

The Nameless 1531

Chapter 1531: Human

The longer this went on, the greater their disadvantage would be. Due to the cold qi, they couldn't use their qi to communicate silently with each other. As more time passed, their innate understanding of each other's intentions would become less and less useful. Everyone understood now that it was best to feign weakness, but as more variables continued to pile up, was it guaranteed that they'd stay on the same page?

Once that happened, they'd be forced to speak out with their real plans, thus putting them at an even worse disadvantage.

A full half minute ticked by before the arcs of lightning finally stopped.

Ten immediately inspected his body. He wanted to sigh a breath of relief, believing that the lightning wasn't as big a deal as he thought, but that was when he froze.

'This is not good...' Ten's mental state finally had its first crack.

Laymen knew jellyfish for their shocks, but less people were aware that jellyfish were actually poison laden creatures. Those streaks of lightning, they weren't meant to scorch you to death like normal lightning did. No, it was meant to penetrate into their bodies to deliver a deadly poison!

Neurotoxins, they were some of the most terrible poisons in existence. They could shut down the function of the nervous system, forcing a person to lose their ability to complete even the simplest tasks. They would lose control of their movements, their thoughts, and even their most basic functions.

Ten knew that one strike of this lightning was enough to incapacitate them as dao experts. Their bodies were too powerful. But, what about ten strikes? A hundred? A thousand?

As the toxins built higher and higher, just how much could they take? Would they lose control of their bodies entirely by the end of it all? Would their only choice be to sit and wait for death?

A cold light pierced through the ocean, emitted from Dyon's gaze. The King Jellyfish could emit that level of attack only once an hour. With the effects of the cold qi, the dao experts couldn't expel the toxins with their enigmatic energy. In the end, Dyon just needed to stall until they were too weak to fight back any longer.

'Do you know who they are now, Ri?'

'Mm. Two are bird beasts, three are cat beasts, and their leader has a strand of dragon blood. His beast transformation is the one you need to be most worried about as it'll provide the greatest boost to his fighting prowess. His bloodline might even be able to directly suppress the poison.'

Dyon nodded. He was under no illusions that things would be easy from now on.

The King Jellyfish are great trump cards, but their attack just now revealed that Dyon was relying on beasts.

Dyon was certain that Aritzia informed BPA that the Rainbow Kun Peng was involved in this operation, or else they wouldn't have made a move. This means that they know that this was related to the elves and likely expected that beast tamers would be involved. As a result, Dyon didn't bother to hide it. Even if the reasoning behind their deduction was false, their conclusion was true.

Dyon also had to be careful for another reason. Although they weren't using their enigmatic qi now, that didn't mean they wouldn't if the situation became desperate. Cold qi wasn't an end all be all, they might choose to accept the damage in order to survive a little longer. So, Dyon would never risk approaching himself. Instead...

'It's time. Let me show you a small bit of the hell I've made for Aritzia.'

In that moment, two magnificent sentinels appeared. Their bodies swirled with beautiful silver moon jades and enticing gold star jades.

The moon jades responded well to the cold qi, absorbing it wantonly with excitement while the star jade balanced them perfectly.

By now, the two elvin tomb guards had finally reached the middle dao level. Not just this, but they had also unlocked numerous abilities after being upgraded by the Mending Core. They would be the jailors of this living hell...

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"What of the situation in Sapientia City?" Aritzia asked, believing the matters of the middle tier to be handled.

The attendant coughed uncomfortably. "Comet Lord Gallagher seems to have sealed herself away in a dome-like supreme grade treasure...."

"What are you not telling me?" Aritzia said sharply.

"She... She killed numerous members of the Guild Guard in a fit of rage due to the words of a newly appointed captain. Then she lay her dome over the Weapon's Guild and told everyone to..." The attendant coughed. "'Piss off'."

"Even if it's a supreme grade dome, she's just a celestial."

"This... She seems to have refined 70% of the treasure already... And since its inherently an auxiliary type treasure, its defensive abilities are very high."

"She can't possibly have the energy needed to last so long."

"You see... According to reports, she supposedly took out several billion transcendent stones to taunt us. Then she closed off our ability to see what she was doing inside. Also, the make of a supreme grade treasure is very high. Even if it ran out of energy, it could protect itself for several days, if not weeks."

"Why haven't the guild masters made a move yet?"

The attendant seemed to have a cold. "Um... The Weapon's Smith Guild Master seems to be very fond of Comet Lord Gallagher and no one is willing to offend him. He said he'd only act if a dao expert came. He wouldn't lay a hand on a junior."

Aritzia chuckled. "Human emotions are complex, aren't they?"

The Sapientia couldn't send in their own experts or else they'd ruin their façade of neutrality. It was also terrible for optics if the inventor of the Sapientia Network was captured by the Sapientia. They wanted to rely on the guilds to maintain their distance, but who knew this would happen?

"It doesn't matter." Aritzia said in the end. "Even cultivators have their own limits. Maintain the sealing formation no matter the cost. And... ensure this Weapon's Guild Master keeps his word. Should he decide not to act when necessary..."

Aritzia didn't finish her words, but the shiver of cold and fit of coughing the attendant went into said it all.

Chapter 1532: Dismissed

Aritzia dismissed her attendant, falling into deep thought. 'Hm. Did I make a mistake?'

She had to admit that she acted on emotion. Though, by all rights, her plans were seemingly flawless, oddities kept creeping up. That said, those with Aritzia's level of intelligence always considered the worst-case scenario before they acted.

What was Aritzia's worst case scenario? It was that she didn't learn of Clara's true identity and Jaws survived. If these two things occurred, it was likely that the Sapientia would no longer have a place among the tower quadrants. This wasn't because Aritzia believed that Dyon and his Clan could destroy them. No Clan in existence was capable of such a thing. Rather, it was because she believed Dyon when he said that his comprehension of alchemy was far beyond theirs... At least from what they were willing to display, that is.

'If the worst case comes to be, it'll be a blow, but it's worth it to weasel out the strength of a hidden enemy. We had already planned on abandoning this endeavor after the auction was completed. Its value has been squeezed out.'

Still, Aritzia would be lying if she said she wasn't uncomfortable. Losing... She didn't like that word, not even the smallest bit.

The goals of the Sapientia weren't something just anyone could understand. Even the most powerful individuals on this mortal plane were often baffled by their actions. However, Aritzia wouldn't have taken such a risky action if it truly tested her clan's bottom line. She had already been given free reign to pull out whatever potential remained in this land.

Aritzia smiled. She could still feel Dyon's thumb on her lips. The feeling hadn't dissipated even after so many weeks.

Her hands reached for a new report. Before bowing out awkwardly, the attendant had left these files alone. Among the piles of jades, the crisp white papers truly stuck out.

'Interesting. So this is True God Titus' secret, hm?'

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At this moment, Clara was holed away within her domed treasure. After refining close to 70% of it, she had known that this treasure's true name was World Domain. For it to have been a treasure of Nightmare Palace, one could obviously see just how valuable it was. Its true purpose was to supplement the pseudo and true domains of its user to greater heights, making the world inside it almost like a world of its own. It was definitely comparable to Dyon's inner world, the only difference being that it could be used over long periods of times while the last time Dyon used his, he lasted for a few seconds before nearly passing out.

Still, Clara wasn't in as good of a position as she made it seem. In fact, at the moment, she was gasping for breath, her delicate features matted with sweat. It seemed as though she had lost several dozen pounds in just a few days.

Clara had made a big show of pulling out billions of energy stones, but those who saw this didn't understand how this treasure worked. Clara couldn't rely on outside sources to power it, she could only rely on herself. The moment she hid the going-ons from those outside, she swapped those transcendent stones for celestial stones and was frantically supplying her own stamina while sustaining the barrier's presence.

Still the cold light in Clara's grey eyes didn't fade.

All she wanted to be was a passive observer of the world. When Dyon came to her side, she resisted at first due to her mortal world values, but she soon realized that this was no longer the world she once knew. Maybe that came from understanding, or maybe her love for her husband overrode all things. Still, it seemed as time continued on, the things she once knew kept fading away one by one.

Today, it seemed that her last wish had vanished. She wanted to play a silent supporting role, yet she had been thrust into the spotlight by some self-entitled bitch. To say that Clara was pissed off was a vast understatement.

"Even if I die here, I swear I'll take you with me. Since you want me to play the main character so badly, I hope that you can take on the consequences."

The very core of the Sapientia Network was hidden by Clara within the Weapon's Guild. Though the Sapientia believed they had the core, the reality was that Clara would never allow them full control of all things.

If it was up to Clara, she would have hidden it within Soul Rending Quadrant. Unfortunately, she couldn't. The reason the Sapientia trusted Clara and used her invention was precisely because Clara tied the function of the Sapientia Network to Sapientia Planet itself. As a result, the Sapientia felt comfortable knowing that no one could manipulate the Network without being in their territory.

Clara didn't doubt that the Sapientia had scoured the whole of Sapientia Planet in search for a place Clara might have hidden a second core, but with the help of the [Dao of Array Alchemy], Aritzia and her Clan had no idea just the number of levels higher both Clara and Dyon were in comparison to them.

Clara blinked away the sweat that stung her eyes, her small hands holding a complex system of golden symbols and gears.

"I hope you enjoy phase three, courtesy of Clara Sachar...."

Clara passed out before she could finish her own words. A flash of light was sent out in a wave, but all of that was shrouded by the abrupt shrinking of the World Domain.

After seven days of no progress, the Guild Guards were shocked to find that Clara's protection had disappeared. All that was left was the delicate body of an unconscious young woman.

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Dyon took a deep breath after casting a sphere of air around himself using his celestial qi. These two sentinels weren't on the level of the immortal puppets. Dyon had to personally take control of them for them to display their true strength, and that required ridiculous amounts of soul stamina. The good news was that Dyon had that in spades, the bad news was that they had become far more powerful than they had been in the past, so it wouldn't be good for him to extend this fight...

Chapter 1533: Abandon

And yet, he had no choice. He was under no delusions that he could end this fight quickly. If he rushed against dao experts, his only path remaining would be death.

'Go.'

The two sentinels surged forward. Under the maneuvering of the King Seahorses, their speed was many times what Dyon's opponents could muster. In addition, the multiplied density was negated for them. Alone, the seahorses could never duplicate such fine-tuned control. Only under Dyon's guidance could they.

That was right. It seemed that Dyon only had to control two things, but in reality, he was orchestrating every fine detail within several dozen miles.

The four King blue whales were positioned in the four cardinal directions. The two King jellyfish had once more hidden within their Beast Spaces at locations Dyon had already shifted thanks to his telekenisis-like abilities after entering the celestial realm. And, finally, the eight King seahorses were located far above their heads, in fact, they were several miles above their heads.

"Enemy attack!" Ten roared.

After the shimmering lights of the moon and star jade were repressed, the sentinels began to resemble a very familiar obsidian-like metal. In the dark oceans below, they were the worst kind of enemy to face!

"There are only two of them." Twelve supplemented. He was from a Clan of transcendent grade sonar birds. As such, his Perception was the highest among all of them.

Perception was an ability Dyon learned during his first trial. It, just like Presence, was a martial art, and as such, relied solely on the body. However, Dyon abandoned it after his soul reawakened. His soul was too powerful for him to care about Perception. But, for these six, it would act as their life saving treasures in this situation.

"Twelve, why haven't you entered your beast form yet?" Fifteen complained. "I might have been lying about how long I can last, but I'm still struggling here. We could use your sonar abilities."

"You fool." Ten growled. "What good is Twelve to use if we can't use silent communication? You expect him to call out and explain the surroundings to us every moment? Speaking isn't anywhere near as quick as silent communication. It'll only be a distraction."

Before the discussion could continue much further, the sentinels had arrived.

"Twelve, Thirteen, Fourteen, protect Fifteen and don't allow her to be agitated. We need her light more than ever. Eleven, with me. We'll handle the one coming for our side."

"This is as good a time as any to tell you that that little brat or someone on his side has high comprehension of music will. Its interfering with my sonar. I wouldn't be of much help regardless." Twelve grumbled.

Under normal circumstances, how could a junior match his comprehension of sounds and waves? But, right now, they were bound from using qi of all kinds. Which means that while Dyon could use his music will, Twelve was bound to his voice alone. Even if he was a dao expert, the winner in such an exchange was obvious.

Of course, Dyon had Ri to thank for this. Without her detailed explanation of the beasts he was facing and their abilities, he would have never been able to react so quickly.

Luckily, Dyon didn't need to use his own music will like the dao expert thought. Actually, it was the King seahorses who were doing the job for him. Who knew that their seemingly useless siren abilities would come in handy in this way?

In that instant, a clash began.

Underwater waves crashed, sending a bewildered Dyon flying. He was absolutely shocked. He was miles away, but a single exchange had hit him with such force from so far away? If it wasn't for his timely control of the King seahorses to dampen the blow, he might have ended up seriously injured in that one instant.

'They're on a completely different level.' Dyon thought to himself seriously. He knew at that moment, he stood not a single chance against a dao expert.

They were restricted to just their bodies, yet they were so powerful.

Resolution colored Dyon's eyes. There was no reason to despair. He was certain that one day, he would be even more powerful. For now, he would rely on schemes to crush them!

'Now. True Saber Qi!'

True Saber Will was one that Dyon used rarely. But, its abilities were exceptional, especially in the hands of a celestial, let alone a dao expert.

The will was capable of gathering up surrounding qi toward itself, powering itself with the atmospheric qi to multiply striking power by several times.

Of course, Dyon wasn't attacking himself. After being fixed to their peak state by the Mending Core, the puppets had gained several abilities. One of these abilities was known as [Synchronize]. It allowed the puppets to tap into the abilities of their owner and display their understanding of the martial way.

Usually, Dyon's mere intents would mean nothing in the face of dao experts. But, what if those dao experts couldn't use their own wills? And what if Dyon supplemented this will with his Weapon's Pagoda?

In that instant, the blades of the two sentinels gained a massive boost. Dyon brought out a saber spirit to fuse with their weapons. Its ability? [Amplify]. It allowed the puppets to bring Dyon's intent to the strength of a first level dao!

The five battling beasts were forced to fight with their bare hands while protecting Fifteen, meeting the first dao level will with shaking spirits. If they took out their own weapons to battle, the cold qi would just latch on and penetrate into the bodies even quicker.

"Keep your heads!" Ten roared. "This isn't a true dao. It has close to the power of one, but it doesn't have the depth or complexity. You're Numbered Warriors of BPA, show these bastards your might!"

Dyon sneered. The more this Ten talked, the less he liked him.

'Since you're all so powerful... I wonder how you'll deal with my Presence?!'

In that moment, Dyon's Emperor grade Presence descended from the skies, crashing into the group of six with wanton abandon.

Chapter 1534: BOOM!

The numbered warriors quaked. They knew what facing an emperor grade Presence meant... It meant that their opponent was the seed of a Clan at least that powerful. Not just that, but he was also an

important member. Their informant truly didn't lie, this would be a battle for their lives. For the first time, they took these matters with the utmost seriousness as they felt their battle strength take another dip.

One had to remember that Presence was directly proportional to bodily strength. If Dyon met a normal celestial without Presence protection, he could bring them to their knees. But, the bodies of these dao experts were far stronger than Dyon's. So, the fact that Dyon's Presence affected them at all was a testament to the power of Emperor grade protection, not Dyon's bodily strength.

Dyon threw everything he had out at once. The longer the battle went on, the more he was certain he had to do so. Even while facing the equivalent of two middle dao experts even while so handicapped, the numbered warriors weren't on the losing side at all. In fact, they were pushing Dyon's puppets back. If it wasn't for another ability his sentinels gained, [Regeneration], maybe he would have already lost them.

'They can't use their energy or soul qi. Their response times are drastically lowered by the cold qi seeping into their bodies and the neurotoxins should be working its way through their neural system. On top of this, they're suppressed under my Presence and the increased water density, all while the sentinels can move around freely. Yet I'm still being beaten back...'

Dyon sucked in a cold breath. It was only now he finally understood just how large the gap between dao realms was. In the celestial realm, though it wasn't as common as it was in the saint realm, fighting a tier above yourself wasn't impossible. Yet, even with so many debuffs, the gap between one tier in the dao realm still hadn't been bridged.

Of course, it was also true that Dyon was outnumbered in a two versus five battle, but he didn't take this as any sort of conciliation.

'What do you think Ri?'

'They don't seem to be lying about their number rankings to lure you into a trap, but this Fifteen isn't as simple as she seems either. They are definitely baiting you into trying to take her out first. I think the most venerable is actually Twelve, his species has the weakest constitution of the six of them. Take him out first. His abilities are...'

Dyon nodded. 'Good. Let's do that then.'

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The two sentinels suddenly dove backward, riding currents provided by the King seahorses to disappear into the darkness.

"Do not pursue!" Ten growled, stopping Twelve.

"Ten, we can't keep going like this. If we never take the initiative, are we going to wait for them to whittle us down one by one like this? At the very least, we know that the Jafari Clan treasure can't be moved during such a crucial time. Our divine senses already locked onto it before. Let's move in that direction."

"You fool. If we can hardly deal with the plots this far out, how many protections do you think are close by? We should be looking for a place to retreat and regroup."

Just as the group was about to get into a heated argument, a familiar arc of blue lightning tore through the oceans once more.

"Dammit! Move!" Ten roared. "Blast outward with your most powerful strikes, create a barrier of air, quickly!"

As though no argument had ever occurred, the six moved in unison. Fifteen stayed with a pentagonal circle as her comrades blasted the ocean water with the most powerful strikes they could muster without using their qi or wills.

Air current surged under the waves, creating a bubble of volatile air around them. They strained themselves to the maximum. The water density was so high that they almost didn't make it in time.

However, what Ten hoped would stop the arcs of lightning didn't. The blue lightning pierced through, discharging among them wantonly.

In the next instant, their bodies were paralyzed, causing dense, dark waters to come crashing in around them. The blow was terrible. Unable to safely circulate their qi, and suddenly unable to control their bodies, more than half of them directly coughed up blood.

The erratic state of their bodies caused the neurotoxins to spread even faster.

However, Dyon wasn't happy in the least with this result.

'Fuck!'

At that very moment, Ten's eyes shone like bright lights. He had stumbled upon something that caused him to smile even while his body was ravaged by pain. The cold qi was only affective in water! It became useless in air!

Unfortunately, he didn't get long to celebrate. An overwhelming danger suddenly shook his very being, but, no matter how much he tried, he couldn't move. He reflexively tried to force himself to move toward Fifteen, but by the time he realized the attack wasn't aimed toward her, it was too late.

An arrow, black as night, tore through the ocean's waters in a line of air created by the King seahorses. Its target? Twelve!

BOOM!

The black arrow Dyon used to take True God Titus' life was concentrated in thanks to his fifth degree of freedom, [Shrink].

While it had strength that shook Dyon to his core, making him conclude that it would threaten the even a dao expert, it simply took too much time and too much stamina to form. In the middle of a battle, he couldn't spare that kind of time and concentration. If anything, the only reason he used such an attack on Titus was to see whether or not he could do it.

However, when Dyon had time to prepare, these things changed. While it was impossible for Dyon to control and maintain multiple chaos flame arrows in reality, didn't he have an inner world where he was an acting god?

In Dyon's inner world, if he wanted rain, it would rain, if he wanted snow, it would snow, if he wanted the skies to become the earth and the earth to become the skies, it would be so. Not only was this true, but his control over his wills and manifestation reached a next level within it as well.

When Dyon told Ri to stay away from the black flames in his inner world, he was specifically referencing the arrows he had formed in advance!

Chapter 1535: Advantage

With the help of his inner world, as long as Dyon could spare the time to send his mind inward, he could not only form these arrows much quicker, he could maintain many of them at once.

As things currently stood now, 12 arrows remained. Dyon found this to be his absolute limit, even with the help of his inner world. Unfortunately, his inner world was too weak to withstand the creation of anymore. That was right... The existence of the arrows alone caused the space of Dyon's inner world to tremble and crack!

Three of these arrows were a swirl of white and black, however, the remaining 9, formerly 10, were a solid and slick black, compressed to their greatest possible extent.

These arrows, Dyon didn't form them with his normal intent will. Using the power given him by the golden yacht, he directly formed them with dao level chaos flames, making them even stronger than what Titus faced by several levels!

Dyon cringed when he thought about the number of planet grade soul stones he went through to form just these 13 arrows. Even his soul couldn't withstand the price of forming even one. This didn't even mention the energy he needed to siphon off from himself just to maintain their existences.

He could only hope that he made every single one count.

The black arrow shot through the ocean waters in a vacuum of air opened by the King seahorses. It was compressed to such a level that it no longer gave off heat of its own, careening toward Twelve's unassuming figure.

Waves of sound distorted when entering new mediums. Because Twelve's Perception wasn't as sharp without his sonar, Dyon took advantage. He traded the stamina of one King seahorse in exchange for this path of air. The combination of the music qi interference of the seahorses and the distortion brought about by his sonar having to travel from water to air was too much for Twelve to overcome. By the time the arrow became visible, it was already within the 10-meter radius of Fifteen's sphere of light.

For a normal dao expert, 10 meters was more than enough time to react and move, especially when the arrow was shot by a mere celestial. Its speed meant nothing to such experts. But, how could Twelve move when he was electrocuted by neurotoxic lightning?

Twelve's eyes widened. Weren't these enemies supposed to be weak? Where did such a devastating arrow come from?

Still, Twelve had faced death more times than he cared to count. He was an expert who had trained himself to the dao realm! The higher dao realm at that! He had climbed upon too many corpses to reach this place, and he didn't plan on going down any time soon.

Twelve roared, his enigmatic qi tearing through the cold qi around him in a violent eruption. He knew well that the cold qi would infuse further into himself after this, but he knew something else as well. That instant of time where the ocean water could no longer touch them, didn't the cold qi stop?

Twelve sneered. 'I'll accept your cold qi for now, but I'll expel it soon!'

There was no suspense. The arrow Dyon had spent hours condensing meant nothing before the strength of a Higher Dao Formation expert. A single fist was all it took for it to shatter.

Twelve shivered. The moment his eruption ended, the cold qi he had been holding off tore its way through his body, sinking into his soul. The world slowed down around him. It felt as though it took several seconds just to finish a part of a complete thought.

'I ... Have ... To ... Push ... The ... Water ... Awa –" Twelve stared blankly into space. "Is ... This ... Pain?"

Twelve was confused. His nervous system was working so slowly that he only barely managed to register that he was feeling pain before his life force began to fade. To the end, he was still confused about just why the teammates he had known all his life were looking at him with such shocked expressions.

Dyon would never be foolish enough to believe that an arrow created by him, a mere lower celestial, could fatally wound a higher dao expert, even if that expert was only of the 2nd grade. No, from the very beginning, Dyon had planned for the arrow to fail all so that the next phase could take advantage of the surging cold qi.

When Dyon first awakened the sentinels, they only had two abilities. Though he didn't name them then, he now knew them as [Qi Line] and [Switch]. The former allowed a line of destructive qi to be instantaneously drawn between the two sentinels. Its cutting ability couldn't be underestimated. However, the second ability seemed almost... useless. In fact, Dyon had mentioned as such long ago.

[Switch] allowed the sentinels to switch positions with each other in an instant. One could see how such an ability would be lack luster. If one puppet was in danger, wouldn't switching them just put the other in danger? What was the point?

Dyon only found two uses for this ability. The first was if he happened to be atop of one of the sentinels. That way, using [switch] actually protected himself. The second was a use that was no longer relevant. Back then, only one of the puppets were of the middle celestial realm while the other couldn't cultivate past the lower celestial realm. In that case, switching a weaker opponent for an instantaneously stronger opponent did have its uses. After all, that was how Dyon killed Matriarch Niveus.

It was only after the Mending Core brought the sentinels to their peak state that Dyon understood that this switching ability was actually incomplete. Due to the damage the sentinels received, they could only bring out a portion of their teleportation abilities.

The true and complete ability was known as [Retrace]. It allowed the sentinels to instantly teleport back to a place they had been within the last 30 seconds. This could be accomplished once every ten minutes. However, [Retrace] had an even better application. It could teleport an object of its master's desire, or even its master itself, to those locations as well!

Chapter 1536: Rage

Of course, since the two puppets were linked, they could [Retrace] to areas the other had been in as well, this was where the [Switch] ability came from.

Just moments ago, the numbered warriors had been in a heated battle with the two sentinels, in fact, they were winning. But, the two sentinels suddenly pulled back, only for the King jellyfish to take action in that instant.

Dyon took advantage of this, sending a lethal arrow toward Twelve. Though this arrow was nothing to Twelve in his peak state, with his experience, he also knew that if he didn't use his enigmatic qi, it could wound him severely. Due to the fact he had experienced a method of expelling cold qi just moments ago, he chose to take the risk and erupt outward with his full strength, crushing the arrow.

But, who would have known that Dyon would use [Retrace] in that exact moment, sending an Immortal Puppet in the place of the sentinels?

Twelve stood not a single chance. After his reaction time was slowed to terrible levels, he didn't even register that his heart had been crushed even to the point of his death.

The other five wanted to stop the puppet, but they were still under the effects of the neurotoxin lightning, they could only watch as it retreated into the shadows, suddenly feeling that the temperature had dropped once more. Just like that, a comrade they had fought with for countless years had fallen... and any one of them could be next.

Soon, the lightning ran its course, leaving a silent circle of five numbered warriors and one lifeless corpse.

Who didn't know that the vitality of dao experts, especially dao beasts, were beyond imagining? Yet, Twelve died in a single blow?

In the distance, Dyon's eyes narrowed. He had taken one of them down, but he didn't feel any sense of happiness. His calculations hadn't accounted the numbered warriors learning the secret of cold qi so

quickly. This was definitely not a good thing. If they put all of their strength into leaving the ocean waters, Dyon would likely lose his chance to kill them all.

Of course, that wasn't entirely bad. If they left the Dark Ocean, they obviously wouldn't be able to stop the Jafari Clan Treasure from completing its task.

However, what good was that to Dyon? It would be fine if they left entirely, but what if they didn't? Wouldn't that just mean that Dyon was trapped in here with them?

The worst part was that the King Seahorses were above their heads. Dyon was under no delusions that the water density would be enough to stop five higher dao experts if they really tried.

'This is bad.' Dyon said with a frown. 'There's also no guarantee [Retrace] will work again.'

What Dyon didn't say was that he knew the immortal puppets had a limit too. [Infinite Heart] could sustain 10 higher dao puppets for 5 minutes. The instant he used just now was negligible, especially considering he only used one puppet, but the time limit was a looming axe over Dyon's head.

Dyon could only send the sentinels in again as he waited for his next opportunity.

To his despair, the five numbered warriors created air currents under the ocean, using their own strikes to expel the cold qi from themselves.

Not only did they seem far more serious than before, but their reaction times grew faster and faster as the cold qi within them became less and less.

The blows the sentinels began to take became more devastating, so much so, in fact, that their [Regeneration] couldn't keep up any longer.

The situation grew bleak. Maybe the only good was that they didn't try to leave the ocean... maybe because they wanted to complete their mission, or maybe because they felt Dyon had a trap lying above and didn't dare to act rashly. Either way, Dyon suddenly felt like he had become the hunted.

Though they hadn't said a word after Twelve's death. He could feel it. He could feel their rage.

Dyon sighed. If he had that mysterious flame from the golden flame mystical world, this would be far easier. He didn't believe even a dao expert could survive them. Unfortunately, the only vessel capable of holding those flames that Dyon had was the soul tome, which happened to be many quadrants away from him right now.

'Ri, I think we need to move on to the second plan.'

'Already?!' Ri could see only the things Dyon had to show her. Since he didn't want her to worry, he hid many things, especially the terrible situation the sentinels were in.

A hint of bitterness was hidden within Ri's tone. It was clear she understood this. If Dyon wanted to go to the second plan after he had successfully killed one of them with just the first, he was clearly hiding something.

Ri took a deep breath. 'You've already killed one of the heaven grade beasts among them, so the only one who remained is Thirteen. You'll have to target her. She's from a special race of cat beasts that take after your mortal world's jaguar's. Her clan has a great affinity for earth. Though the type of earth path she follows is related to trees and forest, her defenses are still far stronger than Twelve's...'

Ri began to list every piece of important information Dyon needed. Finally, she concluded with the seven categories she felt best described Thirteen.

That was exactly right... The second plan was to use the Beast Compendium to subdue one of the numbered warriors.

The unfortunate part was that the Beast Compendium had a glaring weakness: it had no seals capable of trapping Transcendent grade beasts.

This was a massive problem because heaven grade beasts reaching the dao realm was obviously extremely rare. Dyon had been mentally prepared for none of the enemies who came to be lower than the transcendent grade. But, he was lucky and quite unlucky at the same time. Lucky because of the six, two of them were heaven grade beasts, and unlucky because he had already killed one of them.

Chapter 1537: Transferred

Still, Dyon didn't regret it. The dao realm was a different beast entirely, he wasn't certain that the percentage chance of success was the same when beasts had cultivated to such a high realm. In his experience, that was impossible. How could it be just as easy to seal an essence beast as it was a dao beast?

'I need her blood.' Dyon's eyes flashed with a sense of resolution. These dao experts should be the equivalent of Kings for them to cultivation to such a realm. That meant that there was only a 20% baseline chance of sealing them. This chance increased to 50% if a drop of their blood was used. Dyon had to go all out.

Without a shred of hesitation, Dyon sent out all 10 immortal puppets. If he could exchange 5 minutes for this drop of blood, it would be worth it. He could only hope that luck was on his side.

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Lyla, Zaire and Damaris stood in the air. While Zaire had expected this fiery, commanding side of Lyla, Damaris was shocked instead.

Damaris had spent more than 20 years with Lyla by her side, but she would never understand her to the level Zaire did, at least not for a while longer. What Zaire understood that Damaris didn't was that Lyla had her own reverse scale. Dyon, her big brother, was Lyla's greatest sore spot. She refused to budge an inch when it came to Dyon and those he loved.

Zaire grinned. "You heard her. Piss off or face the consequences."

What could the Golden Crow Sect disciples say? Could they tell the three of them to mind their own business? What was more personal business than the life of your sister-in-law? What a joke it would be if they said something so ridiculous.

"You don't understand?" Lyla frowned when they didn't move as quickly as she wanted. "Scatter."

Following Lyla's words, a vacuum of air seemed to be directly sucked into the sky. The group of disciples suddenly felt as though they were suffocating.

Of course, this was just an illusion. Celestials could even survive in space. Even if Lyla scattered all of the air, they should be fine. But, this was far deeper than even that.

With a single word, Lyla scattered the qi in the surroundings. Suddenly, let alone enigmatic qi, the disciples couldn't even sense essence qi. The feeling was so foreign that their breaths involuntarily quickened, making them feel as though they were fish, forcibly taken out of water. It happened so abruptly that the qi within their bodies started clamoring to fly out to reset the equilibrium.

Lyla looked off into the distance. The sealing formation couldn't escape her eyes, nor could its numerous flaws. She felt like whoever made this formation should be embarrassed to live on the same plane as her big brother.

"Since you like sealing people so much, be sealed." Lyla harrumphed. "Come here."

As though a dog on a leash, the sealing formation shifted. Its form distorted, its center opening outward, suddenly expanding. What once was a circular formation had retained its general shape, but became a ring instead of a disk. At that moment, the seal lifted from Middle Lily City and was transferred unto its borders, making the teleportation formations the Golden Crow Sect had been setting up completely useless.

Their allies? They'd have to come the long way just like the three of them had.

Looking down at the disciples who had fallen into meditation, hoping to control the erratic state of their own qi, Damaris suddenly felt bad for them. Who asked them to provoke the Sacharro Clan?

Soon, she found herself following Zaire and Lyla into the city.

"Big Sister!" Lyla rushed into the shocked Madeleine's arms. She had just been trying her best to recover her stamina when a pink haired bundle of joy rushed toward her.

"Little Lyla?" Madeleine blinked, trying to adjust her bearings. She hadn't seen Lyla in more than two decades, how could she not be shocked by the little girl's growth?

Lyla buried herself in Madeleine's ample bosom, holding onto her tightly.

Madeleine smiled an understanding smile, patting Lyla's head. She knew how hard it was for Dyon to send Lyla away to an unknown place all those years ago, but how much harder had it been for her? Lyla wasn't even ten years old back then, yet she was thrust into a completely unknown environment.

In truth, Dyon did so because he trusted his grand teacher. Abraxus assured him that sending Lyla to the Crystal Dragon Clan would be akin to giving her an opportunity to spread her wings. Why else would Lyla's True Empath abilities be so far beyond what Dyon's father in law, King Acacia, was capable of?

Lyla had worked hard in the past decades, often spending months at a time in Calming Lake. Her state of mind had reached such a serene level that she could bring out large percentages of her true potential already despite being so young. Maybe if it hadn't been for Damaris, and also Zaire who visited her as often as he could, she would have broken down by now.

"You too Little Zaire? You two have grown so much." Madeleine's caring smile made Zaire blush, he wanted to hug his big sister too, but he was struggling with his pride too much. Unfortunately for him, his big sister was much stronger than he was, so he couldn't resist as a wave of energy brought him to her side.

In the end, it was a funny, but heart-warming image. Lyla holding onto Madeleine tightly, and Zaire kneeling to hug her as well because he was too tall.

After a few moments, Madeleine began to scold them as every big sister should.

"You two shouldn't have come here, it very dangerous. How could you let them?"

Facing Madeleine's questioning gaze, Damaris wanted to find a place to bury her head. The obvious defense was that Lyla and Zaire would have come anyway, but she didn't have the face to say this because she knew very well that she was the first to stand up and say that they should go.

"And look at you, you can't fool me, your qi distribution is all over the place." Madeleine looked Lyla up and down. "What did you do to get in here that impacted you so much?"

Chapter 1538: Now

Lyla blushed, lowering her head. It had been easy to disperse Alax's enigmatic qi because his control was so poor, but it had been far more difficult to scatter the qi in the atmosphere. Then, she forcibly took control of a comet grade formation and formed it to her will. It might have been fine if it was a normal scaled formation, but this one covered the whole of Middle Lily City, so it was easily dozens of miles across. If she said that this didn't impact her at all, she would definitely be lying.

"And look at you." Madeleine turned her scolding to Zaire. "You gave up your lower tier rewards by climbing up here so quickly, those rewards would have been very beneficial to your big brother, but now they're gone."

Zaire, who had just been snickering, lowered his head as well. He didn't know why the normally docile Madeleine was suddenly acting like this, he could only be embarrassed.

Madeleine was very much used to playing the big sister role. For a large part of her life, she didn't like it at all. Back during her Focus Academy days, it was a façade she put up to escape the ticking time bomb that was her constitution. Once that worry was taken off her shoulders, she mellowed to the Madeleine they all knew and loved.

But, the Madeleine of now had responsibilities to undertake once more. She was the First Wife of a future Emperor and a woman destined to be the First Empress of the Mortal Empire. This didn't mention that it would be her responsibility to keep the Sacharro household in order. She had to be a little stricter now even if it conflicted with the way she normally wanted to do things.

"We understand big sister Madeleine." The three lowered their heads in shame.

"Good." Madeleine nodded in satisfaction.

"Can we still teach them a lesson though?" Zaire asked with expectant eyes.

Madeleine sighed, looking off into the distance. "What remains of the Flaming Lily Sect disciples isn't in good shape. Many of them are dejected."

"They might see a light of hope, though." Lyla smiled lightly, pointing toward Yandevere who had been trying to give the family some space. Or, maybe she was just too embarrassed to look Madeleine in the eye.

Madeleine glanced toward Yandevere silently for a moment. It was true. If Yandevere hadn't been found out by Dyon, their Sect would collapse. How would the remaining loyalists react to finding out their strongest Legatee was a traitor? There would be no hope left.

But, now that she was here, even if it wasn't entirely by choice, it would still be helpful.

After thinking for a while, Madeleine took a deep breath.

"Since all of our enemies will gather here, why not? Let's wipe them out. I don't believe that even the Golden Crow Sect can recover easily from losing a large portion of their celestials..."

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Within the Dark Ocean's depths, Dyon's eyes had grown cold, killing intent wafted from him, making it seem as though the already dark waters could grow even darker.

The ten puppets surged forward, their sudden appearance surprising the five remaining numbered warriors, but not enough to throw their rhythm off.

The two sentinels seamlessly retreated, disappearing from the purview of Fifteen's lighting treasure as then ten puppets swept forward to replace them in an instant.

Ten's eyes narrowed. He immediately realized that these puppets were far more powerful than the last two. There were only two reasons he could think of that their attackers hadn't used them directly. Either

the two sentinels had a special ability, or the costs of using these puppets was too high. There was even a small possibility that both answers were true.

'These puppets likely won't last long.'

"Fight defensively!" Ten roared.

His four companions immediately understood, closing in the distance between the five of them and protecting Fifteen in the very center.

Ten and Eleven were forced to fight three puppets each, leaving two to Thirteen and the silent Fourteen. Unfortunately, Ten soon realized that the difference between the two puppets was not small by any stretch of the imagination. These were true higher dao formation puppets. Not just that, but whatever material it was they were made out of... It seemed harder than anything Ten had ever come across in his long life.

These puppets would have already been difficult to fight at their full prowess, but with so many handicaps facing them now, it almost felt as though the world was crashing down upon them. If it wasn't for Ten's abnormal constitution, he might have already collapsed.

'If a lightning discharge comes now...' Ten grit his teeth. Though he had found a workaround for the cold qi, the neurotoxins in his system didn't seem to respond no matter what he did. In fact, bothering it only exacerbated the problem. He could only shove it to a far corner of his body, hoping it wouldn't build up anymore.

What Ten didn't know was that the King jellyfish could only discharge once an hour. Although Dyon had used them twice now, he had used them more than a day apart, not wanting his enemies to get a gauge on just how often he could. Ten seemed to understand this truth, so he hadn't lowered his guard at all.

The worst part was that if a dangerous situation occurred, he couldn't use his enigmatic qi like Twelve had for fear of the sudden appearance of the immortal puppets. To this very moment, he still had no idea how one of them had so suddenly appeared.

Dyon's breath grew steady as he pulled back a sleek black arrow. The world around him seemed to melt away.

'The most important tool to an archer are his eyes... How comical considering my eyes can't see a thing down here. However... My divine sense can.'

Dyon's eyes sharpened, his pupils concentrated into extremely fine points.

'Go now.'

Chapter 1539: Released

The sentinels suddenly shifted in the darkness, their saber-like blades accumulating the cold qi in the surroundings. While it alleviated the stress on the numbered warriors, Ten felt a terrible premonition as his Perception throbbed.

"Focus!"

Ten's voice shook the four, their senses reaching out to their peak.

The attack of the three puppets he was facing grew fiercer. In that moment, a puppet suddenly separated from Eleven.

Trapped between two puppets, Eleven's lovely brows could only widen. "Ten, your back!"

'So it's me this time, huh?' Ten sneered.

All this time, he had been roaring out commands at the most opportune time. He wanted the enemy to focus on him, he wanted them to understand that he was the leader, the core of this team.

Dyon inexplicably released his arrow. It didn't seem to have any sort of purpose. If anything, it seemed far too early.

The senses of the five numbered warriors tingled. They could feel that same overwhelming danger they had before. Another arrow was coming!

In that instant, the crackling of lightning set the ocean waters ablaze with blinding blue lights. Everything for miles seemed completely visible as an uncomfortable feeling raised the hair on the back of their necks.

Ten felt he was prepared. Using the same trick against him twice? Never.

A roar escaped his lips. His bloodline surged, causing scales of silver to coat his body. As he expected, the cold qi wouldn't react to purely bodily changes. What lightning? It would have to cross his defenses first!

The barbaric Ten grew even more so. But, his silver scales seemed to be alive. They lifted up and vibrated before settling back down and repeating. They acted more like the feathers of a bird than the scales of a dragon.

Split moments later, the lightning struck.

'Huh?' Ten brows immediately furrowed. This lightning... It wasn't anywhere near as stronger as the previous two strikes! How was that possible? He wasn't a fool. Even with his silver scales, the difference shouldn't be so drastic. It felt like nothing more than a tickle. The neurotoxin couldn't even seep into his skin.

At that moment, the strike of the fourth immortal puppet struck Ten's back, sending him flying toward the three he was already fighting. His focus had been trained on expelling the lightning as quickly as possible so he had planned to directly withstand the blow, but what he didn't expect was for this blow to pull him out of the encirclement of his warriors. Fifteen was exposed!

The five warriors thought this truth simultaneously. The moment Ten was pulled away, their encirclement of Fifteen was shattered.

Ten immediately reacted. The puppet's strike wasn't enough to cut through his defenses in this state. He tried to surge backward, the thoughts of the black arrow playing on his mind once more. Fifteen was extremely talented, but she was also the weakest of them. If she was forced to take on the arrow, she'd have no choice but to react like Twelve had. In that case, she would be in danger.

However, just when he went to move, a sentinel suddenly appeared in his way. He was absolutely shocked. This time, his senses hadn't been numbed by the lightning, he had definitely been paying the utmost attention, but... it didn't feel as though this puppet had teleported here, it felt like he had been here the whole time!

The blade of cold qi descended with an added viciousness. Even if Ten's defense had skyrocketed, this cold qi was on a completely different level. It was as though all the ice from several hundred miles had accumulated in this very spot.

The arcs of blue lightning, the eerie dropping blade, the turbulent ocean currents... they filled the perfect backdrop for an apocalyptic event.

Ten could only cross his arms in that moment, a roar bubbling forth from his lips as the blade of qi descended.

BOOM!

A tornado of air spiraled upward. The blow was so severe that it carried its moment several miles above, causing an uproar in the underwater landscape.

Ten was sent flying downward, careening through the water, only to be blasted into the ocean's bed and for a roar of pain to escape his lips as the four immortal puppets followed afterward without hesitation.

"Ten!" Eleven's eyes reddened, but she didn't have the time react.

'[Qi Line]!' Dyon's eyes flashed.

The puppet who had struck down Ten suddenly spun toward Fifteen, its large hand stretching outward in as though to send a palm strike forward.

Qi began to surge, circles of agitated waters spiraling outward from his palm.

In that instant, Eleven's eyes widened in shock. This surge of qi... It was dangerous! What was happening?!

Fifteen trembled. An overwhelming sense of danger overcoming her. Even after becoming a King, her bestial instincts still shook her. It wanted her to turn and run, to run immediately.

A blinding light overwhelmed the weakly crackling blue lightning. The palm of the sentinel pulsed, ballooning outward to form a sphere of light before concentrating into such a small point that it was hardly visible at all.

Suddenly, Dyon's pupils constricted. 'Now!' he roared out in his mind.

He didn't waste any time at all. An arrow of swirling black and white flames appeared in his hand. Its presence was so heavy that it pulled the waters around toward it. Though Dyon didn't notice it, a sink formed above his head, lowering the ocean levels in and around himself.

Without hesitation, his focus reached its peak. And then, he pulled and released.

As though following the timing of its owner, [Qi Line] activated. Thirteen and Fourteen were tied down by two puppets of their own. Only Ten and Eleven had the strength to fight three of them at once, so only Eleven was in a place where she could move after one of her puppets ran to lock down Ten.

Eleven appeared between Fifteen, the beam of Qi and the flying black arrow.

Chapter 1540: Roar

Her bloodline stimulated to new heights. Her body grew an entire foot, her bust and hips becoming even more exaggerated. But, her skin became as black as charcoal and her eyes began to glow with a yellow, feline light. Still, her most shocking transformation were her hands. In that instant, her nails became sharp claws stretching outward at least six inches.

The muscles in her forearms bulged as she swung downward, one hand toward the line of qi, and another toward the sleek black arrow.

'That's unfortunate.' Dyon said with a light smile. '[Qi Line] is a pincer attack.'

By the time Eleven realized this truth, the first line of qi was already upon her. At that same instant, Fifteen realized that she had been so worried about the front, that she completely forgot to cover her own back.

'Dammit!' Fifteen grit her teeth.

She could no longer continue to pretend. If this continued, not only would she be revealed, but Eleven would also end up injured. If she was going to be revealed anyway, wouldn't it be better if Eleven was spared?

This was all the motivation she needed. She wasn't Fifteen... She was Nine!

A growl escaped her lips as the seals on her cultivation snapped. A 9th Stage Dao Formation Expert had appeared!

Dyon's eyes widened. That's impossible, a seal that escaped his divine sense? He didn't believe there was anything capable of doing such a thing. Yet, it was right in front of him!

'Dyon, she's not a normal cat beast, she's a Dream Panther! Hiding their true form is their innate bloodline ability. Their abilities are far beyond the scope of normal sealing and illusion techniques!'

It was at this moment that Dyon realized that Ri's abilities weren't infallible. When facing dao experts, celestials had no choice but to lower their heads.

The roar of a Dream Panther shook Dark Ocean. Even Ten's dragon bloodline was nothing before her strength.

Fifteen's, no, Nine's transformation was too drastic. The quiet, unassuming, and docile young woman became a ferocious beast in an instant.

Beautiful purple fur coated her body as the beast skins she wore tore apart to reveal an alluring body that was soon covered. She grew half a foot, but the most shocking change was her presence. It felt as though her every step could quake the very fabric of reality.

Dyon's mind trembled. He had met great experts before. He faced Ancestor Daiyu and Head Void. He had even fought and survived a battle against a Higher Existence during second trial, not to mention the fact his Granny Celest was now a peak dao expert who should be far stronger than Nine. However, this somehow felt different.

It only took Dyon a moment to understand. Ancestor Daiyu had relied on burning his soul to reach that level. Head Void was nothing but a weakling in comparison to the rest of the martial world. Elder Conli, the Higher Existence of Dyon's second trial, withheld his might to the best of his abilities because letting even a small bit of it leak would have destroyed Planet Moon and thus the treasure he was looking for. And Granny Celest, how could she expose her might to a young man she saw as her grandson?

This was the first time Dyon had met an insurmountable mountain in full force.

Dream Panthers. A race of feline beasts that struck fear in those of the martial world. They were Higher Supreme Grade beasts, just a step below Dragons and Kitsune, but their abilities were devastating.

There were stories of individuals experiencing trillions of years of life in an instant, only to lose their minds when they finally awoke. There were some who wandered to their deaths, meandering into black holes or dangerous abyssal cores that seemed completely safe just a moment ago. There were some who charmed beyond their limits, giving away their lives in servitude of these Dream Panthers, only to despair in the last moments of their life when they realized those feelings were never real.

Legends of sirens, the succubus, and myriads of other enticement and illusion driven tales were all tied to Dream Panthers in one way or another... and yet, one had actually appeared here.

Still, none of these things were the most damning and fearsome part of this race of beasts... The true issue lied in the fact that not only were Dream Panthers known for their near impregnable auxiliary abilities, their bodies were also only just short of Dragons!

How could such an outstanding race be ranked below kitsune? Simply put, despite their overwhelming strength, no Dream Panther had ever stepped foot into the realm of Higher Existences. No one knew exactly why, though there many theories, but in the end, this result left them a step below the field of beasts they should be a part of.

However, did this matter? Whether Nine could become a Higher Existence or not, all that was important now was the fact that Dyon was not a match for her!

Nine snorted watching as the beams of the [Qi Line] technique approached from her front and back. Though she was shocked to realize that the cold qi affected her even after she undid her own seals, that hardly mattered now. In the face of absolute power, schemes meant nothing!

"I'll crush these petty tricks!" Nine roared.

Her claws swept forward, a pride that could match dragons in her eyes.

However, what she didn't know was that after the initial shock, Dyon regained his bearings and his eyes lit ablaze with fighting intent. He felt his heart pounding. He didn't understand what it was, but it felt like he was... excited?

'I thought you all said you wouldn't fall for the same trick twice? Fifteen was never my target...' Dyon's shock morphed into a smirk. '[Retrace]!'

From the very begin, Dyon's target had never been Fifteen, or Nine, now. He had been targeting the only Heaven grade beast remaining, Thirteen!