

The Nameless 1571

Chapter 1571: Death

Imagine for a moment if Dyon fused all of his conquered universes into one massive land like Dark Ocean. Sure, that would make things like building a culture and policing far easier, but it would also mean that only a single breach would be enough to send everything into chaos. There were both pros and cons to this decision.

'I need to think about this more...' Dyon felt his consciousness weakening. He couldn't come up with a decision so quickly. At the very least, Dark Ocean was finally dealt with...

'Let's go.' Dyon spoke to Ri who had shifted to his side to prop him up. 'There's still a lot left to do...'

Once Dark Ocean was handled, Dyon felt the rage he had been holding down this entire time bubbling back upward.

'Clara...' Dyon grit his teeth. He had no idea what was happening with his wife right now. Little Yang should have felt it when Little Yin's bloodline awoke, but he hadn't said anything to Dyon about it for a very simple reason: if Little Yin awoke her bloodline... It meant she was fighting an uphill battle right now.

Ri helped Dyon forward. Not long later, Thirteen made her way back and placed Dyon and Ri on her head. Unfortunately, she couldn't freely shrink her size, so she could only remain in her massively exaggerated form. Finally, the trio shot to the surface of Dark Ocean after collecting the Jafari Clan treasure.

Although the skies were blanketed by grey clouds, Dyon's partially closed eyes hadn't seen such a beautiful sight in a long time.

"You..." Nine was stunned into silence. "... Thirteen?! But I..."

'Hmph.' Thirteen turned her large, sleek black away from Nine in defiance. It seemed she was still angry about being kicked away. Clearly, not very many of the numbered warriors looked upon Nine in a favorable light.

Thirteen's body was quite beautiful. Unlike most jaguars from Dyon's mortal realm, her coat was most black while the natural patterns of jaguars were drawn in a deep, dark gold along her body. Her body pulsed with power even without the Dragon King supporting her any longer.

'Master saved my life. Thanks for nothing, you bitch.' Thirteen snorted. But, she was inwardly quite happy. She had been waiting so long to call Nine such a word.

"What did you say to me?!" Nine's forehead pulsed with veins on rage.

She was quite the beauty herself. She had long purple hair, but her eyes reflected like a pearly blue with hidden hues of white. While Madeleine's violet hair was more toned down, Nine's seemed almost nylon-like and unrealistic, but it gave her an intoxicating exotic beauty that made men swoon.

This was most definitely the charming aspect of Dream Panthers. It was no wonder that they were so tied to the succubus in lore.

"That's enough." Dyon said plainly. Even in his weak state, his voice held an air of command that was difficult to refute. "First, tell me your real names. I refuse to call you two Nine and Thirteen."

'Master, my name is Lina.' Thirteen replied happily. It seemed that her dissatisfaction at being 'tamed' had disappeared, maybe because Dyon promised her a brighter future.

"My name is Glorianice Quies Som –," Nine began.

Dyon shook his head as he listened to the excessively long, obnoxious name. It seemed that while celestial beast culture didn't care for names at all, even to the point of having Dyon name their children, the Dream Panthers took too much pride in their own...

"Lina, Glorianice, from today forth, you two will be subordinates of my Mortal Alliance. Glorianice, I give you permission to bring your eight Clan members to my Mortal Alliance's quadrant. You have three days to arrange your affairs. Since you're a small group, I don't think this will be too difficult, correct?"

Glorianice nodded. Their rapidly decreasing population was something the Dream Panther Ancestors could see coming from a mile away, so much like the Blood Vat chambers of the Celestial Beasts, the most important holdings of what remained of their once mighty Empire could be accessed remotely from almost anywhere as long as the connecting treasure was in hand.

"As for you Lina, your situation is somewhat lesser than to that of Glorianice."

Lina pouted, looking away from the dream panther's smug face.

"As much as I don't want to control my subordinates with forced enslavement, in your case, it's necessary. If I were to release you from your contract, you'd begin to feel the affects of your shattered dao heart and would likely die.

"I will allow you to grow and if there comes a day where you can reform your dao heart, then we can speak of this topic once more. Let's go."

"W-wait..." Glorianice froze. "Is this all there was?"

Lina began to laugh uproariously as though she didn't lose as well. "You, a mighty Dream Panther, lost to two children. How does that feel?"

Dyon ignored their banter, but just before they reached the teleportation formation, he turned back with sharp eyes that made Glorianice shiver down to the depths of her soul.

"I'll ignore the attempt you made this time, but if there's a next time... Death will be the only option left for you."

Glorianice froze as she watched Dyon disappear.

She knew exactly what Dyon meant. During their first contract, Glorianice attempted to use the connection she formed with Dyon to enslave his soul to her. Dream Panthers were exceptionally dangerous.

Glorianice had thought that she succeeded in applying an intangible suggestion to Dyon's soul. In a few more months, after she established a foothold in the Mortal Alliance, she planned on using one of her sister Dream Panthers to marry into the Sacharro Clan. Over time, she would mold the Mortal Alliance to the image of the Dream Panthers and make Dyon dance upon her palm.

This was the fearsome nature of the Dream Panthers. They could make men fall into their ensnarement while making it seem as though it was the male's idea the entire time. They were impossible opponents.

Chapter 1572: Make Certain

But, how could Glorianice expect for her suggestion to not only fail, but for Dyon to see completely through it? It was a jarring experience that shook her to her core.

'But if there's a next time...' Glorianice's heartbeat refused to settle down.

Glorianice could only watch as Dyon disappeared along with Ri and Lina. She felt uncomfortable and spent longer than she'd like to admit standing in silence, but in the end, she sighed.

'Is this a good thing for my Dream Panther Clan or is it a bad thing?'

After numbered warriors began falling one after another, Glorianice had never expected to go back to BPA. She was too useless in the grand scheme and would definitely be used to send a message and set a precedent.

It was then that Dyon offered her an olive branch. But, as an individual who had lived thousands of years, she was too set in the ways of the martial world. Simply believing in and trusting Dyon wasn't in her DNA. So, she tried to set up some potential counter measures to protect herself.

One had to remember that Dyon Martial Alliance system was highly reliant on Clans building themselves up. The issue that Glorianice faced was that her authority in the Alliance would never be great because her Clan's population was too small. Even to become a 2nd Tier Clan, you needed 100 separate individual to contribute 10 000 merit points and accumulate 10 000 000 merit points total...

Her Dream Panther Clan didn't even have 10 people, where would they get 100 from? It was only because Dyon understood this that he let Glorianice off the hook. But he would never allow her a second chance.

Dyon had taken this approach on purpose. Within the rules of the Martial Alliance, if someone wanted to become influential without the backing of a great Clan, it was necessary to contribute in other ways, namely militarily, though there were other paths.

Dyon was forcing Glorianice's hand. If she wanted her Dream Panther Clan to live a good life in the Mortal Alliance, she would have to sweat blood on the battlefield for Dyon's goals. When he said he would work her to death, he meant it!

'Jaws... No, Dyon...' Glorianice sighed once more. 'No. Lord Sacharro said that I need the blood essence of a Dream Panther in order to evolve the Barrier Breaking Pill into the Fate Breaking Pill... It seems I will have to awaken Ancestors for this... Your descendant has found us a ray of hope...'

In those moments, Glorianice finally truly bent her knee to Dyon.

Dyon had misjudged Aritzia. No, it was more accurate to say that he misjudged how important she viewed the tower quadrants. To Dyon, the tower quadrants were everything he had known, these individuals were his opponents, his enemies and his friends. However, Aritzia only saw these tower quadrants as a game board. She didn't hesitate to take risks not because she didn't care if she lost, but because it didn't matter even if she did.

It was as though Aritzia and Dyon had been playing a game of chess, but while Aritzia could see all 64 squares, Dyon's view was held to a small two by two corner. This was his biggest mistake.

He refused to make that mistake again. If he couldn't trust the people around him to act as he would expect, he would slash their game board apart so that they shared the same view as him.

Dyon wasn't in a position yet to do this to Aritzia. But, when it came to Glorianice, it far simpler to cut off her paths of retreat.

As Dyon's conscious flickered weakly, his resolute gaze never changed. These events weren't something he saw as a victory. In fact, he saw it as a devastating loss. No matter what he did, he would never be able to affect Aritzia to the same extent she affected him. However... There would come a day when he could. That, he was certain of.

For now, he would crush her in his small 2x2 square. When the time was ripe, he'd make sure Aritzia and the Sapientia didn't have a spot even if they tried to play another game.

'Sapientia Clan... I'll rip that mask off and let the whole world see you for the trash you are.'

...

"No, Master, I don't have the same control over my Earth Jaguar Clan as Glorianice does with her Dream Panther Clan. Usually, Panthers and Jaguars are quite anti-social and only come together for mating season. The only reason the Dream Panther Clan comes together is because of their reproduction troubles. Their population is so low to begin with that they wouldn't have any chance at mating at all if they went off on their own.

"But, it isn't impossible for me to gather them together. Though, we're just Heaven Grade beasts, so you shouldn't expect too much from us... In all likelihood, I'm the only dao expert of my species currently."

Dyon gained a new appreciation for just how difficult it was for heaven grade beasts to become dao experts. It was already difficult for transcendent and supreme grade beasts to do so, so it was no wonder there was such a cap on heaven grade beasts.

"That said, Master, if I understand correctly, our Martial Alliance has a problem with forming a reliable foundation. As far as I see it, Master should worry less about top tier experts and more about finding a reliable group of saints and celestials, or building one, at the very least.

"If faced with a billion celestials, even a dao expert must run. Though it is true that no number of celestials could ever kill a dao expert, that's only because they don't have the means of stopping said dao expert from running, not because of a dao expert is so undefeatable.

"My Earth Jaguar Clan and Jaguar Clans in general, are ranked low within the cat beast Kingdoms, but our numbers are pretty decent."

Dyon thought about it for a while before shaking his head. "Let's forget about this for now."

Chapter 1573: Scent of Death

He didn't like the idea of the imbalance of force bringing in so many jaguars would cause. Maybe he wouldn't have minded if Lina could guarantee control of them, but it was clear that she couldn't since she said as much. Bringing them would cause more trouble than good. Dyon would think about it again in the future.

It was at this moment that the flashing lights of the teleportation formation dimmed and Dyon found himself within Soul Palace.

He tried to stand but almost stumbled and fell, only to be by Ri.

"You need to rest." Ri said sternly as Lina quickly entered her human form. "And you, you need to dress yourself."

"Ah, yes." Lina said hurriedly, not wanting to anger her Master's wife. Lina didn't have any 'modest' clothing, so he could only conjure up some thin branches to weave into a dress.

Lina's Clan might be called the Earth Jaguar Clan, but they might more accurately be known as Forest or Wood Jaguars. Though her earth will was incredibly strong, she had a rare wood will that was far stronger, allowing the dress she formed to have a natural soothing smell while also giving herself a modest appearance.

Luckily, Dyon had already had Ri's help in wiping himself clean of whale fat and in finding himself a pair of pants.

"I can't rest now... Clara..."

"I'm worried about Clara too." Ri said with a slight tremble in her stern voice. "But, you must know that Aritzia definitely barred the use of teleportation formations. Even if I wanted to let you go to Sapientia City, it would take you at least ten years, likely more to get there."

Dyon's tired eyes flickered with rage, but he knew that Ri was right. The reason Little Yin was able to get there so quickly was because time and space was something she could manipulate easily if the subject was only herself. She could cross a universe and its void in the blink of an eye if she was alone. But Dyon... He didn't have this ability.

Clara had a fail safe, the very same fail safe Dyon gave Amphorae: a relay station. However, for one, the Sapientia had likely laid a sealing formation to prevent teleportation, and secondly, Dyon would need Clara's say so for the relay station to be activated. Knowing Clara's personality, she would never give that permission. She would rather die.

Ri propped Dyon's body upward, using her shoulders to keep him up by his underarm. She hated seeing Dyon feel this way, and she hated even more that Clara was in such a position, but there was nothing they could do. Even if they could go, was Dyon really in a position to do much of anything? Would Lina alone be enough to deal with whatever trump cards the Sapientia had?

"Rest first." Ri said without room for discussion. "I have to check on Palace Master Jasmine. It's likely that she's been under a lot of pressure in the last few weeks. We can only thank her for the fact we only had to deal with six dao experts and not any more..."

As Ri was talking, the teleportation formation behind them lit once more.

Dyon was so shocked that his head snapped backward, immediately jumping to the worst-case scenario. But, what he saw hit him with such a violent wave of relief that he directly blacked out. The last pillar of worry keeping him up shattered.

There were two individuals who appeared at that moment.

One was a valiant red-gold haired beauty with once fiery emerald eyes that had been flooded with a sharp crimson light. This valiant woman held another, unconscious woman in her arms, one that seemed to be sleeping soundly.

Dyon didn't know what happened, nor did he care. The only thing that mattered to him was that Amphorae and Clara were here, and they were both alive.

It seemed however that good and bad things always came in pairs. As Dyon fell into a world of black, various activities were taking place all over Soul Planet.

In the distance, one could hear the reverberating sounds of an intense sparring match. The citizens of Soul Planet were quite used to this. Little Princesses Aoife and Stella seemed to have a battle like this everyday. Thanks to the Life Stone, whatever damage they caused would be repaired in just a few minutes, so no one minded.

However, this day seemed different. As the pair of beauties battled in Soul Rending Peak's surrounding forest, they noticed that their surroundings weren't repairing themselves as quickly as they once did.

"Hold on a second." Stella called out.

"What, want to give up? Good. I'm our official key wielder now!" Aoife said proudly.

"Shut up, horns for brains, look over there."

"You talk a lot of nonsense for someone whose brain cells went to an overinflated chest –" As Aoife was about to say more, she suddenly saw it.

Instead of healing, the battle ground began to waft an eerie black fog emanating an uncomfortable scent... The scent of blood and roses... The scent of death.

**

~Hours earlier

Little Yin's body shivered. The distance from her to Dyon was too far, making it impossible for her to rely on him to sustain her strength.

The guild guards seemed to have some sort of death wish. It had already been several days since Little Yin had sent out her first warning, yet they kept coming.

At first, there was great hesitation. Five guild guard, 20 battle suits and 20 operators dead and gone in just a few moments, how could they not hesitate?

However, after more than a day of no movement, they began to question a few things. If there was such a powerful expert protecting Clara, why did he or she just leave her lying there unconscious? Why hadn't this person swept forward and taken Clara away yet? Didn't that mean there were obviously some limitations to this person's abilities?

This made sense, of course. They couldn't think of any other reasons why Little Yin hadn't taken Clara away yet. They concluded that it must be some sort of treasure, and if this was true, then it had its limits for sure.

Little Yin had never even felt anger before these events, but watching how these people began to use Clara's life as some sort of experiment pissed her off.

Little by little, they began to realize that whatever it was protecting Clara only took action when there was something directly trying to interfere with Clara herself. It ignored things they threw over, but if what was thrown over would hit Clara, its existence would be wiped from reality.

Then they noticed a range limitation. No one ever died from greater than ten meters away, so the guild guards began to use that range as a reference for the distance they should maintain.

After this was found out, they began to pepper Little Yin and Clara with ranged attacks. Little Yin could feel her ancient aura being whittled away with every passing moment. She was beginning to think that she truly had no choice but to risk Clara's life by entering the void.

Chapter 1574: More

"Do you really want to keep doing this? Do you think you'll have a place here when all of this is over?" The Poison Guild Head sneered toward the Weapon's Guild Head, his snide comments just as sharp as usual.

"You don't feel embarrassed?" A silver robed middle aged man rebutted, clear disgust on his aged features. "Isn't it obvious to you that the Sapientia haven't kept their word? And now you want me to take action against one of my own disciples for their pleasure? If you want to leave this room, you'll have to step over my dead body."

The Poison Guild Head erupted into laughter. "Were you really so naïve to believe that the Sapientia ever had a shred of good in them? The inferior swine of the martial world might fall for their tricks, but how can you call yourself a dao expert if you're so naïve?"

"This was never about who was right and who was wrong. It's about who has the most power. The Sapientia you've seen is just the tip of the iceberg, but you really want to go against that? You're a fool. They don't care about your feelings, they wouldn't even blink an eye if the whole of the tower quadrants went up in smoke. Don't you get it? Even as a Moon Lord, you are useless to them. I am useless to them. They are useless to them." The Poison Guild Head pointed toward the rest of the guild heads.

The weapon's guild head sneered. "You say that so proudly, speaking of the pride and knowledge of a dao expert, yet you lower your head so easily. I wonder what you'd do if you found out that the Clan you were offending for the so-called Sapientia was a Clan you couldn't afford to offend all the more so? How would you feel about who was naïve and who wasn't then?"

The guild heads froze at these words. No one knew where Clara came from, nor had they ever heard of a Gallagher Clan. But, could it really be that Clara came up with the Network alone?

"That's enough. It's best you move, Metheus." The magic guild head, and the woman rumored to have a relationship with her student Diasho Ken, stepped forward.

"You all disgust me. You pretend to stand at the top of the world and flaunt your strength when it suits you, but whenever you receive even the slightest bit of pushback, you fold like cheap metal."

Metheus watched as six of his colleagues turned on him. Did they really think that they were at the top of the world? Did they not understand what level of innovation went into the Mortal Network? Did they really think that Clara could come from a simple Clan? Fools. All of them.

"This is your last chance. Move!"

It didn't matter who spoke. Six Guild Heads, all of whom decided to put down their pride as Moon Lords to wag their tail for a master who cared nothing for them. All Metheus felt was endless disgust as six attacks charged toward him. There was no point in defending. Aside from the runic, magic and poison guild heads, they all had poor battle prowess. How would he as a mere blacksmith withstand six attacks?

Metheus lightly touched the workbench strapped to his back in his final moments. 'Seems this is the end of our road, friend.'

...

"More!" A captain of the guild guards urged the archers to loose their arrows faster.

The scene was ridiculous. Hundreds of guild guards stood around a tower that had lost its roof. Numerous spectators stood on the ground, watching as these 'lofty' guild guards put their everything into firing toward an unconscious silver robed girl. But, all they received in return were arrows that shattered inexplicably.

Some of them seemed to be torn from the inside out, while other disintegrated into fine dust particles.

"Don't let up!"

Over these past few days, it was safe to say that the guild guards had come to hate this captain to the depths of their souls. Not only had he wantonly sent them to their deaths when this all started, he was now commanding them from on high as though they weren't tired as dogs. He hadn't lifted a single finger from beginning to end, yet his mouth still hadn't grown tired.

However, they could only swallow their resentment. The hierarchies of the martial world were simply too fierce for small people like them to do anything about it.

Little Yin shivered. The endless torrent of celestial drawn arrows was more than taking its toll on her.

Her rage was boiling over. Weren't these people embarrassed? And what about the person pulling these strings? Not even a single member of the Sapientia Clan had shown their face from beginning to end. They didn't even dare to take responsibility for their actions!

Little Yin flashed forward, cutting through the stream of arrows. She had decided. These people needed to die.

Suddenly, the rules the guild guards had become so used to changed. By the time they noticed that something invisible was cutting a path through their rain of arrows, it was too late.

The captain panicked. "No —!"

Before he could finish his words, his head had been sliced from his shoulders.

Little Yin took a risk. She had left a barrier around Clara, but she wasn't certain how long she could last. But, she knew that she needed time to recuperate. The only way to gain that time was by changing the rules of engagement. If she could make them back off for even just a few hours, she could catch her breath and reassess.

She tore through the guild guards, hopping through space as though it was her playground. No one could see her, no one could sense her. This was the nature of Battle Awakened Celestial Hamsters, a beast that wouldn't even fear a head on match against a dragon.

Blood rained down upon Sapientia City. The screams and rushed footsteps of those below almost rang hollow amidst the death.

'Just a little bit more... Then they should back off.' Little Yin pumped herself up even knowing she was approaching the end of her rope.

Chapter 1575: Keep Going

Space seemed to react to her calls slower, time seemed languid in its responses, but she kept going. She had seen Dyon's future and, more importantly, his past. He wasn't a man who would stumble at such an early stage. But, Little Yin knew that if Clara fell here, it might be something that Dyon never recovered from, it would be the kind of moment that changed a man forever.

'Keep going... Keep going for Dyon.'

Maybe Little Yin wouldn't have cared so much about this moment in the past. She seemed sweet and caring, but in the end, she had the same cold and calculating nature all celestial hamsters did. What others saw was less of her personality, and more of a front. There was a reason she wasn't fazed when she took her first life... It only seemed natural to her, like a logical conclusion to the inevitable.

However, when Dyon rejected both her and her brother all those years ago, sending them away without care despite knowing how useful they could be to him, she was shocked. Shock and surprise... Those were the first two emotions she ever felt in her life.

Initially, her and Little Yang had no intention of going back to Dyon. But, curiosity got the best of them. Their clan sought after knowledge, after all. So, how could they not follow the scent of something novel and inexplicable?

What they saw shocked them. They couldn't understand Dyon's actions at all. Why was he, a man who obviously had his qi locked and his soul chained, putting his life on the line for mere soul slaves? All logical reasoning told them that it made no sense.

Maybe Dyon wasn't as smart as they thought he was? That was what the twins thought...

But then they watched Dyon accept untold humiliation, even to the point of being castrated publicly and labeled as a rapist, all so that he could increase his chances of saving these very individuals he had never laid eyes upon before.

It was then that Little Yin realized that maybe there was something they didn't understand, something that their ancestors before them didn't understand either. So, they made a decision and chose Dyon as their Anchor. They wanted to understand...

Little Yin didn't grasp it fully yet, but she felt that she had comprehended a small bit of it now. Sacrifice was an odd concept... No?

It was then that six auras vastly superior to anything Little Yin had faced before descended. The Guild Heads had arrived and their target wasn't the endless slaughter within the guild guards, but Clara herself!

The six guild heads appeared. The speed of a dao expert wasn't something that could be measured by mere celestials. However, they needed to be careful at the same time.

In Dyon's home universe, planets couldn't handle the battle prowess of a celestial, it struggled with even saints at times. However, the Sapientia Universe was far sturdier thanks to its higher energy density. Still, even for Planet Sapientia, it was impossible to handle the full strength of a dao expert. Celestial was its absolute upper limit, and even then, pseudo-dao experts were capable of threatening the planet's wellbeing.

"What is going on here?" The beast master guild head looked around. He felt strong time and spatial fluctuations, but he didn't see where it was coming from.

This was only to be expected. Little Yin and Yang could perfectly hide even from Higher Existences as long as said Higher Existence didn't specialize in time and space will. What did mere Moon Lords mean in the face of a celestial hamster?

"Whatever it is, is wreaking havoc amidst the guild guards. However, the fluctuations of time and space aren't enough to threaten us. If it wasn't for that Metheus bastard, we could have ended this farce weeks ago by the looks of things."

"It wasn't just Metheus. They didn't want us to act either due to the optics. Think about what it looks like if seven guild heads move to capture a child."

The guild heads felt embarrassed at these words, but it was already too late now. It was impossible to perfectly seal the matters of Middle Sapientia City. The prestige of the Sapientia Clan was definitely taking massive hits.

"None of this matters. This ends today. Grab her and throw her in a cell. She can rot away like all those others."

None of them needed to speak further. They knew quite well who these "others" were.

Little Yin shook. 'Six...'

Her complexion sank. Even if she was at her best, she could at most block one weaker lower dao expert, especially when she was so far away from Dyon. But, all of the guild heads were middle dao experts!

Suddenly, Little Yin felt a strong fluctuation of space. She was incredibly sensitive to such things as it was in line with her affinities. However, the fluctuation failed in the next instant.

'What was that....' Little Yin frowned. She didn't have time to think about it. She charged back toward Clara. There was no competition, even dao experts weren't a match for Little Yin's speed. She made it back in less than the blink of an eye.

Her body shook, her pure white fur standing and expanding her body. A low growl escaped her lips as she dug deep, bringing out her remaining strength. There was no choice left, she had to risk taking Clara into the void.

'I'll keep the teleportation short. I'll stay on this planet but toward a relatively barren space. Then I'll protect us from detection. Come on, I can do this.'

Just as Little Yin was about to risk it all, the strong fluctuation pierced forward again.

'...Wait. This fluctuation. I recognize it. It's a planet grade teleportation array. But...'

A sudden realization hit Little Yin. 'The sealing array! Destroy it!'

In that moment, the accumulated time and space qi Little Yin was charging erupted outward.

The charging dao experts were caught completely off guard. This fluctuation was far stronger than what they had noted before.

Chapter 1576: Are You All?

At the end of the day, these guild heads were cowards. Due to fear, they threw their pride as Moon Lords and dao experts away. How could these sorts of people be brave enough to charge through this much more powerful energy fluctuation? What they didn't know was that this choice was what sealed their fate... If only they had blocked this fluctuation, maybe they could have kept their lives.

An instant later, the sealing formation, that had been invisible too the naked eye, shattered.

The energy fluctuation that had been trying its best to burst through bloomed. Strong spatial fluctuations swirled, causing the six dao experts to fly back even further, thinking this was a primer for a greater attack.

However, what happened was nothing like that. Instead, a beauty the likes of which could rarely be found on the mortal plane appeared.

She was wrapped in a tight leather armor pulsing with a dark maroon color. The deep, dark red-purple armor alternated from leather to plate armor, giving her the look of an unmatched Valkyrie, or a Goddess of War.

Her figure made one want to stare endlessly, but her power made one unable to. Her waist was shapely, her hips wide, while the leather and plate armor that stretched over her chest seemed to be fighting the war of its life to keep its bust back from bursting apart.

This valiant woman pulsed with such a savage aura that Planet Sapientia trembled in fear. The oceans erupted with tsunamis and the earth shook and cracked. Sapientia City itself seemed to be in shambles with buildings collapsing under their own weight and its people running for their lives.

Her red-gold hair whipped violently amidst her building presence. She didn't seem to carry a weapon at all, but the aura of the golden bracelet on her wrist could make one palpitate.

"I'm disappointed." The woman frowned with disdain. "Are you six all the Sapientia have to offer?"

Amphorae had appeared.

Amphorae's disappointment was warranted, albeit a bit war and battle crazed. She was here to save her sister wife, after all, not to enjoy a battle.

She had just spent the last few weeks in severe pain, restructuring her body completely, all so that she could become strong enough to save Clara, but she met opponents she could have defeated even before she became a 13th Order Middle Dao expert.

On top of that, she had even brought out her father's heirloom, the Pakal Ancestor's body armor, all for her to find a set of six weaklings.

Let alone before, even when Amphorae was a Lower Dao Expert she could have defeated these six. Aside from the poison, magic and runic vein guild heads, the other three were third grade dao experts. However, even the former three were mere second grade dao experts.

This meant that half of them crossed the dao barrier after only cultivating to the 10th celestial realm, while the other half crossed after only cultivating to the 11th celestial realm. To match them up against Amphorae who only crossed after filling all 108 meridians with celestial qi... It was like comparing the clear sky to a basin filled with shit.

Amphorae wanted them to be powerful only so that she could justify leaving Clara in a precarious situation for so long, but it seemed that Clara had suffered for no reason. Now that Amphorae had filled 112 meridians with celestial qi... These six weren't even worth a passing thought before her.

With a sigh, she put away her battle intent, causing the quaking Planet Sapientia to finally calm to a small extent. She scooped downward and picked up Clara.

The Golden Dragon Lyre on her wrist slithered awake, wrapping around Clara's body and protecting her to Amphorae's back. Then, she faced the city.

Amphorae looked off into the distance, but she sneered lightly in the next moment. She felt some powerful auras surge a moment ago, but it seemed they felt that the risk in coming out was no longer worth it. Maybe her pain and Clara's suffering wasn't completely unwarranted, then.

However... If they expected Amphorae to leave without taking something from them... They were sorely mistaken. The Sapientia would not have a place within the tower quadrants very soon.

"The crime of touching a Sacharro woman isn't something the likes of you can afford to commit. Let today be a warning to all others. The Sacharro Clan doesn't take offenses lightly."

Amphorae's words were like a bomb set off through the martial world. Those who had still been brave enough to dare to record the events occurring felt like their heads were spinning. Did she just say that Clara was a Sacharro woman? This was massive!

A delicate hand stretched outward. It was so slender and beautiful that those who saw Amphorae's action couldn't believe the destruction that came with it.

"[Worldly Resonance: First Note]."

A single finger flicked downward. As though playing the music of the heavens with the sky itself, a reverberating shock wave spread outward.

At first it was slow, even beautiful. But what happened next shook those below with fear.

Three guild heads. The beast master, the formation master, and the alchemy master, just when they were listening to what they believed was the most beautiful sound they had ever heard, had their heads shatter into a rain of blood, bone and brain matter.

The magic master, runic vein master and poison master all coughed up blood, their bodies quaking, but their qi and muscles unable to move an inch.

"Stay your hand, young one. You've made your point."

An ancient voice resounded through Planet Sapientia. It was soothing, almost too much so. It reminded one of a docile old man who entertained children with his tales.

"..." Amphorae remained silent for a moment. "... The Sacharro Clan doesn't take offenses lightly. [Worldly Resonance: Second Note]."

The old man sighed but said nothing more, his voice disappearing like morning fog.

Like this, six guild heads who had held their positions for tens of thousands of years were murdered before the eyes of the martial world.

The Sacharro Clan would never take a step backward. If it wasn't for Amphorae's explosive increase in strength, would that very same old man have asked for her opinion? In all likelihood, he would have stepped out and crushed Amphorae and sealed both her and Clara away.

The only thing that mattered in the martial world was power, and the Sacharro Clan needed to set a bloody precedent once more because it seemed the others weren't enough. This was only the first step in expunging the Sapientia from the tower quadrants.

Amphorae turned to activate the relay station hidden within Clara's forging room, when another voice sounded.

"Oh... Thank God..." Metheus, beaten, battered and bruised collapsed from the skies.

Amphorae wasn't one to easily feel sympathy, but she could easily see through Metheus' cultivation. It didn't take a genius to figure out what had happened to him.

She struggled slightly, but then she thought of what Dyon would do in this situation. In the end, with a light smile, she held Clara in her arms and sent the Golden Dragon Lyre to coil around Metheus instead.

The relay station shattered as three figures disappeared, leaving Sapientia City in silence.

Chapter 1577: Blatant

Dyon startled awake. His mind spun as he quickly pushed himself up, but he had completely forgotten that he was missing half of his right arm and ended up awkwardly spinning off to the side of his soft bed and crashing to the floor. It was safe to say that he had never done something so clumsy even when he was still a mortal.

Unfortunately, he didn't get the chance to play it off as Ri's soft snickers and giggles almost made him blush with shame. Luckily though, he had grown a thick layer of skin long ago.

After a light cough, he stood and blinked. A splitting headache threatened to slice his skull in half, but he still managed to realize that he was in the royal bedroom. It was a place he shared a bed with his wives, though they rarely used it considering they had cultivated to the point where sleep was more of a passing pleasure than a necessity.

In truth, the reason Dyon got over his initial embarrassment so easily was because that feeling was overwhelmed by shame.

He had been so overwhelmed by a feeling of relief when he saw Clara that he blacked out. But the reality of the matter was that he was really worried about Madeleine as well. He believed that comparatively speaking, Madeleine should be in the better situation, but it was impossible for him to know that. Unfortunately, he passed out before he wanted to.

Dyon was well aware of the rules of the tower. If Madeleine was being harassed by the Sapientia like he believed, he already knew it was possible that the Sapientia had dao experts on standby. Not just her, but the Demon Generals would be in danger as well.

However, just when Dyon turned to Ri to ask, she pointed toward the bed.

The second wave of relief was so fierce that Dyon passed out again. For the second time in just as many days, Ri had to catch her foolish husband from falling to the ground.

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The next time Dyon awoke, almost half a month had passed. This time, he didn't make the same mistake and woke up slowly, smiling when he saw Madeleine and Clara sleeping soundly next to him. But in the next moment, his smile faded, only to be replaced cold, expressionless face.

Dyon stood, making sure to tuck his wives back in before quietly leaving the room.

Before heading out, Dyon made sure to form himself a fake arm. He was no longer allowed to show weakness.

But, even he didn't realize how quickly his cold exterior would be shattered.

"Big brother!"

Dyon watched as a rush of pink diamond flew into his arms. He had only just entered the throne room to find a small meeting taking place, but he hadn't expected to see his little sister for the first time in decades here. All of his thoughts of rage and anger dissipated as Little Lyla's lithe figure crashed into him.

Dyon chuckled. He had a feeling Lyla did this on purpose. Even if she couldn't read his mind due to The Seal, she was too good at reading the emotions of people now. She saw right through him.

He held her tightly, his worries washing away with her delicate fragrance.

The guilt he felt in leaving a little girl in an environment she knew nothing about all alone had always been there, but it hit doubly now that Lyla was actually here.

"You aren't going to forget about me, are you?" Zaire's boisterous, almost overly loud voice filled Dyon's ears. Dyon almost couldn't believe that the little boy who used to cling to him had a deeper and far manlier voice than his own now.

Dyon grinned, rubbing his little sister's head as she sobbed lightly and ignoring Zaire.

"You're a man now, you don't need me anymore."

Zaire harrumphed, turning around as though to throw a tantrum.

'Plus, won't I be too embarrassed to hug you now? Who asked you to be more than a foot taller than me?'

Lyla giggled in Dyon's chest, as though seeing through his thoughts.

Dyon looked around. It seemed this was a gathering being headed by Amphorae and Ri. They had every right to do so as Sacharro women, so there was nothing wrong with this. However, what worried Dyon more was the fact it had to be held at all. What happened?

Lyla wiped her tears and grasped Dyon's arm like a spoiled little girl. Dyon smiled and let her do as she pleased. He hadn't given her any brotherly love for over 20 years now, she definitely deserved some attention after so long.

"Sorry for interrupting." Dyon said lightly. "Did something happen?"

The happy atmosphere turned serious. Amphorae took the lead in explaining.

"There are a few issues, Lord Husband. Firstly, we need to figure out how to move forward with the Open Phase. Sister Clara had her hand forced so our plans were pushed up further than we'd like them to be. Secondly, there's still the celestial floors situation. The Demon Generals are still fine since they're under the protection of Low Gold City, but Little Lyla has reason to believe that Middle Sapientia and Middle Lily City are being heavily monitored right now.

"We decided to move Sister Madeleine away against her wishes, but the Flaming Lily Sect disciples are still in danger, not to mention the fact that the thousands of eye witnesses to what took place in Middle Sapientia City are also unable to move freely.

"Lastly... There have been reports of a few oddities on this planet. The Life Stone, or rather its usual abilities, seem to have deteriorated for reasons unknown."

Dyon frowned, taking a seat with Lyla by his side. "Can you fill me in on what happened in Middle Sapientia City?"

After listening to the story, Dyon turned a reproachful gaze toward Damaris. The poor girl didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

'Why are you only blaming me? Lyla and Zaire went too... This bias is too blatant.'

Chapter 1578: Life Stone

"What happened to those cages filled with people?"

"Only you can give permission to bring people to Soul Planet and my Inner World isn't large enough to fit the cages themselves, so they're still in Middle Sapientia City." Zaire answered. "Now that you're awake, we can bring them over whenever. The issue is that we don't have the means to open the cages."

"What happened to the key you used to release Virvor?"

"That was the only key Primus had, it could only open Virvor's cell. It seemed that the only reason he had that key was because it was his decision, along with Aritzia's, to capture Virvor.

"However, usually, the process of getting keys for those cages is far more complex. According to what Little Lyla found picking through Primus' brain, there's a complex chain of command they need to go through to open the cages. If we try to forcibly open the cages, the ones inside will lose their lives."

It was lucky that Madeleine didn't have enough strength back then to forcibly open the cage, and as such wasn't seen as a threat. Or else Virvor would have lost his life...

Dyon's frown deepened. It sounded to him like a team of researchers the Sapientia went through so much trouble to capture and cage would be incredibly useful to him. But, it seemed it would be far more trouble than he thought to take advantage of them.

Still, Dyon didn't worry too much. He had a lot of confidence in the [Dao of Array Alchemy]. He didn't believe there was a mechanism in existence he couldn't crack with its help.

"I'll make a trip and bring the cages here, then. We can figure out how to open them in time. They shouldn't starve since they're most likely cultivators. But, we also have to be cautious. We have no idea how powerful these individuals are or aren't."

Since these individuals were being held on the celestial floors, common sense would dictate that they were not older than 5000 years old and were likely not dao experts either, however, Dyon had an odd instinctual reaction to the cages they were kept in.

According to the Zaire, Madeleine had displayed the strength of a lower dao expert, yet still couldn't open the cage. This was definitely no normal cage.

Still, Dyon felt a bit... hesitant. Was fear of the cages being found of Planet Sapientia really enough of a reason for them to be stored on the middle tiers instead of their much safer home planet?

Dyon had a feeling that the story behind this was more complex. Maybe Primus simply didn't have the cache within his own clan to know the truth, so Lyla's ability was useless here. If they trusted him as much as they trusted Aritzia, he definitely would have had more than just the key for Virvor's jail cell on him.

"I have a feeling that they'll be useful to us, but our safety is more important than that. As for what we can do about the Sapientia..." Dyon's eyes sharpened, causing Soul Palace to quake. "There's no room for negotiation. We'll push them out until they have no place remaining the tower quadrants."

"I plan on entering Calming Lake very soon. I expect it to take one or two years." Dyon had long since given Giralda enough payment to enter for such a period of time, so he didn't feel like he was taking advantage at all. "I'll be leaving a clone of mine here, of course. He will be more than enough to deal with what we need to do.

"The first is to take advantage of the Open Phase. For now, we have two priorities in that regard. The first is the Mortal Library. Lead by example. I'll be flooding the library with pools of knowledge we can afford to share. The less power the Sapientia have over knowledge, the better.

"The second priority are pills. Even above weapons and arrays, panaceas are ranked first among the most important products of secondary professions. We'll crush them in this regard.

"Essence condensing pills, saint condensing pills, celestial condensing pills and dao condensing pills. We'll sell both low and high quality healing pills. The highest quality will be the comet grade Heaven Soothing pill, but they'll be in low quantities. We'll mass produce master grade Bone and Flesh Mending Pills.

"We'll sell pills appropriate for soul and body cultivation as well.

"Right now, what we need the least is money and resources. We have more than we can spend in countless millennia if we maintain this size and population. What we need to do is move forward and think about how to spend these funds efficiently. We need plans to increase population size and improve the foundation of our Mortal Alliance.

"This is the plan, but we'll have to go through proper procedures and call for a Mortal Meeting. Though, I don't believe anyone will take issue."

Dyon spoke quickly. His every word seemed to shatter the worries and trepidations of those around him. Even Amphorae who usually had an unfeeling expression on her lovely features smiled.

"But now... What was this you said about the Life Stone?"

Aoife and Stella who had been trying not ruin the proceedings realized that it was their turn to speak. After a quick explanation of what they experienced, Dyon's frown, which had finally relaxed, came back in full force.

'Death qi?... Why would death qi be here of all places? Could it be Junior?'

Junior's Death God constitution wasn't normal by any stretch. Due to the fact he had taken Orcus' bones, it was far easier for him to shoot through the grades of his constitution. This was only made more certain by the fact his soul talent should be just as powerful as Dyon's. Theoretically, that is.

But, it seemed too exaggerated for Junior to be the reason the Life Stone wasn't working properly.

From Dyon's memory, he remembered learning about the life stone from the statues in the Valley of Geniuses.

Chapter 1579: Nervous

However, they only alluded to it. Due to restrictions they faced, they couldn't tell him the truth behind it. It wasn't until Dyon came back and entered the Celestial Beast's mystical world that he came to understand that the core of its world was the Life Stone.

However, even then, Dyon learned something else even more poignant.

Every treasure of the 33 heavens had one active ability and one passive ability. This passive ability was what made them half legendary treasures, legendary treasure being the only treasures in existence capable of acting without the interference of an owner. While the active ability requires the active help of a wielder.

For example, the Energy Core. Its active ability allows for the control and storage of all energies. However, its passive ability allowed the stabilization of spiritual veins, allowing them to grow past their normal limits. Technically, it shouldn't be just spiritual veins it could replicate this feat with, but all kinds of veins, including devil veins and energy stone mines, etc.

The Seal is another example of this. Its active ability allows for the sealing of all things under the heavens. However, its passive ability protects the mind of its wielder, allowing Dyon to be immune to mental attacks and mind reading. This was how he so easily ignored Glorianice's attempt to enslave him.

This pattern can be said again and again with treasures of the 33 heavens, even the soul tome whose active ability allowed the instant mastering of techniques and had an active ability that cleansed and healed souls. Or the aurora steps that had an active ability that paralyzed an enemy's soul, or a passive ability that awakened one's aurora.

However, this pattern ceased with the Life Stone... Or rather, while the passive ability of the Life Stone was known, information about its active ability was lost in time. Of course, one could make guesses at to what it was, but for now, it was a complete unknown.

This intrigued Dyon when he first learned it, but since he hadn't had the celestial hamster twins by his side back then, he had no way of finding out this secret. By the time he did have the twins by his side, he had more pressing matters to worry about, especially considering he couldn't just take the life stone for himself since it was acting as the core of a mystical world.

'Maybe this has to do with the active ability of the Life Stone then? Life and death go hand in hand... I know that there's a Life Stone, but I've never heard of a Death Stone... Considering the balance the heavens usually like, this doesn't make much sense... maybe they were one in the same from the start?'

This was all wild speculation on Dyon's part, but it was a keen piece of intuition.

'If I'm right, then this makes a little more sense. It would make sense if Junior's existence triggered this unknown ability.'

Junior spent a lot of time playing around with Little Aiden in the celestial beast mystical world. Those two rascals were already almost three years old, so Delia had her hands full trying to drain them of all that energy so she could finally rest. Dyon wouldn't be surprised if the Life Stone recognized Junior as its master and began to act in this fashion as a result.

The life stone wouldn't recognize Dyon easily considering it was an energy path treasure and not a soul path one. But, if its active ability was related to what Dyon speculated, there was likely no better master than Junior.

'I'll have to talk to the little guy.' Dyon sighed, feeling a little guilty. 'I should also take this opportunity to talk to him about the truth of his identity. The sooner I do it, the better. I don't believe he isn't clever enough to understand the truth. And if he really is me...' Dyon smiled. 'I know exactly how he'll react.'

"Is the death qi causing any harm?" Dyon finally asked.

"As far as we can see, no. Also, the phenomenon is restricted to the immediate surroundings of Soul Rending Peak, so it's only influencing us cultivators. The non-cultivators shouldn't be impacted." Stella said.

Dyon nodded. "Good. Let me know if you notice any changes... I'll have to speak to someone about this. But first, we need to call a Mortal Meeting. I have a few things to say."

Like this, the second ever Mortal Meeting was scheduled for the next day.

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The various Clan heads settled in, a bit nervous. Many of them had been running around like their hair was on fire for the past few years trying to reach Dyon's lofty standards. They didn't expect to be called less than 3 years after the first meeting.

"Thank you all for coming." Dyon, who had settled into a seat at the helm, suddenly stood.

"First, I would like to apologize to you all."

Dyon's words shocked those in attendance. Apologize? For what? Did something happen? Seeing Dyon lower his head slightly, they felt flustered.

Lifting his head, Dyon spoke. "I erected the Arc of Humanity without seeking your approval first. I acted out of emotion and that was unacceptable. This won't happen again, I can promise you all that."

Hearing these words, the heads were even more stunned. Though Dyon's words were correct, no one had ever felt any dissatisfaction about his actions. They all knew how much Mia and Bella meant to many within the Mortal Alliance. Their deaths saddened them all.

Technically, it was true that for such a large project, Dyon should have called a Mortal Meeting. But, no one faulted him for not doing so. However, Dyon didn't allow them to let him off the hook.

"This time may have not been a big deal, but I don't want to set this sort of precedent. The rules of the Mortal Alliance must be followed, even by those of the Sacharro Clan. That is my promise to you all."

Chapter 1580: Dad?

Very much unlike the first meeting, Dyon's actions this time filled those Clan Heads with warmth. Their gazes clearly softened. Instead of the fear and trepidation that had once been there, many began to feel loyalty and satisfaction toward their leader.

"I'll forge myself into a better leader so that our future will be brighter." Dyon's resolute gaze met each and every one of their eyes before he sat once more.

"The first matter that I'd like to bring up this meeting is the possible addition of a new member of our alliance."

The various officials began to whisper among each other as a group of nine women entered.

Glorianice bowed deeply to Dyon.

"Hello everyone. I come here today to beseech you all as the representation of my Dream Panther Clan. We hope to join the Mortal Alliance and become one of the pillars toward its bright future."

If the numbered warriors saw the way the Nine they knew was acting now, their jaws would drop. Then they'd proceed to cut Dyon's skull open to understand just how he did it.

The meeting flowed quickly and ended in just a few hours. How could anyone have any objections to the addition of a Higher Dao Expert and eight Pseudo-Dao experts? They'd be fools to say no especially since their small Clan size likely meant they wouldn't be able to compete and ruin their interests anyway.

There were 7 years left on Dyon's 10 year 1st Tier Clan probationary period, so the Clans present were too busy trying to prove themselves to worry about the addition of new Clans.

Afterward, Dyon proceeded to explain to them the matters of the Sapientia and discuss the finer details of their possible counter strategies. As Dyon expected, no one had many objections to his ideas in this regard either. In fact, many of them seemed fired up to strike back against the haughty Sapientia for daring to threaten Clara's life.

The second portion of the meeting was the introduction of Little Lyla and Zaire as Sacharros.

Another large facet of the meeting was the exciting news around the Dark Ocean. They had suddenly gained 30 universes worth of accumulated resources, how could they not be ecstatic? They had enough to war for tens of thousands of years without worry, not that many of them were comfortable with such a prospect.

Finally, the biggest remaining topic was what to do in regard to the Jafari Clan treasure. Should they fuse with Dark Ocean? Or should they place their eggs into different baskets? It was a difficult choice to make, especially considering both choices had their own pros and cons.

In the end, they decided against the fusion for now.

There were two reasons. Firstly, one breach could mean the end of anything. However, this reason alone wasn't enough. Breaking down the void barrier constructed by the Jafari Clan treasure wasn't something any Clan in the tower quadrants was capable of as far as they were aware. In addition, even the outer quadrants would take several decades, maybe even centuries, of effort to breakthrough, not to mention an obscene amount of resources.

So, the true reason this was chosen after much debate was because of war.

If they changed the coordinates of Soul and Celestial Deer Universe, it'd be more inconvenient to war with the 99 universes and the Pakal, Ragnor, and Beast Alliance Clans. While the Jafari Clan treasure provided them with protection, it also made it inconvenient as well.

If they changed the coordinates, then the gates would lose their ability to connect the two universes. Although they could mitigate this nuisance by placing a teleportation array within the gate itself, that would bring other issues. For one, the gates were dangerous, so there'd have to be a squad left to protect the array year 'round. Secondly, since they were changing the coordinates, it would require planet grade arrays at a minimum to pull off this feat. Unfortunately, they only had 10 master key arrays which could only make 10 relay stations each. A single universe could have upwards of 10 to 20 gates alone, this number of arrays simply wasn't enough.

In the end, they chose to activate the Jafari Clan treasure for the barrier of protection, but not change the coordinates of the universe. In this way, they'd be able to use the gates for easier warfare, while also gaining a barrier of protection.

Like this, the meeting came to an end. However, Dyon felt like he was stepping out of a frying pan and into a fire.

"Hey little guy." Dyon smiled, walking into Junior and Aiden's play session.

Junior looked toward Dyon with his large, blinking silver eyes. "Should I call you dad, fake father?"

Dyon was about to find out firsthand how annoyed others felt when speaking to him.

Dyon choked on the air he was breathing as Delia whisked Little Aiden away and disappeared in a flash. She didn't even hesitate to betray him in this kind of situation.

Dyon sighed, looking down at Junior. His hand stretched down as he patted the little guy's head. He could breathe a sigh of relief due to the fact Junior at least didn't dodge his hand.

Currently, the two of them were on the lowest of the 18 tiers of the celestial beast mystical world. There were only saint beasts here, so it wasn't too be a deal for Delia to take them here to play considering she was already a celestial.

"Fake father, huh?" Dyon laughed hollowly.

"I think that's pretty accurate." Junior said with a smug smile.

'This can't be the way I look to other people, can it? How insufferable.' Dyon almost lamented his own personality. Was this the kind of face a 3 year old should be making?

"Do tell." Dyon nodded and listened.

"Well, my memory is very good." Junior said in an adorable voice. "Yet, even I shouldn't be able to remember every moment I've spent with fake father so clearly. But I do, do you know why?"

"Because the instances are too rare?"