

The Nameless 1311

Chapter 1311: Labor

A few days ago, he realized that little boys could take advantage of 'Big Sisters' as they pleased. He had been abusing his powers to harass Yandevere and the female spirits in Dyon's mental realm ever since. Though, he did get beat up after ignoring Sabona and calling her flat chested. Only that made him retract his antics a little bit.

Dyon shook his head, chuckling silently as he put the golden yacht away. This sort of treasure would take some time to take full possession of. Dyon was so used to weapons immediately bowing down to him as their master that he had never had to refine a treasure before. But, it seemed he had finally met his match. Since the golden yacht wasn't a weapon, or a strictly soul path treasure, it didn't bow down to Dyon. So, he had to use the normal means other cultivators did.

"Stop being ridiculous Sen. I've already given you a Spiritual grade staff and battle axe. Yet, you haven't made them recognize you as master yet even after so many months."

An embarrassed smile covered Sen's face as his sisters laughed at him.

When the beast babies broke through the celestial realm, Dyon gave Sen, the only one among them who used a weapon, Spiritual grade treasures of his own. However, Dyon barred him from using them until he could gain recognition of his weapon. Clearly, he hadn't succeeded, yet he dared to ask for more.

"We're not here to find you weapons, if it's just weapons, I have too many." Dyon said lightly. Thinking back, he had still not come even close to exhausting the Celestial Deer Sect's vault of Spiritual grade weapons. What he needed weren't weapons, but supportive treasures.

"Big brother, can you get me those flames?" Shere, who had found her way to sit on Dyon's shoulder, asked.

"Oh? How are they beneficial to you?"

"After absorbing the pseudo-dao demon tiger blood, I feel my slaughter heart evolved. I can get more powerful by killing and swallowing special flames now... I think it's a special property of the demon tiger's blue flame."

Dyon thought for a bit before nodding. "Alright. But these flames were very powerful dao flames, you aren't ready to absorb them. I'll collect them for you, but you'll need to start with celestial flames first. Only absorb the higher ranked ones once you're preparing to enter the dao realm."

Shere smiled brightly before nodding.

"And how about you two?" Dyon hadn't been able to give Shere, Biibi and Linlin any presents for their breakthroughs because their needs were more complicated than Sen's. So, he thought he'd use this opportunity to make it up to them.

"I want that staff!" Biibi pointed excitedly. Although Dyon had many staffs capable of amplifying soul strength, those capable of amplifying the energy path were rarer. For Biibi who was trying to become a Magic Master, this was incredibly important to her.

While Soul Staffs were constructed with special crystals, Magic Staffs were constructed with aged wood that had lived through many epochs. The staff Biibi pointed to was a 1st stage supreme treasure constructed with Ancient Willow.

Whether it be the Lightning Willow, the Ancient Willow, or other Willow type spiritual trees, they all shared the property of cultivating with the energy around them. Dyon's mask was constructed with Lightning Willow that evolved with Tribulation Lightning. This Ancient Willow Staff Biibi wanted likely matured atop a natural Spiritual Vein, causing the tree to evolve and forge meridians and meridian paths of its own. It was the dream of any Magic Master.

"Good, I'll get it for you then. And how about you, Linlin?" Dyon knew that Linlin currently needed Ancient Aura to cultivate, but he didn't lack objects with this, especially when you consider his treasures of the 33 heavens. So, he thought that Linlin might want something else.

Linlin's large black eyes blinked adorably as she scanned the skies. In the end, her eyes landed on a massive shield constructed with 81 hexagonal parts coming together to form a massive almost

translucent hexagon shield. In her eyes, it was incomparably beautiful, glistening with silver and crystals. This treasure was actually a 3rd stage supreme grade one!

"That one!"

Dyon nodded, taking note of the treasure.

Watching Dyon interact with his beast companions, Yandevere and Sabona couldn't help but feel an odd welling up of emotions. It was difficult to match this image of Dyon with his domineering arrogance. Were they really the same person?

At the same time, Sen sulked in a corner, trying to cry but finding no tears to do so.

"Alright, alright. I'll get you a great armor. But, I'll get you all armor. As things stand now, I won't feel reassured unless you're all protected properly."

Like this, an endless cycle began of Dyon completely draining his stamina while collecting amazing treasures. Finally, he focused on a book that floated even further away than his golden yacht. Not only did it contain a strong music will Dyon couldn't match, it contained strong vicissitudes of creation. This would be perfect for Madeleine!

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Away from the Golden Flame Mystical World, even as Dyon collecting treasure after treasure and those geniuses stuck outside fought the fight of their lives against the silver and gold armored puppets, a different sort of disaster was occurring in the Soul Rend Quadrant. Well, to everyone else it was a happy occasion, but to Eli who was losing his mind, and Delia, who was screaming out in pain, it was a nightmare of terrible proportions.

Delia's pained whimpers sometimes erupted into all out rage as though she was angered by the heavens for putting her in so much pain. She was a mighty celestial realm expert, yet she felt as though a fly could knock her over at this very moment.

To her side, Ava and the Vice Commander Kaeda stood. Kaeda was the very same Vice Commander who helped treat Dyon after he was poisoned just before the World Tournament all those years ago. Her soul strength was great, but so were her medical abilities. She became one of the better candidates to help Delia through what wouldn't be a normal labor.

Chapter 1312: Nothing

At that moment, Mia and Bella rushed into the room panting. One held a new stack of warm towels while the other lugged around a bucket of water.

They had all decided that the birth should be done in a basin of water, but Kaeda insisted that water be swapped out every few minutes. This was because they were relying on spiritual plants from the Demon Sages Mystical World to improve its healing abilities.

The basin wasn't normal either. Ri had passed on the visor made of a portion of the Holy Arc, making this likely the most expensive tub in the martial world. After a few days forging, Clara was able to fuse the visor's properties in with various grandmaster minerals capable of holding life essence. Still, despite all this, the process was still very painful.

Kaeda quickly used her comprehension of water will to empty the basin of its bloodied liquids before using the water Mia brought over to refill it. They all sighed a collective breath of relief as Delia's screams died down to whimpers once more.

Bella handed the warm towels to Kaeda before ducking out with her twin sister. They had no place there, it was just that they wanted to make themselves feel useful.

Unfortunately, Dyon had been so wrapped up in Amphorae's reappearance that he not only forgot about Baldric and Hela, but he also forgot about his promise to show Mia and Bella the world. They could feel their condition getting worse by the day and it was already difficult to just stand, but they didn't breathe a word of complaint. They had lived a good life for the last few years, there was no need to dampen the cheery atmosphere with their problems.

The two sisters smiled knowing smiles at one another when they saw the sweat-matted Eli leaning against the wall of the hallway. They could tell that every time he heard Delia's scream, it was as though he was in pain himself.

"It'll be okay, big brother Eli. Big Sister Delia is very strong." Mia smiled lightly, patting Eli's shoulder.

Eli snapped out of his own world, looking at the two sisters with pity. "I swear I'll find a medicine to cure you two!"

He didn't know why, but he felt very protective of these two girls, he almost took them as his own adoptive daughters.

In truth, their plight was similar to his own. What Eli wanted to do the most in this world was cultivate so that he could protect his wife, child and friends, yet he was cursed to never do so.

As for these two young girls, weren't they similar? Some unknown force had cursed them and now they likely had less than five years to live. In fact, Eli felt like he was selfish in comparing himself to them. At least he would be able to live by the side of those he loved, but these two would never be allowed such a life. He could tell by how they tried to keep distant from everyone that they too understood this. It wasn't that they were jealous of them... But their hearts were so pure that they didn't want others to mourn their deaths...

The eyes of the two sisters watered at these words, they wanted to speak but they found it difficult. Eli had never promised them this before because he truly didn't believe he could find a solution. But, now that he had, the two sisters believed that he would try his absolute best. In the martial world, who could possibly be a better choice than a young man who seemed capable of creating any spiritual plant?

"Big brother we..." Bella started. But, before she could finish, Soul Planet shook as the wail of a newly born baby boy shook its very foundations.

Eli stood up abruptly, his eyes shining bright as he stretched to his over seven-foot-tall height. His child, he was born! He rushed forward, grabbing the delicate hands of Bella and Mia and he hurried down the hallway. But, never in his life did he expect that he would not get to see his child.

In that moment, two nonchalant young men suddenly appeared from nowhere. It didn't seem like their speed was so fast that their eyes couldn't keep up, nor did it seem that they walked through space. In fact, Mia and Bella couldn't sense an ounce of cultivation or pressure from these two young men.

"See?" The black robed young man spoke. "Didn't I tell you that all we had to do was wait? Eventually, our newly born brother would have a child whose auspicious signs at birth would point us directly here."

"Don't talk me down with your lazy nonsense. If it wasn't for you, we could have gotten him ten, even twenty or thirty years ago. If you don't shut up, I'll make sure to report everything from the last forty years to the Unblemished One." A red robed young man answered back, slapping the young man who spoke first in the back of the head.

The black robed young man silenced himself immediately, looking toward Eli with an amiable smile instead.

"Brother, you've suffered here. We've come to take you away." The red robed young man smiled, ignoring Mia and Bella.

"Who are you two?!" The twin sisters took defensive position, protecting Eli to their back. Looking at each other in tacit understanding, they immediately sent two palms forward.

Who would have known that the two young men wouldn't even bother to react?

Instead, both their heads burst into a shower of blood, the rain of brain matter, flesh and crimson splattering along the walls, ceilings and floors.

However, before the two sisters could feel horror at their first kills, the blood surged back upward, reforming their heads as though nothing had happened. Everything went back to normal as though they had never attacked in the first place...

In fact, the two continued to ignore the two sisters.

Chapter 1313: Limbs

Mia and Bella couldn't believe their eyes. They had been right! These two young men didn't have an ounce of cultivation. With their essence gatherer strength, killing them was as easy as flipping over a hand. Or so they thought... How did their heads reform as though nothing had happened?!

"See what your nonsense gets us?" The red robed young man berated. "If we had found him as a child like we were supposed to, would we have to deal with all of this?"

"Don't blame me." The black robed young man said weakly. "How was it my fault that he was born in a universe so weak that my abilities hardly worked? How am I supposed to manipulate spatial energy if there's barely any energy to speak of?! You tell me? Instead, why don't you be more useful, huh?"

Clearly the black robed young man was fed up. They seemed to be two individuals of equal status, yet the red robed young man spoke like he was superior. Anyone would be angered by such a thing.

"I know who you two are." Eli said softly. "But I don't need to go with you. I can live a good life here. I have friends and I have family, do you really want to take me away? You're becoming the very same villains you claim to protect me from."

Unlike the twin sisters, the young men didn't ignore Eli. Instead, they looked toward him with a mixture of understanding and pity.

"Little brother, your world view is too shallow. For one, although this universe is pretty good, I've already scanned everyone here." The red robed young man explained lightly. "The strongest individual is a mere middle celestial. Even if I include those beasts hiding in that Mystical World, there are too few high dao experts among them, and considering their status, they won't come out easily.

"Aside from them, there's only a single second grade dao expert who's reaching the end of his life.

"How can a nation without a single peak dao expert, let alone a Higher Existence, protect you?"

The warmth in the red robed youth's voice shocked Eli, but he still felt unresigned.

As for the twin sisters, they were shocked. What did this young man mean by scan? How could he cover such a large area with his senses? Not to mention see through the cultivations of those far above him? It didn't make any sense.

"He's always been soft hearted, so he'll try to reason with you using your premise." The black robe youth said just as warmly. But there was a difference in his tone, he was akin to a seasoned elder diligently guiding a youth. "But I can't do the same in good conscience.

"For now, these people are your friends and family, but who knows what will happen? Who knows if they're not already using you like a prop? You have to understand that us Heaven's Children are far beyond even what star grade treasures can provide. Even a treasure of the 33 heavens would have to bow down to us. We can be considered the only true Legendary Path treasures in existence. You cannot stay here."

A complex light flashed in the red robed youth's eyes, but he didn't refute the words of the black robed youth.

A pain light crossed Eli's eyes. "They would never treat me like that..." He said weakly. But he knew saying so was useless, they'd never believe him. "At least let me take my wife and child, I can't leave them here!"

The two youths looked at each other.

"You can take your child, but your wife isn't one of us. She cannot come."

Eli felt his heart shattering. How could he do that to Delia? She had just given birth... How could he leave and take their child with him? She'd lose two pillars in her life instantly...

Without even needing to hear it, the two young men understood his decision. Pushing down their own complex emotions, they simultaneously took a step forward.

It was at this moment that the Demon Generals realized that something was wrong and began surging into the Palace and Hallways, of which Kaeda was the fastest, but it was already too late.

"You can't take big brother Eli away!" The two sisters tried to send out another attack, but it was useless. They suddenly felt deadly spatial energy circulate around them, if they took even one step forward, they would lose their lives.

The two young men reached Eli's side, each placing a hand on his shoulder before slowly fading out of existence.

"No!" The two sisters ignored the energy, diving forward to try and grab Eli from them. However, none of it mattered.

Mia's anguished cry rang as she lost an arm and a leg to the tyrannical spatial energy. Her sister, Bella, wasn't any better off, losing both of her legs in an instant.

The last thing they saw before they lost consciousness were the astonished gazes of the two robed young men. They clearly hadn't expected these two young women to put their lives on the line like this despite sensing the danger of the black robed young man's spatial control.

However, when they saw Dyon's concealment array on the twin sisters shatter, they snorted with disdain. The terrible, ghastly disease of the two sisters became clear to energy. Their flesh was rotting and blackened, their muscles were atrophied, and their once beautiful, delicate features became coated in infested puss. They were like living corpses...

"See, little brother? These two were only willing to put their lives on the line for you because you're their only hope to survive. If it wasn't for the fact they'd die without your abilities, why would they risk themselves for you like this?"

Somehow, those final words before they disappeared hurt Mia and Bella more than the loss of their limbs. They felt their hearts collapsed, a hollow feeling gouging their chests with a suffocating sinking feeling.

Chapter 1314: Free

Within the second phase sky castle, Dyon was completely oblivious to what had occurred. He simply continued to help the beast babies retrieve the treasures they wanted. Days later, they were happily

hugging their treasures with bright smiles on their faces. This was especially so for Sen who wore valiant peak Spiritual grade golden battle armor in his toddler form. It was oddly domineering and adorable at the same time.

As expected, retrieving the booklet he wanted to gift Madeleine was by far the most difficult. It took 70% of his stamina to take the golden yacht, yet he surprisingly failed three times before he succeeded in taking the music will booklet. Each time, his mental energy was drained completely, leaving him incapacitated for hours. Even Sabona felt bad and tried to get him to give up.

In the end, Dyon had no choice but to reveal his half-step dao spear qi. He didn't completely trust Yandevere and Sabona, but he felt that he'd be able to put up countermeasures in case they ever decided to betray him. That said, Biibi's vote of confidence in them let him feel a bit more reassured.

Without suppressing his will level, Dyon was able to shoot his spear qi further and force it to last longer. In the end, he retrieved the booklet after using little more than 50% of his stamina.

'Creation Law...' Dyon mumbled to himself as he gave the booklet a cursory glance.

Creation wasn't a type of will, but it was rather a path of sorts, just like the sovereign path of Dyon's weapon wills or the immortal path of Lilith's sword will. This creation path was always chosen by those most powerful in music will because it allowed the most flexibility. The so-called 'Composers' of music will made use of the creation path to depict mighty images with their music, they could then use these images to attack.

Madeleine, as of now, could already compose Earth Grade music, giving her compositions the strength of a normal Earth Grade technique. This showed the depth of her comprehension. However, each further step was like ascending the heavens.

Although Dyon wasn't certain, he was sure that Amphorae likely followed this path as well. In fact, she was almost definitely far more powerful than Madeleine in it. This book would likely greatly benefit them both.

What Dyon still hadn't fully comprehended was that this creation path was very useful to him as well. After all, his innate flames both followed this path. While on the outside, it seemed that they had multiple characteristics, each of those abilities stemmed from a single characteristic! It was just that this

characteristic was so domineering that it manifested itself in a myriad of different ways. This was why Dyon's flame evolved as his soul did. In fact, since the last time he unleashed his flames fully, his soul strength had doubled, it was likely that there were already more abilities he had yet to discover.

Dyon put this technique away, placing it beside where Madeleine was currently sound asleep. These days, she only awoke for brief half hour stints before falling asleep for days, but maybe she could use those few dispersed times to comprehend something.

At this moment, Sabona was looking toward the four beast babies with a jealous expression. She had already tried retrieving the winged book multiple times already, but she continued to fail.

"Can you help me?..." She said softly, clearly not used to asking others for such a thing.

Dyon only smiled, sending out a stream of spear qi with a single thought. A moment later, the book had landed in his hands.

Closing his eyes, his overwhelming soul strength began to comprehend the will of the book. It was nothing impressive, actually, just a Peak Heaven Grade technique, however, Dyon felt his heartbeat with excitement.

With a thought, Dyon stealthily communicated with the Soul Tome, transferring his comprehension of the technique's will into it. In an instant, the Soul Tome filled a blank path page with a brilliant array, just finishing it as Dyon tossed the booklet to Sabona.

Sabona blinked with a hint of confusion in her eyes. "I thought you said a few hours? You can look through it some more if you want."

Dyon smiled. "There's no need, I've memorized it already. I'll slowly comprehend it later."

"This..." Sabona smiled sweetly. 'He seems like a big bad guy, but he's actually so nice.'

Clearly, Sabona thought that Dyon only pretended to need this technique so that she'd feel less bad about asking for help. After all, Dyon obviously didn't have wings, she felt stupid for not thinking of that before.

Sabona was simple minded and straight forward much like her Dwarf Ancestors. So, she had decided to accept Dyon as a friend, a matter she took very seriously.

Dyon partly realized that he had been misunderstood, but he only shook his head.

Although he had never used the ability before, it was always prevalent in his mind that the Soul Tome allowed him to instantly master techniques to their Great Perfection stages based on his soul strength. Now that he had a peak celestial soul, he could master peak heaven grade techniques instantly, if he so chose.

The only reason Dyon had not used this ability was because if he relied on the Soul Tome to reach Great Perfection, then taking the last step to the One with Self realm would become twice as difficult. After all, the Heavens never gave anything for free.

For weak techniques like common grade ones, this trade off wasn't worth it. However, it was worth it for techniques that took longer to master. After Dyon completely mastered all of the peak common grade techniques he had to, he would begin taking advantage of the Soul Tome for when he had to repeat this feat with Earth and Heaven grade techniques. By then, he'd bask in the true might of a treasure of the 33 heavens.

Chapter 1315: Power

Dyon sat down in meditation, recovering his strength while allowing Yandevere to fish out the second treasure she had her eye on. It seemed to be a whip, which was odd considering Dyon could tell Yandevere used a sword with his instincts.

However, he didn't mind it. Since they were taking this time to wait for her, it was a good time for the beast babies to become acclimated with their own new treasures and for him to ponder the peak heaven grade technique [Silent Wings].

Although he could comprehend the technique instantly using the Soul Tome, Dyon didn't do so. He hadn't taken the technique because he wanted to use it, rather, he wanted to glean insight from it.

"This is actually a peak Heaven Grade technique?!" Sabona's excited voice almost broke his concentration.

Hearing a Legatee candidate of the fourth ranked quadrant become excited about a mere Heaven Grade technique made Dyon realize just how blessed he was.

It wasn't that the Flaming Lily Sect didn't have heaven grade techniques, because they did. The problem was that they were incredibly scarce. The entire sect wouldn't have more than a dozen heaven grade techniques – only two of which were of the peak heaven grade – and they only had one incomplete divine grade technique.

The Golden Crow Sect was better off since they claimed the first-place rank among their four Sects. However, even they only had two complete lower divine grade techniques and maybe two dozen heaven grade techniques.

This sort of thing put the might of the Celestial Deer Sect into perspective. Dyon had a near endless selection of techniques to choose from and it was entirely due to the ancestors of his Sect. This made Dyon resolve even more firmly to pay them back properly for their help.

Shaking his head, Dyon delved back into his selfless state, but his reaction made Yandevere and Sabona even more certain that the Clan he came from was unfathomable.

'So that's how it is!' After a half an hour, Dyon grasped what he hadn't understood.

Unlike Sabona whose wings were artificial, Dyon's wings were real. Although they could appear and disappear, they were functionally a part of his body. As such, his wings had meridian paths of their own, meridian paths he had been completely ignoring!

This wasn't entirely Dyon's fault. When he was first getting used to his wings, he was thrust into a situation where his energy cultivation was suddenly sealed. To make matters worse, even before that,

Dyon's energy cultivating talent was incredibly poor. He could already barely sense the meridian paths within his normal body, let alone the paths within a new appendage he wasn't used to.

With all of these things culminating into one, Dyon ended up relying on the muscles in his back to move his wings. This was effective in that it worked, but it limited the potential of his abilities to less than 1%!

Not only did Dyon's wings have meridian paths he ignored, they also have blood vessel paths he hardly circulated either! A sudden enlightenment came over Dyon. He almost couldn't stop himself from allowing his wings to appear immediately.

One had to understand that meridian paths and meridians weren't the same thing. So, just because Dyon's wings had novel meridian paths, didn't mean he suddenly gained even more meridians.

Instead, what the addition of these meridian paths meant was that Dyon could logically store more energy when his wings appeared. However, considering Dyon had his inner world, this additional energy was near negligible. What Dyon was even more excited about was the fact these new meridian paths represented Magic Circles normal humans couldn't create!

One had to remember that Magic Masters used the patterns found in meridian pathways to glean understanding and cast powerful Magic. However, not only had Dyon gained an additional nine meridians from the martial saint pill, his wings now gave him the ability to comprehend Magic limited to the Angels!

This wasn't all either. With his meridian pathways came additional blood vessels. Weren't these blood vessels what runic vein masters relied on? This meant that Dyon could use himself as a test subject and compile a Beast Tome for Angels! Just what kind of hidden and powerful runic vein patterns were the secret behind the strength of the Angel Race?

Dyon blood boiled just thinking about it. The sheer level of insight and strength he had gained in this one Mystical World was akin to a lifetime of blessings. Dyon felt that even if he never found another treasure before his death, he had no right to feel any malcontent.

'All I have to do to maximize my speed with my wings is to circulate the comprehension I have of my moving techniques along the meridian paths of my wings. If I ever manage to comprehend the Demon

Sage's path and fuse energy and the body, the speed increase from my wings would be on another level entirely.'

By Dyon's calculations, each additional pair of wings could increase his speed by 50%. And, this was a stacked effect. Meaning, his speed increase from his second pair of wings would not be based on his base speed, but rather his speed with his first pair of wings!

If Dyon's speed was 100km/h with no wings, it would be 150km/h with one pair, 225km/h with two pairs, and by the time he got to his fourth pair of wings, he would be at over 500km/h!

[Author's Note: Dyon's speed is well over 100km/h at this point in the story. This is just an easy to consume example to make things run smoother]

To make complex matters simple, Dyon's four pairs of wings increased his speed by just over five times his normal limit. To think he had wasted so much of that potential. Had Dyon comprehended this before, he wouldn't have needed his lightning willow mask to save him that day, he would have dodged the knife avatar with his own power!

Chapter 1316: Inadequate

About a day or so later, Dyon and the two Flaming Lily Sect disciples heard a disturbance at the first set of doors. Unfortunately for those geniuses on the outside, it seemed that their first attempt ended in failure.

"Seems like we should head forward now and retrieve the keys for the third phase." Dyon suddenly said. "If we wait any longer, we'll have more competition."

Yandevere, who had finally gotten her whip, nodded. Now that they were all in peak condition, it was best that they moved on quickly.

Soon, the group of seven made their way to the doors on the other side of the marble platform. After opening them, they were greeted with another set of rising stairs that seemed to go up forever. Dyon found this eerily reminiscent of the first phase. In fact, it led to a throne room with a ceiling several dozen meters high, lined with massive pillars and armored statues just like before. The only difference

was that instead of silver armor, all of these knights wore black armor with a flickering flame of silver coming out of the top of their helmets.

On the throne, a similarly dressed guardian sat, however, its aura was more imposing. Not only was its flame golden instead, its black armor had accents of this gold, making it seem like its entire body was breathing fire.

"This is the first time I've seen such an amusing method of entering my sky castle..." A deep, baritone voice shook the room. "... Although I'm not a fan of tricks, I cannot say that you've broken any rules. However, you'll find out soon why it was in your best interest to work with others. There's no such thing as a dead genius, and there's also no shortcuts in cultivation. You've failed to understand both of these concepts, and you even have the audacity to steal from the Lord Creator. I have to say, you're quite bold, quite bold indeed."

Dyon's eyes narrowed. He felt far more pressure from this guardian than he felt from Red and Green. In fact, the weight on his chest was even heavier than when he just managed to slip by the attack of the pseudo-dao puppet. It can't be that this guardian is even stronger than the golden armored puppet, could it?

Unfortunately, Dyon's senses were too sharp to make such a mistake. Since he thought it, it was true.

"It's been a long time since I've gone all out." Dyon mumbled to himself quietly. Although he had fought the diamond skinned apes just a few months ago, he had mostly used that experience to improve his coordination with the beast babies. Plus, since then, his strength had grown explosively. No matter how powerful this guardian was, its aura couldn't pressure him.

Stretching lightly, Dyon looked toward Sabona and Yandevere. "It's best that you two re-enter my tower. We have no experience fighting together, so doing so now would make things inconvenient."

The two disciples looked toward Dyon, trying to force down their doubts.

"What did he mean you stole from the Lord Creator?" Yandevere suddenly asked a question that hit the nail on the head.

Dyon shrugged. "I took some thing that probably made the old ghost angry. But, he can only blame himself for being inadequate."

At Dyon's words, the hoarse laughter of the black-armored guardian shook the massive throne room. To still display such arrogance before him, it seemed that his trial taker was insistent on death.

"To blame one's self for being inadequate. Good words! I'll make you regret them."

Yandevere gave Dyon a deep look. Which one of these Dyon's was the real one? The kind one that didn't speak a word of complaint even when she delayed them for days trying to retrieve her whip? Or the one that stood before her now, turning his nose up at the world? She couldn't understand it.

"Be careful." Yandevere said softly. "Remember that I'm still a Peak Celestial, I can help you at a crucial time."

Dyon smiled, sending both Sabona and Yandevere into the demon sage tower.

He looked toward the still reclining black-armored guardian, a calm smile on his face.

"My fists are itching." Sen said with a massive grin on his face, despite the immaturity in his voice, there was no mistaking his battle intent.

'Even after so long, I still have cultivated an Undefeatable Spirit or even Battle Intent.' Dyon thought to himself absentmindedly, 'How odd.'

Dyon was truly an unfortunate soul. In order to forge Battle Intent and then evolve it into an Undefeatable Spirit, one needed to first find challenging opponents you then overcame despite the odds. He had done this multiple times already, the issue was that he was missing one key component: Not once did he ever believe he was going to lose.

Because Dyon never spared a thought toward defeat, his Spirit never grew through being tempered since to him, there was no challenge whatsoever. He never needed to forge an Undefeatable Spirit because he never considered the word defeat to begin with.

It was an irony of all ironies. To be unable to form an Undefeatable Spirit because you already felt that you were undefeatable. The Heavens must be laughing at his plight from above.

Dyon removed his crisp white shirt, revealing a body tempered to the absolute extreme. Every line of muscle was refined and even their individual fibers moved about beneath his bronzed skin like steel cords intertwining one another.

The beast babies exploded to their true forms, facing forward as 13 keys appeared to float above the black-armored guardian's head.

In that moment, the one dormant silver flame knights shook awake, each taking a step forward until 50 Peak Celestials stood before Dyon and his four celestial beasts.

Wings of black bloomed from Dyon's back, giving him a demonic aura that was unmistakable. His presence was whole and suffocating, oppressing all corners with an undeniable, pervasive momentum.

'I guess we'll see which of us is inadequate.'

Chapter 1317: Twitch

A turbid breath left Dyon's lips as his eyes reddened. The castle hall became filled with an uncontrolled bestial might.

In that moment, the fifty puppets seemed to sink into the ground they stood on, the creaking of their armor overwhelming the once quiet atmosphere.

'Such Presence will definitely affect the flow of energy within the puppets...' The black-armored guardian thought to itself. 'It seems that I've underestimated this man a bit too much. To think he would have comprehended Titan will to such a level despite being so young. And Emperor Presence as well... He does have the capital to be arrogant. Unfortunately, this is nothing before Lord Creator.'

The four beast babies inexplicably plopped themselves down, crossed legged, as though they were preparing to watch a show. Sen even pulled out a ripe celestial fruit, munching away at its dense energy with a happy expression on his face.

It was then Dyon moved. Even without using Light type energy and lowering his weight, Dyon's speed was already comparable to a third order peak celestial. His body was too powerful, and his wind and spatial intents were too profound. However, this speed was nothing compared to him now. Before the current Dyon, mere third and second grade peak celestial puppets were nothing!

Dyon's black wings only flapped a single time, yet he had already appeared the first puppet. Speed backed by the weight of his body gave him an unfathomable moment.

"[Vanishing Fists]."

A seemingly ordinary fist flew through the air, almost as though it was a raggedy ship sailing the turbulent seas. Not only was its Presence in sharp contrast to its owner, but it even seemed weak and feeble. This sort of display was met by the silver-flame puppet's fist, but that was when something completely unexpected happened.

BOOM!

The ground beneath Dyon's planting foot shattered as the puppet flew backward into a swarm of silver-flame knights.

A flash of silver light radiated from Dyon body, reflecting his attacker's prowess back and doubling his own power.

The puppet crashed into the swarm of knights, blasting through the last line and careening toward the golden flame guardian.

'Parlor tricks...!' The guardian snorted, reaching out a hand to destroy the puppet himself. But, before he could, something unfathomable occurred.

The silver flame puppet suddenly froze in the air, collapsing in on itself as though a blackhole had appeared where Dyon's fist collided with its body. Instantly, armor Little Rain would drool over for its hardness crumpled, folding like a wasteful piece of aluminum foil.

The clump that remained of the puppet fell to the ground with a devastating thud, causing cracks that melded with Dyon's own, spreading outward like the cobwebs of an ancient spider.

If the black guardian's eyes were visible, it would have been clear that they contracted. He had clearly felt that Dyon technique was a mere common grade one, how could it be so powerful?

Dyon's eyes were still reddened with the will to rip everything in his path apart, how could he be mindful enough to explain his prowess to an enemy? He simply didn't care, plowing through puppet after puppet as though they were side-characters in a play of his own creation.

"Big brother's [Vanishing Fists] are really scary. Ever since he reached the One with Self realm and incorporated spatial and time will into it, it's been his favorite fist attack." Sen said excitedly.

Back during Dyon's stint in Chaos Universe, he had settled into a realm of absolute depravity. In that state, he felt so angered whenever his opponents did any sort of damage to him that he wanted to pay them back ten, a hundred, or even a thousand-fold. His answer to that depraved feeling was his [Vanishing Fists].

The original concept of the fist art was to apply hidden damage to one's opponents. The so-called "vanishing" was actually the fist's power shrinking its radius to such a finite point that it would punch of a bloody hole into anyone who met it. At the Great Perfection realm, one would be able to concentrate their fists' might into such a fine point that it would seem to vanish entirely.

However, the sadistic mind of Dyon had the time didn't just want to punch one bloody hole into his opponent, he wanted his opponents to collapse from the outside in when meeting his fist. He wanted the center of his opponent's pain to be so focused on his one fist that they could only collapse in on it!

Thus, Dyon's [Vanishing Fists] was born. It hid such a fine level of tunes spatial and time will that it formed an irresistible center of gravity. Now that Dyon had comprehended time will with the third will level once more by relying on his Eternity Pupils, the might of this technique was devastating. In fact, it

couldn't even be considered a common grade technique anymore, Dyon's One with Self realm had raised it to such a high level that even some Peak Heaven Grade techniques paled in comparison to it.

Whenever Dyon sunk into a depraved state and allowed his bestial aura to shine through, the might of this fist would only increase.

The puppets could only collapse one after another as the disdainful glare in Dyon's eyes grew fiercer. To think that such weak imitations of warriors would dare stand before him! He didn't seem to realize that let alone the third grade, these puppets could barely bring out the strength of a fourth grade warrior under his Presence.

In what amounted to less than ten minutes, an unsatisfied Dyon stood amid 50 scraps of metal.

"How disappointing." Dyon frowned. He thought he'd finally get to go all out, yet he was greeted with such an unsatisfying return. He could only turn toward the black-armored guardian, planning to test the limits of his strength against him.

If not for its helmet, the guardian would be sneering at Dyon's battle intent. Even if he was surprised that a saint could have such battle prowess, the pseudo-dao realm was on a completely other level.

Chapter 1318: Long Gone

He wouldn't even have to stand from his throne to destroy all fifty puppets, nor would he have to use his Presence to cripple them.

Suddenly, before Dyon could make his move, his divine sense twitched.

"Tch," Dyon sighed, disgruntled. It seemed that the other geniuses had succeeded on their second attempt. He could even sense that the most powerful of them completely ignored the treasures and were barrelling toward the second set of doors. It was likely that they understood the keys to the third phase were limited.

The hoarse laughter of the guardian filled Dyon's ears. He found it hilarious that after so much bloviating, Dyon was being put into such a situation. Soon, those geniuses would come here and considering their prowess, it would be difficult for Dyon to take even one key amid so many peak celestials.

Unlike the puppets, most of these geniuses had protections against Presence. And, even for those less fortunate that didn't, Dyon could at most lower their battle prowess by one or two orders, only the weakest would fall to the second grade. Dyon knew that he would still have to put in some effort to defeat a second grade peak celestial human. It wasn't a lot of effort, but if it was multiplied by ten or twenty, he would have to sweat it out.

This didn't even count those who would remain unaffected by his Presence or would still remain at the first grade despite being affected. Dyon knew he would have to go all out to defeat a first grade peak celestial.

Then there was God Goldeen. If he was still in the middle celestial tier, Dyon was confident in defeating him in a few moves. However, if he improved like everyone else had and entered the high celestial realm, Dyon would have to struggle against him as well.

Dyon sighed again. "What a headache. Seems I can't have the battle I wanted."

The guardian's hoarse laughter continued. "Don't worry, you'll have all the battling you can take."

Dyon smirked. "Such a stupid creation could only be formed by an equally stupid Lord Creator. To think that you're such a fool."

"What did you say?!"

Dyon didn't bother to answer, with a thought, the excited Little Rain appeared, his miniature Dyon form flickering with an illusory light as he looked around happily.

"Just tie him down for a few seconds Little Rain, afterward, all 50 of these are for you."

"Really? Really?!"

"Mhm." Dyon nodded.

The guardian's expression changed under its visor, but it was too late. Thousands of crystalline chains powered toward it, they were so numerous that they were completely impossible to dodge. In the end, even the golden flame that sat atop its head became hidden from view as it was wrapped in a cocoon of chains.

Dyon smiled lightly, jumping up from his place and snatching all 13 keys. He thought about leaving one behind to force his enemies to fight amongst each other, but he decided against it. After deducting the time he wasted from the year time frame between phases, there were still another 6 months until the third phase started. With so much time, they would definitely have too much time to heal.

There was something fishy going on with the Golden Crow disciples. He felt that they were above the laws of this world for some reason. So, Dyon didn't believe such a simple trick would work against them. Instead, he preferred to have everything in his palms. He'd play with them to death if he had to.

With a thought Dyon, Little Rain and the beast babies disappeared into the tower that had shrunken down to its smallest size. Even a dao expert would have trouble spotting them.

Dyon chuckled as he watched the black guardian destroy his throne in a rage.

"You got the keys already?" A questioning voice sounded behind Dyon.

Before, Dyon had purposely lowered the shields on the tower so that Yandevere and Sabona couldn't see what happened outside. So, when Dyon appeared before them less than half an hour after he sent them in, they couldn't help but be surprised.

Dyon grinned, allowing 2 keys to float to each one of them.

"This..." Sabona and Yandevere were speechless. The worst part was that Dyon didn't have a single injury on him, aside from his shirtless body glistening with a thin sheen of sweat, there was nothing that said he had just undergone an intense battle.

At first, they thought he relied on the beast babies, but when they saw the four of them in their toddler forms happily munching away at snacks that made their hearts hurt, they would only throw that idea away.

"Alright!" Dyon clapped. "Time to go."

The Demon Sage Tower stealthily flew over the heads of the geniuses that ran into the throne room. By the time they realized what had happened and enraged roars shook the castle, Dyon was long gone.

...

Long after Dyon had left, the geniuses stood in the castle hall with ugly expressions on their faces. Because all of the keys were gone, not only would they not be able to enter the third phase, but the second phase had closed too, barring them from contending for any of the remaining treasures here.

Deep seeded rage burned in their eyes. They were all geniuses, used to living with their noses angled high, when had they ever suffered such a loss? Even in the face of True Gods, especially not those so far below their cultivation level, they wouldn't suffer such a devastating blow.

Kali's regret was only further multiplied at this point. She had thought that she could console herself by making some small gains here, she had even gone all out against those puppets outside, yet this was the result. She got nothing, all because she was foolish enough to look down on a True God.

True God Tatsuya suddenly started laughing. His body was bloodied and mangled in many places, but his eyes burned like eternal embers. This level of injury could only be expected. Despite being a True God, they did have to fight against a pseudo-dao puppet, after all. But, to think that they would get nothing.

Unfortunately for them, the black-armored guardian was forced into hibernation just seconds after Dyon took the last key, so none of them comprehended the kind of prowess he had. Plus, the wounds

the hall had suffered from the battle had healed. All of them believed that Dyon had simply strolled in, taken the keys, then left. This only made them angrier.

"Good.... Good..." God Goldeen mumbled to himself, a sinister and horrid aura emanated from him as the flames that coated his golden hair flickered wildly. He had been entrusted with an incredibly important mission, but to think he would have failed so miserably.

The Sovereign Flame wasn't ranked first in offensive power, nor was it some magical alchemic flame, but it held a value that was unimaginable. Simply put, if God Goldeen knew that this Mystical World would open in his lifetime, even in the face of his shrinking potential, he would have never broken into the celestial realm before getting his hands on it...

Chapter 1319: Hold On

Months passed at a blinding speed. Well, they did for Dyon, anyway. For the other geniuses, it was mind numbingly slow.

Some only wanted these events to hurry and come to an end. After all, it was impossible to find any more treasures on the ground with so many pseudo-dao beasts running around, and they had already lost out on the second phase. Many could only give up and be content with the gains they already had while they hid.

For another, slight majority, group, they had already begun looking for the third phase castle. They didn't care what they had to do, they'd force True God Sacharro to cough up the keys he took.

Dyon, however, couldn't be bothered to care.

During the first four months, he only focused on stabilizing his cultivation. Making use of his silver mirror constitution, he tempered and increased the density of his energy. By the end, due to his additional 9 meridians, he had more than twenty times the energy another regular peak saint would have, even if they filled their 108th meridian. Of course, this didn't include his inner world.

By the end of that fourth month, Dyon felt that he could break into the celestial realm whenever he wanted, but he didn't do so. Something was nagging him at the back of his mind, telling him it wasn't time yet.

Whenever he thought of breaking through, he'd get an unbearable itch in his eyes. After this happened repeatedly, he began to tie this to his Eternity Pupils. Could it be that the lines of karma he could see when they activated were guiding him toward a better path?

Dyon had no way of knowing that this was not even half the story. His Eternity's Balance constitution might have been pushed to an otherworldly level due to him stacking three of them, however he wasn't at the point of being all seeing. These things simply tied back to Evangeline in a way he had no chance of grasping...

After discarding the idea of breaking through for maybe the millionth time, Dyon could only sigh to himself. How could he not know that the other geniuses were likely plotting against him now? If he broke through, they wouldn't even be able to touch the hems of his clothing. Maybe only a True God of the peak middle celestial realm – the 6th celestial stage – could give Dyon some competition at that point. Considering both Titus and Falkor were still in the lower celestial realm, they wouldn't be a problem.

Yet, at such a crucial time, a mental block had come up on the idea of the breakthrough. Although Dyon didn't know this now as he complained to himself endlessly, he'd be blessed beyond belief for the decision he made during these days.

When the fifth month started, Dyon finally focused on refining the Golden Yacht. It was then he learned that he had severely underestimated this supreme grade treasure once again. He had thought that it would take days to refine, but, unexpectedly, he took the entire month. He wondered how Clara had refined the supreme grade Dome he gave her, but what he didn't know was that she hadn't refined it entirely. In fact, it was impossible for a saint to fully refine a supreme grade treasure. Only Dyon would be capable of such a thing.

By the end, he felt completely drained of energy and fell into a deep sleep.

When he awoke, he found that half of the sixth month had already passed. But, he was pleasantly surprised to find himself slightly drooling on Madeleine's lap.

Madeleine giggled lightly. "You finally woke up."

Seeing the wife he had spent so many years worrying about awake and in such high spirits, Dyon couldn't help but push himself up and grab onto her hips.

"Hold on," Madeleine said in mock resistance, as Dyon's lips kissed along her neck, "Yandevere and Sabona will hear."

Dyon grinned, purposely not putting up a concealment array, "Let them hear then."

Soon, the Demon Sage tower was filled with the sound of pleasurable moans, Lilianna's groaning, and the faint blushes of innocent ears.

...

Dyon breathed in Madeleine's heavenly fragrance. Without a care for his image, he firmly planted his head between her soft mounds, wrapping his arms around her body and smiling a content smile.

"A grown man acting like a child, how pitiful." Lilianna's disdainful snort came from Dyon's mind. It seemed her insulting abilities had skyrocketed in recent months. After using Dyon as a test subject, she had graduated from the school of 'scoundrel' and 'evil'.

Truth be told, she wasn't entirely wrong. Dyon played every bit the part of a child currently.

His arms and legs wrapped around Madeleine's naked body like some sort of overgrown koala bear even as he used her chest as a pillow. In fact, Madeleine even stroked his short, goldish-brown hair as though she was coaxing a baby. However, Dyon didn't seem to care about Lilianna's words. He was in a heavenly paradise he rarely got to enjoy.

Madeleine sighed, a sweet smile on her face. "You've thoroughly embarrassed me now in front of Junior and Senior Sister, how can I face them in the future?"

Dyon grinned. "Proudly. The wife of a Sacharro should display no other character."

Hearing these words, Madeleine's smile only grew sweeter. There seemed to be an endless hallow of light shimmering around her uncontrollably. It was clear that her Goddess' Disposition had grown to a new height.

"What did you think of the technique book?" Dyon suddenly asked.

"It was very profound..." Madeleine said softly. "It wasn't an actual technique, but it contains several small worlds that project images so real I can barely fathom them. I feel like this book is more valuable than even a Mystic Grade technique."

Small realms were worlds too restricted in their creation to be counted as Mystical Worlds. A true Domain, that only a dao formation expert could comprehend, would be categorized as a small realm. The pseudo-domains that celestials comprehend, however, fall short of this categorization.

"Every page contains a new image," Madeleine continues, "If one meditates on it for extended periods of time, it's possible to hear a profound melody."

Dyon raised an eyebrow. "Then why do you not categorize it as a technique?"

Chapter 1320: Tea

He found Madeleine's words a bit confusing, mostly because he hadn't looked into the book himself. From what his wife described, each page was a result of an expert Composer. The greater understanding one had of the images, the louder the music became and the more of it you could comprehend and play.

If things were described like this, wasn't this a technique book where each page was a new technique?

Madeleine smiled, understanding Dyon's confusion.

"I have a feeling that the reason you felt music will emanating from this book is because you were going out of your way to find me a useful treasure. You were thinking of music will, and thus you sensed music will. You understood that despite the fact I've gained Amethyst's approval, this wife of yours still loves music will the most..." Madeleine's delicate fingers ran through Dyon's hair, a peaceful calm overwhelming her.

What had Dyon and her first bonded over? Was it not music will?

The very first time Dyon met Madeleine, he had played her a beautiful song to alleviate the pain her constitution put her under. It was also during this encounter that Dyon gave Madeleine an aurora flower connected to his soul. In fact, although that flower lost its color after Dyon was assaulted by the death qi within Focus Academy's golden fountain, Madeleine still kept a place for it in the corner of her spatial ring.

"... This is the magic of this book. It's able to feel the will of its observer and create based on this will.

"When I don't seek to improve my music will, but instead my fire will, the images change, and I suddenly see seas of fire and blazing suns. In fact, my fire will reached the 9th intent level just a few days ago. However, at the same time, someone who has not touched upon the creation path will only sense that this book is ordinary beyond belief."

Dyon's brows furrowed. If this book was as Madeleine described, its worth was unimaginable. Even enigmatic stones wouldn't be enough to buy it. It was then that Dyon understood why the Demon Sage said that some things couldn't be bought with money and could only be traded for...

"But... When did I touch upon the creation path?" Dyon fell into deep thought. As far as he was aware, all of his will paths followed a single lane: the sovereign path. He had never once deviated from it ever since he comprehended it thanks to Ri and her mother's cave.

However, despite this, Dyon believed in Madeleine's analysis. It wasn't that he didn't think his wife could ever be wrong, but if she felt doubt in her analysis, she would have said so. The fact she didn't meant that she was 100% confident. If she was 100% confident, he was 100% confident.

Simply put, something within him followed the creation path or else he too would have found this book to be ordinary...

"Could it be something related to your Manifestation?" Madeleine slowly nudged Dyon in the right direction.

Suddenly, a wave of enlightenment overwhelmed Dyon. His Manifestation! He had been lamenting about not being able to increase his strength anymore, but didn't he have the Heaven's Selfless Breath tea leaves?

His manifestation... Aside from his domineering humanoid spirit, he had six halos.

His weapon's pagoda. His all-seeing eye. His sovereign crown. His heavenly lightning. His flame of chaos. And his flame of purity.

Which of them followed the creation path? Dyon couldn't help but wonder.

What if they all did?

...

Within the Master Bedroom of the Demon Sage Tower, one could find an image of a man sleeping in the nude with his wife nowhere to be seen. However, the image Dyon saw was vastly different. Having sent a projection of himself into his inner world, he sat comfortably with Madeleine on his lap as he carefully prepared the Heaven's Selfless Breath tea leaves.

Although he couldn't physically enter his inner world himself, he was a god here. Creating endless clones was as easy as simply thinking it. Whether it be the weather or even the softness of the ground, he controlled it all. In fact, this control had skyrocketed after he ate the Martial Saint pill.

Madeleine rested her head on Dyon's shoulder, wearing a thin, short silk gown that left little to the imagination. She watched Dyon prepare the tea with an interested expression on her face.

"Where did you learn the Dao of Tea?" She asked curiously.

Dyon smiled. "I wouldn't call it a dao just yet, but the Evangeline character I spoke to you about before followed this path to a great length. I picked up a few tricks from her, but I'm sure she'd want to kill me if she saw how I was ruining these tea leaves now."

Madeleine giggled. "Ah, you mean your rapist."

Dyon's face turned red, but he thickened his skin with a cough. When he had told his wives what happened, not wanting to hide anything from them, who knew that Clara would start laughing uncontrollably about how he had been date raped. Since when was such a thing a laughing matter? Now his innocent Madeleine had begun to make fun of him too, was there no justice in this world?

The soft peck of Madeleine's lips to his cheeks made him feel better, though.

"I'll teach that woman a lesson one day." Dyon said through slightly gritted teeth. "First I need to climb to the third floor of the Demon Sage Tower."

Dyon felt that he could already conquer the second floor, but the third was still beyond him at the moment. He suspected he would need to reach at least 500 000 000 jin of weight before he could take its trial with any confidence.

As he spoke, his hands never stopped. Although his Dao of Tea was unrefined and clumsy, he made use of his soul strength to forcibly limit the leakage of spirituality. By the time he finished, his tea would be about the equivalent of a 60% pure pill, which was good enough for his needs now. Unfortunately, even while being a God here, it still wasn't to the point of manipulating these Planet Grade Tea Leaves at will. So, he could only settle for this.