

The Nameless 1261

Chapter 1261: Imagine

The Holy Princess continued to be an inconsolable mess. All her life she had lived along a path of absolute purity. In fact, she had been found by a Holy Empress very early on, so she hadn't even faced many grievances in her life to begin with. It wasn't until the Holy Arc was destroyed that she finally learned what hardship was, and it was because of that time that she managed to survive Dyon's torture.

However, knowing that she had almost killed an innocent human was too much for her to handle. Seeing her react in such a manner almost made Dyon feel bad for having ever tortured her in the first place. This was the kind of woman who had a fan club of white knights to swim through hell or high water for her. If they ever found out that Dyon did such a thing to this innocent human, Dyon feared he wouldn't have anywhere to hide from their rage.

Dyon scratched the back of his head. Why couldn't she react to being locked up like the three kitsune geniuses had? In fact, those three were still being trained into useful pawns for Dyon. Yet, despite the seals on their own will, they still hated Dyon to the bone. Truth be told, Dyon much preferred this sort of reaction than the wacky Stockholm Syndrome he was facing now.

"I'll use the rest of my life to make it up to you, I swear." The Holy Princess sniffled out these words through her tears.

Madeleine giggled as she watched the black lines continually forming on Dyon's forehead. She found this dynamic quite hilarious. It was only missing the torrent of snot and tears that would have covered her husband had the Holy Princess not been a spirit.

"Alright, alright." Dyon said in slight annoyance. "Since you want to make it up to me, you can start by not crying."

Trying to stop the tears, the Holy Princess bit her illusory lips, staring at Dyon like a pitiful puppy.

"Good. Now, tell me your name. Referring to you as Holy Princess is getting annoying. Did no one ever think that such a title was narcissistic?"

The Holy Princess pouted. "My name is Lilianna, but there's nothing narcissistic about my title! It's no more arrogant than someone earning the title Fist King, or God. In fact, aren't you called a True God?" Even though she promised to make up for her mistake, Lilianna wasn't willing to suffer such a loss. If the title Holy Princess was narcissistic to him, then what did he think of Holy Goddess? She couldn't allow an insult to her former ruler.

"Good point." Madeleine said through another laugh. Then she turned to Dyon, "Be nice."

Dyon sighed. "She's your burden now. I can't lug her around." Speaking to this point, Dyon suddenly remembered something. "There was someone with the Princess of Beauty title that wanted to follow you."

"And that's not narcissistic?" Lilianna grumbled to herself.

Ignoring her, Dyon continued. "She's currently in the Celestial Beast's Mystical World, so if you have time, you can visit her to see if she has anything that's of use to you."

As Madeleine was nodded, Lilianna's eyes widened. "Did you just say Celestial Beasts?"

"Yes?"

"Impossible. That's impossible." The Holy Princess shook her head vigorously.

"It's very much possible. Had you paid more attention when you met me last, you would have noticed that part of my bloodline was from my celestial beast monster, and maybe then you wouldn't have tried to kill me." Dyon gave her a deadpan stare.

Lilianna blushed slightly in embarrassment. "Then why don't I sense it not even though I'm looking for it? In fact, why is your blood like that... You're more beast than human..."

"My former bloodlines were purged after my true constitution awakened." Dyon felt some regret saying this aloud, especially since it involved the discarding of the Demon Sage's bloodline. The good news was

that the remainder of his Master's bloodline was catalyzed into a manifestation thanks to the Florence Clan technique.

"Oh.."

Dyon walked over to the still quivering mineral sprite.

'How do I communicate with it?' Dyon asked the hamster twins.

'You can convey ideas and concepts to it similar to how your soul link with your wives works. However, it's too much of a blank slate to know any languages because it's likely never interacted with someone who can speak. That said, sprites are known for the intelligence, it can likely learn very quickly.' Little Yang explained.

Dyon almost laughed at those words. Intelligent? But, he still acknowledged the fact that had the sprite been up against anyone else, it would have likely won. So maybe it was more intelligent that Dyon gave it credit for.

Reaching out slowly, Dyon's soul began to convey a sense of comfort. He wanted to balance a partially stern exterior, while also letting the sprite know that he wouldn't hurt it anymore. Hopefully, the sprite would understand that its torture for that past two days was in consequence of actions Dyon was dissatisfied with and would thus learn that bad was rewarded with bad, while good was rewarded with good.

The sprite shrunk back initially, but after being fed pure soul energy, just like a child, it seemed to ignore the bad for the sake of the good.

It was then that Dyon used an array Clara had created. It was meant to help translate languages so that they could bring everyone from the mortal realm into their fold, but Dyon believed that with a bit of tweaking, it would work in this situation as well.

But even Dyon didn't expect it to work as well as it did.

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A steady stream of information was sent to the sprite. Suddenly, it understood that Dyon hadn't entered its home knowing it was there, but rather had done so for the resources it had accumulated. It also understood that Dyon had been planning on leaving but was stopped by it. And finally, it understood that Dyon's punishment was because he was dissatisfied with its actions.

The small seed of a conscience was birthed within the mineral sprite, causing it to feel very sorry.

'I – i-i-it i-is v-v-ver-very s-so-sorry.'

When Dyon heard these words project into his mind, he almost couldn't hold back his laughter. Since he had been referring to the sprite as an 'It' this whole time, it believed that its name was exactly that.

Dyon shook his head. 'Let's call you Rainbow instead, how is it, Little Rain?'

'R-r-rainb-bow?' The sprite's demeanor brightened, maybe because it was happy to have a name now.

Suddenly, its form began to change. What once was a blob of light grew to be slightly more than a meter tall. Its features became more pronounced, changing from a sphere to an oval, and then to an oval with protruding limbs, but finally the semblance of a head formed.

'What's happening?' Dyon asked the hamster twins.

'It seems to have decided on a form for itself... This usually doesn't happen until the sprite has matured for several million years, but this sprite is clearly too young for that. So... This probably means that instead of choosing a form based on its sense of self, it's modeling itself after someone else and imprinting itself as your kin.' Little Yin explained.

'This is actually very rare because sprites are very good at hiding. They're known for being easily influenced at a young age, but they're also just as dangerous. So, even in the rare cases where their hiding spots are found before they mature, even top tier experts usually die before even reaching the step of being able to influence them.'

Dyon nodded. He had to admit that it was unlikely that any other person would have been able to reach the point of influencing this sprite. In fact, he would have died outright if Little Rain hadn't decided that his body was a good vessel.

For one, others wouldn't have even been capable of penetrating into the outer layer of the silver mountain to even realize that there was something interesting on the inside. Secondly, because of this, they would have tried to chip away from the outside, something that would have enraged the sprite into retaliating in full force.

Imagine being attacked by a mountain several miles high. Who could possibly escape such a thing?

Chapter 1262: Rain [Bonus s]

As the sprite's chosen features came into full view, Dyon didn't know whether to laugh or cry. The little guy hadn't just chosen to model itself after him, it had become him! Little Rain looked exactly like Dyon had when he was just four or five years old. In fact, this was exactly how Dyon's soul looked right now.

"Puu.." Madeleine's lovely laughter filled the inner space. She would have taken this little boy into her arms if she could have. This scene really was too adorable.

Dyon sighed, accepting the situation for what it was. "Little Rain, what do you know about that rock?"

Out of curiosity, Lilianna too looked at the oddly shaped floating rock Dyon was pointing to, but she was surprised to find that she didn't recognize it either.

'Ah, my rock.' Little Rain responded possessively, his speech already becoming more refined.

"Okay, okay, it's your rock." Dyon took a step back.

After giving Dyon a wary glance, Little Rain looked toward the floating rainbow rock fondly. 'My rock is very hard, the hardest rock there is!'

Dyon coughed awkwardly, doing his best to ignore the innuendo. "Is it only hard? Nothing else?"

'What else should there be?' Little Rain asked in confusion.

Little Yin giggled. 'Mineral spirits are some of the more wildly varying types of sprites there are. Some like pretty minerals, others like valuable minerals, others like minerals with various special properties like being exceptionally light, or being capable of ignoring certain laws like space or time. It seemed that Little Rain has a fondness for very hard minerals, ones that grade very high in durability.

'I was wondering why he built a mountain of coarse silver instead of literally anything else. As a mineral spirit, it could have built a mountain of grandmaster grade or even higher minerals, yet it chose a master grade one. It makes sense now, coarse silver isn't known for anything but its toughness. In fact, it was capable of piercing through you, remember?'

'So when he says his rock is very hard... He literally means its just very hard.' Dyon sighed. He had been holding out hope that maybe Little Rain was still trying to find the words to properly describe things. But, it seemed that he had described it perfectly.

'It's not all bad,' Little Yin consoled. 'Usually, with a disposition like this, Little Rain should also be fond of battle. He could be very useful to you if you pair him with the right minerals.

'Also, there's a reason you couldn't recognize this mineral. Mineral sprites, and just sprites in general, have the ability to birth new substances into the world the supersede what already exists. You may not know this, but the mortal plane can only naturally give rise to substances up to the grandmaster grade. Every existing plant or mineral of the comet grade or above was at some point created by a higher existence, a cataclysmic or heavenly event, or a sprite.

'This new mineral is likely Little Rain's contribution to the martial world.'

Dyon looked toward the rainbow rock with a new light in his eyes. So the reason he didn't recognize the rock was because it was something entirely new.

From what he could tell, this material would be classified as a fourth stage comet grade metal. Although he didn't know much about sprites, this was probably very impressive for one as young as Little Rain. That said, it was definitely more impressive than what Dyon was giving it credit for.

The material could only be classified as comet grade because it was only good for its durability. But, if one ignored all other factors and solely focused on this one attribute, it was far better than most moon grade and even some planet grade minerals. If it was mixed with other metals to form an alloy, the results could be great.

Little Rain floated to his rainbow rock, caressing it as though it was his child.

'You say he could be useful for combat... How useful do you think?' Dyon remembered the keen sense of danger he felt from Little Rain. He felt that within this silver mountain, even a middle dao formation expert of Amphorae's caliber would have no chance.

For context, Amphorae was no normal expert. People already fawned over 9th order geniuses of the celestial realm, but Amphorae was a 9th order genius of the dao formation realm! The difference was like that of heaven and earth.

Of the current generation's True and False True Gods, the vast majority were of the 9th order celestial realm. However, there were only three who had also managed to become 9th order dao formation realm experts: Daisho Ken's elder brother, the Star Clan's young heir, and a False True God of an unnamed Dragon Clan.

Of the rest, there were others with this chance, but it was unknown if they would succeed or not. This was the level of difficulty this feat represented. Even True Gods weren't guaranteed to succeed. Yet, this was Little Rain's current battle prowess.

'Within a structure like this, he should be practically invincible.' Little Yang pondered. 'If this interior was filled with his rainbow rock and not this coarse silver, even a half-step transcendent would die a miserable death. However... the case is very different outside.'

Dyon nodded. He believed this as well. What was limiting Little Rain was likely a combination of range and stamina.

If an expert was stupid enough to enter his domain like Dyon had, then the battle would be over before it started. But, what if the expert began to chip away at the outside of the silver mountain like most would? He or she might suffer an initial loss, but after leaving the range of the mountain, there wasn't much Little Rain could do.

"Little Rain, do you think you could move this mountain? If so, how fast could you move it?"

Blinking his illusory eyes, Little Rain thought for a moment. 'It would take me... 363 years, 7 months, 13 days, 8 hours and 3 seconds to uproot my mountain and move it.'

Chapter 1263: Greedy

Dyon sighed, having expected this sort of answer. Little Rain had dug this mountain in very deep so that he could send veins of coarse silver outward to search for more hard materials to continue his masterpiece. He would then take the essence of these hard metals and send it to himself before repeating.

For several hundred miles, the hardest minerals had been completely stripped of their essences.

According to the hamster twins, this mountain had started as a vein of coarse silver that birthed Little Rain after several trillion years. Little Rain then built to greater heights before it eventually became what it was today.

The time it would take Little Rain to uproot the mountain wasn't just about its size, but something far more important: Little Rain's stamina. Although it had started as an inanimate object, he was now a living being with limitations, albeit less limitations than most others. Simply put, he couldn't use his abilities indefinitely.

Dyon also thought of Little Rain just taking the visible parts of the mountain, ignoring the veins below, but even this would still take several decades, more than a hundred years in fact.

Dyon sighed. "Little Rain, if you come with me you won't have to hide anymore. Not only will you be able to fight to your heart's content, you'll be able to find hard minerals much faster."

Little Rain blinked with a youthful innocence. "Really?"

Dyon smiled, pulling out a beautiful and massive broad sword. Its edge was dull, flat and thick, wrapped by chains of a dense black. Its body was filled with veins of red, coursing through it as though it was a beating heart. This was none other than Dyon's 6th reward for his God Trials, the life stealing blade.

"This is a blade made of a mineral that gets harder the more evil people you kill. What do you think?"

Little Rain's eyes brightened. "Really? Really?"

As a mineral spirit, it didn't need Dyon to tell it this. It only needed to sweep its senses across a mineral to know its properties like the back of its hand. It could tell that this metal was just as Dyon described.

Dyon had earned this broad sword during his third trial. He had watched it evolve from a hunk of metal into a supreme grade weapon. But, he hadn't used it much since. Partly to follow his master's rules, but also partly because it wasn't always convenient to bring out such a valuable blade.

Life stealing metals were among the most valuable simply because they had no fixed grade. At the moment, the grade of this one had already entered the comet grade. As for why a supreme grade weapon would have such a weak material grade, it was due to its other abilities.

For one, it had the ability to extend almost endless chains – at the very least, Dyon had never found its limit. Second was its capacity to withstand power and the intricacy of its veins. Both of these were reasons for its supreme grade and also reason why it was perfect for Little Rain to use as a vessel.

Without even an ounce of hesitation, Little Rain dove into the blade, sending its chains toward his prized rainbow rock.

In the next moment, the black chains began to pulse with life... Little Rain was actually devouring his creation! Even Madeleine and the Holy Princess who had been in distracted talks with one another looked over in surprise.

The veins of red pumped fiercely across the blade, causing it to bulge outward before retreating as though it was truly a living, breathing heart.

The blade grew brighter. Although its body wasn't influenced by the rainbow color of Little Rain's treasure, the chains grew far more crystalline, shedding their dark exterior from a transparent and sparkling appearance.

Days later, legends of a ghost boy surfing a shining blade and following behind a handsome young man and his violet haired wife became of keen interest for the native life of the Mystical World. As the stories would have it, they were descendants of Minding Deities... It seemed that even the most well-hidden materials didn't escape their greedy hands.

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As Madeleine, Dyon and Little Rain sought to strip the Golden Flame Mystical Realm clean of minerals it had slowly built up over trillions of years, a different scene was occurring at Soul Rending Peak.

Eli, Meiying and various Demon Generals like Thadius and Ronica looked on nervously as Delia fought a battle for her life. They had seen cruel tribulations before, especially Meiying who had seen Dyon's, but was this really what a celestial should be facing?

Still, Delia faced it all valiantly. Dressed in a black gown and holding an ice-cold sword in her delicate palm, she faced the onslaught of devils... Bearing down on the image of hell that stood before her.

Thousands of skeletons crept toward forward, each covered in bones of a dense black. Cracked and without emotion, they came in waves, assaulting Delia's mind and body. While those watching in the distance had never seen such a tribulation, Delia knew exactly what it was...

The heavens were enraged, enraged that a woman carrying the child of one its heavenly children had actually ignored a chance at protection to face this tribulation alone. In its anger, it wanted to punish Delia for putting something its child cared about in harms way.

But, this wasn't the end of it. Not only was this trial difficult, it was wholly cruel.

Each of these skeletons, they all represented the dead of the Patia-Neva Clan. They each limped and crawled toward Delia, rage and grievances clear in their socketed eyes.

Your father is the reason we all died, so why do you get to live? You should die as well...

These words reverberated in Delia's mind. So much pain and horror had been caused by her father. In fact, her own mother was among those who suffered the most... Being forced to be with a man she hated to core and even almost losing her own child.

This sort of two-pronged attack was too vile...

Should the daughter pay for the sins of the father? Should she feel guilty that her own father felt it okay to ignore the pain and loss of billions of others, but actually couldn't ignore her own pain? Why had her father saved her, but sentenced so many others to death? How was this fair?

Not too far from where Eli and Meiyong stood, Giralda suddenly touched her cheek, only now noticing that tears had been flowing. She couldn't hear what Delia was hearing, but somehow, she felt that their stories were connected by a faint line of similarity.

Looking toward her own daughter, she felt a deep pain in her heart. It had already been several years since the events of Soul Rending Peak, yet Violet had hardly changed at all. Although she had become quiet and reserved, especially after the humiliation given to her by Dyon, it didn't take much for Giralda to see that those same venomous thoughts swam around in that head of hers.

Truth be told, Giralda had wanted to take Violet back to the Crystal Dragon Clan. Maybe by seeing and living what it meant to be a true dragon, she'd change for the better. However, her better judgement stopped her.

What was it that Violet clung to before? Wasn't it the idea that one could only survive with the greatest of backers? Who cared about nonsense like true love and feelings? It meant nothing in the face of the larger fist...

Chapter 1264: Wrinkles

The experience of losing her mother was engrained in her so fiercely that she became a shallow person beyond compare. Wouldn't going back to a powerful Clan like her mother's have the exact opposite effect? In fact, the reality that Dyon was the one to save her and not Violet's own father had already served to confirm her deeply rooted beliefs.

Wasn't Dyon a True God? He literally represented the peak of what it meant to be an expert in this martial world. Even those outer fringe clans that existed outside the tower quadrants would treat him with respect once he was fully matured.

It seemed like wherever Violet turned, her own inner thoughts were only confirmed again and again... Clearly, she had no idea that Dyon came from absolutely nothing to build himself up to where he was now.

Still, the recluse Violet had come out for this event... It wasn't everyday one got to see a saint advance to the celestial realm, especially not one of the 9th order. It was a grand event for the whole universe. But, what she hadn't expected was for her cold, still heart to be unexpectedly stirred by the scene she saw.

It was an odd dichotomy....

On one side of the field, there were those who worried for Meiyang. They all knew that she was pregnant with Eli's child and had been for a long time. In fact, she was only suppressing the birth because her body wouldn't have survived the labor process unless she became stronger.

But, on the other side, there was a family of four feeling their emotions stir for reasons completely irrelevant to this...

And then there was Delia, who despite facing this onslaught had a cold smile on her otherworldly features.

"My husband allowed me to see the light of the absolute path a long time ago... You aren't worthy of making me step off of it..."

Delia would never forget that day Eli called out to her during the World Tournament. Back then, her mother's life had been threatened, but the coldness of her constitution made her ignore all things... It

told her that she was a cruel queen who stood above the world, who cared about feelings? Who cared about a mother who couldn't fight for her own freedom? The only thing that mattered was power!

It wasn't until Delia heard Eli's call, one that awoke her from her stupor, that she shattered the absolute path that her constitution had laid out for her.

On that day, Delia chose a different path from her father's cruelty. She chose to take a sword strike and die for the sake of her 'weak' mother, and thus, the selfless absolute path was born...

These voices speaking in her head right now? She had long since transcended them.

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As Delia faced her tribulation, excited to hold her child in her arms in the near future, a different sort of meeting was taking place far outside the bounds of the tower quadrants.

Not much was known about the outside world to the tower quadrants. The truth of the matter was that the so-called tower quadrants were actually the center of all of existence in the mortal plane while the outer quadrants were fringe existences capable of surviving outside the influence and help of the towers.

There weren't more than five separate powers in these outer quadrants, each of whom were powerful beyond belief. Among these five were the Devil Quadrants, controlled by five centers of strength: The Dark Elf Clan, the Fulgur Black Clan, the Eclipse Sect, the Infernal Beast Clans, and the most powerful... Nightmare Palace.

Even the weakest of these so-called five centers of strength controlled two quadrants unto themselves, matching the Star Clan of the tower quadrants.

Of course, this raised the question of how the Star Clan came to be in the first place. According to historical records, they attacked a low-ranking quadrant of the tower quadrants to gain their now Second Comet Grade status. However, if this was true, didn't it mean that they had survived in the outer quadrants with just a single quadrant? How was this even possible...?

This was truly curious, but it was a mystery for another time. At this time, the matter of sending their young promising geniuses to the tower quadrants was weighing on the five centers of strength heavily, especially since their best method of communication had been cut off.

Of those who took part in the meeting, there were less than twenty, each split into their own groups to represent these powers.

To the side of the Fulgur Black Clan, men with sharply contrasting white skin and dense black hair and eyes sat. To their head was an older man who looked like a projection of Sokzac himself. He was none other than Sokzac's grandfather, Patriarch Fulgur.

Opposite him sat the Eclipse Sect members. They were headed by an older man who seemed to glow with a bronze light. Despite his age, he seemed to have more vitality than even those far younger than him. This man was the Master of the Sect and RoIRol's grandfather, Master Eclipse.

To their side sat shirtless men and scantily clad women who almost seemed to have red skin. However, if one looked closer, one could notice that this red wasn't from their original skin color, but rather the sheer heat pumping outward from them every moment.

These men and women were the representation of the Infernal Beast Clans, headed by a man who, even sitting, had a head tall enough to dwarf half the room: Beast Emperor Aestus.

Finally, there were a group of handsome men and beautiful women who almost looked like incomparable fairies. Their beautiful dark skin shone with a heavenly light as their ears drooped elegantly to the side of their faces on a slight slant

These were the Dark Elves, headed by a man so old that his eyes seemed sealed shut by his wrinkles... Bialaer Mathilde.

Chapter 1265: Silence

Still, even in the presence of all of these earth-shattering experts, there was a man of quiet disposition who didn't need to open his eyes to stifle them all. With Dyon's senses, he would have realized almost

immediately that it was impossible for this man to be a dao formation expert. He was a half-step transcendent without a doubt!

This man at full height would have been just over two meters tall, matching Dyon neck-in-neck. His head of white hair flowed even longer than Lilith's, shining with an unimaginably strong power. His shoulders were broad and his features were handsome beyond compare... If there was a man who could compete with Dyon in looks, it would be him.

One might think that it was only natural considering he was a half-step transcendent, but Dyon, having experienced this once before, could tell the truth. This man was suppressing his true appearance!

It was this man who was responsible for the survival of the Devil Path Cultivators until now. Had it not been for him, the fake moral high horses the conventional path cultivators rode upon would have long since trampled them all to death.

This man was Lilith's father, Emperor of Nightmare Palace, Eldaerth Nightmare!

"We've lost contact with the children for more than three years now, this is no longer a matter that we can ignore." The first to speak was Sokzac's grandfather, Patriarch Fulgur.

"What do you expect us to do? If they're dead, then they're dead. There's no need for this meeting." This booming voice was none other than the Beast Emperor, Aestus. With the traditions of the Infernal Beast Clans, the mortality rate of their children was very high. They couldn't care less whether or not those they sent off came back.

Three leaders sent piercing gazes toward Aestus, but he only snorted. As though he would take a step back. This was the way of the martial world. The strong lived while the weak died.

"If you want someone to blame, then blame their uselessness. If they can't handle a mere 98th ranked among those baby quadrants, then they would have never been of much use to us anyway."

"Why are you wasting time speaking such nonsense? Their soul jades are intact, so it's obvious they're not dead." Patriarch Fulgur retorted.

Aestus snorted once more. "The use of soul jades only acts as a crutch. We don't bind our children to them."

The three leaders shook their heads at Aestus' comments. Did he think they couldn't see his sigh of relief? It was true that Infernal Beasts didn't use soul jades, but that was just a tough front they put up. Clearly this massive lug of a man cared, after all, he had sent two of his own children.

Master Eclipse sighed. "The question for this meeting is whether or not we should send someone to retrieve them."

The leaders fell into silence. This was a difficult question to raise...

As they all knew, the reason Lilith stalled her own cultivation at the peak of the saint realm was because there was something very important she needed. This treasure was rumored to appear at the next Sapientia Auction in just a decade or so more.

The reason they sent the other young geniuses along with her was not only for experience, but because this treasure would be useful for them as well. They all believed that with the talent of their children, by the time the auction came around, they'd all be prepared to break through.

Thinking to this point.. One might curiously wonder if the perfect breakthrough Lilith sought was the same Dyon did. However, one thing was clear. They took separate paths to reach their goals.

This aside, one can see just how important this treasure was to Lilith and Nightmare Palace. In cultivation, the most important commodity wasn't energy or talent, it was time – with enough time, even those born in the most energy deficient universes with the worst of talent could reach world shaking heights. It was because of this constraint of time that geniuses who stalled in clearing their meridians would choose to breakthrough to the next realm instead of being stubborn... Why else would 7th or 8th order geniuses exist even though they were already so close to the perfect 9th order? Wouldn't it make more sense to take the extra time needed to clear that extra one or two meridians?

Yet... Lilith, who could have broken into the celestial realm at 16, was now already 23 and still hadn't despite being fully capable of doing so.

This might seem like nothing in the face of how long cultivators lived, but one had to understand that the beginning of a cultivator's journey laid the foundation for the rest of their lives. If Lilith was able to lay a perfect foundation so quickly, she might have even been capable of matching Amphorae's record time breakthrough into the dao formation realm. At that point, becoming a half-step transcendent was only a matter of time.

Yet, she hadn't... All for the sake of this perfect breakthrough.

The celestial realm was a major watershed moment the likes of which the previous realms couldn't match.

One of the greatest oddities in the martial world was the nomenclature of their weapons. Why was it that the title of transcendent was attached to the mightiest existences to ever be birthed, yet on the mortal plane, it was a title given to a weapon below the supreme grade? In fact, this 'mistake' was repeated with beasts as well... Just what was it about mortal cultivation that changed the meaning of this word?

Dyon had used plenty of Spiritual grade weapons in his life. However, he had never been able to bring out their true power because he was too far from the celestial realm... One could say that the moment he broke into this realm, many of the weapons he neglected would suddenly rise to an entirely new level.

So what was so special about the celestial realm? What was so special about celestial energy? Why was it attached with such grandiose namesakes?

It was at this point that quiet ruler of Nightmare Palace slowly opened his eyes. Leaders who were about to speak froze, choking back their words. Since the Palace Emperor wanted to speak, it wasn't their place to interrupt.

"The situation has turned complex..." Eldaeranth's words were slow and deliberate, but had a certain enchantment to them that made them hang on each syllable. "Three years ago... I sensed a change in Universe Cathedral... so I sent a shadow projection. However... before I could find what I needed... I was intercepted by another Higher Existence..."

The eyes of the surrounding leaders widened. Another Higher Existence? These two words could only be attached to another half-step transcendent! How was that possible?!

"This woman... before destroying my projection... assured me that she would lay a hand on our children... and as of now... she's kept her promise... Her only purpose seemed to revolve around protecting someone... but I'm unsure of who this someone is... All I know is that the 98th ranked quadrant is now untouchable to us..."

The four leaders sucked in a cold breath.

"Is she that powerful?" A subordinate couldn't help but mutter. But, just as the words left his mouth, he felt multiple killing intents land on him. How could you be stupid enough to ask such a question?!

"No..." The Palace Master didn't seem to care. "As Higher Existences go... her power is relatively new. I believe that she's only broken through recently... If it were my true body... she wouldn't last more than 500 rounds... The issue is that there are very few powers capable of raising a new Higher Existence, and any one that could, certainly has more than one..."

"It's likely that whoever sent her is interested in the hidden gems of the former Soul Rend Quadrant..."

"Could this be related to the movements of the Sprites again? Just a few thousand years ago, the sent subordinate clans to infiltrate the tower regions... It can't be that they want a repeat? Aren't they afraid of the retaliation of the other three?" Patriarch Fulgur muttered.

"No... She wasn't a Sprite... And given the intense disdain sprites have for humans... they wouldn't raise one to such a level even if it was beneficial to them..."

"... There is a 60% chance that this woman is of those three remaining powers... No... two powers... But there is a 40% chance that she is a loose cultivator who has taken a disciple to her liking... Either way, antagonizing her isn't worth it... Killing a Higher Existence, even a new one, is too difficult..."

"For now, we do nothing..." The Nightmare Palace Master concluded. "Once the Auction has come and gone, we will re-evaluate..."

"Do you think we should sell this information to them?" Master Eclipse suddenly asked.

Silence reigned over the hall as they all waited for a response. Even the Palace Master seemed to be thinking this over. In the end, he shook his head.

"No... They've ruled too comfortably for a long time... yet they're still so scheming..." The Palace Master lightly smiled. "Let them suffer a loss for once..."

Standing, Eldaernth almost seemed to flicker out of existence. But, before he did, the sound of his voice came through once more. "Bialaer... I'd like to speak with you alone..."

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As these events were occurring, Dyon himself was living a life of relative leisure with his wife by his side. Well, aside from the poison he forced himself to drink everyday. Still, it was benefitting him greatly as the body weight he could sustain slowly crept upward...

Chapter 1266: Worse

"You wanted to speak with this old man, Lord Eldaernth?" The Mathilde Clan's old Patriarch entered a secret room of Nightmare Palace silently. Although the Palace Master didn't react very much, a light smile played his lips.

"Your cultivation... It's improving even now..." Eldaernth mused.

Bialaer didn't deny as it would be a waste of time. "A recent event allowed a weight on my spirituality to be lifted. My mental state has raised as a result." He replied softly.

"A recent event... you say..." The slow and deliberate words of the Palace Master had a way of applying pressure even when it wasn't his intention. "You seem to have opened a pathway to breakthrough... Congratulations..."

"If our Devil Quadrants can gain another Higher Existence, it will greatly improve our position. But, I only have a 10% certainty." Bialaer explained. "My bones are too old."

If one who knew these two men heard their cultivation, they'd definitely have a weird expression on their faces. Bialaer spoke as though he was the elder, but the reality was that the Palace Master was several hundred thousand years older. In fact, no one knew the exact lifespan of Higher Existences as it seemed to vary depending on the foundation of their breakthrough.

Eldaerth nodded slowly. "I called you here to confirm this good news... But... There is another reason as well..." The Palace Master turned toward the old, wrinkled man. "Do you remember how we came to be allies?..."

Bialaer took a deep breath. "Of course. We've fought many battles together. It was because of your Nightmare Palace that my Mathilde Clan survived its catastrophe."

Back then, as they were just transitioning into the Modern Era's peak, the remnants of the Elvin Kingdom was prophesied to be destroyed.

After their dry spell of True Empath talents, it had become difficult for them to pick a new King, as such they had resorted to the most terrible means they had available to them, sacrificing the life of one of their own to read what the future held. It was also during these tumultuous times that Jade's Eostre family sacrificed their sanity for the sake of becoming Pseudo-True Empaths.

According to the prophecy that was read, of their three ancient families, only one could survive the cataclysm that was headed their way. In the end, it was the Acacia family that was sent away while the Florence and Mathilde families stayed behind to hold off the enemy that came. This was why the Elvin Kingdom that survived in Dyon's home universe had such a strong initial hatred for the Acacia family. They believed they were cowards while the Florence and Mathilde families were the true heroes of their race.

Of course, this enemy was none other than the entity and his still unknown allies. With their strength, there was no chance in this war, even the Celestial Deer Sect that had stood so mighty and tall, even causing the wary glances of some outer quadrants, fell without much of a fight.

To the world, the Florence and Mathilde families had perished... But this was only one side of the story, a side that stripped the prophecy of all its meaning to leave behind bland platitudes.

The truth of the matter is that prophecies are never so straight forward. According to one interpretation, the prophecy read that only one Clan would survive. But... According to another, only one Clan would rise above the rest.

There was a clear and vast difference behind these wordings despite the fact they were undoubtedly similar. Both separated one Clan from the remaining two, however, while one guaranteed the destruction of all but one, the other only mentioned the fate of one while ignoring the rest.

It was the sharp senses of the Mathilde family's Asura Eye that caught onto the possibility of this second interpretation. However, they firmly decided to not tell the other two ancient families their discovery. Since they were the only ones who understood, didn't that mean that they were the destined Clan the prophecy spoke of?

When it came time to debate which of their three Clans would live, the Mathilde family did something completely unexpected... They sided with the Acacia family and argued that they should survive!

Back then, their argument was that the Acacia family's Tree of Life and Death had always been the most powerful of their three manifestations. This was an undisputable fact and one the Florence Family could only swallow and accept. Even though the Florence Family technique had the highest ceiling, the ladder to reach that peak was simply too difficult to climb!

Dyon had to sacrifice more than 90% of his master's blood essence to awaken a celestial beast manifestation. And even until now, he had still not tapped into any of its abilities! This clearly showed the difficulty.

With the Mathilde Clan seemingly being so magnanimous, the Florence Clan couldn't even fight back... In the end, the Acacia family was chosen to survive and lead their people away...

To the Florence Clan, they were devastated, but at least they had an ally by their side. They would make these enemies pay a heavy price before they went to meet their ancestors!

But to the Mathilde Clan... They had just sent away their most staunch rivals... And now... All the resources left behind to deal the enemy a blow now in their hands...

In the end, the Mathilde Clan betrayed the Florence Clan, escaping in the wake of tragedy. The elders of that pitiful Clan saw red as sword and spears slashed and pierced them apart, cursing their so-called allies even in death... But by then, the Mathilde Clan had long since disappeared...

If one believes that this was the worst this the Mathilde Clan did, you'd be sorely mistaken.

This dream of the Florence Family meeting their ancestors never happened because the Mathilde Clan purposely descended the universe into Chaos! Many believed that it was the battle of the Phoenix Clans that turned Chaos Universe into what it was today, but this wasn't true at all!

Using Poison Master skills, the Mathilde Family corrupted the core of their home universe, thus severing it from the will of the universe. This resulted in the blotches of uncontrolled time that Dyon experienced... But, this wasn't the worst of it.

By cutting off Chaos Universe from the outside world, the Florence Family couldn't find their way to their ancestral holy land! As a result, the Acacia family never found out what the Mathilde Clan did because they couldn't speak to the dead of the Clan!

...

Back then, Bialaer had yet to even be born. Yet, his family had chosen a path of treachery that would forever stain them.

After escaping what was now Chaos Universe, the Mathilde family made use of the various treasures they had taken to make their way into the outer quadrants. As expected, the entity never bothered to follow them nor did he care to. This seemed to reaffirm the Mathilde family's beliefs... They had survived! So they had the correct interpretation of the prophecy!

Now, with so many heavenly treasures in their hands and a new path before them, they would rise again and bring the martial world back to the Golden Era! Their only regret was the fact they couldn't find the Jafari Clan treasure before they left.

What they didn't know was that the ancestors of the Acacia Clan had been suspicious of the movements of the Mathilde family. No matter how broad hearted an individual was, wasn't sentencing their own family to death a bit too far?

Feeling that something was off, they personally hid the Jafari Clan treasure. Having been known as the most powerful of the three ancient clans, it was no surprise that they had control of their best treasure. It was due to this that half of the treasure came to land in the hands of the Mino Clan while the other half came to reside in the Demon Sage's Mystical Realm... The Demon Sage was lucky enough to explore Chaos Universe in his youth and stumble upon this hidden half..

After centuries of travel, the Mathilde family finally landed in the Devil Quadrants. Back then, Eldaerth had only just broken into the realm of Higher Existences and was still steadily building his empire to greater heights.

To the excitement of the Mathilde family, they found that their Asura's Eye responded very well to Devil Qi, to the point where its capabilities were enhanced by at least ten times!

Chapter 1267: Ripples

This realization caused the elders of the Clan to grow ecstatic. Wasn't this exactly what they were looking for? An avenue to grow their clan's strength to new, greater heights?

At the same time, while the Mathilde Clan needed things from Nightmare Palace, Nightmare Palace needed things from the elves as well.

Everyone was aware that while devil qi provided great power, it had great drawbacks as well. These drawbacks included a weakening of one's connection to the heavens, making it more difficult to comprehend wills. In fact, this was a large part of the reason devil cultivators were looked down upon.

The only way to fix this problem was to have a soul strength that overwhelmed this heavenly block – which is why Dyon doesn't have this issue – but one can see just how difficult such a task would be, especially without the proper techniques.

As such, a trade was made. The Nightmare Palace gave the Mathilde Clan their treasures devil qi cultivation techniques and in return, the Mathilde Clan gave them the soul cultivation techniques of the Elvin Kingdom!

This union was akin to giving wings to a tiger. The Devil Quadrants soared in power, as did the Palace Master. This was why the bond between the Dark Elves and the Nightmare Palace was so much stronger than the bond between others. It was for this reason the other leaders didn't even blink an eye when the old patriarch was called over...

Now, with this alliance, the Devil Quadrants no longer had to duck and hide wherever they went. In the outer quadrants, at least, they commanded respect.

As long as they remained within certain limits, their freedoms weren't in jeopardy. Of course, attempting to influence the tower quadrants was outside these limits which was why they had to do so in stealth.

After a long sigh of reminiscence, the Palace Master turned away from Bialaer. "This weight... The one you feel has fallen from your shoulders... It will likely lead to the end of our alliance... No?..."

Bialaer sighed. "The Palace Master's intuition is very sharp. The truth is that I do not know the answer to your question. What I do know is that our Elvin Queen has been born to another Clan and it's my duty to repent for the actions of my ancestors."

"Do you... believe that what your ancestors did was shameful?..."

"I do." The old patriarch nodded. "They were fully aware that the Acacia Family's journey would be rife with turmoil. How could it not be? If they had only taken elites like we had, it would have been no issue. But, they took the young, the weak and the old. My ancestors were fully aware that this would heavily cripple them in the end."

"Then there was the Florence Family. Our actions against them were even more disgusting and unforgivable. It's a sin that I can never atone for because it's unlikely that any of their descendants have even survived to this day."

"I see..." The Palace Master looked off into the distance. "But... I disagree..."

Bialaer's brow furrowed, but he remained silent to listen to the rest.

"... What would have happened to your Mathilde family had you not done what you did?... Were the other Clans not fully prepared to sacrifice the other two for the sake of their own survival?... This is the martial world... Because your family was more skilled, they survived and thrived... It's as simple as this... There's nothing shameful about it..."

Bialaer sighed. How could he not understand this? But, it was a simple difference of perspective.

Could the Acacia family really be on a high horse? Hadn't they "graciously" accepted the Mathilde family "good will". If they were truly all good, shouldn't they have all stayed back to fight and leave who survived up to fate?

"Palace Master, I hope that we can be allies for as long as this world allows. However, I know that with your disposition, you will never accept a second ruler under your purview... And, I also do not know if my Queen will be accepting of those of the Devil Path. I can only say that these matters are for the future."

The odd shift in relationship between the Palace Master and the Dark Elvin Clan would cause unforeseen ripple effects in the future. It was unknown exactly how those matters would unfold, but what was certain was that the Palace Master wasn't a man who liked to suffer losses. Even to an Elvin Queen.

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Within the Golden Flame Mystical World, Dyon sat cross legged, gritting his teeth as he turned various shades of purple and green. By forcefully suppressing his white flames and taking high doses of toxic poison, he was slowly tempering his inner organs. Although he still had a long way to go, he was definitely much stronger than he was yesterday.

"Is he a masochist or a sadist?" Lilianna stared at Dyon like she was looking at a fool. She couldn't coincide the Dyon who loved to torture his victims and the one who liked to torture himself.

Speaking of which, she had felt quite tortured for the past few days. Unlike Little Rain the Sprite, she needed to be fed a constant stream of soul energy to survive, this was especially so because she was just a partial soul.

The problem was that Dyon refused to allow her into his mind, so she was forced to Madeleine's. Of course, this wasn't a bad thing on the surface. In fact, it made her quite happy. Where the issue lied was that after bouts of training, the husband and wife pair would often enter the cushioned beddings of the Demon Sage Tower to "bond".

If she was in Dyon's mind, this wouldn't be an issue because he could use The Seal to block her view. Also, Dyon just had overall better control of his soul. However, Madeleine had no such abilities. Although she could accomplish this task when she was lucid, when she was under the ravages of pleasure, she hardly cared about what Lilianna could or couldn't see.

In the end, Lilianna fell into another cycle of torture. It wasn't that she didn't like watching the two of them go at it, but she had to uphold her image as a Holy Princess. The dichotomy of what she wanted to do versus what she had to project to the outside world was weighing on her mind.

Maybe Dyon was right about her title being too narcissistic.

Chapter 1268: Mete

A strong breath escaped Dyon lips. In the next moment, the poison that had just been ravaged his innards was pushed out from his pores, incinerating the clothes he had been wearing to nothingness.

To avoid hearing Lilianna's rant about his indecency, he immediately stood and dove into the clear lake that was just behind them. Unfortunately for Lilianna, this was the very same clear lake that Dyon introduced before, meaning one could see all the way to the bottom. Dyon's body wasn't hidden at all.

Madeleine smiled as she watched this scene before going back to meditating herself.

She held a large black stone in her hands, but what was odd was the fact wisps of red smoke emitted from it every so often, entering through Madeleine's orifices and causing her to tremble slightly in pain.

Over the past few months, the two of them had found all sorts of fantastical metals and minerals. Without regard, they had taken them all.

One of these minerals was the rock Madeleine held in her hands now. It was known as Embryonic Flame Stone. Actually, it was this stone that inspired the creation of Flame Tempering Pills. However, their affect was far better than their pill counterpart.

Embryonic Flame Stone was a special mineral known for birthing unique flames by accumulating the essence of Fire over long periods of time. Because of this, it had two stages of evolutions in its life. The first was the accumulation phase, and the second was flame purifying phase. Although neither stage was more valuable than the other, the first phase was by far the best for those who wanted to improve their current flames instead of accepting a new one.

Of course, the other part that decided the value of this stone was how far along its timeline of evolution it was. Obviously, it was the most valuable during its first stage when it was on the precipice of breaking to the second stage. As far as the second stage was concerned, it was the opposite. This was because the more mature a unique flame was, the harder it was to take control of.

Madeleine was lucky enough to find one just about to enter its second stage. This sort of stone was enough for her to cultivate her flames well into the dao realm, which was why she had to be very careful now, or else she would cause irreparable damage to herself.

This aside, it wasn't only Madeleine who benefitted from their trip. Little Rain, who was currently hugging his shining broad sword against a tree like a little boy on Christmas morning, benefitted a lot as well. Dyon didn't even bother to fight him over "hard" minerals and just let him feast for now.

As time went on, this paid off though. Little Rain began to ignore the weaker minerals of this category, finally allowing Dyon to collect some of his own.

The other good news was that Little Rain was not only an excellent training partner, he would also be a powerful ally. By Dyon's calculations, with just a few more improvements to the broad sword and its chains, Little Rain would be able to fight peak celestials – and multiple at that – without much of an issue.

As for Dyon, his gift was all the resources he was steadily accumulating. Wild ideas about an army shining in bright, impenetrable armors and wielding weapons sharp enough to split the earth in two, filled his mind.

He had found massive reserves of Red Mercury, the very same metal that Sabona forged her artificial wings of. It was incredibly light, but it was known that its sharpness after being processed was almost impossible to match.

Then he found a counterpart to Red Mercury known as Sky Mercury. According to the twins, not only was it even lighter than Red Mercury, it was able to defy laws of gravity, allowing you to build large structures that could float in the sky. Building airships out of Sky Mercury was the dream of many a General as their speed and maneuverability was unmatched.

Little Rain also found a massive reservoir of Star Jade, the very same jade that coated the Demon Sage's palace and helped facilitate yang cultivation. Although he didn't find any Moon Jade to act as its balance, Dyon was extremely satisfied. After all, they were peak comet grade minerals!

But, this wasn't even the discovery he was the most happy about. He was also able to find massive reserves of Timeless Stones! These were rocks with residual time will hidden within them and they were half the resources needed to power the Jafari Clan treasure. To top it all off, they could also benefit Dyon's time will comprehension.

Then, as though blessed by the gods, Little Rain also found him Spaceless Stones, which just so happened to be the other half of what was needed to power the treasure.

As things stood now, Dyon was incredibly happy. These tasks would have been nigh impossible with Little Rain's sensitivity to minerals considering even Dyon's divine sense couldn't pick up on many of them. But, facing life and death really did mete out appropriate rewards.

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Within the Mystical Realm, a battle ravaged a valley of black. The canyon was so deep that its base was pitched in a perpetual night, unable to see the sun above.

Four Celestial Beasts stood together, fighting an innumerable wave of creatures of darkness.

Enormous bats with ghastly teeth and blinded red eyes screeched into the night. Blood thirsty hyenas crept forward with ill intentions. Wolves with fur so dark and eyes so yellow snarled, barking and howling like rabid dogs.

In the distance, looming shadows watched over without even the intention to move. It seemed this wasn't a random attack, but rather one that was organized by the overlords of the Demonic Gorge.

An ape standing at over thirty meters tall swung a staff taller than itself, roaring with a might many times its own. It valiantly protected the three beasts behind it as a massive shelled beast provided support.

'Hand in there Shere, I'll have the magic circle prepared soon.' A resolute and beautiful celestial deer stood over a majestic celestial tiger. But, it seemed that the once lush white fur of this tiger had been coated in blood, while its slaughter qi had weakened along with its shallow breath.

It was obvious that these four celestial beasts were none other than Dyon's companions, Shere, Biibi, Linlin and Sen.

Linlin roared to Sen's back, causing a beautiful illusory shield to appear just as the soundwave of dozens of demonic bats approached them.

The shield shook violently, quivering under the combined might, but in the end, it just barely withstood the attack.

"Reflect!" Linlin's delicate voice called out, trembling with rage.

In that instant, the quivering shield explosively doubled in size, glowing with a fierce light as it bared down on the waves of enemies below.

A pulsing light bulged from its center, growing larger and larger until it blasted outward in a beam of light tens of meters wide. The destructive wave blasted a trench directly down the middle of the battlefield, alleviating the pressure on Sen.

Linlin nearly collapsed under the strain, her white face reddening. But she knew she had to stand tall. Both Biibi and Shere stood on her back under her protective barrier, she had to last.

Above this gorge, about half a dozen or so members of the Sapientia Guild watched on silently. Honestly, they thought that what these four were doing was nothing short of suicide, but they were curious about a True God's beast companions.

"Hey, don't those four beasts look familiar to you?" An azure robed young man suddenly asked.

"Do they?"

"Yea. Remember when the Masked Wife Stealer had that confrontation with the Magic Swordsman? Weren't his beast companions also a turtle, an ape, a tiger and a deer? That's a little bit too much of a coincidence, no?"

The young man's five companions paused in thought, but eventually a black robed young woman shook her head no.

"That was only three years ago, how can a beast grow so fast? They're already celestials when back then, they hadn't even begun cultivating. Plus, these are transcendent grade beasts while those from then were mere earth grade beasts – my master said so himself."

Chapter 1269: Let's Go In

Hearing this, the young men and women nodded in acknowledgement. After all, this young woman was a disciple in-name of the Beast Master Guild Head. How could the best beast tamer of their quadrants be wrong about something so simple?

"You don't think that maybe it has something to do with their white fur? Maybe someone perfected that evil technique. Wait, wasn't True God Sacharro from the Celestial Deer Quadrant? They can't be celestial beasts, could they?!"

"Ah..." The young woman had been planning on refuting because the first half of the young man's statement was pure stupidity. But, the second half caused her words to catch in her throat.

Eventually, she frowned in thought and shook her head once more. "Celestial beasts are of the supreme grade at worst. Plus, they've gone extinct... As far as we know, only the celestial deer survived and was tied to the Celestial Deer Sect – thus their name. Maybe these are a branch sub-species caused by true celestial beasts mating with a lesser race? Or maybe the Celestial Deer Quadrant was able to use celestial beast blood they had collected to mutate these beasts?" The young woman's eyes flashed. "Either way... They're very valuable."

A quiet-until-now young man shook his head at the greed that lit the eyes of his companions. "Do remember that these are the beast companions of a True God? If you all want to die, do it without me.

"And, you'd do well to remember that no one understands his own connection to the Celestial Deer Quadrant than True God Sacharro himself. If he didn't care to flaunt these beasts before you all, do you think he's worried about your measly greed?"

The guild disciples froze at these words. True God Sacharro had obviously sent his beasts here to train, who's to say he wasn't monitoring them right now? Could any beast master stand to lose such an exceptional beast? Even the young lady's own master only had a single transcendent grade beast companion, and it was of the lower transcendent grade!

Still, her master cherished that beast and poured all of his resources into it. If a lower transcendent grade beast was worth this much, what would these peak transcendent grade beasts be worth?

"Let's go." The quiet young man turned to leave. They had come to the Demonic Gorge by deciphering ancient texts, but clearly there was nothing here for them to partake in. It was too dangerous.

In this distance, Dyon who had been listening to this conversation using the arrays he placed on his beast companions sneered.

"Good choice."

Dyon stood, stretching out his body. The cracking sound of relaxing bones popped one after another. The process of his muscles stretching was almost akin to reinforced metal ropes, pulling against once another to tighten.

He hadn't told the beast babies to go in any particular direction, but they had ended up in the best place for them. According to Dyon's understanding, Demonic Gorge was a place filled with demon and devil qi essence. Such a place was a haven for body refinement. The only problem was that it was the domain of a pride of beasts Dyon knew very well: The Blue Demon Flame Tiger. This beast was among the eight transcendent grade beast tomes the Demon Sage had in his possession.

At this point, Dyon believed that fighting an entire pride of these beasts was too much for his beast companions. Even he would die in the face of such power. However, as things stood now, the pride of tigers was content to lay back and allow their lesser subordinates to attack.

That said, there was one thing that enraged Dyon. Maybe it was because they couldn't stand the appearance of another tiger species, but the King of the Blue Demon Flame Tigers actually stepped out to mortally wound Shere before slinking back into the shadows.

Dyon couldn't stand such cowardly actions. They had no issues with allowing thousands of their subordinates to die just so they themselves wouldn't have to face danger, but they were willing to take out what they deemed as a threat before it reached them. It was truly disgusting.

The truth of the matter was that due to the fact they shared the same sub species, and the fact Shere's bloodline was several tiers above them, the pride wouldn't be able to deal with Shere's bloodline suppression. This was why they were scared into not attacking despite being stronger than the band of four.

Still, despite understanding this, Dyon was pissed. He had half a mind to go on a rampage, but he eventually held himself back, taking in a deep breath. There were six months until they reached the year mark. Just hold out six more months and I'll help you vent those frustrations.

According to Madeleine, during the first phase, all beasts within the Mystical World were constrained to the peak celestial realm. Once the first phase closed, pseudo-dao formation beasts would be able to exhibit their true power. By the third phase, all beasts would be able to release their full strength – who knew what level of strength that was after so many millions of years?

All Dyon knew was that he would teach those demon tigers a lesson far before that.

"Finally want to go?" Madeleine said knowingly, looking up from her meditation.

"My hands are itching for a fight."

"Sadist." Lilianna muttered, having finally gained a new "insult".

Dyon ignored the still brooding spirit, taking Madeleine's waist in his arms and hopping onto Little Rain's broad sword before they all shot into the air.

**

Just a few hours later, Dyon and Madeleine stood before a looming castle that seemed to be plucked directly out of medieval times.

That said, it had quite a few differences from such olden time castles. Instead of being dingy and unkept, covered in moss and greenery, this castle shone like a refined metal. The fact that it was partly illusory only made it twinkle under the perpetual sunny rays all the more brightly.

"So this is one of these invisible castles? That wasn't too hard to find." Dyon said with a grin.

Madeleine only giggled at her husband's antics. Of course it wasn't hard for him to find, he could cover an entire 10% of the Mystical World with a thought. It wasn't as though this castle hid from divine senses like a heavenly treasure, it just hid from the eyes. If it had so many layers of protection, no one would have known of their existence at all.

Suddenly, Little Rain began vibrating with excitement under their feet. "There are hard rocks everywhere!"

Dyon looked below his feet before looking toward the castle again. "You can't mean..."

"Can I take it? Can I take it?"

Dyon coughed awkwardly. How could he say yes? What would even happen if he said yes? Would the owner of the mystical world become angry with him for allowing Little Rain to 'eat' its castle?

"We'll talk about this later..." Dyon said slowly.

Little Rain's small face poked out of one of the broad sword's crystalline chains, a clear pout on his lips. His eyes grew misty, sparkling with illusory tears.

"Okay, okay. I'll let you take some of it AFTER we take everything inside."

Little Rain clapped excitedly, causing the broad sword to tremble in the air again.

'This father son duo are nothing but a gang of thieves...' Lilianna muttered.

"This isn't thievery." Dyon said with a righteous expression. "Whoever created this world obviously wanted us to take his or her things, or else why would they do all of this?"

'How could you possibly know that? What if he was saving it for a specific Clan or Sect of people and you're all just destroying their hopes and dreams right now?'

Dyon rolled his eyes. "Are all Holy Princesses only capable of fighting for imaginary things?"

Lilianna blushed in shame, clearly feeling the jab Dyon poked toward the fact she had tried to kill him over such 'imaginary' things as well...

"Alright you two, let's go in." Madeleine mediated, urging Little Rain forward.

Madeleine and Dyon walked into the castle, hand in hand. They were greeted by tall arching structures following along a long, bright corridor that seemed to continue forever. Beneath their feet, a soft, red carpet lay, extending with the corridor.

Chapter 1270: Of Course

To the sides, innumerable wooden doors shaped as semi-ovals stood unopened as well. All in all, the atmosphere was strangely inviting and dangerous at the same time.

Dyon had sent Little Rain into his inner world, unsure of what this trial would bring. So, he felt that keeping some cards hidden was for the best.

"I think this castle has either never been discovered before, or whoever did wasn't able to survive the first door." Madeleine said, a pensive expression on her face. "Each one of these doors, had they been cleared, would have changed color. From ancient records, it goes from this base wood color and gradually becomes darker the more people pass its trial."

"Does that mean this is easier? Or harder?"

"It's hard to tell. It depends on the castle as each has a different guardian. This castle's layout is unlike the rest too. It's just that the color change is universal."

"A guardian, hm... Could it be that the trials really are endless? Just how much wealth did this creator have..." Dyon mumbled. "How do we earn a key?"

"It's possible to find the key by just ignoring all of the treasure rooms and surviving to the top floor of the castle. Then, the guardian will provide a test based on our cultivation realms."

Dyon nodded. So the treasure rooms were only based on the value of the treasure, but the trial for the key was talent dependant. What an odd system.

Dyon found many things odd about this world. First of all, why have a limiter on beasts that was slowly lifted? This didn't seem to serve any real purpose... Well, it did. It was just that this was a purpose Dyon didn't like very much.

What would happen if the beasts you had already just barely been scraping by suddenly became vastly stronger? If the competitors of this mystical world knew this, wouldn't they head to the only safe place in the entire world?

These rules were essentially the creator's way of forcing those who entered its world to partake in these sky castle trials. If you didn't.... The only path was death! Which was oddly contradictory considering they couldn't fly.

Since it knew that only celestials and below could enter based on the restrictions of entry, then why would the creator allow undefeatable beasts to roam at all if not for this purpose? Clearly, this creator didn't want those who entered to steal all of his resources without benefitting him in some way.

Although Dyon didn't like being controlled, this was one that he could forgive even though it made him slightly unhappy. Since he was benefitting from treasures this creator left behind, why not follow his rules for now? But in return... He'd wipe him clean.

Dyon grinned. "Let's enter these treasure rooms one by one."

"I knew you'd say that." Madeleine shook her head with a smile, following Dyon as they pushed the first.

Immediately upon entering, the two were greeted with an unexpected view. The door behind them disappeared, leaving them stranded at the top of a narrow staircase.

All around, various oddly shaped stairs could be seen. Some were upside down, other were double-sided, and still others ran horizontally, paying no mind to the usual down and up uses of their namesake.

Aside from the stairs which shone white, everything else was pitch black.

Dyon looked to the side, peering down at the seemingly endless black hole beneath the clearly too thin stairs he and Madeleine stood on. It definitely didn't help matters that he found that he still couldn't fly. Although he thought of taking Little Rain out who seemed unaffected by the rules of the Mystical World, he held back.

"A puzzle." Madeleine suddenly said.

"What do you see?"

"There's a pattern to the stairs. Two of a similar kind are never together. At the same time, although it's so slow that it's hard to pick up on, the stairs are actually shifting at a one centimeter per hour pace. If we walked around blindly, that would definitely throw us off.

"Horizontal stairs are always headed downward. Double-sided stairs are always headed upward. Upside downstairs always lean to the right. While normal stairs like ours always go to the left. In fact, we should probably note that our set of stairs is the only "normal" one... Which means..."

"We're probably upside down as well, which means were actually going right from the proper perspective."

Madeleine nodded, looking upward at the same time as Dyon. As expected, they found a sea of black entrenched with glowing white stairs.

When they looked back down, neither of them were surprised to see that all of the once upside-down stairs had become "normal". Obviously, after allowing to orient themselves for a moment, the trial had suddenly flipped them upside-down as well.

Looking at each other, the couple smiled while Lilianna mumbled incoherently about not understanding anything at all.

"Shall we cheat?" Dyon spoke like a mastermind plotting an evil scheme.

"Of course." Madeleine said brightly.

Grasping Madeleine hand tightly, Dyon disappeared with her by his side. No matter how big this trial was... Could it match the range of Dyon's divine sense?

What the couple didn't know was that as they shattered the trial's record by miles, a guardian dressed in blazing red armor nearly fell from his throne on the top floor of the castle. Unfortunately, it could only watch as Madeleine and Dyon arranged the stairs perfectly, lining them up one by one until they led to a priceless treasure room.

Madeleine and Dyon entered a room filled with bright lights, a warm smile on their faces. There was something that felt good about conquering a challenge side by side. How could they have known that this was a quest countless other had failed at the very beginning? In fact, this sky castle wasn't one that hadn't been discovered before. Rather, it was just that the difficulty was too lofty if one couldn't cover thousands of miles at once.