

The Nameless 1561

Chapter 1561: RISE!

Even if Nine knew Dyon had a planet grade pill, she still wasn't worried. The reason she went out of her way to inject Thirteen's body with volatile qi was to make such a method useless. She knew she didn't have the time to crush Thirteen's soul, so she made do with this method.

From Nine's perspective, only an individual with higher enigmatic qi purity than herself could dispel that qi. As a result, even if Dyon had such a pill, it would be useless. Thirteen would die after the pill's medicinal effects ran out.

However, what Nine didn't know was that Dyon was perfectly capable of this... Because he had a space where he acted as God!

After putting Thirteen into his inner world, Dyon directly crushed all of his remaining arrows with the exception of the two most powerful white-black ones. He knew that he had to give up much of what he had if he wanted any hope of controlling the extracted enigmatic qi.

It was a shame Dyon could only project his body into his inner world and not his real body, or else he would be near invincible.

'This is no good.' Dyon thought quickly. 'I need focus to extract this enigmatic qi, but those three won't just wait for me.'

Ten was heavily injured and Nine was focusing slamming her fists into the water around herself in order to slowly dispel the cold qi. However, Eleven was in near perfect condition.

Obviously, Dyon didn't believe that Eleven would foolishly charge ahead herself, but he couldn't relax in this situation or else they would feel something was wrong. Dyon had to press them. Therefore, he sent the two sentries forward once more. Due to the situation, Eleven was forced to battle them both alone.

'Can I take Eleven out in this sort of situation?' Dyon vehemently shook his head. 'Don't be greedy, focus!'

Dyon's mind split three ways. One controlling both sentries, the other monitoring the movements of the three remaining numbered warriors, and he last completely focused on extracting the volatile energy from Thirteen's lifeless corpse.

Dyon grit his teeth as beads of sweat accumulated along his whale fat covered skin. If he still had the Energy Core, this process would have been easy beyond belief. But, he had given it to Granny Celest so that she could become a 12th stage dao formation cultivator within the next few hundred years. It did him no good to think of the what ifs.

Dyon's heart thumped. Enigmatic qi was truly on a completely different level in comparison to celestial qi. It felt like even the smallest strand could destroy his body and soul.

'Wait, I can use my spiritual vein.' Dyon's eyes glowed with hope just when he felt he was climbing an insurmountable mountain.

One of Dyon's 6 rewards for completing his trials had been a spiritual vein. Up to now, it had been sitting dormant within his Inner World, passively accumulating energy from the various places Dyon had come across during his travels.

Thanks to the Energy Core that had once formed its core, it had grown much larger than the usual limits of a spiritual vein. The reason it could still sustain itself now was precisely because Dyon was the God of his own space. This allowed him to stabilize it.

'Please accept it!' Dyon grit his teeth. He had forgotten it for so long, but Dyon had experienced more than a hundred years of life since he left the God Trials. In this time, his spiritual vein had grown to astronomic levels. It was to the point where it hardly fit within his inner world.

It was time for it to make itself useful!

Dyon was shocked by the results. It seemed he had severely underestimated a spiritual vein whose constitution had been boosted by the energy core.

One had to remember that spiritual veins grew unstable after reaching a certain size. Well, it was more accurate to say that the universe they resided in became unstable. This was why, without the energy core, they would never grow greater than a certain size.

Dyon learned from Meiyang recently that this was in part due to the systematic destruction of devil veins by those who wanted to pretend to be holier-than-thou.

'Yes!' Dyon had tried to remain calm, but he couldn't help but sigh a breath of relief when he saw that his spiritual vein seamlessly absorbed the energy. In fact, it seemed hungry for more.

Dyon had doubted his decision in choosing a spiritual vein for a long time, maybe taking another supreme grade treasure would have been better. But now, he couldn't be happier with his past self.

'Rise!' Dyon roared it out once more, using his control of his inner space to force Thirteen's body to absorb the healing pill.

The Essence Reversal Pill. The use of this planet grade healing pill was just as heaven defying as its name. Unlike other pills, it didn't 'solve' a problem, it reversed it entirely!

To a dao expert, the additional 1000 years of life this pill gave was negligible, but its actual abilities could shake an individual to their core.

Because Dyon removed the volatile enigmatic qi from Thirteen's body, the process was perfect beyond belief. Plus, due to the fact that these matters took place within Dyon's inner world, not a single ounce of the pill's energy was wasted. In fact, Dyon became conflicted.

'Should I store the remaining energy of this pill to be used later? Or do I use it to forcibly raise Thirteen's cultivation level?'

Dyon grit his teeth. In the end, he chose to store the remaining energy. There was about 30% remaining, by his calculations, this should be enough to heal his arm, but he didn't dare use it now. Whether he had his arm or not was irrelevant to a battle where everyone was so much stronger than he was.

In that moment, Thirteen's dormant soul fluttered. She felt that she had been preparing to enter the cycle of reincarnation, but someone had forcibly brought her back. The seal on her soul was just about to be erased too, but now it was back in full force!

Chapter 1562: Old Lizard

Her mind spun as she looked around at the unfamiliar surroundings. She noticed that the beast skin that covered her chest was gone, but she had never cared about such things to begin with, or else she wouldn't have been so scantily clad in this first place.

Immediately, Thirteen intuitively understood where she was. 'This place smells like... Master. This is master's world?'

The word master made her shudder from the inside out. She felt a fierce rejection for the word, but whenever she wanted to replace it with 'bastard' or 'bitch', an even fiercer rejection racked her mind.

'However pitiful.' Thirteen released a sad laughter. 'My dao heart and Kingship are both gone...'

Thirteen didn't seem to be happy to be alive. If anything, she was pissed. She joined BPA so she wouldn't be forced under the heel of a human, and what had happened? She was forced under the heel of a human...

'Come out.' Dyon's voice filled her ears. There were no thoughts of resistance as she was forcibly expelled.

Dyon was no longer worried about Nine finding out Thirteen was alive. Even if she could use her divine sense here, which she couldn't, Dyon didn't believe that anyone could sense something he didn't want them to. At the very least, these three couldn't.

'Master.' Thirteen cringed as cold qi seeped into her body. She knew Dyon didn't want her to speak out loud in case those in the distance heard her, but sending a qi message racked her with pain.

Dyon didn't say a word as he stripped Thirteen of what remained of her clothes. He could see the humiliation seething deep within her eyes, but he didn't have time to think about her feelings. She had come here to kill him and snatch the hopes of his family and friends, he had no sympathy for her. If anything, this was a light punishment. If he wanted to, he could wipe her of her personality entirely.

Thirteen wanted to say something about how this really wasn't the appropriate place for this sort of activity. She had been the one to say that Dyon was handsome, and to be quite frank, she wouldn't mind jumping into his bed, it was her bestial nature, but didn't he realize their lives were on the line right now?

However, Thirteen soon realized how foolish her thoughts were. Dyon simply gave began to smear was seemed like a layer of thick grease on her.

At first she was confused, but she suddenly realized that she could once more use her qi freely. Her eyes widened. She suddenly understood that Dyon wasn't a pervert, he had a practical purpose for being naked.

Still, Dyon wasn't satisfied with this. It was alright if he was naked because he never planned to engage with the enemy directly. But, Thirteen would have to.

A single blow from Nine would be enough to blow this layer of whale fat from Thirteen's body. Though she could probably protect it with a layer of enigmatic qi, Dyon knew that if the three remaining warriors were forced into a corner, they too would use their qi.

'Hey, Old Lizard.'

A deep, ancient sigh came from a familiar place. This youth really did only call him when his life was on the line. This generation had no respect for their elders.

When Dyon's preparations were complete, his eyes sharpened.

His mind had been on edge for several days. The death of the two numbered warriors and the capture of Thirteen seemed simple, but they were spread out in split second moments that took place over numerous days.

Dyon's mental energies hadn't reached a state where he could battle for so long despite how powerful his soul was. One talent was irrelevant to the other. It took time to refine oneself to that level and reach the point of dao experts who normally had battles that stretched over months, even years.

Dyon knew he was at a disadvantage. His only strength in this battle was his mind, but while his opponents were still fresh, he wasn't. A battle of a few days was nothing to a dao expert.

'One final push. Within the next two weeks, you'll fall beneath my blade!'

An eerie calm overwhelmed Dyon. It was as though he had stopped breathing completely. The stillness of the ocean could fill one's heart with fear, as though the darkness had swallowed all forms of life. But, Dyon didn't have the luxury of feeling this emotion. It would only hold him back.

Like this, a battle for the fate of Dyon's unborn Mortal Empire began.

Flashes of blue lightning, massive clashes, and reverberating currents of water bloomed.

The two sentinels were no match for the combined attack of the three numbered warriors. Even with Ten's injury and their attack having started before Nine expelled all the cold qi from herself, the difference was unbearably large.

For higher dao experts to be capable of fighting two middle dao experts without their use of qi, it was obvious how large the difference between realms was. No, it wasn't entirely accurate to say they accomplished this without qi.

Whenever it seemed that Dyon would deal them a blow, the three would erupt with their full strength, ignoring the ramifications of their accumulating cold qi to blast the sentinels backward. Then, they would take advantage of their clashes to push water away from themselves and restore their normal state.

However, even with these occurrences, the sharpness in Dyon's eyes didn't fade and, in fact, increased. He was focused on two things: defense and time.

He needed to make sure the sentinels never entered a position where they could be obliterated in a single strike. If this occurred, their regeneration abilities would be rendered useless. This was defense.

But, he also needed to lengthen the battle. It wasn't yet the right moment to strike. He needed the toxins of the King Jellyfish to continually build. This was time.

Chapter 1563: Kill

Dyon's battle tactics could only be described as scheming and annoying. He constantly threw in feints to attempted attacks and always seemed to find new, underhanded means to push his opponents into a corner.

The time intervals between blue lightning strikes seemed completely random, and sometimes they wouldn't be King Jellyfish at all. At the same time, [Qi Line] began to strike fear in Eleven and Ten, especially Ten who wasn't being given any time to heal. However, the most annoying tactic was without a doubt the sentinels themselves.

After being fixed by the Mending Core, the sentinels gained the ability to replicate all the skills of their master. This wasn't just limited to wills, but even Dyon's techniques.

For as long as he could remember, Dyon saw his opponents as unbearably slow. Even back to the days of the World Tournament, to now, it felt as though his mind was operating in warp speed while his enemies had to push their bodies through masses of thick liquid.

The only unfortunate part was that Dyon's body had never been able to keep up with his mind. But now, he had two dao puppets capable of reacting to his thoughts. Even though they were still shockingly slower than Dyon's speed of thought, it was enough to force the three numbered warriors into a corner from time to time.

Nine, who had already been pissed was even more so now. She was a mighty Dream Panther, when had she ever been treated like this? This was the most maddening battle she had ever been a part of.

The sentinels always retreated whenever she sought to take advantage of an opening. Their weapons constantly changed. Sometimes they used a saber, at other times a rod, and at even others it would be a halberd.

It felt as though they were fighting hundreds of different opponents with hundreds of different styles at once. The changes were so abrupt and jarring that even Nine was caught off guard several times.

'Just how many techniques can one person know?!' Nine wanted to roar at the top of her lungs, but she noticed that whenever she lost her mind to anger, an immortal puppet would appear out of nowhere and force her to use her enigmatic qi to defend. The worst part was that before she could counterattack, the puppet would vanish as though it was never there.

However, while the dao experts were being slowly driven to insanity, Dyon's eyelids seemed as though they could close on him at any moment. He had never felt such a fierce desire to sleep since he began to cultivate... Or, maybe not since he burned his soul...

His eyes seem to sink into his head, his skin paled, revealing sickly veins of green, and his breathing was erratic.

The pressure of constantly changing styles, of constantly fighting like a brand-new person... It was too much for one person's mind to handle.

Dyon was too young. The challenge geniuses faced was that sometimes their cultivation speed would be too great for their level of mental fortitude. Sometimes, there were things only enough time could fix.

However, if one looked closely, past those nearly shut eyelids, one would see a hidden sharpness that hadn't faded. It was at that moment that Madeleine lost consciousness several universes away. Dyon didn't know what it was, but he felt there was something intangible pushing him to a greater height... Faith, maybe...

'It's time.' Dyon's haggard figure breathed out. Everything should be in place. It was time to kill.

The two sentinels surged forward, weaving back and forth.

Their style had completely changed once more. Before, they fought as though they were ignoring the other completely. Now, they had suddenly become a tag team that had worked together for countless millennia.

Their pattern suddenly became relentless and bestial. Dyon's will to crush them emanated forth in full force. It almost felt as though they were facing a savage subhuman, a man willing to devolve himself into depravity to eat their hearts.

The abrupt shift shook Nine to her core. Before, she had felt pressure, but she had never felt danger. She could tell that Dyon was stalling for time, but she didn't understand exactly what the reason was.

She lost count of the number of times she wanted to run and leave Ten and Eleven behind. However, her pride was growling at her from a hidden depth within. This also didn't consider the fact she didn't even know if she'd be capable of running even if she tried.

Up to now, the battle had moved through several hundred kilometers, but it seemed like there was no end in sight. No matter how far away they moved, the perpetual cold qi and lightning toxins always found their way to them.

At the same time, whenever they tried to move toward the Jafari Clan treasure, they were shut down by the Immortal Puppets.

Much like Ten, Nine was certain that the reason Dyon wasn't continuously using the puppets was because there was a heavy price to pay for their use. But, it was impossible for her to gamble on exactly what that price was. Dyon knew he only had two minutes remaining after days of fighting, but Nine had no way of knowing this!

The sentinels continued to weave in out. Suddenly, it became difficult to tell exactly which was which.

Nine gnashed her teeth, trying to block the way of the sentinels along with Eleven. This illusory foot technique, it was the first time they had seen it. Just how many techniques could a single puppet use?

In that moment, the sentinels weaved once more, causing a shift in the currents. One sentinel's sword became a tower shield, while the other became a long flexible spear.

Dyon never made use of them, but he had known for a long time that shields were an available weapon in his pagoda. What Nine thought couldn't possibly get more annoying had skyrocketed to a new level in an instant.

Chapter 1564: Echo

One sentinel acted as a tank while the other leisurely prepped and shot forward with its spear at the best possible openings. Though, the image of a 20-meter-tall sentinel using a 3-meter-tall shield was a bit odd. Unfortunately, unlike his other spirit weapons, Dyon couldn't afford the drop in ability that would result from blowing up the size of the shield.

Injuries began to accumulate along Eleven's sturdy black body and chips began to crack along her long, knife-like claws.

'Not only do their techniques seem to change endlessly, but even the abilities of their weapons do!' The gritting of Nine's teeth seemed almost louder than the clashes of the battle. She had never witnessed such a thing in her life.

Dyon's tower shield spirit had a heart wrenching [Echo] ability. With every strike levied against the shield, it would absorb 10% of it and reflect 30%, leaving 60% to barrel its way through. However, the devastating part was that after 10 absorptions, the wielder of the shield could activate [Echo], sending out 10 strikes.

If this was all, maybe it would be alright. However, this wasn't all at all. If [Echo] wasn't interrupted by another attack hitting the shield, each successive [Echo] would grow more powerful. The first would be 100% of the cumulation of 10 absorptions, the second would be 105%, the third 110%. Eventually, the tenth strike would be 145% of the accumulated 10 absorptions!

This might be hard to grasp, but to put it in simple terms, if Nine hit the tower shield ten times and failed to interrupt the [Echo] that followed, she would have to suffer the equivalent of 145% of her striking power!

Unfortunately, Nine learned this the hard way.

Her rage got the better of her. Seeing the sentinels hiding behind a turtle shells, several days of accumulated anger bubbled over.

Completely enraged, she wanted to bash the shield into pieces. She and Eleven had spent several days in their humanoid beast forms. Though they weren't mentally fatigued like Dyon, their bodies were tired. The neurotoxins coursing through their veins only made matters worse.

She was frustrated. She hated the fact someone was playing with her life as though she was a puppet on a string.

In retaliation, her fists and kicks flew toward the shield. She felt the 30% reflection, but she didn't care. 30% of her own power wasn't enough to shake her. She would break them out of this turtle shell.

Eleven lurched forward, hoping to use this opportunity to reach the second sentinel. Unfortunately, this was when the first [Echo] was activated.

Nine was completely caught off guard. The first [Echo] didn't just reflect the average power of her last ten strikes, but it also widened the range of the already obscenely large tower shield. It was already a meter and a half across in width and almost three meters tall, but it suddenly expanded, increasing its width to more than 5 meters and blasting both Nine and Eleven backward.

It was at that moment that Dyon's eyes flashed. '[Retrace].'

An immortal puppet appeared in that instant. However, its target wasn't Nine or Eleven. Instead, it was the heavily injured Ten they had been protecting!

Eleven and Nine's eyes widened. But Dyon immediately felt that something was off.

Ten sneered. "Do you really think a mighty Dragon needs so long to heal?!"

Ten's body erupted into a burst of silver energy, his life-like silver scales blooming to life as they flapped up and down. They truly acted more like feathers than scales. However, their defense was no joke at all.

In that instant, Ten rebuffed the immortal puppets attack, awakening from his meditation state in an attempt to deal a savage blow. Unfortunately, he had underestimated the immortal puppets far too much. Even with all the strength his body could muster without qi, not even a dent was left in the puppet even as it was blown back into the darkness of the ocean.

An ugly expression coated Ten's features. He had wanted to destroy one puppet, but who would have thought that they were actually so sturdy? Should he have used his qi?

'Don't be greedy.' Ten shook his head. One of their own had died precisely because they accepted too much cold qi. They couldn't look down on it at all.

Dyon frowned. It wasn't in resignation. No. It was in disappointment. Are dao experts supposed to be this stupid? Aren't they all supposed to be geniuses? So why do they keep falling for his tricks?

Only an idiot would have fallen for Ten's nonsense. Nine and Eleven were supposed to be guarding him because he was fatally injured, yet Eleven ignored him to charge into a gap despite knowing after fighting so long that he could make immortal puppets appear out of nowhere?

Did killing three of them not teach them anything? Did they think he was a child?

It was at that moment that the second [Echo] was released, catching Nine and Eleven even more off guard. It could do that more than once?!

All of the weapon abilities they had faced up to now... They were too good to be Spiritual grade weapons. They all had the abilities of supreme grade weapons! How was this even possible? This strike was even more powerful than the last!

Eleven coughed up mouthfuls of blood. Though Nine could withstand 105% of her own strikes, how could Eleven who was far weaker than her do the same?

Ten grit his teeth. There was no more feigning weakness. He had to dive back into the battle, especially since his sneak attack had failed and Eleven was barely holding on.

Nine's instincts told her she had to strike the shield once more, but the problem was that she could only cut through the energy with her own body. Her best chance would have been after withstanding her 100% strike, but now the strikes were only becoming more powerful.

The third [Echo] blasted along the ocean floor.

Chapter 1565: Echo

It was then that the second sentinel reminded them that it was still there. Its long, flexible spear cut forward using the third [Echo] as its support. Its ability was far more lowkey than [Echo], but how could supreme grade weapons be lackluster?

Eleven spasmed as the spear pierced into her shoulder. She felt as though she had lost control of her qi in that moment, causing it to rampage around in her body. The feeling couldn't be described in terms of discomfort. It was as though a hot coal had fallen into the cool water that was her body.

This spear had the ability to [Pierce]. Its strength was in ignoring the defense of its enemies, but the manner in which it did so was by disrupting qi flow and sabotaging the defense of a cultivator.

If this happened outside the body, it wasn't a huge deal. As of the celestial realm, cultivators could easily create a layer of qi skin to increase their defenses. Dao experts took this ability much more seriously due to how powerful their counterparts were.

However, what would happen if this qi disruption that broke qi skins occurred within the body?

Under normal circumstances, it would cause one to lose control of the general area the pierce occurred in. If the right shoulder was pierced, one would lose use of their right arm for a few fractions of a second.

A few fractions of a second wasn't a big deal in a fight amongst essence gatherers. But, when one became a dao expert, every split second could mean the difference between life and death!

Ten and Nine immediately realized something was wrong when Eleven's left arm went limp. But, matters became even worse when her humanoid beast transformation suddenly receded along her left arm. Not just that, but what was left behind was grossly pale skin pulsing with purple and green veins.

A roar of pain escaped Eleven's lips. Unfortunately, this was when the fourth [Echo] began to form.

"No!" Ten roared.

Dyon had realized long ago. Unlike the others, the relationship between Ten and Eleven was definitely much deeper. When Dyon sent four immortal puppets after Ten, against Eleven's better judgement, she screamed out and charged forward, which eventually forced Fifteen to reveal herself as Nine.

Now, the exact opposite was playing out.

When Eleven's qi was disrupted, the accumulated neurotoxins of the past several days suddenly began to take hold of the left side of her body. The effect of [Pierce] should have only lasted a few split seconds, but in combination with the King jellyfish's lightning, it caused permanent damage!

Dyon shook his head as he watched Ten rush toward Eleven. 'The same trick, time and time again. You should be embarrassed to be dao experts. But, to answer your question... No, I don't believe it would take a dragon so long to heal. But, you aren't a dragon, now are you?'

The fourth [Echo] wasn't aimed toward Eleven or Nine at all.

Suddenly, the expansive tower shield shrunk, its overflowing qi concentrating back from its five meter width back to just one meter and a half.

Before Nine and Eleven could react, [Echo] charged through a crevice in their formation and toward Ten who had just been rushing to support Eleven.

A concentrated blast of rectangular, golden light pushed the ocean currents away as they slammed into Ten's body, sending him flying into the distance.

Blood flew from his lips as injuries he had been trying to suppress erupted from his body. What a joke. Who did he think he was trying to fool? He merely had a few strands of dragon blood yet he dared to call himself a dragon. As far as Dyon was concerned, he was just a larger than average bird beast, just how Ri described him.

A few days to recover from a near fatal strike given by an immortal puppet? As if.

Nine and Eleven wanted to go after Ten, but he had already disappeared into the endless darkness. It was their failure. Dyon had finally succeeded in truly separating them. It didn't matter what they tried because the fifth [Echo] was already coming.

The sentinel sidestepped, blasting Nine and Eleven 90 degrees away from Ten's direction. In this sort of situation, they might as well have been several universes apart.

A flexible spear shot forward once more, but the two women had learned their lesson. They had to dodge at all costs. Even if it meant withstanding all ten [Echos], they couldn't easily approach that spear. In this situation, it was the reaper's looming scythe.

In the distance, toward Ten, his silver scaled body skidded across the dense sands and wet muds of the ocean floor, pain racking his body. The wound in his stomach opened once more, and though he couldn't see it in the darkness, it muddied the water with a gross crimson.

Suddenly, Ten's Perception caught a shift in the waters around him.

His rage was mounting. The enemy's schemes were like torture to him, but he looked down upon them from the bottom of his heart.

A man should fight everything head on. Could you even call yourself a cultivator if you needed such tactics to win? It seemed he had forgotten that he started this battle by hiding Nine's true strength.

"Coward!" Ten growled dark.

'I spent much of my life holding dao experts in high esteem... But it seems they're only worth this much. Dragon? You're just a sore loser. Thirteen.'

Dyon didn't bother with Ten's fate anymore. The moment he was pushed out of their group, his death was completely sealed.

An agile jaguar lurked in the dark, unbeknownst to Ten. After losing her Kingship, Thirteen could no longer enter her much more powerful humanoid beast form. However, she had gained much more. Though she hated being the puppet of another, she felt that Dyon's potential was too scary. This entire time, they believed they were fighting dao experts like them. Maybe weaker than them, but still dao experts nonetheless. Who would have known that all of this was orchestrated by a young man who would be nothing more than a child in their eyes?

Thirteen's beast form was massive. It was several kilometers long which was why a humanoid beast form was far more convenient. However, as things stood now, it was her only option.

Chapter 1566: Nonetheless

Sleek black armor covered her enormous body. She had never felt so powerful in her life. She knew that even if she faced her humanoid beast form right now, she would slaughter it in a manner of seconds... And it was all because of this Dragon King armor!

Ten shifted. 'There you are!'

'Sorry Ten... But it doesn't matter if you find me.'

At that moment, a blinding gold light appeared before Ten and he could finally see his surroundings. However, he didn't feel relief at all. In fact... He was trembling in fear. His heart shook from its very roots as he all but prostrated himself.

It was as though the gold light was taunting him. Dragon? When had you ever been worthy of such a title?

Thirteen's paw shot forward. Ten couldn't even resist as he was blasted into meat paste.

Even during his last few breaths, his bitter expression never left the golden light before him. In the final moments of his life, all he felt was endless resentment.

This golden light... It was none other than the Aurum Ancestor's reverse scale.

Eleven's agonizing roar shook the Dark Ocean. Fury from the depths of her soul threatened to bubble over and rip open the gates of hell.

It was just as Dyon had expected. The only way Eleven's reaction could be so immediate was if their souls were tied to one another. Ten and Eleven had been husband and wife.

As Dyon guessed, Ten's death pushed Eleven into madness. Unfortunately, sometimes, anger only makes things worse.

Even as Eleven burned her blood essence in hopes of revenge, she realized her mistake. When her qi was agitated, she lost an arm. But, what would happen if she agitated the whole of her circulatory system?

Her blood essence burned just how she wanted, but her thoughts of a heroic death where she could take her enemy with her fell through. The neurotoxins latched on to her raging blood, taking a ride through her body and infiltrating her mind.

Her brain became cut off from the rest of her body as everything ceased to function.

All of her muscles lost their control center, even her smooth muscles no longer functioned. Her heart couldn't beat, her inner organs became nothing but dead meat, and her mind shut down. With her soul, she was eerily aware of what was happening to her body, but she could only watch as her corpse became her coffin.

In the end, she gave up. She no longer had the will to live anyway.

'I'll follow you to the afterlife... There's nothing left for me here...'

Eleven's body became a mangled mess of grotesque purple veins as she let go of the last thread that held her in this world.

Like this, only one remained.

Nine was stunned. She had entered this operation with absolute confidence. In fact, she even thought that hiding her identity from the beginning was overkill, which was likely why she blew her own cover so easily. But now, in a mission she led, five of their six members had already died and matters were looking bleak for herself.

The numbered warriors of BPA weren't just run of the mill warriors. They were the face of the strongest power their organization possessed. After them, there was only their leader and their slumbering Ancestors. For all intents and purposes, they were the best BPA had to offer. Yet five of them had died, just like that.

Any organization would mourn the loss of even one higher dao formation expert. They represented the cumulative effort of several hundred thousand years. Yet they had lost five!

The more Nine thought about it, the more she trembled with rage. How did things come to this point?

'If I'm being honest with you, I'm quite interested in having a Dream Panther on my side.'

The sudden voice caught Nine off guard. From the very beginning, Dyon hadn't spoken to the numbered warriors even once. He wanted to give the illusion that they were fighting an enemy far more powerful than himself. Only by preying on this fear could he restrict their movements.

The truth of the matter is that if the numbered warriors went all out and attempted to charge to the surface of Dark Ocean, they would have succeeded. Dark Ocean isn't like Earth's waters, it's only a few dozen thousand miles deep. Such a distance for a dao expert could be covered in a handful of minutes, even seconds if they went all out.

However, it was by preying on their fear of the unknown, plunging them into darkness, cutting off the information they had about the enemy, that Dyon was able to make them feel as though they were safer staying put rather than blindly charging.

But, Dyon felt it was a shame to simply kill a beast on the level of the Dream Panther so easily. After subjugating Thirteen, Dyon decided to gamble.

What he was severely lacking in now was absolute experts. In truth, he had the celestial beasts. However, Head Tudo, Tigris and Simia were only Middle Dao Experts. Though there was Granny Celest who had recently broken into the Peak Dao realm, she was the only one. Of course, there were also the Titled Spirits who were currently the reason Dyon didn't have the Soul Tome on hand. But, all of these experts had one thing in common: they weren't readily available.

The celestial beasts weren't just dao experts, they were family heads. Their possible deaths held a fundamentally different kind of weight. In truth, Dyon, as the leader of the Mortal Alliance, shouldn't so easily head to the battlefield either. His death quite literally meant the death of the Alliance.

Then there were the Titled Spirits. They needed much more time for their souls to become whole, and even more to properly construct their bodies and adjust. Then, after that was completed, they would need even more time to stabilize their cultivation.

Luckily, from Dyon's estimates, they would only need a few years at most to return to their original strength, but that was still time nonetheless.

Chapter 1567: Only Hope

Dyon simply didn't have enough backing. The only dao experts under his wing he could readily use were Zabia and the Ipsum disciples, but they were just fledgling dao experts. Dyon wasn't even confident enough to start his assault on the 99 universes with just them.

Simply put, if he could bring Nine under his wing and snatch her from BPA, the benefits would be innumerable.

"Are you trying to recruit me?" Nine sneered. A rage bubbled in her heart.

However, Dyon didn't deny it. 'Of course I am.'

"You've yet to wipe your mother's breast milk from your lips, yet you want to subdue me?"

'You should think about it.' Dyon said plainly. 'You were the leader of an operation of six higher dao experts, yet you lost five of them? I don't think even you would be spared from punishment, especially since that personality of yours is so abrasive.'

Nine flinched. Dyon was right, there were likely many eager to see her punished. They would definitely come down hard.

Still, her pride was too strong.

"Do you still not understand why BPA was created? It was precisely so that beasts would never be placed under the heel of humans again, yet you want me to throw all of that away to follow you?"

'What?' Dyon sneered. 'Do you expect me to give you a speech about how I'm different from other humans? That I'll treat you well? That you'll be a treasured subordinate? Absolutely not.'

The coldness in Dyon's voice caused Nine to flinch.

'You and your allies attempted to crush the dreams of countless individuals I must answer to once I leave this place. If you come under me, you will be under me. I'll work you to death until the point you pay back the damage you almost caused here.'

Nine was stunned before she began to laugh, maybe she would even wipe tears away had they not been in the depths of an ocean.

'Is this how you recruit people? Why the hell would I join you under these conditions?'

'Two reasons.' Dyon replied. 'First, if you don't, this will be your final day with likely no one to remember your death date a year from now.'

Nine's gaze darkened, but Dyon hadn't finished.

'And second. If you ever want to taste the power of a Higher Existence, the sort of power your Clansmen have never touched before, I am your only hope.'

Nine laughed once more. "Is this some sort of comedy skit? You? Lift the curse that's plagued my Clan since the dawn of time? Who do you think you are to solve a problem my Clan couldn't?"

'Did you not do your due diligence before coming here? Are you not aware of who my wife is? If you want even a fraction of a chance, do you think BPA will be the one to provide it?'

Nine froze. It was only now she remembered the details of the mission. She had been so blinded by her rage and pride that she almost forgot what her original purpose here was.

They weren't even here to stop the Jafari Clan Treasure, they were here for the sole purpose of bringing the Rainbow Kun Peng to their side. They believed that their powers of illusion magic would become a key cog in fulfilling their hopes of grasping a foothold for beasts in this martial world. In truth, the numbered warriors were only using attacking the treasure as a distraction from their true goal.

According to the information, their enemies in this quest were Alexandria Snow and whatever potential powerhouses were backing her Elvin Kingdom. This was why it was pegged as such a difficult mission from the very beginning.

There was no way that the Elvin Queen would be without protection. The only reason they didn't send even stronger numbered warriors was because they didn't think that a fallen Elvin Clan would still have such trump cards left. Plus, there was also the fact that their stronger numbered warriors headed off to the Conference. They couldn't participate even if they wanted to.

Unfortunately, it was this that truly scared Nine. She was the highest ranked numbered warrior remaining, meaning it was her choice to accept and follow through on the mission. There was no one

else above her to blame. This would make her punishment even worse... She might even be crippled... Or killed...

Because of the limit of the Dream Panthers, not to mention their even worse than normal reproductive rate, even in comparison to other dao experts, their value was seen as less than in BPA.

While Nine only led a group of less than a dozen Dream Panthers, the other numbered warriors had Clans populated with several million to even billion. As a result, while BPA had to worry about backlash from whole Clans while dealing with other numbered warriors, the impact of Nine's Clan in the grand scheme was worse than negligible.

This aside, the most important point here was who this mission was about: Alexandria! The Elvin Queen! Also known as the Beast Queen...

The elves were known for relying on their beast companions to gain their abilities, but it was also true that their beast companions relied on them as well. If this relationship wasn't symbiotic, why would any beasts remain loyal to the elves? Their beast nurturing abilities were unmatched...

'So you understand now, hm? There's only one path left forward for you, don't you think?'

"You want to give up my pride for a chance?"

'I hear the Dream Panther's rate of reproduction is poor.' Dyon suddenly said, causing Nine to freeze once more. 'No, saying it's just poor doesn't do it justice. It wouldn't even be enough to say that you're an endangered species. I wonder if BPA cares very much about your opinion considering how small your population is.'

Now that Ri knew what race of beasts Nine was a part of, feeding Dyon information was far easier. Then, it was just up to Dyon to use this information.

Chapter 1568: Mock?

Normally, he would have ignored this bit. After all, all supreme grade beasts had poor reproductive abilities. It only became worse the stronger they became. However, from Ri's explanation, it wasn't just a normal level of poor...

First, Dream Panthers could only give birth to one child in their lifetime. Second, while beasts had varied gestation times for their babies, the Dream Panthers were on a completely different level. While a normal time was 9 months, they took 10 000 years to nourish and birth their children.

What did this mean? It meant that only dao experts of their race could even think of giving birth to children taking lifespan into consideration. There wasn't even a point to attempt conceiving until they became dao experts. And, since higher cultivation equated more difficulty in birthing a child, they began even further behind the starting line.

To make matters worse, there was a third and fourth factor: they couldn't accept the seed of other races AND there was a 95% chance that the birthed child would be female!

The Dream Panthers were truly dealt a horrible hand. Who knew whether it was truly that they couldn't break into Half-Step Transcendent Realm, or if they simply didn't have a large enough sample size to birth a talent that could?

Who would have known that even after having this exposed that Nine would begin to laugh? The clear sneer in her eyes could make anyone uncomfortable.

'You know nothing. Do you believe us Dream Panthers are unaware? Fools believe that we can't break into the Higher Existence realm because there's some sort of cap on our potential. This isn't true at all. Not only is that not true, but we know exactly how to break into the Higher Existence Realm.

'It's because we know the method that I know your so-called 'help' is useless. Come! Kill me then!'

This secret was likely something Nine would have taken to her grave, but at this point, she just didn't see the point in hiding it anymore. Whether she died here or somehow managed to make it back to BPA, the outcome was the same. In all likelihood, her Clan was finished.

At the end of the day, she wasn't One, Two or Three, she was just Nine. On top of that, no one was guaranteed a higher cultivation when it came to the dao realm. It was very possible that even with all her talent, Nine might never enter the peak dao realm, it was even possible that she might never fill another meridian. This was the tragedy of dao experts.

If she was going to die anyway, why not go out with her head held high? She would make sure that the last memory of Dream Panthers in this world was one filled with dignity.

Dyon sighed. 'You still don't get it, do you?'

Nine's expression didn't waver.

'Sometimes you might be willing to die, but your enemies aren't willing to let you. Why would I kill you, now that I think about it? Why can't I lock you up and put you in a cage? Would you die with dignity then? Or would you die a shell of yourself?'

'Also... Do you not find it odd that I'm not surprised to hear your words?'

Nine faltered, a crack appearing in her resolve. That was right... He didn't express any surprise when I said that my Clan has long since known what was needed for us to break into the realm of Higher Existences.

The reason was obvious. Though Dyon didn't know the way, nor did Ri, the World Tree did. As the center piece of Elvin culture for so long, the World Tree which acted as Ri's pseudo master of course knew many things. One of which was this very secret here.

'Your Clan is very special in that you're one of the few beasts with great soul talent. In fact, you're perfect all around. Your bodies are exceptionally powerful. Your souls are talented even beyond that of some Half-Sprites and talented humans. And, your qi talent is excellent. On top of this, the Legacy of your Clan is impeccable. Your bloodline hasn't declined through countless epochs and as such, the knowledge of your ancestors has never diluted.'

Nine trembled.

'Unfortunately, you pay a heavy price for this. In exchange for your bloodlines remaining perfect, you must deal with terrible birthrates. The price for a bloodline that never declines is quite steep, no? But the price to enter the Higher Existence Realm and transcend is even higher.

'Due to your excessive amounts of talent, the bridge you must cross to become a Higher Existence is far more difficult... You cannot do it unless you form a nascent soul!'

Nine felt as though a bolt of lightning had hit her from above. This secret of the Dream Panther Clan was one their leaders had carried since their inception. Yet, a human boy, no elf, was speaking of them nonchalantly. How was this even possible?

"That's right." Nine said hatefully. "The price for keeping our blood pure is high. More than 95% of our birthed children are female, we can only birth one child, our gestation period is obscenely long, and our reproduction systems don't respond to seeds that aren't from pure blood Dream Panthers.

"As if this wasn't enough, we have to form nascent souls, something only transcendents can form perfectly, while we are still dao experts if we ever want to enter the Higher Existence Realm."

Dyon smiled. 'And your talented clan found a method of doing this, no?'

"Are you trying to mock me?" Nine said angrily. "We did find a method, but it's impossible to use. It requires treasures rarely seen on this mortal plane!"

'But the treasures aren't the problem, now are they? If I'm correct, your Clan might even have a few sets of what's necessary that you've accumulated during your years, no?'

Nine grit her teeth. "HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DUAL CULTIVATE WHEN WE HAVE NO MALES?!"

Chapter 1569: Dream Panther

Nine's rage shook the ocean floor, her power shattering space itself. She was truly pissed off.

The method her ancestors found was truly ingenious.

One begins forming a nascent soul after becoming a higher existence, but it isn't fully and perfectly formed until one transcends. In order to skirt this issue, Dream Panthers did what they did best and relied on themselves.

They used a star grade aphrodisiac known as Soul Bind along with numerous auxiliary herbs along with their special dual cultivation technique known as Soul Transcends. By relying on a husband and wife pair, they are able to slowly push their souls past the limit of the mortal plane. Once this was complete, it would be possible for them to sense their Heaven's Staircase and call it down to begin their tribulation.

The problem was that her clan didn't have a single male!

It was the world's greatest joke. They had the solution right before them, yet they couldn't use it. Her Clan was made up of 9 virgins including herself, all of whom wouldn't hesitate to copulate with a male Dream Panther if he ever came along... But they were extinct!

Her Clan was essentially waiting for the day the last of them would die out... they had no hope...

'Stop roaring. Didn't I say I could help you? Since there are no male Dream Panthers, we'll just make them.'

Nine suddenly felt the need to clean her ears out. Did she hear correctly? Did this fool just say he would create male Dream Panthers? Who did he think he was? God?

'I didn't misspeak. That's what can happen when you follow me. I can make the impossible, possible.

'You say that I'm young, too young to lead you, when the reality is that my age is irrelevant to our positions right now.'

Though Dyon didn't say it out loud, there was a reason he stopped caring for age recently. His father lived for far less time than he had, yet Dyon still didn't feel that he was as great of a man. Others might think that age meant something, but Dyon felt it was next to useless.

"H-how..." Somehow, Nine didn't feel like Dyon was lying. He was serious.

'Truth be told, even if I told you the method, you wouldn't be able to do it without me. However, I would still prefer to not tell you for now. So tell me, what is your decision. Will you die here, or will you continue to carry the torch of your Dream Panther Clansmen.'

Nine fell into silence.

Her Clan was truly in a terrible position, one that would only get worse if she went back to BPA.

She was the only dao expert of her Clan. The difficulty in cultivation their Clan faced wasn't just in becoming Higher Existences, but was something they faced for every major cultivation hurdle.

In order to become dao experts, they needed to cultivate dao souls in the celestial realm. Before becoming celestials, they had to cultivation celestial souls while in the saint realm. This trouble only grew more exaggerated the more steps forward they took.

This was the reason why their bodies were so powerful. They had to be or else they would never be able to hold their souls properly.

Nine was certain of something else as well. As long as BPA decided to take her life, they wouldn't leave her clansmen alone. Dream Panthers were too powerful and too talented. They would never let a possible seed of destruction grow. In fact, her Clansmen might already be in danger right now.

BPA had soul jades that cracked when numbered warriors died, just like human clans did. The only saving grace was that One through Eight had gone to the Conference, but that didn't mean the true Fifteen and below numbered warriors couldn't kidnap her Clansmen now to force her hand.

The more she thought about it, the less returning to BPA seemed like a viable option. In fact, she had already used a special means of her Clan to tell them to retreat from BPA territory and lay low until she could come to get them. Of course, Dyon noticed this, but did nothing to stop her.

Nine grit her teeth. "How?"

This question was different. Before, she meant to ask Dyon's method, but now she wanted to know how their alliance would work.

'It's simple, you and I will sign a soul contract. The rules are simple. In fact, there'll only be one line to this contract.

'You will join my Mortal Alliance and be bound by the same rules as all other Clans of my Alliance are.'

Nine's eyes sharpened. This sort of prospect was appealing. If they were only bound by the same rules as everybody else, then that meant that Dyon also couldn't treat them poorly unless he also treated everyone within his alliance poorly as well.

"Let's sign another soul contract first." Nine suddenly said. "One that says you cannot lie to me about the rules of your Mortal Alliance as I ask a few questions."

Dyon shrugged. 'Fine.'

And so a meeting began with the Dark Ocean waters as cover. Dyon signed the first soul contract with Nine, stipulating that he could not lie to her about the Mortal Alliance as she asked her questions.

The more Nine learned about the Mortal Alliance, the more intrigued she became. In a world where everything was ruled by power, it was rare to find an empire that allowed its subjects so much freedom. Plus, there were so many checks and balances.

Of course, when Nine asked questions that were too invasive, Dyon refrained from answering. After all, it wasn't lying if he directly told her he couldn't answer the question.

Finally, Nine agreed to sign the second soul contract. It only read one line.

'From this day forth, the Dream Panthers of this generation will be bound by the rules of the Mortal Alliance and the Empire it will bloom into in the future so long as Dyon Sacharro lives.'

This final part caught Nine completely off guard, but she suddenly understood. Jaws and Dyon... They were the same person!

When she signed the contract, Nine sighed. 'To think a mere celestial could bind me with a soul contract.'

One had to know that soul contracts only worked for those with powerful souls. If your soul was weak and you attempted to sign a contract with someone with a more powerful soul, the more powerful individual could easily break it when it suited them.

Nine had thought in the beginning that even if she decided to break the contract later, it would be fine. The backlash she would face would be weak because Dyon was weak. She never expected to be so wrong. But, she wasn't angered with the reality either... The more heaven defying Dyon was, the better chance there was that he wasn't lying.

"Can you finally tell me how you plan to help my Clan now?" Nine asked tentatively, hoping with every fiber of her being that Dyon really hadn't been lying.

Dyon smiled. 'It's simple. We merely have to break the fate of some lesser panthers.'

That was right, Dyon's solution was the very same Fate Breaking Pill that evolved his mother-in-law into a Celestial Fox!

Like this, the saga below the Dark Ocean came to an end. But, the storm brewing on the celestial floors and the Sapientia Quadrant were long from over.

Little Yin did her everything to protect Clara's unconscious body, but she was reaching her limit quickly.

Chapter 1570: Fireworks

Dyon felt a wave of fatigue overwhelm him, maybe he would have fallen over if it was for a familiar silver-blue haired petite figure catching him.

Ri didn't mind the oily fat nor Dyon's nude body, she simply held him as though she was trying her best to suffocate him below the dark ocean waters.

At that moment, a crackling sounded behind the couple.

Dyon weakly turned his head to witness a scene he would never forget in his lifetime.

The Jafari Clan treasure trembled. The ball of light hovering within its ancient arc pulsed, squeezing down to a fine point.

A whirlpool of water violently began to churn. At the pace it started, it felt as though it would drain Dark Ocean completely before it was satisfied.

Then it happened. A concentrated blast that seemed to hold the entirety of all that was shot through the whirlpool and into the skies, tearing through even the fabric of space.

The speed was unimaginable, so fast that Dyon hardly understood what happened.

A veil of black quickly covered 30 universes worth of ocean waters, blanketing the dark skies and enshrouding the waters. But then, in the next instant, it disappeared. Everything returned to normal as though nothing at all had occurred. There wasn't even a sign that such a mind-numbing event had ever occurred.

For a moment, Dyon thought that it had all failed. However, Little Yang thought different.

'What a display of power...' He mumbled to himself.

Little Yang with all his affinity for space and time couldn't comprehend how such a treasure could appear on the Mortal Plane.

'It worked?' Dyon asked.

'Of course. This area is practically its own Plane of existence now. Unless you give someone the coordinates, it's impossible for them to enter through normal means. Even the Void Clan can't create Void Tunnels to this place.'

Hearing these words, Dyon finally felt a burden lift from his shoulders, but that only made him more tired. He really... really wanted to close his eyes.

'The best part about the Jafari Clan treasure is something you haven't really considered yet.' Little Yang said with a hint of lure in his voice.

'And what is that?'

'A problem many conquerors face when they lay claim to new universes is their arrangement. In the past, it was incredibly difficult to travel between universes. This was usually done with teleportation formations, but this was incredibly expensive. Not everyone can outfit their teleportation formations with origin cores like Soul Rending Peak and the Celestial Deer Sect has...'

Dyon eyes flashed. He suddenly remembered that what Little Yang said was true. The Master Key arrays, Dyon never had to put energy stones into them because they all had origin crystals as their energy source. Now that he thought about it, he should have been more shocked by such a truth.

Origin crystals were items that could only be used by transcendents for cultivation. To use them to power a planet grade formation... It was like building an entire power plant meant to sustain a whole country for the sake of a calculator.

After being reminded about this, Dyon trembled. What if he took those Origin Crystals and used them to power the immortal puppets instead? Wouldn't he be undefeatable? Who could stop a puppet with the strength of a transcendent?

However, maybe because fate was playing tricks on him, he realized how unfeasible it was a moment later.

First, the laws of the mortal plane would never allow something with the power of a transcendent to exist. How the entity skirted these rules, Dyon had no idea. However, Dyon knew that he didn't have the means to replicate this feat.

Second, the energy usage of the immortal puppets was obscene. Dyon had a feeling that though the origin crystals could power the planet grade teleportation formations to near infinity, they would only give him a few minutes with the immortal puppets anyway. So, even if he could use them in this way, he'd have to be very selective about when he did.

'... The gates give a false impression that universes and quadrants can be "next" to each other, when the reality isn't like this at all. Universes are pockets of reality all to themselves, they can't be "next" to each other. There are just some universes that have similar wavelengths of existence that make them easier to connect.

'Quadrants are simply a group of universes which share similar wavelengths, thus resulting in them being groups together. In this same way, you can say the 76th quadrant and the 99th are "next" to each other because their quadrants are on similar wavelengths of reality.

'Using this truth, gates connect these similar universes, making a path between them. But, the Jafari Clan treasure is on a completely different level.

'Are you wondering how a mortal can simply connect 30 universes like this? It's precisely because the Elvin Kingdom made use of the Jafari Clan treasure to replicate this feat.

'The appeal of the Jafari Clan treasure isn't just in the fact that it provides an almost perfect protection. The true appeal is in building a cohesive, interconnected kingdom that isn't weighed down by the headaches of void barriers.

'With the Jafari Clan treasure, you can connect universes of vastly different wavelengths with absolute ease, all you have to exchange is 999 days and the appropriate amount of stones. As long as you wish it, the next universe you use this treasure with can directly connect to Dark Ocean seamlessly.'

Little Yang's words were like fireworks going off in Dyon's mind.

This sort of use... It was unprecedented. It was true, Dyon had always wondered how the Elves fused 30 universes together in this way, but to think the answer was right in front of him this entire time.

However, he stopped himself from getting too excited. This idea was incredibly appealing, but it was also incredibly dangerous. If Dyon followed through on this plan, it would only take one mistake for everything to be ruined.