

## The Nameless 1291

Chapter 1291: Husband?

Still, to think that a single Clan could bring out so many dao formation experts on a whim... This was the might of a Dragon Clan!

Amphorae's bloodlust grew to another level as she faced her opponents, causing even the once bright blue skies to tint in red as her aura rose.

The eyes of those watching below widened. It became clear to them in an instant that Amphorae wasn't planning on waiting for just one of them to step out!

The beauty's hands raised, a delicate palm that held the weight of the world taking of the entirety of their view.

A single one of her slender disappeared... No, it didn't disappear, it flicked downward so quickly that it blurred from the vision of even the three dozen dao formation experts who stood before her!

"[Worldly Resonance: First Note]..." Amphorae's beautiful voice lightly danced across the skies as the air rippled as though it was a pond of water.

A devastating shock wave shook Planet Agios. At first, it sounded like a clear and sharp lyre string, plucked with power, but also a slight gentleness that pervaded the soul. But... The problem was that there was no lyre in Amphorae's hand!

More than half of the dao formation experts spat up blood, paling and falling from the skies only to leave behind eight elders.

When had their Agios Clan ever been disrespected to this extent?...

However, if you were to ask Amphorae how she felt about it, she'd be clear that she was the one who was disrespected. She challenged their Clan, yet they dared to send dregs that only barely stepped into her realm? They were asking to be humiliated.

Amphorae was a 4th stage dao formation expert. Meaning, she had leapt over a watershed to enter the middle dao realm. Yet, they sent 28 low dao realm experts, and 8 middle dao realm experts of not even the 1st order? This was clearly an insult, so she took it as such.

"[Worldly Resonance: Second Note]." Amphorae's second finger thrust downward, the sheen of light coming off of it looking eerily reminiscent of spear qi!

The world rippled in response once more and the planet below cracked despite how controlled Amphorae's power was.

Waves of air akin to large tsunamis of water charged toward the remaining eight experts. They didn't even get the chance to enter their Dragon forms before their hearts ruptured into small pieces.

If one had to compare resonance comprehension... Dyon was an unborn fetus while Amphorae could be considered a Goddess of this domain... It was to the point where the World itself was her instrument.

Amphorae looked down on her opponents apathetically. Although their hearts had burst, the vitality of Dragons was truly otherworldly. It was clear that they could still struggle if they had the mind to. However, Amphorae had no intention of allowing them to live. It wasn't just because she was blood thirsty, but because killing helped her cultivation.

Of course, this wasn't anything similar to cultivation stealing. Rather, Amphorae, as a dao expert, had long since formed her True Domain – an expanse of space she could project into the outside world where she became akin to a God. In comparison to a True Domain, a Pseudo Domain of a celestial was nothing more than a speck of dust.

Back when Amphorae formed her pseudo, and finally her true domain, she had taken aspects of the Composer Path of musicians and her Battle Lust Path she received from her Pakal bloodline and Angel bloodline.

One had to note that in her previous life, Amphorae's father's wings were black and tapered into red. Although this wasn't an important point back then, it was one now. This coloration of angel wings represents a path of sorts. The Minister of the Angel Clan back then just happened to grow in battle, as such, his wings responded by tinting red.

At the time, Amphorae suppressed her lineage. After losing to Luna by what she thought were natural means, Amphorae tempered her wild nature to match the more 'lady-like' Luna, believing that this was the kind of woman her betrothed loved more. This idea of hers bordered on obsession, resulting in her blooming along the Holy Path. It was truly an irony of all ironies.

However, in this life, Amphorae's mother was a frail woman who had already died long ago. In the end, she raised herself, rising up in the blood thirsty martial world. In this way, her true nature shone through, allowing her to tap into what it truly meant to be Amphorae.

Luckily, in this life, there was no Luna to manipulate the mind of her husband. And, just like it had been before, Amphorae unleashed her true valiant nature.

White wings were the representation Heaven's Angels. Black wings were the representation of Hell's Angels. However, this matter wasn't so simple as it seemed on the surface. These titles sounded like one was good and the other was bad, but the reality was that they simply represented a path.

Heaven's Angels were experts of the energy path. Natural energies loved and blessed them.

Hell's Angels were experts of the body path. Their bodies had far more potential for growth.

Of course, with the level of talent angels had, they could ignore these pre-set paths if they so chose and still become world shaking experts. However, doing this would be ignoring their innate advantage.

Then there was gold... Well, that was a matter for another time.

So, what did it mean to have red wings? This was a path of blood and battle, a kind that was far more frequent in black winged angels, but still possible for white winged ones.

The fiercer the red of your wings, the further into this path you have fallen. While in her last life, her father had sunk half of his wings into a bloody red, it was still unknown how far Amphorae had gone... To everyone but herself, that is.

Simply put, if Amphorae's wings appeared, it was likely that death was your only path... The others who knew had long since died.

It was at this moment that Damaris shot into the air, her beautiful features reddening with anger. Still, as a mere celestial, her beauty was far inferior to Amphorae's, but such a realization only made her angrier.

"Stay your hand! Our more powerful elders aren't here at this time." Damaris said through gritted teeth. She really had half a mind to attack right now, but that would simply be foolish.

Amphorae's third finger paused, her casual glance causing Damaris' body to shiver uncontrollably from head to toe. Why was it that such a beauty made her feel as though she was walking into the depths of hell?

"Where are they?" Amphorae asked lightly.

Damaris' brow twitched. It seemed as though Amphorae already knew that they weren't here, but didn't know exactly where they were.

The truth of the matter was that this wasn't the first Clan Amphorae visited. Of course, she had ignored the smaller Clans and only headed toward the King God Clans. Yet, none of their true upper echelons were there.

Before, she hadn't bothered to ask and simply killed wantonly before moving on, but she sensed an oddly familiar aura here that dampened her killing intent. So, she decided to give this little girl a chance to explain herself.

"The Sapientia Auction will be taking place soon so they outer quadrants will be making their way here. Leaders of various Clans and Sects decided that this was a good opportunity to talk about the next opening of the Ancient Battlefield as well, so various entourages are converging right now..." Damaris explained reluctantly.

"The auction isn't for another half decade at a minimum," Amphorae said lightly, "Why would they leave now?"

Damaris grit her teeth, finally mad at something not named Amphorae. "Those Star Clan fucks are so cocky. They want everyone to gather in their quadrants for the meeting, but they won't open the teleportation formation in the Epistemic Tower Corner. So, everyone is forced to take the long way."

"Language, language. How can a Princess be such a potty mouth?" Zaire, who had floated into the air with Lyla, teased.

Amphorae's gaze shifted to these newcomers, causing the previously casual Zaire to tremble.

"You are my husband's beast companion?"

Chapter 1292: Undefeatable

"You really..." Zaire froze. Technically, he and Dyon did have such a relationship. Their souls were melded together when Zaire was very young. For Dyon's wives, this was easy to see through because their souls were also melded to Dyon's. But, who would have known that this lady really was Dyon's wife. How the hell did he pull that off?

With a wave of her hand, Amphorae disappeared with Damaris, Lyla and Zaire.

"Hey!" Damaris shouted, realizing they had entered the Palace throne room. Amphorae had even taken a seat on the throne reserved for her grandfather! Did she respect them at all?! Plus, why did she bring them in here like she was inviting them into her home?!

"You're big brother's wife?" Lyla said with bright eyes.

Damaris trembled at these words. Had the skies flipped to become the earth beneath their feet? How could a saint have a dao genius for a wife?

It was one thing for a genius of a great clan to take a few weaker dao formation ladies as playthings. On one hand, dual cultivating with a dao expert would be great for their cultivation, and on the other, the dao expert would trade a bit of her dignity as an expert in exchange for resources to improve.

One had to understand that taking even a single step in the celestial realm was like ascending past the heavens, let alone doing so in the dao realm. Some weaker geniuses were willing to make this exchange.

Of course, it also had to be said that only Clans with deep roots could do this. If a normal saint or celestial tried to dual cultivate with even the weakest dao expert in existence, they'd explode and die. The only way to avoid this was by having a top tier dual cultivation technique that could control the flow of energy.

However, it was obvious that Amphorae didn't fall into this category. Not only was she an absolute genius, she was out and about, challenging Dragons on her own. It was obvious that she could gather her own resources. Or, if she felt like it, steal resources. She had no need to sell herself.

If she wasn't selling herself... Then the only explanation was that a saint captured the heart of such a bloodthirsty woman?! Impossible!

"You are Little Lyla?" Amphorae's killing intent finally dissipated. At this moment, she was like a holy goddess smiling down on them. Zaire's heart couldn't help but flutter, when had he ever seen such a beauty? But, he paid the price of an elbow.

"That's your big brother's wife, restrain yourself." Lyla reprimanded. Finally, she turned toward Amphorae with a sweet smile. "Yes, I'm Lyla."

Damaris snorted. "To think that you'd become a human's beast companion. You've really made a mockery of our Dragon Race."

"Shall I make you into my pet?" Amphorae's voice filled Damaris' ears, causing her to shiver once more.

"Even if I can't defeat you, don't think you can stop me from killing myself!" Damaris roared, scales of crystalline violet, pinks and blues blossoming from her soft skin as she prepared to transform.

It wasn't until Lyla grabbed her arm that she calmed down slightly, but the rage was still clear between her brows.

"You think you can bully me just because you've cultivated longer? Hmph." Damaris snorted.

Amphorae only responded with a light smile. "The difference between your and my age is the same as the difference between yours and his..."

Damaris' breath became caught in her throat as she reddened. "LIAR!"

Zaire began laughing so hard that he fell to the ground. Karma really was a beautiful thing.

Amphorae didn't tell a single lie. Zaire was only 25-30 years old. Damaris was around 90-100. But wasn't Amphorae only 150 years old? It was a bit too hypocritical for her to beat up Zaire so freely, yet complain about Amphorae.

Also, Amphorae had also wasted about 20 or so years in her own trials. It was just that this was more than 1.2 million years ago, so her rankings had been reset and her name was erased.

Now that Amphorae knew of the connection between Zaire and her husband, she would protect him. She also wouldn't allow Damaris to look down on him either. The man she chose would never become a steppingstone for another.

"Big Sister-in-law, why did you bring us here?" Lyla asked with interest.

"Oh?" Amphorae looked toward Lyla with interest. "Can't you read my mind?"

Lyla blushed slightly. "Although I could, we've only just met. Aside from confirming whether or not you were lying, I wouldn't pry any further..."

"I see..." Amphorae lightly tapped the arm rest of the throne. It seemed that True Empaths weren't restricted by the cultivation of their target. This would be very useful for Dyon to stabilize his Empire. Until now, he had to restrict everyone for fear of problems arising, but this would only stifle their growth. However, if he had someone he trusted like Lyla by his side, he could give everyone freedom and then weed out traitors with her abilities.

"Originally," Amphorae began, "I only came to the Drago-Qilin Lands to blow off some steam. However, now that I know about this conference, I cannot ignore it. I will go and you two will follow me. Little Zaire, your role is to establish a connection between Lord Husband's Empire and the Celestial Beasts. Little Lyla, your role is to see through the intentions of those who appear, you'll be my aid. As for me..." Amphorae's smile brightened the room once more. "Consider me to be our strength."

"The Celestial Beasts... But..." Zaire hesitated. Even until now, he never made his celestial deer lineage clear. Only the upper echelon of the Demon Qilin Clan was aware.

"Don't worry, this was always Lord Husband's intention. If it hadn't been, he wouldn't have appeared with those four beast babies at all. He wants to... Set a Bloody Precedent." An aura of crimson made the three in the hall shiver once more.

Dyon hadn't known about this conference. Had he, he would have made the same move Amphorae was now making for him!

His Empire needed to debut into the world with a strong front. They had been too secretive until now. For old monsters who understood the way of the world, they'd be seen through soon enough...

They needed the martial world to believe they were undefeatable until they truly were!

### Chapter 1293: Time

It wasn't until weeks later that Dyon felt he could finally collapse and catch his breath. By now, the second phase was only days away, yet he had wasted so much time fighting these damned apes. However, if Dyon's plans were taken into account, it couldn't be said that this wasn't a useful use of his time. With how many benefits he had already gained from this Mystical World, it was worth it.

After a few hours of recuperating – something he was getting into the habit of doing naturally instead of relying on healing pills – he meticulously collected the few dozen beast corpses as he had done for the demon tigers.



First, he separated out the blood into vats by their purity. Then he carefully dissected them of their skin and set aside their meat for consumption. Finally, he stored their bone and its marrow for future use.

Once he was satisfied, Dyon began searching around for treasures this tribe would have been hiding. He gained big from the Blue Flame Demon Tiger pride, so he hoped that his Diamond Skinned Ape tribe wouldn't disappoint him.

"Big brother, did we just do all of this for their treasures?" Biibi asked. The view of a three-year-old girl raising her eyebrows in a very adult-like manner was so adorable that Dyon couldn't help but pick her up and pinch her cheeks.

Truth be told, this made perfect sense. The treasures protected by prides and tribes of transcendent grade beasts were bound to be excellent. However, Biibi somehow felt that this wasn't Dyon's true purpose.

"The blood of the demon tigers and diamond apes will be very useful to Sen and Shere. Their combat abilities would definitely take a step up with them." Dyon explained.

It had to be said that the Celestial Beasts were the ancestors of almost all related species that fell under their purview. This made sense considering they were among the most ancient of beasts.

Simply put, at some point in time, demon tigers branched from a diluted celestial tiger bloodline, while diamond apes branched from a diluted celestial ape bloodline. Essentially, all of their abilities are hidden somewhere within the potential of Sen and Shere.

If the bloodlines of his beast companions were at their peak, there would hardly be a point to doing this. A supreme grade beast ingesting the blood of a transcendent grade one would be next to useless. However, this wasn't the case right now.

With his beast companions only having access to a small segment of their bloodline abilities, supplementing them with bloodlines at or near their current purity would only help them. If Dyon gave them enough of these bloodlines, their celestial bloodline could evolve into something entirely new, maybe even surpassing the past.

The only problem with Dyon's plans was how difficult it was to find such bloodlines, especially for Linlin and Biibi. While cat and ape-like creatures weren't rare, the opposite was true of deer and turtle-like creatures.

For deer, Dyon could only think of qilins. Their bloodlines are very similar which was why the birth of Zaire from a demon qilin and a celestial deer resulted in such a powerful evolution of his little brother's bloodlines.

Truth be told, Dyon would just have to go on a hunting spree in the Drago-Qilin lands to help Biibi out. But... helping Linlin was what was truly giving him a headache.

"Oh!" The four beast babies understood and immediately became excited. As beasts, their innate instinct was to become more powerful, so their reaction was to be expected.

Dyon nodded. "After we finish collecting everything there is to gain here, I'll go into a bit of a closed door retreat to concoct some pills. After that, we'll use the Tower to evolve Shere and Sen's bloodlines."

Shere and Sen shook with excitement. Although their individual bloodlines were already powerful, the both of them lacked defense. By inheriting the demon tiger and diamond ape bloodlines respectively, they'd most definitely solve this problem. They'd likely be able to become Kings of the peak transcendent grade after this.

As expected, the diamond ape's tribal grounds weren't a disappointment.

Firstly, the darkest trees had metal essence in their cores that Little Rain ate to his fill. By now, the little guys was closing in on the combat prowess of a pseudo dao expert despite his size being streamlined.

Not long after letting Little Rain run free to his heart's content, Dyon found a small forest of two dozen or so trees hidden deep within the forest of metal.

"These are Golden Pulse Fruits." Dyon said with his eyes gleaming.

The quality of these spiritual fruits was decided by the rings of light that hovered around them, known as pulses. During the first few dozen years of its life, these pulses would be black and of the practitioner grade. After a few hundred, the pulse would be bronze and of the master grade. After a few thousand, it would be silver and of the grandmaster grade. Finally, after tens of thousands of years, the pulse would become this golden color and transcend to the comet grade.

"Some of these are even nine pulse fruits!" Dyon's smile grew wider. Nine pulses represented 90 000 years. This meant that some of these were close to breaking through to the next layer!

The best part was that these Pulse Trees had matured over millions of years. This meant that any fruit it gave birth to would immediately be of the one golden pulse tier.

There were 20 nine pulse fruits, several hundred eight pulse, while the remaining several thousand ranged between the first and seventh pulses with the first pulse being the most frequent. Still, these were heavenly treasures for body refinement that should have long since gone extinct!

Dyon took his time, uprooting every one of the 20 plus or so trees. It was a labor-intensive task considering each stood at more than ten meters tall and sunk to double that height into the ground, but Dyon found it all to be worth it.

After he was finished, he placed them all into his inner world. This process was much quicker considering he was the God of the space. With just a thought, it was as though the Pulse Trees had always been there.

Dyon was quite happy with this find. If he refined them into pills with appropriate boosters, a single one golden pulse fruit could add as much as 100 000 jin to the weight he was currently able to withstand. A nine golden pulse fruit when refined could give him as much as 10 000 000 jin!

For any other human, their body would implode. But for Dyon who had a Titan Diamond Body, it was a heaven sent treasure. With these fruits, he could guarantee that the foundation of his beast companions would be perfect before going forward to improve their bloodlines.

The best part was that these estimates were assuming just 100% purity of the pills. If Dyon surpassed this as reached the One with Self realm of this pill, it was possible that he could triple their effects as he had with his constitution awakening pills.

Dyon knew the benefit of concocting these so-called 'Ringed Pills' because there was a limit to the benefit one could gain while repeatedly taking the same pill. This was why higher purity pills were so much more expensive than less pure ones.

"Linlin." Dyon suddenly called, looking up as the last tree entered his inner world.

Madeleine was sleeping in Dyon's arms once more, so the toddlers were following around Dyon's legs.

Hearing Dyon call, Linlin looked up with her bright, intelligent eyes.

"Do you have any ideas for what beasts could improve your bloodline?" After thinking for so long, Dyon was stumped. He didn't know about any other high-grade turtle-like beasts.

If it came down to it, Dyon would just have to rely on the vats of celestial blood he had. But, he felt that relying on the already diluted celestial blood wouldn't have the kinds of effects he was looking for.

While the remaining celestial blood of the already extinct celestial beasts were still of high grade, because the celestial tiger, deer, turtle and ape clans had survived until now, their vats were the most diluted. So, it wouldn't be of much help to Linlin who had already had her blood refined to the extreme by Dyon.

Linlin blinked, thinking for a moment. "Many of the descendants of my ancestors are docile in nature, so we're often among the first to suffer tragedies.

"I do know that the elves once had a World Tortoise as a beast companion for their queen. However, that descendant of ours became a glorified transportation tool. They used him as an island and built their Kingdom on his back. He likely died when the original ancient elves fell..." Linlin said slowly.

Chapter 1294: I See

"I see..." Dyon rubbed the little girl's head. "It's alright, I'll figure something out. If not here, then I'm sure my constitution's world will have something capable of helping you."

"My celestial hamster clan is capable of refining our bloodline to higher grades by making use of materials that have high levels of ancient aura." Little Yang suddenly said.

"Ancient aura?"

"Materials that have long and vast histories, especially when they aren't from our current era, have very dense historical path time will attached to them. This can passively help us strengthen ourselves." Little Yin explained.

"You mean to say that Linlin might be able to improve in a similar way?" Dyon asked with a skeptical look on his face.

"The Celestial Turtle is the closest to us Celestial Hamsters in ability. Their Wisdom path isn't so dissimilar to our Time path. It's just that one of us seeks to use the past in order to forge the future, while the other seeks to use the path for enlightenment of their inner selves.

"All we have to do is teach Linlin the method of absorbing Ancient Aura and she should see vast improvements as well. But, she'll be limited in her capability because her time affinity isn't as high as ours."

Dyon nodded. Although the twins explained it like this, this could be a massive chance for Linlin.

The twins didn't see any drastic changes within themselves, but they were already within the peak supreme grade! Dyon never worried about improving their bloodlines because they didn't need it. However, if Linlin used such a method from the transcendent grade, her improvements would be akin to leaps and bounds.

"Good. It's settled then. I'll entrust Linlin to you two." Dyon smiled, continuing his way through the forest.

Dyon didn't end up finding anything more valuable than the Pulse Trees, but he was still content.

For the next few days, Dyon continued his way around the Mystical World. He managed to find a few seedlings that would one day blossom into comet grade plants. He believed that Eli would find a far better use for them than he would.

Aside from that, he mostly relied on Little Rain to find precious minerals.

With his luck, he found another deposit of Timeless and Spaceless stones. He suspected that Little Rain had seen how happy he got last time they found such deposits and went out of his way to find them again. He really was a good kid.

Finally, the second phase began. From now on, it would no longer be safe to roam the ground.

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A smile bloomed on Dyon's face, his happiness evidence. With his wife in his arms, he sat the throne room of one of the sky castles he had taken for his own, watching as the life of several pills bloomed before him.

After some thought, Dyon decided to leave the 20 nine pulse fruits to the side. Since they were so close to evolving to the moon grade, he didn't have the heart to use them now. Instead, he homed in on the lesser fruits.

By Dyon's calculations, the jin of weight provided by these pulse fruits would increase by 100 000 for every additional pulse until the fifth pulse. After that, the sixth pulse would provide 1 000 000 jin, the seventh pulse would provide 2 500 000 jin, the eighth pulse would provide 5 000 000 jin, and finally, the ninth pulse would provide 10 000 000 jin.

At this moment, Dyon was approaching 11 000 000 jin of weight. This was a weight that he could casually use as his own without too many drawbacks. However, he had only reached this limit after more than 50 years of training, so it was obvious just how valuable these fruits were.

If one did the calculations, one would realize just how astronomical of a price it would take for Dyon to reach the very peak potential of his constitution.

Currently, Dyon was at the Rose-Bronze Silk realm. The base weight for this realm was 10 000 jin, but its upper limit was 1 000 000 000 jin! In order for Dyon to reach the Rose-Silver Silk realm, he still had to multiply his current wait by almost 100x!

The trouble was that these pills would only be so effective up to three times. Therefore, it was impossible for Dyon to use them until he reached this upper limit because they would provide diminishing returns.

However... Dyon had a slight loophole to this.

A pill created by a particular pulse would be recognized as a new pill entirely. It was similar to what one might see in a drug addict. If the potency of the drug being taken increased, then the high would continue to increase as well.

If Dyon started with the nine pulse pill, the lower pills would lose their effectiveness. However, if he started with the one pulse fruits, then steadily increased, he would maximize their benefit!

Once Dyon reached the 1 000 000 000 jin threshold, even pseudo dao formation experts would have to take him seriously!

It wasn't long before Dyon had accumulated eight sets of 15 pills. However, this so-called short period of time was actually several months. Even for Dyon, creating so many comet grade pills would take a while. That said, the smile on his face never faded. He felt incomparably relaxed.

Of these 120 pills, four fifths of them were for the beasts babies. Knowing this, Dyon purposely didn't surpass the realms of perfection for these pills. Although he believed he could handle three-ringed pills of this caliber, the body refinement of the beast babies was still lacking.

After cautioning the celestial beasts to be careful, Dyon sent them off on their own. This hurdle was another they needed to leap over alone. In the end, Dyon sat in the throne room once more with 24 pills before him.

"Am I crazy?" Dyon thought with a bitter smile.

"Yes." The light mumbling of Madeleine caught him slightly off-guard, but it made the bitterness of his smile fade into the wind.

After more than half a year of recuperating, Madeleine looked far better. Although her skin was still slightly wrinkled and her hair was still mostly gray, the difference was still like heaven and earth.

"Taking so many body refinement pills, especially reinforced by three times is just plain masochistic no matter how you look at it." Madeleine said with a light smile, nestling into Dyon's chest. It didn't seem like she had any intentions to stop him, so Dyon just stroked her hair, allowing her to fall asleep once more.

Dyon sighed. Madeleine was right. If he took just the pills from the first to fifth pulse, according to his calculations, after taking into account that they were reinforced by three times, he would be adding 13 500 000 jin of weight to himself in an instant.

It had to be noted, that this added weight was just a way for Dyon to represent the improvement in his body refinement. Obviously, not everyone who took these pills would gain body weight, that was unique to Dyon's constitution.

Rather, the proper way to look at things was to imagine Dyon's body undergoing training he took 50 years to accumulate in a matter of moments. He would be going from 11 000 000 jin, to 24 500 000 jin in what was functionally an instant.

If you took into account the six, seven, and eight pulse pills as well, there was an additional 76 500 000 jin to be acquired. Translated literally, this was like if Dyon trained for 500 years in Chaos Universe.

Dyon remembered the pain of waking up from his beast-like state very vividly. He didn't know if he could handle that pain multiplied by ten times.

However, he knew that he had to. If his calculations were correct, after taking the last eight pulse pill, he would reach 101 000 000 jin. This was just over the 100 000 000 jin he needed to re-enter his constitution's world... Something was telling him that having this ability would become very useful in the future.



So, without hesitation, Dyon grit his teeth and swallowed the first pill.

The moment it reached the pit of his stomach, it was as though an atomic bomb had gone off within him.

#### Chapter 1295: Confusion

Within the cage of essence sucking metals, Hela and First Saint Son were still lying, now devoid of most of their energies. They had never felt so weak in their lives. Unfortunately for them, Dyon had forgotten to check his trap after he came back from Chaos Universe, resulting in this scene.

This was definitely a new kind of torture. Not only could they not cultivate, there was nothing to pass their time with. If it wasn't for the fact they had another human across from them, they might have started to go mad. Luckily, they were also martial warriors, so their mental strength surpassed that of mortals.

"Who do you think put us in here?" Although he was often called First Saint Son, the truth was that he wasn't even a saint anymore. His true name was Baldric Uidah. He couldn't help but wonder if he'd ever go home. He had taken on such a dangerous mission... If he knew that it was his loyalty to his Clan that resulted in him losing both his prestige and his woman, maybe he would have gone mad already.

Baldric had shown great talent in his youth, earning him the right to be betrothed to First Celestial Daughter, the very same woman Dyon promised the former First Essence Son to help woo.

Unfortunately for Baldric, the talent he displayed was only great in comparison to the Uidah Clan of old. With so many new talents popping up, all of whom were being fostered by Dyon's top grade pills, the former shining sun that he had been eclipsed.

He didn't know it now, but his marriage to First Celestial Daughter had already been annulled. Yet, here he was, still putting his life on the line for his Clan. The martial world was truly cruel.

"Does it matter?" Hela said weakly, mumbling under her breath. She had switched out of her battle armor and in more comfortable robes. But, this didn't make her feel much better. "We've taken a risk

we shouldn't have... My Ragnor Clan already lost Loki and Thor, now they'll lose Hela too... Congratulations."

"Lost Loki and Thor?" Of course, Baldric didn't know this. The loss of their connection to those faith seeds was a top grade secret. However, Hela couldn't be bothered to care anymore. She had made too many sacrifices for that damned Clan of hers and look at what she had received in return.

Baldric pondered the news before laughing hoarsely. "I knew a woman like you wouldn't like the way her Clan did things. But to think you'd flip so quickly. It's only been four years, shouldn't you be a bit more loyal than that?"

Hela snorted. Before she was even born, she was betrothed to the vile Loki. She had been his elder by many decades, but to think that lascivious bastard would start sexually harassing her before he balls had even grown hair. Yet, she could only accept it.

The moment she saw an opportunity to go on this long mission, she jumped at it, wanting nothing to do with Loki. In fact, a large part of the reason she wore such revealing armor was because it made Loki angry. She took whatever inkling of control she could.

"I wonder what you'd do if you found out that your precious First Celestial Daughter was in bed with another man right now." Hela sneered. She barely thought about her words, whether it be because of her anger toward Baldric's statement, or how tired she was. However, who would know that Baldric would have paled at her off-hand comment.

Baldric had already felt his Clan growing more distant from him as the years progressed. It had already been 15 years or so since they stopped replying to his messages.

At least Hela was still a faith seed wielder of her family, but he didn't have such a thing. Of course, his bloodline was still quite thick, which was why he was so talented. But, that hardly mattered as much as a faith seed... If the Demon Sage could be chased out of the Pakal Clan in favor of a faith seed wielder, then what the hell did he count for?

In the end, there was silence after Hela's words, one that lasted for another week...

"Do you think they'll just let us die here?" Baldric suddenly asked.

To think that two geniuses like them would flame out like this. After hundreds of years of trials and tribulations... They were unresigned.

At this time, although Hela and Baldric couldn't hear them due to the special properties of the metal, a few voices were approaching.

"What is this?" A familiar voice Dyon would have recognized as his Demon General Thadius.

"This is a prison Dyon had me construct within Celestial Deer Corner. Although I built it, it was Dyon who set the formations. They redirect anyone who has permission to use our teleportation arrays without the Key Wielders consent, but doesn't have Dyon's mark, here." This voice was none other than Meiying's.

"Why did you want me to come here?"

"Because, that bastard Dyon actually came back yet didn't say hello to any of us! I bet he was so eager to run off to Big Sister Madeleine that he forgot to check the prison even though he said he'd handle it. So his plans don't stall, it's best we check to see if there really were any loopholes or if Dyon was being paranoid. If there are, his plans can proceed smoothly.

"Anyone in here is likely to be very weak by now, but still stay on guard. Don't make a frail young lady like me have to fight." Meiying teased with a bright, beautiful smile.

"Hey, don't smile at me like that." Thadius said with his guard up. He had only just finally managed to get Ronica and River to agree to marry him, he didn't need Meiying's teasing to ruin his life.

Meiying only giggled, reaching for the prison entrance.

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Above Soul Rending Peak, Amphorae slowly descended with Lyla, Zaire and Damaris in tow. Although she wanted to head to the conference immediately, she took the feelings of Lyla and Zaire into account and allowed them to come and see some friends and family. As for Damaris, she was dragged along due to the fact Amphorae had to keep an eye on her. At least for now, her life wasn't her own.

When Amphorae appeared above Planet Agios, she had stated her name as Amphorae Sacharro. Under normal circumstances, this wouldn't mean much, but after finding out that Lyla and Zaire were familiar with Damaris and had also told her about how their elder brother was a saint, yet capable of defeating her, she had no choice but to take Damaris.

Either one of these events alone wasn't a big deal, however, together, they all pointed toward Dyon's true identity. It wasn't exactly a big deal for Dyon's connection with Amphorae to be exposed, but the problem was his connection with Zaire and Lyla. Simply put, if Damaris spread this information with Dyon being unawares, he could make moves very detrimental to himself without being aware.

Damaris' brows furrowed, but had no choice but to consent. There was no one left in her Clan powerful enough to fight off Amphorae. Although they did have a Higher Existence Ancestor and a few Peak Dao Formation experts who wouldn't go to something as petty as a conference, they had been in seclusion for several thousand years. They wouldn't come out just to save her.

'Why do I sense a familiar aura here...'

The moment Damaris stepped into Soul Rend Universe, she felt incomparably comfortable. It seemed like the Feng Shui here was balanced to perfection... She was almost certain that this was a Clan at such a high level that she couldn't fathom it. Who knows how she'd react if she knew that this was the current 98th rank quadrant?

However, she also sensed something else. Not just one Dragon aura... But two? No, not just two, there was a third, but their bloodline was so suppressed that even Damaris almost didn't catch it.

Without a word Damaris flashed over the Sect. Amphorae didn't bother making a move and just watched with a raised eyebrow.

It was at that moment that Giralda's brow twitched. "Who?..."

With the former Master's status, he had earned a spot in the inner sect, so he was allowed to move his family in with him. Of course, Giralda could also earn an inner disciple position herself, but she had never spoken to Dyon about it.

#### Chapter 1296: Lying

It wasn't long before the two women stood face to face. Damaris' was colored in shock and confusion, but Giralda couldn't hold back her tears.

The commotion of a high celestial soaring over their Sect with impunity had caught the attention of many, including the Demon Generals and the big bellied Delia. However, the scene they saw wasn't what they expected at all.

"Demon Generals greet Mistress Sacharro!" The moment they laid eyes on Amphorae, they felt Dyon's aura on her and immediately understood. It seemed their Commander had taken another wife.

Some of them couldn't help but shake their heads and laugh as they kneeled. This Commander of theirs was truly capable.

Amphorae nodded faintly, but didn't say much else. She was more curious about this interaction between Giralda and Damaris.

'So valiant...' Those in the surroundings thought.

"Little Lyla? Little Zaire? Is that you?" The big bellied Delia floated into the air but was immediately supported by Ava.

"You shouldn't move so much, Delia." Ava lightly scolded. "The baby will be here in just a few weeks. Eli has probably already lost his mind in this ten second absence of yours."

Delia lightly smiled and allowed Ava to help her into the air.

"Big Sister Delia, your belly is so big!" Zaire grinned wildly, but his response was another elbow by Lyla.

"Be more mindful of your words." She said exasperatedly.

Delia giggled, taking these two youths into her arms like a loving mother. She hadn't seen them in so long, she could still remember when they were toddlers clinging to Dyon's legs. Now look at them.

It was obvious that her motherly aura was growing by the second as her day of labor approached.

"And you are?" Delia blinked, looking toward Amphorae. She had heard the Demon Generals call her Mistress Sacharro, but she only knew three women who went by that name. "Oh! You must be Amphorae. That bad guy found you yet actually didn't tell us!"

Delia smiled brightly. She was slightly off-put by Amphorae's valiant aura, but she could tell that this woman had no intention to harm her.

"Your child..." Amphorae said lightly. "He's very talented! Congratulations."

Delia didn't understand the weight of these words coming from Amphorae's mouth, but Lyla and Zaire did. This was a woman who reached the middle dao realm at 150 years old, just how high were her standards!?

However, Delia only bitterly smiled at these words. She had been trying to keep the gender a secret as a last surprise for herself, but who knew that she'd run into such an expert in the final moments?

Amphorae seemed to have sensed that she said something wrong and became slightly flustered.

Lyla giggled, taking her arm in hers. "It's okay, it's just a little mistake."

"I'm... Sorry." Amphorae said stiffly.

"No, no. It's no problem." Delia waved her arms. She didn't want there to be a wall built up between her and her Big Brother's wife. However, before she could say more, the sobbing of two women covered the Sect.

"Big Sister," Damaris sobbed like a baby, causing Zaire to point and laugh to his heart's content. Unfortunately, that led to another elbow by Lyla. "We all thought you were dead."

Damaris had never met this elder sister of hers, but Dragons did have a strong sense of kin despite what the state of their quadrant said.

This was obvious. Damaris was only 90 years or so old, but Violet, Giralda's daughter, was already over 200. Clearly, the matters of Giralda's disappearance had occurred before Damaris' birth, but that didn't mean that she hadn't heard about her valiant elder sister.

Before Giralda was taken in by the Grand Templar Sect, she had severed her connection with her Key and allowed it to go back to the Crystal Dragon Clan. It was for this reason that everyone thought her dead and also how Damaris gained the key. Plus, much like Infernal Beasts, Dragons didn't attach Soul Jades to their youth. But, here she was.

Giralda sighed. Having regained control of her emotions, she had taken her role as elder sister on and began to console Damaris.

After understanding that this was all a misunderstanding, the Demon Generals left one by one, but Delia stayed.

"There's a matter happening in the Soul Palace that needs your help, Little Lyla. Your arrival couldn't have been timelier." She spoke with a warm smile.

Like this, everyone went their separate ways. The Demon Generals went back to either training or their roles in the academies, Giralda went to introduce her little sister to her family, and Delia and Ava led Amphorae, Lyla and Zaire to the largest hall of their Soul Palace.

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"You're Thor?" A weak Hela tried to access what was happening. She had resigned herself to death, but suddenly she was pulled out and thrust into this scenario.

At the moment, her and Baldric sat restrained. They could feel seals on their cultivation, but at the very least, they no longer felt like they were dying.

"You're..." Baldric was stunned himself, because before him sat a young man who hadn't even been born when he left. He could tell immediately that this was his blood brother. But, how did his younger brother have a deeper foundation and cultivation than himself?!

"I'm not quite good enough to be Fifth Celestial Son yet, big brother, but I will be soon. My name is Dravil."

Dravil was none other than the young man who led the Uidah geniuses to fight Dyon after he awoke from his coma. But, he ended up being sealed to do Dyon's bidding. That said, over the years, Dravil had come to appreciate this role. If it hadn't been for Dyon, how could he have entered the celestial realm so quickly?

Comparing the Uidah's pill concoction to Dyon's was like comparing poison to heavenly medicine. Dyon was simply on another level. He personally raised every single one of the ten of them from back there to celestial in just 30 years! Well, everyone but Kaeghaen who had purposely suppressed his cultivation for the sake of Dyon's plan.

That said, Kaeghaen had years of accumulation now. It likely wouldn't take him more than ten or so years to clear the saint realm. Plus, with Abraham now having joined their ranks, a talent that would have far outshone them without Dyon, their foundation could be said to be unshakeable.

"STOP SPEAKING NONSENSE!" Baldric roared in anger. "The title of celestial son and daughter has always been reserved for high and peak celestials. Even if you've entered the celestial realm, you still have hundreds if not thousands of years left to go to reach that level!"

"Can you really measure me by your old standards, elder brother?" Dravil asked in such a calm manner that Baldric froze entirely.



It was at this moment that Delia led those three in.

"These two were once, and could still slightly, be considered core members of the Ragnor and Uidah Clans." Delia explained to Lyla. "They are privy to information Dyon's spies aren't, so they are important pieces."

Lyla blinked, understanding her role. "No problem, just leave it to me."

With Lyla here, there was no chance of them lying.

"Alright, alright. That's enough." Meiying clapped. No one understood what Dyon was thinking putting such a childish woman in charge of this, but this was their reality now.

"I'll let you two in on some information." Meiying said lightly, enjoying her power a little too much. "Not only are there plenty of celestials here who are far more powerful than you two, there also happens to be a couple of dao formation experts, one of which is standing behind you." Meiying pointed toward Amphorae. She had been shocked to see such a powerful woman she had no recollection of entering, but she immediately used it to her advantage.

Hela and Baldrick shook in shock. Turning their heads toward Amphorae, they couldn't help but tremble. Even their elders didn't give them this much pressure!

"Currently, your quadrant is about to become embroiled in a bloody war, instigated by our Lord and Savior True God Sacharro. He's amazing, isn't he?"

Those who knew Meiying rolled their eyes. Wasn't she layering it on a bit thick?

"You're lying!" Baldrick called out again. He was unwilling to accept any of this.

Meiying shrugged. "You may not believe me now, but you'll believe me in a moment."

## Chapter 1297: Broken

Meiying's fingers flashed, producing an array plate. With a thought, an image was projected outward.

Baldric and Hela paled as they watched an image of what looked like a Pakal killing a member of the Golden Crown Raven Clan. Although they had never seen the youth who died personally, the ghastly features and ugly appearance, coupled with his unique bestial aura, let him know for certain who this was.

Not only was he a member of that Clan, he was a high-ranking member! Maybe even their in-line heir!

"This is fake!" Baldric and Hela spoke out simultaneously.

"Obviously it's fake. You guessed this, and I know this, but the Five Beast Clan Alliance won't." Meiying said with a light smile. "Our Lord and Savior True God Sacharro is a master of the Soul Path, manipulating the soul jades constructed by beasts is child's play to him."

What one had to understand about doctoring array replays was that experts could immediately tell when they were fake, this was because it was impossible for a human to perfectly replicate all the laws that made something real. This was a reasoning Dyon used back during the World Tournament to prove that the Geb and Ur Clan girls cheated in an attempt to kill Ri and Madeleine.

So, if this was true, why was Dyon so certain that falsifying these images would fool the beast alliance? The reason stemmed from the distortion of time surrounding the place where these events happened!

The distortion of time was so fierce around the Demon Sage's Mystical World that projections of an image to a soul jade would be distorted no matter what happened. As a result, the laws would become twisted and difficult to read, making this the perfect environment to fake the images of what occurred! It was exactly for this reason that comprehending wills in time warps was difficult!

The video Meiying projected showed Dyon killing Balor. Dyon couldn't change this because there were eyewitnesses to what happened. However, he could make changes elsewhere!

Firstly, Dyon made it look like he was wearing a disguise a celestial couldn't see through, but a dao formation expert could. This made it seem as though he was a Pakal pretending to be someone else.

This was the perfect cover considering many of those watching the scene speculated that he was a Pakal as well.

What made this even more perfect was the fact Pakals weren't known for their prowess in the Soul Path, making it even more unlikely that they would suspect what truly happened.

The second thing Dyon did was disguise the bodies in the background! It was very subtle, but he made Zabia and the Ipsum Disciples all look like members of the Uidah and Pakal Clans!

This was truly sinister. The beast alliance was fully aware that the Uidah were only a single universe away from their Chaos Universe. In addition, when they would go to scout out that universe in the future, they would find it completely empty because Dyon had long since moved everyone to the Soul Rend Universe!

What would the beast alliance think when they saw this?

They'd immediately think that they had been played! All this time, the Uidah were just one universe away from entering the Emperor God Clan ranks, yet they couldn't defeat just one weak universe? Anyone would be suspicious at such a matter!

In that moment, they'd believe that the Uidah were feigning weakness in order to sweep through the quadrant after building up their power. This line of thought would only make more sense considering how many geniuses were piling up one after another in their Clan, something orchestrated by Dyon's hand!

When the beast alliance noticed that there were Pakal members involved as well, they'd believe that the two Clans had formed an alliance to deal with the much bigger Ragnor Clan! At that time, what would they do? Wouldn't they seek out the Ragnor Clan to form a second alliance?!

Then, what would happen once the Ragnors learned of what occurred? Wouldn't they immediately think back to information Hela sent them about the existence of the Epistemic Tower?

Why was it that unlike the Uidah and Ragnors, the Pakals never sent anyone to other universes? How did they suddenly breed a genius the likes of which could defeat Balor in a single strike? Why was it that

the Uidah were suddenly pumping out geniuses left and right?! Wasn't it because those two Clans monopolized the Epistemic Tower for themselves?!

By this point, the Ragnors who had lost Loki and Thor, and hadn't heard anything from Hela in almost a half decade, wouldn't they feel like their hard-earned power was slipping from their fingers? They would immediately agree to an alliance and prepare to wage war on the Pakals and Uidah!

Even if at the back of their minds they felt that something was wrong, they would still take advantage of this alliance to search every Gate in hopes of finding the true location of the Epistemic Tower!

Hearing to this point, everyone in the room paled and felt their heart beats slow, all except for Meiying who knew of this plan long ago and Amphorae who was smiling so brilliantly that the pride she felt in her heart for her husband practically manifested itself into reality.

A single young man, with just a single move, played four ancient existences in the palm of his hands.

"So you tell me..." Meiying said with a light smile. "... Which side of history do you want to be on?"

"For one of you," Meiying looked toward Hela, "You understand that your Clan is a vile existence. There isn't a single soul here who doesn't know how you sacrificed millions of newborn babies just for the sake of protecting faith seeds you lost anyway."

Hela paled, clenching her fists and not saying much else.

"And for the other, I know you're aware of how your Uidah Clan destroyed the Gautama Clan it had been allied with for so long just for the sake of power. You only have yourselves to blame for why you fell behind the Ragnors and Pakals." Meiying looked toward Alidor who had been standing silently in the corner with his arms crossed. But, considering the fact he was gripping his biceps and digging his nails into them, it was clear it was taking his everything to not leap across the room and kill Baldric where he sat.

"We could either kill you here and bury you along with your Clans in the future. Or, you can give us the information we need now and have a chance to prosper." Meiying's smile suddenly felt like it came from the depths of hell... It was as though she was asking them to sign over their souls. "The choice is yours."

Lyla sighed while reading their memories. 'With this kind of Plan, did you ever really need me? They're already broken.'

#### Chapter 1298: Convinced

Meiying's sweet voice filled the Palace room even as her violet eyes and jet-black hair seemed to shimmer with an otherworldly light. If Dyon was here, he would immediately recognize this as a Curse. Why did he leave Meiying in charge of things? Precisely because of this ability of hers to Charm.

Charming was a small and difficult branch of the Poison Masters. One who understood this branch was capable of influencing those around her with the fluctuations in their voice and the lights in their eyes. For Meiying, who already had a deep understanding of Feng Shui and the natural energies of the world, her Charming abilities were comparable to that of a high celestial despite still being a lower saint.

Just like Magic, Poison Masters comprehended the meridian pathways of the body. The only difference was that Magic was usually situated in the Yang while Curses were situated in the Yin. The particular pathways Meiying was using now were located in the eyes. On the one hand, that made them usable with just a gaze, but on the other, it was highly dangerous due to the sensitivity of the pathways located within them.

In truth, now that Lyla was here, this Charming ability wasn't strictly necessary anymore, but Meiying liked the feeling it gave her.

Hela bit her lips. She didn't like her Ragnor Clan, but her father was still a Minister of their Clan. It would be impossible for her to forgive herself if she was a proponent of her father's death. Even though this father of hers sold her off to the Main Royal Line, what other choice did he have? She couldn't bring herself to blame or hate him.

As for Baldric, his resistance was even more fierce. He had never faced any grievances in his Clan. Although he suspected that they had abandoned him, it was all speculation.

"Big Brother." Dravil stepped forward, seeing his elder brother's struggle. "Ever since I was young, I listened to stories of your greatness. You became First Saint Son as a middle Saint, such a feat is almost unmatched through our history, this little brother respects you."

Dravil was a cautious personality, but that didn't make his words any less sincere. In fact, he wanted to bring this elder brother along with him on this journey.

"To tell you the truth, big brother, I was jealous of you for a long time." Kneeling to the ground, he placed a hand on his brother's shoulder. "I never met you, but everything I did, even when I became such a young First Essence Son, was always compared to you. Even though mother and father tried to hide it, I could see the reflection of your image in their eyes whenever they looked at me."

Baldric's furrowed brows eased a bit hearing this.

"However, big brother, you understand how cutthroat our family is, and you know how many children and wives our Father has."

"This breeds talent. There's nothing wrong with that." Baldric said seriously.

"Maybe..." Dravil said lightly. "... But shouldn't a family you gave up everything for, even to the point of risking your life for hundreds of years, reward you instead of spitting in your face?"

An uncomfortable and anxious feeling overwhelmed Baldric. "What do you mean by that? What happened?"

Dravil sighed. "Almost half a decade ago, Father annulled your marriage to Nina."

Baldric felt his world crumbling that moment those words resounded in his ear. Despite not having Dyon's support, their First Celestial Sister, Nina, was still the most talented woman of their Clan. Much like Abraham, her light was one that resources couldn't overcome.

"You..." Baldric eyes reddened.

"It's not what you think, elder brother." Dravil explained. "She wasn't betrothed to me. About 15 or so years ago, another younger brother of ours was born. His name is Abraham. His talent is so dazzling that

even with Lord True God Sacharro's support, I can't hope to outmatch him. If it wasn't for the decades of cultivation I have on him, he would have surpassed me long ago."

A bitter chuckle escaped Baldric's lips. 15 years ago? Wasn't that the exact time he stopped receiving replies from his family?

Dravil sighed once more. "Our Father wants to bring Abraham and Nina together in marriage. With their talent, he hopes to birth a child with the purest Uidah Bloodline seen in several ten thousand years.

"Do you see now brother? This is the kind of family we are. We force siblings to fight over the title of First Son and Daughter as though power is what should decide the place of a child in a parent's heart. We are a family that backstabbed our own kin for the sake of power. We are the kind of family that tosses away those willing to give up their lives for the Clan like elder brother...

"If we can toss away our own flesh and blood away so easily, how is this a Clan worth protecting?

"Big brother, because you went on this important mission from the Clan, you were privy to information even I don't have despite having been away from the Clan for so long. Although you were treated like a successor for much of your life, I never got the opportunity because before I rose up, Abraham was born.

"However, although Abraham has fallen under the control of True God Sacharro, he is still too young for father to have trusted him with anything important just yet. Only you can help us now." Dravil said seriously.

A bitter laugh escaped Baldric's lips. He felt like his whole world was crumbling down. Just what was the purpose of this life of his?

The truth was that Baldric wouldn't be convinced so easily. Even with Meiyong's Charm, at most they received consent of his cooperation. As for Hela, she was in the same boat, not because she didn't want to act against her Clan, but rather because she had reservations about her father and faith seed.

Chapter 1299: Quietly

"You don't need to worry about your faith seed." The quiet Thor spoke. "Dyon is capable of breaking its lines of karma."

Before Dyon's coma and even afterward, Thor was forced to ignore the capabilities of his faith seed and keep it hidden deep within himself. However, this was only because Dyon's soul was sealed and thus he was unable to help Thor.

Now that Dyon's soul was unsealed and his soul had undergone a qualitative change, he was capable of far more than the Ragnor Clan. With the help of a treasure of the 33 heavens, breaking the lines that shackled Thor was a simple matter.

"Then... Can you guarantee my father's safety?" Hela couldn't help but ask.

"We can only guarantee that we won't kill him personally. As for whether he survives the war's turmoil, that matter is up to his luck." Alidor, who had been silent until now, spoke up.

With that, Hela and Baldric had no choice but to begin to speak.

"The Ragnor Clan controls 28 universes. The control is very strict so there aren't any major Clans allowed to flourish outside of our family..."

Hours later, it became Baldric's turn. After Lyla pointed out a few times he lied, he had could only continue with the truth, a bitter expression on his face.

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Damaris stood in a rage, her eyes burning with a fiery light. Her Draconic aura made Marco Ricci and Violet involuntarily shrink backward. The only two who seemed unaffected were the small Ryu and Giralda who smiled bitterly.

"Such a small Grand Templar Sect dares to treat my elder sister this way?! I'll destroy them!" Damaris' roar covered the whole of Soul Planet.

Although she said this on a whim, the reality was that she was truly capable of such a thing. Who in that small Sect could match her strength?



"And you! Aren't you too useless as a man?! To allow my sister to suffer such a thing! She should be a mighty dao expert by now, but she's muddling around this piece of shit place. Her husband isn't even a Core Disciple of this Sect either?!"

"You're lucky I'm here and not my father, or else you would have been a pile of minced meat already!" Damaris was like an enraged lioness, she really had half a mind to storm toward the Grand Templar Sect right now and lay waste to them.

Marco lowered his head, not daring to respond. As for Violet, she remained quiet. Honestly, she fully agreed with Damaris' words. She still didn't understand even until now why her mother had chosen such a useless man.

However, her stance on the topic had softened after watching Delia's celestial advancement.

"Little Sister calm down. Although the Grand Templar Sect is barely ranked in the 70s, there is something odd about them. I have a feeling that even you wouldn't be able to take them down so easily. At least for the sake of Little Ryu, let the matter go for now." She said softly.

Damaris' features softened. She kneeled beside her little nephew, stroking his blond hair with a loving expression.

"This aunt of yours is sorry."

Ryu's large watery eyes blinked, but he didn't say anything. He had been mute for all his life, even his mother had never heard him say a word. But, this only broke Damaris' heart more.

"What do you mean they're not normal? How many secrets could such a Sect have?" Taking her nephew in her arms, Damaris sat back down. "Didn't that little bastard save you? Do you think I'm worse than him too?"

Giralda giggled at her little sister's potty mouth. "You want to butt heads with True God Sacharro too? What did he do to offend you?"

Damaris snorted. "I'll give him a good beating when I see him next. Daring to think he could defeat me as a saint, what gall."

If Dyon heard this, he might cough up blood in anger. Since when had he ever claimed such a thing? Wasn't it his younger sister and brother who had said those words? How could he be blamed?

"The Grand Templar Sect has an uncanny ability to raise beasts and they have a Mystical World despite being such a weak Sect. There's definitely something special about them."

"Elder Sister, you've grown weak. What happened to True God Giralda? Scared of some little beasts and a measly Mystical World?"

Giralda shrugged. "It's difficult to explain. But, I am certain that their current Sect Master is hiding his true cultivation. If this wasn't the case, I doubt that I or True God Sacharro could come out so unscathed. Also, you shouldn't look down on True God Sacharro. At the very least, his comprehension far surpasses yours."

"Big Sister! You're trying to make me angry, aren't you!" Damaris pouted. "When are you coming home?"

Giralda sighed. She reached over and rubbed Violet's flowing black hair. At the very least, Violet didn't move away like she used to.

"For now, I only want to be with my family and cultivate quietly. I've let down my daughter for too long, I need to be by her side. True God Giralda won't be making an appearance for a long time."

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Many weeks later, the beast babies exited their private training rooms to find Dyon in a deep state of meditation. If it wasn't for the blood that now coated the throne he sat on and the clothes he wore, one wouldn't have been able to guess that he went through any hardship.

Somehow, Madeleine, who was still in his arms, had not a single drop of this liquid on her. Instead, she slept peacefully. Her health had once more improved and she seemed to be just another half a year or so from completely recovering. By then, her strength would leap forward an almost exaggerated amount, resulting from her becoming a 12th Order genius!

Dyon already had plans for how to distribute these heaven defying pills.

### Chapter 1300: Skinny

Firstly, Zabia and the Ipsum disciples were among his first priority. After training with the Demon Sage for hundreds of years, they were very close to breaking through to the dao formation realm and only needed a small push. In as little as ten years, Dyon would gain six new pillars for his Empire. With these pills, he could guarantee that the Ipsum disciples would become Second Grade Dao Experts, while Zabia, who was slated to breakthrough as a First Grade genius would reach a state of near perfection.

Then, there were, of course, his wives. Dyon couldn't fathom the kind of strength Amphorae would gain with one of these pills. Also, if Clara took one of these pills, her meridian grade would skyrocket. Even if it didn't breach the first grade immediately, it would definitely reach the second grade. With this, she'd finally be able to breakthrough to the celestial realm.

Dyon wanted to provide a single pill to all of his Demon Generals as well, but that was unrealistic. There were now over 3000 of them, but there were only 1000 pills. So, Dyon could only steel his heart and decide to start with the most talented of them.

His ten Vice Commanders – Gaylia, Graeya, Halaena, Kaeda, Maaleshiira, Arehel, Jassin, Ithirae, Kuornos and Celeborn – were all False True Gods. However, it needed to be noted that these ten were chosen during Dyon's first campaign. Back then, since Earth's Gate was an Essence Gate, he couldn't take the Saint Demon Generals with him. So, the current Vice Commanders were all the essence gatherers of back then. Aside from them, there were also another ten that had been saints back then and were equally as talented. As such, those twenty False True Gods would be the first priority. After that, Dyon would play it by ear.

[Author's Note: These ten Vice Commanders were introduced in book three during Dyon's first campaign. Over the course of the novel, I've mentioned them one or two at a time, here and there. Don't worry, I don't expect you to remember all of their names, even I need my notes to keep them straight. Whenever they're brought up, I'll remind you who they are.]

Then there were his little brother and sister. He'd also likely leave some aside as rewards for the various Sect disciples.

All of this said, Dyon knew he needed to be mindful of the timing he picked. This was because they'd likely be incapacitated for a few months much like Madeleine. It would be especially tragic if he handed them all out at once only for him to be left without any able-bodied backers.

"Doesn't big brother's presence seem a bit... Faint to you?" Biibi suddenly asked.

"There's no need to worry." Little Yang and Yin appeared from thin air, appearing on either one of Dyon's shoulders.

"What happened?"

"Big Brother Dyon entered his constitution's world again. But, this time, he's gained more control. He only sent about 10% of himself in." Little Yin explained.

The first time Dyon entered his constitution's world, his entire body was forcibly sent in. Unfortunately, the rules inside the constitution world were different from the rules outside.

While outside the constitution world, Dyon could use it as a sort of storage space for the aspects of his constitution he couldn't control just yet. For example, when he entered the bronze-silk realm, he should have immediately weight 1 000 000 000 jin. However, he was able to store away this weight within his constitution world.

However, when he entered this world, the rules were different. If he wanted to 'store' away his weight, he was forced to leave aspects of himself in this real world. Meaning, only 10% of Dyon entered the Titan Constitution world, while the remaining 90% stayed there. This was why his presence seemed faint to Biibi.

"But isn't that bad?" Biibi said worriedly. "If big brother enters such a dangerous world with only 10% of his strength, he'll be in danger."

"Luckily, it doesn't work like that. What's left behind here can only be considered aspects of his potential that he has yet to tap into. He'll still have all of his current battle prowess."

The beast babies sighed a breath of relief.

At this moment, just as the hamster twins described, Dyon had entered his constitution's world. In exchange for not being able to bring anything back out or in with him, he was able to leave behind the hidden weight of his constitution.

When Dyon realized that this was the price, he smiled bitterly, but accepted it. If he took his whole weight in here, he wouldn't even be able to move anyway. That said, he made a mental note to take as much as he could after he reached the peak of the bronze-silk realm right before he broke into the silver-silk realm, or else he'd find himself in the same predicament again.

Looking around, finally able to stand on his own two feet, he found himself in a very familiar place. Just ten or so feet away, the 'hidden' den of the bull-bird could be seen.

Dyon's divine sense stretched outward. Just like before, it was heavily restricted to just 10% of its original ability, even less than the Golden Flame Mystical World. But, for Dyon, this was still 20 000 km.

It seemed that in his absence, but bull-bird had finally given birth to her children. Unlike their mother, these four children stood on all fours instead of twos. It seemed their father wasn't an exact match for their mother, but maybe that was best for the world. If these bull-birds were a species unto themselves, the future of this world would be ruled by these ugly beasts.

The children had sleek black bodies, and they gained horns from their mother's side along with her overly large head. However, they were back to balance themselves better on four legs as opposed to two.

'They seem quite... skinny.' Dyon mumbled to himself. But, when he thought back to the pile of beast dung, he understood that that must have been saved by their mother for nurturing them.