

## The Nameless 1101

### Chapter 1101: Hopes

There was a reason the heavens gave creatures so much time to cultivate. It takes time to accumulate wisdom and comprehension... It takes time to build an impenetrable dao heart. And, even then, it can crumble given enough time...

This wasn't even the worst of it. Dyon hadn't spent 40 years living life. He spent half of his life in a trial, fighting for his life. He spent nearly another three to five years unconscious. He even spent his childhood locked up in a room filled with computer screens, hiding away from the truth of his dead parents.

All Dyon knew was fighting and pain. Even his wives, the small blips of happiness in his life, were exactly that, small blips. The amount of time they had to make an impact on him, to show him that there was something beyond the pain, was minimal...

So, when this young man who knew nothing of the reality of life was suddenly faced with an unshakeable comprehension "gifted" to him by his heaven defying talent, how could he have the will to refute it? How could he give the good a chance when in his experience, there was so little of it?

Dyon's finger flashed, causing the Dragon King to appear on his wrist, wrapped around in a slick, long band.

The metal body shifted, turning into a slender knife so sharp that its edges were the only portions of its light absorbing body that reflected anything.

Dyon's hands trembled, clutching the knife with his whole strength. "I shouldn't exist..."

Before anyone could even realize what happened, Dyon had plunged the knife into his heart.

Blood spurted out from his wound, however, judging by his lack of a reaction, one would think that the crimson stream wasn't his own.

Esmeralda trembled. Even if she had come out, what could she have done? Would Dyon have even listened to her? No matter how much she yelled and pleaded, Dyon couldn't seem to hear her.

The hopes of the spirits dimmed. Not only were they saddened by Dyon's end, but Dyon's death also symbolized their own. Without his soul energy supporting them, they would have long since dissipated.

Now the young man they had placed all of their hopes in had plunged a knife into his own heart, seeking to take his own life.

...

Dyon sat there for hours, expecting his life to slowly slip away. But, even when hours turned into more than two days, nothing happened...

Esmeralda's nerves were on the edge. 'He has an undead body now, the strongest I've ever seen, but even an undead body has its limits, it can't continue like this....'

The best person to wake Dyon up from this situation might be Clara, and even then, it wasn't guaranteed. The problem was that Clara had exhausted herself to the utmost limit for three months, it would probably be weeks before she awoke. It was impossible for Dyon to last that long, especially not if he decided to inflict more harm upon himself.

Suddenly Esmeralda thought of something. 'Being direct won't help. But...' Her gaze shifted toward The Seal that hovered before Dyon's soul.

When Esmeralda first saw Dyon's soul, she was shocked to find two seals. The first was one she recognized: the inner world sanctuary seal. It was none other than the block placed on the soul, the energies and the wills the permeated one's body, siphoning their strengths away to build one's inner world. However, the second seal were crystalline chains, etched with such ancient and profound markings that even the White Mother couldn't understand them. In fact, she wasn't even certain that they were related to array alchemy at all.

However, despite not recognizing this second seal, her intuition told her that it had changed since the last time she saw it. At first, she was confused, but after a private conversation with the celestial hamster twins, she learned of the existence of Evangeline.

Knowing her disciple's intelligence, it was impossible for him to not have understood at least a portion of the story the twins had told her. Yet, he seemed completely oblivious, as though there was a block on his mind. Still, this block was somehow so subtle that he didn't even notice it was there. The only explanation was that Evangeline had taken control of The Seal and placed the block there.

Unfortunately, even though Esmeralda had once been the owner of The Seal, it was no longer hers. In addition, unlike Dyon's wives, her and Dyon's souls weren't linked, so she couldn't make use of The Seal.

However, the idea still remained... To subtly manipulate Dyon.

'How... How can I manipulate him?' Esmeralda's brows furrowed. This is the problem she had been stuck on for the last two days, unable to come up with an answer.

'The key isn't to manipulate him into finding the answer, but rather to manipulate him into thinking that your idea is his own.' A delicate voice suddenly spoke.

Esmeralda, who had been lost in her own thoughts, looked over to see the Princess of Beauty smiling lightly.

'The game of Go is a lot like life. One could spend eternity studying its secrets and still feel like they could continue to improve.' The Princess of Beauty explained quietly. 'However, the truths behind the game always rely on simple concepts that masters hone to astounding levels.'

'When I play a master of Go, I take territory by pretending as though my opponent is gaining territory. I take stones by feigning as though my opponent will gain stones.'

'My godly moves seem weak and my overbearing strikes seem soft.'

The Princess of Beauty raised her small, delicate hands, extending her index and middle finger, one laid atop the other as though she was laying a Go stone in the air.

Her aura changed completely. The once shy and reserved beauty became as sharp as a sword, her spiritual robes fluttering within Dyon's inner mind.

'If we want to give him a chance to crawl out from under this and reforge his dao heart, we do not need to build the entire road, we simply need to show him to the entrance.'

Esmeralda's eyes shined. The title of Princess of Beauty was definitely not hollow. She had been so blinded by her concern that she couldn't separate herself from the situation to think of the best solution, but the Princess of Beauty had.

At that moment, a single word overtook Dyon's psyche: Why?

The word had no further explanation, it had no deeper or profound meaning, it simply repeated. Again and again, in an eerie rhythmic fashion that caught Dyon's attention despite his state of mind.

Why?... Why?...

Dyon looked at the knife that was still in his chest and the blood the flowed from it. "Why?..." He muttered.

He didn't know why this was reverberating in his mind. He knew why he wanted to kill himself. It was because nothing mattered. All of his effort, all of his hopes, his dreams, his aspirations, they were all empty. So, what was the point in living? There was none.

So, why did this word keep coming up? He knew his answer. He did. He really did.

"Do I?..." Dyon muttered. His eyes scanned the surroundings.

The beasts had long since smelt the blood coming from Dyon, but when they saw him, they didn't dare to approach. There was something dangerous about this young man... So dangerous that they didn't dare to attack him even while he had a knife in his chest.

"Why are we all here if nothing matters?..." Dyon muttered. "...I... I need to... need to find out..."

Dyon slowly pulled the knife from his chest, watching the blood drip without expression.

White flames surged, closing the wound in an instant as though it had never existed to begin with. And then... Dyon disappeared from where he stood.

--The 74th Quadrant.

Much like many other quadrants, the 74th has a very complex power structure, rife with powerful families and sovereignty disputes.

The 74th quadrant was an amalgamation of the sect and clan system, having one Emperor God Sect, but two Emperor God Clans. Similar to Dyon's home universe, these three power houses controlled 80 or so universes between them, making the remaining near 20 a battlefield for their vying.

Among these three Emperor God level conglomerates, one stood above the rest. The Grand Templar Sect.

## Chapter 1102: Uproar

Truth be told, this wasn't due to some innate superiority, but rather because while the Emperor God Clans were held together by a single strong family, the Emperor God Sect had two pillar families. The Cromwell and Valore families.

At this moment, a villa styled akin to ancient medieval era aesthetics was the location of a meeting between two noble men and a servant.

"What did you say?" A man wearing leather armor stared at the servant with a fierce aura radiating from him.

His aura was valiant, identical to a legendary paladin. His deep brown eyes and long flowing hair involuntarily emitted a golden aura that made those around him want to bow down. Not to mention the fact that the two-handed sword that hung from his waist filled him with a sense of awe-inspiring might.

This noble man was none other than the successor to the Valore family, key wielder, and one of the few Kings of the 74th quadrant, Percival Valore.

"I'm sorry, Sir Percival." The servant trembled, unable to withstand the successor's anger. "We did a thorough investigation, but Young Master Rand was nowhere to be found. He didn't exit the Valley of Geniuses."

If Virvor was there, he might have snickered in laughter. This 'Young Master Rand' was none other than the Duke who provoked him outside of the Pill Tower of Sapientia Corner. He was also the same 'Young Master Rand' who tried to corner him within the Valley of Geniuses, but ended up dying instead.

"How is that possible? My son wouldn't die in so easily!" Percival roared, causing the servant to fall to his knees and beg for forgiveness.

Percival's valiant aura shattered the ground beneath his feet, sending ripples through his leather armor. Because of an extreme yang technique he practiced, the probability of him siring a male heir dropped drastically. As a result, despite his best efforts, he had dozens of daughters, but only two sons despite being almost 2000 years old!

It was the way of the heavens to bring balance to everything... Since he was an extreme yang, it was almost guaranteed that he would always give birth to an extreme yin. The good news was that his daughters were all extremely powerful in the yin path, and equally as astonishingly beautiful, but, in the 74th quadrant, a woman had never led, nor would a woman ever be accepted to lead.

He originally found this technique in a ruin on the celestial floors of the tower, but it was a double-edged sword that he had no choice but to accept for the sake of grabbing hold of this 74th quadrant.

The day Rand was born, he felt a weight drop off of his shoulders. And, when he learned that Rand's talent also wasn't too far from his own, he felt that the heavens were finally shining down upon him. But now this son of his had mysteriously disappeared? Killed even? How could he take such a thing lightly?

"Brother Percival calm your anger. Let the boy explain the rest. Should you need revenge, the Grand Templar Sect will do its best to support you." The second noble man spoke, place a sturdy hand on Percival's shoulder and pulling him back from doing something stupid.

This man's aura wasn't as holy or refined as Percival's, but that was only because he didn't have access to the same technique Percival did. After all, it was no surprise that Percival would keep this as his most closely guarded secret, he didn't even share it with his son.

However, this man's valiant momentum didn't lose out. He was yet another King of the 74th quadrant, one of the three of their Grand Templar Sect.

He was Bors Cromwell, the successor to the Cromwell family. Although he was just as talented as Percival, he was unluckier. Because Percival was born before him, he was acknowledged as key wielder before Bors was born. Still, the two had a very close relationship, akin to brothers.

One had to say it was rare for a quadrant this lowly ranked to have even a single King, let alone three. But, it seemed that the 74th quadrant was gearing up to soar through the rankings.

Percival's chest heaved, but he eventually settled on saying nothing, waiting for the servant to speak.

"A-according to reports, Young Master Rand had an altercation with some of the 98th quadrant, causing him to be banned from Sapientia Corner by Grandmaster Gallagher. There's a good chance that his killer was involved in this incident, possibly taking advantage of the young master while he was resonating for revenge."

The truth was that the servant knew that his Young Master Rand died fair and square at the hand of Virvor, after all, many were present at the time. After the big news relating to Dyon and Anak was disseminated, many smaller news stories that were much less interesting were released, including the story of the death of Young Master Rand.

However, how could a servant dare to tell his master that his son was too weak to defeat a member of the 98th quadrant? That would only lead to his death. Instead, he simply placed the blame on the 98th quadrant's shamelessness, saving himself.

Percival's fists clenched so fiercely that drops of red-gold blood fell from his hand, searing the ground with a profound heat.

"98th quadrant..." Percival sneered. "Marco Ricci, do you believe that I don't know where you've been hiding in your turtle shell? It seemed the lesson I gave you in stealing your wife wasn't enough, now you dare to reach out your hand toward my son?"

The more Percival spoke, the fiercer he trembled. His skin shone a golden light and the audible sound of something snapping reverberated through the courtyard.

Bors' eyes widened. "Congratulations on reaching the 6th celestial stage Brother Percival!" He laughed uproariously, slapping his good brother's back. "In times of darkness, there will always be light! If you want to raze that 98th quadrant to the ground, your brother will follow you and we'll bare the anger of the tower quadrants together! This would be perfect practice before the ranking tournament. No longer will we be the 74th quadrant!"

Before Percival could respond, another servant rushed in, panting wildly. "Sir Percival! Sir Bors! Someone has destroyed the Grand Templar Gate!"

The Grand Templar Sect was sent into an uproar. Who dared to challenge their prestige in the 74th quadrant? Even the two Emperor God Clans wouldn't dare to do something like this for fear of being frozen out of the tower. Although the sect wouldn't take its punishment too far for fear of a joint attack by both clans, it wouldn't remain quite either.

Yet, someone had destroyed their gate? Stalking into their prestigious sect without a care for their face? This was no less atrocious than spitting on the corpses of their ancestors.

Despite such an event being completely unprecedented, it didn't mean that there weren't counter measures in place.



The Grand Templar Sect followed an odd culture of Kings and Vassals, where Vassals were the name given to disciples, while King referred to the current head of the sect which happened to be of Bors' Cromwell family.

Disciple rankings, or rather, vassal rankings, decided the number of disciples one could have under their direct control along with the amount of land they harbored. According to the system, higher ranking vassals were given more prosperous lands nearer to the central sect while weaker vassals were given lands further outward. This system suffused all 29 universes the Grand Templar Sect controlled.

In line with this system, vassals not only manned a portion of the fighting power of the sect, but also had an obligation, according to sect rules, to provide said fighting power in the case that the sect required their services. Thus, it was no surprise that vassal rankings fell in line with title rankings of the tower.

The lowest ranking vassal allowed to own land and command fighting powers of the sect were Viscounts, with untitled individuals not having earned this right. However, in line with their low ranking, Viscounts were placed in the outskirts of the sect's territories, manning the very edges of their conquered universes.

Further inward, Earls began to appear, solidifying the middle regions of the sect's territories. However, the backbone of the sect's power were Marquises who manned the middle-central portions.

That said, the power houses of the sect were without a doubt their Dukes, with their Kings then ruling over them all.

The gate that was destroyed was one leading to the very center sect, a place where only Dukes, Kings and their family members could enter. Unless you were a high-profile guest, entering such a region was completely unheard of.

While the Grand Templar Sect only had three kings, they had fifty-seven Dukes. Sixteen of whom were saints, while forty-one of them were celestials!

This may seem odd. After all, it would make more sense for there to be weaker dukes as opposed to stronger dukes. However, this didn't take into account the culture of weaker quadrants.

Unlike Dyon and his demon generals, most weren't confident enough to enter the hardest trial they could immediately. In weaker quadrants, only the best of geniuses would immediately enter Duke level trials, making those who became Dukes while they were still saints more talented than others.

Usually, one wouldn't enter a Duke level trial until they first tested themselves in a lower level trial. After gauging their limits appropriately, they would then enter a higher-level trial, which resulted in many Dukes of the 74th quadrant coming from those who hadn't attempted the trial until they broke through and became a celestial first.

### Chapter 1103: Shock

Knowing this truth, the rank of Duke was divided into three subcategories, each more prestigious than the last. First tier Dukes, those who only became a Duke after entering the celestial realm. Second tier Dukes, those who became Dukes as a saint. And third tier Dukes, those who became Dukes as saints, but had now broken into the celestial realm.

The gate the intruder shattered led him directly into the territory of the first tier Dukes...

At that moment, the bells sounded throughout Planet Templar, alerting all Dukes of an invasion. Mere seconds passed before this invasion warning was sent throughout Universe Templar, altering all 37 inhabited planets.

Those who were visiting the 74th quadrant, whether it be for pleasure or business, looked up in confusion. Did they accidentally stumble upon a war?

Some were caught between running away and staying. If they ran now, they could still make it to the gate before the Grand Templar Sect shut down teleportation in order to trap their enemies. They'd also be safe from whatever destruction might occur. But, at the same time, wouldn't it be a shame to miss out on such a show? Such large scale battles outside of the gates were rare.

Plus, such a large event would definitely fetch them a hefty sum from the Sapientia News Network. They could be missing out on a massive pay day.

Thinking to this, most decided to stay, eager to see if they could capture the action. The Grand Templar Sect rarely let anyone into their central region, this could be a good chance to catch a glimpse of what they were hiding. It could give them an edge in the coming ranking tournament too.

At that moment, the 74th quadrant was sent into an uproar. Yet, the two clans who one might assume would gain the most from this remained absolutely silent. The Camelot and Montfort Emperor God Clans, two staunch rivals of the Grand Templar Sect fell into an eerie calm as though none of this had anything to do with them at all.

Thirty-three armies were being mobilized in the territory of the first tier Dukes, each headed by the Duke of their fief. No one understood how large the threat was since the Sentries were taken out before they could give any details. So, they decided to take the approach of using all out force.

Still, the central region was incredibly large. Although the distance was nothing to celestials, and only a slight inconvenience to saints, much of the armies were comprised of essence gathering experts. This limited their speed severely, meaning that much of the defense of the gate, at least in the early phase, would be left to the three first tier Dukes closest to their sect's entrance.

When the curious crowd made their way to the entrance of the Grand Templar Sect, they found a massive moat, filled by a raging river.

Various aquatic beasts exuding the aura of essence gatherers and saints littered its ranks, making it a daunting task for anyone below the saint ranks to cross. This was especially so because the width of the river was at least a hundred kilometers, a distance that tested the limits of weaker essence gatherers to fly across.

The high, medieval walls of the central region of the Grand Templar Sect loomed in the distance, reaching more than a kilometer into the skies. Although the stones that built its exterior seemed average, any expert weapon's smith could tell you that it was created with the ore of master level minerals... The cost must have been astronomical!

The gates of the sect were once just as magnificent, exuding an oppressive paladin aura, dripping with purity and righteousness. Yet, that very gate that once stood tall, being almost three hundred meters in width and over a kilometer in height, not to mention dozens of meters thick... Was shattered into oblivion!

However, this wasn't what shocked those spectators the most. There were two things even more mind numbing...

The first was that with the gate shattered, one could very clearly see that the entrance of the Grand Templar Sect was actually another world entirely! How could such a low-ranking quadrant possibly have such a grand mystical world! It's no wonder they never let anyone enter it!

The second was something that sent shivers down their spine.

The raging river, once filled with high level beasts exuding an aura that kept the weak away, had been dyed almost completely red!

Upon closer inspection, they noticed that the strong bestial auras they had been feeling were slowly dissipating as hundreds of corpses floated upward, filling the air with a thick scent of death.

Yet, the blood river was nowhere near as fear inducing as the black flames that danced across its surface, turning the beast corpses to ash the moment they came into even slight contact...

"What fearsome flames..." A loose cultivator commented under his breath. "Just what has the Grand Templar Sect provoked?"

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Within the Grand Templar Mystical World, the three closest first tier Dukes moved quickly. It wasn't that they were so fiercely loyal to their sect, but rather that they wanted to capitalize on the situation to gain merit points. Even though their rank as first tier Dukes were set unless they could inconceivably become Kings, gaining merits could still give them more land and raise their place on the nobility rankings. Which of them wasn't willing to fight for such a thing?

"Sir Merek, it seems that you're quite eager! I haven't seen you move this fast in centuries!"

An army slowly approached from the east. From what one could see, there were about ten thousand in their ranks, about a tenth of whom were saints, with the remaining portion being essence gatherers.

In the sky above flew the symbol of the Grand Templar Sect and a gift given to those who entered the ranks of Duke: The Dragon Tailed Lion.

The fierce beast exuded the aura of a peak saint and was of the high earth grade. It was without a doubt a national treasure of the Grand Templar Sect and one of the main reasons they only allowed a rare few to enter their Mystical World.

Its silver mane trembled under its hot breath as its silver scaled tail whipped through the skies. Just its presence made the Red Devil Horses the warriors of the Grand Templar Sect rode tremble in fear. If it wasn't for the fact that they were so fiercely trained, those mere common grade beasts would have long since collapsed under the aura of the lion.

It was clear that something about this Mystical World was conducive to raising high leveled beasts...

Still, the focus of the three approaching armies weren't the dragon tailed lions they each had, but rather their fellow noblemen. After all, they were all rivals.

Each of them stood on the head of the thirty-meter-long silver maned lion beasts with two celestial realm Marquis attendants behind them, eyeing their competition as their armies marched toward the gates.

The man who spoke wore dazzling silver armor, fashioned to the style of a medieval knight. His two-handed sword hung from his hip, but he also held a cone shaped silver lance in his right hand that gave him a valiant aura.

"Sir Ulric, I'm looking forward to seeing the improvement your mighty lance has made in the decades since I've seen you. Don't disappoint me."

A sly, scholarly man responded. He wore long golden robes that contained 8 black bordered golden stripes on his sleeves, indicating that he was an 8th stage Magic Grandmaster.

The third man chuckled lightly at the interaction between these two. He too wore knight's armor, but in addition to his armor being black, his back held a long-handled mace, the head of which was actually five

times the size of his head! Considering that this man was almost three meters tall... The size of this mace spoke for itself.

This was none other than Sir Tybalt, first tier Duke of the Grand Templar Sect.

All three of these men were legends in their own right, and each one marched toward a common goal. However, when they saw what slowly walked toward them, their eyes widened in shock.

A young man walked forward slowly, a jet-black sword trailing along the ground in his right hand.

#### Chapter 1104: No Matter

His chest was bare, but was clearly soaked in blood. It was impossible to tell whether it was his own, or that of someone else. Still, the only thing he wore was a pair of rolled up black pants that somehow seemed untouched.

His features were the pinnacle of perfection as though his face and body were sculpted by the Gods themselves. His jaw was defined, his shoulders and chest were broad, and he stood tall at slightly more than 6'6 despite being bare foot.

His eyes were listless, yet carried with them a slight golden glow. Any expert could immediately tell that this young man was in a deep selfless state, the kind of selfless state one could only reach when in pursuit of a goal that overwhelmed your mind.

The only possibility was that this young man no longer cared about his life. He was willing to exchange even the last of his life force in exchange for the answer he sought.

This was deeper than any selfless state possible, so deep in fact that it was impossible maintain without the exchange of life. A mortal's mental energy simply couldn't withstand the drain. Yet... It ironically so often times led to absolute death.

Would he receive his answer first?... Or would his life force deplete first?...

Despite being an army of a combined thirty thousand, despite being of high-ranking nobility, despite having nine celestials and three high earth grade beasts among them, the three first tier dukes felt fear seize their hearts.

"Who are you?" Sir Tybalt finally recollected himself, unconsciously reaching for the handle of his mace. Although this young man had suffocating Presence, at least that of an Emperor, maybe even a God, his cultivation was still at the peak essence gatherer level.

Still, Tybalt had to be careful. This kind of genius couldn't be without a backer. Even if he was reckless toward them, being reckless toward him might end up with King Cromwell using them as a scapegoat to appease his clan or sect.

"Where is Percival Valore?" The young man's voice didn't sound human. It was as though he was three people at once, speaking with a layered and ancient voice. It felt like his words themselves could penetrate into your soul, shattering it in an instant.

At that very moment, the Red Devil Horses that had managed to withstand the pressure of the dragon tailed lions collapsed to the ground, dropping their riders to shiver on the ground incessantly.

The eyes of the three Dukes contracted. 'King level Presence!'

Their soldiers shivered in fear. In an instant, every essence gatherer present became completely useless. The saints tried to hold their own, but they too couldn't withstand the weight on their minds. Unfortunately for them, affording a Presence protecting treasure was impossible and well out of their reach.

'His Presence can even affect us? His body is so powerful?!' The three Dukes and their attendants trembled slightly.

Who didn't know that Presence was a Martial Art, solely reliant on the body? If your body wasn't powerful enough, it was impossible to effect high ranking individuals. The fact that they felt pressure meant that this young man's body was comparable to a celestial's!

Sir Merek, the magic grandmaster, stepped forward. "Why is it that you're searching for King Percival?"

The moment the young man's gaze shifted to him, Sir Merek felt like a mountain was weighing down on his chest. It seemed almost meaningless that he had a Presence protecting treasure.

"Where is he?" The young man ignored the question. "I need him to answer a question."

"This..." Sir Merek didn't know what to say. All of this for the answer to a question? To destroy their gate and impugn their prestige just for a question? This was building irreconcilable hatred! If he just wanted to know the answer to a question, with his status as a True God, even their sect Master would give him the face of meeting in person.

It was obvious to them all that this young man was a true God. The only members of the younger generation that would have King level Presence were the True Gods and no one else.

That was when another frightening thought overwhelmed them. How were they going to stop this young man? None of the True Gods came from weak backgrounds. Even the weakest, not because of talent, but because of youth, Dyon Sacharro, came from the formerly first ranked quadrant. Their 74th quadrant couldn't afford to offend any of them!

It was at that moment that Sir Merek began to record everything.

There was a reason the weaker quadrants weren't simply conquered by stronger quadrants. Aside from the Star Clan that came from the outside world, no one had ever broken this rule because there were checks and balances. As long as their quadrant provided evidence that this True God provoked them first, no one would blame them for retaliating.

"Young man." Sir Ulric finally spoke, grasping his lance tightly. He had clearly thought of same thing Sir Merek had. "You may be a True God, but there are rules that even you must follow. Attacking our quadrant like this, even if you die, your clan won't have the right to speak a word."

Sir Merek's head snapped toward Ulric, an incredulous expression on his face. Was this battle maniac really provoking a True God? This idiot was courting disaster!

"Are you going to answer my question, or not?"



Sir Ulric trembled at the young man's dismissal. "Leave behind your name! I, Ulric Valore, do not kill the nameless! Even if you are a True God, even a baby dragon can be killed by a fully-grown tiger!"

"My name?..." The young man paused. "If I tell you my name, will you tell me where Percival Valore is?"

Sir Ulric sneered. "Is that your last request before death? Then I'll happily oblige!"

The young man didn't seem to respond to provocation, he only had a singular goal in mind. "My name is Dyon Sacharro..."

The three first tier Dukes froze hearing Dyon's response. Even they didn't understand why they were so surprised. Of all the True Gods, this young man could have only been Dyon Sacharro. Not only were the other True Gods known too widely for them to not have recognized him earlier, the only True God that could possibly still have essence gathering cultivation was Dyon.

Still, hearing the name itself gave them cause to pause. This was a young man that held first place on four of the five God trial rankings. This was a young man that was the target of so much speculation and conversation. A young man the whole cosmos wanted to see was standing right before them. How could they not be shocked?

Sir Ulric quickly recollected himself, staring down Dyon's vacant gaze as he brandished his lance. "No matter who you are, you cannot pass here. Since you wanted to know so badly, King Percival's castle is located at the very center. In fact, you caught him at quite a good time. Usually he would be tempering himself on the celestial floors, he only came home after hearing news that his son had gone missing."

"You plan to fight me?" Dyon's voice was bland and completely devoid of emotion. It lacked any of his usual arrogant flair or overwhelming confidence. Instead, it was as though nothing mattered at all...

"The prestige of The Grand Templar Sect cannot be questioned!" Sir Ulric roared, using his energies to dissipate the effects of Dyon's Presence on his soldiers and their mounts.

Celestial energy had many special properties one of which included the locking down of space. This was why teleportation arrays of a low level were useless before celestials. However, it had to be said that the

locking down of space was a derivative of the central ability of celestial energy, not an ability in and of itself.

The reason the pseudo-domain was usually a strictly celestial ability is because celestial energy deepens the connection a person has with the universe. Only celestials could begin to dictate and manipulate the rules set by the universe itself, albeit on a small scale.

It's this control that celestials have that results in the locking down of space. It's also because of this ability that the soul is still seen as a lesser path despite its good effects on will comprehension. Why waste your time following the soul path to deepen your comprehension when the energy path can fulfill the same goal while also giving you more battle prowess?

#### Chapter 1105: Point

Still, it would be impossible for Ulric to neutralize Dyon's Presence like this had it not been for his protective treasure. However, the combination of the two once more increased Dyon's enemies to more than thirty thousand.

Did that really matter though? Even if Dyon wasn't in a completely selfless state, even if he was conscious, would he care about having so many weak enemies?

"Then die."

The words were simple. There were no added hysterics, nor was there any rage behind them. It was as though Dyon was an Emperor, writing laws into effect with the wave of his hand. Since he said they would die, then they would die!

Sir Merek and Sir Tybalt immediately brandished their weapons, feeling the looming hand of death hovering over their lives.

As Sir Ulric charged toward him, Dyon only raised his sword hand, slowly brandishing the Dragon King as the momentum of his coming strike soared.

One man stood tall against a more than ten thousand. Nine thousand essence gatherers. One thousand saints. One dragon tailed lion. Three celestials.

At that moment, something shocking happened.

The weapon's master will that should have faded away completely erupted back to life, soaring to the 9th will level with absolute ease.

The world trembled as another earth shattering One with Dao appeared, etching itself into the skies at a painstakingly slow pace, yet somehow so fast that even Sir Ulric seemed to have slowed to a crawl.

This dao array was even more illusory than Dyon's flame array. In fact, it was also much smaller. While Dyon's black and white flames formed a 100-meter-wide array, Dyon's weapon's master will was just about ten meters. Yet, it still made the three first tier Dukes tremble in shock.

Was this a True God? They were celestials yet hadn't even learned one 7th level intent, yet this young man was still an essence gatherer but had learned a 9th level intent? A 9th level supreme law intent?! Why was the difference so large?!

In his selfless state, Dyon didn't even notice that this singular comprehension had taken more than a thousand years off of his life span. But, would he care even if he had known? He was completely focused on finding the answer to his question, and these people were in the way. If it wasn't for the fact his body couldn't handle the comprehension of a true dao, he would have given up whatever life span was necessary to learn a 9th level dao.

A dazzling armor of royal blue and white diamonds and crystals coated Dyon's body, making him look like every bit a celestial warrior descended from the skies to do the bidding of the heavens.

His handsome features were enhanced to the max as four pairs of wings sprung from his back to be immediately coated with this same divine armor.

The legendary War God Armor had almost made its full reappearance. The moment it stepped into the intent level, its slightly illusory state would disappear, allowing it to fully appear in the world.

Sir Merek, the magic grandmaster, trembled as he realized what was happening. That wasn't a 9th level intent, it was a 9th level will. But, there was only one 9th level will in existence that could form a dao array.

'Weapon's Master!'

Esmeralda's heart palpitated with the fear a mother has when watching her son put her life on the line. She didn't fully understand what state Dyon was in, but she knew that the heavens never gave anything for free. For Dyon to reform his Weapon's Master comprehension so quickly, he had to have paid a heavy price, especially since it far surpassed his comprehension from before.

Even worse, because his dao heart was still shattered, he also had to constantly pay a price for it to be maintained as is. Without his dao heart anchoring his perception and understanding of the will, something else had to be doing it.

Her mind was in shambles. She wanted to shed tears, but none would come. She didn't have a right to do even that as a spirit.

She could only watch as her disciple walked down a lonely path, hoping and praying that he would come back safely.

Almost as soon as Dyon's arm reached its apex, a second illusory dao array bloomed into existence, hovering before the ten-meter-wide royal blue weapon's master array, except this time, it was 100 meters wide!

The array shone with a silvery light, quickly etching into itself symbols so profound that the Dukes felt their mental energy drain by more than half with a simple glance.

One with Dao spatial intent!

The spirits within Dyon's mind trembled. They had never seen a spatial dao array etched with such profundity. The complexity of its symbols was no less than a supreme law! How was that possible?!

At that moment, another more than thousand years of Dyon's life was sucked into a void of nothingness, never to return.

However, he didn't seem to care as his arm carelessly swung downward.

"[Samurai's Pride: Ronin]." Dyon's layered voice spoke without emotion.

With a single swing, Dyon learned a mid common grade sword technique he had never reflected upon to the legendary One with Self realm, taking weeks off of his lifespan in a mere moment.

'He added two wills to a common grade technique?! Impossible!'

Sir Ulric didn't even have the sensory capabilities to comprehend what was happening as a mighty slash of sword fused spatial will overwhelmed him and his army. It was only Dyon master who truly understood what was happening, causing her to tremble violently.

The more heaven defying Dyon became, the more certain she became that he was paying a heavy price. If this continued, Dyon would die!

Sir Ulric's attendants surged forward to protect their master, throwing away their lives to stand at the forefront of the army.

If Sir Ulric died, their families would be in danger. Why were they as Marquis serving under someone else instead of heading their own territory? There were obviously layered reasons for this that weren't necessary to explain. The short of it was that they had no other choice and they would rather lose their own lives than allow something to happen to their master.

The two old men looked at each other bitterly before striking out toward Dyon's attack. They were mere fourth grade celestials... They stood not a single chance...

However, just when they were ready to give up their lives, the sword strike suddenly disappeared before them.

At first, they wanted to sigh in relief, but that was when a bad premonition overwhelmed them, causing their heads to snap back toward Sir Ulric.

Unfortunately... It was already too late.

The shocked Sir Ulric, once standing tall and arrogant with his lance grasped in one hand, couldn't even react before his body was cut cleanly in half.

Silence reigned over the Mystical World as Dyon slowly walked forward. Before, his every step was normal. Now, however, those same normal steps seemed to take him hundreds of meters forward at a time. Yet, no one dared to stop him.

The most shocking part of it all was that not a single person other than Ulric was harmed. Not the beast beneath his feet, not the attendants willing to risk their lives, not even the soldiers who boldly charged to their Duke's stupid commands.

"Why..." Dyon muttered under his breath. "You're just as foolish as this world we live in... You had a life of your own to throw away, yet you decided to risk the lives of those who depended on you too?... Disgusting... Nonsensical... It's because people like you exist that nothing should exist..."

Dyon had already been questioning the existence of everything. But, when he saw people as stupid as Ulric, his confusion only deepened.

He felt like they all existed without purpose. That everything was only here to meet a cruel and gut wrenching end. Then there were people like Ulric who seemed keen on chasing that end and forcing it to come as quickly as possible. For what? Foolish and vain feelings not rooted in anything meaningful?

He needed to know why... Why did people like Ulric exist... Why did those like the entity feel like it was okay to destroy a race of people just for its benefits.... Why did people like Percival feel like it was alright to rip families apart, stealing a mother from her daughter and stealing a wife from her husband?

Why?... Why did evil exist?... And since it would always exist... What was the point of anything else existing?...

## Chapter 1106: Single Stone

Sir Merek and Sir Tybalt's hearts palpitated in fear as Dyon disappeared over the grass plains.

An essence gatherer? Killing a celestial? In a single strike?

Their 74th quadrant had less than 300 celestials total, and less than 70 third grade celestials on the level of Sir Ulric. To the Cathedral Universe, this number was completely overwhelming considering they had less than 20 total celestials. But, compared to the larger quadrants where celestials were as numerous as the stars in the sky, this number was absolutely pitiful.

Yet, one of the top 100 strongest cultivators they had had died just like that... A single rise of the sword and a single strike...

It was at that point that they understood that Dyon was merciful. If he wanted, killing them all would have been as easy as flipping over a hand.

What had Percival done to provoke this young man?

Just as the two remaining first tier Dukes were lost in a thought, a steady stream of individuals started to trickle inward, causing them to frown with displeasure. This was their Grand Templar Sect, it wasn't a spectating arena. What did these fools think this was?

But, sensing the auras of those who had dared to come in made the Dukes hesitate to take action to stop them.

"Haha, brothers. We've just come to lend a hand to your Grand Templar Sect. Consider this a thank you for your hospitality!" A celestial of an unknown quadrant laughed amiably with a sly look in his eye. Sir Ulric's corpse was definitely not missed by him, nor were the dragon tailed lions that hovered in the skies.

'To think that the 74th quadrant would have such fierce beasts hidden away like this.' Many of the spectators thought silently.

In the end, the Dukes could only grit their teeth and accept the shameless reasoning of the celestial. It was clear that these events would lead to a fierce trickle down... What the future held was completely unknown...

By now, Dyon had already made it to the second inner gates, leading directly into the territory of the second tier Dukes. However, the fate of this gate was no different from the fate of the previous gate.

As for the spectators and the gathered armies of the Grand Templar Sect? They followed behind the trail of destruction.

It wasn't hard to find where Dyon had been. Sometimes it was marked by raging black flames, other times by sword scars so deep that its depths couldn't be measured, other times it was trembling beasts and armies that didn't dare to move even after he was long gone.

A single man walked through a prestigious sect as though it was his own back yard, gliding through their ranks as easily as breathing, slaughtering without a second thought and imposing his will without restraint.

The spectators watched on silently, not daring to overstep their bounds too far. Unlike Dyon, they didn't have the courage to provoke a sect this large alone. It was clear that the foundation of the 74th quadrant was deeper than the other quadrants knew...

At first they had assumed that it was more than one person who attacked. Yet, the more evidence they saw, the more and more convinced they became that it was actually just a single person!

Some of the more powerful spectators tried to probe the Dukes about just who this man or woman was. But Sir Merek and Sir Tybalt didn't speak a single word.

On one hand, they were disgusted by the actions of these so-called spectators, while on the other, they didn't know if it was the right move. Something was telling them that this secret was more valuable as a secret.



In reality, they were correct. If the right people came to know that Dyon attacked this sect, many of his plans would crumble. This was especially so if they connected his actions to the 98th quadrant, something that was all but guaranteed.

The consequences of such a thing didn't need to be explained... Yet, Dyon had completely lost his sense of rationality. No... It was more accurate to say that he simply didn't care about planning for the future. The only thing that mattered to him was finding the answer to his question.

Unfortunately, the dye was cast. Even if Sir Merek and Sir Tybalt held their words for now, the happenings of today would soon become headliner news. Afterward, it wouldn't be long before Dyon's home and Soul Rend Quadrant became the focal point of the very enemies that once destroyed them... It was impossible for those enemies to ignore the birth of a True God to the Celestial Deer Sect...

Still, the crowd followed Dyon's trail of destruction, through the first tier, into the second, and past the third.

By the time they caught up with the faint shadow of Dyon in the distance, he had already reached the very center of the Grand Templar Sect. However, this time, the caliber of enemy he faced was on a completely different level, so much so that the spectators suddenly felt the urge to run.... This kind of lineup... What if they decided to kill them all to keep their secrets?...

Before Dyon, an army of almost half a million saints stood on the walls of the core sect. Unlike the outer most walls made of master level ores, the ores of the core sect were actually of the peak grandmaster level! Only a smidgen away from the Spiritual rank.

Every warrior wore armor of shining silver with two handed broad swords to their sides. Each squadron of ten thousand was led by one red armored celestial, totalling nearly 50 celestial commanders!

In the sky, two golden armored Kings stood, staring down at Dyon's approaching figure with a hint of surprise that was completely overwhelmed by their arrogance.

Behind these two Kings stood what looked like a legion of otherworldly beauties, each exuding a pure yin that made the hearts of men palpitate with desire.

Maybe if this was all, it would be acceptable. But, it wasn't...

Almost one hundred dragon tailed lions soared in the skies. The difference was that their scales weren't silver, but were gold! And their cultivation wasn't of the peak saint layer, but were rather of the celestial realm! To make matters more astonishing, they were no longer high earth grade beasts, but were actually peak earth grade beasts only a breath away from the heaven realm!

Five hundred thousand saints.... Fifty-two celestial warriors... One hundred celestial beasts... All waiting for a single youth of the essence gathering realm...

Dyon's momentum was overwhelming. He looked like a messenger of the gods, descended to bring down judgement upon the world.

His War God armor glistened with bright whites and royal blues, coating his body and wings beautifully and seamlessly.

His features were chiseled and the absolute pinnacle of perfection, regardless of the dull look in his eyes.

Even facing more than half a million enemies, his steps didn't waver... It was as though he was made for the battlefield, or, rather, that the battlefield was made for him.

The hearts of the dozens of beauties standing behind the two kings palpitated at his image. These women were none other than Percival's daughters, each of whom had extreme yin constitutions. Although this wasn't a labeled constitution, per se, each had bodies on the precipice of the earth grade and had relatively high affinities for yin related techniques and wills.

However, because of their extreme yin, they were doomed to always seek their extreme yang, making them more susceptible to the male image in comparison to other powerful women.

Because of the Nine Yang Cloud aphrodisiac, the yang pressure Dyon gave off was far denser than even dao formation experts who specialized in the yang path. To these Valore princesses, he was like a drug being dangled in front of their faces, or a morsel of meat wafting its fragrances toward their delicate noses.

Their breathing quickened as their cheeks visibly reddened. Many of them squeezed their thigh together tightly, rubbing their slender legs together as they tried to calm their urges.

Percival immediately sensed this change in his daughters. As a meditator of extreme yang techniques, he was not only sensitive to pure yins, but also pure yang. It was because of this that he was able to find the cultivation resources he needed to continue practicing his technique.

The moment Dyon appeared, he sensed a yang far purer than his own which already ticked him off. But, seeing his daughters act like this, he was further angered.

His daughters were actually here to bolster his own power as they could form an array between themselves to strengthen him. But, if they were distracted like this, the array wouldn't be as effective as it should be.

To make matters worse, while he was focusing on Dyon, he noticed a crowd of approaching spectators and armies. The most embarrassing thing was that it was clear that these armies hadn't fought Dyon, but simply let him through. The fear in their eyes when they looked at this young man was unmistakable.

Percival's temper flared, something that was happening more and more often now that his yang was reaching an extreme. However, Bors reached out and grasped his shoulder.

"It's better that they didn't fight or else our fighting prowess would take a hit. Plus, you know we can't allow these spectators to leave freely or else all of our planning will mean nothing. I'll order them to block off all exit routes and kill two birds with a single stone."

#### Chapter 1107: Single Move

Receiving a signal from King Bors, the approaching armies immediately understood. In a smooth fashion, far more organized than what Dyon was used to seeing from the martial world, they blocked off all exit routes, trapping Dyon and the spectators in.

"King Bors, what is the meaning of this?! Do you want to become enemies with my 71st quadrant?!"

A rain of curses came down from the spectators as Dyon continued his walk forward, flashing hundreds of meters with his every step as though this had nothing to do with him.

Bors sneered in response. "You opportunists broke the one singular rule we set for you all, stepping into our Mystical World without permission. The moment you did, your deaths were sealed!"

The spectators panicked. Although they were all celestials – else they wouldn't have dared to come here – there were less than 30 of them. What could they do against such a large army? They had definitely underestimated this 74th ranked quadrant.

"Are you Percival?" Suddenly, a voice from the depths of hell spoke, layered like a specter of the devil himself.

Bors and Percival frowned. Despite the situation, both of them believed that this matter was all but concluded. The entirety of the first, second and third tiers of their Grand Templar Sect, even if their power was multiplied by ten times and combined, couldn't hold a candle to their core sect. This young man didn't stand a chance.

"Who is this?" Percival didn't answer Dyon. Instead he looked toward the tiered Dukes who came here, assuming that one of them would have an answer. He found it to be below himself to speak to a no-named individual. However, when he received the response he was looking for, his eyes widened.

It wasn't just him either. The Grand Templar armies, even while holed up behind their sect's protective arrays felt an invisible pressure seize their hearts.

Dyon's brow furrowed slightly. "Tell Percival to come here, or else I'll destroy this gate as well."

What a joke. What did a protective array mean in the face of Dyon? He could see through its flaws in an instant.

Maybe if he was lucid, he would realize that it was odd for such a weak quadrant to actually have a comet level protective array, but at the moment, he didn't care. The flaws appeared to his eyes like massive red targets, amplified hundreds of times by his selfless state.

Hearing these words, Percival burst into an uproarious laughter. He was just as boisterous as the previous Sir Ulric... But, fortunately for him, he was behind the protection of a strong protective array.

Still, before he could even finish his mock laughter and speak whatever condescending words he had planned, a massive red array appeared behind Dyon.

It happened so quickly that many missed its formation, but it was impossible to ignore its intricate ruby red structure, nor the overwhelming killing intent that exuded from it.

Blood seeped from Dyon's mouth after this array formed, but he didn't seem to notice. "[Second Judgement: Torment]."

The word judgement seemed to permeate all of their thoughts, taking over their minds and stymieing their individuality.

Dyon's senior brother, the very first disciple of his grand teacher, disdained the idea that the soul couldn't influence battle prowess. As such, he created a set of attacks and named them judgement, symbolizing a massive middle finger to people he saw as no more than fools.

The first judgement, carnage, was the King of the weapon's hell array, wielding the strength of a second-grade celestial with absolute ease. However, Dyon could at most form a half a dozen to a dozen of those before he completely collapsed. This number raised to about two dozen after he solidified his soul cultivation.

However, even then, the second judgement, torment, was still out of his abilities to cast. Unlike its counter part, it was more than ten times more powerful, forming the devil's glaive instead of an intricately carved bloody spear.

Still, the judgement technique is relative. Its power isn't set, but rather, changes depending on soul strength. While the first judgement was comparable to a second-grade middle celestial, the second judgement was comparable to a second-grade high celestial! The difference was enormous!

Truth be told, the second grade wasn't the limit of these judgements. How could they be? It was just that Dyon purposefully allowed flaws to be introduced into the arrays, lowering the stamina cost significantly. He simply wasn't meant to use these techniques before he entered the dao realm...

But, how could Dyon care in this situation? Without hesitation, he used the second judgement, causing a bloody glaive with a body more than a hundred meters long and blade so thick and wide that it nearly dwarfed the defensive wall, to appear in the skies.

In the next instant, the world was blinded by a flash of red. Illusory skeletons crept up from the ground, the screams of tortured victims could be vaguely heard even as the lush green grass was replaced by an illusory river of blood.

At that moment, Dyon's life span fell by another more than one hundred years as a translucent, calm green dao array formed in the skies, spanning ten meters wide.

His life span then fell again, shaving off more than five hundred years, as a ten-meter-wide illusory dao array that seemed carved of rock crystal appeared, sometimes reflecting pinks and violets, and other times being completely colorless.

The two arrays stacked upon each other, one in front of the other as they stood before the slowly manifesting glaive.

The hearts of the two Kings seized. 'One with Dao wind and crystal will?!'

In the end, they could only bitterly smile. Underestimating a true god was simply foolish. Even as kings who lived more than 2000 years their highest-level will was of the 7th intent level, let alone having two 9th level intents, they didn't even have one 8th level intent.

There was no time to lament their lack of talent, nor was there any opportunity to understand what it was Dyon was doing. Before they could even react, the bloody glaive had shot forward at incomprehensible speeds.

Sonic booms rang through the air as suppressed air currents blasted the organized armies hundreds of meters away.

The moment the glaive passed through the wind dao array, its speed more than tripled. However, when it passed through the crystal array, its bloody body gained a crystalline sheen along with its aura more than doubling.

It was at that moment that a 100-meter dao array coated with black and white flames appeared before the defensive wall.

Flames of white surged, yet there was no heat. Instead, a comfortable feeling filled the soldiers on the wall with an eerie sense of comfort that almost made them forget that they were in a war.

BOOM!

The massive glaive tore through the comet level array as though it was nothing more than paper.

The Kings trembled in shock as they could only watch a defensive wall that had stood for millennia crumble to nothingness.

Knights standing on the wall fell from the skies, unable to stop themselves amid the destruction despite being saints.

The array was simply no match for Dyon. Not only had he aimed for a weakness, the purification characteristic of his white flames was more potent than even celestial will of the supreme law level... Even if it had been a moon level array, it was doomed to fall before him!

"Bring Percival here now, or face the consequences." Dyon's layered voice was deadpan. Although his soul energy had been completely depleted from that attack, he didn't seem to notice as the Energy Core surged.

In a single move, the mighty Grand Templar wall had been brought to its knees.

Percival trembled with rage. To be slapped in the face like this was nothing less than a severe hit to his prestige. The array he was so confident in hadn't even lasted a single strike!

It didn't make any sense. Secondary professions were structured and ranked such that those of a level corresponding to a certain cultivation level were able to aid those a step above. For example, a Grandmaster is the equivalent of a saint, however, they're able to create and forge things useful for celestials.

The fact that this was a comet level array, corresponding to the lower and middle celestial levels, meant that even a peak celestial shouldn't have been able to destroy it so easily. In fact, the array was built to survive under the attacks of a dozen peak celestials for months! Yet that very same array fell in a single strike!

#### Chapter 1108: Intent

As if feeling their Kings rage, the one hundred golden dragon tailed lions roared, shaking the skies with their presence.

"Kill!" Percival roared.

More than half of the knights of the Grand Templar Sect were thrown into disarray having fallen down from the crumbling wall, however, they understood the consequences of disobeying King Percival.

Bors frowned, but there was nothing he could do. Even as Percival's close friend, he knew that there was no stopping him when he got like this. Plus, he also understood that Dyon had crossed a line of no return. It was impossible for them to take this insult lying down or else they would never be able to raise their heads high again. At the very least, they had the pride of true paladins.

"Why..." Dyon muttered to himself. "Why are you sending them to die?... What is your purpose?... Does this really matter to you that much?... I only asked to see someone..."

Dyon's mind was a mess. It was as though everything that should have been clear turned murky, fading from his view and understanding.

Seeing the pointless actions of these knights, he struggled. He couldn't stand watching them run as fast as they could toward their ends. Everything ended pitifully anyway, why rush to die?...



With a single thought, hundreds of thousands of large white lilies appeared on the battlefield, standing before Dyon and the disarrayed charging army.

In that instant, two hundred thousand Dyon's appeared, each grasping into the air to materialize a bow.

The experts in the skies trembled with shock. How did things turn out like this? How could a single person clone themselves so much?!

However, the reality was right before them. The battle prowess that the Grand Templar Sect was so proud of was replicated by Dyon in a mere moment.

Each clone contained 15% of Dyon's prowess, but what did that really mean? Wasn't a Celestial already more than 10 times more powerful than even a peak saint? Dyon, who had a celestial body, forming clones with 15% of his battle prowess was the equivalent of spawning 200 000 peak saints!

Percival wanted to yell out and command at the top of his lungs to enter a defensive formation, but it was only at that moment he realized how stupid he had been. He forced his armies to charge in such an unsightly fashion, how could they enter any formations now?!

200 000 arrows launched into the skies, carrying a deadly momentum. However, before they could even reach their targets, Dyon's main body grunted.

In that moment, the tip of every arrow was coated with a small black flame, amplifying their dangerous aura by an inconceivable amount.

Esmeralda's heart seized. 'So much control... This is far beyond the level of a celestial...'

The sound of arrows hitting their targets was like the pitter patter of heavy rain on a warm spring day, stunning the charging army.

200 000 knights became completely engulfed in black flames before collapsing to the ground.

The two Kings could only watch in horror as half of their army was rendered useless. However, the most humiliating part was that Dyon hadn't even bothered to kill them like warriors. Instead, they were stripped of their armor and weapons, left lying on the ground completely naked as the flames inflicted just enough damage to end their ability to fight, but not enough to place their lives in danger.

Humiliation! Naked humiliation!

Dyon violently coughed up mouthfuls of blood as he felt his soul rung dry even more severely than before. Even he couldn't understand why he went through so much trouble to not kill them. Didn't he believe that evil reigned no matter what? In that case, why not just kill them to put them out of their misery?... It was only a matter of time before they died anyway...

"Why..." Dyon wiped the blood from his mouth, watching the rest of the army hesitate in their advance.

Sensing Percival's anger, the one hundred dragon tailed lions roared into the skies, swooping down to support the army.

One hundred celestial beasts bore down on Dyon's figure, seeking to do nothing else but tear him apart.

Dyon's fists clenched as he inhaled a breath so large the wind visibly rushed toward him, expanding his chest outward.

His life span fell by yet another more than thousand years as two illusory arrays appeared in the skies.

One was a deep red-black, trembling with a fierce demonic aura at almost 50 meters wide.

The other fluctuated with all sort of colors, never remaining the same and seeming to be a different wavelength depending on the angle you looked at it. At almost 50 meters wide, it too loomed with a strong aura.

Both hovered before Dyon as his inhaled breath reached its apex.

In that instant, the world fell into a complete silence as Dyon roared. The Kings didn't even have time to register that this appearance of music and demonic 9th level intents already made 5 One with Daos Dyon had used since he appeared...

The roar was so loud that it was almost impossible to process. Dyon vocal cords sheered apart, completely unable to withstand the strain and forcing him to cough up more blood after sonic booms emitted from his lips.

However, why he willingly injured himself like this became clear in the next instant as 100 peak earth grade beasts fell from the skies... Completely incapacitated by fear...

One hundred proud dragon tailed lions twitched on the ground, completely unable to move.

Among the races of the cosmos, beasts were the most susceptible to intimidation. This wasn't because of their lack of intelligence, because even lower earth grade beasts had the potential to match the intelligence of humans. Rather, it was because of their innate born instincts.

Beasts had a stronger connection to the natural elements in comparison to other species, but that wasn't always a good thing. Often times, the mechanisms that tuned their senses to such high levels that, say, allowed them to dodge a will attack materialized in space by Dyon's divine sense, were the very same mechanisms that handicapped them to a sonic attack like the one Dyon just used.

Demonic Will was a hard a difficult will to master, but it was exactly because of this that it was so useful in this case.

In ancient history, humans and weaker species of the like were at a dramatic disadvantage in comparison to beasts. Although their intelligence was, on average, higher, they didn't have the techniques honed to an appropriate level to compete.

Their bodies were weaker, their affinities were weaker, and their connections to the heavens were weaker. This put the beasts at such an advantage that in those primordial eras, it was actually the bestial families that were the ruling class of clans and sects.

However, that was when demonic will was birthed into the world. The term demon didn't refer to some amoral villain. No... A demon was the name the ancient races gave to a human beast!

Why was demonic will able to intimidate? Why was it able to drastically increase the defenses of the body? Why was demonic will the basis for Dyon's Demon Emperor's Will technique? A technique capable of morphing the body into something... less than human?

It was because demonic will was a counter measure. It was what helped ancient races to level the playing field with the beasts!

When Dyon layered his demonic will with his music will and roared into the skies, he became in the incarnation of a primordial beast, warning the pitiful ants before it that they had entered its territory. The innate instincts of the dragon tailed lion couldn't ignore this!

Dyon loosened his fists, barely applying enough force to keep the Dragon King in his right hand.

The approaching armies didn't dare to continue charging. The armies that had blocked off Dyon's path backward had been blown away by the second stage of his judgement attack. It seemed like the only threats remaining were Bors, Percival and his daughters.

"Bring. Percival. Here." Dyon spoke in a deadpan voice. Although it was clear that he had suffered his own self-inflicted injuries, it was also clear that he had no intention to backdown. In fact, his momentum increased instead of decreased.

'I think I know what state young Dyon is in...' Suddenly, a spirit who was a man of few words spoke. He was none other than the Battle Prince.

The spirits couldn't help but turn toward this valiant man. Even in his spirit form, he exuded a sharp and unforgettable battle intent.

Chapter 1109: Legend

'The ruins of the Battle God title isn't a place that I've had the pleasure of visiting. However, as someone who's earned the Battle Prince title, I was able to gain some insight from the ruins that gave me my title...

'According the fragmented information I received, the very first Battle God was undefeatable. From his birth, to his death, he never lost a single battle.'

The spirits sucked in a breath. To never lose in your entire life, just what kind of feat was that? Even Dyon couldn't boast such a thing because he could remember his own losses very clearly.

Did he not lose to Darius Storm when he first entered Focus Academy? Did he not lose to the Big Sects when he was forced to run away to the Elvin Kingdom? Did he not lose to Alidor when they first met? Didn't he lose his last battle in his third trial when he was forced to give up in the face of a man with Emperor level Presence?

Dyon had lost many times in his life, yet this Battle God had never lost once. No matter what the odds were, no matter the strength of his enemies, no matter how many enemies he faced, without regard for the situation, this legendary man never lost from the moment he stepped foot into the world until the day he left.

'Not only did this man have an undefeatable dao heart, birthed on the corpses of his countless enemies, but he was gifted with an Ancient Constitution that could only be described as heaven defying.'

Esmeralda's eyes contracted. 'Ancient Constitution? Are you trying to say that Dyon has unlocked one?'

The Battle Prince shook his head. 'This can't be considered the true Ancient Constitution. Instead, the heavens are responding to Dyon's willingness to give up his life in exchange for his answer. With every heaven defying feat he accomplishes, he pays an equivalent amount of life force. If I'm correct, he's already given up about six thousand years of his life... According to the normal life span of someone with a celestial body, he should only have four thousand years remaining.'

Dyon's master trembled as her worst fears were realized. But why was it that Dyon hadn't shown any visible signs of aging? What was going on?

Bors and Percival clenched their fists in the skies before they looked at one another. "Together!"

The two of them spoke in unison, each drawing their two-handed swords.

Their auras sky-rocketed as the Valore Princesses linked hands, pouring their energies into an array that fed their two Kings power.

There was no doubt that this combination of warriors was fiercer than any Dyon had faced in the Grand Templar Sect.

Although Percival had just broken into the 6th celestial stage, Bors was his match, being his elder. The two of them together were the most talented members birthed in the Grand Templar Sect for countless millennia, and it showed.

Stacking this atop the Valore Princesses' array and their auras were only a sliver away from the high celestial realm!

One might believe that 100 celestials beasts was a tougher task, but not only had Dyon used a trick to deal with them, earth grade beasts were only comparable to 4th and 3rd grade celestials, while these two Kings were both of the second grade! The difference was like that of heaven and earth!

Dyon's clones disappeared as the two celestials approached. In a battle of such proportion, they were useless. However, Dyon seemed lulled into a deep sleep. His eyes were devoid of emotion, in fact, they were even close to being shut. His body was loose, almost as though he was on a stroll. Yet, his momentum was still climbing as the two approached.

At that moment, Dyon's life fell by another more than thousand years as a dense black fog permeated the air around him.

A dreadful aura even more potent than the torment judgement filled the Mystical World, clenching at the hearts of all those spectating. It was an inescapable feeling... It was the feeling of inevitability...

A dao array of pure, pitch black appeared in the skies, spanning 100 meters.

Dyon's body grew almost an entire foot taller, but his valiant War God armor changed to fit him to perfection. His short brownish red hair lost its hints of gold, turning into a dark and eerie white that elongated until it fluttered in the wind like a cape.

"Demon Emperor's Will... Act Two... Stage Three!"

Another thousand years of life was sapped away from Dyon in an instant as his body grew to yet another size. His chest broadened, his arms thickened, and his skin reddened while veins of gold pulsed throughout his body.

In that moment, his body's prowess multiple by sixty-four times, making his heartbeat so powerful that even the impenetrable War God armor pulsated with excitement.

Caught between the paling characteristic of death intent and the reddening characteristic of demonic will, Dyon's features reached the pinnacle of perfection, as though he was a Victorian time vampire just having finished feasting on the blood of a virgin maiden.

What did it take for a lower celestial to match the fighting prowess of a peak middle celestial, even when those celestials were of the second grade? It took everything Dyon had!

BOOM!

Three swords collided as a fierce battle ensued in the skies.

A magnificent eye appeared behind Dyon, siphoning away more and more of his lifespan as it became increasingly refined and perfect.

His dull eyes, shining with a slight golden sheen, suddenly changed, swirling with red, violet and deep blue stars. Their depths deepened to inconceivable levels, allowing Dyon to see through even these cultivators who were so far above him in battle prowess.

The Mathilde family technique had once more appeared in the world, Asura's Eye!

The flaws in the two Kings techniques became as clear as day to Dyon. The dao arrays behind him constantly appeared and disappeared, flawlessly shifting between one another as he attacked with wind, then space, then his flames, all before wind again.

It was clear that Dyon didn't know any high-level attacking techniques, but with each swing of his sword, he seemed to learn a new one to the One with Self realm.

He switched between them, applying pressure onto the two celestials, even pushing them back! He, a mere peak essence gatherer, applied so much pressure on the two Kings that even they could only fight evenly with him.

Without knowing any higher-level techniques, Dyon's subconscious mind could only use the techniques that his master projected into his mind before, restricting him entirely to common grade techniques. Yet, his battle prowess was so overwhelming that it made those below tremble in shock.

"When did the middle celestial become so cheap..." The spectators didn't know how to feel. There might sound like only one difference between the lower and middle celestial realms, but the difference wasn't a single cultivation level, but rather, five of them! Dyon's body was only comparable to a lower celestial of the 1st stage, while his two opponents were both of the 6th!

However, despite his body only being of the fourth grade, he had too many abilities to make up for it. His techniques instantly reached the One with Self realm, his battle sense had reached a point where he didn't even have to think, his divine sense was the equivalent of the peak celestial, making their movements even slower in his eyes, and, most importantly, his wills were so overwhelming that they bridged the gap as though it was as easy as breathing!

The name Dyon Sacharro was already well known in the cosmos, but after today? He would become a legend!

## Chapter 1110: Weak

Just when everyone thought they couldn't be shocked enough, Dyon made their hearts palpitate with shock once more.



In an instant, his sword changed forms, becoming a glaive that swept through the skies.

His aura shifted from that of an honor bound samurai, to that of a King of War, galloping across the battlefield on a black steed, prepared to take tens of heads with a single swing of his blade.

The heavens blessings poured down as Dyon mastered technique after technique. Shattering through the lower levels of comprehension to sky-rocket into the One with Self realm with absolute ease.

From that moment onward, his weapon constantly changed in his hand. Sometimes it was a spear, at other times it was a rod, and yet other times it was a saber or a halberd.

His War God armor glistened under the skies as the three warriors fought. There was no doubt that if this Mystical World wasn't far more robust in comparison to a planet, it would have been shattered to pieces by now.

The spirits within Dyon's mind could only watch on bitterly as this battle continued. Just how many more years of life could Dyon afford to lose?...

'If Dyon doesn't have the same constitution as the Battle God, then what is his connection to him? How are these two things related?' Esmeralda finally asked, clutching her small fists. 'And why isn't he aging even though he barely has 30% of his life left?'

'Why isn't he aging?... I don't know...' The Battle Prince shook his head. 'However, I'm certain that he's trading lifespan to copy the abilities of the Battle God.'

'The Battle God's Ancient Constitution is aptly named the War God constitution. However, according to legends, the Battle God didn't like the name because war implied relying on something other than himself. He believed that wars couldn't capture the essence of true battle. There was too much scheming, too many weaklings involved, so he disdained the name.'

'In the end, when he left enough of a mark on history to forge his own Title Lineage, he changed the name from War God to Battle God.'

'I'm sure you've all guessed by now just how heaven defying the Battle God was... His War God constitution was capable of giving him all of the benefits Dyon is taking part in right now without having to pay a single price!

'Not only could he enter this deep selfless state with the heavens supplementing his mental energy, he could instantly learn any technique or comprehend any will. He could see through and copy his techniques of his opponents with a single glance. He never lost a single battle because even when he was faced with terrible odds, he improved too quickly on the spot to lose!

'From my understanding, the only restriction on the War God Ancient Constitution was your cultivation. You couldn't learn earth grade techniques instantly unless you were a saint, and you couldn't learn heaven grade techniques instantly unless you were a celestial. In addition, you couldn't learn daos unless you were a dao formation expert and couldn't learn intents unless you were in the corresponding realm, whether that be essence gatherer for the first to third stage intent and so on...

'However, if God constitutions gave their wielders first grade meridians from birth, just what kind of cultivation talent do you believe the Battle God had? He was simply unmatched!

'He wasn't restricted by logic... He had an affinity for every will in existence, he could master any technique placed before him... His only limiter was his own curiosity! Even the legendary Weapon's Master Supreme Law was only birthed into existence by him, a man who was capable of mastering any weapon placed before him with a glance!'

'So you mean...' The spirits mumbled.

'Yes. There are two factors that has allowed Dyon to reach this state. The first is that he doesn't care about his life. I'm not sure what the exact details are about his lifespan, but I'm certain that even if he was last to his last decade, he would give it up in an instant if it meant finding the answer to the questions he sought.

'However, even with this resolve, the heavens needed something more. The Weapon's Master will still contains the essence of the Battle God. Wills are named as such for a reason... They can be passed down to the end of time if one was strong enough... This was especially so if you created a will!

'Communicating with the will of the Battle God is something those of us who hold the 'Battle' title dream of. It's just that the method to do so is too complicated... How could learning the weapon's master will be so easy? Yet, Dyon was able to do it...

'In appreciation for his resolve and in thanks to his exchanged life force, Dyon is able to use the abilities of the Battle God...'

The spirits trembled... To have a constitution so powerful that it can have this kind of effect just from residual will... Were all Ancient Constitutions so overwhelmingly powerful?...

Dyon, though, hardly cared.

With each passing moment, his strikes only grew fiercer.

Suddenly, Dyon's eyes blackened. The stars of red, violet and blue that danced in his eyes gained a backdrop of flickering black flames, extenuating them all the more.

"Existence only begets death... Good only begets evil... All things perish... Nothing ever lasts... Endless destruction is the only conclusion... I suggest that if you don't want to die, to bring Percival here... I have a question to ask him..."

Dyon's War God armor erupted into a blaze of black heat as he raised the Dragon King that had once more become a sword.

The flames concentrated onto the edge of his blade, darkening the already jet-black sword even further.

At that moment, the two Kings felt an overwhelming sense of crisis.

King!

When Dyon's arm raised into the air, it felt as though the titles of the two titled Kings were empty. Before Dyon, could they really boast having such a title? What could they rule in the face of such power? Could they even stand properly in the face of Dyon's momentum?

Bors and Percival roared, having no choice but to raise their energy output to the max.

"[Rising Sun: Third Phase]!"

Percival's golden armor turned into a blaze of red-gold light, heating to such a point that its original color tinted to a scorching white. He looked no different to a blinding sun standing in the skies.

His two-handed sword extended along with a solidifying flame, increasing its body's length was a meter and a half to almost thirty meters in an instant.

"[Knight's Honor: Ninth Phase – Holy Light]!"

Bor's momentum soared, unwilling to be outdone by his long-time friend.

A strong pure light concentrated into his blade. There was no piercing heat, but there was an overwhelming sense of comfort... As though it was prepared to sheer through all evil and clear a path no matter what it faced.

Dyon's arm calmly reached its apex. He didn't use a technique. He didn't feel that he needed to. In this world, his black flames were the inevitable end to all things.

All flames descended from it. All purity was tainted by it.

"Solidify." Those were the only words he spoke.

At that moment, it was as though space was locked.

Head Arie was wrong. The characteristic that Dyon's flames had wasn't as simple as solidification. It was more accurate to label it as a characteristic capable of giving form to all things. Whether that thing be Dyon's flames giving themselves tangibility, or space itself.

Dyon's flames didn't have three characteristics, they only had a single one. However, this one characteristic was so heaven defying that the idea of them having a second or a third would be too overwhelming.

The "augmentation" and "solidification" characteristics of his black flames were only roots of the very same characteristic, birthed from giving form to all things. This characteristic, one never before seen in the world before, was known as the Creation Characteristic. Not only did Dyon's black flames have this characteristic, but so did his white flames.

Like yin and yang, they handled two spectrums of creation. The black flames could give birth to the path of greatest destruction, while his white flames gave birth to greatest good.

In this state, Dyon's comprehension of his own abilities reached an unprecedented level. It felt as though he had used his flames the right way his whole life and he finally understood just why he had mistaken the characteristics of his flames as being so weak.