

The Nameless 1181

Chapter 1181: Stop!

"Good. Good. Good. Secure the entrances and prepare to break in." Head Void's mood hadn't been so good in thousands of years. Not only would he receive a divine grade technique, he'd also receive a supreme grade treasure and get revenge all in a single day? This trip was more than worth the three months he wasted.

"Stop for now, boy." Head Void spoke directly to Dyon. "This will take weeks at your pitiful pace and I'd like to deal with a few matters first."

Dyon grit his teeth. The situation couldn't have been worse.

Head Void was alert again the moment he didn't follow his instructions immediately. The academy pocket dimensions had been found. And his life was still in danger as Head Void's vice grip tightened around his neck.

"I said, stop." Head Void roared.

Dyon sighed inwardly. It seemed that nothing would allow his life to be easy.

"[DEVOUR]!" Dyon's soul strength surged in an instant, sucking away large portions of Head Void's Mind's Eye.

A howl of pain escaped the family head's lips, immediately alerting the seven kitsune who surged toward his voice the moment they heard it.

Head Void fought back, tearing Dyon's soul apart, piece by piece. It was simply impossible to attack with the soul and escape unscathed. The only reason Dyon didn't die instant was because his soul was hundreds of times more powerful than Head Void's!

"Your soul?!" Akuno Void raged. "You dare trick me?!"

The pressure on Dyon's neck increased to inconceivable levels. If Head Void had the physical strength a dao formation expert should have, his head would have already been separated from his neck many times over.

Dyon roared with all his might, unleashing the Tree of Life and Death for the first time in decades.

A beautiful crystalline tree appeared in the air, shimmering with an ominous aura. Its root surged forward, piercing into Head Void's body with all its might.

Under normal circumstances, even if Dyon was a hundred times more powerful he had no chance of piercing the protective layer dao formation experts had. Enigmatic energy was too thick and too powerful for him to even remotely grasp the concept of. However, Head Void's mind had been thrown into chaos the moment Dyon launched his devouring assault.

Yet, despite all of that, the beautiful crystalline roots barely penetrated a half a centimeter into his tough exterior... Dyon had no choice but to accept it and grit his teeth.

From the outside looking in, this was suicide. A mere essence gatherer, devouring the energy cultivation of dao formation expert? He was simply asking to explode. But, that was where the Energy Core came in.

Dyon's body was immediately bombarded with energy he had no hope in controlling. His organs sheered apart, his bones shatter, even his supposedly tough skin broken apart in hundreds of places.

Still, he pressed forward, sucking Head Void's cultivation toward himself as quickly as he could before funneling it all toward the Energy Core.

His inner world shook as the powerful energy swirled with it. Its cracked, dry lands sheering apart into fine dust particles.

It was at that moment that Head Void roared. "Die!"

SNAP!

The sickening sound of a spine breaking in half resounded through the Elvin Island as Dyon's head was tilted at an angle only a dead man could match.

An enraged Head Void threw his body toward the Palace rubble, completely incensed. He had lost his mind in anger so severely that he completely forgot about the divine grade technique he had been so excited about. He was hoping that Dyon would fear for his life enough to stop devouring his soul and energy cultivation, but the bastard just kept going as though he didn't care about his life!

The seven kitsune finally made it back to their family head. Looking at the haggard and weak appearance of Head Void, none of them dared to speak a word.

Akuno's breath was rough. His loss in energy cultivation was negligible, but the loss to his soul was something he couldn't ignore. He had only just barely made it to the celestial realm, but he had just now fallen to the essence realm in just a few fractions of a second! If he had held on for any longer, Dyon would have killed him!

"DAMMIT!" Head Void roared, causing the buildings around him to collapse. Even the island itself sank deeper into the ocean, forcing waves of salty water to assault the streets of Elvin Kingdom.

It was at that moment that the supposedly dead Dyon stood, a blaze of white fire lighting around him as he straightened his neck.

He rose into the air with a severe glint in his eye, completely shocking the kitsune who thought he was long dead.

'Having an undead body is quite helpful... I wish I didn't have to use it though...' Dyon thought to himself as he leveled out with the kitsune. They were so shocked by his appearance that they didn't even dare to attack.

In mere moments, Dyon's body was healed to the point where it seemed as though he had just awakened from a good night's rest.

Seeing that the kitsune were finally snapping out of their stupor and were gearing to attack him, Dyon held up a finger, telling them to wait a moment. In the next instant, a perfectly healthy Aki Void appeared beside him before kneeling in the air obediently.

"Aki!" Head Void was astonished.

"Grandfather!" Aki pitifully called out, but he couldn't move on his own for obvious reasons.

Head Void reached out with his energy, suppressing Dyon's movement. He thought that the matter would end here and he could finally take his grandson back. He was even sneering at Dyon underestimating the prowess of dao formation experts. However, he could only watch in shock as Dyon waved his hand once again, causing Aki to disappear once more.

"Give me my grandson back or I'll kill you!" Head Void roared.

"Currently," Dyon began with a casual expression, "Aki is being held within spatial ring, which is why no matter how much you try, you can't sense him."

The kitsune immediately tried and failed. It was clear that Dyon was telling the truth.

"The ring has a self-destruction array attached to it. The moment I die, the ring will implode, causing not only Aki, but also the other two geniuses to die as well." Dyon continued.

This wasn't the entire truth. In reality, the three kitsune geniuses were within the shrunken demon sage tower. Dyon placed the tower within his inner world, effectively stopping the kitsune from sensing them.

However, his words weren't entirely lies. If he died, his inner world would collapse. If it collapsed, everything within it would be destroyed. The reason Dyon went with this explanation instead was that it was easier to grasp, understand and accept.

"Do you think that's enough to stop us from dealing with you? If I have to confine you for thousands of years, that's what I'll do!" Head Void roared.

Dyon shook his head. "I'm telling you this so that when what happens next, happens, you'll know to go all out and protect me."

"Protect you?!" The kitsune sneered at Dyon's words.

However, Dyon only nodded and continued. "Of course, protect me. Because if you don't, well... Your precious geniuses will die."

A grin spread across Dyon's features as an ominous feeling overwhelmed the kitsune.

A surge of saint energy flooded out of Dyon's Energy Core and into the world, rapidly cleansing Dyon's body before entering his meridians.

The audible sound of something shattering reverberated through the world as Dyon seamlessly broke into sainthood with an ease that would astonish even the world's greatest geniuses.

Earth trembled and the skies quaked.

"STOP, STOP THIS INSTANT!" The kitsune panicked when they realized what Dyon was trying to do, but it was already too late....

A tribulation was descending...

The kitsune looked up and into the skies, completely distraught. They wanted to simply kill Dyon, hoping that that would end the tribulation, but they knew better than that. Now that they were in the vicinity, there were only two options: pass or die along with Dyon. If Dyon died, the option for passing would be gone, and so would their lives.

Dyon wasn't the first in history to think of such a suicide tactic, but that was exactly what it was: suicide. Not only would the difficulty of the trial be raised in direct proportion to the number of individuals present, it would also take their cultivation into account. The moment Head Void was involved, was the moment that their deaths were sealed!

Not only had this become a tribulation for dao formation experts, it was multiplied by all of whom were present. There was nothing but death waiting for them!

However, there was one thing Dyon was banking on. Although the difficulty would be scaled up to the power of a dao formation expert, he believed he had found a loophole.

Chapter 1182: Wings

When he was speaking with the twins, learning every detail about tribulations he could, he learned something interesting: the heavens decided the complexity of your tribulation based on the energy cultivation of the one triggering it. This meant that even if the power of his tribulation scaled to a dao formation expert times the nine of them here, it would be created with saint level energy and comprehension.

The reason Dyon found this point to be worth risking his life over was because his undead body was restricted by only two things: his stamina and comprehension.

He could be restricted in two ways: running out of energy to sustain his life, or encountering an attack that transcended or matched his comprehension of death. This comprehension could be in regard to type of energy or level of will. For example, Dyon's death intent was of the ninth level, this meant that he could survive celestial energy laced attacks below a certain threshold, but he would die to enigmatic energy laced attacks if fatal. This same concept was true of intent level wills versus dao level wills.

The good news was that Dyon's death will was a supreme law, meaning that it was resistant even to normal dao wills and weaker enigmatic energy laced attacks. However, there was, obviously, a limit to everything.

Knowing this, it was also obvious that he was able to survive Head Void snapping his neck because it was a purely physical attack without enigmatic energy or will qi.

If this tribulation was restricted to saint energy as a saint tribulation should be, then Dyon had a chance to survive as long as he grasped it.

"You fool!" The Elders of the Void Clan raged along with Head Void, completely unable to get a hold of their own emotions.

Dyon was no longer paying attention to their temper tantrum. Instead, he immediately slipped into his first phase selfless state.

Isla floated around in his Mind's Eye curiously, her job finished. Although Dyon had taken damage to his soul, he had something others did not: The Soul Tome.

When Dyon burned his soul, his wives had tried to use the soul tome in order to heal him. However, they mistakenly assumed that since there was no progress that the soul tome wouldn't work in such severe cases, but this wasn't true.

If given enough time, the soul tome could have healed Dyon's soul, it's just that it would have take a few decades to even a few centuries. The burning of a soul as talented as Dyon's simply took too long to heal, even with the soul tome.

However, the damage Head Void had done to his soul was negligible in comparison to that. Plus, given the amplification abilities of his white flames and Dyon felt like he was in tip-top shape. That said... he didn't relax even a bit.

The skies above their heads trembled with a fierce might as the world darkened. What once was a bright afternoon day became as somber as a moonless night.

Dark gold clouds began to roll overhead as though the heavens were snorting at them in disdain. These fools dared to challenge its authority? To ask for help during a tribulation was a massive taboo.

In response, the clouds rolled even fiercer, its dark gold body rumbling with added intensity.

Dyon's hand flashed as the Dragon King appeared and wrapped around his wrist. A small golden flash made its presence known soon after, hovering around Dyon in the shape of a soft cornered triangle. The Half-Step Emperor Scale had once more made an appearance, flickering with royal blue light of Dyon's runic flames with only the slightest hint of rose-bronze flakes.

The momentum of Dyon's concentration and aura snapped the attention of the kitsune away from the accumulating tribulation. His shirt burst apart, allowing the grace of his winged tattoos to shine a beacon under the darkened day.

In the face of a tribulation many cowered under, Dyon had no intention of dying.

'Who is this boy?' Head Void's eyes sharpened as he witnessed Dyon's demeanor. Never did he think he'd ever be focused on such a thing when his very life was hanging in the balance.

Dyon's breath slowed, his every inhale and exhale sounding like the low growl of a sleeping dragon...

It was then that it descended from the skies. Nine distinct weapons... sharper than anything Dyon had ever seen before.

His very first challenge already touched upon the legendary energy tribulation.

The weapons slowly broke through the dark gold clouds as the ocean below roared. What was left of the Elvin Island had completely disappeared under the assault of tsunami walls several kilometers high. Had Dyon not been in the sky, he too would have been caught up in the destruction.

Nine pristine silhouettes, reaching the pinnacle of perfection appeared and hovered, vibrating with a blinding light.

The sword. The saber. The staff. The spear. The bow. The halberd. The glaive. The axe. And the knife.

Head Void trembled. "This tribulation... We're doomed..."

It was only now that Head Void understood that Dyon's tribulation wasn't simply difficult because they were there. If that was the case, Dyon would have evoked a relatively benign tribulation like that Three-Nine-Lightning-Tribulation or maybe the Six-Nine-Lightning-Tribulation. Those two appeared the most frequently and were fitting for a normal saint tribulation.

The only difference this time would be the power of the lightning strikes. But, for a tribulation of this caliber to appear... It only meant a single thing: Dyon's talent was overwhelming enough to force a tribulation that hadn't appeared since ancient times to do so.

Head Void shakily turned toward Dyon. "Y-you're an inheritor of the War God's will and yet you still did this?! Do you have a death wish?!"

No matter how much Head Void yelled and berated Dyon, Dyon himself didn't hear a single word. His body had entered a state of absolute tranquility. Completely oblivious of the plight of the kitsune and completely uncaring.

He realized one thing about this tribulation. The weapons themselves reached such a level of perfection that he couldn't match. Normally, his weapon's pagoda could replicate any weapon in existence, but no matter how hard he searched, he couldn't find the perfect match for these weapons. Even the Dragon King seemed incapable of perfectly replicating them.

They carried an unmatched essence. All weapons were descended from these nine, and their Presence showed it.

In truth, Dyon was extremely lucky to receive this trial during his sainthood breakthrough. If he had received it during his attempt to enter the dao formation realm, his death would be all but certain. This is because these nine weapons would be allowed to enter the pinnacle of the mortal realm at that point...

Yet, this opportunity and blessing from the heavens was squandered by Dyon evoking the tribulation in the presence of a dao formation expert. What should have been a unique challenge, but otherworldly opportunity, had become a struggle of life and death.

However... Dyon remained calm.

'It's not that I can't perfectly replicate the form of the weapons... It's that their Presence is not allowing me to... If I meet any one of these weapons with a tangible weapon of my own, no matter what grade it is, it will bow down and shatter... I must forge the weapon I use for this trial with my own will...'

A deep rumbling erupted from Dyon's chest as he retracted the Dragon King from its weapon form. Soon, four beautiful golden pairs of wings bloomed from his back before they were all instantly covered by a fearsome black armor. Head Void was so distracted by the coming danger that he didn't even notice the familiarity of Dyon's gold wings.

Chapter 1183: Will

Dyon became covered head to toe in an intricately forged Dragon armor. Metallic feathers diligently coated every detail of his wings and his head became hidden in a dark, knight's helmet with an opaque visor over his eyes.

The Dragon Scale grew explosively in size, hovering over Dyon's left forearm like a magically connected shield.

His Presence was overwhelming, his momentum was unstoppable, and his confidence was unshakeable.

It was then that the ax, the weapon furthest to the right shook. Its double headed blade vibrated aggressively as the shadow of a man standing more than ten meters tall grasped its handle.

In the next moment, one man became nine before shooting forward as a speed only someone who had entered the dao formation realm could match.

The seven kitsune panicked, each pulling out a weapon of their own to meet the large man. It was only Head Void, the eighth kitsune, who didn't bother. He knew the truth about this tribulation and any weapon would shatter on contact... His fellow clansmen were doomed..

"[Titan Emperor's Will – Act One: Stage One]." Dyon's voice boomed, his body increasing in height to perfectly match the on coming giant.

A pagoda of black and red manifested behind him, perfectly melding into the darkened sky as a blinding light followed the opening of its doors.

The aura of a peak Spiritual grade ax flew into Dyon's hand, its illusory and dark body shimmering with the fierce will to do battle.

Dyon's divine sense bloomed to its peak. This Giant might be moving too fast for his body to react, but his soul picked up on its every movement.

What once was hundreds of meters suddenly became half of that, then a quarter. In an instant, the Giants were upon them.

Dyon's soul clearly felt the battle ax arcing toward him with a strength of thousands of men. His mind became tranquil as the rhythmic shattering of the Dragon King's seals rang in his ears.

His runic flames blazed, expanding the size of the dragon scale to several tens of meters toward the oncoming blade as he swung his own.

However... The beautiful counterattack he was imagining never occurred. The battle axe that had just been coming from the left suddenly disappeared and entered the Giants right hand... It was too late to dodge as the blade slashed into Dyon's right side, shattering all of the bones on half of his body.

In that moment, nine were attacked and nine showers of blood rained downward as nine bodies slammed into the ocean below.

Not even a second later, the nine giants fused, becoming two...

Dyon shot out of the ocean, coughing up buckets of blood, soon to be followed by Head Void. It was clear the both of them knew fighting in the water would only be a detriment. Yet, when Head Void looked around to see that his seven Clansmen were nowhere to be seen, a mournful cry escaped his lips as he turned eyes reddened with anger toward Dyon.

Head Void was a complete mess. Unlike Dyon, he didn't have armor rivalling supreme grade treasures protecting him nor did he have 10 years worth of accumulated and stored energy from a bull-bird. So, his left arm lay useless to one side. But, clearly, the damage he sustained was far less than Dyon. Unfortunately for him, Dyon's damage didn't last for long.

A blaze of white fire coated Dyon's black armor, giving him a beautiful appearance that seemed out of place in the bleak atmosphere.

In that one exchange, not only his bones, but half of his heart was obliterated into nothingness. By all rights, he should have died.

The Dragon King was very good at imitating weapons and armors, but it couldn't grasp the essence of them. It was for this reason that other than sharpness and durability, the Dragon King seemed like any ordinary weapon. It didn't even have the normal weight a weapon of such caliber should have until its seals were undone.

A true supreme grade armor would be able to disperse and reflect damage, some could even multiply and rebound attacks levied toward them. However, the Dragon King could only block.

Considering that it wasn't even remotely scratched even by that powerful strike, the vessel itself was impeccable even without hidden abilities. But, that wasn't enough.

Dyon fell out of his selfless state before rolling his eyes. 'Can't you be more helpful, Old Lizard? Who'd have thought that you would be so useless. It's no wonder Elder Daiyu and Loki almost killed me so many times.'

An ancient snort resounded through Dyon's mind. 'Even with the prowess of your body right now, you should understand that the weapon I forged is of the Energy Path. You can barely use 1% of its strength.'

'So what?' Dyon rebutted. 'Even if it gets heavier and sharper, it's useless. What kind of armor only protects itself?'

The two were having a spat, completely oblivious to the danger of the situation. Let alone the axe wielding Giant, Dyon had 8 more opponents to defeat. It also didn't escape his attention that the number of giants had decreased, likely meaning that they had fused and were even more powerful than before. The moment Head Void died, Dyon would be facing an opponent nine times as powerful as the one who nearly killed him in a single strike.

'How dare you look down on me? This weapon was forged with the Reverse Scale of a mighty Black Dragon. I am the Dragon King!'

'Is it? Then where's your Dragon Soul?' Dyon asked. He suddenly understood why the Dragon King could expand almost endlessly, even perfectly covering his ten-meter-tall body. If this weapon was forged by his reverse scale, even if Dyon grew hundreds of meters tall it wouldn't be enough. 'And why is yours of the Energy Path while this gold scale uses my body path flames to work?'

'I still have a portion of my Dragon Soul, I used it to help you against Elder Daiyu before he undid the seals on himself and it became useless. But, it's severely weakened in this state. The concept is the same as why that gold scale is of the half-step emperor grade, just like I was when I forged this weapon, yet you can't make use of it.'

Dyon fell into contemplation. The half-step emperor dragon soul may seem like nothing to Dyon considering he had an Emperor level Presence, but this thinking was wrong. Dragon Souls were the embodiment of sovereignty, and as such, were on a much higher level.

The True Gods of the Drago-Qilin Lands only had half-step King Dragon Souls, yet they were superior to human geniuses with King level Presences. The human equivalent to a dragon's half-step emperor was actually half-step God Presence!

'Unless I take over your body, I can't recover my Dragon Soul to perfection. It's the same for that bastard.' The Dragon King spoke, clearly referring to the golden scale hovering around Dyon's left arm. 'As for why we are of different paths, his reverse scale is still in its original condition, but I needed to access the energy path in order to sustain my soul here. Since he did not, it's why his soul is long gone. Without a body, it's impossible to sustain a soul with a weapon following the body path. But, energy is all around us, so there's plenty here to sustain my soul.'

'This is all nonsense.' Dyon said, clearly still unsatisfied. 'You're just drowning me in all of this to hide from the fact you're useless.'

'You're a fool.' The Dragon King snorted. 'Haven't you understood the purpose of this trial yet? Your understanding of weapons and armors is shallow. You believe that understanding a weapon will be just as simple as having a slight amplification to its output strength?'

'What does it mean to understand sword qi? How does this differ from understanding saber qi? Or spear qi?'

Dyon's eyes glowed. 'You mean that ability where his axe switched hands yet somehow didn't lose any momentum?'

The Dragon King snorted, but said nothing more, going back to its nap.

However, that was all Dyon needed. The Dragon King's armor was useless to Dyon, but that wasn't the case for the Dragon King. If he had the ability to take over Dyon's body, the strength of him wielding this weapon would be beyond Dyon's imagination. And there was only a single reason why... An answer that seemed to revolve around the center of all that was in the Universe: Will.

Chapter 1184: Leave Me Be!

Dyon's conversation with the Dragon King lasted all of a split second. Their minds processed information at such a fast pace that the hole of a sinking water Dyon had burst from was nowhere near closing.

In the next moment, Dyon's black armor began to shine with a crystalline blue light. The combination of black, gorgeous blues, and the white flames that danced across his body made him look like a God descended from the skies.

'He really does carry the will of the War God...' Head Void grit his teeth. Just who was this young man? What had he gotten himself into?!

"Hey old man." Dyon's voice reverberated across the sea. "If you want to survive, obediently become my slave. If you want to die, feel free to ignore my words."

Dyon said no more, shooting toward the Giants on his own as a brilliant half-step dao array, shining with light blues appeared at his back.

'Ninth level intent?!'

Head Void was wrong. Dyon's Weapon's Master will was only at the 9th will level. However, for some reason, still unknown to Dyon, it manifested itself as a half-step dao.

This is exactly the reason why Dyon was so lucky to receive this challenge now. Consider for a moment if this was a dao formation trial. In that case, instead of being equated to 4th level intents like this trial was now, it would be the equivalent of the power the Weapon's Master will would have at that 1st dao level.

If the will level of this will was equivalent to an intent... And the intent level of this will was equivalent to a dao... Then what would the dao level be equivalent to? It would be something that transcended the mortal plane of existence...

The dense energy in Dyon's meridians churned, surging into his armor. The blinding lights of the silver mirror constitution made their will known.

There were three defensive constitutions that rose above the rest. The durability of Dyon's Titan Diamond body was simply on another level entirely. Any other lower celestial who faced the strength of a dao formation expert would have had his body turn to an eruption of blood even with the help of the Dragon King. Yet, Dyon's bones and organs only sheered apart partially.

However, despite being a Heaven Grade constitution, the silver mirror constitution was even better in defense. It was just that the Titan Diamond Body had many other aspects that resulted in its God Grade.

Dyon didn't choose a Giant, instead, he swung his axe toward them both. His eight wings stretched outward more than twenty meters, his body towered at over ten meters, and above his head, his manifestations appeared into the world.

His eyes glimmered with violet, red and blue star lights, evoking the will of Asura's Eyes. Six black-gold halos hovered to his back, rotating to allow a god-like eye to rest at the very top.

At the same time, his battle axe expanded in size. Its handle lengthened to over five meters in length and its twin blades dwarfed half the size of Dyon's enormous body even as intricate half-step daos lit the world afire behind Dyon.

It was then that Dyon finally clashed with the Giants. However, without any suspense, his arm shattered into a mist of blood only held together by the dragon armor that coated it.

The second Giant completely ignored Dyon, as though he wasn't worth its time, surging toward Head Void.

'Isla, I need your help.' Dyon spoke into his Mind's Eye. 'My soul stamina will last for a long time, weeks even, if necessary. I need you to focus on recovering my Mental Energy. I can't sustain what I'm about to do without you!'

This time, Dyon didn't fly away from the blow. He purposely stood his ground, using his silver mirror constitution to contain the blow in his arm before immediately healing himself to face a second round of strikes.

The Giant seemed almost too adept at battle. Those who used axes were stereotyped as meat heads who only knew one direction: forward. Yet, this giant had a nimble and clever fighting style that almost killed Dyon with every strike.

His axe seemed to be as light as feather when he moved it, but it struck with the weight of millions of jin. Whenever he switched hands, the momentum of his previous strike wasn't lost, so it was as though he had double the time to power his blow. And, even worse, Dyon could see a path to victory.

Every blow he took, he would concentrate it into a single part of his body, withstanding the pain of having his limbs erupt into a mist of blood time and time again. The blows the giant was emitting were so fierce that the silver mirror constitution's reflection ability couldn't hold on...

Under normal circumstances, Dyon would have received a blessing of saint energy first, filling a portion or all of his first 9 meridians, before being given a tribulation. But, it seemed that the universe withheld this award due to his "cheating". Because of this, he was stuck with essence energy...

Still, his vitality was seemingly endless. Not only did his Titan Diamond Body increase his vitality to Godly levels, his death will made it so that his life could be sustained with even the minimum amount of vitality available. The combination made Dyon like an undying Emperor, facing the enemy of his life.

Dyon took a deep breath. 'Second Stage Selfless State...'

The world suddenly opened up to him. The movements of the Giant became even slower and Dyon could almost see the laws of the universe being written into existence.

Dyon swung his axe. At that moment, he didn't notice it, but there was a subtle change reaching back toward the ancient vicissitudes of martial arts.

Dyon hadn't noticed until now, but this avatar of sorts that he was facing, didn't use any energy or qi. Somehow, he had reached into the depths of what it meant to be an axe wielder to the point where he became the very embodiment of its will.

The Giant calmly watched the arc of Dyon's swing. It didn't have any emotions, so it couldn't be surprised. It simply reached forward to block...

However, that was when the axe disappeared from Dyon's hand, entering his left and becoming coated in a blaze of black flames.

BOOM!

Dyon's axe sliced the Giant completely in half. It was at that point that Dyon understood how to defeat this trial even as the Giant fused back into one.

'My attack was still lacking.' Dyon grunted as his arm once again erupted into a mist of blood, second torrents of crimson liquid flying from the creases within the Dragon Armor.

Before the trials even began, Dyon's intuition told him that no weapon would have a chance of surviving against these avatars. At that point, the goal of the trial seemed clear. Since these pinnacle weapons were so perfect that no weapon could survive against them, then all Dyon had to do was raise his own weapon's level to supersede theirs. As long as their weapon was shattered, this would all come to an end.

However, something like this was easier said than done. But, it was easier than what it could have been at the same time.

Due to the fact that this was a saint trial, Dyon only had to master control of his weapons to a saint level to win. This was the equivalent of the 4th intent level, or, rather, a 4th will level in this case. It was possible! He could do it!

While others might fall into despair thinking about how there were still eight more impossible mountains to climb, Dyon's eyes shone with a fierce light.

What he didn't know was that in a world filled with fog, a pale Ri sat cross-legged, bleeding from her seven orifices as she struggled to sustain Isla's output of power.

Dyon's mental energy drained completely every split second, only for Isla to step in once more with a saddened expression to refill it again.

To call this selfless state of Dyon's the second stage was disingenuous. It was more accurate to say that this state was the equivalent of Dyon's third stage selfless state except without the support of his life force to sustain it. This meant that what Ri was doing was the equivalent of what Dyon had done just months earlier...

At that moment, an ancient voice spoke into Ri's mind as the large, dark gold tree at the center of the fairy-like kingdom vibrated gently.

"Are you sure you want to do this?"

Ri ignored the elves that sat around her, refusing to move as she continued to funnel her strength to Dyon.

"The Elvin Queen was just born, it would be a shame if you died just days later." The World Tree spoke once more, seeing that Ri didn't answer.

'Elves have three times the life span of humans.' Ri said stubbornly. 'I can afford to give up one or even two life spans, leave me be!'

Chapter 1185: Ridiculous!

The World Tree fell into silence, hearing the irritation in Ri's voice. Although Ri probably wouldn't care, The World Tree had never been spoken to like this in its long existence. Even the previous Elvin Queens had never dared to do so... It seemed this new queen had quite the fiery personality.

It sighed. 'If you had awakened me earlier, you might have been able to mobilize the power of this world by now... then you wouldn't need to use your life span on something as petty as revitalizing mental energy. But you were stubborn then and you're stubborn now. I'll let it go for now, but only because Elvin Queens don't have three times the life span of humans, it's closer to thirty times...' The World Tree's sigh deepened. 'I'll do you this favor since he is your King...'

After mumbling to itself, The World Tree fell into silence.

Dyon was completely oblivious to all of this. Maybe if he spent just a moment thinking about it, something like this should have been obvious to him. But, he was so focused on surviving that the thought hadn't even crossed his mind.

However, this was truly curious. The twins had said that even they couldn't escape the detection of the heavens. Yet, Dyon was receiving help from Ri. Not only that, but the Kitsune geniuses were hidden in his inner world. That said, Dyon wasn't thinking about any of this either... If he did, he'd have The World Tree to thank again...

As Dyon fell into a rhythm of gritting his teeth in pain and swinging his axe, he couldn't hear the strained roars of the kitsune Head behind him.

Head Void was struggling even more severely than Dyon. Not only did he not have a selfless state, he wasn't adept at using weapons. He could only run and defend, before getting blown away, only for it all to repeat once more.

The sound of Dyon's words reverberated in his ears, but his pride refused to allow him to accept defeat. It wasn't until he saw Dyon cut the Giant in half not once, not twice, but over ten times that he suddenly felt everything was crashing down around him.

He understood more about this trial than even Dyon did because he had stumbled upon an ancient text about it, so he knew how he was meant to pass. But, he simply couldn't execute it.

The Giant Dyon faced grew dimmer and dimmer as Dyon's axe wielding became more and more profound.

The angles of his wrist moved with an elegant flair. What started out as him maintaining less than 5% of the momentum of his swing when he switched hands became 10%, then 20%.

Almost in reverse, his clumsy movements became elegant, before slowly becoming so simple that he seemed like a complete beginning.

Dyon was slowly capturing the true nature of the axe... In his mind, the Giant before him was becoming no more than a log of wood...

... It was at that moment the Giants shattered and the Staff began to vibrate.

Before the Giants disappeared

Dyon's axe careened forward with ever growing fluidity. He could almost feel the weapon becoming one with himself.

He suddenly understood that his understanding of weapon's wills was too shallow. What did it mean to comprehend sword qi? Or the qi of a battle axe? Was it really as simple as an added power boost or sharpener?

Until now, that's all Dyon saw weapon qi as. However, this taught experience taught him differently.

On the surface, the ability of this Giant was to switch the handedness of his weapon in an instant. It was simple and straight forward, just like one might expect from an axe wielder, but on a deeper level... There was something Dyon was missing.

Dyon's arm once more gave way and became a cloud of minced meat and shredded bones before a blaze of white flames quickly healed it.

Not only could this axe wielder switch hands seamlessly, the momentum he had gained was never lost. However, it still wasn't so simple.

This ability to continuously carry over and accelerate momentum was maintained even when the Giant subtly changed the angle of his swing.

Somehow, it had incorporated the swift and nimble nature of a flexible sword into the aura of an axe. It was truly mystifying.

Dyon fell deeper and deeper into contemplation. He almost couldn't feel that pain of his limbs being torn apart anymore as the bull-bird's energy steadily depleted.

'The key lesson here isn't about a magical ability to switch hands... It's about momentum...' Dyon's breath grew hotter, turning into a cloud of fog under the cold and salty ocean air.

The process of switching the axe from hand to hand was simple to Dyon. Because the trials were restricted to sainthood levels, these avatars didn't have the ability to restrict space. However, although Dyon was able to get a hit in by using his spatial will, this wasn't the correct way to do things.

The secret wasn't to imitate the giant by using other means, it was to become a reflection of the giant using its very means.

'The ability to switch hands isn't hidden within spatial will... It's hidden within the axe's will itself...'

Sometimes, things that seem simple on the outside are actually incredibly difficult in reality. One of these things was chopping wood...

For a novice, even chopping a single log can be a long and arduous task... It's not simply about how much power you put into it, but it was about understanding the grain of wood and where to apply that power. It was about sensing the subtle differences between blocks of wood and using said differences to your advantage. It was also about properly applying that power with a steady and controlled momentum, shifting the positions of your wrist and body to seamlessly achieve the best result.

'That's it...!' A door seemed to open in Dyon's mind as the brilliant royal blue array spanning a hundred meters behind him shone gained a level of brightness, becoming slightly less illusory.

Dyon's arm swung downward, an ancient aura emanating from his every movement before the axe suddenly switched hands.

The Giant was more than prepared, having switched its axes position as well.

The two large blades were inches apart, their momentums so fierce that sparks of air lit as they approached closer. But, that was when Dyon did something even the Giant didn't see coming.

For a second time, his axe switched hands, building up momentum from not just two, but three swings.

Just as the Giant's axe was about to meet Dyon, Dyon's swing also met its head.

An eruption of blinding light brightened the dark sky as Dyon's body was sent flying. However, this time, he wasn't injured in the least. Because the Giant was preparing to clash with Dyon's axe, it didn't notice that Dyon had already positioned the golden dragon scale in preparation for his second switch.

The Giant's head blasted apart in a blaze of illusory motes of light before its bodies steadily disappeared.

Dyon's breathing was rough as he stood hovering in the air, his massive wings flapping to his back. He was surprised, he had already been prepared to fight against the avatar Head Void was handling, but it seemed that transcending its comprehension was enough to make them all disappear.

However, there was no time to rest. Dyon could only allow the axe to fly back into his weapon's pagoda as the staff began to vibrate.

Head Void looked toward Dyon like he was seeing a monster for the first time in his life. All of the arrogance of a dao formation expert had disappeared.

He hesitated. Should he submit? Would he have a chance to live then?

'Ridiculous!' He grit his teeth. 'I am the Head of the Void family! How could I lower my head to an essence gatherer junior!'

The doors to Dyon's pagoda opened once more as a 12 meters long staff shot into his hands.

Slowly but surely, a bald monk began to appear as the pinnacle staff vibrated. He was far shorter than the Giant and even by normal human standards, standing at only about 1.6 meters tall. Yet, his staff from well over 2 meters in length.

He grasped his staff before eyeing Head Void and Dyon. In the next instant, he separated into two individuals and shot forward.

Chapter 1186: Shattered

To describe Dyon's first trial as cruel would be an understatement. The number of times his body was forcefully pulled back from the brink of death was something even Dyon himself lost count of. In so many ways, those three days of being hidden under a pile of beast dung was an inconceivable blessing in disguise.

Every moment, Dyon absorbed large chunks of the healing energy his inner world held, swallowing an amount accumulated over ten years in mere days.

The staff avatar was far crueler than that axe avatar. Its abilities made the dragon scale and dragon armor completely useless. On just its first strike, Dyon's body, despite him actively trying use his new understanding of momentum to direct it away, being a mist of crimson liquid.

He fell into the sea, his body only being held together by his overwhelming soul strength and the armor around him. He hadn't been in a situation like this since he faced the half-step transcendent from his second trial!

At that point, if it wasn't for Head Void stepping in to block the second avatar while Dyon recovered, he would have died without a doubt.

It was only after many feeble attempts did Dyon learn the essence of the staff avatar. Even with his second stage selfless state, the complexities of these trials seemed to only increase every moment.

While the axe avatar dealt with versatile momentum, an ability that allowed nimble changes in battle without losing the power of your strike, the staff avatar was a master of resonance.

Blunt weapons were rare in the martial because much like the soul path, they were difficult to use well and gave a poor return for time invested. Simply put, in most cases, masters of equivalent strength in the midst of a battle would have the advantage given to the opponent with the sharper weapon.

It wasn't difficult to understand. The sharper a weapon, the easier it was to do damage with. Even a child could kill someone with a sharp knife, but could they do the same with a stick that weighed the same?

Usually, the only way to alleviate this weakness of blunt weapons was to raise their weight to inconceivable levels, much like Dyon's Great Sword. However, that then gave way to speed issues. And, even when you purposely accepted this disadvantage, having a heavy and sharp weapon was still better.

Yet... The staff avatar spit in the face of this. Not only was his staff as quick as lightning, the damage it dealt was so devastating that Dyon would have died many times over had it not been for his undead body and strong soul.

The monk was able to use concepts of resonance to ignore the defense of his dragon armor, sending the power of his strikes directly into Dyon's body. The far more fear-inducing part of it was that this ability seemed to work through space.

During one exchange, Dyon managed to stop his staff with the dragon scale, yet the collision made not a single sound. Instead, a split second later than it should have, a shock wave blasted into Dyon's armor, sending him flying into the distance ocean once more.

Although this strike was less powerful than if it landed directly on his armor, Dyon still had to withstand severe damage.

By the time he managed to grasp the concept of resonance to the same level as the monk, three days had passed, a full six times longer than it took for him to defeat the axe avatar. But, without any rest, the glaive began to vibrate.

The concept of the glaive seemed to be far simpler than the first two, but its challenge still somehow increased by yet another level.

The glaive avatar was surprisingly a woman wearing valiant armor. If it wasn't for her piercing eyes, Dyon could imagine many men drooling over her, especially considering the deep crevice at the chest of her armor. Still, the moment she attacked, Dyon regretted ogling her.

In the Elvin Tomb's, Ri snorted. 'Serves you right.'

The glaive's range seemed to have an indefinite range. Even when Dyon felt like he had dodged, he would once more find his body erupting into a mist of blood.

Due to his grasping concepts of momentum and resonance to a rudimentary level, Dyon's control over his silver mirror constitution had increased to a new level. He felt like his ability to deflect and reflect energy had reached a new level worthy of his new constitution, yet this glaive avatar didn't seem to care.

Dyon knew that his attempts at deflection were useless. This trial had been scaled up to match the level of a dao formation expert. He had no chance at blocking such strikes and only watch as his energy continued to deplete.

The ability of the glaive was simply to extend. However, Dyon immediately realized that it too carried concepts of momentum.

Anyone who understood simple physics knew that if an object was rotating at high speed, extending its radius would cause it slow. It was simple conservation of momentum. Yet, somehow, the glaive avatar could extend her glaive without this restriction.

Dyon suddenly realized that this concept of momentum was on an even higher level than the axe avatar. It wasn't simply about conserving momentum, it was quite literally shattering the laws of the universe.

In the end, it took Dyon a week before he finally defeated the glaive avatar, only for the halberd to immediately vibrate afterward...

By now, the entire Earth had been alerted to the tribulation. After an entire week of violent explosions and tremors, the planet's leaders finally found the source...

They could only be astounded when they found the cause of all of the recent natural disasters was Dyon himself...

"What... What kind of tribulation is this..." Those who had gathered several hundred kilometers away couldn't help but mumble to themselves.

The fact that this was a tribulation wasn't to be doubted. The dark gold and menacing clouds couldn't be ignored. But... They were much too used to normal lightning tribulations, with the occasional fire tribulation added in sparsely. Sometimes, those with God Grade constitutions would undergo tribulations as well, but theirs were fairly normal as well because they didn't have the ability to fully awaken them here in this poor universe.

Those of the various God Clans gathered, or rather, what remained of them. Aside from the still unconscious King Belmont, everyone seemed attracted by this event.

"Oh my God... The Elvin Island is gone!"

No one knew who said it first, but afterward, they all began to get a hold of bearings. Soon, they realized the person who spoke was correct. These were the exact coordinates of the Elvin Kingdom, yet it wasn't here!

Soon, even those of lower ranking clans had no choice but to send individuals to investigate. Even the Sapientia Clan that hadn't appeared in public for almost a decade made its presence known on that day.

Sarid clutched his fists tightly as he watched Dyon get battered and beaten time and time again, only for him to shoot back up as though nothing had happened.

Princess Stella, who stood by his side, looked from this oversized young man to her uncle in the distance, her feelings just as complicated as Sarid's.

None of them here were stupid. They could very clearly feel that this trial was far more difficult than it should be, and judging by the fact there were two silhouettes and not one, the reason why was obvious.

Although many started off by berating Dyon for being stupid enough to trigger his tribulation in the presence of others, even blaming him for the destruction of the Elvin Islands and likely everyone who was inhabiting it at the time, news soon came down from Planet Mino and Princess Aoife who begged for help in saving her father's life.

Dyon didn't care about any of this. Although they were very much within the range of his divine sense, he focused on preserving his life.

The halberd avatar, a mighty warrior wearing red armor, was actually able to freely change the weight of his weapon, something Dyon took hours to even realize. A seemingly simple ability used in a complex way was enough to stump him even with his level of intelligence and his selfless state.

This once more took the concept of momentum to an entire new level and took Dyon yet another week to master.

And yet, without rest, the spear vibrated, sending out with it a bare-chested avatar with vicious tribal tattoos coating his body.

The spear avatar's strikes were so potent that for the first time, Dyon actually felt weapons crafted by his will crack. A peak Spiritual grade weapon! A weapon of the moon grade! Actually almost shattered in Dyon's hands.

Chapter 1187: Blotted

The spear avatar not only seemed to layer his strikes, it carried a partial will of the staff. It combined concepts of momentum and resonance to cause multiple strikes to become one. However, it wasn't until Dyon understood a third concept that he finally passed this trial after two weeks: Effortlessness.

It wasn't just about mastering your movements to the point that they seemed to flow from your body, but also about effortless attacking. Why ram into your opponent's shield when a chink in his armor was obvious? Why attack where your opponent had momentum when you could attack him on his back foot?

The spear was a weapon that took advantage of range even more obviously than the glaive. It was a weapon made to ease effort. To defeat your opponent before they had a chance to defeat you... This was the inner working of the spear.

The bow avatar appeared next as a beautiful blond woman with flowing robes. Her dress was far more conservative than the glaive avatar, but her eyes were even sharper and more vicious. If it wasn't for the existence of the Dragon Armor, Dyon would have died millions of times over... If his head was destroyed beyond repair, what was the point of an undying body?...

No one in the distance could understand the kind of pain Dyon was undergoing. To them, he was shot backward and immediately came back, so many thought that his armor was simply impregnable... Little did they know that every strike he took filled this armor with blood and organ tissue.

Not only did the arrows of the bow avatar follow him wherever he moved, they grew faster and faster the longer they spent in the air.

The worst part was that Dyon's arrows didn't stand a chance against them. Although all of the arrows Dyon produced were of the moon grade, there was something about the bow avatar's arrow will that he simply couldn't replicate.

This fight was by far Dyon's hardest and he only managed to win after he deviated from his normal path. Before, he had focused on emulating the abilities of the avatars, but no matter how much he tried, it seemed impossible to replicate the abilities of the bow avatar.

Constant acceleration? Homing? He seemed to be lacking something he couldn't quite grasp... These abilities were simply too heaven-defying.

In the end, he used his spatial will to make up what he was lacking. He took advantage of the fact the avatars only used their respective weapon wills and nothing else. It was even more convenient that the bow avatar never moved personally, only using her bow to deflect all attacks.

It took more than a month for Dyon to come out victorious, yet the rumbling of the saber seemed even more ominous than the bow...

The moment Dyon tried to attack, the red-haired saber avatar's weapon absorbed the strength of his attack before slashing forward with a saber qi that blotted out half the sky...

The battle between Dyon and the red-haired saber avatar was one the oceans below couldn't withstand.

Tsunami-like waves rushed outward, towering hundreds of miles as the focal point of their battle caused whirlpools of dark liquid to form.

A chasm opened in the waters below, so deep that even just a bit more power might introduce the ocean floor to world.

By the time Dyon figured out the hidden ability of the saber avatar, he once again realized just how lucky he was. The saber wielder could absorb the attack of its opponent and incorporate it into its own strength, but that wasn't the end of it. Even when Dyon avoided attacking the saber directly, it was able to absorb the energy in the very atmosphere itself!

If it wasn't for the fact the energy of this universe was so scarce to begin with, Dyon could only imagine the kind of power such an attack would have elsewhere.

Although on the surface, Dyon's tenacity had still not lessened, he was inwardly growing anxious. It had already been more than a month since he began fighting the saber avatar and not only had he just barely begun to grasp the concept of his technique, he could see signs of his healing energy running out.

This was just the first challenge! According to the twins, there were three total. If the others were like this... How could Dyon survive?

Dyon grit his teeth. He only had enough energy left to be used at this pace for three more months. At that point, he wouldn't have any of the healing type energy left to be used. He had somehow drained more than 40% of an energy the bull-bird took 10 years to accumulate!

'Is this selfless state really not enough?' Dyon thought of entering the third state, even if he had to give up his life, it was better than dying. However, it was impossible to enter the third state willfully.

When Dyon entered the legendary state, his mind had been so focused on one train of thought that he gained the recognition of the heavens. That was what it took... If entering such a state could be done so casually, it wouldn't mean a thing.

Dyon had to be willing to die to enter that state. Yet, the reason he wanted to access it was to live. That was a contradiction the heavens would never accept.

Dyon roared in anger, the 12-meter-long blade of his saber swinging with such rage that it lit afire.

His fury seethed as he thought of what put him in this situation. If he didn't make the kitsune pay after getting out of this situation, his name would no longer be Dyon Sacharro!

To his back, Head Void felt Dyon's change in momentum and couldn't help but smile bitterly. All this time, he had been used by Dyon and could only accept it.

By surviving to this point and forcing the avatars to split in two, he effectively alleviated half of Dyon's burden. He gave up thoughts of attacking and only continuously defended. As a dao formation expert, even when facing an opponent so much stronger than him, stalling was well within his abilities.

But he would be naïve to think that Dyon was thankful to him for this. For one, Head Void could only bet on Dyon's success, or else he would die. And two, if it wasn't for him, Dyon wouldn't have been in this situation to begin with! He would have already passed his first tribulation and entered the ranks of the saints smoothly.

Not only this, but Dyon couldn't forget the face of King Mino. He had no time to find out whether or not that King had survived the kitsune's assault, but whether he did or not wouldn't lessen Dyon's rage in the least.

He had only fought that man for a few hours, but Dyon learned a lot about the kind of person he was. He was prideful and willing to sacrifice for the good of his people, but he wasn't deceitful or underhanded. To find that kind of man in the martial world was akin to looking for a needle in an ocean, yet the kitsune dared to play with his life on a whim!

A domineering aura erupted from Dyon. He suddenly remembered what he had learned about the saber when fighting Sokzac.

The King of weapons had always been the sword... It was the weapon of emperors. However... The saber was the weapon of War Lords.

It was unyielding, unforgiving, and willing to take anything by force.

This was the momentum of the saber. This was what it meant to wield a saber.

Your energy? Mine. Your will? Mine.

Dyon raised his saber high into the skies, his emotions flaring uncontrollably. His royal blue blood raged through his body, seething with an unfettered will for dominance. The Presence of the Titan Emperor couldn't be ignored and the saber's will seemed to resonate with it perfectly.

Suddenly, the domain of energy swirling around the red-haired saber avatar began to deplete at blinding speeds. Before it could react, Dyon's domain grew larger as his saber expanded to a grander size.

A domineering qi with the will to block out the skies blinded the vision of all watching before a wall of dense black flames engulfed it all.

And then, Dyon swung.

Chapter 1188: Crystalline

The world seemed to split down the middle of Dyon's blade. Even the tribulation clouds above almost couldn't withstand the force, causing them to tremble and rumble with anger. To dare attack tribulation clouds?! Was your initial punishment not enough?!

The saber avatar didn't even raise his weapon. In the end, he simply disappeared to the tune of the knife vibrating behind him.

Dyon didn't wait. His anger was raised to such a height that he shot forward without thought, coming upon the dark hooded knife avatar with a single flap of his massive wings.

The truth was that the longer Dyon fought, the more he understood the deficiencies in his technique. Those who were lucky enough to have winged abilities in the martial world were without a doubt the fastest in existence. This was why Dyon was so shocked when those iced wings developed from Ri's delicate back...

Yet, unlike Ri's ice wings, Dyon didn't have any matching techniques to make use of his own. In fact, his efficiency in using his wings was so poor that he barely experienced a boost in speed with each increasing set.

By simple logic, the more wings he had, if he used each set to their maximum, he should have experienced manifold increases in speed. Yet, he hadn't. It was yet another thing that frustrated him to no end.

Almost as to confirm Dyon's thoughts about being too slow, the trembling knife disappeared before he could even reach it, right along with hooded avatar. Before he could even begin to process just what happened, a deadly blow hit the back of his head, turning the entire base of his brain and spinal cord into minced meat.

Dyon's eyes dulled as he fell almost too slowly to the roaring waves below.

The ocean, still separated from his final saber attack, began to collapse around him mere moment later.

From beginning to end, Dyon didn't understand just what happened. Not only his eyes, but his divine sense completely lost track of the hooded avatar.

For all intents and purposes, Dyon's head was detached from his body. If it wasn't for the Dragon Armor wrapped around him, they would have long since separated.

Isla panicked. Although Dyon's life force was still flickering weakly due to his comprehension of death will, his control of his body had dropped to near zero. Even for martial artists, the base of the brain held all of the most basic functions of the human body. For Dyon's to be destroyed so wholly, even if his soul was awake and aware of what was happening, it would have trouble taking control of the body.

The hooded avatar shot after Dyon, blazing forward at a much faster speed than Dyon's natural falling pace could match. It knew its prey wasn't dead yet, so it wanted to make certain to finish its job.

Its body inexplicably vanished once more, disappearing into the dark sky like fleeting smoke.

Head Void wasn't fast enough to do anything. And, even if he was, he couldn't sense the hooded avatar at all. 'This is really how I die? Curse you Snow Clan heiress! Curse you masked bastard! I haven't laid eyes on any one of you, yet my life is forfeit! The heavens truly wish good luck upon you!'

The next moment the hooded avatar appeared it had already reached a space below Dyon's falling body.

Time seemed to slow. Millions of tons of water collapsed around them as a flash of two red lights beamed out from under the avatar's hood.

Isla was panicking. She could feel Ri sending her all of the energy she had, but it simply wasn't quick enough. Even if it was, what would Dyon do about the knife careening toward his head? If his entire brain collapsed, there would be no saving his mortal body and his soul would be all that remained.

In the distance, silence fell over the spectators. They were completely powerless to do anything but watch a young hero seemingly at the end of his life.

Within Dyon's mind's eye, he was roaring in anger. 'You damned toddler, aren't you me?! You can open your eyes and obliterate everything for tens of miles casually, but when my life is on the line you remain silent?!'

This wasn't the first time Dyon had implored the meditating toddler to do something. Yet it never seemed to listen. Dyon simply couldn't understand how it worked.

When he awakened the seed of his Sovereign Dao Heart, one of the nine highest grade hearts there were, what he was certain was a soul attack obliterated the space around him. The attack was so fierce that it went all the way through Earth, a planet millions of miles in circumference!

The second time this almost happened was when he was trying to fuse his Titan Diamond Body constitution. With just a flutter of its eyelashes, the toddler made two constitutions that should have never been able to fuse together bow their heads in submission.

Dyon had thought this was great. Whatever this ability was, it allowed him to attack with the full power of his soul. And although his soul was only at the peak celestial realm, in practice, it was far stronger than even most dao formation souls. If Dyon could attack with the power of a dao formation expert now, wouldn't he be practically invincible?

But... Life was cruel... No matter how much he begged or pleaded, the toddler refused to listen. It was as though Dyon's life and death had nothing to do with it. Whether it be in his confrontation with the bull-bird, or now, he was completely ignored.

Dyon's last desperate plea was ignored by it once again as the knife violently collided with the helm of his Dragon Armor.

Isla tried to restore Dyon's hind brain as quickly as she could. But, despite her best attempts, it simply wasn't fast enough.

Just when Dyon believed he'd probably die here and those in the distance turned away, unwilling to see the death of a genius, a treasure hidden deep within Dyon made its presence known.

The faint vision of a conversation Dyon had with his grand teacher resurfaced in his mind.

~

"Old man, what's this mask? Is it special? Why am I so drawn to it?"

'Your eye is actually quite good,' The old man snorted. 'Although the aura of this mask is only of the 4th supreme grade, that's because it has some internal damage despite its outward appearance being so pristine.'

'It was once of the 10th supreme grade, its name is actually quite pretentious and long winded, but given its abilities, it's quite deserving of it.'

'It's called: [Swallowing Lightning Willow's Dance].'

...

'The reason it's still here is because just like you, others saw it as a mere 4th grade supreme treasure. But, unlike you, they didn't see how special it was. Your sensitivity to weapons has truly helped you out here.'

"I see..." Dyon's brow furrowed. "How do I fix it?"

'There's nothing to fix, per se. The mask is just running low on quality lightning. In addition, the lightning it needs to raise its grade must be of the tribulation grade, and it also needs to be a dao tribulation. Until then, it will remain of the 4th supreme grade.'

...

'There's about a 10% boost to speed... It contains a lightning legacy... It makes me immune to normal lightning-based attacks and resistant to tribulation lightning... There's a lightning shield that can act as a life saving measure... It has enough lightning remaining to block a single dao formation level attack...'

~

Sensing danger to its master's life, [Swallowing Lightning Willow's Dance] manifested out of Dyon's will.

The clouds above trembled as they faint outline of a bird coated in lightning swooped from the skies.

The speed was so quick that time seemed to stop as it leisurely looked around. After noticing what it had been summoned to do, it flapped its wings gently, carrying its delicate body through the skies with the majesty of an Emperor.

The bird was truly beautiful. Its wing shone with a pristine light only matched by platinum. Each of its individual feathers were perfectly crafted, lined with immaculate patterns that seemed both illusory at times and crystalline at others.

Its head was as proud as a falcons, and its long feathered tails would put even a peacock to shame. Yet, its most shocking feature were the beautiful arcs of lightning that coated its body. Gorgeous blues, healthy greens, shining golds and even overbearing reds... Such a bird didn't seem made for the mortal world, but its curse was just as devastating as its beauty.

Chapter 1189: Speed

Heaven's Sparrow was a creature never spoken about in even the most ancient of texts. Despite being among the most beautiful beasts in existence along with the Crystal Dragons and Celestial Beasts, it was cursed with a speed so quick that no one could appreciate it.

Its body dwarfed even the skies themselves, yet all those who watched could perceive was a flash lightning.

The bird sighed to itself as it swooped down gently.

As it was about to save Dyon, it paused, a surprised look crossing its once aloof features.

Dyon looked quite majestic, even falling from the skies. He was covered in an unblemished black armor, further coated by beautiful white flames and the royal blue illusory patterns of his War God's armor.

His wings spread from his back more than twenty meters, matching his ten-meter-tall body, all while he tightly gripped onto a knife more than meter in length.

However, this wasn't what caught the Heaven Sparrow's attention, after all, let alone twenty meters, even if Dyon's wings spanned two hundred meters it would still dwarf them. No, what caught its attention were the six halos of black-gold hovering in a precise hexagonal pattern to his back. In particular, the faint streak of golden lightning grasped its attention firmly.

There was a reason those who chose to master lightning will were rare. It was incredibly difficult to pass tribulations after choosing such a path, and it, more often than not, resulted in death. The Heaven Sparrow was the only creature to embody the lightning element and not face severe repercussions, yet even it was cursed with terrifying speed.

To see a human apparently have a manifestation related to lightning, how could it not be surprised?

This Heaven Sparrow was special in many ways. The only friend it had ever had in light was the Swallowing Lightning Willow used to forge Dyon's mask. One of them was cursed to be struck by lightning while the other was cursed to never be capable of interacting with anyone else.

After the Swallowing Lightning Willow reached the end of its ninth ten-million-year cycle, the Heaven Sparrow couldn't bring itself to leave its friend, so it tethered its will to it, hoping to die peacefully and finally be put to rest. In fact, the legacy within the mask was related to this will it left behind.

It had thought the Weapon's Master who forged this mask cruel... To expunge the will of its only friend to leave behind on its will? And to not allow its one wish of death as well?

Fate... It was an odd word and an even odder concept.

The Heaven's Sparrow reached out its claw and shattered the existence of the hooded avatar.

All its life, the heavens had cursed it to live in misery. Since this was so, it would use the last of its strength and pay it back some before it fell into a deep sleep.

The sword in the sky shattered under the Heaven's Sparrow's gaze.

With a final look toward Dyon and his lightning halo, the Heaven's Sparrow opened its majestic beak, causing the remaining motes of light from the sword and knife to surge toward it.

In the next moment, a streak of golden lightning hit Dyon's chest as the sparrow sent a bright bird's call into the skies, shattering the tribulation clouds above.

The Heaven Sparrow's body dimmed considerably, its body shrinking from a span of several tens of kilometers to a mere foot in an instant before disappearing into Dyon.

Dyon's mask dimmed, turning from a beautiful silver-gold to a solid black.

The dispersing dark gold clouds above rumbled with rage. But, the deed was done. How could saint tribulation clouds withstand the strike of dao tribulation lightning?...

That said... Everyone who understood tribulations understood what the result of forcibly ending them was... Even as saint energy surged into Dyon's body, danger was waiting on the horizon.

Whether Dyon would survive celestial tribulation remained to be seen... The rage of the heavens was bottled for now, but its explosion was coming...

The speed of the Heaven's Sparrow was far too quick. Even with Dyon's thinking speed, his flashback to his memories about his grand teacher had only just faintly begun before a blinding flash of lightning came and went. Maybe the most shocking part was that this flash of lightning wasn't the sparrow itself, but rather the lingering rage of the saint tribulation clouds.

Isla, who was still panicking, and Ri, who had frozen completely in despair, didn't realize what happen either as dark waves of water towering hundreds of meters crashed down around Dyon.

To those in the distance, and even Head Void, Dyon had died. The tribulation must have ended because the one who triggered it was no longer among the living. However, those who thought that way forgot one very important thing: Head Void was still alive.

~ *Months ago*

"You... Are you really who you say you are?"

After months of searching, Clara was finally able to find all 12 Legacy World locations. Normally, this would have been impossible for her to do so quickly, but due to the supreme grade treasure Dyon had gifted her, she was capable of boosting the range of her control and divine sense a larger distance than she already could. In addition, she made use of a divine sense extending technique within the [Dao of Array Alchemy]. Although it resulted in a severe drop in the details she could pick up, she only needed to sense vague fluctuations in energy to find her targets.

Truth be told, it would have been far more efficient if Dyon was the one to search, but that was impossible at the time considering the issues waiting for him back at Soul Rending Peak. It was lucky for Clara that Heaven Grade beasts like Little Wind grew very quickly. In the past more than half year, she already had a wingspan of almost five meters.

The moment Clara found the 12th world and became certain that there weren't any more to find, her first target was the Legacy World closest to the former location of her home country: America.

Currently, she was in a land of dense forests. A small tribe was built upon trees at the very edge of the world at seemingly the furthest place from danger.

According to what Clara could tell, though, this wasn't the only tribe in this Legacy World, which made one of her biggest fears come true... Instead of coming together like they should have, human nature shone through and fractured an already weakened people...

What Clara didn't know was that a little over two million people had survived from a population of over 10 billion. For two million people to fit into just 12 Legacy Worlds there had to be at least a few hundred thousand per. Yet, this tribe only had a few thousand people... The divide was greater than she thought.

The only saving grace was that the tribe itself seemed to salvage a few values of their mortal realm. The wooden houses were built with signs of advanced engineering despite their simplicity, the tribe was clean, showing that sanitation was taken seriously, and the agriculture couldn't be said to be thriving, but was at least being sustained well with various redirected villages and plowed lands.

However, with the good, came many problems. Their culture had devolved almost barbarically.

The leader speaking to Clara now was very obviously the strongest, and not the smartest they had to offer. The role of women had receded by several hundred years, very obviously considering the fact there wasn't a single one here in a leadership capacity even for such an important meeting aside from Clara herself. And, Clara would bet her life on the fact the prettiest of women were monopolized by these very men here regardless of what their feelings on the matter may or may not have been.

Clara didn't even need to look around personally, her divine sense caught all of these details despite only having a range of a dozen or so kilometers.

What she saw made her very angry to say the least. To make matters worse, the one who had spoken with such sincerity and hope in their voice weren't the leaders in this room, but rather a female servant standing to the side.

"Did I give you permission to speak?" A man sitting at the chieftain's chair glared at the woman who spoke, causing her to stumble backward and lower her head.

Chapter 1190: Seethed

Clara's anger seethed, her chest heaving. Her temper had never been really good to begin with. The part of her that had spent the last 20+ years in the martial world wanted to wave a hand and behead them all... But, the part of her that was still holding on to the past refrained. She couldn't just solve problems by killing... There had to be a better way. There were already too few of them left.

Seeing how these men were acting, Clara knew very well that the only reason they hadn't simply attacked her was because of Little Wind.

In their everyday lives, what these "macho men" feared the most were the beasts that frequented these Legacy Worlds. Seeing Little Wind tamed by Clara made it obvious to them that dealing with Clara wouldn't be easy, which was why although they were practically salivating at her beauty, they hadn't dared to make a move.

What they didn't know was that Clara herself was far stronger than Little Wind who wasn't even a year old yet.

"Be more respectful of those around you, or else you'll pay a price." Clara said with a sharpened gaze.

The large framed chieftain turned to Clara with a smirk on his face, clearly treating her like a little girl.

"Former First Daughter, was it?" The chieftain smiled as though Clara hadn't said anything. "You'd do well to remember that this is my tribe, not yours.

"You may think that that little bird of your gives you some protection, but what does one beast mean in the front of hundreds of men? We've survived here for decades eating and killing beasts just like yours!

"Do you think that I won't strip you naked and let everyone here have a taste?!" The more he spoke, the more vicious his eyes grew.

Clara's face twisted as he looked at this chieftain who couldn't have been more than 18 years old.

It was obvious to anyone who thought for a moment that the leaders of these tribes would be those who could cultivate. Those of the older generation wouldn't have been able to benefit from the breaking of the seal...

This was part of what made Clara so angry. Not only had many of the women been pushed down to the level of second-class citizens, the same was true of the older generation.

Those slaving for the rich, plowing the fields, and begging in the streets, were all without fail members of the older generation. It was their hearts that had reached out to Dyon, begging to be saved after hearing his melody...

Clara's expression darkened as she stood. Her movements were so quick that no one could react before her slender hand had wrapped fiercely around the chieftain's brawny neck.

"Those like you... Do not deserve to cultivate."

The chieftain paled, suddenly realizing that he couldn't breathe.

"You're not even halfway through the foundation stage, yet you dare to lord over others?!" Clara's temper flared. But, she had never killed a human before... No matter how she looked at it, she couldn't bring herself to kill a boy who wouldn't even be old enough to go to college yet in their world...

The other "elders", each teenage boys ranging from 13 to 17 years old themselves, didn't dare to move.

Picking him up by the neck and throwing him out of his chair, Clara glared at those around the room. "Go and gather everyone here. AND I MEAN EVERYONE!"

With a wave of her hand, the chieftain's treehouse was obliterated. What was once a beautiful feat of engineering that spanned almost ten ancient trees was flattened by Clara in a moment.

Did these boys understand engineering to this level? No. Obviously they didn't. They relied on the older generation when it benefitted them and tossed them away when it didn't.

What happened when you gave rebellious teenage boys "superpowers"? This was exactly what happened, and it sickened her.

Who knows how many young girls they had ruined? Lives they had taken in anger? How many families had they torn apart on their power trip?

Young or not, Clara would punish them thoroughly after taking an accounting of their deeds.

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Over the next week, Clara's name came to be known across that first forested Legacy World. Her appearance no doubt caused anger and animosity to stir, but she was simply too powerful for them to do anything.

That said... The only ones who felt this way were the few lucky enough to learn to cultivate. As for the disenfranchised and unfortunate, Clara's appearance was akin to an angel descending from the skies.

Unlike those foolish teenage boys, Clara made full use of the older generation, even leaning on them.

She found former intellectuals, engineers, doctors, artists, and like. These were the people that carried the torch of what it meant to be of the mortal world. In addition, she needed them for when she went to other regions, after all, Clara didn't know how to speak every language of the mortal realm.

"Some of you might remember who my husband is," Clara said with a smile, "The son of the late General and Saintess Sacharro. It was his melody that you heard resonate in the skies. He wanted to see if any of you had survived and he was elated to find out that you had."

Being of the American Region, many here remembered Dyon. Plus, even across the world, Dyon's name wasn't an unfamiliar one. To hear that one of their own was so powerful, it made the eyes of the older generation light up.

After years of being oppressed by their own sons and daughters, some were apprehensive about finding out about yet another powerful young man. But, looking at how Clara was treated, it became obvious to them that Dyon couldn't be categorized along with those tyrants.

"I won't lie to you all," Clara said seriously, looking out and into a crowd of a few hundred thousand, "The martial world is far more dangerous than these Legacy Worlds. You all were able to gather here so easily because I could single handedly kill more than 95% of the threats, however I couldn't replicate even a single percent of that in the martial world."

A murmur swept over the crowd. Why should they leave then? Wouldn't it be better for them all to stay in this world now that it had been made safe?

Clara smiled bitterly. "It would be safer for you all to stay here, but is that the life you want? To be holed up, never to leave? The beauty of our clan has always been about its will to reach out and into the stars, has it not? I'm giving you that opportunity now..."

"Not only for you, but for your children, and your children's children. Don't you want the world remember what it means to be a member of the Mortal Clan?"

The word Mortal was one looked upon with disdain by those of the martial world, yet Clara saw it as a point of strength and so did Dyon.

"This is what we'll rally around," Dyon said, "We're Mortals... And we'll embrace it!"