

The Nameless 1541

Chapter 1541: Black Arrow

First, he sent out a shock of blue lightning, forcing Ten to bring out his trump cards. However, what Ten didn't realize since he couldn't stretch out his senses was that the lightning shot this time around was completely different. Instead of sending out the Kings, Ryu sent out the subordinates of the King jellyfish!

Ten was prepared to be paralyzed for a moment, as such, he planned to withstand the blow of the fourth immortal puppet Dyon sent after him. As a result, he made no efforts to dodge and was easily sent out of the encirclement, thus exposing Fifteen, now Nine.

This forced Eleven into action, just as Dyon had planned. She was supposedly the second strongest of the group, so the moment the puppets battling her dropped from three to two, she was able to break away to attempt to block Dyon's arrow and the sentinel's qi line. However, she had no idea that [Qi Line] was a pincer technique! This worked out in Dyon's favor because it exposed Nine's secret!

Now, Eleven was in no position to save Thirteen, and Nine was still in the process of dealing with [Qi Line]. In that instant, Dyon activated [Retrace].

[Retrace] could only be used once every ten minutes, however, the two sentinels didn't share the same timer. When Dyon sent a sentinel after Ten to blast him into the ocean bed, he purposely only sent one, leaving one [Retrace] still available for use!

And that [Retrace]... He used it on his black arrow!

Nine was shocked. She had been prepared to allow Eleven to deal with the qi line technique from the front and the black arrow, while she would deal with the qi line technique from the back, but the arrow suddenly vanished and appeared before Thirteen.

Thirteen, who had already been struggling against two immortal puppets, was caught completely off guard. Still, she was a veteran warrior. She put everything into shifting her body ever so slightly, avoiding a blow that was toward her heart and allowing it to slam into her left collarbone and shoulder.

An agonizing scream left her lips as she was blown backward.

In that same instant, Eleven gathered her stretch, her sleek black body flexing as she whipped her long claws forward to shatter the qi line.

"Dammit!" Nine roared, kicking Thirteen who had flown into her path away as she too shattered her own qi line technique.

Thirteen despaired. Dyon's arrow was far too weak to deal her a fatal injury, but it was still more than skin deep. Nine was too heartless.

'Goddamn Bitch!' Thirteen wanted to scream this at the top of her lungs, but how could she? Whether it was Nine or Ten, the top ten numbered warriors were in a completely different league. However, she soon calmed down when she realized that Nine had at least been kind enough to stop the two immortal puppets coming after her.

In that moment, the numbered warriors breathed a small sigh of relief. So many things had occurred in just a few seconds that they felt as though their lives were being juggled upon a thin a line. But, it seemed over now... At least, it did until they realized that Dyon had shot two arrows, not just one. And this second arrow... Its feeling of looming danger made the first seem like child's play!

Nine was torn. The arrow was heading right for Eleven who had just given her all to shatter the qi line. Yet, the arrow seemed perfectly time to arrive just as her muscles had relaxed.

But, on the other side, there was the injured Thirteen. At least for the moment, her left arm was useless because unlike Ten, Eleven and Nine, she hadn't entered her humanoid beast form before it was too late.

'Who do I save? Is this arrow truly for Eleven? Or is it for Thirteen once again?'

That split second of hesitation was enough to cut Thirteen from the list. After being kicked away by Nine, she was much further from Nine than Eleven. In fact, even the ever silent Fourteen was closer than Thirteen was now.

With no more hesitation, Nine surged toward Eleven after knocking Thirteen's two immortal puppets away. In the end, Eleven was far more valuable anyway!

'Wrong answer.' Dyon smiled. This sort of hesitation, this was exactly what he wanted! '[Spatial Jump]!'

The numbered warriors had become very used to [Retrace], however, [Spatial Jump] was far different. Simply put, [Retrace] was the far better skill. There was a reason why it could only apply to an area the sentinels had been in the last 30 seconds. This was because it was nigh untraceable. It also couldn't be locked down by qi or energies of any form. Even an expert on Ten's level didn't sense anything at all before the sentinel appeared before him.

[Spatial Jump] was different. It was the ability of one of the supreme grade arrows found in Dyon's weapon's pagoda. Unlike [Retrace] it could be detected and it could be sealed from doing completing its function. In addition, Dyon had a far greater margin for error when using it.

However... None of that mattered now because the numbered warriors here couldn't use their enigmatic qi or divine sense to lock down the area thanks to cold qi!

And the destination of the arrow swirling in flames of black and white? Not only was it not toward Eleven, it wasn't toward Thirteen either, it was toward the unassuming and silent Fourteen!

By the time Fourteen noticed the perilous situation he was in, it was already too late for him to react. Rather than Fifteen, he was the actual weakest individual here.

Dyon's black arrow had only ripped a few layers of skin from Thirteen. In fact, it hardly even harm her muscles. The reason her left arm was useless was only because the impact dislocated her shoulder and she was doing her best to pop it back in.

The issue was that her earth constitution made her muscles and tendons incredible rigid and steel-like, making it difficult to shift her shoulder back and also incredibly painful to do so.

However, this arrow swirling of black and white seemed to be on a completely different level entirely.

'I may be the weakest here.' Fourteen thought calmly. 'But do not underestimate a numbered warrior!'

As if responding to Fourteen's thoughts, Dyon only smiled. 'I never did.'

The dark ocean lit up once more. Arcs of blue lightning surging forward. Fourteen didn't need to think very long to realize that this wasn't a fake strike like before... This was the real deal! Dyon had saved it just for this moment!

A bitter smile coated Fourteen's features. He lived in silence, so many it was fitting that he died in silence as well.

The arrow of black and white pierced into his back the moment the arc of blue lightning stalled his movements. If he erupted with his full strength, he was certain that he could force himself to move, but it was already too late.

The arrow didn't dig very deep. The body of a dao expert was far beyond Dyon's understanding. But, it didn't need to. Severing a part of his spine was enough for Dyon's purposes.

The blue lightning stalled his movements. The arrow blasted him forward toward his immortal puppets and impeded his movement further. And in the next instant, his chest was pierced on both the left and right side by the metallic hands of two immortal puppets.

Dyon didn't even react to Fourteen's death as he ordered the immortal puppets to retreat. Not long later, a puppet came to his side, holding onto two drops of blood in a sphere of qi.

It was time for the second plan.

Dyon nodded with satisfaction at these two drops of blood. It had been far more difficult to procure these than it seemed. Or, rather, it was clearly difficult, but there were even more hidden difficulties left unseen.

Because of the nature of his black arrows, there was a good chance that any blood Thirteen bled would have been burnt up before it could be collected. Dyon had Nine's kick to thank for these two, or else it would have been difficult and he would have had to leave the immortal puppets in action for longer than he would have liked.

To now, he hadn't even used 10 seconds of their time, so he had four minutes and fifty seconds of time remaining. That wasn't the only good news either, due to him being overwhelmed by cold qi and assaulted by four immortal puppets plus a sentinel, Ten was heavily injured, he'd be handicapped for the remainder of the battle, at least.

Dyon would have liked to kill him as well, but dragons, or mixed blood descendants of theirs in this case, were tenacious. Ten had his stomach torn through, and his leg nearly severed, but he was still very much alive.

One might wonder why? If four immortal puppets could do this in less than ten seconds, why would Dyon pull back so soon? And the reason was rooted in the simple virtue of not being greedy. No matter what, Dyon couldn't forget what and who he was fighting against. Getting anxious and losing himself for short term benefits would do him no good.

Plus, something told him that Nine wouldn't just wait around to watch Ten die... That woman... She was dangerous. Retreating was definitely the best choice.

Dyon was certain that his only chance at true victory was to take Nine on alone after defeating the others. He refused to believe that she could withstand the assault of ten immortal puppets, two sentinels, and Thirteen all at once. Well... Thirteen would only be included if he succeeded.

'Bless me this one time, stingy Heavens.' Dyon took a deep breath. He felt that whether or not these two drops of blood worked would decide his victory or defeat.

In the distance, Ten coughed up blood, weakly swimming to what remained of the numbered warriors. His body was a mess, but his expression was even more ugly.

"Fourteen died?" Ten couldn't help but turn a blaming eye toward Nine.

"Who are you looking at?" The growl that escaped the purple furred humanoid woman shook Ten back to reality. They might only be a single ranking apart, but the difference between them was akin to Heaven and Earth. Once one reaches these heights in the dao realm, even a single filled meridian made a massive difference, let alone the fact that Nine was ahead of him by 14.

While Ten was an 8th stage dao expert, Nine was a 9th, the difference was that Ten had only filled 65 meridians, but Nine had filled 79. She was only a few steps away from the 10th stage. This didn't even mention the fact Nine was a supreme grade beast, while his Silver Metal Draconic Falcons were a mere transcendent grade beast race.

"We need a plan." Nine said after snorting. "It'll be hard to explain to Leader the loss of two numbered warriors even if they might have been expected. We of BPA do not retreat!

"We need to progress forward, but we cannot do it blindly. I suggest that —"

Suddenly, Nine's voice was interrupted by Thirteen's blood curdling scream.

At first, Nine wanted to kick Thirteen away once more. It was just a dislocated shoulder and you were a dao warrior, was there a need to be so pathetic? But, in the next instant, her eyes narrowed.

Thirteen's body had turned a blinding shade of red and steam began to emit from her body.

Dyon had never concentrated to this level in his life. In reality, his soul was more than strong enough to attempt to entrap a dao beast, he wasn't scared of the backlash either since the base of the seal wasn't in his mind's eye, but rather in The Seal. However, this didn't mean he didn't have to give it his everything.

Using treasures of the 33 heavens was incredibly taxing. Even with his soul strength, Dyon couldn't use the active ability of the aurora steps for more than a few seconds, well, that might have increased to a minute or two by now. Luckily, The Seal was a bit better in this aspect, though not by much.

A savage light shone in Dyon's eyes.

"Thirteen, what's happening?!" Eleven panicked. Could it be the arrow? Was there some even more deadly poison attached to it?

Dyon grit his teeth, beads of sweat welling up within the sheen of fat he had covered himself in.

'Come!'

Dyon's eyes shone like bright torches along the dark ocean floor.

In the next instant, an audible snap was heard. Dyon understood what it was in an instant. The moment she was subdued forcibly, Thirteen's dao heart had shattered, and so had her King aura. She was now just a regular Heaven grade beast instead of a King beast. But, Dyon didn't care at all, he had succeeded!

"Good!" Dyon gripped his fists. "Quickly, [Retrace]!"

Dyon had waited ten minutes before acting just for this purpose. He had let them talk through their strategy and he had even allowed Ten a moment to rest and recoup from his injuries for a moment. All so that he could pull Thirteen out as quickly as possible the moment she would no longer resist.

PPSSHUU

Dyon froze.

Chapter 1543: Failed

An instant before, he could feel everything about Thirteen. He could see her thoughts, feel her emotions, understand her pain, but in the next, all of that was cut off.

A moment later, he understood why. He had used [Retrace], but all he received in return was a body with a bloody hole where the heart once was.

In the distance, Nine's expression was twisted with a savage expression as her blue irises twinkled. Her hand, once matted with beautiful purple fur, was now coated in a dense red.

Her tongue ran over the dripping blood, looking toward the distance in Dyon's direct line of sight as though provoking him.

The second plan had failed.

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Madeleine gathered together the remaining disciple of the Flaming Lily Sect disciples. Since she had decided to counterattack, it was obvious that she couldn't do it with just Damaris, Lyla, Zaire and Yandevere alone.

"... Now that you all understand the situation, make the decision for yourselves.

"70% of our disciple base turned out to be traitors. With a level of infiltration on this level, it's guaranteed that many of our elders are traitors as well.

"Those of the Golden Crow Sect have been oppressing us and our fellow sisters for a long time. I'm sure that many of you have lost close friends and family yourselves. This level of infestation is one that's been festering for countless centuries and isn't one that's going away anytime soon.

"The only thing I can promise you all is that everyone here is your fellow sister in arms. There is no traitor amongst us, I am willing to bet my life on this truth.

"You all must make this choice for yourselves. Either choose to leave by way of the teleportation array and hide for the rest of your lives, or, you can choose to fight with me and my husband's Sacharro Clan. The choice is yours."

The group of female disciples looked toward Madeleine with no small bit of hesitation. Seeing two Legatees before them, willing to fight, it was difficult to say no. But, at the same time, who didn't value their lives?

It wasn't even entirely certain that those here wouldn't become traitors had they had the opportunity. Many of them simply weren't good enough to catch eye of the Golden Crow Sect and thus were never approached. There was no such thing as 'refusing' that Sect. If they even thought of saying no, their lives would end right then and there. Who knew how many sisters of theirs had fallen in this way?

Maybe the only exception to the rule was Fiona, Cheri's sworn sister. It had been Cheri's responsibility to approach her elder sister and draw her in. But, Cheri knew Fiona's personality and had thus dragged her feet in completing the task. Since she knew her sister would say no, wouldn't she be sentencing her sister to death by leading her down the path she had taken?

As such, this group of remaining disciples was pitiful. 70% of them had defected to the Golden Crow Sect, likely taking many core techniques and secrets with them. No, maybe the Flaming Lily Sect's secrets were never their own to begin with.

The issue was that if you believed 30% were remaining, you'd be wrong. They had just been fighting an enemy 2.5x their number. A pitiful few of barely 20% remained, a total that would have been far worse had Madeleine not expelled the traitors so quickly.

Among these 20%, there was only 1 pseudo dao expert: Fiona. Of course, there was Yandevere now as well, but she wasn't a part of their calculations.

Madeleine was essentially asking them to fight against an enemy that outnumbered them more than ten to one, for the sake of a future that was rocky at best?

Would they be able to erase all of the traitors with their numbers? The answer was no. But, let's say for the sake of argument that they did and then returned to the Sect. What then? Madeleine just said herself that there were traitors amongst the elders. Wouldn't they use this as a pretense to punish them?

According to Sect rules, killing a fellow disciple was punishable by death.

Maybe it was true that these traitors wouldn't be stupid enough to order the slaughter of all remaining disciples. That would be too blatantly obvious. But, what if, as they suspected, they couldn't kill all of the traitors? It would definitely be far easier for these traitors to kill them all off then...

Still, when they heard the Sacharro Clan's mention, some of them wavered. Who didn't know about the majesty of Dyon and his Clan? Stories of Lady Sacharro's appearance had spread throughout the whole of the martial world. Their Clan actually had a Higher Existence!

Since that Higher Existence doted on Dyon so much, how could she allow his wife to die?

One of the disciples sighed. "Will True God Sacharro take part?"

"My husband cannot, no." Madeleine shook her head, not making false promises.

The disciples seemed to sink into a lower tier of despair. It seemed as though they worked like normal humans and mass opinion did. Madeleine was objectively more powerful than Dyon, so was Yandevere, though his supporting abilities far outshone theirs thanks to his soul. But, these disciples felt that there was no hope if he didn't participate. It was a bit silly.

"I won't force any of you. But, those who want to leave must also leave their qualifications as Flaming Lily Sect disciples behind. This isn't me forcing you into a corner. If you believe that we will lose, then such an identity will only hurt you. But, in the case that we win – and believe me, we will win – we cannot allow you all the same status as those who stayed and fought.

"The rules of the Flaming Lily Sect state plainly that we have an obligation to protect and fight for the Sect and its Faith. There is no greater threat to that right here and now. Those who break this rule are not qualified to be my fellow disciples.

"Please decide quickly. Our enemies will not wait."

Chapter 1544: Tactics

Madeleine's words seemed to remind them of something. That was right. How could they run and still hope to take advantage should those who stayed by win? This was a crossroads. They'd either choose the Flaming Lily Sect, or become rogue cultivators forever. It was impossible for any other Sect to pick traitors for disciples. They definitely weren't talented enough to be the exception to that rule...

Rogue Cultivator wasn't just a general term. It represented all of the individuals who could never leave the tower, because if they ever did, they could never return.

After abandoning their Clans or Sects, it would obviously be impossible to access the tower's entrance again. They only had two options: to stay in the tower forever, or never come back.

Those marked as rogue cultivators were barred against using teleportation formations and could only dangerously walk through Danger Zones to reach their desired destinations. And, due to the fact every danger zone was owned by one power or another, it was often too great of an expense for them to afford, as a result, they were often forced to stay in the same city for the rest of their lives, completing menial tasks in exchange for small payment.

In the end, many of the rogue cultivators were forced to work as mercenaries, helping clans and sects to fight territory wars for pay that was far better than in normal. But, it wasn't a life anyone would choose of free will.

Since they were being paid, they were obviously not as valued as true disciples. So, they were used as cannon fodder. They also didn't have the protection of a large sect behind them any longer, so no one hesitated to kill them.

This was the life waiting for them if they chose to abandon the Flaming Lily Sect right now.

Suddenly, what seemed like an easy decision became a boulder weighing on all of their hearts. Not all of them were noble people, in fact, maybe only a handful other than Fiona were. The only reason they weren't traitors was simply because they were too weak to be picked out for such a role. But, here they were at a crossroads once more.

Of course, many still left. These were likely the individuals willing to work cheap labor tasks for the rest of their lives. At least since Madeleine allowed them to use the teleportation formation as one last act of kindness toward them as deserters, they could be selective with the city they'd spend the rest of their lives in ...

Like this the already small number of disciples remaining dwindled even more. In the end, a little over 600 000 disciples remained out of the over a million that had been here before.

Madeleine smiled. She knew well that maybe all of them would have left had she not forced them to choose between the life of a disciple and a rogue cultivator. However, she was still satisfied with this result.

"I'm aware that many of you have stayed because I forced you into a corner. But, I want you all to know that this is likely the best decision you've ever made in your lives. Those who survive will reach an entirely new level. This is your chance to shed your past weights and move forward toward a brighter future."

"Big sister is scary." Zaire whispered faintly, causing Lyla to giggle.

Madeleine had always had this sharpness to her. Back when her former master took her away from Dyon, many had been witness to it. She tore anyone who spoke ill of her husband apart. It was just that she was now aiming those talents toward a different goal.

At this moment, Madeleine's air had completely changed. Her King level Presence bloomed outward in full force. The combination it created with her Goddess' Disposition made those around hang onto her every word.

"Good. Now we'll begin our revenge." Madeleine's voice was soft, yet somehow carried over the entire city.

"Those from Falling Petal Pavilion go over there, those from Rooted Depths Pavilion line up here, those from Life Blooming Pavilion there, and those from Layered Vine Pavilion here."

Madeleine began to organize the disciples in ways they couldn't comprehend. After years of being by Dyon's side, she had grasped the essence of battle tactics. Maybe hers weren't as flexible or crafty as Dyon's, but, this level of order was something she was certain would help.

Falling Petal Pavilion was a branch of their Sect that specialized in ranged attacks. Rooted Depths Pavilion was known for their battle crazed disposition and had the best close combat abilities and fire power. Layered Vine Pavilion was an unconventional path for fire dao cultivators, but they focused on defense. Finally, Life Blooming Pavilion was another slightly unconventional path for the fire dao, but they were healers.

Of the six petals that were created by the volcano that erupted on Planet Lily, these Pavilions each took up one, only leaving the holy land of ancestors, and the petal of elders.

Madeleine knew that these fellow sisters of hers were untalented, but she also knew that their enemies were unorganized.

She could tell that someone in the background was trying to reach their hand over and give them structure they sorely lacked, but Madeleine's keen eyesight could tell that this person was stretching themselves too far.

The battle tactics of the Sacharro Clan wasn't something you could cobble together lack luster counters against. Today would be the debut of the Sacharro Clan in earnest. On the biggest stage, they would crush their opponents.

"Big sister, I can make a small tweak to the sealing formation and disallow them from flying." Lyla said after waiting for Madeleine to finish organizing.

Madeleine's brow raised. "Really?"

"Mm." Lyla's pink hair bobbed as she nodded. "It will only be helpful for a moment since the range of the seal is limited, only about 20-50 miles outside of Middle Lily City's walls. But, if used at the right time, before they run away, it would be really effective."

Chapter 1545: Awoken

Madeleine thought for a moment. "You're right. However, it is very difficult for them to run from here. Remember that the majority of the celestial tiers are danger zones and this is no longer the lower tier, but the middle tier.

"If we appear in the east, there are three silver danger zones in that direction that are densely surrounded by bronze danger zones.

"Thanks to Middle Lily City, they can only run backwards, if they try to run through us and into the city, I can expel them easily. That means, they'll be headed right into the jaws of danger and it'll be easier to pick them off."

Middle tier danger zones were on a complete other level than lower tier danger zones. The talent of the disciples they were facing were much higher than theirs, but not enough to ignore a middle tier danger zone. They'd have to be on their guard. Only the pseudo dao experts would be able to completely ignore the problem.

"If we go with big sister's plan, then I can help more. If we're relying on them believing in our weakness to bait them into gathering in one area, then I can control the sealing formation to appear in the one area as well. As long as its shifted to a manageable size, even moving it along with us shouldn't be too difficult."

"Wouldn't it be missing a power source if we moved it from here?" Madeleine understood the basic principles of formations very well. A large scale one of this size definitely needed a sizeable power source. Moving it would be the equivalent of moving it from its power source. If this was so easy to do, Dyon wouldn't have spent months comprehending Formation Cores so he could give one of his large-scale formations mobility.

Unfortunately for Dyon, when it came to Formation Cores, his little sister was by far his better.

What did it take to form a Formation Core? Wasn't it reaching the One with Self realm of a Formation? But, couldn't Little Lyla see through the truth of all things thanks to her True Empathy?

Her saying that she could create a no-fly zone was an improvement on the formation, this was thus the equivalent of reaching the One with Self realm! If Dyon was here, maybe he would begin to shed some bitter tears.

Lyla smiled. "There's no need to worry about that. A single dao stone is enough to power a comet grade formation for many hours, especially after I increase its efficiency."

Lyla followed in her big brother's footsteps. Although it would be incredibly easy for her to master almost any martial path in existence, she chose language and array alchemy. And she only chose

language because it was something she used everyday and wouldn't distract her from following her big brother's footsteps.

As of right now, the Comet Lords of the Mortal Alliance had increased by one!

As the two sisters were talking strategy, leaving the two dragons and the silent Yandevere off to the side, the teleportation formation of Middle Lily City suddenly flashed.

"Hm? I disallowed anyone not of Flaming Lily Sect origin from using this formation ..." Madeleine frowned.

But, when she saw the figure that appeared, she suddenly smiled a wide smile.

A short young lady dressed in scant red armor and large, folded red mercury wings appeared holding a massive hammer more than twice her size. Though she was a grown woman, one would be hard-pressed to justify saying that she was five feet tall. 4'11 was probably the best you could give her.

"Big sister Madeleine, I demand an explanation! I've been trying to teleport here for ages. I even smashed through that damn trial puppet twice! My feet were itching, they told me I had to be here. Yet, when I gave up my lower tier rewards to come, how come you didn't welcome your little sister with a grand ceremony?

"I actually wasted so many energy stones trying to come here, and I went to 10 different cities before one finally worked!"

Sabona grumbled, looking very adorable as she waved her big hammer around.

The three Legatees of Flaming Lily Sect had gathered.

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In Sapientia City, the Weapon's Forging Guild was a complete mess.

Initially, after Clara kicked the Guild Guards out and killed a bad-mouthing captain, the roof had been torn away to reveal her forging room which happened to be on the top floor. Now that Clara had passed out and the dome had shrunk, everyone could see a lovely young lady in a silver robe matted in sweat and breathing erratically as though she was having a terrible dream.

"What are you all waiting for, go capture her." A captain growled. Clearly, he was unwilling to move forward after the death of his companion, so he sent others in first.

The Guild Guards hesitated. This had stretched on for days and all their nerves were pulled taut. But, the martial world had strict hierarchy systems so they had to listen. Plus, wouldn't they seem too pathetic being unwilling to approach an unconscious woman?

Like this, they began to slowly close in, five of them approaching cautiously from all sides.

When they got to within one meter, they breathed a sigh of relief.

"What were we all so afraid of, she's just a little girl at the end of the day." One of the guild guards felt emboldened. Or, maybe he was embarrassed about being so scared before, so he took the initiative to wash away that shame. If he could cop a feel at the same time under the guise of checking her for anything dangerous, it would be all the better.

But who would have known that the final thing he's hear in this lifetime was the growl of an enraged beast?

The approaching guild guards witnessed a flicker of sliced space before the emboldened guard suddenly fell to the ground in two bloody halves.

Though they couldn't see her, Little Yin's body arched upon Clara's chest, her small body shivering with rage as growls escaped her small lips.

Her beautiful white fur stood, seemingly double her size.

Little Yin's battle bloodline had finally awoken.

Chapter 1546: Growl

The faint growls of Little Yin's rage only reached the guild guards because she allowed it. After her and her brother's existences were anchored in this timeline by their contract with Dyon, she could freely control these things as she pleased. She wanted these people to know that that attack was not a fluke, Clara was protected!

When one speaks of the battle bloodline of the Celestial Hamster, it's only really possible to mention it with vague generalizations. Even for the race themselves, the only thing that they were certain of was the fact that it only appeared within the royal lineage.

Little Yin herself wasn't entirely aware of just how she awoke, but she had a vague understanding. From her birth, until now, the range of emotions Little Yin had felt was limited. Much like a child who had yet to learn the pain and horror of the world, her small eyes were tinted by a rose color that hard to remove.

This might sound ridiculous. After all, how could a race born with so much knowledge of the world possibly be this level of innocent. But, it could only be explained that Little Yin and Yang had mentalities similar to that of True Empaths.

Little Lyla faced many horrors in her youth. Even after Dyon saved her from that fate, this didn't stop her ability to sense the pain of others. It could be said that every traumatic experience Dyon went through, Little Lyla felt as though it was her going through them instead.

Imagine that, a little girl facing such a thing. Yet, Little Lyla never lost her mind like Jade did. It could only be said that her constitution was tailored for the abilities of a True Empath. Maybe this sort of immunity to despair is what makes the entity such an enigma... Because the first time in its life that it truly felt that emotion, it sent the world into a spiral of destruction.

Little Yin was similar in this way. Though she seemed to be more caring than her elder brother, she had the disposition of a passive observer to the world. That was why the moment she saw Clara's defenseless body and the obscene look in the guild guard's eye, an unknown emotion she had never felt

before coursed through her. Before she realized what happened, the fluctuations of space and time that had always protected her passively seemed to raise to a new level.

The four remaining guild guards froze.

That attack... There was no warning, it was as though it appeared out of nowhere. Just what happened?

Unfortunately, they didn't get the chance to think any longer before their own visions of the world seemed to split in two. By the time they realized this splitting world was actually the result of their eyes falling in two separate directions, it was too late for regret.

The captain who ordered this approach froze. Those five men weren't extraordinarily powerful, they were barely middling around the lower celestial realm. But, that didn't mean it was simple to just kill five of them so quickly and silently. Even a peak celestial would have to appear at least, right?

Plus, he was a pseudo-dao expert, so how in the hell would any normal individual hide from his senses? The more he thought about it, the more his trembling increased.

"C-c-captain, c-can't we just leave this alone? This is well above our paygrade."

The captain scowled. "You fool. How about you go and tell the Sapientia that? Why are you talking to me about something so ridiculous?"

"B-but captain, what else can we do if not retreat?"

"Send in the heavy armor guild guards!" The captain knew he couldn't back down. Those who opposed that witch's orders had a habit of disappearing and never being heard from again. The most fearsome part was that anyone who remembered those disappearing individuals seemed to disappear as well.

Not long later, a group of heavily armored celestials moved forward. It looked as though they were outfitted with large, mechatronic body skeletons as opposed to what one might expect from normal heavy armor.

What an insult. These mechatronic suits were the darling creation of the Weapon's Guild Head, yet they were now being used to bully a young disciple he was fond of.

'These suits are one of the strongest trump cards the guild guard has. With them, it's possible to fight an entire tier above your level. I don't believe that they can be easily dealt with!'

Who knew whether the captain truly believed these words or if he was trying to make himself feel better? If this really failed, it would be too difficult to explain the loss of 20 sets of heavy armor worth a 100 000 dao stones each. Even if he spent his whole life working he'd never be able to pay it back.

Unfortunately, luck wasn't on the captain's side.

The moment the 20 heavy armored warriors approached, staunch resolve in their eyes, a scene those present would never forget took place.

The pristine armors suddenly began to rust. Their joints stiffened and their silver finish turned rotten.

The captain couldn't believe what he was seeing. Was this some sort of metal ore earth dao he had never heard of? Why did it seem like these top of the line armors were Aging?

An instant later, it was over. The very same unpredictable and undetectable fluctuations of space rippled. Just like that, 20 more warriors fell and 2 000 000 dao stones disappeared into a puff of rust and blood.

Little Yin's body shivered, her small, bead-like, black eyes flashing with a tint of red. Her muscles and fur were stretched taut as steam emitted from her mouth.

Dyon hadn't sent her here to battle. He didn't even know such a thing would occur. His only will was for Little Yin to keep Clara company so she'd remember that there'd be a day when he'd come personally to take her back and wash Planet Sapientia in blood.

With Little Yin's help, it would be impossible for the Sapiaientia to take away her spatial ring and treasures, and the same time, Dyon would be able to speak to Clara once or if he survived his current predicament. But, it seemed that the pressure Dyon was under was the very same pressure his allies were under as well, and many of them had already evolved under it!

Little Yin went all out. She knew quite well that she was limited in the strength she could output. So, she wanted to do her best to scare them all away and buy time.

Once her bloodline awoke, she understood many things. Firstly, had she never chosen a partner to anchor herself in this timeline, her bloodline would have never awoken. Essentially, Dyon was the key.

Secondly, she couldn't use power exceeding the anchor that kept her in this timeline. One can imagine what would happen if Little Yin attempted to gather spatial and time qi exceeding her limits. The anchor would grow unstable and she'd be thrust into the vicissitudes of time and space, never to come back.

There was a simple way to put this clause: Little Yin's strength was limited by Dyon's. The stronger Dyon was, the sturdier Little Yin's anchor would be, and thus the more freely she could use space and time qi.

This meant that the reason Little Yin so easily defeated these guild guards was because if Dyon was here, he would be capable of doing the same! They were too weak!

However, this wasn't exactly analogous. Though that may sound like the precursor for a nerf, it was the exact opposite. While Little Yin was limited by Dyon's power, the abilities of time and space were so overwhelming that while Dyon had not a single chance to defeat a dao expert with his own power, Little Yin could hold back and threaten a Lower Dao Formation expert.

This led to the third thing Little Yin realized. And this point was likely the reason the Celestial Hamsters were the ruling class. Opening her battle bloodline allowed Little Yin to extend the abilities she had to others!

Unfortunately... Little Yin had only just awoken her abilities. She didn't dare attempt to envelop Clara in space and time qi to make her disappear because she didn't know if she had the control to pull it off.

This third facet about her ability actually had a clause to it. Celestial Hamsters were really only meant to share their abilities with their anchor. Doing so for others was incredibly taxing and required far more control. Though it should be possible since Clara and Dyon were linked by their souls, Little Yin didn't dare to take the risk.

If worse came to worst, then Little Yin would take the gamble. But, she wanted to see if there was another option lying in wait for her. If she lost Clara's body in the void, she would never forgive herself.

Still, there was one last thing Little Yin had to look forward to. Her and her brother were twins. After sharing the same egg, their minds, souls and abilities had become linked.

Once Little Yang awakened his bloodline, their tandem would dwarf any Celestial Hamster of the past!

Brimming with confidence and a will to protect her big sister Clara, Little Yin's growls continued, as if daring them to approach once more.

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"It's time." Madeleine looked out toward the east of the city. To her back, a neatly organized army of 600 000 female disciples followed her.

Her white gown fluttered in the wind along with her flawless violet hair. Crackles of purple flames seemed to spark in the air around her, flashing like miniature fireworks. It was very obvious that this empress was not happy.

After practically torturing the information out of Zaire, Madeleine finally learned what happened. To think that this was all being orchestrated by the Sapientia Clan...

There was nothing that needed to be said. Madeleine had no love lost for this Clan of hers. The day she changed her name to Sacharro was a day she felt a burden lift from her shoulders. Yet, the Clan she had left behind actually dared to harm her Clara and Dyon. She was livid.

The plan in her mind had completely changed. This was no longer just about crushing the traitors of the sect, or paying the Golden Crow Sect back for their evil. This was about a woman lashing out in response to her reverse scale being touched.

First, she would crush this approaching army below. But, she wouldn't stop there...

She would lay waste to Sapientia City!

A few meters behind her, Zaire inexplicable began to nod to himself.

"Mhm, mhm. I'm certain of it now." He mumbled to himself.

Damaris cocked an eyebrow. "What are you talking about?"

Little Lyla began to giggle, her pink diamond eyes sparkling.

"Big sister Madeleine is definitely scary. Scariest woman I've ever met in my life." Zaire nodded to himself once more, proud of his deduction.

[Author's Note: When Madeleine refers to Sapientia City, she's referring to low, middle, high and peak Sapientia City, not the Sapientia City of Planet Sapientia]

"Is there a point to all of this?" Alax, who still had a lingering fear in his eye for Lyla, looked toward the gathering army of Flaming Lily Sect disciples with a doubtful gaze. "Mistress Sacharro. We are willing to let you go as long as you abandon the Flaming Lily Sect. We do not want to make enemies of the Sacharro Clan."

It was clear that the Golden Crow Sect's attitude had taken a complete 180. Too many things their informer hadn't mentioned a word about were happening one after another. They began to doubt the legitimacy of the information and if True God Sacharro would really be so easily dealt with. As such, the elders of the Golden Crow Sect decided to take on a new approach.

Unfortunately for him, the only response he received in return was a single word.

"Attack!" Madeleine's delicate voice spread over the battlefield.

Chapter 1548: Not Yet

As one might expect, though cultivators were far better at retaining information than mortals, it still wasn't possible to ingrain military tactics into their minds in such a short time. As such, Madeleine kept it simple.

After rearranging the disciples by pavilion, she formed them up into squads of five. These squads contained two layered vine disciples, one life blooming disciple, one falling petal disciple and one rooted depths disciple.

The primary focus of Madeleine was defense and healing. As such, she ensured every squad of 5 had two defensive specialists and one healing specialist. The falling petal disciple then handled ranged combat, while the rooted depths disciple was the main berserker and fire power.

These squads were then arranged as follows. The two layered vine defensive specialists would take the vanguard and the life blooming healer would be paired with the ranged falling petal disciple in the squad's backline. Finally, the rooted depths disciple would have the most freedom, relying on the support of the layered vine disciples to supplement their attack power.

Madeleine only had three rules for them. The first was that no disciple could advance more than 50 meters ahead of her position in the air. Secondly, any deserters would be personally killed by Madeleine and her squad. And thirdly, should one of your squad members fall, immediately retreat to the backline and wait for further orders.

The Golden Crow Sect had never seen such a thing in their lives. They had been fully prepared to crush the Flaming Lily Sect with their sheer numbers, but they suddenly realized that they couldn't find individual fights like they were used to.

By the time the leaders of the sect realized that something fishy was going on, many Golden Crow Sect disciples had fallen. Or, rather, many traitors of the Flaming Lily Sect had fallen. What other kind of

treatment could these women expect to receive? It was no surprise they were thrust forward as canon fodder.

In the beginning, they were sneering, believing their former fellow disciples to be foolish to fight for such an unworthy cause. But, in the next instant, the screams and bloody gore of the battlefield infiltrated their lives, reaping them one after another before they could realize what happened.

"What's happening?!" Alax roared. "Aren't we pincering them from three sides?!"

Neither Alax nor his fellow disciple sister could understand what was happening. Madeleine left from the eastern gate of the city, causing the Golden Crow Sect disciples to swarm. From once surrounding the city, many of them left their posts to surround the large east gate.

"Why is my qi gathering so slow!" A disciple's last words roared out in frustration as she fell to the flame arrow of a falling petal pavilion disciple.

In the skies, Madeleine wasn't in the mood to smile. Wisps of golden fog seemed to waft from her time to time, giving her an otherworldly feel.

Something snapped just a few days ago. When she entered that state of being able to manipulate all energies, it seemed that her base form also gained a massive upgrade. Her ability to supplement her strength with atmospheric qi skyrocketed to levels that made her shiver. Who said that Goddess' Disposition was purely an auxiliary constitution?

One's meridian talent was directly proportional to the area of atmospheric qi you could call upon. That said, there were many other things that could supplement this as well. For example, Dyon's divine sense, due to being perfectly fused with his Presence, could theoretically force 500 000km of atmospheric qi to bend to his whims. The issue was that even with deity grade meridians, he wouldn't be able to control that much qi so he never did it.

However, Madeleine was different. Though her Presence wasn't fused into every aspect of her being, her ability to control qi, even with meridians that weren't as good as Dyon's, far surpassed him due to her constitution!

A genius celestial might be able to call upon and perfectly control a 10 meter radius of atmospheric qi. True Gods were a bit better than this, but not as much as you might expect. Not more than 20 meters.

But... Madeleine felt that she had more than 100 meters at her beck and call, even 200 wasn't impossible if she took her time. Maybe the most shocking part was that she seemed to have priority over this qi.

With Madeleine standing in the skies above the front line, she could stifle the qi of their enemies while supplementing her allies, making their call for atmospheric qi far easier.

This had an eerie resemblance to something Dyon had experienced once before. Back during his second trial, Dyon created a formation relying on the Energy Core and the Angel Clan's spiritual vein to tap into and use dao abyssal cores to defeat his enemies. Initially, he expected it to be a massive strain on his mind, but at that moment, Luna suddenly appeared and made it as easy as drinking water.

A similar event was playing out here, unbeknownst to Madeleine. And what scared her the most wasn't the ability itself... It was how easy it was to execute!

"Do you think it's time yet, big sister?" Lyla asked, watching as Yandevere incinerated every disciple that attempted to capture her and Madeleine.

"Not yet." Madeleine said faintly. "Once we can't claim anymore lives with our tactic advantage, that's when we'll activate the formation and shoot them down from the skies."

The battle raged on, violence echoing and blood spilling.

By now, the news of what was happening on the middle tier was no longer capable of being hidden. The news of failure to teleport to Middle Lily City had been curious to some in the beginning, but it soon became a massive question mark.

One had to remember that Violet Bloom Pavilion was a very popular entertainment center. When teleportation to the city was cut off, Sabona wasn't the only one who noticed.

Chapter 1549: BANG!

This was when large movements started to catch the attention of those in the surroundings. Due to Madeleine's movement, the encirclement of Middle Lily City collapsed, leaving the west, north and south of the city completely free of scouts after they had all converged on the east.

At the same time, others realized that teleportation to Middle Lily City wasn't the only teleportation that was restricted, every Golden Crow City seemed to be cut off as well!

Initially, Aritzia had been prepared for something like this to happen. After all, one of the hardest things to do was keep a secret, especially when so many pieces were involved. However, she took advantage of the fact the movement of information was strictly controlled by the SNN. Even if a few stragglers pieced some information together, just how long did it used to take for information to spread organically through the martial world before the Sapientia came along?

However, how could Aritzia know that pissing off Dyon's wives wasn't a good move?

The implementation of the third phase took the martial world by storm. Numerous restrictions that had been put in place suddenly vanished without warning.

At first, only Clans and Sects vetted and accepted by the Sapientia could pay a hefty price, plus a monthly fee, to establish a "forum". On this forum, they would be able to do a myriad of things from posting about their accomplishments to boost their Faith, to posting up missions and calls for help.

This forum purchasing ability only extended past this level to a minor extent to allow well established businesses to take part in it as well. However, gaining a forum of your own was too expensive and too difficult. Up to this date, the total forums didn't surpass 100. Considering the trillions of individuals in the martial world, this number was too pitiful.

The third phase blew this out of the water. Restrictions on those who could create forums were completely lifted. In exchange for single payment, anyone could create a forum of their own. It could be used for even something as simple as quickly communicating with your companions over large distances. This use alone blew up the popularity of the Sapientia Network.

The lack of regulations and the steep drop in price excited members of the martial world. Even large clans who hadn't participated in the past raised an eyebrow. This sort of use would definitely be worth it, especially after they learned of the second change to the SN: encryption!

Clans were now allowed to make changes to their own towers, communications and the code of their forums to encrypt information they only want their allies understanding. Before, the Sapientia had barred any changes to the system at all, which resulted in many never taking the network as a serious alternative to their previous means. But now these individuals were changing their minds.

Though the single time fee would increase to a monthly fee that grew proportionally to the number of individuals using a forum, no one blinked an eye at this. The intrigue of the Sapientia Network only grew.

The next change was an absolute bombshell. It was the release of the soul contract signed by Clara and the Sapientia!

According to its fine print, signed off by both parties, the Sapientia weren't allowed to act to harm Clara or her interests. If this occurred, Clara would be allowed to make one unilateral change to the Sapientia Network. Depending on the degree of profit increase this one change garnered, the shareholding percentages of the Sapientia Network would shift. Should it shift enough, even changing the name of the Network was allowed!

Clara implemented a change known as Open Phase! This Open Phase fundamentally changed the structure of Sapientia Network, thus practically making the contract null and void.

Why would the Sapientia agree to this clause, yet Aritzia act the way she did? It was simple. Aritzia, with all her intuition, had no idea that Clara and Dyon/Jaws were husband and wife! As a result, Dyon fell under the "interests" clause of the contract, thus shattering the Sapientia Network to form the Mortal Network!

This wasn't all either. Aritzia, due to not being a key wielder, couldn't have her actions represent the Sapientia Clan. Theoretically, no matter what she did, it wouldn't breach the contract. So, just how was the contract breached?!

One might ask at this point that wouldn't capturing Clara have been harming her interests anyway? And the answer to that would be no. If Clara had her own protections, how could the Sapientia not have

their own as well? The Sapientia were well within their rights to "call" Clara in for a meeting. One had to remember that it was Clara who attacked first and not them!

According to the contract, since Clara attacked first, the Sapientia were allowed to respond in kind. This was why Aritzia felt that she was in the clear to send in whomever she pleased. What she didn't know was that the moment she made an enemy out of Dyon, the Sapientia Network had already slipped through her fingers. The only reason she hadn't felt a change was because Clara had yet to implement Open Phase.

Not only had the Sapientia Network become completely open to the public, its name had become the Mortal Network and the change was so large that 95% of the shares were now under Clara's control.

This remaining 5% was the only leeway the Sapientia had left for themselves. This was the stake they actually deserved for building the infrastructure of Sapientia Network, now Mortal Network.

The world was absolutely shocked, but even more were happy. Many Clan and Sect Heads who knew the dirty dealings of the Sapientia erupted into laughter, filling their planets with a jovial, hearty happiness.

With phase three in effect, the Open Phase, not only would the profits of MN skyrocket, 95% of it would be owned by the Sacharro Clan!

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BANG!

The desk within Aritzia's office shattered, sending jades and stacks of paper flying, even Sapientia Tower itself shook to its very core.

Chapter 1550: Virtual Stones

The once happy smile on her face was nowhere to be seen. Though it wasn't the shaking rage one might expect, it wasn't pretty either. This was the first time in her life she had eaten such a loss.

Intuition was an amazing thing, and Aritzia's was almost perfect. She was nearly certain that Dyon and Jaws were the same individual. However, she hadn't made the final leap to comprehend just what the relationship between Dyon and Clara was. Maybe because she was too eager to get back at Jaws...

In the end, Dyon's description of his relationship with Clara had worked out. Aritzia spent weeks pouring through all of the information she could find about Clara, but she couldn't find any solid connection between her and Dyon. Other than that event that took place in Sapientia Corner, there was nothing else. And even that wasn't very solid. In fact, the only sightings of Clara were her using teleportation formations, but due to the tower's rules, it was impossible to track her destination.

The worst part about all of this was that she hadn't even confirmed whether Dyon and Jaws were the same individual. This was because she had made a move on Dark Ocean and Madeleine at almost the same time. Because Clara needed time to implement the Open Phase, the attack on Madeleine had started by the time she finished. So, Aritzia had no way of knowing which event broke the contract.

'No. The clause in the contract protects me. According to the language, my instigating BPA to attack Dark Ocean isn't a direct action and thus can't be linked back to my Sapientia Clan. Also, I'm an individual who cannot represent the Sapientia Clan. This is the benefit of me not being a key wielder. If just any Sapientia slighting Clara would break the contract, we would never have signed. This means what broke this contract was my elder brother capturing Virvor! Since Primus is our key wielder, his actions can speak for our Clan. Dammit! That was my mistake! I told him not to action himself yet he actually didn't listen!'

Aritzia calmed herself, a deadpan expression taking over her delicate features. Even the Sapientia couldn't have guessed that the change Clara made would be enough to take over 95% of the Sapientia Network... No, Mortal Network.

It was truly the perfect move. If Clara had chosen to take this opportunity to wrest more control of the Network, gaining 95% would have been impossible. 40% would have been her limit. But, she ironically gave up control to gain more control. It was truly a master stroke.

The worst part of this wasn't the change in power dynamics, it was the blow to their reputation. Any smart individual knew that this change meant that the Sapientia had broken their word.

This blow wasn't from only one side either. With this Open Phase, people began to openly communicate about what was happening on the middle tier. Individuals soon realized that the Sapientia Network weren't reporting on such a large event and began to feel skeptical. Could it be they were hiding the truth of these matters from them?

If the Sapientia were hiding things from them now, how often had they done it in the past? Could they even be trusted anymore?

It was at that moment that an even more decisive blow was landed.

Madeleine, in a rage, streaked across the middle tier with her army of disciples, carving their way through the Golden Crow Sect army and making her way toward Sapientia City.

When others heard the famous wife of Dyon Sacharro swear to lay waste to Middle Sapientia City, the newly formed forums were sent into an uproar.

At that moment, the newest and probably best feature of the Open Phase was released: The Navigator. Clara and Dyon understood just how important organization was during the Open Phase, so they took their cues from a search engine famous in their mortal realm: Google. With The Navigator, individuals could search key words and be sent to the most popular forums for the topic they wanted to take part in.

Of course, there was a monetization aspect of The Navigator as well. "Key words" could be bought to prioritize their forums when these words were searched. Whoever invested the most money would gain the right to be the top link when certain words were searched. Those who paid would be on a leader for said key word with whomever paid the most being at the top.

For example, the Enigmatic Sect might want priority over the key words tied to their Sect. They'd thus pay to claim the key words "Enigmatic Sect" for themselves, so whenever it was searched, they would be the top result. This was of massive importance to a Sect and Clan's Faith. They needed to ensure that no one could misconstrue them for someone else.

If someone else wanted the key words "Enigmatic Sect" they would need to pay more than they did, or else their link would forever be below the Enigmatic Sect's. This system forced Clans, Sects, businesses,

and forums to continuously add funds to the "Leader Board" so that they couldn't be overtaken for certain key words.

Of course, there were also systems in place so that powerful Clans couldn't suppress information by buying up important news and cultivation related key words. It especially helped that 'links' couldn't be deleted, they could only be pushed down. In addition, popularity helped with the rank of a link as well, so good information would never disappear.

With the introduction of the Navigator, the suddenly daunting influx of forums became incredibly easy to manage with some proactive people cornering the market on the names of their forums so that more individuals could visit them. In this way, they'd be able to accept payment from others to advertise on their forums, thus allowing money on the new Mortal Network to flow freely.

Thanks to the Navigator, individuals who were curious about what was happening the Celestial Floors suddenly found it incredibly easy to find what they were looking for!