

## **The Nameless 1331**

### Chapter 1331: Alive

It was because this world had to go through various cycles.

Whenever the Lord Creator finished an opening, he would need to take some time to digest his gains. By the time he finished doing so, the next batch of beasts would be ready to breakthrough to the Half-Step Transcendent realm!

When this occurred, the Lord Creator's absolute control would collapse. He would force himself into hiding, allowing his machinations to lay dormant until everything settled down. After all, while his cultivation suppression on the beasts worked on dao beasts and below, it was impossible for them to work on Higher Existences. In fact, the so-called second and third phase were actually these suppressions ceasing to work on even dao beasts due to the Lord Creator running out of energy to sustain them!

If the Lord Creator allowed the young geniuses it needed to enter while Higher Existence beasts were running rampant, one could imagine the outcome. So, the Lord Creator had to rely on the cycle of life and lie in wait patiently.

Eventually, sometimes after much longer than other times, all of the new Higher Existences would reach the end of their lives and enter this near-death state. Then, the Lord Creator would sever the connection these beasts had with their descendants, disallowing them from ever rousing.

In truth, this was incredibly cruel. Ancestors entered these near-death states not because they were afraid of dying, but rather because they wanted to accumulate more karma before reincarnation. The best way to garner this karma was by saving their Clansmen from the brink of destruction. Doing this would multiply the good karma they gained in their lifetimes by several times over!

However, the Lord Creator actually cut off this opportunity. As Higher Existences, entering a near-death state for them was practically like entering an eternal slumber. Their lifeforces were too fierce. Unless they awoke and used this remaining lifeforce in a final battle, it would take an unimaginable amount of time for it to dissipate naturally.

Overtime, this Mystical World had actually accumulated hundreds of slumbering Higher Existences, all of whom were doomed to never awaken.

Dyon shook his head. 'This treasure that can cut off communication from Ancestors sounds incredibly useful. After I deal with this, it'll save me a lot trouble in the future.'

What Dyon lacked the most now was a foundation. If he started his conquests, it would be terrible if his victories were foiled by the awakening of Ancestors. This sort of treasure was invaluable to him! In fact, he would even go as far as to say he'd likely give up this Sovereign Flame if it meant gaining this treasure. It was that important.

"Good... Good... Good..." The deep rumbling of the ancient voice stretched out over the high skies. "Deal with this, my descendants."

With that, the voice disappeared.

"You heard your gramps, come deal with me since he can't."

Christian III felt his veins pumping with rage. How could a single human being be so insufferable?

Madeleine giggled. "You're too good at making people angry."

"I probably already know the answer, but can you retreat?" Dyon said lightly, his playful demeanor disappearing.

"Not a chance in the world." Madeleine responded with a calm smile.

The mystical world began to quake, numerous celestial flames that had not dared to stand within the 100km radius surged forward.

They began to clump together, one after another. Their auras blazed, skyrocketing even as the surrounding heat did. Soon, they began to take vague humanoid forms, the danger of which far surpassed the peak celestial puppets of before. Even though they didn't have the strength of a pseudo-dao expert, their danger was no less. Who dared to underestimate the might of so many coalesced celestial flames?

The demon sage tower shrank, entering Dyon's inner world. Since he had promised to protect them all and bring them out alive, he would.

It was then that something incredulous happened. The flames, which had formed more than a hundred peak celestial humanoids suddenly flew into one another. No, that wasn't what happened, one flame swallowed them all!

'You've got to be kidding me...!' Dyon suddenly felt a headache coming along. He hadn't felt this way since he entered the mountain of coarse silver.

There was no doubt in his mind... The worst part was that this time, it would be far more dangerous. If this happened, the confidence he had in his own flames being superior would drop to zero.

A Flame Sprite was being born!

This flame sprite being born amid so many flames was just as bad as fighting Little Rain in his mountain of coarse silver. In fact, it was worse. Celestial Flames were akin to the coarse silver mountain being a deposit of comet grade metal instead of the master grade material it was!

Just when those not of the Golden Crow Sect believed things couldn't be going any worse, a mighty strength fell from the skies. Immediately, they understood how the beasts below felt.

The Princes and Princesses of the 3rd and 4th ranked Sects felt their cultivation plummet.

10th celestial realm... 9th .... 6th .... 2nd ... 1st

It wasn't just them either, Dyon and Madeleine felt a foreign pressure assault their bodies, even Blythe's protectors fell to the 1st celestial realm. As for Blythe and Wilder, they became even more useless, falling into the saint realm and losing control of the magic treasures they used to stay in the sky. If it wasn't for the protectors catching them, they would have fallen to their deaths. Even a saint wouldn't survive such a high fall.

As no surprise to anyone, the Golden Crow disciples remained completely unscathed. In fact, their auras seemed sharper. To make matters worse, God Goldeen's cultivation had already advanced to the high celestial realm even before these events!

Christian III's laughter rang through the battlefield. "Now you tell me, whose proposal do you choose? You can all either die pitiful deaths here, or you can help me make sure that not a single Flaming Lily Sect disciple leaves here alive."

### Chapter 1332: Underestimate

Having grasped the situation once more, God Goldeen's confidence skyrocketed. If they killed everyone but Yandevere, that would solve all their problems at once. Plus, adding atop the fact that Ancestor's goal will finally be completed this time, our Golden Crow Sect will conquer the entirety of our 4th quadrant and catapult to the ranks of comet grade sects! At that point in time, the Big 3 Quadrants of our tower quadrants will become the Big 4!

The choice everyone there made was obvious.

With the heat bearing down on them from all sides, with the reddened skies looking as though they had been plunged through the gates of hell, with a pseudo-dao flame sprite being born just dozens of meters from them... There was too much. Even for True God Sacharro, it was too much.

Those here were certain that had Dyon not hidden away the Flaming Lily Sect disciples, they too would have stepped out to stand against him. Such was the way of the martial world.

Through gritted teeth, the Legatees of the Fiery Lotus and Flame Rebirth Sects nodded in agreement along with the protectors of Blythe. Instantly, the situation not only reverted to what it had been when Dyon first arrived, it was worse by several levels.

'This world has certain rules...' Dyon said calmly to himself, ignoring what was happening around him. 'The only way for a world to maintain its Law is for it to have rules. This Lord Creator has already broken his own rules by applying this suppressive effect to us, which means that he's definitely suffered backlash. This means that the consequences of doing this versus allowing those without keys into this third phase castle are comparatively less... I can use this...'

Even though various gazes fell on Dyon, trying to see what his reaction would be to their flip-flopping betrayals, they were disappointed to find that they couldn't read anything by his expression. He continued to stare at them as though he was looking at lower lifeforms.

"Kill him." God Goldeen said with a darkened expression.

The various former peak celestials felt their suppression dissipate. In the end, they all surged forward together. The only one who didn't take a single step was True God Tatsuya.

Dyon's hand pulled Madeleine's shoulder back, keeping the best babies to his back as well. With a thought, he surged forward, his size booming to over 20 meters tall.

"[Titan Emperor's Will Act One: Stage Three]."

The pressure on Dyon's beyond reached astronomical levels. He had yet to reach the realm of perfection in any one of the first three stages, making him more unstable. This was why his size still shot up drastically. However, to make matters worse, his power wasn't anywhere near the same level as the last time he made use of this technique. The 80 times multiplier was too much to handle for extended periods of time, yet he did so anyway.

What did he come to do? Not only was he here to gain resources, he was here to set a Bloody Precedent!

When he walked out of this mystical world, everyone would come to know that there was no surer bet than Dyon Sacharro. No matter the odds, no matter what it seemed like, even when he was stuck in the jaws of defeat, he would win!

Dyon initiative shook his seven attackers. Just when they thought that this was practically over with the seven of them attacking together, the situation changed once more. It was then they realized... The world's suppressive effect was useless on him!

The cocking back of Dyon's fist seemed to encapsulate their whole world. It was the center and they were merely the ants that stood on the outskirts.

How dare mere first order celestials stand before his might? Even if he hadn't used Titan Emperor's Will, their only fate was death!

"[Vanishing Fists]..."

The laws of momentum twisted and contorted, a massive spatial half-step dao array appearing behind Dyon.

His fist shot forward with blinding lights. Seven streaks of power. Seven reapers of life. Seven vicious, unfeeling gods of death, rained upon the peak celestials.

At first, they looked down at their chests. It felt that they hadn't been hit by anything... Other than the small pin sized hole above their hearts that barely leaked any blood, they looked no different.

But, that was when space distorted. Seven black holes seemed to suck everything in their path in. Before they could react, their eyes went white, unable to feel or hear anything... The only thing that remained were seven bloody holes the perfect size of their hearts and seven lifeless corpses.

A scorching heat escaped Dyon's lips as his body shrunk to its original size. The breath was so fiery that even the gradually growing temperature was overshadowed in an instant. For Dyon to generate so much heat, it can be imagined just how much pressure his body had just been under. Yet, he seemed perfectly healthy aside from a slightly paled face.

The differences between the four realms of celestials were vast. However, so was an 80 times multiplier in strength. With Titan Emperor's Will, Dyon can instantly this gap and rely on absolute power to defeat anyone of the peak celestial realm below the 4th order in a single attack.

'I've been relying on my comprehension of titan will to forcibly enter and use Titan Emperor's Will, but that places too much stress on my body.' Dyon thought seriously.

Before, when he used Demon Emperor's Will, the multiplier wasn't exaggerated enough for him to suffer any great loss, so he wantonly used the technique even without perfecting it. But now, the effects of Titan Emperor's Will were too strong. Not only did it multiply his body's strength, it did the same for

his energy. With the increase in Dyon's strength recently, this multiplier became even more difficult to handle without reaching perfection.

When Dyon's body only weighed 10 000 jin, he had so much room for improvement within the bronze silk realm that he could sustain the first act easily. However, now that he had reached 100 000 000 jin, multiplying his strength placed him outside the bounds of what the bronze silk realm could handle. Any simple math could tell you that considering the upper limit of the bronze silk realm was one billion jin.

The good news was that Dyon's body was so tyrannical that he could withstand this pressure for a split second. Using it to catch seven opponents off guard and defeat them all at once was more than worth it.

The remaining geniuses couldn't believe what they had just seen. Did a saint really just defeat 7 peak celestials? Their bodies were hardly intact anymore!

Seven celestials slowly fell from the air, shock still apparent on their faces. The entire left sides of their chest were obliterated. If not for the small portions of flesh that remained on the right, their bodies would have been split in two.

After a moment, a deep chuckle sounded. Everyone looked over to see True God Tatsuya shimmering out of existence.

"You all underestimate True Gods too much. I stayed just to see whether this True God Sacharro who had hidden so long was worthy of my attention. It turns out that I've long since been surpassed. Good, I'll follow Falkor's lead and leave first."

Chapter 1333: As You Please?

God Goldeen's eyes flashed with murderous intent, unable to stop the beating of his heart. He was wondering why Falkor wasn't here, it turned out he left first... He really had underestimated True Gods. The amount of luck attached to them was unimaginable, how could they die here at his whim? He was nothing but a dancing clown.

There was only a one-word difference between his title and theirs, but it was akin to an endless chasm he could never hope to bridge!

Dyon smiled lightly as he quickly circulated Holy Type energy, quickly healing himself. It seemed he wasn't the only one in this generation with trump cards. No wonder they dared to come in without protectors.

With a thought, seven spatial rings appeared in Dyon's hands. Unlike what others thought, he didn't have a massive clan backing him, so how could he let the fortuitous encounters of seven peak celestials go?

Aside from Blythe and Wilder, now only the Golden Crow Disciples remained. Dyon found First Inner Disciple Louis' expression particular interesting. Why did he look like he had just swallowed a dead cat?

"We have to move quickly, before the Flame Sprite is born. I'll leave the inner disciples to you. Me and the beast babies will handle God Goldeen and the peak celestials. They shouldn't last more than a few minutes against you."

Madeleine smiled lightly, her demeanor changing in an instant. In that moment, the suppression this world had tried to levy upon her shattered. The shimmering image of a Goddess riding upon a Phoenix bathed in violet flames appeared behind her.

How could a deity be suppressed?!

Dyon grinned. An irrational part of his mind wanted to bed this wife of his now.

'Later.' A sweet voice entered Dyon's mind, causing his blood to rush. Even without Titan Emperor's Will, he felt twice as powerful.

The husband and wife pair surged forward as one. Madeleine facing the three Golden Crow disciples and the remaining Blythe and Wilder, while Dyon fearlessly careened toward God Goldeen, wings of black appearing to his back.

'Why is the suppression not working on them? I don't understand!' God Goldeen roared in his mind, wanting to blame his Ancestor but not daring to.



But, how could he know that his Ancestor was aggrieved as well? After using tens of millions of years of accumulated power to suppress the beasts for phase one and two, he hardly had any strength left. He had thought that he was still enough to suppress mere celestials, but who would have known that this husband and wife pair were so lofty? Both actually had God Constitutions!

The beast babies bloomed to their full size. In an instant, five oppressive attacks tore through the air.

"You think we'll allow you to do as you please?" God Goldeen's composure settled. He realized that if he wanted to win, he had to remain calm. Since True God Tatsuya had already escaped, killing Dyon had seemingly become an impossibility. But, as long as their ancestor succeeded, no matter how powerful Dyon's Clan was, they would have to think twice!

Dyon laughing expression disappeared. He sunk into a state of absolute focus and confidence. His manifestations bloomed behind him, one after another, exuding the aura of superiority.

In that moment, his weapon's pagoda opened with a blinding light. 108 swords flew outward, each with an overpowering sharpness and air of an Emperor. Each and every one of them was actually a half-step supreme grade weapon!

The shock the Golden Crow Sect disciples felt couldn't be described in just a few words. The only method Sects and Clans of the tower quadrants could use to accumulate a legacy of supreme grade weapons was by relying on their youths to earn them in the tower trials. Unfortunately for them, only True Gods passed with enough merit to earn such lofty rewards, and only a rare few passed with such flying colors as Dyon to take supreme grade treasure for all 5 of his rewards, even gaining a 6th due to being cheated during his 4th trial.

Simply put, great Sects might be able to earn one or two supreme grade treasures every time they birthed a True God. But, over the course of time, due to lack of weapon's master talent, these supreme grade treasures would eventually accumulate damage before becoming useless. Due to this cycle, even the greatest Clans and Sects would only have two or three supreme grade treasures at most, making Spiritual grade treasures the foundation that decided their true strength.

Back when Dyon stole Lilith's supreme grade dome, she had felt heart break due to the fact her Nightmare Palace only had a dozen such treasures, but the tower quadrants were even more pitiful than that!

Now, Dyon took out 108 treasures surpassing the Spiritual grade, only being a step shy of the supreme grade, how could they not nearly faint in shock?

The swords lit the reddened world, the 'SHIIING' sounds of their excitement ringing in the ears of all those present. A brilliant sword formation became to form just as Dyon's body light with a beautiful royal blue armor that seemed crafted of sapphires and crystals.

In that moment, the 100 meter wide imposing image of the weapon's master half-step dao appeared.

The eyes of the Golden Crow disciples shrunk. 'Weapon's Master Will of the 9th will level!'

Dyon gently landed on Biibi's head. They both stood on Linlin's large back as Shere and Sen stood to either side. How could these world's laws stop celestial beasts from flight? They already broke true heavenly rules by flying before reaching the essence gathering realm. Now that they had grown more powerful, the laws of this world could no longer bind them.

Dyon calmly watched as two of Christian III's body guards tried to break off from the group to obstruct Madeleine. It was clear they were aware that their inner disciples were no match for her. But, how could Dyon allow that.

"[108 Heavenly Comets: Streaking Across the Skies]."

The formation of swords moved as one. In that moment, an overwhelming sense of danger consumed the two peak celestials. If they continued on their path, they would die!

God Goldeen watched as his two protectors were forced to retreat, an incredulous expression written on his face. Just what kind of technique was this? And just how powerful was a sword formation with 108 half-step supreme grade swords?!

Shere roared, her beautiful coat of white fur erupting in sparkling blue fire.

The already retreating peak celestials panicked once more. This sort of corrosive fire couldn't be underestimated in the slightest.

Biibi smiled adorably, a staff exuding an ancient aura appearing before her. Her energy skyrocketed, amplifying the circulating of qi within her.

An instant later, a large magic circle etched with crystal will bloomed. At first, it seemed to block Shere's strike, but a moment later it shook with a violent rage, redirecting Shere's flame's toward the dodging peak celestials. In fact, the flames were also accelerated and strengthened!

The two disciples roared. Even when they were called the protectors of God Goldeen, this wasn't an accurate representation of their strength.

The truth was that they were two husband and wife pairs known as the Scions of the Crow and Goldeen Clans respectively. The female Crow and Goldeen disciples each respectively married the males of their counterpart Clans. In the end, while God Goldeen would rule over the Sect as a whole, they would become the Patriarch and Mistress of the Sect's two Pillar Clans.

Knowing this, how could they be weak? All four of them were 7th Order geniuses, truly living up to the status of the 4th ranked quadrant! They were nothing like the pitiful Flaming Lily Sect disciples.

The Crow Scions each struck heavily toward the flames, retreating, but doing so in an elegant manner. It was clear that even if they wanted to go through, they would have to ask Dyon first!

Dyon spread his arms, his aura reaching a new height. The movement of every one of his 108 swords was clear in his mind, he felt as though the world danced in the palm of his hand.

This formation of 108 swords wasn't something Dyon just suddenly found, nor was it something he created himself. While the True Weapon Wills of the other eight core weapons were variable abilities, the True Weapon Will of the Sword was a formation!

Dyon's swords spun elegantly in the air, trapping all five Golden Crow Sect celestials in a tight formation that leaked not a single opening. His sword qi was so sharp that they were forced to be on guard, not daring to be neglectful.

At first, they believed that such a formation couldn't be held for long. The drain on one's soul would be monumental. But, when they noticed Dyon casually waving his hands without a hint of strain on his face, they couldn't help but panic slightly. If Dyon was alone, they could forcibly break out of this formation, however what truly made this formation impenetrable were the actions of the beasts.

Dyon and his beast companions moved as one. Whenever it seemed as though one might slip out, Shere and Sen would immediately react. Topping this off with the harassment tactics of Biibi and the formation was practically perfect.

Hearing the agonizing screams of their inner disciples as Madeleine handled them one after another caused the five of them to realize that they had to take out Dyon no matter what. Unfortunately for them, even when they forcibly ignored escaping and the wounds the sword formation gave them to attack Dyon, they found the stone wall that was Linlin, expertly manipulating a silver hexagonal shield.

In the beginning, Linlin's comprehension of defensive formations was already otherworldly. When coupled with the absolute offensive formation that Dyon's sword formation employed and the 3rd stage supreme grade treasure, it was enough to give these five high ranking celestials a headache. Even though their lives weren't in any immediate danger, they understood that they couldn't continue this for long.

'Tch,' Dyon frowned, displeased with himself. If he could bring out the full power of this [108 Heavenly Comets] formation, these five would have long since died. Even if there were twenty of them of the same strength they would have still suffered silently in death. However, the sword avatar was the only of the 9 true weapon will avatars Dyon didn't fight personally. Although his mask somehow forcibly gifted him the comprehension he sought, the knowledge wasn't his own yet...

'I can barely use a single percent of this formation. I should have spent more time with this. Still, this is the best delaying tactic I have. When Madeleine comes, the pressure will be too much for them to handle.'

The [108 Heavenly Comets] was actually only the first and weakest part of this formation. It was supposed to be the outer ring of the formation while the core was made up of the [12 Heavenly Moons],

[9 Heavenly Planets] and [Three Heavenly Stars]. Together, they created a nigh undefeatable attack formation.

Truth be told, using this formation hardly put any burden on Dyon at all. The issue was that he didn't understand its hidden and underlying mysteries just yet, so he could only use it in such a crude way.

"Hmph," Dyon snorted, "Since one formation is lacking, try three!"

Under the unsightly expressions of the five disciples, 218 more swords flew from Dyon's weapon's pagoda, each with the exact same half-step supreme grade aura!

Dyon charged into the formation. The pressure on him was too small, meaning that he wasn't squeezing out his potential properly. He'd fight God Goldeen personally!

With a single flap of his wings, Dyon appeared before the enraged Christian III, his fist careening forward.

BOOM!

Unexpectedly, Dyon was forced backward. Stumbling slightly through the air to mitigate the force.

"To think that you'd come here! You're nothing but a saint! DIE!"

The four Scions leaped forward, trying to take advantage of Dyon entering the formation. However, it was at that time that 218 of the swords turned on them, forcibly cutting them off from Dyon and Christian III and splitting that battlefield in two.

A vicious light shone in Dyon's eye. "[Titan Emperor's Will Act One: Stage One]"

Just as Dyon's body was about to explode in size, brilliant and complex formation that moved about like gears appeared in his eyes.

"[Weaken]." With a thought, Dyon activated the [weaken] degree of freedom, halving the power of this first stage to a 10x multiplier. Instantly, Dyon found it incredibly easy to grasp the perfection of this stage.

"[Perfection]..."

Dyon's body condensed. His skin glowing like beautiful diamonds. Even with his royal blue armor, his body itself outshone its illusory defenses. He looked absolute dazzling.

A sudden comprehension overcame him. Titan Emperor's Will supplemented the abilities of his constitution perfectly. Just like the techniques of the aurora and mind's eye became so perfect that the heavens passed it on after his grand teacher created them, Dyon suspected that the Titan Diamond Body was once also a technique... This very Titan Emperor's Will technique!

In the time Dyon spent activating and comprehending this new understanding, God Goldeen's attack had already arrived before him.

Dyon suddenly felt that all the power in the world was in his body. Even his black wings had become coated in beautiful diamond scales.

Without even a technique, his fist met God Goldeen's. Christian III, who had attacked as soon as Dyon showed an opening, hadn't used a technique either, thinking that he could easily kill Dyon with his superior cultivation. It was obvious to him that Dyon couldn't use that martial technique he used earlier continuously, or else they would have been finished. Unfortunately, this would cause him to suffer a loss.

Dyon's fists met his. In an instant, he felt the bones in his arms fracture as he flew backward into crowd of swords.

Just as Dyon was thinking of pursuing, the loud cry of an awakening beast shook the red skies. It was piercing and soul shaking, the kind of cry that could only come with the birth of a world ending phenomena.

Madeleine, who had just crippled all of her opponents had floated to Linlin's back. However, her features weren't relaxed at all as she looked toward the awakening Flame Sprite. Soon, they'd have to face a Sprite wielding a Pseudo-Dao Flame...

#### Chapter 1335: Ferocious

God Goldeens' face turned ferocious. At first, he had been able to use his abilities as a celestial cultivator to forcibly suppress Dyon's silver mirror constitution, but after he entered this form, his attempts became useless. To think he was actually pushed back by a saint!

However, when he saw that the Flame Sprite was awakening, a sinister glare appeared in his red eyes. It was impossible to control a newly born Sprite, even for them. However, the first instinct of a birthed sprite was to seek out strength and power. This was why, even in its embryonic stage, this sprite had begun swallowing all of the celestial flames around it.

The birth of this sprite wasn't coincidence. His ancestor had triggered this formation, causing a breakthrough in the embryo by utilizing means Christian III guessed could only be related to the Sovereign Flame. After the sprite was born, it would immediately try to strengthen itself by swallowing the strong Fire Dao of those around it. However, they would be safe under the protection of their Ancestor who could hide their auras from the sprite. This meant that it would only target Dyon and Madeleine!

'Since you reject my kindness, I'll allow this Flame Sprite to ingest your violet flames. Then, I'll rely on Ancestor to transfer those flames to myself!'

If God Goldeen knew this, how could Dyon not? Not only were he and Madeleine in danger, Shere, who had absorbed the flames of the Demon Tigers was also in danger.

Still, Dyon didn't so much as frown. With a single thought, a third of his swords shot through the air, aiming directly for the flame sprite. In the next instant, he released Little Rain.

"Little Rain, this matter is up to you!"

The adorable toddler form of Dyon patted in small chest, surfing the large black-red broad sword across the skies under an escort of 108 blinding swords.

Although Little Rain couldn't be considered a match for a weaker pseudo-dao expert, one who had broken through from the third grade, he was lacking against this flame sprite – it had simply absorbed too many celestial flames. Its aura nearly matched that of a new dao expert.

However, Little Rain had two advantages. The first was that the metals he liked the most were the hardest. Luckily, these sorts of metals also had high resistance to flames. Secondly, Dyon didn't need him to win, he needed him to delay. This was what Little Rain was best at with his ever-extending chains. With the support of Dyon's swords, there should be no problems lasting until Dyon and Madeleine finished these matters.

For the first time, the Lord Creator who felt he had everything under control felt a shift in emotion.

"Mineral Sprite!"

To think the trump card he had nurtured for several billion years would be countered by luck!

What the Lord Creator didn't know was that even with Little Rain, Dyon had confidence in dealing with the Flame Sprite. However, he wanted to make it seem like he had run out of options!

Dyon roared. His mind was split in four ways, three controlling the sword formations and one fighting God Goldeen. This was what he was looking for. This was the kind of pressure he wanted.

In that moment, the four Scions were being constantly harassed by Dyon's swords, the beast babies, and now Madeleine herself had joined in. Unfortunately for them, while the attacks of the swords only kept them in check, the latter two applied serious harm to them!

"That's enough!" God Goldeen roared, his body shining like the center of a star. His appearance became no less radiant than Dyon's, looming down with an unending pressure. "True God or not, to push me this far as a mere saint is something to be proud of."



God Goldeen's arms rested limply to his sides. But, their beaten black and blue exteriors seemed to heal quickly under the blinding light of his body.

Dyon's eyes narrowed. 'Heaven grade constitution, Golden Radiance body. The strength it provides isn't anywhere near comparable to the Titan Diamond Body, but its recoverability is very good. I almost chose it over the silver mirror constitution.'

Although Dyon said the strength it provided wasn't anywhere near the Titan Diamond Body, that didn't mean it provided no strength at all. The Golden Radiance Body can be considered the absolute extreme of the Yang body that the Grand Templar King practiced. It was only now Dyon understood why Christian III took so many outstanding disciples from the Flaming Lily Sect... He used them to supplement his cultivation.

The Golden Radiance Body was able to directly turn flames into strength, whether that be to fight or to heal. Although it was ranked among the Heaven Grade, it was possible for it to become comparable to God Grade constitutions if supplemented properly. It was just that finding such flames was difficult.

"Ha," Dyon's eyes turned cold despite the laugh that escaped his lips. This God Goldeen wanted his wife's flames to upgrade his own talent. Although Dyon knew this before, seeing such blatant evidence of it made a deep seeded rage boil within him.

This God Goldeen thought he had unleashed a trump card that would turn the tables, but all he did was succeed in pissing Dyon off.

The radiance of God Goldeen's body shone so fiercely that his body turned a slight shade of red-gold. With his valiant and long blond hair, and the sharp light of his red eyes, he seemed like a deity descending from the skies.

But, that was when one half-step dao after another began to appear behind Dyon's back. Each and every one felt like another stomp upon God Goldeen's chest, shattering his confidence with their mere aura.

A simple halberd appeared in Dyon's hands, its light bobbing seemingly moving to the rhythm of God Goldeen's beating heart. It was nearly hypnotic in its movement, every sway exuding the aura of a level of skill most could never hope to match.

## Chapter 1336: Supreme

Dyon's body lengthened, his skin paling. Moments later, his hair turned a pale shade of gray that appeared to be a blemishless white.

A deep, dark fog wafted around him as his features grew sharper and more handsome. His appearance was sinister, like a creature of the night, but his allure was unmistakable, the kind that could grasp the heart of a woman with a single glance.

"God Heir, retreat!" One of the scions roared, trying to force his way through the endless rain of swords.

The truth was that God Goldeen, even as a mere higher celestial, was equal in power to the four scions. This was how large the difference between Orders was. He could fight them as 7th order peak celestials simply because he was of the 8th order.

Even while Dyon was pushing him back, although he grew angry, he never panicked. He had barely used 30% of his strength, hoping to use the Flame Sprite to end things quickly. Instead, he protected his own life, not taking any damage that was too severe while being cautious. This was his nature.

However, for the first time, Christian III felt an overwhelming danger consume him. If Dyon fought him like this, he'd have to bring out his full strength, and even then, he'd only have a 50% chance of winning!

'He's a mere Saint! This is ridiculous!'

Unfortunately, this God Goldeen didn't understand that Dyon wasn't a mere saint... He was a Saint of the 18th Order! If the difference between just one order was so vast, what was the difference between 10 of them?!

The halberd in Dyon's hand began to shake violently. A blinding flash of light tore through the air, coming from his weapon's pagoda and flying into Dyon's hand.

In that moment, the once grey halberd became a deep, night black. Its ax-like blades morphed, changing shape under incredible amounts of pressure to become a long, curved edge. Its spearhead disappeared, following the lead of the ax blades to lengthen the curved edge even further.

The pressure of a half-step supreme grade weapon suddenly became fiercer. If before the feeling was faint, it was now too real to ignore. It was completely incomparable to before!

When Dyon spent time meditating upon his manifestations, the weapon's pagoda was obviously among them. All this time, he had used its projections as weapons themselves, but he learned that this wasn't the proper way!

The truth of his weapon's pagoda was its ability to perfectly capture the inner essence of a weapon. Much like sprites, it needed a vessel to display its true power, without one, it was barely a tenth as effective as it should be.

If Dyon had realized this long ago, he would have understood that he didn't understand the true essence of weapons and would have found the Path to True Weapon Wills long ago.

As for the vessel that was most effective... Wouldn't Dwarf's Diamond, a substance so hard that it couldn't even be properly worked into a true weapon, be perfect?

Dyon's scythe swung lightly, causing a fierce wind that shattered God Goldeen's momentum.

With a thought, his wings expanded, blooming to four pairs of sleek black. Responding in kind, the 100-meter-wide death half-step dao that floated to Dyon's back pulsated. It seemed like it very much liked Dyon's black wings. Its strength had grown by at least 10%.

"Who are you...?" God Goldeen's features turned serious. The anger and shock washed away, replaced by an eerie calm. In the face of this kind of pressure, any genius who claimed the title of God would use it to temper themselves. Christian III's arrogance befit him as a true genius.

Dyon's eyes glowed with a grey hue. The silver half-step dao behind him sparkled, coating the edge of his blade with an almost imperceptible spatial energy.

It was effortless. Dyon fused scythe qi and spatial qi without a hint of strain, pushing them both to the 9th intent realm. As things stood now, their fusion was only a single step short of a dao.

However, he wasn't finished. In the next instant, the black fog around him accumulated, coating the blade's edge once more.

'A perfect fusion of three wills....' God Goldeen only needed to notice the faint eternity balance that floated just behind Dyon's humanoid manifestation to understand. Dyon somehow had not just one God Constitution, but two! A normal genius, no matter how high their comprehension, would find it impossible to balance three wills, two was the maximum, and even then, it was incredulous. Only someone with the Eternity's Balance Constitution could achieve this wantonly!

Dyon had formed a will no less powerful than a first stage dao...

What Christian III thought was a 50% chance of winning plummeted to 20%. This True God Sacharro was unfathomable. Even if he couldn't hold out this form for long, this was enough to treat peak celestials with impunity. With any True Gods here, he was unmatched.

As God Goldeen expected, Dyon's sword formations began to show more and more openings. If it wasn't for Madeleine and the beast babies, the four scions would have already charged out to help.

In the distance, Little Rain had an adorable strain coating his small face. Much like he had been before, this newly born flame sprite had no form, but it continuously tried to charge out from Little Rain's cage of chains to head toward Dyon. Its focus was entirely focused upon the half-step dao formation of white and black that represented Dyon's veins, it was practically salivating.

It was at this moment that God Goldeen understood that he wouldn't be receiving any help.

A deprecating laughter left his lips. In the face of a genius on Dyon's level, one could only accept reality. He was still too far from a True God.

"Fortunately..." Christian III said, retaining his calm as a brilliant golden armor appeared on his body. "... If you had broken into the celestial realm, I would have no chance ... I'll have to thank your extraordinary foundation for holding you back."

In that moment, his aura skyrocketed to the peak celestial realm. He had brought out a supreme grade treasure of the Goldeen Clan!

#### Chapter 1337: Sanctuary

The moment God Goldeen's cultivation soared by an entire realm, a domain of fire bloomed out from him, blowing back Dyon's swords and disrupting his formation entirely.

Yes, this wasn't a pseudo-domain of the celestials, this was a true domain – the kind only a dao formation expert could bring out! To think The Goldeen Family had a treasure of this caliber!

Normally, this treasure could even raise the cultivation of a dao expert by a single stage, but now that Christian III had used it in the celestial realm, it raised his by three, breaking him into the peak celestial realm and allowing him to become a 10th stage celestial.

This wasn't the worst part. If it was just a cultivation change, Dyon would just have to put in some extra effort. However, the domain was the true problem. Dyon felt his control over his wills weaken. At the same time, the stamina he used to control his sword formations increased tenfold. If it wasn't for the fact that God Goldeen couldn't bring out the full power of this supreme grade treasure as a celestial, Dyon likely wouldn't even be able to move!

Before Dyon could react, God Goldeen took out a 3-meter-long peak Spiritual grade spear and shot forward. No matter what, he had to end this quickly. The drain of this supreme grade treasure was too much. If it wasn't, he would have used it long ago.

The situation turned once more.

The four scions broke out from Dyon's formation. Before, they had already weakened due to Dyon fusing wills, but now under this domain, they weakened even further.

Madeleine and the beast babies shuddered. Under the suppression of this domain and the suppressive effects still coming from the Lord Creator, they felt it was difficult to ignore. They had to struggle to stay in the air, let alone what happened to their fighting ability.

A delicate roar escaped Madeleine's lips. A swirling pseudo-domain of violet flames and celestial energy bloomed to life, encasing her and the beast babies.

To the surprise of the scions, although Madeleine was clearly at a disadvantage, using the support of the beast babies, she managed to just barely hold on as blood leaked from her lips.

The battle became more chaotic. Who would have thought that a pseudo-domain could be activated within a true domain? Such a feat would have been impossible had it not been for Christian III being too weak to evoke its true strength.

Dyon clashed with the peak celestial God Goldeen. His scythe deflecting the tip of the spear time and time again. Despite being on his backfoot, his countenance was calm.

His divine sense pushed itself to the limit, focusing on everything happening around him.

When he realized that his sword formations were no longer useful, he dispelled all but nine swords, focusing his might on using them to support Madeleine and the beast babies.

Dyon's attacks became sharper. As the burden on his body lessened, he fought toe to toe with God Goldeen.

"[Immortal Radiance: Star Birth]."

The immortal image of a Three Legged Golden Crow appeared to God Goldeen's back. His manifestation shimmered with a mighty light, evoking an ancient aura the martial world hadn't faced in several epochs.

Dyon's expression turned serious. This was a peak heaven grade martial technique executed by a peak celestial. How could he underestimate it? Still, even if it was of the heaven grade, how much of it had God Goldeen comprehended?

Although Dyon had never practiced any scythe techniques, his comprehension abilities were otherworldly. He could infuse his comprehension of other weapons all while bringing his death qi to its absolute peak.

The trouble was that common grade techniques didn't involve any wills. Only by reaching the One with Self realm could true fusion occur. However, this grew more difficult the more wills there were.

That said, would Dyon be stupid enough to take out a scythe if he wasn't prepared for such difficulty?

"[Lone Ronin's Grief: A Life Without Path]."

'A sword technique?!' God Goldeen's instincts told him that this was a sword technique. In fact, he felt a huge cognitive dissonance. The base of this technique was of the common grade, so why did it rival his small success heaven grade technique?!

A scythe and spear met in the air. No... That wasn't the case. A spatial tear caused by the scythe and the spear met. No matter how hard the spear tried, it couldn't close the gap and touch the scythe's blade!

God Goldeen was blasted backward, stumbling through the air one foot at a time as he dissipated the force in three steps. When he saw that Dyon also only took three steps, his brows couldn't help but furrow. Could he really only tie even after bringing out this trump card? No, he technically lost, his blade couldn't even touch Dyon's!

A steamy breath left Dyon's lips. The strain on his mind was too much, it seemed he would have to go all out.

"[Inner World.... Sanctuary]."

When those words were spoken, the world suddenly changed. The reddened skies were replaced by a clear blue one and the air they stood upon became a field of grass. The fragrance in the air was unmistakable, lightening the mood that was once filled with murder and blood.

However, the scions and God Goldeen felt incomparable danger. Even the newly born flame sprite stopped bouncing around excitedly as it felt its strength continue to fall.

"True Domain?!" God Goldeen's face was filled with horror. This wasn't a domain created by a treasure, it was one that was comprehended! How was this possible?!

Not only he, but the scions as well felt their strengths suppressed by 20%, all while Madeleine and the beast babies felt theirs boost by 20%.

Under the pressure of Dyon's inner world, God Goldeen could no longer sustain his domain. The backlash made him cough up a mouthful of blood. Before he could react, a slash tore through the air, displaying the perfect fusion of scythe, spatial and death qi.

#### Chapter 1338: Never

There was no time to dodge. God Goldeen was blasted into sky castle. Even though his supreme grade treasure protected him from getting slashed in half, his inner organs were practically nothing but minced meat. His combat prowess had fallen to zero and his life was barely hanging on by a string.

"God Heir!" The Scions ignored Madeleine's attacks, charging away and toward God Goldeen. In the end, Madeleine could be bothered with them. She made her way to Dyon, preventing him from collapsing as his inner world flickered out of existence.

Dyon had thought that evoking his inner world would be easy as it had been before, but it seemed that after undergoing its metamorphosis, it drained him almost completely.

Wait, if he thought about it, since when was activating his inner world an easy task? He had only done so once before, and that was back when he had to subdue Elder Nova, a true dao formation expert. Back then, he ended up so hurt that he fell into a coma for days. Originally, he had thought that the backlash was because of using so many treasures of the 33 heavens at once, but could it be that it was due to his inner world?

Leaning upon Madeleine, he felt his heart ache. Although she was suppressing it, he could tell that she had suffered numerous internal injuries.



Streams of Holy Type qi left him and entered her body.

"I'm fine." Dyon reassured. "I'm not injured, it's just that my mental energy is drained. I just need some time."

A deep-set frustration glowered within Dyon's eyes. If he had just broken through the celestial realm, the burden wouldn't have been so great! Dammit!

The beast babies floated around Dyon and Madeleine in a protective formation, glaring at the four scions who had surrounded God Goldeen. The only sound within their silent atmosphere was the battle taking place between Little Rain and the newly birthed flame sprite.

To the side, Biibi muttered some words. Dyon suddenly felt his mental energy recovering at a rapid pace. If he had time to rest, just a few hours would be enough.

He sent a surprised glance toward Biibi, but she only received a cute smile.

"Celestial will isn't so simple big brother. If it was only about purification, the Heavens wouldn't have accepted it due to its redundancy with Holy Will. That said, only the legacy of us Celestial Deer can bring out its full strength. When fused with our bloodline, its abilities are very wide ranging... It's a large part of the reason we're called Celestial Beasts in the first place..."

Dyon's eyes suddenly sharpened. He remembered his master asking him to place a drop of blood within her concoction back when she made those pills capable of rejuvenating mental energy. Back then, it had been before he awakened his original constitution, because he had yet to eradicate all the bloodlines within him, he still had 5% of the celestial deer bloodline.

'Could that be why?... No wonder celestial beast blood is so valuable!'

Still, Dyon's mental energy was vast with the support of his soul. Even with Biibi's help, it would take several dozen minutes to rejuvenate just 5%. However, that was when Dyon felt that process increase in speed by many times over.

A gentle smile entered Dyon's vision, he found the now healed Madeleine helping with her own celestial intent. With Biibi mediating, he instantly recovered by 20%, then 30%.

Biibi sighed with a hint of jealousy. "If only I comprehended celestial will to the supreme law level, I wouldn't have to rely on Big Sister Madeleine."

"WHAT ARE YOU FOOLS DOING?! CAN YOU NOT SEE THAT THEY'RE HEALING THEMSELVES?!" The enraged roar of the Lord Creator shook the scions awake, but even then, they hesitated.

Dyon had not only proven himself to be infallible, they had all sworn oaths to protect God Goldeen's life before their own. It was this oath that kept internal struggles from occurring within the Golden Crow Sect. If they broke this oath, their cultivation would be crippled by the heavens. In addition, as soon as God Goldeen died, they would all die as well. This assured they'd never have thoughts of betrayal.

Simply put, they couldn't leave his side.

The Lord Creator trembled with rage watching his own descendants ignore him. He really was too restricted to act anymore blatantly than he had. Could things really end like this? He still needed their golden flames!

Suddenly, before anyone could react, a bloody hole appeared in God Goldeen's forehead.

Not only the scions, but even Dyon's eyes widened in shock. What existed in this world that his divine sense couldn't pick up on?! If this person had attacked him instead, what would have happened?!

In that moment, as the scions felt their hearts clench and their meridians sever all while the remaining life in Christian III's eyes faded, they watched a vague figure shimmer back into existence.

The last thing they heard before they died was an uproarious laughter. "Never underestimate a True God!"

'True God Tatsuya!' Dyon's eyes narrowed into pinholes.

Dyon immediately calmed down, watching as the five peak-most geniuses of the Golden Crow Sect breathed their last breaths. If he had been aware that all their lives were tethered to one another, this battle wouldn't have dragged out for so long. Unfortunately, he hadn't known, so he wasted precious strength on holding back the four scions thinking he'd have to kill them one by one.

His gaze shifted, looking over toward Little Rain. Now that he had nothing else to focus on, his Presence descended from the skies, immediately stifling the flame sprite.

Before, Dyon's Presence had been useless against Little Rain for two reasons. Firstly, Little Rain had been hiding in a vessel even his divine sense couldn't penetrate. Secondly, Little Rain's speed was incomprehensible. Even Dyon, who was used to things appearing slow under his senses, couldn't track him. How could he aim an attack under such circumstances?

#### Chapter 1339: Disappear

However, now matters were completely different. First, Dyon's soul energy could now be considered a half-step into the planet grade. With this, he could sense and track dao level experts now. In addition, even if he couldn't, Little Rain was keeping the flame sprite in a confined cage.

Still, the most important point was that Dyon's Presence seemed to be capable of partially penetrating through defenses now. Although it wasn't as exaggerated as being able to ignore them completely, at least 5-10% could influence his opponents now. For Little Rain who was struggling, this was an invaluable aid. This was especially so considering Sprites were very susceptible to Presence in the first this. The concept was similar to how Dyon once used his Presence to shatter Asyna's Asura's Eye manifestation.

Soon, the battle flipped in Little Rain's favor, just as expected.

Seeing that matters were about to be so easily handled, Dyon turned his attention back toward True God Tatsuya who was happily looting the treasures of the five.

"You! Shameless!" A crippled Angelica struggled to stand. Despite being a mere third ranked inner disciple, it seemed that she had the most fire in her. Being beaten and crippled by Madeleine was

humiliating beyond belief, but she couldn't just stand by and watch as a supposed True God acted without recourse.

She stumbled, face planting onto Linlin's hard-shelled back. She barely made it a single step out of the decrepit circle of five crippled former geniuses. While Louis, Meaghan, Blythe and Wilder had all lost the light in their eyes, she seemed to be the only one willing to fight.

Dyon looked toward Madeleine with a raised eyebrow, but she only smiled back innocently. It wasn't as though Dyon could ask her why she hadn't just killed them, so he let it go.

The truth was that the upper echelon of the Golden Crow Sect definitely knew about this Ancestor here, or else Christian III would have been unaware. Therefore, whether they came up with some fake story about how every died or not, they'd never believe it. That said, it wasn't very convenient for these five to stay alive.

In the end, Dyon tossed them all into the Demon Sage Tower dungeons.

By the time he looked over to True God Tatsuya once again, God Goldeen's corpse was already stripped naked and he was holding the refined gold armor with a jagged and toothy smile.

"And here I thought Dragons were the epitome of arrogance." Dyon said in a teasing tone.

True God Tatsuya snorted. "Arrogance and Sovereignty come in many forms."

"Ah, true. I guess there must be an Emperor of Sneak Attacks somewhere." Dyon nodded sarcastically.

Although Dyon said these things, he understood the deeper meaning behind Titus' words. If lesser beasts like those of the Five Beast Clan Alliance could follow the human path, why couldn't dragons? As a True God, Titus most definitely followed both paths. In the end, as a result, his sovereign path was more flexible.

He was the sort who found the ends to justify the means. In truth, Dyon's thoughts weren't too far from the same. Although, Dyon would never monopolize treasures of a battle he hardly contributed in like this. However, Dyon decided to allow it.

Obviously, this wasn't because Dyon was afraid of Titus. Rather, it was because he decided to make a friend this time around.

"If I wasn't like this, I would have attacked you instead for daring to have not only using one of my race's half-step Emperor reverse scales as a stepping stone, but for also daring to have one of my race as a beast companion as well. You're truly bold."

Dyon laughed. "If you weren't like this, you wouldn't use a sneak attack to express your dissatisfaction. In that case, you'd surely lose in a single move."

Sharp red eyes looked toward Dyon. But in the end, Titus simply tossed five spatial rings toward him.

"I might be shameless enough to take this supreme grade armor for myself, but I won't take everything. I'm sure that they've gained quite a few good things here with the help of that decrepit skeleton who dares to call himself Lord Creator."

After storing the golden and bloodied armor in his spatial ring, Titus laughed once more. "I'll see you on the Ancient Battlefield. In that time, I wonder how the other True Gods and False True Gods will react to your arrogance. It should be a good show."

Titus shot into the air, meeting a formless barrier at once but shimmering through it as though it didn't exist. Soon, his presence disappeared from Dyon's senses.

Dyon watched Titus disappear. He kept hearing about this Ancient Battlefield, but he had no idea what it was.

The first time he heard about it was when he met the celestial beasts for the first time. Back then, according to them, both the celestial ape and turtle clans had apparently come back from hiding within the Ancient Battlefield.

Considering all the odd places he had heard of this battlefield, he couldn't help but be confused.

"The Ancient Battlefield is a place where the beginning of time meets the end of time." Madeleine suddenly spoke, seemingly reading Dyon's mind. "The Masters of our Sects would have normally come personally to something as important as the opening of the Golden Flame Mystical World, but only our Vice Masters came because of an important meeting taking place in the Star Clan quadrants."

Dyon's eyes contracted.

"I know what you're thinking." Madeleine said with a sigh. "But, I purposely didn't tell you so that you wouldn't do anything foolish like going there to put on a show. It's very difficult to fool those old monsters. Although no one above the middle dao realm should waste their time at such an event, there'll be plenty of experts at or just below this strength. All of them have already lived several ten thousand years at the least.

"If I had known about Amphorae's strength and your meeting her beforehand, I would have. But, by the time I knew, we had already entered the mystical world."

#### Chapter 1340: Blue Flames

Dyon shook his head. "There's no point in harping on it. Knowing Amphorae, as long as she hears about the existence of this gathering, she will go even without my saying anything. She'll do us justice. The middle dao experts who can match her strength shouldn't exceed my finger count."

**BOOM!**

The loud bang of something exploding caught Dyon off guard. He had been focusing on recovering his mental energy while suppressing the flame sprite, so he almost missed it when Little Rain's chain cage broke apart.

However, the scene he saw was incredulous.

Little Rain, a small illusory image of his toddler self, was wrapping his small lips around a struggling bulb of light.

"Isn't this cannibalism..." Dyon muttered to himself. To make matters worse, Little Rain was making such a silly face with his own visage. Dyon found it hard not to be embarrassed under Madeleine's giggling.

Dyon's eyes widened. With a thought, he shot forward, catching Little Rain before he fell out of the air. The little guy had fallen into such a peaceful sleep, completely forgetting that falling into the den of beasts below would be the end of him.

Dyon shook his head, watching what amounted to himself sleeping. He couldn't help but admit Little Rain did look adorable right now. Other than the ball of red light that rested within his stomach, he looked no different than a normal child. He even became less illusory and more corporeal.

"What happened?" Dyon couldn't help but ask the hamster twins in confusion.

"It seems that Little Rain has a rare characteristic among Sprites. He's able to devour those of his species to gain new attributes. Once he wakes up, he'll be the first dual attribute sprite in quite a long time." Little Yin said in surprise.

"This won't affect him, will it?" Dyon felt slightly uncomfortable despite the fact this should have been great news. What other Empire could boast having the support of a dual attribute sprite? Well, for all Dyon knew, many of them could, but at the very least, this was a good and rare thing.

However, maybe it was Dyon's mortal realm thoughts speaking through the loudest, but he found the idea of devouring those of your own race for the sake of gaining strength a little too... evil.

In one arm, he held the little boy to his chest, and in the other, he held Little Rain's broad sword turned surfboard. It was likely because this small boy shared his face, but he didn't want Little Rain to go down a demented path even if it benefited him.

"There's nothing to worry about." Little Yang said in a rare moment of sympathy. "Beasts eat other beasts for the sake of gaining strength, but that doesn't necessarily mean they've gone down an evil path. Just consider it to be a difference in culture. Since Little Rain has decided to take your face, he's

already chosen to model himself after you. He'll take your values as his own for the most part, these are just his basic instincts."

Dyon released a deep breath. After allowing Little Rain to rest within his inner world, he turned a serious gaze toward the 13-key-hole door, unable to decide whether he should enter or wait for the mystical world to eject them.

Soon, he turned resolute. What was the point of all of this if he didn't press forward?

"You need to be careful, Dyon." Little Yin said, slightly worried. "There can only be one reason this Lord Creator spent so many years scheming in this small world."

"You know something?" Dyon guessed.

"I wasn't sure before, but now I am. The sovereign flame has only occurred naturally a single time in the history of all that has existed. No matter what, there has always been only a single sovereign flame core. Although there are numerous so-called 'Sovereign Sparks' that are sold at astronomical prices, there is only one sovereign core, a core that has disappeared for trillions of years.

"In all likelihood, this Lord Creator has invested trillions of years into forming a new core after the original was shattered... It's impossible that such an individual wouldn't have fail safes."

Dyon's jaw clenched lightly. Something was telling him that he had to enter, that all of the waiting and the biding of his time was for this moment. But, another, more rational part of him told him that the danger was too much.

The Lord Creator hadn't said or done anything as his descendants died because he couldn't. That meant the Laws he set on this world didn't allow him to leave this third phase sky castle.

With Little Rain unconscious, one of Dyon's trump cards had gone up in smoke. Then there was the fact that he didn't dare to take his beast companions in with him, and he was even more unwilling to take Madeleine. The issue was that there was no way his wife would agree to stay here while he went in.



After this battle, Dyon understood the limits of Madeleine's strength. Now being of the 12th Order and having her improved creation comprehension and constitution, she was able to fight even 8th Order peak celestials on even footing. In truth, she was slightly more powerful than him now. If he didn't use Titan Emperor's Will, she could defeat him in a few moves.

However, when she was forced to face four 7th Order scions, she suffered greatly. Only with the support of the beast babies did she manage to come out relatively unscathed.

"You're going in, aren't you?" Madeleine's sweet voice drifted into Dyon's ears, causing him to unconsciously nod. "Then let's go."

Dyon turned his gaze toward his violet haired beauty, her eyes glittering like amethysts.

With a thought, Dyon grabbed her small hand, sending the beast babies into his inner world and waving the 13 keys toward the door.

An eerie snap spread through the skies, the soft creaking of doors not opened in several billion years filling their ears as a heat wave the like of which rivaled a star assaulted him.

Dyon and Madeleine walked hand in hand into a sea of blue flames.