

## **The Nameless 1451**

### **Chapter 1451: Return**

Currently, since Dyon had appointed Alidor as the head of the Shadows Faction, he was away preparing himself to be useful in the near future. This left the Demon Generals he sent here without a leader. So, though Dyon noticed that they were missing, he didn't think much of it until he heard Thatch's response.

"We actually got a signal to group up from them. But, before we could make our way there, we got word that you were here. Since our city is in ruins, it takes too long for us to go from place to place without teleportation formations, so we thought it would be better if we came here first." Thatch explained.

There really was no more handholding on the celestial floors. Even the travel that was so incredibly easy on the saint floors due to the copious number of teleportation formations were nowhere to be found here. Without them, it really was too difficult to get around.

Luckily, Dyon gave his Demon Generals the advantage of communication. With his improvement in array alchemy, even communicating across several million miles was no real problem, especially if he used the Sapientia Network as a proxy.

"What happened?" Dyon's frown deepened.

"Some bastard of the Enigmatic Sect has been harassing Ava. When her heaven grade constitution became public knowledge, there was no shortage of individuals trying to take advantage."

A baleful aura leaked from Dyon's body. He had spent the last two years in too much calm, so many repressed emotions seemed to want to bubble upward.

Ava might not be one of his wives, but she was most definitely one of his reverse scales in the same way Delia was.

Dyon knew how valuable a heaven grade constitution was. With god constitutions being so incredibly rare, even among True Gods, the heaven grade was the peak-most of what a genius could be. There was a reason why Madeleine and Ri's constitution reveals were such shockers.

One could imagine how valuable the primordial yin of a heaven grade constitution was. They had a lot of nerve trying to take advantage of one of his own in this way.

"Give me your communication device." Dyon reached out his hand and took an array plate from Thatch.

'The Enigmatic Sect, huh?' Dyon sneered. He knew very well that the Enigmatic Sect was the 7th ranked quadrant. Their power lost out in no way to the Golden Crow Sect. In fact, they were even a step above due to the fact they were without opponent in their home quadrant. However, would Dyon care about such a thing?

Dyon closed his eyes. He immediately sensed that Ava was more than two million miles to his east. The main issue was that much of the land between here and there were filled with beasts and various environmental dangers. That said, Dyon had no need to go through such a hassle. A single comet grade teleportation array was enough.

"You all stay here. It would take me too long to draw an array capable of taking you all."

Dyon knew that he and his Demon Generals received rewards for passing through the celestial doors, but he could only push his accepting of them back.

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A fair distance away, Ava's delicate features were brimming with anger. She had six others with her, including Caedlum, Thor, River, Ronica, and her elder brother, Arios. However, they were currently in quite sorry states.

In truth, Caedlum, Ava and Thor were all worthy of being Vice Commanders with River, Ronica and Arios just being a single notch below. The only reason Dyon hadn't promoted them just yet was because they had yet to accumulate enough merits within the Demon Generals.

One might wonder why Giralda had, but they hadn't, and the answer to that was simple. Dyon had exchanged the star grade Divine Pulse pill in exchange for the right to enter the Agios Clan's calming

lake. Considering the level of natural treasure the calming lake was, it was most definitely worth countless merits.

This aside, the very quiet 6th person that had yet to be mentioned was none other than Ava's former best friend, Tammy...

Ava's figure was just as fiery as ever. It definitely didn't help that she was wearing her usual skin-tight leather at all. However, this only made their opponents stare at her with even more desire.

Currently, the group stood before large city gates. Without a central hub like Central City, those on the celestial floors usually relied on nearby powers to rest and restock. This was exactly what Ava and the rest had come here to do.

In the beginning, everything had been going smoothly. They stayed here for a few days then planned to go to the nearby danger zone to train like they always did.

However, who would have known that before they could attempt to leave the city, they would be stopped a gang of hooligans led by God Malthor, the key wielder of the Enigmatic Sect.

Malthor was too disgusting of an individual. Even though he kept a dignified expression, the depraved light within his eyes was impossible to hide.

Even now, he pretended to be in the right. Since this city was controlled by the Enigmatic Sect, who would dare to defy him?

"Return what you've stolen!" He roared.

"Malthor! If you don't get out of my way right now, I'll start slaughtering Enigmatic Sect disciples one by one!" Ava's fair skin reddened with anger, her ample chest heaving.

Each one of her comrades had stepped out to protect her, but how could they be a match? Although this was the lowest tier, free travel was allowed between the celestial floors. Malthor was already a Higher Celestial, and his personal army were made of individuals who had already passed the middle

and higher tier trials, some of them had even already passed the peak tier trial. How could they be a match for more than a thousand warriors with just 7 of them?

#### Chapter 1452: How Many

Ava gripped her twin daggers, her body lighting up with a faint light than soon manifested a full body of black armor. Right now, she was a Demon General. She refused to do anything that would harm Dyon's reputation.

"I see. So the True God Sacharro seems to believe that his Demon Generals should be allowed to get away with any crimes they commit? Is that the legacy of the Sacharro Clan?!"

"How dare you?!"

Seven enraged roared tore through Low Enigmatic City. The one thing the Demon Generals would never accept was disrespect toward Dyon. Even Tammy, who Dyon had only interacted with one time before, felt the same way. From a distance, she felt nothing but respect for Dyon.

In truth, she wasn't a member of the Demon Generals. The only reason she was here was because Thor had supported her all this time as her elder brother.

Still, if it wasn't for Dyon, where would her and her brother be? They probably would have been hunted down by the Ragnor Emperor God Clan by now. Yet, because of Dyon, they escaped both Loki's and their Clan's chains. How could she not feel unending respect for Dyon?

At the same time, Tammy had sworn a blood oath to spend the rest of her life pursuing nothing but Ava's happiness. She didn't care whether Ava forgave her or not, all she cared about was making sure Ava's path was as smooth as possible, even to the point where she didn't care if it meant never being happy in her own life.

Due to this, the love that had once existed between her and Arios was purposely ignored by her. Plus, she knew that even if she opened her heart to Arios, could he open his to her? How could he even think of forgiving someone who forced his little sister to endure such a horrible thing?

Tammy's bob cut blond hair gave her a mature air it hadn't before. If previously, it made her look like a child, now she was a grown woman who had lived through many years of hardship. She saw no purpose in her life other than making up for her past mistakes.

Her blue eyes sparkled with determination.

"I'll create a path. We'll directly pierce through!"

Before anyone could react to her words, Tammy had already charged forward. A silver spear appeared in her hands as she flashed forward, utilizing the Heaven Grade [Lightning Step] to dodge her elder brother's attempt to stop her.

"Even to now, you still resist!" Malthor sneered.

Thor's eyes contracted when he saw his sister's action. There was only one technique she could possibly think of using in this situation. If he was correct, her life was in danger.

"Cripple her!" Malthor roared.

'To so boldly come to my city, yet reject my invitation. I'll definitely get my hands on your primordial yin and become a True God!' Malthor's malicious thoughts shone through.

"Cripple who?"

In that moment, the gravity of low enigmatic city seemed to increase tenfold.

A gentle wind will appeared beneath Tammy's feet. She tried to resist, thinking it was the attempt of one of her allies to stop her from risking her life, but she suddenly realized it was futile. She couldn't for the life of her understand why such a gentle will was so powerful.

She found herself floating backward. Before she understood what happened, she was already standing beside her brother once more.

Everyone looked up to find a calm young man wearing black sweats and a crisp white shirt. He didn't seem to care that he faced an army of a thousand, neither did the army seem to realize that he was just one man.

Dyon descended from the skies, smiling when he saw Ava.

"Look at you. The Ava I know would have made him a eunuch by now."

Ava involuntarily jumped into Dyon's arms, hugging him tightly.

"Hey, hey. I can't breathe." Dyon laughed, rubbing Ava's head. It really had been too long since he had seen her.

Seeing this seen, Malthor suddenly felt inexplicably nervous. The only reason he dared to do this was because he assumed that Dyon wouldn't care much for his subordinates. Even if he took advantage of one or two, how much could he possibly retaliate? Plus, he had only just entered the celestial realm, what chance did he stand against him? After all, he was far better than those Flame Rebirth and Fiery Lotus heirs.

Yet, he felt a tangible weight on his heart.

"That's True God Sacharro!"

"When did he get onto the celestial floors?!"

"Quickly, quickly. Who has a network tablet? Someone must have recorded his celestial door test, right?!"

The crowd grew lively. However, Dyon's eyes had trained entirely on God Malthor.

Dyon's eyes left Malthor for a moment, sweeping over his Demon Generals. Seeing their disheveled appearances, a deep seeded killing intent wafted from him. If Thadius saw his wives, River and Ronica, in this sort of state, there's no doubt he would lay waste to this entire city.

"Ava, how many Danger Zones does this city have control over?" Dyon suddenly asked.

Danger Zones were both heavenly training grounds and places ripe with resources. There were some areas with battle scars of long fought battles, other areas with rare abyssal cores, and still yet other areas with precious minerals and spiritual ingredients.

However, all of these Danger Zones of course had a level of danger associated with them. While studying the battle scars of sword masters could greatly improve your sword will, it was also possible for latent sword qi to shatter your soul. At the same time, while it was possible to find precious minerals and spiritual ingredients, it was practically guaranteed that they'd be protected by powerful beasts.

That said, though, Danger Zones were the symbol of power for any strong hold, not to mention a great source of income. By forcing those not under your flag to pay a certain fee to enter your Danger Zones, one could imagine how easy it would be to accumulate energy stones.

#### Chapter 1453: Incredulous

As the seventh ranked quadrant, there was no question that the Enigmatic Sect controlled quite a few Danger Zones on every tier. One had to remember that the resources garnered on the celestial and dao floors were incredibly important to a sect's foundation. Knowing this, how could the 7th ranked quadrant not invest properly in controlling them?

"Low Enigmatic City controls a territory of 13 Bronze Danger Zones and 3 Silver Danger Zones." Ava responded despite not knowing what Dyon was getting at.

Every celestial tier had exactly 999 static Danger Zones. This essentially meant that no matter the day or time you enter, these 999 static Danger Zones would always be here. These were the kind of Danger Zones that could be claimed and controlled.

That said, the ownership of Danger Zones was incredibly fluid. Some of the more volatile ones changed ownership every other month. Only incredibly powerful Clans and Sects could maintain power for extended periods of time. In fact, this fluidity was often decided by key wielders. Key wielders had special rights and were thus in better position to protect in comparison to a normal powerful individual. This was why the Water Mist Sect had such strict rules about when their key could be passed on.

This aside, with the existence of static danger zones, there were, of course, dynamic danger zones. These were Danger Zones that appeared and disappeared. Some dynamic danger zones had a set cycle that could be timed and managed. However, there were also some that appeared and disappeared at will without rhyme or reason.

In truth, the Ancient Battlefield was the most enigmatic of all dynamic danger zones. This wasn't only because its appearance was erratic, but also because it didn't care for a person's cultivation when it did appear. Anyone, whether dao expert, celestial, or even saint, could enter as long as they were Kings as a minimum.

In fact, even this King rule was tossed out for some. After all, the outer quadrants participated in its appearance as well... It was truly an enigma no one could understand.

The last important point about Danger Zones were their ranks. Static danger zones came in three tiers: bronze, silver, and gold. There were 900 bronze danger zones, 90 silver, and just 9 gold. One could see how valuable gold danger zones were considering even the Enigmatic Sect wasn't qualified to control one!

"Is that so?" Dyon smiled. "The Sacharro Clan will be taking control of all of your danger zones. You have two options. The first is to fight me and leave half dead. Or, you can make the smarter decision and simply leave now. The choice is yours."

When Ava heard Dyon's words she simply left his arms and smiled, falling backward. In that moment, not just her, but the other five also felt a keen sense of security. Since Dyon had said he'd do it, he could do it!

The crowd sucked in a cold breath. The matters of City Strongholds and Danger Zones wasn't as simple as a squabble between the younger generation. Although even behemoth-like Clans allowed their youths to fight and earn these things, no one doubted how important it was to a Clan as a whole. If Dyon suddenly seized all of the Enigmatic Sect's territory in the lower tier, even their secluded elders would hear about it!



Malthor stared at Dyon, trying to gauge whether it was serious or not. Surprisingly, his immediate reaction wasn't unbridled anger.

"How funny." He suddenly said. "First your people steal like a bunch of beggars, and now their leader comes to steal as well."

Dyon waved his arm, stopping those behind him from protesting.

"Wrong. I didn't come to steal, I've come to take. For your words today, not only will Low Enigmatic City lose its Danger Zones on this tier, I'll be taking this Stronghold as well.

"It just so happens that one of my rewards is the right to claim a territory that disallows outside attacks for five years. I've decided that I'll be taking this one."

"..."

"What did he just say?"

"He's got to be bluffing, there's never been such an outrageous reward before. Even when the rewards are combined, one might get a few weeks, maybe a month or two of protection at most. Who's ever heard of five years?!"

"That's not even the most glaring point." Someone else hopped in. "The size of Low Enigmatic City's territory is massive. How could a territory reward be so large? Plus, isn't the territory you chose only allowed to be unclaimed? Since when could you choose to take over an already claimed territory?! Plus, isn't there supposed to be a minimum territory amount that each clan and sect is allowed?!"

"I've heard of taking claimed Danger Zones as a reward, but territory is a completely different matter entirely!" Someone else supplemented.

One had to know that while Danger Zones were the most coveted, territories outside them were decently valuable as well. They often had lower tier spiritual ingredients and minerals in high volumes.

So, territories were incredibly important for foundations as well, making them far less volatile and fluid in their ownership in comparison to danger zones.

The murmurs of the crowd grew louder and more incredulous. They couldn't believe what they were hearing, but they also didn't believe Dyon was a fool who would simply spout nonsense.

The rewards given to those who completed their trials to a certain bar were well known by many particularly because of how high profile some of these undertakings were. For example, after Anak defeated the Celestial God Door Key Sentinel in just ten moves, he was given the right to claim 1 silver danger zone for his own.

One had to know that the Key Sentinel only appeared for Key Wielders, and only by defeating it to a certain standard would you be allowed to claim already owned danger zones. This was one of the advantages of being a key wielder and was also why Dyon's sentinel was twice as tall as the ones his demon generals faced.

Malthor frowned. "What nonsense are you spouting?"

"Nonsense? Never that." Dyon smiled lightly. "I'm allowed to claim 50 bronze danger zones, 10 silver danger zones, and 1 gold danger zone. I'm also allowed to claim 3% of the lower tier's land for myself.

"My danger zones will be protected from reconquering for 6 months, and my territory will be protected for 5 years.

"So, I'll ask you again. Will you walk out of here, or crawl out?"

#### Chapter 1454: Wave

Truth be told, Dyon didn't care for these rewards at all. The so-called danger zones on this mere lower tier were nothing but a joke to him. They wouldn't improve his strength at all.

This was the reason why there was no point in waiting until you grew more powerful before taking the celestial door test. No matter how hard you tried, the rewards you received would be restricted to the lower tier, so what was the point?

However, these resources were invaluable to his Demon Generals. As things stood now, aside from Damaris, all of his Demon Generals were mere lower celestials. Dyon had left them too far behind. If he wanted them to improve, they needed these training ground. So, he would provide them.

Plus, there was a reason there were more trials to the middle, higher, and peak tiers. Dyon had three more opportunities to reap these rewards!

Without waiting for Malthor to respond, Dyon's key split from his forearm and swirled in the air. At that moment, the surrounding territory became awashed with light.

Malthor, who had a key of his own, suddenly felt like something was being stripped from him. All of the privileges he had in this territory disappeared. Even the suppression effects he was using to bully Ava and the rest so easily flipped, landing on his body instead.

"Originally, I wanted to carefully choose my danger zones. But, I guess your enigmatic sect wouldn't have chosen too badly, right?"

"You!" The rage Malthor had been holding in suddenly couldn't be held in anymore. But, just as he was about to attack, a very familiar scene replayed itself.

Dyon remembered when he first exited his trials, the first person he went to see was Ri. Back then, Aki decided that it was the perfect time to harass his wife and charged after Dyon. However, Aki acted very foolishly back then. Due to his misjudgment, his attack landed on the tower's teleportation formation after Dyon and Ri had already disappeared. As a result, the tower registered this attack as an act on itself and retaliated violently.

Those videos of Aki being sent flying and Dyon's voice calling him a dumbass were still circulating to this day.

Of course, Dyon didn't want to draw too many connections between him and the masked wife stealer, so he didn't repeat what he said back then as Malthor was sent flying. But, he couldn't help but smirk.

"Seems you want to crawl out."

The crowd watched in shock. Malthor was a godly figure in their eyes, after all, just how many Gods could there be?! He was only a notch below True Gods and False True Gods! Yet, he had been toyed with so thoroughly!

At that moment, they began to believe Dyon's words. But, there was something even more important to be discussed.... Just how overwhelming were Dyon's results for him to receive such a reward?!

To put matters into perspective, not even five minutes had passed since Dyon walked by Aritzia and entered the celestial floors. Those here simply hadn't had the time to see the news yet!

Without fail, each and everyone began pulling out their array tablets. They needed to know... Just what had he done?!

A wave surged over the martial world once more. It seemed like with every appearance, even after several years, Dyon couldn't help but make a splash.

When others saw just how easily he completed his trial, they were in absolute shock.

Some were enraged that Dyon had stolen the spotlight once more and tried to point out that Dyon had disappeared for two years even after he had broken into the celestial realm. Obviously, that meant that he had more time to consolidate his foundation than others did. Therefore, it should be obvious that he would perform better.

However, those individuals, most of whom were from the Enigmatic Sect, were completely drowned out.

For one, it wasn't rare for individuals to consolidate their foundations before taking the trials, in fact, two years was actually on the lesser side of things. Some took 10, 20 or even 50 years to do so. One had

to remember that the celestial realm was a completely different ballpark. One could take 900 years to cross it and still be considered a genius. So, what did 10 years mean?

Secondly, Dyon was very clearly still a 1st stage celestial. Although his cultivation was difficult to detect because of how pure his energy was, there was no doubting this. How could just two years allow a normal 1st stage celestial to defeat the god key sentinel in just one move? In fact, it was a move that utilized qi manipulation! Looking down on such a feat simply made you look stupid and bitter.

Still, while many could accept that Dyon's strength was otherworldly, they simply couldn't accept that his reward was so exaggerated!

Although defeating the key sentinel in less than 10 moves was rare, it wasn't unprecedented. For example, Anak could have defeated the key sentinel in less than 10 moves if he consolidated his foundation first, but he was so aggrieved by his humiliating loss to the masked wife stealer that he rushed to step onto the celestial floors.

If it wasn't for this, he could have beaten the key sentinel in 7 moves or less like Falkor and Titus did. It was simply his impatience that had led to this result.

But, this wasn't the key point. The fact of the matter was that there were individuals who had defeated the key sentinel in just two moves! Daisho Ken's elder brother, True God Daisho, defeated the key sentinel in just 2 moves. True God Star also defeated the key sentinel in just 2 moves. However, their reward paled in comparison to Dyon's.

Both received 20 bronze danger zones, 5 silver danger zones, and no gold danger zones. On top of this, their protection only lasted one month! How could a single move difference be so exaggerated?!

Chapter 1455: No One.

There was an even more blatant and recent example of this as well. Emytheus, leader of the Brotherhood of Guardians, defeated his key sentinel in just 5 moves, but he only received 5 bronze danger zones and just 1 silver danger zone with only 3 days of protection.

This wasn't even the most shocking portion of Dyon's rewards. 3% of the lower tier's territory?! What the hell!

One had to know that there were only 100 power centers in the tower quadrants. If you add a little to take into consideration power centers with multiple figure heads like the dragons or the golden flame quadrant, you wouldn't exceed 150.

But, then, if you subtract the clans without enough talent or resources to produce celestials younger than 1000 years old, you're left with only about 50 powers total.

Any simple math would tell you that that meant that each power would be allowed, on average, 2% of the territory, but this would be a wrong. One had to subtract out the no-go lands where dynamic danger zones would appear, and you also had to subtract static danger zones since they didn't count as part of territories.

After you did this, you were left with just 50% of the total lands left, of which, each clan would be allowed, on average, about 1/50th of.

Obviously, it didn't work out this way, with large clans like the Star Clan controlling upwards of 5% of these territory lands.

However, this didn't change the fact that Dyon would be allowed, on average, 3 times the land of anyone else! On top of that, no one would be allowed to touch him or his people for 5 years!

As if this news wasn't enough, the next round made people want to faint from anger.

One had to remember that key wielders weren't the only ones allowed to receive rewards from their trials. Others could receive rewards as well, or else it wouldn't be very fair.

Some of the weaker rewards included the right to enter danger zones for a period of time without being charged by the clan or sect that controlled it. This could be considered a sort of beginner's grace. But, who would have known that Dyon's Demon Generals would perform so well that they too received one of the highest form of rewards: Territory Protection!

Since they weren't key wielders, the Demon Generals could only earn a few days each, but what did multiplying that by 3000 result in?

The Demon Generals all gained an average of 1.5 days of protection. This meant that Dyon's new 3% territory, on top of 5 years from him, would gain an additional 4500 days of protection!

This meant that for the next 17 years, no one could even think of touching Dyon's territory!

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As the martial world was losing their minds over Dyon's achievements, Dyon himself had already gotten to work once more.

The first thing he did was purge Low Enigmatic City of Enigmatic Sect influences. Though this might seem simple with the protection he received, it was actually more complex than one might expect.

Low enigmatic city wasn't just a territory, it functioned as its own nation of sorts, a nation crafted for and by celestials. Many had no hope of reaching the dao realm at all and instead settled to spend their 10 000 years of life in leisure. As a result, this city and others like it were hubs of entertainment as much as they were strongholds.

The enigmatic sect took advantage of this to contract many businesses under them. And, obviously, even with Dyon's interference, these businesses were still being controlled by the enigmatic sect. Considering the binding nature of martial world contracts, it was no simple task to pull them out from under their thumb.

Dyon had three choices. The first was to pay an exorbitant sum to prematurely terminate the contracts of these business owners. The second was to allow them to remain under contract. And the third was to force them to leave the city.

Obviously, the first was too wasteful. How could Dyon spend such an ungodly amount of dao stones on such a venture. The second was even more impossible because that would be akin to Dyon running the enigmatic sect's city, all for them to gain profits while he gained nothing. As for the last option, it seemed like the most viable. But, it would also gut the city of everything that drew people to it.

Though some used low enigmatic city as a break from danger zones that were nearby, most didn't care for training and putting their lives on the line in such a fashion. Those individuals would choose to leave entirely if Dyon chose the third option.

Plus, even if Dyon bit the bullet and went with the third option, he wouldn't have enough people to keep the city functioning properly. After all, only 3000 or so of his Mortal Alliance had stepped onto this floor, compared to others who had millions of individuals, it was far too lacking.

Luckily, Dyon found a hidden fourth option. After pouring over their contracts, most of these business owners were tied to Low Enigmatic City.

This stipulation made sense. After all, if you contracted a business, but they left to take their services elsewhere, although you would still receive some of their profits, your city would lose some of its stature. The whole appeal of having businesses attached to Low Enigmatic City was so that visitors could feel as though they had everything they could possibly want at their fingertips.

Clearly, the problem with this was obvious. There was no such thing as low enigmatic city anymore!

Using this loophole, Dyon changed the name of Low Enigmatic City to Low Sacharro City. Instantly, more than 70% of the contracts were completely voided.

Of course, these contracts were tied to lesser businesses that the enigmatic sect gave generic contracts to. These were businesses they could afford to lose without blinking an eye. However, there was a smaller 20-30% number that the enigmatic sect used unique contracts for, unique contracts that had far stricter wordings.

Dyon had no choice but to let these businesses go, kicking them out of Low Sacharro City entirely. However, this had saved him trouble. Although many of the more popular businesses were gone, it wasn't to the point where the city was gutted.

With this done, Dyon immediately got to work filling in the void those businesses left.



## Chapter 1456: Entering

First he established the second branch of the Sacharro Pill Pavilion. This was a shop identical to what could be found on the saint floors. Considering the popularity it had already garnered there, this filled much of the void that was missing.

Second, he contacted Madeleine. This wife of his had stepped onto the celestial floors long ago. In fact, she had already entered the middle tier just recently. With her help, the Flaming Lily Sect had gained a sizeable reward since she was now the golden flame quadrant's key wielder.

As a female only Sect, the Flaming Lily Sect controlled many entertainment businesses of their own, namely, the famous Violet's Bloom Pavilion! This was a place where a collection of talented women sold their companionship. Whether it be a game of Go, or simply some lovely playing of the lyre, cultured men and women loved to take part in their entertainment.

Obviously, the celestial tiers only had one Violet's Bloom Pavilion per tier. This led to those who wanted to partake having no choice but to go to Flaming Lily Sect Strongholds to enjoy this high-class entertainment.

However, as the husband of their key wielder, Dyon had special privileges others didn't. Therefore, for the first time ever, Violet's Bloom Pavilion would be coming to a city not owned by the Flaming Lily Sect. And, rumors had it, that the Leading Mistress would be the famous Legatee, Empress Yandevere!

Just like that, those who had been wondering if it was even worth staying in Low Sacharro City did a complete 180. No matter what, they had to be there for opening day!

As for who would be designing the Pavilion? Who better than Meiying?!

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Entering the celestial floors wasn't as easy as entering the saint floors. One doesn't even have to complete their trials first to enter the saint floors, however, the same couldn't be said about the celestial tiers. However, Dyon had once entered the saint floors with Amphorae in his inner world, so why couldn't he do the same now for Meiying?

Although she couldn't step out, Dyon could be her eyes and ears, allowing her to properly gain a feel for her surroundings. After she understood the lands properly, she could draw up city plans that would take advantage of the area's feng shui. Obviously, she didn't need to be there personally as her designs were built.

Dyon spent a few days taking Meiying around. It was quite amusing to listen to her moan about how trashy the former low enigmatic city was. Considering how beautiful the city was, anyone who heard her would think she was insane... Until they saw her work on the saint floors, that is.

Once Meiying finished using Dyon's help to scout the area, she got to work on her designs. It would likely take her a few weeks to finish, not to mention a ridiculous amount of resources to finish it all, so Dyon could only go off and do other things.

'What should I do now?' Dyon thought to himself as he meditated in silence.

Currently, his master and the 11 titled spirits were building their bodies.

There were two things slowing the process. The first was that their soul strengths weren't remotely on Dyon's level. So, it took them much longer to influence their vessels into the proper form.

The second issue was that their souls were not complete. As such, much like Dyon had, they needed time to heal before they could even solve the first problem.

To deal with the second issue, Dyon left the Soul Tome with them since only it could heal a partial soul into a full soul. As for the first issue, it could only be solved with time.

Since they were dao experts in their lives, it would take even longer than if they were mere mortals because not only their souls were stronger than usual, and thus took more effort to heal, but their bodies would take longer to construct for the same reason.

Plus, there was only 1 soul tome but 12 of them. 13 if the Demon Sage was included as well.

In truth, the Demon Sage was in an even worse situation because he had been a 12th stage dao expert before his death. He would take exponentially longer than the others.

This was all to say that Dyon didn't have any guidance right now. Without his master, he was flying blind just like he had in the past.

'My first priority should be to improve my planet qi and planet grade array alchemy comprehension. Without it, I won't be able to implement my and Eli's plan.'

'My second priority is the proper training of the Demon Generals, they're talented enough to improve without my direct interference, but that doesn't mean they won't do good with guidance. In this vein, the beast babies are in a better situation since they have their clan elders.'

Dyon frowned deeply, the issue of the Demon Generals' training was a problem, but it was just a symptom of a much deeper disease. Dyon was lacking in top-level experts!

'Ava!' Dyon's divine sense stretched out, sending a message to Ava.

'Hm?' Ava, who had been training in one of the training centers of Low Sacharro City – one of the smaller businesses Dyon managed to keep a hold of – looked around in confusion before realizing Dyon was speaking into her mind. 'Oh, do you need me?'

'You don't need to move, I just had a question. What are the 9 gold Danger Zones? I still need to claim one of them, but I don't want to do so blindly.'

'Oh!' Ava nodded. She had wanted to enter the gold danger zones for a long time, but the Demon Generals were heavily discriminated against by the top-level geniuses due to Dyon. So, even if they were willing to pay the fee, they weren't allowed in.

'The 9 gold danger zones the same on every tier I believe. There's the elemental gold zone, the weapons gold zone, the demon gold zone, the presence gold zone, the mirror gold zone, the spirit gold zone, the gravity gold zone, the tribulation gold zone, and the mind gold zone.'

'The elemental and weapons gold zones focus on wills. The presence, gravity and mind gold zones focus on Presence, improving the quality and control of qi, and tempering will power and mental stamina respectively.

'The demon and mirror gold zones focus on combat prowess. In the demon gold zone, you fight powerful Demons and Devils Lords of the past. In the mirror gold zone, you fight yourself. It's similar to the fourth trial we all faced. However, this time, the mirror image continuously improves as you improve instead of staying static. How well you perform depends on your continuous improvement, so therefore you're timed for how long you can last.

'The spirit gold zone is one of the very few soul path danger zones. Soul cultivation is faster, but it can also work to improve your control, etc. It has many aspects.

'Finally, there's the tribulation zone. As you might have guessed, you can face the many famous tribulations to have appeared in the past. There were even two color lightning cloud tribulations. On the Peak Tier, there are five color tribulation clouds!'

#### Chapter 1457: Frozen

Hearing Clara's explanation, Dyon had half a mind to claim all of the gold zones for himself. He had assumed that all of the lower tier danger zones would be useless to him. But, if what Ava said was true, then many of them would be greatly beneficial to him.

'Which do you think is the most useful?' Dyon asked.

'This...' Ava blushed in embarrassment, something that was rare for her. 'I don't know.'

Dyon frowned when he heard these words. 'Why?'

Ava coughed, the blush on her cheeks deepening even further. She didn't know how to face Dyon right now, she didn't even want to bother him with such a thing.

'I've never been to any of them...'

After Dyon listened to Ava's explanation, he felt so angry that he began to laugh. The fury bubbled up within him, his aura becoming stifling. His blood boiled and his heart thumped like raging thunder. The darkness in his eyes deepened and a demonic sort of violence rippled into the surroundings.

'What audacity.'

The nine gold danger zones were all located in the same area. Unlike the other danger zones that were located on open land, the gold danger zones were each large pagodas separated into tiers that stretched into the skies. Much like the Epistemic Tower within the Gates that seemed to stretch to infinity, so too did the gold danger zones.

As of right now, since the Star Clan and Sprite Clan True Gods had left to the dao floors, their perpetual monopoly over the gold danger zones had loosened. So, the Aurum, Lux and Nativus Clans each controlled two since their True Gods were the most powerful. As for the final three, one was maintained by the Star Clan, the other was controlled by the Daisho Clan of the third ranked Sprite Quadrant, and the last was controlled by the Agios Clan thanks to Damaris' combat prowess.

Damaris hadn't been in the public eye for over two years now. But, before, she had been just as angry that Dyon had the spotlight as the other geniuses had been. So, of course she followed suit and banned the Demon Generals from entering.

'You stay here. By the end of the day, I'll see if anyone dares to continue bullying the Demon Generals.'

Dyon forgot all about his plans to set a path for the future. He shot into the skies and began drawing a brilliant formation.

Those in the city looked up, completely mesmerized by the sight they were witnessing. Minutes ticked by as they remained in this trance. Then, Dyon disappeared.

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At the very center of the lower tier, there was a sight few would ever witness in their lifetime. Too few were even qualified to even make their way to the gold danger zones, let alone pay for entry. So, this scene was rare even for those on this floor.

Nine pagodas stood to form a circle, stretching so high into the skies that their end couldn't be seen. Even the clouds and the suns in the sky seemed to stand lower than them.

They were brilliantly designed. Some were embroidered in beautiful red and gold, others shone with royal blues and silver, while one stood as a sleek, unending black. One would seem small standing at their feet... Even though they looked like normal sized buildings from the distance, once one approached, it soon became obvious that even the smallest of them stretched an entire kilometer in every direction. Just the nine pagoda bases alone took up almost a hundred square miles.

At this moment, the elites of the celestial floor gathered at the base of these towers. If you could stand here, you were without a doubt a King. Even a Duke was unqualified to face the majesty of the towers.

Several smaller buildings stood around, creating a beautiful city at the center of the nine pagodas known as Low Gold City. It was also colloquially known as The City of Elites.

This was truly a place where the powerful reigned supreme.

It was this place Dyon appeared above.

"Hey, who is that?"

"Doesn't he know flying in any of the Gold Cities is prohibited?"

"I don't know, he's standing too high up for me to see him clearly. What is he trying to prove?"

"You all better control your mouths better. Who here isn't an elite? How many of us are stupid? If he's confident enough to do that, in all likelihood, he could kill you with a single finger. Don't say I didn't warn you."

Even making it to the gold danger zones required crossing dozens of silver danger zones. Even Emperors could die in those places. Of course, there were teleportation formations, but they were reserved for those who had conquered the gold danger zones. No Clan would accept money for the right to use them, it was a strictly controlled advantage.

Knowing how correct this person was, those who were speaking shut their mouths. At this moment though, the Gold City Protectors had begun to move. These protectors kept law and order here. They were all made up of stronger Kings that had already ascended to higher tiers but came here in order to earn a decent salary and benefits. So, no one dared to look down on them.

"You up there!" A squad captain wearing golden armor shouted into the skies. "You have three seconds to get down here, or you'll face the attack of The Protectors!"

Dyon swept his gaze down. At that moment, the squad captain felt a cold seep into his soul.

"All members of the Aurum, Lux, Nativus, Star and Daisho Clans have exactly three seconds to scam. For the next 30 years, none of you are allowed to enter the gold danger zones. Anyone found disobeying my rules will be sent back to their Clan half-dead. If this rule is violated twice, your Clan will only receive a corpse!"

Dyon's voice boomed over Low Gold City. In that moment, it was as though time itself had frozen over.

## Chapter 1458: Weight

Low Gold City became awashed in shock. Many couldn't help but replay the events in their minds, wondering if they had heard correctly.

The Aurum, Lux and Nativus Clans were all among the very few King God Dragon Clans. On top of this, they were protected by a peak celestial True God, and two Pseudo-Dao True Gods respectively!

The Daisho Clan reigned supreme among the third ranked quadrant's Sprite Clans. Not only did they have True God Daisho, an existence only matched by True God Star of the first ranked quadrant, they were currently protected by the Magic Swordsman, Daisho Ken! This didn't even mention the fact that the Heavenly Sword Guild's influence was practically unmatched on the celestial and dao floors!

To make matters worse, this mysterious person sought to ban the Star Clan as well, a godly existence that controlled two quadrants to themselves! A mighty 2 Comet Grade Clan!

"Who the hell is this clown?" Dyon's words were met with a roar.

The crowd remained absolutely silent. The one who had spoken was a captain of the Heavenly Sword Guild, a man who claimed the same rank as Daisho Ken, Okatana Paku!

Paku wasn't even meant to be on the lower celestial floor. However, with the sudden influx new True Gods on this lowest tier, the Daisho Clan needed to make sure they had a powerful presence so that they didn't lose their remaining gold danger zone. It was alright if they didn't control three like they had in the past, but controlling none was unacceptable.

In truth, Paku was greatly disgruntled about being given such a task. There were 112 captains of the Heavenly Sword Guild, and he was ranked around 90 or so within them, so why the hell was he sent? It was too unfair.

He was already pissed off enough, then some clown actually showed up to kick his Daisho Clan out? He would definitely vent his frustration now.

There were others in a similar position to Paku, but they had much better control over their emotions. Why not let Paku go probe this person first? Though the martial world didn't have a shortage of idiots, none of them would believe that someone could be stupid to the level of provoking so many clans without something to back it up.

In the distance, sitting on the terrace of a large tea house, one such man was Vespak Star.

This young man seemed to glisten to a level that made him nearly irresistibly handsome. His pupils were black, but silver flecks twinkled within almost giving them the depth of the universe. But, his hair was a shimmering white.

He was a member of the Star Force, a group only rivaled by the Heavenly Sword Guild, and an Emperor of the Star Clan!



"Three." Dyon didn't respond to Paku's call. His count had already begun.

Yet, Paku didn't seem intent on waiting for him to finish. A baleful aura spun around his body, causing his body to seemingly blink into and out of existence.

The last time Dyon witnessed something like this was when he first met Daisho Ken. This feeling of real and unreal... It was a feeling that only the Sprites could give!

The Sprite Quadrants were ruled by Sword Sprites, specifically, the Five Blade Families. The Katana Clan, the Nagamaki Clan, The Odachi Clan, the Okatana Clan, and, last but not least, the Daisho Clan!

Paku was a member of the Okatana Clan. Though his family was not as strong as the Daisho Clan, the difference wasn't so exaggerated that one could completely ignore the other. Paku had his own pride, yet this unknown individual was trying to stomp on it!

His long black hair billowed under his own aura, the faint image of a long, slender sword with a circular handle appearing to his back. No, there was no handle at all! Instead, the hilt was completely replaced by a circular blade.

Paku shot into the skies, tearing through the city's semblance of a no-flight array with absolute ease. In a mere instant, he had appeared before Dyon.

"Good!" Dyon's eyes blazed to life. "I'll send you back to your clan half-dead!"

When Paku shot into the air and closed the distance, he had already seen Dyon's face clearly. This was a face not a single soul in the martial world wouldn't recognize.

"True God Sacharro! So you've finally crawled out of your hole!"

When the crowd heard these words, they suddenly understood. Who else would dare to be so bold? Who else would have a grudge against these clans?

For the last 3 years, the Demon Generals had been stifled to the point where they could hardly raise their heads. But now? Their leader was here! Not just that, but he actually wanted to repay these Clans tenfold, banning them from entry for 30 years!

Dyon's fist clenched. He seemingly hardly thought about his move before he through it outward. Paku? A Higher Celestial? Who cared? Anyone below the 9th Order was worthless to him!

Paku's eyes contracted. He could only throw a fist of his own, immediately regretting the fact he hadn't taken out his sword.

But... He was a Sword Sprite! A mighty existence even among all Sprites themselves! His body was his sword!

"[Body as a Sword]!"

Paku immediately circulated the treasured technique of the sprite, one only they could execute!

But, that was the moment he suddenly felt as though the whole world was weighing down on him.

Sprites were meant to be the newest and highest evolution of humanoids. Well, half-sprites that was. However, they had one glaring weakness: Presence!

Ethereal and spirit-like things found the body to be their direct opposite. Unfortunately for them, Presence was based entirely on the body as it was one of the most ancient martial arts to survive to this day.

Wasn't it too foolish for a Sprite who wasn't even Dyon's match to begin with to fight him despite knowing he had the Presence of a True God?!

Chapter 1459: Loose

Paku's transformation was directly interrupted. He felt like his face was shattering under the weight of a thousand planets as Dyon's fist connected with his jaw-line. His only saving grace was that he lost consciousness immediately. He didn't feel it when he streaked across the skies like a meteor, nor did he

feel it when he slammed into the city's grounds, wiping out several hundred meters worth of real estate with him.

"Two."

Those of the Clans Dyon listed were caught between a rock and a hard place. On one hand, they knew that none of them here were a match for him, but they also knew that they couldn't spit on the pride of their Clans so easily. More than half of them were dragons and qilins, and the other half were from the mighty sprite races! How could they not be prideful!?

"He came here alone!" Someone roared. "Attack him together!"

The Dragons and Qilins didn't move an inch toward Dyon. Instead, they began to make their ways to the various teleportation arrays. They were too prideful to gang up on a single man. But, they also knew that they couldn't defeat Dyon alone. Their only choice was to wait for True God Aurum, Lux and Nativus to get word of today's events. Then they would come back to vent their anger.

However, the sprites were a completely different matter. They surged upward in the tens of thousands, the hundreds of thousands even!

Of course, they weren't all sprites. Much like elves, sprites suffered from terrible birth rates. This was simply the curse of greater evolved species. However, they did have many talented subordinate clans under their charge, all of whom would suffer under Dyon's ban. So, how could they not act?

Dyon couldn't help but involuntarily smile. Actually, it could be described as more a grin. He had spent too long cooped up. Sure, spending everyday with his wives was great, even diligently spending time on his array alchemy brought him happiness like almost no other thing could, but there was simply nothing like fighting an insurmountable enemy on your own, the kind of enemy no one expected you to defeat!

All of the geniuses here before him, every single last one of them had names that rang like thunder in the ears of the common people. Yet, today, they had banded together to face him alone!

In that moment, someone immediately began to record the events. One of the newest ventures those business savvy individuals created were platforms where events would be recorded and broadcasted

live. Large companies would pay recorders of these events a certain commission, and in return, the person who recorded these events could use the name recognition of those large companies to get as many eyes on their recordings as possible.

What event could be more worthy of watching than Dyon facing off against the whole of Low Gold City alone?!

Dyon's body flickered and disappeared, a devastatingly handsome grin lighting his face as he dove into the crowd.

Dyon knew in the back of his mind that he didn't have to do this. After taking over the enigmatic sect's territory, he still had just under 2% more territory to claim. If he wanted, he could claim Low Gold City right now and kick all of these people out without another word. But... Wouldn't that be too boring?

It was complete devastation. Every time Dyon disappeared and appeared, another swath of geniuses would fall, agonizing screams following their demises.

Most of those here were mere lower celestials. After all, the gold danger zones here were meant for them. But, how could lower celestials be a match for Dyon? If anything, they were just cannon fodder.

Realizing their mistake in ganging up on such a genius with numbers, they began to pull back, focusing on attacking together instead of overwhelming Dyon so simply. It was only then that they began to slow Dyon to even the smallest extent.

"Good!"

Dyon's body seemed to glow with a golden hue. Before, he had only used his body, but now, he set his qi alight, manipulating the energy in the air as though it all was birthed from him.

The celestials around him felt as though were they fish pulled out of water. Much of the reason celestials were so much stronger than saints was because they weren't restricted to the energy just in their bodies, they could pull from the atmosphere around them to supplement their strength. But, Dyon's qi manipulation was so far and away above theirs that it felt as though they were starving for food but couldn't even get a scrap to eat.

Massive golden palms appeared in the air as Dyon continued to fight. Blood coated his fists, and his once crisp white shirt was bathed in crimson. But, none of it was his own!

"[Descending Palm]!"

Dyon's uproarious laughter shook Low Gold City to its core. Swaths of golden palms descended from the skies, taking out dozens of cultivators with each one.

The devastation left the millions that had swarmed to the live castings without words. Those weren't mere canon fodder, those were Kings at worst! Many of them were Emperors! Yet, they fell through the skies one by one, crashing into the city like meteors.

"Stop him!" The Protectors finally couldn't stand idle anymore. If they did, how would they earn their salaries? The Clans that controlled the gold danger zones paid them too handsomely, they had to act!

"It's about time I let loose!"

Those watching felt the urge to fall out of their chairs. You had already taken out thousands of Kings and at least several dozen Emperors, if that wasn't the definition of letting loose, then just what was? Fortunately for them, and unfortunately for the Protectors, they soon found their answers.

Half-Step Daos began blooming behind Dyon one after another. Many had to rub their eyes to make sure they were seeing correctly. Was it even possible for a single man to comprehend so many wills? Not to mention the difficulty of just comprehending that many, but bringing them all to the 9th intent realm?! That was simply too unimaginable!

## Chapter 1460: Black Sun

Dyon's attacks gained an added sharpness. Sometimes, he was as swift as the wind, during other times, explosions of black fire would cause devastating cries that seemed to reach to the abyss of hell to call out, and still during other times, blinding qi strokes of mighty swords, spears, glaives and halberds swarmed outward, devastating what remained of Dyon's competitors.

The Demon Generals stood watching these events take place. Ava had rushed to gather them, knowing well that Dyon was about to do something stupid and reckless, but who would have known that they would see such scene? They felt as though their 3 years of toil and strife were being paid back in full. They each felt a burning desire to grow stronger, to one day stand worthy of such a leader!

"[Chaotic Halberd]! [3 Forms Blade]! [Isolated Peak]! [Iron Will]!"

The repertoire of Dyon's techniques seemed unending. Whenever he spoke, a swirl of qi would immediately take form, spinning with all sorts of wills. At first, they believed that at least the Protectors would last at least one move, but who would have known that even they were unworthy of doing so!

"This is ridiculous... He's just a lower celestial...."

No one knew who said it first, but the words felt like a massive boulder falling from the skies. If he was this powerful already, what would it be like when he was a middle celestial? Would he already be able to fight pseudo-dao experts? What about when he was a higher or peak celestial?!

Dyon's smile only seemed to get wider. He wanted more to come. He wanted them to be stronger. He felt his repressed Titan blood surging, refusing to be tempered down. After almost two years of being suppressed, it flowed outward like an unending torrent.

"[Striking Chain]!"

Dyon's sword qi whipped outward, laying atop of each other like chains. They snaked forward like they had a mind of their own, cutting through swaths of experts left and right.

"[Rapid Change]!"

The sword qi suddenly exploded, sending sharp needles flooding outward.

Dyon was like a madman. The warriors here refused to cower, but it felt like they were facing an undefeatable mountain, one built so high that its peak even surpassed the unimaginably tall gold danger zones.

Some even felt that attacking at all was a mistake, maybe they really should give in...

However, Dyon didn't relent.

"[Revolutions Art]!"

Dyon struck his palm into the sky, a roar escaping his lips that lit his music half-step dao. The conical shape of his bellow blasted several dozen away even as a fiery ball of black appeared above him.

The flames began to revolve violently, gaining rpm with each passing moment even as it grew larger.

Realizing the devastation such an attack could cause, many tried to push past the ridiculous spike in heat to reach Dyon. However, it was at that moment that formations began to appear in the skies, each one spiraling with a bloody red.

"[Weaken]!"

The number of arrays continuously doubled before they began raining down like a bloody precipitation.

Crimson spears blotted out the skies, falling under a slowly growing black sun. It felt like doomsday was upon them, there was nothing they could do but wait for their deaths.

At that moment, Vespak Star stood. Dyon was far too powerful, there was nothing even he could do alone. He didn't know how, but Dyon's every attack was perfectly fused with Presence. Even their protective treasures couldn't perfectly block it. He had actually reached Emperor Grade Presence too!

The general population might call the third ranked quadrant the sprite quadrant, but that was just out of habit. One had to remember that the Star Clan was only a recent addition to the tower quadrants.... But, they too were sprites! Sprites of an equal grade to the sword sprites... The Star Sprites!

As a result, they shared the same weakness other sprites did... They were simply too vulnerable to Presence...

With that final thought, Vespak rushed into the teleportation formation before Dyon destroyed them all. But, that wasn't before he heard a chuckling enter his ear that sent a shiver down his spine. He quickly activated the formation, only for a bloody spear to follow right after him.

'Three seconds passed long ago.' Dyon spoke to him with a sneer.

Vespak couldn't believe that amidst all of this mayhem, Dyon still had the time to monitor his movements...

Even as the revolving black sun descended on his attackers below, and Vespak finally disappeared into the teleportation formation with a bleeding hole just inches from his heart, Dyon continued to smile down upon the destruction.

That day became known by only one title, a name that would never be forgotten for generations to come... The Day of the Black Sun.

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The whole of the martial world watched as the glorious Low Gold City was razed to the ground. Maybe the most shocking part was that the massive blast of fire will left those not of the Clans Dyon mentioned completely untouched...

That level of comprehension... Control... and Power... If any one of them were told that they could be packaged into a single person, they would die of laughter and kick the speaker out of their homes. Yet, this was what was playing before them now.



This was the power of the man who placed first in four of the five God Trials. This was the power of the man who perfectly cleared the impossible second trial. This was True God Sacharro!

Madeleine smiled and shook her head as she watched the scene. Her husband really was too over the top. Just minutes ago, they had been communicating with their soul necklaces, talking about plans for Violet's Bloom Pavilion, then in the next instant he had hopped up and gone to wreak havoc. Poor Ava probably felt just as incredulous about the whole thing as she did. As for Ri and Clara, they were shaking their heads as well.