

The Nameless 1111

Chapter 1111: Queen

The strength of his creation characteristic was reliant on his soul strength. It made sense that his creation ability would be limited to mere augmentation when his soul was so weak. He hadn't made a mistake, he hadn't slipped up... Rather, the truths of the matter evolved quicker than he could take into account.

When his soul reached the peak of the celestial realm, his creation characteristic leaped over a dragon gate in a single bound, reaching levels of prowess he had never felt from them before.

At that moment, Dyon's arm finally lowered, causing a wall of black flame infused sword qi to overwhelm the world.

It seemed as though, for an instant, there was only one thing happening in the entire cosmos. There was only Dyon and his blade while everything else was put on pause.

The attack was impossible to dodge. The lock on space was so fierce that it was likely only a dao formation expert could break through it... The wall of black was so large that it seemed to encompass the whole world... The blaze of heat was so ferocious that the dragon tailed lions who lay incapacitated on the ground, far too close to the battle, began to light on fire, one after the other.

The spectators who already felt that they had been blown far enough away still lost layer after layer of skin. Even the majestic Grand Templar core sect began to redden under the world ending heat.

Bors and Percival did their best, but it didn't seem to matter. They were overwhelmed by an intense sense of evil.

Their attacks meant nothing in the face of the black flame... It felt as though it could devour anything in this world... As though everything that met it could only return to its origin.

If one looked closely, you would just be able to make out that the sturdier the wall of black flames became, the clearer the profound ancient symbols on its body became... However, the moment you did so you would definitely lose your eyesight as staring into this black flame was tens of times worse than fixating your gaze on the sun!

That said... Those who could do so and survive would be shocked beyond belief... Because manifesting profound symbols was a characteristic of daos!

The attacks of Bors and Percival shattered to oblivion.

Bors' attack didn't use real holy will, instead, it used a refined light will. At the same time, Percival's attack used unique flames that didn't even have a single characteristic! What did the worst of purity wills have in the face of absolute evil? What did the weakest of fire wills have in the face of one of the greatest unique flames to ever exist?

They were directly suppressed and could only face death!

However, before they could meet their ends, a third powerful aura descended from the skies... The third King of the Grand Templar Sect had made an appearance.

A valiant older man appeared in the skies above the two Kings.

Unlike the two boisterous young men who wore shining gold armor, he wore simple robes. His white-greyish hair was tied into a single well-kept ponytail, extenuating his blue eyes all the more.

He was none other than King Cromwell, grandfather to Bors, Master of the sect and according to the public, the most powerful expert of the Grand Templar Sect.

However, at this moment, his usual casual, scholarly appearance, wasn't so casual at all. Even he had to take this singular attack of Dyon's as serious as possible.

Dyon's dull eyes pitched in slight surprise when he focused on the extended palm of King Cromwell. His light will... It was very close to evolving!

The idea of will progression wasn't foreign to Dyon. However, it was incredibly difficult to do. For example, celestial will becoming the supreme law version of itself, or time and space will attempting to accomplish the same feat.

However, light will could only evolve to one thing... The greatest purity will in existence: Holy Will!

King Cromwell grunted, striking outward with a full force blow toward Dyon's flames.

A blindingly bright illusory dao array appeared just behind him, spanning almost two meters wide. His momentum climbed, reaching its peak just as his hand met Dyon's attack.

BOOM!

King Cromwell's eyes widened when his palm collided with the black flames. Even when taking it seriously, he had still managed to underestimate it.

The skin of his palm disappeared in an instant, burning to ash even as the muscles beneath followed suit, leaving only white bone.

In a moment of fierce determination, his celestial energy surged into what remained of his hand, pouring outward with all the momentum he could muster to clench a fist.

Still, it didn't matter. The force of Dyon's sword strike was unstoppable. Although King Cromwell was the strongest expert their sect had, he was also of the 6th celestial stage, it was just that his comprehension was deeper and that he was a breath away from the 7th celestial stage.

'Do I really have to?' King Cromwell frowned.

Just when King Cromwell felt that he was being painted into a corner, Dyon's hand reached outward, clenching slightly. In a moment of absolute control, the unstoppable momentum died down, stopping completely.

"I'll say it again." He started, his voice without emotion. "Bring Percival Valore here. Don't push me."

King Cromwell frowned, his gaze inadvertently turning to the boy he saw as his own nephew.

It wasn't until then that Dyon understood that King Percival had been here the whole time. But, that only made him shake his head.

"So stupid. If you were here the entire time, why didn't you say anything? You were so willing to seek death... How could someone like you possibly have the answer I need?..."

Dyon truly couldn't believe the stupidity of this Percival character. Had Dyon been a murderous devil, the Grand Templar Sect would have lost more than half of its fighting power, all because this supposed King wanted to stick his chest out.

Facing the gaze of his Uncle, Percival's head lowered in shame.

"Any technique that alters your mind state is no good." King Cromwell spoke for the first time. His voice was suffused with wisdom, making it impossible to believe that this old man was truly just a middle celestial.

Dyon's dull eyes flashed with an odd light as though he had picked up on something, but in the end, decided to leave it alone. He wasn't here for King Cromwell, he was here for Percival.

With the same expressionless gaze, he turned toward Percival. However, King Cromwell hadn't missed the odd look in his eye... He had felt in that moment that Dyon had seen through him completely.

'What a scary young man...'

"Bring Giralda here." Dyon's gaze met Percival's. "Or else I'll unleash this attack once more."

"Giralda?..." Percival was completely baffled. How could all of this have anything to do with her?

'Wait... Dyon Sacharro comes from the Celestial Deer Quadrant who had roots in Soul Rending Quadrant... Could it be?...'

When King Cromwell heard these words, his frown deepened even further. He only had a vague understanding of who this Giralda was. It wasn't until recently that she came on his radar because she had managed to become the second woman to give Percival a son. Of course, such an event was a big deal.

In the end, Percival could only clench his fists and do as Dyon said. Although King Cromwell hid it well, Percival saw very clearly that he had lost an entire hand to Dyon's singular strike. In addition, those black flames still managed to lock down space. If he provoked Dyon, their Grand Templar Sect could lose a middle celestial who was only a step away from becoming a high celestial, they couldn't afford such a loss.

Moments later, Percival brought with him a young woman holding a little boy who couldn't have been more than three or four years old. Giralda wore a sky-blue gown and clearly couldn't fly on her own. If it wasn't for Percival's hand on her shoulder, she would have fallen from the skies.

Still, although she seemed weak and had every right to be confused about what was happening, she had an elegant demeanor no less than what one would expect from a queen.

Chapter 1112: Chaos

By now, Dyon's breathing was slightly irregular. Despite his features remaining expressionless, those paying attention would know that he was nearing the end of his rope. He had no choice but to dispel his War God armor and his various techniques.

Without his black flames, he didn't have the offensive capabilities to threaten high level celestials, but with them, there was a heavy price to pay for their use. Had it not been for this absolutely selfless state, Dyon's body would have long since imploded. Yet, even with it, the damage using his flames did to his body was astronomical.

If one were to peer into Dyon's body right now, you'd only see a mess of blood and sheered meat...

Giralda treated Percival as though he was nothing more than air. To her, the only person in the world was the child in her arms. Even the question of who Dyon was meant nothing to her despite their eyes maintaining contact.

Before anyone could react, Dyon extended a finger, causing a red-gold flame to jettison out of him and drill into Giralda's body.

Those watching were in complete shock. Had he gone through all of this trouble just to kill this woman? What the hell was going on?

Even King Cromwell was confused. Not because he thought Dyon was trying to kill Giralda, but because he recognized those flames as aurora flames... Under normal circumstances, these flames wouldn't be used to attack since they had lost their aggressive attributes... Which meant that...

An audible snapping noise resounded through the quiet battlefield, and for the first time, the calm Giralda showed some change of expression.

In that moment, a woman who seemed like no more than a mortal suddenly erupted with an ever rising flood of energy.

King Cromwell's eyes contracted. 'This woman is a celestial! What is going on?'

A bad premonition overwhelmed the old King. A young lady who could be so powerful at such a young age was definitely not some no-name. Just what had this foolish nephew of his done?!

Not only was Giralda a celestial, she was actually a second-grade celestial. In fact, maybe if that was the end of it, this would be easier to accept. But, this young lady was a second-grade celestial of the high order!

In cultivation, the higher your grade, the larger and more refined the difference between filled meridians became.

As everyone knew, the first grade referred to filling between 100 and 108 meridians. The second grade was a step down, referring to 91 to 99. The third grade was yet another step down, referring to 82 to 90 meridians.

Grades below the third grade had no difference. Whether you fill 73 meridians, or 81 meridians, the difference in your battle prowess was negligible and not worth mentioning. This was why those of the fourth grade had no differentiators. Neither did the fifth or sixth, so on and so forth...

However, when one entered the ranks of the third grade, things changed.

For the third grade, there was one division. Low Order and High Order. Filling between 82 and half of the 86th meridian made you of the low order. There was then a slight water shed moment past that point as you entered the threshold of the high order.

Those of the low order third grade were at a distinct disadvantage in comparison to those of the high order.

Yet, in the second grade, this complexity increased by yet another level. Splitting them into the low, mid and high order!

In addition to this, the differences within the first grade were so large that they were decided by even singular meridians, making someone who had filled 108 meridians significantly more powerful than someone who had only filled 107.

What shocked King Cromwell was that this young lady, someone he had written off as a random concubine his nephew had taken a liking to, was a second grade warrior of the High Order, a mere sliver away from the ranks of the legendary first grade celestial!

'Genius! Absolute Genius! What did this fool do?!'

Giralda finally looked toward Dyon in shock. This seal hadn't been placed onto her by Percival. Percival didn't have the means to do so... Rather, it was a seal she received from her family. She placed this seal on herself in exchange for her husband's life. It was for this reason that Violet and Marco were still alive.

She was well aware of how powerful this seal was. After all, she knew how powerful her clan was. Yet this young man shattered it with a single finger. Who was he?!

Even if Dyon told her his name, it wouldn't mean anything to her. After being imprisoned by Percival for more than 200 years, she had little knowledge of the outside world. Other than being a plaything, she hadn't played any other roles.

Still, because her cultivation was high, despite the seal, having children was difficult. So, in all this time, she had only had one child.

"I'm here to fulfill a promise I made to your husband..." Dyon said slowly, steadying his breathing.

Giralda blinked, her eyes glistening with emotion.

Percival's fists clenched, but before his anger could erupt, he felt a dense killing intent overwhelm him.

The shocking part was that it wasn't from Dyon... It was from his own Uncle!

"However... Before I fulfill this promise and leave the world... I need to understand... why..."

Dyon's eyes shifted around the battlefield. There was something decidedly sad about his gaze, as though he truly believed that these would be the last images he ever saw... as though he wanted to take these last sights in properly...

"Why is it that it made you feel good to take a wife from a husband?... A mother from a child?... Why are you so willing to give way to the evil in your heart?... Why are you so willing to lead the world down a faster path to Chaos?..."

Not only was Percival stunned by the question, all those who could hear Dyon's words were as well.

If Dyon came here to save someone, fine. They could accept something like this. Judging by how clearly talented Giralda was, it wasn't a surprise that she had a connection to a True God like Dyon. Although

there was quite a bit of difference between a High Order Second Grade celestial and a True God, those who were keen could see something odd about Giralda's cultivation.

It wasn't consolidated!

Of course, this was in part due to the fact her cultivation had been sealed for so many years, but there was another explanation as well: she broke through in a rush and earlier than she should have.

What did it mean for someone to have rushed their cultivation, yet still have been a high order second grade celestial? It meant that their truest potential was that of the legendary first grade!

Clearly, Giralda broke through earlier than she should have in hopes of saving her husband. However, in the end, she failed due to injuries from her tribulation. She was then forced to exchange herself for their lives.

That aside, while saving her made sense, what was with this question? Why did it sound like it came from the lips of a boy naïve about the matters of the world instead of coming from the True God Dyon was?

However, other than confusion, there was a mixture of disgust, odd looks and gloating aimed toward Percival.

The disgust and disappointment mostly came from those of the Grand Templar Sect. They were meant to be a morally upstanding sect, one that took their knight's code very seriously. How could a supposed knight of honor disgrace his family name in such a way?

King Cromwell trembled with rage. If it wasn't out of respect for his friend and Percival's late father, he would have turned Percival to ash where he stood.

As a man on the precipice of learning Holy Will, his demeanor was highly refined. While those with affinity for holy will could be good or evil, those without affinity like King Cromwell who strived their whole lives to learn it all embodied the will's purity.

Of course, Dyon would find the idea of knights being bound by codes of honor highly ironic considering the legends of King Arthur and his Queen Guinevere.

Chapter 1113: Why?

After all, in those stories, Arthur's best friend, Lancelot, a supposed "honor bound knight", committed quite a few acts of adultery with Guinevere. Still, the knights of the Grand Templar Sect didn't know of this and took their honor very seriously.

Percival's face turned a bright shade of red. Half in embarrassment at the odd looks he was receiving, and another half in anger at the emotionless young man before him.

In his mind, Dyon was mocking him. He didn't believe that this was a legitimate question... It was too odd. It must have been that Dyon wanted his sect to know how much of a lowly scumbag he was.

"You..." Percival wanted to say more, but the cloud of killing intent emanating from his uncle seemed to only be getting thicker.

Giralda's complicated expression grew deeper. Although she had a thought of exposing Percival earlier, she hadn't for various reasons.

Despite the fact King Cromwell was an honor-bound individual, she knew what kind of fury her family would have if they knew she was here. If she knew, King Cromwell would know as well. In that case, he might even decide to kill her directly so that her family would never know... Even the greatest of men make immoral decisions when pushed into a corner...

Dyon scanned Percival's features, seemingly unaware that he wasn't being taken seriously. "Not only did you act to ruin the lives of what could have been a good family, your actions had trickle down effects, disseminating your evil unto others..."

"Your son was just as arrogant as you are, running rampant in Sapientia Corner and bullying those of lower status than himself. The number of individuals he's brought pain and suffering is likely innumerable... And you're to blame."

"Giralda's daughter, Violet, doesn't see the world as she should..."

Hearing her daughter's name, Giralda's heart seized. Could there be something wrong with Violet? What happened to my daughter while I wasn't there?

"Violet has become highly materialistic, unwilling to suffer the same fate her mother did... She doesn't believe in true love, she only seeks out those with the strongest backing... A person who very well should have grown up to be as gentle as her mother was distorted and tainted... And you're to blame..."

Giralda's shoulders trembled as tears fell from her beautiful eyes. She couldn't help but hold onto the boy in her arms tighter, cradling his small head.

"And now you've created another emotional tether, one so fragile that it could easily splinter and self-destruct in the future.

"What do you think will happen when this boy grows up and learns of what his father did? Will he be racked by guilt? Unwilling to ever look his mother in her eyes? Will he follow down the same path of his father? Blocking himself off from emotion so that he doesn't have to feel that guilt? Will he be unwilling to acknowledge his ancestors? Cutting himself off from the Grand Templar Sect, never to associate with half of his family?..."

"You're to blame..." Dyon said slowly. "Tell me... Why?"

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The little boy in Giralda's arms had been quiet ever since he was brought here. Maybe it was because of something his mother had told him before hand, or may it was because he was a quiet child by nature, but either way, he hadn't shown much of a reaction to anything.

Whether or not he understood what was happening was yet another mystery. He only clung his little hands to his mother's slender neck, holding on tightly.

Percival didn't notice the subtle actions of his son, nor did he notice the shifting of Giralda's expressions. All he could feel was an endless, overflowing anger as the yang within him pulsed.

Of course, Dyon had sensed the type of technique Percival was learning, however, he didn't take this as an excuse.

Dyon himself had been dealing with undying lust for decades. From the moment he integrated with his martial uncle's blood essence, to the time it was multiplied manifold by integrating the Demon Sage's blood, to even now... In fact, during the moments his soul was sealed, it was even more difficult to control, even to the point he ended up harming Ri when he absentmindedly fell into an abyss he just barely climbed out of.

What the hell did this extreme yang technique mean in the face of the blood of a Demon Qilin? What the hell did it mean in the face of the blood essence of one of the greatest body cultivators to ever exist?

Dyon would never accept that explanation. He wanted a real answer!

"Answer!" Dyon roared.

His patience was slowly running out. The more time passed, the weaker he felt. Even speaking was difficult after his vocal cords were nearly sliced completely apart by his own roar. He didn't care for Percival's hesitation.

It was only at this moment that those around began to understand that Dyon was serious. He wasn't saying all of this simply to expose Percival, he truly wanted to know what it was that made humans seek darkness so willingly.

What was it about bullying the weak made you feel good? What was it about hurting someone else made you feel better?

A vicious cycle of evil, filling the world, all for a momentary sick pleasure?

The worst part was that Dyon could tell just as easily as King Cromwell that Giralda's backing wasn't simple. Even if she wasn't a part of a top 20 quadrant, it was most definitely top 40 at the very least. What could a mere 74th quadrant do in the face of that? Even if it was more powerful than its ranking suggested.

He was not only harming those around with his evil, he could even end up hurting himself.

For what? Could Marco have really offended him to this extent? Could Giralda's beauty really be so tempting? Could his lust really be so uncontrollable?

Suddenly, Percival's anger boiled over to the point where he started laughing as gross veins of blue and green pulsed along his forehead.

Dyon frowned in disgust. This man dared to do the deed, yet is embarrassed to the point of irrational anger when his deeds are exposed. Is this really all the world has to offer? Nothing but hypocrites running off toward death at their fastest possible speed? If that's the case, what is even the point?

'Why did I even do this... Could I really have gotten any real answer out of a man like this?...'

"To think that there'd be such a naïve little boy in existence, and to think he'd come before me to flaunt his higher morality!" Percival's voice trembled in rage as though he was teetering on the edge of insanity, he really couldn't stand Dyon's smug face.

"That cuckold Marko deserved to have his woman stolen. He dared to have a wife far more beautiful than he was strong. If it wasn't me, someone else along the line would have taken her from him. I really would have liked to see if you would have dared strut into a sect within the top 30 – no, even 50 – had it been one of their princes that had taken her away."

Percival sneered. "Of course you wouldn't have dared. The only reason you came here to flaunt your status is because we are weak and you are strong. You imposed your will here because your fists are large enough. If we had been a top 50 sect. If we had had just a single dao formation expert. Even if we had a single peak celestial, no, even a high celestial, you would have died without a corpse!

"You ask me why? It's obvious why! I did so because I could! Because my backing was stronger! Because my cultivation was stronger! Do I need another reason?!"

Dyon's eye emotionlessly scanned Percival's heaving figure.

Him? Not dare to do something? As long as he promised it, even if Giralda had been imprisoned within the depths of hell, he would have saved her. What nonsensical reasoning.

At that moment, a wave of cognitive dissonance assaulted Dyon's senses.

'Pride... Arrogance...' In just that instant, Dyon's normal disposition nearly burst through, making his chest ache.

"Since you believe that..." Dyon ignored the pain that seemed almost dull in comparison to the injuries ravaging his body. "How would you feel if I killed your son and tore the last string tethering the two of you?"

Percival's eyes slightly wavered as Dyon's arm reached out, but eventually turned steady once more.

"NO!"

Chapter 1114: Truth

Dyon's gaze shifted from the little boy to Giralda. Of course, it hadn't been Percival who screamed. To that bastard who put pride over everything, he might have really allowed Dyon to do it if it meant he could save face.

His hand paused in the air. Still, the little boy hadn't reacted.

"Why?" Dyon asked again. "For as long as this little boy lives, he'll be nothing but a reminder to you. Maybe now it's easy for you to forgive him because he's young, but what about when he's older? What about when his extreme yang constitution makes him aggressive?"

"Will you still feel the same way the first time he throws a tantrum? Will you still feel the same way the first time he argues with you? The first time he tells you that he hates you? The first time he chooses someone or something else over his own mother?"

"Will you be able to forgive him then? Or will your anger fester? Will your old resentments resurface?"

"If that happens, who will you take it out on then? Will you also bully someone weaker than you? Will you fight with your own son? Or will you hurt someone else in your anger?"

"Even if you don't, how will you take responsibility of the constitution his father passed on to him? Will you stay by his side for his whole life, making sure that he only makes the right choices?"

"What about how you'll handle when he realizes that you've taken him away from his real father?"

"What if he really does become a good person, only to learn of what this Percival did? The kind of man his father truly was would rack him with guilt. Are you willing to take responsibility for your son living with that for his whole life?"

Every question Dyon asked was like a needle tearing through Giralda's soul.

While Percival's daughters were gifted with extreme yin constitutions almost equivalent to earth grade constitutions, his sons weren't left behind either. In fact, their extreme yang constitution could be said to be equivalent to an earth grade constitution.

The problem was that Rand was a fool who couldn't control himself. In a fit of lust, he lost his virginity too early in his life, shattering his yang foundation to a young lady he tossed away without care.

As a result, before he could solidify his yang, he lost it, capping his potential at the possible King level, whereas no one with an Earth grade constitution, fully awakened, would be any less than an Emperor. At the worst, they'd be the peak-most among Kings.

However, an extreme yang constitution came with its own draw backs. Without proper consolidation, his mood swings would be difficult to control. Also, just like his sisters, he'd be extremely weak to those his opposite, making him constantly lust after the fairer sex.

Rand couldn't hold back this lust, who's to say if this little boy could?

To make matters worse, even if Giralda had a falling out with her family due to her choice in husband like Dyon suspected, would this same family reject a boy of their family line with an Earth Grade constitution?

Of course not. Constitutions were rare beyond belief and gifted talent beyond imagination.

This meant that this boy would have lust greater than his father, with a power backing him far greater than the Grand Templar Sect.

On top of all of this, whether he chose the good or the bad, both would end catastrophically... It was either that he'd inflict pain upon others, especially his mother. Or, he would inflict pain upon himself...

The more Dyon thought about it, the more he saw an endless wall growing before him. 'Do all things really end so horribly?... What's the point of it all...'

Giralda lowered her head, squeezing her child closer. "He's innocent. No one knows what the future holds."

Hearing these words, Dyon almost burst into his own fit of laughter. Except his wouldn't be in anger... It would be filled with self-mockery and helplessness, brimming with vulnerable angst.

No one else knew what the future held, but he had comprehended things to a depth they couldn't imagine. To him... There was only one ending for everything...

"There is no answer here..." A layered voice, suffused with sadness escaped Dyon's lips, causing the hearts of the spirits to experience an endless ache.

With a wave of his hand, the mother and child disappeared. No one could tell where they went, but it was clear that Giralda was too weak to stop Dyon from doing anything. Although she was a high order second grade celestial, the seal had very clearly degraded her strength since it stopped her ability to absorb celestial energy.

Then, he turned and left, causing the black wall of flames in the air to disappear.

He didn't say anymore useless words, nor did he threaten them to keep their mouths closed.

From beginning to end, he had only killed a single person, yet he had left such a profound footprint on the Grand Templar Sect.

Not too shockingly though, the world would never find out about exactly what happened here. After King Cromwell turned his anger on Percival and learned of which family Giralda was an heiress of, whether it be him, or the spectators, none dared to speak a word.

If such a powerful family learned that something like this happened to their princess, they wouldn't care about rules. Wiping them and their clans out would only be the first step in saving their face...

They could only hope that Giralda didn't plan on revenge... For now, they could only show their sincerity by keeping quiet.

Percival, however, had to be specially dealt with... A matter that King Cromwell would lose many nights of rest over...

As for Dyon? He headed to a place no one would ever expect him to enter...

Less than half a day later, he stood silently over the ancient stone carvings within the Belmont Family Catacombs... The very same place he fought Loki and Elder Daiyu to the death in... The very same place the entity's body and spirit resided...

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Dyon stood before the stone etchings for a long while.

In the distance, the obscenely large hand of the entity was still in view. For something to still seem so large from millions of miles away... Even now Dyon couldn't fathom his size.

Last time Dyon stood here, the pressure was enough to make him drop to his knees. Now... He hardly felt it. But, how could he be proud of something like that?

A man chained up and restricted by seals Dyon didn't understand, even now, could make his knees weaken from millions of miles away. How was that anything but pitifully pathetic?

With a wave of his hand, The Seal appeared, causing the stone etchings to rotate and open, exposing three empty indents where the kernels once sat... In the center of it all, a shadowy figure sat in meditation. Its features weren't clear, just as before, but now, Dyon got the feeling that it wasn't that they weren't clear... But rather that he wasn't powerful enough to perceive what he should have.

Dyon suddenly felt a pressure he hadn't noticed before. In that moment, he was certain that if he reached out with his divine sense that his soul would be crushed to oblivion.

'God level Presence... But... This isn't his body?'

"Hoho... This is unexpected..."

The voice was just as gentle as Dyon remembered it. It had a hint of ambiguity, but it was undoubtedly calm and soothing.

When Dyon first met the entity, its voice reminded him of a young father speaking with his children. Even now... That feeling hadn't changed. If anything, with his heightened senses, the voice was even more comforting, as though he could trust his whole existence with him...

"... To think the young man who hates me the most in the world would actually come seeking to talk... Too unexpected, truly too unexpected." Dyon could almost sense the slight and inviting smile on the entity's face as though this was truly a pleasant surprise.

"What an interesting state you're in... Rare, rare indeed. Your life span is decreasing quite quickly. Ah, I see why, your dao heart actually shattered..."

"You know, life force and the dao heart are inextricably linked. As a mortal though, it's not a simple one to one ratio. While a mortal can survive having their dao heart shattered, for an immortal, that means death.

"Interesting... So you're using your life force as a replacement for your dao heart. Oh? That's not all either, you've actually exchanged your life force for access to that Ancient Constitution..."

The entity was just as talkative as ever. Dyon doubted that this entity was capable of treating anyone as an enemy... Maybe he saw everyone as children compared to himself.

However, he only spoke the truth.

Chapter 1115: How?

The reason for the fifth trial of the God trials was to test one's potential as an immortal. Those of the transcendent plane didn't have set life spans... Rather, the solidity of the dao heart decided how long they could live. Theoretically, a transcendent really could live forever.

The problem was that no one's dao heart, no matter how talented you were, could last forever.

Even Dyon's grand teacher's dao heart was on the verge of collapse, which was exactly why his appearance and demeanor were so old and sickly.

Thus, the connection between life force and the dao heart was clear... It was just that Dyon's dao heart consolidated a level of comprehension it wasn't prepared for... It was the equivalent of integrating celestial level meridians into the body of an essence gatherer... Dyon was lucky that he didn't die.

"... These flames..." For the first time, the entity's tone slightly changed as he finally found the root cause of Dyon's fall.

He had seen these flames before. When he first met Dyon, it was obvious that this young boy was angered beyond belief.

Whenever Dyon was angered beyond a certain limit, back when his wills were unsealed, of course, his eyes would flicker with black flames. With his senses, how could the entity have missed it?

The problem was that the flames were truly too weak when he last saw them. Plus, The Seal was interfering heavily, in fact, it was interfering now. Its passive ability was to hide its owner from sensory inspections and attacks of the mind. If Dyon wasn't allowing the entity to see what he wanted to see, in his current state, the entity wouldn't have been able to sense a thing.

"Interesting!" The entity chuckled slightly. "It seems I was wrong about you. Your talent is quite good! It's no wonder your dao heart is in such a state."

Those who knew the entity personally would be shocked by his words.

When last he spoke to Dyon, he mentioned that there were only four people to have ever existed that he acknowledged the talent of. For him to say that Dyon's talent was quite good when he at first dismissed him, even knowing that Dyon had absorbed the cumulative talent of billions of individuals... It spoke for itself!

"Ai... It's a shame that you're technically a junior brother of mine, although I have to admit that I disdained to admit it before. Too many generations have passed for me to have seriously considered you so, but this changes everything! If you weren't, I would have liked to take you as an in-name disciple."

Dyon didn't have much of a reaction to the entity's words. Maybe someone else might have been excited at the acknowledgement of a transcendent, but not only was he not in the state to care, even if he was in his normal state, he would have only seen this entity as an enemy.

Clearly, though, his flames were something even someone at that level couldn't ignore...

"So, what did my precious Junior Brother come here for?"

Dyon scanned the surroundings. He could still see the craters and residue from his battle 14 years ago... Even the death abyssal core hadn't faded away yet, but at this point, it was far too weak to be of any use to Dyon. After all, it was at the level of a mere essence gate when Dyon harvested it which meant it could only help him reach the 3rd intent level at best. Considering he was now at that 9th intent level, he even found it quite lacking...

"What's your goal?" Dyon suddenly asked.

"My goal?" The entity questioned. "Isn't it obvious? The heavens control our fate like a puppet master, pulling upon the strings of our life without care or consequence. Even worse, no matter how shiny or entertaining we might be, this puppet master will eventually get bored of us one day and never lift us up to play again.

"Is it not the nature of the living to want to break free of this control? I'm just closer to most others at accomplishing my goal."

"So the only puppet you care for is yourself?"

The entity laughed. "Do you believe that I am cold and heartless? Let me tell you something.

"My Master and your grand teacher has five world defying abilities. Cycle of Reincarnation. Ethereal Permeation. Temporal Lock. The Aurora. And True Empathy.

"Each one of these abilities has reached an unprecedented level, while three of them have reached a level of absolute perfection, allowing them to fuse with the will of the universe and be passed on to later generations.

"These three were Ethereal Permeation, a supreme law among the very best. The aurora, the absolute central staple of secondary professions. And, finally, True Empathy.

"However, what many don't know is that of my Master's five abilities, only two of them are self-created. The other three were abilities that he formed with the help of my Senior Brother, me and my Junior

Sister. In fact, the three that transcended to the realms of perfection were the ones we worked on together.

"Cycle of Reincarnation and Temporal Lock are the two that my master forged on his own before he ever took a single disciple and are the central legendary abilities of his Jafari family.

"Cycle of Reincarnation falls under the category of a cultivation technique. It puts its users through a cycle of Samsara that helps them experience the vicissitudes of life. It's this technique that is the secret of tempering one of the legendary nine Dao Hearts, the Samsara Heart. Truth be told, it's because of this heart that my Master has lived for so long. Believe it or not, he was already trillions of years old before he decided to take on the three of us as disciples.

"Temporal Lock is a seemingly simple ability on its surface, but endlessly complex. Trying to explain it to you now would do no good. I can tell that you haven't re-established your time will... It seems that you know that even in this state, you don't have enough life span to exchange for true time will. That's good, I don't want such a talented junior brother of mine to die so early on. Although, I'd really like to know how you have so much life span left even now... It seems you had quite a lucky encounter.

"Anyway, I'm getting distracted. Simply put, it is one of the few time legacies that allow the freezing of living beings while keeping the cost at a minimum.

"Ethereal Permeation is an ability my Master worked with my Junior Sister to create. As you know, our connection as fellow disciples is through my Junior Sister, or the 1st White Mother.

"However, even back then, the celestial bloodline was in decline. Despite being the creator of the legendary White Mother title, Junior Sister still wanted to do something more to help her fellow clansman. She believed that the key to bringing the celestial bloodline back to its origin was Primordial Energy.

"Still, once again, problems arose because Primordial Energy was also in decline. Ethereal Permeation was meant to be a replacement. Unfortunately, while it became a mighty supreme law, it was extremely difficult to practice. That said, it should only be a bit more than a few millennia until Junior Sister succeeds in bringing her bloodline back to perfection. It can be considered a success.

"Next would be the Aurora. As you know, my Senior Brother is truly a legendary figure who definitely had the most impact of the three of us. While the basic idea of the Aurora was created by Master, without array alchemy, it would be practically useless except for some minor healing abilities. The two went hand in hand... If it wasn't for array alchemy, the aurora wouldn't have been acknowledged by the heavens.

"Now that I've gotten this far, you're smart enough to understand why I've said all of this right? I mentioned four abilities, two of which were created with the help of my fellow senior brother and junior sister. However, there's still me. No?

"As the first True Empath, how could there be anyone in existence more sympathetic to the plights of others than me? More in tune with their sufferings?

"My perspective of the world is different from others."

Chapter 1116: Meant

"First true empath..." Dyon mumbled.

The entity continued in its soothing voice. "You're a smart boy, you understand that True Empathy isn't as simple as sympathy.

"A sympathetic person uses projection. They believe they understand what a person is feeling by believing that they've understood their circumstances.

"An Empath is completely different. I don't think I feel, I do feel. The emotions I sense come to me as though they stem from my own life experiences. As though it's my hatred, my love, my happiness, my anger.

"Not only do I know what you're feeling, I likely understand it far better than you do. How could someone with such an ability be cold and remorseless?"

"How can someone who understands the destruction they can bring about be a proponent of the Chaos Path?"

The entity chuckled. "You believe that you understand chaos because of your flames? I have to admit, the character of your black flames is among the three... no two, most powerful I've ever seen... It seems like multiple characters on the surface, when in reality, it's only a single one. Even I'm a bit jealous.

"However, my precious Junior Brother, you must understand that you are only leering at the doorway to true understanding. Wills? Intents? Even daos... They're pitiful in comparison to the understanding transcendents have.

"Maybe in the past I would have said this so as to temper your expectations, but now I say so to guide you. Your dao array has yet to even fully form, how could you claim to fully understand things as they are?"

The entity had, once more, not lied. Not only was Dyon lacking when it came to even the mortal plane considering he had yet to master a dao, he was severely lacking when compared to experts of the immortal plane.

If one decided to take the immortal plane into account, Dyon was far behind. This was because, as the Dragon King had let him know previously, above the dao, there was the Law. And even beyond the Law, there was the Origin Source, something that even most transcendents wouldn't comprehend in their whole long lives.

Knowing this, it was no wonder the entity was treating Dyon like a child throwing a tantrum in front of his father. To it, Dyon was only just beginning to learn the ways of the world... He was nothing more than a toddler.

However, was Dyon stupid? No matter how devastated he was, would he forget something so simple? A logic so blatantly obvious? Of course, he wouldn't.

Dyon's fire will was pushing the barrier of one hundred meters! It contained a size and a level of profundity impossible for an entry level dao to match. Dyon didn't believe that any dao beneath the 7th level could contain the level of comprehension his did.

This wasn't all either, because this only took into account his black flames.

Although Dyon's black and white flames formed only a single dao array, they stacked within one another.

What exactly did this mean? It meant that Dyon's dao array was somehow able to balance two completely opposing comprehensions for the way of the universe. The only way this would be possible was if both understandings were deep beyond belief.

Imagine it this way. What would it take for an array of ice and fire to fuse into one?

It would require a fire so hot that it could never be frozen by cold. However, it would also require an ice so cold that it could never be melted by heat.

Now imagine that this fire had the characteristic of inextinguishable heat, while the ice had the characteristic of absolute cold.

How could it be possible for both to be true?

The massive paradoxical relationship between Dyon's flames was exactly why, even with his intelligence, he completely disregarded the words of the entity. The level of his comprehension was already more profound than the mortal plane could handle!

This was yet another paradoxical problem Dyon had rushed himself into. He felt like the entity might have the answers he was looking for... But he was completely unwilling to reveal his white flames to it. He had no doubt in his mind that if the entity saw his white flames, its attitude wouldn't be so casual.

Senior brother or not, Dyon would never trust this transcendent.

There was another reason Dyon didn't take the transcendent's words seriously though...

The reason Origin Sources were so rare and difficult to form was because they weren't tailored in reality. Origin Sources were quite literally that, the origin of a comprehension that stood outside the realm of the universe entirely.

Simply put, the understanding the entity had – because Dyon was completely certain that he had comprehended his own origin source – was definitely something that stemmed outside the bounds of reality. Knowing that... How could the understanding of the entity exactly line up with the truths of the universe?

An inner voice spoke to Dyon when he first comprehended the black flames... An inner voice that got louder when he subsequently comprehended his white flames.

Something told him that breaking away from the universe... That forming an origin source all of your own understanding was the wrong path to take...

The two words had been reverberating in his mind for the past three days, harmonizing and becoming clearer. Every step he took from the moment he pulled the knife from his chest was in chasing the meaning of these two words down..

'Soul Quintessence...'

Dyon had no idea what these words meant. What he did know was that something reverberating deep within his Soul felt that these two words lorded over all things. In fact, the truth was that he didn't even make out exactly what those two words were until Giralda protected her son from being killed by him... It felt like that moment opened a slight bit of understanding within Dyon...

It was like he was stumbling toward a door at the end of a long, dim corridor. Whether or not he would make it to that door entirely depended on if he could find it within himself to care enough to continue down the path...

This said, something was stopping him from understanding. His dao heart had collapsed in on itself, he felt that everything was meaningless and would come to an inevitable end... While feeling this way, how could he have time to care about two strange words?

"Tell me..." Dyon said softly. "Tell me about your Origin Source..."

The entity laughed so brightly that it reminded Dyon of a sweet spring's breeze. It wasn't arrogant or prideful, but rather filled with a relief... It was almost as though his laughter was in response to a weight being lifted off from his chest.

When the entity thought about his origin source, he felt free and unfettered.

"To hear a lesson from me... It is your own good karma. It's normally no good to listen to too much of another's understanding, however, considering the state of your dao heart, it couldn't get much worse, now could it? Good. Senior Brother will dote on you a bit today."

In a moment, Dyon felt like he was taken into another world.

The air was suffocating, so much so that he involuntarily grasped at his throat and nearly fell to his knees. It was until he felt a warm hand on his shoulder that this feeling disappeared, replacing the looming scythe of death with a gentle atmosphere.

Dyon looked over, but all he could see was a shadowy figure that he somehow felt was smiling gently at him.

"Look around." The entity spoke softly.

Dyon's eyes widened. What he had to take in with a single glance was so much more complex than he was used to that his mental energy drained away in an instant.

In that moment, Dyon's heart trembled. He was absolutely certain that he was still in his selfless state, or else he wouldn't be able to control his anger when facing the entity, especially not with his Demon Sage blood essence.

What did this mean? It meant that what he saw didn't just drain his own mental energy, but the energy of the universe that was supporting him!

One had to remember that in Dyon's current selfless state, he was being blessed by the heavens, allowing him to connect with a constitution he had no right to access. Within this selfless state, Dyon was able to analyze the billions of constitutions he had within himself, and he was certain that the War God Ancient Constitution wasn't among them. In fact, none of the Ancient Constitutions were.

Chapter 1117: Realized

Maybe in another setting, this would be depressing, but along with his connection to the universe, Dyon understood why not in a moment.

Ancient Constitutions were completely unlike Earth, Heaven or even God constitutions... Unlike those three tiers that could appear many times, even with many appearing at once, Ancient Constitutions were never birthed into the world more than once.

This was all to say that not only was Dyon's understanding of the reality of things at an all time high, so was his connection to the universe. Yet, a single glance at the entity's Origin Source had sapped the universe to a point where it was no longer able to continue supporting the cost!

"This is what it means to have an Origin Source." The entity explained with a calm and diligent manner. "To those who reach my level, the universes of the mortal plane cannot compare.

"I know what you're wondering. If I have the kind of power necessary to disdain the universe, why is it that I've sealed myself here to absorb one? Wouldn't it be beneath me?

"I'll tell you the truth, my little Junior Brother. Even after I formed my Origin Source, I felt that something was missing. I believed that the door to absolute immortality was hidden in a path beyond, yet the Origin Source wasn't a doorway, but, rather, a fierce defensive wall... a mountain of sorts that even I felt was insurmountable.

"Even after I spent three million years forming my Origin Source, I spent another nine million years pondering just why this roadblock existed..."

Dyon's eyes brightened, more and more. The light became so fierce that even while he was trying his best not to focus on the world around him, two rays of gold tore through the space.

"Your world is too complex." Dyon's words stopped the entity in his tracks.

At that moment, Dyon felt the gentle nature of his Senior Brother shift to a sharp gaze. It wasn't filled with killing intent, in fact, it disappeared almost as soon as it appeared. Yet, that one moment was enough to make Dyon's dao heart tremble so fiercely that its shattered pieces became nothing more than the finest grains of sand.

Dyon, however, didn't care.

In that one glance of his Senior Brother's world, he saw a beauty and artistry the likes of which he had never witnessed in his entire life.

Still, it took him but a moment to recognize the flaw that took the entity nine million to realize.

The moment those words came from Dyon's mouth, his head fiercely pounded.

'Soul Quintessence... Soul Quintessence... Soul Quintessence...'

The entity's world was truly mesmerizing.

Blades of grass seemed to breathe and shift with an overwhelming complexity. Flower petals opened and closed with mind numbing layers of triangles, squares – even shapes Dyon had never thought of or seen before.

The water flowed with a refined sense of art, swirling, waving and diving like a well orchestrated play.

Yet, all of this was just on the macro level. With his divine sense, Dyon realized that the complexity was far beyond what normal eyesight could pick up.

According to normal measurements, per a single cubic centimeter, there was an average of one thousand atoms raised to the power of twenty-four! However, to say that the density of particles within

the entity's world was a thousand times that was a complete understatement. It reached such a level that Dyon's divine sense had no ability to parse out the numbers with any sort of accuracy!

The entity sighed. "If only I had Junior Brother by my side all those years ago. You would have saved my almost ten million years of seclusion..."

Dyon shook his head. "This step... It was a necessary step... However, it's because you took this step that it took you so long... The only reason I can see through the problem is because I don't have to show my work to give you the conclusion. Knowing the answer to a complicated problem is meaningless if you can't explain your process."

A light chuckle escaped the entity's lips, but he didn't say any more on the topic. Sure, Dyon's words were correct, but who but him would dare to attempt to correct the course of a transcendent? Not to mention the fact the entity wasn't just a normal transcendent, it was an Origin Transcendent. His status was unmatched throughout the entire immortal plane save for a very select few.

Under normal circumstances, a mortal would be so awed by what they saw that they could believe that this world was the pinnacle of perfection.

"This world is my origin source. It's the culmination of all of my life's work. It's my pain and sorrow, it's my happiness and pleasure, it's my dream.

"You see chaos as the utmost evil. To you, it's the end of the world, the destruction of all things and the conclusion of everything good. But, to me, there in lies a beauty refined to such a high level that it can make you lose yourself in the moment.

"Chaos doesn't signify the end, it signifies the beginning. It's the conclusion of things as we know it, and the start of things as we wish it.

"Do you know how array alchemy came to be?"

Dyon shook his head.

"Have you noticed that as your dao becomes more refined, it begins to form complex symbols? Those symbols are the Laws of the universe. The more refined your dao becomes, the more of the inner truths of the universe will be possible for you to replicate.

"Size, brightness, profundity. These are the three facets that decide the quality and power of your dao. However, size and brightness are only taken into account by fools who do not understand that both stem from the root cause: profundity.

"The more profound your dao, the more size is needed to encapsulate its beauty. The more profound your dao, the greater the universe resonates with it, and thus the brighter it becomes.

"Your First Senior Brother may not be the only talented individual I've ever met, but he's the only one I've respected to the very bottom of my heart. In fact, he is the only person I've ever loved in my life, and it's because his mind was so amazing... The way he thought about things, the way he solved problems, the way he treated those around him."

The entity's voice became suffused with pain to the point where Dyon could hear its voice failing it.

Dyon was almost certain that the entity was a man. However, this love he felt for his First Brother was clearly very deep. Whether it was romantic or not, Dyon didn't know. But, it hardly mattered. The reality was that this entity had a deep love for his elder brother, and clearly, this elder brother was taken from him.

Evidently, the entity didn't feel up to or care to elaborate as it simply continued.

"Your First Senior Brother had such a profound understanding of these arrays that he could analyze almost anything in existence before replicating and manipulating it to perfection.

"He reached a level of One with Existence, so profound that he was able to take concepts only a transcendent should understand, and simplify them to the extent that even you, little adorable junior brother of mine, can practice array alchemy on your own.

"That's what a true genius is. The cycle of cultivation has always been complex, but one thing will always be true. Finding complexity in the simple, before finding simplicity in the complex... That will always be the singular truth.

"My absorbing this universe never had anything to do with your talents, or else I would have never let you take them away.

"I didn't choose this universe because of it was the most talented universe ever either. I chose it because it was the only universe in its infancy... It was that exact simplistic beginning I needed.

"I'm not the genius my senior brother was. But, I have to succeed where he couldn't. Not for the sake of glory or to etch my name into history, but so that I can finally lay his memory to rest properly.

"My senior brother thought that array alchemy was the answer, but in the end, it cost him his life.

"I'll follow a different path and create the world he wanted with my own two hands."

Chapter 1118: Sinister

A week later, Dyon sat alone the Belmont Family tomb, looking across the endless grass lands under the shadow of the massive hand in the distance.

The last words of the entity still reverberated in his mind. "It doesn't matter whether you join my Chaos Path or not. If I lost to someone of an opposing ideology, that could only mean that I was wrong."

It seemed that even with Dyon protecting that portion of his mind against the entity, it was still very clear on the fact that Dyon wasn't convinced one way or another. However, it didn't matter.

Dyon touched his chest, completely lost in thought.

Even without being a True Empath, how could Dyon not understand what the entity was feeling? If the greatest role model in your life failed, would you blame them for their failure? Or would you blame the method that caused them to fail?

With his current knowledge, Dyon didn't even have the right to refute the entity. Although he understood that his fire half-step dao was profound, even comparing to high level daos, it still wasn't enough.

After seeing the Origin Source of the entity, Dyon realized how large the gap was between him and his supposed enemy.

While they were scrambling around trying to stop his second senior brother from conquering the universe, they didn't realize to him that a universe wasn't even enough to power him for an instant.

The remnants of Dyon's dao heart trembled like dust flying in the wind when he thought back to his split second few of the Origin Source.

'Such a beautiful world was built upon the comprehension of chaos... Beauty in chaos...'

A defensive array appeared below Dyon, slowly raising him into the air as a purple-gold creation array whirled to life, forming what soon became a beautifully finished grand piano.

Dyon's fingers glided across the keys, lost in thought. But, he didn't press down, as though he was deciding whether or not he should.

He could remember very clearly the last time he played the piano. It was almost two decades since then by now, during the Focus Academy opening ceremony.

The very first will Dyon unlocked was awoken on then...

That day, Dyon was angered, more angered than he had ever been before up until that point.

At the request of his mother, Dyon had entered the martial world. To him, following that last wish of hers meant more to him than anything else... He would have rather died than fail.

Yet, the moment he stepped into the academy, he was met with staunch opposition. Not only was he forced to hitch a dingy little boat to the back of a silver yacht that had more than enough space, no one informed him about the importance of the Opening Ceremony.

Should he have failed on that day, the resources he would be allocated in the academy would have been pitiful. As a direct result of that, he would have failed the coming assessment which would have resulted in him being kicked out.

To Dyon, who knew nothing of the martial world at that time, this was nothing less than cutting off his path to survival.

Even knowing that his actions would only make things worse, Dyon's arrogance shone through with a ferocity that put the pillar families of the academy on notice. Even if it meant pissing them all off, they needed to know that he was there to stay.

'Complexity in the simple... Simplicity in the complex...'

That day was the day Dyon learned the power of wills... It wasn't just about connecting to a greater power provided by the universe, it was also about what was held in your heart. Relying on solely the will of the universe would make you weak and without a path. However, using the will of the universe to carve out the meaning of your own will... That was the true purpose of cultivation.

Without saying it in so many words, this was a concept Dyon seemed to understand innately. It was largely the reason his will comprehension was so fast... He didn't blindly worship anyone or anything. To him, the most important things in existence were the things he decided deserved that label...

'Is it still worth it to carve out my path...?' Dyon's long fingers slid silently across the ivory keys. 'Is there really a beauty in chaos?... Or is it only a disgusting, cruel end?...'

Dyon's left hand arched at an elegant and practiced angle even as his eyes sharpened.

In that moment, the air around him stilled, as though the universe itself was holding its breath in excited anticipation.

Although Dyon didn't realize it at the time, there was something decidedly different about his music will... Something that had fundamentally changed since his second trial.

It was impossible to pick up on before because his music will was tainted by his previous biases. But, after his dao heart shattered, all of his original comprehensions floated away along with it... Leaving behind a trace of the essence of the very first music will...

Dyon wasn't responsible for the creation of music will. Although he facilitated it, the true Empress of Music Will was Amphorae. However, something had changed within him the moment he tried to block the dragon of golden lightning.

'This is where my journey began.' Dyon thought, closing his eyes as his fingers flexed. 'This is where the answer lies...'

With a thought, Dyon's fingers pressed down, releasing a forceful and eerie minor chord that caused the hearts of those on Earth to quake.

It was evil... sinister... Chaotic...

The moment Dyon's hand pressed the keys, the earth quaked, filling a planet riddled with signs of war with an even more ominous feeling.

Dyon had paid little to no attention to his surroundings when he came back. Although this planet was his home, what he had come to know was destroyed while everyone that was important to him followed him into the tower. So, when he came back, especially in the state that he was in, he simply teleported to the Belmont Tombs directly, no one was even aware that he was here.

However, had Dyon simply looked around, he would have noticed the odd atmosphere. The mighty Royal God Clan of the Belmonts had crept upon some troubled times.

Truth be told, it wasn't entirely Dyon's fault that he didn't notice. Unlike other normal sized planets that were thirty to fifty thousand kilometers in circumference, at most, Dyon's home planet of Earth had been expanded by many times that in order to imprison the entity, making its circumference more than a million miles around, a shockingly grand size almost comparable to that of the sun.

Although Dyon's divine sense had reached nearly 100 000 kilometers, it was still lacking in ability to cover such a distance. Therefore, it was impossible for him to get an accurate gauge of the situation.

One might wonder just how the Belmonts could fall into troubled times when Madeleine's parents were dao formation experts. Well, the simple answer was that they were no longer here.

After seeing Dyon off with their chosen disciples, they only remained for about half a decade or so, mostly so that Madeleine's mother could properly guide her disciple, King Belmont.

Unfortunately, a mere 14-year period wasn't enough time for a celestial to make any large leaps in cultivation. Despite being personally instructed by his master, King Belmont was lacking. Even worse, because of the poor energy concentration of this universe, his progress was pitifully slow.

Despite being a talent that should have been a mid order second grade celestial at worst, King Belmont was a mere low order third grade celestial. Maybe the most depressing part about all of this was that this was a heroic feat when considering the circumstances. Such an accomplishment in this pitiful environment was a testament to just how talented those born in this universe were.

However, the sad truth was that this was too weak. As a mid celestial, especially of the mere third grade, there was only so much that King Belmont could control. And, unlike those Working Disciples of Dyon's sect who planned to take targeted cultivation cleansing pills to fall back to the meridians formation realm from the essence gathering realm, this process was impossible for those who had undergone a tribulation.

Well, that isn't exactly true. It was possible for a saint to fall back to the essence gathering realm, or a celestial to fall back to the saint realm, but there was a hefty punishment and risk many weren't willing to take.

One's tribulation wasn't just a punishment, it was also a blessing for those who used it appropriately. However, taking part in this blessing multiple times was a huge taboo for the universe.

If one who had already passed their saint tribulation falls from the celestial realm using a pill and attempts to re-cultivate, the tribulation's ferocity would increase to unimaginable levels! The worst part was that this increased difficulty would continue onward for the celestial tribulation, and the dao formation tribulation!

Chapter 1119: Too Much

This was all to say that King Belmont simply didn't have the power to control the situation...

After Madeleine's parents left, the Aumen waited five more years to be certain of the fact they were gone, before preparing for another seven years to launch their plan. However... They weren't alone.

The planet that the Shruti had once taken over was now vacant and without leadership. However, before the Shruti took claim to their Planet Mino, how could there not have been another Royal God Clan before their existence?

With the Shruti gone, their disappearance being a complete mystery to those of the universe, the Mino Royal God Clan once more re-staked their claim to the planet that held their namesake.

Of course, the Shruti clan was Saru's, who was currently taking the God trials.

Originally, Saru was completing a coming of age ceremony for her clan, which was why she came here. But, after the war, her supervisors took her away, deeming the situation too dangerous. Plus, there was the fact that Saru wouldn't have wanted to fight a war with Dyon anyway.

This aside, with their presence gone, the clan they had imprisoned for the sake of keeping their identities secret was released.

As compensation, thanks to Saru's kind heart, the Mino clan was given cultivation resources so rich that they almost didn't care about being imprisoned at all. Unfortunately, it was because of these cultivation resources that the rise of a new player in the universe came fiercely and suddenly. After all, how could the cultivation resources of an Emperor God Clan of the 30th ranked quadrant compare to anything this universe had seen before?!

With the dao Sapientia couple gone, the Mino clan also became fiercer in their movements, even partnering with the Aumen family to sweep through the other clans.

If it wasn't for the fact that Planet Earth – with the Belmonts, the Pakal, and the remnants of the Cavositas and Ragnor families – and Planet Nix, that was still home to Zabia's family and allied clans, all allied together in a final struggle, the Mino-Aumen alliance would have already killed them all.

Still, one might wonder why a Mino clan that had clearly gotten a massive power boost would ally with the weakened Aumen clan... After all, it wasn't like King Belmont was stupid enough to not punish them severely.

Well... The answer lied in the fact that Dyon had trusted his 20 years estimate a bit too much...

Before Dyon left for his trials, the reason why he was so confident in himself was because of two reasons.

Firstly, he locked every gate to the essence gathering level, ensuring that even if there were problems, it would be on a controllable scale.

Secondly, he had the essence sons and daughters of the Uidah Emperor God Clan in his pocket.

The combination of these two things made Dyon certain of a 20 year time period. Unfortunately, there were some things that even Dyon couldn't account for...

13 years ago, Dyon cleared the first God trial in a staggering one year and six months, shattering the previous record by almost ten years. 7 days after that, he cleared the second trial for the first time in its history. This was no longer a record of just this generation, but of all generations to take part in the tower!

Normally, this information wouldn't get back to this universe, that was why Dyon wasn't worried about making a splash even with the Celestial Deer Quadrant name attached to him. Unfortunately, what Dyon didn't know was that a Legatee of the Ragnor Clan and a Legatee of the Uidah Clan were both in the tower under the names of their two respective sects!

It was impossible for Dyon to know this. In Dyon's estimation, travelling to another universe, let alone quadrant, would take an astronomical amount of time...

The thing was that... it had taken an astronomical amount of time! The saga of the Dukes and Duchesses that attacked their quadrant occurred hundreds of years ago!

At that time, Loki was still an essence gatherer, while his fiancée, Hela, had just entered the saint realm!

As a direct result of this attack from Dukes and Duchesses that Dyon assumed had to be from the 30th quadrant, Saru's quadrant, the Ragnor, Uidah, and Pakal Clans became absolutely certain that there was a stronger world out there.

Because of hints the Dukes and Duchesses dropped about a 'tower', Hela and the First Saint Son of the Uidah, who had been the Fifth Saint Son at the time, were sent on dangerous missions.

As for the Pakal, they sent no one. No one knew why, but this was a story for another time.

Knowing this, who would have been more shocked than Hela and First Saint Son at Dyon rising through the ranks? Some unknown boy from their quadrant had found something they had spent centuries trying to find?

It had taken Hela and First Saint Son more than 600 years to finally make it to the Kitsune-Shruti Quadrant. Yet, it almost felt like this time was all but wasted!

Luckily for them, they were still under the 1000-year age limit at the time, and quickly took Duke trials after finding out they were in a race against time. It wasn't until just recently that the two of them managed to climb to the celestial floors and relax due to gaining 4000 more years to spare.

Unluckily, they were the bombarded with information about this "Dyon Sacharro".

Neither trusted the other. Hela tried to probe First Saint Son about Dyon's identity, while he tried to do the same to her, but neither would budge.

At that point, none of them knew whether Dyon was from the Uidah or Ragnor or Pakal clans. In their minds, he couldn't have been from anywhere else...

In truth, they suspected the Pakal Clan because they were the only clan that hadn't sent anyone to the tower, however, it was impossible to be sure.

Without being able to understand the situation, they could only send the information back to their clans. The problem was that without access to the Gates, the Sapientia Network hadn't made it to their quadrant. This delayed the messages for more than a decade due to their slow methods!

In the end, just two years ago, the Uidah King God Clan and the Ragnor Emperor God Clan were fully agitated learning of this heaven defying genius that had suddenly appeared. This was especially so for the Uidah Clan.

After hundreds of years of being only a single universe away from the ranks of the Emperor God Clan, the thought of another Clan in their quadrant gaining such a heaven defying genius made them tremble in fear.

Suddenly, the pressure they applied across the gates leading to Dyon's home universe multiplied many times over. They no longer cared about quality, they just had to become stronger!

Normally, this wouldn't matter because Dyon had the Essence sons and daughters under his command. But, after 14 years of being cultivated by Dyon, how could they still be in the essence gathering realm? They had long since become saint sons and daughters!

Of course, Dyon had taken this into account. He expected them to become saints, but he thought that in the time that they no longer lorded over the essence gatherers, the Belmonts would be able to hold on until he came back, thus the 20-year estimate.

But, Dyon never accounted for the messages of Hela and the First Saint Son! The pressure the Uidah now applied increased many times over as they took an all or nothing approach.

However, when they noticed the staunch opposition of the Belmonts and their allies, especially the rising star that was Dyon's God Son and Zabia's first born, Sarid Jafari, they knew that normal means wouldn't work anymore.

Using their previous established connection with the Aumen Royal Prince, Tau Aumen, they used his younger brother, Ur Aumen, to broker a deal in their gate, funneling their high-level essence gatherers into the universe.

The result was devastating. Numerous first and second grade essence gatherers became a solid backbone of the Aumen-Mino alliance.

At the same time, the Belmonts were forced to split their attention, dealing with an attack from home and the gates at the same time....

Even as Dyon's chaotic tune overwhelmed the planet in a vicious melody, what was left of Dyon's home was on its last legs.

Chapter 1120: First and Second

The planet trembled under the movement of Dyon's fingers. A jarring melody played as though it rose from the depths of hell, surging through the skies and covering them in a blanket of black clouds.

The music froze the battle, being the likes of which those of the martial world had never heard. Such cacophonous composition... Such anger, rage... A chaotic mash of notes that almost sounded as though they didn't belong together.

At that moment, no one wanted to move. The level of the music intent was higher than any will they had ever felt before... So high that only Patia-Neva had sniffed that level before...

Unfortunately for Patia-Neva, after his ice will fell from the ninth intent level, even while he was building it back up during these almost two decades, he had only managed to reach the 7th intent level once more... He was simply out matched...

At the same time, in a barren landscape stretching hundred of thousands of miles, the remnants of the mortal world still lay silent.

The earth was scorched, large sections of deep valleys were filled with coarse salt remaining from evaporated oceans, and there was not a single breath of life.

The landscape was wholly depressing. One would never be able to tell that it had once contained one of the most advanced civilizations to ever exist without cultivation.

After 17 years, the land had hardly changed. Other than the heat on the surface gradually reducing over time, there was nothing else.

The truth of the matter that a celestial's attack couldn't cover such a large area. It was impossible for a single dying attack to destroy half of a planet that could rival the sun in size. So, how could things have ended this way?

When Patia-Neva finally concluded his revenge on the Clyte family by killing King Clyte, he had rushed back to Earth only to find the atmosphere quickly combusting into nothingness. Had this process succeeded, the Earth would have been scorched to oblivion, causing the instant death of anyone below sainthood, and the eventual deaths of even saints who wouldn't be able to handle the vacuum of space for an extended period of time.

Knowing this, Patia-Neva quickly used his ice will to stop the chain reaction. However, the damage was already done to the mortal world... Even if Patia-Neva had been a dao formation expert, it would have pushed him to the limit to save what remained of the mortals.

Under normal circumstances, those familiar with basic chemistry would know that if the atmosphere suddenly disappeared, the fear wouldn't be heat, but rather oppressive and chilling cold.

With the atmosphere gone, there would be nothing to trap and retain the heat coming from the sun, causing a drastic dip in temperature.

The reason this expanded Earth would actually experience the opposite is due to the existence of one person: the entity.

Why could an Earth expanded to match the sun in size still retain a normal climate? It's because the heat that maintained normal temperatures was no longer the sole responsibility of the sun, but rather that of the entity's body!

The body heat of the entity alone was such that it could turn the earth to ash in an instant. The role of the atmosphere of this new Earth was to conduct this heat away, maintaining safe living conditions. This was how the prison of the entity was constructed.

So, why is all of this important? It's because the moment Matriarch Niveus started the chain reaction, she was actually evoking the body heat of the entity to kill off all of the mortals!

The martial world half of the world managed to survive because they had support of the energies of the universe, allowing any damage to the atmospheric array to be quickly fixed. However, as one knows, the reason there was no auspicious sign during Dyon's birth was because energies of the mortal world were sealed!

What killed the most mortals wasn't Matriach Niveus' initial strike, it was the aftereffects! Both the effects of the entity's body heat and being exposed to the vacuum of space were devastating.

However... Later that day, something magical happened.

After Dyon finished his fight with Loki and Elder Daiyu, putting his life on the line for survival, he took the final two remaining kernels away with the last bits of soul energy he had left.

At that moment, the energy seal placed on the mortal half of the world was lifted, causing a surge of natural energies to reinvigorate the atmospheric array...

What Matriarch Niveus hadn't accounted for in her final breaths was that the catacombs of the Belmont family didn't just extend through the martial world. For centuries, various governments of the mortal world had explored and mapped these catacombs as well.

Unfortunately for them, due to the seal on energy in the mortal world, and them not daring to venture into the martial world territories, they never discovered any legacy worlds.

One had to remember that the prize for the World Tournament was access to the Belmont Tombs, not because they had treasure, but because there were tens of thousands of hidden legacy worlds within their twisting tunnels!

The moment the seal was officially broken, two Earth shattering events took place...

The first was that three pregnant women who had managed to survive long enough to escape into their country's mapped catacombs gave birth at the same time.

The second was that a dozen legacy worlds that had been lying dormant suddenly opened...

The initial attack Matriarch Niveus sent landed directly in Dyon's hometown of New York City.

Thinking that whoever Dyon loved had to be staying there, she aimed her attacks for that large populated area. As for how she knew where Dyon was from, how could she not? After all, Dyon was the one suspected of having the soul kernel. However, this gave the rest of the world time to respond.

Any government would have disaster plans in place. The United States Government even had nonsensical plans for the possibility of a zombie attack. As ridiculous as this sounds, it was true. So, how could the various governments of the world not have plans in place for a disaster like this?

Having explored their various catacombs for centuries, it was a no brainer that they would quickly evacuate those they could into those places.

Unfortunately... No matter how fast their response was, more than 95% of the mortal world's population was wiped out within the first ten minutes. Aside from those who had no chance escaping a strike levied a celestial, the subsequent chain reaction was too fierce for the rest to survive.

Due to the proximity of the White House to New York City – taking into account the attack range of a celestial – Matriarch Niveus' initial attack instantly wiped out the entire eastern border of the United States and Canada, taking with it the life of Clara's father...

However, the troubles didn't end there.

Due to diligently laid succession plans, President Gallagher's replacement was chosen almost immediately and an evacuation order was sent. Luckily, the entrances to the catacombs covered the entire world. Of course, these entrances didn't exist naturally, but were rather dug out and created by those of the mortal world.

As a result, even small cities had a few dozen possible entrances, allowing quick evacuations. But, as the atmosphere quickly burnt to nothingness, the entrances had to be closed. If they remained opened, then this evacuation would mean nothing... Should the doors have remained opened... Everyone inside would have died too...

At that moment, the leaders of the world made a harsh decision, deciding to close the entrances to these safe havens less than ten minutes after they opened.

Despair fell onto those who didn't make it in time. Some families were torn apart... Husbands from wives... Fathers and Mothers from children...

This was the devastating reality...

Of the nearly ten billion mortals that had been alive just minutes earlier, less than ten million remained...

Still, the problems didn't end there. It was as though they had hopped out of a frying pan and into the fire.

As is clearly known, the heat of the Earth didn't come from the sun, but from the entity. So, even if escaping underground would save them from the initial surge of Matriarch Niveus' attack and being exposed to the vacuum of space due to the various technologies hidden within the bunkers, it only brought them closer to the disaster beneath their feet!