

The Nameless 1361

Chapter 1361: Me!

~An elegant and majestically white scaled snake appeared, leering domineeringly. Its eyes shone as red as its wiggling tongue.

It shifted in the air, moving to wrap itself around Dyon, slightly rubbing against his lower regions, causing a growl to escape.~

This uncomfortable feeling in Jade's heart grew once more. In her turmoil, she had forgotten her ability to read Dyon's mind. For the first time, she was in the dark, wondering just what was happening.

Could she truly be wrong? Was she destined to lose this man to Mithrandir as well? Why? Why couldn't she hold onto the one thing she finally felt like she wanted?

~Uncle Acacia could only smile bitterly as he watched headmaster Cormyth chuckle lightly, 'Some trials you have to face yourself...'

The white scaled snake suddenly shivered, bright silver wings exploding from its back as everyone looked on.

A collective breath seemed to be pulled into everyone as they watched. This was a mutation unique to Mithrandir. Although she had used a Unique Type Technique due to her confidence, her true manifestation ended up matching her the very first Norville in history, causing her to be the pride of her family.

The geniuses sneered, 'It looks like Mithrandir has a new slave.'

Dyon took a step forward, edging towards Mithrandir. To everyone else, this was just Mithrandir's wish. But to her, she couldn't help but frown.

Looking into Dyon's hazel-green eyes, Mithrandir seemed lost for a while in his purity. His eyes hadn't fogged over, and his will hadn't diminished. He simply walked to Mithrandir until he was nearly right on

top of her. He pulled her chair from the table, placing her right in front of himself and leaning into her ear, "If you wanted to play, you could have just asked."

Mithrandir lost focus. Dyon's hot breath brushed against her ear, causing her manifestation to fade out of existence.

Everyone looked on in confused, 'Is it over?'

Dyon reached his hand up, celestial will circulating along with his aurora, "Since you want to play, let's play," He lightly touched Mithrandir's arm, slowly moving up it.

Mithrandir's body immediately flushed, an incomparable feeling flooding into her. A moan escaped her lips against her will, but she just couldn't stop her legs from squeezing together, trying her hardest to control herself.

Everyone gulped, watching Mithrandir's incomparably sexy figure writhe with pleasure.

Dyon's hand continued to travel, lightly flicking Mithrandir's hard nipple from on top of her dress.

"Mmmm," Mithrandir was feeling too good to be embarrassed. She was lost in a world of pleasure she had never felt before.

Dyon had never left her ear, softly whispering into it again, "What do you want?"

"I – I - ," Mithrandir couldn't seem to find the words. Her breath was hurried and short. Her skin was flushed so red that it nearly matched her dress and eyes. Sweat started to drip down the ravine of her cleavage that bounced with every breath.

Dyon's hand reached her hips, continuing to lightly rest on her thighs before creeping up to the hem of her short skirt.

The beauties around him didn't know what to do. They couldn't help but flush red just from the residual effects of Dyon's aurora and celestial will. They could only imagine how Mithrandir felt at the moment.

Everyone was stunned. Some still believed that this was what they seductive beauty wanted. But, even if it was, the geniuses had long since lost their smile. Even Zaltarish hadn't been allowed to do these things to Mithrandir.

"Take me," Mithrandir nearly gasped these words out. Lunging forward, she grabbed onto Dyon's crotch. Dyon could only smile faintly as the hand he had on her thigh, was invaded by a sweet wetness.~

Jade's heart thumped. On one hand, she felt happy that Dyon had toyed with Mithrandir, but on the other, she felt a deep seeded rage. 'It should be me!'

Jade suddenly awoke from her thoughts. What was she thinking? She just met this Dyon character a few days ago, and all he did was pay Mithrandir back for her antics. Why was it that she was suddenly so angry?

'Calm down...!' She spoke softly to herself. 'What's wrong with you...!'

While Jade believed that Ri had a heavy weight on her shoulders, the weight on her own was even fiercer.

Back during the reign of the Elvin Kingdom, her Eostre family had been nothing but pawns. They sacrificed their sanity for the sake of breeding False True Empaths all so that they could lead what remained of their race out of trouble.

To this day, Jade was the only one who seemed to have escaped this fate. Her abilities were the highest, while she also seemed to suffer the least side effects.

But suddenly, she felt her own thoughts slipping out of her control.

Jade looked toward Dyon with a complicated glance. 'I have to stay away from him... The Clan is relying on me. For him to stir my true emotions like this... It's not a good thing. It seems I've indulged poorly.'

The manifestation of the Eostre family had always been the Moon. While in some cultures, such a beautiful thing was worshipped and bowed down to, Jade had never seen it this way...

What was the Moon's light if not the mere reflection of the Sun? It didn't produce any beauty of its own... In fact, if you looked closely, the moon was filled with so many flaws, cracks and crevices that it couldn't be counted as beautiful at all...

This was her Eostre family... Always fated to be the imitators of the light while in reality, they lacked substance of their own... Who was she, as the Moon, to seek out the Sun in Dyon?...

~The coliseum froze. Air seemed to stop moving and no sounds could be heard. It was almost as though time had stopped, suspending everyone in disbelief.

Dyon's eyes sparkled hearing Mithrandir's words, but, she could only frown as she noticed Dyon's lower regions weren't showing any reaction no matter how she stroked.

"You!" it wasn't clear you said it first, but an eruption of baleful auras blanketed the lounging area.

Chapter 1362: Ended

~Dyon didn't seem to notice, deciding to instead calmly remove Mithrandir's hand and stop circulating his celestial and demonic will.

Dyon chuckled, looking into Mithrandir's still cloudy eyes, "You should be careful with you who play with beautiful. Taking you wouldn't be difficult for me," Dyon's hand, still resting on Mithrandir's treasured place, flicked up with a last bit of his aurora.

"Mmm, oh god," Mithrandir grasped Dyon's shirt tightly from her seated position, breathing heavily.

Although Mithrandir was an outrageous beauty, Dyon felt no remorse in toying with her. He had little patience for those who sought to control him, and a beauty was no exception.

Ri couldn't hold back her laughter any longer, "HAHAHAHAHA," she wiped the tears from her face, clenching her stomach with her free arm. But, the geniuses didn't take this too well.

"It only makes sense for a human to come here with such an ugly girl," Sneered Ores, "I've seen you two together before. You must have settled for fucking a sow, it's about what you deserve."

Dyon froze, his face darkening.~

Dyon remembered Ores very clearly. It was this scumbag that scared Little Lyla in the forest. He had actually wanted to groom her into a concubine for himself, yet he dared to look down on others. Outrageous!

~BOOM!

There was no time to react, even for Dyon. A graceful figure fell from the terrace, crushing the table the male geniuses sat at.

Dyon looked at her elegant back. Her hair fluttered in the air, a layer of ice lowered the temperature drastically as a sword pressed against Ores' throat.

Ri's hair seemed to have a life of its own, Dyon looked on in anticipation, curious as to what her manifestation was. But, it never came, instead, a voice filled with a pure dense killing intent rang out, "You have a lot of nerve... did you think I'd need someone else to stand up for me? To protect me? Go on, say it again. Let's see if you can get the words out this time."

Ri's gentle lake like eyes had iced over, a layer of frost coating everything.

The elders looked on in astonishment, '9th level ice will... at barely 15... a true genius'

Dyon slowly walked over and lightly stroked Ri's head, seemingly unbothered by the bone chilling ice, "You don't need my help," He said softly, "But, let me do it anyway."

Ri looked over to Dyon, her eyes becoming decidedly gentler. Dyon hadn't said anything flowery about how it was a man's job to protect a woman, neither did he pretend as though Ri needed his help. He simply let her know that he wanted to do it. Ri smiled, and she suddenly outshone everything.~

Seeing that moment between them, Jade could only smile bitterly, retracting her gaze from Dyon and silently wishing the two of them the best.

Even as Dyon stood in the arena, valiantly fighting for Ri and tearing Ores' façade of arrogance apart, she couldn't help but think to herself just how great it could be if he had been fighting for her instead. If his heart had opened up for her instead of Ri, would that be such a bad thing? Why did she have to continue sacrificing herself for a decision her ancestors made? When had anyone ever asked her what she wanted?

...

When the Acacia Academy assessment ended and it was decided that Dyon and Ri would head the students of their academy for the next campaign, Jade silently walked off. After watching Dyon and Ri float away together in happiness, she felt bitter, but she pushed the feeling down.

The rational side of her shone through once more. She had only had a single interaction with Dyon, two if you counted his flirting with her during the assessments, it didn't make sense for her to feel this way.

Unfortunately for Jade, she also understood something else.

When two people met for the first time, it wasn't necessary for there to be love for them to be attracted to one another. When Dyon and Madeleine first met, they too had hit it off immediately. Obviously, neither fell in love during those moments, but it didn't take long for humans to decide that they liked one another... It wasn't until Dyon and Madeleine shared life and death that this like bloomed into love. It was only after this that Madeleine gave herself and her body to Dyon...

Jade had only come to decide that she liked Dyon. But, this was still a major problem.... Why was it that Jade was seemingly the least effected by the side effects of her family's plight?

The truth of the matter was that Jade's soul talent was inherently incredibly high. As such, her comprehension of their Moon Manifestation far outstripped that of their ancestors already. Because of this, her ability to see into the minds of others and reflect their true thoughts were almost equal to a True Empath.

In the end, it was this ability that saved Jade. Because she could see the minds of others very clearly, she was able to avoid being affected by their emotions. This helped her easily distinguish between what thoughts were her own, and what thoughts were that of others. In the end, she was able to avoid the pitfalls of her predecessors by putting up walls that didn't allow her to easily feel for others. Even her supposed friends weren't individuals she truly saw as friends.

But, when she met Dyon, this wall was shattered. The purity of his emotions was unlike anything she had ever felt. What she didn't know was that this was not only due to his personality, but also how powerful his soul was. She had never met a person with a stronger innate soul than her own until that day...

After ignoring the invitations of her 'friends' to spend more time together, Jade went on a long walk through Elvin Forest.

"An orphanage?" Jade suddenly stumbled upon little children running around happily. "I do remember rumors of such a thing appearing here... But who built it?"

A small smile bloomed on Jade's perfect features. The innocent minds of the children were always her favorite to look into. Their free and pure thoughts were like a tonic for all the evil in the world.

Chapter 1363: Hope

"Big Sister?" Suddenly, the voice of a little girl caught Jade's attention. When she looked down, she found a beautiful little doll of a girl. Her face was almost as round as a circle, and the small point of her nose coupled with her large pink, watery eyes made one's heart flutter. She was too adorable.

Jade was surprised. She suddenly realized that she couldn't see into the mind of this little girl at all, every time she tried, she saw nothing but a vast empty space that only emitted two feelings: pity and understanding.

"Hello little cutie." Jade bent down, rubbing the girl's small head. The little girl's long flowing pink-diamond hair was so soft that Jade felt like she was touching a cloud. "Who was the benefactor that created this orphanage for you all?"

The little girl beamed with pride. "My Big Brother Dyon did it!"

"Dyon?..." Jade mumbled in surprise, a world wind of emotions hit her once more.

She didn't even realize when she left the surroundings of the orphanage and made it to the Holy Land of the Eostre Clan. In the end, she couldn't help but chuckle to herself bitterly. Even when she took a walk to erase him from her mind, somehow he made his way back in. Why did he have to do that?

"Jade." A stern voice awoke Jade from her thoughts. She found the way to her room blocked by a middle-aged man with long silver hair.

The decorations of the Eostre family were decidedly lackluster. In fact, the entire home was a bland grey.

This was actually done on purpose. The Eostre Clan spent much of their time trying to temper and ignore their own emotions. So, they got rid of everything that could elicit them. It was only in this way that they extended the time they could use their manifestation. Often times, the oldest members of their Clan were the weakest because they made the decision to no longer use their manifestations in order to maintain their sanity.

"Yes, father?" Jade's eyes remained placid. It didn't look like she was greeting a father figure because she in fact wasn't. This man before her wasn't her father, but she continued to pretend to this day that he was.

"The Clan has come to a decision regarding the matters of the Daiyu Clan. We've secured you a position as Second Wife of their young heir Chenglei. How you perform will decide whether our Eostre Clan continues to be tools for this Elvin Kingdom, or if we can set off on our own."

"Okay." Jade didn't have much of a reaction. She was aware that their Clan purposely asked for the second wife position in order to protect her. If she took first wife, it was possible that she'd have

delusions that she had met her true love. This would lead to emotions which would inevitably cripple her.

Jade tried to walk past her father, but she suddenly felt a firm hand clamp on her slender arms.

"There's a disruption in your soul." The Clan Head's opal eyes flashed. "What happened to you?"

Before Jade could react, a palm slammed into her forehead, forcibly weeding out all of her secrets.

Jade felt like her life was being laid bare. All of the events of the past few days were exposed to her "father", even her slight stint of madness. Nothing was hidden.

"You..." A slap bombarded Jade's face. "How could you make such a mistake!? It's already too late! And you actually planned on not telling me about this?!"

Jade's delicate hand covered her face, but she didn't have much of a reaction. Her eyes had returned from surprise to placid once more.

The Clan Head frowned, lines of worry clear on his forehead. There was no precedent for retreating from the line of madness after it had been crossed. It seemed that Jade was still her normal self now, but it was already too late. There were only two options: either to continue and ignore Jade's plight, or to destroy the connection between her and her manifestation now.

However, the second was impossible... They couldn't afford such a setback now. If they didn't make use of Jade now, who knew when they would birth another genius of her caliber? Without the help of a True Empath coupled with the abilities of Meiyong, the Daiyu wouldn't be able to find their way to the hidden prison of the entity. They needed Jade now, and only they could resurrect their Clan to the heights they wanted.

The Clan Head grit his teeth. "You unfilial daughter! Come, let me show you what kind of stupidity is floating around in that head of yours now."

Over the past few days, the Eostre Clan Head had been monitoring Dyon. It wasn't because he thought there might be a connection between him and Jade, but rather because such variables were terrible for their plan.

If a human came to know of the happenings of the Elvin Kingdom, then the plans of the Daiyu could be exposed ahead of time. If this happened, there would be no recourse.

Unfortunately, just when he wanted to eliminate Dyon to get rid of future problems, he and Ri entered the cave Ri's mother left behind. Everyone knew that without a pure heart, entering that cave was a sentence to death, so they could only pull back.

In the end, the matter became even more complex after Dyon was taken under the wing of the Acacia Family and Acacia Academy.

Still, even until now, they closely monitored Dyon, planning on eliminating him the moment he left the island. So, as things stood now, the Clan Head knew exactly where Dyon was.

At this moment, Ri and Dyon were leisurely chatting with one another as they walked through the Elvin City. Ri had just finished describing the secrets behind Campaigns and why they occurred.

~"Ah, whatever. I have time to figure all of this out slowly. For now, how about you tell me where you disappeared to for all those days. I was missing you," Dyon pouted as though he was truly hurt by her absence.

Ri rolled her eyes, "Don't worry about what I do during my free time. That being said, I did promise to take you around the guilds. I'm not familiar with the blacksmithing or alchemy guilds... but the formation guild, I can help with that."

Dyon nodded. He had already made the conscious choice to contribute as much as he could to those guilds so that his army would be the best equipped. He was taking their lives very seriously already.

Suddenly, Little Lyla's voice came from atop Little Black, "Big brother, big sister, I want to go there!" Her little chubby hands pointed towards a tower in the distance.

When Dyon realized what he was looking at he chuckled lightly, "It looks like I'll be treating you today after all," He said looking at Ri mysteriously.

Ri raised an eyebrow, looking towards the restaurant in the distance, "Heaven's Wine? You're broke, how could you afford to treat me there? That very well might be the most expensive restaurant on the island... even your original million profound stones wouldn't be enough. Also, aside from Little Lyla, we're not dressed nearly formally enough."

Dyon smiled, "Don't worry about all that, let's go."~

Jade watched through a mirror as Dyon, Ri, Little Black and the pink haired she had met just a few hours ago walked around together like a happy family. The empty feeling in her chest suddenly grew uncontrollably. She couldn't help but belittle herself for having ever harbored such hope.

Chapter 1364: Caring

The scene of Dyon and Ri making their way into Heaven's Wine and climbing to the top floor remained clear. They happily chatted with one another before finally scrolling through the menu options of the restaurant.

Suddenly, Little Lyla called out to Ri. Tears hadn't fallen from her eyes just yet, but even though her face remained stone cold, one could see that she was fighting an inner turmoil.

'That's me...!' Jade thought to herself silently. 'Those emotions she's feeling, that's how I felt... Helpless... Alone...'

She watched as Ri ordered Ice Petals Dance, a spiritual fruit in the shape of a flower with thousands of petals. Tears fell from her eyes as she described how her mother used to peel this fruit for her, but ever since she disappeared, Ri hadn't had enough skill to peel it for herself...

Jade's heart was torn to pieces when she saw the caring looking in Dyon's eyes. 'Why didn't he look at me like that when I was feeling the same pain?... Could it be that he doesn't care about my pain?...'

...

~Ri trembled as Little Lyla wrapped her arms adorably around her head, "It's okay big sister."

Dyon watched this scene with a sadness still in his heart. He slowly stood, walking over to Ri and plopping down beside her.

He smiled at Ri who was holding Lyla in her arms silently, still unwilling to cry.

Dyon looked at the menu to see what had sent Ri into such a state.

There, the image of a beautiful flower shaped fruit appeared. It was a cold, ice blue, and its petals were not unlike the aloe fruit from the human words although their shape was much more delicate and fragile.

The flower spread out from its center beautiful, layering petal after petal in an elegant design. Dyon didn't know why, but he didn't ask Ri whether or not she wanted it. He simply tapped the screen, causing the fruit to slowly manifest onto the round oak table.

After waiting in silence for a few moments, Ri pulled Little Lyla into her lap. Patting the little girl's head, Ri took a deep breath, feeling a little bit better. She wiped the tears from Little Lyla's eyes, unwilling to the cheerful little girl cry.

"This is a fruit my – my mom used to cut for me when I was younger. It's called Ice Petal's Dance. My mother loved the fruit so much, that she created a sword technique named after it... I haven't had it for a long time. Partially because I miss her, but also because it almost impossible to eat properly," she said softly.

Dyon looked at the fruit, a pondering look in his eye, "Why is it impossible to eat?"

Ri sighed, "Each petal contains the actual fruit within it, which makes peeling the fruits a near impossible task. There are hundreds of petals. Few people are even willing to go through the hassle. That's not even to mention that the coating of the petals is bitter to taste, but the fruit inside is really thin compared to

the coating. So, if you peel it incorrectly, you could either end up with bitter tasting fruit, or no fruit at all..."

Dyon pondered on this, and suddenly smiled, "How did your mother peel it?"

Ri smiled gently in reminiscence, "Her sword cultivation was so profound... she would use her sword qi to peel the petals back, leaving only the fruit behind. It was delicious."

Dyon smiled, reaching his hand to the center of the fruit.

Ri looked confused, 'Is he trying to do what my mom did? There's no way he has that much control...'

But suddenly, Ri's doubt vanished. Her eyes widening in shock.

Dyon's eyes flashed with gold, remembering one of the very first arrays he had ever mastered... the spatial transference array.

Sweat beaded down his forehead as the array contorted and deformed, slowly coating each and every one of the ice blue petals.

Little Lyla looked on, giggling happily as she watched.

Minutes passed, and soon, Dyon stopped, looking towards Ri with a large grin.

"Today, I serve you Ice Petal's Dance," Dyon gently grasped the center stem of the flower fruit, pulling upwards.

A sweet aroma filled the private room. It was like lavender dipped into apple cider, giving their noses a slight and gentle itching sensation.

The juices of the fruit slowly dripped from the now pinkish flesh as Dyon held the fruit's shell in his hand.

Ri's hands trembled as she slowly picked a petal... peeling it off and softly chewing on it.

The tears she had held back finally couldn't be held back any longer. The only sound left in the room was a blue haired girl sobbing in a fit of happiness and an aching longing.

"Thank you, Dyon..."~

Jade's longing and bitter expression turned darker and darker as she watched these scenes. Why couldn't he look at her like that? Why didn't he console her like that?

"Don't you see, Jade?" The Clan Head stood to the side and sighed. "This young man already has someone else in his heart, what is the point of hurting yourself like this?"

"As an Eostre, we're all cursed to be unfeeling until the day we shatter our connection with our manifestation. Hold it in and suffer a little now so that the future generations of our family can be unshackled from this sorrow. Do you want your future daughter or grand daughter to feel the way you do now? Cut this part of yourself away..."

"As cultivators, we live long lives. One day, you'll find someone you can truly share your fate with..."

Nothing in this world was black and white. The thoughts of the Clan Head were sincere. He truly felt that his Eostre Clan had sacrificed too much for an Elvin Kingdom that had given them nothing back. Why should their future generations sacrifice even more?

Their selfish King left, disappearing without a word. Who knew how the Clan Head would react if he knew that King Acacia left to chase after his wife? Maybe he would have sunk into madness himself given the irony...

How dare you chase after your happiness while we wallow in misery?

Chapter 1365: Blush

"Yes, father... I'll cut these emotions away from myself..." Jade said softly before turning to leave... Her destination was none other than the orphanage...

The first time he experienced these events, Dyon believed that Jade had destroyed the orphanage in order to force him to have no choice but to lean on her for emotional support, but this truth was only an underlying and hidden plea from a young woman who needed help...

Jade's true purpose was to make Dyon hate her and despise her... Maybe then, she could forget him...

...

The scenes before Dyon's eyes rapidly changed. He could only watch in horror as Jade steeled her heart and directly cut Ms. Everdeen.

Only now did he understand what truly happened. The gashes on Ms. Everdeen's body that made it look as though she had been tortured for days on end were each painfully inflicted by Jade herself.

However, tears that even she didn't realize fell from her eyes and stained her cold face as even under the cries and pleas of the surrounding children, she struck again and again.

Each cut, each bruise, each and every painful cry, was like another stomp upon Jade's heart. She extended it fully, as though feeling that if she ended this old woman's life too quickly, that the remaining pain in her heart would still be there. She needed to jump onto a road of no return, and irredeemable road, the kind that she could only give up her life to make up for... This was her resolve...

As the said eyes of Ms. Everdeen's frail body faded for the last time, a slight pained smile coated her thin lips.

"I don't know what's paining you child, but I just want you to know that I don't hate you. In fact, I forgive you..." Ms. Everdeen's voice weakly waned as she collapsed.

Jade wanted to walk away, but she suddenly found that this scene was still too perfect. Despite her ghastly appearance, Ms. Everdeen still seemed to be peacefully asleep now, as though a burden of a lifetime had finally been lifted.

Even after tying her to up in a tree, Jade still didn't feel satisfied. A nagging guilt still remained in her heart.

Why had she done this? Why had she stepped on this road of no return? Why?...

'It's to forget. Yes. That's what it is... I want him to look at me with hate and disdain... yes...'

In a fit of madness, Jade ransacked the nearby farmlands, piling her spatial ring with manure.

Soon, a mound of feces stood before her. In front of the scared children still hidden within the orphanage, she began to launch them at the wooden structure. With every throw, she somehow felt alleviated. Even as she coated her delicate palms with a horrid stench and even as her once heavenly fragrance became rife with a diseased disgust, a morbid smile bloomed on her face.

Yes, this was the real her. Who cared about how beautiful her outward appearance was? This depraved, stench filled revulsion was her. Yes...

By the time the moon rose into the skies, Jade's white gown was stained with a profuse brown-green color. Her silver hair was matted with the same look and no one would dare enter even a five-meter radius of her.

What her father thought would cause her to cut off all ties had ended in her descending further. An uncontrollable, irredeemable offense that ended with the life of an innocent old woman and the trauma of equally as innocent children.

The images changed once more. Dyon now saw himself standing amid a forest of black flames. His heart was darkened and his rage was unquenchable. By the time he awoke from his anger, the orphanage he thought would stand a long time was burnt down to nothing but ash.

The scenes shifted. Dyon suddenly saw himself with Jade wrapping her arms around him from the back, her chest firmly pressed against him.

~"You can take me if you want... but know you must take responsibility. I'm not a match for your strength, and I won't pretend to be. You can force me to do whatever you like... but I'm willing to give myself to you to gain your favor, not as a toy for you to vent," Jade's eyes were resolute, but somehow also seductive.

Dyon's eyes never wavered, staring directly into Jade's, "Did you think I was a good guy right now? Take off your clothes."~

Jade's heart skipped a beat. She confused her own self. Didn't she want to get away from him? Tell him about all the horrible things you did to his dreams! Her mind roared. Isn't that what you came here for? To kick him while he was down? To sever their relationship entirely?

Why did she feel guilty? Why did she care that his once pure eyes were filled with a murky anger? Why did she care that the young man who would never betray his love was suddenly asking her to strip?

That's right. She should record this and show it to that love of his. Then she would never trust him again!

~Her dress slowly fell from her shoulders, filling Dyon's eyes with what was nothing short of the body of a goddess. Her breasts had a natural and alluring dip to them. Her nipples were such a delicate and gentle shade of pink that it was almost an offense to touch them. Her chest didn't disappoint, bouncing lightly as Jade blushed furiously under Dyon's gaze.

As Jade was about to reach down and take her white laced panties off, Dyon suddenly spun her around.

Jade moaned as her face was lightly pressed against the wall and her breasts were gently fondled.

Jade blushed as she felt something drop to her ankles... she didn't need to look to see what they were. ~

Jade's mind became muddled. Isn't this what she wanted? Wait, no, that was what she wanted from before.

Hold on, was this really what she wanted? There was no love or care here. He was treating her just like he treated Mithrandir, like a toy to be commanded. So why did it feel so good?

~Suddenly, a raging tempest of Dyon's celestial will and aurora flame blazed, as his hand invaded Jade's delicate regions.

Chapter 1366: Never

~Cries of pleasure rang out from Jade for what seemed like hours. She lost count of how many times she climaxed that day. If it wasn't for Dyon holding her up with his free hand, she would have long since collapsed to the ground. Her legs were weak, fragile and trembling.

Her fair skin was flushed a deep shade of red that glistened under the faint light of the corridor and her sweat. Finally, Dyon let her go and she fell softly to the floor, trying to catch her breath.

By the time she looked up, Dyon was gone.

Jade stared at the light of the array Dyon had left behind. One hand between her legs and another on her breast... she shivered under her own oppressive sensitivity. Her back arched violently for the last time that day, "Dyon..."

By the time Jade came to her senses, another hour had already passed.

Jade could only laugh bitterly to herself, "You say you aren't a good guy, yet you did nothing but pleasure me for hours... you didn't take my virginity... you didn't ask me to please you... you just gave me what you thought I wanted and left..."

Touching her delicate regions again, Jade sighed, "It just doesn't feel as good when I do it myself..."~

An obsessive light-colored Jade's eyes.

The scene shifted once more. Dyon, who had just left his first meeting with the hidden alliance force of the Elves headed by the fake Royal Princess walked through the forest alone.

~Suddenly a gentle voice came from behind Dyon, "There are no beasts this way you know... you didn't need to silence me. And even if you did, did you really need to silence my voice too? Do you hate me that much?"

Dyon tilted his head back to look at Jade's lovely figure. But, to his surprise, she was already wrapping her arms around him and pressing her face to his back.

Dyon pried the girl's hands apart, pressing them against the tree and above her head.

Jade pouted as she looked up at Dyon with her purple-blue eyes. It was almost comedic how her arms were being pinned above her head, but the reaction of her chest was anything but.

Dyon couldn't help but be mesmerized by the deep ravine as he looked down.

Jade blushed, "If you wanted to look again, you just have to ask... but, weren't you more interested in getting me to my knees the first time we met? I'm sure that hasn't changed, right?"

Dyon's eyes widened in shock as Jade slide down the tree, allowing Dyon to keep hold of her hands.

The next words she spoke though, even left Dyon speechless.

"You were intent on keeping me silent before, right?" Looking up at Dyon from her knees, "Well, are you going to use some boring sound technique? Or are you going to put something in my mouth instead?"

Despite her question, Jade didn't allow Dyon to answer. She had already used her teeth to pull his sweat pants down slowly.

Suddenly, Jade's eyes widened. Staring at the sight before her, she laughed bitterly, "This isn't fair you kn –"

This time Dyon didn't allow Jade to finish talking.

His senses were invaded by a deep and warm wetness. The endless swirls and suction gave Dyon a feeling he'd never felt before.

His aurora and celestial will roared to life.

Suddenly, his pleasure was Jade's.

Jade felt herself weakening as she felt the sudden change... suddenly her watery eyes reddened with a fervent passion. That dull and uncomfortable pain she was feeling became nothing but a pool of pleasure she wanted to dive deeper and deeper down.

In the end, she felt like she was drowning. And endless ravine gushed forth from Dyon. The only thing she could do was accept it. Her hands no longer hers. Her body no longer hers. Her feelings... no longer hers.

With that, she passed out...~

Dyon could see every time he wronged Jade, every time he ignored her cries for help, and every time he used her for his own gains.

Maybe the former two he could be pardoned for. After all, he didn't have Lyla's True Empath ability, how could he read Jade's mind? But, at the same time, what possible justification did he have for becoming so sexually intimate with her? Wasn't he simply venting his pent-up lust?

Even still, that was looking at things through rose-colored glasses...

Why was Dyon so flirtatious when he already had Madeleine in his heart? Just a few months ago, he had snorted at Madeleine's idea that he might need more wives, yet here he was, slapping his own face.

Was it because he was immature? Was it because he was a young man still dealing with the throes of youth? Was it because the demon sage's blood compelled him? Maybe it was because of his demonic will, twisting and manipulating his personality and inner thoughts?

The truth was all of these things were true, but so what? He claimed the heart of a woman, then arbitrarily threw it to one side.

The scenes changed once more. Dyon saw images of him confronting Jade, of him looking down at her with the very disdain she had hoped he would... But he also felt the pain within her...

Even as she laughed maniacally, playing every bit the role of villain, her heart bled, pouring out in a desperate cry for help.

In the end, Ri destroyed her looks, marring her face with scars and eliminating the last bit of sanity Jade had left within her. The world had abandoned her. Even the man she thought was so perfect had used her as a tool to vent his lust. Now, that man, the only man she had ever felt something for, would never look at her even for such a debasing purpose again...

The scenes changed one final time... Dyon finally regained control over his body, only to see Jade's ice statue kneeling below Ms. Everdeen's corpse, tears streaming down her face...

At this moment, Dyon's chest wasn't just figuratively bleeding. A hole had appeared, cutting through his skin and ribs to reveal his heart... Black blood poured out of the wound and his orifices, his eyes never leaving the kneeling silver-haired beauty...

Chapter 1367: Torn

Dyon's heart stood torn open.

Even Dyon wouldn't deny that he had been terribly immature in his youth. Regardless of whether or not he had the intention of acting on his words, he wantonly flirted with women. Whether it be Delia when he first met her, Ava just after she saved him from death by the Focus Academy Fountains or even again when she saved him from Darius, or Jade...

While Delia's matters ended simply, with her falling in love with Eli, what about Ava? What about Jade? Was it possible that Ava was experiencing the same pain Jade was? Could her pain be his fault too?

The mistakes of his youth tore Dyon apart. As a man born in a society where monogamy was the only path, Dyon didn't give much thought to such things when he entered the martial world. In fact, he hadn't even planned on falling for Madeleine. It was due to a mixture of his own inner pride and arrogance added to her circumstances that almost forced them together... Who knew what would have happened had it not been for that? Could it have been possible that he would have left Madeleine behind too?...

Even the matters with Ri hadn't ended so simply. Dyon distinctly remembered a time where Ri regretted choosing him. At that point, had it not been for Dyon's adamance, who knows if Ri would still be his wife today? And what about Clara? Her choice to save him cost her something she held precious...

He crossed the martial world, taking women he took a liking to and snatching their hearts, only to neglect them by tossing them into a harem for his own safe keeping. Was this even how a real man should act? Where was his sense of responsibility? Were these thoughts even his own? Was it even possible to pay back his wives what he truly owed them?

Dyon had changed. He knew he had changed. Even for a low-hanging fruit of a joke, he no longer teased women. He had grown out of it, but he had never turned back to correct the mistakes of his past. How could he be so neglectful?

When he watched Jade torture Ms. Everdeen, it was as though every attack and assault was being inflicted on his own body. There was nothing worse than seeing someone you cared for commit atrocities. The cognitive dissonance broke Dyon.

He didn't know how to fix this... He didn't know how to step forward...

Dyon struggled. His body being racked with waves of endless pain. He felt nothing but that debased, perpetual aching in his chest.

'I have to fix this. I have to...'

Dyon still felt that it wasn't his right to forgive Jade. Although Ms. Everdeen's final words spoke of forgiveness, he still felt uncomfortable doing so. No matter what the underlying reason was, it was in fact Jade, by her own hand, that killed an innocent old woman.

A roar escaped Dyon's lips. All of his complex and enraged thoughts focused into a beam of sound, rattling the space around him.

'We both have to atone for our sins. I for Jade, and Jade for Ms. Everdeen...'

Dyon suddenly remembered that he was within a trial. If he died here due to despair, nothing would change.

Unlike the Battle God who only saw an impossible path ahead, Dyon sought after something greater. The Battle God only relied on himself, believing the bigger fist would solve everything. In the end, he was almost right, until he fell during his ninth and final trial...

Dyon could distinctly remember his manifestation berating him. At the time, Dyon had thought that the Sovereign Heart's flaw was that it relied on others for strength. How could someone who pursued the highest martial peak only to rely on mere mortals to sustain their dao path?

Back then, his manifestation had said his understanding was shallow. Although he hadn't explained any further afterward, Dyon felt that he had grasped the edge of something.

The problem with Dyon's sovereign heart wasn't that he relied on others, but rather that he solely relied on others. He lost himself to despair, but never used his own power to lift himself back up, instead, he relied on the backs of those far weaker than himself to lift himself up. How pathetic was that?

This time, Dyon had no intention of doing such a thing. Even as his chest and orifices bled, Dyon's thoughts weren't of losing himself to despair, but rather about finding a path to fix this. He wanted to give himself a chance to see Jade for who she really was, and he wanted to give her an opportunity to make up for her past mistakes.

Dyon was completely right. Had he taken this trial before speaking with his manifestation, he wouldn't have only failed, he would have died a miserable death.

However, although this Dyon was without a dao heart, he was far firmer in his path than his former self. This Dyon was willing to rely on others, but would never slack off himself.

Dyon walked to Jade's side and looked toward Ms. Everdeen's crystal coffin.

"I'll release you when I get out of here. Then, you can pay her back in your own way. One day, you'll be worthy of her forgiveness. If not... I have the resolve to kill you myself." Dyon said softly.

Those last words seemed to take the last bit of energy from him. Swearing an oath to do something he knew would leave a shadow over his heart for the rest of his life without thoughts of taking it back... This was his resolve.

Dyon disappeared, the bronzed doors shimmering out of existence.

...

Dyon suddenly traded one pain for another. When he appeared back in reality, nothing had changed. His body was still in a sorry state of charred meat and bones. The only slight difference was that there was a pulsing golden glow floating just over his heart. It made his body almost look like an overheated metal in just that one spot.

Chapter 1368: Enraged

'Oh, looks like you survived. You're still screwed though.' The Dragon King's words made one wonder whether he really was a transcendent or not. In fact, what kind of item spirit treated its master like this? As though it was waiting for Dyon to die...

But, the rolling clouds in the sky made it clear that the Dragon King was lying. If it wasn't for the fact Dyon's lips and eyelids were melted close, he would probably be swearing into the air even as the Dragon King took pleasure in his pain.

How could Dyon not know that the Dragon King's true body was probably watching his plight with a massive smile on his face on the immortal plane. Once Dyon died, he would finally be free.

"Lightning Tribulation..." Madeleine said softly to herself. Even she didn't know if she was relieved or scared.

Everyone spoke about Lightning Tribulations as though they were weakest of the three tribulation types, but this was the incorrect way to look at it. What they truly meant was that the lightning tribulations had the lowest average of tribulation power.

Due to the fact lightning tribulations had countless iterations, they not only appeared the most often, but their lower end tribulations weighed the class of tribulation down as a whole. In the end, this resulted in many breathing sighs of relief when a lightning tribulation descended because they had a high likelihood of survival.

Unfortunately for the Ragnor family, this actually became their curse. Because they practiced lightning arts, lightning tribulations were particularly fierce for them. But, this also meant that those who entered the dao realm were particularly powerful as well.

Now that Madeleine sensed a lightning tribulation descending, her heart constricted. Because the truth of the matter was that while the weakest tribulations were in this category of tribulation... So were the strongest!

As though watching a nightmare, Madeleine clenched her chest as she witnessed the once red-gold clouds shift as though they were imitating the colors of the rainbow.

Little Yang and Yin's eyes constricted. "Four Color Lightning Tribulation Clouds!"

When the purgatory flames descended, Little Yang and Yin were worried, but they still believed in Dyon. Even when the mighty bronzed war god doors descended, they breathed a sigh of hope, at least Dyon wouldn't have to move his injured body under these circumstances. But now, even they couldn't rein in their emotions!

The most frequent type of lightning tribulations was the Three - Three Lightning Tribulation. This denoted three strikes separated into three iterations, for a total of nine. The most powerful was the Nine Eighty-One Lightning Tribulation, denoting nine strikes separated into eighty-one trials! There were even talks of a possible Nine One-Hundred-Eight Lightning Tribulation, but this was only speculation...

However, what laymen didn't know was that the basis of what decided the strength of a lightning tribulation wasn't just the number of strikes, but also the grade of the tribulation cloud!

Usually, cultivators only faced One Color Tribulation Clouds. This called upon the weakest yellow lightning to descend... But, Dyon called about the Four Color Tribulation Cloud, allowing for yellow, orange, green and blue lightning to descend!

This wasn't a simple matter of a new flowery color. For every step above, this color change caused a doubling of striking power! While color difference to regular lightning denoted a different path, for tribulation lightning to only denoted one thing: Strength!

Facing a Four Color Tribulation Cloud was like facing a lightning tribulation that had the potential to be as much as 8x more powerful than the tribulation of some facing a One Color Tribulation Cloud!

'Shut up.' Dyon said weakly. 'What am I facing?'

'Looks like Four Color Tribulation Lightning. Considering the size, it's probably a fairly normal Nine Nine Lightning Tribulation, but considering the cloud type, you're as good as dead honestly.' The Dragon King chuckled.

'Oh?' Dyon's words still lagged, but he didn't show much of a reaction. 'This is a pretty good opportunity to replenish a bit of the Lightning Willow mask. It won't be anywhere near its peak strength, but it'll function to hide my identity well.'

'Are you stupid, kid? That old geezer specifically said that the mask could only lessen the strength of a lightning tribulation by 30%. If you're planning on relying on that, you're worse off than I thought.'

Dyon shrugged, 'Maybe so. But I don't plan on dying here. The Heavens can kiss my ass...'

The Dragon King's uproarious laughter filled Dyon's ears, however, Dyon had turned a deaf ear, instead willing the Lightning Willow Mask to appear on his face.

By the time he finally felt a faint connection with it, the first rippling of lightning tore through the air... It was a bright fluorescent green being 4x more powerful than regular lightning.

However, before it even reached Dyon's body, something amazing happened. The faint image of a slumbering bird of incomparable beauty appeared, swallowing the streak of lightning whole. Dyon was completely unaware of what happened...

The Heavens seemed enraged by the result, immediately following up with a blue streak of lightning, 8x more powerful than yellow. But, the result was the same, as though they were being shot into an endless blackhole.

In truth, Dyon's Grand Teacher wasn't wrong. The mask truly was only meant to negate 30% of the abilities of a lightning tribulation. However, this matter changed when the mask was completely depleted.

As things stood now, the Lightning Willow mask was akin to an empty lakebed experiencing its first rainfall in several thousand years. The heavenly liquid fell from the skies, first soaking its dried and cracked exterior, but seeping inward. Afterward, a thick layer of mud was formed before murky waters started to steadily rise. In the end, the dirt would slowly settle, leaving behind clear waters for all to see.

Still, if this explanation was taken, it was far too shallow and empty. The truth of the matter stood within the fact that the Lightning Willow's Item Spirit had awoken!

What was the point of an item spirit? Why was it that only the most powerful treasures seemed to have them? Dyon's demon sage tower, a treasure from the immortal plane, and the Dragon King. Both were items that seemed to exist outside the bounds of the mortal plane, neither of which were truly meant to be here.

Chapter 1369: Shook

Despite the fact the Dragon King didn't have the true spirit of a weapon, it was already so powerful. At the same time, the abilities of the demon sage tower were beyond the bounds of reason... Raising the quality of a blade by allowing it to swallow lesser weapons? Raising the bloodline of a beast using regular blood and not blood essence? This was simply unreasonable.

When Dyon triggered the lifesaving ability of the lightning willow mask, its hidden item spirit had awoken. Although he didn't see it at that time, it was responsible for both his survival and the benefits he received afterward.

When the Lightning Sparrow appeared, it immediately felt a resonance with Dyon's manifestation, unable to ignore the streak of golden lightning. While others might not understand the meaning behind such a thing, how could the Lightning Sparrow not?

Yellow, Orange, Green, Blue, Violet, Red, Black, White and finally... Gold! Each at least two times more powerful than the last. For it to see a master capable of evoking such a phenomenon, how could it not be moved? At that time, the Lightning Sparrow bound itself to Dyon, unwilling to take a step back, it even angered the Heavens themselves.

To a Lightning Sparrow whose body encompassed all nine colors, it would feel at home even in the face of a Nine Cloud Tribulation, let alone a mere Four Cloud!

The Lightning Sparrow was cursed to never display its absolute beauty to the world, but that didn't mean that it had ever given up on doing so. Dyon was its chance, its chance to rein in the Heavens and shatter the Laws that bound it. As long as Dyon mastery over Lightning reached a certain peak, the sparrow would no longer be restricted.

Madeleine and the beast babies watched in shock as lightning streak after streak was swallowed into nothingness. The Lightning Sparrow's shadow was far too fast for them to see exactly what was happening. Even in its deep slumber, it was cursed with an otherworldly, unstoppable speed.

Dyon's manifestation shimmered into existence, rotating its six halos such that the streak of golden lightning shaped into a dragon stood at just behind its head.

Yellow, orange, green and blue swirls began to change its appearance. The one colored golden dragon morphed once more, becoming a beautiful rainbow dragon. It crackled, looking far livelier than it did before as it roared into the skies.

The Heavens trembled in anger, but even as the final 81st streak of lightning descended as a brilliant ice blue, there was no change to the situation.

The skies above closed unwillingly. No matter how enraged it was, the Heavens could never break its own rules. Considering treasures were allowed during tribulations, what right did it have to still be angry?

Unfortunately, what it could do was not heal Dyon. And, it clearly had no intention of adding him to cultivate.

However, even more unfortunate for the Heavens, since when did Dyon beg and plead it for anything?

BOOM!

At that moment, Dyon's thumping Sovereign Flame Seed burst into a ray of Golden Light that slammed into the skies, shattering what remained of the lingering tribulation clouds as though to express its dissatisfaction.

All sorts of energies began to roll toward Dyon. Essence, Saint and Celestial, all careening into his body at once as a magnificent change began to take place.

His charred body became coated in a blanket of golden flames. This flame had no offensive or defensive power. In fact, it was incredibly docile and gentle... It was neither too hot nor too cold, in fact, it didn't even tickle Dyon's skin. Instead, it softly washed over him like a mother bathing her newborn child.

Dyon suddenly felt his Presence dropping at a drastic rate. From Peak King to Lower King, to Duke... to Marquise... to Earl To Viscount ... Before it finally disappeared into nothing.

Yet, at this time, Dyon's body was experiencing an even more shocking change. His body slowly repaired itself, revealing a face that made others tremble with just a single look. At the same time, it was so incomparably noble that it almost seemed blasphemous for a normal individual to lay eyes on him, they could only lower their heads as he walked by...

Just what change was occurring? Just what was the secret of the Sovereign Flame?

Sealed energies within The Seal shook. At that moment, Dyon's body cultivation which had stagnated at the 1st celestial realm skyrocketed.

From the very beginning, Dyon hadn't absorbed all of the energy from Evangeline's first three seals. One had to remember that according to Dyon's calculations, shattering all 11 energy seals would bring him to the dao formation realm. So, how could 1 seal had been so pitifully weak?

At that time, Dyon not only sealed much of the energy from the energy seal, but also repeated the same feat with the soul and body seal!

The paths of body refinement and body cultivation were different, but they still kept the same root. Dyon diligently spent his time refining his body to greater heights and improving his strength, but he never improved upon his body's actual cultivation. However, it was at this moment that he finally reached the bottleneck he was looking for, causing both his body refinement level and body cultivation level to fuse as one and move forward together!

The influx of energies served multiple purposes. Not only had Dyon's body healed, but the weight he could sustain went from 106 000 000 jin, all the way to 199 999 999. The moment he reached this level, the clear shattering of a barrier resounded and his body cultivation, that had stagnated for a long time, moved forward.

1st celestial realm... 2nd celestial realm ... 3rd celestial realm!

The energy seal moved, flooding Dyon's barren meridians happily. It condensed, again and again, forced by the laws of his silver mirror constitution into a paste similar to Divine Milk. Even saint energy hadn't been this solid. In fact, only the saint level Bold type energy was able to surpass Dyon's celestial energy in thickness!

Chapter 1370: All of It!

Just this amount of energy should have been enough for any normal cultivator to reach the 3rd celestial realm, however, Dyon only managed to 5 meridians, leaving him still a ways away from the peak of the 1st celestial realm. However, the power that brimmed within his body uncontrollably made even first grade peak celestials tremble.

The unspeakable changes continued, each more devastating than the last.

Dyon's meridians that had climbed to the first grade after awakening his birth constitution suddenly trembled under the might of his dense energy. It seemed that they would collapse at any time, unable to handle the difference in weight between saint and celestial qi.

However, it was at that moment that the Sovereign Flame's changes to Dyon's body continued. A surge of golden flames entered his meridians. In a process that was somehow gentle and violent, it smashed against the walls of the sturdy bronze-silk, pushing it outward again and again.

Before anyone could even realize what happened, Dyon's meridians doubled in size. His once 5 filled meridians dropping to less than 3 in the blink of an eye.

A golden sheen covered them, a look that should have been reserved for the gold-silk realm.

It was at this moment that Dyon finally felt his slumbering soul stir. The soul seals had finally taken action, charging into his mind's eye with a steady flow of qi.

Unable to withstand the pressure, the barriers around Dyon's mind's eye shattered, and the once half-step planet qi became true planet qi!

A beautiful illusory image floated in the air around Dyon's unconscious body. The sights of numerous planets filled the skies. Some were as red as rubies, while others shimmered like sapphires. Lush greens and ocean blues were the most prevalent, making the odd colors stand out all the more so.

The resounding sound of yet another barrier shattering streaked across the mystical world.

200 000km... 300 000km ... 400 000km ... 500 000km ...

Not only had the mystical world's restrictions suddenly become useless against Dyon, but his divine sense's range more than doubled! His soul had officially breached the dao realm!

A feeling of majesty and control filled the space around him. The presence of his divine sense had become so dense that it weighed down the space it sat in. Everyone within it felt as though an absolute expert was watching their every move.

As things stood now, Dyon, who before could only use his wills effectively within a few hundreds meters of himself could now repeat the same feat within several dozen miles without breaking a sweat.

It was as though Dyon's improvement was taunting the Heavens themselves. Just when it seemed that things would finally settle down, something else would occur. Even the simple pulsing gold light on his body made the Heavens feel inferior.

In the end, things finally calmed down as Dyon's inner world gently extended itself to 10km across.

Dyon lay on the burnt ground, everything within several hundred miles of him burnt to ashes. Yet, he was the one spot of absolute perfection.

His skin was elastic and sturdy, radiating a vibrant rose-bronze sheen with just the slightest hint of gold. His brownish-red hair was now a dirty gold-red, shifting in the wind ever so slightly.

When his eyes opened and he finally looked at the world for the first time in several days, they were no longer their usually hazel-green, but were now a striking gold with flecks of bright emerald hidden within. If you looked closely, you could see the embers of an ever-burning flame hidden deep inside his pupils.

As Dyon slowly stood, the barren earth trembled beneath his feet. This wasn't just because his weight had reached 200 000 000 jin. Rather, it was something more shocking than Dyon could ever imagine.

His Presence hadn't disappeared... It had fused into every fiber of his being. His qi... His bones... His muscles... His soul... His wills... All of it!

Dyon was so enraptured by the changes in his body that he completely forgot about everything around him.

His fist shot forward. It was an absolute normal fist without any celestial qi or even his full strength, yet what happened afterward was inconceivable.

Space shattered like glass, flying around like the remnants of a destroyed window. Flecks of grey and black flew, unable to withstand his strength.

Dyon paused, looking at his fist like it wasn't even his own. That punch was only about 50% of his strength. In fact, more accurately, it was only 50% of his purely physical strength without the support of blood manipulation or qi, yet it shattered space.

One had to know that back in Dyon's home universe, he was capable of shattering space with his all-out attacks. However, this was being qi in general was incredibly scarce in his home, thus following that spatial qi was limited. As a result, space was very unstable.

However, this matter was completely different in other quadrants, especially for the top ranked quadrants. In those cases, even a dao formation expert might not be able to shatter space with an attack.

Of course, it had to be considered that this was a mystical world. In addition, it was on the verge of collapsing entirely due to Orcus' death. It would still last a few more weeks, but it was already a shell of its former self. The only reason it was still here was because Dyon had yet to claim Orcus' legacy.

Still, even with this being true, Dyon was certain that even without using his spatial will, as long as he attacked with everything he had, even the space of the 4th ranked quadrant would shatter.

This may sound like a useless ability, but this wasn't the case at all. The ability to ignore space was incredibly important for becoming a dao expert. Many of the abilities of a dao formation expert existed outside the bounds of physics, only by being able to shatter space would one be able to use them. This

was also just one of the reasons why divine grade techniques and above weren't able to be mastered by those below a certain level aside from not having enough qi to sustain it.