

The Nameless 1381

Chapter 1381: Leap

One had to know that even a higher existence might not survive the temperatures at the center of a star. A dao expert might be able to withstand surface temperatures within a few hundred miles, but that was their limit. It had to reiterated, once again, that the only reason Dyon and the various Fire Dao geniuses were so comfortable so close to the hottest star in the tower quadrants was precisely because so many dao experts were shielding them.

Afterward, the trial to enter this Golden Flame Mystical World mitigated the heat of the star with a barrier, only using a portion of it as a test.

With this technique, if one was nearby a star, they could use the cultivation of a higher dao expert to battle a peak dao expert! This may seem like only a single tier of difference, but the reality was that the gap between a higher dao expert and a peak dao expert was akin to more than five times the gap between a lower celestial and a peak celestial!

However, after this technique was created, the Golden Crow Clan remained unsatisfied. The requirement of having a star nearby was good, but they desired more flexibility. This led to the creation of the [Nine Suns of Armageddon] technique. Although using it was still weaker than having a true star, it could replicate at least 70% of the [Sun God]'s true power.

Of course, Dyon wasn't interested in this technique just for this purpose. Firstly, he already had a technique that explosively increased his strength in Titan Emperor's Will. In fact, even for his subordinates, they had Demon Emperor's Will. After unlocking Titan Emperor's Will, Dyon had given all of his Demon Generals the full copy of Demon Emperor's Will.

Within one of these booklets was Orcus' diary. It was because of this diary that Dyon understood Orcus' thought process behind stowing away his skeleton army.

One thing Orcus always lamented was that fire had always been tied to the breath of life. The creation of fire was tied to the true awakening of all races, especially the human race. It represented hope and innovation. Due to this fact, Orcus' Death God Body always clashed violently with his Golden Crow bloodline and he found it difficult to balance them.

Of course, there were always flames like the Dark Phoenix's Death Flame, but those were the exception, not the rule. For Orcus, who was born with innate golden flames, he didn't have the luxury of having a Death Flame.

In the end, Orcus found it difficult to use [Sun God Body] at all. Infusing such flames with his death qi ridden body was too tall a mountain to climb.

After years of lamenting the fact he was unable to use his Clan's most powerful technique, Orcus decided to finally do something about it. Over millions of years, he slowly modified the technique.

Using the condensing and concentration characteristics of [Sun God Body], Orcus began to apply the technique externally. Instead of infusing the power into his body, he split the technique down two new paths. The first was what he called [Sun God Halo] and the second was what he called [Sun God Domain].

[Sun God Halo] explosively increased the power of any technique by applying Star Power – a different concept from Star Qi. This was the case even for techniques completely incompatible with the fire dao. In fact, this didn't even require Dyon's ability to perfectly fuse wills either!

[Sun God Domain] was exactly what it sounded like. It infused the fire dao into your Domain regardless of whether it was compatible or not. By relying on the domineering nature of Star Power, one was able to explosively increase the dominion they had over their Domain.

When concepts of [Sun God Halo] and [Sun God Domain] were put together, especially with the [Nine Suns of Armageddon] technique, one was able to explosively increase their attacking power without putting any strain on their bodies at all! The only stamina drain would be that of the soul due to the control of the fire dao these techniques would require.

The best part was that if one was capable of perfect fusion like Dyon was, the power he could display would be even greater! Once Dyon mastered this technique, his use would be far more agile and versatile than even Orcus, its creator!

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Dyon continued to the next technique, making a mental note to begin practicing these techniques once he grew strong enough.

After all of the pleasant surprises today, Dyon thought that Orcus had run out of things that could stun him. Yet, when he pulled out the next technique, Dyon's jaw almost hung open. This time, it wasn't a technique of the Golden Crow Clan, but a technique from the Fire Phoenix Clan!

Dyon often spoke to his wives about cultivation, so he was very much aware of what troubled them. Madeleine had always been worried about her comprehension of Life and Reincarnation. Now that the problem of Life was being solved currently, what she needed was comprehension of the latter. Unfortunately, that didn't come easy.

Although Madeleine had Amethyst's legacy, it had to be remembered that the union between Amethyst's parents was never accepted by the Fire and Ice Phoenix Clans. In fact, it was due to their pursuit that her parents died horrible deaths after her birth. Knowing this, how could it be possible for Amethyst to have learned any of their core teachings? All her life, Amethyst had forged her own path.

Even after Amethyst got her revenge and destroyed all three Phoenix Clans, she was forced to transcend directly afterward, so she never laid a hand on their teachings. Yet, here was one of them in Dyon's hands now.

The technique in Dyon's hand had a purpose so shocking that his hands trembled. The technique was titled [Reincarnation of Heaven's Staircase]. To make a long story short, this technique could be used three times in an individual's life. For each time it was used, one would be guaranteed a breakthrough without tribulation!

If all three of one's chances was saved until the day they reached the peak dao realm, those three attempts could be traded in to reach the Higher Existence realm in one leap!

Chapter 1382: Instead

However, there was one very important caveat to the use of this technique. It could only be used by those with the Rebirth Flame. If one attempted to use it without those unique flames, all that awaited you was death!

It was likely because they knew this that the Fire Phoenix Clan didn't keep a tight lid on this technique. Dyon laughed as he read about how Orcus got swindled into trading his comprehension of the Death Dao for this technique, only to realize he couldn't use it even if he wanted to.

At the time, Orcus was worried the Elves would interfere with his Higher Existence tribulation, so he wanted to skip the tribulation entirely if he could. He had always heard that the Fire Phoenix Clan had an exaggeratedly high success rate, so he went to them with some offerings. Since they were both Flame Bird Clans, they had a fairly good relationship to begin with.

Still, none of this mattered now. Madeleine ended up benefitting greatly!

Those with weaker talents in the Fire Phoenix Clan usually used this technique after entering the celestial realm. With one use, they could jump from the Lower Celestial Realm to the Peak Celestial Realm. With a second use they could enter the dao realm. And with their last use they could enter the middle dao realm!

Essentially, you were practically guaranteed to become a decent dao expert as long as you entered the celestial realm.

For those who were slightly more talented, they would wait until they became dao experts first, then enter the peak dao realm with their three attempts.

In the end, only the most talented cultivated to the peak dao realm under their own power before entering the Half-Step Transcendent realm in one step!

The best part about this technique was that there were no side effects. There was no drop off in strength or a penalty of cultivation. The only thing that would be lacking was comprehension, but that could be slowly fixed over time.

However, even that wasn't a big deal. Reason being was that after using this technique, a person's comprehension of Rebirth would skyrocket and they would grasp a key understanding of the cycle of life and Samsara. If one held back and entered the Half-Step dao realm in one swoop, there was even an incredibly small chance they could advance their Reincarnation Dao into a Law!

The only limitations Dyon hadn't spoken of was the comprehension of Reincarnation that was necessary. In order to advance into the Higher Existence realm in one fell swoop, a 7th ranked Reincarnation Dao was needed.

Dyon smiled in excitement, not for himself, but for Madeleine. Because the Fire Phoenix Clan felt bad about swindling Orcus, they left their comprehension of reincarnation as well. Since Orcus' lineage was connected to the Sovereign Flame, they thought he had a chance of one day finding an unclaimed rebirth flame. With this, both of Madeleine's problems had been solved.

Finally, there were only four techniques left.

One was [Shadow Escape], a fused movement and defensive technique of the middle divine grade. The next was [Lord Creator], a mystical grade corpse refinement technique. The third was a high divine grade cultivation technique, [Demonic Lore]. And the last was a technique that intrigued Dyon. It was a Dual Cultivation technique titled [Death's Melody].

Unfortunately, even after going through all of the techniques, Dyon didn't find what he was looking for. He was hoping that the remaining portions of [Soul Aid] were hidden away here, but unfortunately, they weren't. Dyon could only hope to find some clues in the future.

[Shadow Escape] wasn't a technique Dyon was very interested in, but he planned to give it to his clone to learn. This technique was the first of what could be considered Orcus' true legacy. The rest had been the remnants of either his or another clan, but this was the first technique that relied on his uniqueness as the wielder of the Death God Body.

This technique allowed the body to turn ethereal like a shadow. Once that happened, a large percentage of an opponent's damage would fail to land properly.

The second aspect of this movement technique was its movement. As a middle divine grade technique, it obviously provided incredibly swift movement. By using the same concepts that its defensive aspect did, it turned the body into a shadow. By doing this, one's movement would become far light and more flexible.

[Lord Creator] was the third mystical grade technique here. The first being [Sun God Body] and the second being [Reincarnation of Heaven's Staircase].

Dyon couldn't help but sigh as he read through the technique. Despite having such a technique, Orcus was still unable to form a Higher Existence puppet. The difficulty could be seen.

This [Lord Creator] technique actually had an ironic name. While the entities many worshipped as God turned inanimate objects into flesh, this technique's greatest ability was the exact opposite: to turn flesh into an inanimate object.

A wielder of this technique could refine fleshly vitality into hard, black bones that explosively increased the strength of their puppets. This also meant that the more a corpse killed, the stronger they became as they could absorb the vitality of those they slaughtered to grow stronger.

This made Dyon wonder... Just why hadn't Orcus slayed some Higher Existences for his puppets to consume. That would have surely broken the bottleneck.

But after he thought this, he laughed at himself for having such a stupid idea. How could killing a higher existence be so easy? To make matters worse, Orcus was injured during his trial, so he was somewhat weaker than the peak-most higher existences were. Even if he picked on those weaker than himself, since when were individuals who had lived for millions of years so easy to fool?

Dyon suddenly thought of the corpses of Elder Daiyu and Ancestor Daiyu. Ancestor Daiyu had burned his soul and infused it all into his flesh, giving him an aura very close to the Higher Existence realm. At first, Dyon wanted to wait to grow more powerful himself before using them, but it seemed like a better idea to hand them over to his clone instead...

Chapter 1383: Components

Now the question was where would he find some corpses worthy of investing so much in...

Dyon shook his head, deciding to think about that another day.

[Demonic Lore] wasn't anything special. Although it would cause an uproar if released today, compared to Dyon's [Inner World: Sanctuary] it was severely lacking. Still, it was an excellent cultivation technique

for males who followed Yin type paths. It also contained a great series of energy manipulation techniques.

The final technique was [Death's Melody]. Reading Orcus' diary, Dyon couldn't help but shake his head and laugh.

This Orcus turned out to be quite the lady's man. In fact, of his half a dozen wives, four were princesses of the Dark Phoenix Clan and two were Devil Path Princesses. This obviously didn't include his hundreds of concubines, but only those six were worthy of him using this dual cultivation technique with.

Although Dyon was intrigued, he eventually tossed the technique away into a corner of his spatial ring.

This technique was a Lower Divine Grade technique. Its specific purpose was meant to replace the function of a death abyssal core. By placing two lovers in a near death state during their intimate relations, they became very familiar with death's door.

Usually, doing such a thing was very dangerous. If done alone, it was too easy to make a mistake and never be capable of pulling one's self out of this state. This had forced many people into a perpetual coma for the remainder of their lives.

However, this technique had next to no risk, or else it wouldn't be of the divine grade. By relying on your partner, it was possible to rely on the connection with one another to easily fall into and out of this state.

It was a good technique, and Dyon would gladly use it if he could. The unfortunate problem was that none of his wives practiced death will. Plus, even if he was willing to betray them for the sake of power and find himself another suitable partner, the Dark Phoenixes were extinct. This technique was far less effective with a woman not of their species. Even Orcus noted that this technique's rank would be far higher if one's partner was of the royal Dark Phoenix for reasons he didn't explain.

Taking a deep breath, Dyon looked toward Orcus' skeleton. It oozed a black aura that Dyon found sinister, but still oddly pleasing to the eye.

'It's time.'

Dyon took out the materials for forging bodies. Luckily, one of the 20 sets Orcus had set aside was meant to revive himself in the first place, so it was of far higher quality than the other 19. So, Dyon took them out immediately.

There were a few vital components to this process. The first was Life Blood. This didn't refer to true blood, but rather a liquid substance filled with enough vitality to match the blood essence of the person you wished to revive. The stronger that person was the more Life Blood of higher quality you would need.

The second component is the Vital Flesh. Once again, this didn't refer to true flesh, but rather spiritual ingredients that could match the strength of the spirit's body when it was alive.

The third component was a Runic Vein Master. One needed to lay a map of the veins and meridians of the spirit's former body. Luckily, both Dyon and Orcus are human, so their maps were identical. The higher cultivation this spirit once had, the greater quality the runic vein and the material it was drawn on needed to be.

The last component was the Spark of Life. This was most definitely the hardest and most expensive ingredient. If it was a clone, it would be enough to use a lesser spark due to the fact the clone could rely on the main body to sustain its existence. But, Dyon didn't want his clone to have such a flaw. He wanted to make a clone so perfect that even if his main body died, it would live on!

Obviously, Orcus who was reviving his true body prepared the greatest spark of life one could ever ask for: The Sovereign Flame. However, obviously, Dyon couldn't use this any longer. But... he had other plans.

With a smile, he grunted as he sheered his soul in half. If one was watching as a third party observer, they would be shocked to see that the golden pre-teen boy in Dyon's mind's eye split in half, each regressing in age to look about five to seven years old once again.

What Dyon was doing was incredulous. Normally, one would separate more than 5% of their souls away from themselves or else it would become impossible to heal. However, Dyon had the Soul Tome! He wasn't worried at all. All he could focus on now was the irresistible pain as his divine sense's range fell from 500 000 km to 250 000 km.

Dyon grit his teeth, withstanding the pain as best he could. Despite the fact his soul was split in perfect halves, it seemed the divine chains that sealed him reacted as though it had long since been prepared for this.

Before Dyon's eyes, the chains doubled, chaining both halves equally. Yet, Dyon felt that he could still freely move his soul as he pleased... he couldn't help but wonder just what kind of seal had so much flexibility... it didn't even feel like a seal at all.

However, Dyon was in too much pain to think about it anymore. Even as a half of his soul slowly exited from his forehead, Dyon brought two fingers to his chest. In the next moment, the first Sovereign Spark was formed.

It floated outward, slowly following Dyon's lead as he allowed it to enter his still meditating soul.

Dyon wasn't satisfied with just this. As things stood now, his clone would be too weak.

If others heard Dyon's words, they would scoff. This clone of Dyon's, at least the bones, would have the durability of a Higher Existence who specialized in defense. Coupling that with its ability to gain a True Undead body and the idea of it be weak was laughable. However, Dyon still went all out.

Chapter 1384: No Time

The Sovereign Spark entered his half-soul's chest, filling the gaping hole that once sat there. Then, Dyon took out the Soul Tome once more.

Dyon immediately felt a comfortable feeling quickly dull the pain his soul was experiencing. If things continued at this pace, Dyon was certain that his soul would be whole again in just half a year. This price was definitely worth it.

He flipped the tome open, pausing when he reached a page containing an eerie flame that filled him with discomfort. Maybe the Soul Tome was one of the only vessels in existence that could contain such a flame.

This flame flickered with a black and silver light. It wasn't as dense as Dyon's Chaos Flames, but somehow its air wasn't any less sinister.

Beads of sweat fell from Dyon's brow. He slowly extracted a single wisp of the flame, allowing it to enter the sovereign spark.

In an instant, the golden flame became agitated. It grew in size, surrounding the black-silver flame and imprisoning it. Only after Dyon saw this did he breathe a sigh of relief. This was something only he would dare to do. If he failed, never mind the sovereign spark, but an entire half of his soul would be incinerated to nothingness. He could only succeed with the help of the Soul Tome that trapped an overwhelming percentage of this black-silver flame.

Dyon didn't know exactly what this flame was, but he knew it was dangerous. The most corrosive flame on the unique flame rankings was the 11th ranked Devil Wisp flame, but this black-silver flame put it to shame... That, Dyon was certain of.

In all likelihood, after trillions of years, this mystical world had birthed a new flame by following its own evolutionary path. However, Dyon could only speculate.

Dyon carefully protected his soul. If he allowed it to get too close to Orcus' skeleton too soon, it wouldn't be able to survive the death qi.

Just as Dyon was thinking this, his soul didn't seem to care for his feelings. While he had been focusing on retrieving the next piece he needed, it had somehow already made its way to what remained of Orcus. In fact, it entered his skull, assimilating before Dyon's stunned eyes.

Dyon didn't have time to think. He realized immediately that it was his own stupidity that caused him to underestimate his soul. A nascent soul was the hallmark of a transcendent, how could Orcus' remains harm it so easily? As his master once said, even if his body and cultivation was destroyed entirely, what would remain steadfast was his soul.

Normally, when Dyon's soul was 'harmed' it was actually just his mind's eye taking a beating. Its core, or his soul, was never actually harmed at all. With the exception of when he burned it, of course. But, even then, he survived far longer than anyone else would.

In truth, Dyon didn't understand why this was. He assumed that it was a byproduct of being born with the soul kernel, but that didn't explain the divine chains, nor did it explain why the soul kernel couldn't bind him like it sealed the rest of the mortal realm.

Yet, even with all of this being true, he could somehow split his soul with ease as though it had long been waiting for him to do so. Well, easy insofar as he could ignore the heart wrenching pain.

Setting aside all of this, Dyon began to work quickly. First, he took out what Orcus prepared for Vital Flesh.

Although Vital Flesh didn't have to be true flesh, it seemed that Orcus didn't take this to heart. According to his diary, the Vital Flesh he chose were the preserved hearts of his wives.

It turned out that Orcus never forced his women into marriage with him. Or rather, he never did this with his official wives. This made sense, after all, the Dark Phoenix Clan would never let him off if he stole their Princesses.

That aside, the reason that this was so important was because as they neared their deaths, Orcus' wives displayed their love for him by using their bodies to support his ambitions. Not only did they allow Orcus to use their flesh to refine his corpses to be stronger, they left behind their hearts and blood essence for him to revive himself with.

Orcus' wives weren't as talented as him, so they never managed to make it to the Higher Existence realm, however, they were all Peak Dao Experts at a minimum. The strongest being of the 12th stage, and the weakest of the 11th.

It turned out that Orcus set aside the blood essence of his wives to act as his Life Blood, while he planned to use their hearts as his Vital Flesh. Alone they weren't enough, but together, they were more than.

The only shame about all of this was that if Dyon used this blood essence for the sake of creating a clone, he wouldn't be able to use it to gain a Dark Phoenix Bloodline. However, after diligently reading Orcus' diary, he understood why Orcus was willing to make this sacrifice.

When Orcus was exploring the Pride Clan Tombs, he found a blood pool similar to the Celestial Beast Vats. Orcus was willing to use the blood essence of his wives to revive himself because he saw the blood essence of the Pride Clan to be more valuable!

The only issue was that Orcus didn't have this blood pool with him. He had left it within the Ancient Battlefield. However, he had luckily left the location within his Star Lord Robe. As long as Dyon's clone entered the battlefield, he could teleport there immediately. This way, the cultivation of his clone could skyrocket.

Six massive hearts, several dozen meters across appeared. Orcus had long since connected them all, etching the appropriate runic veins into their bodies.

The next thing to appear was a large vat of blood. The essence within was so pure that they shimmered with a slight gold, but the death qi still managed to blacken them.

Dyon looked up to find his soul slowly devouring Orcus' skeleton. It was only now he understood why it entered of its own volition. However, Dyon didn't panic. Although it was a bit odd that this step was happening so soon, Dyon didn't mind it since this was what was meant to happen anyway. Plus, he somehow felt that this method was more perfect than the one detailed within his clone creating technique.

Projecting his celestial qi out from himself, Dyon created a string of blood essence, connecting the vat of blood to the six combined hearts. Soon, the Life Blood began to flow within Vital Flesh.

The heart began to pump. First, it was incredibly slow, almost unnoticeable. But then, the deep resounding LUBDUB sounds pulsed throughout the throne room.

Sensing vitality, the blue flames tried to surge toward the heart, but Dyon used his remaining strength to block them. There was a reason Orcus didn't want to use Life as a basis of his resurrection.

According to Dyon's original thoughts, it was because Orcus had a death body that it was detrimental to him to use life essence to reawaken. However, after reading his diary, Dyon found out that this was wrong!

Orcus always lamented that he could never break into the final stage of his death god body. He spent years trying to understand just why that was, but in the end, he couldn't find a solution. To him, his resurrection was a chance!

Unlike Dyon who could break into new stages of his Titan Diamond Body by simply refining his strength, Orcus had to also comprehend the dao of death to a deeper degree. However, he felt that the fact he was alive was what was holding him back...

So, Orcus devised a plan. He decided that upon resurrecting himself, he would rely solely on death. He would defy the heavens and breathe life into himself using only its direct opposite!

The heart continued to pulse, growing more and more violent. Suddenly, Dyon's soul finished absorbing Orcus' skeleton. Without so much as a pause, it dove into the heart, causing its massive exterior to shrink at a visible pace.

Dyon felt his vision grow blurry. He finally couldn't withstand the pressure anymore. Despite having the soul tome in his hand, it just wasn't enough.

The last thing he saw was the massive heart seemingly disappearing, and the last thing he heard was the wail of a baby.

Chapter 1385: Finally

An unknown amount of time later, Dyon groggily opened his eyes. He found that the Soul Tome was resting on his chest, but what he lay upon was a far cry from the hard, marbled floors of the third phase castle throne room.

By the time he readjusted to the bright lights, he recognized this room as the one he and Madeleine shared within the Demon Sage Tower.

Dyon sat up, rubbing his head. He felt like his head was being continually hammered from the inside out.

Because of his soul strength, Dyon had never been sick in his life, even when he was a mortal, so this feeling was truly novel for him. Maybe he was a bit too rash splitting his soul like that.

'Oh?' Dyon's eyebrows arched in surprise when he checked on his soul. It seemed to be 95% healed already. Could it be that he was asleep for almost 6 months?

Originally, Dyon had expected his soul to take about that amount of time to heal fully, but he didn't think that he'd sleep through most of that time.

Just as he was thinking this, the door of his room slowly opened. Dyon could hear what sounded like a woman with a sweet voice coaxing a baby. It didn't take him much to recognize that voice as Madeleine's.

"You're awake!" Madeleine sounded pleasantly surprised, but Dyon couldn't answer... Not because he was hurt, but the image of Madeleine holding a small child impacted him more than he expected.

'Did I sleep for more time than I thought?... Could it be that Madeleine was pregnant?'

Dyon panicked. How could he miss something so important? His wife had to go into labor on her own without his support? What kind of husband was he?

Suddenly, Dyon shook his head. 'Wait, that's impossible...'

Dyon knew quite well how effective his contraceptive abilities were. Plus, with his senses, it was impossible for him to not be aware that Madeleine was pregnant. After all, when he was far weaker, he had been able to tell that Ulu was pregnant before anyone else could.

"Wha..." This was all Dyon managed to get out. He really was too confused.

Madeleine giggled. "You were asleep for almost three weeks. You don't recognize this little guy? He's you."

Madeleine glided forward, showing off the happily gurgling baby in her arms.

Dyon blinked, looking at the little boy's small face. He could vaguely remember from picture albums of the past that he really did look like this when he was just a baby. In fact, the twin wristbands he turned into necklaces for Madeleine and Ri still had those picture albums stored within.

Still, while this baby reminded Dyon of himself, there were still some striking differences.

For one, this baby had large grey eyes that were somehow adorable despite the darkness hidden within them. As for Dyon's eyes, they were hazel-green before, now they were golden with flecks of emerald.

Secondly, Dyon had a partially African heritage, so his hair was usually short, fairly sturdy, and had hidden curls within. But, this baby's hair was the same white-grey color Dyon's became when he entered his Reaper state and activated his death will.

Thirdly, this baby was far paler than Dyon was. While Dyon's skin could be described as caramel-esque in color, this baby's complexion was akin to a sheet of pure ice.

The baby blinked toward Dyon with large, curious eyes. They seemed to have a hidden intelligence within them, but Dyon could tell that this was far different from what he expected. He thought that he would have created a second Dyon, a person who had his thoughts, just in a different body. But this supposed clone had next to no difference from a normal baby! Did he create a clone, or a new human being?

Dyon suddenly felt a headache coming on again. Still, he couldn't help but pinch the baby's chubby cheeks, causing the little guy to giggle. Somehow, he had earned not one, but two sons on this trip.

"This wasn't how it was so supposed to be." Dyon said in confusion. He thought that even if he came out without cultivation, that he'd at least have my maturity already. But, he's no different than a real baby.

Madeleine nodded. "I talked to the twins about this. They said that this little guy could be considered the perfect clone, he won't have any flaws. By coming out in such a nascent form, he's already been accepted by the heavens as a lifeform of his own.

"This makes things easier too." Madeleine said with a smile. "We can just say that he's our son."

"You're okay with that?"

"Why wouldn't I be?" Madeleine's smile grew brighter. "Am I not already yours?"

Dyon pulled Madeleine into his arms. It really did feel nice having both a wife and child.

"He should realize that you and him are one person once his soul awakens upon entering the celestial realm, with his soul talent being shared with yours, that won't take very long at all. Until then, he'll be just like any normal child."

Like this, Dyon and Madeleine became unwitting parents – again.

Over the next few months, the family journeyed around the mystical world, but Dyon was disappointed to find that the inner spaces of the phase castles collapsed upon Orcus' death. They had spent so much energy making sure that the hidden space within his throne didn't collapse, that they neglected the other ones.

Still, Dyon was satisfied. He collected a total of 17 invisible castles that could be converted into war ships. As for the remaining 5 visible castles, they would be broken down into materials.

Like this, they were finally prepared to leave the mystical world after more than three years.

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Dyon kicked open the cage of a dungeon, training his eye on a seemingly frail young lady. Even in this sort of situation Yandevere's expression was blank. Dyon couldn't help but shake his head.

Yandevere was born with the second ranked corrosive flame, right beneath Devil's Wisp. Her flames were the Devil's Fog flames and were ranked 36th. To have a top 50 unique flame in her grasp, her future should have been practically limitless.

The truth of the matter was that Dyon didn't start truly questioning her intentions until the matters of the Demonic Gorge took place. Back then, Dyon had sensed the power of the corrosive flames hidden within the Devil Qi Vein, and clearly, so had Yandevere.

This was the first time Yandevere let some of her true disposition shine through. Dyon knew that she thought of killing him back then all in order to raise the strength of her unique flames.

However, this reality only made Dyon more confused. Yandevere clearly wanted to grow stronger, yet she agreed to breakthrough before she reached her peak strength. Now, she was forever relegated to the 6th Order. There was no changing this unless she abolished her cultivation.

"Ready to talk?" This was the first time Dyon had come to find her. Up until now, for all Yandevere knew, he and Madeleine had long since died.

"You survived?" Even Yandevere's normally expressionless features showed surprised.

"You believed that a pitiful Golden Crow Sect could do anything to me? You're naïve." A hint of disdain colored Dyon's features.

In truth, Dyon wanted to refine Yandevere into a corpse puppet. In fact, that was what he had been planning on doing once his clone awakened. But, who would have expected for his clone to be nothing more than a baby?

Having a person with the potential of a False True God as a corpse puppet would obviously be very useful to him. In fact, if he didn't refine Yandevere's flesh into bone, then it would be like she never died and he could directly control her.

Unfortunately, all of those plans had fallen through now.

"I guess we're all just ants to you then." Yandevere responded plainly. "How lucky you are to be born into such a magnificent Clan. Not all of us are so lucky."

Dyon suddenly erupted into laughter, confusing Yandevere.

"Everyone really does believe that I come from some great Clan, huh?" Dyon's smile made Yandevere feel uncomfortable. "Well, let me tell you a secret. I'm the last remaining member of the Celestial Deer Sect. Even my master is nothing more than a Spirit even you could kill with a single finger. Everything I have today are things I took with my own hands.

"I've had stronger enemies than you. A worse upbringing than you. In fact, believe it or not, my talent was also far worse than yours.

"My people had their cultivations sealed from birth. Maybe the only luck I've had in my life is that said seal slipped up when it became my turn. I wonder, why didn't you grasp your own luck like I did mine?"

Yandevere trembled at Dyon's words. Every sentence was like a strike of lightning on her psyche. Not for one moment did she believe Dyon was lying... What reason did he have to lie? If anything, him telling her this was detrimental to him.

However, Dyon didn't feel any sympathy seeing this. Since when did he have such a thing for those who tried to kill him? In fact, had Yandevere laid a hand on Madeleine, he would have already killed her three times over.

The reason Madeleine never detected Yandevere was because she truly never felt any guilt about anything she did. With no guilt, there were no negative emotions. In the end, her heart was as pure as an individual who had never committed a bad deed in their lives.

For Yandevere to have such a deep seeded belief in her own path, but to face such a reality now, the audible sounds of her dao heart crumbling were too much to ignore.

Unlike when Head Tudo's heart nearly collapsed, Dyon couldn't do anything about this. Even if he slapped Yandevere unconscious, this reality was one she had to face no matter what. Compared to Head

Tudo whose actions were fairly minor and inconsequential, Yandevere had caused countless deaths and betrayed even more individuals all for the sake of these beliefs.

But in the end, the so-called instant redemption didn't happen. Yandevere's calm and expressionless features returned.

"There will always be those who are luckier than others." She replied emotionlessly. "While you claim to have no one and your upbringing is worse than mine, just how many things did the Celestial Deer Sect leave behind for you? You claim to have stronger enemies, but none of them know of your existence, while mine knew of me from birth.

"You claim to be less talented than I am, but I somehow highly doubt that. It's impossible for you to have made anything of yourself without being talented. Intelligence is a talent. Charm is a talent. Leadership is yet another talent. Which one of these things are you lacking?

"You say you grasped your luck while I wasted mine... Well I say you had much more luck to grasp than I did."

Dyon looked down toward Yandevere silently. None of the words she had said were technically false.

If Dyon had been as untalented in the soul path as he had been on the energy and body paths, would he be here today? Had he not had the weapons and battle techniques of the celestial deer sect, would he still be here today? If the enemies of the celestial deer sect knew of his true identity, would he still be here?

These were appropriate questions to ask. And each of them were like pillars that held Yandevere's dao heart together, maintaining her firmness.

However, unlike how Dyon's words nearly shattered Yandevere's understanding, her words had no effect on him at all. Why? Because from beginning to end, Dyon never shirked his own bottom line, nor did he ever manipulate his own values based on the situation.

When one looked back on his life now, it was easy to say he was just very lucky to stand where he was, but how many people would have made the choices he had?

Back at Focus Academy, how many would have taken Madeleine's Elder Brother's strike for the sake of protecting a woman he cared for? How many would have put their life on the line for a frail boy he didn't even know in Eli? How many would have had the courage to kill a God Clan's young master? How many would have risked everything to save the elvin kingdom?

How many would have given themselves up to despair if they had to fight Loki and Elder Daiyu? How many would have fallen from grace after facing Ancestor Daiyu? How many would have forgotten about the nonsensical trial they were in for the sake of Amphorae?

How many times had Dyon put his life on the line? Would anyone in this world dare to say they had 100% confidence of escaping with their lives? Of course not. It was easy to look back on things and point a person out as lucky, but it was far more difficult to live through those things yourself.

Few had Dyon's talent, but even fewer had his tenacity and perseverance. This was something Yandevere would never understand even if he spoke out all of these words to her.

"From today onward, you will be my puppet. Consider yourself lucky, I had planned to make you into a corpse warrior, but various circumstances are impeding me from doing so."

Yandevere didn't so much as turn her head away, it was as though she didn't care, and why would she? She had already spent her life as a puppet of the Golden Crow Sect all because she was born with these unique flames, so why did any of it matter? She was just going from one master, to an even more powerful master.

Dyon pointed his finger toward Yandevere. Suddenly he felt that The Seal was more excited than usually. He had never felt it respond to openly and happily to him.

A line of sealing qi shot out from Dyon, entering Yandevere's forehead. "For the record, with my soul strength, I'll be able to tell immediately if you attempt to use your Devil's Fog flames to eat away at my seal. If you'd like to stay human and not become a corpse, it's best you don't do anything foolish."

"What's the difference?" Yandevere muttered.

"The difference is that one can fight, and the other can't."

Dyon didn't bother to explain his words. He stood Yandevere up. Not caring for her reaction, he stripped her of all her clothes.

At first, Yandevere had expected to be raped. She even prepared some snide comments about Madeleine and Dyon's relationship. Clearly, even she found it difficult to remain unflustered in such a situation. Since when did she make snide comments?

However, Dyon didn't care about Yandevere's thoughts. He directly spun her around and found what he was looking for on the small of her back. The scar of a forcibly etched magic circle sat just above her slight, but well-shaped ass.

Dyon's finger touched the scar, but he ended up frowning. An energy path-based seal was definitely novel to him.

"This seal is connected directly to her meridian pathway. If she disobeys, her cultivation will be crippled." Little Yin explained.

"This is a bit troublesome." Dyon muttered. "If she has to deal with conflicting commands, it'll cause her to self-implode."

"It's more complicated than even that." Little Yang suddenly said. "It's a magic circle, but it uses concepts of runic vein theory for its inscription. This is a rare branch of magic..."

By concepts of runic vein theory Little Yang was referring to the practice of inscribing one's body with runic veins, similar to Wilder. Much like runic veins, magic circles are found within the body as well. By etching this magic circle into Yandevere, it was like using her own power to bind her. Objectively speaking, it was ingenious.

Unlike Dyon's seals where he had to mind his soul strength in comparison to his opponent's, this type of seal didn't care about such things. In fact, the more powerful the victim was, the more powerful the seal was. In reality, it was only a question of whether or not your opponent would just lie there and allow you to inscribe it.

After thinking about it, Dyon came up with a solution. He would sever her meridians and cripple her. This was shatter the seal easily. Afterward, he would feed her the Meridian Restoration pill.

Pills for curing crippled cultivations were incredibly rare not only because of their healing properties, but for the after-effects as well. The restructuring of the meridians that occurred afterward would be akin to a rebirth. In fact, it even allowed its taker the chance to advance in Order, if they were talented enough, that is.

The only trouble was that this was a peak Moon Grade pill, Dyon obviously hadn't had the skill to make it before. In addition, its success rate was dependent on its percentage purity. Whether Yandevere would be crippled for life or not was dependent on Dyon's skill.

Weeks later, Yandevere sat in her cell stunned.

After Dyon said he would sever her meridians, she felt nothing but despair. It wasn't that the martial world didn't know about Meridian Nurturing pills, but rather that no one would ever bet their lives on them.

For one, they were obscenely expensive. Even if one was somehow lucky enough to have a Moon Lord willing to concoct them for free, the spiritual ingredients would bankrupt any Sect or Clan ranked below 40 instantly.

Secondly, the success rate was tied to the purity of the pill! Meaning, if the pill created was only 20% pure, then its likelihood of success was also only 1 in 5. One might think that this wasn't such a big deal since pills, even the worst, were normally around 50-60% pure, but those only referred to normal pills!

One had to understand that within the Sapientia Guilds, there was only a single Moon Lord alchemist, the Head of the Alchemy Guild! Even if one took into account all of the Moon Lord alchemists of the tower quadrants, there wouldn't be more than 15 to 20 total.

With such a shortage of Moon Lords, it obviously followed suit that the legacy of alchemy within the tower quadrants was incredibly poor, so how could their purity rate be high?

This was why the guilds almost unanimously wanted to leave Dyon be after learning he was a Moon Lord. With alchemic legacies being so scarce, the only way to learn more was by conferencing between experts. This made every new Moon Lord an incomparably valuable resource.

Simply put, even the best Moon Lord of the tower quadrants would only be able to guarantee 30% purity of a Moon Grade pill at most. How could Yandevere feel good about such odds even if it might give her a chance to reclaim her lost Orders?

From what she knew, Dyon was likely just a recently promoted Moon Lord. In all likelihood, he might have moon qi, but not have the knowledge backing it. But who would have expected him to not only concoct the pill in just a few days, but also produce a 92% pure pill?!

What made Yandevere's lip twitched was the fact Dyon all but threw a tantrum after seeing this result. He knew quite well that this 92% purity was only a result of Battle Cauldron and the fact he had used Planet Qi to concoct a pill that only needed Moon Qi. Without these factors, his pill would have been 50% pure at most. How could Dyon not be disappointed in himself?

While he had spent his third trial of the Epistemic Tower studying comet grade knowledge, he hadn't spent nearly as much time on the moon grade, now he had suddenly advanced to the planet grade. His knowledge was lagging far behind his prowess and he didn't like it.

In the end, Yandevere could only steady her heart. She didn't know why she was so moved... He was only healing her because having a crippled servant would be inconvenient. So, she bitterly swallowed the pill and began to circulate its medicinal essence.

Chapter 1388: Relief

Outside the Golden Flame Mystical World, just several thousand miles from the hottest star of their tower quadrants, the various dao experts had begun to grow restless. Everyone here knew that the mystical world only had three phases, one year each. By now, the third year had wrapped up for a few months already, yet there wasn't a sign of anyone coming out.

The only ones who didn't seem worried at all were the members of the Golden Crow Sect. In fact, faint excitement could be seen on the faces of their elders. To them, the fact that there was this abnormality was a good thing, not a bad thing. They believed that this meant their Ancestor had finally accomplished his goal and was now tying up loose ends.

Although some of them were a bit worried about what the deaths of so many geniuses would entail, others thought it would be fine. After all, everyone knew how dangerous the mystical world was, especially when it came to the third phase. Yet, they had sent all their disciples in anyway.

Still, those who were nervous thought it was better to make some plans now. After all, the upper echelons of their Sects had gone off to the conference already. It wasn't a good idea to anger those other Clans without their backing, not yet, anyway.

This aside, clearly, due to the interference with the mystical world, Christian III's soul jade had yet to shatter, so their moods were quite good.

Vice Master Melisende bit her lip silently. Somehow, it was then that Dyon's promise resonated in her ear. Oddly enough, this made her relax slightly all before she began to berate herself. Listening to the blind promises of arrogant, handsome young men? Was she a teenage girl?

It was at that moment that the surroundings began to quake. The once steady space warped as the tip of a grand golden yacht began to appear, the image of a handsome young man standing beside an enchanting violet haired lady, who only had eyes for the baby in her arms, appeared.

Melisende finally breathed a sigh of relief when she saw this. It seemed like it was finally the turn of the Golden Crow Sect elders to sweat a bit.

The large golden yacht pulled its way out fully moments later. At its full size, it was over a hundred meters long and twenty meters high, but this wasn't the form Dyon liked it best in. At most, it could reach 10% of its max speed in this state, and although that would still outrun most Pseudo-Dao experts, it wasn't good enough for Dyon's purposes.

Still, to put on a little show, it was more than enough.

Dyon didn't step off the yacht, instead maneuvering it toward the Vice Master with a smile on his face.

In truth, Melisende was shocked. She couldn't stop looking at the baby in Madeleine's arms while sending glares toward Dyon every so often.

It was too early for Madeleine to have a child! Yet this Dyon actually put one in her during a life and death trial... wasn't that too irresponsible?

Although this wasn't the real story, the disciples of the Flaming Lily Sect believed it. After all, there were a few months where Madeleine didn't appear at all and Dyon waved it off by saying she was in secluded meditation. Clearly they all believed that the real story was that she was pregnant.

Madeleine smiled. "Disciple greets Vice Master!"

Melisende bitterly smiled. This would definitely affect Madeleine's cultivation, and just after she was promoted to Legatee as well. She was sure that if it wasn't for the fact such a title couldn't be so easily stripped, that those old fogies would go on a rampage.

Although the Flaming Lily Sect never abolished relationships, that didn't mean it didn't have its own unspoken rules. No one thought Madeleine had to be told not to have a child so soon.

Soon, the warped portal closed and those in the surroundings began to panic.

"Vice Master Melisende, it's probably best if you step onto my yacht for now." Dyon said seriously.

Seeing the look in his eye, Melisende's gaze turned serious as she followed his advice without hesitation. Clearly there was something off about the current situation. As though on cue, Dyon's pathway forward was instantly blocked by not only members of the Golden Crow Sect, but also those of the Fiery Lotus Sect, Flame Rebirth Sect, and the Sapientia Guilds.

There were a few stragglers that exited the whirlpool of spatial qi behind Dyon's yacht, but there weren't nearly enough. These people were those who hadn't participated in the third phase and had instead found places to hide and digest their gains. Many of them were from the Sapientia Guilds, but

obviously the upper echelon of those Guilds mostly cared about Wilder and Blythe who were nowhere to be seen.

"Young Hero," Wilder's black robed master suddenly called out, "Would you mind staying behind a bit to explain just what happened?"

Although he tried to remain calm and kept a cordial appearance, it could be seen that he was slightly panicked. He had been prepared for losses, but a loss of Blythe and Wilder was too much. White Robed geniuses didn't grow on trees.

Dyon smiled. "There's no hurry, I wasn't planning on going anywhere without giving you all an explanation. It's just that I wanted to speak with Vice Master Melisende first, after all, I'm here thanks to her."

The elders slightly frowned, but couldn't find anything within Dyon's words to refute.

With a wave of his hand, Blythe and Wilder suddenly appeared. Although they were slightly disheveled, they seemed to be in decent health.

However, just when the black robed Comet Lord was about to sigh a breath of relief, his face suddenly became incomparably ugly.

"True God Sacharro, what is the meaning of this? Are you trying to make an enemy out of the Sapientia Guilds? Why are their cultivation crippled?!"

"Simple, really." Dyon said with a shrug.

With a thought, images of what occurred during the third phase appeared in the air. This was none other than one of the tower's abilities to record everything that occurred around it.

The black robed master could only blush in shame as he watched his disciple lose his mind to attack Madeleine, even ganging up with several Golden Crow Sect disciples.

He wanted to refute it, but everyone understood the theory behind recorded images in the martial world. The only way to perfectly fake an image was if one understood everything in existence to a level far above a dao. Obviously, Dyon wasn't such a person, which meant that since they couldn't tell these images were fake, it meant they were real.

"My wife crippled them because they wanted to kill her, is that a good enough explanation? I believe it's giving your Sapientia Guilds face that they are still alive now, no?"

The black robed master bitterly laughed. What use is it if they're alive? As they are now, they might as well be dead.

Not only his expression was ugly, but so were the expressions of the Sect elders, because they could all clearly see their disciples going against Dyon as well.

One golden haired and red eyed elder of the Goldeen Clan couldn't handle it anymore and burst out.

"Just why would everyone be against you like this?! What did you do that was so shameful to evoke such a response?!"

"What did I do?" Dyon laughed. "My only crime is that I was better than they were."

As those words fell, scenes of what occurred before the second phase castle replayed...

Chapter 1389: Dread

The faces of the elders reddened with shame as Melisende tried her best to hold back her laughter.

"See, Junior, isn't daddy very cool?" Madeleine coaxed the small baby. Since the little guy was essentially a younger Dyon, they decided to give him Dyon's name. For simplicities sake, they settled on calling him Junior.

Madeleine's words only made the elders more embarrassed. There really was nothing they could say. Dyon's background was more robust and he had reason on his side. The fact he hadn't killed them really was giving them enough face already.

The black robed man sighed and stepped forward to take Blythe and Wilder away.

"There's no rush." Dyon suddenly said. "I happen to have Meridian Restoration pills from my Clan. The real reason I kept them alive isn't because I'm nice, but rather because this was a good opportunity to extort you all, don't you think?"

Dyon blunt words made these elders not to know whether to laugh or cry, but they still felt excited. Was he really telling the truth?

The black robed master had just been preparing to bring these two back quickly in hopes their masters could help them get such a pill, but it was far better if he could buy them from Dyon...

Coughing awkwardly, he cleared his throat. "Might I ask was percentage purity these pills are?"

Dyon smiled. "80%!"

"8% you say?... That's not too good, but it isn't the worst either... Wait what?!"

Dyon's hand waved, causing the Golden Crow Sect inner disciples to appear.

"I can sell one for each one of them as well." Dyon turned his attention toward the Golden Crow Sect. "However, you'll have to pay double whatever he pays."

The faces of the three Golden Crow Sect elders turned a sickly liver color, but they didn't dare refute. After all, while Blythe and Wilder had a chance to receive a pill even without Dyon, they didn't dare be confident that their Moon Lord could replicate this feat even though they did in fact have one. The wealth of the Sapientia Guilds was on another level compared to them.

"Master, don't let him exploit you! I'd rather die!" Wilder's animalistic voice rang through the darkness of space, rage clear in his eyes. He still wasn't willing to forgive Dyon. "He killed Junior Sister —"

"Ah, you mean the girl I killed because she schemed to steal my beast companions?"

Suddenly, yet another image appeared, showing Wilder's so-called Junior Sister scheming to steal the beast babies at their lowest point.

"I've changed my mind. Everyone pays double except for Blythe. If you're confident in finding 80% pure Meridian Restoration Pills elsewhere, then you don't have to be here." Dyon said absentmindedly. It was as though he didn't care about the proceedings at all.

Wilder's features turned green with rage. It was clear he never cared about this Junior Sister of his at all, he just wanted to poke a hole in Dyon's logic, only for him to fail miserably. Now, the price of his pill had doubled.

Still, Wilder was no fool. He knew the rarity of these pills.

"Alright. 100 enigmatic stones for her, so 200 for the rest of you." Dyon said lazily.

The truth was that Dyon hadn't even spent a single dao stone on the ingredients. For one, he simply found what he needed within the mystical world. And secondly, he was able to use immature spiritual ingredients due to the abilities of the Battle Cauldron. So, the price of production was significantly lower than normal.

However, Dyon's price was dozens of times higher than normal Meridian Restoration Pills. When the elders heard his price, they almost fainted in anger.

"Young Hero, please be a little more reasonable. A normal pill is normally just a few hundred thousand transcendent stones, even for one that 30% effective. But you're asking for 100 000 000 transcendent stones?"

Dyon shrugged. "Do I look like I'm in need of money?"

Dyon's pointed question stunned the black robed master, but the answer was obvious. How could a mere celestial riding a supreme grade yacht be in need of money? That meant Dyon was only making them pay for one reason: to teach them a lesson!

After so many years in seclusion, it seemed that many thought they could take Dyon lightly... This time, he would make them pay. But, if there was a next time... he'd directly kill whoever was responsible!

Plus, thinking about it from another angle, pill prices didn't increase linearly with purity. A 90% pure pill was sometimes 10 or even a 100 times more expensive than an 80% pure pill. For a pill like the Meridian Restoration Pill where purity was highly important, this pricing difference would be even more exaggerated.

In the end, the elders scrounged up their funds. In some cases, they only had a few hundred enigmatic stones total to their names. They couldn't even bear to use them to buy things and strictly used them to cultivate, but here they were squandering their funds.

In the end, 1300 enigmatic stones selling 7 pills.

Finally, the Golden Crow Sect Elders couldn't take it anymore and finally asked the question they were begging to ask. From the very beginning, they had been sitting on hooks, their hearts leaping into their throats and refusing to vanish. In the end, they could only finally muster up the courage to ask this, dreading what answer would be waiting for them on the other end.

"True God Sacharro, could it be that you have our God Goldeen with you?"

However, Dyon's response was an odd expression. "Could it be that you haven't checked the Sapientia News Network recently?"

Dyon shook his head, drifting away with Madeleine and Melisende by his side. He sent one glance back toward the three Sects' elders.

"You might want to seek out the Tatsuya Clan, your geniuses died at the hands of their True God."

With those final words, Dyon shot off into the distance.

Chapter 1390: Impossible

"Wait!" An elder of the Golden Crow Sect called out once more. Despite Dyon's intention to leave, neither the Golden Crow Sect, nor the Flame Rebirth or Fiery Lotus Sect elders moved. How could they? Although their upper management had all gone to the Conference, they would still need to answer to their Sect Leaders for this matter eventually.

Dyon's features twitched with impatience. "What do you want?"

Seeing Dyon's blatant disregard for them as elders, how could the five of them not feel uncomfortable? Still, they were forced to swallow their anger.

"I accept that God Goldeen was killed, but what of our Golden Crow Sect's Epistemic Key?" The leading elder of the Golden Crow Sect continued. He wasn't of the Goldeen or Crow families, but he had managed to work his way up the ranks despite this truth.

His name was Elder Aarush. He had brown skin and a slight stature, but it was clear he wasn't very good at controlling his temper. Despite his words sounding calm to a blind man, the twitching vein that looked more like a wiggling python on his forehead told a different story.

"Isn't it obvious? I've gifted it to my wife. You've improperly titled this treasure." Dyon said without care. "It isn't your Sect's key, it's the Golden Flame Quadrant's Key."

Those who heard Dyon's words were stunned into silence, this was especially so for Melisende who suddenly understood the reason for Dyon's serious expression. If this hadn't been exposed here, then maybe things would have been fine. But, now that it had, how could they allow them to leave so easily?

"You..." Elder Aarush's chest heaved through his robes. For such an action to be so visible despite how skinny he was, it could be imagined just how much anger he was trying to suppress.

For Elder Aarush who didn't have protection of any of the pillar clans of their sect, to have his name tied to such a folly was tantamount to death. It didn't matter that he wasn't within the mystical world to change things, nor did it matter that Christian III's death had nothing to do with him. There would definitely be a scapegoat, and it definitely couldn't be the already dead Scions, nor could it be the inner disciples because they were all children of either the Goldeen or Crow Clans...

"This is intolerable. To take the treasures of the Golden Crow Sect, it doesn't matter how large the Clan backing you is, no one would accept this slight!" Elder Aarush roared.

However, his rage was only met with laughter.

Dyon's hand swept across his forehead, wiping off sweat from the unquenchable heat that pervaded the space around them. It was then that his eyes suddenly sharpened, their golden hue piercing through the veil of space and landing upon Aarush's body.

Elder Aarush suddenly trembled, involuntarily taking a step back. By the time he realized he as a Dao Expert had actually been startled by the gaze of a celestial, his face had already been lost.

It was impossible for Aarush to remember the last time he had felt so humiliated. He had become a Lower Dao Formation Realm warrior several ten thousand years ago. Even when it came to Vice Master Melisende, he had no need to give her any face at all. The only person who gave him the slightest bit of pressure was Dyon because of his background.

The quality of experts in the Golden Crow Sect were on an entirely different level in comparison to the Flaming Lily Sect. This was obvious considering the latter sent their Vice Master while the other sent a normal elder.

Melisende and Aarush actually had practically the same cultivation, but Aarush was a mere eighth ranked elder. If the ancestors were ignored, Melisende was the second strongest in her sect, while Aarush was the tenth (taking into account the Sect Master and Vice Master). If Ancestors were taken into account, the disparity was even larger!

Yet, a man who could so wholly look down on Vice Master Melisende had taken a step back in the face of a celestial!

"I don't have the time to bullshit with you. You have one of two choices. You either fuck off, or you lose your life here. Which one is it?" Dyon asked.

For the Flame Rebirth and Fiery Lotus Sects who could only manage to send Pseudo-Dao experts, Dyon's words felt exceptionally weighty. But for Elder Aarush, they were no less than a slap to the face.

However, he had to remain rational. While it was true that both he and Melisende were both Lower Dao Expert, Melisende was a third stage dao formation expert while he was still in the second stage. In the Dao Realm, even a single meridian made a massive difference, let alone a whole stage.

If Melisende and he fought, he could hold on for a few hundred exchanges due to the superiority of the Golden Crow Sect's Legacy, but he would still undoubtedly lose. How could the Golden Crow Sect teach outsiders their core teachings? Aarush had never been allowed to learn the best they had to offer...

Elder Aarush laughed in anger. "It seems that your Flaming Lily Sect is intent on starting an all-out war with us?"

Knowing he could do nothing to Dyon, Elder Aarush turned his ire toward Melisende. He knew that while Dyon could afford to take the key, the Flaming Lily Sect wouldn't dare to!

So what if Dyon had a massive Clan backing him? Would they cross hundreds of universes to fight a battle for someone else? Impossible!

Melisende suddenly felt a weight on her chest. Aarush was absolute correct. While Dyon could afford to be willful, she couldn't.

The Golden Crow Sect didn't have any obligation to give their sects any face at all. They had been suppressing the three of them, including the Flaming Lily Sect, for so many millennia that it should have already been possible for them to sweep over the quadrant.

In truth, the only reason the Golden Crow Sect was holding back until now was in order to keep a lower profile. While many have forgotten the might of the Golden Crow bloodline, those monsters of the outer quadrants definitely hadn't.

Until now, the Golden Crow Sect had been partially feigning weakness while waiting for the ancestor's plans to be accomplished. If they decided to drop all pretenses, taking command of 60 or 70 Universes just like those largest Clans and Sects did would only be a matter of a few decades.

Others might not know all these hidden truths, but how could Melisende not as the Vice Master of their rival Sect? Although she wasn't aware of the role Orcus played in all of this, she did know that the Golden Crow Sect was more than twice as powerful as their three lower ranked sects put together!

She had to smooth this situation out. Dyon was still young and rash, and while he could speak for himself, Melisende knew that no Clan would take part in a war so far from themselves. And, even if they chose to do so, the payment they would ask for in return wasn't something the Flaming Lily Sect could afford to pay.

However, before she could make her attempt, Dyon had already chosen to speak again. While the Flaming Lily Sect didn't understand the full scope of why the Golden Crow Sect held back, how could Dyon not? He had Orcus' diary, after all. With it, Dyon not only understood the secrets behind the fall of the Golden Crow Sect, he had also learned some truths behind why the Golden Era was the shortest of the four Eras. On top of this, there were secrets about the Ancient Battlefield that opened Dyon's perspective up to an entirely new world...

"Can you, as an elder who carries neither the Goldeen nor Crow Bloodline, take responsibility for declaring war?"