

The Nameless 1501

Chapter 1501: Crazy

All of this was a shame too considering the uses of the beast compendium.

Obviously, the beast compendium didn't have a seal perfectly tailored to these blue whales in it, but it did have seals for whale-like creatures within it. Considering these whales were just common grade beasts, believe it or not, the beast compendium would work on them with ease.

This was the reason the blue whales had no cultivation. Their talent for cultivation was trash as common grade beasts. It was just that their bodies had obscene talent for refinement and growth. But, this wouldn't affect the abilities of the beast compendium in sealing them.

However, the effort needed... It just didn't seem worth it. In order to use the beast compendium, Dyon would need to activate his soul qi. Although his soul qi was exceptionally robust and could resist, it had to be noted that they were far closer to the blue whales than they were before. If they had such a profound affect on Dyon from more than 500 000km away, then what affect would they have now?

Well, saying more than 500 000km away was a bit inaccurate. Rather, 500 000km away from Dyon, but not his divine sense whose boundary had actually been no more than a few dozen miles from the whales. That's why the effect was so pronounced.

Still, wouldn't be worth it to risk it all unless Dyon was certain that the payoff would be worthy of his efforts.

Who would have known that the moment he was worrying over this, his loving wife would step in.

'You know, you never let me finish explaining to you the treasures Clara and I found in the vaults.'

Dyon looked down at Ri only to get flicked in head.

Suddenly, he realized that Ri was right. Back, more than two years ago now, when Dyon had been listening to Ri's explanation of the benefits they gained, they had gotten sidetracked over the matter of

Jasmine, so most of what Dyon heard was pertaining to the timeless and spaceless stones, not to mention the hidden energy stone mines within Dark Ocean.

But, other than that, Dyon never got anymore information. In fact, it had slipped his mind until now.

During the past two years, he had been focused on tempering his mind and enjoying life, so he never bothered with those matters. But, now he felt bad. Ri and Clara had risked their lives to retrieve these treasures, yet he didn't even bother with them.

'Hmph, now you know your wrongs.' Ri left Dyon's arms, crossing her own with a reproachful gaze.

Only after a few minutes of sorrys and loving coaxings did Ri finally smile sweetly and nod in satisfaction.

'The Elvin Kingdom has many beast holding vessels, after all, we're beast tamers. The Rainbow Kun Peng weren't the only sea creatures we tamed.'

Ri took out numerous orbs, they each looked like snow globes, holding a different environment in each. The ones that quickened Dyon's breath, however, were the ones filled with vast oceans that might not have been as large as Earth's, but were still more than large enough to suit their needs.

'These are high grade Beast Spaces. Supreme grade ones like these are incredibly rare because they're essentially their own mystical worlds. However, they lack the ability to create their own resources like true mystical worlds do. Still, they're very good for nurturing beasts as long as you give them enough energy.

'Other than that, they have to be fed a certain amount of spaceless stones in order to maintain their integrity. Good enough?'

Dyon grinned wildly. It seemed it was time to do something crazy.

'This is still too dangerous.' Ri said after taking out the Beast Spaces. 'Even with the beast compendium, it isn't as though you won't need to take action yourself. You'll need to release your soul qi. The moment you do that, you'll be in an incredibly dangerous situation. I'm not certain that I can pull you out.'

Dyon looked at Ri before looking off toward the blue whales in the distance. They were clearly getting a bit restless, as though they could sense Dyon's battle intent.

Thinking back to the beast compendium, it was one of the view treasures Dyon took from the first phase castles that was actually useful to him. Essentially, it was a collection of seals from a Seal Master. This was nothing like Dyon's basic use of seals by relying on the abilities of The Seal, the expert who wrote the beast compendium was a true Seal Master, much like the ancestor of the Sigebryht elves.

In truth, it was because of this beast compendium that Dyon comprehended the seal he used to lock away Damaris' cultivation for two years. Without it, he would still be a layman in seals.

From what Dyon understood, the best compendium had an 80% chance of enslaving a beast up to the Heaven grade. This chance increased to 95% if the blood of the beast in question can be procured.

This might seem heaven defying, bordering on ridiculously overpowered at first glance, but none of this touched upon the preparation needed.

Each seal compiled in the beast compendium was the equivalent of a large-scale formation. As such, it couldn't be moved, and the beasts had to be lured into the seal. This limited mobility, and also required a ridiculous amount of resources. It was to the point where it wasn't worth it to set this sort of array up for just one beast.

In fact, this wasn't the worst part either, the scale of the formation obviously had to be large enough to trap the beast in question. Didn't that mean if Dyon wanted to catch these blue whales he would need to draw a sealing formation several thousand kilometers in diameter for these blue whales?

In addition to this, if the beast in question was a King, then the likelihood of capture dropped to 20% from 80%. Getting their blood would help partially, but not nearly enough, to the point where it was negligible. Though, the help of The Seal made this chance 50%.

It was no wonder Orcus left the beast compendium as a reward for the first phase castles. The requirements for use were too stringent, making it border on useless.

However, Dyon obviously had something the past users, and even Orcus himself, never had.

The Seal!

Chapter 1502: Work of Art

With the help of the seal, Dyon, who had next to no comprehension of seals whatsoever, could practically wantonly seal those weaker than him with a single thought. Now, imagine how effective this ability would be if Dyon even had a faint inkling of the world of Seal Masters...

This wasn't all either. After Dyon broke into the dao realm with his soul, he realized a sharp increase in strength from his treasures of the 33 heavens. For example, back when he split his soul in half to create Junior, he had expected for his soul to take half a year to recuperate even with the help of the Soul Tome. However, it ended up only taking a few days.

By Dyon's estimation, it wasn't just the Soul Tome that had this increase, but all of his soul-based treasures. In fact, Dyon speculated that they were only beginning to show their true prowess now.

Still, even with all of this said, Ri's worries were warranted.

Even with the seal, he would still need to make an outpouring with his soul qi.

'I think we have a good chance.' Dyon said after sorting out all of his thoughts. 'You know that even if our Mortal Alliance was risking your life, I'd let it burn down without hesitation. But, I think we can do this.'

Hearing these words, Ri nodded without a second thought. 'Alright.'

She immediately shifted to Dyon's back, putting her delicate palm to his shivering back. It only took a moment before Dyon suddenly felt an endless relief from the excessive cold.

In that instant, Dyon's resolve solidified. A roar escaped his lips, jetting outward so fiercely that the ocean water, even under so much water pressure, cleared out a ten-meter space around him.

This was exactly Dyon counter measure. By relying on the power of his body, his lungs and vocal cords ballooned, pushing the water further and further from him.

He brought his hands together, concentrating on a glowing set of beautiful of gears. This was none other than The Seal!

Dyon had never brought The Seal out of his mind's eye. Firstly, because its passive ability protected his mind. And, more importantly, because he didn't like risking individuals sensing its presence. However, who was here besides him and his wife?

Ri was stunned. She had been fully prepared to siphon the cold qi from Dyon, but who would have known that he would come up with this solution? Since he wasn't using his music qi, there was nothing for the cold qi to latch on to!

In that moment, a mesmerizing seal appeared before them. At first, it was only a few inches in diameter, but then it grew explosively in size. In an instant, it was several hundred meters across.

But, that was when Dyon realized something. The size of this seal was as large as Dyon wanted it to be. As long as his soul could sustain it, it could cover an entire quadrant!

BOOM!

The dark oceans became awash in golden light... Stemming from a seal over 10 000 kilometers wide!

The Seal could only be described as an absolute work of art... A result of a refined level of craftsmanship that simply didn't belong on the mortal planes. If the immortal puppets of the demon sage tower could be so enticing, this scene was many times more so.

It looked like the inner workings of a complex clock. In fact, it couldn't be described so simply...

If one tore open the bounds of space of time and reached the end and beginning of everything, Dyon imagined that the scene before you wouldn't be too far from the grandeur he saw here.

Dyon shook his head, forcing himself to regain focus. The moment he took action, he noticed that the blue whales had turned their full and undivided attention toward him. In fact, Dyon felt that even though the distance between him and them was over several thousand miles, a single tail flick would bring them to his side. For creatures so big, did such a distance even mean anything?

Dyon began pouring his soul qi outward with impunity. The waves of the ocean were threatening to crash down around him and his voice was showing signs of giving out, but he kept fighting.

The golden yacht taught him something very important. Although the cold qi could affect his treasures, and by proxy, himself, it took time to do so. Since the golden yacht was a supreme grade treasure, the time needed was very large. But, wasn't The Seal even above that?

Dyon felt the cold qi crashing into his soul as he filled the seal. Ri did her best to siphon it away, alleviating the pressure on him to a great extent.

Even if the process of cold qi invasion was much slower when using a treasure as a barrier, weren't both Dyon and Ri far closer to the blue whales than they had been before? If it wasn't a treasure of the 33 heavens being used as a barrier, Dyon would have frozen to death in an instant!

Dyon took advantage of the fact his voice was keeping the water away from him, tapping into his Holy Type qi to repair his sheering vocal cords.

He continued to push, refining the commands he wanted to send and fueling The Seal.

Dyon was very confident. He had comprehended the whole of the beast compendium to the circle of perfection. How? Because he used the Soul Tome to do so.

Now that his soul was within the dao realm, he could instantly and perfectly comprehend divine grade techniques and their equivalents. He had long since completed this long before he left the soul tome with the Title Spirits!

The blue whales grew more restless as time passed on. Their intelligence wasn't very high as mere common grade beasts, but they could feel an overwhelming threat coming from the seal.

However, the problem they faced was two-fold.

Since their intelligence was so low, the threat coming from The Seal was overwhelming enough for their fear to get the better of them.

Secondly, wasn't Dyon's wife a supreme grade beast?

Chapter 1503: Unlike

The moment Ri decided to go all out, her ten tails flailed out behind her.

In the next instant, they turned as dark as night. Her expression became vicious and suffused with killing intent as her beautiful silver-blue hair became akin to depths of space.

Her sinister aura far overshadowed the presence of the blue whales. They were completely unable to fight back.

This was all Dyon needed to understand that these blue whales weren't King beasts. And, even if they were, their resistance would still be minimal.

Dyon's confidence swelled.

His Presence pushed outward, locking onto the colony of 12. As expected. Since Presence was rooted in the body, it was effective!

This was the final straw. All resistance completely collapsed. The worried of Ri and Dyon seemed ridiculous now. No matter what amazing evolution these beasts had undergone, they were still common grade beasts. In the face of this sort of display, they were unaware of just how powerful they truly were.

It was Dyon's blessing, and their disgrace, that Earth's energy density was so low.... Who knew how powerful these beasts would be if they were able to truly cultivate?

Dyon's eyes flashed. He was ready.

Dyon began the adjustments necessary to make use of the beast compendium, also known as the 7 classifications in the mortal realm: Kingdom, Phylum, Class, Order, Family, Genus, and finally, Species.

The more of the 7 classifications Dyon had and refined into the seal, the higher the chances of success. If all 7 were had, that was when the 80% success rate was reached. However, something was telling Dyon that using The Seal against mere common grade beasts couldn't possible have such a large margin for failure.

Suddenly, Dyon's brow twitched. 'Not good.'

His teeth grit with resolve.

He had taken the opportunity provided by The Seal to spread his divine sense out. Due to that, he could very clearly sense fluctuations in the ocean's currents that definitely weren't due to himself. The warrior colony had likely called for help, and it was on its way.

Only creatures as large as these blue whales could cause such changes in the ocean currents from so far out.

Dyon unleashed his seal ahead of time, having no other choice. In the end, he had only managed to lock in 3 classifications. Whether it succeeded or not would be completely up to chance.

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Unlike what Dyon believed, the blue whales fell under his command with absolute ease. Even the three colonies that came to their aid faired no better. The moment Dyon realized that his Presence could be used without reserve, these so-called beasts didn't stand a single chance.

In just a half hour, Dyon captured 3 warrior colonies for a total of 36 blue whales. However, this realization made him apprehensive.

At the moment, he and Ri had exited the oceans, catching their breath on the golden yacht above.

Dyon helped Ri get rid of the excess cold qi still bothering her.

"The good news is that cold qi can't be absorbed just because you want to absorb it. My ice will is only a step away from the half-step dao realm, yet I couldn't handle it all even with your protective measures. The bad news is that the blue whales are too weak to Presence. If we take them into battle like this, they'll be rendered useless in an instant."

Dyon nodded in agreement. Though the problem was resolved so easily, it was more of a bad thing than a good. If they could deal with it so simply, that meant others could too. If they wanted to rely on the enemy's lack of information, then that means it would only work once.

After going through so much trouble to capture these blue whales, they could only use them one time? How was that worth it at all?

"Something's fishy." Dyon said with a frown. "Presence is rooted in the body. How can beasts with such tyrannically large bodies be so susceptible to Presence? Even if they don't have Presence of their own, they should be able to resist at least somewhat."

"Maybe it's not just Presence." Ri supplemented. "They had to deal with fear of The Seal and my natural bloodline suppression of them as well. It might have been a combination of those three things."

Although Ri said this, she knew that it was grasping at straws. The blue whales were mere common grade beasts, how hard would it be to find an earth grade beast to suppress them? Even for middle rung clans such a task would be too simple.

Even if The Seal wouldn't necessary be easy to replicate, who was to say that weaker treasures wouldn't work as well?

Suddenly Dyon brought his fist to his palm. "I've got a crazy idea."

Ri tilted her head.

"Remember the Daiyu Ancestor?" Dyon asked with a grin.

"You mean?" Ri's eyes widened. "But the [Dragon Refining Arts] you got from the second trial... I thought you said that you would need to fully comprehend Runic Vein Theory before you knew if it was real or not?"

"Originally, yes." Dyon grinned. "But, I don't need to now. We have the Demon Sage, don't we? He has more understanding of Runic Vein Theory than I could ever imagine. If we combine the [Dragon Refining Arts] and the Dragon Souls we exploited from the Daiyu Ancestor, what are the odds that that would fix the weakness of the blue whales?"

Ri's heartbeat quickened slightly, her shock evident.

Who in their right mind would waste something as precious as a Dragon Soul, even if they were just Bronze Grade ones, one a mere common grade beast? Maybe only Dyon would be so wild!

"With the tyrannical bodies of the blue whales, there's more than a 99% likelihood that they'd survive the infusion of Dragon Soul." Ri said. "I have no doubt that as long as it succeeds, their weakness to Presence would be quickly fixed."

Chapter 1504: Lost

Dyon beamed. He had had millions of Bronze Dragon Souls and thousands of Silver Dragon Souls just sitting around for years now.

Originally, he had wanted to give them to his Demon Generals. If they could all fuse Dragon Souls to their pseudo domains, what kind of grand scene would that be? However, Dyon changed his mind...

The [Dragon Refining Arts] required humans to delve into a deep level of comprehension. This was why King Viserion was stuck at such a low stage for such a long time.

However, there was another path available in the [Dragon Refining Arts] as well. If one's body was tyrannical enough, comprehension was wholly unnecessary. Obviously, the body of humans could never match the body of beasts, especially not beasts like the blue whales who could swat celestials to death without an ounce of cultivation.

To Dyon [Dragon Refining Arts] was completely useless now. It would only needlessly interfere with his already tyrannical titan blood. However, to the blue whales, it would be akin to giving them a path to Heaven!

Dyon and Ri directly spent the next few weeks plundering Earth's oceans. It wasn't long until they found just what it was the blue whales had been fighting, but unfortunately for those mighty creatures, they shared the same pitiful weakness.

There were five major races. The rest were too weak or didn't have special abilities Dyon could be bothered to invest in.

The first were the Blue Whales.

Then there were the Seahorses that Dyon directly tied to the legendary Hippocampus, half horse, half fish. Unfortunately, these Seahorses were common grade beasts while the Hippocampus was of the supreme grade. Still, though they weren't as large as the blue whales, they were still several kilometers tall.

The next creatures were Sea Serpents. They were massive underwater pythons with beautiful, reflective scales ranging from green to blue. Some were even purple.

Then there were the Jellyfish. They shimmered with gorgeous rainbow colors, but their conductive abilities definitely gave Dyon and Ri the most trouble.

Finally, the last was a species Dyon almost mistook for completely harmless. As a result, he nearly drove him and Ri to their deaths. They resembled Coral Reefs and Dyon found them in the deep recesses of

Earth's Oceans, a place that had heat far surpassing what Dyon had ever experienced before. In the mortal world of the past, they were known as Fire Corals.

From what Dyon knew, although the Fire Corals known to his mortal world could cause burns and scars, as long as they weren't excessive, it wouldn't be deadly. In fact, human contact could actually result in the death of Fire Corals themselves.

However, these evolved Fire Corals were nothing like their ancestors... Not only could they move of their own accord... Dyon lost his right hand and forearm underestimating them.

Dyon frowned in deep pain as Ri sliced off infected flesh on what remained of his right arm. Even now, Dyon couldn't believe what happened to him.

Hours earlier, he and Ri had entered the depths of the ocean, travelling several million miles. In fact, if it wasn't for Ri's water will, they likely would have both been crushed under the weight.

It was as the temperature steadily rose that they ran into the Fire Corals.

Dyon obviously hadn't thought much of it. They looked identical to coral reefs and had a beautiful and vibrant red-gold color. Other than being a bit curious about how such a plant could live in such heat, he didn't have any other thoughts.

So far below the surface, the heat was easily hundreds of times greater than what Dyon experienced during the trial to enter the golden flame mystical world. The worst part was that that pressure from the water above was so strong that the water that deep couldn't enter the gaseous state it wanted to. This made the water and the currents especially violent.

As a result of those factors, Dyon was focused on keeping himself and Ri safe in the environment, so he didn't spare much thought toward the beautiful Fire Corals.

Who would have known that they would be even more deadly than the blue whales?

One had to remember that Dyon and Ri were under immense pressure that deep. So, Dyon was circulating his defenses to the absolute max. Yet, a single lashing whip was enough to cut his arm off from the elbow.

As if this wasn't bad enough, the qi the Fire Corals commanded was incredibly corrosive. It was still eating Dyon's flesh to this moment. In the end, he was forced to ask Ri to slice off the infected flesh, resulting in the situation they had here.

This wasn't an injury Dyon could brush off either. Sure, regrowing a limb was within the abilities of his array alchemy... If his body was normal, that is. Dyon had too many constitutions, he might as well have been tasked with the goal of regrowing the limb of a peak dao expert.

In addition, with the distribution of meridians in the body, Dyon had effectively lost 9 meridians.

There were 108 meridians in the body... 36 were in the torso and head, while there were 18 in each limb. For Dyon, he had 45 in his torso and head, but the 18 in his limbs still remained true. Dyon had essentially fallen 9 entire orders in one attack.

Sure, this still left him on par with the other True Gods, but if this was the extent of Dyon combat ability now, he was pretty much screwed. Without being of the 18th Order, how could he jump cultivation levels to challenge high and peak celestials?

"Dammit." Dyon grit his teeth.

If he had Madeleine's reincarnation will, such a matter wouldn't even phase him. He could just grow another limb even stronger than the one he had before. But, unfortunately, he didn't. And, unlike Life Will which could be used on others, reincarnation will had no such ability.

Chapter 1505: Red

"It's not so bad." Ri comforted Dyon. She remembered very clearly that Dyon only lost his arm because he moved her out of the way. Had he not taken action, it would have been her arm that was lost.

"Zabia didn't use the planet grade healing pill during his dao tribulation. It's definitely enough to heal your arm."

Dyon sighed. "I can't use such a valuable pill for my arm. I'll have to think of another way. If I could find saint grade holy type energy, it would be enough."

How had Dyon survived his saint tribulation? Wasn't it because the saint grade holy type qi he took from the bull bird's dung could instantly regenerate his shattered body parts?

Still, its effects likely wouldn't be so exaggerated anymore. After all, back then, Dyon was an essence gatherer, but now he was a celestial. In addition, the meridians he had to reform were no longer of the first grade, but instead of the true deity grade. The difference was akin to heaven and earth.

But, Dyon was confident that even if the impact wasn't as automatic as it was in the past, saint grade holy type energy would still be incredibly useful to him.

There was a major problem, though... The bull bird no longer had any of this energy remaining. In addition, the immediate area around their territory didn't either.

After years of exploring portions of his constitution's world, Dyon understood something. Creatures like the bull bird were only qualified to have access to the essence grade of these special energies. The only reason that the bull bird's dung had the saint grade was because the bull bird had concentrated that energy over more than a decade.

The bull bird was quite ambitious, wanting to use the saint grade energy to give her children a better future than she had. Unfortunately, Dyon ruined her dreams. It was no wonder why she was still so enraged with him to this day even though he tried to make it up.

'I guess it is about time I explore my constitution's world more...' Dyon thought to himself. 'If I could find a true source of saint grade typed qi, my strength would take another massive leap forward.'

If Dyon could use saint grade holy type energy whenever he wanted, wouldn't he be able to battle forever?

Suddenly, Ri's sword qi froze just as she was delicately slicing another piece of Dyon's flesh off.

"We need to go to the water mist quadrant, now!"

Dyon directly leaped upward, controlling the golden yacht to the nearest teleportation formation.

After sweeping by Celestial Corner to take the lightning willow mask from his clone, he and Ri teleported to Water Mist Quadrant, appearing within Water City, a downtown of sorts located outside of the Sect. With another teleportation, they appeared before the large gated entrance of the Water Mist Sect.

The female guards didn't make any attempt to stop Ri since they recognized her. That said, they hesitated slightly when they saw Dyon, unsure if they should allow him in easily or not.

Before they could react, Dyon had already glided by, leaping upon Ri's Centauress along with her.

Centauress galloped across the skies, her large body casting a shadow over the Sect as they cut a straight line toward Ri's island.

In the distance, the sight of three females being dragged by their hair out of Ri's courtyard caused Dyon to frown. Their three delicate faces were flush with anger, but the punishment faction of the water mist sect didn't seem to care.

"What are you doing?!" Ri's voice carrier over the blue waters, piercing the ears of the punishment faction ladies.

Two young ladies stood watching this affair with light smiles on their faces. These two were none other than the only two true Legatees of the Water Mist Sect, both of whom were of the 8th Grade.

However, just this fact alone wasn't enough to shake Dyon. The real issue was that they were both already in the pseudo-dao realm. Even if Dyon hadn't lost 9 orders worth of fighting prowess, he would have a massive problem facing the two of them. But, now that he had, it could only be said that he stood not a single chance.

The three punishment faction females, dressed in tight and alluring white leather attire, pretended as though they couldn't hear Ri's words at all. What a joke. Two Legatees were here overseeing them, what was a Ri who wasn't even a pseudo-dao expert worth?

In truth, the moment Ri recovered from the effects of the martial saint pill, she had come looking for Anabella to take advantage of her probationary period. Who would have guessed that the Mist Clan would be shameless to the point of hiding her away under the guise of 'secluded cultivation'?

This matter had already pissed Ri off. But, since Dyon called her to go with him back to Earth, she decided to cool off with the equivalent of a small vacation with her husband.

It wasn't excessively important for her to become the Legatee, however, challenging Anabella would give her the Water Mist Sect's key which was an incredibly important resource. Obviously, these two Legatees here weren't able to challenge Anabella due to Sect rules, but Ri wasn't restricted by the same laws.

But, here was the Mist Clan, acting out of their bounds again.

These three females being dragged out of Ri's courtyard were none other than the three 7th Order disciples whom the key wielder should have been chosen amongst. But, since they weren't of the Mist Clan, they never got the chance to reach their full potential. The worst part was that the Mist Clan had suppressed them after they entered the Celestial Realm, causing all three to still be lower celestials.

At that moment, Dyon's Presence descended in full force. Well, with as much full force as King grade Presence would give him. Since he was acting as Jaws now, he couldn't unleash his Emperor grade Presence.

The white leather clad punishment faction women froze in place, their bodies trembling. As normal disciples, how could they have Presence protection treasures?

Although King grade Presence wasn't even a single percent as powerful as Emperor level Presence, one had to remember that King level Presence was still the staple of True Gods!

"When my wife is speaking, you listen. Ignore her again and I don't mind painting Water Mist Sect waters red."

Chapter 1506: Couldn't Hear

The two complacent Legatees froze, their blue hair freezing over into icicles. This wasn't the act of someone else, but rather that their own anger was getting the best of them.

"This is our Water Mist Sect, not your Elvin Kingdom! Learn when to take a step back, or we won't mind teaching you a lesson!"

Both wore beautiful blue mage gowns, however, one was significantly shorter than the other. Though they weren't absolute beauties, they were still pseudo-dao experts and thus had a small grasp of enigmatic energy. As such, they were still far above average after being cleansed.

The taller was known as Empress Caliope, while the shorter was called Empress Amelia. As for the one who spoke, it was the taller Caliope.

The only way to break someone out of another's Presence was to either have more powerful or equal Presence than the attacker, or to give the one affected a treasure that can combat it.

Unfortunately, the Empress level trials didn't give the opportunity to comprehend King grade Presence, which was the only reason why Ri and Madeleine didn't have King grade Presence already. And, even if it did, these two weren't worthy of being True Gods.

As for the second option, that was even less likely. Giving the punishment faction disciples such a treasure would mean giving up their own. Wouldn't that be asking Dyon to use his Presence against them? They could already feel that Dyon's Presence was somehow still affecting them, how could they take such a risk?

But, they were completely embarrassed by the fact they couldn't protect their own subordinates. This was definitely a vicious slap to the face...

In the end, they could only use the Water Mist Sect to threaten Dyon.

Dyon didn't say a word. It was as though he couldn't hear them.

By now, he had replaced his arm utilizing an array alchemy creation array, but obviously, that was only to keep up appearances. Even a slightly heavy strike would shatter it. Still... He had to put up a powerful front. Showing weakness in the martial world only leads to losses.

Centauress made it to Ri's island in the blink of an eye. It was clear that the two Legatees were greatly apprehensive about Dyon because they didn't even move while Ri pulled the three disciples away from the punishment faction women.

"Just what do you think you're doing?" Ri's petite face was flush with anger as she checked the three disciples. Their meridians had actually been crippled!

"Alexandria..." The three disciples began to sob.

All three were already several hundred years old. They thought they'd be lower celestials for the rest of their lives... Their only sin was being born in the wrong sect...

In their youth, they believed the hardship they faced could be fought back against with hard work. So, that was what they did. They naively believed that they could be just like Palace Master Jasmine not knowing that their lauded Palace Master relied on an evil path.

Still, even through the hardships, they pushed. If it wasn't for the Mist Clan, would they even be limited to the 7th Order? Life was too unfair.

Then, when they thought they'd live out the rest of their lives and die with grievances, Ri appeared to save them. She was a woman with such a powerful background that the Mist Clan didn't dare directly act against her. Yet, she decided to protect and help them.

But who would have expected that the moment they saw a faint light of hope, the Mist Clan would swoop in once more and snatch it away? Now they didn't have a chance anymore...

Ri sighed. These three were meant to be her senior sisters, but this Mist Clan had broken them. How could they know that Dyon had the ability to heal them? They had lost all will to fight.

"Do you believe that you can treat Sect rules as nothing?" Amelia sneered.

"Do you?!" Ri rebutted in full force. "Entering the island of a core disciple without appropriate evidence and cause is grounds for punishment. Yet, it seems you've ignored this rule."

"Obviously, we had evidence that you were harboring criminals."

"Ha." Ri laughed. "Even if I believed that you had this so-called evidence, what crime did these three commit? If they can be called criminals, your Mist Clan is made up of the dregs of all the shit in the cosmos."

"What did you say?!"

"Watch your tone." Dyon said faintly.

Somehow, that voice made the two Legatees tremble. Just where was this pressure coming from? How could they know that Dyon's Presence had fused into his every aspect, including his voice?

If someone like Aritzia could be so easily manipulated, what chance after deciding they should already treat Dyon with caution?

Ri sneered. "The Mist Clan is made up of nothing but cowards. If you found evidence of me harboring criminals, why is it that you haven't dragged me away too?"

While Ri had her war of words with the Mist Legatees, Dyon's mind was working in overdrive. This timing, it was too uncanny.

The 980th day had already passed. In less than 3 weeks, the Jafari Clan Treasure's task would be complete. Could the actions of the Mist Clan be related to this?

Dyon shook his head. Maybe not... After all, a few weeks ago Ri had come to ask for Anabella. Maybe this was what forced the Mist Clan to act. Still, Dyon was getting a bad feeling.

"What is going on here?" Suddenly, a formless pressure enveloped the island.

Dyon's brows furrowed. His Presence surging upward to protect himself and Ri from this formless pressure. It was obvious that a dao expert had appeared.

Soon, the void tore open to reveal an old woman with her hands clasped behind her back.

Dyon didn't need for Ri to explain to him that the situation had just taken a turn for the worst. Before, when it was still the Second Elder that chose to harass, there was still a faint air that they wouldn't go too far. After all, First Elder Viola would be able to stop her. However, the person who had appeared wasn't the Second Elder, but rather the Grand Elder of the Water Mist Sect!

This woman lost out in strength to Jasmine in no way though she was of the Middle Dao Formation Realm.

The grand elder was the reason the Mist Clan still had such a strong hold of their power in this quadrant, but wasn't she supposed to be in seclusion? Could it be that she had come out for a specific purpose?

"Esteemed Grand Elder Mist, the punishment faction gathered evidence that these three criminals have colluded with others to sell the secrets of our Sect. However, knowing how fiery tempered and unreasonable core disciple Alexandria could be, the two of us decided to personally oversee their arrest. But, who would have known that Alexandria would bring in outsiders to fight against her own."

Grand Elder Mist's piercing gaze landed on Dyon.

"Who are you to interfere in the matters of my Sect? Piss off!"

A wrinkled palm compressed the air in the sky, smashing down toward Dyon.

Chapter 1507: Unbridled Killing Intent

Dyon's eyes constricted into pinholes. This woman actually dared to attack him? Had she lost her mind?

The attack of a dao expert was truly on another level. Celestials gained the faint ability to control the atmosphere and its qi, but it wasn't until one became a Dao Formation cultivator that these abilities fully bloomed. Let alone teleport away, the area was sealed so tightly that Dyon could hardly move even with the help of his Presence.

What pissed him off the most was that judging by how closely Dyon stood to Ri, there was no doubt that this attack was definitely harm her.

Ri's delicate features trembled with anger when she saw this. She was fully ready to use her own life saving treasures. After all, how could she not have them as the inheritor of the World Tree?

However, Dyon's hand shot outward, grabbing her wrist.

Though his body couldn't keep up with the speed of a dao expert and the only reason he could do this was because Ri was so close, it was beyond obvious that his soul far outdid whatever it was Grand Elder Mist was capable of.

In that moment, a shimmering dome of light appeared before Dyon. If one looked exceptionally closely, it was possible to see a faint silhouette within, dawned in beautiful robes. But, the qi was so dense that the individual was hard to make out.

Grand Elder Mist snorted, thinking whatever it was that Dyon brought out couldn't possibly stop her strike. If Dyon could hear her thoughts, he'd really believe that she had gone mad. Did she really believe that the Elvin Kingdom had no trump card to stop a mere middle dao expert?

BOOM!

A cascading boom of explosive air ricocheted through the island and the beautiful clear oceans around it. However, it became clear in a moment that the reverberations were concentrated in Grand Elder Mist's direction!

The wrinkled face of the old elder changed as she quickly waved her arms to dissipate the force. But, since she was caught off guard, she flew back several kilometers before she finally came to stop. It was only then that she finally recognized what the dome of shimmering light was... It was star qi!

Grand Elder Mist trembled, the layers of loose skin and fat on her cheeks quaking.

What Dyon had used was none other than the Star Robes of Orcus. Not only did they have magnificent life saving abilities – allowing Dyon to block 3 strikes of a middle dao expert and ignore suppression to teleport anywhere in a universe as long as he had ten seconds – it also had the ability to recharge with star grade soul stones and a massive intimidation factor!

One had to remember that Star Robes were usually set to self-destruct after the death of their owner. The only reason Orcus turned this function off was because he had to 'die' to accomplish his goals of remaining in the golden flame mystical world for several trillion years.

This meant that to anyone else, the presence of a Star Robe meant that its owner wasn't too far behind! Even if Grand Elder Mist realized that Dyon only had the robe and not the expert, she'd still be scared out of her wits due to the fact such an expert had given such a thing to Dyon!

It didn't need to be explained that Dyon was completely enraged. Using one more trump card with Jaws meant one less than he could use as Dyon. But, that wasn't the main point. This psychotic Grand Elder actually attacked to kill him!

Was the Grand Elder a complete fool who believed that her Water Mist Sect was completely above reproach to the point of poking a sleeping bear? Of course not! The fact she dared to do this meant that someone in the background had provoked her to.

This wasn't all either.

Who would have called Ri here? How did Ri know that this was happening on her island?

The only person who could have made that call was Jasmine. There was no one else with the ability to contact a disciple in a universe that didn't have the Sapientia Towers except for her. But, the fact that Jasmine had contacted Ri meant that she had run into a problem that she couldn't solve alone!

Who could provoke Grand Elder Mist into believing that the Elvin Kingdom was nothing but chicken fodder? Who could put the prideful Jasmine into such a corner that she called for help? The same woman who was more willing to give herself into evil than give up had actually called for Ri despite knowing this would affect her negotiating position?

There was only one person Dyon could think of: Aritzia Sapientia!

**

Back in Central City, in the tallest building, Aritzia stood on the highest floor, looking down with a faint smile on her face.

'I wonder if he's gotten my little gift yet.' She mused. 'He must be shaking in anger by now.'

Aritzia's light laughter which could bring someone up from the lowest lows somehow sounded incredibly cold today.

'Consider this a lesson. I, Aritzia Sapientia, am not so easy to manipulate. Nor am I a very good loser.'

She faintly glanced at the documents on her desk. Before the Sapientia Network, the Sapientia Clan kept all of their most important documents in special Jades. In fact, they found these Jades so important that they monopolized them. This was why even exceptionally powerful techniques were written on normal pen and paper instead of being stored in a safer form. The Demon Sage's Beast Tomes were no different.

The so-called 'documents' on Aritzia's desk were actually neatly arranged flat and oval green Jades. For the information on them to be stored in such a way, one can imagine just how valuable the information was.

'I've learned quite a few things about your little 99th quadrant in recent days... Let the games begin, hm?'

...

Dyon laughed, his eyes flashing with an unbridled killing intent.

'Good Aritzia. Since you've decided to make an enemy out of me, I'll bury you!'

Chapter 1508: No Idea

Under Dyon's rage, Caliope and Amelia took a step backward. They suddenly felt that their Mist Clan had just made a massive mistake, a mistake that was impossible to come back from.

"Come, quickly." Dyon's voice came out in a growl. He didn't even wait for the three disciples to respond. Since they were mortals now, how could they resist him sending them into his inner world? In the next moment, he swept Ri into his arms as Centauress shrunk from her massive size down.

Before Grand Elder Mist could react, he quickly drew a teleportation formation. In his rush, it would only send him a few thousand miles away. But, that would have to be enough for now. If he waited any longer and allowed her to recover, he would have no chance under the sealed space.

One might wonder why Dyon was running after scaring Grand Elder Mist. The reason was obvious to those entrenched in the martial world. Since Grand Elder Mist had thoroughly offended Dyon and his 'backer' the only chance she stood for her and her Clan to survive was by destroying all evidence that remained. She hadn't realized this yet, but it wouldn't be long until she did.

Grand Elder Mist should know that a genius as valuable as Dyon and Ri would have Life Saving Jades. However, when Dyon saw how confidently she attacked him, he suddenly thought of something?

What if Aritzia had decided to throw caution to the wind? Would she, without evidence, tie Jaws and Dyon together? In that case, she would believe that Dyon had already used his Life Saving Jade.

That didn't make any sense. Dyon was certain that he hadn't left any connection. If Aritzia was acting now, that meant she was purely acting on instinct. If that was really the case, she was even scarier than a normal genius. Someone who could fuse intellect and instinct together was more than a normal formidable opponent. It was clear she wasn't as inflexible as Dyon believed.

In the next instant, Dyon disappeared with Ri by his side. Holding Ri in his arms, he careened toward Dark Ocean. He was certain that whatever was occurring now had it as its epicenter.

Dyon was unable to use the golden yacht. He had already grandly utilized it as Dyon, so how could he now use it as Jaws? To make matters worse, he had also used the demon sage tower as Dyon as well. This left Dyon with no transportation.

However... What Dyon did have as Jaws were his wings! Had Dyon not been apprehensive about using his wings as Dyon, unsure of how effective his mask was in hiding the form and presence of them back then, would he have struggled so much against that four pincer attack? Maybe, but likely not...

Five pairs of golden wings tore through Dyon's robes. Their magnificence spread out over three meters... He looked no different from a god soaring through the skies.

Rings of shattering air was left in his wake as he accelerated. He drew teleportation array after teleportation array, crossing hundreds of miles at once. In truth, as long as Dyon wasn't under any spatial restrictions, he could easily use this tactic to match the speeds of a dao expert. This was the benefit of planet qi! How could there be no benefits at all to having a dao realm soul?

'Dammit! Everyone is in danger!'

**

In a dark underground room in an unknown location, a young man with tanned skin sat chained to a chair. Though, it was incredibly difficult to tell his skin tone considering the blood cascading down his body...

His head hung downward, allowing clumps of sweat and crimson to coat his long black hair and forehead.

At that moment, a familiar golden-eyed young man entered, his features chilling the air with a piercing cold. This man was Aritzia's elder brother, Primus!

However, this wasn't the most shocking part. Instead, what was truly jarring was the moment the young man tied to the chair raised his head... He was none other than Dyon's loyal follower, Virvor!

"I've been quite patient with you." Primus said with a cold smile. "You don't think you owe me something in return for that? It can't be too nice for you to suffer through all this hunger and pain as a cripple, right? Why don't you speak, hm?"

Virvor's body might have been weak, but his eyes were filled with an endless sneering and disdain.

"Everyone thinks your Sapientia Clan is so noble and grand, to think that you're nothing but a gang of thugs who play the role of innocent sheep. How can you even call yourself a man when you feel the need to hide your sharpness for fear of being destroyed?"

Virvor's words were piercing, but the gaze in his eyes stung Primus even more so. It seemed that even as a cripple, Virvor's saber intent was still sharp.

Virvor followed the monk path. Not only had he entered the celestial realm in the years he had been separated from Dyon, he had also birthed his weapon's spirit! The Sapientia were forced to pay a price heavier than they wanted to admit to catch him.

In the end, Virvor's foundation was too weak. Due to growing up in the 99th quadrant, he didn't have the resources or help to reach a high Order. Yet, even with that weakness, his saber was so strong that he took out hundreds of Sapientia before they finally caught him.

From the beginning, due to this Primus knew that Virvor would be hard to deal with. But, who would have known that even after weeks, he wouldn't say a single helpful word?

"It's fine if you don't say anything at this point." Primus shrugged, reining in his anger. "Soon enough, your Dyon will die a horrible death."

Virvor began to laugh at these words. "You have no idea the kind of person Dyon is, nor do you know the kind of power backing him. Even if you were of the outer quadrants, all I can tell you is that you've smashed your foot against a steel plate!"

Chapter 1509: Bad

Primus scanned Virvor's eyes silently. He could see very clearly that Virvor wasn't making things up, nor was he bloviating. The words he said, he meant them with every fiber of his being.

How could Virvor not have the utmost confidence in Dyon?

Years ago, Virvor thought that Dyon might be in danger going back to the 99th quadrant alone, so he did his duty as a loyal follower and secretly followed him back. Who would have known that he would watch a Dyon who was a mere essence gatherer at the time completely crush hundreds of celestials alone?

Dyon wasn't a person you could explain away with logic. No matter how much of an upper hand the Sapientia believed they had, they would lose in the end!

"Is that so?" Primus smiled. The confidence Virvor had in Dyon was just a small portion of the confidence Primus had in his younger sister. Virvor believed that Dyon was infallible? Primus believed that his younger sister was the incarnation of an undefeatable deity!

"Well, you've convinced me. Originally, I had come here to kill you today. But, now I want you alive so that you can see the day I drag True God Sacharro's severed head back."

Primus smiled. Turning away without another word and leaving Virvor locked away in the dark, cramped room.

Virvor sighed. He had been given the chance to grasp strength thanks to a spirit wisp of a deceased member of the Celestial Deer Sect. As such, he felt a loyalty to Dyon as their successor. However, Virvor knew that the Sapientia weren't fools...

Just like he did, the Sapientia knew that a Higher Existence was backing Dyon. Yet, they dared to act against him anyway. Just what did that mean?...

This alone wasn't what made Virvor worry. Although he hadn't spoken any of Dyon's secrets, that didn't mean that the Sapientia weren't able to get anything out of him.

In the martial world, there existed a device known as the Originator Orb. This orb was capable of using the blood of an individual to figure out which quadrant they were born in.

One had to remember that the only universe and planet one wouldn't face any suppression on was the one you were born in. The only exception to this was if you became the Legatee or ruler of a new area. In this case, obviously you wouldn't be suppressed in this new area.

The Originator Orb used a drop of a subject's blood, then tested the energy fluctuations of different universes, planets, and quadrants on it. The concept was simple, the energy fluctuations the blood reacted the least to were the energy fluctuations the subject was the most related to, and, the energy fluctuation it didn't react to at all was the homeland of the subject.

Using an Originator Orb, the Sapientia pinpointed Virvor's home. If this was all it was, it wouldn't be a big deal. After all, it was obvious that Virvor was from the 99th quadrant already...

Where this story took a turn for the worst was in exactly what energy Virvor hardly reacted to...

Because Virvor showed less than appropriate reaction to the Celestial Deer Quadrant energy, he was tied to not only the 99th quadrant, but the 56th as well!

This was a worse case scenario. Because Virvor had accepted the Legacy of an elder, he had become an outer disciple of the Celestial Deer Sect. As such, the suppression he faced in Dyon's home was marginally less than what someone else would face.

As if this wasn't bad enough, there was more.

The 99th quadrant had been ignored by the world for a long time. Due to the fact the information about the 99th quadrant was barred even from Aritzia, one can imagine how little information others had. Simply put, everyone had forgotten that the current 99th ranked quadrant was actually the former 20th ranked Soul Rend Quadrant!

However, because the 99th quadrant had been ignored for so long, how could Aritzia had an energy sample from it? The reason this connection was made was because the Sapientia's archive had an energy sample from the former 20th quadrant!

This meant that not only had Virvor's presence tied the 99th quadrant and the 56th quadrant, he had also tied them all back to the Celestial Deer Sect and their allies!

Just how scary was Aritzia's instinct? She knew that Virvor was from the 99th quadrant already, so why did she bother to use an Originator Orb?...

'This is bad...' Virvor's head sank. He simply didn't have the energy to do any more.

**

Back in Water Mist Quadrant, as Dyon was sprinting across the skies with all he was worth, another group of individuals appeared, seemingly headed toward Dyon's destination at a speed even faster than him.

There were half a dozen of them, three men and three women. But, they had a decidedly fierce aura to them. They didn't dress the way dignified humans of their stature would, instead, they wore crude beast furs. The men exposed their bare chest, revealing blocks of muscles that pumped with blue veins and endless vitality.

The women covered their chest and most important lower areas, however their figures were fiery and almost hyperbolic. Incredibly small waists, but massive busts and wide hips. It was almost as though they picked their forms by sculpting an exaggerated caricature of women. Still, it couldn't be said that they weren't stunning beauties... They looked a lot like Shere did in her adult human form.

However, the most eye-catching part of these 6 were the scolding brands they had attached to various parts of their body. It looked as though the burning tattoos had only recently been branded to them by how crimson red they still were...

The women had brands on their lower back, while the men had it on their right chest. But, they all read the same thing... A hidden 'BPA' written in the form of coiling snakes and crouching tigers

The Beast Protection Association had come!

Chapter 1510: Another

Dyon held onto Ri tightly, dashing through the skies at the fastest speed he could muster. By now, Grand Elder Mist had definitely begun to chase him, but this was the least of his worries.

"Clara! Where are you right now?" Using the soul necklace hanging from his neck, Dyon immediately contacted Clara.

Clara's face appeared, hovering in the air. Slight confusion coated her beautiful features, but she still responded.

"I was making some final preparations for phase 3, so I had to go to Sapientia Quadrant." Clara said apprehensively.

Dyon's heart tightened. Now he understood why it was that Aritzia decided to attack now. It was the perfect moment to close up all loose ends. If she caught Clara, there would be no worrying issues left.

Aritzia had no way of knowing exactly how Dyon and Clara were connected. But, that would change if she caught Clara. If Aritzia used the guise of a mindless scuffle, it wouldn't be impossible for her to get a drop of Clara's blood. If that happened, and the Originator Orb was used, the consequences would be terrible.

"Leave. Now." Dyon urged.

In the past, Dyon's rage alone would have been able to shatter the skies above his head. Not only had this Aritzia dared to scheme against him, she actually involved his wives.

What would have happened to Ri if Dyon was killed? Obviously, the Mist Clan would never let her go. Now, what was happening to Clara?

However, at this moment, an eerie calm overcame Dyon. Even Ri who had never been fearful of Dyon's anger trembled. She had seen Dyon explode to 20 meters in height, she had seen him rip a man limb from limb with nothing but his bare hands, she had been there when his chaos flames first took over his mind and darkened his outlook on life after the orphanage burnt down, but she had never feared Dyon until this moment.

Clara's image suddenly stood with a frown. She had been in her personal forgery within the Weapon's Master Guild. With her status, no one had the right to enter her territory unannounced, but she could clearly sense numerous figures careening toward her at impossible speeds.

Though Clara had finally become a Celestial, a 12th Order one at that, she was still a lower celestial. Dyon had also yet to give her a Sovereign Spark because he used two in an attempt to save Mia and Bella. So, her fighting prowess was enough to easily battle a middle celestial True God, and weaker grade higher and peak celestials, but it definitely wasn't enough to handle what was coming her way now.

Dyon watched this scene unfold. He didn't blink either. There was nothing but an ice-cold expression hiding the flickering black flames within his eyes.

"Disciples of the Water Mist Sect, there is a traitor within our midst!" Grand Elder Mist's voice boomed. "Stop traitor Alexandria Snow and her rogue husband. Whoever succeeds will be awarded a core disciple position and guaranteed an inner elder position once they mature!"

The enticement of Grand Elder Mist's reward was too much. Numerous figures began to appear.

"Comet Lord Gallagher, if you'd like to please step out of your forgery, the Guild Guard has a few questions they'd like to ask you."

The whole of Sapientia City was sent into an uproar. Who didn't know that the Guild Guard was the equivalent of the punishment factions of Sects? What could they possibly be looking for Comet Lord Gallagher for?

This wasn't the only odd part. Usually, when a high-profile member of the Guilds committed a wrong, it would be handled silently. Why was the Guild Guard grandstanding? They surrounded the Weapon's Master Guild in such an overbearing fashion and even set up a massive spatial lock array. What the hell were they doing?

Clara's eyes flashed with a cold ray. But, it soon melted into a loving smile as she gazed toward Dyon. She rarely showed this sort of emotion, but when she did, it was reserved for Dyon. Still, she could barely hide the bitterness in her gaze.

The black flames within Dyon's eyes flickered more fiercely.

"Just make sure to make them pay, okay?" Clara's voice quaked.

Ri turned her gaze away, trying to hide the tears falling from her cheeks.

The Water Mist Sect disciples closed in around them. None were able to keep up with Dyon's blazing speed, but just their appearances made Dyon's chest burn like heated coal. He wanted to kill them all.

Dyon didn't say a word. Every part of his body was constricted to the point his vocal cords wouldn't work even if he asked them to.

"Comet Lord Gallagher, we'll say it again!"

A captain of the Guild Guard sneered, raising his voice once more. He was in no rush, he knew that Clara was nothing more than a trapped rat.

This man had his own hidden grudges against Clara. More than a decade ago, he was the very man who challenged Clara to an alchemy competition yet lost miserably. He was already a rising genius Comet Lord at the time, but he lost to someone who was nothing more than a Grandmaster.

That stain followed him to the point where he had fallen to the level of a mere Guild Guard. Today would be the day he got revenge.

"Please exit your forgery now!"

Dyon's jaw clenched so tightly that he felt cracks begin to run through his teeth. 'Little Yin... You go. Keep her company...'

**

"Madeleine, Madeleine." Cheri ran into an office of the Flaming Lily Sect's Violet's Bloom Pavilion.

Madeleine, who had been meditating to recover her stamina after the long battle they fought was startled awake, looking toward Cheri in confusion. It had been weeks since Titus threatened Dyon with Madeleine, but it wasn't until recently that the long-fought battle finally came to an end.

"What's wrong?"

Seeing Cheri's frantic expression, Madeleine suddenly felt a bad premonition coming on.