

## The Nameless 1141

### Chapter 1141: Awaiting

Some were still in their beast forms, others were in their human forms. But, they all seemed to be quite confused. It wasn't everyday you saw dao formation experts kneeling.

It wasn't a surprise that Dyon could see resentment aimed toward him among them. Without knowing the whole story, no one would think that their own family heads were in the wrong.

"There's no need for you all to kneel here." Dyon said emotionlessly. "The length of time won't change anything, I've already made my stance clear. You can go about your lives, and I'll go about mine."

Dyon took a step forward, disappearing and appearing to their backs. But, before he could flash forward a second time, a voice called out that made him pause.

"Thank you for saving my life!"

Dyon looked back to find them all still kneeling. Obviously, the one who had spoken out was Head Tudo.

Those celestial beasts watching in the distance were stunned to hear these words.

"You're welcome." Dyon turned to leave once more but more words seemed eager to stop him.

"We don't kneel here in hopes you'll forgive us, but that you'll take pity on the younger generation. We'll pay for our sins and even die if that's what you see fit, but they shouldn't pay for our mistakes." Elder Tudo added, her forehead still marred with dark soil.

Before Dyon could respond, three attendants flew forward from the crowds in the distance, each holding a young celestial beast in their arms.

One bare chested young man held an adorable white tiger cub in his arms that looked more like a kitten than the vicious beast of slaughter he'd grow to be.

Another young man, wearing white scholarly robes and a heavy turtle shell on his back came forward with a young turtle covered in a beautiful black shell, lined with intricate patterns. However, when its small head poked out, its skin and partial scales were entirely white even as its large black eyes blinked with curiosity as it looked toward Dyon.

The last was a young lady. However, unlike her fellow attendants, the young celestial beast with her hung from her back, wrapping its small arms around her neck. The child ape was covered in pristine white fur and peaked over the attendant's shoulder with an adorable, naïve curiosity.

In the end, the three of them stopped before Dyon, presenting these youths to him.

"These three have the densest bloodline of their generation and have the potential to become worthy of titles in the future. Please take them as your partners." Head Tudo's voice trembled as she begged sincerely.

Dyon's brows furrowed. 'Partners?' He would be lying if he said he understood just what that meant.

Of course, Dyon was aware of the Beast Masters as one of the seven top-tier secondary professions, but he knew next to nothing about them. So, how could he immediately connect this word with its true origin?

Plus, this aside, taking these celestial beasts with him would be akin to having to take care of three babies. Sure, they grew up fast, but it wasn't as though they'd magically become strong enough to be of any help to Dyon any time soon. Even if they solely followed the beast path, it would take years for them to reach the celestial realm, and even more time to progress along it.

Even without the faintest of knowledge about Beast Masters, Dyon was certain that their beast partners were usually stronger than them, or else what was the use?

This didn't even mention the fact that the talent of these three was incredibly weak.

Someone hearing this analysis by Dyon might throw a fit, after all, even non-beast masters drooled over the prospect of having a single heaven grade beast, but these three infants, albeit weak in comparison to the peak the celestial beasts once stood on, were still transcendent beasts for better or worse.

However, to Dyon, saying that they had the "densest bloodline of their generation" meant little to him. That was because the celestial beasts had declined so much that that was no longer impressive. In fact, Dyon could tell that the celestial beasts were only a few dozen more generations away from falling out of the transcendent beasts rank just like they fell out of the supreme beasts rank.

Sure, in martial world terms, a single generation was 1.2 million years, so a few dozen was still tens of millions of years. However, although this might seem like a long time, in terms of the scope of the universe, it was pitifully soon.

The worst part was that their downfall seemed to be accelerating...

Esmeralda's child was meant to be a savior of the celestial beasts. In fact, he could be... But considering the fact his bloodline was of the celestial deer, how could he possibly help the other clans?

Plus, it wasn't as though Zaire could become a breeding bull for the celestial deer either.

Still, even knowing all of this, Dyon hesitated, not because he was convinced that these three 'partners' could be useful, but because something Head Tudo said struck a nerve.

Even if the older generation of the celestial beasts were a lost cause, that didn't mean that the younger generation was. This, like racism and speciesism, weren't innate, they were taught. It was only by raising the younger generation to be better that new path could be forged.

Dyon was so lost in thought that he almost didn't notice Granny Celest approaching him with yet another adorable bundle in her arms.

The young celestial deer looked almost identical to his master, but its gold swirls of hair had considerably less sheen and looked almost grey. However, its white fur almost shone under the sunlight as its large white eyes blinked at Dyon. It looked almost like an albino Bambi.

Dyon could help but give his granny a look that said, 'You planned for this, didn't you?'

Granny Celest only smiled. "What Little Zaire means to you is completely different. He's not an appropriate symbol for the path forward, especially since he follows both the beast and human path.

"The truth is that even I can't guarantee that I would have treated you well had I not known you were my grandson." Her tone shifted, hinting at a bit of a guilt and disappointment in herself.

Dyon sighed. He understood this all too well... Often times in life what decided whether you were enemies or allies, whether you were friend or foe, were already engrained biases and simple coincidences.

Sure, Granny Celest treated Dyon as her own kin, but would she do that for all humans? That was doubtful... In another parallel universe, who knows, maybe it was Head Tudo or Head Simia or Head Tigris that decided to stand by Dyon's side while it was Granny Celest who kneeled along with two others.

"... But it'll be dangerous. They're just babies." Was all Dyon could muster.

Granny Celest smiled as the three family heads trembled on the ground, responding to Dyon's words.

"And it's because you can see them as such that you must take them. If one, or even all of them die, we won't blame you."

"... And what about the fact they're celestial beasts? The moment they step outside, they'll be among the hunted."

Granny Celest's smile only deepened. "Then that'll be the challenge you have to take up, no? My grandson isn't some coward, now is he?"

Dyon sighed. He remembered a time where he'd be willing to flaunt any and everything, daring those who opposed him to find trouble. And, truth be told, with his title as True God, there'd be very few who dared to find trouble with him... But, the blood of a celestial beast was simply too tempting.

Now Dyon had more people to worry about than just himself. What if they tried to use his wives as hostages to force him to turn over the celestial beast youth? What if they turned their eyes on Soul Rend Quadrant or his home universe?

However, before Dyon could make a decision, his dao heart pumped once more.

'Goddammit...'

He could clearly feel a stream of hope and belief in him coming from the surrounding beasts. Their population wasn't as large as millions... In fact, there were only a few hundred to each clan that had survived to this day... But they were by far and away so much more powerful than Dyon's fellow clansmen that his Sovereign Seed swelled to three times its original size.

In the end, four pairs of unblinking eyes looked toward Dyon with youthful curiosity, awaiting his decision.

Chapter 1142: Accept

Dyon looked at the four adorable celestial beasts before looking up at those looking toward him expectantly.

'Should I really do this?' Dyon brow furrowed.

He had no doubt that saying yes would bring him endless troubles. Was gaining the support of the celestial beasts even all that important? Would it really help him?

In total, they probably had a half a dozen or so dao formation experts. Aside from their family heads, they had various elder structures of their family. However, what was the use if they couldn't step foot outside of here? How could they help Dyon? If anything, they'd make everything worse...

If they had someone of the half-step transcendent caliber, maybe that would be entirely different. At least then even the greatest clans would have to think twice... Coupling that with the fact their bloodlines had declined, then they'd probably be left alone...

The issue was that although Granny Celest had the potential to become a half-step transcendent in the far, far, far future, that only represented a less than 1% chance. In fact, framing it that way was definitely underestimating the difficult.

Dyon froze. 'Since when did I decide who to and not to accept based on their usefulness?... When did I become to pragmatic...'

He was stunned not at the situation, but himself. It was almost a striking reminder that it wasn't due to himself that his dao heart was reconstructed, but due to the hopes of others... He didn't pull himself out of the darkness, but others did...

Was he really the same Dyon who died in his fifth trial countless times yet came back with a glare just as determined? Was the comprehension his black flames granted him really so damning that it shattered even his vision of himself?

An arrogant annoyance built up in Dyon's heart. He was Dyon Sacharro, wasn't he supposed to stare down any and everything with an almost ignorant disdain?

Dyon bitterly chuckled to himself. 'The me of 17 years ago would be disgusted with what I've become... I can almost hear him now: "What a whining crybaby.".'

He was at a loss. He missed his old self, the one who would run into danger with a reckless abandon. But, he also couldn't bring himself to go back to those old ways.

How could he grow up but stay young at the same time?

Dyon stretched his hand out, causing four golden platforms to appear below the young celestial beasts. Then, he sat cross-legged on the ground, bringing them before himself.

The attendants watched as the four of them floated from their arms, watching silently. The entire 18th tier seemed to fall into a calm quiet as four pairs of eyes blinked at Dyon with a brimming curiosity.

"Do they have names?" Dyon asked.

Granny Celest shook her head. "The only reason their bloodlines are denser compared to the rest of their generation is because we used the ancient blood reserves on them just before they were born. They're just a few days old..."

Dyon nodded silently. Unlike humans, it seemed that celestial beasts didn't rush to name their children... It was the same for Zaire when Dyon met him. In fact, Esmeralda had Dyon name him not because it fit with their culture, but because she wanted her son to integrate himself into Dyon's culture so that they could grow close.

For celestial beasts, titles were more important than anything else.

"Esmeralda" was a name Dyon's Martial Uncle gave to his Master because he didn't like having to call his wife '25th White Mother'. And, "Celest" was a name given under similar circumstances except it was instead given to Dyon's granny not by her husband, but a former Master of the Celestial Deer Sect.

Either way, there was a tradition of celestial beasts forming new bonds with those outside of their clan through what could be considered this name giving ceremony.

Dyon sighed. 'This is really stupid. Reckless. I'll come to regret it. I can already see all those arrogant bastards who will swear up and down that my partners should be theirs. Thinking about it already pisses me the fuck off.'

But... Dyon couldn't help but think to himself... Wasn't that the difference?

In Dyon's youth, he boldly stood out against the world simply because he wanted to make sure everyone knew he didn't care. But, that was childish. He didn't have to bring up his connection with the Celestial Deer Sect, but he did so simply because he wanted to puff his chest out.

However... This was different. He wasn't flaunting his connection this time simply for some childish ego stroking so that everyone knew that "he was the man". This time, he was taking on a risk for the sake of a clan's future... To rebuild a bridge that was burned long ago...

Dyon didn't want to be a ruler who was a reckless bastard. But, he also didn't want to be a leader too scared to do anything that would shake up the status quo.

He wanted to be calculatingly reckless. A leader who could take risks even knowing that it would bring him trouble, simply because he believed it was worth it.

Dyon's heart pumped.... Calculatingly reckless...

Looking at the four newborns, Dyon began laughing mischievously.

His hand stretched outward, patting the young celestial deer. "I'll call you Bambi... And you," Turning his attention toward the young celestial ape, "I'll call you Sengoku... And you," Turning toward the young celestial turtle, "I'll call you Franklin... And last but not least," Finally turning toward the young celestial tiger. "I'll call you Shere Khan."

No one but Clara would understand why Dyon was laughing to himself like an evil mastermind, but he didn't mind. It was just a shame that his naming scheme didn't really match up to the genders of the celestial beast babies.

For example, Shere Khan was a female, and so was Franklin. In fact, the only male of the group was Sengoku. So, in the end, Dyon made a few modifications, calling them by nicknames instead of their chosen names.

He would call Franklin, Linlin. He'd call Shere Khan, Shere. He'd call Sengoku, Sen. And, he'd call Bambi, Biibi.

The last two name changes weren't strictly necessary, but he knew he would feel too embarrassed to call those two Sengoku and Bambi even if others didn't understand.

After performing the same ceremony with him as the hamster twins had, the baby celestial beasts felt an unwitting closeness to Dyon that they couldn't describe. Even if they didn't understand the full weight of the ceremony now, they would come to in the future.

Truth be told, Dyon felt kind of bad they were forced into this choice. The celestial hamster twins were very much aware of what their decision meant, but these newborns had no idea the kind of responsibility they had been given. They couldn't even fully form words yet.

In the distance, Dyon could see their worried parents even as the four of them began to cling to him. But... he could only sigh. Nothing he could say would make a mother and a father feel any better about sending their newborns out into a world of danger, especially after they were just born.

What made matters worse were the circumstances around the birth of these four. Just how convenient was it that such a low population of celestial beasts just happened to have four newborns waiting in the wings? The truth was that it wasn't convenient at all.

Thinking back to Little Black's birth, hadn't Dyon's Master been dead for thousands of years? So, how was Zaire newly born when Dyon met him? It didn't make much sense.

The truth lied in an ability their celestial bloodline still had.

Their bloodline was blessed by the heavens and could thus accomplish things others could not. Its ability to help form an impossible to form pill was just one aspect... It was almost like celestial beasts were the original Heaven's Children without the restrictions.

Mother's had the ability to suspend their newborns in a limbo-like state and only "give birth" when the timing was the most convenient. This process was much less taxing than what Delia's mother had to do. One could be done indefinitely, while the other had a limit that included severe repercussions.

As long as the celestial beast mother maintains consciousness, whether that be in body or in soul, or even in energy, the limbo state can be preserved.

For Esmeralda, because she had The Seal, she was able to stop her soul from dissipating and keep her son in limbo, only allowing Little Black to be born when she sensed Dyon and chose to accept him as her disciple.

#### Chapter 1143: Recognize

So, why was this important now? It was because four mothers, from each of the four remaining celestial beast clans, had kept their babies in limbo because they didn't like the current state of affairs... They wanted to give their children the chance to be born into a better era... An era where they weren't restricted to living like prisoners...

However, for the sake of the clans, these four mothers made the very difficult decision to allow their children to be born... Entrusting their life and death with Dyon...

This was the kind of weighty promise Dyon had decided to take on. This was his so-called calculatingly reckless move...

It turned out that these 'attendants' weren't attendants at all, but rather, worried parents. Although they didn't speak, Dyon could see how heavy the look in their eyes were.

"I'm going to be honest with you." Dyon spoke as he looked them in the eye. "I didn't want to do this. That's not to say that I'm pushing the blame onto all of you, but rather that I understand how much weight my taking them with me has. Still, I know my own worth. Following me, these four babies will soar far higher than you could ever imagine.

"That said, just saying so is pretty empty... So, how about I show you?" Dyon smiled as a chaotic energy erupted from him.

Granny Celest eyes widened along with the three kneeling family heads. 'This...'

The energy core within Dyon's inner world spun wildly, expelling a mere fraction of the Primordial Energy it had built up...

The 18th tier was only a twentieth of the size of a normal planet, yet Dyon poured what easily amounted to ten planets worth of this ancient energy.

The energy swirled, filling the space and dueling it out with copious amounts of life energy before they seemed to reach a consensus.

'Where... How...' The elders of the celestial beasts just couldn't understand how this was possible. This energy was extinct!

In the end, tears couldn't help but stream down their faces...

Hope. It was a powerful thing... And for a sovereign, it was the most important gift you could give to those who decided to follow you.

The First White Mother spent millions of years formulating Ethereal Permeation to solve this problem, but it was a will that was simply too difficult to learn... Plus, without Primordial Energy as a reference, or the towers to help, the celestial beast clan had not a single chance... But, Dyon had gifted them a ray of hope so fierce that they could already see their destination...

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Dyon didn't stay very long after making his position clear, nor did he make any grandiose promises about how he'd bring all four of them back safely no matter what. He still felt as though he was teetering on the edge of something new, but he just couldn't quite grasp it.

He didn't let it weigh him down, though. It was impossible for a person to change after one self pep talk, nor did he expect to. Still, he took a step forward in the right direction.

After storing hundreds of thousands of jin worth of celestial meat and fruits within the tower, much to the spirit's irritation, Dyon did a final check of Soul Rending Peak before leaving.

Unfortunately, the soul slaves had still not woken up, but Dyon preferred them to slowly heal in this way. At least here, they'd be flooded with dense amounts of life energy. In this way, their hidden injuries built up over years of torture and enslavement would be dealt with.

Aside from that, the academies had long since been built. The only thing that had remained was the certification of the teachers, but Dyon had left Elder Nova in charge of that, much to the expert's chagrin.

Having a dao formation expert lead the way in teaching the foundation stage and meridian formation stage? To say that was overkill was an understatement. Maybe only Dyon would use one in this way.

Over the course of five months, there were already some talents worthy of being groomed popping up here and there. This was especially true after the ban on soul talent was lifted.

There was another thing that Dyon's master had pointed out to him as well. Whether or not someone had a constitution wasn't always obvious at first glance. It was smarter to put a system in place for when auspicious signs at birth weren't enough.

Still, Dyon tempered his expectations. Constitutions were so rare that even having one like Donari was already good enough considering the sample size was only a single universe. Not every universe was as blessed with talent as Dyon's home.

With those matters handled, Dyon went on his way, his first destination: The Celestial Deer Corner.

He was surprised to find that Eli had made good progress. Although the Serpent Vines were still an issue, Eli reassured him that in two years more at the most, he would definitely find success.

Hearing Eli's plans, Dyon was very much impressed. Eli's understanding of botany was so profound that if Dyon hadn't known him for so long, he might have assumed his friend's body was taken over by some old eccentric spirit.

Eli actually wanted to create a new strain of Serpent Vines he named Dragon Emperor Vines.

He took inspiration from beasts and how certain bloodlines could suppress others into submission. He actually wanted to create a King Class of plant that lorded over Serpent Vines and to use that newly created species as a proxy for controlling normal vines.

Dyon would never claim to understand the details of it all, namely, he didn't understand how they would control these Dragon Emperor Vines if they couldn't even control the Serpent Vines themselves.

But, Eli only laughed when Dyon brought up this worry, saying that he was misunderstanding. Dragon Emperor Vines wouldn't be actual vines, but rather a fungus he'd force the Serpent Vines into a symbiotic relationship with. They'd be pretty docile against everything but Serpent Vines themselves. As for the method of controlling this fungus, it would come down to a complex chemical and pheromone sequence he was still working on.

"That said, if this works, we can start breeding the serpent vines to give birth to stronger versions of themselves. They could become a great help in the future considering their almost weed-like reproductive rate and regenerative tenacity. I even had a few ideas about splicing some beast DNA into their genetic sequence. Maybe some beasts with strong defenses to up their durability ..." Eli continued on, speaking with such animation that his long, lanky arms seemed like they might snap at any moment.

Hearing Eli babble on and on about these things made Dyon feel like he was in an intensive biology class he didn't want to be a part of anymore. So, he went to speak with the giggling Delia only to find out that Ri was still in secluded meditation.

In the end, he could only leave once more. This time, his goal was Sapientia Corner.

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"Wow." Bella and Mia stood on either side of Dyon, taking in the view of the Sapientia Quadrant. After being confined to the small Cathedral City for so long, seeing such a bustling place would of course awe them.

Dyon watched with a smile, not saying much. The four celestial beast babies clung to him happily, Linlin resting on his head, Shere napping in his robes along with Biibi while Sen sat on his shoulder, sometimes hopping about on the large bandaged package on Dyon's back as though he had some pent up energy he wanted to release.

Even though he was in a place where the concentration of soul talent was higher than most, Dyon wasn't worried about others seeing through the disguise he put on the twins. Unless a Moon level expert stood out, the chance would be next to nothing. And even then, Dyon had failsafes to protect their dignity.

However, Dyon himself attracted quite a bit of attention. Why? Because how could everyone not recognize the masked wife stealer?

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Dyon leisurely strolled through the streets as though the gazes of those around him had nothing to do with him at all.

His black robes fluttered slightly with his every step, giving him an aura that said do not approach.

#### Chapter 1144: Noise

Many wondered what Dyon was here for, but still many others found that question to be silly. Sapiientia Quadrant was probably the most useful in existence. While Sapiientia Corner was the most useful for those from quadrants ranked 70th and below, Sapiientia Corner was the holy land for those ranked 21st to 69th.

It wasn't that those top twenty quadrants didn't need Sapiientia Corner at all, but it was more so that they were much less reliant on it, only commissioning Sapiientia Quadrant for projects their own in-house experts couldn't handle.

Often times, those experts who the top 20 quadrants relied on were raised and trained in Sapiientia Quadrant, but were enticed over by benefits only quadrants of that caliber could provide.

No one knew how those of the Sapiientia Quadrant felt about this, but considering they took a hardline stance of neutrality and anti-conflict, even if they did feel badly about it, they would never let it show.

Still, news of Dyon's appearance spread like wildfire. This was the man the kitsune and Emperor Giant Clan were banging their heads against the wall to find, yet he had completely disappeared for more than half a year, only to reappear with two astounding young flowers.

"... So pretty!" Bella stopped in front a calligraphy and painting store, unable to take her eyes off of the works gracing its display.

On the left there were lines of calligraphy that varied from fierce and sharp, to elegant and graceful. Various words were written that exuded unique auras that could only be perfectly matched by their creators.

Mia was just as captivated as her younger sister, but was far more entranced with the paintings on the right. She especially couldn't take her eyes off of the portrait of what looked like a noble lady with a graceful and slender neck that grew to a face without blemish.

"So confident..." Mia muttered under her breath as though this was the kind of woman she pined to be.

"Do you want to learn?" Dyon suddenly asked.

"Learn?" Mia blinked.

"Well, not to be like her. But, rather, to paint. As for your path to becoming her, or someone better, that's more up to you, now isn't it?"

"Up to me?..."

Dyon smiled. "How about you, Bella? Do you want to learn?"

"To paint? Calligraphy?" Bella stuck her small pink tongue out. "Boring."

Dyon chuckled but didn't say much else on the topic. "Let's go in then."

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By the time they came out of the shop, Mia could hardly hide her grin. She held a small, red oak box a bit more than a foot in length close to her chest as though it was the greatest treasure in the world. One wouldn't have ever guessed that just half an hour ago she was swearing that she didn't need something so expensive.

Bella's happiness only grew further seeing her big sister so happy. It made her wonder if she too should try and find something that interested her...

However, the reality of the matter was that aside from having fun and exploring the world, Bella didn't have any other wishes.

"Alright, after another stop I'll take you guys to visit my home properly. Last time you only saw the bad."

"Right, right! You left them in the middle of a war, we've already wasted too much time." Bella became flustered, snapping out of her own thoughts. She had been having so much fun that she forgot that others were probably suffering.

Mia nodded seriously, agreeing with her little sister.

Soon, the three of them had made it to a six-floor tower and probably the busiest street for tens of kilometers. A large signpost outside written in beautiful letters read: Sapientia Gardens.

With the large increase of crowd size, the number of gazes locked onto Dyon increased manifold. Even Bella's jumpiness was tempered down by a shroud of nervous energy. Although the twins hadn't asked Dyon about why everyone was looking at them, they could make some solid guesses.

Approaching the entrance of Sapientia Gardens, a jittery female attendant greeted them with a bow.

"I – I'm sorry Mr. Masked W – I mean, Mister. Only Grandmaster Beast Masters can enter high ranking buildings without placing their beasts in a pocket world. It's for liability reasons. S – Sorry, Sorry!"

"Is that so?" Dyon frowned slightly, he didn't like the idea of leaving them alone considering they were just babies. If it wasn't for that fact, he wouldn't have had them out like this in the first place.

The attendant became flustered, thinking that Dyon would be angered and vent his frustration on her. Such a thing was, unfortunately, quite a frequent occurrence.

"I – I'm s – sure that Mister is qualified enough to pass the exam... I – if –."

Dyon's eyes suddenly sharpened. In the next moment, they glowed a fierce gold as a brilliant defensive array appeared above him.

Those watching gasped in shock. 'Innate aurora!'

They almost couldn't believe what they were seeing. Aside from the well-known Grandmaster Clara, there were only twenty-two other innate aurora wielders known to Sapiientia Quadrant. Now another had suddenly appeared?!

"Hoho..." In the sky, a few young men and women who had been descending stopped before Dyon's array. Truth be told, they hadn't been planning on attacking Dyon, they just wanted to make a grand entrance. But, this arrogant masked man had stopped them from doing even that.

Dyon frowned. "Little Biibi and Shere are sleeping. Don't come here and make noise."

Dyon completely ignored the newcomers, checking on Shere and Biibi like a concerned young father and only turning his gaze away from them after confirming they were still asleep.

In one swift motion, Dyon created a concealment array. Moments later, the array shattered to reveal a blurry faced replica of himself who he gently transferred the young celestial beasts to. Afterward, the clone disappeared. No matter how much attention the young men and women in the sky tried to pay, they couldn't see through Dyon's arrays before he finished and only Dyon was aware that his clone had disappeared into his inner world.

"It's alright to enter now, right?" Dyon looked toward the attendant.

The nervous young woman blinked. Although she wasn't very powerful, she was still a soul talent in her own right. She had never seen a pocket world like Dyon's... There was almost no ripple at all and it was hardly a hassle. Not to mention, it housed a human? A clone even?

Because beasts had such a close connection to the heavens, there were less requirements for them to be safely housed within a pocket world. They could essentially be placed into a dormant state without issue. However, a human without this connection was far more susceptible to danger involved with this.

Simply put... Any treasure that could house a human, even if it was a clone, was at a bare minimum of the supreme level.

To use a Supreme Level treasure in public like this... Arrogant didn't even begin to describe it!

"... U-uh yes!" The attendant realized her mistake and hurriedly bowed.

Of course, Dyon hadn't used a supreme grade treasure. But, that didn't mean he was unaware of how others perceived his actions. He simply didn't care.

In the skies, a short young woman with bob-cut hair and large brown eyes watched on with a frown. She wore black robes with 12 gold stripes along their sleeves. These let everyone know that she was a 12th stage grandmaster beast master.

What was truly baffling was, though, was that her eyes were glistening with tears.

The young men and women around her noticed this shift in attitude and tried to approach her but she had already stepped forward before they could react.

"How could you be so cruel!" Her voice should have been adorable, but it came out shrilly and heartbroken. Even Dyon's steps couldn't help but pause on his way in, something that surprised even himself. He had planned on ignoring what they said no matter what, after all, he had things to do. But, this was completely unexpected.

He really couldn't understand what he had done to deserve to be yelled at so passionately.

The twins looked at each other before looking toward Dyon. Had they missed something?

Dyon frowned as he looked up at the owner of the voice. 'I really don't understand how people who are hundreds of years old can still act like children. What the hell is it this time...'

Chapter 1145: Name

Seeing Dyon not respond, the young woman only got angrier, her small face tinged an adorable red. Still Dyon didn't find it very adorable at the moment. Clearly this woman wanted to accuse him of something he hadn't done.

"Are you still not going to admit it?!"

Dyon tilted his head as though he was looking at a mental patient. However, this only made the young woman angrier.

"Just you wait! I'll let the Beast Protection Association know about you! You'll never step foot into Sapientia Quadrant again!"

Dyon yawned. 'Beast Protection Association? Kind of like PETA? They were annoying on Earth, but now they want to annoy me in the martial world?'

Seeing that the lady wasn't going to say anything substantive, Dyon continued walking toward the entrance. He honestly assumed that she was angry that he ate meat, and even if that wasn't the case, he didn't care.

The tears kept pouring from the young woman's face as she looked at Dyon as though he was some sort of monster.

"How could you do that..." Her broken-hearted voice even made Mia hesitate. "They were just babies, they couldn't have been more than a few days old... You're already so powerful, did you really need to do that?..."

It was finally at that point that the young men and women beside her couldn't stand around idly anymore.

"Stop!" A much taller young lady called out to Dyon. "Can't you hear Little Sister Brea pleading with you? What the hell did you do? Just admit it now or we'll be forced to take action."

Through her sobs, Brea did her best to "expose" Dyon. The more the crowd listened, the odder that gazes that trained on Dyon were.

To the outside world, the celestial beast babies in Dyon possession were nothing but normal beasts. This was because Dyon used The Seal to hide their auras as transcendent level beasts so that they were appear as low earth grade beasts instead.

However, it turned out that the white color among beasts was very rare. Except for the Snow Clan of Kitsune, white beasts almost never appeared. And even then, the Snow Clan had hues of cold blue aura given off by their fur, it wasn't a pristine and unblemished white. The only exceptions were in incredibly cruel cases where Dark Beast Masters used torturous techniques to eek out every drop of potential a young beast had... Resulting in a bleaching effect...

...

When Mia and Bella heard this story, they wanted to protest immediately. After all, they had been watching the events from the tower. They knew very well about the existence of the Celestial Beasts and also knew that this was their natural color. However, the both of them knew that revealing the existence of the celestial beasts would be nothing short of stupid, so they could only stew in the injustice of it all.

Dyon had actually paused to listen to this story, less because he was actually interested, but more so because he knew whatever story was being told would probably come around to bite him in the ass. He should probably at least be aware of what he was being accused of, no?

"Interesting." With that word left behind, Dyon finally walked into the tower.

One way or another, no fighting was allowed in Sapiencia City on penalty of an indefinite ban. Since he needed things here, he wouldn't be so stupid as to kick a beehive. After all, this wasn't the epistemic tower, nor was it the weak 98th quadrant. For better or worse, this was the 10th ranked quadrant among all 100.

The female attendant hesitated. It was normally a good thing to serve someone as powerful as Dyon, especially because he was allegedly a comet level expert. However, if what Brea said was true, it might be more trouble than what it was worth...

In the end, the young woman grit her teeth and scurried after Dyon, not forgetting to bow to the young men and women in the air, still blocked by Dyon's array. As a new recruit, if she didn't take some chances, she would never graduate from being a mere doorman.

"I- is there anything I can help you with?" Working up her courage, the attendant caught up with Dyon, staring at the floor as she spoke.

Dyon who had been looking around stopped, unable to hide the surprised expression on his face. "Oh? You chose to follow me?"

The attendant blushed, brushing back the sandy-blond hair. "Of course, that's my job, Mister..."

"It could bring you some problems, don't you think? Plus, aren't I evil?"

"N-no." The attendant quickly shook her head. "I think you're actually quite nice."

Dyon tilted his head in confusion. Nice? What had he done to gain that evaluation?

"T-the technique t-that Grandmaster Brea w-was r-referring to... Aside from white fur, your beast partners don't exhibit any of the other signs."

Dyon's brows arched up in interest, giving the attendant a secondary glance. "So this Brea girl was wrong? Hm?"

The attendant waved her hands around hurriedly as though she couldn't afford the title given to someone doubting a Grandmaster.

"I believe that Grandmaster Brea was just caught up in her emotions." The attendant's voice grew smaller. "She's very sensitive due to her constitution... So she's quick to protect animals... I believe your mask inhibited her from using her abilities to check the condition of the beast babies, so she jumped to the wrong conclusion..."

Dyon smiled. Truth be told, he was very impressed with this attendant's observational skills. His mask did in fact have an ability that disallowed others from using their senses to investigate him. This protection extended to things in contact with him as well, so the beast babies had gained another layer of protection.

Mia and Bella nodded in approval nearby, clearly very much liking this attendant lady.

"Tell me more." Dyon suddenly said. "What symptoms should they have that they don't?"

"Well... The most obvious is reddened eyes and overly defined muscles disproportionate to their age. They also shouldn't be able to sleep so comfortably... In fact, insomnia is one of the symptoms... Their potential is being agitated, so it's almost impossible to sleep properly which is even more detrimental to their growth..."

"Last... They're too comfortable around you. Animals you forced something like that upon wouldn't be able to trust any human again so easily... Not without becoming soulless slaves that is... But your monkey or ape had too much life in him..."

Dyon laughed, "If I didn't know better, I'd assume you were the Grandmaster and not Brea."

"N-no... I can't afford the fees..." The attendant's voice was so small that if it wasn't for his body cultivation, Dyon doubted he would have heard it. Clearly those words were meant for herself and no one else.

'Hm...' This attendant couldn't afford fees? That didn't really make much sense... She was clearly a high level saint, yet something as simple as fees was beyond her? This was the 10th ranked quadrant, was it not? The combination of her youth, cultivation, and environment just didn't add up.

Dyon pretended not to notice the stream of individuals with angered gazes that came in after him. Seeing their disheveled appearance, it was clear to him that they had underestimated the array he left behind.

"What's your name?"

"A-Amy..."

"Amy? Okay. How about you show me around? I need 10 sets of materials for Constitution Awakening Pills."

The attendant blinked. "Earth grade? Heaven grade? Or God grade?"

Hearing this question, Dyon laughed. He was only aware of a single kind of Constitution Awakening pill, not including the ancient grade version, of course.

Seeing Dyon's hesitation, the young men and women who had followed in afterward secretly sneered to themselves. A supposed comet level expert stumped by such a simple question? In fact, Dyon's next words only made their doubts intensify.

"Let me see the ingredient least for each grade."

#### Chapter 1146: Peace Loving

It was only right that most people were skeptical. For someone to be a 6th realm Comet Grade Expert while also being younger than a thousand years old was absolutely ridiculous. Who would believe such a thing so easily?

There was a reason that the group of young men and women who had come were all Grandmasters. No one believed Dyon was worthy of more than that.

Dyon hardly cared. Even the masters of their masters would have to be respectful to him. Dyon was on the brink of becoming a Moon Grade expert. His soul strength was more than enough, he was just waiting for his moment of enlighten. Considering how easily that enlightenment came so many times before, he wasn't even worried about it.

Although Amy was confused by Dyon's request, she obliged anyway, utilizing a special employee pendant to fulfill his wishes.

Staring down the screen, Dyon couldn't help but chuckle. "How inefficient... What a waste..."

He kept mumbling under his breath without a care in the world.

"None of these grades." Dyon finally said. "I'll give you a list instead."

Finally, an azure robed young man with nine gold stripes couldn't take it anymore. Truth be told, only Grandmaster Brea cared even the slightest bit about the welfare of the beasts, that was why when she scurried away, the rest aside from the tall lady ignored her and followed Dyon in. They believed it was naïve to think that Beast Masters weren't cruel to their beasts. There were probably many Beast Masters who had done exactly what Dyon had but just used various tactics to hide it.

No, what they cared about was the blemish their reputations took under Dyon's blinding sunlight. They were the geniuses of this generation, yet Dyon was so by far and away better than them according to reports that it was impossible to accept.

"That's enough. Don't you think this charade has gone on long enough? Aren't you embarrassed?" The azure robed youth was legitimately fuming in anger.

Dyon was slightly surprised by the demeanor of these so-called geniuses. For better or worse, it seemed they cared less about their own pride and arrogance, but more so for the supposed stain Dyon was leaving on their professions.

As for why Dyon felt this way, he couldn't see a usual haughty disdain in their eyes. He just saw anger and expressions that asked him to repent for his actions. Just like Brea, they really believed that Dyon was in the wrong.

Of course, while this was the thought process of those who had come this time, Dyon didn't doubt that there were others who hadn't come that felt it was beneath them to even meet with him. After all, there were Comet Grade experts below the age of 1000, they had just decided not to come.

Amy wanted to scurry off to get the things of Dyon's list and avoid all of this, but there was a problem.

Dyon wasn't formally recognized by the Sapientia Association which meant he didn't have a badge to give her. Because of this, unless he personally came with her, it would be impossible to enter the upper floors.

Judging by his list, she only needed to reach the third floor of six, but... That area was still restricted to anyone below the Master grade.

It wasn't that Amy didn't have this qualification, it was just that there were rules barring employees from accessing floors their clients couldn't. This was in place in response to numerous bribery scandals that had occurred years before.

However, this didn't seem like the best time to explain this to Dyon...

The lay out of the tower matched its round exterior with various counters specializing in certain species of plants laid out on its outer edges. So, when a conflict of this sort broke out near the center, it felt like everyone's gazes had trained on the same spot.

"Is there a problem?"

Just when the azure robed young man was going to answer Dyon, his expression froze when he realized the question was directed toward Amy and not him.

Amy trembled, but managed to quickly explain the problem in the end.

"Oh? A badge is it?" Dyon smiled, reminiscing about memories of when he first visited Heaven's Wine. He couldn't help but laugh remembering how stingy Amell was about it. As if a dao formation expert should be worried about anything counted in saint stones.

Dyon closed his eyes for a moment, his divine sense blanketing the tower as he analyzed the defensive formations that blocked the staircase.

"Should be simple enough." Dyon nodded to himself, opening his eyes and extending a finger.

The crowd watched as a small golden array formed. As the seconds passed, it became almost like a solid medallion, layered with so many complex symbols and gears that it could take one's breath away.

It couldn't have been more than ten seconds since his started, but Dyon finished promptly, handing the seemingly illusory object to Amy. "This should be enough for you to get up there, I need a few things on the common floor."

Amy blinked, but nodded in the end, rushing off as though Dyon had finally released her from prison. Although she was worried about whether or not his method would work, the backlash from failing to cross the Practitioner barrier, or even the Master barrier, wouldn't be enough to hurt her as a saint.

'What did he just do... It can't be...'

Who among them wasn't a soul talent? For obvious reasons, geniuses of the Green Robed runic vein masters and Golden Robed magic masters, nor the Purple Robed poison master, had bothered to come...

But, even still, they couldn't believe their eyes.

...

A three of the youths standing at just a few meters from Dyon wore red robes, and it had to said that their expressions had changed the most. They almost felt that their titles as formation masters was hollow...

'We made a mistake coming here...'

Dyon couldn't care less about their change in thought. Instead, he was looking around the common floor, walking from counter to counter as though he was thinking about something.

"Aren't you going to buy something?" Bella couldn't help but ask.

Dyon shook his head, "There's nothing on this common floor that I can't simply create... What I want is knowledge."

"Oh." Bella nodded, but she herself knew that she didn't truly understand. Instead, she turned her attention elsewhere. "You know they're following you around, right?"

Dyon laughed as they robed young geniuses blushed after hearing Bella's words. This was especially so for the azure robed youth that had tried to stop Dyon earlier.

Still, they shamelessly continued to follow, even whispering among themselves.

"What did he mean by that? Create?"

"That's what he said... But I don't know..."

"Could he be exaggerating? You can't create plants and medicinal ingredients out of thin air? Can you?"

The azure robed youth frowned. "There's nothing in alchemy that allows for such a thing... I don't know what he's talking about..."

The red robed youths froze. "Create? Could he mean a creation array?..."

"Don't be ridiculous. This is a shop for plants... Who's ever heard creating living things?"

"Common level plants have really weak life forces though... They're barely a step above dirt and soil... It's theoretically possibly if your skill is high enough." One of the red robed youths said weakly.

"But you would need to be an amazing formation master to pull that off... But it would only be useful as a common grade alchemist? It seems like a waste of effort... Plus, on top of the fact it wouldn't be a useful ability to a high-grade alchemist, I've never heard of a top tier formation master also being a top-grade alchemist..." The azure robed youth said almost to himself.

"There's a reason our masters tell us to choose one or the other, it's impossible to split your focus down both paths, even for the best geniuses..."

Dyon chuckled to himself. 'So that's how they're justifying it, huh? I guess that probe was semi-worth it.'

Aside from toying with a few well-meaning geniuses, Dyon was actually here to gain an understanding of the lower grades and what the Sapientia Quadrant had to offer.

Although Dyon wanted to build some competing businesses, he didn't believe it was smart to antagonize the Sapientia Market too much. As for that nonsense about how 'neutral' and 'peace loving' they were,

#### Chapter 1147: Wuwu

Dyon didn't buy it for one moment. He felt that they'd react just like everyone else when their pockets were on the line.

It was for this reason that Dyon came here in the first place. In truth, if he wanted the ingredients he asked for, he could have just asked Eli for them considering his Master Grade garden was already doing very well.

'Instead, I'll fill the markets they can't fill... At least then, it'll be more difficult for them to antagonize me in the short run... Money isn't an issue for now, but it could very well be soon.'

The money Clara's efforts were bringing in was definitely more than Dyon could spend in a short time, even while promising so many benefits to those of the Soul Rend Quadrant. However, that was only a single universe and it didn't include the expense Dyon would incur once the soul slaves woke up either.

According to Dyon's estimates, even with so many funds coming in, supporting ten universes at this rate was its absolute upper limit. However, that was a projection that only took into account foundation stage, meridian formation, and essence gathering experts.

If Dyon wanted to support realms above that station in large quantities, he could support maybe two universes if he pushed it to the absolute limits as long as dao formation experts weren't calculated for.

There was a reason the celestial floors of the tower were so important. Progressing through the celestial realm was so difficult that one had to put their lives on the line to have a chance. However, Dyon didn't believe this path was most efficient.

Large sects and clans could afford to baby their best geniuses even up to the peak celestial realm before having them seek benefits of their own. Dyon's dream was to not only match this, but exceed it...

It was possible because he had a view of array alchemy those sects and clans didn't have. But, he was severely lacking in the funds in comparison to do so.

'Hm...' Dyon walked around and pretended to look when in reality, his divine sense was spread through hundreds of towers, picking out the details of each.

'Although my energy condensing pills are far better, there's no need to step on their toes. There seems to be a severe lack of any meridian cleansing pills of any kind... Good, that'll be the first product.

'Their healing pills for the body are decent enough, but there's a failure when it comes to the soul. I can fill that niche...

'There doesn't seem to be any comprehension boosting pills, I can add that to the list... I'll have to keep it fairly low level though...

'They have combat boosting pills... I could create the equivalent for soul path cultivators... It would be a great help for key moments in pills concoction if you're about to hit a wall...

'Wow... They don't have a single constitution gifting pill... It seems I really lost out on my Queen Fairy Pill... I'll definitely need to keep on the amount of constitutions I sell...'

Dyon continued to think to himself quietly, coming up with more than 20 market niches he could fill. The array alchemy knowledge here was simply too pitiful. Or, rather, the [Dao of Array Alchemy] was simply too good.

'Oh, she's back.' Dyon turned up to see Amy rushing down the stairs with a ticket etched with an array in hand.

"S-sorry it took so long." Amy said breathlessly.

Dyon couldn't help but laugh. She really must have been sprinting with all she had for a saint to be out of breath. Was he really that scary?

"You're right on time, it's no problem. How do I pay?"

"It's really easy. Just use your Sapientia Bank card to touch this ticket and it will manifest a spatial ring with your things in it."

Dyon nodded, taking out a card gleaming in violets, blues and soft pinks.

Amy's eyes widened along with the still leeching group of young geniuses. "T-t-t-that c-card..."

Before Amy could even properly ask, a crying voice sounded off within the store.

"Elder, that's him! That cruel man! H-h-he... Wu-wu-wu." Brea burst into tears, unable to hold back anymore.

(I've always wanted to use "wu-wu" as a replacement for crying. Today it my day! HA!)

...

Dyon gave the newcomers a glance before pressed his card against the ticket.

A small flash of light sounded as the violet, blue and pink card dimmed slightly. An instant later, the ticket disappeared into motes of light, replaced by low level spatial ring.

Usually, spatial rings had an inability to house living things. This, of course, included various spiritual plants. However, this issue could be overcome with special vessels used for storing and preserving such items.

It was actually quite extravagant to use such a thing every time a person purchased something, but the tower could afford it as long as the bill was above a certain price. Dyon just managed to reach the threshold for the lowest level.

Dyon allowed the spatial ring to fall into his palm. "Thank you for the help Amy. Next time I come I'll be sure to look for you."

Before she could react, Dyon lightly pressed the very same card against her employee badge, signifying that their transaction was over. He did her one last favor by drawing a clear line between them so she wouldn't have to be involved in what was to come.

"Ah... Thank you!" Amy quickly bowed.

Dyon smiled and nodded, bidding her farewell before turning toward the exit. Unfortunately, it seemed that these newcomers were hell-bent on blocking his path.

From what Dyon could see, there were four. One was the tall lady that left with Brea, Brea herself, a young man wearing white robes, and an older middle-aged woman wearing black robes.

However, the robes of the latter two were very different from what Dyon was used to seeing. Usually, rank was decided by the color and number of bands on your sleeves, while the color denoted which secondary profession you had mastery of.

The fact that the middle-aged woman was wearing black robes meant that she was a Beast Master. What was more intriguing though was the fact the white robes of the young man meant that he had reached at least a Master level of proficiency in not one, but at least two professions!

Still, that wasn't the most poignant point. The both of them had not a single band on their sleeves... Instead, there was an illusory sheen that hovered just a few centimeters above their robes... It painted a scene of shooting star crossing the night sky.

It was a beautiful scene that could entrance anyone seeing it for the first time. However, the most important part was that this was a scene that could only be seen when meeting a comet grade expert!

The middle-aged woman looked toward Dyon with a frown clear on her features. She wasn't entirely sure how to handle this situation. Normally, rules set by their Beast Protection Association, or BPA for short, could only be enforced on the weak. However, that was the description furthest from the reality of this young man. She felt uncomfortable just meeting his eyes. As though she was meeting an Emperor with worries far exceeding her...

Truth be told, the BPA was formed to appease warring beast states. Although one might tend to neglect Earth and Heaven Grade beasts, the truth was that they too could gain intelligence to match humans.

## Chapter 1148: Diasho

The troubling part was that even Earth Grade beasts were comparable to third grade humans. Following this trend, one can imagine how powerful a race of Heaven Grade beasts were being of the second grade.

Of course, there were some exceptions to this. For example, Kitsune who were classified as supreme beasts could even sometimes be weaker than some Earth grade beasts depending on their tail count. Dragons were the same, however this was dependent on their Dragon Soul.

Simply put, transcendent and supreme beast grades represented a ceiling of ability, not an absolute ability. This was an equivalent exchange made for them being more human-like and having the human path available to them.

However, Earth Grade and Heaven Grade beasts represented this absolute level of ability, making them highly dangerous, especially in large quantities.

So, the question remained, how could such powerful species agree to be partners with humans so readily?

The truth was that they didn't. Not easily, anyway.

There were many laws restricting the partnership of humans and beasts, and these laws were enforced by the BPA.

If Dyon did what he was accused of, it wouldn't be a surprise for the beasts to ask for blood. For a relationship that was already teetering on the edge, this was something that couldn't be afforded. Especially if this Dyon was just strutting around without a care for who saw his cruel acts.

The truth was that Madeleine's Golden Flame Quadrant was in the severe minority. Usually, a quadrant would have two or three main powers with numerous "unconquered" lands.

For example, Dyon's home quadrant supposedly had 21 'unclaimed' universes. In Saru's home quadrant, her clan and the kitsune controlled about 60 quadrants between them with 40 being 'unclaimed'. This same pattern was repeated in the Grand Templar Quadrant, and again the Kong Quadrant, and again... and again...

A secret hidden in plain sight was exactly what this was. These universes weren't 'unclaimed' at all, nor were they held by weaker clans that just so happened to be lucky enough to survive, not most of the time, anyway. No... These were collectively known as the 'Savage Lands'.

These were the places that the Beasts roamed free... These were places that even the greatest clans had to hesitate before provoking...

...

"Hello, I am one of the eight vice chairmen of BPA, I go by Wenwald." Vice Chairman Wenwald pushed the grieving Brea behind her, slightly annoyed by the little girl, but not having the heart to say so.

For a vice chairmen to come here personally, it was obvious how seriously they took Dyon. The title of defeating, and even embarrassing, a True God wasn't to be taken lightly. No matter how skeptical they were of his comet grade status, there was indisputable proof of his combat prowess.

Considering how weak those of the soul path were in combat, taking on someone who broke the mold as firmly as Dyon needed to be taken seriously.

The good news for them was that Beast Masters took the most direct way in dealing with this weakness. Vice Chairman Wenwald was very much confident in her partners being capable of dealing with Dyon.

Mia and Bella held each other's hands nervously, hiding behind Dyon's large frame. At the same time, Amy was conflicted, uncertain of whether she should leave or not. She didn't even notice the astronomical sum brewing in her tips.

Seeing that Dyon didn't respond, Wenwald could only press forward. "I know that this is inconvenient for you, but the quicker we sort this out, the better. A big fuss has already been made, so it's too late to take a step back. Please understand."

The surrounding young geniuses blinked, unable to understand what they were seeing. A mighty comet grade expert was practically.... Groveling?

It couldn't be helped. The senses of those on the soul path were too sharp, especially at Wenwald's level. Maybe the Vice Chairman had come here with fiercer intentions, but meeting Dyon personally completely changed her tune.

Grandmaster Brea wanted to protest, but after seeing the glare the Wenwald sent to her, she could only bury her head in shame.

Truth be told, Dyon was intrigued by how things were unfolding. He didn't know that the relationship between humans and beasts was so... precarious. He probably should have taken the events with the celestial beasts as a clue, though, now that he thought about it.

Dyon's home universe had too energy poor to raise any high-level beasts, so it was no wonder he wasn't used to having to deal with balancing that relationship. The only "beasts" he had known were his master and little brother, not to mention his mother-in-law, which made him see everything with rose colored glasses. He didn't even see them as beasts, he saw them as family.

It was to the point where he didn't even remember half the time that his second wife was half beast. He simply didn't care.

Dyon suddenly laughed. "Isn't this a bit too funny, don't you think? You all handout the Grandmaster title a bit too cheaply."

Brea's large eyes shot up. Seeing the tears streaking down her face and her reddened pupils, Dyon felt kind of bad. But, he was also quite annoyed.

"Are you not all aware that my wife is a beast?"

To Dyon who knew the truth, Ri was only half beast. But, currently, to the world, she was a full fledged kitsune.

Brea and Wenwald were stunned as though a door had just opened up for them. That was right... His wife really is a beast...

At that moment, Brea's face reddened with embarrassment. Had she been too quick to judge? She forgot something so simple...

Even Mia and Bella looked at Dyon in a new light. After all, they had only met Clara, but she was human. That meant that Dyon had other wives they had yet to meet.

Suddenly, the sound of someone clearing their throat cut through the slowly mending atmosphere. At that moment, everyone's gaze couldn't help but turn to the white robed young man.

"We understand the point you're making, but some individuals classify different beasts in different ways. For example, you might see transcendent and the supreme beast your wife is as equal to humans due to the fact they have access to the human path that earth and heaven grade beasts do not. If that's true, you might have no qualms about treating lower grade beasts as frivolous possessions. That's what we're here to stop.

"Also..." The young man's snake-like eyes flashed. "... It isn't as though we're aware of how well you do or don't treat your wife... Your temper had been well documented. Someone so willing to fight such a powerful opponent for the sake of another woman while your own wife is next to you... Should I describe Alexandria Snow as a little too submissive to you? Almost eyebrow raisingly?...

"Now you've shown up in a very public way with two more beautiful women... Simply put, from the outside looking in, it doesn't seem as though you take your wife very seriously. I myself would be quite embarrassed to be your wife."

The temperature of the room seemed to plummet. The words seemed to have a vague, dark and twisted logic to them, yet they were spoken to calmly and without malice that the dissonance made those listening feel more than just uncomfortable...

No matter how uncomfortable they felt, no one dared to question this young man's words because they recognized exactly who he was.

Even without the white robes, his presence seemed to resonate with the air around him. His body almost flickered into and out of existence for those with weak Perception.

His hair was long, resting neatly at his lower back and shimmering despite being a dense black. His brows seemed to be shaped by swords and his eyes were just as piercing as a blade. Anyone who saw him would have to admit that there were very few who could match his handsome exterior, and even less who could match his power.

This young man was a prince of one of the Five Blade families, clans that could only be found in the third ranked Spirit Quadrant. Diasho Ken.

The longer Dyon remained silent, the colder the room seemed to grow. The once bustling store had become so silent that even the legs of an ant running across the ground would have been clear as day.

#### Chapter 1149: Naive

One might wonder why a member of the third ranked quadrant was here, especially one along the soul path far enough to have earned a comet grade evaluation. This was even odder considering those of the Spirit Quadrant were very much known for their combat prowess... It didn't add up.

Well, simply put, those of the spirit quadrant weren't human. Nor were they beasts. They didn't follow the normal rules...

Diasho Ken was not only a comet grade Magic Master and Weapon's Master, he was also one of the Captains of the legendary Heavenly Sword Guild, only a step away from being promoted to Lieutenant.

Although there were 112 Captains, there were only 41 members of the Heavenly Sword Guild that ranked above them. And even among those captains, Diasho Ken ranked in the top 30 and the youngest among all of the active Captains!

Diasho Ken's talent was said to be personally appreciated by their commander, True God Diasho. So much so that he was among the only nine of the guild to be granted a title.

Magic Swordsman, Diasho Ken!

There was a reason that only the Star Force was said to be the Heavenly Sword Guild's match... Although the Demon Generals had raised the eyebrows of many, their feats still needed more time to catch up to those two forces... Especially considering their exploits on the Ancient Battlefield.

Dyon's eyes shifted toward Diasho Ken, scanning him and not missing the twin swords that seemed magically attached to his back. The fact that one was almost 6 feet long while the other was less than 3 was truly eye-catching. But, this odd dual sword style was the moniker of the Diasho family.

Also, considering the Diasho family was a Weapon's Master clan that specialized in forging swords, it also made sense that one of their own would have such a title.

However, what didn't add up was how this Diasho Ken was involved with BPA.

Still, with all of this tension built, it was surprisingly Bella that spoke first.

"How dare you! We were there when D – when he was coddling those beast babies, you weren't! He also treats his wives very well! You're just jealous. We'd choose to be with him a million times out of a million times over you!" Bella's cheeks puffed adorably, very much displaying her irritation.

Mia, clearly flustered, tried to pull her little sister back. Them stepping in might make matters worse, not better. But, she too couldn't stand how this Diasho Ken was spinning the story. Dyon was a person who had risked his life to save soul slaves he had never even met, but now he was suddenly being spun as a person who couldn't even treat his wife right? Ridiculous.

Dyon chuckled at Bella's outburst, rubbing her head before sending the two sisters into the tower. It was obvious that Bella had a few more not so nice words to say, but in the end she obediently left.

Vice Chairman Wenwald became stuck. She didn't know what to do in the face of these two big shots squaring off. The matter should have ended with Dyon's words, but for some reason, Diasho Ken pressed the issue.

"Diasho Ken, huh?" If it wasn't for the twins, Dyon wouldn't have even known his name. Although it was impossible for them to use their abilities on humans, not with their current abilities anyway, they could indirectly scan things like Ken's clothing and swords which would tell them the name of the current owner.

Dyon took a step closer to the so-called Magic Swordsman. "Captain of the Heaven Sword Guild and perpetual lurker of your elder brother's shadow. Truth be told, maybe if he was here instead of you, I

might take his words seriously enough to slap him across the room, but you're not worth of getting banned over."

Diascho Ken's smile faded the more Dyon spoke. He had though he could use Dyon acknowledging that he knew his name to make a snarky remark, but Dyon hadn't given him the chance to.

Resentment flared in Diascho Ken's eyes before abruptly fading. If it wasn't for the fact his brother was the key wielder of their quadrant, he was absolutely certain that it was be him who held the title of True God. Unfortunately, he was born 400 years too late.

Before anyone could realize what was happening and let Dyon's words sink in, he had already made his way to standing less than a foot from Diascho Ken.

The eyes of the two men were completely level, emitting such fierce killing intent that sparks practically flew through the air.

"If you'd like to die, feel free to repeat those words to me again in the tower. I promise you that even if your supposed True God elder brother appears, he wouldn't be able to save you then." Dyon spoke calmly.

"I'm sure after your head is on a pike, your brother will seek revenge. Even if he cares little for you, he'll want to protect his precious name. So then, I'd have to kill him too.

"And then I'm sure your father will become very angry, and your mother, and your grandfathers, and your grandmothers, all until the entire Diascho Clan wants my head.

"Imagine that, your entire clan being eradicated because you wanted to flex your ego." Dyon's eyes seemed to smile with an immense will to slaughter.

By the time Dyon's words faded, he had somehow made his way past Diascho Ken who stood with a sinister smile on his face.

The Magic Swordsman's bloodlust erupted, causing Vice Chairman Wendal to tremble slightly before the aura disappeared completely.

"Huh, what an interesting fellow." Diasho Ken laughed, turning to leave long after Dyon had disappeared into the distance. "Let's see if you still have that bravado when you step onto the celestial floor."

What should have been a large event fizzled out without much of a climax. However, that was only if you were to everything at face value... Those who were willing to dig deeper came out with one conclusion: The Masked Wife Stealer actually threatened to destroy the Diasho Clan if Diasho Ken stepped out of line!

It was clear to everyone involved that after disappearing for almost a year, this mysterious masked man would once more make SNN Headlines.

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"He used a VIP bank card?"

A familiar council of elders gathered. It had been more than ten years since they last coalesced, and back then it was about Clara's invention of the Internet. But, a group that had so infrequently met before somehow found it necessary to meet again on this day...

"According to key witnesses, yes. Such a thing couldn't be faked."

"Then won't it be easy to figure out his identity? There are less than a thousand people total with access to such a card and those qualified are vetted with the utmost seriousness."

"We've already combed through all of the records, it didn't take long, but we didn't find anyone matching his description perfectly. Plus, his mask disallows even us from seeing his true face."

"Still, that narrows down his possible identities, no?"

"Maybe... Maybe not. If this young man is a comet grade expert as he claims, it's possible for him to put protections on it even we can't see through easily."

A snort sounded through the room. "A 6th stage comet grade expert younger than 1000 years old? Don't fuck with me."

"This isn't the most poignant point, nor is it the reason for this meeting. You all may have disdained the creation of the BPA, but you must also understand why it exists.

"Today, in order to avoid conflict, things were left as is with a very thin veil of plausible deniability. The beasts are less likely to raise an uproar considering who this man's wife is, but as you know, some of them simply seek trouble for the sake of trouble..."

The one who was none other than the Guild Head of the Beast Masters. Considering the shimmering moonlight wrapped around his black robes... His ranking was clear.

"If you had cared so much about the trouble he would cause, why didn't you step out to stop him personally?" A golden robed middle-aged woman wrapped in the same beautiful moonlight spoke out. Clearly, she was unhappy about the treatment of her favorite genius, Diasho Ken.

"Because that naïve little girl made a mistake. Reviewing the footage of the incident, I watched him from the moment he entered to the moment he withdrew his beasts to comply with the rules of the tower. Those beast infants might have had white fur, but they had none of the other markers of having their potential forcefully ripped out of them.

## Chapter 1150: Theory

"Plus, have you ever heard of a Dark Beast Master allowing his partners to cling to him like that? What I should be asking you is why your precious disciple decided to provoke him as such. If it weren't for his words, this situation would have blown over completely. But because of him, there's some skepticism."

"Are you saying his words were wrong?" The golden robed elder retorted. "They were wholly sound. He's nothing but a womanizer, who says he treats his wife well?"

The surrounding masters rolled their eyes. The Guild Head of the Magic Masters was like an overprotective mother when it came to Diasho Ken, they weren't even related. It was too ridiculous.

"His words were as flagrant as if I assumed you were robbing a baby's cradle every time you spoke about Diasho Ken." The purple robed Guild Head of the Poison Masters giggled through his hoarse voice, coughing lightly.

"What did you say to me?!"

"I'm just saying that if a Master-Student sex scandal came out revolving around you two, I wouldn't be surprised, hehe."

"You!" Magic circles erupted around the Guild Head. The surge of energy was so powerful that the tower floor they were on threatened to collapse despite the ridiculous number of reinforcements.

"Calm your rage and ease up on the nonsense, Fel." The Guild Head of the Beast Master's stepped in.

"If his beasts weren't tortured, then what is the reason for their white fur?" An azure robed elder interjected, hoping to change the subject.

"It's hard to tell... It's possible that this was change evoked by his blood fusing with theirs and connected to a special bloodline he has himself. It's also possible that he's used precious plants in their growth as well."

"Precious plants? Weren't they mere Earth Grade beasts? Why?" Another elder injected.

"I we can't be certain of that. After all, even with our soul strength, we can't see through his Mask's masking ability. We likely only see what he wants us to see. The trouble with all of this is that if the beasts become interested enough in his methods due to this story blowing up, they'll definitely use the excuse your precious disciple laid out for them.

"This would have been swept under the rug if Diasho Ken's threat never happened, because then it wouldn't have been worthy of SNN."

The room became silent. It was only now they understood what the problem was. Anyone with half a brain would realize that Dyon hadn't tortured his partners... But, a beast clan would definitely become very much interested in the methods he used to purify his partners to such an extent and might even pressure BPA into taking action lest they declare a righteous war on the humans.

If that happened... The most glaring problem wouldn't be here in their homelands, but rather... On the Ancient Battlefield...

While all of this was happening, Dyon was completely oblivious.

He had already made his way to Celestial Deer Corner and had entered the cultivation room directly beside Clara's. It was time to awaken his constitutions.

Before Dyon began, he couldn't help but sigh. Originally, he had gone to Sapientia Quadrant planning to not only buy the materials needed for the constitution awakening pill, but also for the [Barrier Breaking Pill] needed to cure his mother-in-law.

Even now Dyon trembled in rage thinking about the torture Ri's mother must have gone through... To even have her tails ripped out in such a way and being forced into her beast form... It was too cruel.

Of course, Dyon paid back Loki many times over for his evil, but something within Dyon couldn't help but feel that Loki was just a symptom. He wouldn't feel right until the entire Ragnor Empire was crushed beneath his feet.

Their list of evil deeds was simply too long... Whether that be sacrificing newborns for the sake of chaining their faith seed wielders with karma, or torturing their own auxiliary clans like the Ipsum and Saeclum, just to use them as sacrificial pawns, or being instrumental in the plans of the entity... Any one of those things was enough for Dyon to destroy them to their roots, yet they had been responsible for all of them.

Dyon hadn't been there, but he remembered listening to the stories of what happened while he was fighting Loki and Elder Daiyu... The Ragnor had actually been cruel to the point of turning fallen comrades into puppets and meat shields... This was the kind of clan that was capable of raising someone

like Tammy, who had once been pure of heart, into someone willing to facilitate the rape of their only friend...

Dyon's hate for the Ragnor ran deeper than even his will to uproot the Pakal clan...

Unfortunately, the barrier breaking pill was a comet grade pill. Although Dyon was confident in concocting it, the problem was the procuring the materials. He had planned on going back after raising his funds a bit more, but considering what happened during his visit, it would probably be best if he didn't go back for a while.

Although Dyon hadn't spent much time with his mother-in-law, the fact Ri cared for her was enough reason for him to go all out. Still, even if that wasn't the case, Kawa had always been kind and caring toward him.

'My reach is still too limited...' Dyon looked at the materials laid out before him, sighing once more.

When Dyon had given Amy the list of materials he needed, he purposely included some of the materials he could currently afford for the barrier breaking pill. After all, he had made a big show of calling out their current pill formulas, so he wouldn't just hand them half of his own.

Although he doubted they had the skill necessary to concoct it, especially since Madeleine's mother couldn't even concoct a master grade pill, it was better to be safe than sorry.

"We won't bother you if we watch, will we?" Mia asked doubtfully as Sen rubbed his hairy little face into her chest. She knew that Dyon brought them out so they wouldn't be cooped up, but didn't alchemists need absolute quiet to work?

Dyon chuckled. "It's only a Master grade pill, I could finish it with my hands tied behind my back. Don't worry about it."

Hearing this, the twins relaxed, their blue eyes sparkling with curiosity as Dyon began.

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BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

"That little bastard dared to appear so casually! He doesn't take my Void Clan seriously, now does he?!"

A black robed elder raged, shaking Void Palace to its core. Dense black energy emitted from his hands as crater after crater appeared in the once sturdy foundation.

It had already been more than half a year since the events of the valley of geniuses. Yet, the kitsune had still gotten no word of what had happened to their geniuses. Although it might be true that they had other geniuses, Aki was the only nine tails they had had for several generations. Other than the current dao formation experts they had, and three celestial realm geniuses, they had no others. Losing him was unacceptable!

Even worse than all of this, Gin had fallen from the ranks of eight tails, to seven, something that made the Patriarch of the Jikan Clan rage so fiercely that he suffered backlash during cultivation. Only the Heaven Clan's Patriarch felt like a weight had been lifted off of his shoulders, maybe because he thought that he had lost an eight tails in Masako, but Dyon had actually revived her before the worst.

With the anger of the three leading clans flamed to such a level, the lower level kitsune could only duck their heads and remain silent, hoping that none of this anger would be directed toward them. Still, the Snow Clan wasn't so lucky...

Of course, the Kitsune didn't dare to go too far since their geniuses were still in Dyon's hands, but that didn't mean they did absolutely nothing. It was just unfortunate for them that Ri and Dyon cared little for the plights of the Snow Clan.

In addition, Ri's grandparents had never been connected to Ri. This was because the origins of Ri had been kept a secret this whole time. Plus, for obvious reasons, the Snow Clan didn't dare to reveal this information either, lest Ri turn her anger on them as well.

"Instead of breaking everything like a madman..." The Golden Tailed Patriarch of the Heaven Clan stepped forward. "... How about you listen to this interesting theory of mine?"