

The Nameless 1481

Chapter 1481: Luckily

"Is there such a need to be so harsh on him? Let him struggle while he can, a man must have his pride, after all. You of all people should understand that sentiment considering you saved this elder brother's face by handing me this throne to sit on."

Why was the Sapientia able to keep control of so many things for so long? It was precisely because hidden talents like Emytheus were all snatched up by them.

With Emytheus' pride, he would never marry into the Sapientia Family. He had every intention of surpassing the Sapientia and one day snatching Aritzia away. But, only those who were as high in the hierarchy as Aritzia and her brother Primus knew how futile such a thing was. Emytheus was doomed to fail like all those before him. His hopes and dreams would come crashing down and he would obediently enter the Sapientia Clan and be wed to Aritzia.

"... Speaking of which." Primus suddenly said after a moment of silence. "Have you already given up on the second candidate? That masked wife stealer."

"He doesn't meet the requirements anymore." Aritzia said blandly. "He should have what remains of the Elves backing him. That much became clear after his wife was exposed as the Elvin Queen. Even if the Elves are a shell of what they once were, there's no reason for our family to poke a slumbering bear for one masked wife stealer."

"Hoho, you say this, but I bet you've only given up so easily because his face is covered with a mask. How could you put in so much effort when you don't know whether your potential husband is handsome enough or not?"

Aritzia rolled her eyes. Even she found it creepy how her elder brother could make such lighthearted jokes with that stone-cold face.

"There's something more, though." Aritzia said.

"Oh?"

"Mm. I began monitoring the Water Mist Sect after Alexandria completed her celestial tribulation."

Primus raised an eyebrow. "You're not one to waste resources on useless things."

"Originally, I hadn't planned on it..." Aritzia said slowly. "... But two things spurred by decision.

"First, the Sapientia Network. Because of it, it's become incredibly easy for us to covertly monitor Clans without their knowledge. They believe that they can still control how much we know, when in fact, that isn't the case. Though, I don't dare to be so brazen with the Star, Five Blade, and Drago-Qilin Quadrants, the Water Mist Sect is merely a speck of dust in a brutal storm. They'll lose their top 9 spot to the Emperor Giant Clan soon, it's only a matter of time... "

Primus nodded slightly, waiting for his little sister to finish.

"The second reason is the true reason I decided to proceed forward. It's a mystery that surrounds the Dark Ocean. You know as well as me how many eyes have been on it... Such a den of resources is something that no one can ignore... Especially a Clan who's looking to revitalize themselves."

"You mean?" Primus' eyes sharpened.

"It's far deeper than even you think." Aritzia said. "According to our records, the patterns of attack found in the Dark Ocean are almost identical to what one might expect from Rainbow Kun Peng beasts. And..."

"The Rainbow Kun Peng were one of the primary beast companions of the elves!" The light in Primus' eyes shone through fiercely.

Aritzia smiled lightly.

"What do you want to do about this?" Primus asked. Considering his demeanor, he had suddenly flipped from doting elder brother to subordinate in an instant. It didn't even matter that he sat atop a throne looking down on Aritzia.

"We can use this to our advantage." Aritzia said softly. "According to the Sapientia Towers, there are odd energy fluctuations coming from the Dark Ocean. Though, it's hard to tell since we obviously haven't built any Towers in the Dark Ocean itself.

"However, we need to do this delicately. We can't antagonize the Elves. Civilization of the past or not, they definitely have some hidden trump cards.

"Luckily, we have the Water Mist Sect... They can be our useful idiot in this situation."

Primus snorted. "Something like this is going on in their own backyard yet they have no idea. 'Useful idiot' might be giving them too much credit."

"I actually don't believe it's all their fault." Aritzia said pensively. "About two years ago, the Sapientia Towers caught a wave of evil qi. After some investigation, it was found that it originated from the Palace Master's island... That event happened the very same day word of Anak being heavily wounded swept through the Emperor Giant Clan and the same day Clara, Ri and the masked man returned from the Dark Ocean."

Primus' eyes narrowed. "Evil qi? Are you saying that the Elves have fallen so far?"

"It's impossible to tell." Aritzia said. "We also can't use this as evidence to turn others against the Elves, or else the fact that we've been monitoring the quadrants through the Towers will turn everyone against us instead.

"However, this is still useful information. We can likely conclude that the Palace Master was coerced into hiding this secret for the Elves. Maybe she received something in exchange, or maybe she received nothing but her life as thanks. We have no way of knowing.

"But, what I can confirm is that the Palace Master has indeed been stalling. Before these events, the Mist Clan had been very eager to excavate the Dark Ocean, yet, in these past two years, there's been nothing.

"I found this odd, so I did a little digging. It turns out that recently the Mist Clan has been the victim of numerous mysterious attacks from an unknown individual. This has given them such a headache that they have no choice but to focus their efforts on dealing with that problem."

"I see..." Primus said. "So the Elves have likely enlisted the help of the Palace Master to stall for time. But, stall for what exactly? Also, wasn't the Palace Master under a tacit house arrest? How has she left her island?"

Chapter 1482: Eyewitness

"I can't know any of these things for sure either, but I do have a plausible hypothesis..."

Aritzia paced, her pretty brows furrowed slightly. "The odd energy fluctuations coming from the Dark Ocean contain higher than usual bursts of Gama, Spatial, and Time qi. This could be the result of anything from building a spatial tunnel akin to the Void Clans Void Tunnels, to the release of powerful techniques capable of shattering space..."

"However, I'm of the belief that it's something far more serious than this." Aritzia suddenly looked up toward her elder brother. "Are you aware of how the Elves so suddenly rose to power?"

Primus nodded. "Records show that they had the ability to seal their territory from easy entry. This gave them the ability to attack at will, while also easily protecting their own territory. This treasure is nameless and often goes by the Jafari Clan Treasure since they're its creator..."

"You mean to say that the Elves are currently sealing off the Dark Ocean for themselves?!"

"It's highly likely. But, once more, I can't be certain. You have to remember that the most recent Power to use the Jafari Clan Treasure wasn't the Elves, but the Demon Sage and his branched off Pakal Clan. It's a stretch on my part to conclude with absolute certainty that this is what is going on... I have no real proof."

"Then what do you plan to do?"

"Like I said, the Water Mist Sect will be very useful idiots... There are also members of our Sapientia Clan in practically every quadrant but the top 3. They will make their use known as well.

"If my plan works out, then we'll not only gain a good portion of the Dark Ocean's resources for ourselves, but we'll also have the Elves in the palm of our hands..."

Primus chuckled. "It's no wonder the Esteemed Ones are so eager to take you in. I don't know why you resist them so much."

"I'm just a woman." Aritzia said indifferently. "Can't I want a simple life without ambition or headache?"

"You can say that, but no one will believe in your sincerity when you're manipulating Sects as large as the Water Mist to do your bidding from the comfort of your home."

Aritzia shook her head, ignoring her brother's words. "You've distracted me, this isn't what I came here for. I'll ask you again, have you heard about the matters that just occurred on the celestial floors?"

"Of course I have. True God Sacharro's background is even deeper than we believed. However, he's bullied my little sister, do you think I'll be in the mood to give him anything?" Primus frowned, a faint killing intent wafting from him.

"We are Sapientia." Aritzia said indifferently. "What we should be worried about most isn't our faces or prowess, we should be most worried about our knowledge.

"Only when all the knowledge in the world is in our hands can we make those who've slighted us pay.

"I'll accept True God Sacharro's offer of 30%. Even if he insisted on 40%, I'd accept it. In the end, which of us will win will become clear."

Aritzia never needed to speak with anyone at all to make this decision. However, Dyon didn't know that. Dyon also didn't know that Aritzia had already considered the worse case scenario. Even if Clara and Dyon banded together, she was prepared.

Aritzia wasn't a fool. In fact, if one were to rank the most intelligent individuals of the martial world, she wouldn't fall below the top 5. This was why, despite her youth, she held so much power with this Sapientia Quadrant.

In truth, Aritzia didn't know Clara's connection with Dyon. With how careful Clara and Dyon had been, there was almost no news of them at all. However... Aritzia learned of something interesting.

More than ten years ago now, there was quite a scandal that occurred in the Sapientia Corner. Rumor had it that someone pissed Comet Lord Gallagher off and was taken to be her slave as punishment.

This matter wasn't inherently a big deal. Most would have ignored the matter entirely. But, Aritzia found it quite odd...

After some investigation, Aritzia learned that the individual Clara took as a slave ended up escaping from her after they entered the Valley of Geniuses. The curious part was that no one saw this young man afterward, it was as though he had disappeared from existence.

After this matter, Aritzia concluded that this so-called escape was likely a coverup excuse Clara used after killing him. Maybe Clara didn't want her reputation to be sullied, so she didn't publicly execute the young man.

Up until then, Aritzia had shoved this matter to the back of her mind. However, she inexplicably thought of it again the moment Dyon asked for 30% of the Sapientia Network.

This feeling, that feeling of being on the precipice of a big breakthrough, but not having the final piece of evidence... That was the feeling Aritzia had now, and it was a feeling Dyon had felt many times before.

Back when this matter occurred, the Sapientia Network was in its fledgling state and not many were using it. Plus, even if this hadn't been the case, who would have cared to record such a small matter? As such, no one got the exact image of the young man Clara took in as a slave.

However, from eyewitness accounts, this young man's appearance was eerily similar to True God Sacharro... Exaggeratedly handsome, short red-brown hair with hints of gold, caramel skin... It was almost as though they were copy and pasted from each other.

This feeling was just a feeling, though. Aritzia knew that there were too many holes for her thoughts to be taken seriously.

The biggest hole of them all was that if Dyon had left the Celestial Corner, how was it that the fog was still around Celestial Corner back then? Also, if Dyon was that individual from back then, why would he be attached to the 99th Quadrant?

Chapter 1483: Never

[Author's Note: If you guys still don't remember what these matters are referring to, think back to when Dyon traveled with the 99th quadrant geniuses to the Sapientia Corner in order to get pills for their entry into the Valley of Geniuses. Back then, Dyon saved Virvor – who turned out to be his loyal follower – from Rand, the prince from the Grand Templar Sect, whose father also happens to be the biological father of Giralda's son, Ryu.]

However, there were many other things that made Aritzia's skepticism tingle fiercer.

Firstly, aside from the top 3 quadrants, the 99th, 100th, and 56th quadrants were the only ones without Sapientia influence.

The top 3 quadrants made sense because they were too powerful. The 100th quadrant also made sense because it was practically a primitive society where the most powerful individual were of the mere essence gathering realm, allegedly. There was no need for the Sapientia to be there.

The 56th quadrant gained another pass as well. This was because the 56th ranked quadrant was the current rank of True God Sacharro's Celestial Deer Quadrant!

But what about the 99th quadrant? On the surface, they had no real reason... In fact, when Aritzia wanted to investigate why, she found that a massive taboo was attached to the 99th quadrant, even she, with all her authority, couldn't touch them, on orders from the Esteemed Ones.

Secondly, how was it possible for a genius like Clara to just pop out of anywhere? Also... Judging by the record Dyon set during his first trial, didn't Clara appear at the same time?!

One coincidence was enough for Aritzia to raise an eyebrow, but so many at once?

Then, what happened today was a straw that broke the camels back.

No one even knew Abraxus' name, yet that Lady Sacharro not only called him an old geezer, but also knew that he was a transcendent!

If the Sacharro Clan was so familiar with Abraxus, could it be possible that Abraxus would bend the rules a small bit for them? Just enough for their dirty dealings to fly under the radar?...

Things simply kept piling up. In the end, Aritzia even put Clara's relationship with Ri into question. Could they really just be friends who hit it off in the Valley of Geniuses? Or was there a deeper connection between them?

Could the masked wife stealer and True God Sacharro be the same person?!

If this was true, didn't that mean that True God Sacharro had a hand in the 4th ranked, 9th ranked, 56th ranked, and the enigmatic 99th ranked quadrants?!

Aritzia felt that something was brewing. Even she couldn't be certain of any of this. So, she needed a plan.

The first step was to catch Virvor. With her network, finding his whereabouts was incredibly easy. She had already sent numerous individuals to catch him. He was the one who would most likely recognize Dyon.

The second step was to lure Dyon with a honeyed trap.... The best part was that she didn't need to lay this trap on her because Dyon suggested what it should be for her!

Aritzia smiled a light smile, one that sent a shiver down her elder brother's spine.

"I'll give him what he asks for... But can he afford to take it?" Aritzia mused.

It turned out Abraxus was right. A man really should never piss off a woman.-

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Dyon was unaware of Aritzia's meeting with her elder brother, but that didn't mean he hadn't prepared for this sort of potential situation. If he had to prepare for the less than intelligent individuals, how could he not prepare for those true geniuses?

Still, whether he prepared or not was irrelevant to the challenging road ahead. Duping someone with Aritzia's level of intelligence was no joking matter. Whether or not he succeeded would be decided by a thin blade's age.

At that moment, within the Celestial Corner of the Saint Floor, a familiar figure awoke from his meditation. This man's face was covered by a silver-gold mask, and he was draped in luxurious royal blue robes embroidered with refined silver. However, none of these things were the most striking feature about this young man.

Around his body hung flickering creatures. One was in the shape of a small white tiger. Another was shaped like a mischievous little monkey. Yet another was a small, shelled turtle with skin smooth and white beyond compare. And the last was an adorable bambi-like deer, blinking with an innocent cuteness.

However, when one looked closely, it became obvious that these creatures weren't the same as Dyon's beast baby companions. No.. Instead, they were formed of white flames!

This was none other than Dyon's Creation Characteristic Flames displaying the full extent of their abilities. As for the young man they all hung around, it was none other than Dyon's clone!

There were many questions to be had here. But, there were none more important than two very glaring issues.

The first was the most obvious. Dyon's clones had a range limit. This range was limited by the extent of his divine sense. Dyon couldn't even cover the whole of the lower celestial floor with his senses, so how the hell could he sustain a clone on an entirely separate floor?

The next problem was more hidden, but it was just as glaring. Even Dyon's highest end clone could only survive for 3 days. But, it had been 6 months since Dyon last left the celestial floor, and even longer since then that he was on the saint floors at all. So how was his clone here at all even if he managed to circumvent the first problem?

Surprisingly, both questions had the same answers: Dyon's Purity Flames!

Back in the Golden Flame Mystical World, Dyon had taken a treasure known as Heaven's Selfless Breath. They were tea leaves which allowed one to enter a deep selfless state and were especially known for their ability to aid a cultivator in comprehending their manifestations. Luckily, Dyon's two flames were counted among his manifestations, so, he had learned quite a lot about them.

One of the most important abilities Dyon gained thanks to Heaven's Selfless Breath was a comprehension that his flames didn't have multiple characteristics, but instead, just one, overarching characteristic that grew more powerful as his soul strengthened: The Creation Characteristic.

Chapter 1484: Jaws

When Dyon learned this, he immediately understood just how heaven defying this characteristic was, especially when applied to his white flames. He could give his white flames life and even sentience once he reached a certain level. This would allow him to monitor instances occurring even several universes from himself without a single problem!

However, months later, Dyon comprehended an even greater use for this ability. His white flames carried a life character to them that was perpetually linked with himself. If he used this connection, then he could create clones that could theoretically exist without range limitations or life limitations. As long as his flames continued to provide that link, his clones could last in indefinite time and range!

Dyon immediately took advantage of this. Before he left the saint floors, he created his highest grade clone.

In the past, his highest-grade clone would have 70% of his strength and last for 3 days within the range of his divine sense. However, after Dyon's body stacked so many constitutions, it became harder and harder to create high grade clones even with his level of soul prowess.

As of now, Dyon's highest grade clone would only have 20% of his prowess and last from half an hour at most.

That said, with bad news came some good. Before, Dyon's clones couldn't use soul path techniques. In fact, they couldn't even use wills. They were restricted to the body and energy path. However, something magical occurred after Dyon's Presence fused with every fiber of his being.

Not only did his clones gain 20% of his body and energy path prowess, they also gained 20% of his soul and will comprehension prowess as well!

20% of one's soul prowess might seem insignificant to most, but understand for a moment just how powerful Dyon's soul was. It was already in the dao realm! As a result, even if this clone wanted to take on the role of Moon Lord, there would be no issue whatsoever.

This put Dyon's clone in the perfect situation. Because he could tap into 20% of Dyon's will comprehension, though it couldn't produce life-like white flame creatures itself, it could definitely sustain already created ones. This feedback loop of sorts could keep it in existence indefinitely.

The best part was that these white flame creatures could take on the role that Dyon's true beast companions would have filled and could draw a dividing line between this identity and Dyon's once more. Plus, everyone knew it was almost impossible to travel from the celestial floors back to the saint floor... With Dyon's true body currently battling in such a high-profile manner, this was a great opportunity.

The young man's eyes opened. He smiled lightly, stroking the life-like creatures clinging to him.

"It seems it's time for Jaws to make an appearance."

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At the moment Jaws had made his move, Dyon's battle with Drathal had already erupted. His arrogant claim that all three True Gods couldn't defeat him even if they came together had thoroughly enraged Drathal.

In Drathal's opinion, he had already taken a step back. If it was anyone else who wanted to ban his clan members for 30 years, he wouldn't even speak before allowing his trident to fall from the skies and claim their life. However, Dyon actually treated his niceties with contempt.

In truth, if it was up to Dyon, not only would he sneer at Drathal's words, but he would piss him off even further by taking out his Aurum Ancestor's reverse scale. However, Dyon couldn't go so far. Not because he was scared of Drathal's retaliation, but rather because Jaws had already used the dragon reverse scale back during his battle in the Valley of Geniuses. So, Dyon had directly given him the scale.

Soon, though, Drathal's enraged expression turned incomparably grave. The man he thought he could destroy easily wasn't just fighting him toe to toe, but rather pushing him back with an eerie ease. The most devastating part was that Drathal knew that Dyon was heavily injured!

'It's this spear!' Drathal roared in his mind, completely enraged.

Drathal's golden trident twirled in his hand, its three sharp blades careening forward. However, Dyon's deflected it with absolute ease. It wasn't just the fiery blow back of his black-white spear, but also the Bold Type energy of his Silver Mirror constitution acting in full force. This coupled with the fact that he had entered the first stage of Titan Emperor's Will and Drathal was at his wit's end.

This didn't make sense to Drathal. His trident was exactly like Anak's glaive. It was a supreme grade treasure he earned during his trials. Yet, it was actually inferior to a self-created weapon Dyon casually took out?!

The depth of Dyon's weapon's pagoda was far deeper than even he knew. Everyone knew that only celestials could make full use of Spiritual grade weapons, and only dao experts could make full use of supreme grade weapons, yet, it took this long for Dyon to realize that these barriers were only for others and not him!

How silly would it be if a weapon Dyon created himself couldn't be used to its full extent? Wouldn't that be incomparably ridiculous?

The issue before was that Dyon hadn't been using his weapon's pagoda appropriately. He had even foolishly used its projections alone without giving it a proper vessel. But now, everything had changed!

Before, the weapons he formed could only be said to have the equivalent aura and sharpness of a supreme grade weapon, but now, it also had its abilities!

This particular 2.5 meter long spear spirit Dyon chose had an ability known as [Reverb].

The true weapon will of the spear was something Dyon called [Layering]. With each successive combo of strikes, the power of the attack was layer, growing stronger and fiercer. The second strike would be doubly as powerful, the third strike triply so, and so on.

This ability alone was already heaven defying and showed the true might of true weapon wills.

Chapter 1485: I'll See You...

But, [Reverb] took this even a step further! It allowed Dyon to store not only the power of Dyon's strikes, but a portion of his opponent's striking power as well! For every strike Drathal threw out in retaliation, Dyon's supreme grade spear spirit had the ability to covert 10% of it into its own power, as a result, Dyon's striking power gained a portion of Drathal's every time their blades crossed. This combined with Dyon's layering strength and Drathal was already beaten and bloodied.

The worst part for Drathal was that none of this touched the abilities of Dyon's flames.

Dyon's white flames had a purifying ability that dissipated the qi Drathal tried to accumulate, cutting his strength by at least 20%. At the same time, Dyon's black flames were so menacing that every time their weapons collided, it felt as though a nuclear bomb was being set off. It was as though it wanted to destroy everything in its path... yet these two flames were coexisting!

What could Dyon thank for this if not his Eternity's Balance constitution?

Everything about Dyon's battle prowess seemed to be coming together to form an undefeatable mountain, a legend that stood about all things and could look down upon even True Gods with disdain!

If just this one weapon spirit's ability was like this, what else was hidden within Dyon's weapon's pagoda? What mountain of treasure was hidden within just waiting for him to discover it?

This was why manifestations were so difficult to comprehend. Dyon might be about 60 years old in the eyes of the universe, but in reality, he had experienced over a hundred years of life, yet it wasn't until recently that he comprehended this about himself!

On one hand Dyon's silver mirror constitution which could reflect 50% of Diascho Ken's strikes, deflected 30% of Drathal's. Before that even occurred, his white flames cut Drathal's fighting prowess by 20%. Then Dyon's weapon's [Reverb] ability took 10 more percent for itself. And this left only 40% of Drathal's striking power, all for it to collide with Dyon's diamond skin!

Dyon didn't know the extent of the defensive abilities of his diamond skin as he hadn't tested it to its limits yet. But wasn't it enough to know that 40% of a True God on Drathal's level felt like a fly buzzing around him?

Drathal, by now, was burning with rage. But, he had nowhere to put it.

In the end, he became so pissed off that he immediately began shifting to his Dragon form. Since Dyon wanted to use techniques that multiplied his strength, Drathal would show him what a true explosively increase in power was.

But who would have known that Rahl's beautiful figure would suddenly flash between them, acting so fast that even Dyon couldn't react?

She stopped both of their strikes with incomparable ease, causing Dyon's pupils to constrict into pinholes. Was the gap between them and a pseudo-dao expert really so large?

"That's enough." She said lightly. "We are indeed in the wrong, we'll be leaving now. However, 30 years is too long. I'll let you have your way for half of that. Once your protection over Low Gold City ends, your ban will end." Without another word, she turned to leave.

Dyon's calm gaze watched as Rahl's alluring figure left further into the distance. Kere followed not too long later, giggling lightly as she shook her head at Dyon's calmness. She herself was no weaker than Rahl, so she saw quite well that if Rahl had decided to attack just then, Dyon couldn't have reacted in time.

Drathal was the most resistant to leaving, his eyes burning with battle intent. Dragon forms were nothing like what a kitsune might experience with their small, fragile beast forms.

The first level was the full dragon form. This would easily boost Drathal's strength by at least 10 times. Considering his high-level bloodline even among the Dragons, it would be closer to 12 times.

But, there was an even higher form Dragons could enter. However, this form was only available to those who followed both the human and beast path, just like these geniuses did. This was a hybrid beast-human form. When this form was entered, let alone a 12 times boost, even 30 or even 50 times wasn't impossible. Some who honed their hybrid form to the level of resonating with the Heavens could reach even higher levels than this.

Due to their hybrid form, Rahl and Kere could already battle with weaker lower dao experts. Why would they put Dyon in their eyes?

However, how could they know that Dyon had gone easy on them as well? All this time, had Dyon used his golden yacht? It had the ability to boost his wills to the dao realm. Would the outcome be certain if he had done that? Who knows?...

Finally, Drathal too turned to leave.

Moments later, Dyon's features turned pale as he coughed up several mouthfuls of blood. His diamond skin wavered and his weapon's master armor flickered out of existence.

Dyon's strength was already heaven defying. How could it be so easy to withstand multiplying that already heaven defying power by 20 times with his Titan Emperor's Will? At most, even at its perfection stage, he could sustain it for a few minutes. If it wasn't for his Holy Type qi, it would have disappeared long ago.

[Author's Note: I can't remember if I made this mistake before or not, but the first stage of Titan Emperor's Will provides a 20 times boost. The next is 40 times. The next after that is 80 times. If I ever said 10 times before, that was wrong. My bad x).]

Dyon took deep breaths. He was lucky that this problem was diffused so easily, but if this Rahl woman believed she was doing him a favor, she'd be very disappointed very soon. Since he said 30 years, it would be 30 years!

"Big brother, let us out!" Shere roared from within Dyon's inner world. She couldn't understand why Dyon hadn't used their help yet. Together, their battle prowess would take another massive leap forward.

The cultivation speed of celestial beasts was truly frightening, especially after Dyon brought them all to the level of Kings. Maybe it wouldn't be long before they regained their supreme grade bloodlines.

As of now, the four of them were already middle celestials on the verge of becoming higher celestials. Though they weren't as powerful as True Gods alone, they could definitely match Emperors at the same cultivation level. Plus, when they worked together, especially with Dyon, their combat prowess wasn't simply a sum of its parts.

Dyon smiled lightly, wiping the blood from his lips and allowing his spear to disappear into nothing. In the next moment, he took out a simple black long bow that stood an entire meter taller than him. After quickly checking and noticing the Empress Aspirant Cativa was still occupied, he shot toward True God Titus.

"Let's go then."

In that moment, the call of four world shattering beasts called out, appearing in the skies in domineering fashion.

In the distance, Rahl paused, looking down at her delicate palm. A moment ago, it was perfectly fine, but just now a fine wound began to leak with blood.

She chuckled. 'True God Sacharro, hm? I'll see you on the Ancient Battlefield.'

Chapter 1486: Marry Me

While this was occurring on the lower tier, Aritzia had made her way back to the SNN Tower, patiently waiting for news on the capture of Virvor, when suddenly an attendant of hers knocked on the door.

"Empress Aritzia, the masked wi – I mean a man who calls himself Jaws is here to see you."

Of course, this Empress title was referring to the one earned by Aritzia's tower trial and not referring to her position within the Sapientia.

Hearing these words, Aritzia's eyes flashed with an imperceptible light. She continued to look out on Central City below, taking her time with her answer. It felt as though if she wanted it to be so, the world would pause all action for her.

Who would have known that while she was taking her time, her door would suddenly swing open?

"Hey, wait, you can't –" The attendant was cut off by a closing door.

Aritzia giggled lightly, her voice full of air and innocence. Her chair swung around from its view, turning to face 'Jaws'.

"Ah, Lady Aritzia, this is our second meeting, no?"

Aritzia smiled. "And yet you're still masked, why is it that I feel so hurt?"

Dyon smirked. "If you agree to marry into my Clan, let alone my face, everything of mine will be yours. How about it?"

To such an unexpected attack, how could Aritzia react the way one would expect a normal woman to? There was no embarrassed blushing or even cute hesitation in her eyes, instead, she seemed to be quite amused by Dyon's words.

It also had to be said that Dyon's Presence was also only at 20% of its full strength. So, Aritzia was very much unlike the flustered young maiden she had been when speaking to Dyon before. Now, she was in full control of her thoughts and actions.

"You were once on my short list of husband candidates. Unfortunately, the rules of my Sapientia Clan are quite strict. If they weren't, we wouldn't have survived until now."

Of course, Dyon was aware of what Aritzia was speaking about.

To the outside world, the Sapientia were neutral researchers. In order to maintain that image, it was impossible for their women, especially their most talented women, to marry into the Clans of others. Doing so would taint their neutrality.

Imagine for a moment, with how widespread the Sapientia were, if they allowed their clansmen and women to wantonly marry whomever they wished. Now imagine how powerful Clans would react to such a thing.

Suddenly, one Clan, who claims to be neutral, had numerous members who entered Clans spanning across numerous quadrants. Would you feel safe knowing that a single clan had cast such a wide net? Of course not. If anything, this would greatly boost the hostility powerful clans already had toward the Sapientia.

For this reason, not just women, but even men, should they want to betroth themselves to a Sapientia, would have to enter the Sapientia Clan. For a man, it could easily be seen how such a matter was unacceptable. It was, after all, their role in the martial society to carry on the name of their ancestors. How could they simply change their names and abandon their heritage?

It was for this reason that the Sapientia didn't even bother to target men from powerful Clans. There was no need to antagonize such large hegemonies in this way. It was also for this reason that the Sapientia instead targeted great geniuses from weaker Clans as the marriage candidates for their talented women.

Up to now, Aritzia had decided that only Emytheus met her lofty standards. Before, Dyon had been on the list until he was revealed to be connected to what remained of the Elves.

"Was once?" Dyon smiled lightly, seemingly unperturbed by Aritzia's rejection.

He silently walked to the side of Aritzia's desk, pushing her rolling chair back slightly, he lightly hopped to sit on the edge of her desk.

At this point, even Aritzia was a bit stunned by Dyon's brazen attitude. He actually sat on her desk, looking down at her. The worst part was that his legs were casually spread. From Aritzia's vantage point, it would hardly take any effort for her eyes to land on his crotch area.

Too shameless! These were the only words Aritzia had to describe this 'Jaws' character.

Of course, Aritzia had been sexually harassed by Emytheus many times before. Maybe not with his hands, but definitely with his eyes. For others, with Aritzia's personality, even if she would smile and ignore it while it was happening, she would definitely teach this person a lesson in the future. However, she allowed Emytheus a small advantage because he was potentially her future husband.

However, how is it that she should deal with this Jaws person?

Aritzia had to admit that she was surprised by this visit. She was maybe willing to admit that she might have been wrong about Dyon and Jaws being the same person, but this visit definitely made her feel that even if they weren't the same person, they were definitely related in some way.

Didn't Dyon come from the Celestial Deer Quadrant? Was it a coincidence that he was also seemingly tied to the Elves? Maybe not... After all, it was common knowledge that the Celestial Deer Sect were allies with the Elves. In fact, it was because of this alliance that the Elves had suffered the near end of their species.

Aritzia's pupils contracted once more. Could this mean that Dyon was a successor of the Celestial Deer Sect?

'Wait no... That isn't right. The 25th White Mother gave her Legacy to Jaws, not Dyon.' The swirling complexity made even the intelligent Aritzia pause. She realized that she was dipping into a web of mysteries she wasn't yet qualified to deal with. However, this didn't make her apprehensive. Instead, she felt a faint excitement.

This was what she was looking for all this time. Someone or something that could challenge her mentally. She needed it. She didn't want to sit atop some ivory tower, nor did she want to live that so-called 'normal life of woman.'

She wanted to command the lives and deaths of trillions with a single thought. She wanted to be the reason Kingdoms rose and Empires fell. She wanted to be the shadow of mystery, a hand that covered the skies and shattered the earth. She wanted the final stamp that ended this pitiful mortal plane to be signed by herself!

"Of course, was once." Aritzia smiled lightly. "You are quite the genius, that much is clear. I'm sure that with the 25th White Mother's Legacy you received, it's very much possible that you've become even greater. It's just that your Elvin Kingdom is too powerful for my small Sapientia Clan to provoke, so you cannot marry into my Clan."

Dyon chuckled. "I didn't expect the ever-so intelligent Aritzia to be deaf. I want you to marry into my Clan, not the other way around."

The slight domineering Presence of Dyon's shook Aritzia. Even Emytheus had never been so brazen.

Aritzia's features turned cold, her carefree smile disappearing.

"Although I play the role of dutiful, quiet lady, there's a bottom line you shouldn't cross."

Chapter 1487: Type

Dyon didn't seem surprised. "If you'd like people to treat you well, then it's best you don't treat them like little toys that move at your will. No matter how intelligent you believe you are, I promise you that there's a higher mountain and sky that exists."

"And you're that boundless mountain and limitless sky, then?" Aritzia sneered.

"Intelligent people don't need to speak such frivolous words. Yet, instead of denying what I've said, you've instead grown defensive, heavily implying that it's impossible for me to be your better. Don't you find that a bit silly?"

Aritzia paused.

"I don't mind showing you this higher mountain and sky, though." Dyon smiled lightly. "Let's play a game."

Aritzia's eyes narrowed. "What game."

"I'm sure you've heard of the Ancient Games, no?"

The Ancient Games were a matter that had sat at the back of Dyon's mind since long ago. The first time he was introduced to them was by Madeleine's explanation of just what the martial world used for entertainment. Back then, Dyon had felt that the martial world was too boring. In terms of entertainment prospects, it sorely lacked in comparison to the mortal realm. This was why the Sapientia Network provided such a good opportunity for money making.

According to Madeleine, there were 3 Ancient Games total.

The first Ancient Game that Dyon came across actually protected the Elvin Tombs. Back then, he spent months and even lost consciousness for far longer than that after completing it. The shocking part was that that protection was one of the simplest forms of that ancient game since it had deteriorated after years without maintenance.

The second Ancient Game that Dyon came across were ones everyone played. It was the campaigns youth and elders alike took part in. The Games had a distinctly game-like style. Capturing and holding towers, each with their own advantages and disadvantages. It was inherently game-like.

This sort of second Ancient Game was actually played within the Epistemic Tower as well. It was an extension of the Gates, after all.

As for the third Ancient Game, Dyon had never come across it before, and he obviously didn't have much time to idle around, so he hadn't ever looked into it. But, that hardly matter.

"You want to challenge me to an Ancient Game?" Aritzia almost couldn't refrain from laughing. "Don't get me wrong. It isn't because I think you're unqualified, but rather that you're too qualified. Of the only two Ancient Games I could challenge you in now, both give a massive advantage to soul path cultivator like yourself."

"Hoho, I didn't expect the mighty Aritzia to be so scared. Still, I don't mind challenging you with a restriction placed on my soul as long as you aren't allowed to use your Sapientia Glasses."

Aritzia's pupils constricted once more. To everyone, these crystal framed glasses were just the symbol of the Sapientia Clan. After all, what did martial warriors need glasses for? It was obviously just a status symbol. In fact, for the large majority of Sapientia this was true. If this wasn't the case, their secret would have been divulged long ago. How can a Clan expect billions of individuals to keep their secret for them?

The true crystal framed glasses are only handed to core members, or secretly given to heaven defying talents birthed in branch clans. This way, their secret is kept hidden.

How could Dyon not know these things? After all, there was a reason Amethyst not only purged Madeleine's Sapientia bloodline, but also destroyed her glasses. Even if he didn't know all of the details, he knew there was some secret hidden behind them.

"You speak of some very dangerous things..." Aritzia said coolly.

"Well, my purpose for this visit is to teach a lesson to an arrogant man who happens to have a Higher Existence that dotes him. If I didn't have such courage, why would I even bother?"

By this point, Aritzia could no longer remain calm. It seemed like each and everyone of Jaws' words were meant to pierce the veil of her normal calmness.

"Which arrogant man?"

"Aren't you quite familiar with him? Why else would I come to you? Now we both have a reason to teach him a lesson, no?"

"I'm not so petty." Aritzia refuted.

Dyon suddenly started laughing. "You aren't petty? Do you know why I've been pressing your buttons since I entered this office?"

"Your "clever" self probably thinks that it's because I'm trying to hide my true personality from you. Maybe you believe that I'm not telling you the whole truth, maybe I'm hiding some sort of secret from you in order to take advantage of your ignorance.

"However, you'd be wrong. I only have one reason for testing your bottom line..."

Aritzia was holding onto every one of Dyon's words, trying to understand the hidden meaning behind them. She had been so enthralled that she didn't notice that Dyon's finger had reached for her and chin and even lifted it upward.

She felt a jolt of electricity tear through her spine when their gazes met.

"... And that's because I wanted to understand the type of person you are."

There were many intelligent individuals in the world. In fact, there were likely a good handful of individuals who could match Dyon in this regard. However, Dyon had something almost none of them had: emotional intelligence.

The mistake intelligent people often made was breaking down things in a matter of fact and falsehood. However, the human world wasn't so black and white, it was filled with innumerable shades of grey.

Madeleine was a smart individual. In fact, she didn't lose to Aritzia by much at all. This was simply something those with high grade Sapientia genes had. And though Dyon didn't know exactly where Madeleine's parents were now or where they came from, he knew that they were some of the best talents the Sapientia had to offer!

Yet, despite being so intelligent, Madeleine never doubted Yandevere even once. In fact, she was so certain in herself that she clashed with her own husband about it. Madeleine rarely disagreed with Dyon about anything, yet that one time, she had.

Chapter 1488: Death

Was Madeleine stupid? Of course not. She was just as intelligent as Dyon was. However, she lacked an understanding of humans.

The reason behind Dyon's ability to read the situation so well, why he could weasel his way out of seemingly impossible situations, wasn't just because he was smart, it was because he understood people, types of people, and how those different individuals acted in different situations. For this, Dyon had no one else to thank but his mother.

Dyon's father had always been a stoic and silent man, but he was highly intelligent. Still, he lacked in emotional intelligence, something Dyon's mother seemed to have an endless amount of. Dyon's mother was the Head of the Logistics&Intelligence division of the American government. It was her job to coordinate not just information, but people as well. She always taught Dyon the importance of understanding the person before formulating a plan around them.

When Dyon fought Head Void, he knew he was a vain individual who let his anger get the better of him. As such, he understood that Head Void would go after his family members after Dyon "died". So, he was already prepared for what would happen as soon as Clara approached.

When Dyon fought Loki he knew he was trickster, and as such was moved by his fake outcries of pain and remorse.

When Dyon fought the Daiyu Ancestor, when it looked like he would die without a corpse, it was his understanding of the fact this Ancestor wanted the Daiyu to rise that got him out of his situation.

Time and time again, Dyon relied on his understanding of people to succeed. This was the part of his intelligence that set him aside from others. It was a talent far more subtle than True Empathy, but it existed nonetheless.

So, when Dyon saw Aritzia, he didn't come in with a ready-made plan. He was already prepared to adjust on the fly as he saw fit. This was the absolute confidence Dyon had in himself, this was what it meant for him to dance upon death's blade.

If he made a single mistake, no matter how minor, Aritzia would grasp it and expose him. If this happened, what remained of Dyon's fledgling empire would come crashing down before it had even begun.

These matters were what would decide everything. Would Dyon succeed? Or fail miserably?

So right here and now, while Aritzia's chin was being lightly lifted by Dyon's hand, the scales of fate were teetering, preparing to pass judgement.

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While Dyon's clone was playing a game of life and death, Dyon himself stood upon Linlin's beautiful black shell. His figure was clearly battered and beaten, but he still stood tall with a long black bow in his left hand.

The Presence of four menacing beasts, each over two hundred meters in length, was truly a sight to behold. It was too bad for the armies that marched below they were here to reap their lives.

True God Anak, Falkor and Titus all looked up to see Dyon. While Anak and Falkor had ugly expressions, Titus seemed to be calm. In truth, Anak and Falkor wanted to retreat, but they couldn't take the hit to their prestige. They had so boldly marched upon Low Gold City, how could they return with nothing in hand?

What happened to the Star Force and Heavenly Sword Guild? Weren't they meant to be pressuring Dyon, how was he here and seemingly fine then?

"I didn't ban any of your Clans, but it seemed you were all sad at being left out." Dyon spoke coldly. "That's fine then. From now until 60 years from now, the Hydra, Emperor Giant and Tatsuya Clans are all banned."

"You ..." True God Anak snarled. This True God Sacharro was actually so vicious, directly doubling the time for them.

It was even worse for the True Gods here, though. Unlike Dyon who might look down on the lower tier danger zones, they were still incredibly useful for them. After all, they were mere lower celestials as well.

60 years in the life of a genius was too long! Dyon might as well be saying that he planned to cripple the three of them!

Suddenly, True God Tatsuya chuckled. "Your personality hasn't changed one bit Dyon but... I wonder. Has your loving wife contacted you yet?"

The temperature plummeted. Considering the scorching heat of the desert danger zone they stood in, such a matter was inconceivable.

"I couldn't help but notice that you like to fight alone a lot." Titus said lightly. "That's a shame... But unlike you, our Clans have individuals on every tier. It should be the case that in no more than a few hours, the Flaming Lily Sect won't have any more territory to speak of. I'd say that if you rush to the middle tier, you might get there in time to save them. You should probably hurry along, no?"

Anak and Falkor looked at each other stunned. They knew quite well what Dyon going to the middle tier would mean. Afterward, the rewards he earned on the lower tier would become null, becoming useless. Then, Low Gold City could easily be claimed after the protection was gone!

The two True Gods smiled, a hint of relief playing their features.

Dyon suddenly began to laugh, a laugh that seemed to originate from the depths of hell.

"Using my wife to threaten me leaves you only one path. Since you've chosen death, let me send you on your way."

Dyon's rage seemed to shake the lower tier, the flecks of emerald in his eyes pulsing with a terrible dichotomy of life and killing intent. Though, somehow, True God Titus remained calm.

"Do you believe I'm stupid?" Titus said calmly. "What would be the point in provoking you into entering the middle tier if I would die anyway?"

When Dyon said that Titus was the most aware of his combat strength, that statement was only relative to everyone else. The last time Titus saw Dyon, two major boosts to Dyon's combat prowess had yet to occur. Firstly, he was still a saint back then, and secondly, he had yet to fuse with the Sovereign Flame!

Chapter 1489: [Soul Aid]

In Dyon's view, Titus knew next to nothing about the him now. But, Titus believed he had gleaned something. At least, he believed he knew enough to extrapolate the outer limits of Dyon's strength. As a result, he had, of course, come prepared.

"You're a fool." Dyon sneered. "You did all of this believing that I would be in a rush, that I would be worried. This isn't the reality of the matter. It isn't my strength you've underestimated, but that of my wife's. Do you believe that a Sacharro woman would be so weak?!"

Dyon's roar seemed to shake Titus out of his fantasy land. Dyon never had any intention to rush his way with the middle tier to save a damsel in distress, because Madeleine was the furthest thing from a damsel. Not only did Dyon not believe that Titus knew the true limits of his own strength, he was certain that he had underestimated Madeleine even more.

"What did you do?" Dyon continued, his face marred with disdain. "Did you instigate the Golden Crow Sect into attacking my wife's territory? Did you enlist the Tatsuya Clan loyalists as well? Maybe you got a third and even fourth unknown party to participate?"

"Let me tell you something... Your schemes mean next to nothing in the face of absolute strength! The First Wife of Dyon Sacharro isn't a soft persimmon anyone can crush whenever you deem it fit! Least of all you!"

"The reason I'll kill you today isn't because I feel that you've endangered my wife, it's because you've touched my bottom line. Since you've taken this path, nothing can save you!"

The roars of Linlin, Biibi, Shere and Sen shook the skies. In that moment, an oppressive might descended and the armies below suddenly felt that they had lost control of their flow of energy.

This was another bloodline ability the beast babies had awoken after becoming Kings. Celestial Beasts were beloved by the Heavens, in fact, their existence is a large part of the reason the 5th realm of cultivation, the Celestial Realm, is named as such.

Celestials, once stepping into this realm, gained the ability to take energy in the atmosphere as their own. However, there was no species better at this in comparison to the Celestial Beasts!

In that moment, the army's strength was easily halved. Aside from the most powerful among them that could still resist the pull of the four beast babies, the rest of them felt cut off from the world around them.

This wasn't as simple as Linlin, Biibi, Shere and Sen tapping into their bloodline ability. It was also the result of them resonating their abilities and layering them atop of one another, something that was only possible when beasts shared a soul link.

Luckily, they had a master with an incredibly powerful soul, capable of withstanding the resonance of four Peak King Transcendent Beasts at once!

In that moment, thousands of golden arrays appeared in the skies. But, just when the armies were already feeling despair, the number of arrays continued to double, again and again.

An overwhelming feeling of oppression stamped down the momentum of the thousands below.

Titus frowned. "Archers fire at will!"

True God Anak and Falkor could only grit their teeth and attack, following Titus' lead. Such a matter was completely humiliating for them. Their pride would no longer allow them to take a step back.

Linlin snorted in response. Her mouth opened to spit out a revolving octagonal shield. It could only be described as a supreme work of craftsmanship.

The shield shimmered with a silver light and seemed carved from a single sheet of stainless steel divided into 81 perfect segments come together to form one cohesive whole.

The shield separated, flying outward as though it had a mind of its own, deflecting arrows with incomparable ease. Let alone harm Dyon, they didn't even get within a hundred meters of him.

At this moment, the danger zone began making its presence known. After losing half of their combat strength, many of the weaker individuals lost the ability to resist, sinking into the scorching sand one after another.

This silver danger zone was known as Hell's Sand. Unlike other deserts, every inch of it was a tyrannical land of quicksand! Originally, this Hell's Sand danger zone was meant to be an ideal location to train movement techniques since only profound movement techniques could ignore the quicksand properly.

One might wonder why cultivators couldn't just fly? And the problem with that was that the entire Danger Zone was a no-fly zone, built with an oppressive suppression array! It was just that such methods don't work on Celestial Beasts! If the mystical world could harm Linlin's ability to fly, how could a mere silver danger zone do so?!

Despair gripped the army. Dyon and his beast companions were no more than Gods of Death in their eyes.

It was at that moment that Dyon's eyes flashed with golden gears. He had long ago grasped the third phase of [Soul Aid]. It was time for the world to understand the power of the fifth and sixth degree of freedom.

"[Grow]."

[Soul Aid] could be said to be a technique made for Dyon. Its abilities could only be described as Heaven Defying, but without equally as Heaven Defying soul strength, this technique would be useless to practically anyone but Dyon.

The complete [Soul Aid] was broken into 9 layers, the first three layers providing two 'degrees of freedom' each. These so-called degrees of freedom were essentially technique points Dyon could use to manipulate his mastered techniques with absolute ease.

The first layer gave Dyon access to [Weaken] and [Strengthen]. They were the simplest and most straight forward. They could amplify the strength of a weaker technique that was no longer useful, or dampen the strength of a technique that was too powerful for its user to use in their current state.

The second layer gave Dyon access to [Slow] and [Accelerate]! [Slow] allowed one to stretch the time needed to cast a technique, thus lessening the burden on the cultivator. In exchange for a slower cast time, one could use techniques far stronger than their current limits allowed. As for [Accelerate], it was the exact opposite. In exchange for a greater burden on the body and meridians, it could greatly lower the cast time of techniques!

Finally, there was the third layer. Even for Dyon, it took almost 6 months within the golden flame mystical world for him to reach this layer. One could imagine how difficult the subsequent layers would be.

This third layer gave Dyon access to [Shrink] and [Grow]!

One might realize by now that every layer provided two degrees of freedom. Of these two degrees of freedom, one would lessen the burden on the cultivator, while the other would drastically increase the burden. Each degree of freedom was essentially a different method of strengthening or weakening a technique!

It would seem that under these conditions, [Grow] would be the strengthener, but this thinking would actually be wrong!

[Grow] allowed a cultivator to drastically increase the area of effect of a technique. Often times, one might have an incredibly powerful attack, but a limited range in which it could be implemented. However, [Grow] fixed this completely by increasing this range!

The armies below could only watch in despair as the weapon's hell array that already blotted out the skies doubled in size. What once were half a meter-wide arrays, reached a full meter!

"[Grow]." Dyon's voice was almost akin to a growl, a prowling beast that wouldn't be satisfied until his opponents were crushed into minced meat.

"[Grow]."

The arrays increased explosively in size. Just when their rpm slowed under the constant growth, Dyon sneered.

"[Accelerate]. [Accelerate]. [Accelerate]."

The whooshing of the air seemed to drown everything out. Titus looked up and into the skies with a bitter smile. It seemed his scheming really wasn't worth much at all.

"[Grow]."

By now, Shere and Sen had already descended in the armies, leaving havoc in their wake. Vicious smiles coated their faces.

On one side, Shere's beautiful blue flames caused an aching agony in her opponents even as her claws reaped lives.

On the other, Sen's rod fell with impunity as though it was heavenly judgement.

All the while, Linlin deflected attacks continuously as Biibi amplified their strengths, silently chanting from her lofty position in the sky while gripping her own supreme grade treasure staff.

"Remember this day well." Dyon said blandly.

Chapter 1490: Hidden

His face didn't seem to have any strain on it, and why would it? Dyon was forming regular weapon's hell arrays that were supposed to only be powerful enough to harm saints. With his dao realm soul, would such a thing even put in a dent in his stamina?

"Those that test my bottom line will only have this one outcome."

In that moment, Shere and Sen retreated. The armies attempted to stop them, but it was all a futile effort.

The treasures Dyon retrieved from the beast tamer second phase castle were far too great. After shifting through them all, he found many useful kernels of gold hidden within many things he thought he'd ignore. One such technique was the one Shere and Sen used just now, [Retreat]. It allowed a beast to teleport to their master's side instantly as long as they were within 1000 kilometers of each other. Of course, this drained the master's soul stamina as well. But, did Dyon have to worry about such a thing?

Like this, Judgement Day descended.

Spears... No, fiery golden pillars, thick with a deadly intent descended from the skies, each with a diameter as large as a bucket.

The cacophonous booms of their descent blew away the so-called Hell's Sand. Even the cries of pain and despair couldn't burst their way through.

By the time it all ended, the sands below looked like the rock face of a large ant colony, riddled with large, circular holes with unknown depths.

Those who managed to survive crawled upward, trying to escape the quicksand. Though, the three True Gods didn't seem to be among them, something that didn't surprise Dyon very much. However...

His eyes looked off into the distance, the black bow in his hand vibrating with excitement.

"Since I said you'd die today, you'll die."

Among the nine core weapons, Dyon was by far the weakest with the bow. He was simply far too lacking. It was the only one among the nine, aside from the sword, that he hadn't fully grasped the true weapon will of. He had only passed the Archer Avatar's test by cheating.

Dyon asked the Archer Prince, Legolas, why this was. However, the answer he received was vague. According to Legolas, the most important aspect of an archer wasn't the strength of his bow, or the strength of his back and fingers, but rather, the strength of his eyes.

One could easily see how confusing such a thing was. However, Legolas had earned a True Title in Archery, he obviously knew what he was talking about. So, Dyon could only slowly figure out just what it is he meant...

However, Dyon didn't need the [Homing] and [Constant Acceleration] abilities of true bow will. Even Legolas had yet to grasp them perfectly. For the sake of killing a mere Titus, he didn't need this at all.

Dyon's divine sense crashed down upon Titus who had used some method to teleport over a hundred thousand miles away.

When Titus sense this, his eyes flashed with astonishment before he fell into despair. Who could have known that Dyon was such a monster? Titus refused to believe that even peak dao experts had such a large divine sense range!

The most despair-inducing part was that Dyon's Divine Sense was so far above Titus' abilities that he was well aware that had Dyon not wanted him to sense him, he wouldn't have.

Dyon wanted him to understand the gap between them, he wanted Titus, in his final moments, to understand the monster he had provoked.

The bow in Dyon's left hand, despite its domineering appearance, was a mere common grade bow. He had been restricting himself to it in order to comprehend the secrets of the archer. However, this also meant it was impossible for Dyon to shoot a target so far away with such an inferior bow. In fact, even if it was a supreme grade bow, maybe hundreds of kilometers would be easy, maybe even thousands, but even for a supreme grade bow, a hundred thousand miles was too much.

However, Dyon wasn't a fool. Since he had lifted his bow, he felt confident!

Dyon's manifestation once more appeared in the air along with his fire half-step dao, swirling with whites and blacks.

In the next moment, a ray of light shot out from with his weapon's pagoda, hovering before Dyon's hand.

Then, black fire began to billow outward from Dyon's half-step dao.

1 meter... 10 meters... 100 meters... 1000 meters....

The already scorching temperature of the Hell's Sand danger zone skyrocketed once more. The warriors below running for their lives dug deep, believing that Dyon was once more planning to attack them. However, Dyon himself couldn't be bothered.

"Solidify." Dyon spoke softly. Suddenly, the billowing and raging fire calmed, condensing into a pulsing arrow spanning just over 500 meters.

Dyon smiled lightly. "[Shrink]!"

It was easy to guess. Since [Grow] drastically increased the area of effect of an attack, [Shrink] could drastically decrease it. This was exactly why [Grow] was considered the weakening degree of freedom of the third layer. Imagine the amount of strain needed to condense such a powerful attack!

Beads of sweat fell from Dyon's brow. Shrinking a 500 meter arrow into the size of a normal barely 3 foot long arrow was far more difficult than he imagined.

In the distance, Titus continued running for his life, hoping to escape Dyon's range. But, how could he know that he still had 400 000 more kilometers to go? If he was aware, he would simply give up and wait for death.

The minutes continued to tick by. Space trembled under the might of the condensing arrow even as Dyon's soul stamina rapidly drained. Finally, over 10 minutes later, the arrow finally reached a 3 foot length.

Shattered space crashed around it even as the arrow spirit that came from Dyon's weapon pagoda shot into it.

Dyon had planned to use his common grade bow, but he smiled bitterly when he realized it had disintegrated under the might of the flaming black arrow.

Dyon sighed. It seemed that this arrow wasn't destined to be shot by that bow. But, if his weapon's pagoda could form spears and swords, why couldn't it form bows?

A brilliant crystalline bow shot into Dyon's hand, immediately melding with his white flames to form a bow of over four meters in height.

Dyon notched his arrow, a faint smile painting his face.

Dragons were too arrogant to give their descendants Life Saving Jades. But, something told Dyon that Titus was different from his fellow dragons. Still... Dyon would allow him to experience death so that he could firmly etch this moment into his memories!

The arrow Dyon took from his weapon's pagoda had the [Spatial Jump] ability! While the bow he took has the [Spatial Lock] ability! True God Titus stood not a single chance.

Dyon's back tightened as he pulled his bow taut. Flickers of white and black flames dancing around him. And then, he let go.

Even Dyon couldn't have predicted what happened next...

Not only did the fabric of space tear, it left a gaping hole that followed the trail of his arrow.... The very structure of the Epistemic Tower itself was torn, revealing hidden mechanisms with...