

## The Nameless 1251

### Chapter 1251: Elvin Queen

"Elvin Queen, we should just kill her! A single arrow is all it would take!" A beautiful fairy with valiant red hair harrumphed. What was odd about this fairy, though, was the fact that while she looked like a world toppling beauty from head to belly, her bottom half was actually that of a pure white steed. Other than this, her other defining characteristic were the delicate angel wings on her back.

In truth, this fairy had the ability to turn into a Pegasus, or a normal beautiful fairy. But, for some ungodly and inexplicable reason, she insisted on remaining in the hybrid form. Whenever she was asked about this sick fetish of hers, she insisted that it was related to battle efficiency. She swore that it was only in this hybrid form that she could use her archery skills to the max while also maintaining her highest movement speed. Maybe wouldn't be so bad if she at least covered her breasts, but she claimed that this effected her transformation speed. By now, the other fairies had given up on guiding her.

"Centaress, is there a need for you to be so violent all of the time?" Isla berated the red-haired fairy, showing off her own abrasive personality. "If it was so easy to just kill her without causing an all-out civil war, do you believe that our Queen wouldn't have done so already?"

"She's really too infuriating!" Centaress went to stamp her powerful hooves, but when she remembered that she was on her queen's shoulders, she managed to stop herself. "Who does she think she is to see herself as superior to our Queen? She has a death wish! Let's fulfill it!"

It was clear to anyone with half a brain that Chrysanthemum wasn't a match for Ri. How could she match a genius who was not only a peak-most supreme grade beast, but also a wielder of a god grade constitution? What an absolute joke.

However, Chrysanthemum wasn't alone. And, there was also the matter of this key wielder of this ninth ranked quadrant, a young lady who just so happened to not only be a God, but also Chrysanthemum's elder cousin.

Ri was powerful, yes, but she still wasn't enough to fight a sixth order high celestial. This led to her being suppressed often times. But, this suppression was what allowed her to bloom through adversity. Much like Madeleine, Ri had already crossed into the 2nd celestial stage and was steadily climbing toward the 3rd.

This lovely, silver-blue haired beauty was simply biding her time, learning what she could. Although her own strength was too weak right now, one needed to think of something else... Weren't those of her Elvin Race known for the dominion over nature and its beasts?

Not only did Ri have potential as a beast tamer, she had the very best potential! The 'Reign' portion of her constitution's title wasn't simply for show!

While the fairies talked among themselves, they fell into another bad habit: ignoring everyone but their queen. The truth of the matter was that Ri wasn't the only one present, Clara was here too.

To the outside world, Clara and Ri had built a relationship within the Valley of Geniuses. Since this was known to everyone, they decided to take advantage of this truth to become Sworn Sisters. In fact, it was in large part to the unknown backgrounds of both Dyon and Clara that God Mist hadn't been able to act against Ri directly.

The third fairy on Ri's shoulder lay lazily on an old tree trunk, meandering through the events. Still, her anger was no less than that of her two sisters. Suddenly, she perked up, an excited expression taking over her lazy features as Ri opened her eyes.

"Okay, I'm ready." Ri spoke to Clara who had been meditating herself.

"They think they're very intelligent, don't they?" Clara said lightly, a chilling and sharp wind whipping around her.

Ri smiled. "I've been looking for an excuse to enter the Dark Ocean for a long time now. They simply handed me the reason I needed."

The Dark Ocean was known as the most forbidden area of the Water Mist Quadrant. However, it was due to this that the sect needed to take precautions against it. Unfortunately, these precautions involved sending their disciples on dangerous missions to ensure that the various beasts and curses weren't crossing certain limits.

Because of Dyon's celestial hamsters, she learned about quite an interesting history related to this so-called Dark Ocean. Ever since then, she had been trying to find excuses to enter. Who would have known that her enemies would gift her this opportunity in a feeble attempt to kill her?

While her constitution's world was filled with magical beasts, her cultivation was still far too low to manifest them into reality. For now, her best abilities were tied to these three little helpers on her shoulder. However... Who said she couldn't find other helpers in the real world?

History said that a former Elvin Monarch was the first and only to ever subdue a dragon... Ri wondered how true that was.

Since they thought that the women of Dyon Sacharro were so soft, wouldn't Ri and Clara be remiss if they didn't teach them a lesson?

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In another quadrant, the low-profile Devil Path geniuses were making their presence known, especially Lilith and Sokzac. However, this wasn't due to the others being poor talents. Rather, it was simply far too eyebrow raising for too many geniuses to appear at once even if they were joining a sect. If the upper echelons decided to investigate, they would be in an inescapable trouble.

As such, Lilith decided that only she and Sokzac would take trials. However, the trials they were forced to take were absolute jokes! Even though they tried to slow their speed, they blazed through the Duke trials in just two months. The challenge was too pathetic for them.

How could this not raise exclamations of awe?

Still, in order to enter the auction, a King title was the minimum. As such, despite having already caused a stir, Lilith and Sokzac had no choice but to enter again. Yet, despite being extremely careful this time around, they still completed the King trial in just two years!

By now, they were out once more and the center of attention despite having entered the Enigmatic Sect of the seventh ranked quadrant.

Lilith couldn't help but sigh to herself. The entire point of wanted to use the 98th ranked quadrant was to keep a low profile. Although Lilith had every intention of taking the God trials even back then, she was sure that by that time she would have been prepared to reveal her prowess. In addition, she'd have the protection of tower's barrier.

But, now, she was in the open environment of a sect and had no control over the greedy eyes that followed her everywhere. Although she made it clear that Sokzac was her fiancé, who cared about a talented young man with no backing? If anything, Sokzac was in far more danger than even she was.

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Dyon appeared in a new world, crossing over the final portions of the barrier with more than fifty people in tow. However, it was at that very moment that he realized instead of having his feet firmly planted on the ground, he was falling from skies.

'I can't fly with my saint energy?' Dyon frowned. Of course, he had his wings, but showing off his tattoo was one thing, making his wings known to others was a complete other.

Before, Dyon had purposely only used one color of wings as the 'masked wife stealer'. But, back when he raged against True God Anak, he changed their color deliberately. Although this might not seem like a big deal, this definitely planted the idea in the minds of others that his wings weren't stagnant in color. Because of this, Dyon hesitated to reveal them now. It wasn't the right time to connect his two identities.

Dyon's falling speed accelerated constantly. His body weight was so severe that air resistance caused rings of flames to erupt around him.

As the ground came into view, Dyon's brow twitched. Down below, there was an oddly colored and quite large violet lake. Of course, Dyon's first thought was poison, but this wasn't why he reacted. Due to reaching the one with body realm with his white flames, he should be immune to any poisons not of the star grade. In fact, because of the profound nature of his innate flames, he even had a certain resistance those poisons of that caliber as well.

The real issue here was that there was a beast Dyon's divine sense picked up on, and he had a feeling that canon balling into its home wouldn't be received very well at all...

Almost as though to benefit some sickening foreshadow, the surface of the lake became to rumble.

At first, it was just a large dome of water, as if a massive waterfall had suddenly appeared and was only steadily growing.

However, the taller this waterfall grew, the more distorted the image became. What once was a perfect dome shape extended in width, revealing a large, opened mouth.

The creature's eyes were several meters across, blinking into slits of red and violet. Its body was covered in scales matching these patterns, looking as though it was built with shingled gems of rubies and amethysts. Truth be told, it was an absolutely beautiful beast, so much so that Dyon assumed it to be a woman despite the fact it emitted such fierce yang qi.

'What the hell is that?' Dyon's eyes contracted. He had only just realized why this atmosphere was so oppressive... So... Familiar. This feeling, the last time he felt it was within his constitution's world!

Even as Dyon was slightly panicking about not being able to sense the creature's cultivation, massive violet crystalline wings spread from its back. However, what was truly mesmerizing about them was the fact that these wings were identical to a butterfly's.

Dyon knew he had to deal with this quickly. It wouldn't be much time from now that the Flaming Lily Sect disciples would begin to teleport to him. In fact, if they had started anywhere near as bad as him, they might have already crushed their plates. If this was the case, they were headed here now!

'If this world is truly like that one, I don't need to fear simply because I can't sense this creature's cultivation...!' Dyon's eyes reddened, a bestial aura erupting from him as he became more in tune with his surroundings.

"Yes..." Dyon's voice came out in a primal growl. "You... I can defeat you..."

BOOM!

Dyon's fist crashed into the head of the beast. Despite his overwhelming weight and the power behind his punch, he only grinned when he saw that not even a dent was made in this beast's scales.

He realized then that he was correct. This beast... it was a body refiner!

"Good!" Dyon's bestial aura climbed to a new height, his blood pumping with an excitement he couldn't control.

His fists rained down on the beast, ignoring the roars of anger, shame and pain that came from its lips.

Both the beast and Dyon could no longer fight gravity. In the next instant, they blasted the violet water into the air, sinking several hundred meters into the lake. However, it was then that the beast gained its own advantage.

Before, Dyon had made use of his spatial will, crippling the beast's ability to time his fall. The issue was that even with his vast improvements, his ability to cross a few kilometers had dropped to a mere few dozen meters. This was still useful in a battle against humans, but against such a large beast? It was practically useless.

However, Dyon had something he hadn't had before. He was no longer handicapping himself!

Dyon's aura was so furious that the water didn't dare to appear within even five meters of himself. An air bubbling of turbid and raging winds wrapped around him as a staff appeared.

The beast roared, surging toward Dyon to bite down furiously, but Dyon's movement was too profound.

His body seemed to flicker and disappear, appearing above the head of the best. His arms flexed, his rose-bronzed skin shining with the light of a deity as his war god armor of beautiful white and royal blues appeared to cover him.

His staff seemed to blink to life, shining with a holy light. There was something wholly different about Dyon's staff qi. Even as a half-step dao array appeared to his back and he swung forward, it was clear to anyone who could have been watching that there was something inexplicably profound about his movement. Somehow, despite there not being any technique attached to it, despite it being a pure and simple swing, it seemed to carry a will with an endless depth.

Dyon's eyes flashed as the rod connected with the beast's head.

A roar the likes of which could only be replicated by a dying beast shook the Golden Flame Mystical World. Several hundred heads snapped upward, all looking toward Dyon's direction without fail.

Such a beast... To be able to make a sound of this caliber, its cultivation was deep beyond belief... Who could put it in such dire straits already?! They had been here for less than ten seconds?!

Those who heard the call shivered in terror. Thinking that they had been here for too little time to accomplish such a feat, they thought of something else that terrified them. What if it wasn't a human who did this, but rather another beast? If such a powerful beast could be taken down... What chance did they stand?!

Thinking to this point, many of the Flaming Lily Sect disciples abandoned their thoughts of looking around their areas before teleporting to Dyon. Although they appreciated Dyon's help, they were still prideful women in their own right. They had confidence in their own abilities. However, that singular roar shook them out of their pride. What use was arrogance if you were dead?

The women of the Flaming Lily Sect began to crush their teleportation plates one by one. Although only a comet grade array could guarantee teleportation to anywhere in a universe, the Golden Flame Mystical World wasn't so large. In fact, it was only about ten times the size of the range of Dyon's now handicapped divine sense. So, a grandmaster grade array was more than enough even under these stricter spatial laws.

Soon, they began to appear above the violet lake in confusion. They had thought that maybe there was some sort of mistake, but when they noticed their fellow disciples around them, they breathed a sigh of relief. In the end, it seemed the only disciples who still decided to reject Dyon's help were Sabona and Yandevere, but this was to be expected. Of course, Madeleine had appeared as well.

Since they weren't able to fly, the female disciples had no choice but to stand on the surface of the lake, using their energies to not sink into the water below.

"Senior Sister Madeleine do you..." One of the braver disciples decided to ask. It definitely didn't seem like a good sign that Dyon hadn't appeared yet. Their intuition also told them that the water below was highly toxic... In fact, many of them had closed their pours and ceased breathing entirely.

"Oh," Madeleine replied nonchalantly, clearly not worried, "He's below. He'll be up in a moment."

"This..." The various sister disciples looked toward each other awkwardly. If he was below, didn't that mean he was dead? Even an undead body had its limits. Plus, how profound could his death will be? At the end of the day, it was a supreme law. It was already impressive enough that he had reached the 3rd intent level, one with body, at such a young age. Delving into such severe poison should have been impossible, even for a peak celestial. Yet, Dyon was a mere peak saint, not even a pseudo celestial!

However, it was then that the water below began to move. A handsome young man climbed to the top, dragging the corpse of a beast with only half its head remaining behind him with one hand, while bringing a purple crystal to his teeth for a bite with the other.

The loud snap of a shattering gem rang outward as Dyon munched away. He didn't seem to notice the shocked gazes of the 50 or so women above. Instead, he was more focused on the changes to his body.

'Mm. These poison crystals are the best method I've found to temper my inner organs, but my poison resistance is too strong... Maybe I can find something more potent if I swim deeper, or maybe this beast's poison sack has some higher concentrations itself.'

Finally, Dyon looked up to see everyone looking at him. After blinking for a moment, he spoke seriously. "The poison of this lake is highly dangerous, I hope you all have taken appropriate measures."

The lips of the women twitched. It could be said that they'd never forget the image of Dyon dragging out the corpse of some mythical, three hundred meter long beast while munching away at the very same poison he warned them about... Was this what it meant to be a True God?

Madeleine shook her head with a light giggle, floating toward Dyon. "Put some pants on."



## Chapter 1253: Disperse

Dyon dragged the several hundred-meter-long corpse to the shore. By now, he had fitted himself with a pair of black sweatpants and had released the four celestial beasts who decided to remain in their toddler forms.

Finally, he looked back toward the still confused Flaming Lily Sect disciples.

"I understand that you all have your own pride, or else you would have never been chosen for this trial. You're the best of the younger generation your sect has to offer and as such, you deserve to grow." Dyon's eyes scanned the crowd of women. It was clear that they hadn't expected him to take their feelings into account. It was rare for even Emperors to care about the thoughts of others, let alone Gods and True Gods.

"I don't want you all to think of this as me looking down on you. Instead, take it as a partnership." Dyon shook his head. "I know what you're thinking and that's not what I mean. I have no intention of taking part in the treasures you yourselves find and earn. The only thing I want in return from you all is your ability to fight when it comes time to.

"Although others might see me as very powerful, I'm limited in what I can do alone. Will you agree to help me?" Dyon smiled warmly.

Maybe it was the valiant image of a handsome man standing before the corpse of a beast he had slayed, or maybe it was the fact he seemed to care and understand their feelings, but even those who had planned to oppose couldn't find it in their hearts to do so. It felt to them that Dyon wasn't just a person they could trust, he was also a person worth following and laying you life down for.

By this point in his cultivation, Dyon no longer needed to actively release his Presence to influence others. His disposition as a leader was already so refined that he exuded charisma few could match. Matching this with his prince charming-like appearance and he was already just a small step away from his goal before he even began to speak.

Still, this didn't mean that he faced no opposition whatsoever. No matter how charming he was, these women had only just met him and they were more prideful than to simply fall for a pretty face. Although Dyon hadn't said it, it was clear that this fight he was referring to was against the Golden Crow Sect.

For one, their sect had sent double their numbers. Even after Dyon killed off a dozen of them, their numbers were still deeper by almost forty or so individuals.

In addition, the Golden Crow Sect disciples had access to far better resources, techniques, and talents than they did. This didn't even mention the fact that the Goldeen and Crow families shared two halves of the ancient Golden Crow bloodline, an extinct beast that had once stood as equal to Dragons and Phoenixes. This morsel of truth was especially prevalent since it practically made this Mystical World their backyard.

Plus, Dyon had said it himself. He was too weak alone. Even though he was a True God, Christian III was already a middle celestial and a God himself! While Dyon wasn't even a celestial.

The truth was that Yandevere could defeat God Goldeen easily one on one, but he wouldn't be alone! He was sent in with four peak celestial protectors. Although they were only between the first and third orders while Yandevere was of the fifth, if they combined their strengths, Yandevere could only run.

Dyon watched their emotions flash across their eyes, keying in on their turmoil.

"What kind of sect do you want to inherit?" Dyon suddenly asked.

The Flaming Lily Sect disciples froze, looking up toward Dyon and already understanding what he meant.

"For a long time, the Flaming Lily Sect has played second fiddle to the Golden Crow Sect. This isn't because you birthed less talents. It isn't because an all female sect is inherently weaker. It isn't because your ancestors built a shattered foundation. It's because you've been too kind to yourselves and not kind enough to the sister by your side!"

Dyon's words were like thunder in their ears. They had never heard such an eloquent way of calling someone selfish, yet they couldn't bring themselves to be angry.

They had watched so many of their sisters disappear over the years, yet they had done nothing. Mostly it was because they didn't believe that they could change anything themselves, but wasn't that what Dyon called being too kind to themselves? They simply used their own inadequacies as an excuse for not working toward a higher goal... Some of them would be happy to just reach the peak celestial realm one day, other would be content to simply touch upon the dao formation realm, was this the kind of mentality a cultivator should have?

Dyon smiled. He didn't expect to change the disposition of a person with a single speech, he just wanted to show them a path they could take should they want better for themselves.

"My proposal is simple. Stay within ten thousand kilometers of me. Whatever you find under my protection is yours and yours alone, I won't take any part in it. As long as you follow that singular rule, I guarantee that you all will survive this Mystical World."

Dyon didn't explain any further. He spoke as though maintaining complete control over ten thousand kilometers was an easy task, something they all found difficult to believe. However, he meant what he said.

"Some time in the future, I'll call you all back. I hope that you'll heed this call when the time comes."

The Flaming Lily Sect disciples soon dispersed. They didn't make any promises, nor did Dyon force them to.

In reality, Dyon had only said these words for the sake of building a foundation in the Flaming Lily Sect. He was confident that even if he was alone, God Goldeen's life was as good as his. That didn't mean that it would be easy, but it also didn't mean that he needed the help of others.

All he knew was that the culture of the Flaming Lily Sect had to change. He had grown up in the mortal world and he had come to understand how those with smaller fists could come into powerful positions of authority. All throughout human history, the strongest warrior wasn't always the best leader. Of course, when their history was more infantile and their cultures were more barbaric, this was the case. But as they evolved and their society's matured, what humans looked for in rulers changed as well.

In the martial world, however, it still seemed that the biggest fist ruled over all. But, Dyon believed that this innate need for a worthy leader hadn't entirely disappeared. He understood that if he wanted to build an empire, what he needed wasn't just a strong fist, but also a strong foundation of culture.

For now, he had allowed the Soul Rend Universe to grow organically, slowly instilling the idea that hard work resulted in more benefits. But, he knew that he had yet to go far enough.

Firstly, the people of Soul Rend Universe hardly knew who their leader was. They had heard of his name in passing, they understood his power, but they didn't know him. Secondly, could Dyon really guarantee the kind of culture that was currently being brewed? The answer was no... He wanted his people to have pride in him and their lands, but he wanted this to be for the right reasons.

As time past, Dyon thought more and more about these kinds of things. Building something so large was complicated, but he had to take it step by step.

"You guys go off too. This is good training for you all. But, unlike those disciples, I won't be monitoring your four. Do you understand what that mean?" Dyon's eyes flashed with seriousness as he looked at his beast companions.

Although the four of them had grown powerful, they had little to no battle experience. Since they too understood this, they nodded.

"Good. Stay together. Watch each other's backs. Learn what it means to fight as one." Dyon began to list off what he expected of them. "I won't be providing you four with any food, you must find it yourselves. Also, don't come and find me until at least one year later. Understood?"

The four beasts pouted, but nodded in the end. This task was far more difficult than Dyon was making it out to be.

#### Chapter 1254: Brightened

"None of that." Dyon waved his hands, patting their small heads. "You all have high potential for body refinement as beasts. There is no better environment to take that step than here. If you all want to remove the shackles that are holding you down, this is your opportunity. Do your best!"

Dyon watched as the four toddlers disappeared into the surrounding forest, a stern expression on his face. In the end, his thoughts were interrupted by Madeleine's giggle.

"You really went out of your way to scare them."

"I have to, or they won't take it seriously. Their lives have been too comfortable until now." Dyon sighed.

His words weren't wrong. From birth, they had been fed with the best beast nurturing pills. They only ate high grade beast meat and spiritual fruits. Even their training methods and rooms were of the highest order.

With all of this priming, their meridians had been dilated to the absolute max, their bloodlines had been cleansed to perfection, and their constitutions were the peak-most they could be given their birthed talents.

As things stood now, they were perfectly prepared to improve their bloodlines to the next level. In fact, Dyon could have done so long ago, after all, he had access to the second floor of the tower. With it, he didn't need blood essence. He could improve the bloodlines of beasts with normal blood.

However, Dyon had held back until now. He believed that the sturdier the foundation they had, the greater improvements they would experience. His goal wasn't to just improve them to the Supreme grade, but to elevate them to the status of Kings. This required their greatest efforts!

If right now they were the equivalent of eight tailed kitsune. If they became Kings of the supreme grade, their talent would reach what Ri's would be if she hadn't also had a god grade constitution. They would finally tap into the true talent of a supreme beast!

Madeleine wrapped her arms around Dyon's, leaning onto his shoulder. "You can fool them, but I know you placed monitoring arrays in them."

Dyon smiled. "Maybe."

Madeleine didn't respond. She felt intoxicated by Dyon's presence. It had been too long since she had spent time with him. Such a realization made Dyon's heart ache with guilt.

"Alright!" Dyon's voice boomed. "You, first wife of Dyon Sacharro, have a very difficult decision to make."

"Oh?" Madeleine's beautiful violet eyes blinked.

"Mhm." Dyon nodded seriously. "Would you like to see a mountain of silver? A river so clear that its crystal filled bottom is clear from above? Would you like this husband of yours to catch a rainbow scaled bird for you? Oorrr, would you like to visit one of those floating castles that happen to be hovering above our heads?"

Madeleine's smile brightened. Despite having seen what it meant to be a dao formation level beauty, Dyon's heart still fluttered at the sight of this wife of his.

"All of them." She finally responded.

"Good!"

Unlike others, Dyon had no need to diligently spend his time looking for treasures. With his divine sense, even with it handicapped, he could cover fifty thousand kilometers in excruciating detail. Although this was only 10% of the Mystical World, with the time they had, he was confident that he would be able to travel its entirety as it would be anywhere between two to three more years before this world closed.

He made mental notes of areas his divine sense couldn't penetrate, knowing that these were likely the best treasures. At the same time, he didn't ignore what his divine sense could see. What he needed now more than ever before were resources!

In such a world, even the worst of treasures would cause an uproar in the outside world. How could Dyon ignore them?

Sweeping Madeleine into his arms, Dyon placed the dissected beast corpse into the tower while ignoring the parts he decided to discard. A simple teleportation array later and they had appeared before a mountain the shone with an otherworldly beauty.

It raised what looked like half a dozen kilometers into the sky, having a base twice as large as that.

"This mountain... It's made entirely of Coarse Silver?" Madeleine blinked in shock. It was no surprise she would have such a reaction, after all, Coarse Silver was not only at least five times tougher than steel, it was considered a Master Grade metal! Just for context, even though steel was a metal of the mortal realm, it was still good enough to nearly be considered a practitioner grade metal!

Although a mere master grade material wasn't so expensive, when multiplied to the size of this mountain, it was definitely worth several hundred dao stones.

Dyon smiled. "Not only that, but its core regions have been under so much pressure for so many years that they've formed a metal I've never seen before. But, from its profile, it seems to be of the grandmaster grade and at least twice as tough as this outer coarse silver. Plus, there's an even more central region my divine sense can't pierce through. I believe that it should be of at least the comet grade."

Madeleine rested her head on Dyon's chest. "You seem very happy today." She said faintly.

"Of course I'm happy." Dyon grinned brightly. "How could I not be? Just a few days ago, I finally found Amphorae, and now, I have all the time in the world to spend with you."

"Really?" Madeleine said with a knowing smile. It was as though she had seen through Dyon a long time ago and was just waiting for him to tell her this truth. Although their souls were connected, it wasn't as though Madeleine could read his mind to the most stringent of details.

"Mm." Dyon responded, his expression becoming serious. Even he didn't understand why he said his next words, but he felt almost compelled to.

"Do you know who my first love was?" Dyon suddenly asked. "It was you."

"You know. If I had never met you, I would probably still be alone today... Clara would have died along with her father because I would have never brought her to the martial world. The Elvin Kingdom would have fallen to the Daiyu because I wouldn't have saved them due to my relationship with Ri. And, I very well would have already died in my second trial years ago."

Although Dyon's last words seemed like an exaggeration, they weren't. The passing of the second trial wasn't just made easier by having Amphorae fall in love with you, it was a requirement for success. It was an impossible trial to pass without her full devotion, this was why Dyon was the only one in the trial's history to ever pass.

"You opened up that part of me. If it wasn't for you, no woman would have ever entered my heart." Dyon said seriously. "No one can replace you."

He squeezed Madeleine body to himself, resting his chin on her head.

In that moment, Madeleine suddenly felt a weight she didn't know she had on her chest fall. She had always been completely selfless in love, so even she didn't know when this weight appeared. But, Dyon somehow saw through it and spoke the exact words she had wanted to hear.

She listened to Dyon steady heart beat silently, a content smile gracing her beautiful features.

Dyon grinned. "Let's go see what's hidden within this mountain."

With a thought, a brilliant array started to slowly form on the mountain's face. In a full circle type of moment, the array formed was none other than the very same on Dyon used during his first date with Madeleine.

Back then, he had used it to allow them to step through the glass exterior of Focus Academy, but now, they used it to walk through the solid mass of a mountain as though it was nothing but air. That said, this array was far more robust due to the density of the metal they needed to pass through.

The couple slowly made their way through the silver mountain. It was odd walking through a mass of dense blackness knowing that it was actually a solid object and not air, but soon, they found that this



large mountain was actually filled with veins, veins that all led to a vast open space that caused Dyon's eyes to widen in shock.

#### Chapter 1255: Sprite

The world hidden within the mountain of coarse silver was an astonishing one. Wall to wall, for hundreds of meters, dense metals shone with blaring rainbow lights, covering its interior. Surprisingly, unlike what Dyon expected, there were major hallowed out tunnels, all leading to this very core.

In the center of everything, an oddly shaped crystalline structure sat. It seemed to hover in mid-air without any support to speak of, spinning slowly.

Suddenly, Dyon felt a keen sense of danger. His divine sense swept over everything, but he couldn't find a single enemy. To make matters more confusing, Dyon was certain that without his method of entry, even a celestial would have to dig for months to reach this point. In addition, even the formation masters who had come from the Sapientia Quadrant Guilds wouldn't have dared to use his method because he was certain that none of them had powerful enough divine senses to see what was inside of the mountain. For all they knew, it was just a dense mass of metal through and through.

Still, Dyon trusted his instincts. Although he had only just begun to refine his own bestial senses, they had already saved him from danger more than once.

"Don't move..." Dyon said to Madeleine softly, holding her more tightly. He was prepared to send her out with a teleportation array the moment things went left.

Madeleine nodded without a word. She too had more bestial-like instincts from following Amethyst's path. They weren't as refined as Dyon's, but at the very least, she too felt that something was off.

'Little Yang, Little Yin, what's going on? Do you have any idea where this danger is coming from?' A massive pressure was weighing on Dyon's heart. He felt the need to run away immediately, but his more human-like thoughts told him that that wasn't the answer either.

'Big brother, this is bad.' Little Yin said in a weak voice.

'Very bad.' Little Yang seemed to think that Little Yin's words weren't even remotely enough, but even he didn't dare to say much more.

They didn't have much to worry about themselves, but they had grown fond of Dyon. In addition, a celestial hamster could only ever bond once in their lifetime. Even if they survived after Dyon died, they would be doomed to float along the time stream without an anchor. Such was their curse.

'Stop being cryptic, explain.' Dyon frowned. Now wasn't the time to panic. He had come for the sake of spending some time with his wife. In fact, he had purposely chosen the locations with the least amount of dangers. Although their treasures were also comparably lesser, he felt that there were more important things than chasing the biggest payoff for now.

Yet, even with his efforts, he somehow ran into a place likely more dangerous than the locations he purposely chose to avoid!

'The core of this coarse silver mountain is a sprite.' Little Yang said as though this should explain everything.

'What the hell are you talking about?'

'Where do you think the sprite species came from? That Daisho Ken guy you met that seemed half human, half illusory, it would be more accurate to say that he's only half sprite.'

'Be straight forward!'

'The rise of the Sprites was more abrupt than other humanoid evolutions. This is why the Golden Era could have been so short, yet there could already be a dominant species of this Modern Era. By all logic, if an Era ended so quickly, it would take more time for a new Era to rise up, but this one is already dominated by its own species.'

'The most accurate way to label the dominant species of this Modern Era is to name them Half Sprites. That's because full 'blooded' sprites are technically inanimate objects that gain sentience.'

'Are you saying that the Daisho Clan had an inanimate object as one of its ancestors?' Dyon felt dark lines forming on his head as he thought of the ramifications of what he was hearing.

'Well, it would probably no longer be proper to call them inanimate since they have gained sentience.' Little Yin chimed in with a small voice.

'How does that even happen? How do an object and a human reproduce offspring?'

'It's not done in the traditional sense. Just like you and your wives meld your souls together to confirm your love for one another, a full sprite can do this with a human. The result of their love is a half sprite with heavenly talents that are often comparable to the offspring of heaven's children.'

Dyon eyes contracted. He remembered that when he first learned that Eli was a Heaven's Child, his grand teacher had told him that the first-generation offspring of one was always a talent at the very peak of what was possible for human evolution. He had also said that before this child was born, it was given the very same protections as its Heaven's Child parents, but then could live and die like a normal living being after this birth.

Clearly, the hamster twins were saying that the first-generation offspring of a human and full sprite gave results just as overbearing. In fact, they were so overbearing that even the later generations were powerful enough to dominate this Era!

'So Daisho Ken's Clan...?' Dyon suddenly asked.

'One of his ancestors was definitely a shocking talent who's likely already transcended by now. If we're correct, his sprite ancestor was likely a sword spirit...' Little Yin interjected once more.

'Then this sprite here?' Dyon asked semi-nervously.

'This is a mineral sprite... You've entered its domain... If it wanted, it could bring this whole mountain crashing down around you...'

Dyon took a deep breath. Losing his mind to fear wouldn't help him, but he felt like there was an added weight to his heart since Madeleine was with him. If he was alone, he probably would have gotten a grip on his emotions long ago. But, there was something about risking a life that wasn't his own, especially when it was a life he deeply cared for, that fried his brain.

Of course, Dyon thought about sending Madeleine into his inner world, but there were a few problems with that. Firstly, if he died, she would still die as well. Secondly, he couldn't send others into a new space just because he felt like it. If that was possible, he'd never lose a battle again. He was certain that Madeleine would resist, and if that happened, his attempts would bear no fruit.

Then there was the issue of his spatial transference array, the one that allowed him to enter in the first place. But, that was once again useless. If he could just coat himself in an array that allowed everything to go through his body without harming him, wouldn't he once again never lose another battle? The issue was the core principle of the martial world: will.

When someone actively attacks him, unless their difference in strength was sufficiently large, the effects of the array would dull and often stop working entirely.

Back at focus academy when Dyon used the spatial transference array to survive Oliver's strike – Madeleine's elder brother – it had worked because Oliver's will was weak. He had barely comprehended a 3rd level will and he was a mere meridian formation stage expert. He didn't have the ability to negate the effects of Dyon's array.

However, a heavenly entity like a mineral sprite was on a completely different level. Even if Dyon had Amphorae with him, there would be no guarantee of survival!

'Do you guys have any ideas?' Dyon asked.

'Sprites love nothing more than the paths from which they are born. Wind sprites love wind, fire sprites love fire, sword sprites love swords...'

'Mineral sprites love minerals...' Dyon smiled bitterly. How did he know that things would come to this? He had only asked hoping to hear a different answer, but it turned out that his fears were reality now.

Between his inner world, his demon sage tower, and his spatial rings, Dyon had many valuable materials a mineral sprite might fawn over. However, that didn't mean he wanted to give them up.

Dyon's eyes flashed with an odd light. With a thought, he began to bellow outward with pure soul energy. This was something he rarely, if ever, did. Often times, his opponents would have next to no idea what his soul strength was simply because he could keep it hidden so well. But, this didn't mean that he wasn't capable of doing exactly this.

Chapter 1256: Mine

'Don't antagonize it!' Little Yang said in a panic.

'I know what I'm doing.' Dyon said softly.

Little Yang almost got into a screaming contest with Dyon. You know what you're doing? You didn't even know what your opponent was two minutes ago! Then, you actually asked us for help with solutions! Now you're doing something so blatantly stupid yet you want us to believe you know what you're doing?!

However, before he could say any of these words, Little Yin put a small paw under his jaw, keeping his mouth closed.

Dyon's thoughts were simple. Even if he had to give up some of his treasures as an apology for intruding this mineral sprite's territory, he had to maximize his chances at gaining forgiveness.

Weren't souls that had lost their bodies as hosts known as spirits as well? These notions came from the same root. Spirits and sprites were just souls without an appropriate vessel.

A mineral sprite was able to use precious metals and rocks as temporary vessels, but this wasn't a true body. In the end, they were just spirits too.

Souls. Spirits. Sprites. Three words with near identical definitions, all connected with one another in some form. Since this was the case, wouldn't Dyon's pure soul energy make this mineral sprite feel more comfortable?

As though in response to Dyon's thoughts, the overwhelming danger lessened slightly even as Dyon's body seemed to glow with a magnificent halo. Madeleine's presence became hidden within it, shrouding whatever threat this mineral sprite thought that she might be.

At that moment, the oddly shaped rainbow metal-like core suddenly stopped spinning. It was then that Dyon felt as though a pair of eyes had trained onto his body. Unfortunately... It was also then that the danger he felt spiked as a clear sense of greed projected from the sprite.

'You idiot!' Little Yang finally shook away from his little sister. 'Sprites spend their entire lives finding appropriate vessels for their spirits! You think that just because I told you of a few love stories that they all have good hearts?! There are very few, VERY FEW, stories of Sprites even having good relationships with humans, let alone falling in love with them!

'You just did the equivalent of walking into a war camp as a scantily clad woman before meandering amidst men who hadn't seen one in decades! Fool! Fool! Fool!' Little Yang almost passed out in anger. Dyon's words of 'I know what I'm doing' kept ringing in his mind. Do you now? Do you really know what you're doing? Now you'll die! Great job!

Dyon didn't reply to Little Yang's tirade of words. His muscles were flexed, his eyes were narrowed and his nerves were on absolute edge. Every fiber of his being were focused on only two things: the woman in his arms and the sprite before him.

However, nothing could have prepared him for what happened next. No matter how fast his reflexes were.

The walls of the mountain of silver distorted, shooting forward with their sharp edges pointed toward Dyon.

Dyon's eyes didn't even have time to contract before his shoulders and thighs were pierced. It was obvious by the sprite's actions that it wanted to stall Dyon's movement, but was unwilling to harm him.

Luckily, this meant that it avoided Dyon's chest and thus, other than a small scrape to Madeleine back, she remained unharmed.

She wanted to call out, but she refrained herself from doing so. She was aware that Dyon was using his presence to hide her from view of the sprite. These sorts of creatures relied on their own divine sense to view things, but just like eyesight, divine senses could be fooled. No matter what cultivation level this sprite had reached, its divine sense would never be stronger than Dyon's!

Of course, the question was obvious why hadn't Dyon hidden himself and the answer lay in the fact his feet were connected to the mountain of silver. Before he could use his wings, the sprite had already locked the movement of his legs. It didn't need divine sense to realize that Dyon was standing right before it because connected to the mountain itself.

Dyon didn't so much as flinch when he felt his bone being pierced through, nor did his focus waver. His eyes remained trained on the oddly shaped rainbow rock floating before them. It was several hundred meters across, hovering with a menacing aura.

Crimson blood tinged with rose-bronze flowed out from Dyon body, causing him to sneer. 'This bastard wants to bleed me out?'

The sprite was being overly cautious precisely because it was wary of Dyon's soul strength. It had to make sure that when it entered Dyon's mind's eye that he was in as weakened as state as possible. That said, it was just cautious, not hesitant.

With its senses, it had pinned down that Dyon's soul strength was of the peak celestial realm. Although this was rare for humans in its mind, in comparison to it, it wasn't enough. The sprite laughed to itself, already sizing up Dyon's body as though it was its own already.

Handsome, sturdy, so many good constitutions. Powerful, great potential. It couldn't have been happier. It would have to use some of its own strength to widen Dyon's mind's eye since this boy's soul strength was so weak, but other than that, everything was perfect.

What made the sprite especially happy was that according to its calculations, Dyon's body should be able to withstand its strength. This was perfect!

To think it had almost killed this intruder. It didn't even remember the fact that it had initially sensed two and not one individual. Still, even if it did, it wouldn't care as long as Dyon didn't escape.

Hmph, you came here to steal my body, so now I'll steal yours! The sprite manically laughed to itself, watching Dyon bleed out as the hours turned to days. It had already been stuck in this Mystical World for billions of years, who cared about waiting a few weeks or months?

Still, it couldn't help but think that this mere human was quite tenacious. How much mental energy did it take to stay so focused for so long? However, at least this human's body was clearly weakening. It could sense Dyon's muscles trembling and his blood replenishment rate slowing down drastically.

From beginning to end, Dyon never let go of Madeleine's body. He held her tightly to himself. In fact, he was chatting with her with a bright smile on his face as though nothing was happening. He told her stories surrounding the celestial babies and their antics. He told her about how annoying the Demon Sage was and how he practically had to seal him to stop him from killing himself. He also told her about how he had plans to lock her, Ri, Clara and Amphorae up for daring to run around so much.

His words were so wild and funny that Madeleine lost herself in laughter sometimes. Every time it happened, she would catch herself and remember just what kind of situation they were in. She wanted to heal Dyon to stop this madness with her life characteristic, but she knew that that would only prolong his suffering.

As time passed, Dyon's healthy bronzed skin paled into a sickly color. His muscles lost their volume and he became less and less capable of ignoring his broken and shattered bones. He could feel his consciousness fading away, begging for a rest. No matter how strong his soul strength was, it was difficult to ignore the weakening of his body. The power of the toddler in his mind's eye and his actual soul seemed so connected sometimes... yet so disconnected at others.

Soon, what Dyon thought were simple blinks started extending their stay from fractions of a moment, to several seconds. It seemed that other than his grip on Madeleine, everything else was slackening.

The greed of the sprite grew, causing its temporary vessel to glow brighter and brighter with every passing moment.

Suddenly, one day, four months later, its patience reached a breaking point.



It laughed in its mind. You're mine now!

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Months earlier, Clara and Ri stepped out from a private courtyard within the Water Mist Sect to find Little Wind waiting patiently for them. By now, the beautiful bird beast had grown to have an over fifteen-meter wingspan and was quite capable amongst peak essence beasts. The good news was that with its wind affinity, its speed lost out to most saint beasts in no way.

#### Chapter 1257: Sister Wives

Just as the two sister wives were about to glide onto its back, the sudden whooshing sound of a few individuals arriving caught their attention.

Clara and Ri's feet touched down upon Little Wind's smooth but strong back, watching these new guests approach.

From what they could tell, there were four of them, all of whom were women and all of whom the two of them recognized. In fact, one of them was a disciple even Dyon would recognize quite easily.

Ri smiled brightly, her delicate features seemingly livening the atmosphere. She was truly a breathtaking beauty who seemed almost ethereal at times. Her soft white tails only proved this fact all the more so.

"First Elder Viola, what brings you here?" Ri didn't seem to acknowledge the fact that there were three others with her, she also seemed to ignore the fact this First Elder Viola she was referring to had a look of anger and indignation written all over her face. That said, these emotions were clearly not aimed toward Ri.

"Alex, there's no need for you to do this. I've spoken with the Palace Master. Sending anyone below the high celestial realm for this duty is only sending them to their death. You know that the Palace Master is fond of you, you never have to do anything you don't want to." Her last words seemed to carry a hidden but very clear meaning.

The political structure of the Water Mist Sect was very complicated. Although it tried to maintain a system where no single Clan lorded over others like the Flaming Lily Sect, it had failed to do so. Or, more accurately, it had succeeded for a time before this structure began to slowly crumble.

The truth of the matter was that having a system like the Flaming Lily Sect's was only possible due to the interference of the Golden Crow Sect. Whenever overtly powerful females appeared, they'd be taken out, crippled, or forced to marry into their Clans. With this happening continuously over such a long time, it became difficult for any powerful experts to rise up and lay a foundation for their future generations.

However, the Water Mist Sect had no such problem. Much like the Hydra Clan of the 6th ranked quadrant, it was the lone power here, controlling over fifty universes alone. As a result, the advent of top experts weren't stifled by unnatural means, resulting in the rising of several powerful Clans, but none more powerful than their Mist Clan... The very same Clan Chrysanthemum and her elder cousin happened to be a part of, not to mention the currently sneering Second Elder and the currently absent Grand Elder of the Sect.

Simply put, although the Palace Master position was filled by someone not of the Mist Clan, due to the secular power this family controlled, she was almost forced into being nothing more than a figure head. However, even as a figure head, she could still protect Ri!

By now, it was the Mist Clan who had taken the role of the Golden Crow Sect in this Water Mist Quadrant, snuffing out talents left and right. The current Palace Master had worked all her life to change their cruel ways, managing to work her way up and earning the acknowledgement of the Sect's Mist Symbol. However, she was too naïve.

Even after gaining this power, she realized that it didn't mean much. She had ignored others for so long in her life, focusing on building individual power, that she didn't have a faction that she controlled unto herself. By the time she realized just how necessary this was, too many years had passed...

It was no wonder the Palace Master personally sent out an invitation to Ri when she learned of the fact their Mist Ancestor's Legacy had been taken by her. This breached all forms of proper etiquette, but the Palace Master was desperate. She feared that soon the Mist Clan would be brazen enough to no longer care for her title as Palace Master. In fact, with the birth of God Mist, they might not even need to cheat their way to her position...

However, what the Palace Master did have was time. She was a False True God of the previous generation who had never been allowed to take the God trial due to the Mist Clan monopolizing the Key. If it wasn't for the Mist Clan systematically cutting off her resources, or the fact she was too worried for the Sect to leave in search of her own, she might have long since reached the Peak Dao Formation realm.

What this Palace Master needed was for Ri to mature and build her own faction capable of rivalling the Mist Clan. What they needed was balance!

But, who would have thought that before these plans could even start budding that these lowlifes would send Ri off to the Dark Ocean?

"First Elder, there's no need to be so anxious. Is this not Core Disciple Alexandria's own choice?" An apathetic but mature voice spoke out, escaping the full lips of a beauty with a lazy appearance. It wasn't that she looked unkept, but rather that she seemed bored with everything that crossed her.

This was none other than God Mist.

The blue haired beauty could barely keep his eyes open. Yet, the aura that swam around her was fierce and unbridled. This sort of dichotomy was the scariest to face... No one could predict what she would do next.

Ri smiled as though she was watching a clown show. Anyone with half a brain understood that she had far more potential than God Mist. The only difference between them was age. While Ri had a God Constitution, hers was of the Heaven Grade. While Ri graduated to the celestial realm as a 9th order expert, God Mist was only of the 6th order. Plus, to top all of this off, Ri had gained the acknowledgement of the Water Mist Sect ancestor while God Mist had tried and failed herself many years ago.

Such a shocking difference in abilities should have made this clear cut. However it was exactly because such a difference existed that the Mist Clan was going out of their way to end the troubles as soon as possible. The problem for them was that not only was Ri her own variable... So was Clara. In fact, the latter was likely the reason they had come here today while the First Elder was sent to ensure they couldn't go too far.

"I hope that Grandmaster Clara isn't hoping to follow Junior Sister Alexandria?" Chrysanthemum asked with a seemingly innocent smile. She had long since come to hate Clara as well considering it was her who protected Ri as she accepted their ancestor's legacy.

"And so what if I am?" Clara said coldly.

"Oh." Chrysanthemum tilted her head as though she was shocked. "It's quite brave of you to do so, but there are rules here that even a Grandmaster such as yourself must follow." She explained patiently. "The Dark Ocean might be a dangerous area, but it still represents a former holy land of our Sect, not just anyone can enter as they please. Do understand."

The Second Elder cleared her throat. Something but her overly wrinkled exterior made those around uncomfortable instead of eliciting the will to protect that was more normal.

"Grandmaster Clara, although Core Disciple Chrysanthemum speaks of matters of etiquette, these can mostly be ignored due to your background. We believe in the Sapientia Quadrant's neutrality in all matters, and although your origins remain unknown, we trust that you would remain neutral to our Sect's matters as well.

"Instead, I'd like to touch on something more potent. You can see for yourselves how ghastly my appearance is. I appear to be nothing more than a loose bag holding together my old bones. However, I'm actually far younger than First Elder and even the Palace Master who've maintained their looks so well. This is none other than a result of the entering the Dark Ocean...

"The Water Mist Sect has maintained very good relations with the Sapientia Quadrant and we know how much they value you. For the sake of your safety and maintaining this relationship, we cannot allow you to enter. Our own disciples putting their lives on the line for the Sect is one matter, but we cannot risk the lives of outsiders."

Chapter 1258: Black

Clara sneered as though she was looking at a fool. However, it was Ri who responded in her stead.

"You all are wrong on multiple counts." She said in a sweet voice. "Firstly, my sworn sister is no longer a Grandmaster, she's a Comet Lord."

The eyes of the four who followed contracted, but when Clara released an illusory cloud of energy that formed beautiful streaking comets around her silver robes, there was no doubt...

"Secondly, as a Comet Lord, she is now allowed to commission work from quadrants of her choice. It just so happens that her first job was commissioned by the Palace Master to aid me in clearing the Dark Ocean and securing another decade of safety of the citizens under our charge.

"Thirdly, it's quite odd for a mere Second Elder to question the decisions of the Palace Master. I must say, there are quite a few of these oddities surrounding your Mist Clan, I wonder why that is?

"For one, the current Palace Master was not the key wielder of her time." Ri feigned shock. "Instead, it was our current Grand Elder. That was truly an odd occurrence, but I believe it was an innocent mistake." Ri nodded to herself as though reassuring everyone around her. "But to think such an odd occurrence would happen again!"

Ri giggled, her laughter filled with disgust and disdain. "Even the 11th ranked quadrant has a True God, but our key wielder is a mere 6th Order celestial. Isn't that funny?"

Many cringed at Ri's words. She had spent so much time in seclusion that many forgot just how fiery her temper was. Just because she had reignited her love for dresses and pretty accessories didn't mean that part of her disappeared by any stretch of the imagination.

"To think that the same mistake would be made two generations in a row!" An imagine-that-like expression coated Ri's delicate features, causing Clara to bite her soft lips to stop herself from laughing. Still, the intelligent Little Wind did no such thing, squawking like it had just heard the funniest joke ever.

"Are you trying to say that you should be key wielder instead? How very selfish and self-centered of you. You only entered the sect two years ago." Chrysanthemum sneered before the Second Elder could stop her.

Ri only laughed. "Me? I have no need for the key. When I said a mistake was made for the second time, I was referring to the fact a 6th Order "expert" received this treasure when there are three 7th Order and two 8th Order geniuses of her own generation. How odd though... Despite being of the same generation, those five geniuses are still lower celestials while the mighty God Mist is already a high celestial. Odd, odd... Truly odd."

God Mist's half-closed eyes opened ever so slightly, flashing with a baleful aura.

Ri didn't seem to notice God Mist's building killing intent. Instead, she only smiled more brightly. It was clear to everyone that she didn't take any of them seriously.

"The good news for me is that I don't need the Water Mist Sect's resources. So, it's best you do your very best to cripple me like you did them." Ri's demeanor changed entirely. It wasn't in her personality to beat around the bush, not was it to her liking to play games of illusory chess. "I hope you break through to the Peak Celestial Realm quickly, Senior Sister Anabella, or else I fear what might happen to you."

Little Wind's wings flapped, carrying Ri and Clara into the skies.

"First Elder! If my husband visits, do tell him where I am. He tends to get worried sometimes and he's quite overprotective. I believe Junior Sister Chrysanthemum knows a thing or two about this."

Ri's words caused Chrysanthemum to clutch her fists in rage. It wasn't just about forcing her to remember her own husband being humiliated, it was also the fact she dared to call her Junior Sister!

Everyone knew about the rumors that circulated behind her back... No one believed that Chrysanthemum deserved the title of core disciple because she was still a pseudo celestial. Obviously, if one acknowledged her new core disciple standing, then since she joined the sect far earlier than Ri, she should be known as the Senior Sister. However, Ri was clearly spitting in the face of this!

"Oh, I forgot one thing." Ri turned back to God Mist who was staring daggers at her back-view. "I can't be unfair in my assessment. In all the wrong you all presented, you were right about something, Senior Sister Anabella. It is my choice to enter the Dark Ocean. The Mist Clan has no ability to compel me to do anything."

The sounds of Ri's happy laughter disappeared over the horizon, leaving the First Elder with twinkling eyes and three rage infused women.

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Months after these events of the Water Mist Sect, Dyon's situation was still as hopeless. His pure, vitality filled blood still fell from his shoulders and thighs, his ability to stay awake was becoming weaker, all while even his arms around Madeleine's body slackened.

All this time, he had been emitting soul energy to mask her presence, but even that seemed to be wavering. He refused to let go, even trying to keep the same upbeat energy he had had before, however his voice began to waver as well.

It could be said that this mineral sprite knew little of the world, or was willfully ignorant. It never thought to itself why Dyon would still be emitting soul energy after all this time. Maybe if it had it would have realized that it had a hostage it could make use of which would have sped up this entire situation.

However ironic it might be, this was exactly what made the situation so dangerous. Dyon had planned for this to have ended months ago. Maybe the sprite would have threatened Madeleine's life, leaving Dyon with no choice but to allow it to use his body. Then, the moment it entered his Mind's Eye, he would either shatter its existence entirely or enslave it using The Seal.

But, Dyon made the mistake of not planning for the thought process of fools once again. Truth be told, it really couldn't be blamed on him this time. The sprite was so mind numbingly stupid that it hadn't even thought to question something so blatantly obvious. No matter how intelligent Dyon was, how could he plan for an opponent who barely had two brain cells to rub together?

To think that the mighty Dyon Sacharro would find out that his kryptonite was ignorance and stupidity.

In the end, not only had Dyon's body weakened, even his soul was wavering after so long. Even he couldn't continuously emit such pure soul energy for months on end.

Still, there was one benefit to the sprite's stupidity. It should have realized by now that by its calculation of Dyon's soul strength, Dyon wouldn't have had the power to emit such qi for so long. The fact he had...

It was at this moment that the sprite felt it had waited long enough.

A formless light peaked out from the clump of rainbow metal before disappearing the instant it appeared, only for it to reappear moment later.

It seemed as though it was trying to be cautious, but wasn't taking the proper precautions in the least. However, it felt how lax Dyon's body was through its connection with the silver mountain. It could tell that he didn't have even a sliver of energy left.

This game of peak-a-boo continued for hours. The blob of unformed light would slowly inch outward before running back into its vessel. Eventually, it began to repeat this same action on larger scales, rushing out several meters before scurrying back.

It was like an immature child playing a game. It didn't seem to have a moral compass, nor did it understand the gravity of what it was doing. It had simply decided that Dyon was a bad man for coming into its home.

Two days later, the blob of light finally appeared before Dyon, having done its back and forth dance for hours on end now. Still, it hesitated, rushing back to the rainbow rock with blinding speeds that made one wonder why it hadn't just used such speed to begin with.

Finally, after another day of stalling, it surged forward like a ray of light. Even if Dyon had been ready, it was simply impossible to track this level of speed. It was the kind of pace that would drown out even a dao formation expert!

The ray of light surged into Dyon's forehead, entering his Mind's Eye in a mere instantaneous moment.

Dyon's inner eye looked nothing like it usually did. What once was a lush land of red-gold fire stretching out as far as the eye could see had considerably dimmed. Now, other than a pale and sickly orange light to the floor, there was nothing but black all around.

The sprite only barely stopped itself from jumping up with happiness to surge forward ecstatically and head toward the center of the world.



However, what it saw when it got there made it freeze in fear.

It wanted to turn back, wanted to say it was sorry for ever letting things go this far, but it was too late.

A pressure the likes of which it had never felt in its infantile life descended from above as chains of gold shot out of a Seal so brilliant it couldn't be seen through.

The blob of light felt a rage that could destroy nations descend upon it. In fact, it was the last thing it felt before everything went black.

Chapter 1259: I See..

[Three ! Special thanks to @Ricky\_D\_Reader :) ]

Dyon started awake, sitting up so quickly that he felt a wave of nausea. His eyes blinked, adjusting to the bright lights that surrounded him.

'Dammit.' Dyon panicked slightly. He couldn't remember exactly what happened, but he knew that him losing consciousness was not a good thing. For one there was the beast babies he was supposed to be monitoring. Although they were gone now, he still saw them as his little siblings. Then there was the promise he made to the Flaming Lily Sect disciples. Even though he didn't care about them to the same extent he did his beast companions, that didn't mean he felt okay leaving them high and dry.

Looking around, Dyon finally realized what the bright light that was forcing him to squint was. It turned out that he was still in the silver mountain and the oddly shaped rainbow rock was shining just as much as before.

"You shouldn't sit up so quickly." A soft and sweet voice filled with worry came from Dyon's side. It didn't take him very long to realize that it came from Madeleine.

Dyon shook his head, squeezing his eyes shut in hopes of wishing away his blurred vision. "How long was I asleep?"

"Not that long. Just two days. Your body recovers very quickly." Madeleine looked down, a bit ashamed. She had tried to use her flame's life characteristic on Dyon, but she found out very quickly that it was too weak to be of use. Dyon relied on his own vitality to heal himself, while she only helped by making his sleep a bit more comfortable.

Feeling Madeleine's sadness, Dyon reached out and grabbed her hand. "It's not your fault, even I can't heal my body alone properly. I was relying on this special energy I found before, but I ran out of it a long time ago..."

"Special energy?" Madeleine asked in curiosity.

"Mm. When I was awakening my constitutions, I was lucky enough to choose the constitution that was originally stolen from me at birth, so I connected to its world quicker than normal. There I..." Dyon coughed, suddenly feeling very embarrassed.

Madeleine had been there when he came back out half dead and covered in beast dung, but he never actually explained what happened. As expected, Madeleine fell into a fit of giggles after practically squeezing the story out of Dyon.

"I've read books on these special energies..." Madeleine said after a few moments. "I hear that there's a branch of Magic that focuses on tapping back into these ancient energies. They believe that their secrets are still hidden within our meridians and that conventional energy is just an amalgamation of those energies coalesced into one. However, I haven't had much time to study Magic. Still, no one has really succeeded on the Magic side of things, but there's been some progress on the Curse side."

"The curse side?"

Madeleine hummed in acknowledgement. "Poison Masters have found some very corrosive and dangerous energies in their studies. But, aside from them, the only other energies that deviate from the conventional path aren't ones we've discovered, but ones that exist naturally. For example, devil qi has survived to this day in small forms. Soul energy is another example, but that one is a special case."

Dyon nodded. Soul energy not only existed in free form, but we also had the ability to convert conventional energy into it by using Soul Path Cultivation Techniques. It was likely that it was because of

soul energy that Magic Masters believed they could create such cultivation techniques for other types of energy. It was an intriguing idea, to say the least.

Thinking to this point, Dyon couldn't help but think back to Loki's faith seed, still hidden within his Soul Tome. He wondered if a Magic Master who had transcended had made any headway along that path...

Either way, Dyon didn't mind it too much. Learning Magic would have to wait for now. At least, it would have to wait until he finally gathered the necessary materials to build himself a clone. In fact... Other than killing God Goldeen, that was his second top priority in this Golden Flame Realm.

He had a third goal as well. The requirements for this one were far more stringent: To find the materials to rebuild his Master's body. Not only hers, but the valley spirits as well. However, Dyon didn't know if even this place had what he needed.

While he only needed comet grade materials for his clone, moon grade at the most if he wanted to use the technique to perfection, if he wanted his Master to be reborn without side-effect, planet grade materials were the lowest requirement. One could imagine how difficult such a task was... The only material of this grade Dyon had ever seen was presented to him by a half-step transcendent. Their value was obvious just by this simple fact.

Taking a deep breath, Dyon swept his divine sense over the agreed upon ten thousand kilometer radius and couldn't help but cringe.

Of the 53 Flaming Lily Sect disciples, only half were in any sort of relatively good health. Of the other half, they were almost all suffering devastating wounds. In fact, six of them were on the edge of dying any moment. They wouldn't hold out for more than a few more days.

Dyon sighed. 'At least no one has died yet...'

"Alright, let's go help your fellow disciple sisters, then we can deal with all of this."

...

After a few moments to recovery, Dyon and Madeleine headed off to save the Flaming Lily Sect disciples. Seeing their faces, the disciples that had been despairing finally sighed a breath of relief.

Dyon didn't apologize, he believed that that would have the opposite effect. It was better if they thought he wasn't perfect so that they wouldn't rely on him too much. This pressure would also allow them to grow.

Still, Dyon found it interesting that the six who were the most injured all had the same story. Apparently they had noticed the Sky Castles and attempted to make a move on them. But, they were rebuffed by various cliques who had 'claimed' them. One was controlled by the Sapientia Guilds, another was controlled by the Golden Crow Sect, and the last was the battle ground of the True Gods. No one dared to enter that last one except for peak celestials.

It seemed that True God Hydra had broken through to the celestial realm and had a massive battle with True God Tatsuya. Although True God Hydra lost in the end, True God Tatsuya didn't monopolize the castle. Instead, he simply say that if you were strong enough to cross his barrier, you could enter. Needless to say, many failed miserably.

Dyon raised an eyebrow. Dragons were arrogant beyond belief... 'Sharing is caring' wasn't exactly one of their philosophies. But then Dyon understood that he likely realized that he needed to take a step back as well.

No matter how powerful True God Tatsuya was, he was still too weak to defeat a Peak Celestial. He saved himself from some embarrassment by allowing those powerful enough to enter the castle. At the same time, those who entered would respect his status as a True God and not act too flagrantly.

Of course, not only had Dyon felt the presence of these sky castles, he believed there were likely more than three. After all, what were the odds that his divine sense, despite its limited range, would just so happen to pick up on all of them?

There was another more curious matter as well. This wasn't the first time this world had opened, yet they were all still so eager about these castles despite the fact that there were so many treasures to be had on this ground here...

As though seeing through Dyon's thoughts, Madeleine giggled. "Not everyone can see any and everything within fifty thousand kilometers like you. To them, the ground is a massive unknown, filled with dangers that might or might not have rewards. But, the castles are known commodities. There are dangers, but they always have analogous rewards."

"I see..." Dyon mumbled. By now, he and Madeleine had finished treating the Flaming Lily Sect disciples and had once more entered the silver mountain. Dyon had reached out his mind toward the celestial beast babies as well, but he didn't go to them.

#### Chapter 1260: Grievances

Their lives were also hanging on by a string, but unlike those female disciples, he had to hold back from going to help them. "What else do you know about the castles?"

"I know that simply making your way to them is a trial in and of itself considering we can't fly. I also know that this is just the first phase of them. Within each castle, there are multiple keys. After a year, the next phase opens and the process repeats. Then, there's a final third phase with only a single castle. Legends say that this final sky castle is heavily tied to the Sovereign Flame.

"There's another point as well. For the first two phases, there are 'visible' and 'invisible' castles. Phase one has three visible castles, but phase two only has one. These 'invisible' castles are left entirely to luck to find."

Dyon looked up to the rainbow rock hovering before them as he listened to Madeleine. "So the final phase reward is the Sovereign Flame?"

"Maybe yes, maybe no. It's kind of like the rewards for the tower trials, no one ever tells others what their rewards were. They cause too much greed so it's better to be silent." Madeleine followed Dyon's gaze. "What did you end up doing with the mineral sprite?"

Dyon's eyes flashed with an angered expression. "I put it in the same torture array I put the Holy Princess and Matriarch Niveus in."

Madeleine sighed. "You're too vindictive. Matriarch Niveus, I understand. But the Holy Princess was trying to do good while the mineral sprite is basically nothing more than a child."

"You're probably right, but no matter what that truth is, if they had succeeded in what they wanted to do, I wouldn't be here right now. Then what would happen to you? To Ri? To Clara? To Amphorae? To all of those people relying on me?" Dyon shook his head. "This is life, the decisions you make have reverberating effects whether you want them to or not."

Madeleine smiled lightly. "Then how about you put them to use instead? I'm sure a Holy Princess has knowledge on many useful things. For example, doesn't Amphorae comprehend Holy supreme laws? She'd find her very useful."

"Also, imagine how helpful a mineral sprite would be. You wouldn't have to wait for Little Meiying to reach the dao formation realm anymore because this sprite would be more than capable of finding resources for us. They're very sensitive to such heavenly treasures."

"Just look around." Madeleine pointed to the mountain around them. "It's already accumulated so much wealth without guidance."

Dyon laughed. He knew that this wife of his was saying these things so he'd have pity on them, but he had to admit that her words were effective. There wasn't an ounce of what she said that was incorrect.

"Plus," Madeleine tried to put the nail in the coffin, "I've never seen or heard of this rainbow mineral before and I believe it's the same for you. Who else but the mineral sprite would know its best uses?"

"Okay, okay." Dyon shook his head. "You win."

In the next moment, a spherical cage filled with complex gears appeared in his hand. Then, two sorry figures were released even as the third's agonizing scream filled the silver mountain.

Dyon coldly stared at Matriarch Niveus' withering soul before closing the geared cage. He had lost count of the number of times he had upgraded the torture system, but even if he hadn't, it was clear that the old woman had long since lost herself to despair. Surprisingly though, she was still lucid enough to recognize Dyon's figure.

Matriarch Niveus could be considered a talent, just like anyone else who managed to reach the celestial realm in that energy poor universe of theirs. In a normal environment, she would have most definitely become a dao formation expert, so her mental stability was quite firm.

By Dyon's calculations, it had been about 100 or so years total since he put her in there. There was the 13-15 years of his trials, plus his 2-year coma. Then there was the 50 plus years of training, then the 25 or so years with the Demon Sage. Plus, this leaves about anywhere between 3-5 years Dyon spent in leisure with his wives and within the Soul Rending Peak sect.

Considering Matriarch Niveus had lived for almost 10 000 years, 100 years was a small time for her. So, Dyon didn't expect her to completely crumble for a long while more.

Unfortunately for the Holy Princess, her time spent in the torture chamber wasn't too different. But, Dyon didn't feel bad for her.

She appeared in a shivering state. She had, impressively, not forgotten her original form, so distinctive hands and knees covered her head. Despite having been tortured for so long, she had held on against all hope. She still had a mission to complete, but who knew she would have been thwarted by a child?

To her right, what seemed like the crying sounds of a child came from the blob of light that was the mineral sprite. Despite it having experienced just two days of torture, it was in an even worse state than Matriarch Niveus.

Both of them had chains of gold around them, impeding any escape they might have thought of.

Suddenly, the Holy Princess looked up in confusion. That pain she had gotten so used to for so long had actually... Disappeared?

"You... you..." The Holy Princess pointed a delicate, illusory finger toward Dyon, filled of grievances and hate. "You evil scoundrel!"

Dyon rolled his eyes. Even after 100 years of torture, she couldn't think of a better insult?

"You're lucky I released you in the first place. If it was up to me, you would have rotted for the rest of your life." Dyon said coldly.

The Holy Princess almost erupted in anger, but seeing the seriousness in Dyon's expression, she shrunk back as far as her chains would allow.

"Evil man..." She muttered before what Dyon thought were tears began to fall down her cheeks. Since she was nothing but a spirit, they came out like oddly, droplet shaped, motes of light. "You sacrificed so many people yet you're still so cruel."

Dyon temper flared. No matter how good natured he was to his wives, there was still a deep and hidden bestial nature he still found hard to control. If you weren't someone he cared about, he didn't care what cruel methods he used. This was a large part of why his grand teacher referred him to the Crystal Dragon Clan. It was still very difficult for him to control his lust and rage.

However, before he could act, Madeleine had stepped forward. "You've wrongly accused my husband and you almost killed him because of your mistake. I believe anyone would be angry at you for this regardless of what good intentions you had."

The Holy Princess looked up like a pitiful child. "Wrongly accused?" She thought for a moment before shaking her head vigorously. "That's absolutely impossible. No one could be naturally born with such a powerful soul. Plus, I saw tens of thousands of constitutions floating within him, they were clearly stolen!"

With treasures of the 33 heavens like the Spirit Body being a matter of reality, it wasn't unheard of for constitutions to be stolen. Clearly, the Princess believed that Dyon was one of these evil people.

Still, truth be told, the Holy Princess immediately had a good impression of Madeleine and couldn't understand why such a pure young woman would call such an evil man husband so lovingly.

Madeleine shook her head. "My husband comes from a Clan of cruelly ostracized people..."



In the next few moments, Madeleine proceeded to tell the truth of the matter to the Holy Princess. Obviously, this was something Dyon didn't like wasting his time doing. When others offended him, when had he ever bothered to 'tell the truth'?

For example, even when he was accused of rape by Violet, had he ever gone out of his way to clear his name? No. In fact, he allowed everyone to think what they wanted. He was sure that there were still some stupid ones who still believed that he had done it.

Explaining himself just wasn't his style.

The Holy Princess, however, broke down into tears once more after hearing Madeleine's explanation. Much like Madeleine, she was very sensitive to the purity of others, so she knew that she was being told the truth.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry." The Holy Princess began to bawl like a baby, unable to control her emotions. Even Dyon began to feel bad at this point.

"Okay, okay. These matters are all in the past." Dyon waved his hand dismissively. He had acted disproportionately just like she had, so it would be petty of him to continue being angry.

As this reconciliation was happening, the mineral sprite was completely ignored, only further solidifying its grievances.