

## **The Nameless 1551**

### Chapter 1551: Currency

But... It seemed that Aritzia had truly pissed Clara off, because she implemented two more things immediately that were only supposed to be introduced later on. This could only be described as a declaration of war: Mortal Network Library and Virtual Stones.

Virtual Stones were a virtual currency system that was perfectly encrypted. As a result, unlike the Sapientia Bank, transactions couldn't be tracked and tied to your name.

The instant it was introduced, Sapientia Bank Accounts began to close one after another. Soon, as much as 10% had left, while others were only waiting to confirm the security of VS before likely making the move themselves. Once VS became more widespread and could be used as easily as one's Sapientia Bank Card, there would be no competition remaining. Who liked their actions constantly being watched by looming eyes? Not everyone had the depth of array alchemy needed to escape the eyes of the Sapientia.

Plus, if the description was as fanciful as it sounded, it was too convenient. If one bought the new Mortal Devices Clara promised to introduce in just 1 year, it would be possible to have your device directly absorb the energy of your energy stones and add to your VS total. You wouldn't even have to go to Sapientia Quadrant like you had to before! As long as you were within the range of a Mortal Tower, you could freely add and take from your funds!

However, while this was a blow, the next was completely gut wrenching for the Sapientia and likely one that would shake their ancestors awake. The Mortal Library!

What gave the Sapientia so much power in the tower quadrants was their control over information. However, the Mortal Library shook this foundation to its core.

With the Mortal Library, one could register under one of two titles: Reader and Writer.

Readers were exactly what they seemed like. They could freely browse books for a fee, or even for free if it was denoted as low-ranking information, or 'common' knowledge.

Writers were different. They had a ranking system of their own from the lowest 1st rank to the 9th, and the above Star Rankings. This was irrelevant to cultivation and purely decided on the level of knowledge one could provide. Though, those with higher cultivation usually had more to give.

As a writer, you could exchange information for free reads. But, your best privilege was selling your information for a profit. If you wrote just one well received book, you could live the rest of your life in leisure as readers continuously rented a virtual version to read.

For a martial world who was so used to almost every book being authored by a Sapiencia, this was an absolutely jarring change, and one that made those laughing in the upper echelons frown. It wasn't that they didn't side with Clara on this move. They too didn't like the overbearing nature of the Sapiencia. But, there was an understanding between these upper echelon members... One shouldn't push an individual too far into a corner, or else it could result in a severe backlash.

However, it seemed like Clara was dead set on making the Sapiencia her mortal enemy. She would force them to the point where they had nowhere to turn! Then, they'd be forced to show the world their true face! This was the price for enraging a Sacharro woman.

As though to confirm this, another bomb shell announcement was made.

Within a year, the Celestial Corners and territories on the Saint and Celestial floors would begin to sell pills. No longer would they hold back and not take the market share of the Sapiencia. Since the Sapiencia were inferior, they would be shown as such to the rest of the world!

When the elders of various clans began to read the descriptions of various pills, they felt their heads were spinning. Could pills really be created to this level? No, these weren't pills, they were heavenly treasures!

80% pure condensing pills? Soul refinement type pills? Constitution cleansing and awakening pills? This was too much!

According to this, even Meridian Nurturing Pills of 80% purity weren't impossible either if you were willing to pay a price! This was too much!

Wait a minute, this wasn't the most important part... Didn't this prove that Clara and Dyon were connected in some way? Or was it that Clara was relying on Dyon to deal a blow to the Sapientia for daring to cross her?

Too many upheavals were taking place at once. So many that even when Clara announced that the only rules of the Mortal Network was that no one could replicate Virtual Stones, The Navigator, or the Mortal Library, many simply waved their hands. So what? We accept your regulations with wide smiles! This Mortal Network... It would lead their tower quadrants into a new era, the era of information!

It didn't need to be said that Dyon, who already now had more money than he knew what to do with, had suddenly been washed over with even more wealth. Now, his annual earnings wouldn't lose out to the first ranked Star Clan even one bit. In fact, it was even a bit more!

However, Dyon didn't do this for money. As a man of the mortal realm, he understood just how valuable information was to a prospering society. While he was technically strengthening enemies he would have to subdue in the future, he found it to be worth it. The end of the Mortal Plane was approaching and he knew that his strength alone would be enough. Even if it meant a harder path ahead, he needed everyone to grow stronger!

Of course, stomping down on the faces of the Sapientia was a nice added bonus.

There was no doubt that they'd react violently. But, Clara and Dyon didn't care. The Sapientia had already made enemies of the wrong family!

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On the middle tier, Madeleine's rage was still shaking the skies. Flaming Lily Sect disciples hovered in the air as they rained down fire upon their flightless enemies.

## Chapter 1552: Sacharro Woman

In just a few days, the armies they faced had been slowly but surely crushed. They didn't even realize that they were being steadily pushed back toward Middle Sapientia City.

When Madeleine saw the tall standing city in the distance, a sharpness glowed in her violet eyes, a hidden golden deep within their depths flickering with rage.

One Sacharro woman had already shown her strength, it was time for another to.

The Flaming Lily Sect army sliced through. The support given by Madeleine and Lyla, not to mention the overwhelming strength of Yandevere, Damaris and Zaire, and of course the timely slew of insults that flew from Sabona, made what should have been a mediocre force unstoppable.

The Golden Crow Sect had much of their atmospheric qi control wrested away by Madeleine. At the same time, Lyla's control of the sealing formation's formation core gave them a perpetual elevation advantage. The combination of these two factors gave Yandevere, Damaris and Zaire free reign to wreak havoc among their army.

Dyon's punishment of Damaris seemed to have forced her into shedding into a new layer. Without her cultivation, for two years, she could only focus on tempering her mind. For a normal dragon, this might not have been a big deal. But, one must remember that the Crystal Dragon Clan were among the very few species who could naturally replenish their mental energies without resting.

Drathals' Golden Dragon Clan was known for their overpowering Dragon Souls. Rahl's Light Qilin Clan was known for the oppressive speed and potent attack power. Kere's Elemental Qilin Clan was known for their control over the elements. However, Damaris' Crystal Dragon Clan was known for their calm and mental fortitude.

For those who knew Giralda, they would nod at this explanation and whole heartedly accept it. Giralda was a woman who went through untold horrors, yet she was never shaken. It seemed as though she had never gone through any trauma at all. In fact, her son, Little Ryu, seemed to take after his mother's calm.

However, if one saw Damaris, they would think it was the world's greatest joke. Calm? Damaris? These two words didn't seem to belong in the same sentence. Damaris was crude, impatient, and quick to anger. Despite her talent, she could never tap into the true strength of her Clan.

These two years taught her patience. Though she was still the same firecracker, there was a level of refinement that hadn't been there before.

A mighty roar shook the skies as Damaris' body morphed.

The crystal dragon's form was truly too mesmerizing. They took the shape of the quintessential western dragon. Four sturdy limbs, two enormous wings, and a tail filled to the brim with power. However, what caught the attention of all those lucky enough to see a crystal dragon's true form was the gem-like appearance of their body.

Damaris looked as though she was carved of the purest diamond in existence, then made to sit in a room of reflective soft pink, blue and lavender light. Her scales were absolutely without blemish, and the sunlight that bounced from its surface blinded all those around.

She stretched more than a hundred meters and a single flap of her wings tore the landscape below apart, creating peaks and ravines with a single breath.

In that moment, Damaris breathed in.

Alax's face completely changed. "RUN! RETREAT!"

No matter how much he screamed, did it truly matter? They were in the thick of a silver danger zone. It was a mossy area filled with sludgy mud and dirty waters, not to mention a thin fog that made it difficult to control one's senses. It was known as Lost Marsh. Its danger was hidden in the water beneath their feet and was used to refine and sharpen one's perception since the fog could dull divine sense.

Trying to run in such a place, especially when you couldn't fly... Wasn't that asking for death?

Madeleine realized Damaris' action, she let go of her control of the atmospheric qi.

This was the shocking ability of the crystal dragons. When their minds were calm, their bodies could become one with nature, allowing them to tap into the ability that made them one of the few King God Clans of the Drago-Qilin Lands: Nature's Breath.

Unlike Madeleine and other cultivators who could only call upon wills and qi they had comprehended, crystal dragons didn't have this limiter. They could call upon Gama qi itself and use it to strike with an attack that sent fear down the spines of even Dragon Overlords.

Swirls of qi raced toward Damaris and seemed to soak into her beautiful scales, making her already gorgeous bestial body shimmer all the more so.

Damaris' reptilian eyes, swirling with a rainbow of colors, vibrated with excitement. She had finally done it.

Her elder sister Giralda was an unprecedented genius of their Agios Clan. In just the Saint Realm, she had already completed her first Nature's Breath. Compared to her, Damaris was sorely lacking, taking until her recent breakthrough into the Higher Celestial Realm to accomplish this same feat. But, she couldn't have been more happy. She finally understood what it meant to be a crystal dragon!

'Come! Have a taste of the might of my Agios Clan! [Nature's Breath]!'

A canon of blazing light erupted from Damaris' lips.

The already chaotic battlefield became a reflection of hell. Or, maybe something even worse than that. Under Damaris' power, not even blood and gore remained. By the time the blinding vanished and the eyes of those who remained adjusted, all that was left was a scorching piece of land, obliterated beyond recognition. Tens of thousands of disciples died, just like that.

Zaire's laughter was the first thing to overtake the silent battlefield.

"I won't let the Agios Clan have all the credit today. There'll come a time when my Demon Qilin Clan will rise above it all!"

The already shaken remains of the Golden Crow Sect trembled as a mighty Qilin appeared in the skies with branching, black as night antlers blocking out the skies.

An ominous aura descended upon the battlefield.

## Chapter 1553: Annihilation

Zaire's form was a different kind of beauty, a more sinister, deadly type. The fusion of his mother and father's bloodlines had created a creature that stood above all else. Sometimes, Esmeralda even believed her son had surpassed the so-called supreme grade ranking to become something entirely different.

He had the tall, majestic antlers of his father, as well as the powerful, black furred paws instead of his mother's hooves. But, he did have tufts of spiraling white fur from his mother.

His coat alternated between beautiful, lustrous black and white fur, interrupted by dark scales of black that exuded a demonic aura.

Though Zaire's cultivation was far lower than Damaris', middling around the lower celestial realm, this wasn't because he was slow. Firstly, Damaris was far older than Zaire. Secondly, anyone who called an individual with such high quality celestial blood a slow cultivator was a fool.

The more intriguing part about Zaire's cultivation was that although he had never beaten Damaris in battle, that didn't mean he was completely incapable of doing so. While the abilities of the celestial were rooted in purity, the abilities of the Demon Qilin were the exact opposite.

Humans used Demonic Will to strengthen their Presence and bodies, however beasts had no need to use it for such a thing, especially not dragons who had Dragon Souls instead of Presence.

The demonic path of the Demon Qilin Clan was a completely different animal entirely.

Many years ago, when Dyon was still fighting his battle against The Cathedral, he accidentally tapped in his Demon Qilin humanoid manifestation, created by using the Florence Clan's technique to catalyze his Martial Uncle's blood essence. Back then, he learned of a very special Dao Heart of the Demon Qilin Clan, known as the Demon Heart!

The Demon Heart allowed one to burn their blood essence without severe penalty. While others might lose cultivation levels, or talent, Demon Qilins would only be fatigued for a short period of time. However, this was only one aspect of the Demon Heart. Its most often used ability was that of emotion.

Emotions were an odd part of cultivation. Most often, clearing one's mind and remaining calm even in the face of strong emotions made one more powerful. However, the Demon Qilin Clan took the exact opposite approach. The heart they cultivated was fueled by rage and destruction! The more they desired murder and blood, the stronger they grew! This was the secret of the Demon Qilin Clan.

However, Dyon learned something else after his stint against The Cathedral. After he lost his own dao heart and had his talk with the entity, he learned about the Nine Supreme Dao Hearts and how every other lower form Dao Heart was actually just a lesser form of one of these nine.

The Immortal Heart... The Samsara Heart... The Sovereign Heart... But the only one that matter now was the Chaotic Heart. The Demon Heart was precisely a subordinate dao heart of this Supreme Dao Heart!

Why was Zaire's cultivation so low despite his ungodly talent? Why was it so low despite the fact he never had to face tribulations as a celestial beast? It was because he spent much of time cultivating his own Supreme Dao Heart!

How could Zaire ever bring out his full strength to fight Damaris? Although they were rivals, she was still his dear friend and a person who took care of his little sister. How could he ever bring out the rage and want for murder that was necessary to stir his Chaotic Heart? How could he sharpen his will for blood and gore in the face of someone he had no intention to kill? It was impossible!

However, today, that was all he wanted to do.

He thought about how these people came to claim the life of his big sister. He thought of how his big brother was likely fighting for his life on the edge of death's cliff. He thought about how this bullshit Sapientia Clan actually believed that the Sacharro Clan was a family they could stomp upon whenever they felt like it.

The more he thought, the more a bloody, seething, black-red aura coalesced around him.



His dormant Chaotic Heart suddenly pumped.

BADDUM

The sound tore through the battlefield. It felt as though Zaire's rhythm was forcefully taking control of their own, pulling on the strings of their hearts to orchestrate his play.

It was only now Damaris understood just how much Zaire held back. His aura wasn't even aimed toward her, but she felt as though her heartbeat was quickening erratically. She felt that if she tried to reach the state of calm needed to execute [Nature's Breath] right now, she would, without a doubt, fail.

Maybe only Madeleine and Lyla could smile now. To them, this was only natural. They expected no less from Dyon's little brother!

Half-step dao arrays began appearing one after another before Zaire's lips. A beautiful crystal array, a shimmering celestial array, a dark demonic array, and finally, a blazing red fire array.

When Zaire was just weeks old, his celestial will was already at the 7th will level. If it wasn't for him, many of the Demon Generals would still be in their mutated forms. This was the level of talent Zaire had. Now, even after slowing his comprehension of other things to comprehend the Chaotic Heart, he was still leagues above all others!

'[Demon Qilin's Rage: Bloody Annihilation]!'

A beam of red light erupted from Zaire's lips, concentrating itself and passing through all four half-step daos before blasting outward in a bloody red curtain of unstoppable force.

Screams of agony and despair drowned Lost Marsh, only to be overwhelmed by the sound of shattering barriers of space.

Zaire's eyes glowed a bloody red, his rage amplifying with every life he took. Instead of getting tired, he only seemed to grow more powerful. It had been too long since he allowed his Chaotic Heart to rampage.

Madeleine was worried for a moment, but Little Lyla stopped her. "It's been too long since he released. It's not good for him if we stop him too early. Let's just let the big dope be our vanguard."

#### Chapter 1554: Burn

Madeleine smiled and allowed it. Having a True Empath for a master might be the greatest blessing one could have. They understood the needs of others too well. If Lyla said so, there definitely wasn't a mistake.

Like this, Yandevere fell back from the role of spearhead, allowing Zaire to rampage as he pleased.

As though he wasn't satisfied with mere ranged attacks, he descended from the skies, landing in the burnt marsh to erupt with more strength.

The Golden Crow Sect army had almost two dozen Pseudo Dao experts who were waiting for a proper opportunity to attack. Unfortunately, just when they thought they could, Lyla's delicate voice spread through the battlefield.

"Disperse."

The quality of pseudo dao expert here was too low. As much as the Golden Crow Sect wanted to, it was impossible for them to bring all of their forces to this battle. The celestial floors were too volatile with the quickly approaching Ancient Battlefield event coming. As a result, they couldn't displace all of the pseudo dao experts and could only send the ones they could spare.

Unfortunately for them, they could never account for an anomaly like Little Lyla. Because these pseudo dao experts were mediocre, the enigmatic qi they grasped wasn't under their full control. As a result, it didn't take much of Lyla's stamina at all to disperse it. In the end, they were forced into a battle with their former prowess as Peak Celestials.

"This can't go on like this." Alax grit his teeth. He was among the best pseudo-dao experts here, but even his enigmatic qi was scattered by Lyla, let alone that of the others.

"They seem to be pushing us back toward Sapientia City, why don't we allow them to?" Alax's companion raised an idea.

"Claire, you mean?"

"The Sapientia are under a delicate balance with the tower quadrants and have the protection of everyone. The other Clans won't stand to the side if a battle suddenly erupts in their territory. Since they're currently being the aggressors, we can take advantage of this to turn everyone against the Flaming Lily Sect and the Sacharro Clan.

"Even if they don't take the bait, that's good for us as well, because that means they'll back off and allow us to regroup."

"What good would that do?" Alax frowned. "Didn't you hear her? She wants to lay waste to the Sapientia. Even if we do this, they'll still keep attacking."

"That's likely a bluff. Who's stupid enough to make an enemy of all of the tower quadrants? There's a reason the Sapientia's spot at tenth has been protected all of this time.

"Not just this, but think about how many Clans the Sacharros have already angered. They slapped the faces of the Star and Diasho Clans just months ago. At that same time, they enraged the Emperor Giant and Hydra Clans, plus True God Titus' Fire Dragon Clan.

"Then there's the fact that even before that, True God Sacharro took all of the Enigmatic Sect's territory on the lower tiers, thoroughly falling out with them. That's already 4 top 10 quadrants that becomes 5 if we're counted, 6 if you include the Emperor Giant Clan at the 11th spot.

"If they really decide to continue attacking the Sapientia Clan, it's over for them. The Sacharro Clan won't have a place on the celestial floors anymore. We won't even need those Fiery Lotus and Flame Rebirth Sect cowards to come anymore.

"We can take advantage of the rage that's coalesced around them and push the Flaming Lily Sect out as well. Once that happens, our biggest competition in our Golden Flame Quadrant will be wiped out and our path to becoming a comet grade Clan will be clear!"

Alax's eyes shone listening to Claire's logical analysis. The arrogance of the Sacharro Clan, it would be their downfall!

"Madeleine has almost two years remaining on her territory protection. Once that time is up, even if she wins this battle and successfully retreats, there'll be nothing holding us from wiping them out. No one can survive angering so many quadrants at once!"

As for the idea that Dyon might climb up during those two years, it didn't even cross Claire's mind. She was too focused on what was "normal". Even if Dyon had the talent to climb up now, how could his Demon Generals have that talent? Without his protection on the lower tier, they'd fall victim to the same bullying they had before. As a result, Dyon would be forced to decide between coming to protect his wife and protecting his subordinates!

However, Claire and Alax could have never expected that Madeleine didn't even seem to hesitate for a moment. Within a few days, she pushed their army back again and again, relying on Damaris, Zaire and Yandevere to act as the core of their attack while the rest played supporting roles.

By the time they reached the gates of Middle Sapientia City, of the 23 pseudo dao experts that came with their army, only 6 remained. Even Claire and Alax almost lost their lives multiple times, yet Madeleine didn't look like she had fought at all... Because that was the truth! The entire time, she hadn't moved from her cross-legged position atop of Damaris' head!

BOOM!

At that moment, Zaire's roar shook Middle Sapientia City as something no one could have predicted occurred. The Sacharros had shattered the gates of the Sapientia Clan!

It was then that Primus appeared, unable to hide the confusion and surprise on his normally calm face. Had his sister's plan truly gone awry? He had been so busy dealing with the fallout of the Open Phase that he hadn't had time for anything else. By the time he realized an army was approaching him in all

seriousness, he was caught completely off guard because the Sapientia Cities had never had true guards of their own! Why would they need it when they 'knew' no one would attack them.

"What have you come here for?" Primus frowned, a deep rage taking root in his heart. "Do you understand what it means to attack my Sapientia Clan?"

Madeleine's calm, violet eyes didn't so much as flicker. "Burn it all to the ground."

Chapter 1555: Back

The Flaming Lily Sect army was hesitant. How could they not be? But, they knew there was no turning back. It was clear that for some reason or another, their usually calm and loving senior sister had suddenly had her bottom line crossed. There wasn't just a normal amount of hate in her eyes... It seemed as though it could spill over and form into a tangible being at any moment.

"Those who are not of the Sapientia Clan and would like to not be swept up in this matter, I suggest that you leave now." Madeleine's voice coldly swept over Middle Sapientia City.

'Big sister.' Lyla sent a message to Madeleine. 'This Primus character is hiding something. No, someone. His glasses seem to have the ability to partially block my senses. But, I'm certain that he's hiding a person important to us somewhere in this city, most likely the Sapientia House located in the core region of the city.'

Madeleine's eyes narrowed at these words.

An item capable of blocking the abilities of a True Empath? The only item Madeleine knew of that was capable of such a thing was Dyon's Seal. Other than that, she had never come across another... Maybe Dyon's Lightning Willow mask might be able to replicate the feat to a partial extent.

It seemed there truly was a secret behind the glasses of the Sapientia. Maybe that was why Amethyst not only burnt away Madeleine's Sapientia blood, but also went out of her way to destroy her glasses as well.

Now that Madeleine thought about it, she had a hard time remembering exactly how her glasses became hers. That sort of feeling sent a shiver down her spine that only grew her disgust.

Below, the remains of the Golden Crow Sect were holding on by a thin thread. Claire might have been correct about the fact this attack would make the Sacharro Clan enemies of many, but what she hadn't accounted for was both the willingness and the decisiveness with which Madeleine acted.

When Madeleine was introduced as a Sacharro, Dyon had long since claimed the first place of the first trial in less than two years. From then on, although Madeleine had great accomplishments for herself, they were always tied to a statement reading 'Dyon Sacharro's wife'. Whether by design or subconsciously, this made many underestimate the abilities of Madeleine herself as a result.

Maybe if Dyon had been here personally, Claire would have known that her hope to escape in the brief period of Madeleine's hesitancy would be foolhardy. But, seeing it was Madeleine alone that cornered her in this way, she couldn't help but be shocked.

Even if her Clan won in the end, even if the Sacharro Clan would be finished after this, what did it matter to her if she was dead?! She couldn't enjoy victory from the grave!

Primus' darkened features darkened all the more. "My Sapientia Clan has never angered or encroached upon the dignity of anyone else. We've remained in a state of perfect neutrality for millions of years, yet your overly ambitious Sacharro Clan is seeking to destroy that balance with your overbearingness.

"First you provoke Comet Lord Gallagher into betraying us, then you corner our prospects of profit, and now you're directly attacking our cities. The Martial World will not accept such a greedy Clan into our midst!"

Primus' words seemed to shake individuals, they subconsciously began to side with him. Not everyone was aware of the danger that lurked with the Sapientia's grip on information, many were ignorant. Humans were too quick to accept things simply by virtue of the fact "they had always been that way" instead of being willing to seek out better thing for themselves.

When Primus said these things, they didn't think about the fact that the Mortal Library would open a gateway to advancement for them all, or the fact the Mortal Network would lead the tower quadrants into a flourishing era, all they could think about was the overbearing nature of the Sacharro Clan, never mind the fact Madeleine was attacked first.

They remembered that Dyon took away Low Enigmatic City. They remembered that he took away Low Gold City. They remembered that snatched victory from the jaws of defeat, they remembered that he had taken Diasho Ken's life and activated his Life Saving Jade.

This was the way humans were. They couldn't possibly see Dyon as the underdog because he won too much! They couldn't put things into perspective because Dyon always shattered expectations!

Even if Dyon hadn't done anything, the general public would have begun to hate him. Even True God Star and Diasho had lost in their times. Even they, as lofty as they were now, had once understood when to take a step back. But, Dyon's star shone too brightly.

Since his debut, he had never once suffered a loss. And, any losses his subordinates suffered were paid back in full force, ten times over, the moment he appeared. It was too hard to cheer for him. He was no longer the hero, he was the villain!

In that moment, Madeleine finally rose from her place upon Damaris' head.

The tranquil expression on her beautiful features made those who were about to get riled up in anger calm. Even if her husband was a villain in their hearts, it was difficult to turn their hatred toward such a beauty. If anything, the fact she was so beautiful only made Dyon more of a villain.

Violet flames began to swirl, forming in a majestic bird of fire that blotted out the skies.

"The dignity of the Sacharro Clan isn't something the likes of you can trample upon."

Injuries that had accumulated deep within Madeleine's body began to heal at a rapid pace. Her body quickly reconstructed itself, blooming to a new level.

Her reincarnation and life characteristics were back!

Madeleine's body began to glow with a blinding golden light as she began to change once more.

## Chapter 1556: Impartial

Her hair became a shimmering white that wafted a golden fog, her eyes set into a similar hue, piercing through the skies. Her already white gown seemed to glow with an added purity, and her scent became intoxicating.

The reincarnation will was something only fire phoenixes and those with the Samsara Dao Heart could touch upon. It was a will so enigmatic that it bordered on untouchable.

A will that allowed one to reconstruct themselves... Even if one's talent was among the lowest dregs of the martial world, as long as you were willing to punish yourself, you'd reach an unattainable height with enough perseverance.

However, what if you were already a heavenly defying talent? What if, even without your phoenix blood, you had a god grade constitution that put you above almost all talents in existence? And, what if that god grade constitution just broke through a new layer that should have taken several hundred years to master?

Madeleine found a new use for her reincarnation will. She purposely didn't accept any healing and directly withstood almost a week of constant pain just for this very moment, the moment she could reconstruct herself.

If Madeleine had just had her constitution and nothing else, this form would only last a few seconds at most before disappearing. But, just like a well trained and reinforced muscle, Madeleine reincarnation will skyrocketed her abilities in an instant. Let alone a few seconds, Madeleine felt she could last ten minutes without incapacitating herself.

Suddenly, her control over atmospheric qi reached fear inducing levels. Even enigmatic qi responded to her call as though it had always been hers to begin with.

"My name is Madeleine Sacharro. My husband is Dyon Sacharro. Almost two weeks ago now, our Sacharro Clan became the victims of a vicious attack. Even to this day, the safety of my husband and my sister wives are unknown.



"If you choose to accept my story, I will allow you to leave. But, if you have any intention of making me or my husband your enemy, I, Madeleine Sacharro, will lay waste to you all."

Madeleine gripped at the air, a swirl of enigmatic qi rushing toward her and the bird to her back.

Her calm, white eyes scanned over the city. She didn't need to hear their words, she could feel their emotions. She saw their hesitation.

"[Peacock's Dance: First Feather]."

The majestic bird to Madeleine's back morphed. First its violet color shifted, retaining some of the original, but adding beautiful and vibrant greens and blues. Then, it stood tall, revealing the form of an unblemished and arrogant peacock that stood atop the world to look down arrogantly.

Peacock's Dance was a Legacy technique of Amethyst's. It was one that Madeline had used many times before, but she had never been able to grasp its true quintessence. Madeleine simply wasn't an arrogant individual. It was difficult for her to grasp the essence of such a bold beast.

But, today was different. She was enraged. So much so that she looked down on those below her as insects that dared to encroach upon the happiness her and her husband were trying to build for themselves.

Did they even know how hard Dyon was working everyday to save them? Did they even know that Dyon had already faced an enemy that threatened to take all their lives? Did they even understand the vice grip the Sapientia had on their lives?

She had seen it all. The work Dyon put in, the punishment he ravaged his body with, the toll he took on his mind.

Yet, these people wanted to see him as a villain? As an unreasonable person who acted as he pleased? Did they not see how much he cared? How much he protected them all?

"This..." Primus paled. This wasn't the power of a celestial. This wasn't even the power of a pseudo-dao expert. This was the power of a dao expert! "Impossible!"

Even as the words left his lips, nine shimmering and gorgeous peacock feathers materialized into the skies. Without another drop of hesitation, one of them shot forward, piercing through the Golden Crow Sect armies below.

Damaris and Zaire's attacks had seemed devastating before, but it was nothing in comparison to this.

Every sweep of the feather took thousands of lives, yet it seemed to have no end in sight.

"[Second Feather]."

Madeleine, who hated killing to her core, had been pushed to the edge. The worry she had tempered in her heart for so long had blown over into a seething rage that seemed to rival even Zaire's Chaotic Heart.

There was no level of resistance. Lyla didn't even have to lift a finger as Alax and Claire lost their lives. Their last thoughts were of regret... Just why had they provoked the Sacharro Clan? Why had they allowed their informer to manipulate them to death?

"[Third Feather]."

Madeleine was a one woman army. The devastation of a dao expert was unimaginable on a tier of celestials. On these celestial floors... Madeleine was near undefeatable!

An army that had taken them days to push this far... An army the Flaming Lily disciples had lost more than 100 000 sisters to... Wiped out in just a few minutes...

This was the power of First Empress Sacharro!

Madeleine's hand stretched outward. Primus had never had the chance to run. He had wanted to do so long ago, but Madeleine's qi control was beyond his imagining. Even qi within his body didn't seem to be his anymore.

Lyla could only control and take away qi individuals had weak control over, which was why she could disperse the enigmatic qi of weak pseudo dao experts, but couldn't disperse their celestial qi. Yet, Madeleine was on another level entirely. It didn't seem to matter how much control Primus had, his qi belonged to Madeleine!

As though answering the call of her outstretched hand, Primus' neck flew into Madeleine small hands.

"Administrator!" Primus cried at the top of his lungs. "I thought you were impartial! How could allow a dao expert to stay on the celestial floors!"

#### Chapter 1557: Rock Bottom

Primus' outcry seemed to remind people of how friendly Abraxus was to Lady Sacharro just a few weeks ago. Could it be the Sacharros were really undefeatable in the tower? If the administrator could do as he pleased and work on his biases freely, how could they ever think of revenge?

Abraxus sighed. People normally ignored him, yet he was called out twice now in less than half a year. His peaceful nature didn't like this one bit.

"The limitations on floors have always been age, not cultivation. Just because you call it the celestial floors, doesn't mean it's only meant for celestials.

"And, even if you were correct in believing that the celestial floors were only for celestials, Empress Sacharro is still a Higher Celestial, she just has abilities that surpass your understanding."

That was right. The age limit of the saint floor was 1000 years old. The age limit of the celestial floor was 5000 years old. Even rogue cultivators would be kicked out when that day came.

If this wasn't the case, how could celestial take their celestial door trial? They wouldn't even be allowed onto the saint floor!

Let alone 5000 years old, Madeleine wasn't even 100 years old. Even if she displayed this power on the saint floors, there would be no issue.

Abraxus would normally be too lazy to explain this at all, but the fact he did actually revealed his bias toward the Sacharro family. He didn't want Dyon and Madeleine to be troubled by underhanded schemes when he really was bound from favoring them. If others worked under the assumption they had inherent advantages when they actually didn't, it would be a problem.

Dyon's manipulation of the fog was a compensation the tower gave him for one of their trial administrators going rogue and bending the rules to abuse him. This was the only reason Dyon was ranked 11th in his 4th trial and not 1st like in all the others.

After fulfilling his task in making up for that error, Abraxus could no longer bend the rules for Dyon. He was bound to work within the rules of the tower just like the Dragon King was bound by the laws of weapon spirits.

Abraxus' words caught Primus completely off guard. He was right.

Abraxus snorted, though he had already cut off the connection so no one heard it. Who asked the kid to go and piss off a woman? Didn't he warn them about this very thing just a few weeks ago? Kids have terrible memories nowadays.

'Though, it is quite impressive that she's reached such a level with Goddess' Disposition already. Has her reincarnation will speed up her progress?...

Abraxus was most definitely correct. Madeleine's current constitution realm was the equivalent of Dyon reaching the Silver Silk Stage in his constitution. For reference, Dyon was currently in the Bronze Silk Stage and had to reach 1 000 000 000 jin in order to master it. But, Dyon's max weight was only 201 000 000 jin right now. He had a long way to go, not to mention many levels beyond that.

Madeleine was able to use her reincarnation will as a direct short cut, giving her the ability to freely grasp many of her abilities and even output power capable to a lower dao expert for several minutes.

All this time, she had been waiting for reincarnation characteristic to her. But, the main reason her reincarnation will was powerful enough to accomplish this feat was because of her dual cultivation with Dyon!

Madeleine ripped Primus' glasses from his face, tossing it upward and into the flames of violet that formed the bird to her back and destroying it in earnest.

"A key wielder with neither protective treasures nor a Life Saving Jade?" Madeleine's voice was neutral, but to Primus, it seemed like taunt. All his life, he had been inferior to his little sister, and though he loved her, it didn't sit perfectly with him. Hearing these words come from someone else stabbed him to his core.

Madeleine's palm slammed against Primus' forehead, both knocking him out cold and sending endless sealing energies into his body before she toss him to Zaire who caught him with his mouth. Even without knowledge of sealing, all energies bowed to Madeleine in this form!

In the next instant, she waved her hand once more. The towering building that had once stood tall at the core of Middle Sapientia City was crushed into a rain of fine dust.

Everyone within it was shocked beyond belief quickly activating their energies to slow their falls, but those on the outside were even more shocked, because below, endless rows of dark, barred cells were revealed. What level of qi control did such a feat need?...

'Big sister, he should be in there.' Lyla pointed Madeleine toward a larger, solitary confinement cell in the far corner.

Madeleine closed her grip. She frowned when she realized that she could hardly budge the cage even in this state. The more power she applied, the more shocked she grew. In the end, even her full strength wasn't enough. They were forced to rummage through Primus' things to find a key before the cage could finally be opened.

It was safe to say that this was a day when the image of the Sapientia hit rock bottom.

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Virvor was in terrible shape. It seemed that something had pissed off Primus enough within the last few days that resulted in his torture spiking upward.

He couldn't even feel or see his hands or feet enough to understand just how many fingers and toes he had lost. When it came to his skin, it was a bloody, sticky mess of thick crimson liquid that flaked uncomfortably when it dried.

Maybe the worst part wasn't even the physical torture. In fact, he almost looked forward to that time of day...

The cage he was held in let not a single wisp of sound in, nor did it allow any light in. He couldn't see even an inch in front of himself, and all he could hear was the slow beating of his heart.

That steady beating almost taunted him, as though it was asking him why he was still alive.

#### Chapter 1558: Still a Sapientia

It was then he heard creaking. He was confused at first. After so long of hearing nothing but his own heart, could it be that it was finally giving out on him? Why did the sound of his heart giving up sound so much like whining metal?

Soon, a beam of light cut through the darkness, blinding Virvor. It was so jarring that his irises felt a stinging pain overwhelm them.

Even when Primus came to torture him, he hadn't seen the light. But, somehow, the ceiling above him had disappeared. No... The entire building was gone. The sun... He could see the sun.

Maybe it was only now that Virvor understood that the cage he had been kept in was made of some odd material. A few weeks of torture shouldn't have been enough to shake the mind of a celestial. Even Matriarch Niveus who Dyon had been torturing for more than a hundred years had yet to fully lose her mind yet.

When his eyes finally stopped pulsing in pain, he saw the image of a goddess. Flowing white hair that shimmered with gold, and piercing eyes that made him feel as though he had lost all the bones in his body. He suddenly realized that the blinding light wasn't the sun at all, but rather, this woman instead.

He racked his brain. He felt like he should recognize this person.

"Virvor? My husband has mentioned you before." Madeleine smiled lightly. "You've been through a lot..."

Madeleine sighed, releasing Virvor from his chains.

Zaire rushed forward to help him up. Virvor had tried to do so himself, but he ended up almost falling over himself. Zaire practiced [Inner World: Sanctuary] as well, so did Little Lyla, so in all likelihood, he had put Primus within his inner world.

Looking at the rows of cells, Madeleine frowned. Just who did they keep here and why were the Sapientia so bold as to do something like this?

But, in the next moment, she understood. If the Sapientia kept something like this on their planet, it would have been exposed long ago. Just how many powerful individuals frequented Planet Sapientia? Too many to count...

These cages might be enough to keep Madeleine's divine sense out, but could it keep Dyon's out? That was highly unlikely. Dyon's divine sense was a completely different level and there were very few things capable of blocking a dao expert's senses. And, those materials that could, definitely wouldn't be found in large enough quantity to forge so many cells.

The Sapientia likely used the celestial floors, maybe even the saint floors, in order to store these individuals as a result of this. But, that made these matters more curious.

'Just how many more of these individuals are there? It can't be that every Sapiencia City has these, right?'

"Lyla?" Madeleine turned to Little Lyla. This was the convenience of having a True Empath. Sometimes, you didn't have to guess your way through things.

"From Primus' memories, this is the only prison they have." Lyla replied surprisingly. "They wanted to minimize the risk by having a small number of them. Those who that weren't worth keeping were directly killed, and those that were, were held here in order to squeeze them dry of their knowledge.

"The reason they chose the seemingly random middle tier is because Primus has only climbed to the middle tier. The special privileges he has as a key wielder makes it more convenient to hide the secret. He could have climbed higher long ago, but never did. While on the outside that made it easier to keep the Sapiencia's outward appearance of being uninterested in power, in reality, it's because it's inconvenient to move the prison in secret."

"This... What are they keeping these people for?"

Lyla frowned. "They're researchers and leaders of their various fields that refused to enter under the banner of the Sapiencia Clan. Those that were less useful were killed along with their Clans while those that were worth the effort of maintaining were kidnapped after everyone they had connections with were murdered."

Madeleine grit her teeth.

"Big sister, we have to go, quickly. If we stay here, not only will we be in danger, but the Flaming Lily Disciples will definitely all be killed."

Hearing the sudden urgency in Lyla's voice, Madeleine immediately understood something.

Primus was more intelligent than she gave him credit for. He had thrown a big tantrum about the fact dao experts couldn't appear on the celestial floors when he knew well that they could. He had said those words to make Madeleine lower her guard.



How could the Sapiientia leave something like this unprotected? Not only were they in danger, even the unaffiliated spectators were! They Sapiientia would definitely move with the thought of killing everyone here!

Madeleine's mental flexibility was still that of a Sapiientia. Although her Sapiientia blood had been uprooted and removed, her Sapiientia blood essence still remained. If Amethyst had burned that away, Madeleine wouldn't be here to stand and speak to Lyla today.

However, this was fine. It was impossible to check an individual's blood essence without their consent the same way it was impossible to take a beast's blood essence even after they had died. Even treasures of the 33 heavens could not do this, though nothing is certain in the martial world.

This aside, Madeleine understood many things at once. The reason they allowed Primus to take control of this area despite the fact he was incompetent? It was precisely because of his abilities as a key wielder. Thanks to them, he could restrict who could and couldn't use the teleportation formations of his territory. Before he had come to the city gates to confront Madeleine, he had definitely barred the use of the teleportation formations.

Unfortunately, though Madeleine could control sealing energy, it was incredibly crude. Firstly because her soul wasn't anywhere near as talented or powerful as Dyon's, and secondly because she didn't have a treasure like The Seal to make the process easy. As a result, while she could lock Primus' cultivation and consciousness, she could not treat him like a slave that was hers to command.

#### Chapter 1559: Defeated

This left them with a massive problem. In just a few moments, the Sapiientia would likely decide it was worth the risk of exposing themselves to send in a task force to clean up this mess. This meant that an army the likes of which Madeleine had no chance against would definitely making its way here, likely led by dao experts.

It took Madeleine days to make it here while fighting a battle, so it should only take a few hours, at most, to make it back to Middle Lily City on foot. If they made it back, even if dao experts came, they could do nothing to them.

However, would it take dao experts hours to make it here? Definitely not! This was especially so considering Primus definitely didn't bar their use of the teleportation formations.

To make matters worse, destroying the teleportation formations was impossible. They were the property of the tower and were therefore protected under its rules.

Suddenly, the solution hit Madeleine like a ton of bricks.

"Zaire, Lyla!"

"Two steps ahead of you, big sister." Lyla smiled brightly.

It only took a moment. Middle Sapientia City, or what used to be Middle Sapientia City, flashed with a calm halo of light. In that instant, it was no longer Sapientia Territory, it was now Lyla's territory!

"Everybody enter the city!" Madeleine's voice carried over.

Madeleine was almost kicking herself for worrying. After all, didn't Zaire and Lyla just complete their middle tier trial? Not only did they complete it, they passed to the level only True Gods could.

Unfortunately, their rewards weren't as grand as Madeleine's two year protection. This could only be expected considering they hadn't had the chance to take a Martial Saint Pill yet. However, this didn't matter. They were still given 6 months each.

"Zaire." Madeleine called to her little brother.

"Yes?" Zaire propped up Virvor who seemed to have fallen unconscious. The moment the tension he had been under broke, a wave of mental fatigue had taken him over.

"It's a shame we had to use Little Lyla's reward in this way, but it can't be helped. As things stand now, we have 6 months of protection here and about 1 year and 6-7 months remaining in Middle Lily City.

"Help prepare everyone for teleportation back to Middle Lily City. Soon, I'll lose consciousness, so I can only rely on you two.

"If worse comes to worst and I don't awaken for a long while, be sure to use your reward on Middle Lily City. That will extend the time we have to just over two years."

"And then?..." Zaire asked expectantly.

Madeleine smiled. "Dyon has never lost and I don't expect him to start now."

Zaire's and Lyla's eyes flamed with passion.

When Damaris saw this, her reaction was nothing like it had been before. When she first heard of Dyon, she had felt a hidden defiance within herself and a will to knock him down a peg. But, after so long on Soul Rending Peak and watching the Mortal Alliance grow to what would one day be the Mortal Empire... She felt that she too understood that passion in their eyes.

It was an undying belief that as long as there was even the small path to victory remaining, even if no one else could, he was the man who could grasp it.

There was a very simple reason Madeleine chose to stay here instead of escaping to Soul Quadrant: her fellow disciples.

While she could leave whenever she wanted, the women who had fought by her side couldn't do so. She refused to leave them like this... It was her responsibility as the one who led them into battle to see this through to the end.

Unfortunately, the only person capable of giving them permission to enter Soul Quadrant was Dyon and even Madeleine didn't know where he was now...

She could only believe.

As her power faded and Damaris caught her just before she fell, she had a faint smile on her face, one that said she didn't doubt what the result would be for even a moment. When next she awoke, the Sapientia would be defeated.

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Not far from Middle Sapientia City, a young man was uproariously laughing. In fact, he was laughing so hard that his torso spasmed and tears fell from his eyes. One would think he was experiencing the greatest comedy to ever be created.

He was surrounded by a group of half a dozen men of various shapes and sizes, all of whom were shaking their heads at his exaggerated reaction. Aside from them, there was an army of several million to his back who had erected numerous tents.

If others saw this scene, their lips would twitch at the absurdity. Who the hell set up camp in the middle of a danger zone like this? This wasn't a campsite!

The young man had a plain appearance. Short black hair, shining black eyes, and an average facial structure. Though, he did seem incredibly meticulous. He was cleanly shaven, there wasn't a speck of dust on his purple robes, and he gave off a fresh aroma only someone who recently took a bath would emanate.

This youth was none other than Emytheus, Aritzia's marriage candidate and leader of the Brotherhood of Guardians who had been making waves on the celestial floors in recent years.

He was currently having a grand time watching the Sapientia implode from the inside out.

Suddenly, a pinging sound came from a tablet he kept in his spatial ring. Since it was within his spatial ring, no one noticed. When he realized who it was who had messaged him, his laughter grew fiercer.

[Ah, if it isn't Madame Aritzia. Don't you feel ashamed messaging this lowly Emytheus using a system created by your enemies? A bit shameless, don't you think?]

Emytheus' throat grew dry at his laughter, it really was too much. The previous Sapientia Network couldn't message people in this way, only the newly reformed Mortal Network could. Yet, Aritzia freely used it as though there was not a single hint of irony.

[It is a useful tool, no matter who made it.] Aritzia messaged back plainly. [I see you made your decision.]

## Chapter 1560: Rise

One of the six men who surrounded Emytheus rubbed his back, seeing their leader's voice grow hoarse to this extent from laughter would make anyone worry. They almost thought he had lost his mind.

[What, did you expect me to sweep in and stop their army for you? I mean, I guess I could have done that. By then your Clan's secrets would have been safe. But I'm a gentleman, how could I sentence so many beautiful women to death at once?]

[You care about women other than me now?]

[Hoho, how arrogant little miss Aritzia. I said I would take you for my wife, but I never said you would be the only wife. Though, I will give you the position of first wife because you are the loveliest.]

[...] Aritzia didn't answer. There was nothing left to say. She had hoped that Emytheus would step in during the final moments and close off the hopes of her enemies, but she knew from the beginning that Emytheus' goals wouldn't perfectly align with hers.

Emytheus wanted to raise his stature to the point where he could snatch her away, but whether he demoted the Sapientia's position, or rose above them, it would have the same end result. As a result, why wouldn't he let the Sapientia be knocked down a peg?

[Don't hear what I'm not say.] Emytheus finally stopped laughing. [I'm not the type of individual to use the knife of another to reach my goals. It's not that I didn't act, it's that I couldn't. You aren't here so you don't know what happened, but all I can tell you is that you've severely underestimated your enemy. No one likes a woman who's too intelligent, but they dislike a woman who claims to be intelligent but allows her emotions to rule her actions even more. You're still too immature, little miss.]

[...]

Their conversation ended in this way. It definitely didn't sound like the kind of interaction a man who loved a woman should have with her, but this was Emytheus' way of forging his own Empress. Dyon clearly already had his own Queen and Emytheus didn't want to fall behind. In fact, he wouldn't rest until the day Aritzia could thoroughly crush Madeleine!

At the same time, his words held no falsehoods. What would have happened to his Brotherhood if Madeleine activated her ability against them? What a joke. They wouldn't have had any more of a chance to stop them than anyone else.

'Sacharro Clan...' Emytheus smirked. It seemed another steppingstone had made its presence known.

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~Several days earlier.

The Dark Ocean currents seemed incredibly still. In comparison to the raging waves that had ravaged it just moments ago, it was like the difference between heaven and earth.

Dyon stood with a blank expression as he caught Thirteen's lifeless body before it drifted any further.

His eyes flickered emotionlessly. Many might feel despair at this point, but that was an emotion Dyon swore he would never allow himself to feel again. This situation might seem completely hopeless, but Dyon knew well that if there was even the smallest lane left to victory, he would find it.

One a soul breaks into the celestial realm, it already gains the ability to exist freely without a body on condition that this soul his whole and not a wisp. So, the question was why was it that Fourteen and Twelve died immediately while Dyon still hadn't lost hope for Thirteen?

The answer was simple. Both Fourteen and Twelve fell to the strikes of an Immortal Puppet. Dyon didn't know what material these puppets were made of, but what he did know was that they were created in

order to fight experts who had nascent souls! From the very beginning, they were forged to destroy both the body and the soul.

However... Had Thirteen been struck in such a way? No!

Of course, one couldn't simply revive an individual who had their hearts ripped out, especially when the quality of enigmatic qi that killed them was much higher than their own. But... What if one had a heaven defying pill? A pill that stood above almost all others? One that Zabia happened to have not used during his dao tribulation?

Dyon took out a large pill almost two inches in diameter, the very same planet grade pill he refused to take to heal his arm!

'Rise.'

Nine believed she had been one step ahead this time. She felt Thirteen's life leave her body and just in case, she had taken the onslaught of cold qi in order to inject a volatile wave of enigmatic qi. She was surprised by the fact that despite her cultivation, the cold qi still infiltrated her body so quickly, but she found it to be worth it.

Beasts that were adept with their souls were incredibly rare. As far as Dyon was aware, there was only one: The Celestial Deer. However, this day, he had met another: The Dream Panther.

Though Nine didn't know exactly what was happening, especially with the fact she couldn't use her divine sense, her intuition was sharp. Her Perception caught fluctuations of sealing energy that made her soul palpitate, so she immediately guessed what was happening. The enemy actually had the ability to seal them!

Nine acted as an expert of her caliber would and immediately took action to cut off Thirteen's life. Since she couldn't make use of her own soul qi, she had no choice. Though, she didn't know that even if she could, she would be no match for The Seal.

Still, it was obvious that she wasn't in a good mood at all. Three numbered warriors, all of whom were under her charge, actually died. They had only been battling for three days yet Nine had seen more dao experts die during that time than she had in the last 30 years.

Unfortunately for Nine, she had no idea that her actions had given Dyon another opportunity to mount a sneak attack. While she was focusing on dispelling the cold qi from herself, Thirteen was being quickly revived within Dyon's Inner World!