

The Nameless 1401

Chapter 1401: Timing

"In case you've forgotten, Second Elder Mist, it is I who presides over the Punishment Faction of our Guild. If there are penalties to be handed out, it isn't your turn to do so. Not in this life, nor the next.

"But, I'm glad you've brought up the topic despite overstepping your bounds. For the crime of entering the Dark Ocean without proper permissions, Chrysanthemum will be sentenced to 5 years of seclusion and her position as core disciple will be stripped for said duration to that of a working disciple.

"For the crime of enabling poor and rebellious behavior in her Junior Sisters, Anabella will be forced into a probationary period for the next 50 years."

"You're taking advantage of the situation!" Second Elder Mist couldn't remain quiet for much longer than a few seconds.

Everyone knew that the title of Legatee couldn't be handed out lightly, this was because stripping someone of this title was almost impossible. In addition, Sects and Clans had limited Faith that needed to be slowly rebuilt over an entire generation. A Legatee was highly important to this rebuilding, but it was also for this reason that only three could be chosen per generation regardless of the size or strength of a Clan.

However, there was a singular exception...

A probationary period was enacted when a Legatee committed an irredeemable evil. During this time, the Faith a Legatee had protecting him or her could be forcibly taken if they are defeated by another member of their sect who shared the same generation.

Normally, this tall task was impossible to fulfill. After all, Legatees would already be the cream of the crop. Where would they find other disciples capable of defeating them? However, Anabella was a special case. It was precisely because the Water Mist Sect knew she was unworthy of being a Legatee that they suppressed the three 7th Order and two 8th Order geniuses of their Sect.

But now... There was Ri!

One might wonder at this point why Anak and Anabella hadn't used their faith to protect themselves from Dyon, and the answer to that is very simple.

The matters of Faith were very powerful, but they were also finite. One wouldn't wantonly use their faith unless they absolutely had to. In a situation where they both knew that a dao expert who had their backs was on her way, this definitely wasn't an end all be all situation.

However, it should also be noted that only smaller Clans and Sects had this sort of worry...

While it was true that every Clan and Sect, no matter its size or age, could only choose three legatees per generation, it would be foolish to say that there weren't differences between them that remained. One such difference was this very limitation here.

Those from weaker Clans like Anak had a finite amount of Fate they could use over the course of their lifetimes. This acted as a life saving treasure that was even beyond their soul bound one. One wouldn't use it unless they absolutely had to.

Then there were simply weak Legatees like Anabella. Not only was the pool she had access to finite, she also couldn't mobilize much of it due to how poor her talent was.

Maybe to most, Anabella's 6th Order cultivation was outstanding. But in the face of true geniuses, she was nothing more than an ant. If God Goldeen had 4 7th Order bodyguards, you can imagine how the cultivation world's upper echelon viewed Anabella's strength.

However, stronger Clans, especially the number one and three quadrants of their tower quadrants, didn't have this problem. Or, more accurately, even when they used up the Faith they had, their Clans were so powerful that it would only take a few years for them to be back at full capacity once more.

For the Mist Clan, who was already declining so severely, how could they build up more Faith in such a short period of time? While to the outside world, there was no drastic difference between the 4th and 9th ranked quadrants, many even believing they were all equal, those with sharper intellect had begun to realize that the Water Mist Sect was slowly slipping. It wouldn't be long before their 9th place was taken from them.

"Taking advantage of the situation?" First Elder Viola frowned. "For the Crime of questioning the Punishment Faction Executioner, Second Elder Mist is sentenced to 1 month of seclusion and will have her monthly quota of resources halved for half a year."

"You...."

"Would you like a worse sentence?"

Second Elder Mist sealed her lips tightly, begrudgingly taking the three injured geniuses away along with her Clan's Minor Elder.

In truth, she didn't understand why Viola had suddenly become so fiery today. She had never exercised her Executioner status in this way before.

However, what Second Elder Mist didn't know was that it was precisely because Ri had come back safe and sound that she acted so boldly to support her now. With Ri proving herself in this way, the idea of her building up her own coalition to support the Palace Master wasn't impossible at all. Coupling this with the Palace Master's still growing cultivation, and they definitely had a chance.

If things kept moving along like this, not only would the Palace Master soon have cultivation rivalling the Sect Ancestors, Ri would become a pillar to hold them up as well.

It wasn't just this either, but also the fact Ri had such a powerful husband to her back. Major speculation about the masked wife stealer having royal Elvin blood within him had been circulating for years already. Of course, this was because he had suppressed Anak who had high grade human blood. Some even believed he had angel blood due to his wings.

The only reason this latter theory was ignored was because Ri's connection with the Elves had been revealed. Considering that wing growth techniques weren't exceptionally rare, and the fact it was too odd for two seemingly extinct rulers of the human race to appear as husband and wife, the first explanation was easier to accept.

Viola had many worries, as did the Sect Master.

Why was it that such a powerful Sect had such a weak key wielder in Anabella? It was because they didn't want to give the Palace Master a chance to nurture a Legatee of her own.

The truth was that before Anabella's birth, the Water Mist Sect already had two outstanding Legatees, one of whom was of the 8th Order, and the other of whom was a False True God. Anabella was a hurriedly chosen third Legatee who was only nominated to fill the last quota and cut off all opportunities for the Palace Master's faction to rise.

The fact that Viola had taken this chance to put her on probation would cause waves in the Sect... The Grand Elder and the Mist Clan Ancestors would never take this lying down.

At this point, one might wonder, why was the key given to Anabella and not one of the two true geniuses? Why had things ended up like this and seemingly not in a manner that made much sense? The answer was simple: timing.

Chapter 1402: Dark Ocean Waters...

Even while not being able to bring out its full power, the difference between using a supreme grade weapon as a celestial versus as a saint was like comparing heaven and earth!

Dyon suddenly found his rage far more difficult to temper. With the trajectory of Anak's attack, considering both Ri and Clara were standing to his sides, it would have to tear Ri in half before it could reach him.

Of course, Anak wasn't thinking about any of this. All he could see was Dyon. He no longer cared about his nonchalant will to possess Madeleine, nor did he care about humiliating Ri, all he wanted to do was not take a step back in the face of this enemy. All he wanted to do was take a step forward.

Dyon knew that this wasn't the sort of attack he could take nonchalantly. It could only be said that True Gods were on an entirely different level. While cultivation was important in gauging strength, so was comprehension. The leap in combat prowess Anak took just now, especially considering he followed a difficult and powerful path, wasn't something Dyon could turn his nose up at. The Anak that stood before him now could most definitely defeat Anabella.

This wasn't all either. Anak also had an Earth Grade Constitution known as Earthen Will. Contrary to its name, it had next to nothing to do with Earth Will aside from the fact its wielder could call upon Earthn Essence to heal themselves. Instead, it referred to its wielder's body being as sturdy as earth and was an example of an innate strength constitution, a category of constitution Dyon's titan diamond body was within.

When in the body of a normal human, it provided as much as three times the bodily strength as a normal human cultivator, scaling directly to body path cultivation. However, this constitution had one quirk, a quirk that was the reason behind it being ranked so low...

The strength of Earthen Will was directly correlated to the size of its wielder's body! This was where it earned its name from. In reality, the larger a body of earth, the greater its pull and gravity was. When one was born with Earthen Will, even a single inch of height resulted in an exponential increase in strength compared to other wielder's of the will.

While a normal human would have three times the normal strength of another, Anak, due to his Emperor Giant Body, had thirty times the normal strength of not a human, but an Emperor Giant!

Unfortunately for Anak, he wasn't facing a normal member of the younger generation. By the time his valiant aura faded and he lost consciousness, his energy draining to nothing, all he saw was the last image of the magically extending polearm of a glaive piercing through his chest.

He flew backward, following along with the still extending glaive as his body formed a trench through the dark ocean waters.

The gray glaive polearm seemed to extended indefinitely.

True Weapon's Will was something that was unapproachable for many. Even Anak who had finally comprehended a half-step dao was far from reaching this level as most wouldn't even sniff its barrier until entering the dao realm of comprehension. However, this was something Dyon had accomplished 6 years ago by now.

The True Weapon Will of the glaive was this very extending ability. Using concepts of momentum and resonance much like the other true weapon wills, the glaive was able to extend and shorten at will while conserving its striking power to perfection.

Anak never managed to enter Dyon's attack range. Before he could, Dyon took out his own glaive forged with dwarf's diamond. With a mere thought, the glaive shot outward, piercing through Anak's chest and causing him to fly backward.

By the time the dao experts got within range, all that could greet them was a devastating scene. Chrystanthemum, who had fallen onto the ocean's surface, was pushed by the wave Anak's massive body created, leaving a trail of blood and severed organs. On the opposite side, Anabella left a similarly gory scene, the only difference being that it originated from her leg. Finally, there was Anak who's body was already gone from sight. The only evidence that he had been here was the still extending grey polearm attached to his chest.

In what amounted to no more than a few seconds, three powerful celestial geniuses had been forced into such a sorry state.

Second Elder Mist trembled with rage, immediately sending out their Clan's Minor Elder to help her family's two geniuses.

"Stop!" The elder's eyes reddened with rage, raising her hand to attack. But, would First Elder Viola allow such a thing?

Elder Mist suddenly felt a hand grip her wrist.

"This is very clearly a matter for the younger generation to handle. When did it become your turn to interfere?"

"You..."

It was because of Viola's interference that Second Elder Mist hadn't been able to send their Clan's Minor Elder here to ensure this plan didn't fail in the first place. By the time she managed to wiggle her way

out of this interference, who could have known that she was come to see such a scene? To make matters worse, Viola had shamelessly followed her here.

There were very clear distinctions between their ranks as well. While they were both middle dao experts, Second Elder Mist could only barely be considered so while Viola had firmly established herself, it was clear who would come out on top in a fight.

In truth, the only reason the Mist Clan still held a firm grasp of the Water Mist Sect was because of Grand Elder Mist and their secluded ancestors. In normal day to day affairs, they were already no match for the Sect Master and her faction.

Knowing this truth, the Sect Master could only shake her head. Had the Mist Clan not realized yet that they were declining so fiercely precisely because of their way of going about things? Karma was the most powerful force in existence, no one could escape it, so why did the Mist Clan believe they were infallible even after committing so many foul acts?

Chapter 1403: Into the Ground

The Palace Master of the Water Mist Sect was a False True God. So, she never had the opportunity to wield the key. However, this obviously mean that another individual had taken on the role.

Back then, unlike the joke that Anabella had become, the Water Mist Sect key wielder was worthy of the title. Although the current Palace Master was still slightly better, their Key Wielder was a God and was happened to be their former Grand Elder.

Unfortunately, that Grand Elder never gained the recognition of the Mist Seal, so the Water Mist Sect had been without a Palace Master for a while back then.

This aside, according to rules established by their ancestors, the key could only be passed on in three situations. The first was if the key wielder died, obviously. The second was if the key wielder entered a deep sleep and became an Ancestor. And the last was if this individual became the Palace Master.

These rules might seem odd. After all, as long as the key was being passed to a youth of their Sect, why did it matter when this happened?

There was a simple answer to this, and it was related to the higher floors of the Epistemic Tower. Simply put, quadrants who had younger key wielders were actually at a disadvantage.

When one climbs to higher floors, the privileges of key wielders increase. Not only does the key gain added functions in war and the gates, there are also numerous events that can only be entered by quadrants who have their key wielders on a particular floor.

It should be remembered that the saint floors are just a primer. True competition doesn't begin until one reached the celestial floors, and it only increases on the dao floors. The amount of time and energy it takes to take even a single step forward after entering the celestial realm is so astronomical that one has no choice but to rely on natural treasures. But, for the tower quadrants, their only real chance at these are found within the tower itself.

One can imagine how fierce the competition would be between 100 quadrants, so the tower's way of mitigating this and giving weaker quadrants a chance is by allocating these chances based on where the key wielder is within the tower.

Essentially, stronger quadrants have an advantage, but they also move on to the next floor far quicker as well. Eventually, there will be certain gap periods where weaker quadrants can fight over resources amongst themselves while the stronger quadrants have already moved on.

At the same time, however, stronger quadrants obviously want to spend as much time as possible on the highest floors. For them, only these highest floors are worth their time and only they provide a chance to improve their already high positions.

Now, it's quite obvious why the Water Mist Sect would have such rules. It was in their best interest for the Grand Elder to keep this key for as long as possible.

Unfortunately for the Mist Clan, their former Grand Elder and current Ancestor was far older than the Palace Master. Since things worked out in this way, although they could play keep away with the key with her, they eventually reached a point where the former Grand Elder had to hand the key off to a member of the younger generation.

This was where the rules impacted them once again. The key could only be handed to a youth who had yet to take their trials. The reason for this is also related to benefits. After all, only a key wielder could receive the best rewards the Tower had to offer.

Due to the structure of the Tower, only Gods and True Gods could receive supreme grade weapons as a reward, and, one couldn't take the God Trial unless you had the key. Considering how rare supreme grade treasures were, how could the Mist Clan give up this opportunity?

When these events were combined, it resulted in a situation where the Grand Elder entered her deep sleep too late to give the key to their Clan's true geniuses, but too early to find a candidate more worthy than Anabella.

The Mist Clan was simply too greedy, preferring to hand the key to a mediocre candidate instead of having the key leave their family. Because of this, the Water Mist Clan was constantly at a disadvantage. Everywhere Anabella went, she was inferior to the key wielders of the 4th-8th ranked quadrants. She was even worse than some of the key wielders of the 11th-29th ranked quadrants. Soon, the 30th would be included on that list considering Saru was attempting her God Trials as these events were transpiring.

For such a powerful Clan, this sort of matter was embarrassing beyond belief. It might have been fine if things ended with embarrassment, but they didn't. Due to Anabella being unable to secure the resources they needed to maintain their former foundations, the Clan was suffering. To make matters worse, Anabella's cultivation pace was too slow, who knew when she would finally reach the dao floors?

In truth, the Water Mist Sect had known that Anabella would be lacking after testing her talent as a youth. In fact, they had estimated that she would only become a 3rd or 4th Order celestial. It was only because the Mist Clan continually poured resources into her that she managed to reach the 6th Order.

The issue was that they underestimated how profound an impact this sort of thing would have. They were constantly looking for a candidate worthy enough to replace Anabella, but one inexplicably refused to be born.

From any outsider's perspective, it was obvious why this was. They tried to skirt around the rules laid by their ancestors by giving the key to an unworthy candidate and thus lost the protection of their some of their faith. Even worse, Anabella was unable to perform well enough to supplement this loss. How could they birth talents while crippled in this way?

It would be good if the Mist Clan acknowledged their mistake and took a step back by giving the key to someone worthy, but who knew they would be so stubborn to the point they would rather run the Sect into the ground?

Chapter 1404: Far Better

"Little Alex, it's good that you're safe. Aren't you going to introduce me?" Viola smiled lightly, the wrinkles on her face becoming more pronounced. Still, it was quite obvious that she was once a beauty with few competitors. Even now she had an alluring mature air to her.

Ri smiled widely. "This is my husband, First Elder. His name is Jaws."

Dyon almost couldn't refrain from rolling his eyes. His anger had been almost too much to control just moments ago, but luckily Ri had cooled him down with her pure ice will while Viola was reprimanding the Mist Clan women.

Ri was worried about Dyon's demeanor, truthfully speaking. It wasn't that she believed he would ever harm her or Clara, that idea didn't even cross her mind. But she knew it wasn't good for a ruler to be hot headed. Dyon could be so intelligent at times, but so foolish at others. Eventually, he'd reach a point where his intelligence couldn't pull him out of his stupidity.

"Ah, so he does have a name." Viola giggled lightly. She didn't have the air of an Elder at all, she spoke to Ri as though they were two schoolgirls.

Ri pouted lightly at Viola's teasing. It didn't exactly paint the best image for her husband to be named the masked wife stealer. In fact, videos of Dyon's confrontation with Daisho Ken had been circulating for years already. At least 60-70% of people agreed with Daisho Ken's take.

Although it was obvious that Daisho Ken was only bringing up Dyon's marriage life in order to goad him into action, that didn't stop many from taking his side. After all, to an uninformed individual who had no idea that Madeleine was Dyon's wife and not someone he was trying to steal, his words seemed logical. Why would Dyon be chasing another woman, a married woman at that, if he had Ri by his side? Wasn't he simply slapping the face of his own wife?

"I don't know what you're thinking young man, but you better not hurt Little Alex. I don't care if your Clans approve of your marriage already, I'll personally see to it that Little Alex severs ties with you." Viola spoke sternly, taking on the big sister role shamelessly despite her age.

It had to be remembered that the Water Mist Sect was an all-women's Sect just like the Flaming Lily Sect was. For these sorts of sects in particular, it was incredibly rare for their disciples to become a part of some man's harem. In fact, it was often the women here who had multiple husbands.

Although Viola herself only had one husband, she was more frivolous in her younger days. Her Primordial Yin was actually in the hands of the current Sect Master of the Enigmatic Sect – the rulers of the 7th ranked quadrant. However, she never married him due to similar circumstances she believed Ri was currently in.

Viola and women like her didn't feel any shame in the idea of being married to a man who didn't hold their Primordial Yin, nor should they. Viola felt that she wouldn't be comfortable in sharing the man she loved, so she moved on and found a man who would cherish her and her alone. Of course, this man was far weaker than the Enigmatic Sect's Master, but she didn't care.

In truth, the Enigmatic Sect's Master still wanted to take her for his wife even to this day, even to the point of only titling his current women as concubines, but she couldn't be bothered to deal with him. Even though her only husband had died due to his poor cultivation thousands of years ago by now, she never went back to him.

Dyon didn't say anything in response to Viola's words, nor was his gaze indifferent. He only looked toward her in silence with a thoughtful expression.

"At least that gaze isn't as lecherous as the rumors state." Viola said with a harrumph.

"Alright, alright." Ri took Viola's arm, bringing her away before Clara died from holding in too much laughter. It had been a long time since they had seen Dyon being scolded by someone he couldn't respond to. They found the exchange hilarious.

Still, while Dyon didn't have any killing intent aimed toward Viola, he suddenly felt his hands itching. It seemed that he had to teach that Daisho Ken a lesson for daring to run his mouth so much. Maybe

before Dyon would have to be wary of Ken, but in his current state, and from the rumors that he should be an 8th or 9th stage celestial, Dyon would be able to fight with him toe to toe.

Of course, winning or losing this fight wouldn't prove anything. People would still talk. But it would definitely alleviate the fire in his gut.

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A few hours later, Dyon found himself in Ri's courtyard. It was quite a lavish space, being about 10% the size of Soul Palace, a feat that was definitely not small.

"How did it go?"

After taking his time to cast a concealment array and handing the formation core to Ri, Dyon finally felt it was safe to ask.

Although Dyon's eyes saw a dome of beautiful comet qi, unless a Moon Lord came here, even a dao expert who didn't specialize in sensory abilities wouldn't sense a thing. And, even if a Moon Lord of a dao expert of such caliber did come, they wouldn't be able to do anything about it without alerting the three of them.

Of course, Dyon only restricted himself to comet qi in order to not draw too many parallels between the masked wife stealer and himself.

In response, Ri smiled brightly. "It went far better than I expected."

"He's the Queen's husband?" Centaress who had been hiding with Ri's long, beautiful, silver-blue hair along with Galadrim and Isla peaked outward, staring at Dyon curiously. "Why's he hiding his face? Don't tell me the Queen has an ugly husband."

Isla, who was the only one of the three to have actually seen Dyon pondered a bit. Her standards were quite high when it came to beauty considering she was from the fairy race, but as she was about to respond, she suddenly shuddered.

Chapter 1405: No...

"He's ugly. Definitely very ugly. I don't know how he grasped the Queen's heart." Isla continued to shiver. All she could remember was the image of Dyon covered in blood and gore. Back then, he stood at over twenty meters tall and was coated in black armor. Plus, his body was badly mangled.

Although Isla was a fairy, her thinking was quite simple and naïve. It was for this reason her race, despite their heaven defying abilities, never became prominent and instead fell under the protective wing of the elves.

She believed herself very intelligent, thinking that this was Dyon's disguise while his other form was his true form. After all, wasn't it normal for people to grow more powerful after entering their true forms? That's what beasts did all the time, they were far stronger in their beast forms than their human forms. Since Dyon had gotten much stronger in his giant form, she thought that that was his real appearance.

"Oh no, we need to save the Queen. How can such a beautiful Queen have an ugly husband?"

At this point, even the usually calm Galadrhim began to feel restless as she floated on her tree. How could they allow their Queen to have such a subpar husband? Weren't all the greatest heroes in history also incredibly handsome? Who had ever heard of an ugly hero? She definitely couldn't allow this.

Dyon, who had been waiting for Ri to start her story, didn't know whether to laugh or cry. When had he suddenly become ugly? Plus, didn't they know that he could hear them?

Ri giggled lightly. She had yet to see Dyon's appearance after he became a celestial, but she had a feeling he could make her swoon more than he ever had.

"Joking aside, Clara and I made some major gains in the past three years, but there are still some glaring issues that are left to be dealt with." Ri started. "This time around, although it seems like the Mist Clan only sent me on this mission because they wanted to get rid of me, they only did so as a matter of convenience. They had been thinking about doing another expedition to Dark Ocean for years now."

"What do you think about that?" Dyon asked. He had a vague idea of what the problem was, but it was impossible for him to know everything about everything. Ri definitely had the better perspective on this topic.

"Usually, they only feel the need to clear the beasts in the Dark ocean every few centuries, but it's only been a couple dozen years since the last time. Because Anabella's weaknesses have handicapped the Sect's savings so much, they're no longer able to continue to ignore the resources hidden on the ocean floor. The issue is that the "beasts" there have acted as a major deterrence for a long time.

"Because of the Elvin Curse, the Rainbow Peng Clan takes every last bit of those century long gaps to conjure up the magic that wards the Sect off, but if the Mist Clan gets too restless, they'll send experts long before the Clan is ready. In that case, the secret of Dark Ocean would be exposed."

Dyon nodded, lost in thought. "And what would happen if you undid the seal?"

"If the seal was undone, there are three Kun Peng's that could break into the dao realm within half a year, and they're practically guaranteed to succeed due to their excessive accumulations. But, that isn't enough to match the fire power of the Water Mist Sect without adequate preparation.

"The Palace Master has been a Higher Dao Expert for a long time now. In fact, she would be a Peak Dao Expert by now if it wasn't for the suppression of the Mist Clan.

"The Grand Elder is a Middle Dao Expert, along with First Elder Viola and Second Elder Mist. The four of them are the most powerful members of the Sect, barring Ancestors of course. But, Ancestors will only be awoken in the worst case scenario. So, unless the Sect is in dire straits, they can be ignored.

"As for Lower Dao Experts, there are several dozen, nearing 30 – even more if the males from the secular universes are counted. Plus, there are countless Pseudo-Dao experts."

Dyon sighed. Would they really have to give up the resources on the ocean floor? If the Mist Clan really lay their hands on those resources, Ri would find it far harder to find a foothold in the Sect.

At the moment, Dyon seemed rich, but when things were put into perspective, he was a poor man in a billionaires game.

There were numerous energy stone mines not only in the Demon Sage's Mystical World, but also in the Golden Flame Mystical World Dyon managed to bring over. However, how could those handful of mines compare to Sects and Clans that had entire universes worth of energy stone mines to pick from?

Not only did Dyon have far less universes to work with than these tycoons, he couldn't even properly find the natural resources he needed within them!

While these Sects and Clans had spent several million years carefully scouting and mapping their territory, finding their most important resources one by one, Dyon hadn't even begun! In truth, if Meiying was powerful enough, scouting out an entire universe would only take her a few weeks. But, she wouldn't be able to do this until she reached the Dao Formation Realm, something that was much too far away for her.

The Dark Ocean was far too important to Dyon. Not only was it more than 20 universes worth of resources, these resources also hadn't been touched in millions of years, making it comparable to double or even triple that. Also, due to the curse placed upon the Kun Peng by the elves in preparation for their come back, the Kun Peng Clan had been forced to diligently map out all of these resources as well.

"No..." Dyon muttered to himself. Giving up these resources to the Mist Clan was not an option. He needed a plan of action.

Chapter 1406: Need

Dyon fell into deep thought. Toying with the 9th ranked quadrant wasn't a joke. This wasn't the same as imposing demands on the Flaming Lily Sect. It was the equivalent of Dyon entering the jaws of the Golden Crow Sect. The difference was akin to night and day.

The worst part was that the Water Mist Sect was desperate. If not, why would they do something they saw as a massive risk? In their eyes, this expedition could cost them hundreds of elites of their sect, yet they were willing to do it anyway.

Plus, the fact that Ri came back alive would embolden them. Even though they likely thought that she only survived due to staying near the outer edges, it would still have that effect regardless. After all, before Ri, no one below the Peak Celestial Realm had ever survived out there for so long.

Should he take the risk? Or should he cut his losses?

"It isn't the end of the world." Clara suddenly spoke. "We have something they don't, right? The map that the Kun Peng drew out is incredibly detailed. Because they were able to use their beast summons to scout for them, the map covers a good 95% of everything that's of value.

"There are 1 685 405 energy stone mines, 1 495 abyssal cores – although they're mostly ice, water, and darkness related – and the Kun Peng have been steadily mining timeless and spaceless stones for millions of years already."

Dyon eyes sharpened at those last words. "How many?"

"By what we know, it's enough to cover 30 universes." Clara said after thinking a while.

"That's what we'll do then. We'll use the Jafari Clan Treasure to block the Water Mist Sect from entering at all."

Clara frowned. "Are you sure?"

Ri didn't know if she liked that idea either. It might sound simple to envelop a universe in this barrier, but it was far more involved than what it was made out to be.

For one, the treasure always took 999 days to complete its task. No one understood exactly why this was, but the Heavens always loved numbers related to 9. The best example of this would be their 108 meridians and the fact every step of cultivation was grouped into 9, with a single stage being connected to 9 meridians. So, it was likely this way to appease the Heavens for committing such a Heaven Defying act.

What if the process was interrupted sometime within that almost 3 year period? That would not only expose the treasure to the Water Mist Sect, it would also cause the wasting of a ridiculous number of timeless and spaceless stones.

Obviously, the enveloping of an entire universe was a massive event. Powerful beings in adjacent universes would definitely sense this change.

Luckily, there weren't any Higher Existences who were currently awake in the Water Mist Sect. So, this wouldn't be an issue. The problem was that the Mist Clan was already thinking about an expedition to the Dark Ocean. If they decided to move some time within these three years, they would definitely sense this change.

It was far too risky. Dyon and his allies were in no position to rebuff the attacks of the Water Mist Sect. That was simply asking for death.

Dyon frowned, but couldn't rebut the worries of his wives.

"How about this," Ri smiled, taking Dyon's hand to try and calm his emotions again, "Let's enter an alliance with the Palace Master."

Dyon blinked, looking into Ri's eyes in surprise.

"No one hates the idea of the Mist Clan getting their hands on those resources more than the Palace Master and First Elder Viola. Plus, Palace Master Jasmine also happens to be the strongest warrior who isn't in a deep sleep. If this wasn't the case, the Mist Clan would have gotten rid of her by now."

"What are you think?" Dyon asked.

"I'm thinking that we could enter an alliance with the Palace Master using the Elvin Kingdom's name. It's common historical knowledge that the Elves once controlled the Jafari Clan treasure, so there won't be any problems with our story, especially considering my constitution.

"We can let the Palace Master in our plan, and in return we can give her 10% of the profits we receive in exchange for her delaying the Mist Clan's actions for three years. 10% might be a bit of a steep price, but giving her these resources helps us as well. If the Palace Master becomes a true backer of mine here, rising up in the Water Mist Sect will be far easier."

Dyon fell into silence. In truth, this plan was incredibly risky. Dyon simply didn't have the means to combat a higher dao expert. It would take the Sentries several decades more before they could cultivate to that level. In addition, Zabia and the Ipsum disciples were still preparing for their dao tribulations. Even if they managed to survive, they would still be mere lower dao experts.

Of course, there was Amphorae. But, she wouldn't be back for at least half a decade to a decade considering she was attending the Conference with Lyla and Zaire. Plus, it wasn't even guaranteed that Amphorae could fight a higher dao expert of Jasmine's quality.

The heart was a treacherous thing. Just because the Mist Clan was their common enemy, didn't mean Jasmine was a good person. In fact, the mere fact she managed to survive through all of the Mist Clan's schemes for all these years almost guarantees that she wasn't. A kind hearted and naïve individual could have never done that.

Dyon's eyes narrowed. "I need to meet her."

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Just half an hours later, Dyon and Ri walked through the Water Mist Sect hand in hand. Although they wanted to take Clara with them, it was obviously inconvenient. The world didn't know that Clara was also his wife, so it obviously didn't make sense for her to be involved in such an important meeting.

Chapter 1407: Jasmine

One might wonder what the point of Dyon's hidden identity even was, but it was entirely related to the sensitive identities of his wives. What would happen if the world suddenly knew that Dyon was married to not only the Legatee of the Flaming Lily Sect, but also the potential Legatee of the Water Mist Sect AND the creator of Sapiencia Network?

Those who were intelligent would begin to feel that a nefarious plot was brewing. Having pawns in such important and core locations was bound to alert the higher echelons of powerful entities. This was a level of scrutiny Dyon couldn't handle as things stood now.

Much like many other Sects, the Water Mist Sect was divided into inner and outer regions. Where it differed from Soul Rending Peak was that its designated areas were arranged into regular and floating islands. Some of these floating islands even had beautiful rivers and waterfalls dropping from their edges and into the clear water below. It really did look like a paradise.

The Palace Master received a floating island of her own. In fact, this floating island was the second highest, only behind the Sect's Holy Land and the resting place of their Ancestors. As for the Mist Clan's personal home base and Holy Land, it wasn't located in this universe, but rather in an adjacent one.

Luckily, due to the structure of the Water Mist Sect, it was far more difficult to track the locations and whereabouts of disciples. The islands were too far apart and too isolated. Coupling this with Dyon's expertise in concealment arrays and no one even knew that he and Ri were visiting the Palace Master.

Eventually, the couple made it to the Palace Master's personal territory. They could lift their heads and see the floating island above them. The issue was that infiltrating such an important area in stealth was too difficult.

After being schemed against for so many millennia, how could Jasmine not take precautions? If she was interrupted while she was in a critical juncture for her cultivation, the results would be devastating.

Unfortunately for Jasmine, using Moon Grade formations might stall someone else, but they were useless against Dyon. In the end, the soul path would always be the best at laying large scale formations. Although magic and the energy path could make some cheap replicas, they were never as good. So most preferred to use conventional soul path formations. This played directly into Dyon's hand.

"Should we really do this?" Ri was a bit apprehensive. Barging in on a dao expert, especially a dao formation female expert, was definitely not a good idea.

"I have a feeling she's going to say something to make me angry later on." Dyon said lightly. "In negotiations, the one to approach first will almost always be on the losing end. Only by establishing power first will things go as we wish. Let's see if she dares to piss me off after this."

Ri didn't know whether to laugh or cry at these words. You haven't even met her yet, do you really need to be so hostile already?

Still, she found this side of Dyon funny. He hated being tested so much that he instead chose to test himself before the meeting even began. It was too cute.

Dyon swept Ri into his arms. "[Soul Aid]!"

In that moment, complex gears began to turn in Dyon's eyes. The inner secrets of the formations before him were suddenly laid bare. He found thousands of flaws in an instant, something that shocked even himself. If he relied on his knowledge alone, he could only guarantee finding a few dozen.

One had to remember that the core ability of [Soul Aid] was analyzing a technique to such a level that all of its secrets would be open to you. Using this information, it then became far easier to manipulate a technique at will. Obviously, such an ability could be applied in a myriad of ways outside the technique's original purpose. Using it to crack formations made things tens of times easier.

Dyon's body flashed forward. His movements became ethereal and free flowing. In just an hour, he had stepped upon the Palace Master's island without alerting a single soul.

Placing Ri down, he took her hand, strolling up the steps with ease.

In that moment, a pressure that could shatter the skies suddenly caused the island to tremble. However, Dyon only smiled, feeling immensely satisfied with himself.

Ri shook her head, chuckling bitterly. Taking that loss to Viola earlier in the day clearly affected him. It was true that he wasn't used to taking losses, but was it really too much to take a single step back?

The doors of a massive castle that seemed built with sapphire gems swung open. The oppressive might disappeared, becoming a refreshing breeze that invited them in.

Dyon secretly praised inwardly. This Palace Master had far better control of her emotions than he did. Knowing himself, he probably would have lashed out by now.

Not long later, Ri and Dyon was flown into the throne room by the gentle breeze. It was obvious to Dyon that had they tried to deviate even a single step from the path the Palace Master lay, the breeze would have pushed them back with a force neither of them could contend against.

Up ahead, Dyon's eyes finally laid on the Palace Master. Maybe had he not been used to having beauties around him, his heart would have shuddered. But he could guarantee in his heart that the only women he had seen capable of matching Jasmine were Amphorae and Evangeline.

Jasmine features were exquisite. She had large amber eyes that twinkled with flecks of gold, her hair was a cascading waterfall of gorgeous black, and her skin was spotless, a characteristic that was on full display solely due to her style of dress.

Jasmine wore what looked velvet mage robes, adorned by a pure sky blue and embroidered with gold and silver. But what made it eye popping was the style of the dress itself. Aside from its sleeves that clung tightly to Jasmine's shoulders and upper arms before fanning out wifely at her elbows, there was a deep ravine that stretched from her collar bone to her belly. In fact, much of the skin Dyon could see was due to this outrageously long V neck pattern that exposed her toned torso.

Chapter 1408: Thrown

The Palace Master looked no difference from a 20-year-old young woman, and her beauty made it difficult for one to take her eyes off of her. Coupled with her bright and inviting smile, she was most definitely a femme fatale.

One had to know that dao experts often went through cycles of appearing young and old. For example, Viola was currently aging and had the appearance of an attractive woman of about 40 or so years old. But, the moment she broke through and gained another 100 000 years of life, she would once again look like she was in her 20s. That said, this was difficult to do considering she was already a middle dao expert. It could very well be the end of the line for her.

However, geniuses of Jasmine's caliber never stayed in one cultivation stage long enough to age. In all likelihood, Jasmine would look this way until she was lucky enough to become a Higher Existence, something she had a high probability of doing considering the fact she was a False True God.

"Little Alex, you've finally brought your husband to big sister?" Jasmine's smile grew brighter. Dyon could imagine just how many men would willingly shave off decades of their life just to be the aim of this smile.

Ri reddened in slight embarrassment. She wasn't a woman who easily felt shame, but she did find Dyon's tactics a bit embarrassing.

That said, she had still gone along with it because she believed in Dyon's judgement. Plus, his reasoning was very fair. Coming to Jasmine for help would put them on the weaker end of the deal. Taking Dyon's approach, even if it caused a bit of dissatisfaction, it would at least force Jasmine to take them seriously.

This was only made better by the fact it was impossible for Jasmine to sense Dyon's cultivation. If she tried, she'd be forced to withstand the retaliation of the Lightning Willow Mask. Although her soul had long since entered in the dao realm by now, there didn't exist a cultivator that would willingly accept tribulation lightning into their mind's eye.

"We've come to seek some cooperation with big sister Jasmine," Ri said lightly after gathering herself.

"Cooperation?" Jasmine's ears perked up. Could it be that the elves wanted to cooperate with her?

In truth, Ri's backstory had always confused Jasmine. If she was a member of the Elvin Kingdom, why had she ever suffered a loss at the hands of the kitsune? The kitsune weren't worth shit in comparison to the lofty image many still had of the Elves.

This only led down the path to one answer: and that was that the elves simply weren't as powerful as they once were. Ri might have even been seeking the help of the kitsune. In that case, cooperation with her wouldn't bring Jasmine much benefits, now would it?

Dyon was faintly aware of what Jasmine was thinking, and he couldn't help but think that having Lyla by his side in this situation would be extremely helpful. Unfortunately, she wasn't here.

Thinking to this point, his thoughts drifted to Jade. He had promised himself to release her after he finished his trial, but it had already been almost three months since then, yet he was still hesitating.

Dyon shook his head, now wasn't the time to think about this.

"Mm." Ri nodded yes, still lightly holding onto Dyon's hand. "If this goes well, not only will it be possible for you to break into the peak dao realm, it will become possible to suppress the Mist Clan."

"Oh?" Jasmine responded faintly. The bright smile was still on her face, making it seem like she was still being open and amicable.

Ri felt slightly awkward. She didn't know how to take things forward from here. With Jasmine's curt answers, it was hard to continue the flow of the conversation. But, she also didn't want to let too much out in case negotiations went sour.

It was when Ri was suddenly feeling stifled that Dyon spoke.

"That's quite the mask you're wearing," He said lightly. "It's far better than even mine. I wonder how many years it took for you to hone it."

Jasmine's eyes narrowed slightly. It couldn't have been more than a split second, but in the next moment her cheery expression was back.

"You can't be asking me to take off my mask, can you? That's a bit rude considering yours is still on, no?"

"Maybe. But I can take mine off. I wonder if you dare to do the same?"

A gauntlet had been thrown.

Dyon's provocative words stunned Ri. Was the Palace Master really wearing a mask? And even if she was, wasn't that just more reason to not trust her? Why would Dyon exchange his identity for hers?

Ri knew more than almost anyone else just how important Dyon's identity was. If Jasmine had ulterior motives, it would definitely cause Dyon's empire to collapse before it even got off its feet.

As things stood right now, Ri and Dyon both understood how fragile Dyon's upstart was. The people under him had no sense of belonging, they were all seeking their own benefits, and only folded to Dyon's call because he had the larger fist. But, what the hell did Dyon's own strength have in the face of a monster like Jasmine? She wouldn't even need to lift a finger to kill him even if he brought out every trump card he had.

If Dyon's current allies followed him because he was strong, who was to say that they wouldn't leave him for someone even more powerful?

Dyon had faintly begun to understand just why no one had succeeded in creating an Emperor God Clan in a single lifetime. Creating a nation and an empire was about more than just collecting talents and accumulating territory. Why was Faith so important in the martial world? Wasn't it because the feeling and aura of a people – what was in their hearts – was just as important as how strong their leader or they were?

The Dyon of today simply couldn't afford to take such a risk.

Chapter 1409: Disappear

Despite thinking through all of this, Ri kept her heartbeat steady and her features expressionless. She had cultivated a trust in Dyon for the more than 20 years they had been together. In the mortal world, this was already enough for a husband and wife to be considered inseparable. Considering their souls were also linked, this was doubly so for Ri and Dyon. Ri simply didn't believe that Dyon was rash.

Almost as though she was expecting to detect something, even after hearing Dyon's words, Jasmine's divine sense trained on Ri. But who would have expected for it to not even be capable of entering the ten-meter radius of the youthful couple?

Jasmine's eyes narrowed further. She could tell that if she tried to force her way in, she would suffer a severe backlash.

Since Dyon's Presence had fused with every aspect of his being, that of course included his own divine sense. As of now, his divine sense was almost like a living creature and had its own tangible aura. How could a dao expert who specialized in the energy path like Jasmine be even remotely a match for Dyon?

Despite Jasmine's probing, Dyon's heart was at peace. He noticed how calm Ri remained and that made him appreciate just how amazing it was to have such capable women by his side. In fact, wasn't this entire affair Ri's idea to begin with? It was her that gave them a path to success.

His wife had already done her part, it was now Dyon's turn to grasp the opportunity.

"How interesting. My instincts tell me that you definitely aren't a dao expert despite my not being able to sense your cultivation. Yet, your divine sense is contradictorily far more powerful than mine. I'm afraid in a battle of souls, even a hundred of me wouldn't be worthy of you, hm?" Jasmine's smile didn't fade.

Dyon shrugged. "All that means is that you can't hope to lock down this area with your domain. If I want to leave, even you can't stop me."

Jasmine giggled. "You're a bit too naïve, Little... Jaws, was it? Aren't you underestimating us dao experts a bit too much?"

"Maybe I'm underestimating dao experts as a whole. But, I'm definitely not underestimating you. It's a shame that a talent like you is bound to never leave this floating island."

When Jasmine heard these words, her expression truly changed for the first time. This didn't happen when she was promised great rewards, nor when she was handed the opportunity to become a Higher Existence, nor when Dyon accused her of wearing a mask. But, when she heard these words, her soul was shaken to the core.

In that moment, her expression twisted. The bright and lively Jasmine's features suddenly became disgustingly dark. She was just as beautiful as before, but she had a menacing and dark aura that made her completely unapproachable.

Her irises grew in size as they darkened, enveloping her eyes in a profound, deep black. Looking at her now was akin to staring into an infinite black hole. She looked no different than a pale, vengeful ghost.

Although Jasmine realized her mistake in the next moment, it was already too late to fix anything. The true face of the Water Mist Sect's Palace Master was revealed before Ri and Dyon.

That sinister light, that evil aura, even if the Heavens themselves descended in some humanoid form to tell Dyon that this woman didn't practice any evil techniques, he would never believe it.

Ri frowned. Did she make a mistake? How could they ally themselves with such an evil individual? From the looks of it, Jasmine most definitely practiced numerous evil techniques. These weren't the same as demonic or devil techniques, they fell into a category of cruelty and murder those former techniques never touched upon.

Dyon smiled lightly. "It seems you've finally decided to show yourself. Well. I wouldn't be much of a gentleman if I didn't keep my word, now would I?"

Dyon faintly touched his silver-gold mask. In the next moment, it began to slowly disappear into his face.

Ri's heart couldn't help but seize slightly seeing Dyon's actions. But, luckily, the barrier of divine sense Dyon had up didn't allow Jasmine to notice.

It was at that moment that something absolutely stunning happened.

As the mask's stealth abilities slowly faded away, a form of Dyon Ri had never seen before appeared.

His short, brownish red-gold hair grew outward, becoming replaced by a delicate ocean blue that reached down to the small of his back. His features grew sharper and more angled, his already well outlined jawline seemingly cutting the air it existed in. This same change occurred to his nose as well. Before, Dyon's nose could have been described as well proportioned with soft, round edges. But now, it too became sharp – the bridge of it becoming a steep mountain slope.

Dyon's eyes had changed as well. From their new golden-emerald color, they became a beautiful flickering blue. They were akin to two glass globes that held the might of the sky. In the end, his skin paled from its flawless almost rose-bronze color, to a soft, matchless jade.

Still, even with all of this, there was not a single doubt that his most pronounced feature were his new, sharp ears. They were far longer than Ri's who could only be considered a half elf. Dyon now looked no different than a true blood Royal Elf.

In this sort of state, handsome seemed like far too inadequate a descriptor. Ri, who had yet to see Dyon's changed form after he passed his celestial tribulation, felt her heart skip a beat. She could tell that this wasn't Dyon's actual appearance, but she also faintly understood that Dyon was no less appealing in his true form.

Even the Banshee-like Jasmine couldn't help but pause in surprise. It should be impossible for one to have such a flawless appearance until they had at least become a dao expert. And even then, it was incredibly rare.

Chapter 1410: Five Percent

Although improving your cultivation realm did improve your appearance, it was only insofar as your natural ability allowed to begin with. Obviously, not everyone would be as beautiful as Jasmine or Amphorae after they entered the dao realm.

This might seem like a meaningless topic, but it made Jasmine pause in her assessment of Dyon. Could it be that she was wrong in thinking he wasn't a dao expert? Even with his mask gone, she couldn't sense his cultivation due to the barrier of divine sense he had put up. This sort of doubt greatly benefited Dyon.

That aside, Ri was surprised as well. But, her thoughts were far different from Jasmine's. She was used to Dyon stunning her after he made a breakthrough. There was a reason why he had spent so long as a mere essence gatherer, yet never seemed to fall behind his wives in appearance. What she was more shocked about was just how he entered this form.

Ri was absolutely certain that this wasn't a disguise! It was Dyon's "true" form... Or, rather... It was one of his true forms?

What Ri didn't know was that Dyon could only so perfectly replicate the appearance of an Elvin Royal precisely because Ri was his wife. That was right... This appearance was thanks, in large part, to Ri's Primordial Yin! After breaking into the Celestial Realm, Dyon's comprehension of many things had skyrocketed. It seemed he could finally comprehend the uses of Primordial Yins.

Much like the other mysteries of the martial world, Primordial Yins were difficult to comprehend and make use of. Often times, a man could go their whole lives without ever understanding them at all, believing them to be cheap trophies they could lord over a woman.

But, in large part due to what Dyon believed were the actions of the Sovereign Flame, Dyon's understand of the world had reached a new level.

Primordial Yins weren't just a representation of a woman's virginity. If that was the case, then a Primordial Yin like Luna's wouldn't be able to fight against being taken. Their secret lied in half of their moniker, hidden in the word Primordial.

Some saw the word primordial as the representation of savagery or a time long past. But its core represented a beginning, a root, a quintessence. This was why Primordial Qi was capable of helping the celestial beast re elevate their bloodline!

Primordial Yins carried the secrets of a woman's Origin. Just like a Primordial Yang carried the Origins of a man. A husband and wife could use their Primordial Yins and Yangs to learn and grow together. But, that was only the tip of the ice berg. They could also use them to comprehend the Origins of their ancestors!

By stimulating Ri's Primordial Yin, Dyon was able to tap into the Essence of the Elves. This energy, so long as he wished to continue tapping into it, could change his bodily structure right down to the individual cell.

As things stood now, even if a transcendent descended from the immortal plane and used their Immortal Sense to scan Dyon, even they wouldn't be able to tell he was a regular human! Without fail, they would all believe him to be a Royal Elf.

Why were Clans so guarding of their daughters but much less so with their sons? This was the reason! If an Heiress married the wrong man, it was akin to passing down the very core of their Clan to an inferior being. How could they allow such a thing?

Although many had long since forgotten the root cause for how this culture became so ubiquitous, some of the larger Clans and Sects will always remember. Some of them even had special methods of their own to extract Primordial Yins that survived from the Chaos Era itself!

Of course, the worries of these Clans bordered on paranoia. The level of comprehension needed to accomplish what Dyon had was unfathomable. It simply couldn't be done without the help of the Heavens. Even Dyon, with all his intelligence, was completely stone walled before he fused with the Sovereign Flame.

But now... An entirely new world had been opened up to him.

"Now..." Dyon spoke lightly, his voice changing to soothe the ears of the two women by his side like a sweet summer's breeze. "... Shall we speak of cooperation?"

Although Jasmine was shocked by Dyon's appearance, it wasn't because of his elvin features. Due to the cloaking abilities of Dyon's mask, it was difficult to make out his attributes. He was only a vague image in their minds. So, no one knew any details about his appearance, whether that be the length of his hair or the sharpness of his ears. All of it was shrouded.

In truth, it was because of this reason that no one felt 100% confident in pegging Dyon as an angel despite seeing his wings. It was impossible to see through him when his mask was on.

[Cooperation...] Jasmine's voice was no longer as light and airy as it once was. Instead, it was replaced by a high-pitched grating noise that made those hearing feel incredibly uncomfortable. The only thing that kept her somewhat palatable was the fact her features were still beautiful.

However, as veins of black slowly took over her once healthy complexion, even that was quickly becoming insufficient.

"I have the ability to ensure that all of the resources of the Dark Ocean fall into our hands. But, in order to pull this off, it requires the Mist Clan being held off for 3 years. If we're even a single day short, everything will go up in smoke. The only person capable of helping us is you."

[And what do I receive in return?]

"I'll give you 5% of those resources."

[Just five percent?] Jasmine's grating laughter shook the castle. It seemed that even the world was beginning to lose its color. If Dyon didn't know any better, he would have thought that his Eternity Pupils had inadvertently activated.