

The Nameless 1341

Chapter 1341: Mighty

Deep within the Dark Ocean of the Water Mist Sect's territory, a beautiful yet deadly scene was taking place.

On one side, half a dozen creatures radiating a majestic rainbow light sat primed for battle. Each had eight sets of translucent, crystalline fins that look akin to fairy wings. Their bodies were covered with scales of various colors, ranging from light pinks to light blues and violets, giving them an otherworldly feel.

These were none other than the Dragons of the Sea, the Rainbow Kun Peng Clan.

On the other side, a domain of ice and wind ravaged the dark waters. Even under several tons of salty ocean, a winter wonderland was born, raining with delicate and fluttering snow while being supported by overbearing pillars of ice.

With this domain, a beautiful young woman with ten snow-white tails stood beside another equally as beautiful woman wearing robes of silver. These two were none other than Comet Lord Clara and Empress Ri.

"Leave!" The head of the Kun Peng tribe roared into the waters, suppressing the two women instantly and nearly shattering their dual domain.

If others had been here, they'd be stunned. This Clan Head was already a Pseudo Dao Expert. For these two girls who couldn't even defeat a high celestial, let alone a peak celestial, they were too far out of their depth.

"Has the Kun Peng Clan already forgotten their promises to the Elvin Kingdom?" Ri said coldly.

"It's in light of this past relationship that I haven't chosen to kill you where you stand! How dare you as a little girl claim the title of Elvin Queen?! Do you take it for a joke?!"

Ri sneered, her bad temper flaring up once more. She had been restraining her true self for too long, now that she had decided to relax and follow the paths she chose instead of the paths that led to the most power, how could she allow herself to be suppressed here?

"The title of Elvin Queen was never given to the most power, it was always given to the one who was worthy. Even if I was nothing more than a child, you should give me my due respect!"

Ri's manifestation bloomed behind her. A black fox loomed with an oppressive aura, a small diamond of gold shining fiercely on its forehead where it had fused with Ri's crown manifestation.

No matter what the era, the manifestation of a crown always symbolized royalty. How dare they belittle her with such blatant proof before them?!

"The most powerful of your Clan is a mere pseudo-dao expert, you can no longer enter your human forms despite being transcendent grade beasts who have entered the celestial realm, yet you dare to look down on me?!" Ri's delicate roar caused waves across the ocean floor.

It had been more than two years already, two years of constant hardship, all because of these dregs of a formerly glorious Clan. Yet, she had remained silent, simply taking it as a trial. She wasn't like Dyon who'd throw a fit at the mere sign of a senior daring to test his limits, although her temper was fiery, she was more understanding.

However, even after passing those tests and reaching this point, they still wanted to turn her away?

The golden diamond on the black fox's forehead grew fiercer.

"You're paying the price for the disobedience of your ancestors now, yet to think even while I'm willing to forgive you won't take the treasures placed right before you... I'll show you who's the little girl and who's the Elvin Queen!"

An ancient tree appeared behind Ri. If Dyon had been there, he would immediately recognize it as the manifestation of the Acacia Family – The Tree of Life and Death!

However, he would be incomparably shocked at the same time. The first form of the tree was an obsidian trunk. The second form shed this obsidian to reveal a translucent crystalline bark. According to the ancient tomes, this was the foremost limit of the manifestation. In fact, it was a limit that Dyon and King Acacia had already reached. He hardly used this manifestation anymore because its uses were limited outside of a large scale battle.

Yet, it seemed that after awakening to the true abilities of her constitution, Ri had shattered this supposed limit, creating something entirely new. This tree shed the mere Tree of Life and Death moniker, grasping firmly onto the title of World Tree!

The six Kun Peng showed signs of fear and horror. Their bloodlines ran cold and they felt their cultivations plummeting.

A bitter smile came from the Clan Head. "To think that after so many countless billion years, the seal of our race would still exist... The Ancient Elves are indeed mighty..."

Ri's rage reached a fever pitch. At this point, Clara could only stand to the side with a slight helpless expression on her face. It seemed like her and Ri were two opposites on the same coin. It really did seem like only Madeleine could be first wife, if not, Dyon's marital life would be in shambles.

Before, Ri hadn't wanted to use this ability. The reality was that the moment she stepped into the Dark Ocean territories, she could have subdued the remainder of this clan with absolute ease. However, she didn't. She chose to suffer through their attacks for more than two dozen months, riddling herself and Clara with endless injuries time and time again.

She had thought that she was doing the right thing, proving without a shadow of a doubt that she was their true queen. However, reality was cruel. Even after all of that hardship, it turned out to all be for nought.

The truth of the matter was that this supposed Dark Ocean spanned several universes. In the past, someone who reached inconceivable levels in the Laws of Magic shattered the normal order here, sacrificing more than 20 universes to form a single Dark Ocean Realm.

Within this realm, there was nothing but Ocean and stars. One can imagine how overwhelming an endless sea spanning 20 plus universes would be. It was truly unfathomable.

Chapter 1342: Forget

At the same time, this Dark Ocean Realm was filled with endless dangers. These dangers might seem to be the product of numerous creatures of the water defending their territory, but Ri knew the truth. This vast expanse of Ocean was ruled by a single Clan!

Back then, when the ancients foretold of the collapse of the Elvin and Dwarf races, this sea was created as a final resting place. Much like how the Elves handed half of the Jafari Clan Treasure to the Mino Clan to protect, they left other treasures here with the Rainbow Kun Peng Clan.

During this time, unlike the Mino Clan who sharply declined, the Kun Peng Clan flourished. Eventually, their ancestors forgot about the kindness of the Elvin Race and attempted to take the treasures they protected for themselves. But, who would have known that they would end up being beset by such a vicious curse?

Magic arts and Poison masters were two sides of the same coin. Where a person could be an absolute expert in magic, it was also possible to be an otherworldly being on the Curse Path.

If one thinks back, it is possible to remember that the Mathilde Clan was capable of laying such a fierce curse that an entire universe became dubbed the Chaos Universe. As a result of their actions, thousands of ancient elves who died back then were unable to find their way to their ancestral grounds and thus could not spread word of their betrayal.

Since the Elves were capable of such a thing even after millions of years of decline... Just how fierce was a curse laid during their prime?!

The lofty air of the Rainbow Kun Peng was immediately shattered. Those whose minds were filled with greedy thoughts died, withering away on the spot. However, the Curse didn't end with just this, later generations became doomed as well.

Now, the Rainbow Kun Peng, a race of beasts comparable to the current celestial beasts – being peak transcendent grade beasts – could never break through to the dao formation realm.

This wasn't all either. In addition to their power being permanently suppressed, they were sealed into their beast forms, cutting off the human path and disallowing them from grasping true power.

There was a time they stood above the world. They were the second strongest race of Kun Peng only behind the Celestial Kun Peng, yet not only had they fallen from the Supreme Grade ranks, they could hardly protect themselves now.

As time ticked on, the Curse only grew worse. Their already low birthrates due to their high bestial grades fell even further. In addition, without being able to produce any dao formation experts or higher existences, their bloodline continued to dilute with each passing generation. Eventually, they would no longer be able to keep up the façade that they had, and others would storm into their Dark Ocean and claim their resources for themselves.

It was no wonder that this generation of Kun Peng had such an adverse reaction to Ri. Although they didn't dare to kill her for fear of an even worse Curse befalling them, they refused to admit their fault. After all, they were paying not for their actions, but for the actions of their ancestors. How could the Elves be so cruel to punish them who were innocent?

On some level, Ri understood this. That was why she hadn't rushed to suppress them with absolute power. But, to think they would rather blame her than their trashy ancestors! She couldn't tolerate it any longer.

The Kun Peng cried out in horror as they felt their strength slipping further and further away from them. They had already given their everything to reach this level, now it was being taken away once more. How could they not be overwhelmed by despair?

"Young Elvin Queen, please stay your hand. We submit. We submit." In the distance, an older Kun Peng with frail fins and greyed scales swam forward, its long whiskers seeming eerily reminiscent of a long white beard.

Ri's blue-silver hair had gone from its original color, to a blinding shade of white, only to fall into absolute darkness. Her emotions were clearly worn on her sleeve. Despite the words of this Ancestral Kun Peng, the agony of the six elders didn't fade. However, neither did she attack the newcomer. Her meaning was clear.

This old bastard was clearly aware of this situation the entire time, yet he didn't care to step out until he confirmed that Ri still maintained control over their Curse. It wasn't that he wanted to come, it was that he had no choice to under Ri's pressure. Under such a situation, how could Ri care for this ancestor's words?

"The Rainbow Kun Peng Clan," Ri said through a sneer, "You've spent the last several thousand year maintaining a façade of absolute power those of the Water Mist Sect are simply too scared to shatter. Yet, you keep these lofty airs of yours. Did you think that just because you're called the Dragons of the Water that you were truly Dragons?"

"One race holds their head high, ruling over five quadrants, while the other can only bury their heads in the sand and play petty tricks to keep control over a mere 20 universes. You tell me, how can you compare?!"

The faces of the surrounding Kun Peng sunk. Ri wasn't wrong, but saying it so blatantly like this...

Over the recent years, they could only rely on the magic formations their predecessors left behind to put up a fake front. But, they knew very well that had it not been for the fear the Water Mist Sect upper echelon had for them, their façade would have already been broken. A single true dao expert could already sweep through them all without much effort.

"Young Lady, your words are too harsh." The Ancestor Kun Peng spoke with a grave tone.

"My Title is that of Elvin Queen. Call me young lady or anything related again, and I'll teach you a lesson you'll never forget."

Chapter 1343: Past

Eerie shadows began to creep into Ri's beautiful domain, casting it over with a solemn darkness that made one's heart shake.

The old Kun Peng felt stifled. He had thought that this situation would be easy to handle the moment he sensed the Elvin aura on Ri. How hard could it be to deal with a youth? She hadn't even lived 50 years, yet they had lived thousands. But, the reality slapped their faces far too fiercely.

"Before, I had been willing to negotiate with your Clan. In payment for protecting my Elvin Kingdom's treasures for so many million years, there would of course be an appropriate reward. But, who would have guessed that not only did your ancestors break our ancient pact, you yourselves would resist me taking the things that belong to me in the first place!"

Clara, who was still standing to the side, found this situation quite funny. The threat had been perfectly neutralized, and Clara could even tell that these old fogies were looking for a way out. All Ri had to say was that she was willing to take them as subordinates and they'd bend over hand and foot. Who knew that she would be even more domineering than Dyon?

"Hmph," Ri, who had felt stifled for years now, finally vented her frustrations, not giving them a way out at all.

Clara coughed. "How about you just bring us to the vaults. We can decide other matters later."

The old Kun Peng's wanted to use Clara to vent their anger after hearing her speak. Who was she to intervene under these conditions? But, sensing the sharp gaze of Ri, it was clear that whoever could be by the Elvin Queen's side was no normal individual. They could only swallow their words.

Soon, seven sorry figures escorted two "little girls" to an underwater city that was quite an extraordinary sight. The problem was that it was designed for humans, so much of the city was left deserted. They could only build a crude replica some ways away.

"The vaults are below, Your Majesty. We cannot enter due to our size, I hope that you understand."

Ri ignored them, taking Clara's hand and drifting below to enter a grand crystal palace.

"Ancestor, are we really doing this?" The Head of the Kun Peng Clan spoke with some dissatisfaction. He had actually fallen to the mere 1st celestial realm.

Before he could react, a silver fin slapped the back of his scaled head, sending him tumbling through the water.

"Fool! You call me ancestor despite me being a mere pseudo dao expert, aren't you embarrassed? Is this the limit of our Kun Peng Race?"

"The beast taming ability of the Elvin Race is unparalleled. They were among the most powerful races to ever exist specifically because they could use their strengths to become masters of things they had no business delving into."

"Are the elves truly sovereigns? Of course not! They gained their air of sovereignty after subduing the Dragons!"

"Are the elves truly one with nature, gaining extended lives, and being loved by energy? Of course not! They gained Heaven's Blessing by subduing the Fairies!"

"Why is it that the elves are born with such powerful bodies, making even the weakest of them talents equivalent to Earth Grade constitution wielders? It's because they subdued Clans like the Mino Clan!"

"Why are they also somehow Masters of Magic and Curses? It's because they subdued us, the Rainbow Kun Pengs!"

"Our ancestors have done us a great disservice by daring to go against this Elvin Queen. The only reason I didn't immediately kneel is because I knew that we would not be treated well under her faction because of them."

"No matter who it is, as long as they were once under the purview of the Elvin Kingdom, they will immediately submit to her. Say something stupid again and I'll slap you to death personally!"

Ri and Clara walked through the palace. For the first time in months, they could finally breathe real air. It seemed that the palace was covered by some sort of protective formation to keep all of the water out.

In truth, this may seem simple, but it proved just how powerful this formation was. In the mortal world, it was already impossible to reach the very bottom of the ocean without drastic measures, and that was even before it expanded by millions of times its original size. So, just how many tons of pressure could be applied under an ocean that spanned 20 universes?!

Before, Ri could only use her comprehension of water will to ignore this pressure and help Clara, but obviously a formation had no such comprehension. That meant it accomplished this with absolute power! If Clara was correct, such a formation could withstand the full strike of even a dao expert.

Ri didn't bother standing on ceremony and directly pushed open the vaults. Doors that the Kun Peng had spent everything to open, only to end up cursed, swung as though they were as light as a feather under Ri's touch. The difference was clear and obvious.

In the next moment, Ri and Clara were blinded by a flashing light. By the time their vision cleared, they realized that this so-called light wasn't actually so, but rather the reflection of treasures that stretched for several kilometers. Even Clara's normally cold expression gave way to shock.

"This is what remains of the Elvin Kingdom? Then what the hell did they lose?" Clara muttered incredulously.

However, this reality let them realize something else. The accumulations of Sects and Clans that had existed for millions of years wasn't something they could fathom.

One had to remember that there had never been a single individual who built up a Clan from nothing to the Emperor God Clan grade in one lifetime. Much like the Demon Sage, many had come close, but none succeeded.

If it was so difficult to become just a mere Emperor God Clan, then what about those Comet Grade Clans? What about the glorious Planet and Star Grade Clans of the past?

Chapter 1344: World

Someone who could come close to building an Emperor God Clan in a single lifetime would most definitely have to be one akin to a Higher Existence. That meant, at a minimum, their lifespans were 1.2 million years. Some Higher Existences could live upwards of ten without seeing the end of their lifespans. Yet, they never succeeded!

Of course, it had to also be said that in ancient times, conquering universes was even more difficult than it was now. During Dyon's second trial, the Viserion Clan that seemed to rule everything as an Emperor God Clan was nothing but a plaything in the hands of the Beast Alliance quadrants. And, those very same Beast Alliance quadrants were nothing but a joke before Dyon's parents.

The levels of existence during that time were incomparable to what they were today. Yet, the Elvin Kingdom was the ruler of the Era that ended their reign!

The Chaos Era, The Primordial Era and finally, the Elvin Kingdom's Golden Era. Although it might have been the shortest, it was the brightest!

A gentle smile coated the faces of Ri. She didn't care about the treasures that lay before her, what she cared about was the fact she had finally accomplished something to help her husband. With this, the gap between Dyon and those monster factions had closed, although it was slight, this was a good first step.

Clara shook her head when she noticed Ri's grip involuntarily strengthen on her hand. But, she too knew how Ri felt. Why had she neglected her cultivation for so many decades, diligently building up the Internet and infiltrating the Sapientia Clan? Wasn't it to feel what Ri was feeling now?

They had toiled together for more than two years to finally reach this point, how could they not feel good?

In the back of their minds, they knew that these treasures were just a terrible foreshadowing of the struggles they would face in the future. If these were the mere remnants of a major faction, just what kind of accumulations did those rulers of this Modern Era have? However, they forgot such thoughts for now, allowing themselves to be happy.

In truth, the sister-wife duo were overthinking this. Although they were right to fear the accumulations of these major factions, they were fearing the wrong type of accumulation.

It was true that the treasures here still fell short of those factions, but it wasn't by much. What they should truly fear were the powerful base of strength they had. Not only did these factions have far more talents and experts, much like others, they had a profound base of Ancestors to call upon when they faced true danger.

This was why Dyon was risking his life now. If he didn't manage to rip that treasure away from the Lord Creator, accomplishing his goals would be nothing more than a pipe dream. No matter how powerful he became, what could he do to a Sect or Clan that could call upon a dozen Higher Existence Ancestors at once?...

"Alright, we've looked enough. Let's start sorting everything appropriately. Then we can discuss how we can deal with the natural resources hidden in the Dark Ocean Seabed." Ri said cheerfully.

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Dyon and Madeleine walked into a sea of blue flames. They immediately understood that had it not been for the improvements they made after entering this mystical world, they would have suffered under these flames. Just these blue flames alone were enough to burn anyone below the higher celestial realm to ashes in an instant.

"These flames... They contain more life essence than even my ice flames," Madeleine said in slight shock.

Dyon frowned at these words. More life essence than Ice Phoenix flames? How was that even possible? To make things more confusing, despite sharing the same color, these flames were most definitely not phoenix flames. If they were, Dyon and Madeleine would feel a bone chilling cold, not this overwhelming heat.

Suddenly, something caught Dyon's attention. With a thought, a bland grey bow appeared in his hand.

His arm became a blur in the air. The moment he released Madeleine's hand, it seemed an arrow had teleported onto his string. In the next instant, a blinding light tore through the sea of flames, shattering the head of a skeleton that had only just risen up.

However, despite the result, Dyon's frown deepened. Although it was true that a common grade bow limited the strength of his strike, with the help of true weapon's will and his saint qi, the entire skeleton should have been obliterated even if it had the strength of a middle celestial.

There were only two possibilities for why the head shattered but the body survived. Either the head was the only fragile part of this skeleton's body, leaving the rest of it tempered to the extreme. Or, there was something about these flames that supplementing them.

When Dyon shot his arrow, the only part of the skeleton that had left the flames was its head. The rest of its body had still been buried in the sea...

Almost as though to confirm Dyon's suspicions, the skeleton, that had fallen back into the blue flames, suddenly rose up once more, its head fully intact after sinking back into the sea.

'What the hell is this?' Dyon questioned Red and Green.

'Even Lord Creator can't escape death,' Red said solemnly, 'So, before he sealed us all in this mystical world, he made plans for reforming himself a body and ensuring that his spirit remained whole. The skeletons here are filled with not only beasts from the ground below, but also exceptionally talented cultivators who have tried to seek benefits from this world.'

Dyon's eyes contracted. He suddenly thought back to the first door of the first phase invisible castle. It had such a great reward at the end, but the consequences of entering were unimaginable for anyone who wasn't Dyon.

The truth was that according to the Laws of this Mystical World, for a correspondingly hard trial, there must be an adequate reward. It was due to this that the Lord Creator had no choice but to place what amounted to one of his most precious treasures in that room.

One might wonder why that was, but Dyon suddenly understood it all. This wasn't a Mystical World, it was a Legacy World! Despite there only being a one word difference between these terms, it was actually akin to heaven and earth.

Chapter 1345: Monopolized

While a Mystical World could only be created with the power of an individual, a Legacy World received the help of the Heavens to be created!

Why was it that mere saints and celestials who barely grasped any sort of spatial laws could create Legacy Worlds? Why was it that the Mortal Clan could survive in those Legacy Worlds that opened on Earth for so many years despite being so weak? It was because the Heavens were fair.

When a cultivator reached the end of his lifespan, he was the most connected with the Heavens he would ever be. In that state, they're able to project their will to allow the Heavens to construct a method for them to pass on their knowledge. If it wasn't for this fact, every Legacy World would be formed by nothing but Peak Dao experts and Higher Existences!

How was this related now? It was because Legacy Worlds had several advantages Mystical Worlds did not, causing the Lord Creator to have no choice but to create one. However, it also have many disadvantages that were playing out their role right now.

For advantages, Legacy Worlds could exist indefinitely due to the support they received from the Heavens. Secondly, the spirit of the Legacy World's owner would not dissipate until the Legacy was claim, even without the support of any other treasures.

These two advantages alone made it clear why the Lord Creator would choose this route. He knew how long it would take for him to accomplish his goals, so he knew that using his own resources to maintain his life was simply impossible. If he didn't rely on the Heavens, he would have long since died!

However, with this choice came disadvantages as well. Legacy Worlds had to follow Rules so that unsatisfied and jealous experts couldn't take out their frustrations on youth. The Heavens would never allow something evil and unfair to exist under its rule. As such, the Lord Creator was forced to set a rules that he could never break. If he broke them, or even attempted to break them, he'd suffer a backlash that would destroy his remaining spirit.

This sea of blue flames here wasn't accumulating life in order to sustain his soul. It was accumulating life essence so that the Lord Creator could reconstruct his own body!

Dyon suddenly understood why no matter how much he searched the ground, he couldn't find the ingredients he needed to construct his clone and rebuild his master's body. They had all been monopolized by this bastard!

Dyon grit his teeth. How many lives had been sacrificed to form this flame? This was already far more than what was needed to revive a dao expert at full power. Even reviving many high dao experts would hardly put a dent into this life essence.

This should have been great. With the help of these flames, creating his clones and reviving his master would be far easier. However, since when had Dyon lacked life essence? His Empire's center was graced by the Life Stone! At this point, he couldn't find any sort of happiness, all he felt was endless rage.

The gluttony displayed here... To continue gathering the life essence of thousands of young geniuses over trillions of years... Not only this Lord Creator, but the Golden Crow Sect deserved to be destroyed!

Dyon wasn't some sort of sanctimonious person. He didn't have a broad heart or an open mind, if he did, he wouldn't have tortured Lillianna for almost a hundred years. So, he had no issues using these flames even if they were the accumulations of the dead. However, that didn't mean that he wouldn't make the Lord Creator pay a severe price for his greed.

Together, Dyon and Madeleine walked forward, shooting down skeleton after skeleton. Although they would always rise back up, by the time they had, the couple could be a long ways past them.

Soon, Dyon realized that his black flames were a perfect counter to these immortal skeletons. With just a single thought from him, those skeletons never rose again.

It wasn't long before they had made their way into another throne room. This time, however, despite being just as large and seemingly as imposing as the others, Dyon pulled Madeleine back from stepping over the threshold. Despite there not being a change in his expression, his calm state of mind couldn't stop the physiological response of his body. He felt a cold sweat mat his back, covering his white, black and gold tattoos in a sheen of liquid.

Madeleine looked toward Dyon worriedly. Why did he react like this?

Although his grip was just as gentle on her hand, and his face hadn't shown any fluctuations, how could Madeleine not tell what inner turmoil was going on within him? Their souls were connected, after all.

The consequences of stepping onto and comprehending a portion of the beast path was rearing its ugly head. Dyon felt a pressure he had only felt one time before. But, in this case, while he felt a faint understanding that Evangeline wouldn't hurt him, a deep murderous intent showered him right now.

'No, this isn't the beast path. This is Presence. This person is very close to comprehending God level Presence...'

At the moment, the aura was very withdrawn and condensed, but Dyon's senses imperceptibly caught onto its outer edges. This Lord Creator's Presence had somehow perfectly fused with his kill intent.

Much like Battle Intent, Killing Intent was another intangible will on the Spirituality path. Those with Donari's constitution were able to form it far easier than others and even use it to directly attack the soul. Dyon couldn't help but shudder when he thought what the ramifications would be if this Lord Creator had Donari's abilities.

In such a situation, even if a dao expert was here, they would die with their eyes wide open.

'I was right to think that this was too dangerous...'

Dyon looked at Madeleine, but the resolute expression in her eyes made him sigh. If he really forced her to retreat, he felt that his kindhearted Madeleine would turn into a she-devil at the flip of a hat.

After a deep breath, Dyon's manifestations bloomed into existence. He stepped forward, crossing the barrier with absolute strength to his back.

It was at this moment that Madeleine finally felt what Dyon had felt. Her foot skidded backward involuntarily before she grit her teeth to stand by Dyon's side. If it wasn't for the strength of Dyon's body, he was certain that this wife of his would have grinded his hand to dust. But, he didn't say a word, continuing to hold her hand gently.

Suddenly, a familiar laughter akin to grinding bones filled their ears. A grating, 'Gya Gya Gya' resounded. It penetrated into their bones, and pierced through the soul. Dyon had been called a Reaper once before during Earth's World Tournament, but he felt that compared to this man, he was severely lacking.

"To think that you would actually come here. I was entirely prepared to slumber for another few billion years before finally completing my plans after you were long dead. But, to think you've given me the ability to complete it now."

Chapter 1346: Old Man's Dreams

In order to bring out the most power possible from his peak, the Lord Creator restricted himself not just to this third phase sky castle, but this throne room specifically. The higher the restriction, the more strength he received from it. As things stood now, although he was far weaker than a lower dao expert, he could kill a normal pseudo-dao expert with a single finger!

Dyon's gaze made his way to a skeleton that sat slumped on a throne, its body so limp that even the crown on its head seemed as though it could fall off at any moment.

But, it was in that instant that the once ordinary skeleton came to life. Its aura bloomed, cracking the large pillars that lined the room.

"Come, be the sacrifice that fulfills this old man's dreams."

Dyon's eyes narrowed as the Lord Creator suddenly stood to his full height. His bones were seeped in so much death that they had charred completely black. His aura was so imposing that the space trembled around him, agitated under his movement. He even stood three heads taller than Dyon, casually stretching as though he had hidden knots he needed to loosen despite being nothing but bone.

Dyon didn't truly care about any of this. Even the supreme grade robes that covered this skeleton's body were nothing to him, not even the blue flames that lit his eyes moved him. The only thing that made his countenance unsightly was the fact that these bones weren't normal bones... These were the bones this Lord Creator had before he died... The bones of a Higher Existence!

"Gya, gya, gya. It seems you've understood why you have no chance to win. Even if you were a dao expert yourself, I'd have confidence in wearing you down until you had nothing left. Who among you dares to say that you can damage the bones of this Emperor?!"

The roar shattered Dyon's ear drums. Even with the strength of his body, blackened blood fell down the sides of his face. Madeleine was in even worse condition, feeling her soul shake to an unbearable degree. If it wasn't for her grip on Dyon's hand, she would have collapsed.

'Dyon, you have to be more careful than even what his words would force you to be. Even if he is using his Higher Existence remains as a vessel, this wouldn't normally be a problem. Even for a Higher Existence, after trillions of years, the stream of time would wear down your strength.

'The reason his bones are still at their peak is because of the constitution he was born with! He's cultivated his constitution to a far higher height that you've cultivated yours.' Little Yang said quickly.

Because these bones were technically inanimate objects that had been forcefully occupied, the twins were able to use their abilities on it. But, what they found was absolutely devastating.

As Dyon had always said, there were three constitutions that stood above the rest in terms of defense. The first was the Heaven Grade silver mirror constitution. The second was Dyon's very own Titan Diamond Body. But the third... The third had always been enigmatic and difficult to comprehend. Yet, no one doubted its place among these constitutions.

There were three male and three female constitutions that also firmly outclassed the rest. Ri, Madeleine and Delia all occupied their place in this top three of female constitutions. However, aside from the Martial Saint constitution of the Demon Sage and his own Titan Diamond Body, Dyon had never come across the third male constitution until today...

This constitution was known as the Death God Body.

When Dyon was choosing his constitution. There were many constitutions he almost chose over the Silver Mirror constitution. One was God Goldeen's Golden Radiance body, and the second was this one!

Unfortunately, this Death God Body wasn't within the sea of constitutions hidden within Dyon's body. This was truly shocking, but it wasn't impossible to accept. After all, weren't there only two titan diamond bodies within him?

This Death God Body was truly something even top tier experts would run in the other direction when facing...

The first and most outstanding point was that those with the Death God Body were born undead. While Dyon had to comprehend Death Will to the One with Body realm, they had this ability innately! Not only was it innate, but it didn't have the restrictions Dyon's did.

As things stood now, Dyon's undead body was useless against dao experts because their comprehension of wills superseded his. As long as they used a will that was stronger than his 9th level death intent, the abilities of his undead body would be nullified. This logic also applied for energy of a higher grade as well, like enigmatic energy. However, for someone with this constitution, the strength of their opponent was irrelevant. When cultivated to a certain level, they could even regenerate from a single drop of blood or a single shard of bone!

To make matters more shocking, this ungodly regenerative ability came with a defense that ranked among the peak of all cultivators. Due to the constant erosion of death qi, the only way a child with the Death God Body could survive childbirth was to have their organs and bones tempered again and again. This caused their defense to reach otherworldly levels, even rivalling Dyon's titan diamond body.

However, this wasn't the only shocking part of Death God Body. Even with how great these abilities were, it was only enough to be counted as a heaven grade constitution like the silver mirror....

The true power of the Death God Body was its ability to raise and control the dead! The Death God Constitution's World was bathed in death qi, allowing the refinement and controlling of powerful entities. There were even stories of ancient experts with this constitution entering Dragon Tombs and reviving Dragon Gods to be their pets!

The strength of a Higher Existence with this ability was too much to fathom... This Lord Creator truly did have the capital to be so arrogant.

It was only now that Dyon understood why this Lord Creator continued to kill even after accumulating enough Life Essence. He didn't care for the Life Essence at all! In fact, absorbing it would only harm him! What he wanted was to continually accumulate Death Essence to push his Death God Body to greater heights...

Dyon closed his eyes, his heart calming and becoming as steady as a lifeless lake.

He always saw a path to victory. This Lord Creator may have been a Higher Existence in his life, but he was dead now. Other than the sturdiness of his bones, none of the other abilities of his constitution were available to him.

"You came at a good time." Dyon said with his eyes still closed. "It just so happened that I was worried about my clone being too weak without the help of my constitutions. You've delivered a great skeleton for me."

Dyon's words were no less dismissive and confident, it felt as though he was the Half-Step Transcendent in the situation and he was the one who had planned diligently for countless billions of years.

He was Dyon Sacharro, he saw no other paths but victory.

Chapter 1347: Corpse Soldier

The Lord Creator was stunned by Dyon's words. But before he could laugh, Dyon's eyes opened. There was a deathly stillness within them, as though the air of a Higher Existence was akin to nothing but an ant before him.

Dyon pulled Madeleine to his back. "Support me." He said softly, as he released the beast babies into their true forms.

After analyzing the situation, Dyon eliminated many things. However, he did know that Madeleine would be very powerful here. This Lord Creator made a mistake choosing a battle ground rife with life essence.

Four wings of gold bloomed from Dyon's back. "[Titan Emperor's Will], [Weaken]."

Complex gears turned in Dyon's eyes, halving the power of his technique's first stage and multiplying his power by ten.

Madeleine's nerves calmed. It wasn't that she was a coward. If anything, the reality was that Madeleine was far braver than Dyon. While Dyon's innate manifestation filled him with an unbridled arrogance that prepared him to face any and everything, Madeleine had no such constitution. She used nothing but her own mental strength to settle herself down, such a matter made her more than worthy to be a Sacharro.

"Yes." Madeleine said softly, her violet hair fluttering as streams of blue flames quietly made their ways toward her delicate palms.

Madeleine didn't need to speak with Dyon to understand what he was thinking. This Lord Creator had lived for trillions of years. Most likely, he was a forgotten existence from the Primordial Era, possibly from the Golden Era. Either way, the exact Era was unimportant. What was important, however, was the fact he would have no idea who Amethyst was because the birth of the first Violet Phoenix wouldn't have occurred until long after his death!

They could use this to their advantage. Since this Lord Creator wouldn't understand the secrets behind Madeleine's violet flames, they'd use it to their advantage. What better countered death than life?!

"Gya, gya, gya." The Lord Creator recovered his wits. He had been slightly stunned by Dyon's words, and even more stunned by his ability to ignore the air of a Higher Existence. "I, Lord Orcus, was born to the descendants of the Legendary Golden Crow.

"Throughout my lifetime, I lived for almost fifteen million years and mastered many things. I was an alchemist of great rapport, a beast tamer of great skill, a runic vein master of unmatched ferocity, but my greatest mastery was over death and poison. My only sin was being born into a declining Clan!

"Yet, today, a youth of not even 100 years old dares to claim my remains for his own! Gya, gya, gya.

"Little boy, extracting your flames to accomplish my goal to perfection will be the sweetest experience this old man has had for trillions of years."

The Lord Creator's gaze turned ferocious, the blue flames in his eyes raging to a new height that almost sent a beam of blue light outward to incinerate Dyon.

Dyon's arms raised, twenty brilliant arrays of red appeared before him. He didn't bother to listen to Orcus' words, nor did he care about his backstory or his plight. Born into a declining Clan? The anguish of Dyon's life didn't even allow such a privilege!

"[Judgement: Carnage]."

Dyon no longer had to hold back. With his soul energy having converted to be slightly reminiscent of planet qi, he finally met the minimum requirement to use [Carnage] at full power!

"[Accelerate]."

Right in the middle of his grand speech, Orcus' words were stalled by 20 streaking red lights. At first, he snorted. His soul was still perfectly intact, meaning his divine sense was still that of a Higher Existence. In fact, he was only a step away from Immortal Sense in his previous lifetime. Such an achievement would give his senses an almost tangible will.

Simply put, to him, these blinding flashes of light were slow. He experienced exactly what Dyon did so often... However, his body wasn't able to keep up!

BOOM!

The tall skeleton blasted backward, slamming into the throne he had just stood from and tipping it over to crash into the wall behind.

The walls of the sky castle resonated the sound, causing it to seemingly crawl across the throne room, shaking the pillars and quaking the ground.

There's loud roar filled with battle intent followed. A slaughter qi swirled into the air, painting the blue room red.

In that moment, it became a scene of competing air. Swirls of blue and red coloring the space.

However, the laughter of grating bones sounded once more.

Dyon didn't wait for Orcus to stand, he immediately prepared another twenty [Carnage] spears, flapping his wings once and blasting by the throne. He bared down, swinging his arms and sending another twenty, ten approaching from each side.

"Enough!"

Dyon's quickly forming arrays shatter. Blood flew from his lips as he flew backward. If it wasn't for Linlin catching him before he fell, he would be been sent flying from the throne room.

Cracks ran along Dyon's gem-like body. It really seemed that he could shatter into millions of pieces at any moment. Even his bright golden wings dimmed, falling weakly to his side.

Dyon's eyes contracted. Firstly, he had barely sensed Orcus' fist before it slammed into him. To make matters worse, that shout that shattered his arrays was infused with Presence!

Dyon couldn't understand it. Wasn't Presence something that relied on the body? It was a Martial Art, was it not?... How the hell was Orcus using it as a spirit?! Even worse, didn't this mean it would be impossible for him to form arrays?!

Dyon felt a stream of life essence flood into his body, quickly healing the cracks that spread through his body.

"Gya, gya, gya. To reach the bronze-silk realm at such a young age. The luck around you is quite good, boy. You've inspired me. However, you're still unworthy of being my clone. Refining you into a corpse soldier, however... That would be pretty good."

Chapter 1348: Useless

In truth, Orcus was very curious about Dyon. Those wings should be angel wings, yet he didn't sense any angel blood within Dyon. To make things more curious, Dyon's soul was far more powerful than it should be. It was borderline nonsensical. Then there was the matter of Dyon's constitution. If one was

comparing his Death God Body to Dyon's Titan Diamond Body, it could be said that Dyon was far from the height Orcus reached.

If compared appropriately, Orcus' constitution was refined and elevated such that it was comparable to if Dyon entered the diamond-silk realm. That was an entire four realms higher than Dyon's current level and only a single level below true mastery of the constitution. To put things into perspective, it would be like comparing Dyon's current 100 000 000 jin weight to a 10 000 000 000 000 jin weighted body.

However, this being said, Orcus was a Higher Existence who had lived for 15 million years. He didn't reach Dyon's level until he became a dao formation expert and didn't reach the "diamond-silk" realm until he was several million years into being a Higher Existence.

It was no wonder he was interested in Dyon. Because he was a Death God, unlike other Sects and Clans that specialized in refining corpses, he had the ability to improve his corpse soldiers based on the potential they had when they were alive while those lesser Sects and Clans could only accomplish this superficially. If he nurtured Dyon's corpse properly, he was certain that he'd be able to birth a Higher Existence corpse!

Dyon stood, a serious expression on his face. That punch he suffered, not only was it not due to carelessness, it wasn't due to Orcus being far faster than him either. Although Orcus' power was great, his maneuverability was far lower in comparison to other pseudo-dao experts precisely because he was a skeleton.

This only left one explanation... Experience!

Orcus' strike was so perfectly timed and so perfectly placed that Dyon not only couldn't dodge, it was as though his body invited this injury.

For Dyon, a person who thought himself to have rich battle experience... This was a strong blow to his psyche. He had never been outsmarted in battle before, even when facing those far more powerful than him. Yet, it had happened today.

Unfortunately, Orcus wouldn't allow him much time to think on it. By the time Dyon awoke from his thoughts, he had already closed the distance by half.

Dyon roared, his body flooding with Bold Type energy. A blinding silver light coated his body, almost looking like dense silver plates, or beautiful platinum dragon scales.

"[Vanishing Fists] – [Meteor Blanketing the Skies: Apocalypse]."

Dyon charged forward, fusing two peak common grade techniques with a mere thought.

A golden eternity balance sparkled gently above his head, causing a white cloth to descend from the skies, wrapping around the eyes of his humanoid manifestation.

Orcus became fascinated by Dyon's attack. Even as he blocked the blows calmly, he felt some pressure. The only way that was possible was if he was facing a pseudo-divine grade technique, yet his experience told him Dyon was using mere common grade techniques.

Dyon's fist flew. It was as though he couldn't feel the pain of ramming into Orcus' hardened black bones time and time again.

The power of [Vanishing Fists] layered, streaks of red flying through the air, hidden with cacophonous sonic booms. To a spectator, it almost looked as though Dyon didn't have arms at all.

"I understand! You've fused two one with self peak common grade techniques into one. Utilizing the piercing power of [Vanishing Fists] to supplement the speed and explosiveness of [Meteor Blanketing the Skies]. It would be a shame to destroy your intelligence by refining you into a corpse. I'll have to use my highest grade technique so that that doesn't happen..."

Orcus suddenly forgot all about his previous anger. The more he fought, or rather, toyed, with Dyon, the more interesting things he saw. Dyon was able to stand his ground and not fly back because he was actually using ancient Bold Type energy! At the same time, he had the silver mirror, eternity's balance and titan diamond body constitutions!

With his experience, he had heard of those born with dual heaven grade constitutions. He had even heard of a handful of ancient era geniuses who were born with dual god grade constitutions. In fact, he had even met two otherworldly individuals born with ancient constitutions.

Knowing this, it was no wonder he hadn't had any shocked reactions to Dyon's display of talent. But, having him standing before him now helped him realize that Dyon's best attribute was definitely his intelligent. Despite the risks, he'd definitely have to make Dyon a sentient corpse.

Just as the Lord Creator was enjoying himself, Dyon suddenly bent backward, his body narrowly dodging an arrow coated in life essence.

'Wait, he's not dodging. That arrow is meant for me!' Orcus suddenly lost his will to play around.

Dyon's finger flicked upward, causing his crystal half-step dao array to bloom right along with his fire half-step dao array. On one hand, his white flames amplified Madeleine's life essence to a new level, while on the other hand, his crystal will amplified it once more.

The moment Dyon saw the Lord Creator, he knew he would be facing an impossible to climb mountain.

Firstly, getting into a fist fight with a skeleton was the peak of stupidity. It was absolutely impossible to harm his skeleton. Even if Dyon threw everything he had at it, the idea of shattering a whole Higher Existence skeleton was ridiculous. Even if he was a peak dao expert it would be impossible.

To make matters worse, Dyon couldn't use his Presence. For one, his Presence was weaker than Orcus'. And, even if it wasn't, the aura of a Higher Existence skeleton would shatter his attempts wholly. One had to remember that the base strength of Presence relied on the body. The stronger one's body was, the better effect one's Presence had on those several cultivation realms above them.

Currently, Dyon's Presence was useless against dao experts. But, celestials wouldn't be able to forcibly ignore his Presence like they could. For the same reason, his Presence was useless against Orcus.

Chapter 1349: Do I?

Then there was another matter. For a spirit like Orcus, he would be highly susceptible to Dyon's aurora steps. The problem was that Orcus' soul was far more powerful than Dyon's! Even if he brought out the aurora steps, what difference would it make? Using a celestial soul to pressure the soul of a Higher Existence? Foolish wouldn't even begin to describe such an idiotic action.

It could be said that Dyon was only still alive now because the soul couldn't directly attack. Something that was his greatest weakness was actually saving his life right now.

Just like this, idea after idea was shot down. For the first time, Dyon's treasures of the 33 heavens were absolutely useless while him racking his brain gave him no results. In the end, he could only rely on Madeleine!

The agonizing screams of Orcus filled the throne room. The supposed 'arrow' was just a bland javelin of condensed life essence. After fusing with Dyon's flames and being amplified by his crystal will, it enveloped Orcus in a wall of white flames.

Under normal circumstances, this wouldn't be so terrible. After all, regardless of what constitution Orcus had, a soul was still steeped in life essence. In fact, it was the place where life essence took root in order to nurture one's body through life. It was by cultivating that the body would become capable of repaying the soul in a sort of feedback loop, growing this life essence to new heights.

The problem here was the Orcus was just a single step away from cultivating immortal sense...

When crossing the threshold to form immortal sense and nurturing a nascent soul, one gains the ability to give their soul an attribute. It's this difference that allows transcendents to attack with their souls while mortals cannot.

Although Orcus didn't reach the level of being able to attack with his soul just yet, luckily for Dyon, he had begun to nurture his soul to slowly cultivate its nature.

This so-called 'Soul Nature' was one of the mightiest abilities of transcendents. Those who chose, for example, a Fire Soul Nature would breed a Mind's Eye steeped in flames. At this point, their Fire Will would reach an unimaginable height, allowing a Dao to transform into something greater and become a Law. Once one's nurturing reached a certain level, a Law can then transform to an even greater height to become an Origin Source.

When one becomes capable of relying on their own souls to produce their wills instead of being forced to communicate with the Heavens first to do so, the amount of power they can wield is unimaginable, especially for someone at Dyon's level.

However, it was exactly because Orcus reached this height that he was suffering so much now. The answer was obvious, Orcus had nurtured a Death Nature for his soul! What had he been doing here for trillions of years? How did he spend his days? While it was true that much of the death qi he gathered was for his skeleton, another large portion was for his soul!

Allowing such dense life essence to awash him now was like basking an open wound in alcohol.

Dyon moved quickly. The moment he dodged the arrow, he immediately evoked his Tree of Life and Death.

A crystalline tree shimmering with beautiful translucent gems appeared. In the next instant, its roots shot forward, coated by Dyon's white flames.

They pierced through the air at blinding speeds. Appearing above Orcus' eye sockets and shooting through in the next moment.

The agonizing screams of Orcus reached a new heights as his soul was pierced through. Even if he was a step away from cultivating Immortal Sense, how could a mortal plane soul have any sort of defense? Piercing through it was as easy as poking a hole in paper with a sharp knife.

Madeleine continued to control life essence, passing it through Dyon's manifestation and into the skeleton.

Still, despite the situation, Dyon couldn't bring himself to relax, nor did he dare apply his understanding of Devour to his Tree of Life and Death. Underestimating a Higher Existence would only have one result, and he wasn't ready to die just yet.

A stalemate was suddenly created. Orcus' movements were stalled indefinitely, unable to control his skeleton under such pain, but neither were Dyon and Madeleine able to kill him directly – the soul of a Higher Existence was beyond their ability to deal with easily.

If things continued like this, the husband and wife couple would definitely run out of stamina long before Orcus did.

'What do I do?' Dyon's brows furrowed, the coldness in his eyes increasing.

Dyon felt his stamina quickly draining. Keeping his flames burning for an extended period of time wasn't usually an issue, but the problem was the extent to which its characteristic was being put to work now.

If Dyon was amplifying something weak, of course, the corresponding stamina drainage would be minor. But, he was currently amplifying life essence that wasn't only incredibly pure, but also abundant in quantity. No matter how great his characteristic was, he had to pay a price to use it.

'Do I use the Seal? No... It's impossible to seal a Higher Existence's soul with my strength. He could break out at anytime and wreak havoc within my Mind's Eye...'

Dyon racked his brain. Looking back toward Madeleine, his expression couldn't help but turn even more serious. While he was under pressure, how could it compare to the pressure his wife was under? Forcibly taking control of the characteristic of a flame that wasn't her own was taking a toll on her. Matters were only made worse by the fact her life flames were incredibly cold while this flame was scorching.

Forcibly pushing these thoughts aside, Dyon continued to think.

He thought of using his celestial tribulation, but he shot down the idea immediately. He was recklessly arrogant, but it wasn't to the extent that he was stupid.

First of all, without the saint level Holy type energy he had before, healing his body as quickly as he did before was a pipe dream. Unfortunately, although he had entered his constitution's world everyday for the last six months, he had only accumulated essence level Holy type energy. Although it was still excellent for healing, its effects weren't nearly as good. The delay would definitely cause him to die. There was no doubt.

Even worse, a lower dao expert like Head Void was nothing compared to a Higher Existence. Even if Dyon had a hundred lives, he would lose them all. One can imagine, if such a tribulation would be capable of harming a Higher Existence skeleton, the kinds of things it would be able to do to Dyon.

'Do I really have to use that?' Dyon's face turned a bit unsightly. He had put his life on the line for the sake of that trump card. If he had to use them here, it would be too unfortunate. He had made so many plans for its use already. In fact, it would have been a very important key to him reaching the later stages of his titan diamond body.

Chapter 1350: Absolutely Not

The worse part was that if he used that, it would definitely damage Orcus' skeleton. If that happened, his clone would have to settle for a weaker start than it could have had. The cascading effects were definitely annoying to deal with.

"I'll skin you alive!" The Lord Creator's roar resounded through the third phase castle.

'Big Brother Dyon, if you're willing, we could take a risk.' Little Yin said timidly.

Dyon frowned, looking toward the hamster twins that always rested on his shoulders.

'Risk?'

'Mm... As you know, my brother and I are of the royal line of Celestial Hamster. As such, we're in the minority of our race who are capable of unlocking our Battle Bloodline. For an enemy like this Lord Creator who's lived through so many epochs, the technique I'm referring to is particularly effective on him. The more lines of karma the target has affected through time, the stronger this technique becomes.'

'There has to be a reason you haven't brought this up before. Why is that?' Dyon said seriously.

'Because time will might be considered a superior will, but it's the will of karma that's actually considered the Supreme Law. According to the history my and my brother have seen of you, before you even began to cultivate the energy path, you had already learned time will. This is because time will is only a small part of the much larger and more substantial karmic will.'

'While the universe forgives using time will fairly easily, even allowing you to use it when you were barely 14 years old, the use of karmic will can result in death. As the will entails, every action has an equal and opposite reaction.'

Dyon shook his head. 'It's not worth it. The exchange for the death of a Higher Existence isn't something that I'm willing to pay.'

'Let her finish.' Little Yang interjected.

'Big Brother Dyon, do you really think me and my brother are just historians? With our help, due to both of us choosing you, the Heavens won't punish you as badly as it would someone else. This is why using your Eternity Pupils only resulted in a stamina drainage. If you hadn't had a bond with us, you may have died after activating the true abilities of the Eternity's Balance constitution.'

Dyon's eyes constricted into pin holes. His Eternity Pupils were capable of seeing the lines of karma, allowing him to directly effect the future by taking the path with the highest odds of victory. He had never thought such a thing would have such a high price.

'You two are still beating around the bush.' Dyon recollected himself. If it was really so simple, they would have already suggested this.

'A normal celestial hamster would have to trade the equivalent of the trillions of years Orcus has experienced in order to execute this technique. But, we as members of the royal bloodline only have to pay a fraction of that. And as twins executing it together, this price is further lessened.

'To use this technique, there are only two requirements. The first is that the target must be restrained, and the second is that we must be willing to fall into a dormancy for a set period of time. By my calculations, Little Yang and I would have to sleep for 50 000 years.'

'Absolutely not.' Dyon's words had no shred of hesitation in them. If he had contracted himself with Little Yang and Yin to use them as tools, he would have accepted their proposal when they first hatched within his inner world.

Their sleeping for 50 000 years was just a nice way of saying that they'd give up 50 000 years of their lifespan. If they were sleeping, how could they be living?

'Big Brother, don't be so quick to turn us down. If we had absorbed more ancient aura, we'd only have to sleep for a few decades, but unfortunately, we're still too young. Everyone else is helping you, let us do something.'

In truth, this technique was a life saving measure of the celestial hamsters. It was impossible for regular cultivators to see through their concealment, however, once a celestial hamster was bound to their chosen masters, they had to have the ability to protect this master. This was because the death of the master was directly followed by their deaths as well.

This may sound odd, but it was incredibly logical. Celestial Hamsters used their masters as anchors to a specific timeline. This made it so that they could appear and disappear at will without fear of being lost in the stream of time. If this anchor was suddenly lost, the results were devastating.

'The answer is still no.' Dyon said firmly.

He stepped forward. Although the conversation between him and the twins felt like it took a long time, in reality, not even a single second had passed since they communicated via qi.

Little Yin and Yang looked at each other helplessly. But, the light of happiness in their eyes couldn't be hidden either. Maybe they had finally begun to understand just why Dyon had initially rejected them.

With a thought, a book appeared in Dyon's hand.

"The Soul Tome?! How did you get your hands on the sacred treasure of those damn Elves!? Wait, this is the Acacia Clans Tree of Life and Death! You're an elf?!"

Dyon was stunned by the hatred in Orcus' voice. Even under the torture of the life essence that was constantly being poured into him, he hadn't sounded this angry. Just what was this Lord Creator's history with the Elves?

That said, he wasn't entirely at fault for his false perception.

Thinking back, Dyon became the master of the Soul Tome the day he awakened his manifestation. At that time, he had caused a massive commotion of the Elvin Island.

Back then, the Soul Tome had been sealed within block of stone. If he recalled correctly, after his manifestation awakened, a phenomena was triggered. However, just as that phenomena attempted to etch the True Name of his manifestation into the stone, the stone itself shattered to pieces, causing the phrase 'You Don't Qualify to Name Me' to be etched into the skies.