

The Nameless 1471

Chapter 1471: True Master

A sword shot out from its depths, carrying with it the aura of a supreme grade weapon.

At that moment, Ken felt nothing but humiliation! Dyon had actually taken out a sword to face them all!

Dyon looked toward the five captains calmly. Each of them had released their pseudo domains, causing a clash of atmosphere.

On one side, there were rays of beautiful crystalline and holy lights, falling from the skies in the shape of swords. On the other side, there was an eerie darkness, though Dyon's royal blue diamond armor shone, it was overcast by his rage... Flames of black sprouted from his body, surging over his frame.

Dyon shot forward, his eyes filled with battle intent. He knew he had to end this as quickly as possible. There was no telling how long the puppets could hold the Star Force back, and, in all likelihood, the three dragon and qilin True Gods were rapidly approaching.

The moment Dyon crossed into the combined 5 pseudo domains of his opponents, he understood just how potent a domain could be. It seemed as though every inch of space carried the will of its wielder. If it wasn't for Dyon's overbearing Presence, entering such a domain without activating one of his own would only have one result: death!

"If I don't slay you where you stand, know that my name is no longer Diasho Ken!" A mighty roar left Ken's lips.

In that moment, his body was enveloped by a blinding light. Everyone knew exactly what this sort of form was... As half-sprites, the abilities of the Star and Five Blade Clans were limited, they couldn't perfectly match up to their full sprite counterparts.

However, every half-sprite had a battle form that they could activate. If just for a few moments, they would rise above their limitations, perfectly melding with what it meant to be a true sprite!

Even as thousands of half-sprites lay incapacitated to his back, Diasho Ken could never allow this humiliation to stand! Even if he was weakened for several months to come, he had to go all out!

The remaining four captains roared simultaneously.

One of the Okatana Clan took out a blade with a circular hilt, his sword floating around his wrist.

One of the Katana Clan took out a katana that shimmered of jade, standing at almost 5 feet in length!

One of the Odachi Clan took out a short, curved sword at just over two feet in length.

One of the Nagamaki Clan took out a sword with an exceptionally long handle. It almost seemed as though the handle itself was just as long as the blade!

And finally, Diasho Ken's two floating swords shifted to his hands. Even under Dyon's weapon's master will, they stuck by their true master!

Dyon's sword flowed like the rays of the sun. At that moment, every movement of the five captains became incomparably clear to him. Not just the choices they would make, but the trajectories and weaknesses of their techniques. His comprehension of the sword had reached such a profound height that even the techniques of the Five Blade Families were directly understood by him.

It was incomparably difficult to raise comprehension of weapon wills. However, as sword sprites, this obviously wasn't an issue that these captains faced. Each and every one of them had a half-step dao sword will. But, when their projections appeared in the air, they were directly dwarfed by Dyon's. Even Diasho Ken's, who had one that spanned 10 meters, had barely 10% the size of Dyon's!

At this moment, Diasho Ken suddenly realized just how much Dyon was holding back during the day of the black sun. Back then, he had used nothing but his fists, when reality, he was multiple times more powerful with a weapon in his hand!

"[Piercing Rays: First Layer]!"

Dyon fell into a selfless state. He no longer allowed his emotions to rule him. He needed a swift and decisive victory as quickly as possible.

[Piercing Rays] was a peak common grade technique split into nine layers, something that was rare for such a low grade technique.

The quintessence of the technique was hidden within its name. One that reached its utmost layer would have a sword qi akin to the rays of the sun, unhindered and unfettered, ruling over the world with unmatched speed and power.

However, for such a weak technique to have such a grandiose description, it could be imagined the kind of flaws it had. While those words sound grand on the surface, wasn't it simple to block the rays of the sun? Even a small child could cast a shadow of their own, right? Didn't this mean that even a small child could block the sun?

This was the weakness of the technique. It had grand aspirations, but its path was flawed. Light was flexible, but it was too flexible. If one wanted a technique with such fluidity, but also had a hidden power within, it would be better to model it after water instead of mere sun rays.

In the beginning, Dyon too wanted to ignore this technique. He planned on bringing it to the One with Self realm as his master asked before directly ignoring as he had with many others. After all, not every One with Self technique could be as powerful as [Vanishing Fist].

However, during his comprehension, Dyon stumbled upon something beautiful.

The rays of the sun could be impeded, but to every yin there was a yang. With the rays of the sun, came an ever-present shadow. When the shadows rescinded, what remained was the ever-looming sun. Yin and Yang, Light and Dark, Sun and Shadow. This was what this technique was missing!

If [Vanishing Fist] could be considered the equivalent to a Heaven Grade technique once brought to the One with Self realm, [Piercing Rays] was not a single bit inferior. If it wasn't for the fact Dyon hadn't comprehended light and darkness wills, it wouldn't lose out to even a divine grade technique!

However, while Dyon didn't comprehend light and dark, what he did have were his unique flames!

In Dyon's hands, his sword became akin to two sides of the world. At times it was light and airy, reflecting a pure innocence, and at other times it was swift and ferocious, reflecting the scheming evil hidden beneath.

It could only be said that if Dyon ever perfectly fused his unique flames with this technique, it would reach a level that would dwarf even the divine grade.

The beauty of his swordplay completely dwarfed that of those remaining captains. The guild members who were forcibly pinned to the ground could only raise their heads in awe. As sword sprites, what they respected the most was the sword. To see a mere human dancing with his weapon in such a way... It made them feel inferior.

Dyon's sword turned chaotic, its black edge carrying with it an eerie death. He swung downward forcibly, throwing the Captain Okatana off balance.

His swordplay changed once more, he activated the third layer of [Piercing Rays], his sword becoming a blinding and pure light.

Three rays of piercing sword qi shot forward, piercing the captain in both shoulders and finally through to his spine.

Dyon's body spun, with one captain incapacitated, he attacked like the flowing rain once more.

Two down... Three...

A roar left Dyon's lips, sharp spatial qi and black flames fusing with his blade's edge. His strikes became more potent, more powerful.

Chapter 1472: Nine

At this moment, only Diasho Ken and Captain Katana remained.

Captain Katana's strikes were measured and comparatively slow. With the length of his blade, his attacking style was focused on making his every action count.

Diasho Ken's style was a blend. His long sword was deliberate and straight forward, but his short sword was crafty and sneaky. It seemed like a moment's mistake from Dyon could end his life.

It was clear that these two were the most powerful remaining. Just the 27th and 31st Captains were so strong even at half their strength! What about those ranked above them?!

"[Piercing Rays: Ninth Layer]!"

Dyon's sword became nine rays of shining light. However, those with sharp visions could see the underlying shadows beneath. Under his control, [Piercing Rays] power more than doubled and nine rays became nine rays and nine shadows!

Eighteen strikes of perfection, pushing Captain Katana and Diasho back.

His back stood straight as a javelin, the pride in his brows piercing through even in his emotionless selfless state. He was Dyon Sacharro, a man who would step forward no matter what odds he faced. He might not have wanted to face the reality of his chaos flames before, but now he would, all for the sake of fulfilling a promise he made long ago, a promise he had forgotten.

He refused to disappoint those two innocent girls again, he refused!

Dyon's illusory sword whistled through the air, finding cracks in the defenses of his opponents time and time again.

The three of them shot into the air, the clashes of their battle reverberating through the dark valley. The so-called danger zone didn't even have an opportunity to bare its fangs, every time it attempted to, its formations would shatter, crumbling to dust under the might of the battle.

It seemed with each passing moment that while Dyon grew fiercer, so did Captain Diasho. He sunk further and further into his own selfless state... In these moments, he truly showed what it meant to be a genius.

For half sword sprites, their battle form was known as Sword God's Harmony. Ken knew very well that activating this battle form would put him into a coma for several months, if not years, after this battle. But, his pride wouldn't allow him to take this lying down.

Surprisingly, instead of weakening with each passing second, he grew stronger. His billowing black hair became filaments of thin gold, shooting straight into the air as though they wanted to connect his body to the Heavens themselves. His sword play grew swifter and more refined, the anger in his eyes faded, falling to the backdrop and crumbling to nothingness. His strikes grew stronger and more piercing.

Eventually, the change couldn't be handled by Captain Katana anymore. The so-called 2 on 1 fight became 1 on 1 the moment he became too weak to handle the reverberations of Dyon and Ken's clashing blows.

Eighteen concussive outpourings of concentrated air blasted outward, sending Captain Katana flying into the face of the valley, his life and death completely unknown.

It was a shame that the martial world couldn't be witness to this battle, it was truly one for the ages. It felt like whenever one man elevated their prowess, the other would follow suit.

The suppression on Captain Diasho was slowly being shattered. As he became a more and more formidable sword, his battle prowess grew. 50% became 60, and 60% became 70. Eventually, more than 95% of his prowess was returned to him!

He was an indomitable sword, a man who would always stand tall! What bullshit Weapon's Master Will? You believe that you can treat the sword just like any weapon? It was the King, the Overlord of all weapons! How dare you try to lord over it like any other pitiful piece of metal?

The golden glow attached to Ken's body grew more resplendent, his eyes shining like stars.

Suddenly, a strike he had sent out toward Dyon disappeared into a magic circle that appeared so quickly even Dyon's divine sense almost didn't catch the energy fluctuations that created it.

The blade lengthened, causing Dyon to misjudge the strike.

The edge caught the fabric of his shirt, tearing it apart and leaving a trail of thin blood.

Diasho Ken's prowess grew. Before, he had spent much of his energy fighting against Dyon's suppression, so he couldn't use his full range of skills. But, now that his Sword God's Harmony had improved so drastically, the burden had lifted from his shoulders. He could now show the world why he had earned the title of Magic Swordsman!

The magic circles were beautiful works of art. They appeared and disappeared around Diasho, shining with all sorts of wonderful colors. Some were large, and others were small, but each carried a simple, yet devastating ability.

Unlike arrays that looked to be made up of the cogs of expertly crafted machinery, magic circles were inscribed with what seemed like an ancient language, wiggling about with a fierce life force arrays couldn't match. This made their flexibility reach the outer bounds of what was possible.

Sometimes Ken's blade would inexplicably lengthen. Sometimes it would shorten, causing Dyon's well timed blows and blocks to miss. At other times, they would disappear into a magic circle at one angle, but appear with a completely different one.

Dyon didn't take any devastating blows, but the continuous cuts and bruises his body accumulated grew larger in number. Diasho Ken's swordplay was simply too refined and too clever. He seemed to take the aspects of True Weapon's Will sword qi could never replicate, and used his magic circles to wall up those deficiencies!

The Heavens seemed to respond to his display of beauty, the grey sky above resonating with golden hues that overshadowed the accent of red Dyon's rage had given them.

"I am the Magic Swordsman, Diasho Ken!" His roar shot into the skies, his body growing more resplendent. In that moment, he no longer looked like a human, he had become a humanoid deity, shining with a blinding holy light.

"Take my strike, [World Revolves: First Revolution]!"

Chapter 1473: Lost

The world seemed to bow to Diasho Ken's strike.

His arms crossed, his short sword cutting across with a backhand grip, while his long sword continued forward with a forehand grip. It was as though he was creating a crucifix, passing judgement upon the world from his lofty position above.

Dyon was beaten backward, Ken's strike tearing apart the whole of the valley.

"[World Revolves: Second Revolution]!"

A cross of holy light appeared in the skies. It was only then that Ken's second will appeared, a resplendently gold half-step dao of holy will!

For a youth of his caliber to not only push the ever-illusive sword will with the 9th intent realm, but also a supreme law in holy will as well... It was practically unheard of!

Geniuses of Diasho Ken's caliber weren't like Dyon. Of course, they had the ability to learn numerous wills. If they attempted to, maybe they could learn as many as Dyon although their levels would be inferior. However, everyone agreed that this was a foolish thing to do.

Once one enters the path of daos, what becomes most important is the refinement and tweaking of your path and comprehension. It becomes vital to focus on just a few wills so that they can be brought to the highest level.

It had to be remembered that the only reason Dyon had so many half-step daos wasn't because he was some heaven defying genius with heaven defying comprehension abilities. He quite literally exchanged his life force in exchange for this comprehension he gained! If it wasn't for this, how could it be so easy to reach the One with Dao realm?

There would come a time where Dyon too would likely have to cut down his choices and focus on a select few so that he could reach the pinnacle of their realms, just like Diasho Ken had!

"True God Sacharro, take my strike!"

The battered and bruised Dyon watched as yet another crucifix of holy light descended upon him. If it wasn't for the situation, he would be awed by its beauty. The purity of holy will was truly something that could hardly be matched. It was no wonder why it stood even above celestial will.

The light purified Dyon's attempts to gather up power. It was as though the attack gained a domain of its own, feeding off of False True God Diasho's pseudo sword domain to rain down upon Dyon.

As a celestial, without the ability to gather power from his surroundings, Dyon's strength more than halved. Suddenly, the roles had reversed.

[World Revolves] was a divine grade technique with 33 revolutions. By all rights, until he reached the dao realm, Diasho Ken had no business using this technique. However, there were two reasons he was able to.

The first was because he had entered his Sword God's Harmony battle form! The second was because he was a sword sprite using a sword-based technique. As his race was beloved by the Heavens, how could they not have certain advantages?

Dyon's body was completely enveloped by the holy crucifix.

The walls of the valley shattered, becoming the mold for the cross. Thousands of years from now, when the newest batch of young celestials entered this danger zone, maybe they would no longer call it the howling wind valley, but instead something entirely different...

This was truly the meaning of [World Revolves]. Even its second of thirty-three attacks could fundamentally change the landscape!

Diasho Ken watched his attack descend, his billowing, vertical, golden filaments of hair calming and falling back to their usual black. His face was pale, drained of all blood. It felt as though he had lost half of his body weight...

He turned back to check on his Heavenly Sword Guild. Though they had been suppressed, they shouldn't have been injured. But, his expression could only turn ugly in the end.

The reverberating effects of his and Dyon's battle were too devastating. The members of the Heavenly Sword Guild had been in no position to defend themselves. In the end, the loose attacks from the battle had caused more than 70% of them to be in no fighting condition. In fact, many of them were half dead.

Even if Diasho Ken led what remained of them to claim the surrounding area around Low Gold City, he wouldn't be able to keep it for very long. This didn't even mention the fact that he was completely spent. Soon, he would lose consciousness. There were too many consequences to using Sword God's Harmony.

Suddenly, Captain Diasho's ear twitched.

The cacophony of his attack had been so blaring that he lost his hearing for a moment. So, why was it that he suddenly heard the soft patter of light footsteps?

Diasho Ken turned back to see a beaten and bloodied Dyon. Blood soaked down his body, only to mix in with flying dirt and rocks to form a disgusting murky red color.

Dyon supposedly had two of the three greatest defensive constitutions in existence. Yet, he had used neither of them against Captain Diasho. Was it because he was just a fool?

Of course not. He needed to draw Diasho Ken out, he needed him to go all out and pour everything he had into a final attack.

In that moment, not only did Dyon activate his Bronze-Silk Realm Diamond Skin, he also activated his Silver Mirror Constitution in full force with Bold Type energy!

Seeing Diasho Ken's condition, Dyon didn't say a word. He simply turned to leave.

Diasho Ken's features contorted in rage, but the energy he wasted clenching his fist made it feel as though the whole world was spinning around him. He was far too weak, if he really collapsed in this danger zone, even if he could normally ignore its so-called danger with impunity, he would still die a hundred times over.

Rationality told him that he needed to leave, but his pride and arrogance got the best of him. How could he simply turn and leave? Even though no one had recorded what happened, the whole world would know after today that he, Diasho Ken, had released his Sword God's Harmony and still lost!

Chapter 1474: Die

Communicating with one's ancestors as a sprite in order to release their battle form was something every sprite was incredibly sensitive to. There was no doubt that every sprite not just on the lower tier, but even the higher tiers, had felt it the moment Diasho Ken went all out. If he had to leave in shame now, he would be humiliated!

Captain Diasho roared into the skies, ignoring the ramifications, he unleashed his battle form once more. His body flickered into and out of existence, but he could feel his soul tearing apart with every step he took toward Dyon.

This wasn't a battle he could afford to lose! If he ever wanted to catch up to his brother, if he wanted to protect the prestige of the Heavenly Sword Guild, he had to win!

Dyon turned back to see what looked like a streaking sword approaching him with blinding speeds.

His eyes flashed with a murderous intent. I allowed you to live yet you haven't accepted my act of kindness and have instead decided to foolishly attack me?!

Dyon's body turned into a resplendent gem. The blood shimmered upon his flawless skin, dripping downward as though his body had become frictionless.

Diasho Ken's attack was rebuffed. His body flew backward, but he lifted himself up and charged once more.

He wasn't a fool, he realized that Dyon was capable of reflecting what amounted to at least 50% of the power of his strikes. Every time he attacked, he was inflicting more and more damage to himself. But, he had practically lost himself in battle. His desire to win fueled his everything.

Dyon's arrogant gaze was like a looming guillotine, lifting high above his prideful heart and preparing to cleave down at any moment.

Dyon became akin to an impenetrable wall, his sword attacks become swifter and swifter. His energy seemed endless to the point where it caused despair in his opponent.

How could Diasho Ken know that Dyon's energy reserves were multiple times that a normal celestial of his realm? Even without the Energy Core to constantly supply his inner world with more power, saying that he had 5 times the qi of Diasho Ken was an understatement!

Captain Diasho tried to enter his selfless Magic Swordsman state, trying to reach that realm of perfection and beauty he had before. But, he found it absolutely impossible.

At that moment, something incomparably shocking was happening.

Every time Ken tried to form a new magic circle, Dyon would create a weapon's hell array in the exact same spot. Ken couldn't imagine the level of reaction time and speed that was needed to replicate such a feat...

Because Dyon's Presence was infused into his every action, the moment the array and magic circle tried to form in the same spot, the magic circle would shatter under Dyon's might. Then Diasho Ken's piercing sword would be deflected by a spinning spear.

The experience was absolute maddening, and every occurrence resulted in a new heavy injury.

Diasho Ken's eyes reddened. He had never been so humiliated in his life. Those of the Heavenly Sword Guild who remained couldn't comprehend what they were seeing. Was it possible for a lower celestial to be so powerful?

The veins bulged along Diasho Ken's forehead, giving his handsome features a sinister appearance.

"I'll kill you!" Diasho Ken roared as his shoulder was pierced by another one of Dyon's attacks. His body flew backward, crashing into the rubble his previous [World Revolves] attack created.

Diasho Ken stood in a rage, his eyes looking no different than that of a wild beast's. He suddenly became a man who was willing to give up any and everything.

In that moment, the skies all across the lower tier darkened. An aura descended that froze Dyon's body in place. It was incredibly powerful, so much so that his reaction was immediate. It could only be said to be stifling without compare.

There was no doubt that this power couldn't have come from Diasho Ken, it was simply impossible. How could he go from being subdued to unleashing such strength? It was obvious that something horrible was happening.

Dyon's eyes contracted, a cold sweat permeating his back. The last time his knees had felt so weak, that his body trembled like so, was during his third trial. Back then, he had charged through, defeating one Presence expert after another. But, when he came up against an Emperor Level Presence, his King Level Presence of back then stood not a single chance and he was forced to give up without even trying...

In the far distance, Empress Aspirant Cativa's eyes contracted as she repelled several puppets. It wasn't just her, the armies of the lower tier True Gods, and even the three dragon and qilin True Gods, all stopped simultaneously, looking up and into the skies.

"Tsk." True God Aurum spit to the side, a view that was in sharp contrast to his blemishless golden hair. "Shameless half-sprites, utilizing the Faith of your ancestors when you yourselves aren't good enough to

win. If it wasn't for your kind being so shameless, would our Drago-Qilin Lands be ranked second behind such swine?"

Cativa's eyes narrowed. 'The only one capable of eliciting the Diasho Clan's accumulated Faith to this level is Diasho Ken... But, he's only a step away from becoming a Peak Celestial. Are you telling me that he couldn't win even after using his Sword God's Harmony and was actually pushed to this extent?'

As though to answer her thoughts, lofty figure after lofty figure began to appear in the air. In those moments, all of the celestial floors descended into darkness to pay respects to the images of the Ancestor Diasho...

Dozens of figures stood in the skies, each dressed with spotless golden robes, their backs marked with the sword crossed Holy Grail. They seemed to support Diasho Ken in silence. The whole world weighed down on Dyon... The matter was simple. If their descendent wanted him to die, he would die!

Chapter 1475: Oh...

Dyon stared up into the skies, his knees trembling.

He silently laughed to himself. He had been hearing about this so-called Faith for years now. In fact, the first time he heard of it was back when he first entered the Elvin Kingdom.

Back then, Ri had been explaining to him the purpose behind campaigns and why they were fought. It was then that Dyon learned about the ranks of Clans and Sects and how larger, more established territories gained the benefit of more Faith support from their ancestors... It was also then he learned about Faith Seeds and how mighty warriors of the past who gained the acknowledgement of the Heavens could pass on their Legacy...

But, this was the first time Dyon had ever faced it. He couldn't help but feel like it was an endless ocean tide, continuously smashing into loose sand. It was obvious... He had severely underestimated the power of Faith. If before Dyon believed that the only reason no one had ever built an Emperor God Clan in a single lifetime was because of lack of information, now he believed he had found a second, even more profound reason...

How could a single man, with an accumulation of just one lifetime, face up against the hopes and dreams of countless powerful men?

Each and every one of the dozens of robed Ancestors staring down at Dyon now were men who reached the pinnacle of cultivation on the mortal plane, and each one of them looked down on Dyon with disdain and disregard.

How dare you, a puny speck of dust, not even carrying the faintest trace of prestige and might, offend our descendant?

It didn't matter what the story was, nor did it matter how talented Dyon was. His ancestors were trash, so therefore he was trash!

Dyon's parents were normal mortals who couldn't even live out their full lives. Dyon's grandparents were four individuals he only had the faintest memories of, but they too were no more than mere mortals. Dyon's great grandparents had long since turned to dust before he was even born.

To these men who stood in the skies, Dyon was an ant they could crush whenever they saw it fit!

Diasho Ken's uproarious, maddening laughter filled the valley.

"The dignity of the Diasho Clan will never be trampled upon! Certainly not by the likes of you!"

His body looked like a flaming torch of golden light, the outline of his frame could hardly be made out at all. The power of faith continued to descend, healing his wounds and filling him to the brim with power.

"Heh." Dyon didn't even spare Diasho Ken a glance, instead, his head slowly raised, fighting through the pressure that threatened to send his body piercing through the earth.

He realized now that this was the world he had promised to make bow down before Mia and Bella's grave, a world that was so far beyond his comprehension it seemed laughable that he would say something so clearly insane.

Dyon found it impossible to circulate his energy. Whatever strength his body had left him. Even the illusory sword he held in his hand seemingly wanted to shatter. With each passing moment, it became more and more difficult to maintain its existence.

Dyon closed his eyes, taking a deep breath.

'Why hasn't True God Sacharro released his own Clan's Faith?'

After the initial shock, many began to wonder this. With how powerful Dyon's Clan should be, why would he hesitate to release his Faith? Did he really believe he could fight against Faith alone? Or was it something hidden they didn't know about...

Doubts began to creep into the minds of those present.

One had to understand that fighting someone with Faith without having Faith of your own was like trying to defeat a dao expert as a celestial. It was simply foolish. Everyone seemed to understand this truth but Dyon himself.

Many simply wanted to see the might of the Sacharro Clan. Just how powerful was the Clan that could produce a genius on Dyon's level? It must be several levels above the Diasho Clan, no?

Those who had come to attack Dyon's prestige frowned, their thoughts spinning to overdrive.

"Come accept your death!" Diasho Ken roared, shooting forward like a streaking star. In the darkness his Faith cast the world in, he was the only source of blinding light.

In that moment, Dyon's eyes opened, his humanoid manifestation shimmering into existence. With the blinding light in the distance, everyone saw a stark contrast. On one side, there was a swath of golden robed deities, but on the other, there was a man who rose to their heights with an arrogant, piercing gaze.

"Today..." Dyon's voice carried over the whole of the lower tier. "... You die."

The six halos of flaming black gold circled to his manifestations back. In the next instant, the Crown rotated to the very top.

Pulsing rays of black gold light bloomed outward. For a moment, Dyon gained the faintest control over his body. It felt like it was but for a moment, before it was crushed under the pressure of the Ancestor Diasho, but it was just enough.

His energy was swapped with Light Type qi in an instant, his body shifting forward at inconceivable speeds.

Diasho Ken was shocked that Dyon could even move without releasing his own Faith, he had sought to take advantage before Dyon could get a chance to. Who would have known that Dyon's body would suddenly skyrocket to over 20 meters tall in an instant? He even thought he saw a lush land of grass and blue skies appear for a split second before it all disappeared.

His vision of the world was slit and half. Confusion colored his face for a moment before he understood. "Oh... I'm dead."

The auspicious appearance of the Ancestor Diasho suddenly came to an abrupt end. Confusion colored the faces of those watching even as the skies lightened. However, their answer for what happened soon came in a beam of light.

Chapter 1476: Nerve

Empress Aspirant Cativa's expression change. 'Life Saving Jade! But whose jade activated? True God Sacharro's?... Or Diasho Ken's?...'

In that moment, a man appeared in the skies. He was middle aged, but his features were chiseled to perfection. His facial hair was cleanly shaven, his black hair was done up elaborately, pinned with what seemed like the symbol of their royalty. Finally, what gave his identity away were his golden robes, inscribed with a sword crossed Holy Grail.

It suddenly became obvious to everyone what had happened. Diasho Ken died!

The middle-aged man swept his gaze over the battlefield. Even when seeing thousands of members of his Five Blade Families strewn about on the ground, he had no particular reaction. Eventually, his eyes laid upon Diasho Ken's body which had been split in half vertically.

His hand swept over, wrapping Diasho Ken's body in an encasement of light. With one motion, he swept his arm across the landscape, sending Diasho Ken to the territory of the Five Blade Families.

In the end, his gaze finally landed on Dyon. At the moment, Dyon's body laid flat, staring up and into the skies. He could very clearly see that this man was now looking at him, but he hardly had the energy to move. Even if this man wanted to do something, could he stop him?

In truth, the middle-aged man knew little of what was happening here. Honestly, he hadn't even heard of Dyon's name before. As a man of his standing, like many others of his level, they hardly cared for the matters of the younger generation.

All he knew was that this young man was incredibly dangerous. In addition, with his level of cultivation, seeing through Dyon was a simple task. He could tell that Dyon had no Faith attached to him whatsoever. That could only mean that he was a genius with no backing. Therefore, he didn't hesitate to kill him.

The middle-aged man pointed his finger toward Dyon. 'Weapon's Master Will. That is the bane of my Five Blade Families. It's better that such a genius no longer exists.'

When those in the distance saw the actions of this middle-aged man, their doubt grew stronger. They knew that this man wasn't a fool. If Dyon truly had a powerful Clan backing him, he would definitely sense it! If he did, there was no way he would foolishly lose himself in anger and attack.

Could it be that they were all wrong? Could it be that Dyon didn't actually have a massive Clan backing him at all?

Even just the faint killing the middle-aged man emanated made Dyon feel as though his bones were crumbling. He hadn't even made a true move yet, but it was like the Heavens had already understood what this man wanted to do and were bending to his will. Was this the true pinnacle of cultivation?...

Dyon attempted to move. Even in the face of this absolute power, his mind remained resolute. If this would be the place he died, so be it. However, he would never allow himself to fall into that state of depravity and helplessness again.

He sneered as he looked up at the man above him. His attempts to raise himself up had failed, but his tongue remained as sharp as ever.

"You'd better make sure you erase me in body and in soul, Trash Diasho, or that lofty position your pitiful Clan has been holding is bound to come crumbling down at my hands."

Dyon projected his voice. The majesty and dignity hidden within it was undeniable. Simply by virtue of the fact his Presence was imbued into his very being, there wasn't a soul on the lower tier that didn't hear him.

In the distance, True God Aurum's ears perked up. He suddenly began to laugh. He looked toward the two women by his side and inexplicably turned to leave.

True God Lux and Nativus smiled lightly. Without a word, they too turned to leave.

The middle-aged man, however, didn't have much of a reaction to Dyon's words. It was as though he hadn't heard them at all. To reach his level of cultivation, one's mind must be as calm as the waters of the stillest lake. Simple prods and debased swearing wouldn't move him.

In truth, even with Dyon's genius clear before him, that wasn't enough for him to believe that Dyon would definitely become a threat in the future. Geniuses like Dyon only had a good chance to reach his realm, better than most others. But, those at his level also knew that nothing was certain. It could be said that he only stepped up to kill Dyon only because it took a marginal amount of effort. It was akin to someone picking up a 1 dollar bill simply because they were bent over already. Nothing more, nothing less.

His finger didn't even so much as pause. As far as he was concerned, whatever legend this youth had been building up until now would end here.

Dyon's grand teacher, who had been watching this whole matter, snorted with disdain. This was the tower, not the outside world. Did he really believe he could do as he pleased? If in Abraxus' eyes, Dyon was worthy to ascend to the pinnacle, what did the opinion of this arrogant prick mean? If Dyon was an ant in his eyes, wasn't he even less than an ant in Abraxus' eyes?

Yet, just before he interfered, planning to use the tower mechanisms to crush this man's projection, Abraxus stopped. A light smile playing his features. It seemed he wouldn't have to act at all.

Just as the middle-aged man's finger was about to descend upon Dyon, his brows suddenly furrowed. Without a word, his projection shot backward.

"You have a lot of nerve!"

The delicate voice of a woman called out. In that moment, the imposing momentum of the Diasho expert was shattered into the smallest pieces imaginable. His projection wavered, flickering to the point where it seemed as though it could blink out of existence at any moment.

Chapter 1477: Die!

Just when everyone thought that Dyon's life would come to an abrupt, undeserved end, an absolute beauty appeared in the skies. Many soon realized that it was impossible to see her face clearly as it seemed to be shrouded by a veil of mystery. But, that didn't stop their hearts from beating erratically, men and women alike.

The three dragon and qilin True Gods that had turned to leave suddenly stopped in their tracks, their appearances becoming incomparably grave.

The middle-aged man wiped a streak of glistening, gold blood from his lips. Though he was a projection, this image was still connected to his true body. It was more accurate to say that this was his clone.

In reality, only Higher Existences could form projections that could appear at will even across dozens of universes. However, though this man was very close, one could say infinitesimally so, to becoming a Higher Existence, he wasn't quite there just yet.

Simply put, the only reason he could send a projection here was due to the support of Diasho Ken's Life Saving Jade. This Jade was something exceptional geniuses had fused with their souls from birth and was the reason Dyon knew it was futile to try and kill geniuses like Anak.

However, for every benefit, there was a corresponding detriment. While a Higher Existence could easily shrug off the murder of one of their projections, this middle-aged man could definitely not do such a thing. If his projection died, his cultivation would drop by at least one stage.

It took thousands of years, even tens of thousands of years, for a dao expert to take just one step forward. This could easily be seen by the fact Granny Celest still needed half a millennium to reach the 12th dao stage even with the help of the Energy Core.

All of this was to say that the moment the middle-aged man saw the appearance of this beauty, he immediately retrieved his arrogance and flung it to the deepest part of himself. No matter what, even if he had to prostrate himself and lose all face, he couldn't afford to allow his projection to die here.

However, seeing the infuriated appearance of the woman, he felt his heart palpitate. It was an uncomfortable feeling. He couldn't see her features clearly, but he could tell that she was angry...

The middle-aged man gathered himself and bowed. "Esteemed Higher Existence, this little one has sinned."

When the man spoke, never mind the lower tier, even those on the peak tier heard him. When they registered what he said, they felt like their whole worlds were sent into a tailspin. A Higher Existence? There was only one set of people worthy of such a title!

One had to know that even if you were qualified to receive a Life Saving Jade from your Clan, it wasn't guaranteed whose projection would be tied to it. Why would a Higher Existence waste their time and energy to form a Life Saving Jade for a mere member of the younger generation? Because of this, even if a Clan had a Higher Existence, many of their geniuses would at most be given a Life Saving Jade from a Peak Dao Expert like Diasho Ken had been.

But, Dyon actually had a Life Saving Jade a Higher Existence personally forged for him? That was completely unheard of in the tower quadrants!

Who was doubting the power of Dyon's Clan? Anyone who had such thoughts might want to commit suicide to atone for their own stupidity.

True God Aurum snorted. "Turns out he could only be so brave because he had such backing. If I don't raze Low Gold City to the ground today, my name isn't Drathal Aurum!"

All of the respect the dragon and qilin True Gods had given Dyon hit absolute rock bottom. There was nothing they hated more than people who could only pretend to be brave when they had something to fall back on.

With the protection Dyon had of 17 years, razing Low Gold City was obviously impossible, but that didn't mean they didn't have their own plans.

The words of the middle-aged man, however, fell on deaf ears. "You all must die!"

The beauty swung her delicate palm, not to mention the slightly less than 5000 half sword sprites that remained, danger zones for several hundred thousand miles were laid to waste.

The middle-aged man's projection was battered back, a hole the size of a woman's palm blasting through his chest before he could react.

"You..." The anger the middle-aged man tried to keep down came boiling up.

"Me, what?!" The beauty roared. "You thought you could kill my Little Dyon because you were so big and powerful?! Well I'm the big and powerful one now! Go fuck off somewhere!"

The middle-aged man erupted in an explosion of energy, unable to withstand the beauty's might.

Those listening felt a cold sweat mat their backs. There was a Higher Existence who doted upon Dyon to such a degree? Who would dare touch him?

"Hmph." The harrumph of the golden-haired beauty spread throughout the celestial tiers. "Old geezer Abraxus, you actually saved those trash half sword sprites? Just wait until I transcend, I'll give you a piece of my mind!"

The sound of twitching lips resounded through the tower. In truth, none of them knew who this Abraxus was, but there were a few hints from the beauty's words.

Firstly, he saved the slightly less than 5000 half sprites from dying under the beauty's strike. Knowing this, everyone tied Abraxus to the ever-present Tower Monitor. Or, at least, that was what he was known as to these youths.

People rarely had interaction with Abraxus, he only appeared for the five base-level trials, and also during the true trials. Aside from that, he would only appear during rare events.

Due to his scarcity, many ignored him, thinking of him as an item spirit. But... The second thing those around gleaned from this beauty's words was that he was actually a transcendent! Not only was he a transcendent, he was alive right now!

Chapter 1478: Never

An uproar shook the very foundation of the Epistemic Tower, causing Abraxus to bitterly smile. A secret he had kept for billions of years was suddenly known to everyone. It really wasn't a good thing to piss off a woman. You'd think he'd know this by now with his trillions of years of life.

"Lady Sacharro, I'm only doing my job. Had that man attacked, I would have stopped him as well. These are the celestial floors. It's meant for youths. Don't believe you or anyone else can do as they please."

Abraxus' voice sounded just as cheerful and lighthearted as it always did, but now, it suddenly carried an all-new weight to it.

This matter seemed simple now, maybe like a small comedic joke. However, just how would the outer quadrants react to knowing the Epistemic Towers they looked down on and felt they didn't need were actually the creations of Transcendents?...

"Hmph." The beauty's imposing aura dissipated as though she was very satisfied with being known as Lady Sacharro. Her aura became loving as she turned toward Dyon's body.

Those listening intently silently confirmed something in their hearts. Since she shared the same last name as Dyon, it was no wonder she doted on him. She was likely his grandmother.

One could only imagine the rage the beauty would feel if she knew that the martial world had decided that her Husband was actually her grandson.

'I can't heal you now.' The beauty spoke quickly. 'I formed this Life Saving Jade for you, but you should know that there are many restrictions. A cultivator can only form a few Life Saving Jades in their lifetimes and can never form two in quick succession.

'Luckily, Higher Existences are far less restricted. But, even for me, I can only form one every few dozen years. If I use the energy remaining to heal you, the Life Saving Jade will shatter and you'll be left without protection.

'This is good for you though. Everyone has knowledge about this, so they'll believe that you don't have any protection remaining, when you actually do.'

Dyon looked up at the beauty silently. 'Evangeline?'

Complex emotional fluctuations emanated from the beauty. 'Don't ask any more questions, my Little Husband. Your body still isn't powerful enough to handle the truth, even with the support of Little Yang and Yin growing stronger.

'We'll be together in time.' Her light smile flooded the lower tier with light before she disappeared into Dyon's body.

Dyon didn't move for a while, staring blankly into the skies. By now, he knew that Abraxus and Evangeline wouldn't have ever allowed him to die. But, it still left a sour aftertaste in his mouth.

A boiling rage was slowly simmering under his calm expression.

He didn't go into a personal, cliched rant about how he needed to grow stronger. That was something he didn't need any reminder about. Every moment of every day of his life was spent working toward that goal. If anything, this was just a blip in his life.

What pissed him off was how firmly entrenched the garbage of the martial world was. He could see it in the eyes of the middle-aged man, he didn't even see Dyon's existence as something fit for his disdain. He treated Dyon's life as something he could take on a whim, as though stepping upon a bug by accident.

That was what thoroughly enraged Dyon.

Dyon slowly circulated his Holy Type energy. Although it was the far weaker essence grade, and he no longer had the Energy Core to store it without limit, he still had it.

Dyon's wounds were slowly healing, his eyes closed as he thought about those final moments against Diasho Ken.

Back then, he had brought out everything. Light Type energy to explosively increase his speed, Titan Emperor's Will to the 3rd stage of the 1st act, he had even been forced to tap into the heaven defying abilities of his crown. He gave his everything, just to defeat a man that was already far weaker than him.

This was why trash was so firmly engrained in the martial world. Time and time again, those unworthy of holding strength were given it in spades.

Dyon couldn't help but think of what those bastards did to his Demon Generals. What if he didn't have a lofty title? What if he wasn't feared as True God Sacharro? What if they didn't falsely believe that he had a massive Clan backing him? Wouldn't they have slaughtered all of them? Wouldn't they have killed his family?

Dyon eyes opened, shining a bloody red as he slowly stood.

He would teach them all a lesson today that they'd never forget.

Dyon slowly stood, ripping what remained of his torn and bloodied white shirt from his body. He winced slightly. With the improvement in his body, essence grade Holy Type energy simply wasn't good enough to bring him back to peak condition. The best it could do was stave off the worst of his injuries.

The backlash he suffered from fighting against the Ancestor Diasho was severe. Even though it was only for a split second before Diasho Ken's "death" cut them off from him, that fraction of a moment was enough to nearly kill Dyon.

In the beginning, Diasho Ken had hardly been able to harm him at all. His wounds were completely superficial. But, as of now, this was no longer the case.

Still, he pushed himself up. It had been a long time since he was brought to his utmost limits. It was about time he trampled upon the expectations of others.

Dyon teleported back to Low Gold City to find three figures waiting for him expressionlessly.

One of them was a valiant man standing half a head taller than Dyon. His golden hair flew even longer than his body, but his eyes were a piercing red-gold. For a moment, Dyon thought that he was a member of the Goldeen Clan. Only they had gold hair and red eyes. But when he saw the ring of gold surrounding this man's red irises, he knew different.

This handsome man was none other than Drathal Aurum.

Chapter 1479: Come.

To his right stood two women, both breathtaking beauties. However, one stood above the other, quite clearly.

The lesser beauty had vibrant green hair, but it seemed to shimmer with an undertone of mystery, as though it could change color at will. Her body was petite, standing at barely 5 feet tall, and her dress was made of leaves that wafted with a pure, natural scent.

The far greater beauty made it so that it was difficult to even look her in the eye, it felt as though one would only be defaming her by doing such a thing.

Her hair almost didn't look like hair at all, instead, they shone like motes of light. The white aura she emitted was blinding or uncomfortable, but rather gentle and inviting.

These two women were both qilins. The petite woman was of the Elemental Qilin Clan, True God Nativus. And the grand beauty was of the Light Qilin Clan, True God Lux!

"And here I thought you would turn tail and run." True God Aurum sneered. His vulgar attitude was nothing like his princely appearance. It really made the heavens sigh.

"I'm not in the mood." Dyon replied blandly. "Either say what you need to say, attack, or piss off."

"It's always the same with you elitist young masters. I wonder how arrogant you would be if you had nothing to rely upon. This is why Dragons and Qilins will always reign over the world!" Drathal growled.

Dyon couldn't be bothered to explain himself. He had had no idea that Evangeline had forged a Life Saving Jade for him before today, nor did he care about Drathal's hypocritical thoughts.

He boldly shunned the Demon Generals from entering the gold danger zones, but why hadn't he done the same with the Star and Five Blade Clans? He supposedly hated them oh so very much, so why didn't he go and flex his prowess to them?

Rahl and Kere looked toward Dyon.

"Remove your ban on my Clan members then we can leave this be." Rahl, True God Lux, spoke, her shimmering lights vibrating softly with her speech.

"No." Dyon responded.

Rahl frowned slightly. "Do you really believe you can defeat us?"

"Yes."

Dyon didn't say anymore words. His body flashed with a blinding light. In that moment, his bare torso became akin to a shimmering gem, as though he was cut from a heavenly jade.

Dyon's hand stretched out to the side, his humanoid manifestation appearing in the air. His Chaos and Purity Flames pulsed to life. For the first time, Dyon unleashed his flames in full force.

A yin-yang half-step dao appeared behind Dyon's outstretched hand. It swirled with raging flames, slowly forming the tip, body, then butt of a 2.5-meter-long spear.

The spear was absolute gorgeous. Forged by the solidification characteristic of Dyon's flames, it alternated in black and white, sometimes flickering with faint sparks, and at other hardening into a domineering weapon.

Dyon's weapon's pagoda pulsed, a ray of light shooting out from within it and burrowing into the spear's body. Suddenly, its aura skyrocketed.

The expressions of the three True Gods turned serious. In the beginning, Dyon's aura was far too weak. But, suddenly, it shot up by twenty times!

As if that wasn't enough, the spear in his hand emanated an aura far more dangerous than any supreme grade weapon they had ever come across. Firstly because those in their generation couldn't perfectly refine a supreme grade weapon, and secondly because of the devastating aura pulsing from Dyon's flames.

Ever since Dyon knew that his weapon pagoda could provide spirit to weapons and that that was the proper use of it, he had been experimenting with what vessels could bring out the most of its power. At first, he believed that Dwarf's Diamond was good enough... But then he remembered that he had the greatest vessel of them all long ago... His flames!

Dyon boldly stood in the air, millions below watching his confrontation as a brilliant crystalline royal blue armor coated his body.

"Come!"

The three True Gods suddenly sensed that something was off.

That arrogant gaze, those piercing words, that indomitable will, could they really be forged by relying on others?

To make matters more layered, think about what it meant to be a Higher Existence. Could it be that Dyon was the only person in the world related to a powerful individual? Technically, the middle-aged man who saved Diasho Ken could be considered his Great Uncle, so why didn't he dote on Diasho Ken the same way the beauty doted on Dyon?

Higher Existences were people who had lived such a long time that they watched as countless generations of promising youths fell one after another. They lost wives, children, lovers, husbands... They had watched as time took away many of the things most dear to them. How could such individuals so easily display feelings of attachment to just anyone?

A top tier dao expert or a Higher Existence might decide to make a move for a descendant, but it wouldn't be out of love or piety, it would only be as an act of completing Karma. They received the protection of their powerful elders when they were young, as such, it was their turn to do so. It was nothing more or less than that.

Yet, Dyon had gained the acknowledgement of a Higher Existence to the point where she threw aside all her pride as a lofty existence to display feelings of anger, rage and love, all for him. How could a genius worthy of such a thing be as simple as they believed?

The three True Gods fell silent until Drathal spoke.

"We'll each fight you one on one. If you win, we'll leave and accept your ban. If we win, we'll be taking over two of the secondary entrances of the pagodas each."

There were two ways to enter the gold danger zones. The first was the easiest. This required entering Low Gold City and teleporting to the inner entrance. This was especially convenient for Clans who co-

owned Low Gold City. Not only would their Clan members be able to enter for free, but they could also charge for use of these methods.

Chapter 1480: Are You?

The second way, however, involved entering through the danger zones. This was why no one had attacked Dyon until his 6 months of protection were up.

It was possible to trek the long way to the entrances by going through the silver danger zones. However, this method required passing a test that was difficult even for Gods. This was a test that could be skipped if one could use the Low Gold City teleportation formations.

Unfortunately, the reason why the Demon Generals couldn't use this method was because both methods led everyone to the same lobby area. This lobby area was a danger-free zone that acted as the first floor and resting area of every pagoda. This was the final "filtration" of sorts.

Many talented individuals from Clans who didn't have a say in Low Gold City were greatly angered by this method. They had gone through all the danger, just to find themselves in a lobby where they'd have to pay an entrance fee anyway. It was blatant bullying. Yet, they could only accept it.

"The rules don't matter to me. Even if the three of you came together, you would leave disappointed!"

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In a distant space upon a ship that spanned several kilometers, a familiar middle-aged man suddenly awoke from meditation, coughing up blood onto his once pristine golden robes.

The man turned incredibly pale, his features shaking with rage as he watched his cultivation plummet from the 11th dao stage to the 10th. Just when it seemed he would fall out of the peak dao realm entirely, he quickly took out a pill from his spatial ring. He looked incredibly pained to be using it for such a matter, but in the end, he steeled himself and let it sink down his throat.

Moments later, his plummeting cultivation stabilized, managing to remain just above 82 enigmatic qi filled meridians, staying firmly within the 10th stage.

The middle-aged man grit his teeth to the point where golden droplets of blood fell. But in the end, he sighed. He couldn't remember the last time he had lost his mind to rage, but this matter was definitely worthy of riling him up.

A cultivator could technically become a Higher Existence as soon as they entered the 12th dao realm.

This man was just on the verge of finally comprehending the final step to become a Higher Existence, and entering the 12th stage, all so that his work could be destroyed due to a single lapse in judgement.

There were only two explanations for why he couldn't sense Faith attached to Dyon.

The first was that Dyon was part of a small collection of individuals who didn't fight for territory. Maybe the Higher Existence was his master and had decided to pass on their Legacy before they transcended. Although this was rare, it wasn't unheard of. Many hidden experts existed everywhere. Because it was so difficult to build up territory, geniuses born out of outstanding Clans often chose to remain lowkey and not interfere with the matters of hegemonies. Though Higher Existences among them were rare, they existed.

The second explanation was one that scared the middle-aged man very much. If one Clan's Faith is beyond the bounds of an expert's comprehension, then it wouldn't be so easy to sense. Only a Higher Existence could ignore these limitations to sense without restriction.

If the second was true, or even if just the first was true, he could only hope that the Higher Existence felt that he had been punished enough...

'I must speak with elder brother and father about this.' The man stood, but suddenly stopped himself. 'They've both entered secluded cultivation to pass this journey to the meeting the Esteemed Ones called for in regard to the Ancient Battlefield... It won't be too late to speak to them then...'

The man sighed once more, closing his eyes to begin cultivating once more.

It was said that the opening of the Ancient Battlefield would be far more ferocious this time. Those Abandoned Clans wouldn't give up until their Karma was re-established. With the end of all things seemingly approaching for this Mortal Plane, it seemed as though former rules are being thrown out with impunity...

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"Little sister, why have you come here today?"

A familiar young man looked toward Aritzia's beautiful figure with a dotting expression that still somehow bordered on indifference. Those who knew him knew that this about as much love and affection he could show, even his parents weren't worthy of seeing this expression from him. Only his little sister had such a privilege.

This man was none other than the current key wielder of the Sapientia Quadrant, and also the man who called the meeting the Guild Heads all those years ago to introduce Clara's Sapientia Network.

Back then, he had shown a dislike for the secrecy of Clara's identity. Even to this day he didn't know much about her. This made him uncomfortable to the point where it felt as though he had a perpetual fishbone stuck in his throat. But Clara seemed to disappear without a trace too often.

"Are you aware of what happened on the celestial tier just moments ago?" Aritzia asked lightly.

The world was often confused by Aritzia. Everyone knew that she was far more talented and intelligent than her elder brother. By all rights, she shouldn't even be on the saint floors anymore. Yet, not only was she still on a floor inferior to her strength, but she willingly gave up the Key to her brother.

That said, while this was a secret that baffled the martial world, those of the Sapientia Family knew very well what the reason behind these things were.

"Is that arrogant Emytheus still causing problems for little sister?" The young man's golden eyes flickered with a slight amused light as he pretended not to know what Aritzia was referring to.

"Primus, be serious." Aritzia rolled her eyes.

Primus pretended to be offended. "Am I not allowed to ask about the men on my little sister's husband candidate short list?"

"There are more serious matters at hand."

"More serious than my sister's happiness? Ridiculous.

"This Emytheus has been performing decently. His Brotherhood group is a bit lacking, but they have excellent potential. I also don't believe he'll stay idle during this war. There's quite a bit of pressure on True God Sacharro, hm?"

"A futile effort..." Aritzia said absentmindedly.