

The Nameless 1391

Chapter 1391: What Kind?

Dyon's words froze Elder Aarush in place. He had spoken in the heat of the moment, but he knew just how true Dyon's words were. The Flaming Lily Sect had been an eyesore for them for millions of years already, yet they hadn't gotten rid of them yet. There had to be a reason for this. Could he really take responsibility for declaring war? Of course not!

"If you'd like the key, it's not impossible for you to get it back." Dyon suddenly said with a smile, his oppressive aura disappearing like the wind.

Elder Aarush narrowed his eyes, but he was forced to answer. "How?"

"Simple. Find someone below the 7th celestial stage capable of defeating my wife and you can have the key."

Elder Aarush's jaw clenched, but he could say nothing. God Goldeen was their best talent, yet he was of the 8th Order. Their Golden Crow Bloodline had grown too thin in recent years. While their inner disciples were promising, they were all 7th Order geniuses... They didn't have anyone capable!

This time, the elders couldn't block Dyon any longer. Doing any more would only cause them to lose more face. However, Elder Aarush had already sent word back to the Sect. The highest ranking elder they had that stayed behind was the first elder. He was firmly within the middle dao realm, only he could deal with this situation.

**

Hours later, Dyon had brought the fifty or so disciples along with Melisende to the main base of the Flaming Lily Sect, Planet Lily. The reason behind this name could be seen quite plain as day from standing in the sky above it. A large mountain range that took up half the size of the planet bloomed outward, its rocky edges forming the shape of a lily.

According to the planet's history, there was a large volcano connected to the planet's core at the center. Some time a few dozen million years ago, this volcano erupted. The eruption was so powerful that the

molten waste it spewed tore into the skies and through the atmosphere, where it rapidly cooled before it could fully descend. This resulted in the unique lily shape they were all seeing now.

In the past, this event was seen as a tragedy, so the planet was named Planet Lily in remembrance. As much as 95% of the planet's inhabitants died. Unfortunately, this was because cultivators had yet to settle here, so much of those who called this place home back then were weak foundation stage or meridian formation stage experts.

It was only afterward that this eruption was seen as a blessing in disguise for the cultivation world. The lily carried dense fire essence and was a hotbed for the formation of unique flames. Those who practiced along the fire dao path cultivated at twice the speed here as they would anywhere else. And, the lily itself could be considered a massive dao grade fire abyssal core.

Knowing a place like this existed, it really was curious that the Golden Crow Sect had yet to attempt to monopolize it.

At this moment, the golden yacht slowly descended upon the planet, but paused just before entering its atmosphere.

"You can all go." Dyon said. "Madeleine has just given birth, so I must return her to our home. I'll be back to have that meeting we spoke about within a few months."

Melisende frowned, but she understood in the end. Having Madeleine here was too dangerous.

After seeing them all off, Dyon directly left with Madeleine by his side, not knowing that just minutes later, First Elder Crow entered Flaming Lily Sect territory, completely uncaring for the usual rules and customs.

Dyon's mind was free and unfettered on his and Madeleine's journey back to Soul Rending Peak. In truth, he felt odd treating a child that was essentially himself as his son, but after seeing Madeleine's enthusiasm, he couldn't bring himself to speak these thoughts aloud.

Dyon could only sigh as he watched his wife so enthusiastically take on her motherly role. Despite her not being able to breast feed Junior, she cared for him in every other way possible. She doted on him so

much that Dyon was often forgotten in the background, much to his feigned depression. Still, he found himself enjoying these scenes for hours on end. He felt like he could watch Madeleine be a mother for days without any boredom.

These things made Dyon sigh, though. He and Madeleine had never sat down to speak about it, but he knew how much the truth behind her family's matters hurt her.

At first, Madeleine felt despair due to them, thinking that her mother and father were eager to sell her off to the highest bidder. In the beginning, it seemed that they only tried to tie her to Akihiko just to save her life, but if that was the case, what was their reasoning for backing her marriage with Lionel? What was their reason for ignoring her wishes and bowing to Connery Sapiencia's wishes?

Then, she found out that all of these things were a lie. The group of people she thought were her family, actually weren't her relatives at all. It felt like in an instant, years of emotional trauma and pain was wasted, only to form a new enmity.

Madeleine had never once spoken to Amell and Nora. These matters hung in the air like a tacit secret shared by dozens of individuals. But, this only made things hurt more. Even when they came back and saw her, they still didn't dare to face her? What kind of parents were they?

Seeing Madeleine so invested in what Junior symbolized in her life, how could Dyon not understand? He knew his wife better than anyone else in existence. She craved for family just as much if not more than he did.

Soon, Madeleine and Dyon had made it back to Soul Rend Universe. In order to not attract attention and quietly observe the changes, Dyon once again remained lowkey.

Chapter 1392: Moments Ago...

By now, development had taken a huge leap forward once again. During the first three years, Meiyong had spent much of her time planning for the opening of Celestial Corner. But, now that that goal had been accomplished, she spent much more time organizing Soul Rend Universe itself.

In the end, Dyon and Meiying decided that it was best if they kept the same six planets for now with plans to increase this total to about twenty within fifty years. It was simply much easier to rely on already created infrastructure, especially since Dyon's budget was lacking. Unfortunately, Dyon knew that this might lead to some conflicts.

There was good news, however. The Clans under Dyon's control were relatively small, with core members not totaling more than a few thousand. They were nothing like the juggernaut clans like the Goldeen or Crow families that had millions of individuals with their bloodlines. As a result, they needed far less space.

Still, there would always be intensive competition between Clans. This competition was fiercest when it came to earning Sect disciple positions. From Dyon's cursory glance, he even noticed that some families were trying to monopolize the resources of the Academies so they could control that path of entrance to the six Peaks.

Of course, Dyon had already expected this to happen. It was for this reason that he employed the Teacher Grading system, allowing students to send anonymous reviews of their mentors. But, it seemed that this measure wasn't enough – maybe he was too naïve.

Firstly, the up and coming families – the Novrel, Mogy, Acor, and Coudry Clans – had grown substantially and had banded together to suppress the Donari's Caedes family.

One might wonder how this happened considering Donari was the key wielder, but the truth was that the moment those of Dyon's home universe moved over, he no longer had the right to keep his title. He lost it to Stella just days after the Belmont family established themselves. This caused a major blow to the morale of the Caedes family and emboldened the up and coming families to suppress them.

According to what Dyon could see, the key had become a hot potato. Switching between Stella and Aoife what seemed like every other day. Apparently, the two had an agreement that they wouldn't be allowed to take their trials and become the official key wielder until one of them won three times in a row. Not only had that delayed their trial, but it caused a minor headache for those who had to clean up after their battles.

Still, Dyon didn't care much about this. Although he didn't believe the two Princesses should neglect their trials, they were actually training in their own way by placing pressure on each other. Instead, what gave Dyon a headache were the countless other squabbles between Clans.

What remained of the Aumens, Gebes and Horus's was essentially being treated like a slave class. The Niveus Sect had risen up again in the form of a Guild/Faction despite the fact Dyon made it clear that they would only have Six Sects for now. The Patia-Neva Clan was relatively stable, mostly due to Delia's backing, but this caused dissatisfaction among many. At the same time, the Pakal Clan had become far too isolated, they were practically forming an eco-system of their own.

Countless problems piled together to form Dyon's second headache of the past day. But who knew that the moment he stepped into Soul Palace for a breather, planning to figure out a course of action the next day, he would be hit with news that made his world flip upside down?

"What did you say?" Dyon stood, staring at Delia's beautiful crying features while holding a small baby that couldn't have been more than 9 months old in his arms.

He had been so happy just moments ago. All his worries had vanished when he saw his best friend's child waddling about. But, when he saw Delia's devastated appearance, a woman he saw as his own little sister, he felt that the world had come crashing down.

Dyon stood frozen. Had he not had a baby in his arms, he knew very well that this wouldn't be his reaction. It was taking his everything not to destroy the very palace he stood in now. The concentration took so much out of him that his tensed muscles experienced thousands of micro tears under their own power.

Dyon's Presence involuntarily leaked. The others who were in the throne room suddenly felt that they were facing an insurmountable mountain.

After his Titan Emperor's Will perfectly synced with his body cultivation, the titan air of his body increased to an entirely new level. Everything from Dyon's innate lust to his bestial tendencies were many grades higher than they once were. It was even more difficult for him to control his own emotions now than it had ever been.

Still, even with his attempts, a spider web of cracks ravaged Soul Palace, shattering the ground beneath Dyon's feet. Now that his Presence had perfectly fused with his body, even his words could affect the world around him, let alone his rage.

Dyon closed his eyes. He was well aware that no one here could get close to him in this state, so he needed to calm down. If not for their sake, at least for the sake of the child in his arms.

Minutes later, Dyon finally tempered his mental state to an acceptable level. In reality, he knew that this would happen at some point, but the idea that those bastards took advantage of the momentum of Eli's child's birth in order to track him down pissed Dyon off more than he had the words to describe.

"I'm sorry little guy." Although Dyon had tried to control himself, the one who likely took the brunt of his Presence was a baby not even a year old. He felt ashamed.

However, he was surprised to find the bright-eyed little boy with the same sandy-blond hair his father and aunt had looking up at him from his arms as though nothing had happened. He even patted Dyon's face with his small, chubby hands as though to console him.

Dyon smiled lightly. "I won't let you grow up without a dad, I promise."

Chapter 1393: Piss Off

Dyon looked up to find that Madeleine had already appeared by Delia's side. He could only allow her to fulfill her role as big sister.

"What are you planning?" Meiyong floated to Dyon's side, her black hair cascading as her violet eyes twinkled with an intelligent light. But, Dyon could tell that the normally carefree Meiyong was just as, if not more angered than he was. While Delia saw Madeleine as a big sister, it was Meiyong that was her best friend. They had grown up together at Focus Academy, following Madeleine around. Seeing Delia like this was almost like seeing a reflection of herself going through the same pain.

In Meiyong's arms, Junior shifted, his large silver eyes blinking as his gaze met with Little Aiden's.

"Eli and I were prepared for this a long time ago." Dyon's eyes flashed. "As long as Eli is somewhere on this mortal plane, I'll know exactly where he is."

"You placed a tracking array on him?" Meiying's eyes lit up. But, Dyon's response was a shaking of his head.

"I can't underestimate Heaven's Children so blatantly. If I placed a tracking array in him, the likelihood they have someone capable of detecting and eliminating such things is very high."

Up to now, how was it that the Heaven's Children remained safe? How was it that they stole Heaven's Children right from under the noses of powerful Clans and Sects without ever being found? It was obvious to anyone that thought for even a small while that normal measures wouldn't work. Only something drastic would.

However, Dyon wouldn't be able to implement this plan until he fully mastered the Planet Grade and Planet Grade Qi. Until then, all he could do was temper his anger.

"Are you Dyon?"

In that moment, the arrogant voice of a valiant woman caused Dyon to frown. His temper wasn't the best right now and he had just calmed down, he wasn't in the mood to deal with an arrogant annoyance. If he was forced to, he might not be able to hold back.

Dyon turned to see a breathtaking beauty with long cascading hair that seemed to change color with her every moment. She was tall, standing at about 6'2 or 3, but despite her valiant aura and appearance, she wore a violet gown that tempered her true aura with that of a refined princess.

"Who is this?" Dyon glanced at Meiying.

Despite seeing Dyon's peeved expression, Meiying giggled. Now that she knew Dyon had plans to get Eli back, she was in a far better mood.

"She's the only core disciple of Soul Rending Peak, Damaris."

Dyon's brows furrowed even further. As far as he was aware, their entire peak only had one inner disciple, and that was Violet's father Marco. In truth there were actually a second Dyon wasn't aware of yet. When the hell did they get a core disciple? And why was she so annoying?

"Hmph. I'm the Princess of the Aegis Clan, True God Damaris. For me to have joined a Sect with such a weak Master is too embarrassing. You might as well give me the Sect Master position."

In the throne room, there wasn't just Delia, Madeleine, Meiying and the babies, there were also a few Demon Generals who had rushed back to greet Dyon. They all looked toward Dyon, trying to see how he'd respond.

Dyon's features darkened. "Piss off."

Damaris was stunned by Dyon's words. No matter how indelicate her words were, she was still a world-class beauty that didn't lose out to Delia and Madeleine in any way. On top of this, she had a refined draconic aura that made her very tempting for men who took pleasure in conquering head strong women. But, here was a man who didn't waver at the sight of her, nor did he try to coax her.

Damaris had expected that even if Dyon was eager to fight her, he would do so anyway if for nothing else but to conquer her heart by defeating her.

It was clear here just how arrogant Damaris was. If Dyon knew her thoughts, he might become so enraged that he'd directly give her the attack she was seeking. Despite knowing that Amphorae was his wife she still dared to have such thoughts?

"What did you say to me?!" Damaris' surprise gave way to rage. Her violet pink hair billowed behind her as faint crystalline scaled began to creep up along her slender legs and arms.

"That's six months." Dyon suddenly said.

"What?" Damaris entered a confused state of anger.

"One year."

"You..."

"One year and a half."

Dyon's eyes flashed with a golden light, creating a defensive array he allowed Little Aiden to float on. The little guy was so excited to see something so new and weird that he clapped, observing the swirling gold beneath him.

Damaris didn't understand the words Dyon was speaking, but what she did understand was the disdain in his eyes. Disdain? Who had ever dared to look at her in such a way?!

"Two years."

Dyon's hand stretched outward. Suddenly, Damaris felt an overwhelming danger overtake her senses. As a beast, how could her intuition not be sharp? But, it was already too late.

A palm of golden celestial qi appeared in the air.

"[Vortex Seal]." Dyon's clearly impatient voice rang out. He implemented one of the many energy manipulation techniques he mastered with a mere thought.

[Vortex Seal] was an area of effect type energy manipulation technique. Some of these techniques increased the density of qi in order to increase striking power, in fact, Orcus' [Sun God Halo] was one example. But, this one did the direct opposite.

Damaris suddenly felt like her space of command disappeared. The control she felt over her domain as a celestial became nothing more than a toy before Dyon. It was almost as though she was a mortal tossed into a space without oxygen. Not only did she find it difficult to gather up strength, but even controlling her own body seemed impossible.

"[Descending Palm]."

Before Damaris could react, the palm slammed downward. The already cracked Soul Palace grounds shattered even more fiercely.

Meiyang could only shake her head. She had put so much effort into renovating the Palace just for this to happen. Wasn't this big brother of hers being too ungrateful?

Damaris was slammed face first into the marbled floor, her delicate appearance becoming ravaged by cuts and bruises, not to mention an obscene amount of crimson blood. Her once valiant demeanor disappeared.

Chapter 1394: Lucky

Thadius and the other Demon Generals felt a keen sense of surprise. Dyon had always been powerful. Even when he had no cultivation to speak of, he had still gained their respect. But this... Wasn't this too exaggerated?! No matter what, Damaris was still a 9th Order Middle Celestial!

To make matters worse, he only made use of two common grade techniques! [Vortex Seal] was an energy manipulation technique meant for defensive purposes. When used appropriately, it could mitigate the damage output of an opponent's attack. It was theoretically impossible for anyone to use it on as large a scale as Dyon had!

Then there was [Descending Palm]. It was a palm technique that took advantage of height leverage to create an imposing palm strike, who would ever think of replicating the technique with celestial qi!? That was like using a golden plated knife to portion out beast dung...

Plus, everyone here could tell that Dyon had only just entered the celestial realm. He hadn't even reached the peak of the first stage. Since when could lower celestials command so much atmospheric celestial qi, especially in the face of middle celestial? And since when were they so powerful?!

Dyon was obviously the least surprised about all of this. The fusion of Presence with his body might seem like a simple matter, but only when one wielded the power for themselves could they understand just how incomprehensible the strength it gave you was. Even if Damaris was a higher celestial, she would inevitably lose miserably.

"Your cultivation will be sealed for two years. Barging into Soul Palace uninvited. Disrespecting your Sect Master. Threatening your Sect Master." Dyon's eyes reddened with an almost irrational rage.

His hand raised again. Damaris, who had lost consciousness, obviously couldn't react before a beam of sealing energy entered her body. Not only was she completely cut off from her bloodline, disallowing her from entering her dragon form, she lost the ability to communicate with her meridians and soul.

This was a sealing Dyon comprehended alone after entering the celestial realm. His breakthrough allowed him a much deeper understanding of his cultivation technique [Inner World: Sanctuary]. Now, he was able to apply its ability to seal his cultivation paths unto others.

This was the very first true sealing technique he had ever learned. It could only be considered a Lower Earth Grade technique, but he was satisfied with it. He called it [Sanctuary Seal].

Dyon couldn't be bothered to deal with Damaris' body. There were much more pressing things to worry about. Plus, she was a dragon anyway. If she really was so frail, she'd slap the face of her own race. But, Dyon didn't expect for Giralda to be lagging not too far behind her little sister.

Seeing the state of her sibling, Giralda didn't so much as frown. She just sighed, and picked her up.

"Maybe this'll teach you to stop being so loud mouthed." Giralda scolded. "Thank you for going easy on her."

No matter what, Giralda saw Dyon as her savior. Plus, Dyon wasn't aware that Giralda had this sort of relationship with Damaris until just now.

"She's your?..." Dyon felt like he suddenly understood. He hadn't asked any questions, mostly because he trusted the people around him to not make stupid decisions, but now he felt like he had a grasp of the situation.

"She's my little sister. She's a bit rambunctious, though. That said, she'll probably be happy you didn't go easy on her whenever it is she wakes up, although she'll also be disappointed that she can't cultivate for two years."

Giralda didn't speak any nonsense about alleviating Damaris of her punishment. She understood the concept of a ruler's dignity. If Dyon so easily let Damaris off the hook after she so wantonly attempted to slap his face, it would become more difficult for him to establish law and order in the future.

"Take this." Dyon suddenly said, using his thumb to flick a pill toward Giralda.

"This is..." Giralda felt her heartbeat quicken.

"It's a Meridian Nurturing Pill. I know that in the past you were forced to advance to the celestial realm before you were ready, so your grade is lower than it should be. Although you could abolish your cultivation and restart, that would take too much time. Plus, your celestial tribulation was become far more difficult.

"All you need to do is sever your meridians and use this pill. It has a 92% chance of working. If for any reason you happen to be in the unlucky 8%, just come here again and I'll give you another."

"I—" Giralda planned to firmly refuse, but Dyon cut her off before she could continue.

"A long time ago, you made a choice to leave your Clan to follow the man you love. Today, the man you love happens to be under my wing, which makes you one of my people as well. Making you stronger helps me."

Hearing these words, Giralda's will to refuse dissipated. If Dyon was simply being nice to her because he felt bad for beating up her little sister, she would definitely refuse. But, if this was the case, and he expected to be paid back, it was something she could accept.

Dyon smiled thoughtfully. His current visage was a far cry from the maddened war lord who didn't even spare an absolute beauty.

"Your son, he should be about 11 years old now, right?" Dyon suddenly asked.

"Mhm, Little Ryu is talented, but he's still mute..." Giralda said sadly.

Dyon nodded. He had heard of one child receiving an S grade the last he visited here, just before he left for the Golden Flame Mystical World. Back then, he had had a solid guess that that child was Ryu, and it seemed that he was correct.

"If you take advantage of the Meridian Nurturing Pill and reach the 9th Order, I can directly give you a position among the Demon Generals. Your son, as you already know, is qualified to become a trainee directly under them, but I feel that he isn't ready yet."

Giralda nodded in agreement. Ryu's muteness was a looming worry over her head, she wouldn't feel comfortable letting him take on such a role. She was very much protective of her son, one of the few lights in her life.

"Prepare yourself." Dyon said seriously. "It won't be long before we'll have to go to war."

Dyon's words shocked those in attendance. So soon? They weren't ready. They definitely weren't ready. Plus, their strongest expert, Amphorae, wouldn't be back for at least half a decade to a decade. And, even if she was here, how could it be possible to rely on a single warrior to guarantee victory?

However, somehow, Dyon's words inspired absolute confidence. Not only were they undeniable, it was as though his lack of acceptance for the possibility of defeat unwittingly entered all of their souls.

"Understood." Without another word, Giralda turned and left. She had long since stopped considering herself a member of the Aegis Clan. From now on, she was a Demon General. Just like Dyon, not for a second did she consider the possibility of failing.

All that was left other than Giralda's retreating figure was silence. However, Meiying seemed key on breaking that, disliking the somber atmosphere.

"Ooo, can I have one of those Meridian Nurturing Pills?" Her violet eyes blinked adorably, she knew how to abuse her position as Madeleine's little sister to get exactly what she wanted from Dyon, something she was quite shameless about.

Dyon raised an eyebrow. "What do you need them for?"

"Didn't you say they're a chance to raise your grade?"

Dyon shook his head. "These pills don't magically raise your grade, you have to have had the talent in the first place. This pill is first and foremost created to heal those who've been crippled, the raising of grades is only a hidden secondary effect most can't make use of. In fact, pills that aren't top-grade won't have this effect at all."

"Oh." Meiyong pouted. But, she knew that her conventional energy cultivation talent was average at best, so it would be useless for her to take the pill unless she found a devil qi rich environment.

"Luckily for you." Dyon said mysteriously, grinning as he looked at her expression become more and more intrigued and curious. "I happen to have stumbled upon a Devil Vein."

Chapter 1395: Crazy

"A Devil Vein?!" Meiyong's calm and playful appearance crumbled. "That's impossible!"

Dyon laughed. "Aren't I very capable? If you call me elder brother Dyon, I'll plant it within your Bai family's territory."

"No, no, no. That's too much of a waste. A Devil Vein, even of the lowest grade, needs an entire solar system to itself. If it's a high grade, it needs an entire universe, maybe a few universes to reveal its true potential."

"Hm? Is that so? The one I found seemed to have only had influence on a very small area though. I couldn't sense it more than ten kilometers away. In fact, I almost missed it until I was right on top of it."

Meiyong's brow furrowed. "That's even more impossible than the idea of you finding one."

"Tell me about Devil Veins then." Dyon asked with curiosity. Back when he found the Devil Vein in the Demon Tiger den, he had been too focused on collecting the corrosive flame to ask the twins about it. Then, afterward, he had his path blocked by the various fire dao geniuses. By the time he finished dealing with all of that, there were only a few more days until the first phase ended. So, he had to rush to the territory of the diamond skinned apes. If he had allowed the second phase to begin, it would have been impossible to defeat them and retrieve the pulse fruits.

All in all, he simply hadn't had the time to delve into its mysteries. After he managed to use the soul tome to collect both it and the corrosive flame, he had too many other things to do and worry about.

"Devil Veins are similar to Spiritual Veins, however their niche abilities make them far more powerful. Spiritual Veins can't grow past a certain size because it destabilizes the energy of a universe and could lead to its collapse, however, Devil Veins don't have that problem.

"The reason Spiritual Veins destabilize universes is because they collect every form of energy into one. If a universe becomes unbalanced in this way, it becomes difficult for it to maintain its laws.

"Once a Spiritual Vein grows to a certain size, its wanton absorption of energy would reach a level that a universe could no longer maintain. It would even be possible for it to pull upon energy the universe had been saving for the distant future, thus shortening its life span."

Dyon's eyes narrowed when he heard this. Wasn't this similar to what the entity was doing to his home universe? Could he be using concepts of spiritual veins and some other hidden methods to achieve his goal?

This aside, up to now, Dyon knew all of the things Meiyong spoke of. In fact, he was also aware that it was possible to use the Energy Core to ignore these limitations. He could also guess with this information why Devil Veins didn't have this limitation.

"You might have guessed it by now but Devil Veins don't have this issue. Because it focuses on absorbing only a single type of energy, not only does it grow faster, but it has the opposite effect of stabilizing a universe.

"Devil Qi is very volatile, so Devil Veins work like poison sponges, eradicating much of the illnesses a universe might suffer from its qi. In fact, Devil Qi is one of the branches of qi types that lead to the heat death of universes." Meiyong's face suddenly contorted, she was very obviously remembering something that angered her.

"However, even knowing this, those self-righteous bastards of the conventional path pretend as though devil cultivators are evil. Everything in the universe is meant to have a balance. Devil Cultivators are a tonic that strengthens and adds longevity to universes by absorbing its devil qi. But, because we're so

scarce now, Devil Veins are even more rare, so the lifespan of universes and quadrants as a whole have shortened.

"Now they're all scrambling, worrying about how the mortal plane could die out in just another few billion years, but weren't they the ones who caused all of this in the first place?" Meiying's chest heaved.

Seemingly realizing she had had a small outburst, her cheeks reddened adorably as she regained her composure.

"Anyway. Devil Veins are extinct. You shouldn't tease me like that." Meiying said with a pout.

"Is that so?" Dyon grinned, taking out the soul tome and flipping to a particular page.

Listening to Meiying's explanation, Dyon had a faint idea why the effects of the Devil Vein he found weren't so exaggerated. It was likely very much connected to the corrosive flame he found at the center of it.

Due to some freak accident, a unique flame ended up being birthed as the core of this Devil Vein. As a result, it became capable of relying on the devil vein to absorb the volatile devil qi toward it, and thus use this devil qi to grow and mutate. Over countless years, this flame gained an unimaginable amount of power. Had it not been for the soul tome, Dyon wouldn't have had a snowball's chance in hell in capturing it. Instead, he would have died without a corpse.

Meiying's violet eyes widened. She couldn't take her eyes off of the image of wiggling black crystals that seemed to have a life of their own.

"This is crazy..." She muttered. Part of the reason her mother had died was precisely because someone wanted to exploit her Feng Shui abilities to find this very thing floating before her as an image now... Yet here it was within arm's reach...

"Where did you find this?..." Meiying asked softly.

"It was within an ancestor den of demon tigers. The mystical world was an eco-system of its own, so it probably naturally birthed a devil vein to keep itself stable, believing itself to be its own universe."

"It's own eco system... That's probably why... If only we had this back then." She said absentmindedly.

Chapter 1396: In Truth...

Her Bai Clan had always been small. However, much like small Clans that specialized in alchemy or weapon's forging, not many provoked them because of the usefulness of their abilities. After all, the Feng Shui compass will was practically extinct and only the Bai Clan had a sure method of passing it down their generations.

However, there were always exceptions to a rule. The martial world had always been ruled by strength so how could those used to raising their noses high in disdain lower their heads to a small clan?

Meiyang didn't know all of the details, but what she did know was that some big shot of the Devil Alliance wanted to grow their influence more. So, they turned to their Bai Clan to force them to look for Devil Veins.

Devil Quadrants were both incredibly rare and incredibly volatile. For reasons explained previously, their lifespan was less than a thousandth of the lifespan of a normal universe. So, while Devil Quadrants still existed today, they definitely wouldn't for much longer.

As a result, the need for Devil Veins was two-fold. Firstly, they were needed to stabilize their universes. If the Devil Clans and Sects suddenly lost their homes, the reverberating effects would be devastating. Secondly, it was to grow more powerful. Devil Veins had the ability to produce Pure Devil Qi which was a step far above Normal Devil Qi.

Pure Devil Qi was a staple of Demonic Royals and was often referred to as Demonic Qi or Royal Qi. Usually, only with sufficient talent and methods could a devil path cultivator refine Devil Qi into Pure Devil Qi. However, Devil Veins bypassed this need for talent to some extent, opening a doorway to new possibilities.

Although Meiying's mother tried to explain that Devil Veins were extinct, those Clans and Sects refused to take no for an answer. This led to years of torment not only for the Bai family, but especially so for Meiying's mother.

Knowing what would happen to the Bai Clan when she inevitably failed, Meiying's mother sacrificed herself for the sake of their survival. It was no wonder Meiying's feelings were complicated.

On the one hand, Meiying hated the Devil Clans and Sects for pushing their family into a corner. On the other, she hated those self-righteous conventional path clans and sects that were the root of the problem to begin with. Both were equally responsible for why she, as a mere toddler, had to take the life of her own mother...

Meiying suddenly felt a large warm hand lightly fluff her hair. Almost simultaneously, Junior, who was still in her arms also tried to rub her hand. Madeleine couldn't help but giggle as she was the big and small Dyon execute the same action at the same time. Even Meiying and Delia's dulled moods couldn't help but brighten.

Delia wiped her tears, walking over to Little Aiden who was still looking at the defensive array below him as though it was the greatest treasure in the world.

"It's about time I feed Little Aiden, I'm sure you have a lot of things to do right?" Delia picked up Aiden, cradling her little boy like a loving mother. Now that Eli was gone, Aiden really was her whole world.

Speaking of feeding, Dyon was a little worried about feeding Junior. Until now, he and Madeleine had been creating syrup and porridge concoctions of nutritious pills and spiritual plants and fruits for him to eat, but neither of them had been parents before so it was impossible to tell if he was being properly cared for.

Dyon almost asked Delia if she could help with his nursing, but when he remembered that Junior was actually his clone, he almost slapped himself in the face. What was he thinking? Since when had he become so muddle headed?

Dyon silently saw the girls and two babies off before sinking into his own thoughts. He had planned on taking a break today, but these matters had lit a fire under him. Those bastards actually dared take Eli away from his child...

His jaw clenched. Junior needed to grow up fast. For now, Dyon was content to allow him to act like a normal child, but at the end of the day, Dyon knew that he would never be as easy on Junior as he would a child that was truly his son. Junior was his clone, as such, he shared the same burdens.

Dyon needed to quickly master planet qi, but even for him, this would take decades. This wasn't good enough, not by a long stretch. He refused to allow Aiden to grow up without a father. He refused to allow Eli to never feel the joy of raising his son.

A ring appeared in Dyon's hand. This ring was none other than the only supreme grade treasure the Celestial Deer Sect left behind, his Life Ring. He had given this ring to Eli long ago because it contained a perfect environment for Eli to test out his botany theories. Before he was taken away, Eli managed to leave this behind.

Dyon swept his senses over the ring. When he saw the product of Eli's hard work, his eyes couldn't help but water with rage.

His fist tightened around the ring. Just as he wanted to collect his emotions and begin the task of setting order to Soul Rend Universe, the dormant chain that rested around his neck vibrated, causing an image of Ri to appear.

"It's good that you're back, I need some help."

The truth was that there were no Sapientia Towers in Soul Rend Quadrant, so it would normally be impossible for Ri to reach him. But, Clara didn't like this flaw. While it was no good for the Sapientia to have any influence in Dyon's territory, it was equally as bad for Dyon to be unaware of the affairs of the outside world.

In solution, Clara created a one-way reception tower. This one-way tower only allowed information to come in, not allowing any to leave. As a result, the Sapientia were completely unaware of its existence while Dyon and his Empire could keep tabs on the happenings of the outside world.

There was only one exception to the one-way rule and that was the necklaces that hung from Dyon's and his wives' necks.

Chapter 1397: Hundredfold

Ri looked particular tired, but there was a happy smile on her face. She knew that the mystical world was only meant to stay open for three years, but she had contacted Dyon months ago only to hear nothing back. That left both her and Clara in a bit of a predicament.

Luckily, their souls were connected to Dyon's, so they knew he was still alive. But, that didn't stop them from worrying. Seeing that he was alive and well now made them feel much better.

"Did something happen?" Dyon sat up from his throne, carelessly slipping the Life Ring onto his finger.

"We've been in Dark Ocean for the past three years, and we've made great gains." Ri explained. "But the problem isn't entering, it's exiting. I'm sure that Chrysanthemum and her cousin are annoyed that my soul jade hasn't shattered yet, so they'll likely lie in ambush. Although I've improved, I'm still not enough to deal with Anabella. She's a higher celestial of the 6th Order."

Dyon nodded. "I'll be there in a few hours."

Despite Dyon making it sound like he was coming alone, Ri didn't doubt him. If her husband took action, that meant he was confident in his victory even when others thought he wasn't.

Dyon ended their communication, standing abruptly.

Beautiful sky blue robes marked with faint gold and silver donned his body, replacing his normal black sweats and white shirt. With his enhanced features and his proper dress, he suddenly became akin to a God who was meant to be worshipped.

A silver-gold mask appeared on his face. Before, the Lightning Willow Mask had turned black due to depleting all of its energy, but now that it had absorbed Dyon's four cloud tribulation, many of its abilities were back. Although it was only a Spiritual grade treasure now, it was still more than enough to stop anyone who wasn't a Higher Existence from seeing his true appearance.

After ensuring that the mask had indeed regained much of its abilities, Dyon thought of taking out the golden yacht, but in the end, he decided against it. Such a supreme grade treasure would definitely be a staple of an expert, so he couldn't casually decide which of his identities would use it. Since he had already used it as Dyon, he couldn't also do so as the masked wife stealer unless he had no other choice.

"This came at a good time..." Dyon muttered to himself, a deep rumbling reverberating in his chest. "... I really did need something to vent this rage. Don't disappointment me too much, Water Mist Sect. Give me something worth playing with."

**

At the edge of Water Mist Sect territory, three individuals stood, all three of whom Dyon and Ri would recognize.

The first was Chrysanthemum. She wore a flowing blue dress that seemed to seamlessly cause her equally blue hair to disappear into its exterior.

The second was Anabelle. Her features were still lazy, almost as though she wanted nothing more than to not be here at all.

And finally, there was Anak whose massive stature allowed Chrysanthemum to leisurely sit on his shoulder. Clearly, the Prince of the Emperor Giant Clan had come to seek revenge. The humiliation he suffered six years prior was still etched into his mind. He wanted nothing more than to destroy the masked wife stealer's reputation in the foulest imaginable way.

"Hubby, you shouldn't frown so much. You'll etch permanent frown lines into that handsome face of yours." Chrysanthemum said with an adorable pout.

She wasn't entirely wrong. By Emperor Giant Clan standards, Anak was incredibly handsome. But to normal humans, his frame was so large that this was often something they overlooked.

"I'm going to humiliate his woman in the worst possible way." Anak's features twisted. "I'll strip her naked and allow my fellow brothers to ravage her. Then I'll string her up and hang her from the highest peak of the Emperor Giant Faction's territory on the celestial floors.

"When he inevitably comes to get her, I'll hand back the humiliation I felt a hundredfold!"

Despite the dark and disgusting words that left his lips, Chrysanthemum giggled and clapped as though these were the exact words she wanted to hear. As for Anabelle, she said nothing. The only sign of her caring was the murderous glint that shone in her eye. She could still remember Ri's scalding remarks from three years back, she would definitely make her pay for them.

Unfortunately for their dreams and aspirations, it was at this moment that a murderous intent descended from the skies. The bloody rage was so palpable and real that the oceans beneath their feet crashed and split even as the once blue skies above their heads rumbled with dark clouds.

It was at that moment that a blue robed deity appeared before them. Although a mask covered his face, the piercing gold and flecks of emerald in his eyes couldn't hide a gaze that could kill.

**

Dyon floated in the air, his emotions fluctuating in a difficult to control manner. His logic told him that killing the three of them where they stood would bring trouble he wasn't equipped to handle, but the surging royal blue titan emperor blood within him couldn't tolerate what he had just heard.

A large part of the reason why Dyon had yet to send Aki back to the Kitsune Clan along with Masako and Gin was because he castrated him in a fit of anger. Currently, the kitsune clan still didn't know about this, but if they did, it would cause an enmity that was impossible to mend.

Dyon understood his mistake afterward, but he refused to forgive Aki. In the end, he planned on keeping Aki with him until he cultivated enough skill in pill concoction to create a pill capable of curing him. It was exactly for this reason that he also brought Masako back from the brink of death as well, to avoid irreversible harm.

Chapter 1398: Three

Even Dyon understood just how indecisive these actions of his were. The longer he kept the three kitsune geniuses, the less use they would have to his ultimate plan. How could their Clans place any trust in them after they spent so long in enemy hands? Only a fool would do so.

Now, Dyon had learned that the kitsune clan had closed off their borders. He understood that he had missed his opportunity and the pawns he cultivated had become useless.

Dyon wanted to grow as a leader, he wanted to stop making rash decisions and delicately plan out his next steps. He wanted to be capable of enduring when he should and moving forward only when he was 100% certain of success, but it just wasn't in his being to act this way.

Now, he faced the same crossroads he had faced many times before. To kill, or not to kill.

Seconds later, Clara and Ri who had been lagging behind caught up with Dyon. They thought something big had happened. Dyon all of a sudden stopped talking and laughing with them and disappeared. By the time they realized what was happening, he was already several thousand kilometers from them. Even with their cultivation, it took several minutes to catch up.

Anabella, Chrysanthemum and Anak had all been surprised by Dyon's sudden arrival, but when they saw Clara and Ri, their sinister intentions began to shine through.

"Comet Lord Gallagher." Anak spoke. "I'll give you one chance to turn away and leave this place. I'll pretend as though I never saw you. But, if you so choose to stay here, don't blame me for being impolite."

"Shut up you overgrown green giant." Clara snorted, turning her cold gaze away as though she couldn't be bothered to continue their conversation.

In truth, when Clara said green giant, she had been referring to a mortal world vegetable brand. Her meaning was that he was a greenhorn who didn't even understand that he was the one in danger now. But how could Anak know that? So, when he heard Clara call him a green giant, she assumed he was calling him a cuckold.

His features twisted with rage. "What did you say to me?!"

Clara's lip twitched with disdain. "Why did this green giant suddenly lose his temper? Definitely something only a green giant would do."

Clara didn't even realize just how much her words pissed Anak off.

All these months, Dyon had been titled the masked wife stealer. But, who else remembered better than Anak how that name came about? It was precisely because the masked man made both he and True God Sacharro cuckolds, practically all but stating that Madeleine was his, that the name came about.

However, before he could say any more, Dyon cut him off.

"I'll give you to the count of three. For every three seconds that pass without you three rolling out of my sight, another one of you will pay the cost of a limb."

Anabella's lazy expression suddenly woke up to these words.

"What did you say to us you delusion bastard?!" Chrysanthemum screeched. She could still remember how Dyon and Ri humiliated her before, how could she take these words lying down.

"One."

Anak's body trembled, an unbridled heat wafting off of him. Chrysanthemum could only leap from his shoulder, afraid that her dress and skin would burn away.

"I'll kill you!"

"Two."

Anak charged forward, the small wing tattoos on his back lighting up as his minor angel blood boiled.

"Three."

Dyon's eyes flashed with an enraged light. Shockingly, he didn't even bother with Anak who was charging right for him. Instead, his fingers pressed together, concentrating an unmatched sword qi.

With a thought, his wrist flicked forward. Even Anabella could only barely register what happened before a pained cry shook the darkened ocean.

Anak stopped in his tracks, his overgrown body shivering in terror as a bloody mark split across his cheek.

He looked back slowly toward his wife, an area that just so happened to be where the agonizing scream came from.

Chrysanthemum fainted from shock. Not only her arm, but even a large part of her shoulder fell, severed from her body. In fact, the sword qi had been so devastating that even a portion of her ribs and breast were cut in two. What remained of her lung practically spilled out from the wound.

Anak hadn't seen the attack. Anabella hadn't been able to react to the attack. And Chrysanthemum suffered greatly. Didn't that mean he could kill them all with a thought?

When a cultivator steps into the celestial realm, they become privy to unimaginable abilities. Matters related to Pseudo-Domains and proper use of Spiritual weapons were just the tip of the iceberg. Now that Dyon was a celestial, his wills had also undergone a qualitative change.

It was common knowledge that 1st through 3rd ranked intents were the staple of essence gatherers, 4th through 6th were meant to be mastered by saint, while 7th through 9th ranked intents were only meant to be wielded by celestials. In fact, these rules became such a profound and unbreakable truth that geniuses were often measured by just how early they mastered these intents. If one comprehended a 7th level intent at the saint realm, they were at least an Emperor at a minimum.

However, Dyon hadn't only just gained the innate boost of entering the celestial realm. His wills had also been perfectly fused with his presence. As things stood right now, his wills were no less powerful than daos formed from weaker paths!

"One." Dyon's count began again. He didn't even seem to care about just how traumatic his last attack was for his opponents.

"Two."

"Stop!" In the distance, Dyon could sense multiple figures rushing forward. In truth, he had sensed them long ago, after all, his divine sense had recovered to 500 000 km.

Dyon had expected it to take six months to heal his soul fully, but the timeframe was drastically smaller than he had anticipated. At first, he was confused. But, after sensing that The Seal seemed far easier for him to use after he sealed Yandevera, he suddenly understood.

Chapter 1399: You Dare?

After his soul entered the dao realm, the abilities of the treasures of the 33 heavens that were bound to him to a large step forward as well. One had to know that unless you were a Higher Existence, it was impossible to touch upon even 10% of their true abilities. But, for Dyon, whose soul was already better than most dao experts at the celestial realm, he could already accomplish this feat!

Of course, he was only able to reach this level with soul path treasures of the 33 heavens. But, considering only the Energy Core wasn't of this path, he had nothing to complain about.

Simply put, with Dyon's soul vastly improving, the abilities of the Soul Tome also increased, thus speeding up its ability to heal his soul.

Ri looked off into the distance, recognizing the figures that were rushing over. One of them was an elder woman she respected. She was the First Elder who had seen Ri and Clara off before they left for the Dark Ocean, First Elder Viola.

As for the two others who followed after her, there was one Minor Elder of the Mist Clan who could only be considered a Pseudo Dao expert, and the other was Second Elder Mist. Second Elder Mist had also been there to see Ri and Clara off, but her sincerity was of a far different sort of ilk.

It was quite obvious that the one who had called for Dyon to stop was Second Elder Mist.

"Three."

Weren't the three of them very foolish to believe they were safe now that their elders were rushing over? The speed of a dao expert was tremendous, crossing several thousand kilometers in the blink of an eye. But, were they faster than the stroke of Dyon's finger?

Dyon's finger descended once more.

This time, the blinding flash of golden sword qi took Anabella's leg before she could react. One had to know that Damaris could toy with Anabella to death as a middle celestial. What did a mere 6th Order genius have in the face of a 9th Order one?

Since Dyon didn't have to take a step to defeat Damaris, what chance did Anabelle have?

Although Anabella didn't cry out as pitifully as Chrysanthemum, her injury was even more severe. Along with her leg, a large portion of her hip was severed. Her intestines leaked from the side. The cut was so severe that the head of her ovaries were also visible.

Was Dyon inaccurate? He had stated that he'd claim a limb, so why were all his attacks so severe?

Of course not. He attacked so harshly on purpose. If he had taken a centimeter more from Chrysanthemum, her heart would have split in half under his blade. Had he taken a centimeter more from Anabella, she would have lost half her reproductive abilities in an instant.

Why was it that he didn't bother to attack Anak? It obviously wasn't because he was able to, nor was it because his background was too fierce.

The Water Mist Sect was ranked 9th while the Emperor Giant Clan was a mere 11th ranked Clan. If comparing the Mist Clan and the Emperor Giant Clan directly, offending the former was far more

dangerous. The Emperor Giant Clan was relying on Anak's future growth to finally break into the 4th-9th ranks. As of now, they were unworthy.

Second, Anak was still far weaker than Anabella. Although he had broken into the celestial realm and climbed to the celestial floor, he was still lacking in comparison to a 6th Order Higher Celestial.

So why did Dyon act this way? It was to show Anak just how inferior he was!

You dared to claim that you'd humiliate my woman behind my back? Watch as I cripple yours before your eyes. You claim that you'd be able to defeat me in battle? Watch as I disdain to attack you and easily defeat someone by far your better.

This sort of slap to the face would entrench Anak's Heart Demon so firmly that he'd never be able to climb out of the abyss.

"One."

"You dare!?"

"Two."

It was as though Dyon didn't notice trouble was approaching. As far as he was concerned, they wouldn't get here before he struck once more. Did this second elder really believe he would stop because she told him so? Dyon could only see red. It was already taking everything in him to not slice their heads from their necks, yet this woman wanted him to stop. What an absolute joke.

Anak knew exactly how to make this stop. Dyon had said very clearly that for every three seconds they didn't roll out of his sight, he'd take another limb. If he wanted him to stop attacking, he simply had to run away. But, could he do such a thing?

Among the True Gods, which of them turned away in the face of a challenge? There were only 11 of them for a very specific reason. Of the trillions upon trillions of individuals that lived in their tower quadrants, only they had the spirit of true warriors!

Even if he died today, even if he was humiliated beyond reason, he wouldn't take a single step back!

Anak roared into the skies, the shimmering image of an Emperor Giant appearing to his back. Wings spread across the back of his manifestation, coloring the skies with just the faintest shade of red.

A golden glaive with a serrated edge appeared in his hand. Its polearm was five meters long while its blade alone was a meter to itself. Its body was covered in ancient patterns that shimmered with a holy light, but its blade was as black as night.

Every True God had their own fortuitous encounters, and every one received at least one supreme grade treasure from their trials. This was their reward as True Gods.

For Anak, he took this mighty glaive that had a history connected to his Nephilim Tribe. One had to remember that all Giants were considered humans who had integrated with ancient bloodlines. Anak's Clan happened to have faintly fused with angels some time in the past, making them one of the stronger branches of the Nephilim Tribe.

This glaive was a former heirloom of the Nephilim Tribe, the main weapon of their 341st Ruler, Raphaim the Great. It was once a Six Star Weapon, but time waited for no man or treasure. Today, it couldn't even be counted as a star treasure, and was now a 4th Planet Grade Glaive.

Still, no matter what... it was still a Supreme Grade weapon!

The faint red image of a half-step dao glaive intent shimmered into existence behind Anak. Heaven's Blessing fell from the sky, shrouding him a golden light that threatened to disperse the dark clouds above.

This was the path of a True God. In the face of immense pressure, Anak's glaive intent shattered the One with World barrier and charged into the One with Dao.

He followed the path of the war lord. He was willing to leave blood and destruction in his wake, prepared to suffer the punishment of the heavens as long as he could continue to take another step forward. He would never step back! Even in the face of his own death!

"[War Lord's Advance]!"

Anak's glaive seemed to draw a horizontal line across space, tearing the world in half.

Chapter 1400: Outrageous

Dyon couldn't be bothered to care. With a flick of his wrist, his glaive shot up from the dark waters below. If one didn't know better, they would think he was wielding a normally sized glaive instead of one that was already ten kilometers long.

Anak's unconscious body lay on the end of his blade, seemingly lifeless. He really had put his everything into his final strike, all for him to fail in the end.

In truth, Dyon wanted nothing more than to kill him. Even if he couldn't kill him, he would have wanted to at least turn him into a slave. But, he knew that was impossible.

The only reason Dyon could easily enslave characters like Yandevere and the kitsune geniuses was because their Clans were weak.

For the kitsune, this was obvious. They were from a mere 30th ranked quadrant despite being supreme grade beasts – they had simply declined too much.

As for Yandevere, this was less obvious considering she was from the 4th ranked quadrant, but it was important to separate the strength of the Golden Crow Sect and the Flaming Lily Sect. Alone, the Flaming Lily Sect was even weaker than the Kitsune Clan, especially considering the traitors that were likely in their midst.

The geniuses of powerful Clans all not only had Presence protecting treasures, they also had various life saving treasures. The best clans were able to provide Soul Treasures that were bound to newborn geniuses the moment their talents were confirmed. These sorts of treasures were of unimaginable value and were all heirlooms handed down through the generations.

If Dyon tried to enslave someone with too powerful a background, it would backfire in ways he wasn't fit deal with. So, while he could slowly infiltrate Clans and Sects ranked below 20 or so with this method, it was impossible to do the same for higher level Clans...

However, that didn't mean Dyon wouldn't make Anak pay a severe price even without the ability to enslave or kill him.

"COME!" Dyon's voice made the space around him tremble under its might.

Like a meteor, a streaking golden glaive five meters long careened toward Dyon. It didn't seem to remember it had another owner at all as it allowed Dyon to grasp it.

With a mere thought, Anak's connection to it shattered, causing his unconscious body to leak blood from his lips.

The glaive was far too oversized for Dyon. That said, he never intended to use it to begin with. The more profound Dyon's understanding of weapon wills became, the more useless he suddenly found high grade weapons. Similar to how he didn't care for alchemy furnaces until he found the Battle Cauldron, the concept was analogous. It probably wouldn't make much of a difference to him unless he found some next level weapon.

Still, taking this glaive had nothing to do with his own desires. Or rather, they did, but not desires pertaining to receiving a new treasure. Dyon needed to find a systematic way to cool himself down, and only this method both caused irreparable harm to Anak while also not reach the point of mobilizing the whole Emperor Giant Clan.

In all likelihood, the next few years' worth of that Clan's resources would all go toward finding a method to heal Anak's soul properly. If they didn't, his talent would be permanently harmed. As for Dyon who could easily heal Anak's soul, he obviously had no intention of doing so.

"Alexandria Snow, are you aware of your wrongs?!" Second Elder Mist could only vent her anger in the only way she could. Even Viola couldn't stop her from implementing Sect rules, right?

Ri slightly yawned. "I don't remember doing anything."

"You... Two of your fellow disciple sisters are hanging on to their lives by a thread, yet you dare to say that you've done nothing?!"

"Did I attack them?" Ri looked at the Second Elder as though she could only see a dancing clown.

However, the Second Elder was very crafty herself. Hearing Ri's words, she immediately pounced.

"I'm glad you've said this. You've allowed a hostile threat into our Sect to harm not only a Legatee of our esteemed Water Mist Sect, but also an astounding genius of merit and the future Prince of our Mist Clan.

"The penalty of betraying the Sect is punishable by public execution, do you acknowledge your wrongs?!"

The moment these words left the Second Elder's lips, she suddenly felt a tremble travel down her spine. An inexplicable sense of cold shook her to her soul. She didn't understand what was happening. As a dao expert, she couldn't remember the last time she felt cold. In fact, this was only made more exaggerated by the fact their Sect and Clan specialized in water and ice abilities.

It was only an instant later that she realized that this feeling came from a gaze, the gaze of a young man who had yet to speak a single word, a gaze that said if she continued, she would lose her pitiful life here.

Luckily for the Second Elder, Ri's laughter cut through the heavy atmosphere.

"I believe you're mistaken. Second Elder may or may not have gone senile in her old age, but surely you can tell that this isn't Water Mist Sect territory. This is the Dark Ocean. When did I do the things you've accused me of?"

"That said, I do find it funny that you've conveniently forgotten the fact that neither Chrysanthemum nor Anabella had any right to be here. If I recall correctly, in order to avoid the pointless deaths caused by the Dark Ocean, strict regulators were placed around which disciples could enter this territory..."

"Tell me, when did such a weak so-called genius like Chrysanthemum earn such a right? She barely managed to break into the celestial realm at the 4th Order, yet you call her an 'astounding genius of merit', aren't you embarrassed? I guess not though, if you could also just seconds before proudly name such a weak woman as your Legatee."

"Outrageous!" Second Elder Mist shrieked.

"It's probably more outrageous that a declining Clan like yours still puts on such airs. I hope for your sakes that your ancestors don't die too soon, or else what would you have to stand on?"

Second Elder Mist lost her cool, almost attempting to attack again. But, a light harrumph from First Elder Viola acted as a bucket of cold water being dumped over her emotions.