

## **The Nameless 1281**

### Chapter 1281: King

The quintessence of the rod and halberd fused perfectly for Dyon as he grasped how to combine resonance and momentum long ago.

His halberd extended and retracted seamlessly, but also shattered the bones of the tigers around him like child's play, completely ignoring their tough outer skins. Even though the weakest of these beasts were of the middle celestial realm, Dyon's body flew around like a fish in water, seeing through their attacks with absolute ease.

Dyon couldn't help but be astonished at his growing strength. Until now, he had only managed to fill one half of the first of his new nine meridians, yet his power had leaped this far?! This was borderline unfair.

At first, Dyon had been a bit off-put by just how slow cultivating this 13th saint realm was. But, after witnessing its strength firsthand, he no longer thought such nonsense.

It had to be said that these were transcendent beasts! If Heaven Grade beasts were the equivalent of 2nd grade warriors, it was obvious that these were 1st grade warriors. Unfortunately for them, their order wasn't high enough for Dyon to even blink an eye. How could he care about a mere first order expert? Unless they were on the verge of breaking into the peak celestial realm, or was actually of the peak celestial realm, even a third order expert was weak before the current Dyon.

The enraged roar of the Demon Tiger King shook even the forest above their heads.

He was cowardly by nature. This was the only reason he had yet to step into the battle. Yet, could he really maintain his position as King if after all of this he still stood to their backs? He had no choice but to leap forward!

"Now Shere!" Dyon's roar made it to his beast companion in an instant.

With a thought, Shere leaped up from her nude and womanly form, into a tigress of over twenty meters long.

Her roar drowned the Demon Tiger King out completely, causing a wave of bloodline suppression to pervade the air.

Although the beast King trembled, Shere was still too weak to stop him with just that. However, who said it was just that?

The Presence of an Emperor erupted from Dyon's body, overshadowing everything in sight. Maybe the word Emperor simply wasn't enough to describe what those beasts felt. It was as though the God of Fate herself had descended to inform them of their death.

Dyon's body flashed to appear in the air before the stunned beast King. His hand reached backward as an array of sparkling, deathly blue etched itself into existence.

The air seemed to tear apart in its presence. This array wasn't being written within the air, it was being written upon the fabric of reality itself as if a demon was crawling out from inside...

Dyon's orifices bled with a foul black blood as his skin paled and his once strong muscles deflated.

"[Slow]." Dyon's eyes flashed with complex symbols, evoking a second-tier degree of freedom.

The massive Demon Tiger King quaked. It towered at over 50 meters long and 20 meters tall, yet... It felt so very small in this moment. How was it that such a beautiful, pearly blue spear could fill him with such dread.

His eyes saw an ancient, blue as the sea weapon, so beautiful that it made one gasp for air. Yet, his mind had cast him into an ocean of demons, each clawing at his body and dragging him below.

"[Judgement. Act Two: Torment]."

Unable to move even an inch, assaulted by three forms of mental attack, the beast King could only watch as the sharp point of the gorgeous spear inched toward it at an agonizingly slow pace.

In the end, just the very faintest tip of it pierced his head before it erupted into a torrential rain of crimson blood.

The Demon Tiger King had died.

Dyon dropped from the skies, barely catching himself before he fell to his knees. Still, despite his apparent weakness, the scene of such a massive beast corpse collapsing before him as crimson blood rained down from above, coating his valiant figure, was too awe inspiring for those spectating to care.

'That took more out of me than expected...' Dyon thought to himself, wrinkling his brows as he felt the weakness of his body. Although the remaining Blue Flame Demon Tigers didn't dare to attack for now, he didn't think that such a situation would last. 'I should have kept some soul recovery pills for myself...'

Dyon couldn't help but berate himself for being too arrogant. These soul recovery pills were among the niche markets he wanted to corner within the Tower, in fact, although he hadn't checked himself, he was sure that they were among his top selling items. But, Dyon hadn't thought he'd need them. His soul being drained was exceptionally rare for him, so it didn't seem necessary.

Despite using [Slow] to drastically reduce the energy requirements for [Torment] Dyon still felt himself sucked completely dry. If just the second act of [Judgement] was so fierce, what about the remaining seven?

The spear barely pierced the beast King's head before it erupted into a shower of meat, bones and blood. It was almost too exaggerated.

Luckily, Dyon worries were unfounded. Noticing their big brother's weakness, the now healed beast babies immediately took action, displaying their year-long training progress.

Dyon had to admit that he was impressed. Not only had their teamwork reached a peak level, but their various bloodlines were started to show signs of forging their own way.

Biibi's bloodline ability allowed her to infuse her celestial will into her cultivation qi, allowing her healing magic to reach a new level. Sen's allowed him an explosive increase in either speed or strength,

depending on which of his forms he entered. Linlin's bloodline blossomed along the wisdom path, allowing her to quickly analyze the techniques of her opponents and create counter measures for them. Her innate bloodline technique was similar to [Soul Aid] except it worked only for certain defensive formations. Finally, there was Shere who unlocked a similar physical boost ability to Sen. The only difference was that in exchange for a lesser increase, she was also gifted sharper senses and slaughter qi.

When these four bloodline abilities worked together, they covered for each other's mistakes seamlessly.

Shere was able to act as vanguard, having high combat ability and senses. Biibi was able to provide support from the back, whether that be healing or various buffs in strength, speed and the like. With her strong soul, she was also sharper than Shere in the senses respect.

Then, Sen supplemented Shere's attack position, working together to pierce through their enemy's defenses. When Shere pushed ahead, Sen would stay back to protect Biibi and Linlin. When Shere grew tired, Sen was able to cover for her, acting as a strong anchor.

Of course, Linlin was a staple of their group. Not only was she the one who often directed the actions of the four of them, she provided defensive support, disallowing the enemy from taking advantage of numbers to deal with Sen and Shere.

Dyon watched the four of them systematically work to wipe out a pride of transcendent grade beasts with a smile on his face as his soul slowly recovered. They really had grown.

## Chapter 1282: Demonic

Days later, the Gorge had finally been cleared. After setting a concealment array that darkened what was happening below, Dyon took Madeleine in his arms again. She seemed to still be taking a content nap.

"Big brother, isn't it safer to keep sister-in-law in the tower?" Biibi asked.

Dyon shook his head. "Her life is still hanging on by a thread. As things stand now, things could go very badly very quickly at any moment. I have to be there to stabilize it if that happens, even a split second could be the difference between life and death.

"Oh..." Biibi suddenly felt sorry for asking. Although they hadn't known this sister-in-law for long, Madeleine was the type of person who everyone took a liking to quickly. Seeing her so grey and weak made them feel uncomfortable.

Dyon had only laid her to rest before fighting the demon tigers because it couldn't be helped. But, as things stood now, he felt better with her in his arms.

"Don't worry about it so much, she'll push through this." Dyon said with a smile. "Let's go and see what this Demonic Gorge has to offer."

"Hard rocks, lots of hard rocks!" Little Rain flipped around in Dyon's inner world, forcing him to release the little guy for fear he might accidentally harm the Heaven's Selfless Breath bushels.

Dyon laughed slightly.

"Who's this?" The four beast babies blinked, Biibi, Linlin and Shere having returned to their adorable toddler forms.

"He's our money maker." Dyon said mysteriously. Who knew that Little Rain, who had been completely knocked out for the past more than month, would suddenly awaken with such vigor?

Still, this was good news. The Demonic Gorge was large, who knew how many mineral deposits they had sitting around? Although Dyon was very interested in the concentration of demonic and devil qi, he was even more interested in just what kind of minerals would be formed after trillions of years bathing in such conditions...

Demonic and devil qi had similar characteristics, but, branched along separate paths. The largest difference would have to be the fact that demonic qi was capable of effecting the mind, while devil qi had stronger enhancement abilities. Its these differences that led to one becoming a cultivation path, while the other became a will path.

If Dyon had to describe his [Judgement] technique – his current strongest attacking ability if one ignored Titan Emperor's Will – he'd say that it fell into the demonic category as it attacked on two separate planes.

As for Titan's will, although the records described it as a higher form of demonic will, Dyon was skeptical of this assessment. This was because, unlike his demonic will, titan will didn't directly infect an opponents mind. Instead, it enhanced to the body to a realm where its user's presence itself could do so.

In simple terms, demonic will forced one to rely on it for strength. However, titan will allowed one to strengthen themselves and thus rely on themselves. In fact, in Dyon's opinion, it was far more similar to devil qi in that respect.

These thoughts that floated in Dyon's mind made him extremely curious about the source of these energies, and Demonic Gorge gave him the perfect opportunity to assess his hypotheses.

With Little Rain's help, it wasn't very long before they found their first deposit of demonic essence. It seemed that there were different entrances to the very same connected mine.

Stones of black stood etched in an open vein, stretching down below farther than Dyon could see. In fact, the truth was that if it wasn't for his divine sense, he wouldn't be able to see more than a few feet into the open mine. This was likely why the tiger beasts hadn't dared to explore much.

"The history on this is vague even for us," Little Yang spoke, "The age of such cultivation came before our species was birthed. Although, as historians, we've done our best to collect records of this time, they aren't infallible."

Dyon nodded. "What do you know then?"

"We're certain the open pit mines like this, filled with demonic essence were far more common several eras ago. In all likelihood, humans realized how much certain beasts gained from such areas and soon realized they could strengthen themselves as well.

"This led to two diverging paths. The first to appear was the demonic path, thus why these stones are known as demonic essence. Much later, when humans began to study their meridians to step away from the body refinement path and begin to follow the body and energy paths, this was when devil cultivators were born."

"Mhm." Little Yin nodded a bit more passionately than one might expect. "Devil Cultivators were known for the overwhelming bodily strength, just like demonic path cultivators, but they had a dark edge to them that made them devilish."

"Back then, there weren't just devil cultivators either. There were Light Cultivators, known for their quick flowing energy and speed. There were Holy Cultivators, known for their great recovery speeds and healing capabilities, not to mention near endless stamina. There were Bold Cultivators, known for being the polar opposite of light cultivators. They had energy so heavy that they weighed sometimes five to even ten times heavier than those of their size. They had great strength and defensive abilities."

"Even within these cultivator groups there were endless branches as well." Little Yang agreed with his little sister. "Many had different requirements for becoming a part of their factions while many disagreed on the exact type of energy should be used. As one might expect there were more than one 'light' or 'bold' or 'holy' type of energy, each varying to minute degrees."

"In the end though, all of these factions became obsolete when conventional energy was found. Although those who followed the conventional path could never defeat those factions in their lanes, when it came to overall fighting ability, the conventional path always wins out. They're simply more balanced."

Dyon nodded. When he faced True God Falkor just months earlier, the reason he had deflected his attack so resoundingly was because he had used 'Bold' type energy. He had realized long ago that those heavy flowing and dense energies raised his silver mirror constitution to an all new height.

However, Dyon wasn't worried about becoming obsolete like those factions. Why? Because unlike them, he could use all of their abilities freely. This was also why the devil cultivators had survived to this day. They could wield both conventional and devil qi. Well... As long as the energy he took from the beast dung lasted. He had already run out of 'Holy' type energy, so it was only a matter of time before he ran out of the others.

It was because of this that he knew he had to re-connect with his constitution's world quickly. Only it had an abundance of these energies. But, he had to be strong enough to take it for himself. This was

why this open pit mine was so important to him. If he directly used demonic essence to refine his body, the process should be much quicker.

As things stood now, Dyon was on the precipice of reaching the 20 million jin body weight. He could sustain just under that comfortably now. But, he had to make to 100 million to re-enter the world. So, he had a lot of work to do.

"Let's start by seeing what at the bottom of this mine. Then, we'll see what other veins we can find." Dyon smiled lightly, hopping into the dense black with little to no hesitation.

As he did so, interested parties started converging on the Demon Gorge. Just days ago, the first phase sky castles had closed and the second phase would begin in just a few months. In that time, those who entered the mystical world had nothing better to do than explore the ground below...

What better sounded the location of a treasure than the mourning cry of a dying peak celestial transcendent grade beast?

Dyon bounced lightly from wall to wall along the deep shaft, slowing his descent. Since he couldn't fly, he couldn't simply entrust his fate to his strong body.

Soon, with a crashing boom, he landed at the bottom. Still, he made sure that none of the shock or noise made its way to the sleeping Madeleine.

His body flickered and disappeared, soon coming to a vast expanse of black. His eyes, despite his cultivation, couldn't see a single thing. However, his divine sense picked up a scene that should have made his heart drop to his stomach.

## Chapter 1283: Reassuring

Several dozen sleeping Demon Tigers, tens of times larger than the beast King lay sleeping. Their blue flames were nowhere to be seen or else it wouldn't be so dark, but their tough almost scale-like fur was undeniable. They looked like slumbering dragons despite the eerie quiet of their breathing.

However, Dyon didn't panic. He immediately understood that these slumbering tigers were among the beasts so powerful that the creator of the Mystical World didn't have the means to seal their strength. To counter this, the creator put them to sleep instead. As long as the so-called Lord Creator did his job well, they wouldn't wake up until phase three. By then, all hell would break loose – it was either you entered the third phase sky castle, or you died. It was as simple as that.

Dyon sighed. Their bodies were basically treasure troves.

Earlier, Dyon had already stored the body parts of the tigers he and the beast babies killed. He was just waiting for the seals on their remains to lift. When that happened, he'd go from having several thousand tons of celestial beast parts, to dao formation beast parts. The difference didn't need to be explained.

Truth be told, Dyon was very impressed with this Lord Creator. To bind a beast to weakness even in death... This was truly a high-level seal master. Maybe he's had some secrets hidden that would be useful to the Sigebryht Clan and Zaltarish as they were also seal masters.

This aside, Dyon didn't dare touch any of these beasts. For one, he didn't want to test how good this sleeping seal was. Secondly, even the weakest beast here emitted the aura of a peak dao formation expert. Plus, there were at least half a dozen auras Dyon couldn't approach at all! These were clearly Higher Existence beasts. He couldn't harm them even in their sleep.

"To see so many high-level beasts here..." Little Yang muttered. "There's definitely something special about this place. It isn't so common for even supreme grade beasts to become Higher Existences, let alone lower transcendent grade ones."

"Blue Flame Demon Tigers have special flames. Its erosion characteristic is great for battle, but its even better for cultivation and body refinement. They turn their flames on themselves, tempering their bodies again and again." Dyon explained while flashing forward, having gained much of this knowledge from the Beast Tome. "This is why their fur is almost dragon-like despite them not having scales. Their flames spend the most time coating their outer bodies because that the easiest and safest part to temper.

"The fact they've grown so strong here means they've likely found something that supplements the ability of their flames."

As Dyon made his way toward the center of an unknown world, confusion was occurring above the gorge. Despite this being the location of the roar, they couldn't find anything.

From below, the beast babies chuckled as though watching a comedy show. To think a concealment array their big brother placed so casually thwarted so many experts. The funniest part was that there were plenty of guild disciples among them who should have had strong soul strengths.

Back within the mine pit, Dyon finally made his way to the absolute center, but he saw nothing of note. He was certain that this was the highest concentration of demonic essence, but there was nothing but empty air and a black floor here.

Unfortunately, Little Rain had gone off to soak up hard metals and wasn't by his side, or else he probably would have been some help.

"You don't think that Lord Creator guy would wake these tigers up just to spite me for stealing two of his sky castles, do you?" Dyon asked the spirits hidden within his Mind's Eye.

After clearing the red-armored guardian of his – or her, actually – seal, she was able to tell Dyon of one other soul path sky castle there was in the first phase. Unlike the first that had an alchemy theme, the second had a beast master theme. Dyon received quite a few interesting things from it as well, most of which were useless to him, but some were quite useful.

He decided to save most of them for Ri, though. After understanding the talent Elves had in this path, how could he waste it on himself? Aside from some things he set aside for the beast babies, he left everything else for his wife.

Oh, and he also acquired a green-armored guardian as well. Although, they were still absolute useless outside of the sky castle. If he unbound them, their souls would crumble. The sky castles were the only things stopping them from dying after so long.

"Lord Creator isn't that type of person." The red-armored guardian responded. "He is cruel and doesn't take losses, but he's also endlessly prideful. Since he left a rule that could be exploited, he won't blame you for it. Rather, he'll just make your later challenges more difficult."

"Oh, how reassuring." Dyon said sarcastically.

Suddenly, his eyes flashed. "Below!"

Dyon's divine sense was having a hard time penetrating through the ground, but the vision of a large vein appeared within his mine. To think it stretched for several kilometers.

"This is a demonic essence vein?... Why does it behave so much like a spiritual vein? But, spiritual veins can't grow so large."

Dyon knew that spiritual veins were capped at the saint grade at most, even for the largest and oldest Clans and Sects. This was because a spiritual vein that was too large could land a universe in a qi catastrophe. The only way to circumvent this was by attaching the Energy Core to your spiritual vein. Then, it could grow endlessly, just like they did on the immortal plane.

However, this demon essence behaved like a vein: taking the energy it liked from the atmosphere, bringing it toward itself, and growing in size... So how could the space around it be so stable when it was on the verge of breaking past the dao grades and into the immortal grade?!

#### Chapter 1284: Who Knew?

Dyon held Madeleine close to his body, scanning the area. Some time ago, Madeleine's body had begun reflexively flickering with cold blue flames. If it hadn't been for Dyon strength of body, he would have frozen ten times over by now.

'Madeleine life flames seem to be the antithesis of this energy.' Dyon pushed the thought to the back of his mind. It was good that Madeleine's blue flames were dancing about. He had never seen her separate it from her usual violet flames, probably because it was always stronger together with red flames, but these blue flames would definitely help her heal.

Dyon thought about amplifying them with his white flames, but he held back. The more of this process Madeleine did alone, the better.

At the same time as this was happening, though, Dyon's black flames threatened to burst out. He usually suppressed them because he hated the feeling they gave him, but now it seemed to have resonated with something. It was even threatening to break the balance he had built with it and his white flames.

Dyon's foot tapped the ground beneath him, trying to use his comprehension of resonance to gain a clearer picture of what lay beneath his feet.

After trillions of years of being tempered by this demonic essence, the ground had become frighteningly hard. Dyon believed that it was actually comparable to the ground of his constitution's world. However, for very different reasons. While that world had hard minerals due to the excess energy and primordial qi, this ground was hard due to demonic essence.

The truth was that after entering this world, Dyon had almost thought he accidentally entered his constitution's world, somehow. Not only was there primordial energy here, but it had an ancient feeling Dyon found difficult to put his finger on. But, after adapting, he realized that he was wrong. This place was a mere fake replica.

That said, this den of demonic tigers was definitely closer to the real thing.

"There's definitely something keeping this place stable. It could be anything from the laws of this world itself, to some energy core replacement of some sort." Little Yang commented. "This sort of vein is even more dangerous than a vein that doesn't discriminate energy type. The imbalance it could cause would be catastrophic."

Dyon nodded seriously. In his second trial world, the spiritual vein of the Angel Clan caused all sorts of Abyssal Cores to form around them. In fact, if it hadn't been for those abyssal cores, Dyon wouldn't have had a chance at winning. But... it was also because of them that Luna died.

It was exactly because of these phenomena that spiritual veins were so dangerous and needed a stabilizer like the Energy Core.

One could imagine the kind of danger abyssal cores formed of demonic will and essence would cause. Just taking the demonic beasts that called this gorge home into account was enough to paint the picture, and that was just on the physical side of things.

BOOM!

Suddenly, the rumbling of the earth above Dyon's head caused him to raise an eyebrow.

'How impatient.' Dyon sneered. 'If you think I'll let you take part in treasures I fought for, you're sadly mistaken.'

Dyon knew exactly what they were thinking. Even True God Tatsuya took a step back and allowed others to enter his sky castle, shouldn't True God Sacharro do the same? After all, if even an arrogant Dragon gave way to peak celestials, should a man who hadn't even stepped into the Celestial realm do the same?

It was too bad they didn't realize that Dyon's arrogance was deeper than even that of a Dragon True God.

"Ah, here it is." Dyon finally found what he was looking for. "What an interesting concept..."

"What is it?" The hamster twins asked curiously.

"This is truly a land where flames thrive." Dyon said with a smile. "The thing keeping this whole place intact isn't some Energy Core replica, it's a corrosive flame who's been sucking up all the excess energy for itself... If I tried to dig up this vein blindly, death would be the least of my problems... Even my soul wouldn't survive to reincarnate..."

Dyon suddenly understood why his black flames were so excited. It was like it had just met a close brother it hadn't seen in decades.

Unfortunately, Dyon couldn't get a scope of the flame. His resonance abilities only faintly caught onto its outer traces...

"You plan on taking that flame and this vein, don't you?" Little Yang asked as though he was looking at a masochistic fool.

Dyon grinned. "I would never do something so stupid, who do you think I am? I would die the moment I dug even a centimeter into this ground... To describe this flame as a dao flame is an understatement. Don't you see how far even the half-step transcendent demon tigers sleep from this place?"

"Then why is your smile getting bigger and bigger..." Little Yang mumbled.

Dyon's grin grew so wide that his lips looked as though they'd crack at any moment. "Oh, me? No reason?"

An instant later, Madeleine's body disappeared to be replaced with a blade as black as night. Then, Dyon swung downward!

'We're all gonna die.' The Hamster twins tried to find tears to cry, but the heavens wouldn't even allow them the benefit of shedding any.

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While Dyon was having the time of his life, Clara and Ri were having quite a difficult time.

The Dark Ocean was exactly as advertised. Without even a piece of land as far as the eye could see, dark waves crashed beneath them, making it seem as though even the water itself wanted their lives.

After Little Wind became unable to withstand the harsh winds any longer, Centauress expanded into her true form, an ability Ri had kept hidden from the others of the Water Mist Sect.

Luckily, the Pegasus' perverted ways were thwarted by her master, so she was forced into her full Pegasus form, hiding away her human half.

Like this, two absolute beauties glided across the dark ocean waves on the head of a massive, deity-like horse of pure white.

"You should know that this is foolish." An ancient voice filled Ri's mind. It was obvious to her that it was the World Tree nagging her once more, but unfortunately, the old thing didn't have a mute button. "You're not yet strong enough to subdue such beasts, even relying on me. You should wait until you enter the dao formation realm."

Clara smiled, looking at Ri's annoyed face. "That old bastard annoying you again? Tell him that if he's so worried, he should come out here himself."

"I'm not worried about him, we just need to make countermeasures for dealing with BPA. In the case that we succeed, they probably wouldn't be very happy or eager to thank us."

"BPA is just filled with beasts and humans who have nothing better to do with their lives. At most 5% of them are true activists, the others only look to make a profit. This is the martial world, as long as we're not stealing children, there should be no problem."

Isla blinked while listening to their conversation. Despite her small size, she didn't seem too bothered by the harsh winds or cold.

"An organization created to protect the abuse of beasts? Isn't that noble of them?"

"It would be noble, if it wasn't actually made of transcendent grade beasts who look down on lower grade beasts to begin with. The organization was essentially created so that humans couldn't monopolize beast resources, so that they could. They don't actually care about beasts, they only care about projecting an outward appearance that they do so that they can profit." Ri explained.

After Dyon's confrontation with BPA, Clara had done some digging, something that was easy for her considering she was in the Sapientia Clan's good books. She found horrible abuses of power everywhere, it was laughable that they called themselves the beast protection association.

In the past, it was true that humans only saw beasts as food and resources. High grade beasts were the best delicacies, while their innate connection to the heavens made their flesh and bones practically treasures in and of themselves.

Some found this commodification of beasts unfair, and as such wanted to set some protective laws. But, who knew that transcendent grade beasts would swoop in to take charge?

Using the powers of BPA, the controlled large portions of every quadrant, taking the beasts they supposedly protected as their own resources.

The only reason more quadrants weren't solely controlled by beasts like the Hydra Quadrant was to continue this façade of weakness and dependence.

In some ways, it was ironic. The beasts that spent so long touting strength over all had suddenly grown to learn to scheme and plan. It was a conspiracy of the grandest proportions, yet it happened all under the public eye. It was truly the perfect crime.

Clara was about to reply, but instead it came out as a sigh. "Here comes another one..."

The pale, sweat matted beauties stood once more, taking a deep breath as the waves began to tower before them.

#### Chapter 1285: Not Big Enough

"To think there was such a concealment array here."

Several groups of individuals stood outside the now open demonic gorge. They had thought that some phenomena had hidden the valley, but they had been too pressed for time to give up.

The second phase would start just weeks from now. This was the best time to gain treasures on the ground. If they allowed the second phase to begin, they'd have no choice but to hide until it was time to once more enter the sky castles.

Some might think it would have been better for them to give up, but the reality was that it was more efficient for them to continue looking in an area they were certain was hiding something. Unlike Dyon, they didn't have broad branching divine senses. Even if they left, there was no guarantee they'd find anything. Therefore, they made the collective decision to stay.

In the end, they were rewarded for their efforts. The core of the concealment array was eventually found and destroyed. Now, they could finally see into the gorge below. But, who knew that instead of finding what they expected, they found a young man riding the back of a large turtle with three white beasts laying around him. There wasn't a single person here who didn't recognize this young man.

"Oh, this is odd. Why is everyone here? Don't tell me there's some great treasure down there?" Dyon asked with an innocent expression.

God Goldeen's eyes narrowed momentarily, but returned to normal in the next instant.

Even True God Falkor and Tatsuya stood to the sides of the gorge, looking below toward Dyon with interested expressions. Clearly, neither really cared about the treasures and were more interested in battling Dyon.

However, none of them got to speak. Instead, it was Wilder who stepped forward first, his face just as calm as usual.

"Are you the one who killed Junior Sister Lithe?"

Dyon tilted his head, raising an eyebrow as though he was looking at an idiot. "I didn't shatter the soul jade array within her, so you know damn well it was me. Do you think you would have found out had I cared for you not to?"

Wilder's eyes grew a shade colder. "I see..."

Blythe shook her head from a distance away. Everyone knew Wilder's personality. Upon first meeting him, one would find it funny that such a calm young man would have such a name. At least, that's what you'd think until he lost control of his temper. By then, you'd believe that his name wasn't fierce enough. The young man was no less than the reincarnation of the devil.

Dyon made no attempt to explain himself, nor did he care to. "Are you going to get out of my way? Or are you going to make me make you get out of my way?"

"Why did you kill her?" Wilder asked calmly.

Dyon ignored Wilder's question, looking around to see who was here. He found all of this quite funny, there really didn't seem to be many, if any, missing at all. Even the Flaming Lily Sect disciples were here despite the fact they tried to avoid his gaze thinking that he was relying on them to get out of this situation.

Shaking his head, Dyon chuckled. "This sort of Sect will never amount to much of anything."

The female disciples reddened with embarrassment, but continued to avoid his gaze. At the very least, Sabona and Yandevere seemed to be looking for a way. Well, Yandevere actually seemed more interested in what was within the gorge, which made sense considering the corrosive flame that lived down there would resonate with her own innate flames very well.

"You may not know this, but although Junior Sister Lithe was an in-name disciple of the Beast Master Guild Head, she was also training to become a weapon's smith. If you don't understand, this means that she was under my charge as a Comet Lord. Yet, you've killed her." Wilder's voice remained eerily calm, he didn't seem to notice the fact Dyon had ignored him.

"Big brother, that guy has an ugly spirit." Biibi muttered.

Dyon wasn't so surprised by Biibi's analysis. As a celestial deer, she was very sensitive to purity, and by proxy, impurity. She could see the wild aura building up within Wilder just as easily as Dyon's bestial instincts caught on to it.

"Listen." Blythe, the exceptionally arrogant young lady and second white robed disciple stepped forward to mediate. "Both of you need to calm down. Lithe was a bitch and I'm certain that she's done something stupid. But, at the same time, as a Comet Lord of the Weapon's Masters, Wilder has an obligation to her, but more important, to his prestige. It's possible to reach some sort of consensus here if you two are willing to listen."

Dyon smiled, but those of the Sapientia Guild nearly fainted in shock. Since when did Blythe had such an understanding and soothing personality?

However, this was just how she was. She only respected the capable, and both Wilder and Dyon were exactly that. If Dyon had been someone weak and unworthy, she would have allowed Wilder to do as he pleased. But, he wasn't.

She knew that Wilder couldn't afford to fallout with a True God. At the same time, she knew that Dyon couldn't risk angering such a young Comet Lord either. Offending Wilder was akin to offending both the Runic Vein Masters and the Weapon's Masters.

Although Blythe had their best interests at heart, she was wrong about one thing. Dyon had no need for any of the Sapientia Guilds, least of all the Runic Vein Guild and the Weapon's Smith Guild. Among them, maybe the only guilds he cared to offend even less were the alchemy and formation guilds.

Dyon shrugged. "I have no problem not killing him ... As long as he doesn't attack first. But, it doesn't seem like your wish will come true."

"[Resonate]."

"[Reflect]."

Linlin and Biibi spoke at the same time. The instant Wilder's figure flashed forward, a boiling, maniacal rage coloring his once calm features, they had long since been prepared.

Biibi's hooves shone a bright golden light, stirring Linlin's meridians and reinforcing them for the short term. In that instant, Linlin could support a fiercer qi travel speed and a stronger output. Her technique's strength had instantly rose by more than three times!

Linlin's head peaked out from within her beautiful black shell. Her white lipless mouth opened ever so slightly, causing a shield of brilliant ancient patterns to appear before them.

Dyon smiled lightly. His hand rose, causing a formation of crimson red to etch into the skies.

Those watching felt their eyes glue to the action. Although they had seen Dyon and Falkor exchange blows, it was only for a moment. Seeing Dyon fight a middle celestial like this was like having first row tickets to a highly anticipated event!

The truth of the matter was that Wilder's momentum was fierce. Despite only being a first order genius, he and many other body cultivators felt like the criteria for False True God should be changed. Why was it that only the energy path was considered when his body superseded what they were capable of?! Not only did he have a first grade energy cultivation, he had a first grade body!

A glaive of red appeared in his hand as he pierced forward, a frightening light covering his eyes as they washed over with blood. In that moment, his power doubled, activating a hidden runic vein within his body.

Still, Dyon's smile didn't fade as Wilder crashed into Linlin's ancient symbols.

His glaive remained intact, but his arm cut open in dozens of locations, erupting into a shower of blood even as the defensive technique shattered.

Dyon's arm, raised to his side, heightened just a slight bit more.

"[Weaken]." The blinding lights of his crimson array dimmed ever so slightly, lowering the energy requirement to a mere tenth, even as the faded line of black flames coated the edge of its blade.

"[Accelerate]. [Accelerate]. [Accelerate]." Two times. Four times. Eight times.

"Your fist isn't big enough." Dyon said lightly.

A beam of red flashed across the skies. To those spectating, it looked like a Demon Emperor had drawn his finger across the clouds, slicing them in two.

Wilder's eyes widened. It wasn't just his, every disciple witnessing this seemingly nonchalant attack of True God Sacharro felt their hearts seize.

Pain, agony, blood, murder. Emotions of terrible massacre and the depths of hell pervaded their minds.

Danger. This man was dangerous. So dangerous that they should run. Run as far as they could right now before it was too late. Until that is... it was too late.

Wilder tried to dodge, surpassing his body's limit to activate several more hidden runic veins. His reaction time spiked, his muscles bulged, and several of his blood vessels burst. Even if he survived this, his chances of fighting for any sort of legacy had dropped to zero. No one's body could survive the simultaneous activation of so many runic veins!

It was at that moment that Wilder realized his so-called buffs meant nothing in the face of this attack's speed. No matter what he did, it was useless. It would pierce his heart and he would die.

To the side, Blythe who had frozen much like most others realized this as well. But, she couldn't allow Wilder to die. It wasn't that she cared for his life, but rather that she cared for her own. Only the two of them together could keep the guild disciples in line toward the same goal. Without his influence, she would lose control over the peak celestials of his factions and thus her chances at succeeding would also plummet.

Her delicate hands lifted into the air, pressing her two forefingers together and drawing them into a circle in the air. If one had time to think about it, they would realize just how talented this young lady was to activate a magic circle in such a minor time frame.

"[Condense]!"

The air seemed to suffocate around the surroundings. If the former density had been just 1, it was now over a 1000!

Sheets of invisible, condensed air appeared in the path of the bloody red line. Although it barely lost a partial percent of its speed, this interference was just enough for Wilder to avoid a blow to his heart. However... That wasn't without losing his entire left arm and a large portion of his chest and shoulder.

A bloody hole more slightly more than a foot across blasted through Wilder's body, causing his eyes to dim in pain.

God Goldeen slightly tilted his head to the side, allowing the ruby spear to sail past him before disappearing into a wisp of smoke.

His eyes narrowed. Only a fool would believe that that wasn't only purpose. To think that he would toy with Wilder to such an extent that he even drew a trajectory toward him.

The worst part was that Christian III thought that he had dodged, but the bloody line on his cheek told a different story entirely.

Dyon didn't even watch as Wilder's body fell from the sky, a light sneer was on his face as he watched God Goldeen wipe the blood from his cheek. "Consider that punishment for daring to send your petty henchman to stop my progress."

'Arrogant!' Who would pick a fight with the Sapientia Guilds and a God at the same time?! How could they not all simultaneously have this exact evaluation of True God Sacharro.

When they had first seen him appear, his eyes were so gentle and he was so handsome that they hadn't noticed it at all. But this young man's whole demeanor was one that looked down on the world entirely. Even if they all threatened his life now, even if he knew he would lose his life, he wouldn't back down even an inch!

Plus, could they really be certain that they could kill him here? Just how many life saving treasures would such a genius be given by their Clan? Any Clan he was born into would cherish him to the greatest extent of their abilities! If they failed to kill him here, wouldn't they have to wait for his revenge in the future? How could they ever show their faces in public again?

At this point, Blythe was shaking in anger as she grasped Wilder's body. He had already fallen unconscious! One could even see his slowly beating heart exposed to the air. If he hadn't been a body path cultivator, he would have died near immediately!

"ARE YOU A FOOL?!" Blythe screamed, losing her temper. Although she tried to mediate, her arrogance was just as bone deep as Dyon's. "THE SAPIENTIA GUILDS WILL NEVER FORGIVE THIS!

"Are you happy now?! Now even your Clan will be blacklisted and ostracized. None of our experts would be willing to help you. How can you not understand the meaning behind a Guild?! It's to protect its members. If they allowed such a genius to be toyed like this without recourse, what do you think would happen?!"

Dyon laughed, looking at Blythe like he was looking at a fool.

"Of those in your guilds, even Moon Lords wouldn't dare to speak to me as you have."

In that moment, an overwhelming soul presence blossomed from Dyon. The illusory images of beautiful Moons appeared across the skies. Some shone a brilliant blue, others were red, and still others were silver, gracing them all with a gorgeous sight.

Blythe froze as she saw this scene. Others even felt like fainting on the spot. Their tower quadrants had less than 20 Moon Lords across all 100+ Clans and Sects. Yet, there was such a young one sitting before them.

Since he had hidden for so many years, it was time for the world to understand. Dyon was here to set a Bloody Precedent. The name Sacharro should not be tarnished!

...

Linlin raised into the air and Dyon disappeared into the distance. At this point, even the peak celestial guild disciples that had been planning to attack stopped themselves. If their masters found out that they harmed such a young Moon Lord, the smoothest result would be expulsion from the guild.

One had to understand what a Clan having such a young Moon Lord meant. At a minimum, that meant his Sacharro Clan was hiding a Planet Lord, at worst, it meant it had a Star Lord! How could such a young Moon Lord be raised alone? It was impossible!

In a lot of ways, this was mostly true. Dyon's master was a Star Lord and an excellent one at that. Although she had died as a Moon Lord, after countless years of seclusion beneath Focus Lake, she had grown exponentially, even forging a new path for alchemy. Coupling this with Dyon's enormous innate talent and how could he not grow in such a fashion? This didn't even mention the fact he had the [Dao of Array Alchemy].

At that moment, everyone made a decision. Unless they were absolutely certain they could kill him in a single strike... Don't provoke True God Sacharro! And even then, you had to be prepared for his Clan's retaliation!

Ironically, it was around this time that news of True God Sacharro's appearance ravaged the martial world, sending it into a tailspin. The ever-elusive True God had finally shown himself?! What was he like? What did he look like? How strong was he?!

The truth of this matter was that this matter should have been disseminated months ago, but due to various circumstances, it hadn't.

Those who paid for spots to the Golden Flame Mystical World all assumed that either the Golden Crow or Flaming Lily Sect would spread the information. Since they were in their quadrant, both their elders would reach their home Sects first. Under that assumption, they thought that there was no point in spreading the information if someone else would get the credit anyway.

However, this wasn't what happened.

After returning the Flaming Lily Sect, the Vice Master found herself in an internal war. It didn't stoop to the point of overt conflict, but some dividing lines were being very clearly drawn. Some believed that trusting in Madeleine and Dyon was a good choice, while others believed it was the height of foolishness. They had been a female only sect for so long, but now their future would suddenly be in the hands of a man? They'd become the laughingstock of the cultivation world.

Due to all of these issues, the Flaming Lily Sect didn't have time to mind sending news to the SNN.

Chapter 1287: Hunting

On the Golden Crow Sect side of things, it was in their best interest that news of True God Sacharro wasn't released at all. In that way, if he died, suspicious glances couldn't be aimed toward them.

That said, they knew that this was a useless endeavor. They assumed that a genius like Dyon wouldn't simply be able to leave his Clan as he pleased, so they likely already knew where he had gone. This was why they hadn't bothered to attempt to stifle the information, but that didn't mean that they would actively spread it themselves.

Along with these two reasons, there was a last third. Dao Formation experts found it beneath themselves to do such things. After reaching such a deep cultivation level, what benefit could the SNN give them that would raise their eyebrows? They were already rich.

One had to know that aside from the disciples who entered the Mystical World, the remainder were all supervising elders who had followed them. All of whom happened to be dao formation experts.

As a result of this, the news spread slowly and naturally. Eventually, it reached the ears of those who were much less prideful than those old cultivators and it was they who finally brought the news to the SNN.

Like this, the SNN did their own investigating before somehow finding footage of the incident. In an instant, images of Dyon's handsome visage became plastered all over the martial world. But, what many were even more interested in was his clash with True God Falkor! To defeat a True God without lifting a finger, this was a man truly worthy of four first place finishes on the God Trials!

At this moment, Clara and Ri were fighting yet another life and death battle. A massive beast that could only be described as a black-scaled basilisk roared toward them, its large body even blocking out the dark clouds in the sky.

"Are you sure this is just an image?" Clara said bitterly, using her wind domain to boost Ri's speed.

Ri grunted, floating in the air as her white tails whipped about. Pillars of ice and water crashed into the basilisk's massive body. She missed the days where the only basilisks she had to deal with was that overly affectionate couple back during her first campaign.

"[Water Wheel: Turn of Fate]!" Her delicate roar caused the dark ocean below to surge forward, wrapping around the basilisk's black body and severing it in multiple places.

Violet blood fell by the liter, darkening the already black waters below as a pained roar pierced the skies.

"The Rainbow Scaled Peng Clan is known for their illusions, however, it's more accurate to call it a creation branch of magic. All of those legends about how good Dragons are at magic... It was actually ancient people mistaking them for being of the Dragon Race..." Ri gasped for breath.

Clara grumbled. "If it's real then it's not an illusion... READY?!"

"Ready."

The two beauties floated into the air, clasping both of their hands together as though they were about to begin a waltz. However, instead, they did something only possible between two people who had absolute trust in each other.

Their meridians connected, suddenly, 108 doubled. If just a single order above the ninth gave Dyon so much power.... What would 108 orders do?

"[Wind and Water Wheel: Seal of Fate]!"

A wheel akin to a roaring chainsaw shot up from the dark ocean, slicing the basilisk's body in half, only to leave behind a bloody pool of intestines.

Ri and Clara gasped from breath, descending onto Centauress to allow Isla to heal them.

The truth was that their fusion ability wasn't so exaggerated as 108 orders above the 9th. If that was true, they'd already be undefeatable despite the fact Clara was still a saint.

However, this sort of fusion raised Ri's abilities from the peak of the 9th order, closer to how powerful someone of the 11th or 12th order would experience. Plus, the only reason it was so weak was because

Clara hadn't broken through yet. Once she did, its power would exponentially increase, bringing them close to the 18th order which Dyon would reach after filling his 9 new meridians.

Unfortunately, Clara's meridian grade was still slowly increasing. If it wasn't for all the high-level pills she could eat, she would likely still be an essence gatherer. At the moment, she was still of the 5th grade. It would likely take several hundred more years to reach the 1st grade.

Suddenly, Clara laughed as news flashed along her pupils. "So unreasonably flashy."

"What happened?"

"That husband of ours made a large unnecessary splash again. The good news is that he slapped that arrogant True God Falkor prick." Clara snorted. She had been there with Falkor tried to rampage across Celestial Deer Corner. Unfortunately, she was too weak to do anything about it without pulling out the supreme grade treasure Dyon gave her. But, for obvious reasons, it wasn't worth it do such a thing.

Ri smiled through her fatigue. "I can't tell if you're happy or annoyed."

"Both!" Clara said defiantly. "Can you believe that that arrogant bastard told me he'd put a baby in us so that we wouldn't move around so much anymore?! If he said that nonsense back in the mortal realm, he would have been cancelled by woke twitter a million times over, not to mention attacked by a gang of feminists. Yet now he just says this nonsense so blatantly!"

Ri giggled. Clara always went on rants about things she knew nothing about, but they were always funny, so she didn't mind.

It was also funny that words she found to be incredibly cute became horrible slander on Clara's tongue. She actually partially looked forward to Dyon putting a baby in her, and she could tell that Clara did as well despite what she was saying now.

"Look at you, giggling like a little schoolgirl. Where's your womanly pride?" Clara berated the still laughing Ri.

"A little Clara would be adorable, don't you think?" Ri said knowingly.

Clara was stunned by Ri's words, but in the end, she smiled. "Yea, she would be."

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While the two sister wives bonded over the future and the craziness of their husband, Delia was far closer to birthing a mini version of herself.

As the months passed, Delia's once toned belly swelled. Watching Eli's face grow more and more panicked by the day was something that always lightened the mood of Soul Rending Peak.

They too had received news of Dyon, so a pride in their ever-absent Sect Master was growing steadily across the universe as well. Of course, they didn't allow the Sapientia to build towers, but Clara was able to circumvent the problem by creating her own receivers. After all, it wasn't smart for Dyon's empire to be disconnected from outside information.

Across the quadrants, another familiar pairing Dyon was still longing to see was also reacting to the news of his appearance.

Zaire laughed uproariously, shaking the dark red lands of his Clan. Those of his generation shrunk back when they heard this. Usually when that battle maniac was in a good mood, it meant that they would suffer. But, luckily, Zaire shot off into the skies, his laughter shaking Demon Qilin Planet.

"BIG BROTHER, YOUR LITTLE BROTHER IS READY AND WAITING!"

By now, Zaire had grown to a man. His body was massive, standing at over 2.5 meters tall. Even Sarid would have to look up at him.

His muscles rippled with vitality and his eyes seemed to pierce through the void. His long black hair waved wildly in the air as he laughed, the singular white scale on his forehead shining brightly.

After so many years, waiting for information on his big brother, it had finally come. How could he not be excited?

He had long since made the Demon Qilin Clan bend to his will. Although the upper echelon refused to bow their heads, their arrogance also made it so that they disdained to attack a member of the younger generation as well. So, just like that, Zaire slowly worked his way up, systematically forcing those at and below his cultivation level beneath his wing. This was the way of the Dragons and Qilin!

Knowing his battle crazed personality, it could only be imagined how shocked those below were to hear him call another Big Brother. They were suddenly very curious about who this man Zaire called as such was...

"I'm going Dragon Hunting again!" Zaire's voice boomed. "I'll be back in a couple years, maybe a couple decades. At that time, I'll start by challenging you foolish elders who dared to tarnish my father's reputation!"

#### Chapter 1288: Waiting

Zaire's laughter filled the skies once more as he morphed in a beautiful creature of the night. A Qilin with scales of black, but also swirling tufts of white and gold fur. He stretched just over two hundred meters and his Presence was so terrifying that even the air around him quaked.

Dyon's little brother had truly grown into his own.

At the same time, in a quadrant not too far, a fair and delicate beauty read this news with a sweet smile on her face. Everything from the gentle slope of her small nose to the careful curves of her body made one's heart skip. However, her Presence was so pure that no one dared to have a single dirty thought about her...

"You've finally appeared big brother... Your little sister is waiting..."

...

Days later, Dyon found himself embroiled in another battle. However, this one pushed him far closer to his limits. Without the cowardly nature of the demon tigers to rely on and manipulate, it would be an understatement to say that Dyon was in a sorry state.

He and the beast babies stood in a forest of metal. For hundreds of miles around them, trees rose dozens of meters in the air, some even towering at kilometers in height.

However, these trees weren't made of wood. They shone various colors on a grey scale depending on their height and were each incomparably hard. That said, after taking into account the Clan of beasts that called this metal forest home, these trees almost had no choice but to be so sturdy.

Dyon gasped for breath, grasping onto his rod tightly as blood dripped from his body. Before him, dozens of enraged apes roared toward him, the sonic boom of their voices threatening to shatter his ear drums.

Even the smallest of these apes stood at 15 meters tall, while the largest cast a shadow over the sky, standing at almost 300 meters.

Their fur was coated in sharp, blue needles with a toughness that was near impossible to cut through. However, what truly made it so that Dyon had fallen to this state was the fact that their bloodline ability worked similarly to his Titan Diamond Body. They were able to emit a shield of energy eerily reminiscent of his Weapon's Master Armor!

These beasts were none other than another of the eight transcendent grade beasts Dyon had heavily studied: The Diamond Skinned Ape!

"One more time Biibi!" Dyon roared, leaping from Linlin's back to land on the charging Shere. To his side, Sen beat his chest, his large, blackened hands reverberating his rib cage like a war drum.

Biibi hesitated slightly. Even if Dyon's meridians were far tougher than normal, this was already the seventh time she had accelerated his energy flow. Even his body would tear apart if they continued. But, knowing Dyon's personality, she let it be. For a masochist like him, he probably treated this like another form of tempering.

The Diamond Skinned Apes roared, charging toward Dyon all at once.

Dyon felt his energy surge, amplified by Biibi. In that moment, his slow flowing 'Bold' type energy suddenly gained speed it never had before.

The truth of the matter was that Dyon knew that in order to defeat these diamond skinned apes, he needed robust energy to amplify his resonance comprehension. The problem was that 'Bold' energy flowed too slowly due to the fact it was incomparably dense. In fact, this density was only further multiplied by Dyon's silver mirror constitution.

If Dyon was facing someone of his cultivation level, it wouldn't matter too much because he'd have other ways to compensate. But, when fighting these high celestial and peak celestial apes, the disadvantage was multiplied many times over.

So, Dyon came up with two countermeasures to this. The first was Biibi's support Magic, and the second was [Soul Aid]!

"[Accelerate]!"

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In another quadrant, Zaire was shooting through the skies, his happy roar becoming the harbinger of pain for Dragons and Qilin alike. Soon, he reached his destination, appearing above a planet that gave off a refreshing fragrance that made one's muscles relax.

While other inhabitable planets looked like mostly water and some earth from above, this one was completely different.

It shone like a gem in the sky, delicately carved by the hand of god. Its mountains sparkled like amethysts, its rivers ran like motes of light, and its land shone with a soft moonlight. If one had to describe it in a single word, it really did look like Heaven.

Zaire excitedly blasted through their atmosphere without a care for decorum, maybe the only slight bit of face he gave them was transitioning into his human form, allowing with red-black robes to billow in the air.

The inhabitants looked into the sky to see a ball of fire coming down over their Royal Family Clan without signs of slowing.

Odd expressions colored some of their faces, but their reactions seemed many times more reserved than what one would expect from a Dragon Clan. If it was anywhere else, dozens of youths Zaire's age would have already shot up to challenge him for his arrogance. But, many here didn't seem to care. Maybe it was because they recognized Zaire, or maybe it was because this planet's arrogance had long been tempered by the bright light of a single youth who had yet to appear... Since she hadn't made a move, why would they bother?

"LYLA, BIG BROTHER IS HERE TO SEE YOU!" With Zaire's cultivation, there's no way he didn't know that his voice blanketed the planet. Not a single soul – not the deepest underwater beast or the highest perched bird – missed the sound of his voice.

Within a grand palace, embroidered in opal, violet and light pink gems, Lyla's beautiful features blossomed into a bright smile as she stood from her soft bed to go out. However, before she could, another flashed into the room.

Seeing who it was, Lyla smiled a bitter smile.

"He's just excited, can you go easy on him this time?"

"Absolutely not. Clearly I didn't break enough bones last time." The person replied.

"Okay, okay. How about one arm?" Lyla asked sweetly.

"Two arms." The person said firmly before disappearing.

Lyla sighed, but the smile didn't leave her face. Clearly, she knew Zaire's life wasn't in any danger.

## Chapter 1289: Older

The inhabitants of the Royal City paused their work to find a good spot to watch the show. Just as they expected, how could that young lady allow Zaire to rampage around as he pleased?

As for the older generation, they hardly cared. As was the way of the Dragons, they left the matters of the younger generation to the younger generation.

It was at this moment, just as Zaire's voice was booming and echoing throughout the planet that the sound of slow footsteps filled their ears. This matter was incomparably mysterious, how could it be that such soft steps could overwhelm the sounds of a demon qilin's booming voice? Yet, that was exactly what they experienced.

Zaire's expression turned serious, his haughty bravado turning down a half measure as his eyes slightly reddened. It wasn't out of fear or rage, but rather battle intent that pierced the heavens.

The white scale on his forehead glowed fiercely, sending out a pressure rivaling that of Kings throughout the Planet. Inevitably, those with weaker Dragon Souls paled, but they continued to watch, their pride as Dragons not allowing them to retreat.

The soft steps grew faintly louder. Their pace was steady and unhurried, spaced evenly, each not too long or short of a time before the other.

Then, she appeared.

What first came into view was the softly fluttering edges of her lavender gown, followed by the dainty image of her small, pure feet. She walked across the marbled floors of the Palace entrance, feeling the ground with her delicate soles.

To her back, her hair shimmered like gems. In one instance it would appear to be a light pink, at others, it would glow a light blue, and still during others, it would perfectly fuse with the gentle lavender color of the fabrics she wore.

She was exceptionally tall for a woman, standing at just over 6'2. And, despite her frail appearance, she gave off a contradictorily valiant aura reminiscent of Amphorae, but with far less bloodlust.

Her curves made men and even women swoon. Her towering breast, even under her light gait, threatened to escape their enclosures. Her long, slender legs peaked out and reflected like crystals under the sunlight, taking advantage of the slits in her gown. Even her waist seemed to swing like the pendulum of a hypnotist, swaying seductively without even their owner's consent.

"Damaris, bring out my little sister, no one has time to play with you." Under normal circumstances, Zaire would be the first to challenge Damaris. However, he had more important things on his mind. His big brother was back now so he wanted to talk with Lyla about what they should do next. Should they stay and wait for him to come and get them? Or should they go to Celestial Deer Corner and wait for someone of his upper echelon to appear and take them where they were needed.

"That's not my title." Damaris said lightly. "When you're speaking to someone above your stature, you should refer to them respectfully. Also, Little Sister Lyla has no interest in seeing you now, she at a very important juncture in her cultivation."

Lyla, who was standing just inside the Palace, giggled slightly. Her personality had grown to be quite like Madeleine's, so she decided to not interfere as two people she cared about glared at one another. At worst, Zaire would just get beaten up a bit and then they could go about normal matters.

Zaire said no more words. They were completely useless, and much like his elder brother, he hated explaining himself. Even in the face of someone who was certain to defeat him, an unbridled battle intent sprung forth from his body.

He shot forward, raging red flames and sparkling white celestial intent blooming around him.

Those watching shook their heads.

"Poor boy, how long do you think he'll last this time?"

"He showed some improvement a few months ago. I'm thinking he'll break less than two dozen bones this time and last about 30 seconds."

"Hohoho," Another group chuckled, "That's quite a high evaluation. I'm thinking that Zaire will last 25 seconds this time and break three dozen bones."

An older man with flowing lavender hair sighed. "This boy should give up on challenging Princess True God Agios so much. Technically, it's a bit too shameful for us to always send the Princess to handle him. After all, she's almost 90 years old this year but Zaire isn't even 30 yet."

"Hush, we have no 30 year olds capable of dealing with that battle maniac. It's better for the Princess to handle him."

"He's always been too stubborn. Had he not been so dead set on stealing the Princess' Key, he could have taken it from one of the other four and become a True God himself by now."

"I agree. That blood thirsty True God Tatsuya is no match for him."

"True, but that's only because True God Tatsuya paused his cultivation to enter his trial world. Let's not pretend as though he's just another regular genius, now."

"Mm. That's true as well. Little Zaire has never taken his trials, so he's spent all more than 25 years of his life cultivating."

"Still, even if we subtract that time, True God Agios is still about 40 or so years old. It should be about the same for True God Tatsuya. Not everyone can finish their God Trials in 13 years like that True God Sacharro fellow."

"Oh look, the battle's already over." Someone mused.

"Haha! Pay up!"

The silent exchange of gambling collateral became to theme music to Zaire's battle with the Princess of the Crystal Dragon Clan.

Zaire found himself gasping for breath, looking up at the sky. The light harrumph of the Princess let him know that Lyla had likely finally come out, but his vision was too blurred with pain to tell. In fact, Zaire's intuition was correct.

Like a fairy, Lyla seemed to glide with her every step. Her sharp, elvin ears gave her an otherworldly feeling, the kind that made one believe she was of an origin much higher than themselves. Pink diamond hair fluttered behind her as similarly colored large, watery eyes seemed to smile toward the injured Zaire.

"Big brother, you should stop provoking Damaris so much. You know she doesn't take too kindly to your entrances." Her voice sounded as one might expect, light and airy almost as though it was a drug in and of itself.

Zaire snorted, but the pain of doing so reverberated through his cracked ribs. Still, with his abilities, they were rapidly healing. He'd be just fine in as little as ten minutes. Maybe it was because of this overpowered vitality of his that he was so masochistic. Like brother, like brother, one might think at this point.

Luckily, with Lyla by his side, this ten-minute healing timeframe was cut down drastically. It wasn't that she had some hidden healing abilities, but rather that natural energy itself seemed to condense wherever she went. Because of her, Zaire had more energy to heal himself with and soon sat up as his vision cleared.

"I'll never understand why you call him big brother," Damaris said in a slight teasing tone, "I know quite well that you're older than he is."

## Chapter 1290: Honor

Zaire blushed slightly, something those who had been trampled by him would faint at the sight of. The truth was that Lyla really was technically his elder sister. Back when they first met, Lyla was already 5 years old, but he was still not even 1 year old. It was just that he took advantage of his beast form to grow faster than she did.

He knew quite well that Lyla only continued to call him big brother for the sake of his ego. The reality was that the both of them only had one real brother.

However, Lyla didn't see it that way. It was Zaire who protected her so often when she was too weak to do it herself. In that respect, he really was her big brother.

Damaris looked back and forth between this brother-sister pair. The truth was that she was curious about why Zaire had come. He was definitely acting differently than he usually did.

"We can't tell you for now..." Lyla said softly. "Big brother doesn't want to reveal the connection between him and us just yet."

"Big brother?" Damaris blinked. "You have another big brother? Also, what did I say about reading my mind!" She continued in mock anger.

Lyla giggled. She had honed her True Empathy over the years, but she still accidentally read the minds of others subconsciously sometimes. It was a protective mechanism.

However, Damaris forgot her 'anger' very quickly, licking her lips in anticipation. "Don't tell me you're bringing me another man to beat up. Just thinking about it gets me excited."

Anyone who saw this instantly understood why no one dared to take her prey. She really would turn on anyone who got in the way of her battles.

Lyla and Zaire looked at each other before bursting into a fit of laughter.

"You two... Why are you laughing?" Damaris' expression turned serious.

"If you can defeat my big brother," Zaire said confidently, "I'll call your Grandmother for the rest of my life!"

Even the usually sweet Lyla nodded seriously. It was only at that moment that Damaris understood the kind of place this big brother had in their hearts.

"Well, it's not as though I would boast to being able to defeat anyone in existence. I'm sure if your big brother has a few hundred years of cultivation more than me or has long since become a dao formation expert, I'd have to concede defeat." Damaris said without care.

"Big Brother is less than half your age." Zaire quipped.

"Big Brother is also still a saint." Lyla added with a slight smile.

Damaris' lip twitched. Were these two ganging up to piss her off? Because if so, they were doing a great job. But, then she thought that even if Zaire would, Lyla would never...

"I see... To think you'd say a saint could defeat me, Ha..." Damaris' battle intent soared, her body tensing in anger. "If this big brother of yours defeats me, then I'll become your servant!"

Zaire's eyes widened, a massive grin spreading on his face. "When you become my servant, you have to battle me whenever I want. No grumbling!"

Damaris snorted. Walking away without another word to leave the brother-sister pair alone. Since they had some serious matters to speak of, it wasn't her place to stay any longer.

"A Princess for a maid." Zaire's grin only grew wider.

"Stop thinking about such perverted things." Little Lyla tapped her big brother's forehead after raising to the tips of her toes.

Zaire didn't seem to care what images his little sister saw in his mind. He had grown quite shameless after growing up with a True Empath. One had to be, or else you'd never feel comfortable.

"What do you think we should do?" Zaire finally asked.

"I believe that brother left us here for a reason. Or else he would have contacted us as soon as the Celestial Deer Corner was opened..." Lyla said slowly.

Just as Zaire was about to respond, a beautiful voice sounded over Crystal Palace as a woman with valiant red hair appeared.

"My name is Amphorae Sacharro, I've come to challenge the elders of the Agios Clan... Please do me the honor of accepting."

Amphorae stood in the air, a serene expression on her face, but the bloodlust she gave off was so fierce that those below could feel their heartbeats slow. The flow in their veins froze over, it was as though they didn't even have the right to feel proper fear.

'Dragon Hunting' was a matter participated in by humans and dragons alike. In fact, with their arrogance, Dragons invited the idea of other races encroaching on their territory. It gave them an excuse to show off their might.

In this way, many young and old geniuses used the 5 Drago-Qilin Quadrants as a battle ground. It was in part for this reason as well that no single Dragon Clan exceeded the King God Clan ranks.

However, even still, challenges on the scale Amphorae just lay were incredibly rare. Could it be that they would witness a battle of dao formation experts today?

Zaire and Lyla, who had both still been on the front steps of Crystal Palace looked up with an odd expression on their face.

"Did she just say Sacharro?..." They asked each other at the same time.

It had to be said that while Zaire took his father's last name, Lyla took Dyon's as she didn't know the name of her parents since they died in a campaign not long after her birth. So, it wasn't as though all Sacharro's across the quadrants were tied to a single person, or else Lyla would have been exposed long ago.

Even the Flaming Lily Sect didn't immediately assume Madeleine's identity after knowing her last name. If it could be confirmed from such a small matter, why would the Golden Crow Sect have gone through so much trouble to test Madeleine's backer?

Still, the name was a trigger for many people... With so many trillions of individuals across the cosmos, there were bound to be many Sacharro's outside of Dyon's family. But that didn't stop the brother-sister pair from wondering.

At some point, Damaris had appeared to their side, looking up at Amphorae with a serious expression. No matter how arrogant she was, she could tell that she was no match for the red-haired woman in the skies. However, she didn't need to take action personally as the elders of her Clan were already aware. The dignity of the Agios Clan could not be trampled upon.

Dozens of tears appeared in the skies. Space itself rippled and distorted, allowing an equivalent number of figures to step out and curiously observe this woman. Like their fellow clansmen below, they didn't seem too angered by Amphorae's arrogance. In fact, they seemed... eager?

Some of the figures who had appeared were wizened and old, but others seemed to still be at the prime of their youth. This made it obvious to everyone below that they were all dao formation experts.

Since one gained an extra 100 000 years of life for each dao stage you transcended, it wasn't rare for many to oscillate between youthful and old appearances as they cultivated and broke through.