, but never attacking personally. However, now, the Flaming Lily Sect Army needed them. What kind of impact did 1000 geniuses have when they went all out? Angelica was about to find out.

Their skin reddened as their heights shot up by more than two meters. Seeing nearly a thousand giants appear on the battle and feeling the demonic aura crash down, the defending army felt their chests seize for the third time that day.

Everything from the fierce black armor to their red, killing intent filled eyes, shook everything before them. They exuded the auras of the fragment of the Demon Emperor's Will techniques, shooting upward to the peak of the first act in an instant. And... Unlike Dyon, their wills had already unlocked, meaning their power multiplied by the full 8x.

'Who are these warriors...' Angelica's cold features finally boiled over into a serious expression. She suddenly realized that maybe it wasn't Egan's neglect that put them into such a bad situation.

Before she could even get her answer, the opening to charge into the center of the enemy's formation had closed. Because of Maalshiira's abrupt increase in power, along with the Demon Generals under her charge, the right wing of the attack was decimated.

They continued to twist the battlefield, creating a swirl of bodies, blood and gore.

A thousand four-meter-tall giants rampaged through the battlefield, sweeping out with fists, palms, and weapons of mass destruction. They fought with such a rage and confidence that the defending army felt their knees weaken. Were they fighting humans? Or demons?!

'What the hell is Egan doing?! Why hasn't he shattered their front lines yet?!' Angelica's head snapped over the only portion of the Flaming Lily Sect army that hadn't made any large movements, the front lines before the Purple Flame Tower. But, what she saw absolutely shocked her.

The black dressed beauty exuding an ice-cold aura was nowhere to be seen, the 10th ranked disciples of the Flame Rebirth and Fiery Lotus Sect had been frozen in an impenetrable layer of ice pillars, and Egan was currently fighting against Ava and Thor! Even though they were struggling and were on their backfoot, with Egan being in the clear advantageous position, it wouldn't be a short time before the two of them were defeated.

Before Angelica's eyes could widen any further, a blinding light erupted from the Purple Flame Tower that caused her delicate features to pale and her ice-cold eyes to glisten with shock.

The tower had been conquered!

Chapter 1007: Shock!

Angelica's face twisted with a mixture of disbelief, unwillingness and anger. This couldn't end like this! She had come personally! How could something with her name attached to it end in such failure?!

If anyone heard Angelica's thoughts, they might assume she was a little mad. From the moment she had stepped onto the battlefield, little more than ten minutes had passed. So what if she came? The outcome was set the moment Egan underestimated Delia. The two of them had too little wisdom in controlling a battlefield. In fact, controlling a battlefield was something very few young geniuses were good at, even when the Gods were taken into account.

There was a reason the eleven most elite God geniuses were chosen based on their ranking for the third, fourth and fifth trials, but not the first and second. Dyon was the only one who managed to perform outstandingly on all five, which was why despite not having displayed his power for all to see like the other ten, his name was still able to instill fear into the Flame Rebirth Sect geniuses.

The frustration wasn't Angelica's alone. Rina and Vale who had been fighting Madeleine on a backfoot this entire time also felt like all hope was lost. They were first ranked geniuses, yet they could do nothing to change the outcome. All they'd managed to do was lose their cool in such embarrassing fashion.

Suddenly, their expressions became even worse. This entire time they hadn't needed to worry about the poison, but the tower arrays magically whirred to life, completing its calculations in a moment and shifting its momentum as the defending and attacking armies switched places.

Instantly, an already unfavorable battle fell into even worse straits. It was almost as though they had stepped into a universe that wasn't their own and their battle power dramatically dropped.

Because most of the armies were made of essence gatherers, but the poison was tailored toward saints considering this was a Saint Gate, they were immediately hit, losing as much as 80% of their battle power in the blink of an eye.

The saints were slightly better off, but still lost anywhere from 10-20% of their battle power as exactly that amount of their energy went toward warding off the poison.

A bloody slaughter ensued. Unlike the Flaming Lily Sect army, the former defending army didn't have any solid plans for retreat, and with Angelica brewing in anger and their commanders either encased in ice or embroiled in battle, there was no one to give them any direction!

Angelica's eyes became more and more cold. She didn't care about the deaths happening around her, even though many of them were Golden Crow Sect disciples, they were far too lowly for her to spare care for. As for those of their allied sects? She cared even less. Considering their first ranked disciples were so useless, how could their canon fodder be any better.

'You.' Angelica looked up into the skies at Madeleine's beautiful figure. If she could kill Madeleine, wouldn't this all be solved? 'No. Killing her will just bring down the wrath of God Sacharro. If I capture her though, we can exchange her life for God Sacharro to stop interfering.'

Although others didn't know, Angelica knew why their Key Wielder hadn't used his key wielder abilities to unilaterally change the cultivation cap of the gate. One could imagine how devastating their surprise attack would have been had they suddenly changed this saint gate to a celestial gate and sent experts in for a swift attack.

Usually, key wielders wouldn't do this for fear of garnering the rage of the combined attack of the other sects and clans in their quadrant. Plus, conquering a gate didn't necessarily mean you would conquer the universe at the other side. However, obviously this wasn't the reason that held the Golden Crow Sect back, after all, they had allied with the other notable existences in their quadrant.

It was because Angelica knew this hidden reason that she was so worried about Dyon showing up. The God of their sect had already become a celestial, and even if he hadn't, Dyon's status as a God was obviously far above of his. Dyon was one of the eleven most lauded Gods, while the God of the Golden Crow Sect wasn't.

Either way, if Dyon appeared personally in a Saint Gate, they wouldn't have anyone capable of stopping him. Even if they sent their top ten ranked disciples to fight him at once, it was impossible. That didn't even mention how powerful his Demon Generals were. For all Angelica knew, he had even more powerful Demon Generals he hadn't bothered to send.

If the Golden Crow Sect had known about Dyon's relationship with Madeleine first, they might have prepared a few more years before acting, or maybe they would have even decided to share the spoils of their discovery with the Flaming Lily Sect. This was the level of prestige a God had.

Unfortunately, what was done was done. The Flaming Lily Sect didn't reveal this trump card of theirs until it was already too late, and now they could even use this as an opportunity to switch the key wielder of their quadrant.

To say the situation was bad was an understatement. With the foothold the Purple Flame Tower provided, attacking the Epistemic Tower was a hundred times easier. If they managed to also conquer Rainbow Flame Tower, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Almost as if designed by the heavens, the moment Angelica thought this she received a letter that burned into existence.

'Senior Apprentice Sister Crow! They're attacking Rainbow Flame Tower! We can't hold on!'

Angelica completely trusted these words. The distance from here to the Epistemic Tower and further toward the Rainbow tower was too far for normal communication devices. But, these burning letter were the secret communication method the Golden Crow Sect. They wouldn't be used unless there was an absolute emergency.

Suddenly, Angelica felt torn. But, she made her decision immediately. Even if she went, the result would likely be the same as it was today. However, if she captured Madeleine, there was still a chance to

reverse all of this. In fact, God Sacharro might become angered enough to aim his rage at the Flaming Lily Sect for not protecting his wife properly.

'It's her. This all starts and ends with her.' Angelica's eyes frosted over, deepening to a level of cold even they hadn't reached before. Despite her state of mind, her face returned to its usual expressionless nature. 'Why would a quadrant so powerful send the first wife of their most outstanding genius here? We don't have enough information on the Celestial Deer Quadrant... Even the Sapientia Branches there have long since lost communication with the main branch.'

There were too many things that were unknown. Could it really be as simple as the Celestial Deer Quadrant not having a strong fire-based core teaching? If that was the case, the Flaming Lily Sect really would be the best choice for Madeleine...

It was impossible for the fourth quadrant to travel to the current 51st. Without the easy travel provided by the towers, such a trip would cost an astronomical price and take an inconceivable amount of time. The only reason the kitsune could make this trip was because they were in the adjacent quadrant.

For reference, the first saint son of the Uidah and Loki's fiancée, now widow, Hela, left the Celestial Deer Quadrant hundreds of years ago. If they tried to re-enter it now, even if they started from the closest adjacent quadrant, it would take them decades of travel time at a minimum.

Under normal circumstances, because the first saint son and Hela were at least of the Duke level, they should be able to enter the fog and invite others at will, which would greatly reduce their travel time. However, as the key wielder, Dyon obviously had the power to block this from happening.

At the same time, first saint son and Hela had a vested interest in making sure the truths of the Celestial Deer Quadrant did not come out. If the martial world came to know that even they as the strongest clans in their quadrant had no idea where their Epistemic Tower was, that would give possible enemies a chance to take advantage.

In the end, Angelica still wasn't clever enough to come to the right answer. Even if she was a thousand times more intelligent, it wouldn't matter. All she could do was focus on the task at hand, and that meant capturing Madeleine!

With a flick of her wrist, a blindingly gold, 3-meter-long flexible spear appeared in her hand. Its body almost functioned like a whip, snaking through the air as though it was made of fabric instead of tough metal.

Madeleine didn't even need to look over to know that Angelica was flying toward her at break-neck speeds. Why? Because she had long since unlocked her divine sense.

In that moment, a formless pressure enveloped the battlefield. Vale and Rina who were still being beaten back by the second variation of [Peacock's Dance] paled considerably when they felt what was happening. It felt as though a Celestial had descended from the skies!

'Divine sense!'

Chapter 1008: Chore

Angelica and the two first ranked geniuses couldn't believe what they were feeling. This was a pressure they only sensed when facing their clan elders, and yet, here it was!

Madeleine couldn't use her divine sense to form will attacks at a distance like Clara could. It simply required too much soul talent... Madeleine had no idea how many decades it would take her to master such a technique, it might even take centuries!

However, what her divine sense could do was raise her senses to the utmost degree. Not a single thing on the battlefield was lost to her senses, even her own techniques became sharper as she saw through their flaws.

That said, Madeleine didn't reveal her divine sense simply to intimidate and perceive. No. She revealed her divine sense to do something almost no saint could dream of doing.

The process of cultivation is, at its core, about learning more about the universe, comprehending wills and energies to a deeper extent. When one reaches the celestial realm, their comprehension reaches such a level that they can even carve out a piece of this martial world to call their own. This celestial reserved technique is known as an Aura or a Pseudo-Domain.

In his fight against the Aumen King, it was this deployment of a Pseudo-Domain that King Belmont used to slightly alter the laws of the universe, allowing him to fuse his blue and red flames together.

By all conventional means, reaching this state should be impossible for a saint. Their energy reserves aren't powerful enough, nor is their comprehension of the universe deep enough. However, Madeleine was no normal saint.

At that moment, a blazing purple heat erupted from Madeleine's body, mixing with a blinding star light. Half and half, they formed a massive purple and star-like sphere that encompassed the hundred-meter radius around her.

When Angelica and the two first ranked geniuses saw this, they immediately paled. There was no time for exclamations, no time for remorse, or apologizing...

The first time Madeleine used her purple flames in battle was the first time they realized that Madeleine didn't only have a single 6th stage intent... The truth was she had a 7th stage intent... No, she had three of them...

The battle had no suspense.

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Within the Valley of Geniuses, almost a month had passed now. Unfortunately, Dyon had felt the slow crawling seconds of every bit of that time even as he lay on the ground, gasping for breath.

He felt as though he had re-entered the trial grounds of the tower, bombarded by endless fights day in and day out. The difference was that instead of fighting beasts, he was fighting armies of humans. At least this gave him fighting experience the third trial world couldn't.

He had long since lost count of how many floors he had climbed. Somehow the tower that seemed to only have nine floors from the outside, managed to gain an infinite number on the inside. However, what really made him bitterly smile was that after he reached what seemed like the millionth floor to him, the spirit of the tower finally greeted him, only to inform him that he had finally unlocked the first of nine levels.

After Dyon tried to ask why the spirit hadn't shown up before, it snorted and said it disdained to talk to an owner so weak. It was clearly aggrieved that Dyon took 16 years to even attempt the trials.

However, when Dyon heard this, he could only chuckle bitterly. Judging by how difficult passing the first trial was even with his celestial body, if he had even stepped foot onto the first floor back when he had the body of a meridian formation expert, he would have been blasted to nothingness. Yet this treasure spirit still had the audacity to chastise him.

But, when Dyon learned of the uses of the tower, he couldn't be bothered to care about the spirit's rudeness anymore.

Firstly, there were the miscellaneous things. The tower could act as a training room, a transporter and a defense. The owner, while within the tower, would effectively become like a god, being to teleport others in and out at will while gaining small scale omnipotent abilities. However, those things weren't too attractive, it was restricted to levitating objects and being aware of what was happening in each and every room of the tower.

The tower also recorded everything it witnessed. This feature was actually meant for training purposes, so one could review their flaws and improve, but Dyon had already thought of many other uses for it as well. That aside, the spirit also let Dyon know that it had the recording of fights between experts that Dyon could use for enlightenment as well.

Dyon also learned that although this tower set its trials for body cultivators, that actually didn't have much to do with its origins. The spirit was just following the wishes of its last owner. In fact, the tower had little to do with body cultivation. It was simply meant to be the immortal home of a strong cultivator, which made its functions much more versatile than Dyon expected.

According to the spirit, the tower was a war machine. It didn't care what method of war you used, it just wanted to fight.

For example, the tower's first floor that Dyon unlocked, the tower had a room aptly named the Weapon Devouring Room.

This room contained a special formation that allowed weapons to eat each other and become stronger. Ten 1st level common weapons could be entered to produce a 2nd level common weapon. So on and so forth, with the price increasing as one went on.

Of course, Dyon didn't personally need such a feature, but when he was raising an army, this would become a massive help. The scariest part was that when Dyon's soul unsealed, making a common level weapon was as easy as breathing. He could make ten in the time it took to take a single breath.

It was just unfortunate that the higher-level weapon you wanted to create, the more energy the formation took, and the more astronomical the number of weapons needed reached. Also, it was impossible to cross a large barrier ranking – for example, master to grandmaster – unless the appropriately ranked raw materials were also added.

Although the first floor wasn't too useful to Dyon right at this moment, he was still content because the first floor came along with another prize: puppets!

How could a war machine be complete without a room filled with puppets? And, unlike Dyon's previous two puppets, they were all in mint condition. It turned out these puppets were actually self-repairing!

When Dyon fought his final battle after the end of the World Tournament, his puppet had been destroyed by Elder Daiyu. The good news was that another puppet still remained, but with his soul sealed, Dyon had no hope of controlling it. Because of that, it could only display the strength of a peak saint which was not too useful to Dyon right now.

According to the tower, the first floor gave him access to a million saints, ten thousand celestials, and ten dao formation puppets.

Before Dyon could even think about getting exciting about this, the spirit coldly sneered and told him he'd have to provide the power source for them because their energy reserves were depleted.

On the one hand, these puppets were of a far higher level than those that guarded the Elvin Tombs because they didn't need to be controlled to display their full power, but on the other hand Dyon had no idea where to even start looking for the energy sources for so many puppets.

What should have been a victory turned into a bitter chore in a mere moment.

That was when Dyon remembered something that made him laugh uproariously. Didn't he have the Energy Core sitting in his inner world right now?

Unfortunately, his excitement was shot down again. After he brought up the idea, his master told him that no puppet could withstand such energy and that he'd end up causing it to implode. But, the good news was that as long as Dyon found a few energy stone mines and allow the energy core to absorb them, his efficiency at powering the puppets would sky rocket.

Obviously, the saint puppets would need saint stones, the celestial puppets, celestial stones, and the dao formation puppets, either dao stones, transcendent stones, or enigmatic stones.

Chapter 1009: Not Queens

The number of stones would dictate the strength the puppet could exude within its realm for the saint and celestial puppets, however the dao puppets were slightly more complex than that.

Because there were three divisions for dao level energy stones, each division corresponded to a third of the dao formation stages. Dao stones could elevate a puppet from the 1st to 4th stage, transcendent stones dealt with the 5th to 8th stage, while enigmatic stones could raise them the final levels to the 12th stage.

Dyon didn't even want to think about that level of cost... He hadn't even seen an enigmatic stone in his life, let alone even conceiving the number it would take to power a puppet for an extended period of time.

According to the spirit, it would take a thousand stones of a corresponding energy to power a single puppet for 1 minute. Even worse, that was only for the lowest barrier of the corresponding cultivation stage. For example, if Dyon gave a saint puppet a thousand saint stones, it would be able to fight with the battle power of a first stage saint for one minute. If he set it to fight with the battle power of a second stage saint, it would only last for 6 seconds, which means he would need to insert ten thousand stones for the equivalent minute of fighting.

When Dyon heard this, he wanted to fight the spirit head on, but he obviously hit nothing but air. How the hell could any kingdom withstand such consumption? This was too ridiculous.

In the end, Dyon could only sigh and wave his hand. A moment later, three tightly bound kitsune had appeared, each with their cultivations sealed.

Gin was still in a half-muddled state, not having recovered from his sacrifice. Masako was shocked that she had survived and could only look at Dyon with a complicated gaze. While Aki's eyes were still spitting fire, after all, one doesn't get over becoming a eunuch so quickly.

"What are you keeping us for?!" Aki raged. "Unseal me if you have the balls!"

Dyon snorted. "I defeated four people far more powerful than you at the same time, why would you even say something so embarrassing?"

Aki grit his teeth. "You used cheap tricks, you didn't fight like a man at all."

"Mm. I'm sure fighting so many vs one is very manly."

SLAP!!

Aki was sent flying across the room, awkwardly tumbling over bits of furniture before slamming into the wall.

"Speak out of turn again and I'll cut something else off."

After he finished speaking, he ignored the three of them. 'Are you ready, master?'

Before this, Dyon could casually use his contract seals. However, that was only because the strongest person he had ever used it against were the essence gatherers of the Uidah Clan.

However, now that he wanted to seal three geniuses of the Kitsune clan to follow his will, the difficulty rose to a completely different level. It took a month of his master siphoning off his soul energy to create three comet level contract seals for this plan to come to fruition.

It had to be said that Dyon's master was a former Star level array alchemist. When she had died, she was still at the comet level. But, after spending thousands of years in seclusion beneath Focus Lake, she had nothing better to do than to comprehend array alchemy theory.

This was all to say that Dyon's master was incredibly familiar with drawing arrays without a body to rely on. The fact it still took her a month to draw these arrays, even though there were three of them, was a testament to their intricacy and efficacy.

Before the three kitsune could even realize what was happening, Dyon had already placed the three seals on them. With their cultivations sealed beforehand, they had no chance to resist, making it an extremely smooth process.

'Alright Dyon, I'm going to go into a deep slumber like the Archer. If we remain awake, it'll slow down the awakening of your inner world too much. I'll wake up from time to time to guide you properly as your master,' Although it seemed like she was saying this casually, the 25th White Mother's eyes were filled with emotion. As a master, she had given Dyon too little guidance. Now that she was here, how could she allow this trend to continue? 'Stay safe, little one.'

'Mm.' Dyon nodded, fighting spirit lighting in his eyes. With his master by his side again, he had one less worry in this world.

After getting his emotions under control, he sealed the three kitsune in the tower prison. How could a war machine not also have a dungeon?

Then, he looked at a list of 10 or so names. After Dyon recruited the Archer, whose name he later found out was Legolas, he had the idea of possibly repeating this again. Although Dyon's empire had a very solid base of talents, what it lacked the most were experts of the upper end. Maybe the valley could help him solve that.

These 10 or so names weren't randomly chosen, but were rather made of individuals his master and Legolas trusted in the moral character of, and also happened to be individuals from poor backgrounds as well.

Dyon involuntarily laughed to himself, 'Of course his name is Legolas.'

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Dyon spent the next month traveling the core valley, speaking to various geniuses. Of the eleven on the list, he somehow managed to convince them all to join.

That said, when he thought about it, it wasn't too shocking. Who didn't want a second chance at life?

As individuals from poorer backgrounds, seven of the eleven of them died tragic deaths far too early. Three of them died while searching for opportunities. And one died investigating the world outside of the 100 quadrants.

Their stories almost sounded like rehashed versions of each other, each more depressing than the last. The truth of the matter was that having appropriate backing in the martial world was almost more important than having great talent.

When talented youths appeared from poor backgrounds, it was often just a matter of time before they died at the hands of larger clans they offended while following their martial path. The number of geniuses who died like this were simply innumerable.

Those that didn't die this way died by taking risks those richer geniuses didn't have to take. If they didn't risk their lives entering forbidden regions, how would they make up the gap in their backgrounds?

Dyon soon found out that they all had titles like the Archer did. Legolas had told Dyon that he earned the title of Prince of Archery. At the time, Dyon think much of it until the other spirits began telling him their own titles. Dyon even found out that his master's name was also a title 'White Mother'.

Titles weren't a new concept to Dyon. For example, others referred to him as God Sacharro. This in itself was a Title.

It turned out that in the Martial World, different Titles came with it various strengths and legacies. The 'White Mother' Title was only capable of being bestowed by the Celestial Beast Clans. But, the Title that Legolas and the other spirits had were given to them by the Epistemic Tower.

Dyon didn't want to think too much about what these Titles meant and what they represented now since the opportunity to earn them were on the celestial floors, something still too far away from him. But, he still noted the Titles of these spirits.

Prince of War, Battle Prince, Princess of the Skies, Flame Prince, Ice Princess, Fist King, Princess of Strategy, Earth Prince, Princess of Beauty, Princess of Melody, and Forging Prince.

From what Dyon could understand, many people could hold a Prince or Princess title. But, the number of Kings was limited, because unlike the Prince and Princess titles which could be earned the moment an expert met the requirements, the King title could only be taken by defeating someone who held the title. This made the Fist King likely the most impressive of them all.

There were still more than one Fist King, but the number was limited to 108, just like every other King level title.

When Dyon heard this, he could help but think back to the Holy Princesses. There were 108 of them too, no? But, they were called Princesses, not Queens...

Chapter 1010: Laughable

That aside, Dyon almost laughed when he realized that Princess of Beauty was an actual title. But, when he found out more about it, he felt more respectful of the title. It turned out that it wasn't only given based on looks, but also based on what Dyon knew as the four Chinese arts. Qin, Qi, Shu and Hua. Essentially, music, strategy, calligraphy and painting. A woman had to excel in all four of these aspects as well as being a world-shattering beauty to earn this title.

'I'll definitely ask Master what her real name is when she wakes up next.' Dyon shook his head. 'Someone needs to do better with this naming system. Am I supposed to call Fist King, God Fist King since he also passed the God trials? Which is it, is he a God or a King?'

Dyon sighed. The real world was always like this, having confusing naming systems for things as though they didn't speak to each other before they made their decisions. For example, Spiritual treasures, transcendent stones, and just being a transcendent. Each of these things had drastically different definitions, it was almost irritating.

It didn't matter too much, though. Some titles superseded others, so when referring to someone, you would use their most prominent Title.

For example, being Fist King was far more impressive than being a God of the tower. This was because you were Fist King wherever you went, but only a God in the Epistemic Tower. The Title of Fist King was recognized no matter where you were, while the Title of God was only important to those who lived in places with the Epistemic Tower.

This made sense. After all, the Title of God was based on potential, while the Title of Fist King referred to current strengths. Would you be more afraid of a baby with terrifying talent? Or a current dao formation expert? The answer was obvious.

'Should I check on Ri and Clara?' Dyon shook his head. 'They were doing just fine, they don't need my help.'

Ri had been resonating with her inheritance for two months now, she should be finishing soon. In fact, the valley would close in just a few days. There was no doubt that Chrysanthemum was angered beyond belief, but why should Dyon care?

'Let's go see what those Soul Rending Peak disciples are up to.'

...

"Arthurian! Do you think that you can do whatever you want just because of your Caedes family?!" An inner disciple of Soul Rending Peak cried out with exasperation as she looked at her killer, completely un-resigned.

The sword wound had caused irreparable damage to her heart. Almost as soon as she shouted out these final words, she fell, her life hanging on a string.

Arthurian didn't even bother to respond to the girl, instead looking down on her with disdain and rage. This was his final chance to achieve something. He would be 1000 years old in less than three years, when that happened, he wouldn't be able to enter the tower anymore and everything would be over.

However, even after two months of practically begging every statue he could come across in the outer ring, he hadn't received any legacies. By the end of it all, he had completely given up and started to walk around aimlessly.

It was then that he came across this inner disciple, sitting cross legged before a statue.

Arthurian became filled with jealousy, and before the statue could warn her chosen Legatee, he had drawn a sword through her back.

"You're a mere inner disciple from a nameless family and you dare to think of accepting a legacy when even I couldn't? HOW DARE YOU?!"

Arthurian seethed with rage, wanting to trample everything in sight.

At first he had thought that he could steal the legacy away after killing her, but it turned out that the girl had already fused with it and was only comprehending what she could while waiting to be teleported out.

She had been exceptionally careful. She heard the words of the elders, but she felt complete disdain for them. How could a pitiful quadrant like their own possibly have enough resources to properly compensate her for a Legacy? She knew from the very beginning that their sect had only planned on taking advantage of them.

So, being the cautious person she was, she disguised herself. It wasn't until Arthurian attacked her that her disguise faltered.

That was how exceptionally disgusting Arthurian's character was. He hadn't even known that she was a member of his sect when he attacked, he just hated any and everyone who could have what he couldn't.

The spirit looked at Arthurian, filled with unwillingness and disgust. She had finally found a suitable disciple after millions of years, yet she was taken away. The body of an essence gatherer was far too fragile, it wouldn't be long before her soul dissipated, and her life truly came to an end.

"What? Are you mad? Blame yourself for choosing such a trash Legatee!" Arthurian was maddened with rage. He didn't want to be the King of a puddle, he wanted to be a Sea King in the vast ocean!

Yet, he wasn't even the best in his family. Some bullshit son from a branch family had become the Legatee of his Soul Rending Peak, while his own cousin was far better than him, having been born with an Earth Constitution. Let alone Sea King, he couldn't even be the King of his own puddle anymore!

The spirit's features twisted with rage, but in the end she could do nothing. She was still constrained by the rules of the tower and unlike the Holy Princess, she wasn't willing to be erased from existence just for revenge.

"Arthurian, what did you do!" Suddenly, a voice appeared from the dense fog and a very familiar figure appeared with three disciples following behind her.

Violet's features trembled with rage when she saw the girl bleeding out on the ground.

She sprinted to her side, feeding her the best healing pills she had. However, because Dyon was taken away by Clara, she wasn't able to enter the Duke floors, so the pills she had were mediocre at best. No where near good enough to heal such a chest wound.

"You fiend!" Violet screeched. This girl was a relatively young talent of their sect, Sophia. The reason Violet was so enraged was because this very girl was a part of her faction, yet Arthurian actually attacked to kill her!

The three disciples behind Violet had enraged expressions on their faces as well, but they didn't dare to so blatantly denounce a member of the Caedes family. Not only were they too weak, their families were too weak as well.

Arthurian's features twisted with a mixture of embarrassment and anger. He could ignore the other three disciples, but Violet was the daughter of the sect master. If she told him what happened here, he would definitely be severely punished. 'Unless...'

His anger dissipated, replaced by a cruel smile.

The aura of a saint erupted from him, causing the disciples that followed Violet here to tremble and fall to the ground.

Without allowing Violet to react, he sealed their movements, restricting both their cultivation and action.

Violet's frown became fiercer. "What are you trying to do here? Do you think you're a match for me?"

Arthurian laughed. "You think that just because I gave up the first-place palace to you that you're stronger than I am? Did we fight? Did you witness my battle power? The only reason I didn't say anything when you won that bet is because your father isn't to be trifled with. Even my Caedes family is forced to show him respect. But, where is he now?"

He kneeled down, picking up Violet's lovely chin with a single finger while exuding his Viscount level Presence. "What a little ignorant princess you are? You really believed that I bowed out because I was afraid of fighting you? How laughable."