

The Nameless 1241

Chapter 1241: Take Me

Whether it was the deep ravine of white, gorgeous flesh, or her toned and soft belly, or the faint outline of her shaven treasured place below... Each lit a heat that Dyon couldn't temper alone.

White flames blazed in Dyon's eyes, causing a glint of surprise in Amphorae's features. She could actually feel her holy will being amplified... But it was a supreme law! Was that even possible?! However, the truth was right before her, how could she deny it?

The moment the white flames invaded her body, the endless pleasure seemed to surge forward exponentially. No matter how elegant and refined Amphorae was, she could no longer hold back her fits of moaning. They escaped her lips time and time again, without any sign of restraint.

Under her stupor, she vaguely felt a pressure release from her chest and her hips being pulled up ever so slightly so that a small and delicate piece of fabric could slide down her thighs.

Dyon almost became afraid. He had never seen anything more perfect in his life. The feeling of being unable to control himself shook him to his core, so much so that he lowered his head and hid his eyes within Amphorae's bosom, wrapping his strong arms around her waist and immersing himself in the soft cushion that surrounding his face and a fragrance that could intoxicate the gods.

Amphorae stroked Dyon's hair like a loving wife.

"Today, had you shown fear toward my blood lust, I likely would have severed this life from the past. My past life couldn't even be considered that... I was nothing but a hollow shell, a dressed-up doll with her life planned long before she was born. It wasn't until this life that I came to understand who Amphorae Pakal was and is... Who Amphorae Sacharro was and is...

"You've shown me that you're worthy of being my husband. You're still that man willing to face the greatest of dangers with a posture firm and strong, a back as wide as the world and eyes as piercing as heaven's sword. You're still my King, my Emperor... My first and only love." Amphorae smiled lightly, her hips shifting ever so slightly.

A moan escaped her lips as she felt the heated rod that was Dyon's member slide along the slit of her treasured place.

"Take me..." The words had just barely left Amphorae's lips before she felt a spear pierce her and a pleasure that made her shiver with ecstasy.

Dyon caressed Amphorae's body as though it was as fragile as a porcelain doll despite the fact even his strongest attack wouldn't be able to harm her.

In the end, he fell into a bout of pleasure that lasted several days. Unfortunately, he was unable to tame this wife of his, but that was only to be expected. That said, the roars of a dragons and the calls of a phoenix sounded through Soul Rending Peak for several days, causing their disciples to accumulate months worth of cultivation in a fraction of the time...

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In the Golden Flame Quadrant, a gathering of geniuses the likes of which only happened on rare occasions was taking place.

After news of the Golden Crow Sect's struggle with the Flaming Lily Sect was publicized, it was only logical that many would start investigating why such a balanced relationship had suddenly turned sour. It was a confusing time for many until information about the existence of the Golden Flame Mystical Realm finally surfaced!

Dyon may not know, but those who grew up in the martial world knew very well. The Golden Flame Quadrant was known as the best quadrant to find special flames in. Usually, these special flames were used by those not lucky enough to be born with flames with their own characteristics in order to bring their power to a new level.

According to legend, special flames converged in this quadrant because it was the birthplace of the Sovereign Flame, a flame that lorded over all others as their ruler.

This so-called Golden Flame Mystical World was a world with this Sovereign Flame as its central core, just like the infernal core of the Demon Sage's world and the life stone of the Celestial Beast's world. As a result, it came to be known as a holy land of flames.

At the same time, flames were known as the bringer of life, especially for humans. Legends across time told of legends that marked the beginning of the rise of the human race as the invention or bestowment of fire to them. In fact, it's because of this that the flames of the phoenix could embody life, death and reincarnation.

Because of these truths, a world with the Sovereign Flame as its core was also a hotbed for spiritual vegetation to grow. It was even possible for long since extinct treasures to appear once more in this world!

After news of this could no longer be bottled up, the Golden Flame Quadrant was forced to share, not out of willingness, but out of necessity. One would think that they would be protected by the rules of the tower quadrants. Wasn't it against these rules to attack one another across quadrants? Plus, wasn't the Mystical World the legacy of their quadrant? What right did others have to ask for a share?

However, such rules were dead and people were alive. There were no shortage of "exceptions" to this rule made whenever greed overtook reason. People were hypocrites and would take advantage of others whenever they could, yet rage when the same was done to them.

However, this Mystical World did provide them with one saving grace. Those allowed to enter were limited to those who had flame intent of the 7th, 8th or 9th level. This restriction forced many geniuses to give up as the those who could follow the flame path so far were rare!

In fact, among the geniuses who had reached such a level, it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that 70% of them were concentrated in the Golden Flame Quadrant!

As for the others, many of them were from quadrants too weak to demand anything of the Golden Flame Quadrant. As such, it was only the remaining geniuses from strong quadrants that could demand respect that came here. And, even then, out of respect, they had to pay exorbitant prices to earn a 'place'. This was the Golden Flame Quadrant's method of saving face. After all, one had to remember that quadrants ranked 4th to 9th were basically equal in power.

At this moment in time, many of these geniuses and their elders stood in the expanse of space, several thousand miles away from a blazing star. Even as celestials, withstanding the heat of a star was too much for them so they could only stand this far distance away. Only dao formation experts of a high level could even think about approaching the surface of a star. Even then, reaching its core only meant death for anyone below the half-step transcendent realm! And, this was of course only a measurement for those who delved into fire dao. Other experts would still be severely lacking!

Unfortunately, this was the place of the Golden Flame Mystical World's entrance, just a few dozen miles from the surface of the hottest star in the quadrant! In fact, this was the hottest star in all the tower quadrants!

Among the geniuses there, many young men couldn't help but take small glances toward the violet dressed women of the Flaming Lily Sect, an undisguised lust in their eyes. If they were here, they too were geniuses. So, why couldn't they pursue these women? In fact, only they could!

At the center of these women, stood three disciples that stood above the rest.

To the left was a fiery red-headed Lolita, who, despite her small frame and flat chest, wore armor that only barely covered her nipples and nether regions. To her back, there was a blazing set of red-metal wings forged of Red Mercury, making them incomparably light and flexible, not to mention tough. However, the most surprising part was her right hand that held a massive hammer twice the size of her body!

This young lady was only a pseudo-celestial, but was in line to become the third legatee of the Flaming Lily Sect, Serbona Malleus.

To the right, there was a quiet and refined young lady with flowing black hair. At times, this sea of black would flicker to life with a flame of grey before dying out once more. She couldn't help but give off an air that involuntarily repelled others despite her astounding beauty.

This young woman was the first legatee of the Flaming Lily Sect and was already a peak celestial. The only thing holding her flames back from entering the dao realm was her cultivation! Yandevera Estona.

However, the woman in the middle was the one many could only glance at from the corners of their eye.

This woman stood tall, her chest was proud and her curves were outrageous. Yet, there was not a hint of seductive air around her. Instead, she was calm and inviting, warm and elegant. Her purple hair flowed to the small of her back as though a small and steady stream of air swirled around at her beck and call.

Her features were the pinnacle of perfection, a truly suffocating beauty.

She had only just broken into the celestial realm but had already climbed to the 2nd stage after all 9 of her meridians were filled due to the blessings of the heavens.

This was none other than Madeleine Sacharro! Second Legatee of the Flaming Lily Sect!

Chapter 1242: Wilder

The hottest star of the tower quadrants blazed with vitality, spitting up currents of gold, red, and silver gas that arched across its surface, sending torrents of blistering heat toward the crowd of patiently waiting geniuses.

Aside from the group of Flaming Lily Sect, there were many others present. The most obvious groups contained the geniuses of the three remaining sects. The Golden Crow Sect, the Flame Rebirth Sect and the Fiery Lotus Sect.

In regards to the Flame Rebirth and Fiery Lotus Sects, many of them had their heads down as a depressing atmosphere circulated around them. They had managed to earn spots, but their numbers were the fewest even in comparison to out-of-quadrant geniuses, much to their embarrassment. However, this couldn't be helped. They had been completely unable to withstand the rage of the Flaming Lily Sect, resulting in their foundations taking a severe hit.

The Fiery Lotus Sect was led by the Gaia Clan geniuses and was only allowed three entries total. These young men of the Gaia family weren't the same group of inner disciples that attacked Madeleine. Instead, they were all peak celestials who had long since become core disciples. Because they were the backbone of the Gaia Clan, they were known as the Three Gaia Princes. First Prince Gaia, Second Prince Gaia, and Third Prince Gaia.

The Flame Rebirth Sect was even worse off. Because their ambitions toward Madeleine's flames were revealed by the Golden Crow Sect, they only received two entries. They were both women with the strongest traces of Vermillion blood of their generation. Of course, they were both peak celestials as well. As for their names, they were known as the Fire Bird Sisters despite having no real blood relation between them, Roselia and Zura.

The Golden Crow Sect, however, had a crowd of geniuses that numbered well over 20.

Their top ten inner disciples had experienced a slight reshuffle in the past three years. The sexy, scantily clad and flexible spear wielding Angelica Crow had climbed from the third to first rank. This wasn't only because her loss to Madeleine fueled her, but also because her two seniors had graduated to the ranks of core disciple.

These two seniors, the former second ranked, Meaghan Goldeen, and first ranked, Louis Goldeen, had seamlessly entered the celestial realm, solidifying their place among the core disciples, albeit the lower ranks.

This slight reshuffling brought the formerly 7th ranked Egan Goldeen to the 5th place. At the same time, Alexander Goldeen, the former 4th ranked, Zara Crow, the former 5th ranked, and Auguste Crow, the former 6th ranked, all shifted two places upward as well. Still, it was no surprise to anyone that the Goldeen and Crow families dominated the top ten leader boards.

However, during these events, the inner disciples were just backdrops. The best of them were only pseudo-celestials, while more were still peak saints. With even peak celestials entering the fold, how would they find a place for themselves? The true stars were the core disciples lead by God Goldeen himself!

At the very forefront of this group, God Goldeen stood. Christian Goldeen III was a name that had shaken the 4th ranked quadrant for a long time. It was he who took the mantle of God after they remained without one for so long. His talent made those around him seethe with jealousy, while his good looks and sweeping blond hair stole the hearts of many a maiden.

His golden hair shimmered with torrents of flames as his piercing red eyes somehow remained contradictorily calm at the same time. Although he wasn't too tall, his momentum made it seem as though he encompassed the entire world! This was the Presence only a God level character could create. Although his cultivation wasn't the most profound here, no one dared to look down on him! A

God level character, as long as nothing unforeseen occurred, would hold the fate of the future in their hands!

A slight smile played God Goldeen's features as he lightly nodded toward the Flaming Lily Sect women before looking back toward the blazing star in the distance, a keen anticipation clear in his gaze.

Surrounding him, numerous peak celestials of the Golden Crow Sect stood. There were four of them, two of the Goldeen family and two of the Crow family. Each were proud in their own right, but they understood their task very well: Support Christian III and ensure that not even the slightest hair on his head was harmed. It was as simple as that.

Although the Crow and Goldeen Clans were separate and often competed, they shared a close bond. In addition, the laws of their ancestors strictly prohibited infighting. If even the slightest hint of descent was sensed by their Sect's fate, their ability to mobilize faith would take a massive hit. In the case that this happened, the Flaming Lily Sect would be able to take their place as rulers of the quadrant, something they couldn't allow.

So, the Crow Clan magnanimously took a step back. After Christian III passed away, or if they were lucky, transcended, they knew it would then be their Crow family's turn to select a key wielder. As such, they remained in a harmonious balance.

This aside, while the key players were of the four golden flame sects, there were other major players as well, players that even God Goldeen couldn't look down on because, in some cases, they surpassed him in status!

Aside from the four sects, there was another large group that had come, using their astounding capital to provide compensation even the top two sects couldn't snub their nose at. This large group was none other than the Alchemy and Weapon's Master Guilds of Sapientia Quadrant!

One had to know that soul strength progressed very slowly. As such, often times, what held the progress of alchemists back wasn't their knowledge of theory, but rather their weak aurora flames. Without a strong soul, one's aurora flame would be equally weak, and as such, would be limit in the tasks it could accomplish.

In order to combat this weakness, alchemists of the modern era supplemented their aurora flames with these so-called special flames. This allowed those with weak souls to forge pills they otherwise couldn't before. Weapon's Masters often used this shortcut as well.

With the opening of the Golden Flame Mystical World, it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that the ones most excited were the alchemists. There were simply too many things in the world to entice them.

Firstly, they could find spiritual plants and materials they otherwise couldn't in the outside world, incredibly rare herbs and flowers that had long since been extinct. Secondly, there was a chance they could find a special flame to supplement their alchemy, allowing them to rise in ranks. And, thirdly, the best materials for alchemy furnaces and cauldrons were found in the Golden Flame Mystical World! What better metal could there be for such things if not one tempered by a special flame?

This group of secondary profession geniuses were just as haughty as the sect geniuses. In many cases, they were more so. That said, one shouldn't look down on their fighting prowess. Although their battle sense was lacking, they were often able to make up for it with their powerful senses and quick thinking speed.

Within the swaths of azure robed alchemists and silver robed weapon's masters, there were two geniuses wearing white robes, shimmering with streaking comets... This meant that they were masters in multiple disciplines! And, the fact comets streaked across their body, giving them an illusory and beautiful appearance, obviously meant that in at least one of their masteries, they had reached the comet grade!

On the left, was a haughty beauty who disdained to even look at those around her. Not only was she a comet grade alchemist, she was a grandmaster magic master and grandmaster weapon's master!

As an astounding disciple of three disciplines, she was the aim of many youth geniuses, many of whom she didn't care to even remember the names of. However, her name resounded in their ears too fiercely for anyone to forget. She was known as the White Witch, Blythe!

On the right was a young man with calm, soothing eyes, and maybe the only young man Blythe cared to stand next to. Although she ignored him too due to her arrogance, she, at the very least, didn't disdain to breathe the same air he breathed.

Despite his calm and inviting eyes, there was an arrogance born deep within this young man that was impossible to fake or hide. However, it was well earned. This young man was a comet grade weapon's master, grandmaster runic vein master and grandmaster alchemist!

His name was completely contradictory to his apparent demeanor, the Raging Bull, Wilder!

Chapter 1243: Falkor

These two were among the best the Sapientia Quadrant had in terms of geniuses. Although many of their contemporaries were unable to come due to not meeting the Mystical World' criteria, these two alone were more than enough to remind others of the sheer number of geniuses the Sapientia Quadrant had.

That said, these two weren't Sapientia Clan members. They were geniuses of auxiliary Clans that settled in Sapientia Quadrant in order to pursue knowledge.

However, these two could only be said to be equal to God Goldeen in status. As for those who surpassed him in this facet, one could only speculate in a single direction. Who were these people who could outshine even God Goldeen? Who if not True Gods?! Not one, but two!

It was no surprise that there were fire dao geniuses among the True Gods. Maybe only True Gods could even hope to follow this path to the end.

One of them was a True God that had only reappeared in the world recently. After completing his trials and claiming the title, rumor had it that he went into seclusion. He even barred off one of the best cultivation resources of the saint floor, monopolizing it for his own use: Spirit Waterfall!

This young man was none other than the recent attacker of Celestial Deer Corner, True God Falkor, genius of the transcendent grade beast clan, Hydra!

One couldn't question the level of genius this young man was. While his clan was known for its water will, he had pressed forward along the fire path simultaneously!

He stood with a full head of blue hair, his sapphire eyes flickering with intent to battle and kill. His gaze hadn't left Madeleine's body in several minutes, yet no one dared to scold him. Madeleine, however, only smiled lightly, not because she couldn't take action herself, but rather because her husband would be here quite soon.

As for the other True God, his body was raging with flames so hot that there was not a single person within hundreds of meters of him. His hair was lit afire, so much so that it was impossible to tell its true color. To his waist were two blood red sabers, but one couldn't help but focus on the hands with abnormally long and sharp fingernails that rested on their hilts.

If one listened closely, low rumbling growls escaped this young man's lips every so often, making his appearance all the more menacing... In fact, this young man stood at almost 5 meters tall!

This young man was Titus Tatsuya, sole heir of the Red Dragon Clan not because he was the eldest, but because he killed all of his siblings!

Titus Tatsuya... One of the five geniuses of the Drago-Qilin lands and heir of one of the few Dragon Clans to reach the King God Clan realm.

Just a few years back, he had still been on the saint floors. But, about two years ago, he had thrashed the guardian of the celestial floor while still in the pseudo-celestial realm. Then, fueled by arrogance that looked down at the world from heaven's porch, he immediately broke through to the celestial realm before the eyes of many, crushing the tribulation in the palm of his hand.

What arrogance! One would normally find a secluded place to undergo their tribulation because it was very possible to be heavily injured in the aftermath. Yet, this young man did it surrounded by enemies! Then, he leisurely left, strolling through the skies with a roar that shook the lands rumbling his throat.

This young man was the Third True God, excluding Dyon, that had been on the saint floors. But now, there were only two. Anak of the Emperor Giant Clan and Falkor of the Hydra Clan. Both of whom would soon transcend to the celestial floors as well... Soon, a generation of True Gods will converge!

Within the Flaming Lily Sect ranks, some of the women were beginning to get antsy. The time for the portal to open was coming, but there was still no sign of True God Sacharro.

It had to be said that many of them were excited to meet him. The idea of being hitched to a True God was something no sect or clan would give up. Even if one was a poor man of no background, if you earned the True God title, there was no shortage of people who would clamor to marry their daughters to you, nor sects that would pour all of their resources into you.

One had to understand the kind of cache such a title held. In the history of the tower, no True God had ever failed to become a great man or woman. In fact, the number that had died before reaching their full potentials could be counted on a single hand. They were the closest you could get to a sure bet in the martial world!

"Madeleine." The Vice Master of the Flaming Lily Sect took a step forward to speak with her Legatee. Her middle-aged appearance couldn't hide the earth-shattering beauty she once was. In fact, even now, she overshadowed many. "Are you certain that he will be here?"

Madeleine nodded in affirmation. "He's never let me down, he won't start now."

There was absolute confidence in her voice and a slight intoxication that made it clear to a woman who had lived through the vicissitudes of life that this young genius of hers had fallen into the clutches of love.

Truthfully, the Vice Master had thought that Madeleine's marriage had always been arranged. With all the rumors about how much younger Dyon was than her and about how powerful his clan was, many of the upper echelon believed that Madeleine was forced into this marriage against her will. After all, for all they knew, Dyon was just a talented, ugly fat bastard who treated women like tools.

However, the Vice Master knew different after observing this disciple of theirs. This True God Sacharro had without a doubt won Madeleine's heart.

She sighed to herself. 'Is this a good, or a bad thing? If we truly hand the sect's future to Madeleine... Will we be handing it to her?... Or Dyon Sacharro?'

This was obviously a massive debate among the elders and grand elders of the sect. Some believed that a sect Master should only be married to the sect. In fact, very few Masters of their history had ever had husbands which was why their Clan didn't have any true dominating Clans like other sects did.

However, others believed that even if Madeleine only became a figure head and their true ruler was Dyon it wouldn't be so bad. After all, who didn't want the backing of a True God? Given enough time, they would all become half-step transcendents! How long had it been since their Sect had had such a powerful expert?

Plus, Dyon wasn't any normal True God either. He took first place in four of the five rankings! He was an even surer bet than the others!

Some argued that who Madeleine's husband was didn't matter. She was Amethyst's successor! This alone was enough to shake the very foundation of the Golden Flame Quadrant. How could there be a better incumbent than her?

Still others believed that Yandevere and Sabona deserved a chance to compete as well. They thought it was unfair that after so many years of grooming, they had replaced Yandevere so easily... Although her personality was a little ill-suited to lead, they couldn't just toss her away, right?

Then there was Sabona. She was actually found to have a partial and latent dwarf bloodline within her! Such a thing couldn't be ignored either, right? In addition, her personality was abrasive and spiteful, if they didn't handle her chance to lead with soft gloves, she might turn resentful and join an enemy. Could they afford such a thing? Of course not.

Truth be told, those concerns were ignored by most others and were only voiced by the minority.

Those who knew Yandevere knew that she hated the prospect of leading. As for Sabona, although she was abrasive to others, she treated Madeleine like a big sister and was happy to cling to her. These were just silly concerns to most.

It was then that a streak of blue interrupted their small conversation as True God Falkor couldn't seem to hold back anymore. He shot forward, making his way into the circle of Flaming Lily Sect ladies with a bright smile on his handsome face.

"Hello Madeleine, I'm Falkor. Would you mind if I accompanied you all?"

Chapter 1244: Distance

Madeleine sent a side glance toward Falkor. "Yes, I would mind. Please return to your elders."

In that moment, Madeleine's calm and inviting demeanor changed. She became wholly unapproachable, wrapped in a divine light that mortals had no business touching, even a True God was no exception.

True God Falkor laughed. "There's no need to reject me so quickly. I'm not understanding, if I had a wife like you, I would never allow her to wait. Isn't this True God Sacharro a bit too pitiful as a husband?"

"If I recall correctly, about 4-5 years ago, there was this mysterious masked man who belittled that pitiful fool Anak over you. He even earned the title of wife stealer because of it." Falkor chuckled to himself. "Yet, True God Sacharro was nowhere to be seen. Does such a man deserve you? Does such a man even deserve the title of True God?"

Falkor obviously didn't fear Dyon or his title. For one, he was a True God himself. Secondly, his Hydra Clan controlled the 6th ranked quadrant. Whether it be backing or status, he was lacking in neither. For that reason, he had no need to fear Dyon.

In addition, it's common knowledge that there's no true power disparity between the 4th to 9th ranked quadrants, so he had no need to fear the Flaming Lily Sect either. In fact, his Clan was far more powerful than the Flaming Lily Sect. This was because his Hydra Clan was the sole ruler of their quadrant, controlling over 60 universes alone, while the Flaming Lily Sect was only the 2nd ranked Sect of their own quadrant.

Madeleine couldn't help but look toward Falkor as though he was a complete idiot. Others might not know, but how could she not know that this 'masked wife stealer' was in fact her Dyon? In addition, angering her didn't only mean angering the Flaming Lily Sect, it also involved angering Dyon's Clan. This True God sure was short-sighted.

"Get away from my big sister, or taste my hammer." Sabona swung her massive red-gold hammer lightly. Yet, that simple swing caused a tsunami of wind and energy to blow toward Falkor with the weight of several hundred thousand jin.

True God Falkor snorted lightly. The wave of energy touched his body but seemed to ripple through as though he was made entirely of liquid. He seemed completely unaffected.

"Hush little girl, the adults are talking."

"You think I'm scared of you?" Sabona's teeth bared. There was nothing she hated more than others pointing out her size. In fact, she went out of her way to dress like a woman so people wouldn't. Yet, bastards like Falkor still mentioned it.

Falkor's eyes flashed as an oppressive aura swam toward Sabona, causing her to pale.

"We may both be pseudo-celestials, but you'd do well to remember that there's still a large gap between you and I! Talk again and I'll kill you!"

Yandevere was currently pretending as though this had nothing to do with her despite having the power to swat Falkor away. True God or not, the difference between a Pseudo-Celestial and a Peak Celestial was too large for anyone to bridge. Especially since Yandevere was a genius of the first grade, albeit only the fifth order, just shy of the bar for a God.

However, her inaction was the best choice. Had she acted, it would have given the rest of the Hydra Clan an excuse to.

Madeleine's eyes flashed, a spark of rage lighting her usually serene features. A chilly aura wafted from her, turning an atmosphere that had been pervaded by heat into one so cold that many could suddenly see their breaths before them!

The eyes of those around contracted into pinholes. This flame character... It was the piercing cold character! A legendary character only the Ice Phoenixes had touched upon before!

True God Falkor's expression became serious. One had to know that although Madeleine wasn't given the title of True God, this was only because the key wielder of their quadrant was Christian III. However, Madeleine had broken through to the perfect 9th order! Just this truth alone placed her on par with the True Gods, earning a special title reserved for those powerful enough to become True Gods, but were born into inappropriate circumstances: The False True God!

Falkor had also reached the perfect 9th order, however while he had yet to break through to the celestial realm, Madeleine was already a 2nd stage celestial. His chances of winning against her were near 0! The only reason he even had a slight chance to begin with was because Madeleine disliked battle and as such, had little experience. However, even with that being the case, she had an overwhelming 95% likelihood of victory.

"I hope that the Hydra Clan doesn't believe that my Flaming Lily Sect is easy to bully. If you insist on staying, I'll take it as an act of aggression and thoroughly 'entertain' you. However, if you leave now, I'll pretend as though this never happened."

True God Falkor's features steeled, staring at Madeleine in a new light. Truth be told, Madeleine's beauty was astounding, but with Falkor's status, he could even toy with the dao formation women of his clan, having taken a few of them as concubines already. Of course, these were weak, false dao formation experts, but they were dao formation experts, nonetheless. Simply put, he wasn't so blind to start an enmity with a powerful clan just to be a lecher.

The reason he bothered to provoke Madeleine to begin with was because of Dyon. Many of the True Gods and Gods detested his behavior. Hiding from the world, sending out his Demon Generals to do his bidding, was he looking down on them?

However, it seemed that Madeleine wasn't an easy woman to handle...

It was at that point that a murmur passed through the crowd as they all looked toward the distance.

In the distance, a massive creature was becoming more and more focused. Eventually, with the keen senses of those present, the scene became clear.

The beast was absolutely beautiful. Its large head looked out from a pristinely finished black jade shell, patterned with intricate lines of gold and silver. As for its legs and head itself, they were smooth beyond compare, shining an unblemished white that almost gave off its own light.

The creature's eyes were a large black, blinking with endless wisdom and intelligence, not to mention a hint of cuteness. It became obvious to everyone in an instant that this was a peak transcendent grade beast! But, the most shocking part was that this peak transcendent grade beast was allowing a young man to ride upon its head!

Seeing them, everyone couldn't help but send a glance toward the Hydra Clan. They too were transcendent grade beasts, but they couldn't even be considered peak grade like this heavenly tortoise coming toward them. They could only be considered Kings of the high grade...

If this creature could be used as a mount... Didn't that mean that they were no more than mounts in his eyes too?!

However, what shocked these spectators to no end was that this young man didn't have just one peak transcendent grade companion... He had four!

A majestic deer, standing as the picture of innocence lay its head on his left lap. Beautiful swirls of gold coated its white fur, shining with a holy light.

On the right, a white tiger with strips of deep black lay. However, if one looked closely, it was possible to see that this black color was attempting to slowly fade away to a shimmering silver and gold light.

And finally, to his back, a massive ape stood tall, its twin tails whipping about with excitement.

Yet, despite this scene, many couldn't take their eyes off of the young man. In truth, despite the number of handsome young geniuses in attendance today, they all paled in comparison by far. If it wasn't for the fact they could sense his sainthood cultivation, one might think that this man was a transcendent come down from the skies.

He was dressed simply. A crisp white shirt and what looked like soft pants, rolled to the center of his calves. He hadn't even bothered to wear shoes... This young man was the picture of an eccentric cultivator despite being far too young to be so!

Madeleine couldn't help but smile brightly when she saw this young man. Her once blistering cold aura dissipated into a warm summer's breeze as her lips curled to bring light to the world. When those around her saw this, they didn't need to think twice about just who this young man was... There was no doubt. This was the legendary True God Sacharro!

Chapter 1245: Normal

Dyon approached with a confident and calm smile on his face. Below him, Linlin seemed to swim through the air. Her size had grown far more explosively than the other beast babies, in fact, her shell was already over two hundred meters in width and length. Sen didn't even need to shrink down to fit on her back, neither did Shere and Biibi.

God Goldeen's eyes narrowed when he laid eyes on Dyon before sighing a breath of relief. This young man's momentum was fearsome, no one could doubt it, but he wasn't even a pseudo-celestial yet. His level of hindrance would be limited. However, his beast companions... This would definitely have to be taken seriously. They were already celestials! But, even as transcendent grade beasts, their battle prowess wouldn't be comparable to a True God or even a God. In fact, they might even lose to Emperors.

Many had the same thought process as God Goldeen. They had expected Dyon to be a big help, but despite his potential, his cultivation was still too weak. The Flaming Lily Sect couldn't help but sigh slightly in disappointment.

Those the Sapientia guilds thought differently though. They immediately realized one thing... They couldn't see through Dyon's soul strength! For geniuses like them, this was truly too baffling.

"Seventh Elder, Master," Wilder looked toward a black robed runic vein master who had followed him here. This seventh elder was none other than his primary master. Although he had awakened a talent for weapons' smithing and alchemy, he had started his journey as a runic vein master. So, even though his weapon's master talent surpassed his runic vein theory, he had never betrayed his first master. "Can you tell me what his soul cultivation is?"

The eyes of the black robed elder flashed. Although he was a body path expert, having crossed into the dao formation realm long ago, his soul had reached the peak of the celestial realm as well. However, this flash soon turned to surprise.

"I don't know." He said seriously.

Wilder and Blythe sucked in a cold breath at these words. They hadn't come for Dyon. In fact, they didn't know this young man's name. Only those of the Flaming Lily Sect knew that Dyon was coming today. The Golden Crow Sect only found out due to their spies...

The reason they were interested in him was because any young man who could control transcendent grade beasts must be a Beast Master of high regard! But who would have known that he would surpass them by so far that they couldn't even sense his soul cultivation...

Dyon noticed the senses sweeping over him, but he didn't care. His mood was too happy. In fact, he couldn't wait for Linlin's slow pace any longer and directly stood, gliding across the air himself to land before Madeleine, a wide smile on his handsome face.

The Flaming Lily Sect women were stunned into silence, even Yandevere couldn't help but look up and send an odd glance toward Dyon. They didn't get it, if you were going to match the image of a True God, did you have to do it so perfectly? Couldn't you have at least had a normal appearance? Subvert expectations a little bit?

It seemed to them that Dyon tried to look like a normal human being wearing those casual clothes of his, but in the end, it only made him fit the bill all the more.

Everything about him was refined to perfection. Whether it be his broad shoulder, his chiseled physique, his warm smile and eyes, his strong jaw... He wasn't too big, nor was he too small. Not to mention his entrance was too perfect! How was any of this fair?!

True God Sacharro... This was a man the world had been begging to meet for more than a half dozen years now... No, that wasn't true. Ever since his name climbed to first place on the first trial leader board, everyone had been speculating about this man!

Usually, when someone builds expectations for so long, they're bound to fail you. Yet, Dyon's appearance did the exact opposite!

The Vice Master of the Flaming Lily Sect looked Dyon up and down. She had long since passed the prime of her youth, so she wasn't love struck like her disciples, instead, she was calmly analyzing Dyon's power. As a dao formation expert with cultivation far deeper than even Amphorae, she was more than qualified to judge talent. Yet, she couldn't see Dyon's depth!

In the distance, Shere was pouting again. She had just been having a nice nap on Dyon's lap before he suddenly disappeared. To think he would ditch them for a woman again!

Dyon smiled lightly, however, he didn't take Madeleine into his arms. It wasn't that he didn't want to, but he felt like it was inappropriate in this setting. Madeleine was the Legatee of the Flaming Lily Sect and was the in-name successor as well, it was all but decided. Dyon didn't want to step on her toes too much.

"I've made you wait." Dyon's voice carried a bit of an apology that made the knees of many women weaken.

These were the geniuses of the Flaming Lily Sect, even if Dyon was handsome, their reactions shouldn't have been so exaggerated. It was just that his domineering aura combined with his overwhelming yang qi and bestial might... For women who rarely interacted with men, it was too much of a culture shock for them.

Madeleine shook her head. She didn't trust her voice to speak at all. Although she hadn't experienced any grievances with the Flaming Lily Sect, the constant faction wars and political deceptions were things she hated. She had to constantly be on her toes, analyzing who sided with them and who was truly on the Golden Crow Sect's side, it was exhausting. She'd much rather spend the day in Dyon's arms, but she couldn't.

"Hmph, do you think you can just woo my big sister with a few words of apology? You didn't even bring her a gift, what kind of man are you?" Sabona was the first to get over her stupor toward Dyon's looks, only for her to begin berating him to hide her embarrassment.

Dyon looked toward the small loli with a chuckle. "You're right, big sister Sabona, I was wrong."

Sabona nodded in satisfaction, she especially liked Dyon calling her big sister. Maybe this big bad man that her big sister was constantly thinking about wasn't so bad after all.

Out of everything that the Flaming Lily Sect disciples had seen today, Dyon so easily taming little Sabona was by far the most shocking. In fact, many had their bottom jaws hanging loose, unable to understand what they were seeing.

"And you must be Miss. Yandevere? It's nice to meet you as well." Dyon smiled warmly toward the off-putting beauty, even stretching his hand out in greeting.

The disciples of the Flaming Lily Sect froze. If there was one thing no one, not even the elders, dared to do, it was touch Yandevere. The flame she was born with was powerful, but it was also a massive curse. Its erosion abilities were fiercer than even death will! Its innate character was so fierce that it was almost appropriate to title it an atomizer...

Many thought that Dyon wasn't aware and sought to warn him, but the usual Yandevere, who ignored any and everything around her, actually stretched out her small hand to greet Dyon.

A small grey flame sparked when their palms touched, and many looked away, expecting to see Dyon's arm disintegrate. Even the Vice Master's face paled. If they were responsible for such a genius becoming a cripple, could even Madeleine save them?!

However, the scene they were searching for never happened. In fact, even Yandevere's stoic features turned with a hint of surprise. Something had told her that it was alright to touch Dyon, instincts, maybe, but she hadn't expected him to come out so clean.

"Undead body..." She whispered. Although her words were soft, weren't they all cultivators here? How could one erode a body that was already considered dead?!

The gazes toward Dyon became filled with a profound respect. If before he was relying on the phantom cast by the True God title, now he was awe inspiring on his own... An undead body... Couldn't that only be cultivated if one reached the 3rd intent stage of death will?! He actually mastered a supreme law to such an extent?!

Chapter 1246: Never

True God Falkor who had been completely ignored by Dyon until now had the light of battle intent blaze awake in his eyes.

Without a single word, he sent a fist carrying more than 50% of his power straight toward Dyon's face.

Dyon's expression turned dark. To a normal individual, Falkor's fist was overbearing and mighty, a normal peak saint couldn't hope to defend against. This man was a True God, fueled by otherworldly

comprehension, bloodline strength, and a Presence that few could match. Yet, to Dyon, he was an ant in the middle of hurricane force winds!

Just as Falkor's fist was about to connect to Dyon's cheek, a brilliant silver radiance erupted from his body.

BOOM!

Falkor's eyes widened as his fist's wrist snapped forward awkwardly. A torrent of reflected energy surged back into his body, causing his body to fly backward like a broken kite.

Blood spew from his lips as he fell into the depths of space, his arm broken in at least four separate places.

Dyon frowned as he looked toward Falkor's direction, watching him grow small in the distance.

"Weak..."

Truth be told, Dyon had activated his silver mirror constitution subconsciously. After decades of battling, many of Dyon's battle techniques had grown to the point of being instinctive. In addition, his energy control had reached a level that only top tier celestials could match even though he was in the saint realm.

For Falkor to attack him with only half his strength... Wasn't that asking to be embarrassed?

One had to understand that Dyon's silver mirror constitution was stacked 10 times over. A person with a just one silver mirror constitution already had anywhere from three to five times the density of energy another of their cultivation realm did. However, Dyon's density was to the point where energy flowed like molten mercury within his meridians! A normal practitioner would have died hundreds of times over if they were forced to carry the weight Dyon did!

On top of this, because Falkor had yet to break into the celestial realm, Dyon not only had the ability to reflect 100% of his attacks, there was an added 150% boost on top that. Essentially, Falkor had faced the equivalent of 2.5 times the power of his 50% strike!

Below the celestial realm... Dyon was invincible. Period. There were no exceptions.

Falkor slowly steadied himself, an odd calm was on his face despite the shock of those around him. He snapped his broken bones back into place, aligning them perfectly before his arm turned into an illusory current of water. A few second later, his arm reappeared, perfectly healthy, as though nothing had happened.

Looking up toward Dyon, he nodded. "Good. You truly are a True God. A monster even. You don't need my acknowledgement, but I'm giving it to you anyway! I'll come looking for you when I've broken into the celestial realm!"

His eyes shone with a fierce will to battle.

Dyon found it quite interesting... Although Falkor had lost, and quite miserably at that, it seemed that his battle intent had strengthened instead of weakened... Could it be that remaining undefeated wasn't necessary to foster an undefeatable spirit?... Interesting... Interesting indeed...

Dyon's frown turned into a smile. "Come then! I no longer battle for free, though. Bring something to wager!"

Hearing Dyon's words, many who were feeling respect for the two men nearly fell from the skies. This True God was actually trying to extort his enemies!

True God Falkor's lips twitched. But in the end, a fierce light shone in his eye. Since he had lost, his opponent had the right to treat him anyway he wanted! Others would gloat and humiliate him especially since he was so haughty. This Dyon was far better than those characters.

After witnessing a battle of True Gods, many geniuses couldn't help but feel their bloods boil. None of them even dared to look down on Falkor because many of them didn't even see him attack! It was clear to them that if they were in Dyon's shoes, they would have lost horribly!

The legend of the True God was only more firmly cemented on that day...

Dyon however, his thoughts were on something entirely different. He had turned his gaze from Falkor to the Vice Master of the Flaming Lily Sect...

"That's twice now." He suddenly said, his carefree demeanor gone, replaced by the momentum of an Emperor. It was almost difficult to look at him directly, as though they weren't worthy of doing so.

Madeleine looked toward her Vice Master with pity, but shook her head and said nothing. She knew that Dyon had already held back once for her sake, but asking her husband to hold back twice was something she'd never do. In fact, she was on his side in all endeavors!

The piercing gaze of a high dao formation expert landed on Dyon, but he didn't so much as shutter.

"The first time you tested me, you put my wife's life on the line, allowing her to fight on the frontlines of your battle even when you knew that the main target was her." Dyon gaze tore through the Vice Master's so easily that one would have thought that she was nothing more than a child.

"The second time you tested me was just now. You allowed the husband of your Legatee to face disrespect in the eyes of several sects and guilds here, all to see if I was worthy of your investment."

What a joke, a dao formation expert standing mere meters from an attacking pseudo-celestial couldn't stop it from happening?

A deep murderous intent suddenly surrounded the atmosphere. Those witnessing this felt a deep fear settle into their bones... Was this a man they were looking at? Or a beast?!

"There's nothing I hate more than elders who sit on their perches to pass judgement. I pray hope that there isn't a third time, or the Flaming Lily Sect won't be allowed to use my name ever again."

Chapter 1247: Oblige

No one outside of the Flaming Lily Sect disciples heard Dyon's words, but that didn't stop those around from noticing the increased tension. A few eyebrows raised, but they knew better than to inquire about something that was likely an internal matter.

Often times, Dyon held himself and those around him to standards that made little sense for his current strength. It seemed to be the epitome of stupidity to provoke not just a normal dao formation expert, but one who was the second-in-command to a sect that had established a great power in the fourth ranked quadrant. However, there were some principles that Dyon would never bend on.

Several years ago, when Madeleine fought the Fiery Lotus and Flame Rebirth Sect geniuses, she had gone out of her way to provoke them with her words. This wasn't something that Madeleine would normally do. She was known for her amiable personality and her dislike of confrontation. Yet, this was still the very same Madeleine who tore those geniuses apart with nothing more than her words.

Why had Madeleine done this? It was because she was enraged and disappointed.

One needs to think back for a moment to truly understand just why Dyon would react so fiercely and why Madeleine would become so emotional. Plus, why was it that the Golden Crow Sect decided to probe the strength of Madeleine's backing first? Did it even make much sense to do so?

When Madeleine entered the Flaming Lily Sect, she immediately caught the attention of many individuals. Even though she hid her God grade constitution initially, her connection with Amethyst was more than enough to alert even the upper echelons of the Golden Crow Sect, let alone the Flaming Lily Sect. She became a phenome that not only captured the hearts of many young men, but also earned the respect of a warrior. This only grew when she earned her Empress title so emphatically.

Much like many times before, the Golden Crow Sect's God Goldeen took a liking to her talent. However, as someone who had earned the God title, he wasn't stupid. How could such a talented woman appear from nowhere? These questions were only further supported by the fact that Amethyst was rumored to have left her Legacy in the Celestial Deer Quadrant. This assumption became even more prevalent as Dyon shot up the trial rankings.

As God Goldeen was investigating Madeleine's past, it was then that the location of the Golden Flame Mystical World came to be known by them. This pretext became the perfect excuse to probe Madeleine's backers.

In the public, the Golden Flame Quadrant could make the excuse that they wanted to cripple the Flaming Lily Sect before the Mystical World opened so that they could take the benefits all for themselves. This excuse was far better than allowing the world to know that they wanted to kidnap a young woman for her flames. After all, this was the martial world, war within quadrants for resources was normal.

Also, in the case they failed, they could just shrug their shoulders and back away. With this roundabout method, if Dyon was truly Madeleine's husband, they'd have plausible deniability. As long as they had this "reason" on their side, Dyon's Clan couldn't justifiably attack them.

However, this was only one side of the story from the singular perspective of the Golden Crow Sect. If this was all there was to it, why would Dyon be aiming his anger here instead of toward them?

Just like the Golden Crow Sect was probing to find out Dyon's identity, so were the upper echelon of the Flaming Lily Sect!

What do you think would have happened had Dyon not been a True God? If he had he not sent the Demon Generals to clean up the Flaming Lily Sect's mess? If Madeleine was lying about her connection to me?

In order to avoid the potential collapse of their sect, the Flaming Lily Sect would have handed over Madeleine in exchange for entry into the Golden Flame Mystical World!

Not only had the Flaming Lily Sect used Dyon's name to maintain their prestige to the outside world, they had also used his wife as bait to lure him out for this test. How could Dyon not be completely pissed off? He had let them off once already by not saying anything upon his arrival, but did this Vice Master really think that he was none the wiser? That they had really pulled the wool over his eyes? No!

This wasn't even the worst part of this situation either. This wasn't the first time the Golden Crow Sect had done such a thing and it likely wouldn't be the last time.

Why was it that Madeleine was enraged by the actions of the Vermillion Sisters and the Gaia siblings back then? Didn't she ask them what their elder sister would think of what they were doing?

This simple question had sent the inner sect geniuses into a rage, but wasn't Madeleine correct?

The worst part about all of this was that the Fiery Lotus and Flame Rebirth Sects weren't the only Sects to lose outstanding female disciples under the pretext of "marrying" into the Goldeen Family. Even the Flaming Lily Sect themselves had!

Even Madeleine, who had only been in the sect for twenty to thirty years had this very same instance happen to those close to her.

The former first ranked inner disciple before Madeleine took the title was taken away by them. The Flaming Lily Sect once had two 7th Order Legatees, both were taken by the Golden Crow Sect. And these were just cases Madeleine was either close to, or were too famous to hide. Who knew how many others had suffered?!

The Flaming Lily Sect allowed all of this happen. Whether it was the insult to himself, his wife, or that of their very own disciples.... What right did such a sect have to test him?!

Although the Vice Master's features remained calm, there was a massive rage building up in her chest. True God or not, Dyon wasn't even a celestial and he dared to speak with her like this?

One had to know that for every generation – about 1.2 million years – there were always about a dozen or so True Gods. Said True Gods were basically guaranteed to enter the half-step transcendent realm and raise their Clans to a new level.

But, think about this. If there were a dozen True Gods, and maybe about dozen or so False True Gods – like Madeleine, for example – could all of their Clans become number one? Of course not. Even if these True Gods raised all their Clans to the best possible level, wouldn't the worst of them still rank 24th?

Considering this, did being a True God immediately give one license to talk down to the 4th ranked quadrant? The answer was a resounding no!

Of course, this didn't mean that all top 24 quadrants had a half-step transcendent backing them. For one, many True Gods were already concentrated in the top 12 or so quadrants to begin with – mostly

the top three – due to the abundance of strong bloodlines and dense energy. In fact, the 2nd ranked quadrant alone had 5 of them, the 1st ranked quadrant had 2 not to mention a shocking number of False True Gods, and finally, the 3rd ranked quadrant had 1 True God and 3 False True Gods, one of whom Dyon had already met – Daisho Ken.

Secondly, many True Gods that fell out of the category were created through the pressure of a terrible life. Would such True Gods have any good feelings toward their home quadrants? Of course not. They would likely leave to better, more fertile lands. Many left the tower quadrants entirely while others joined sects worthy of their services. This only further concentrated the power at the top ranked quadrants.

This young man Dyon... He was simply too arrogant!

Dyon smiled while watching the Vice Master seethe in rage. However, he was well aware that the Flaming Lily Sec had no half-step transcendent to speak of. The reason why they were ranked second was because the Golden Crow Sect did while they didn't.

Of course, they had many powerful and retired elders outside of their Master and Vice Master. But, Dyon knew that if they ever wanted to leave behind this second rank curse, they needed not only Madeleine but Dyon!

Chapter 1248: I'll Allow

For years now, the Golden Crow Sect had been weeding out talents from the Flaming Lily Sect, preventing them from raising any great geniuses. It wasn't until Madeleine came along with enough backing to protect herself that the Flaming Lily Sect finally received a ray of hope. If they wanted to squander it, Dyon would happily oblige!

"Let's make a bet." Dyon suddenly said, cutting through the tension with his abrupt leisurely attitude.

The Vice Master's expression darkened even further.

"You can be angered if you'd like, or you can grasp this opportunity." Dyon shrugged. "I've already done you a service by not explaining to your disciples the reason behind my anger. I'll even allow them to

believe I'm an unreasonable young master if you so wish it. It can't be that the Vice Master of the Flaming Lily Sect doesn't dare to bet with an air-headed and impulsive young man, right?"

The Vice Master's features remained calm. All her life, she had been touted as a heavenly genius. It had been so long since then that no one remembered, but she had an elder sister that was far more talented than she was.

Her big sister... Philomena. Back then, they were almost certain that had they controlled the Key, they would have birthed a True God. However, one day, her sister just abruptly disappeared. Her soul jade never shattered so they had no idea who took her away, but the Vice Master never saw her big sister again.

Then, one day almost three hundred thousand years ago, Philomena's soul jade crumbled to dust. The cause of death? Age...

The Vice Master remembered crying her eyes out for years, completely unable to stop. A heavenly genius like her sister dying of old age before her? Who would ever believe that there was no foul play?

She remembered having so much rage built up, so much anger and hatred she had nowhere to place.

Eventually, she raised to the rank of Vice Master. By now, she even had enough Sect merits to be laid to rest with the ancestors of their Flaming Lily Sect... But what had she done for those ancestors? Hadn't she just sat back and watched as disciple after disciple was ruined just like her elder sister?

The Vice Master closed her eyes, a deep sadness causing her shoulders to tremble. The name her mother gave her was Melisende, yet she hadn't even dared to use it for as long as she could remember. Maybe if she ignored her past, when she passed away, she wouldn't have to face her elder sister's disappointed gaze.

Dyon shook his head. "Aren't you still alive now?"

He didn't know Melisende's back story, nor did he know exactly what she was thinking about, but he could make his own guesses. That was why he said those words... As long as you're alive, don't you still have a chance?

Vice Master Melisende's eyelashes quivered at Dyon's words. "What bet would you like to make?" She said finally.

Dyon smiled. "I'll allow you to test me one more time. In exchange, I want to thoroughly cleanse the Flaming Lily Sect!"

Melisende looked toward Dyon. She couldn't understand this young man's purpose. If he wanted to speak about something so taboo, why would he do so before all of these disciples? Even if the other sects couldn't hear him, if he was so certain that their sect needed to be cleansed, how could he be sure that these disciples weren't also traitors? What was he doing?

"You trust me?" Still, even with all of those doubts, this was the first thing she asked Dyon.

"No."

This response caused Melisende to laugh bitterly. What did she expect? Did she deserve such trust? But, if he didn't trust her, why was he speaking to her now?

"But, my wife does." Dyon smiled. "And since she does, that's enough for me."

Several eyes fell on Madeleine. Although many of the disciples didn't know what was happening, weren't they all geniuses if they were chosen for this trial? They could easily understand the gravity of the situation.

To think that a True God listened to the words of his wife and trusted her so wholly. Something like this was incomparably rare... Even Yandever's heart strings were pulled at.

Madeleine smiled a beautiful smile, reassuring the Vice Master. Ever since she had cut ties with her former master, Madeleine had never taken another one, but that didn't mean she didn't remember the kindness shown to her by her seniors. While others wanted to take her as a disciple for the sake of fame and glory, Melisende always looked out for her the right way.

Maybe it was because of the guilt she had piled up for so long, but that didn't change her sincerity. For someone who had such a high affinity for purity like Madeleine, she was very sensitive to those with good and bad intentions... And Melisende happened to be among the former.

Taking a deep breath, the Vice Master calmed her emotions. "What is it that you want to do?"

"Kill." A baleful aura erupted from Dyon's body, causing those around him to shiver. "The Golden Crow Sect's Christian III Goldeen will not walk out alive."

Melisende inhaled a sharp and cold breath. To speak of killing the God of a sect or clan... It was absolutely taboo!

"Such a thing is far too risky! They might not dare retaliate against you or Madeleine, but they would most certainly retaliate against our disciples!" Melisende immediately rejected.

"This lack of backbone is why the Flaming Lily Sect has fallen to this state." Dyon's eyes remained deadpan, latching onto the Vice Master's gaze with an apathetic pressure. "How many so-called Gods and True Gods has the Golden Crow Sect taken from you?"

Waving his hand, Dyon didn't need an answer. "My killing him has nothing to do with you. He's simply crossed my bottom line and as such, he will die. It's that simple.

"The bet I'll have with you is entirely different. During the span of this expedition, not only will not a single member of the Flaming Lily Sect die, I'll ensure everyone of them has a breakthrough of some form. If I can accomplish this, you already know the reward I would like."

"You..." Melisende almost felt like fainting. How could one young man be so arrogant? Ensuring that no one would die? Even if he was a dao formation expert such a feat would be impossible... Because teleportation into the realm was random! How could he even guarantee that he'd find everyone? Even if he had all the time in the world to do so, how could he guarantee they wouldn't die before he reached them?

Dyon smiled, taking out several dozen silver plaques. It was obvious to everyone in an instant that these were actually grandmaster grade array plates!

"Simply crush these the moment you enter."

"Spendthrift!" Melisende was slowly losing her demeanor as a Vice Master. This young man really was too much. Who would waste array plates worth several dozen celestial stones each on such a task?

Dyon could have just had all of them enter his inner world, but he didn't want news of his cultivation method to become public knowledge. After all, it was the number one cultivation method to ever be created, whether there was a powerful and imaginary clan behind him or not, it would elicit too many greedy eyes.

"Do you accept?"

"I ..." Melisende didn't know what to do. Although she had power, she was still a Vice Master. There were still several ancestors and the Master ranked above her. Not to mention the Grand Elder who was equal to her in influence. If there were power rankings for the sect, she'd just squeak into the top 15-20 or so. She couldn't unilaterally decide such a thing.

"You don't need to do anything but get me an audience with the sect's upper echelon. As for the rest? I'll handle it."

"This... Okay."

"Oh, one more thing." Dyon said with a grin. "After I kill him, I'll be giving the Key to Madeleine. So, the Flaming Lily Sect will have no choice but to prepare."

"You..." Is this was fainting of anger felt like? Melisende couldn't help but think this as her vision fogged.

"The good news is that since it's Madeleine who'll receive it, they won't dare to act openly. But I'd say that it won't be more than a few months before they start launching their assaults."

"How could you say this so nonchalantly?! Even non-traitors of the sect would be against your actions! Are you stupid?!" Melisende was slowly losing her demeanor as a Vice Master, even Madeleine couldn't help but giggle. This husband of hers had a way of angering people to no end.

Dyon shook his head. "Don't you know that the Key Wielder has the ability to change the gate threshold of all universes they control? If Madeleine is Key Wielder, she'll simply lower all gate requirements to the celestial realm. I'd really like to see who can defeat me with such restrictions!"

A valiant pressure bellowed from Dyon's body.

In the distance, Titus, who had been ignoring everything until now couldn't help but look up with his ruby red eyes. A flash of battle intent appeared before slowly fading. A creepy smile revealed his jagged and sharp teeth as he stroked the two blood red sabers to his side. He didn't regret coming even one bit... It seemed he had found a worthy opponent.

Suddenly, Dyon's brow twitched. He didn't look over to Titus because he had no need to. However, it was something else that caught his attention.

"It's opening."

Chapter 1249: Five, Four

The star began to quake in the distance, causing hot rings of deathly gases to spring upward.

Dyon looked around to see several nervous expressions, however it didn't take long for him to realize why this was the case. Until now, the various elders had been shielding them all from the heat of the star. If this hadn't been the case, those of lower cultivation wouldn't be so casual while standing a mere several hundred kilometers from a ball of hot gas.

The issue was that they'd all have to rely on themselves from now on. Many would die simply entering the realm...

"Linlin, Biibi, Shere, Sen." Dyon's voice, no longer hidden by Melisende's domain reached out to his beast companions.

Leaping into their toddler forms, the four circulated around Dyon before disappearing into his inner world.

"Do you want to come with me?" Dyon asked Madeleine. Obviously, although he had qualms about allowing others into his inner world, Dyon had no such problems with his wife. If they did things this way, he was sure that they wouldn't get separated in the beginning.

Madeleine shook her head. While she understood Dyon's worries, approaching a star like this was a good opportunity to improve her fire intent. As of now, she was still at the 8th intent realm, still looking for opportunities to break into the half-step dao realm.

"Alright, be careful." Dyon smiled. Despite his words, he stood by Madeleine side. If she showed any signs of wavering, he would step in.

Members of the Flaming Lily Sect couldn't help but feel their hearts warm watching the couple interact. Who still had the audacity to think that Dyon didn't care for Madeleine? The upper echelons of the sect had partially panicked with they realized the she no longer had her Primordial Yin, but clearly this wasn't a problem now.

As for the Vice Master, she found Dyon's offer odd. If he could take Madeleine, then what was the point of the teleportation plaques? But then she remembered that his beast companions had shrunk down and then everything made sense. How could a treasure that could house higher life forms be large? He probably couldn't fit them all in.

If only she knew that let alone the fifty or so here, Dyon could fit thousands.

As they spoke, the star's reaction grew more violent, pillars of fire erupting from its surface. First there was only one, but then it quickly grew, shooting up to three, then six, then eighteen. In the end, 108 pillars of several dozen kilometers wide and tall appeared along the star's surface, increasing the heat to another level entirely.

The peaks of the pillars grew into large miniature suns, lashing out with tentacles of fire.

Soon, these flame appendages connected with one another, swirling and curving into intricate, ancient patterns.

The newly formed array grew. In no time at all, its face was even larger than the star it originated from.

It was at this moment that the geniuses surged forward, their various elders suddenly feeling a suppression they could only back down from. There was only a distance of 100km from where they stood to the newly formed entrance, a distance that was no more than a joke to even saints, let alone celestials. However, it had suddenly become an insurmountable mountain.

Dyon stood at the edge of this starting line, Madeleine to his side. But, they weren't alone. Whether it be God Goldeen, True God Tatsuya, True God Hydra, or the various other geniuses, they all stood with a glint of battle intent in their eyes.

Some subconsciously looked toward Dyon. They still hadn't fully understood what that silver light he used to defeated Falkor was. It wasn't as though they didn't think of the silver mirror constitution, but since when had it been so fierce?! Many would kill at the chance to have a heaven grade constitution, but that didn't mean they didn't understand that even they had limits.

But... Who would have known that instead of showing off whatever this treasure or ability was, Dyon would actually step forward without any protection at all!? It wasn't just him either, Titus and Falkor stepped forward simultaneously!

It wasn't until now that those around understood what it truly meant to be a True God. While they had battle intent in their eyes, they had still been biding their time. But did True Gods care about their comparison to others? Their only challenge was defeating themselves!

Dyon's clothes completely burned to ashes. Without the protection of any energy, how could normal clothes he made on a whim survive in such a harsh environment?

His wide back was revealed to the world, elaborate tattoos of black, white and gold coming into full view.

Madeleine sighed in exasperation while the other women hid their eyes behind their hands, unable to stop their curiosity from forcing them to peak through.

However, the men were focused on something entirely different... He was surviving with just his body! Suddenly, the words of Yandevere rang in their ears once more: undead body!

True God Tatsuya and Hydra looked toward Dyon, a fierce light shining in their eyes as he was set ablaze. While everyone else wanted to use this opportunity to compete, he was using it to train!

Flames of red, silver and gold danced across Dyon's body as the heat set him on fire. It was only then that his naked body was finally hidden from the eyes of those spectating.

Finally, the remaining geniuses shook themselves out of their stupor and surged forward themselves!

Madeleine didn't care much for the theatrics, nor did she care for competition. Her only reason for wanting to grow stronger was to stand by Dyon's side and pay him back for having always protected her. In fact, the only reason she hadn't stepped from with Dyon was because she was content to protect his back.

A blaze of violet flames erupted from her body. Delicate wing sprouted from her back, separating into detailed feathers of a Phoenix. Her presence became intoxicating, distracting many of those around her even long after she had crossed the barrier.

Soon, after God Goldeen took his own step forward, a leisure expression on his handsome face as flames of gold appeared around him. The call of a golden crow shook the dark space, coming with it a large illusory manifestation.

Dyon wasn't paying attention to any of this. Instead, his mind and body were racked with an endless pain as wisps of flames rampaged around his body.

His method of body refinement wasn't very complex and emphasized balance. The Demon Sage had made it clear to Dyon that it wasn't just about toughening his body, but also balance. This balance

wasn't only about evenly distributing these flames, but also about the kind of pain he put his body through. However, that later caveat wasn't something he was focused on right now.

Hours passed by as the geniuses slowly made their way forward. Dyon and Madeleine followed a leisurely pace, not allowing others to dictate their speed.

By now, they had been bathed in a world of flames for so long that they were no longer visible to the elders outside the barrier. In fact, even with protection of their energy, it was only possible to see about a meter or so ahead of them. However... Did Dyon have such a handicap?

"Do you believe that I don't know that you're there?" Dyon suddenly spoke, still hovering in the air in meditation. His eyes didn't have to open. From beginning to end, he had had his divine sense locked onto not only all disciples of the Flaming Lily Sect, he had also been monitoring the surroundings.

Since divine sense had difficulty piercing through certain things, it was no surprise that it was difficult for one to maintain theirs in such an environment. In fact, many wouldn't even dare to release their divine sense in such volatile atmosphere. However, Dyon was different. He had no such fear!

"Not speaking?" Dyon sneered. "I'll give you five seconds. Go back to the fool who gave you this assignment and keep your life... Or stay and die!"

Dyon heard someone clear their throat awkwardly from ahead. "True God Sacharro, please understand my plight –"

"Four." Dyon replied blandly.

The voice grit their teeth in growing anger. True God or not, this young man still wasn't a celestial!

Chapter 1250: Ease

As for himself, he was already a middle celestial. Even if he was just of the third order, such a gap was too large to bridge even for an exceptional genius. Who did Dyon think he was speaking to him in this way. However, he forced himself to calm down. Even if Dyon acted this way, he didn't dare to kill Dyon.

His only role was to slow his progress enough to miss the world's opening. While he and his companions could kill almost anyone else, Dyon and Madeleine were untouchable.

"Then I won't speak nonsense anymore. Your request is impossible for me to fulfill. Please think about your wife's fellow disciples. Even if you can somehow pass me, we won't allow them to do so."

For Dyon, understanding this was simple. This fool must think that Dyon only understood his immediate surroundings, but wasn't this barrier a mere hundred kilometers in range? For a normal celestial, covering this area with their divine sense was impossible, this was because most of them only had the range of a few kilometers at most, with the best having a few dozen. It was for this reason that he had no idea that Dyon had a full grasp of the situation.

"Two." Dyon responded just as blandly.

It wasn't a surprise to him that those of the Golden Crow Sect had surpassed them. After all, their golden flames weren't just for show.

Much like the Aumen family, their flames had slight sovereign characteristics. This gave them the ability to more easily control other flames. In an environment that required them to deal with excessive flames like this, they were practically right at home.

"If you insist on being unreasonable, then don't blame me for being impolite!" The Goldeen Clan disciple finally lost his temper. Even if he couldn't kill Dyon, could he just break a few of his limbs?! Even if he wanted revenge later, what could he do? There were trillions of people to a given universe. How would he find him? And even if he did, what would he do? Attack their sect? What a joke.

"One." Dyon's eyes snapped opened, locking onto twelve Gold Crow Sect disciples. In an instant, they felt a Presence the likes of which they had never felt before lock onto them. They were mere lackies... How could they have a treasure capable of blocking Emperor level Presence?!

"No..." Their voices were faint. It was as though they didn't even dare to speak in Dyon's Presence.

In that moment, a white flame coated Dyon before blasting outward. Not even a second passed before the flames that blocked everyone's visions were eradicated, revealing an open space of several hundred meters.

The Flaming Lily Sect disciples looked around in shock, only to find twelve figures as stiff as statues, unable to move.

Surprisingly, those of the Flaming Lily Sect weren't the only ones Dyon had saved. The three disciples of the Fiery Lotus sect and the two of the Flame Rebirth Sect also stood in shock. It only took a moment for all of their gazes to turn toward Dyon who stood at the center of the purified flames with Madeleine to his side.

The ease with which Dyon dealt with the flames caused those around him to clench their fists in awe. It became clear to them just how seriously, or rather, casually, he had taken a trial they were forced to put their lives on the line for. Maybe his words about keeping them all safe weren't empty.

Of the Flaming Lily Sect disciples, the only ones not here were Yandeverre and Sabona who had long since gone ahead. Of course, Madeleine could have followed them, but she stayed behind to be with Dyon. She knew that if she went on ahead, Dyon would forget about his training for her sake, and that was something she didn't want to happen.

This aside, it didn't take long for those around to understand just what was happening.

The ample chests of the Fire Bird Sisters raise and fell in anger. As for the Gaia Princes, their anger was no less furious. Their sects had already taken such a massive hit due to the Golden Crow Sect and now they had done such a thing?!

The truth was that as peak celestials, they could have charged ahead long ago. The only reason they stayed back was specifically because they didn't want to stir any trouble. Who would have thought that things would end this way anyway?!

Maybe the worst part was that they were only in this situation in large part due to the Goldeen family to begin with. Not only had they lost many of their fellow disciples to their schemes, but their sects were forced to cede massive amounts of their resources to the Flaming Lily Sect. Now, they even wanted to cut off their opportunity to recover some of those losses?!

Dyon sneered inwardly. 'The Golden Crow Sect is definitely taking advantage of the stupidity of the Flaming Lily Sect. Or rather, should I say that they have the luxury to do so because they've long since planted their people to ensure that things will always work out in their favor.'

What would have been the smartest course of action after the Golden Crow Sect betrayed their two allies for the sake of saving face? Wouldn't it have been to take those allies for yourself to back stab the Golden Crow Sect? So... Why had that not happened?

Of course, Dyon believed that it was in part due to true anger. But, if he was correct, he speculated that some hidden members of their upper echelon egged things on in that direction. Those individuals guaranteed that while those two lesser sects hated the Golden Crow Sect, they'd also hate the Flaming Lily Sect as well!

Unfortunately for them, their opponent was no longer just the already brainwashed members of the Flaming Lily Sect. Now, they had to deal with Dyon Sacharro.

The Golden Crow Sect hadn't been stupid enough to send their members to stop The Gaia Princes and the Fire Bird Sisters. However, Dyon had made it look like that by clearing away the flames to reveal everyone.

Maybe if the five of them looked closer, they would have noticed that the dozen disciples sent by God Goldeen were far too weak to deal with them. But, Dyon had no intention of allowing them the time to realize this. Since those two sects had no qualms about participating in oppressing his wife, he'd have no qualms about using them!

Dyon's eyes darkened before flashing with a blinding gold light.

Twelve blood red arrays appeared before him in the next moment, filling the atmosphere with a suffocating killing intent as just as many ruby-red spears slowly inched into existence.

Let alone the dozen disciples facing this attack, even those spectating felt a cold sweat cover their backs and foreheads. They felt as though they had stepped into a world of blood and gore, even the skies above rained with thick, crimson blood.

"Judgement... [Carnage]."

No one noticed the small flickering black flames on the tips of these spears. They were overwhelmed by far too much fear... In fact, maybe the only one who remained completely nonchalant was Madeleine who was confident that even if her husband dripped with this killing intent, it would never be aimed toward her.

In the next moment, the spears tore through the air, causing blazing rings of fire to erupt in their path. From beginning to end, the twelve disciples didn't even have a chance to speak... Emperor level Presence wasn't something they could fight off... It was almost as though they were pleading for death...

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Without the ability to protect themselves, the twelve now headless bodies burned to nothing, dissipating into the solar wind.

Dyon looked down at his hand, rotating and clenching it. It seemed that the first iteration of his Judgement technique was no longer that much of a burden for him to use. He wouldn't even imagine making 12 arrays at once before.

"Thank you." Five voices sounded toward Dyon as they lowered their heads to display their sincerity.

Dyon raised his eyebrows before smiling lightly. He hadn't expected such a sincere response. He almost felt bad for manipulating them like this.

"It's no problem, I would have had to get rid of them anyway."

The five of them gave Dyon a deep glance before shooting forward. Since they would face adversity at the back anyway, they'd much rather lose out at the front.

Seeing them disappear so quickly, Dyon shook his head. It was a good thing that those ahead had long since entered the Mystical World, or else they might start raising questions about why they hadn't been stopped a second time.

Looking around to see that everyone was fine, Dyon nodded. "Good. Let's go. It seems that not enough individuals understand how I operate... I guess I only have myself to blame for staying out of the spotlight for so long... A precedent of blood needs to be set."

Dyon waved his hands, enveloping the disciples in flames of white before charging forward, the thought of murder prevalent in his mind.

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Across the quadrants, the matters of the Water Mist Sect were slowly escalating.

At the moment, Ri sat on a hovering stone platform, her beautiful white tails resting behind her. It was clear that her beauty had increased to another level entirely, something was partially due to her breaking into the celestial realm, but the other reason relied on her Elvin Queen's Reign constitution awakening to higher and greater levels.

On her shoulders, miniature fairies rested, each with varying expressions, but with undoubtable beauty of their own.