

The Nameless 1231

Chapter 1231: Hela

After True God Falkor left, the buildings were reconstructed, but many of his followers tried to make trouble. In the end, the serpent vines made an appearance. Some of them even boasted the power of a celestial and could easily deflect the comings of those hooligans. They were thus banned from the Corner.

Because of this ban, if they wanted to come to celestial deer corner, they would have to cross millions of miles on foot or by flight because the teleportation arrays would bar them from celestial deer corner.

Interestingly enough, True God Falkor didn't receive this ban. Instead, he received a very simple message from the Demon Generals: Wash your neck.

Hela shivered as she thought about the story, starting to hesitate toward her own actions. Was this really someone she should provoke? She knew for a fact that it wasn't her clan on the other side, so was it really smart of her to take this risk?

In the end, Hela grit her teeth. She was no coward. Years ago, she got word that her fiancé had died. To top it all off, her father-in-law didn't even dare to retaliate. They were no more than puppets! She was unwilling for the Ragnor Clan to remain so weak! Even if it meant risking her life, she'd do it.

Using her high darkness affinity, Hela disappeared from sight, shooting toward the teleportation array. However, her face fell when she realized that she really was disappearing. She had no choice but to brace herself for combat.

When Hela reappeared, she found herself in a steely room and immediately noticed a bare-chested young man with large prayer beads hanging from his chest across from her. Without a second thought, her spear appeared in her hand as she shot forward.

However, with every passing step, she felt her power draining from her. In the next instant, her cultivation was locked entirely...

Her spear fell to the floor as sweat matted her voluptuous body. Her weakness was so severe that she crumpled to the ground, unable to stop her most delicate regions from falling out from her already scant armor.

Seeing this, the young man chuckled bitterly. "Fancy seeing you here, Hela... It seems we'll be prisoners together..."

Hela struggled to sit up, gritting her teeth.

"It's better if you resist less. The more energy you try to use, the weaker you'll become. If you run out of energy, even a celestial would starve to death. Be calm." First Saint Son chuckled. "It's good that you're here, at least I'll have a beauty to look at. My days will be less boring this way."

"You..." Hela coughed, already feeling short of breath. "This wasn't your doing?"

"Of course not." First Saint Son snorted. "Whoever the hidden power without our quadrant is, it seems like he still has some things he wants to remain hidden... We were naïve to come here."

Hela finally managed to sit up, leaning against the opposite wall before shifting her displaced armor and covering her perky pink nipples once more.

"I guess we were..." She muttered.

...

As for the one who laid the trap, he was completely oblivious. But, this would definitely act as another key piece to the fall of the Ragnors and Uidah.

That said, even if Dyon did know, it wouldn't stop the Demon Sage's constant drilling.

"The most important part of a runic vein is its core. As long as the core is perfect, the outstretching patterns can have some flaws and still be viable.

"Since you've already learned all of the runic vein patterns I could possibly teach you, you must grow your flame control to the point where you can draw them. You're pitifully slow, to have only just broken into the practitioner realm after nine months, aren't you ashamed?"

Dyon sighed, but didn't respond. It really was too difficult.

"Instead of doing flame control exercises, you'll now focus on drawing actual runic veins.

"When deciding what materials to use, there are three important things to consider. The first is the strength of the runic vein, the second is the compatibility with the person you'd like to give this runic vein to, and the last is the strength of your flame.

"Obviously, some beast materials are harder to draw on than others, even within a similar realm. For some, it's because they are too fragile while for others it's because they are too tough. Still, every material has its own various benefits.

"All of this said, your best shot is to simply use beast materials from the specific beast the runic vein originates from. This is the best way to maximize your effectiveness. Although there are some runic vein masters capable of evolving runic veins to new heights by not following this rule, your understanding of the theory is too shallow to expect such things."

With a thought, a pile of beast skins appeared in front of Dyon. "Here. These are cured master grade beast hides. They are created to specifically be tougher than normal and are comparable to master weapons in toughness. You'll use these to practice."

"How will I know when I succeed?" Dyon asked.

"If it's a failure, the heavens will strike it down, turning the beast hide to ash. If it's a success, the beast hide will gain an added luster and be readily available to adhere to a living being.

"Much like alchemy, runic veins have degrees of perfection, following the same low-grade, middle-grade, high-grade, and top-grade formula. Until you can consistently form top-grade runic veins, corresponding to 90-100% perfect, you aren't allowed to move on to the practitioner grade runic veins.

"Also, I won't let you leave here until you reach the master grade. So, buckle up, brat."

Dyon grit his teeth and got to work. His flame control had improved, but it was still too poor. In addition, the cured master grade beast hides required him to place a lot of power behind his flame, but when he did so, he lost control. This was almost more torturous than fighting embryonic infernal beasts for five decades.

What the Demon Sage also didn't tell Dyon was that these beast hides weren't the perfect material for his runic veins. In fact, the process of 'curing' beast hides made it so that it was intentionally difficult to gain the recognition of the heavens. Had Dyon been given the perfect materials for the runic veins he was working on, he definitely would not have failed as often as he did. But, the Demon Sage liked watching him die of frustration.

For example. The first runic vein Dyon chose to work on was a simple strength buff runic vein. It was a common grade runic vein found within the body of a bronze steel furred bear, an earth grade creature.

Obviously, the best materials to use were sturdy hides from omnivorous creatures who had high muscle density, but lacked in fast twitch muscles. However, the beast hide Dyon was given was from an earth grade ice lizard with a small body very much known for its fast speed and quick reflexes. On top of that, it was cured... The situation couldn't have been any worse...

Dyon labored day after day before finally succeeding after just before the second year ended. Surprisingly, or maybe unsurprisingly, the product had a high-grade result! Surprising because it was Dyon's first success, but unsurprising because only a runic vein close to perfection would have been accepted after using such a poor medium.

What the Demon Sage also didn't tell Dyon was that if he used other portions of the beast body, the rate of success would be higher... For example, if he had not only the hide of the bronze steel furred bear, but also used its blood in the etching process, even if Dyon's final product was below the low-grade, it would have received a bump to the middle-grade at the very least!

However, the Demon Sage tactfully kept all of these things from Dyon, relishing in his pain. Luckily, but the mid-way point of the third year, Dyon gained the ability to form top-grade runic veins even with the poor medium.

Just when he thought the Demon Sage was going to give him a new common grade runic vein to work on, he was actually handed a practitioner grade runic vein causing another few years of pain to ensue...

This time, the Demon Sage forced Dyon to work from the low practitioner grade, to the middle and high, before finally the peak.

Chapter 1232: Naivety

"After mastering the most complex runic veins of the common grade, you can practically inscribe anything. However, higher grades are more complex and require more practice. Not only do you need to take it step by step, but you need to learn specific types of runic veins as well.

"Broadly, you'll need to learn strength, speed, affinity and cognitive type runic veins. There's a fifth, specialty type, but these can only be tackled on an individual basis.

"Now go, work! Your progress is too slow!"

It wasn't until 13 years passed that Dyon finally trudged through the practitioner grade... He looked like nothing more than a zombie.

On the bright side, Zabia and the Vinum disciples were showing signs of finally recovering! They would soon break into the dao formation realm.

Dyon, however, was completely spent. Over the past over ten years, he had rarely gotten a break. With his body now, he needed literal tons of normal food a day or he would feel starved. If not tons, then he would at least need a few dozen pounds of infernal beast meat.

Obviously, the Demon Sage had no such food here and Dyon's supply of beast meat had long since run out.

The good news was that he could have broken into the celestial realm at any time. Unlike others, he didn't need to spend time meditating to comprehend celestial energy because his soul and body had long since broken into the world. He already understood how to use and manipulate the energy.

However, something was holding Dyon back. His instincts told him to wait for the Golden Flame Mystical World, so he did so.

What Dyon didn't know was that his awakening of the eternity's balance pupils had given him a strange case of Deja vu. His faint understanding of another timeline told him that there was a massive benefit that could only be reaped by saints in the Mystical World. It was just that he couldn't put it into words.

That said, Dyon had always been one to trust his instincts. As for the Demon Sage who noticed this, he didn't say much. It had nothing to do with him.

Everyone knows that the celestial realm was a massive watershed moment. It was the instance in time where one would gain the energy necessary to impact the laws of the universe. It was also the point where one crossed over and into the world of true cultivation. It was a very important step that laid the foundation for the future. If one could, it was best to gain the most perfect breakthrough possible.

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Years later, Dyon's 25 year time limit was approaching, but he still hadn't broken into the rank of the master realm practitioner. Unfortunately, he didn't have the time to entertain the Demon Sage any longer...

"I have to leave within three days, or I won't make it back in time." Dyon explained. He had been trying to break into the lower master realm for a decade now, but continuously failed. He knew that these three days would do him no good, especially since his body was steadily weakening due to lack of food.

The Demon Sage looked toward Dyon, but in the end, he shrugged. With Dyon's work ethic, he didn't need someone lording over him. If he wanted an excuse to escape the torture, he would have used it long ago.

The other point of unfortunate news was that Zabia and the Vinum disciples still hadn't woken up. It was probably a better idea for Dyon to bring them home so that they could break through to the dao formation realm.

Seeing the Demon Sage's lack of response, Dyon asked a question instead. "Would you like to wake up your daughter now? Or do you want me to wait until my empire is more stable?"

Truth be told, the Demon Sage was stunned by this question. Dyon knew by now that the Demon Sage's daughter was a dao formation expert, not a normal one either. Which selfish leader wouldn't want that kind of help right now? Yet, he could tell that Dyon would take his opinion seriously.

It was far safer for his daughter to remain in her current limbo state and reap the rewards of Dyon's already built kingdom. With how much the Demon Sage helped Dyon, his daughter had already earned this kind of treatment, there was no question. Whether it be the vaults filled with true infernal beast cores, or the countless body path and body refinement techniques, or the beast tomes. These things were invaluable to Dyon's future.

"I guess you do have a conscience." The Demon Sage snorted.

"We Pakals do not need anything handed to us!" Eventually, the Demon Sage settled on this response. "My daughter will fight for her place. But, I promise you that if I see you've bullied her from the other side, I'll rise from the dead to burn your empire to the ground!"

Dyon chuckled but didn't respond, simply intent to follow the Demon Sage toward his most sacred place.

Pausing at the door, the Demon Sage turned toward Dyon, his eyes filled with killing intent. He knew just how beautiful his daughter was and he also knew the kind of lustful being he was as the Demon Sage. Someone who understood Titan will was definitely far more lustful than him. Dyon's eyes may have been clear now, but who said that he would be when he saw the absolute beauty his daughter was?

The Demon Sage snorted when he saw Dyon's amused expression. "Knowing my little girl, she'd blast your head off for even the slightest lustful glint."

A rare affectionate light lit the Demon Sage's eyes.

"When I made my way back from the Timeless Library, only she remained from my family. I left her as an adorable toddler, but by then, she had already grown into a woman. I remember her being devastated... Many people said terrible things to me in that time, but knowing that my daughter lost her mother, her sisters and the man she loved because of me..."

"It hurt much more than anything else... Knowing that I caused my little girl so much pain because of my naivety..."

The Demon Sage sighed, pushing the doors of the room and allowing Dyon to follow him in.

Chapter 1233: Because of Me

Dyon followed the Demon Sage into a warmly lit room. The soothing gold light wasn't too invasive, but at the same time, it carried the contradictory feeling of covering any and all things.

"How did you manage to suspend her in time for so long?" Dyon couldn't help but ask out of curiosity.

The Demon Sage, who was still in his own thoughts, took a while to answer. "Oh... That is connected to the treasure those in-name disciples of mine came to search for."

Dyon blinked. "You mean the other half of the Jafari treasure? It has such an ability?"

"Mm. The Jafari family is one that lords of darkness, time, and space. Some of the greatest warriors to ever exist hailed from that family and a large part of their success and many successes of others afterward are connected to this family.

"It's quite rare from humans to have high affinities for such enigmatic wills, so they truly were a rare breed." The Demon Sage explained.

Dyon nodded to himself silently. According to the entity, while his grand teacher had 5 core abilities, only 2 were created by him alone: Cycle of Reincarnation and Time Lock. Both of these abilities were heavily tied with concepts of darkness, time and space.

Of course, Dyon had known of his grand teacher's connection to the Jafari family ever since Zabia blew a hole through his heart and body. He definitely seemed to have some lingering attachment to Zabia.

"It's even more rare for a single family line to exist for so long. As far as I know, if not the Chaotic Era, the Jafari family has existed since the beginning Primordial Era at worst. The only other clans that could even remotely claim such a thing are the infernal and celestial beasts, but they're quite literally blessed by the heavens. Humans have no such gift."

"Then how exactly does the treasure work? How is it so useful?"

When Dyon spoke to King Mino, he had gotten a portion of the answer and used his intelligence to figure out the rest. However, he didn't dare to be certain despite how excited it made him.

King Mino's half of the treasure was a godly spatial treasure. Even characterizing it as a supreme grade treasure seemed lacking... It was similar to how Dyon no longer bothered to call the demon sage tower a supreme grade treasure either. They both seemed to transcend that.

In the martial world, there were items known as pseudo treasures of the 33 heavens. In fact, Dyon had one in the Demolition Cube. However, this was just a fancy name for supreme grade treasures of the 10th to 12th realm.

Still, there was a massive gap between even a 12th stage supreme grade treasure and a true treasure of the 33 heavens. If Dyon had to guess, the Jafari treasures and the demon sage tower fell in between this gap.

This aside, King Mino's half had earth shattering abilities. It was capable of creating a shield of nigh impenetrable spatial will, protecting a certain area. With enough power, it was possible to cover entire planets, entire galaxies and even an entire universe!

It was no wonder Dyon was so excited. A massive problem anyone with ambitions to conquer faced was maintaining the territory you had taken while expanding it further. This sort of splitting of resources was the reason so many failed!

But, imagine for a moment that you no longer needed to actively protect your back. The moment you conquered a new universe, you could close it off from the outside world entirely! This was the possibility given by just one half of the Jafari Clan treasure!

"The other half of this treasure is anchored in spatial will. However," The Demon Sage continued, "My half is anchored in time will. Its capable of suspending a certain area, given enough energy, within its own timeline, making it almost unreachable. It's because of this treasure that I came the closest to starting from nothing to almost creating an Emperor God Clan."

Dyon breathing slightly quickened. Its own timeline? Who the hell created these treasures!? How heaven defying. If these two treasures came together...

"With this treasure, how did everything go wrong?" Dyon muttered.

The Demon Sage sighed. "I was arrogant. Firstly, this treasure needs an exorbitant amount of energy to work properly. In fact, even just covering a single planet would require everything you have. The good news is that this barrier only needs to be created once, but this one time cost is astronomical.

"When I left to the Timeless Library, I took the Jafari treasure with me. I'm afraid that had I not, it would have long since been plundered by my enemies, but that's beside the point. I needed the Jafari treasure to narrow the timeline the library could jump me forward through."

"But you said you only needed to make the barrier once, so why does it matter if you had to take the treasure away?" Dyon wondered.

"There's a reason this is only half of the treasure... The barrier created has flaws. If one is adept at time will, it's possible to find these flaws and exploit them. Only by combining both halves would the true abilities of the barrier manifest.

"Because I took the treasure with me, my enemies only needed to pay the price once... It was too difficult for my people to regroup with so many shameless individuals wanting to kill them in my absence..."

As Dyon listened to the Demon Sage, they continued to walk through the world of gold. Soon, a floating pod about the size of a human came into view.

"We've walked into another timeline." Little Yin and Yang suddenly said simultaneously.

Even though they spoke, Dyon wasn't listening at all. In fact, he had tuned out the Demon Sage completely as well. His heart was threatening to rip his chest apart and his entire mind was filled with one line the Demon Sage had said earlier, a line that he had completely ignored when he heard it then, but now was responsible for his whole world crashing down.

'I remember her being devastated... Many people said terrible things to me in that time, but knowing that my daughter lost ... the man she loved because of me...'

Chapter 1234: His?

The Demon Sage didn't seem to notice Dyon's odd change as he sighed, looking on at his daughter's lovely appearance.

She lay floating in the air, tilted ever so slightly toward them. Despite being in a deep sleep, her expression carried a dignified and slightly off-putting aura, one only possible by a ruler of many men and an Empress of a land.

Her hair was long, cascading with beautiful shimmer of red rubies and flickering golds. At the same time, her body was dressed in a soft white gown, exposing her small and delicate white feet and her slender and alluring shoulders.

Her features were the pinnacle of perfection, not a single blemish could be found on her face. This was the first woman Dyon had ever seen to match Evangeline in beauty and it made his heart almost stop pumping entirely.

It wasn't until more than half an hour passed that the Demon Sage awoke from his own thoughts and looked toward Dyon with a disgusted impression. His lips curled and his eyes squinted with disdain. It was one thing for him as a father to gaze at his daughter lovingly, but what was with this successor of his? Was he really so weak to beauties?

'He must not be used to seeing beauties who have grown through the celestial and dao formation realm.' The Demon Sage snorted to himself. 'Wait until he sees his first half-step transcendent lady, wouldn't that small cock of his explode?'

The Demon Sage wasn't entirely wrong. Dyon had never seen a half-step transcendent beauty. Before Evangeline could reveal her true appearance, Dyon had passed out.

That said, it wasn't entirely his fault. He had a planet grade aphrodisiac thrumming through his veins. What kind of man could handle such stimulus?

It was only then that the Demon Sage remembered just how difficult it was for him to control his lust in his youth. Back then, could he have spent 25 years without tasting a woman? Absolutely not. He might have been able to go three days at most... In fact, part of what made the demon sage tower so convenient was that he could take his women with him when he went of to train in dangerous environments.

Only someone who had been through it could truly understand how much lust a demonic path cultivator feels on the day to day basis. It was just that it had been so long since the Demon Sage even had a body to copulate with that he forgot.

Thinking to this point, the Demon Sage couldn't help but be impressed with Dyon. Last for so long with a woman... He could never do that. This didn't even mention the fact that Dyon was on the more demanding titan path and it wasn't 25 years he spent without a woman, but rather, 78.

"Kid, wake up!" The Demon Sage finally couldn't wait for Dyon to snap out of it on his own. "It's impossible for me to promise my daughter to you even if you're my successor, so it's best you forget about it. I'm sure there are plenty of women out there who would throw themselves at you considering you look like a flower boy."

Dyon's eyes dimmed, not seeming to hear the Demon Sage at all.

"You said..." He mumbled, almost as though he was speaking to himself, "You said you caused the death of the man she loved?..."

"Ah," The Demon Sage almost didn't know how to answer. How did they go from bickering back and forth to him suddenly having to deal with a broken-hearted teenager? What the hell was going on?

The Demon Sage suddenly felt kind of bad for some inexplicable reason. He didn't understand why, but the pain in Dyon's eyes seemed too real for him to ignore. Although he hated Dyon before, these years... He had grown on him.

"Listen brat, you're my successor!" The Demon Sage tried his hand at making Dyon feel better. "How could you become like this over a woman you don't even know?"

The Demon Sage coughed awkwardly. He had never experienced "love" in his life. Even this youngest daughter's mother was simply a woman he liked the look of. Sure, his harem was filled with women who loved him, but he had never felt that way toward them.

He would protect and go to war for them, yes. But love? He had never felt that emotion except toward his children.

A man like this understood even less about the way Dyon was feeling than even Dyon did.

Over the past hour, they had just stood there. Dyon had been trying to convince himself that the way he was feeling was ridiculous. That so what if she had loved someone else? She was still his, she would still be his, she had to still be his... No?

Yet, no matter what he said to himself, it felt cheap... cheap and empty. As though they were fleeting words that meant nothing in the face of the current situation.

"Can you tell me about it?..." Dyon said softly.

"Tell you about it?"

"Tell me about the man she loved..."

"This..." The Demon Sage paused, uncertain of how to respond. "... I don't know much. As I said, I left her when she was just a toddler. Whatever man she fell in love with was a man she met when I was long gone. By the time I came back, he was also gone."

"Just say what you know." Dyon pressed, his eyes lacking any light to speak of.

"Um..." Sargeras coughed. If he wasn't a spirit, he was certain that he'd be sweating buckets. "I really don't know much about this man. When I asked those who had survived along with my daughter, they said they had never met him. In fact, she refused to talk about him even when I asked."

"Then..."

"How did I find out? My daughter has an odd disorder... After the meridian formation realm, cultivators can stay awake without sleep practically indefinitely. Many only indulge in that act to calm themselves, relax or quickly recover drained mental energy, but it's not strictly necessary.

"However, my little girl often falls into deep sleeps. According to her aids, it started when she turned 16. It never got worse, but it also never got better. It was during one of those fits of sleep that I heard her continually mumbling the words husband and lord husband.

"At first, I was very angry. Who dared to marry my daughter without permission? And who dared force my daughter to call them lord husband? If anything, my daughter should have a harem of her own!" The Demon Sage snorted, clearly very angry toward this long dead man he had never met.

Dyon's body trembled, but he did his best to stand upright, did his best to pretend as though the demon sage's words weren't knifing through what remained of his psyche.

"You never tried to cure her?"

The Demon Sage awkwardly scratched the back of his head. "In truth, in her sleeping state, she's safer than ever. When there's no danger, she'd lie dormant. But, at the slightest hint of killing intent or if a threat to her life appeared, she would burst forth with strength even I'm fearful of.

"If I had to guess, it's similar to a selfless state, one so deep that even the heavens bless her. Also, in her sleeping state, she also passively cultivates with a speed that puts me to shame.

"With the help of the Jafari Clan treasure, I was only shipped 150 or so years into the future, yet my little girl was already a middle dao formation expert!" He beamed proudly, looking on toward the beauty with fatherly affection in his eyes.

One had to remember that after entering the Timeless Library, upon exit, one could be teleported anywhere along the timeline whether that be the absolute first year of all existence, or the last year. For the Jafari Clan treasure to be able to narrow this near infinite time to 150 years... It was clear how heaven defying it was.

Still, this young woman's cultivation speed was even more heaven defying!

What had the Dragon King said? He said it took him 300 years to enter the dao formation realm and 300 000 to become a half-step transcendent!

For this woman to not only become a dao formation expert, but to also reach the middle realm in just 150 years?! Genius wasn't enough to describe her!

The gap between an early and middle dao formation expert was so large that it overshadowed the gap between a low celestial and a peak celestial by more than three to even five times over! It took even geniuses thousands of years to fill even a single meridian with enigmatic energy, yet this woman progressed so far so easily!

To put this into perspective, the Dragon King entered the dao formation realm at 300 years old. That then left him with about 300 000 years to make it to the absolute peak. That's an average of 25 000 years per stage!

The low dao formation realm consists of the 1st to 3rd stage. The middle dao formation realm consisted of the 4th to 6th stage! If one were to convert, this woman did what the Dragon King would have needed 75 000 years to do, in just a few decades!

Of course, these measurements weren't exact. It was easier to cultivate at the beginning and progressively got more difficult. Also, these 300 000 years included the time spent stuck at the peak dao formation realm, trying to break through to the half-step transcendent realm. However, this was impressive nonetheless!

"So, there's really no need to cure her... I suspect she has an unknown constitution that allows her these boosts in her sleep –"

As they were speaking, the eyelashes of the beauty fluttered, causing Dyon's heart to seize once more.

He wasn't sure if he was ready... He wasn't sure if he could face what it meant for this beauty to open her eyes...

How many years had it been? For him, it was just 90 or so years since he last saw that beautiful cascade of red hair... felt that air of a queen... his queen... 90 years since she had sacrificed her life for him...

However, for her, it had been several trillion years... Eras had risen and fallen... Clans had come and went...

Was she truly still his?... Was she still his Amphorae?...

Chapter 1235: Your Heard Me

Dyon's jaw steeled. The Demon Sage couldn't help but look toward him with pity.

He shook his head, sighing. 'My daughter's charms are simply too much. Of course, she gets it from her father. Such a valiant spirit in a woman! Who else but my seed could accomplish such a thing? It's no wonder he's smitten.'

The Demon Sage nodded to him, a deep pride welling up inside of him. He was apparently very certain that it was his genes and not Amphorae's upbringing that made her like this. For that matter, could he

even name the characteristics of Amphorae's mother? Could he even remember her name? He's simply terrible. Yet another case of a father taking credit for a mother's work.

Seeing Amphorae's eyes flutter, Dyon had half a mind to simply walk out. Wasn't it better for her to not face him at all? If her memories awakened the moment she saw him like Luna promised, wouldn't she be racked with guilt? Dyon didn't want her to have to go through that.

He couldn't lie to himself. It hurt. The thought of his wife falling in love with another was heart wrenching.

Thinking to this point, he chuckled to himself. What a hypocrite he was. What right did he have to feel this way? Hadn't he boldly proclaimed to Madeleine that he only needed her? Then less than a year later, he met Ri. In fact, he could still remember just how conflicted Ri felt about sharing her husband, how did it feel for her then? Now he was on the verge of having a mental breakdown for the same thing he put his wives through everyday?

'My mental state is so weak.' Dyon looked up at the high ceiling above his head, as though he was looking for answers.

Dyon had known for a long time that this was the case. In fact, he still hadn't completely gotten over his comprehension of Chaos. He was just managing to keep it together because the hopes of so many rested on his shoulder.

What he realized when his heart welled up with joy as he practiced array alchemy was that he had long since lost himself. If he was truly anchored in his own being, if he truly understood what it meant to be Dyon Sacharro, would he be shaken into despair so easily?

Year after year, decade after decade, he immersed himself in training. He tortured his body and his mind time and time again. Yet, he spent little time on his own spirituality. He had lost what it meant to be Dyon to the point where he was surprised when he remembered how much he loved array alchemy.

Then, when he grasped that love of his once more, what did he do? He began to torture himself once more. He quite literally just spent the last near 80 years of his existence doing nothing but training. And, other than making food for his beast companions and the rodents he was breeding, he hardly touched array alchemy at all.

Dyon realized that this was always his go to, his escape. Whenever he didn't want to face the reality of what it meant to be himself, he threw himself into work.

When he was in the mortal realm, he closed himself off from everyone to the point where he completely neglected his childhood love, Clara.

In the martial world, he repeated these mistakes time and time again. Sure, he had a goal he wanted to accomplish, but to what ends? Was it worth hurting those close to him? Or even worse, hurting himself? Were these the things that he wanted for himself?

Even now, he was finding excuses for himself. 'Amphorae will feel guilty, so I should leave.' What a load of nonsense.

This man Amphorae was pining over was dead. Did Dyon really love Amphorae if he was willing to let her wallow in that misery? So what if she once belonged to another, was that her fault? Of course not.

Dyon's mental state seemed to finally reach an equilibrium. A calm overwhelmed his senses, soothing his very being.

Waves of pure energy wafted through his Mind's Eye, causing the Sovereign Seed to double in size. In response, the toddler grew from just two to three years of age, to five or six.

The Demon Sage felt these changes happening within Dyon, but his awareness only made him shocked. Regular lust wouldn't have caused a breakthrough in mental state, could it be that this brat really loved his daughter? How is that possible? His father wasn't even a seed in his grandfather's sack when my daughter was born...

The truth was the Demon Sage went through the Epistemic Tower trials too, but how could he ever connect the Amphorae of then to his daughter?

As the Demon Sage thought, within Dyon's inner world, a crown floating within a halo of black-gold trembled fiercely. The land below it shook, cracking, before expanding explosively. What once was a land of a hundred meters across, increased to an entire kilometer!

Amphorae's beautiful eyelashes continued to flutter. Because of her hair color, they almost looked like red-gold fairy wings, descending upon mankind from the skies above.

And then... They opened. Shimmering gems of emerald, sparkling deep within.

At that same moment, Dyon had looked down from the ceiling, making the decision to face this head-on. He had run for too long...

When Amphorae's eyes landed on Dyon, a flash of emotion crossed. It was first confusion, deep thought, realization, and then a deep longing.

"Lord husband?" Her lips trembled.

The delicate sleeping beauty stood with a speed Dyon couldn't track, appearing before him in an instant and burying her head in his chest.

Amphorae clung to Dyon so tightly that he was completely unable to breathe. Even still, he had a serene expression on his face, silently holding onto her tender frame while stroking her long hair.

By now, the Demon Sage's skin had torn through all colors of the rainbow. It had started red, before deepening so fiercely that it turned violet, then blue. In the end, it darkened to the point where it turned black before suddenly becoming white and green. Who could have known that a spirit could undergo so many changes?!

"Y – y – you! Get away from my daughter!" The Demon Sage's roar shook the Palace, causing Zabia and the Vinum disciples who had just been resting to startle awake, shocking expressions on their faces.

Dyon didn't seem to hear him at all, even a lord of the heavens couldn't make him let of Amphorae, not when tears were streaming down her face.

When last he saw this wife of his, she had sacrificed her life for his sake. If it wasn't for Amphorae, Dyon would have died in his second trial.

Back then, his body had somehow gone into the trial itself. While for others, it would have simply ended in failure, for him, there were only two paths: success or die.

It was because Amphorae sacrificed everything that Dyon could stand here today. How could he betray the love of such a woman for petty jealousy? He would never. Could never.

"Husband, - I – I." Amphorae tried to speak, but her emotions choked her words. This beauty who was so well known for her calm and elegant demeanor was anything but right now.

"There's no need to explain." Dyon said with a smile, holding her gently.

Amphorae's eyes flashed with a hint of confusion before a knowing glint lit them. She giggled to herself silently, something that shocked even her. 'Stupid husband.'

But in the end, she said nothing.

"Well I do need an explain!" The Demon Sage roared. This whole time he had been making fun of Dyon as some lovesick puppy. Could he even be called a man for falling in love at first sight? These were his inner thoughts. Yet, his daughter was just whisked away? Just like that? How could he stand such a thing?

Dyon looked up to the Demon Sage. "You're not allowed to die now, even if you want to."

"What did you say to me?!" The Demon Sage was losing his mind. What did this snotty nosed brat think this was? He was the mighty Demon Sage! Even his enemies only dared to attack his empire after he was gone!

"You heard me. Since you're Amphorae's father, you have no right to die as you please. If you dare to think otherwise, I'll seal your spirit for all of eternity. Try me." Dyon's eyes flashed.

Before, he had been planning on letting the Demon Sage do whatever he wanted. It was already difficult enough for him to father the resources to build bodies for his master and the titled geniuses, building one for the demon sage would put him at his wits end.

Chapter 1236: Dammit!

One had to know that the blue print for the body was within the soul. If the materials weren't powerful enough to rebuild the Demon Sage's body, Dyon's efforts would collapse.

Rebuilding a celestial beast body was already so difficult, to add the body of a martial saint on top of that? It was too difficult!

Plus, the Demon Sage was annoying. They were akin to oil and water whenever they interacted. It would probably be better for his sanity if he allowed the Demon Sage to be stubborn.

But, now that he knew that the Demon Sage was actually Amphorae's father in her second life, how could he allow him to die just because he wanted to be arrogant? Fuck that. The Demon Sage in spirit form was no match for Dyon.

One had to consider the fact that even at his peak, the Demon Sage's soul was weaker than Dyon's now. Now, he was only a remnant piece of that original soul. He stood not a single chance.

In Dyon's arms, Amphorae smiled sweetly, breathing in Dyon's scent. She knew how stubborn this father of hers was, maybe only Dyon's brash approach could control him.

The Demon Sage trembled in rage. "Do you think I won't just burn my soul? You think you can turn me into a puppet?"

Before the Demon Sage could finish speak, a magnificent ancient temple appeared in the air. In an instant, let alone burn his soul, the Demon Sage couldn't even lift a finger or speak!

"You have no will of your own anymore!" Dyon said with a stern expression, causing the Demon Sage to fall into a fit of depression.

"Father, don't be so stubborn." Amphorae spoke lightly, leaving Dyon's embrace to stand by his side. Her voice had once more gained its calm and she had begun to exude a pressure that made Dyon's heart palpitate. Not even a million of him would be enough to defeat this wife of his.

He couldn't get over how beautiful she was, it made his lower belly light with flame that made even his titan diamond body uncomfortable.

The Demon Sage gritted his teeth. Was this really his fate?

"Just... Just tell me how this happened, dammit!"

...

After listening to the story, the Demon Sage went through another fit of color changes before he sighed dejectedly. This Dyon Sacharro... really was the bane of his existence. To think he was fated to take his daughter's hand before he or she was even born! What kind of bullshit game were the heavens playing with his life? Was he really meant to be nothing but a backdrop for this young man? Where was the fairness?

Sighing, the Demon Sage disappeared dejectedly. Who knew what corner of the Palace he had gone off to? He was just sick and tired of seeing his daughter's lovestruck appearance. It broke his fatherly heart.

Amphorae Pakal! That was a name that had shook the very martial world long ago before she was forced into hiding by her father's rampage.

When the Demon Sage came back, he obviously lost himself in anger. This was the point in time when he fell to the demonic path, losing his sense of self entirely. As a consequence, he began to attack each and every one of the clans that caused his harm, destroying their foundations one by one.

However, there were some clans with foundations much too sturdy for him to shake alone. Maybe if he had calmed himself and not been so arrogant, he could have rebuilt his kingdom. After all, he still had the Jafari Clan treasure and a large portion of his wealth was still in tact as well. In addition, his daughter

was a heavenly defying talent... In just a few thousand years, there would likely only be a handful of individuals capable of matching her might.

Together, they could have rebuilt the kingdom. But, he lost himself in anger. In fact, the Clans that he lost to were still thriving today, more than twenty million years later. These were the clans that no longer needed the Epistemic Tower and were among the handful that sustained themselves without it. These were mighty comet grade and even moon grade Clans! There were even rumors of a behemoth Planet Grade Clan.

Knowing all of this, the Demon Sage was depressed. It should be his legacy reigning supreme, yet it was handed off to someone else. Even his own daughter wasn't his to claim anymore... Wasn't that far too much for any one man to handle?

Dyon looked toward Amphorae, smiling toward her so sweetly that he knew if the Demon Sage saw it, he would vomit in disgust.

"Is there something on my face?" Despite asking that question, Amphorae's appearance had returned to its stoic form, making Dyon chuckle.

"Let's go," Dyon suddenly said. With a step, they disappeared out of the Palace and appeared by a lake.

Truth be told, even Dyon was stunned. He had planned on taking at least three to four leaps to get here. After all, his spatial jump was limited to a kilometer at most while this lake was a bit over three away.

Amphorae smiled lightly at Dyon's confused expression.

Seeing this, Dyon thought that it was her who had helped him out, but she shook her head at his gaze.

"Maybe you've just grown stronger." Amphorae said lightly.

"Maybe..." Dyon didn't think this change was so simple. He would only grow more confused when he noticed the abrupt size change in his inner world. "Forget it."

Dyon and Amphorae enjoyed a quiet afternoon alone. Amphorae had always been a woman of few words, so she simply listened to Dyon's stories with an expression of satisfaction coating her beautiful features.

Dyon had to try his best to avoid her piercing gaze, she was simply too beautiful. He felt that if he looked for too long, he would lose control of his body. He could only hold her small frame on his lap, looking off toward the calm lake ahead of them.

A day later, Dyon suddenly noticed a golden bracelet in the shape of a dragon on Amphorae's dainty wrist.

"You actually found this in this life too?" Dyon was pleasantly surprised. After all, the Golden Dragon Lyre was a treasure of the 33 heavens. Not only that, but it was one of the few offensive types... For Dyon who mostly had auxiliary type treasures of this caliber, this was new to him.

"Oh, this?" Amphorae lifted her hand and rotated her wrist.

Even such a simple movement took Dyon's breath away. It was as though Amphorae's every action was in line the heavens themselves.

"I believe Luna may have something to do with it. It was melded to my soul at birth. After my soul broke into the celestial realm, it manifested on its own. Would you like me to play for you, husband?"

Dyon smiled. "You can call me Dyon, you know."

Amphorae shook her head. "Everyone calls you Dyon." She said sweetly. "I want to be one of the few who can call you husband."

With a thought, the golden bracelet morphed. However, instead of forming a lyre, it actually became a flute!

Amphorae didn't need to explain for Dyon to understand. This was a treasure created by the birth of music will! How could it only have a single form? In all likelihood, it could take the form of any musical instrument to ever exist.

Chapter 1237: Warmth

Raising her delicate arms to one side, Amphorae rested the back of her head to Dyon's chest before raising the golden flute to her lips.

In the next moment, the music of a goddess filled the mystical world...

Dyon felt as though all of his fatigue, all of his hidden injuries, all of his worries... Were washed away in an existence.

In an instant of calm, Dyon breathed in Amphorae's delicate fragrance... He was overwhelmed by a gentle honey smell, filling his body with warmth.

Dyon felt his mental energy replenishing quickly. Years of constant attempts at breaking into the master realm of runic vein theory had whittled him down more than even he knew. Combined with the lack of appropriate food and Dyon's body was in a far worse situation than he wanted to admit.

He didn't even realize when he suddenly fell into a deep sleep. Although his back was as straight as a spear and he never once let his grip on Amphorae go, his mind had fallen into a deep state of unconsciousness.

It was then that the crown within his inner world vibrated to life once more. Dyon's Mind's Eye quaked, pushing fiercely toward the dao formation realm. However, a severe bottleneck was found waiting... Not one placed by Dyon's lack of accumulation, but rather one placed by the toddler.

Suddenly, Dyon's Mind's Eye contracted, shrinking from its 100 000km diameter. Its size halved once, then twice, then a third time. This continued until it had just 10% of its range before exploding forth with an added might.

The bottleneck trembled once more, threatening to shatter under the assault, however, the toddler remained unaffected, nonchalant even. It was as though the prowess of Dyon's soul was nothing in front of it.

Like a parent trying to appease an aggrieved child, the toddler almost seemed to sigh as it allowed Dyon's Mind's Eye to escape the 100 000km range, pushing forward toward the 200 000km range before finally slowing.

If one could see what was happening within Dyon's Mind's Eye, they'd have to rub their eyes in disbelief. This simply didn't make any sense nor was it rooted in any precedent or logic. One had to understand that the normal range for a peak celestial soul was a few hundred kilometers at most. Only dao formation experts could break into the thousands while several hundred thousand could only be seen within half-step transcendent realm experts!

The range Dyon had at the mere peak celestial realm didn't make sense!

Maybe if it was just about range, one could accept it. So what if he had eyes 200 000km from himself. How useful could that possibly be when a planet would only average 30 to 50 000km in circumference? Sure, the epistemic tower's inner world spanned millions of miles, but even if that was the case, how useful could it possibly be?

If Dyon could cover an entire universe with his divine sense, at least he could use it to find hidden resources that way. However, no matter how far Dyon's divine sense stretched, this would forever be impossible!

The reason this was amazing was simple. Dyon had the capital to do things with his soul usually impossible for mortals. Whether it be his thinking speed, the potential of his mental energy, or the soul energy reserves he had... No one could match him!

In fact, with this boost to his soul, Dyon finally had enough energy to pump into his Florence Clan technique to form a clone. Although it would be a very weak clone in terms of percentage of his strength, this reality still remained true!

In the state of absolute comfort, it wasn't until hours later that Dyon awoke. Although the music had stopped, he still felt endlessly peaceful.

Amphorae watched as Dyon's eyes slowly opened before she turned back to the lake before them, a small smile on her face.

"Husband, would you like to have sex?"

Dyon was so stunned by the question that he nearly choked on his breath. He didn't even know how to answer.

He understood the personalities of his wives well. Ri wouldn't have said it in this way, she would have been more seductive and assertive. Honestly, most times she didn't even ask for his opinion. Clara needed more prompting. In fact, she had never initiated sex between them even once. She was simply more reserved. As for Madeleine, she wasn't afraid to initiate either, but she would simply communicate with her eyes. Often times, she would do so for his sake, knowing that he was holding back. But, more recently, it had been for herself.

As for Amphorae, it was difficult for him to put a finger on. She said the words so nonchalantly, as though she didn't care what his answer was. This was so like her, so aloof and imposing, yet elegant and refined at the same time.

"Um..." Dyon coughed slightly. Never would he think that he'd be put into such an awkward situation when a question had such an obvious answer.

Amphorae smiled lightly. "I ask because you've been poking at me quite viciously for the past few hours. I take it as that's a, yes? I wouldn't mind, but... It's just that father has been watching us for quite a while now. He doesn't seem too happy."

Dyon's face turned from red to a pitch dark black.

In the distance, hearing his daughter's words, the Demon Sage shook with an anger that caused the skies above to quake. He didn't seem to care that it was his daughter who initiated at all, to him, it was Dyon tainting his angel.

After listening to Dyon talk about all of his wives with his little girl, it had taken the Demon Sage's everything to not strangle the little brat to death. You still dare to have other wives and my daughter?! Fuck!

The Demon Sage had decided. He'd make Dyon make him a body so he could beat the living shit out of him!

Chapter 1238: Soul Rend Quadrant

Now that Dyon was completely awake, he could feel the Demon Sage's presence very clearly. He should have realized before, but he still couldn't get over just how beautiful Amphorae was. It distracted him to no end, to the point where he had long since lost control of his lower body.

This had quite literally never happened to Dyon before, he had always been able to control it. But, at the moment, it stood at full mast without any signs of calming down.

Amphorae didn't seem to mind, even smiling slightly, but that didn't stop Dyon from being embarrassed. Up to now, he had been too used to dealing with women his age, but whether it was Evangeline or Amphorae, both of whom were multiple times his elder, he could only sit idly by to be teased.

Of course, Dyon could lay a concealment array that the Demon Sage had no hope of seeing through, but who knew what that old man would do if he lost control of himself.

With a darkened and clearly sulking expression, Dyon stood with Amphorae in his arms.

"It's time to leave this place. After we find an old folks' home for that old bastard, we'll finally be free."

Hearing Dyon's words, the Demon Sage nearly erupted once more. Old folks' home? Was he senile? Was he even that old? He hadn't even grown any white hair yet!

Dyon, however, didn't pay attention to him and began to swiftly make preparations to leave.

By Dyon's estimation, the beast clans wouldn't let this go lightly. Although it had been 20+ years in here for him, to them, it had only been 2 to 3 months. That amount of time wasn't enough for them to make it back to their gate from the center of the universe. However, what it might be enough time for is for a message to reach their elders.

In the case those geniuses decided to send a message, it wouldn't be long before their elders made it to this place.

Of course, there was also the possibility that the Golden Crown Crow Clan had sent elders the moment they sensed Balor's death. In that case, Dyon estimated that they'd be here in just a few more weeks. But, he still worked leisurely. That was because a few weeks in the outside world was still several years in here!

After transferring Zabia and the Vinum geniuses to the demon sage tower, Dyon then focused in on the massive infernal core that acted as the central core to the Mystical World.

The process of transferring the central core away was a bit more complex than Dyon had anticipated, so it was a good thing that they had the time.

Firstly, one needed to find the 'spatial anchors' of the Mystical World. Without these spatial anchors, it was very possible for a Mystical World to become lost in a plane of their own. They acted as the coordinates to the Mystical World, allowing it to be found with certainty. In addition, its because Legacy Worlds do not have these spatial anchors that their movements are often unpredictable and require special tools to find them once more.

After locating all spatial anchors, there came the process of transferring them to an appropriate vessel. Luckily, the central core of a world is perfect for that task. Unluckily, the process of moving even one for a Mystical World so large was far more than what Dyon could bear alone. If it wasn't for Amphorae's help, he would have failed miserably, something the Demon Sage found very funny.

One by one, the spatial anchors were moved and the world started to slowly dissipate around them. In the end, Dyon only needed to move the infernal core into one of the demon sage tower's many rooms.

However, that was when he ran into yet another problem. The infernal core was over 2 kilometers in diameter, yet, the only room Dyon had unlocked large enough to hold it was currently housing millions of rodents he was still selectively breeding.

In the end, it took Amphorae giving her father a side eye to work everything out. The spirit then recognized the demon sage as its former owner and opened up a room on the third floor that Dyon hadn't had access to previously. Unfortunately, the Demon Sage was too stingy to simply give Dyon access to the rest of the tower.

One had to remember that the Demon Sage didn't face any trials at all when he received the tower. This was obvious... After all, how could he pass a trial set by a transcendent?

It was purely because the Demon Sage hated his successor that he implemented these trials where there were none before. Knowing this, why would he remove them now?

Dyon could only roll his eyes at this supposed father-in-law of his. In fact, he refused to acknowledge him as such, instead settling on the 'old bastard' title.

Finally, they were prepared to set off. Now that Dyon had access to quite a few dao stones, albeit only a few hundred since he hadn't had time to mine more, the trip across the universe was far quicker. What should have taken him months was completed in just a few hours. By the following weeks when the beast clans appeared, a training ground they had been using for millions of years would be gone.

As for Dyon, he was headed directly to Soul Rend Quadrant.

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"Wow..." Even though he was standing in his own corner, a corner where his name rang like thunder in the ears of others, Dyon was completely stunned.

Just a few moments ago, him and Amphorae had made it to Celestial Deer Corner. Originally, Dyon had only planned on making a quick stop here before heading directly to Soul Rend Corner, but he was frozen by what he saw.

Currently, he stood on a teleportation platform. As for Amphorae, she was hidden within his inner world. For obvious reasons, she couldn't appear on the saint floors. Apparently, she had long since climbed to the dao floors but had likely lost the right to enter again because she was no longer affiliated with a King God Clan. However, that was a matter that would be fixed quite soon.

'You really went all out, huh Meiying?' Dyon was legitimately impressed.

The buildings themselves were an odd mixture of modern and ancient. It was a melding of two worlds that shouldn't have worked, yet still filled Dyon with a sense of comfort. His every breath was infused with such spirit that he felt the celestial realm barrier rattle again. In the end, he was forced to temper it down once more, knowing that this wasn't the right time to break through.

In the distance, Dyon could see a collection of towering glass buildings designed with intricate metals and shimmering jades. It only took a moment for Dyon to realize that Meiying took inspiration from the Elvin Kingdom for those.

In another direction, Dyon saw beautiful uses of nature. Ancient trees, spiritual flowers and fruits graced natural buildings that melded into them perfectly. Dyon had no doubt that Eli had a great hand in growing them to such a level.

Yet, the greatest attraction was a massive dome that took up the center of the Corner. It looked almost like a spider web from above, but it was made entirely of white jade. Although white jade was less expensive than moon and star jade, it was still an extravagant expenditure! Especially since the entire dome structure was over a kilometer in width and length!

Below the spider web of white jade, there was a dome of shimmer rainbow glass, the product of smelting numerous metals and thinning them to the point that they could be seen through. On one hand, they maintained the aesthetic of glass while on the other being far sturdier and more durable than normal glass!

What Dyon didn't know was that this dome was the main attraction of the Corner. It was known as Sacharro Dome and sold all of the most valuable pieces Dyon had to offer. In fact, they had begun renting stalls to ambitious merchants while taking a share of their profits as well! In addition, Masters of the arts would often set up exhibits within it, attracting large crowds.

Dyon hadn't implemented this idea, actually. It was Clara who decided to do so in his absence, and it was absolutely genius.

Of course, they only allowed products of a certain caliber to be sold. This way, they could maintain the high-class persona of the Corner. At the same time, they didn't allow anything that stepped upon markets the Sapientia covered. This gave the Celestial Deer Corner a good reputation that even the Sapientia couldn't openly complain about.

Chapter 1239: Soon

Dyon couldn't help but subconsciously float into the air to get a better look, but who would have known that he would be scolded within his own corner?

"Hey! Get down here!" A good willed individual yelled at Dyon from below. "Flying is prohibited in Celestial Deer Corner! If you go too high, the Demon Generals will spot and punish you!"

The good willed young man shivered at the thought of the Demon Generals. They really were far too cruel and powerful.

Hearing these words, Dyon chuckled. But, he obediently came back down in the end.

"Thanks!" Dyon grinned toward his 'savior' and flashed forward. In an instant, it was as though he was never there.

The young man couldn't help but rub his eyes and blink. A saint shouldn't have the power to do what Dyon just did. Was he seeing things? That must be it...

He muttered to himself as he walked away.

**

"This is your empire?" Amphorae asked pensively, looking around with a glint in her eye. It seemed she found it quite beautiful. Meiyang had put no less effort into Soul Rend Quadrant in comparison to the Corner.

Dyon smiled lightly. "It doesn't deserve to be called an Empire quite yet, but it's a decent start."

Although he tried to remain calm, the former Cathedral City, now known as Soul City, blew his expectations out of the water once again.

Before, he had been skeptical about just how much Meiyang could accomplish in just 3 years, but by the looks of it, it was he who underestimated her. He was still thinking of construction times in terms of his mortal world... For example, Sacharro Dome would have taken mortals at least a decade to construct!

However, it should have been obvious to him that cultivators could build things far quicker...

"Let's go and take a tour before heading to Soul Rending Peak. I'm quite interested in how things are going." Dyon said after another moment's pause.

"Mm." Amphorae didn't have any objections. Technically, she knew that Dyon could layer the entire planet with his divine sense to find out what he wanted to know. But, her heart warmed knowing that he was taking it slow for her. After all, she had been stuck in a pod for more than twenty million years.

Just like that, stories of an ethereal red-headed beauty began to spread all throughout the former Planet Cathedral, now known as Planet Soul...

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Dyon was supremely satisfied with what he saw. The academies had already produced quite a few B and A rank students, with two of the three having already produced one S rank each. In addition, Elder Nova was still being forced to diligently teach, so the foundations of these youngsters were incomparably firm. After all, who wouldn't dream of having a dao formation expert for a teacher?

Unsurprisingly, the two S ranked youths immediately decided that they wanted to join the Demon Generals. In just another half a decade or so, they'd be old enough to do just that!

Because of Dyon's implemented plans, every half a year or so, the Demon Generals would do a few demonstrations for the academy youths. So, many of the youngsters had begun to dream of one day donning the legendary Demon General Armor.

In the beginning, it had only been a dream for the young boys, but after the female Vice Commanders like Maaleshiira made her presence known, the young girls began to dream as well.

This aside, there was more good news as well. Because Dyon had exited his trials and awakened his soul, he had once more gained the ability to provide cultivation resources to the Demon Generals. As a result, those who had been in the essence gatherer tier had stormed into the saint tier once more, while more than half of the Demon Generals had become first grade celestials!

Unfortunately, with the good news, often came the bad. During his trip around Planet Soul with Amphorae, he finally learned why he wasn't able to mobilize faith.

"Conquering a universe isn't so arbitrary. In fact, it has very strict rules and requirements to be met, with each universe having its own set. Becoming the ruler of a Royal God Clan is easy enough, but the moment one steps into the King God Clan realm, the difficulty sky-rockets." Amphorae explained patiently.

"Everything in existence has a will. It's by controlling this will that one earns the right to mobilize the faith of a planet, or universe, or quadrant.

"In order to officially make Soul Rending Peak a Royal God Clan of Planet Soul, you need to take back the will the Cathedral had. This requires a battle on a spiritual plane of existence.

"The first step is to enter the most sacred land of Soul Rending Peak. The second step is to enter a meditative state. And the third step is to win. Since no one is audacious enough to fight you, taking the entire will of Planet Soul should be easy because it seems like its citizens like you.

"However... To become a King God Clan, a ruler of an entire universe, you need to earn the respect of the universe itself, something that has varying degrees of difficulty. For a universe like this one, with such dense energy, it will be very difficult. I believe you should wait to accumulate more momentum. However, because it's a soul-based universe, it should be too difficult for you." Amphorae concluded seriously.

"I see..." Dyon sighed. No one ever tells him anything because they assume he knows, but he's still a newbie with all of this martial world stuff.

Suddenly, conquering universes didn't seem so simple anymore. It was something he definitely didn't have time to do right now, after all, Madeleine was waiting for him.

Soon, the two of them had made it to the grand front gates of Soul Rending Peak which stood several dozen meters taller than it once had before.

Not wanting to disturb anything, Dyon flashed forward with Amphorae, making it to the core sect without anyone realizing a thing. After being disappointed to find that Clara wasn't there and admiring the beautifully built Master's Palace, he got to work anchoring the Demon Sage's Mystical World right next to the Celestial Beast's.

**

"Big brother, can we come out now?" The celestial beast babies pouted. They had spent the past quarter century doing nothing but training and had broken into the celestial realm as well. But, whenever they entered their human forms, they insisted on remaining as toddlers. Apparently, this was yet another heaven defying ability their bloodlines gave them.

Actually, it was one they had lost when their bloodlines degraded. However, with Dyon's help, the four of them had once more unlocked it. They could thus control their sizes at will now to a certain extent.

Three adorable four to five-year-old little girls ran toward down, their small frilly gowns blowing behind them.

As for the only male among them, he snorted at their antics with disdain. Since Sen's true form was over twenty meters tall now, he insisted on staying in it to show off his manliness.

Dyon smiled and couldn't help but scoop them up in his arms. They had experienced almost a hundred years of life by now, but insisted on acting like babies.

"OO! Who's this beautiful big sister!" Shere's large black eyes blinked as she scurried around Dyon's body as though he was nothing more than a tree, standing on his shoulders to look at Amphorae with interest.

Despite having been in the same tower for hours, the celestial beast babies had been in their respective training rooms and hadn't met her yet.

Dyon grinned proudly. "She's my wife!"

"Big brother, you're so bad! What about big sister Ri and Clara?!" Shere took this chance to tease Dyon, causing Amphorae to smile sweetly, taking the little girl in her arms.

Shere pouted. "Big sister, you have to be careful. He's a big, bad man who bullies little girls. He's not good enough for you."

Linlin and Biibi giggled, but Sen was frozen in place. While standing in the Palace hall, his massive head actually touched the ceiling. In fact, Amphorae was nothing but a small doll from his perspective. Yet, he was a budding young man who had yet to have his first woman yet. With Linlin, Biibi and Shere always running around like toddlers, when had he ever seen such a voluptuous beauty? He was immediately infatuated!

Dyon laughed looking at their antics. "Don't worry Sen, I'll find you a wife soon."

Chapter 1240: Enticement

"Really big brother?" Sen hopped excitedly, not minding that he shook the entire Palace with a single movement. "I want a big busty blond, a petite Lolita, and at least one sadist. My uncle always said that taming a sadistic woman is the best feeling in the world!"

Linlin, Biibi and Shere looked toward Sen with disdain. Despite being beasts, they were women first and foremost. Why was Sen talking about women like they were cabbages you could just pick one of every kind of?

Dyon's lip twitched. He didn't dare to comment with Amphorae right next to him. Something about her calm slight smile sent shivers down his spine.

"You little brat. The women that choose to follow you must do so willingly! Such a thing depends on your charms. Your big brother is lacking in this area, you'll have to stumble around for yourself." Dyon said after coughing for a bit.

Amphorae's emerald eyes shone brightly for a moment before dimming back.

"Of course, willingly!" Sen scratched the back of his head. His palms were so large that they overshadowed even that massive head of his. "If it's not willingly, what fun would there be?"

Dyon shook his head and said no more.

"What will you do for now?" Dyon turned to Amphorae. He was unwilling to leave her so soon, but he quite literally only had a few days remaining before the Golden Flame Mystical World opened. He couldn't leave Madeleine, especially not with the Golden Crow Sect eyeing her flames.

Amphorae smiled mysteriously. "Dragon hunting."

Dyon's eyes widened. "Wâ€" huh?"

"There is no better place to train than the Drago-Qilin lands. I haven't stretched my legs in a long time." Amphorae said lightly.

Although her words were just as steady and even as ever, her lust for battle made Dyon's dao heart tremble. It wasn't until now that Dyon realized just how much of her aura Amphorae hid from him. If a mere leak could cause his very cultivation root to quake, what would her full momentum do?

Up until now, Dyon had never met a true dao formation expert. Each one he had clashed with till now could only be considered those who were severely weakened or had only barely made it into the realm. However... Amphorae was a true dao formation expert! A middle one at that! To say that she could kill Dyon with a single finger was a severe understatement, she didn't even need to lift a finger!

In her previous life, Amphorae had never had an opportunity to find what she truly loved. Much like Dyon, her life was filled with duty and responsibility, not to mention training. Sure, there was her love of music, but even that was hidden... But, in this life, after her father's empire was destroyed, the only person she had to answer to was herself! She had grown exponentially as a person!

The truth of the matter was that she had no obligation to still love Dyon, even after awakening her memories. To her, her past life couldn't be considered truly living... She didn't even understand herself, how could she decide what she loved?

However, when Amphorae's memories awakened, she realized that even now, the shadow Dyon left on her heart was irreplaceable! She didn't fully understand why, it was difficult to put it into words, she just knew that in this life, there could only be Dyon!

That said, she would ignore the things she loved in this life for his sake again. Hidden behind her slight smile and elegant demeanor, there was a boiling lust for battle, a will to conquer and a willingness to shower herself in blood!

Dyon's heart pumped as he looked on toward his wife.

Of his loves, Madeleine hated fighting and blood with a passion. Ri was opinionless on the topic and only fought as a means to an end, her true love had been array alchemy, but her poor talent had stopped her from pursuing it until recently. As for Clara, she was a woman of the mortal realm, her first kill hadn't even come until just a few years earlier when she was forced to take Head Void's life!

However, Amphorae grew and was baptized in blood time and time again. Her father was the mighty Demon Sage. Her husband was the mighty Titan Emperor. Not only did she have an Asura bloodline

from her Pakal heritage, her true bloodline was bestowed by the conquerors of the human race: the angels!

Dyon suddenly grinned as he watched Amphorae's valiant aura steadily grow. She wanted to temper it down, but the prospect of battle was so exciting to her that she couldn't control it. Even Dyon couldn't control his trembling as he stood across from her... His own wife's presence... It made him feel fear! The poor celestial beast babies had gone quiet, shoving their small faces into Dyon's chest. There had even leapt from Amphorae's arms, into Dyon's.

"You four... Go find somewhere else to be!" Dyon dropped the three toddlers in his arms, much to their despair. But, considering they were actually almost 30 years old by now, he wasn't sorry at all.

In one swift motion, he swept Amphorae's small waist into his arms, greedily breathing in her scent as his lower regions flamed to life, and disappeared.

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The three toddlers never fell to the floor. After Amphorae's valiant aura disappeared, they regained their bearings and began to hover, each pouting furiously.

"He really just dropped us like that! Doesn't he know that we're delicate young ladies?!" There's pout turned into a tiger's growl. It was so ferocious that a slaughter qi overwhelmed the palace. But, Dyon only chuckled when he sensed it.

Linlin and Biibi only giggled lightly. "Big brother is going to take us out for some fun in a few days, let him have his fun."

In the corner, Sen tried to hide his massive body. His shoulders trembled, hiding his massive head behind them.

'I really said those things about women in front of that scary big sister? Stupid! Stupid!'

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A moment later, Dyon had softly laid Amphorae down on a bed that was more than 6 meters in length and 4 in width.

One arm propped himself up while the other held Amphorae's waist steadily. At the same time, Amphorae's long, smooth legs wrapped around his waist, her elegant white gown slipping down to reveal a wondrously plump ass and white laced panties.

Her lips gently kissed Dyon. Although she didn't initiate, she seemed to open herself up to him with a graceful ease... It was as though she was inviting her Lord Husband to take pleasure in her body.

A small mischievous glint flashed within Amphorae's beautiful green eyes. A moment later, a burst of enigmatic energy completely burned Dyon's clothes to nothing, leaving him completely naked.

Dyon pulled away, looking down at himself in exasperation. "You dare tease your husband like this?"

Amphorae's eyes glittered, looking into Dyon's. Her gaze almost made his legs go soft... So enticing and sensual, he couldn't stop his heartbeat from quickening.

His lower body reacted in full force, standing with the firmness of an iron rod. It pushed forward as though it wanted to conquer lands, pressing against Amphorae's soft thighs.

"Do you know why I love you?" Amphorae suddenly asked.

Dyon was caught off guard by the question. He could only continue to stare before lightly moving Amphorae's red-gold hair away and gently kissing her slender neck.

A small gasp escaped her cherry lips as an outpouring of soul energy entered her body. Her legs tightened around Dyon's waist, unable to control even her own actions. At the same time, her face became flush, a sweet layer of fragrant sweat coating her delicate skin.

With barely a touch, a bout of uncontrollable pleasure flooded Amphorae's delicate body, her back arching in response. If those that had fought along side her had seen this, they would have been

shocked beyond belief. The Angelic Demoness actually had such a side to her? To them, the thought of a man conquering her was absolutely impossible.

Amphorae's lips trembled as Dyon's gentle touch overwhelmed her body. Before she realized what was happening, layers of her clothing began to slowly disappear.

First, her white gown was pulled over her head, revealing the silhouette of a body so perfect that Dyon's eyes turned red. He almost lost control of his mind entirely, the enticement of a dao formation woman's body was so fierce that veins bulged all throughout his body.

Amphorae's small hand delicately rested on his chest, causing a stream of holy energy to calm the beating of his heart. She knew quite well the temptation her body brought, but she wanted her husband to be lucid for their first time in this world.