

The Nameless 1121

Chapter 1121: Persistent

The bunkers that had been designed for exceptional safety – some of the most advanced pieces of technology ever created – suddenly began to heat up to levels beyond the ability of humans to withstand.

At first, the bunkers were able to stand strong. They had been designed for the most extreme circumstances... Whether it be severe negative temperatures, or ones as high as the Earth's core, it could withstand them all.

Unfortunately, the matters of the martial world were far beyond their abilities to calculate. While they had accounted for the Earth's core, the body heat of the entity was on a completely unprecedented level.

One level of heat could exist along with the Earth... While the other could burn it to ash!

Hours passed in these conditions.

The leaders didn't know what to do... They had already sacrificed so many by closing the doors early, now it seemed that their sacrifice would mean nothing as they slowly roasted to death...

Many diverted all of their energy into protecting the food supplies, placing them in the safest places... However, this diversion of resources only made the deaths pile up quicker...

The old and weak were the first to die, as a population that had already fallen to ten million dwindled by hundreds, then thousands, then tens of thousands...

The bitter reality began to set in for many as what they had come to know started to crumble in upon them.

The food and water supplies burnt to a crisp soon after as many realized there was no point in having food if they were going to die anyway...

Many began to tremble in helplessness. Maybe the worst part was that they were too hot to even find comfort in those beside them...

Their throats were sore, their lips were cracked and dry, and even their hair began to fray, evaporating into what looked like nothing more than straw livestock would eat.

The animals and crops were the next to go, causing everyone to despair all the more. Even if by some miracle the heat stopped rising, how would it matter if they couldn't sustain themselves afterward?

Some fell into such despair that they begged the soldiers keeping order to shoot them dead...

As the hours passed, some soldiers even turned their guns on themselves... In bunkers where this happened, mass suicide was the tragic ending...

It was then, when seemingly all hope was lost, that Dyon finally won his battle, releasing the mortals of their chains...

However, it seemed almost too late... A population that already stood at a pitiful ten million had dwindled to barely four million... And it didn't seem like the strife would end there...

Still, where there was darkness, there was light.

The moment Dyon unsealed the mortal world, three babies were born, two baby girls and a single baby boy.

As the first babies born from the native race of their universe with their cultivations completely unsealed, to say that the talent of these babies was overwhelming was a major understatement. The momentums of their births were so fierce that it sent waves for tens of thousands of miles outward.

It could be said that if it wasn't for these three babies, the human race would have been doomed.

One had to understand that even with the seal undone, the energy density of Dyon's home universe was so scarce that the time it would have taken for the energies to appropriately spread, and thus repair the atmospheric array, would have made it too late for any decent number of individuals to survive...

However, the birth of such geniuses gained the acknowledgement of the universe, causing it to send a flood of energy toward Earth that sped up this process by hundreds of times!

The body heat of the entity was conducted away at blinding speeds, immediately reducing the temperature of the bunkers at a noticeable rate.

Still, major problems remained. Many were suffering from large scale first and second degree burns that, if not treated, would lead to death. However, even worse, the food that was meant to last them years was destroyed by the heat.

Just as one problem was solved, another more daunting issue seemed to arise...

The Earth was now completely barren... There was no usable soil... No seeds to plant even if they had them... The animals were obviously all killed... And, even if they had the mind to travel to the martial world, how could they travel millions of miles on foot? That was impossible!

Doomed. They were absolutely doomed.

But, that was when the heavens decided to smile down upon them once more...

The catacombs began to tremble, being drenched in an energy it hadn't felt in millennia.

At that moment, a dozen legacy worlds opened at the corners of the world, immediately alerting the leaders around the world... Although they didn't know what these portals to another world were, they knew that it was their last hope...

Of course, these dozen legacy worlds were incredibly low level. After all, if one thinks back to Dyon's time at Focus Academy, they spent centuries trying to funnel enough energy into their treasures to open

up the Demon Sage's Legacy World. In fact, they even sacrificed the lives of their own disciples to that end!

Knowing this, how could the scarce energy of Earth open up any powerful legacy worlds? They wouldn't have even opened at all if it hadn't been for the birth of those three children.

However... This seemingly bad thing was actually very good. Because the legacy worlds were so weak, the dangers within weren't so overwhelming that they couldn't be handled by mortal world technology that, at its best, could match meridian formation experts.

The legacy worlds didn't just provide an opportunity for the mortals to learn small tidbits about cultivation, but, most importantly, provided them with lands they could farm, beasts they could hunt, and water they could drink!

In this transition period, loss of life was inevitable. During a 17 year period, the population had fallen to just below two million... It was only now that the mortals finally regained their footing thanks to the birth of numerous geniuses over the years.

So, the question was, if after 17 years of suffering, of living with your life on the edge, you suddenly heard the projection of music from an instrument that no one had played in almost two decades, how would you react? What if that instrument was also playing music you knew only existed in your mortal world, how would you react then? And what if the projection of the music was so powerful, that it seemed like a completely insurmountable mountain?...

The older generation of the surviving mortals looked up into the skies on their legacy worlds, tears falling down their cheeks for reasons even they couldn't explain.

"Chopin's Ballade No. 4..." Many of them muttered beneath their breaths.

At that moment, they felt like their mortal race had a chance to survive... If there was someone among them who was so powerful, their days of endless nightmares might finally come to an end...

Ironically, as Dyon was trying to find out himself whether there was any beauty to be found in Chaos, millions of his fellow clansman held their hands to their chest, listening to his chaotic tune with hope blooming in their hearts.

As the wills of those millions reached out, Dyon's dao heart suddenly trembled.

Dyon's eyes sharpened. He didn't understand what was happening, but he could feel that his dao heart was responding to something... Its mere particle-like remnants became agitated at the touch of one... then the touch of ten... then a hundred...

'Beauty in Chaos?...'

Dyon's hands involuntarily sped up in response, gliding between the keys with an expert flare.

His eyes glowed with a fiercer light. He didn't understand just what path he was embarking on, but it felt... Good... An emotion Dyon hadn't felt in more than three months now...

The crumbled remnants of his dao heart trembled as a pulse was sent through them, but it settled down once more.

Still, the speed of his fingers only increased, as though he was running from... no, running toward something.

For the first time, Planet Earth trembled not because of mighty cultivators that could level mountains with a finger... But because of mortals... Fiendishly persistent in their will to survive.

Chapter 1122: Sovereign

Dyon's fingers raced across the keys, his passion growing as his emotionless eyes seemed to flicker with inexplicable feelings at seemingly random times.

Anticipation, happiness, sorrow, rage... They coursed through his mind as though they were his own thoughts...

The dao heart was a complex aspect of the martial world. The techniques for cultivating them were so important that they stood in a category of their own even compared to the other core teachings a sect might have. And, even then, only the top-most sects and clans would even have the worst of dao heart cultivation techniques.

There were nine dao hearts that reigned supreme over all others, while all remaining dao hearts were lesser evolved forms of these nine.

This structure was a saving grace for many transcendents who might not have been lucky enough to come from clans with these hidden techniques. It gave them the opportunity to evolve their own.

When Dyon's father toyed with nine half-step transcendents at once, they could hardly believe the drastic difference in power between them.

Any half-step transcendent, no matter who you were, had to reach the peak of dao formation to perfection. Just imagining the small percentage of individuals who could become Peak First Grade dao formation experts required a fortified mind.

So, in a class that was already so exclusive, how could there such large differences between them? What made it so that Dyon's father within his second trial could toy with so many half-step transcendents at once?

The answer fell into three distinct categories.

The first was the level of perfection one cast away their mortal chains with.

There were three paths to becoming a half-step transcendent. The energy path, the soul path and the body path. In order to become a transcendent, you only needed to strengthen two paths sufficiently before pushing a third to the half-step stage.

However, those greater geniuses would strengthen a third path sufficiently while pushing two paths to the half-step stage.

And, even still, ultimate geniuses would push all three paths to that lauded level!

The first important distinction was that Dyon's father had surmounted the half-step stage in two paths! In addition, while he and his wife restricted their cultivation due to Dyon's birth, he pushed forward his third, giving him a pseudo-perfect immortal foundation!

The second category relied on comprehension.

More than any other cultivation level, transcendents relied heavily on comprehension and the reason for this tied heavily into the third category: Their Dao Heart!

This so-called Immortal Foundation was built upon the dao heart. Transcendence was the point in cultivation where one's life span no longer relied on their life force, but rather, their dao heart. All of these things intertwined into a complex tree of comprehension that couldn't exist without the other.

One's cultivation helped to build the immortal foundation, while one's dao heart was the proxy by which this foundation was built, while comprehension was the foundation of one's dao heart itself! It was a beautiful cycle that perfectly embodied the deeper truths of cultivation.

This was all to say that to a transcendent, the dao heart was of ridiculous importance. So, the ability to one day form one of the mighty nine that ruled over them all was the dream of any cultivator!

The problem was that these techniques were heavily guarded. Although Dyon's Grand Teacher's Cycle Reincarnation led down the path of the Samsara Heart, how many people could possibly know this?

The entity had given Dyon this information so nonchalantly as though it meant nothing, but if others knew, it's likely that even those outer fringe clans who left their tower quadrants alone wouldn't sit idly by.

However, this was the hidden danger of dao hearts. Didn't Dyon's grand teacher warn him never to take the Cycle of Reincarnation trials?

If he tried to force Dyon to not enter, then why did he allow the trials to exist at all?

The answer was simple... He trusted Dyon to find the deeper meanings of the trial... Something he didn't believe anyone else could do...

The Samsara Heart had cost Dyon's grand teacher many things, the least of which was his eyesight. While it was the reason he had lived trillions of years, it was also the reason he was slowly dying.

The world of dao hearts was without a doubt complex. There were even specific bloodlines that could awaken devolved versions of the nine supreme hearts, like the Demon Qilin Clan's Demon Heart that was a branch heart of the Chaotic Heart!

However, at this moment, as Dyon's dao heart continuously trembled, it wasn't thinking about the Samsara Heart... Nor was it thinking about the Chaotic Heart...

Wills called out to it, one by one. The feeling of millions reaching outward, infusing their hopes and dreams into a melody that drifted across the skies... It filled Dyon with a mightiness... A confidence that even his own arrogant disposition had never felt before.

The remnants of his dao heart swirled, before falling down... Only to pick back up again.

A chaotic storm raged through Dyon's soul as his dao heart cobbled together like a toddler learning to walk for the first time.

The baby within Dyon's Mind's Eye gurgled, its little chest beating even as it glowed a fiercer red-gold than the rest of its small body.

The raging storm condensed and collapsed, only to condense again, fighting fiercely not only with the universe itself, but Dyon's uncertainty.

It was only then that Dyon felt a door of understanding suddenly open... He felt like his understanding of the sovereign path had been too shallow... Almost laughable.

All this time, he had believed that the sovereign path was just about conquering the universe with his arrogant disdain... That his unbridled confidence in himself was all he needed...

But now... As the eyes of the baby within his Mind's Eye fluttered... As the swirling remnants of his dao heart condensed into a seed less than a centimeter wide... As the armies attacking his planet retreated to their teleportation stations in fear... Dyon finally understood.

Why did Dragons constantly leave their own clans to form new clans? Why were they willing to forego what their ancestors had built to build their own paths? Was it really just because they disdained their families' rule over them?...

BOOM!

Dyon's Presence tore through a glass ceiling, shattering the restraints of the Universe with an arrogant disdain that stemmed not just from him, but from the millions that stood at his back.

The seed of the Sovereign Heart had once more appeared in the world.

The spirits in Dyon's Mind's Eye shivered as the baby's eyes fluttered. Its long, delicate and golden eyelashes trembled as the smallest crack was formed.

In just that instant, the world around Dyon shattered completely.

The piano was crushed to bits. The land spanning hundreds of miles around him blasted downward leaving a bottomless pit. Even the skies above his head seemed to blast apart, tearing through the canopy of the catacombs.

For hundreds of miles in every direction, there was only Dyon standing in the air with a completely dumbfounded expression as the baby once more closed its eyes.

The hearts of the spirits trembled. If it hadn't been for The Seal acting at the last moment, they would have been incinerated to nothingness!

'That was...' Dyon looked down at his hands. 'That was definitely a soul attack...'

Chapter 1123: Poignant

Dyon soul began to grow. First it was a baby of no more than a few months old, but then its position began to change...

It soon became a toddler of about two years old, turning itself to sit upright in a position of meditation.

As Dyon's soul shifted its position, one of the seemingly impossible to break crystalline chains shattered without resistance, sending Dyon's chest into yet another violent pulse.

For the first time in more than a week, Dyon's mind cleared.

He didn't receive some magical answer, nor did he find some nonsensical boost in morale to push him past his thoughts. If he had to be realistic, he still felt that Chaos was inevitable, that there was no beauty to be found in it and that a tragic ending was all that lay in wait for them all.

The reason he had pulled out wasn't because he thought things would get better, but because of one thing and one thing only: Responsibility.

In those moments, as he played his chaotic tunes, it was no longer about him and how he felt. There were suddenly millions of people resting their hopes on him, placing their future in his hands.

When this happened, he inadvertently triggered and succeeded in the most difficult hurdle in forming the initial Sovereign Heart...

Sovereignty wasn't just about arrogance. It was about taking the hopes of your people and forging a path for their futures. Dragons didn't continuously seek to form their own clans, factions and sects just

because they disdained being ordered by others... It was also because they sought out the true sovereignty path! The path that Dyon had come to know was nothing more than an elaborate fake.

The formation of Dyon's seed had little to do with himself and almost everything to do with those members of his mortal race that were willing to fight for survival.

Dyon clenched his fists. 'If Dad was here... He'd kill me...'

A bitter chuckle escaped his lips.

His dad was one of the greatest generals to ever exist. Although the mortal realm seemed relatively peaceful, the truth was that wars were inevitable.

Not every person of the martial world followed the unspoken rule of conduct. Attacks from bandit and ragtag groups of bastards wasn't too frequent, but it wasn't infrequent either.

It was because Generals like Dyon's father continuously displayed a strength far beyond their means that the weaker fringes of the martial world didn't attack them willfully and with naked abandon.

Just how many times over the years had his dad faced situations where he could have despaired, yet pushed through anyway? Yet, he, who had access to power his father could only dream of gave up so easily.

Was it a case of ignorant bliss? Was his father just so weak that he couldn't fathom the things that Dyon could?

'Maybe...' Dyon wasn't in a state where he'd delude himself into believing that his father was some all-powerful, all-knowing, incredibly mentally tough individual that would never be fazed by anything. His view of the world had become too pragmatic and much less idealistic...

However, what Dyon did know was that his father would never show this fear and uncertainty if he was there. No matter what his father faced, he would always make sure that Dyon never forgot that there was a steady wall before him, ready to block whatever may come.

What Dyon's father felt didn't matter. So what if he felt fear? So what if he second guessed himself? So what if he sometimes felt helpless despair? For the sake of his son, he would shatter those feeling with an iron will ready to stand before anything.

Dyon coughed, spewing several mouthfuls of blood from his lips. In his selfless state, he had been able to suppress and ignore the severe injuries to his body, but it seemed he wouldn't be able to anymore.

He wiped the blood away with his forearm, looking off at the distance hand hanging from the skies.

'Whether there's beauty in chaos or not, I don't know... But it doesn't really matter, now does it?'

Dyon stretched out his hand, causing a stream of black flames to jettison outward before solidifying into a flickering spear.

He suddenly felt as though his body was being torn apart as another mouthful of blood threatened to fly from his mouth.

In that moment, his eyes flashed as an overwhelming Emperor Presence blasted outward from him.

"Subdue..." Dyon said in a faint voice.

Dyon could clearly feel the flames still raging within him, and he didn't dare to invoke his flames using his divine sense for fear of burning his soul to nothingness, but there was a clear change that took place. Under threat of his dao heart, his chaotic flames became docile.

With a squeeze of his hand, the spear of black flames shattered, falling from the skies and extinguishing.

'Hmm...'

Just as Dyon turned to leave, a blur of wind charged toward him, diving into his arms and kicking his shin so fiercely that he thought his leg might break.

"Ah—"

Dyon looked down and sighed. He had thought that Clara would be asleep for at least several more weeks, but it seemed that he had underestimated the strength of her body.

"You're too powerful to kick my leg that hard," Dyon said bitterly.

"Shut up."

In the end, Dyon chose to listen.

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Just outside the large natural moat surrounding the Belmont Holy Land an army of millions was gathered. However, the oddity was that their morale had seemingly dropped to an all-time low. Whether it was their target, the Belmont Clan, or themselves, no one seemed eager to attack.

In the center of the encampment, there was a large tent standing more than twenty meters tall and fifty meters wide. It almost stood as a castle into itself.

"What the hell was that?!" A towering man standing at almost four meters tall with sharp bull horns coming from his large forehead raged, shattering the carpeted ground beneath his feet in a fit of anger. "Those Aumen Clan cowards have already retreated back to the teleportation stations! If I don't crush them to dust after this is all over, know that the name of my Mino Clan means nothing!"

This man was none other King Mino, the leader of the formerly imprisoned Mino Royal God Clan.

After Saru and her people left, the Mino Clan once more laid claim to their Planet Mino. Not only that, but their powers surged due to the copious amounts of resources that Saru left them in apology.

With 17 years of growth, the foundation of the Mino Clan had undergone a qualitative change, shifting the position of most powerful experts to be heavily skewed in their favor.

Just hours previously, the Mino and Aumen Clan alliance had been launching their most recent in a long line of continuous attacks levied toward Earth. However, when Dyon's music covered the planet, the leaders got cold feet, and for good reason.

The Aumen Clan, who had experience with Madeleine's parents were the first to retreat, believing that the couple was back.

The Mino Clan was less cautious, mostly due to their hot-headed King, and thus camped on the other side of Belmont Lake.

King Mino's disposition was of no real surprise, though. The Mino Clan, similar to the Viserion Clan from Dyon's second trial, were a line of humans with beast blood within them, namely the Demon Bull.

Although the Demon Bull wasn't on the same level as a Dragon, obviously, it was still a Heaven grade beast in its prime.

Still, the Mino tribe only had access to a very diluted portion of this bloodline, bringing them to cusp of the Earth grade on average. Only their most talented geniuses would be born with enough bloodline density to reach the Earth grade.

However, the reason the treasures Saru left behind were so valuable was exactly because Saru's Shruti Clan, and their subordinate clans, were all humans with beast blood as well!

Saru's royal family had the blood of the noble five headed white elephant, while their subordinate Hanu Clan had various elite monkey and ape bloodlines within them. Because of this, they were very familiar with methods of stimulating and purifying beast bloodlines, thus giving the Mino Clan a much-needed power boost.

Even still, this wasn't the most poignant point.

Chapter 1124: Right

The Mino Clan migrated to this universe just like the other Clans had. Only Dyon's mortal world were true natives of this universe.

While the Ragnor Clan controlled 29 universes, the Pakal Clan controlled 26, and the Uidah Clan controlled 24, there still remained 21 universes in the Celestial Deer Quadrant that were seemingly 'unclaimed'.

One had to also remember that Dyon's home universe wasn't adjacent to just the Uidah Universe, it was also adjacent to the Chaos Universe, the former home of the elves.

Why was this important? Simply put, the gifts the Shruti Clan left for the Mino Clan in compensation also involved the reason Saru and her clansmen decided to occupy Planet Mino instead of any of the other four planets available to them.

The Shruti Clan was able to decipher important ancient ruins left for the Mino Clan by their ancestors, ruins they had long forgotten the meaning of.

This was all to say that this war was just a first step for the Mino Clan. If they took this step appropriately, becoming the fourth big shot of the Celestial Deer Quadrant wouldn't be impossible.

However, in their pursuit of this greater goal, they had met a seemingly insurmountable mountain and their King wasn't taking it so well.

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"You were right." Dyon spoke, looking off into the distance.

Clara looked at the side of her husband's face, still feeling uneasy on the inside. She could tell something had changed, and she didn't think that she liked it.

From the last time she saw Dyon to now, it felt like he had suddenly become his stoic, emotionless father. But, Clara much preferred the carefree, goofy Dyon who could be arrogant yet caring at the same time.

Although Clara saw General Sacharro like an Uncle – in fact, that's exactly what he was to her – she loved Dyon for very different reasons.

"Some survived. I'm not sure how long it will take to find them, though... My divine sense can't reach out so far."

"..." Clara knew that she should be happy, but she had little to no reaction to Dyon's words.

Dyon sent a sideways glance over. "What are you pouting about? I'm just fine, aren't I?"

"You're not your dad, idiot." Clara turned away, gliding off into the distance with Little Wind flying behind her. "I'll go and find them. You still have some cocky celestial beasts to deal with."

Dyon blinked, watching his wife almost swim through the air.

After a pause, he burst into a fit of laughter before coughing up another few mouthfuls of blood.

"Fuckin hell."

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"Aren't you going to help your planet? It's being attacked." Giralda suddenly as the demon sage tower glided over and entered the gate that resided at Belmont Lake's center.

She wore a light green dress, sitting on a comfortable couch with her little boy in her lap.

Dyon emotionlessly looked over toward the Belmont Holy Land.

In truth, he didn't have any love lost with the martial world half of Earth. Even King Belmont who was relatively kindhearted in comparison to the rest still dared to test whether or not he was worthy of Madeleine.

Dyon didn't care whether or not it was for the sake of some "greater good". Elders of the martial world always seemed to want to find every reason other than themselves for why things weren't going great.

Instead of figuring out how he himself could get more powerful, he was thinking of ways to marry Madeleine into his family for the sake of her primordial yin, regardless of her feelings.

In the end, Dyon turned out to be the far better candidate in comparison to Lionel Belmont, but what if he hadn't been? Wouldn't that supposedly kindhearted King Belmont have turned against him?

The whole thing disgusted him.

As for the fact King Belmont housed him while he was unconscious, so what? That was the least he could do after he saved their asses.

All of this said, Dyon wasn't ignoring them just because of past anger.

"I'm injured and have less than 10% of my peak capabilities. Right now, I wouldn't be able to beat the top generals of the attacking army."

With his divine sense, there was nothing hidden for Dyon. Those below weren't even qualified to notice that he had investigated them.

"Plus, I have other matters to attend to. The campaign months for Soul Rend Quadrant are in just a few days."

Of course, there were other reasons Dyon wanted to ignore this situation for now. But, this was the most important point.

Before Dyon entered the Mystical World, there was about half a year until the campaign months of Soul Rend Quadrant. Although they had lowered the barrier to the essence level, there was no way the weak 98th quadrant could defend against true geniuses without him.

Now that almost five months had passed, three of which he spent consolidating his soul, the time was rapidly coming up. Plus, the only way for him to heal himself in time was using the life energy dense atmosphere of the Mystical World.

"I see..." Giralda said softly. "I didn't say this to make you feel guilty, I just didn't want you to think that you had to rush me off to my husband. Me and Little Ryuu have waited for a long time, we can wait a little longer if you have important things to handle."

"Ryuu, huh..." Dyon turned back to glance at the little boy who had never said a word for as long as Dyon had known him.

"We can keep Giralda and Little Ryuu entertained." Bella said with a bright smile, pinching the little boy's cheeks along with Mia.

The two twin blue-eyed sisters had switched out of their nunnery robes, wearing beautiful, flowing dresses that Clara had made for them.

Back when their hair had been hidden under their head coverings, Dyon had assumed they were blond. But, they were actually a dense black at the top that faded away into a striking white nearer its edges.

Dyon smiled. "No worries. This is what I'd do anyway. But..."

Giralda shook her head, emitting a pride that made Dyon raise an eyebrow. "Thank you. I will repay you one day."

Dyon wanted to tell her not to worry about it, but something about the look in Giralda's eyes told him that his words would be useless.

"Just who are you?..." He couldn't help but ask.

The dignity Giralda exuded was not normal by any stretch of the imagination.

Hearing Dyon's question, Giralda smiled as her appearance began to change.

Her skin became smoother, her brown eyes flickered with a crystalline light even as her long black hair shimmered.

In a moment, her eyes became like two shining gems, translucent crystals shimmering in pinks and pale lavender. Her hair thinned, seemingly becoming a bright white before being overwhelmed by beautiful light blues and soothing cherry reds.

In that instant, she became one of the most beautiful women Dyon had ever seen, yet, somehow, she seemed like a beast just moment away from snapping its leash. The pressure she exuded made Dyon realize in that moment... In the state he was in... He had no chance of defeating her.

"Of this generation, I'm the eldest princess of the Agios Clan." She said with a smile. "You probably don't know us by that name, though. But, you have heard of the Crystal Dragon Clan, right?"

Chapter 1125: Body

Later that day, Dyon strolled to the back gardens of Soul Rending Peak once more, a reflective look in his eyes.

'The Crystal Dragon Clan... hm?'

Other than the Dragon King, Giralda was the first Dragon Dyon had met... He had to say, they truly lived up to their name. Well, there was Elder Daiyu as well, but the Daiyu clan had had their beast forms sealed.

It might be silly to say this considering his first interaction with one was a princess who needed saving. But, ironically, it was exactly because of that that Dyon felt that the Dragons lived up to their name.

Giralda had no hint of animosity toward the son in her arms. On top of that, she had no intention of using her family for revenge either. Both of these things seemed disconnected, but their explanations had the same root cause: a bone deep pride.

Giralda would never hate her son because that was weakness. She would never rely on her family name because that was, once again, weakness. She accepted her fate in exchange for the life of her husband and daughter as a display of her strength.

In the end, her queenly sovereign aura only grew all the more so. She even insisted on taking a targeted cultivation cleansing pill, even knowing that her tribulation would be many times more powerful.

The only question on Dyon's mind was just why Violet was so weak despite being half dragon, but it didn't take him long to understand the reason why.

When Dyon first met Ri, despite her being half kitsune, the bloodline was so far suppressed that she exuded none of the signs at all. So, Dyon wasn't new to suppressed bloodlines.

In Ri's case, it was because the attributes of her faith seed and her kitsune heritage clashed. This didn't even mention her God Constitution, one that relied heavily of the Sovereignty Path: Elvin Queen's Reign.

The three dispositions clashed with one another, each vying for supremacy, but none coming out on top.

In Violet's case, it was very similar, but far more complex...

Dragons were the embodiment of sovereignty. Her mother's pride was so deeply entrenched within her that she wouldn't allow anything to blemish her, even after being humiliated for hundreds of years.

Yet, could Violet say that she was the same?

Violet was conniving, scheming, and more willing to trick her way to victory or rely on someone else to do it for her than to seek out victory herself. How could a Dragon Bloodline acknowledge such a host? She was far more like a snake than a dragon.

Sure, maybe it wasn't entirely Violet's fault for how she became. But, if she wanted someone to feel pity for her, she'd have to take a step in the right direction first.

'It doesn't matter, I have more important things to worry about. Even if I don't care for the Belmont family, I can't let Zabia's family get hurt, especially not my Little God Son. What kind of God Father would I look like if I let him take on the whole burden?'

With that final thought, Dyon walked into the Mystical World once again

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"Head Arie! Head Arie!" Saintess Ray sprinted into a quiet meditation room, her long white hair bouncing behind her.

Soon after, Saintess Rue tumbled in after her, still as quiet as ever but stumbling about adorably.

For the past several weeks, Head Arie hadn't done much but try to calm her dao heart. After watching Dyon's entire world collapse in on him, she felt as though she was witnessing the death of her husband and hearing the news of her daughter's demise all over again.

She hardly knew Dyon, but she still felt a connection to him that was hard to explain. Did one need to "know" their child to love them the moment they were born? Of course not. In the same way, Head Arie felt like the disciple of her own daughter was the grandchild she had never met.

Unless she calmed herself, she knew that it would be impossible to continue her cultivation into the future, so she had been in secluded meditation ever since Dyon disappeared.

"Hm?" Head Arie awoke from her thoughts only to frown. It was a massive taboo to interrupt secluded meditation. Had she been at a breakthrough point, there could have been severe backlash. How could these two not know this?

"He's back!"

"What?"

"He's back!"

"He? He who?" Head Arie's eyes brightened as her brows unfurrowed.

"Dyon! He came back three days ago, but we didn't dare to tell you anything since we couldn't tell if he was better or not. It wasn't until he stopped meditating and climbed to the 8th tier that we realized that he was himself again!"

Dyon walked through the 8th tier with a calm expression on his face. The beasts here were already on a complete other level. Many pushed the peak of the lower celestial level, making progression far more difficult.

However, Dyon no longer relied on his clones because he no longer had the time to train. That said, he had once more begun following his master's rules and was quite happy to listen to her yelling in his ear.

Since his master didn't bring up his complete mental breakdown, he didn't either. And, for obvious reasons, he didn't blame her. In fact, it was far better for him to have faced that challenge then instead of when lives other than his own were on the line.

It could be said that these past few weeks were a blessing in disguise. Although Dyon's control over his wills was poor without that otherworldly selfless state, his comprehension was off the charts. He had easily saved half a century, maybe more, of time. One had to know that even for God level characters, they wouldn't comprehend a single 9th level intent until they became high level celestials. Only True God level characters might comprehend a 9th level intent at the mid-level. And even then, that was a single one! Dyon had comprehended more than a half dozen!

In addition, he had completed his mastery of low and mid common grade techniques for the nine core weapons. That had saved him a few years at least. Dyon could tell that mastering mid common grade techniques was exponentially more difficult.

But, the greatest blessing was probably Dyon's understanding of his body cultivation talent. In his selfless state, he had caught a glimpse of every single constitution he had access to. Although it was unfortunate that he didn't have any Ancient Constitutions, he did gain a solid understanding of what he did have, which helped him make his decision.

After being knocked around for so long, Dyon seriously questioned his durability. This time around, he was adamant about his defense. So, he made his choice.

Dyon's first constitution would be the God Grade Constitution: Eternity's Balance.

Dyon's second constitution would be the Heaven Grade Constitution – ranked within the top three defense-oriented constitution and Ava's very own constitution – Silver Mirror.

And his final constitution, ranked among the top three God Grade Male Constitutions: Titan Diamond Body.

Chapter 1126: Losses

"Normally the abilities of one's spatial will is restricted to certain facets. For example, there are spatial attack specialists, defensive specialist, and movement specialists. However, your profundity is such that your spatial will embodies them all." Dyon's master spoke as he charged through the 8th tier.

"One of the reasons spatial wills aren't categorized as supreme laws is exactly because of this. Its abilities are too restricted and the laws of the universe limit what it could possibly do."

Dyon flashed forward hundreds of meters, his Weapon's Hell Arrays following him and unleashing barrage after barrage of unceasing attacks.

"The reason Void will is on a level above is because of its devastating attack potency. Even beyond spatial tears, void tears don't simply cut. Comparing space will with void will is like comparing a flame without characteristics to another with several.

"However, these things go hand in hand. While spatial will could never match void will in attack potency, void will can never match spatial will in controlled space manipulation.

"Essentially, void will is meant to cause destruction, to act as a blackhole of sorts that can tear something apart from its deepest hidden levels. While it can imitate spatial will by using these abilities to tear apart space, it's only that, an imitation.

"By that same token, spatial will can communicate with the surroundings to tear space as well, but its efficiency is far better.

"The best way to describe it is that both wills are specialized tools that happen to be able to do other things, but, for obvious reasons, they're the best at doing what they're meant to do."

Dyon listened silently.

These characteristics of void will were probably responsible for why Ri could use those mini cyclones as meridian replacements. It seems void will had characteristics of destruction and strong gravity akin to a blackhole. It was no wonder that it was categorized as a supreme law.

At the same time, though, if the profundity of Dyon's spatial will was analyzed, it would likely be on par with a supreme law as well. Although it fell short of void will in terms of attack potency, it won out in terms of versatility.

Plus, if Dyon fused his spatial will with his sword will, its attack potency would increase another level much closer to the destructive capabilities of void will.

"However, your use of spatial will in combat is terrible!" Esmeralda chided. "You've completely neglected your movement techniques just because you're content to teleport around the battlefield for extra style points.

"For one, you're wasting an unnecessary amount of stamina. If it wasn't for the fact your soul was so far beyond anything most celestials would have, you wouldn't be able to account for such a cost. Still, just because you can do something, doesn't mean you should.

"Secondly, you lack control and flexibility. You should be using your spatial will as a supplement to your movement, not as the core attraction."

"Understood." Dyon's eyes lost their luster as they began to glow with a faint gold light.

Currently, Dyon had experienced three depths of selflessness. However, he could only access the first freely, while the remaining two were too taxing.

The first state was an emotionless late, making it inherently flawed. Although mindlessly cultivating was good, cultivation was inextricably linked to one's disposition. Becoming emotionless was usually detrimental to an end that almost always required understanding oneself. Even for techniques that required being emotionless, the profundity usually lied in the process of casting away emotions. If you skipped that step, learning the technique was meaningless.

The second state was the reason Dyon's cultivation had finally unsealed. It allowed selflessness without losing one's disposition. It gave an added level of clarity that sped up Dyon's cultivation by tens of times the first state. However, the drain on his mental energy wasn't something Dyon could handle just yet.

The third state was so devastating that it could only be sustained by life force. Of course, even if Dyon wanted to enter this state again, he would be unlikely to succeed. Although the results were truly heaven defying, the cost was equally as great. Dyon estimated that he had lost almost 20 000 years of life in this state. Even he didn't know exactly why he was still alive.

That said, with Dyon's intelligence, how could he not suspect Luna? Still, he forcibly suppressed those thoughts because unlike Amphorae... He would never see Luna again...

Dyon slipped into the first state almost as an escape. At least with it, he wouldn't have to think about such sad things.

By now, he could maintain this first state for three hours. The good news was that although it wasn't as powerful as the two others, it not only helped his comprehension, but also his fighting prowess.

The more techniques Dyon mastered, the more he started to see what final destination his master envisioned.

The seamless flow between various weapons and styles, the unpredictable nature of his approaches, and the seemingly endless responses to the toughest of situations. It felt as though he had an answer to whatever obstacle he faced.

Soon, Dyon had made his way to a very familiar set of pearly white stairs to once more find a very angered black striped white tiger, no longer nonchalantly laying in rest, but suffused with a clear unbridled anger and killing intent.

Dyon laughed, strolling toward the growling tiger with a wide smile on his face with a spear weighing more than a million jin sitting on his shoulder.

"To think you'd still be so mad after seven losses. Maybe the eighth time's the charm."

The white tiger growled, clearly not liking Dyon's words one bit.

According to its duties, its original body had split its soul 19 total ways. One was within his main body, while the remaining 18 guarded the various entrances to the tiers. However, this seemingly simple task had become nothing more than a nightmare.

Even when boosting its attack power to account for the "group" Dyon was in, it still wasn't enough. Dyon would end up using it like a punching bag to hone his skills and even berate the white tiger when it wasn't good enough. For the esteemed position it held, how could the white tiger tolerate this?

"You'd better go all out this time," Dyon said casually, "Because I don't plan on giving you a ninth chance. After this, I'll go directly to the 18th tier."

Dyon swung the spear from his shoulder, brandishing it as a fierce light shone in his eyes.

He had learned a few things since he began this climb. The 18 tiers weren't actually a fixed exam. The flexibility of the battle prowess of the stair guardians made it clear that the challenge was adjusted depending on the person.

The number of people climbing the stairs at one time was only a single factor. It also seemed that the guardian decided the difficulty of the exam as well.

Dyon had evaluated the guardian's prowess as being at the God level, but short of the True God level. Technically, True God wasn't a rank to its own, but rather a subset of Gods that stood above the rest due to their overwhelming results on the trials. Still, Dyon knew there was a distinction.

The reason this was important was because the 'God' difficulty was the highest the guardian was allowed to present to Dyon as there was no 'True God' difficulty. Meaning, the White Tiger gave Dyon the God difficulty because he sensed that it was the difficulty Dyon earned.

If Dyon was correct, if he continued to climb the stairs and passed all 18 levels, there would be the corresponding 'God' reward. However, he had no intention of doing so, mostly because he was quite aware that he wasn't strong enough. After all, as his master had said, this test was only meant to be passed by peak celestials. In his current state, it took Dyon's everything to defeat a normal mid level celestial, let alone a first-grade mid celestial.

Unfortunately, now that he had reached the 8th tier, that was exactly the prowess the white tiger now held. After all, no god level character would be below a first-grade level.

Still, Dyon fighting spirit reached an all time high. He wouldn't allow anything in this world to stop if, if he did, he wouldn't be Dyon Sacharro.

Chapter 1127: Grandmother

Two days later, Dyon awoke from meditation at the top of the stairs leading to the 9th tier.

Just below, the white tiger glared at him, but was unable to follow. Clearly it still had some regrets.

Of course, Dyon wasn't in position to defeat a first-grade middle celestial. The power gap was far too large. At best he would defeat a 2nd stage first grade celestial, depending on their meridians filled. As for middle celestials, they'd have to be low order third grade celestials like the Grand Templar Sect's Kings for Dyon to be confident against them.

That said, that was only in terms of sheer combat prowess. Aside from combat prowess, Dyon had something else that his opponents usually couldn't match: his intelligence.

Where his battle prowess failed, his mind made up for it. Not to mention his overwhelming senses.

Still, it took him more than a day and a half to make it past the white tiger, and even then, it couldn't count as a true victory.

Dyon shrugged, winking at the white tiger trembling in anger before disappearing.

The moment Dyon appeared on the 18th tier, he felt as though a goddess had breathed life into his lungs.

Despite being the smallest tier by area, the 18th definitely had its own characteristics going for it. Not only was the life energy the densest here, but the reverberating effects due to this truth had astounding consequences that made it look more like heaven than a mystical world.

"Huh?..." Just as Dyon was taking in his surrounding, he felt the emotions of his master fluctuate so violently that a small ripple was set off in his Mind's Eye. "Master?"

Dyon blinked in confusion. But, before he could react, two white blurs sped toward him at a speed that made him absolutely certain that he was no match for him.

In an instant, two bright eyed and white-haired beauties looked up at him curiously, walking around his body as though they were observing a piece of art at a museum instead of a human being.

Dyon raised an eyebrow. Out of respect, he hadn't unleashed his divine sense, but that didn't mean that his senses weren't still sharp. He had felt them approaching, but he still didn't know who these two girls were. He only remembered that they were the two followers that always tailed Head Arie. Of course, he only knew this because the Master Symbol allowed him to see and hear everything in the Mystical World.

"Hello." Dyon smiled, ignoring their weird behavior. "I'm Dyon."

Dyon's voice was like a violent shock to the two beauties. They immediately scurried away.

However, Dyon didn't really pay attention to where they went because even with his senses, he hadn't realized that one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen in his life had appeared just three meters in front of him.

Head Arie giggled lightly at Dyon's reaction. "Aren't you going to greet your grandmother?"

"Grandmother?... You're?" A sudden realization came over Dyon, causing him to smile. "You're my master's mother?"

Head Arie pouted. "Don't call me that. Call me Granny Celest."

"Uh..." Dyon awkwardly scratched the back of his while also noticing that the two saintesses were actually hiding behind Head Arie.

Head Arie frowned before falling into a deep sadness. "I understand. You only just met me, how could you treat me like family already..."

"No – No!" Dyon quickly recovered. "It's not that, it's just that Granny Celest is too young and beautiful to be called granny."

Granny Celest's sadness faded away at Dyon's words, a breathtaking smile blooming on her lips as she disappeared only to appear beside Dyon.

"Come, take granny on a walk." The beautiful head of the Celestial Deer Clan grasped Dyon's arm and used him for support as though she really was nothing but an old lady who needed help walking instead of the powerful warrior who could kill Dyon with a finger that she was.

However, it could only be destined that this happy atmosphere would come crashing down as nine earth shattering auras descended from the skies. As no surprise to anyone, they were Head Simia, Head Tudo and Head Tigris, not to mention their attendants.

The nine of them stood in the skies, looking down at Dyon with varying expressions.

"What do you think you're doing, Head of the Arie family?" Head Tigris growled.

"Since when did any of you have the right to question what I did or didn't do? Are you forgetting who built the air you stand on now?" Granny Celest's aura changed. For the second time in thousands of years, the heads of the various families were suddenly reminded that the calm, kind-hearted Head Arie wasn't a docile woman only there to be bullied.

Saintess Rue and Ray found their way to Head Arie's back, snapping out of their previously playful demeanor.

"You'd do well to remember that you can only live in peace like this because of the Celestial Deer Clan. Take your arrogant air and put them away in the presence of my grandson."

Dyon suddenly laughed. "Well said Granny Celest."

The three family heads were stunned. They hadn't thought that Head Arie would rather fall out with them than offend a human. Did that really make any sense?

However, it was of course true that without the Celestial Deer Clan, the other clans would still be running away from any craving their heaven defying blood.

While Legacy World's could be evoked during the deaths of cultivators and didn't require understanding of the soul path, Mystical Worlds were different. Without death to catalyze their creation, it relied heavily on the skill of the creator along with various other factors.

Long story short, it was in combination with the Celestial Deer Sect that the Celestial Deer Clan created the Mystical World using the Life Stone as its core.

Obviously, the other celestial beast clans wouldn't be able to help because their soul talent was too poor. The only beasts in existence with excellent soul path talent were the celestial deer and no one else.

For these clan heads to forget this and actually try to police the entrance of someone Head Arie accepted, especially when their life and death relied on the protection of this world, it was absolutely ridiculous. It was no wonder Granny Celest was pissed.

Head Tudo, an old woman with a massive obsidian turtle shell on her back suddenly opened her wrinkled eyelids.

"Is this the path you want to take, Head of the Arie family?"

"And so what if it is? Do you believe that I'm scared of you?" Granny Celest's white eyes flashed as an oppressive aura wafted out from her pristine white robes.

Even Saintess Rue and Ray were shocked. They didn't believe that their family head would go so far.

When they turned their pleading gazes toward Dyon, hoping that he would voluntarily back out to make things easier on Head Arie, they found that he wasn't even paying attention to the family heads, instead, he was grinning wildly at an attendant that stood behind Head Tigris.

Many months ago, Head Tigris had been so angered by Dyon calling him a coward that he had tried to send one of his attendants to kill him. If it hadn't been for Head Arie, the young man would have definitely gone to find trouble with Dyon. This was the very same young man Dyon was grinning at.

However, this young man had yet another identity which was the reason he was shaking in anger at Dyon's gaze. It was he who was tasked with the responsibility of splitting his soul and guarding the pearly white steps!

He had thought that Dyon wouldn't be able to recognize him in his human form, which was why he hadn't cared about it originally. But, just how sharp were Dyon's senses? Did he really believe that he could hide something so simple from Dyon?

Why would Dyon go out of his way to mentally torture a person just trying to do their job? Was he really that cruel of a person?

Dyon, even though he was arrogant beyond belief, wouldn't ever be disrespectful without reason. But, he went out of his way to humiliate this white tiger time and time again. Why would he do that?

The answer was now obvious. Since this white tiger dared to accept a mission to kill him, he would never again gain Dyon's favor. So, while the sparks were flying between the gazes of the clan heads, Dyon was grinning with a malicious glint in his eye.

"Tell me, how does it feel getting your head bashed in? I can't say that I know the feeling."

Chapter 1128: Follow Suit

The Tigris Clan attendant trembled with anger at Dyon's provocation.

"No need to be angry. In half a century, I'll let your true body experience it. Maybe then you'll be able to answer my question."

Although Granny Celest didn't fully understand what Dyon was talking about, considering the reaction of the Tigris Clan Young Ira, she couldn't help but giggle. It seemed her grandson was being mischievous again.

Every Celestial Clan had their own important positions within the younger generation. For Celestial Deer, that position was held by their Saintesses. For the Celestial Tigers, this was given to their Ira Warriors.

For the Celestial Turtle, the title was Apprentice Scholar. And finally, for the Celestial Apes, their title was Kami Warriors.

By this token, the Celestial Beast Clans were split into two major factions. The warrior factions which included the Simia and Tigris Clans and the structure factions which included the Tudo and Arie Clans.

This was all to say that to hold such titles, these attendants were very high ranking, or else they wouldn't be the confidants of their respective clan heads. For one to lose control of their emotions as they were seeing now, it was quite rare.

"I'll kill you!" The Ira Warrior growled, a dense killing intent exuding from him.

The pressure was so overwhelming that even the two saintesses behind Dyon became incomparably serious, spreading their feet apart to settle into battle positions.

"Just like your family head, your Presence is weak." Dyon's eyes sharpened.

In that moment, the Ira Warrior felt an insurmountable Presence fall from the skies and pierce toward him. Before he could even realize what was happening, his bestial instincts kicked in, causing him to shoot backwards at a speed Dyon had to admit was impressive.

As quickly as the Presence appeared, it disappeared, leaving behind only Dyon's light laughter.

"It seems the Tigris Clan's Slaughter Heart isn't worth much at all."

By now, Head Tigris had shifted his attention from Head Arie to Dyon. Seeing one of his chosen react in such a way, he felt his chest erupt with an unquenchable rage.

Similar to the Celestial Deer Clan that took a path of purity, the Celestial Tiger Clan had their own path. However, much like how the Celestial Deer could no longer access their supreme law, causing them to use a watered down version of celestial will, the Celestial Tiger Clan's Slaughter Heart had also weakened from once being among the nine great hearts, to being too weak to still be considered so.

Knowing this, Dyon's words hit with a much fiercer force than even Head Tigris wanted to admit.

In the end, this all stemmed from the weakening of their bloodlines.

Head Tudo looked upon this scene emotionlessly while Head Simia had an odd glint hidden behind his hairy face.

Seeing the way things were going, the right choice was clearly to pressure Dyon instead of Head Arie. It was almost as though they hadn't seen the Ira Warrior's response at all.

"I'm not sure what you came here for child, but the Celestial Beasts don't move at the whim of humans, especially not humans as unqualified as you." Head Tudo spoke slowly.

Dyon tilted his head in confusion. "Move for? Didn't I say that even if you got on your knees and begged me you wouldn't be allowed entrance into my kingdom? I don't have room for cowards among my subordinates."

Head Simia erupted into a monkey-like laughter. It was so unbridled and without logic that he really did seem to morph into an animal for that moment.

"Foolish." Head Tudo slowly shook her head in disdain. "This isn't a man who could lead anything. Your daughter has made a terrible choice."

Dyon's expression darkened. "Keep my master's name out of your old, wrinkled mouth. If you piss me off, I'll help you put that other foot in the grave."

"How dare you threaten Head Tudo!" The two Apprentice Scholars behind the old woman, each wearing a smaller turtle shell of their own stepped forward with an anger that didn't match their previous scholarly appearance.

Head Tudo stretched out a wrinkled hand that, quite frankly, looked like nothing more than dead skin hanging from a skeleton. "Mind your emotions."

Her voice was slow and calm, filled with the vicissitudes of life. With just three words, she quelled the fire that burned within them.

"You are unqualified to lead. Not only is your talent poor, you have no ability to understand the situation you are in. Did you really believe that just because Head Arie is acting confident, that she can truly deal with all three of us without issue? If you did, you are more foolish than I believed.

"You've entered a hostile territory, yet you don't lower your head, you don't seek to negotiate, nor do you show any signs of adaptation abilities. How could you possibly be worthy of leading us?

"I, myself, won't stoop so low as to attack you, the dispositions of the ape and tiger are much different than mine while the person your confidence stems from can only deal with one of them."

Dyon shook his head. "There are nine fools here, each seemingly more stupid than the last. Especially the old woman who is supposed to embody wisdom, yet can't analyze what's right in front of her. As a grandson, what kind of useless bastard would I be if I needed my grandmother to step in and protect me?

"In fact, if my Granny Celest is standing on the ground, it's best you follow suit."

The moment Dyon spoke those words, the law of the world seemed to change.

The angered Tigris Head, the mischievous Simia Head and the insufferably arrogant Tudo Head all had their expressions change, suddenly realizing it had become impossible to stay afloat.

Under the astonished gazes of the two saintesses, the nine opposing figures in the sky came floating downward, unable to stop their momentum as they landed on the ground, each of their faces redder than the last.

Granny Celest giggled like a little girl, enjoying the show. It seemed she really didn't need to interfere.

"You..." The three clan heads spoke at once, none believing what they had just witnessed.

Why did Head Arie not believe Dyon was a hot-headed fool? It wasn't just because she blindly believed in her daughter's choice despite not truly knowing Dyon, it was because unlike the other clan heads, she understood the power of the Master Symbol very well... And she also knew that anyone who could gain its recognition was an unmatched talent.

Knowing the abilities of the Master Symbol so well, she knew that Dyon could hear their conversation, and not only that, but could teleport directly into their meeting room should he have wished to.

For the "hot-headed" Dyon to be well aware of his abilities, yet decide to slowly make his way up and take his time to train, following his own pace instead of that set by them, he was clearly as level-headed as he could be.

What was clear to Head Arie was only just becoming clear to the other family heads as they glanced at Dyon with an added caution. He was King here, not them.

"Truthfully speaking, I didn't plan on interacting with you all at all. I was only going to fulfill my goal before leaving. How you felt about it was irrelevant. But... Since you're so insistent on doing things your way, I have some time to be the petty hot-head you think I am."

The three heads tried to move, but to their horror, they suddenly found that they couldn't. The reality dawned upon them that if Dyon wanted to massacre them all, he'd have a good shot at doing so...

"What's your name?" Dyon ignored them for a moment and turned toward the Saintesses.

Saintess Rue blinked before realizing that Dyon was speaking to her. "I'm Rue, she's Ray."

Dyon smiled, "Tell me, do you have an age stone?"

"We have an age stone and a cultivation age stone." Saintess Rue replied.

"Cultivation age stone?" Dyon had never heard of this.

'A cultivation age stone calculates based on the number of years you've been cultivating. Technically, the foundation stage is like a rebirth. In reality, the stone outputs an age based on the time you've spent actively cultivating.' Dyon's Master explained.

"Interesting." Dyon grinned. "Can you give me the both of them?"

Chapter 1129: Courage

Soon, Dyon had two crystals in his hand. Although they didn't look much different from each other, the cultivation age stone was significantly heavier.

"How old are you really?" Saintess Rue asked curiously.

Saintess Ray's large white eyes sparkled as she looked toward Dyon expectantly.

Dyon grinned. "Didn't the mighty and wise wrinkled turtle over there already tell you? I'm thousands of years old. I'm foolish and untalented."

The two saintesses couldn't help but giggle at Dyon's provocative words.

"It seems that you three clans are quite ungrateful." Dyon said, turning his attention back to the three family heads. "Do you remember the history of the Celestial Deer Sect? Do you know why it was named as such instead of the Celestial Beast Sect it was meant to be originally? Hm?"

The three heads remained silent. Truth be told, Dyon was impressed that they recollected themselves so quickly. Others might not be so calm in a situation where they had no power like this one.

"It's fine that you don't remember, I don't mind reminding you.

"Celestial Beasts have been hunted for the special properties of their blood for billions of years. Unfortunately for you all, even as the purity of your bloodlines declined over the years, this feverish pursuit didn't fall off. Instead, you became less and less capable of defending yourselves."

Head Tigris growled, but didn't say much else.

"Even now, your blood is able to give birth to things that should be impossible. I guess this could count as your one saving grace.

"Several million years ago, at the time of the 23rd White Mother, your celestial beast clan was finally approached by its first possible ally, someone who genuinely wanted to help. Despite finding your hiding place, he didn't divulge this information and instead extended an olive branch.

"No longer would the celestial beasts have to constantly stalk the Ancient Battlefield. Maybe you all would finally have a home now. The only thing this man asked in return was your help in finding a path to saving the mortal plane because he believed that your bloodline held the secret to creation.

"You used this man for protection, for resources. He treated you not as beasts, but as equals, as family.

"Yet, the day the ancestors of this very man faced their fiercest challenge, the only ones among you who showed up to pay this favor back were the Celestial Deer.

"The supposed courage laden tigers were nowhere to be found. The wise turtles were hiding in their shells. The supposed King Apes were liking flinging their own shit at each other. All while that man's fellow clansman and descendants died for a fight you should have been part of.

"That man was none other than the First Master of the former Celestial Beast Sect, now to be forever known as the Celestial Deer Sect."

Dyon rolled the crystals between his fingers, absentmindedly staring into the distance as the family heads trembled in embarrassment and rage. They clearly couldn't handle the questioning gazes of their attendants who knew none of this.

"How dare you?! My people fought!" Head Tigris growled.

"Your people fought?" Dyon sent a piercing gaze toward Head Tigris. "My Granny Celest and my master lost a husband and a father that day. What did you lose?"

"Since when did this become a competition of who lost more?" The combination of not being able to move along with Dyon's piercing commentary only fueled Head Tigris' rage more.

"Oh? Do tell me, how many Celestial Tigers participated? Did you send any elders? Did you send any talented geniuses? Or did you just send those you felt it was alright to lose?"

The Head of the Tigris family trembled with rage, but had no clear rebuttal. He had obviously been alive then and he knew very well what decision he made.

"Still, at least you sent some aid, unlike these two shameless bastards here. Why would I want cowards like you under my command? The moment things became difficult, you would run away with your tail between your legs. You even preferred to scurry back to the Ancient Battlefield hole First Master had saved you from, just to preserve your pitiful lives.

"Then, the Celestial Beasts once more became loose sand. Why did you even come back here? Did you believe that enough time had passed that your betrayal would be forgotten? Or is it that you thought even if a new successor was chosen, you'd be able to bully me easily?"

Head Tudo and Head Simia remained silent. They clearly had their own reasons for leaving the Ancient Battlefield once more, but it was obvious that the reasonings Dyon gave for them coming here specifically was correct.

"Unfortunately, you picked the wrong person." Dyon said with a grin. "I'm not unfamiliar with dealing with dao formation experts. Let's see." He tapped on his chin in mock humor. "I've killed two them. Gained 11 of them of allies. Oh, and I've enslaved one. Did you really believe I'd be afraid of you all?"

The expressions of the three heads and their attendants turned hostile. Did he really expect them to believe that? What absolute nonsense.

Even the two saintesses had weird looks on their faces, even tugging at the edges of Dyon's ripped sweatpants.

Dyon smirked. With a wave of his hand, nine spirits appeared in the air, each exuding an aura that could only be matched by a title holder. Their demeanor, their presence, no matter how poor their sensory abilities were as beasts, it was very obvious that these were the spirits of former dao formation experts.

The eyes of the three family heads contracted, but on some level, they were still relieved. Having nine spirit allies who were once dao formation experts was much different than having eleven living dao formation experts. Whether it be in number or substance, both were less than.

However, who said that Dyon was finished? He didn't care at all that there were only nine considering the fact the remaining two were with Clara.

With another wave of his hand, the massive corpses of Elder Daiyu and the Daiyu Ancestor appeared.

In that moment, the family heads wanted to take a step back, but were completely bound by the laws of the world. Although Elder Daiyu's aura was manageable, the Daiyu Ancestor was very close to a half-step transcendent!

At this point, even Head Arie couldn't help but look at her grandson in a new light. No matter how many ways you wanted to try and explain this, Dyon was at the very least present at the death of these dao formation experts.

On the one hand, Elder Daiyu had removed the cap on his cultivation just before death because he thought Dyon was the Dragon King responsible for the death of his brothers. This caused his cultivation to rise back to the dao formation level just before death.

Then there was the Daiyu Ancestor who was already a high level dao formation expert, but then burned his soul and turned the energy toward his body in exchange for Dyon taking care of his descendants. Not to mention leaving behind the treasures that funded Clara's research while Dyon was in his trial world.

However, as if all of this wasn't enough, Dyon called Elder Nova out who still held a lethal gaze in his eyes.

"Kneel."

At first, Granny Celest had been on guard, but she could only watch in shock as a mighty dao formation expert actually listened to her grandson's words. Although Elder Nova was far weaker than her, he was still someone that Dyon had no business ordering around like this!

Dyon snorted. "Lying to you all? Do you think I have the need to do such a thing?"

Head Todu's nonchalant face inadvertently become more and more red. This was the first time she had made such a blatant mistake. Still, her hopes of Dyon letting her off were dashed the moment he picked up the age stone to wave around.

With a final grin, Dyon poured his energy into the crystal, causing a number of starry lights to appear.

Everyone knew that each red light symbolized one year, with each orange light symbolizing ten years, but looking at the floating lights and checking Dyon's cultivation, they couldn't help but double and triple check.

Head Todu's face paled as she remembered her estimate of thousands of years, watching those three orange lights float as though they were her worst nightmare.

'He's 33 years old?!' Saintess Rue and Ray rubbed their eyes, hoping that these were the hundred-year yellow lights playing tricks with their eyes.

Saintess Rue reached outward, snatching the crystal from Dyon's hands and pouring her own energies into it. But, when several perfectly fine yellow lights floated from it, her face reddened in embarrassment as Dyon chuckled.

However, it was clear to everyone that Dyon wasn't done as he focused his attention on the cultivation age stone.

Still... Even after everything that happened...But, when only three red lights appeared, they felt as though their hearts had stopped functioning properly.

Chapter 1130: Storming

"Huh, interesting." Dyon's lip curled as he played around with the cultivation age stone.

In truth, he had expected a low number. But, three years was even a slight surprise to himself, until he thought about it more, that is.

Dyon's cultivation road started when he absorbed his master's blood essence. Although his innate soul had been partially awake then, it wasn't until it reached its height that the timer began. However, by then, Dyon was already 17 years old!

Such a starting date was already late in comparison to the upper echelon of the martial world. After all, unlike the poorer regions, they had methods to speed up meridian maturation, meaning waiting until 21 years old for many wasn't necessary. Usually, many would begin as young as five years old, some even earlier.

Still, that cultivation period was only three months before the events of the Demon Sage Legacy World which left Dyon in a coma for half a year. Which was more time deducted from his cultivation.

After he awoke, he spent about another half year in seclusion refining his wills before stepping out and meeting Ri for the first time. By now, he was 18 years old, but had far less than a year of true cultivation time.

The events that took place in the Elvin Kingdom would have taken another year total, but as one might expect, Dyon once more spent much of that time unconscious, this time for as much as eight months, causing him to nearly miss his first campaign entirely.

By now, Dyon could just barely be qualified to have cultivated a year, but this would lead directly into the campaign months and the World Tournament.

Luckily, it was due to these two events that Dyon could be considered to have gained a total year and a half of cultivation, even slightly more in this case, but its ending led to Dyon's cultivation being sealed.

This sealing was even more clear and obvious than being unconscious. Almost everything about Dyon cultivation was put on pause almost two decades.

Finally, Dyon's last year to year and a half of cultivation could be accounted for during his vacation months with his wives and the soul rending peak adventures.

In the end, his cultivation time totalled just over three years... The truth was truly maddening.

With another wave of his hands, Dyon's "evidence" disappeared as he happily supported Granny Celest to walk by the three family heads who only now regained their ability to move.

"Stop! What is it that you came here for? To humiliate us?" Head Todu gathered her remaining face to call out to Dyon.

"I came here for repayment," Dyon said without looking back, "And, unfortunately, your embarrassment means little to me and as such, doesn't deduct much."

"Repayment?" Head Todu and the others paled. What did that mean? He couldn't want to massacre them all, could he?

Even if the laws of the Mystical World were unfavorable to them, they were still dao formation experts! If Dyon pushed them too far, they'd put their lives on the line to fight him.

While Celestials had access to Pseudo-Domains, dao formation experts had true domains wherein they could control the laws within a given space. If worse came to worst, they would definitely make use of this ability.

Still, the Mystical World was far too sturdy. Those three family heads knew that even if they did this, Dyon would still hold the decisive advantage, especially if Head Arie decided to help him.

Dyon laughed, "Are you scared? Don't be. I have no intention of reaping your lives."

His footsteps paused as he turned back. "However, for the sake of Soul Rending Peak's future, none of you will be allowed to leave until I deem it fit. For obvious reasons, I can't trust you."

"You..." Their faces reddened once more. Dyon really wanted to imprison them here?

Although they had no intentions of leaving, the idea of willingly doing so and having to do so were so diametrically opposed that their blood boiled. Even so, what could they do? Even a half-step transcendent couldn't break in easily... And, although it was easier to break out, it wasn't by much.

"As for what compensation I'm seeking, nothing much. You can keep your money and your resources, I'll just be taking your ancient blood reserves."

"You!"

"Absolutely not!"

"Anything but that!"

Dyon tilted his head to the side. "Do you hear how ridiculous you sound? Since when did those in debt get to decide what they owed? Since when do criminals get to decide their sentence? Since when do murderers get to plead for their families?"

The three heads grit their teeth, unable to rebuttal, but also equally unable to let this go. With their bloodlines becoming weaker and weaker, the ancient blood reserves grew in value everyday that passed.

As the entity told Dyon, the decline of the celestial bloodline hadn't happened recently, it was something that had been happening for many millions of years. The time frame was so large that even the first white mother was worried about their future, causing her to create the Ethereal Permeation Supreme Law as a replacement for Primordial Energy.

However, for reasons Dyon didn't understand, it didn't seem that these celestial beasts practiced that law. But maybe that was only to be expected, after all, the first white mother had long since transcended, it wasn't as though communication between planes was simple.

So, the celestial beasts of the mortal plane found their own solution... And that was their ancient blood reserves...

"If you push us too far." The three heads erupted with fierce auras. "We'll fight it out with you!"

...

While Dyon was dealing with the celestial beast fallout, a storm was brewing in the universe adjacent to Universe Cathedral, and it was all centered around the entrance of a campaign gate.

The remaining 99 universes of the Soul Rend Quadrant were far too complex to delve into. The hodgepodge of sects, clans and factions were simply far too numerous. However, what was clear was the fact that they were far better off than those of Universe Cathedral and far more than Dyon could handle by normal means.

That said, there was good news. Because Dyon shut off the function of the Master Key arrays, the sub arrays under them also lost the ability to be of any use. The unfortunate part was that universes as developed as theirs wouldn't only have a few hundred teleportation stations.

Still, although they had means of teleportation outside that of the sub arrays, they were far less efficient and far more inconvenient to use. And, the most important point was that these arrays wouldn't allow them to teleport into Dyon's universe directly, making Dyon's effort garner fruit.

At the moment, a few elders were meeting as their armies organized. While some of them were quite worried and dark-faced, others were more annoyed than anything else.

"57! 57! That's how many teleportation sequences I went through to get here! That's sequences, not actual teleportation stations. This is fucking ridiculous! I've spent half my life savings on this one mobilization. And for what? Because some of you had a "gut feeling" that something was wrong?"

"Who cares about some bullshit soul market? It's you bastards who sought to make a profit and gain a leg up that should be paying for all of this, what the hell does any of this have to do with me?!"

Many others of the various family heads agreed with these sentiments. When they were originally tasked with their various assignments, this wasn't supposed to be a money grab or a chance for their various clans and sects to soar past their original limits. The compensation stipulated in their contracts should have been more than enough... There was no need for this added level of greed.

Yet, as years passed with no change, generations turned over, causing new ideologies to surface. It was clear that these bastards didn't remember just how fearsome their "employer" was.

That said, many did remember. It was just that they thought this employer wouldn't care if they made a few advances on the side, it wasn't as though they'd ever be able to rival that family, even in their wildest dreams.

But, now that everything was backfiring, they began to panic.

A few months ago, those families who had participated in the construction of soul market, and even invested some of their own family techniques, came back in a panic.

After that, it felt like everything was going downhill. Their best teleportation stations stopped working, the gate's cultivation restriction suddenly dropped to the essence gathering level, and they could no longer contact Elder Nova!

Everything happened so quickly that they had hardly digested one set of information, before another came storming in.