

The Nameless 1461

Chapter 1461: Cooped Up

"This is what happens when you leave your husband cooped up for too long." The Flaming Lily Sect disciples around Madeleine giggled, giving her suggestive glances.

The one who spoke was a core disciple of the Sect, Cheri. She was ranked fairly well among core disciples, as well. Though, she was still a middle celestial.

Madeleine laughed lightly, but didn't say much more.

"Maddy, are you going to take your God trials?" Cheri suddenly asked. "We've all been wondering. The rewards are too good."

Madeleine thought for a bit, but in the end, she shook her head. Completing the God Trials, even at the fastest pace, would take 20 years at a minimum. Even Dyon who placed first in four separate categories took just over 13 years to finish.

It was unfortunate that Madeleine didn't know that the second trial had disappeared from the God trials. In fact, to now, only Saru was aware of this. But, she was currently stuck in her third trial and had no way of telling others this. Though... It wouldn't be long until she was out considering how quickly the 4th and 5th trials were in comparison.

Even with its time distortion, the second trial always took the longest time, followed closely by the first and third trials. With it gone, a talent like Madeleine could finish her god trials in just 10 years. But, even if she knew this, it was unlikely she'd agree to leave Dyon's side even if it meant getting her hands on some supreme grade treasures.

"We have to continue applying pressure on the Golden Crow Sect, I can't leave." Madeleine explained.

The girls giggled.

"We know it's because you don't want to leave that handsome husband of yours. Let me know if he's taking applications for concubines!" Cheri joked.

Madeleine could only shake her head in laughter, these girls were too much.

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Dyon overlooked what remained of Low Gold City. It wasn't until all of his enemies had dragged their battered and bruised bodies to what remained of the teleportation formations that he awoke from his battle crazed daze.

Usually, Dyon wouldn't use his black flames so wantonly, he didn't know what had gotten into him. Luckily, he hadn't stimulated his flame's characteristic, so they just appeared as ordinary mutated flames. This wasn't too rare, truthfully speaking. For example, the Goldeen and Crow Clans of the Golden Crow Sect had golden flames.

Though those golden flames descended from the godly sovereign flame, as of now, other than being golden, there wasn't anything too special about them. This was the same for the Aumen Clan's golden flame. Not that the Aumen Clan had many talents remaining anyway.

"Those of you not from the Clans I've mentioned, feel free to use the gold danger zones for the next week, don't worry about fees for now."

The crowd was stunned by Dyon's words. Did he not know how much the gold danger zones made in a week? That sort of wealth to a single person was astronomical. And that was just if you counted a single tower... But right now Dyon controlled 9 of them!

In addition, despite his performance, they knew he wouldn't be able to control them all for long. It wasn't that they didn't see how disgustingly powerful Dyon was, it was just because he had angered a peak celestial True God and two pseudo-dao True Gods!

Maybe with his combat prowess, he would be able to hold his own against True God Aurum, but the pseudo-dao realm was a completely different beast. Even peak celestial True Gods would struggle

against a mere 3rd grade pseudo expert. If this was true, just how powerful was a True God pseudo-dao expert?

In their opinions, Dyon should take advantage of his control while he could. After all, True Gods didn't have time to spend idle, many of them were often off training, so they wouldn't be able to respond instantly. But, it seemed he didn't care at all.

After Dyon said his piece, he disappeared without a care. It wasn't until the Demon Generals started appearing one after another that those below really understood that Dyon didn't care.

Filled with pride and their backs standing as tall as javelins, the Demon Generals picked the danger zone pagodas they wanted to enter and flooded in one after another.

Maybe by some tacit agreement, the geniuses who gained Dyon permission to enter for free held back, waiting for the Demon Generals.

In the next moment, they got a notification that helped them understand just why Dyon was so nonchalant... The Low Gold City territory was now True God Sacharro's and it would be protected for 17 years!

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"How are you two?"

Dyon, no longer caring about the matters of Low Gold City, leisurely reclined high up in the skies where even cultivators below couldn't see him. Shockingly, even this high up, he still couldn't see the end of the 9 pagodas.

Of course, the two he was speaking to were Clara and Ri. Their pitiful figures appeared before his eyes in the sky. They were currently bedridden, much like Madeleine had been back then. They only awoke occasionally. This was obviously because they had taken the Divine Pulse Pill, then foolishly forged 3 meridians at once just like Madeleine had.

These wives of his were truly a headache.

"It's not so bad." Ri said with a weak smile despite the fact her pale expression told a completely different story. Like this, they would definitely be incapacitated for over a year just like Madeleine had.

Luckily, it was slightly easier for Clara. She would recover in just a couple months. This was because she had yet to become a celestial, so there were less changes the pill had to make to her body. Unfortunately, this meant that when Amphorae took the pill, she could very well be out of it for over a decade.

"Nothing of note has happened? Nothing at all? How are the twins?"

Chapter 1462: Explained

"Everything is still running smoothly. Even though the Demon Generals aren't here, Zabia and the Ipsum disciples are, so no one dares to cause trouble. Plus, they're too invested in making sure they don't lose their status as First Tier Clans to worry about anything else."

Clara answered, but Dyon could tell that she had skirted around the issue of the twins.

"... The twins won't last more than one or two more months..." Ri said softly.

Dyon felt a pang when he heard this. He sighed and looked up into the skies.

If the luck of the martial world was decided on how good of a person you were, Mia and Bella would live the lives of Empresses. Yet, this was the hand they were dealt.

He had tried everything he could for them in the last two years. He had even tried giving them Sovereign Sparks. Despite only being able to produce one a year, he didn't hesitate to give them to the twins. Yet, they were swallowed into their bodies and only seemed to marginally make them better. In fact, without the sparks, they would have died already... But, Dyon felt that all he had done was prolong their suffering...

'Was it selfish of me to leave when I did? Was it really because I was ready, or because I couldn't face their last carefree smile?'

Dyon sighed again. "Alright. You two rest, I still have other things to handle."

Dyon dove down to Low Gold City. The first thing he did was use ten thousand or so dao stones and his Mend Core to repair the city from the ground up. He planned on having Meiyang renovate the lands, but this would obviously take a while. So, this would have to do for now.

The business owners were very thankful for Dyon's help. They didn't know what magical device he had used to accomplish such a thing, but by now, Dyon was basically a God in the eyes of many.

Luckily, since Low Gold City was never expressly owned by anyone, the shop owners here were free entities of their own without contracts tied to specific Clans. They only had to pay a small protection tax so that powerful, arrogant geniuses couldn't wantonly destroy their shops.

This made things far easier on Dyon. He simply drew up a new protection contract that was actually far more generous than what they received before. Instead of paying a percentage, Dyon allowed them to pay a fixed fee depending on the size of their shop.

Also, Dyon felt the Low Gold City was an excellent market to begin selling some of the treasures he deemed were useless from Orcus' mystical world. While he found them useless, they were drool worthy to many others. So, he opened an auction house named Sacharro Auctions.

After everything was handled, Dyon turned his gaze toward the 9 pagodas.

"Dyon? Dyon!" Ava's voice suddenly woke Dyon from his thoughts. She was followed by the same group she had been with previously, including Thor and Tammy. It also seemed Thadius had reunited with his wives.

"Hey," Dyon responded with a light smile.

"Are you sure this is okay? Even though you control this territory, the gold danger zones are still up for grabs."

Dyon shook his head. "It's no problem. The reason Low Gold City was built here was because it's the only safe area from several hundred thousand miles. In order to enter the 9 danger zones, you must first enter this city. After all, the entrances are all facing us."

Dyon smiled deviously. He couldn't control all of the towers because he was only allowed to claim 1 gold danger zone. However, he could control who could enter freely. This was why Low Gold City had never been permanently owned by one Clan or Sect, it was too important.

"Oh!" Ava nodded in understanding. "If that's the case, I'll stop worrying then."

Ava practically sprinted away, not because she was running from Dyon, but because she had been wanting to enter the gold danger zones for so long already. This was finally her chance!

Seeing her run off, so carefree, Dyon couldn't help but smile. Whenever there was darkness, there'd always be light somewhere. The twins might be dying, but it seemed Ava was slowly becoming her usual self again.

Dyon winked at Caedlum who was standing dumbly and booted him toward Ava's fleeing figure.

Tammy faintly smiled at this scene while Thadius laughed lewdly only to have his hips pinched to hell by River and Ronica.

Dyon didn't understand why he had been so eager to leave such a happy atmosphere in the past.

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Dyon explained his plan to Ava simply so she wouldn't worry, but it was actually more complicated than he let on.

Even if Dyon closed off access to Low Gold City and its teleportation formations, others could still take the long way to reach the gold danger zones. Although several silver danger zones surrounded them, for the enemies Dyon had angered, they would be no more than a joke. In fact, Gods wouldn't even waste their time on danger zones below gold, let alone True Gods.

In order to handle this loophole, Dyon directly used his remaining silver danger zone claims on the 9 silver danger zones that surrounded the pagodas. To do this, he had no choice but to relinquish the rights to 2 of the 3 silver danger zones he claimed from the Enigmatic Sect.

With those danger zones under Dyon's control, along with his monopoly of Low Gold City, no one would be able to enter this area without his permission.

The only unfortunate part was that unlike his territory protection, he could only lay claim to danger zones for the next 6 months. This left his Demon Generals half a year to use the pagodas to their heart's content. By the end, Dyon would need to come up with another counter measure to deal with the inevitable anger of True God Aurum, Lux and Nativus, not to mention the Daisho and Star Clans.

Chapter 1463: Fastest

However, what did Dyon have to worry about? Since he had chosen to do this, let them come! Nothing was more important to him than helping his Demon Generals pursue their path of cultivation. They had helped him out greatly when he was too weak to protect himself. Now that their roles had flipped, he wouldn't forget about them.

With this in mind, Dyon got to work doing what he did best. With Meiying's help, he grasped full understanding of the Feng Shui in and out of Low Gold City. With this firmly in mind, he started mapping out the largest formation he had ever built himself.

Even back during his second trial, although Dyon provided the formation, it was actually Amphorae's mother of her first life that handled laying it down. After all, his soul was sealed back then. And, even if it wasn't, he was a mere grandmaster at the time. However, now, things were different.

Dyon chose to lay two formations. One was a defensive formation that relied on pockets of heavy earth will, and the second was an offensive formation.

The defensive formation was known as [Gaia's Will]. It relied heavily on a comprehension of sturdiness and stability inherent in earth will.

Obviously, Dyon had no comprehension of earth will. As a result, he could only rely on Meiyong's abilities to supplement what he lacked. This was the power of a Feng Shui Master.

Dyon didn't have years to lay down the full formation. After all, he was only one man. Usually, such large scale formations were laid down by entire teams of array alchemists, which was why he created an entire Faction dedicated to them.

Unfortunately, that Faction was nowhere near prepared. Many of them hadn't even broken into the saint realm. So, Dyon was alone. As such, he couldn't even replicate 1% of this Comet Grade Formation.

The second formation was known as [Infinite Heart]. It was actually a puppet master formation.

What puppets struggled with most were appropriate energy sources. A large part of why Dyon never used the puppets the Demon Sage Tower awarded him was precisely because of this.

Luckily, the [Infinite Heart] formation mitigated this issue. The only problem was that it limited the range a puppet could travel in. Obviously, if a puppet left the range of the formation, there would be no more energy supplementing them.

[Infinite Heart] came in 3 tiers with each tier separated into four grades. The lowest tier could power saint puppets, the second, celestial puppets, and the third, dao puppets. As for the grades, it corresponded to the divisions within those cultivation realms, lower, middle, higher, and peak.

Though Dyon met the minimum requirement for drawing the dao tier as a planet lord, he, once more, didn't have the time. In addition, [Infinite Heart] was a Moon Grade formation, as such it was even more difficult to draw than [Gaia's Will].

Dyon could only settle for the peak celestial tier version of the formation. Even more unfortunately, with the two-month time limit he gave himself, his puppets had a range of 100 km from the center of the formation at most. Considering how large the celestial floors were, it was near negligible. Luckily, a

100km radius covered the most core portions of Low Gold City. As for the outer regions, [Gaia's Will] would have to protect them.

The last piece of the puzzle Dyon needed were the energy sources the [Infinite Heart] formation would need. These were provided by energy stone veins it was once more up to Meiying to find. Luckily, she didn't let him down.

Even though Dyon was greatly dissatisfied with his performance in laying these two formations, all of the Low Gold City was completely mesmerized.

Videos of Dyon's overwhelming soul qi sweeping through the city for almost two months took up what seemed like the entirety of the Sapientia Forums.

When the Sapientia Guilds caught wind of these videos, they sucked in a cold breath. Months ago, when they heard Dyon's demand of 30 turned 40% of the Sapientia Network, they had snorted in disdain. Dyon might be a genius in combat, but the secondary professions were a completely different beast.

But, seeing these images, they could only shrink back at their own inferiority. It was then that Aritzia was called in for a meeting with the Sapientia upper echelon...

As these things were occurring, Dyon wiped off a final bead of sweat as he finished etching in the final symbol. He had invested more than just his own stamina into this, large scale formations required an ungodly amount of resources. Dyon easily spent half a million dao stones gathering what he needed, and these were just two formations! The price would have been even worse had it not been for relying on Feng Shui.

Just as Dyon was finally relaxed enough to finally check out the gold danger zones, he got a message from Clara that froze him in his tracks.

"Dyon, hurry! The twins won't last more than a few more minutes... They want to see you one more time..."

Dropping everything, Dyon left at his fastest possible speed.

Dyon went as fast as everything he had would allow.

After leaving the tower, he appeared in what remained of abandoned Earth, then quickly used a planet grade teleportation array to appear within Soul Palace. It hadn't been more than ten seconds since Clara called him before his spatial qi swarmed and allowed him to directly appear by Mia and Bella's death beds.

The atmosphere was incredibly solemn. Even with Dyon appearing so abruptly, those around barely reacted.

Mia and Bella were two weak little girls. In any other empire, their existences would be marginalized to the point of being completely ignored. But, here? They were family. They were beloved by every person here.

Of the Demon Generals, Kaeda was the only one to directly leave the celestial floors after passing her celestial door trial. As someone who had cared for Mia and Bella for the last more than decade, she would never forgive herself for not being by their sides in their final moments.

Chapter 1464: Reality

Tears streamed down her small, childish face. As a Demon General, as a Vice Commander within the Demon Generals, no less, Kaeda had experienced all sorts of hardship. Much like many of her brothers and sisters, she had been abandoned in her youth, only to be saved by the Demon Sage. Yet, even all of the callousness she had gained over the years wasn't enough to leave her numb to this moment.

No one seemed to have the right words to say, even Dyon could only kneel beside their beds, grasping their hands to let them know he was here.

The twins' bodies could hardly be placed among the living, even the rich medicinal smell was overridden by a disgusting rotting. It was as though they had already been in a casket for several months...

They couldn't even speak. Before, they could at least produce hoarse words, but now, they couldn't do even that. Dyon could only passively send endless comfort toward them in their final moments, flooding what remained of their souls with a warm air.

'Big brother?'

Two faint voices responded to Dyon's soul. In truth, though Dyon grasped their hands to let them know he was here, how could they possibly feel it? Maybe it was a sort of saving grace that they couldn't... Feeling your body slowly rot from the inside out... It was too cruel a fate.

'Yes, yes.' Dyon replied quickly. 'I'm here.'

Mia's carefree giggling answered Dyon's flustered response.

'Big brother, you're too cool to act like this. How are you going to beat the big bad guys if your scare so easily?'

Dyon tried his best to put on his best fake smile, but when two souls were in such close proximity, was it even possible to put on such an act? What hurt the most was that this very reason was why Dyon could tell that Mia's carefree spirit was genuine, even in the fact of death. Dyon could even feel Bella's calm and gentle smile, trying to sooth his distress.

'This isn't about me, dammit!' Dyon roared in his mind. He felt so useless, too useless. Even now these two girls were trying to comfort him, wasn't this too pathetic? He was so enraged with himself that he completely forgot Mia and Bella could practically see his inner thoughts now.

The two of them fell silent.

All of their lives, they had been treated like filth. Their earliest memories were as orphans taken in by The Cathedral... Day after day, they would be drilled in how terrible soul cultivation was and how soul talents were the bane of society. In reality... They only had each other.

Then, when they were only about 2 or 3 years old, faint birthmarks that once coated a portion of their faces suddenly revealed themselves to be far worse... They began to grow and fester, turning into disgusting creatures everyone curled away from.

They began to hide, delving into bewitching arts just so that they could appear in public without being looked down upon wherever they went.

Still, everyone seemed to hate them. Even their Den Mother treated them like useless castaways, seemingly taking every opportunity to remind them that they were less-than, that they weren't worth anything.

That was when they met Dyon. At first, they warmed up to him because they thought he was one of their own, a man who hid himself behind a mask to escape the world's shaming.

Later on, when Dyon gave them the opportunity to help the soul slaves, they didn't hesitate to do it. It wasn't because they were so much braver than everyone else, or even because they were so much kinder either... It was simply because they saw themselves in the soul slaves. Those soul path talents everyone hated so much... Weren't they just like them?

No one wanted to be useless all their lives. After spending so much time being ignored and disdained, they had wanted one final act to remind the world that they had in fact been alive... That Mia and Bella had existed...

The months Dyon spent showing them the world were some of the happiest of their lives. They never blamed him for leaving them because they felt he had given them enough. They spent their lives always receiving the bare minimum, often times, they would receive nothing at all. Dyon's level of sincerity was something they had never experienced before...

Mia's soul gently hugged Dyon's, giving it her last outpouring of love.

'Thank you, big brother...' Mia finally said faintly, her life force fading away.

Bella felt her sister slip away forever. Dyon clearly sensed her calm smile contorting into one filled with pain and anguish, but she held on for one final moment.

'... You allowed us to know what truly living meant...'

Dyon could feel that Bella wanted to say more, she wanted to express more... But she too slipped away forever...

The reality of it all hit Dyon like a ton of bricks. He hadn't even fully registered that these two angel-like little girls had died.

Those who stood behind him silently could see that Dyon's shoulders and back had stiffened considerably. It was to the point where the pumping of his blood grew so vigorous that room's temperature began to slowly rise.

Every time Dyon tried to take a deep breath, it felt as though there wasn't enough air in the room, or maybe his lungs had inexplicably shrunk down to a third of their size.

It was clear to everyone what happened... Mia and Bella had died...

Dyon felt his eyes glisten with tears, but he knew he couldn't let them fall. He could still remember how heartbroken he felt watching his father shed the only tears of his he had ever seen at his mother's funeral. As a child who thought nothing could get to his father back then, Dyon remembered feeling incredibly scared.

Maybe it was irrational of him to feel that way back then, but he was a child. All he knew of his father was that he was a man that nothing could bring down. Watching him cry was one of the most painful moments of his life.

Chapter 1465: Irony

It wasn't as though Dyon had never cried before. He cried when Jade burned down the orphanage and killed Ms. Everdeen. He cried with Amphorae died in his arms. He cried when his black flames practically took over his mind.

But this wasn't something he could do now... Not while he was the leader of the Mortal Alliance, not while he was the leader of the Sacharro Clan.

He stood slowly. The only sign of his emotion was the slight tremble that gripped him, but even that soon disappeared.

"Meiying." Dyon's voice was calm and steady as he allowed Meiying to exit his inner world. "Please do what you can to provide them with a proper burial. Feel free to use any resources you need, and if you deem it appropriate, we can lay them to rest in Celestial Garden."

Celestial Garden was none other than the place that held the entrance to the celestial mystical world. It was a beautiful place that took Dyon's breath away whenever he entered... He couldn't think of anything the twins deserved more than to be laid to rest there.

Meiying nodded. "I only need a few days." She said softly.

Dyon faintly responded in acknowledgement before he turned back to face those in the room with him.

Clara stood not far away, her tears coating her cheeks. It seemed that only three or so months were enough for her to recover in full.

Kaeda tried to hide her face away, attempting to do whatever she could to gain a hold of her emotions.

Aside from them, there were two others, both of whom were former soul slaves. After sending his clones out to mentor them for so long, Dyon recognized them immediately. They were the respective most talented male and female among those Dyon saved, Diore and Masada.

Masada seemed to be crying uncontrollably in Diore's arms, unable to restrain herself as much as Clara and Kaeda had. But, that was only to be expected. After being locked in a cage since her birth, all to be trained up as a soul slave... the twins were the face of her saviors. Dyon was rarely around, so how could she be blamed for seeing it this way?

"In light of today's matters, I'll be implementing something I've been thinking about for a long time now.

"Those who've given their all for the benefit of the Mortal Alliance cannot be forgotten, even in death. On the date of Mia and Bella's funeral, I'll be erecting The Arc of Humanity. It will be a monument that

stands as the highest peak within the territory of our Alliance, those found breaking this rule will be executed!"

Dyon's words were like a clap of thunder. But, everyone remained silent.

"Both Mia and Bella's names will be the first to be etched upon this monument..."

The following days went as Dyon planned. Mia and Bella's funeral was held just a week later. After the procession ended, The Arc of Humanity was revealed.

It was a massive obelisk that stretched several kilometers into the sky. It shone a brilliant, gorgeous red, rose-gold. If others came to know that Dyon used much of the Red Mercury he procured from the golden flame mystical world on this, maybe they would call him a fool. But, Dyon refused to shortchange the twins.

Dyon used moon and star jade to etch a beautiful formation across its body, giving the rose-gold obelisk patterns of silver and gold. No matter how many years passed, as long as The Arc of Humanity wasn't attacked, it would weather the test of time.

At the very top, two names sat side by side. They were written in such beautiful script that one could almost see the innocent smiles of their owners shining through the very characters that etched their names...

... The names of Mia and Bella Sacharro.

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Weeks later, Dyon found himself sitting upon a defensive formation, hundreds of miles in the air. The 9, endlessly tall pagodas wrapped around him, standing bleakly amid the grey clouds.

His eyes seemed completely devoid of emotion, he hadn't even been able to bring himself to enter the gold danger zones. Aside from a clone of his that constantly worked on improving his comprehension of planet level array alchemy, he did nothing at all. In fact, the only reason why he divided his mind in such

a way at all was because he knew Mia and Bella would never forgive him if he didn't do his best to save Eli because of them.

This was the first time Dyon had felt so helpless. He had never felt this way before, not when he was a cripple unable to energy cultivate, not when as a mere meridian formation youth facing a celestial and a saint, even when his chaos flames dropped him into a pit of hell, he had still been able to stand and rampage across the universe to look for the answers he sought.

Yet, what could he do now? None of his talent, none of his heaven defying treasures, none of his intelligence had a solution. Mia and Bella were gone, two innocent young women full of love and warmth, simply taken because the Heavens felt like it.

What a joke cultivating was. Even his grand teacher, a man who stood at the pinnacle of all that was didn't have an answer. He was a man who had ended a war of immortals that had raged for millions of years with a single shout, yet even he could do nothing.

He couldn't help but think of his chaos flames once more. What was it that had scared him so much back then? No... What was it that still scared him to this day?

The answer wasn't complicated. In fact, it was so simple that it was frightening... It could all be summed up in a single word: inevitability.

No matter what you built, it was destined to crumble. No matter how strong you were, you were destined to die. No matter how tangible reality was before you, it was destined to fall to chaos.

That was the irony of it all. Dyon's chaos flames didn't give him some complex dissertation about some lofty, unreachable quintessence no one but he could understand. No. It told an incomparably simple truth that everyone was vaguely aware of, yet seemed to ignore.

Chapter 1466: None Other

And now, it hit in full force once more. It was just that this particular example condensed the events so compactly that it hit much harder than it usually did. The inevitability that was the end of Mia and Bella's lives played out right before Dyon...

Dyon prided himself on always finding a path to victory. Such a thing was the pinnacle of irony considering how easily his chaos flames broke his resolve. And now, once again, he faced another blocked road. Those very same roadblocks seemed to be closing in.

Months trickled by. Dyon seemed to have disappeared from the martial world's eye once more. He was like a fleeting legend in the eyes of those who followed his exploits. Appearing like the raging winds and thunderous clouds, only to disappear when he felt like it.

Still, the Demon Generals continued to progress. Their stagnated combat prowess soared. This was the difference between having the help of the tower and not. Now, even the weakest of them were 2nd stage celestials, while the strongest Vice Commanders were creeping up upon the middle celestial realm.

By now, it was just over six months since Dyon had appeared on these celestial floors. Not only had the protection over his danger zones come to an end, but over 900 of the 999 days the Jafari Clan treasure needed had come and gone.

During this time, the faction wars were raging even more furiously. The date of the ancient battlefield's arrival was looming, and everyone wanted to be more prepared. Only Dyon and his people who had 17 years of protection didn't seem to care.

Everyday, ownership of territories and danger zones would flip. Smaller, weak Clans could only swallow their losses and shrink back. Like this, lands were continuously and quickly being monopolized by those who had the largest fist.

Soon, quadrants ranked 11th and higher, excluding the Sapiencia, controlled over 95% of the available territories in all four tiers, leaving only 5% for quadrants ranked 12th to 50th. As for quadrants ranked below that, they didn't have many, if any, celestials talented enough to reach that stage before 1000 years old, so their presence on the celestial floors was too scarce to do anything.

The True Gods Dyon enraged seemed to have their hands full, completely ignoring his slap to their faces. At least, that was what the general population believed. As for those who were truly intelligent, they understood that the True Gods knew there was no point in attacking until Dyon's danger zone protection ended!

On one particular day while Dyon continuously stared off into the grey clouds, his mind blank, the once peaceful Low Gold City became the center of a stir.

Dyon's blank eyes slowly regained their focus as his slightly transparent body snapped back into full view. Of course, Dyon had just exited his constitution's inner world. He found observing the bull-bird family incredibly soothing.

However, his peace and tranquility were bound to come to an end, because numerous armies were approaching him from the north, south, west and east.

To the north, the banner of the Heavenly Sword Guild flew. The image of a holy grail crossed by two twinkling swords struck fear in all who saw it.

To the south, the banner of the Star Force flew. The image of a bright, 12 sided star shimmering with gold and silver was known by all. It was said that the Twelve Pointed Star was the symbol of the Star Clan's ancestor, each point representing the 12 stages of a cultivation realm. Only when it was complete would a Star disciple unleash their full strength.

To the east, there was a surprising sight. None of these individuals were among the Clans Dyon banned, yet it was obvious why they came. There were three armies, one led by True God Titus, another by True God Anak, and the last by True God Falkor. They were all True Gods of the lower tier, wouldn't it be too shameful for them to not have a stake claim on Low Gold City? After all, it was tradition for True Gods to control Low Gold City together, yet Dyon took it all for himself.

To the west, there was no army at all. Instead, there were only three individuals, each with auras so massive that they shone like bright stars within Dyon's divine sense. These were none other than True God Aurum, Lux and Nativus!

Dyon's eyes didn't seem to have any particular reaction. He had expected this long ago, was there a point in panicking?

Plus, there were two things that swung these matters in his favor.

The first was a bit of a double-edged sword. Since the approaching armies had to go through numerous danger zones, silver danger zones at that, they could only take the elite of the elite. After all, even Emperors could die in a silver danger zone.

On the one hand, this meant that the army sizes were kept fairly small in comparison to the norm, though, still quite large. There were a few dozen thousand per group as opposed to the several millions to even billion a true war would scale on.

Of course, not all of these warriors were Emperors, or else it wouldn't have been so shocking that Dyon's Demon Generals were all at that standard. However, it needed to be noted that this was the lower tier, as such, the silver danger zones were appropriately scaled. While an Emperor Lower Celestial could die, an Emperor Middle Celestial wouldn't be likely to.

Thus, these armies had a very simple solution to this: they brought stronger warriors. Many were just mere Dukes, with a few Kings, but could ignore lower tier silver danger zones due to their higher and peak celestial realm cultivation.

Simply put, the bad news was that all of those here could easily survive the dangers of the danger zones they were passing now. However, there was a saying that good was always paired with bad.

The good news was that this wasn't the only war these clans and sects had to focus on. Since they had wars raging on the middle, higher and peak tiers, they couldn't just extract all their warriors, right? If they did so, it would leave them vulnerable! This worked greatly in Dyon's favor.

Chapter 1467: Roar

The second matter that was in his favor were the nature of his opponents. True God Lux, Aurum, and Nativus, for example, hadn't even brought armies, they appeared alone. Then there was True God Falkor, Titus and Anak, who were so weak that Dyon couldn't even be bothered with them.

The former three were obviously too prideful to feel they needed to bring an army at all. As for why True God Titus didn't follow in the footsteps of his Dragon Race, it could only be said he was a weird one. Despite being a prideful Dragon, didn't he not hesitate to sneak attack and kill God Goldeen? He was one of the very rare Dragons who placed their pride in their scheming instead of his own personal prowess. Which was surprising considering his appearance.

Who would think that a man with flaming red hair, jagged teeth, and twin fiery sabers, wouldn't be in love with combat, but instead, strategy? He could only be described as an anomaly. Nothing in the universe was absolute...

However, it was precisely because of this that Dyon didn't let his guard down. Since that schemer had dared to come, it meant he was fairly confident in his odds for success. And... Of all those here, he was the most aware of Dyon's prowess!

'Let's whittle them down a bit then...' Dyon thought faintly.

With his divine sense stretching out half a million kilometers, he had detected them all long ago.

According to Dyon's calculations, True God Luz, Aurum and Nativus would definitely arrive here first. This was something he would know even without his divine sense. Since they were the most powerful and had the smallest group, it was incomparably easy for them to cross a silver danger zone.

There was no point in attempting to obstruct them, doing so would only make them stop approaching leisurely. If they rushed here in a fit of rage, Dyon would have to fight these battles with his hands tied behind his back too soon.

Instead, Dyon focused all his attention on the Heavenly Sword Guild and the Star Force. Their interference would be the most potent. In addition, Dyon didn't want to alert schemer Titus to the true extent of his abilities too soon.

Dyon's head tilted up, the faint images of two young girls appearing in his mind.

For over half a year, he had sat in this very spot. He couldn't forget the fact he had promised to show them the world. He couldn't forget how he abandoned that promise to them.

It was impossible to look back and make up for that mistake. They were gone, and nothing he could do would bring them back. Even erecting the Arc of Humanity seemed like a pitiful effort to Dyon. It wasn't enough. They were worth more than that, their smiles and gentleness were worth more than that.

So, Dyon decided on something else. Since he failed to show them the world, he would surpass that promise and do something far grander, something worthy of them.

The whole world deserved to know they existed, that Mia and Bella Sacharro existed.

He would grasp that world he promised to show them, subdue it, subjugate it. Then, he would bring it to its knees and offer it up in memory of them.

This whole world, filled with garbage and evil, awashed in inhumanity and hatred, he would flood it with blood and gore to leave only the beauty Mia and Bella wanted to experience. He would force it to pay respects to their grave, force it to pay for what it did to them.

In that moment, an enraged roar left Dyon's lips. It was so fierce that space shattered like glass around his voice.

The world seemed to tremble under his might. Those who had wanted to record the events for profit could only stand stunned as their arrays were destroyed one after another.

A slumbering beast had awoken once more.

Dyon's roar shook the whole of the lower tier, even territories located toward the most outer edges were filled with cultivators who looked up into the skies.

That sort of resolution and power... They had never heard such a thing before.

They felt their knees go weak. The power of an Emperor wasn't something Dyon had released in full strength until just now, and it was formidable beyond belief.

"I warned you all 6 months ago." Dyon's voice seemed to carry an abyssal hell with it. Purgatory rose up from murky depths, reddening the skies, and dyeing the air with the stench of blood. "The first time I sent you away, it was half-dead. This time, there'll be nothing but corpses."

At this moment, Madeleine was frantically trying to contact Dyon. She knew very well that Dyon could hear her, and even see her image, but he didn't respond.

There was a limit to what one person could do alone. Dyon had such an unyielding character that he would never forgive those who slighted his family. And the Demon Generals were his family!

"Hoho, it seems we've pissed him off." Titus smiled lightly, his red eyes flashing with an indiscernible light.

No one knew more than Titus how Heaven Defying Dyon was. Thoughts of Dyon's True Domain still woke him up at night with fright. A saint? Who comprehended a true domain? Wasn't that too ridiculous? How were they meant to believe this?

Yet, he had come here anyway, even knowing that that true domain was likely far stronger than it had been in the past. Even if he was a schemer, he still had the pride of a Dragon. He wanted to stand on top, how could he stand the thought of someone controlling a tier he sat in alone?

Within the Star Force, Vespak's face darkened with hardly concealed killing intent. His emotions were in such a tailspin that the ethereal flickering of his body almost went out of control, continuously shifting from corporeal to see-through.

Chapter 1468: Calm

"So True God Sacharro is so powerful? It's no wonder he made you crawl back home half dead as he promised." A woman with beauty beyond words didn't hold back in tearing open Vespak's wounds.

Even hearing these words, Vespak didn't dare to refute, he could only bottle up in anger. This woman wasn't someone even he could afford to offend. Although he was an 8th Order Emperor, this woman was a False True God. Not just that, but she was one of True God Star's three wives. Her position in their Clan was far higher than his.

"Empress Aspirant Cativa, I won't ask you for anything else, but please allow me to land the crippling blow." Vespak's handsome features twisted, imperceptible red light wafting from him.

Cativa's red lips curled into a slight smile, her slender fingers gliding across pristine fan seemingly carved of jade. She wore a red dress with a single slit to the right that revealed her flawless, long leg. Her every movement was the picture of enticement and seduction, even the white scaled snake beneath her bare feet was without blemish.

"Vespak, don't make me look down on you." Cativa mused. "You want to ask help from this Empress Aspirant to kill a man you can't kill yourself? Isn't that too shameless?"

Vespak lowered his head, clenching his fist.

"Also," Cativa continued, "Even if I agreed to help you, do you really believe that it's alright to kill him? We're only here to teach him a lesson, there are some unspoken rules that cannot be broken lest you want the tower quadrants to be embroiled in war. He's already given you enough face by not killing you, yet you want more? You're too pathetic."

Vespak didn't dare to respond. The Empress Aspirant title was something only three women of the Star Clan wielded. It was only given to the wives of the young heir.

Unlike other Clans, in the Star Clan, not only did the Emperor title need to be forcibly seized, but the same was true of the Empress title. True God Star had already eliminated all of his competition to the title of young heir, changing his title from Emperor Aspirant to Emperor Apparent. However, his wives were neck-in-neck.

Though Cativa was the weakest of his wives, that was only due to the fact she was the youngest. Whether she would become the Empress Apparent or not was still up in the air. And, even if she failed to gain the title, she would still be the second or third wife of the Emperor. Her status was far above Vespak's.

"Oh? It looks like he's already here." Cativa's faint smile bloomed. Her slender hand stopped their progress forward as a figure appeared above them all.

This particular silver danger zone was known as the Ice Devil Land. It snowed year-round and was filled with a sharp cold. However, this land wasn't so simple at all.

The snow wasn't white, but instead a dull grey. It was reminiscent of ash instead of snow, as though the cremated remnants of all those it had killed were raining down from the skies.

The danger of this land wasn't just in its cold, but in this snow's special ability. It carried life stealing powers... For every flake of snow that fell upon your body, energy would be siphoned away from you. If you stayed for too long, you would eventually die of exhaustion.

This snowy grey land was exactly that place Dyon appeared above.

Dyon's expression was incomparably calm as he scanned the Star Force army, but inwardly, he felt that the situation was incredibly grave.

Even the weakest expert here was of the sixth order. This alone was enough to show just how talented half-sprites were. The Water Mist Sect could only scrounge up a sixth order legatee after years of searching, yet the Star Clan actually had thousands of them. Not just that, but they were all of the peak celestial grade.

To make matters worse, all of these warriors were led by a woman whose prowess was even greater than her beauty. Dyon could immediately tell that Cativa was a 9th Order expert of the 12th celestial realm. She was only a step away from becoming a pseudo-dao expert!

"True God Sacharro." Empress Aspirant Cativa spoke out. "We'd rather not bully a talent on your level. We're quite aware of how shameless it is to send us old people after a youth like yourself, but you should also understand that the prestige of a Clan is highly important to it. Though we disrespected your Demon Generals first, you only have yourself to blame for not being present then.

"You now have one of two choices. You either fight it out with all of us here and end up with nothing, or you can take a step back. We have no problem with you controlling three gold danger zones as it is in fact your turn to do so. However, the Star Clan must have one of the nine. Which is your choice?"

Dyon calmly looked toward Cativa.

Even knowing that Dyon could at most match her in strength, Cativa felt a shiver tear its way through her spine. Those eyes, they were the eyes of a man who would never take a step back. There was no compromise, no room for discussion. They had crossed his bottom line.

In that moment, a formation core appeared in Dyon's palm.

Back on Soul Rending Peak, the greatest form of protection they had were their formation cores. With them, an elder or Master wielding them could have an explosive increase in strength scaling to how much their souls could withstand. It was a trump card the likes of which could only be matched by the greatest of clans and sects.

This formation core, however, wasn't the same as the one Soul Rending Peak controlled. Instead, this was a formation core Dyon created after studying the original.

Dyon's clone realized after months of intense studying that the formation core was actually a portable formation of sorts. It took a large-scale formation as a base, then made them mobile.

Chapter 1469: Root

The formation core Soul Rending Peak used to give their experts a boost had a so-called 'Root Formation'. This root formation was known as the [Nature's Order] formation. It was able to take power from the surroundings, similar to the abilities a celestial, but on a much larger scale. What the formation core did was act as a link to the main formation, allowing it to be used at a further distance away.

The trouble was that creating the formation core of a root formation required the equivalent of reaching the One with Self realm of a martial technique. Simply put, one needed to understand a formation and recognize it no matter how many permutations it had or adjustments were done to it. They should be able to draw and recreate this formation in their sleep!

It took Dyon's clone, even with Dyon's level of soul path talent, 6 months to create the formation core for a single root formation! And the formation he chose?... It was the [Infinite Heart] formation!

In that moment, 10 000 puppets appeared from nowhere, shocking Cativa. These number of puppets, they were double the number of Star Force members they had brought!

The puppets of the Demon Sage Tower were works of pristine art... Unlike the flashy silver and gold sentries that defended the celestial doors, these puppets glowed a calm, soothing violet.

The material that coated their exteriors were completely see-through, revealing the hidden mechanisms inside. It looked like the gorgeous gears of a watch, ticking away to perpetually provide power.

It was almost a shame to make them fight at all... However, Dyon wasn't worried about them becoming damaged. These were puppets from the Immortal Plane, if they could be damaged by mortal realm cultivators so easily, they might as well not exist at all!

The formation core glowed within Dyon's hands, shooting out 10 000 tentacle-like lines to connect with each puppet. In that moment, 10 000 peak celestial auras pierced through the Star Force's momentum.

Without even another glance, Dyon left the formation core in the air. It was as though he was taunting them... You want my formation core? Come and get it.

Cativa became flushed with rage. He believed that he could deal with them with puppets? And what kinds of puppets were these? Why were they so beautiful?

Even still, Cativa calmed herself. These puppets could delay them, but not for very long. Everyone knew that puppets performed below their optimal strength. They simply didn't have the flexibility or intelligence of humans.

A first-grade puppet would perform like a second-grade warrior at best. And, those first grade puppets were incredibly rare and expensive. Let alone 10 000 of them, a single clan, even on their Star Clans level, would have a dozen at most. Maybe only those outer quadrant clans and sects might have a few hundred.

Unfortunately for them, the Star Force would soon find out that these puppets weren't normal by any stretch of the imagination... Even though Dyon wasn't controlling them, didn't the Demon Sage Tower have an item spirit?!

Dyon's body flashed as he charged toward the Heavenly Sword Guild.

By his calculations, the energy source of his [Infinite Heart] formation could only power 10 000 peak celestial puppets for 12 hours. After those 12 hours were up, the energy source would dry up and Dyon would never be able to call out his puppets here again. He had already tapped into all the energy sources within a million-kilometer radius, yet he only received 12 hours in return...

Still, this would give him valuable time he needed. With one army dealt with for now, he still had three others to deal with!

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Dyon didn't bother with the matters of the Star Force any longer. He immediately cut across several silver danger zones, utilizing his teleportation arrays to make haste toward the Heavenly Sword Guild.

At this moment, the Heavenly Sword Guild was being led by a figure Dyon would recognize all too well: Diasho Ken, the magic swordsman!

His sleek black hair followed behind him ethereally, floating like a dream. His features were the pinnacle of perfection, as though carved by holy light itself. His eyes were piercing, standing out amid with white garbs. However, his most striking feature were the two swords that floated behind him, one substantially longer than the other.

If one looked closely, it became obvious that his twin swords weren't being held up by any sort of energy. No, his sword were actually willingly following him, using their own spirit to follow their master!

This Magic Swordsman, Diasho Ken, went by another title. He was none other than the 27th ranked captain of the Heavenly Sword Guild and younger brother of True God Diasho.

To his back, he led five thousand warriors, even the weakest of whom were of the 6th Order. It was as though they had coordinated their actions with the Star Force, but this wasn't too surprising. After all, they were both half-sprite power centers.

Daisho Ken hadn't come alone. He brought along with him the 31st, 43rd, 47th, and 51st ranked captains. For the Heavenly Sword Guild to send 5 of their 112 captains, it could only be said that they were giving Dyon a tremendous amount of face!

The captains of the Heavenly Sword Guild were godly figures to the martial world. According to rumors, one wouldn't be allowed the title unless you were both a noble of the five blade families, and of the 7th order at a minimum!

Lower ranked clans could only dream of having so many talents, yet the Heavenly Sword Guild had 112 of them! This didn't even mention their 36 lieutenants, 4 generals, and their lofty commander, True God Diasho.

Ken's arrogance could be seen clearly in his sharp brows. True God Sacharro? He was nothing but another bug to be squashed beneath his feet. In this lifetime, the only man he would allow to stand above him was his elder brother! And, even in that case, no one knew who would become greater in the end. Cultivation through the dao realm was long and arduous, no one could say who would be the better man among the two of them in a hundred thousand years.

Chapter 1470: Now!

Lost in his own thoughts, Ken hardly cared for the so-called danger zone around him. It was nothing but a joke.

These lands were known as Howling Wind Valley. They were surrounded by tall, coal stained earthen walls that seemed to stretch to infinity. However, the so-called danger of this valley was precisely the howling wind.

This valley utilized the beauty of nature to create specific high pitched sounds. The wind here had the ability to perfectly resonate with anything it came in contact with!

One could imagine just how dangerous such a thing was. If wind could perfectly resonate with one's body, too much wind would result in one's body exploding!

However, this wasn't the most fearsome part of the valley. There were devastating ghost-type beasts who were completely immune to these howling winds. They would whittle down adventurers.

When one attempted to attack with their qi, the howling wind would resonate with their attacks and cause their qi to explode within their bodies! The number of geniuses who died under their own energy was too many to count.

There were only two ways to ignore the effects of this howling valley. The first was to have an extremely powerful body. This was the lower tier after all, so there was a limit to how much energy the howling winds could produce even through resonating. Powerful body cultivators could ignore these effects.

The second was to simply have exceptional control over your energy. Using this method, one could either compress the barbaric additional energy that accumulated, or they could speed up their attacks enough such that the howling wind didn't have enough time to accumulate said energy.

These two methods were why this danger zone was exceptionally good for those who wanted to temper their bodies and improve the control they had over their energy.

What others didn't know was that there was a hidden third method... The so-called ghost-type beasts of this danger zone were actually just projections created by the tower to simulate the abilities of the sprite race! This meant one very obvious thing: Sprites were completely immune to the effects of this valley!

It was under these sorts of circumstances that Dyon appeared.

He stood calmly on the dark, coal colored ground of the howling wind valley. Though numerous ghost-type creatures attempted to spawn around him, some fire attributes, others water, and still others wind alone with various other elements, they were shattered one after another, unable to withstand Dyon's Presence.

When Dyon saw Diasho Ken's figure, he memories flashed back to their encounter in the Sapientia Quadrant. This man dared to question his relationship with Ri.

Back then, Dyon held himself back, partially because he wasn't a match for Diasho Ken back then, and partially because he knew being reckless in enemy territory was a bad idea.

But now, two things had changed.

Firstly, Diasho Ken was no longer too high of a wall for him to climb.

Secondly, this was his territory now!

"True God Sacharro." Ken didn't seem very surprised to see Dyon here. Everyone was aware that Dyon was a Moon Lord and could teleport freely throughout the lower tier. "I see that you've decided to pre-emptively stall our approach.

"Even if you are here, there is only one path left to you: and that's surrender. Your Sacharro Clan will never have a place among the Gold Cities. Not this one, and not the ones on the higher tiers. You've made your death bed, and now you'll lay in it. The prestige of the Five Blade Families isn't something the likes of you can trample upon!"

Diasho Ken's approach was clearly far different from Cativa's. He had no interest in negotiating, he wanted nothing more than to crush Dyon beneath his feet, just like he wanted to do to the masked wife stealer in the past. Their only crimes? Being seen as powerful in the public eye!

The Heavenly Sword Guild roared to his back, their Presences climbing upward and clashing with Dyon's. Even if Dyon had Emperor level Presence, many here had already broken into the Duke level Presence. Their combined might was something they believed could overshadow Dyon.

"Heavenly Sword Guild..." Dyon spoke faintly.

Dyon couldn't help but laugh. Sprites were already at an inherent disadvantage against him. His Presence was simply too overbearing. Even their attempt to match his was squashed!

However, sword sprites were even more pitiful. Sword Sprites carried the essence of a weapon, while this helped them master their swords tremendously, even to the point where geniuses like Diasho Ken

could awaken the spirit of their swords, it was also for this very reason that they would be trampled upon by Dyon!

In that moment, a royal blue array spanning 100 meters appeared to Dyon's back.

A majestic crystalline armor that seemed partly ethereal coated his body, giving him the image of an unmatched war lord, a man who was completely untouchable!

The moment the Weapon's Master Half-Step Dao appeared, Ken's features froze. His body began to tremble irresistibly, a part of him even wanting to kneel where he stood.

Rage filled his lungs. Feelings of anger, rage, and humiliation swelled within him.

He roared into the skies, his energy surging to their highest height in a mere moment. His pseudo-domain swirled to life, painting the howling wind valley in a rain of swords. It was only then that he felt a semblance of relief, but even still, he felt that his combat prowess had been halved!

The rest of his guild weren't lucky. One had to remember that Dyon's Presence fused into every fiber of his being, including his comprehended wills! The effects of his weapon's master will in suppressing sword sprites might not have been so exaggerated in the past, but now, it was practically a death sentence!

At this point, the only members of the guild who could stand were the five captains. However, each and every one had their strengths halved!

Dyon's weapon's pagoda appeared in the air, causing the already eerie atmosphere to sink even further into depravity.