

The Nameless 1321

Chapter 1321: Wasn't All...

Luckily, unlike pills, spiritual plants didn't have a cap on how often they could be taken with the only exceptions being in incredibly rare cases. For example, a plant that could extend your life by ten thousand years could only be used once. But, in the case of these tea leaves, its benefit would only increase during prolonged usage.

Not only could these tea leaves help him enter the selfless state more easily, over time, it would become easier for him to slip into these states even without the leaves. Such was the benefit of naturally occurring treasures.

"Her appearance is really curious..." Madeleine mumbled. However, she felt that if she could think of it, Dyon could as well.

What she found truly odd was that her normally intelligent husband seemed to be at a complete loss in only this exact subject. She deduced that this had something to do with Evangeline's actions.

Little Yin and Yang scurried around before finding their way to Madeleine's palms. It seemed they liked being spoiled by her the most.

'Every time I think about the mysteries of Evangeline, you two show up.' Madeleine smiled knowingly, lightly petting their small heads. 'You two don't want me to figure it out, hm? Since that's the case, I'll leave it be.'

"Alright, done." Dyon smiled lightly at his two completed cups of tea. Just their fragrance already made Dyon feel as though he was transcending to another Plane.

Soon, the husband and wife pair sat before each other on the lush green grass, an empty cup of tea before each of them.

Dyon suddenly felt his soul flourishing, an overwhelming spirituality he hadn't felt since he took the Nine Cloud aphrodisiac.

Instead of being hindered by the fact it wasn't his true body taking the tea, Dyon felt that the connection was deepened. It was as though being within his own inner world had amplified the feeling of the tea leaves. In fact, this wasn't far from the truth. Dyon's current method made it feel as though the tea leaves were being taken in directly to his soul!

This suddenly opened a new world for Dyon. If it was more efficient to take medicines and spiritual plants within his inner world, the effects in battle would be astounding.

Before he could follow this train of thought further, Dyon suddenly felt that his connection to the world had been cut off. He sank into a selfless state so deep that there was nothing in existence other than himself. It was at that moment that he appeared in a vast space once more.

Shockingly, this vast space was his own inner world, a place he was keenly familiar with. However, not only were the spiritual trees he had planted gone, Madeleine was nowhere to be seen.

Instead, all that stood before him was the looming shadow of his manifestation.

Standing at over one hundred meters tall, Dyon felt his heart quake in the face of his own inner self.

'Is this really me? Why am I so nervous, then?...'

Dyon frowned. Why did this place seem like his inner world, except not, at the same time? The cognitive dissonance almost made him dizzy.

Within Dyon's true inner world, or at least what he thought was his true inner world, his Manifestation perpetually flew in the skies with his Primordial Yang right beneath surrounding by the Primordial Yin of his wives.

However, while in that true inner world, Dyon only had six Primordial Yins floating around him – Ri's, Clara's, Amphorae's, Madeleine's, Kukan's, and Amethyst's – there were eight in this world... He didn't understand what he was seeing.

When he took Amphorae's virginity in this life, both of her Primordial Yins fused as one. In fact, every day that Madeleine and Ri comprehended their faith seeds more, both Kukan and Amethyst's Primordial Yins were being slowly absorbed by them. So, none of these instances could explain why two Primordial Yins had suddenly appeared from nowhere.

Dyon's divine sense shot forward, but he suddenly felt that there was a formless barrier around his Manifestation. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't penetrate it.

"There's no need to try so hard, you aren't yet worthy of seeing through me completely."

In that moment, a voice that sounded almost like a mirror of Dyon's rang in his ears. It was deep, rich and full of confidence, just like Dyon's, but it carried an ancient and resounding tone he couldn't match. It was as though Dyon was a King of a small Kingdom while his Manifestation was already a Deity.

"However, there's no harm in telling you who those Primordial Yin belong to." Dyon's manifestation continued in an unhurried manner. "This one is Evangeline's. And this one is Luna's."

Dyon's eyes widened. "What did you just say?"

The Manifestation made no attempt to repeat himself. It was like he hadn't heard Dyon's words at all. However, the waves in Dyon's heart spoke louder than his voice. He didn't know how to take in that information.

Of course, Dyon knew on some level that he had had sex with Evangeline, but he hadn't been absolutely certain. For all he knew, Evangeline had found some random female beast to let Dyon vent on. In fact, he had a nightmare about such a thing more times than he'd like to admit. It was just too difficult to accept that a Higher Existence would bed him.

Dyon's arrogance reached into the skies, but that didn't mean he was delusional. He was confident in any fight because he could rely on his intelligence where his strength wasn't enough, but intelligence was useless in matters of love.

To make things more odd, although Dyon was incredibly handsome, already comparable to most dao experts, he still fell short of true Higher Existences. Lilith's father was just one example of this. Despite hiding his true face, he could already compete with Dyon on even footing.

Simply put, even if a Higher Existence was so sex-crazed to choose a man simply for his looks, Dyon still wasn't their best choice.

This wasn't all either...

Chapter 1322: Disdain

Dyon thought that even if Evangeline for some inexplicable reason chose him as a dual cultivation partner, something he had to accept considering the 33, now 30, seals in his inner world, she would never have given her virginity to him.

Yet, all of these thoughts were slapped down with a single sentence by his Manifestation.

As for the matters with Luna, Dyon felt that it hit even closer to home. Unlike Evangeline who had not an ounce of feelings for, Luna was different.

At first, it was the laws of the second trial forcibly manipulating his emotions to feel for Luna. In fact, Dyon even cut off these emotions the moment she betrayed him. However, in the end, he couldn't help but feel some sympathy for her after learning the truth behind her past. If it wasn't for both Luna and Amphorae, Dyon would have never passed his second trial, he would have died...

In truth, he had buried whatever feelings he had for Luna. After putting him through all that pain, she had actually forced him to watch her kill herself. That sort of scar wasn't the kind that healed.

Originally, it had been easier for him to slowly forget Luna. He had thought that after not seeing her Primordial Yin in his inner world, she had promised herself to another man. Such a truth made the decades of manipulation hit that much harder.

But, who would have known that it wasn't that Luna lost her virginity to another man, but that his Manifestation had hidden her Primordial Yin along with Evangeline's because he wasn't powerful enough to make use of them...

Dyon blinked as his eyes reddened. 'I've wronged you both... Especially you, Luna...'

His own immaturity made it so that he villainized women just for the sake of his own pride. However, his experience with Amphorae had made him grow past this mental hurdle.

The moment he decided to not care whether or not Amphorae had truly fallen in love with another man, was the moment he had truly forgiven Luna. But, the sight of her Primordial Yin here hit him like a truck. The fact he would never see her again only made matters worse. He'd never get to apologize...

Dyon closed his eyes, a deep breath steadying the waves of his heart.

"If you had come here with your previous mental state, I would have simply tossed you out. You haven't truly grasped the true meaning behind arrogance and what it means to look upon the world with disdain.

"You chose the Sovereign Path when you knew little of the Martial World and hadn't even taken the first step of cultivation, yet you never questioned this Path you sought. This isn't the true meaning behind being a Ruler.

"A Ruler isn't a person who can't admit to his mistake and can't change course, they're a person who sees that goal they want and pierces forward their own way, taking whatever turns they need as they please.

"You've interpreted this Manifestation as being Sovereign, when it is far beyond that!

"When the path of Sovereignty and the path of Creation meet, that is when you'll understand the gift they hide within you. Be it the nine dao hearts or any other, the path you'll forge will crush them all."

Dyon looked toward his manifestation, his heart calming.

"I disdain the sovereign path!" Dyon's ancient voice roared.

It was faintly obvious that his manifestation was enraged. Not with the world, or with the path itself, but at Dyon for aiming too low. If it wasn't for the fact that it couldn't, it would have ripped itself from Dyon body and forged a path on its own.

"Not only were you pathetic enough to lose yourself to the despair of a mere Chaos Path, you actually have the face to be arrogant even while you rely on the hopes and dreams of others to keep yourself stable. How is this the demeanor of a Ruler?!"

Dyon didn't so much as frown. After shaking off the initial nervousness, he realized that his manifestation was simply roaring out his most inner thoughts. He and his manifestation weren't two separate entities, they were one in the same. It was just that his manifestation represented the peak of what would be one day, while the current him wasn't even remotely worthy of such things.

Everything his manifestation said was correct. No matter how much Dyon ignored it, he had still not gotten over the matters of that day. He only sparingly used his most powerful offensive attack simply because he was scared. There was no avoiding this truth.

In Dyon's life, he had only felt true, unbearable fear, twice. The first was when he saw the body of the entity, and the second time was when he comprehended the truth behind his flames. The second broke him so thoroughly that he actually attempted suicide. If it wasn't for his undead body, ironically amplified by the very same black flames he feared so much, he would be a dead man right now.

The irony was uncanny. Dyon lost his temper, even shoving the innocent Lilianna into a torture chamber for almost one hundred years, all because she made a mistake. He had been so angry with her because she dared to attempt and take his life, so why wasn't he equally angry with himself for doing the same?

This rage his manifestation felt, this unbridled will to destroy everything to vent its anger, this was how Dyon truly felt on the inside. As angered as he had been toward Lilianna, he was even more angered with himself!

"You muddle around everyday, making fools of people who are unworthy of even our attention, yet feeling pride in doing so. Who is a mere God Goldeen? True God Tatsuya? True God Hydra?! Who are these fools in comparison to us? How dare you feel pride in defeating them?!"

Even now, the only thing keeping Dyon's dao heart stable were the hopes and dreams of the older generation of the Mortal Clan. The reason he could ignore his comprehension of Chaos wasn't due to his own prowess, but due to the prowess of those who couldn't even lift a finger toward him if they stood right here. How pathetic was that?

Chapter 1323: Reality

This was the reality of the Sovereign Path. As much as you ruled and lorded over others, you could only grow by stepping upon the faith your people had in you. Since the beginning of time, this was the way was the way people climbed the latter of True Presence.

Why was it that the second trial was so necessary to comprehend Presence? It was because one needed to comprehend what it meant to be a ruler before they could grasp this path.

"Do you know how many have reached God Presence relying on the Sovereign Heart?" The deep, boiling voice of Dyon's manifestation continued. "The answer is zero! Why is it that a Half-Step King Dragon Soul is already as powerful as King Level Presence?! It's because this path is WEAK.

"The number of people who could truly call themselves Gods, the kind of experts that would wipe out you so-called True Gods with a single breath, can be counted on a single hand even if you stretch back to the dawn of time itself. Yet you want to use such a feeble Path to comprehend such a thing... Should I call you head strong or foolish?!"

Dyon suddenly began to laugh. His body trembled, not from any sort of profound emotion, but rather of relief.

He suddenly understood what the crown of his manifestation meant. It didn't refer to mere sovereignty, it was a representation of standing above all things. What did a crown mean? It was simply a symbol of authority. However, an authority in what lane was the question?

Would Dyon rule over a small fief? Would he rule a planet? A galaxy? A universe? A quadrant, maybe?

What a joke. His crown didn't represent any of these things. It stood above that. It didn't even refer to ruling over a mere Mortal Plane or a mere Immortal Plane. What it stood for was absolute control of not these things, but of Dyon himself!

"Good!" The roar of his manifestation shook the very skies of his inner world. "Not even the Heavens themselves can dictate what you can and cannot do."

Who in existence could say they ruled over themselves to the fullest? Could anyone say such a thing?

Mortals had their Presidents and Prime Ministers. Immortals had their Clan Heads and Kings. Kings lowered their heads to Emperors and Emperors lowered their heads to Transcendents.

Transcendents must lord over their own lives then, right? However, didn't Transcendents die? Even the mighty Abraxus was coming close to the end of his life. In the end, Transcendents lowered their head to the Heavens themselves!

Dyon's laugh increased, carrying a hint of madness as a resolute expression appeared in his eyes. With a single thought, his Dao Heart shattered for a second time.

Dyon's wills blazed behind him.

The beautiful royal blue of the weapon's master. The gentle, tea leaf green of the wind. The yin and yang crystals of his flames. The marvelous rainbow colors of his music. The majestic and glittering crystal will. The silver embodiment of his space will. The dense blackness of his death will. And, finally, his unformed Titan and time Will...

The last time Dyon's Dao Heart shattered, his wills dissipated along with them. How could you sustain a connection with the Heavens without a dao heart? As such, it only made sense for wills to disappear the moment a dao heart suffered so greatly. This was what happened to Patia-Neva, and thus it was what Dyon.

Just as expected, Dyon's wills began to whittle away, unable to sustain themselves. Comprehensions that he had traded his life for were floating away. However, Dyon had steeled himself. The moment he made this decision, he was aware that this would happen. Even if his combat prowess drastically fell, he was willing to make this same choice a hundred if not a thousand more times.

It was at this moment that the Crown glowed once more.

When Dyon shed himself of the discomfort of Amphorae's history in this life, his Crown had taken action. Not only did it forcibly increase the size of his inner world, it doubled the strength of his soul in an instant!

When Dyon swallowed the Martial Saint pill, expecting to suffer through days if not months of pain, his crown glowed once more. Not only did it forcibly negate the death's gate effects of the pill, it gave him nine new meridians in an instant!

When Dyon's inner world wanted to reseal his cultivation due to his increased meridian count and foundation, it was due to his Crown that it was forcibly stopped!

This time, even without having formed a proper dao heart, the crown acted once more. What bullshit heavenly laws and restrictions? I gave up my life for these comprehensions, who are you to take it away?!

The crown became Dyon's new anchor. He could now slowly comprehend a new dao heart, one that stood even above the central nine. The day he succeeded would be the day the martial world played in his palm.

Dyon couldn't help but laugh once more. Nothing repaid a cultivator more than a resolute attitude. He had taken this action still underestimating the abilities of his Manifestation, yet he had been so pleasantly surprised.

'My understanding of The Crown is at least at 10%...'

If others heard Dyon's thoughts, they'd be astounded. No one dared to say such things about their Manifestations. Even the Ancient Tomes of the Ancient Elvin Clans could only boast a 20%

understanding after several generations. But to think Dyon would say he had understood to a tenth. It was truly mind numbing.

However, the benefits of this comprehension clearly showed. His Crown had the ability to sustain seven half-step daos, two of which were considered Supreme Laws!

'The strength of the Crown lies in its ability to bend the Martial Way. Before, 100 000km was the utmost limit my soul could reach without breaking into the dao realm, yet it broke that path and made it 200 000km, and that was with a mere 5% understanding.'

Chapter 1324: Disappeared

Without even needing to check, Dyon knew that his soul had strengthened once more. Except, this time, it wasn't in size, but in density and quality!

Before, Dyon inner world had crumbled when he took the martial saint pill because its construction was too weak. Relying on the 5% comprehension of his Crown wasn't enough. Coupling this with the fact his inner world was meant to rely on all three martial paths, and not just one, and it was a recipe for disaster.

Luckily, after taking the martial saint pill, his inner world collapsed and condensed to build a firmer foundation. Although its scope was only just a little over 500 meters now, well shy of the previous 1-kilometer mark, it was far stronger. If it wasn't for this, Dyon's inner world would be able to withstand the increase in his cultivation.

Now, Dyon's Crown had become even more overbearing. Despite still having the characteristics of the celestial realm, Dyon's soul had begun exhibiting the qualities of planet grade soul energy! In fact, although it still projected as moon grade soul energy, Dyon's soul energy had the robust and dense nature of half-step planet grade soul energy!

'This kind of Manifestation, it shouldn't have a place in this Mortal Plane...!' Dyon couldn't help but think to himself, looking toward his nascent soul.

The peaceful now 5-6 year old didn't seem to notice Dyon's gaze.

Dyon's manifestation played with the laws of the mortal plane as though it was its own playground. Even if Dyon was stupid beyond belief he wouldn't believe that this had nothing to do with it.

'This increase in soul strength is even better than the size increase of my divine sense realm. Now, even planet grade spiritual plants will have trouble hiding from me... And...'

Dyon smiled. With a thought, a white flower appeared to his side.

The last time he had tried this, he failed miserably. In fact, the flower wilted before his very eyes. But, this time, a perfect 5% clone stepped out from within, looking like a perfect mirror image of Dyon.

Before, Dyon improvements had so far outstripped his comprehension of the Florence Family technique that his soul became too weak to produce even a 1% clone. But, now, although before he had been able to form 15% clones, this one 5% clone made him happier than any of those ever did.

Dyon's grin only widened.

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For the next half month, Dyon only stayed within this true inner world and pondered on the truths of his manifestation. It was only now he realized the true majesty of a humanoid manifestation and why they were so rare, yet at the same time so difficult to comprehend fully.

The truth was that although the Acacia Family's Tree of Life and Death was the most powerful of the three ancient techniques, this matter was several folds more complicated than it seemed.

Firstly, the Mathilde family was only able to bring out the true strength of their Asura's Eye after cultivating Devil Qi. This was something they could never have imagined before. If one were to compare the Asura's Eye manifestation to the Tree of Life and Death now, the Asura's Eye would surpass it by almost 10%. Meaning, the Acacia Clan only comprehended their manifestation to 20%, however the Mathilde Clan had grown to 30% after discovering the effects of Devil Qi.

This one story is enough for one to understand just how complicated comprehending a manifestation fully was. How could the Mathilde Clan have possibly known that conventional qi wasn't the best for them? They could only consider themselves lucky for having found out this truth before their Clan died off.

The second reason the Acacia Clan's manifestation was so powerful in comparison was simply due to how profound the Florence Family technique was. Unlike the other two Clans, the Florence Clan had only comprehended about 10% of their manifestation. Yet, they still managed to stand almost equal to the other two. The potential of their manifestation was clear.

However, Dyon suspected that if understanding a manifestation was as easy as drinking these tea leaves, the comprehension the elves had would have been far deeper than this, even considering its planet grade. Dyon could only assume that his manifestation was special. It practically guided him itself, directly telling him what he needed to understand. If others who comprehended their own manifestations knew this, they'd die of envy.

"We need to be more flexible with Our white flames. Understand that its purity is entrenched even deeper in the light than even Holy Will. It's the very essence of all that is good in the world. If We layer a comprehension of creation will to this, what do you receive? If We grow powerful enough, We can directly bestow life."

The life his manifestation referred to wasn't something so heaven defying as raising the dead, although maybe there really would be a day he could do such a thing. What this Ancient Dyon referred to was breathing life into smaller creations.

When Dyon fought the Heaven Clan Kitsune heiress Masako, she used her comprehension of Magic and her Clan's affinity with the Heavens to create realistic creatures. This lessened the burden on her mental energy by allowing her techniques to gain a certain level of sentience.

At the moment, it was possible for Dyon with his 10% understanding to form realistic birds or other small creatures with his white flames. They would be able to reach ranges even his divine sense couldn't. However, this was a far less useful ability as things stood now. After all, did he really need more than 200 000km in the immediately future? That was doubtful.

That said, when he thought about how these creatures held a strand of their own life force, making their range unlimited... He realized that their potential for scouting was unimaginable. Dyon could potentially keep an eye on multiple universes at once.

"This Life Bestowal ability may seem like yet another characteristic of Our flame to others, but this is actually just an extension of the very same and singular Creation Characteristic. If We used these flames while We forged weapons and treasures, their likelihood of gaining sentience will skyrocket. It's also possible to use these flames in other techniques that require a certain life path..."

Dyon's eyes glowed. Both the Florence family technique and the Divine Grade cloning technique he had both relied on such a path. This meant he could amplify his clones with his white flames without having to comprehend the Florence Family Technique. Also, this would lower the requirements for the materials of the clones as well!

'The abilities of manifestations are truly endless... No wonder they're so difficult to comprehend...'

"Our black flames are Our greatest offensive strength, this is because while Our white flames can breed life, your flames breed destruction.

"The reason Our creations can sustain themselves without Us is because they can absorb energy unto themselves. For this reason, black flames can increase their destruction capabilities as well. This gives this flame an opposing Characteristic to Our white flames. Both are known as Immortal Characteristics, however they're displayed in different fashions."

With all the information he was soaking in, even Dyon felt his head imploding. This was far more difficult than even a divine grade technique. In fact, this was the first time Dyon found anything in the soul path difficult, this was truly new to him.

"What about the lightning and the eye?" Dyon had listened to his manifestation speak about four of his halos for weeks, but he hadn't said a word about these two. Whether it be his relatively straight forward weapon's pagoda, or his crown and flames, he had touched on all but them.

"The eye only appeared within the six halos first because not even Heaven's Might could hide it. The lightning only appeared because you were witness to the birth of a treasure of the 33 heavens. It's a blessing that your Lightning Willow mask depleted itself. Had you begun to comprehend the legacy within it, you would have agitated the lightning and caused a catastrophe.

"As for the eye, nothing in this world can move it. In fact, it's the reason you failed to comprehend the truth behind the Bow Avatar during your War God Tribulation. The secret to comprehending the Bow relies on the eyes, but you aren't ready."

Dyon didn't miss the change in the manifestation. This entire time, it referred to them as one entity, but after his question, he constantly referred to Dyon as though he was a separate being...

Suddenly, his manifestation shimmered, dimming slowly.

"If you want to understand the lightning, step into the dao formation realm first and use your tribulation to refuel the Lightning Willow Mask.

"If you want to comprehend the eye... Either temper your pupils to the Fate Silk Realm, or find two treasures of the 33 heavens – Heaven's Left Eye and Hell's Right Eye... Your mortal body won't withstand its might if you don't."

With those last words, his manifestation disappeared.

Chapter 1325: Started

Dyon blinked, finding himself back within his inner world. The first thing he saw was a meditating Madeleine, emanating the light of an absolute goddess.

His main body's divine sense immediately detected that the third phase had begun. It seemed that these two weeks had ended just in time.

Dyon smiled bitterly when he noticed that his Presence had fallen from the Lower Emperor level back to the Peak King level. Honestly, he had expected his Presence to be eradicated entirely, so it was surprising that it was still here. He remembered that he his Presence only reached this level because of Luna. So, logically, since he relied on someone else, the new path he had chosen wouldn't allow such a thing. But, it seemed his understanding was still shallow.

'Or...' Dyon sunk into deep thought.

Before he could finish his thought, Madeleine's eyes opened. The flash in her eyes was so sharp that Dyon almost dodged reflexively.

She didn't say anything immediately, instead, she looked toward Dyon with an odd look in her eye.

"Did your Presence advance again?" She blinked, finding it incredulous. She had always believed in this husband of hers, but some things were so far out of the norm that they were unacceptable even for her.

Dyon was already considered the youngest in modern history to grasp Emperor Level Presence. All of the others who had were at least Pseudo Dao Experts, yet he was not even a saint when he grasped his!

The qualitative change that one undergoes in the celestial realm is even more exaggerated once one comprehends enigmatic energy. It's the grasping of Heavenly Laws that makes it easier to comprehend a Presence.

In addition, one had to remember that Emperor Level Presence was impossible to comprehend – according to the norm – by those who didn't rule or weren't part of the upper echelon of an Emperor God Sect or Clan.

However, not only did Dyon not require this mastery of Heavenly Laws, he hadn't even built a true Royal God Clan yet! In fact, his so-called Empire wouldn't even meet the requirements for a mere God Clan!

Dyon frowned. "No, it actually got wea –"

His words paused. 'What's going on?'

"Weaker?" Madeleine's eyebrow raised. "If it wasn't for my Goddess' Disposition, it would be very hard to breathe around you right now..."

Dyon immediately tried to retract his aura as much as he could, but he couldn't rein it in no matter how hard he tried.

Unable to figure it out, Dyon sent both his consciousness and Madeleine out with a thought. In that moment, Madeleine sighed a breath of relief as though a weight had been lifted off of her shoulders.

"It looks like we couldn't escape it because it was your inner world, I really don't know how you do it." Madeleine said with a smile, standing up from their bed to get dressed.

She couldn't help but sigh. After she awoke from her injuries, three new and perfectly formed meridians were added to her 108. Due to the fact she had only just broken into the celestial realm, the additional meridians had to go through the tempering of the foundation realm, the meridian formation realm, the essence gathering realm and the saint realm all at once. This was a large part of why her situation was so morbid.

The later in cultivation one takes the pills, the more pain and hardship one must undergo. When it was Amphorae's turn to take hers, being incapacitated for a decade might be a low estimate. Still, Madeleine found it all to be worth it because the greatest evolution was her constitution.

Much like Dyon's, all God Constitutions had successive levels one must cross. In fact, Madeleine's and Ri's trials were just as difficult as Dyon's.

The Titan Diamond Body had the Gem stage, the Mesh Stage, then, finally the Silk Stage. However, simply reaching the Silk Stage took a lifetime of accumulation and mind numbing amounts of resources. Had it not been for Dyon's soul once more asserting its dominance, Dyon would still be at the mere Gem Stage. Maybe he would have only progressed to the Mesh stage after taking the Pulse Fruits and Pills.

Actually, if Dyon had still been at the Gem Stage, he wouldn't have even had the power to fight for the Pulse Fruits and would thus definitely still be at the Gem Stage. Such was the irony of the martial world.

Obviously, Madeleine didn't have the luck of having such an overbearing soul. So, just like everyone else, she was forced to begin at her first stage and slowly work her way up. It was for this reason that the true prowess of both her and Ri's Constitutions had yet to manifest themselves. The difference was that Ri had an ancient tree spirit guiding her, while Madeleine had no one.

It was only after gaining three new meridians that Madeleine suddenly felt the chains on her constitution loosening, but then Dyon blazed by once more. She couldn't help but feel dejected.

However, there was hope. The Heaven's Selfless Breath tea leaves were highly compatible with her constitution. Although she didn't improve as quickly as Dyon, she felt that she had made great progress she never expected. The Life and Reincarnation characteristics of her Flames fed into this improvement, reaching a new and exciting height. She could see a road to improvement.

Seeing the determined expression of his wife's face, Dyon could only chuckle bitterly. She had misunderstood. He wasn't more talented than her, it just seemed that his own soul was taking control of his life.

The real question was, how would he follow this new path his manifestation and he decided on if there was such an overbearing passenger in their vehicle?

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"You two can't still be at it can you?! The third phase already started!" Sabona barged into the couple's room without knocking, her oversized red hammer waving about. But, when she saw the naked crossed legged Dyon and the half-dressed Madeleine, her small face reddened.

"PUT SOME CLOTHES ON!" Sabona vented her embarrassment as anger, swinging her hammer toward Dyon.

Chapter 1326: One Man

An incredulous expression coated Dyon's features as he looked toward this crazed woman. What did she think she was going to see when she came in here unannounced?

Sabona's hammer didn't even reach Dyon. A formless barrier emanated from almost two meters from his body, reflecting her backward and causing her to crash into the wall. Luckily for Dyon, this war machine was constructed on the Immortal Plane so such a small collision wouldn't even dent it.

The dazed Sabona slid down the wall and into a slump, her face reddening even further.

Madeleine sighed, putting on the rest of her clothes and helping Sabona up.

"Big Sister..." Sabona began to sob like a little girl. "... He bullied me!"

Dyon felt a headache coming on. Wasn't this "little girl" almost 100 years old by now? How can such a character be reliable on the battlefield? It'll be better if he just keeps her inside the tower.

To make matters worse, she didn't seem to have picked up any of the crafting abilities of her dwarf ancestors. According to Madeleine, she had never weapon forged in her life.

What a terrible fate, to have gained all the genes that stunted growth, yet none of the skills that came with it. Plus, she had clearly gained their temper as well if mortal world fairy tales were anything to go by.

Truth be told, Dyon had gone easy on her. The further from his body his silver mirror constitution projected, the weaker its reflective abilities became.

For a person who was barely around the 5th or 6th Order and hadn't even stabilized their cultivation in the celestial realm yet, if Dyon let her strike his body directly, let alone a mere 100% reflection, the power would be increased even further.

Back when True God Falkor punched Dyon and suffered a loss, Dyon had quickly switched his energy to Bold Type, causing Falkor to experience an almost doubled reflection. However, now that he had gained nine additional meridians, Dyon could repeat this feat with conventional energy. One can only imagine the effects Bold Type qi would have right now.

"Yes, yes." Madeleine stroked her head like a loving mother. "He bullied you. He's a very bad man."

Dyon pouted, but said nothing else. Only now did he understand the kind of dynamic his family life would have when he and Madeleine had a child. He'd never win again.

With a thought, Dyon's eyes flashed gold and comfortable black sweatpants and a crisp white shirt appeared on his body.

"You are right, it's about time we go."

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The past few months had been hard on the geniuses who entered the Mystical World. Searching for the third phase castle had been even more difficult than the previous two phases.

Not only was the third phase castle located even higher in the skies, several thousand kilometers, in fact, but it also had several barriers to entry the second phase did not have. While the second phase castle only had a group of 50 puppets to pass, the third phase put the geniuses through another trial by fire, truly living up to its Golden Flame namesake.

Instead of the atmosphere growing colder as they flew higher, it grew hotter to an almost unbearable level even for them who followed the Fire Dao.

In addition, there were various unique flames that hovered in the air. Although none surpassed the celestial flame realm, they were all incredibly tyrannical. Sensing the dense fire intent housed within the various geniuses, they wanted to swallow them up for themselves, seeking a path to a higher level.

This was almost unheard of in the martial world. Usually it was cultivators who sought to devour flames, but who knew the opposite was possible as well?!

In the end, numerous ignorant individuals died undeserved deaths, causing the already troublesome flames to grow even fiercer. Some even evolved, taking the form of vicious beasts that multiplied their power several times over.

Many thought that there would be no end to this, and some thought it would be best to simply give up. Even if they made their way to the castle, how could it be possible to fight in such an environment? It wasn't worth the risk of offending a True God only to lose their lives like this.

However, many pressed onward. It was they who were rewarded.

Somehow, the tyrannical flames didn't dare to step within a 100km radius of the imposing third phase sky castle. There was no further trial, nor was there any further danger, there only lay a majestic wooden door with thirteen key holes, waiting to be used.

As though they had spoken of their plan in advance, those who had weathered the storm to make it here all stood guard before the grand doors.

Behind them, the third phase sky castle shimmered with blue, gold, black and silver flames. It seemed so ethereal that if it wasn't for the skin searing heat it was giving off, one might think it wasn't there at all.

The castle stretched hundreds of meters in either direction and it was only after laying your eyes on it that one understand that this wasn't just a castle... It was the Core of this entire Mystical World.

Like this, a group of barely over ten geniuses stood with murderous intents in their gazes, waiting for the arrival of one man.

Much like before, Dyon took his time. He slowly collected the Flaming Lily Sect disciples, allowing them to enter the tower one by one.

Now that the third phase had started, many of them were in immediate danger of dying. If it hadn't been for various countermeasures Dyon had taken, they definitely would have long ago. However, he had kept his promise in ensuring they all survived.

As for the trial by fire, the flames didn't even detect Dyon and his allies so how could they give them any trouble?

Soon, Dyon saw quite a funny scene. Ten or so geniuses sat before the doors and waiting for his arrival. He wondered how they'd react if they realized he had more than 50 people with him?

Chapter 1327: Thin Sword

Of course, God Goldeen was there along with his four protectors. Then there was True God Tatsuya, although Falkor was nowhere to be seen. Additionally, there were the three Princes of the Fiery Lotus Sect and the two sisters of the Flame Rebirth Sect.

Aside from these individuals who Dyon saw as the highest threat, there was Blythe and the now healed Wilder. It wasn't too shocking that Wilder was in full health now, after all, it had been more than a year now since that incident. But, he no longer had his two protectors considering they died under Dyon's schemes. However, Blythe did have her own two peak celestial protectors with her.

Finally, there were three talents of the Golden Crow Sect who had just recently broken into the celestial realms. Louis – who inexplicably saw Dyon as a rival – Meaghan and the scantily golden armor clad Angelica who wanted nothing more than to pay Madeleine back for the embarrassment she suffered that day.

All in all, there were 18 individuals who made it to this point. Dyon had to reward their tenacity, but he didn't take many of them seriously. Other than keeping an eye out for the oddities of the Golden Crow Sect, he really only had to worry about the Gods and the peak celestials.

Just when the group of Geniuses were about to start sneering about Dyon's lack of presence, the Demon Sage Tower exploded in size, Towering even taller than the sky castle behind them.

It exuded an ancient aura, filled with absolute mastery. Many realized immediately that they couldn't pin the exact grade of this treasure at all...

Dyon walked out slowly. Other than the best babies who competed for spots on his shoulders and in his arms, Madeleine stood directly to his right side. To his left, there was Yandever. As for the final Flaming Lily Sect Peak Celestial, Kali, aligning with Dyon's expectations and wants, she refused to participate in this battle.

A smile coated Dyon's handsome features, scanning the crowd of geniuses with an incomparably calm expression.

Wilder's calm expression, however, was nowhere to be seen. He had sunken into his true depravity without reserve. He looked no different from a beast waiting to be released from its leash.

'He's infused too many runic veins his body cannot handle into himself.' Little Yang mumbled. 'There's always a price to pay for going against the Heavens... This is his...'

It was at this moment that God Goldeen stepped forward, a light smile on his face.

"True God Sacharro, is there a need to fight? Even if you had all of the Flaming Lily Sect disciples with you, our side has the most Peak Celestials. You're well aware of who would win. I only ask that you distribute the keys to the third phase fairly. Don't you think you've bitten off more than you can chew?"

"Oh? And how do you suggest I distribute them fairly?" Dyon asked out of curiosity.

"Simple. There are eleven Peak Celestials here, twelve if we count Empress Yandever. We'll distribute the keys to them and the rest of us can fight over the one remaining key."

Dyon's smile brightened. "How magnanimous of you, not even counting yourself. Indeed, the bearing of a true leader."

How could Dyon not understand the purpose behind this? God Goldeen was worried about the Fiery Lotus and Flame Rebirth Peak Celestials turning against him. So, instead, he proposed this plan to directly take them out of the battle. This also crippled Dyon's plan to make use of the favor he gave the five of them during the first initial trial. It was clever.

However, God Goldeen's smile was bound to freeze.

"Unfortunately, I have no intention of coughing up the things that I've earned. I have the keys because your skills weren't up to par." Dyon took a step forward, his valiant aura oppressing those below.

A look of slight graveness colored the faces of those who stood before the 13-keyed door. Which of them weren't highly valued by their Sect and Clan? So how was it that Dyon's Presence leaked through their defenses and impacted them?

Dyon's momentum was at its strongest. He really intended to take them all on and he had the confidence to do so. This wasn't a fake confidence, it was as though he had absolute certainty in the future!

They couldn't help but wonder... How did he get more arrogant than he already was?

It was at this moment that the eyes of Yandevere flashed. A sword barely half a finger width wide appeared in her dainty hands and immediately became coated in grey flames the likes of which forcibly made any who saw it take a step back.

Dyon didn't even had a chance to turn around before the sword pierced through his heart, flooding his body with these tyrannical flames.

Madeleine's eyes widened in shock. The beast babies who were roughhousing with one another didn't even notice what happened until the thin sword appeared on the other side of Dyon's body.

Down below, God Goldeen's eyes narrowed with a sinister light, the smile of a man who stood atop of the world gracing those around him.

Their Goldeen and Crow Families were the True Inheritors of this world, even if Dyon's Clan was powerful, so what? How would they ever know who killed him here if his soul jade couldn't send its message?

The scene was silent.

In truth, the death of a True God was tragic for most. These were geniuses that were practically guaranteed to become Higher Existences in the future. For one to die so young wasn't just a tragedy for them, but a tragedy for the Martial World as a whole.

Although it was unspoken, the upper echelon of the martial world was well aware of the danger that loomed over them all. In the midst of fighting for benefits and superiority, a small seed at the back of their minds told them that their efforts were meaningless. The Mortal Plane was on the verge of collapse and the kind of individuals that could save it were the very geniuses the so unceremoniously snuffed out, one after another, for their so-called "benefits".

The human mind was greedy and treacherous, but such blatant actions of terrible self-harm crossed a line, and they knew it. Yet, they did so anyway.

When those below saw Yandevere, a woman that Dyon may not have known for long, but had helped to the best of his abilities, actually decide to backstab him in the name of her own benefits, an uncomfortable feeling swelled in their hearts.

Aside from Wilder and God Goldeen who took great pleasure in what they were seeing, the faces of everyone else darkened at their shamelessness.

Even if they were here to fight Dyon and to take advantage of their numbers, this was within what was acceptable in the martial the martial world. Even if they won, they had no plans to humiliate or kill Dyon in the least. Yet, these people had actually schemed to do so.

Within the Demon Sage Tower, the fifty or so disciples within looked on his horror. Wasn't that their First Senior Sister? The woman they all looked up to? What was she doing?

Even Kali who had formed a complicated relationship with Dyon felt that this was too much.

"In your next life, do understand who you can and cannot offend." God Goldeen said lightly. "Don't worry, I'll take care of your wife well in your absence."

Of course, Christian III had no intention of bringing Madeleine out. However, he was still very interested in her flames. If he received them, he'd be able to mitigate the losses of gaining the Sovereign Flame after breaking through to the celestial realm. In that case, he'd raise himself to the level of a True God and maybe even beyond to stand toe to toe with those Outer Quadrant geniuses born with diamond spoons in their mouths.

Dyon's body withered. He didn't seem to react as he looked down toward the thin sword in his chest. Madeleine's eyes glistened with tears, standing unmoving.

"I wonder," Dyon muttered almost to himself, "Did it feel good to sell out your fellow disciples?"

Yandevere didn't say a word, only continuing your poor her grey flames into Dyon's body.

"This is good though." Dyon said with a slight smile. "I half expected that the traitor among you would be some lesser ranked disciple. Since it's you, not only will I greatly enjoy wringing you dry of whatever information you have, there should be a lot of it too."

It was at this moment that Yandevere suddenly felt that something was wrong.

Chapter 1328: Leisurely

She tried to pull her sword out and strike at Dyon's head directly, but she found that her hand wouldn't move an inch. Dyon's hand was so firmly clamped on it that she found it impossible, no matter how hard she pulled, twisted, and even pushed, he wouldn't budge.

Just as she was about to circulate her energy, realizing the strength of her body wasn't enough, the necklace that hung from her neck was suddenly ripped away. Before she could react, a Presence akin to a Demonic Mountain descended from above.

Under everyone's eyes, Dyon wilted into a flower, disappearing into the wind as grey flecks of ash, yet, somehow Yandevere was struggling to breathe.

Her feet dangled in the sky, but she couldn't move to claw the invisible hand that hung from her neck away. The Presence was simply too fierce. It felt as though it was pouring into her veins, cooling the flow of her blood directly.

At that moment, a sharp knife qi severed her spine. Unable to move her muscles and unable to circulate her energy, her body went absolutely limp as a blinding stream of sealing qi entered her forehead.

Under the shocked gazes of everyone present, the 'dead' Dyon reappeared, his large hand firmly squeezing Yandevere's slender neck. A light smile played on his face as though he was looking at a dancing clown.

Yandevere's head, the only part of her body that seemed to function properly anymore finally showed a true change in expression. She was absolutely horrified.

It was only at that moment that those around understood that Madeleine's tears weren't about the death of Dyon, but rather about the betrayal of her Senior Sister. She had been so certain of her innate ability to read the purity and impurity of others that even she was skeptical when Dyon told her this would happen. But, seeing it unfold exactly like so made it difficult to accept.

Unfortunately for Madeleine, Yandevere was the worst kind of person there was. She didn't sense any impurity in her because Yandevere had no lingering guilt. She casually sold out her fellow disciples and killed people with even a single shadow finding its way to her heart...

A leisurely expression appeared on Dyon's face.

"How..." Yandevere's severely weakened voice called out. She wanted to distract Dyon so that she could accumulate her flames in her eyes and deal a fatal blow. Even if she ended up becoming blind, it was worth it.

Dyon raised an eyebrow as though he was looking at an idiot. "You're too stupid. First of all, when I handed you all grandmaster teleportation arrays to use, while it made sense for Sabona, given her personality, to not use them to join up with us, it's completely irresponsible of you as First Senior Sister to do the same. It became obvious very quickly that instead of using the array to meet up with me, you went to meet someone else.

"Unfortunately for you, I was aware that you used the array immediately yet didn't appear before me. Maybe if I didn't end up stuck in a mountain of coarse silver for several months, I would have been ambushed from the very beginning.

"But that's fine." Dyon said with a shrug. "Maybe I'm wrong and you instead used knowledge you had as a Flaming Lily Sect disciple to go to some sort of mapped treasure trove. It would be a bit shameless of you to use my resources in such a way, but I was already used to dealing with shameless Flaming Lily Sect disciples."

Those within the Demon Sage Tower blushed with shame. Dyon had gone out of his way to help them for Madeleine's sake, yet when he faced enemies on all sides at the demonic gorge, none of them

stepped up to help. Then there was Kali who felt more embarrassed than them all. He truly was used to dealing with the shameless side of these disciples...

"But then, what was even more odd was that you agreed to my 'foolish' plan to enter the second phase castle without hesitation. Again, that's something I expect from Sabona, but from you?"

"It also became fairly clear that you cared little for your fellow disciples because not only did you not ask for them a single time during the 6 months you spent in my tower, it was even up to Sabona to ask about Madeleine's wellbeing and not you. Honestly, you're a top tier First Senior Sister, truly."

Dyon shook his head, chuckling lightly. Did this girl think she was some sort of top level spy? She left so many openings everywhere.

"But sure," Dyon shrugged again, "Maybe that's just your personality. Quiet, reserved, unfeeling... However, that's the weird part. Why would you act so unfeeling now when my wife swears by how much you've helped her? I wonder what reason a person with such a black heart would have to be so caring for my wife? It can't be that you planned to make use of her innocence for your own gains, could it?"

Dyon's eyes turned murderous as his grip on Yandevere's throat tightened.

"I was willing to still give you the benefit of the doubt, but you practically spit in my face during the second phase. Do you think I couldn't tell you used a sword? What use would a swordswoman have for a whip if it wasn't to delay me from retrieving the 13 keys?"

"About the only smart thing you did in the last two years was not attacking me yourself. Because had you, you would have surely died!"

Dyon brought up his fingers quickly, jamming them into Yandevere's eye sockets, and destroying whatever semblance of vision she had left.

"Even in the end, you choose poorly. The thing I fear the least in this world are flames!"

Yandevere's miserable screeched filled the hot air. With a thought, Dyon threw her into the tower dungeons in a cell right beside the three kitsune geniuses.

Chapter 1329: Time

Back when Yandevere spent days trying to acquire a whip, Dyon became certain of his analysis. It was clear then that she was trying to delay them from reaching the top floor. In the end, she had thought that she had done her job sufficiently, not believing for even a moment that Dyon would finish in time. But, who would have known that Dyon would have wrapped everything up in less than half an hour?

Who was the first person to display shock at his quickness? Was it not Yandevere?

The woman thought she was being sly. She knew that she didn't have the power to reach the sword treasures in the distance, but she also knew that given her personality, asking Dyon for help wouldn't align well.

After Dyon set the precedent of only helping Sabona because the item she wanted was useful to him, Yandevere became certain that Dyon wouldn't help her out on a whim. So, she had no choice but to take the whip, thinking that Dyon didn't know what weapon she used and that Sabona was too simple minded to realize that her actions were odd.

When Dyon used spear qi to retrieve his treasures, she became even more assured in her plan. Since he wasn't a swordsman, he wouldn't be able to tell that she also used a sword just by looking at her. This was why she acted so boldly.

Unfortunately for her, Dyon was a Weapon's Master. Even before he awakened this will, simply due to his Weapon's Pagoda Manifestation, he was able to comprehend weapons to a deep level. How could such a thing escape him?

In the end, Yandevere had lost from the very beginning. With her now fully sealed, her actions were no longer her own.

"Now... Where were we?" Dyon appeared by his wife's side once more, a small smile on his face.

Dyon felt 18 pairs of eyes on him. Aside from those on his side, the geniuses who stood before the door were still trying to process just what they had seen. It was too difficult to accept.

Although Yandevere was only a 5th or 6th order peak celestial, the only individuals who would dare snub their noses at that would be Gods and True Gods. That left trillions of individuals looking up toward her in awe.

Unfortunately for Yandevere, after Dyon snapped the Presence protecting treasure from her neck, she had already lost. Because of his Presence, she had no ability to see through his knife qi, and as such couldn't figure out where he was. To top this off, Yandevere had assumed that he resisted her flames before simply due to his undead body, not knowing that his white flames were far superior to hers. He didn't fear her grey flames at all.

When two flames both reached the half-step dao realm, wouldn't their cultivations difference become irrelevant at that point?

Truth be told, Dyon was also lucky. Usually, the Presence protecting treasures of various geniuses took all kinds of forms. It was because of Madeleine and her inside information that he knew exactly where to look and exactly what to take. To anyone else, the necklace would have seemed like any normal piece of jewelry.

To top this off, the Flaming Lily Sect might be of the 4th ranked quadrant, but it had to be remembered that this rank was mostly due to the Golden Crow Sect and not them. The treasures they could provide to even their Legatees was highly limited. If it wasn't for this, how could a treasure so easily be taken from one's neck?

In the end, Dyon had his comprehension of True Weapon Will to thank the most for this. His use of knife qi was even more effective than using a concealment array. Yandevere lost the moment she exposed herself to him.

Seeing their reactions, Dyon's features suddenly grew scary, his battle intent brewing. "COME ON!" Weren't you all eager to fight? Why haven't you moved?

His voice boomed, an involuntary melding of music will causing the ears of the weak to begin bleeding. Those who had only just stepped into the celestial realm felt as though their minds would explode at any moment. They had not a single clue that Dyon had yet to bring out his full strength.

Several years ago, Dyon already caused three fifth grade lower celestial to implode with his voice alone. Back then, he had only been able to bring out 10 000 jin of his true weight. The only reason he didn't attempt to repeat this feat was because everyone here was a first grade celestial. However... Matters would be different if he had a voice technique.

Christian III expression was unsightly. Yandevere was a trump card their Sect had nurtured for more than a thousand years already. She was perfectly in line to become the next Sect Master in just a few ten thousand years. Once that happened, considering all of the Elders they already had in their back pockets, the threat of the Flaming Lily Sect would be eliminated completely.

It was for this reason that they invested so much in probing Madeleine's background. After finding out that she was backed by Dyon, this actually made their job easier. By using the elders they had planted, they could make it seem like Dyon was using Madeleine to take over their Sect. As long as enough believed that, Madeleine would never become the Sect Master.

Plus, finding a spy as cold-hearted yet undetectable as Yandevere was near impossible. In fact, it wasn't for their instructions, she could have become a False True God!

However, in order to alleviate suspicions, the Golden Crow Sect upper echelon decided that Yandevere should breakthrough at the 6th Order. This way, the Flaming Lily Sect elders would believe that they left her alone because she was too weak.

With the truth of how every 7th Order and above genius of the Flaming Lily Sect always died mysterious deaths, Yandevere's 6th Order strength was the perfect cover.

How cruel was that? What kind of cold-blooded nature did Yandevere need to purposely cut off her own talent? Just what did the Golden Crow Sect promise her?

Originally, Christian III hadn't been willing to have her act. Instead, he wanted her to make covert movements to impede Dyon slightly, but not too much. Her value was far too high to take such a risk.

However, after being foiled by Dyon and facing his momentum, God Goldeen made a rash decision which he thought was foolproof. He had planned to kill everyone of the Flaming Lily Sect and then turn on those here, making sure the truth of this matter didn't leak. Who could have known that Dyon had seen through them from the very beginning?

In the end, a thousand plus years of accumulation was washed away in a single instance of time.

The Princes and Princesses of the Fiery Lotus and Flame Rebirth Sects looked at each other with a complex gaze.

"True God Sacharro. We are not individuals who do not understand how to repay a debt, however, we carry the weights of our Sects on our back." Roselia of the Flame Rebirth Sect stepped forward. "If not for this, we wouldn't have offended you by targeting your wife nor would we stand before you today. Even if you are powerful, we must fight."

Dyon smiled. "Such matters are simple. Those who dare to have designs on my wife's flames must die, even if I understand your plight. However, I'm also aware that the idea wasn't yours.

"If you join my side now, not only will I give all five of you a key, you do not have to fight this battle."

The five nobles were stunned by Dyon's words. They had fully expected him to be completely unyielding.

"In fact," Dyon said with a light smile, "I'd also be willing to give Comet Lord Blythe and her two protectors keys as well. Of course, excluding the less than appealing Wilder. Aside from the keys I'll keep aside for my wife, myself and Sabona, there are two keys remaining. However, I'd prefer to let them burn in hell.

"Today, God Goldeen dies. As for whether you want to die with him," Dyon's eyes scanned the remaining Golden Crow Sect disciples, "That's up to you."

Dyon's words were indifferent and unhurried.

Chapter 1330: Why?

God Goldeen suddenly began to laugh, a roaring rage of Golden Flames coating his blindingly blond hair. His red eyes shimmered even more sinisterly as the Presence of a King emanated from him.

"Ancestor, it seems that some insignificant individuals believe that they're worth more than what they are."

The flames that coated the third phase sky castle bloomed to another level, soaring above and turning the blue skies red.

At that moment, the faint cackling of an ancient voice filled their ears.

"After so many years of accumulations, it seems it's finally time."

Dyon's smile faded, not because he began to tremble like the other geniuses around him, but rather because the board he had been playing on flipped. Toying with what remained of the Golden Crow disciples after drawing Blythe and the Princes and Princesses to his side would have been child's play. However, it seemed that Christian III wasn't taking any chances.

Despite his lofty and bright appearance, God Goldeen was an introverted and cautious individual. If he wasn't, why would he have Yandevere break her cover to directly kill Dyon when he had the absolute advantage of Peak Celestials?

Now, he displayed that caution once more. Instead of banking on the advantage he and his fellow disciples had within this world, he directly called out his greatest trump card. One only needed to think back to the slumbering Higher Existence Demon Tigers to understand just how bad this situation could become in an instant.

However, Dyon had suddenly become incomparably calm. Although his smile was gone, not so much as a frown could be found on his features.

'This Lord Creator needs us for some reason. Even if he can, he won't wake the slumbering Demon Tigers or whatever other Higher Existences might be sleeping here...'

Dyon's mind worked on overdrive. Since this mystical world had existed for trillions of years, allegedly, the Higher Existences Dyon saw couldn't have been put to sleep since this world was created. That meant, that this Lord Creator somehow still had the power to force a Higher Existence into a permanent slumber.

'Wait!' Dyon's eyes sharpened. 'That line of thinking is stupid. If this Lord Creator had this kind of power, why was he using such roundabout methods? Being able to put a Higher Existence to sleep was a strength no one in the mortal plane could possibly have... The only thing that could put a Higher Existence to sleep would be the Higher Existence him or herself!'

Dyon calm expression bloomed into a slight smile once more. His greatest fear was eradicated. He suddenly understood why it was that this Lord Creator only opened this world so infrequently.

Christian III who had been expecting to see despair on Dyon's face came out very disappointed. Even when he looked toward Madeleine, hoping to maybe see her beg and plead for her life, he found nothing of the sort. When Madeleine saw Dyon's light smile, all of her worries seemed to vanish as well.

"A mere remnant spirit who can't even open his own Mystical World at his leisure is truly the epitome of pitiful. To think that you'd make it sound like you had everything under control."

Dyon's voice was greeted with silence before a laughter that sounded like bones grating against each other sounded out.

"To maintain this air of confidence before your death, you've at least not shamed your ancestors, little boy. But, don't speak about the things you know nothing of."

At the moment, Dyon's most important goal was to shatter the confidence of his opponents and the fear his potential allies had in them. Therefore, he'd break this façade entirely!

"I was wondering," Dyon said lightly, "What powerful techniques does Senior Lord Creator use to put even Half-Step Transcendent Beasts to sleep?"

The Lord Creators laughter froze.

"Don't deem to talk about the things you shouldn't!" Christian roared. For the first time, he truly lost his temper.

"Oh my... I was just asking a Senior for pointers. Was I not being respectful enough?" Dyon asked with an innocent smile.

Madeleine covered her soft lips with a few slender fingers, amusement clear in her eyes. She always felt that those who saw this smile were truly unfortunate.

Still, even while she was enjoying the show, taking the beast babies in her arms, others were panicking.

Higher Existence Beasts? They were here? And this Lord Creator put them to sleep? Weren't they finished now?

"Of course," Dyon continued nonchalantly, "What would senior need us for if he had such power? You even restrict this world, not allowing dao experts to enter... I wonder why that is?"

Those who had been figuring out if they should kowtow to Christian III for his aid suddenly froze. That was right... What could someone so powerful need members of the younger generation like them for?

Spirits who weren't of the Sprite Race were incredibly weak. And, even those of the Sprite race needed appropriate vessels to display power. If one had the strength to put Higher Existences to sleep, they would clearly be beyond this! So, why would a person with sinister intentions and with this kind of power restrict entry to them? After all, the Sovereign Flame caused even old fogies who never came out of seclusion to go crazy.

Obviously, this wasn't an issue of the world's enticement being too small...

"Tell me, Senior Lord Creator, it can't be that you only dare to open this world after the beasts who were birthed and grew here reached the end of their lifespans, no? That would be too embarrassing for someone who holds such a lofty title."

Dyon light smile became akin to a devil descending from the skies. He understood the moment he reached this point.

When he fought Loki and Elder Daiyu, why was it that Lionel Belmont was so confident in betraying his Clan and entering a den of lions? It was because he could awaken his ancestors to fight on his behalf!

Dyon had mistakenly believed that the Lord Creator put those Higher Existences to sleep... The truth was that they themselves placed their bodies in the very same near-death state all Ancestors do!

Dyon laughed lightly when he came to understand. To think that he had almost overestimated this Lord Creator by such a margin. Of course, this didn't mean he could take this situation lightly, but it at least meant that his confidence in always winning wasn't baseless this time.

When experts of a Clan or Sect reach the end of their lives, many choose to enter this near-death state. But limiting their pull on their remaining lifeforce to an absolute minimum, they were able to extend their 'last breaths', so to speak.

After this happened, all the Lord Creator had to do was use his Lordship over this mystical world to prevent the various beasts from communicating with their ancestors to rise them from their sleep. This feat was far simpler than what Dyon initially assumed was the case and it was for this reason that even while Dyon exterminated the Demon Tigers, none of their Higher Existence ancestors had been awoken.

So, why was it that this mystical world went so long between openings despite the Lord Creator clearly needing them very much?