

The Nameless 1591

Chapter 1591: Wings of Blessings

"... Lord Husband's world is... peculiar." Amphorae said with a light smile. But, inwardly, she was quite happy to learn more about Dyon.

"There is something I'm confused about, though." Dyon said. "Why was it that no one of the Angel Clan I saw had more than one pair of wings? Also, I believe I asked you during your first life about my wings, but you said you didn't have an answer back then. What changed?"

"For Lord Husband's second question, that is fairly simply. When Luna Moon helped me along my resurrection path, she also gave me great amounts of good karma. This helped me both directly and indirectly.

"Much like beasts, high race humans can pass along secrets within their bloodlines as well. Luna Moon helped me to learn secrets that were buried deeply within myself. It's thanks to her that I have an answer.

"As for your first question, it's tied to the answer for the second. The Angel Clan you saw was a shell of its former self. We were a mighty race, but fell from grace. If this wasn't the case, how could we be a small clan on the even smaller Planet Moon?"

Dyon nodded. This was true. The Angel Clan was still powerful back then, but it wasn't even the Royal God Clan of that planet. How could that be them at their full strength?

"No one of the Angel Clan we know had more than one pair of wings because there was no one remaining that could bestow any more.

"According to Angel Lore, wings could only be 'Blessed' upon an individual by a higher-ranking individual. And, only the wielder of the Angel Clan's Faith could Bless cherubs with the strength of a seraph."

Dyon understood. A Throne could Bless a Virtuous with the rank of Archangel. But, a Throne couldn't give another its own Throne rank unless they were willing to give up their own power to make it happen.

"However, when the power structure of the Angels crumbled, there was no longer anyone who could Bless or bestow higher rankings. But... I'm sure you see the obvious. For such a system to be birthed, someone had to become the first seraph, but how could that be possible? It becomes a chicken and the egg loop that's unfeasible to solve unless you were witness to the creation of the angel clan.

"It appeared though that... Lord Husband's existence deems to solve this mystery.

"I've had only one pair of wings all my life. But, after dual cultivating with Lord Husband just once, I blossomed a second.

"Lord Husband, your golden wings aren't just marginally more powerful than white, black or even red wings. They're the very foundation of the angel clan itself.

"They're known as the Wings of Blessings. They're pairs of wings that shook the enemies of the angels for countless eras not because of their individual strength, but because of the strength they could bestow upon those with angel blood."

"What?!"

Amphorae and Dyon were startled by the sudden appearance of a third party. When Dyon saw who it was, he couldn't help but get annoyed. This girl was practically his arch nemesis: Holy Princess Lillianna.

She hadn't bothered him in so long that Dyon practically forgot all about her. Now that he thought about it, maybe she was trying to get herself a new body alongside the other title spirits.

In the end, Dyon just played along. He knew that this Holy Princess hated him as much as he hated her, so for her to come out anyway, she must have a good reason.

"Is there a problem? Also, don't you know it's rude to listen in on the conversations of others?"

Lillianna snorted. "You must be wrong, little girl. There's no way this deviant shares the same power as the Holy Goddess."

The Holy Arc... It was a vessel so heaven defying that even the furniture that once graced it were auctioned off for obscene prices. In fact, a large part of the reason Ri was not blind today was in thanks to a visor created using a piece of furniture from the Holy Arc.

From what Dyon understood, the vessel was led by women. 108 Princesses, 12 Queens, 3 Empresses and finally, the Holy Goddess.

But, there was something Dyon's mind picked up on immediately. The first time Dyon met Lillianna was the very same day he first met Aritzia. Their meeting seemed coincidental. Dyon just happened to stumble upon Lillianna's statue while Aritzia was trying out her luck. Thanks to that coincidental event, Dyon learned many valuable things from Aritzia that day.

The first was the composition of the Holy Arc. Those 124 women held titles that were world renowned and wielded so much faith that their vessel was undefeatable.

The second was the power of the Holy Goddess. Dyon didn't have any direct information about this, but there was one fact he learned that day that shocked him beyond compare: the First White Mother was only one of three Empresses on the Holy Arc!

However, the third was what made Dyon freeze. According to Aritzia, the Holy Goddess spent her life alone, but she did fall in love with one man: The First Disciple of Abraxus.

[Author's Note: This was first referenced in 'Scoundrel (2)']

It was no wonder Dyon was shaken by this fact. According to Jade, Abraxus' first disciple only fell in love once on the mortal plane, and that first love of his died to old age. How could it be possible for a woman the caliber of the Holy Goddess, a woman with a transcendent worthy enough to call Abraxus Master, to die to old age? It made no sense.

Of course, it was also possible that this was an unrequited love. Aritzia said that the Holy Goddess fell for a man, but never said anything about whether that man fell for her or not.

However there was something else that was more curious... It made Dyon's head spin trying to wrap his head around it.

Chapter 1592: Lillianna

The First White Mother was currently Abraxus' third disciple. But, according to Evangeline, The Entity, Abraxus' second disciple, hadn't been there to witness its senior brother's first few wives on the immortal plane.

What did this mean? It meant that between the entity transcending and the first disciple becoming Abraxus' disciple, there were several tens of billions of years. This meant that in all likelihood, even more time should have passed between then and the First White Mother transcending and becoming a disciple.

The timelines simply didn't sync together. For the Holy Goddess to fall in love with Abraxus' First Disciple, she had to meet him, no? But, by this logic, the first disciple should have long since transcended by the time the First White Mother became a Holy Empress.

Of course, there was one possible simple explanation for this. Maybe the First Disciple and the First White Mother actually transcended during the same general time and it simply took Abraxus longer to accept her than him.

'That is possible...' Dyon thought to himself. '... But is that what happened? Why do I feel like there's something more to this?... That's why! That's why it's so unlikely...'

Dyon understood now why his instincts told him that explanation wasn't likely to be the truth. The First Disciple's biggest Heart Demon was watching those he loved die one after another to old age – no matter how powerful he was, he couldn't stop it. Even Abraxus was growing old before his eyes. How could the First White Mother survive from the time the first disciple transcended to now?

It could be possible that the First White Mother simply had a firmer dao heart than the women the First Disciple fell in love with. However, if even Abraxus grew old during that time frame, that made this explanation incredibly unlikely.

Dyon shook his head, deciding not to think about this anymore. What was the point in harping over the semantics of a story he didn't have the full facts of?

"It seems that you can finally make yourself useful. I assume that you were hidden within a statue of the Valley of Geniuses for a long time, correct? You can finally fulfill your duty."

Lillianna stared daggers toward Dyon. "I was waiting for an individual who would accept the Holy Goddess' legacy. But that person can't be you. You don't have any angel blood."

Lillianna wasn't a fool. She had been waiting so long for someone with the Wings of Blessings, yet she had tried to kill that someone? She would never live it down. No, she would deny this to the very ends of the earth.

Dyon smirked, seeing through Lillianna's thoughts. Maybe this would be his perfect revenge. Instead of torturing her for almost killing him, making her realize that he was the person she waited for all this time would be the sweetest form of revenge he could imagine.

If Dyon had to choose a person to believe, it would obviously be Amphora. The moment she spoke those words, he had already accepted them.

Seeing that Lillianna's spirit form seemed only a step away from erupting into a mist of hot air, Dyon laughed.

"Alright, alright. How about you tell me more about this Holy Goddess?"

"Hmph." Lillianna harrumphed. "Scoundrel... Bad man... Deviant..."

Dyon shook his head. Her bank of insults was still expanding far too slowly. This woman was a lost cause.

"... I'll speak about her not because you asked, but because the Holy Goddess' story is one that deserves to be spread."

"The Holy Goddess carried the Faith of the Angel Clan and during her rule, we were truly unmatched. However, our Vessel wasn't one solely for the angel clan though many of our fellow sisters did have angel blood running through their veins. The First White Mother is just one of the many outsiders we accepted into our fold. Though Goddess wasn't able to bestow her the strength of a true Seraph, she still elevated the First White Mother to the level of seraph ceremonially by bestowing upon her the title of Empress.

"The Queens were our Cherubs. And us Princesses were Thrones.

"The story itself isn't one of ups and downs. The Holy Arc was unmatched. We didn't have such a thing as arch enemies and we rarely, if ever, faced dangers. We simply spread the blessings of our Goddess far and wide.

"Even I don't know why our story came to an end so abruptly. What I can tell you though... Is that the Epistemic Towers wouldn't exist today had it not been for us."

Lillianna gripped her small fists. "That scoundrel ... that bad man...!"

Dyon suddenly realized that Lillianna wasn't talking about him anymore. But, that just made it even more sad. She had billions of years to think of insults for this person she clearly hated, yet this was the best she could do. Maybe these Holy Maidens really were too pure. He suddenly felt bad for punishing her at all.

"... Holy Goddess did all that work for him but then he just up and left. Holy Goddess was very different after that. One day she just disappeared... I like to think that she transcended ... But I have no way of knowing. I myself never had the talent to transcend so I had no hope in finding out..."

'I see... So it seems my instincts were correct. The creation of the Epistemic Towers really is linked to the old man's first disciple.'

Lillianna grit her teeth. "If it wasn't for Holy Goddess' blessings of creation, could he have ever succeeded, that ... argh!"

It seemed she had given up on insults and just settled for animalistic grunts instead. Poor girl.

"... Either way, you can't possibly be who the Holy Goddess was waiting for. How could you have the Wings of Blessings and not have angel blood? Speaking of which, you have to send me back to the valley of geniuses when it opens next. I have to go back to doing my –."

Lillianna's words became caught in her throat

Chapter 1593: Smirk

It wasn't because she had ran out of things to say. As long as it wasn't about coming up with insults, this young lady had a gift for speaking. Maybe it would more accurately be called a gift for speaking too much.

Instead, the reason she froze, unable to speak, was because Dyon's golden wing had suddenly appeared. From his sitting position, it whipped through the air, threatening to slice Lillianna in half, only for it to stop right before her forehead.

A cold sweat permeated down Lillianna's back despite being a spirit. She had felt death overwhelm her in that moment. Dyon's Presence had fused with every aspect of his being, and spirits and souls were incredibly vulnerable to Presence. If Dyon really wanted to, he really could eradicate what remained of Lillianna's soul with a single attack.

"W-wings o-o-of B-b-b-blessin-g-gs..."

Lillianna truly hadn't seen this scene before. Since she had been with Dyon, there were only three occasions he had brought out his golden wings.

The first time was to suppress and embarrass Anak. The second time was in his battle against the Cathedral. And the third time was within the Golden Flame Mystical World during Dyon's final battle with the four Scions and God Goldeen.

Unfortunately for Lillianna, or maybe fortunately, during those first two instances, she had been thrust into a world of torture alongside Matriarch Niveus. She had no way to see what happened outside.

During the third time, because Madeleine had been unconscious before due to the martial saint pill, Lillianna had been forced to leave her body and reside within Dyon's mind's eye. During that time, Dyon blocked her vision of the outside world, not wanting to deal with her nonsense.

Of course, there was a fourth time as well. This was when Dyon was flying through the Water Mist Sect to escape to the Dark Ocean. However, during this time, Lillianna wasn't with Dyon. She was within the celestial beast's mystical world!

This was the first time... The very first time Lillianna had seen Dyon's wings... And it hit her like a ton of bricks...

'I really almost killed the Goddess' successor...'

Dyon was having a hard time holding back his smirk. Maybe if it hadn't been for Amphorae who was still in his arms he would have been laughing too hard for his lips to contain.

Lillianna grit her teeth. "Holy Princess greets ... s-s-s."

"What was that?" Dyon leaned his ear over.

"S-s-..."

"Hm?" Dyon's eyes blinked innocently.

"SUCCESSOR." Lillianna finally forced out.

Though neither said it, this really was a stroke of fate. Under normal circumstances, Lillianna would have directly ignored Dyon when he came to her statue. But, then he started groping her. As a Holy Princess, she couldn't stand that, so she came out to reprimand him. As a result, she sensed his overwhelming soul, a soul that should have been too powerful for anyone on the mortal plane to contain.

This led to Lillianna trying to kill Dyon for what she thought were his evil deeds and finally getting trapped. Had all of these things not happened, Lillianna would have waited forever without finding the person she had waited for all of this time.

Finally Lillianna settled her emotions and sighed. "How..."

"How what?" Dyon's voice no longer carried a teasing tone, he decided to let her off the hook for now.

"How can you have those wings but no angel blood? I wouldn't have made such a mistake had you had even the smallest drop of angel blood!"

Dyon shrugged. "My parents are mortal, how could I have angel blood? These wings are a result of my manifestation causing changes to my body."

"Manifestation?"

"Yes. My manifestation has angel wings. Not long after I awoke my manifestation, a painful tattoo etched into my back and this was the result. Thanks to that, even when my soul was sealed away, I was still able to use my wings."

"... I see... It's not unfeasible if that's the case then..."

Dyon tilted his head in confusion, but it was Amphorae who answered.

"There are some cases where manifestations can grow powerful enough to elevate the race of their wielder, Lord Husband." Amphorae said lightly. "For example, if someone with a weapon spirit cultivates their manifestation to a high enough realm, it isn't impossible to display some of the prowess of a half sword sprite like the Diasho Clan disciples."

Dyon's brows arched in surprise. "So such a thing is possible too... It is still a bit odd though. My angel wings etched into my body quickly, almost too quickly. I had hardly had my manifestation for a few weeks at that point. But, none of the other parts of my manifestation reacted in that way."

"It's probably because your manifestation takes yourself as its form. It's very different from your halos."

Dyon thought for a bit then accepted it. He hadn't ever heard of anyone having themselves for their manifestation, but he did.

When Delia evoked her Ice Queen manifestation, it wasn't actually a reflection of herself, but the originator of her constitution. However, Dyon's manifestation wasn't just humanoid, it looked exactly like himself. It shared his personality too... It felt like him, albeit more mature and brooding.

Dyon once more had no choice but to ignore much of this. He was still in the process of comprehending his manifestations, he definitely didn't need anything more to complicate that process.

"So, what will you teach me today?" Dyon said with a wide grin.

"W-wait, y-you?" It seemed Lillianna had finally gotten over herself enough to notice Amphorae. "You have angel blood! How is that possible?!"

Amphorae only shrugged. It seemed for people who weren't Dyon, she couldn't be bothered to speak, let alone explain much of anything.

Lillianna sighed. "This whole family wants to drive me insane. Other than those overgrown Nephilim Clan monstrosities, there shouldn't be any angel clan blood remaining. Her being here makes no sense at all. And her blood is quite pure at that ... Very pure..."

Chapter 1594: Emerged

Hearing the Nephilim Clan mentioned, Dyon remembered the Emperor Giant Clan. According to what he understood, they fell under that umbrella. It seemed that if he wanted to use his "blessings" appropriately, he had to find individuals with angel blood. That left only Amphorae and their potential children, but the Emperor Giant Clan was another possible avenue... If he could subdue them properly, they'd become a very powerful pawn for him. It was too bad he didn't like Anak very much...

Finally, after ranting for an obscene amount of time, Lillianna finally snorted.

"You want to gain the Goddess' Legacy, but are you even worthy? Do you even know what holding up her mantle entails? You might be a great soul talent, but controlling the Wings of Blessings isn't related to the soul at all.

"Blessings are an ancient form of magic. The only magic that can stand its equal in terms of ancestry and power is Dragon Tongue."

Dyon suddenly thought back to the Dragon Saliva he gained from the golden flame mystical world. If he recalled correctly, the twins said Dragon Saliva was the result of accumulated dense magic from repeated use of Dragon Tongue. It seemed that maybe it was more valuable than he gave it credit for.

"You don't understand even the most basic magic, yet you want to comprehend Blessings? What a joke.."

Dyon waved his hand. "Just tell me what the Blessings are. I need to decide whether they are worth my learning or not."

"You! Did you just imply that they might not be?!"

"It's not that I'm looking down on your Goddess. But, I truly don't have the time to spend in just any fashion. Even if I split off a clone from myself, that still requires some thought. I can only form one of my highest-level clones at a time.

"Junior's soul hasn't broken into the celestial realm yet, so our experiences aren't shared yet either. And, even if he had, he's more suited toward Curses instead of Magic due to his constitution, so I can't make use of him either.

"So just tell me what I can expect. How about it, teacher?"

Lillianna's small face suddenly brightened when Dyon called her teacher, she even puffed out her chest a bit, smiling with pride. She was truly too childish.

"Since my student has asked so politely, I'll have to oblige." Lilliana said proudly. "Every pair of wings represents a new level of blessings.

"Angel wings have new meridian circulation paths that normal humans do not have access to. Every new set of wings complicates these circulation patterns to a higher degree. Essentially, having angel wings gives you access to angel magic and these "circulations" are where the term "magic circle" comes from.

"Black wings contain body reinforcement magic. White wings contain qi amplification and control magic. Red wings contain battle magic. Gold wings contain the magic of blessings.

"I can say that with your battle prowess now, if you suddenly comprehended all of the magic circles hidden within your wings instantaneously, you'd be able to battle a dao expert even if you never healed your arm. Though, with the true power of blessings, regrowing an arm is child's play."

Dyon who had been listening passively almost stood up abruptly. Had it not been for Amphorae who was on his lap, he really would have done so.

"What did you just say?"

"Oh? Is student very interested now?" It seemed it was Lillianna's turn for payback.

"Though you don't know about magic, you should know at least this much: the 108 meridians of a magic master represent 108 'Cores'. The more Cores a magic master can control, the greater strength they wield. However, this 'Core' limit is just for normal humans and beasts. Beasts and higher race humans that have deep magic ancestry can do away with those limits.

"Without Cores, magic becomes more free flowing and becomes a better representation of your imagination... it almost becomes more like creation, like the work of a Goddess.

"Different species have different methods of doing away with this limiter. Dragons use language, but angels use our wings.

"If you can will things into existence just with your thoughts and words, you can wield unimaginable power. Hmph, magic is far better than array alchemy."

Dyon's lips twitched. He had a feeling she said this because the First Disciple she hated so much was the founder of array alchemy...

But, Dyon couldn't exactly refute her. It was just that both disciplines were good for different things. Magic was just far better for combat. If Dyon could use his soul for battle the same way magic could be used, maybe he would already be unafraid of a Higher Existence...

"Because of that odd manifestation of yours, you seem to be able to tap into three of the four angel magic disciplines. However, that's not necessarily a good thing. Learning and mastering just one is difficult enough, let alone three. Also, when I was alive, I was an angel with white wings while Holy Goddess was an angel with golden wings, so, you have no one to help you grasp body reinforcement magic. You can only rely on yourself.

"Is that so..." Dyon nodded. "I'll give you ten years with my clone."

Lillianna was stunned awake from her high. "Clone?!"

"Like I said, I don't have time. If learning magic is as hard for me as it was learning runic vein theory, it might be better if I don't attempt it at all." Dyon sighed. "Why can't everything be as easy as array alchemy?"

Lillianna's lip twitched while the Demon Sage who was hiding not far nearby so he could make sure Dyon didn't take advantage of his daughter felt a keen sense of kinship with Lillianna. He had felt this same exact way when he heard Dyon say this before.

Though Lillianna said array alchemy was inferior, there was no doubt which discipline was more difficult. There was a reason array alchemy was split into formation theory and alchemy. Just the two lesser disciplines that made it up were an equal for magic, let alone them fused together. The difficulty was even higher than just the sum of its parts.

Dyon was oblivious to the feelings of his two mentors. All he could remember was spending 25 years slaving away over runic vein theory tomes, yet he was barely at the standard of a decently high-level practitioner now.

Simply put, when it came to his talent in disciplines not named array alchemy, he felt he was trash. Of course, he didn't take into account that the Demon Sage was teaching him by ancient standards. By modern day standards, Dyon was nearly a Grandmaster Runic Vein Master.

But, even still, Dyon was very close to becoming a Planet Lord Array Alchemist by ancient standards. So, he obviously wasn't satisfied with his slow progress in the other fields. It seemed he was a bit spoiled by his array alchemy talent.

That said, although Dyon said he'd only give Lillianna ten years, he planned on seeing this through to the end. The battle prowess he was promised was no joke. If it really was so exaggerated... The day he mastered angel magic would be the day he was unmatched on the mortal plane.

As Dyon was preparing a clone to leave with Lillianna, and another to leave with his father-in-law, the martial world was in an uproar, because less than 30 years after Dyon, yet another name had appeared within the ranks of True God!

Third Trial:

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7th Place – Saru Shruti

Fourth Trial:

1st Place – Saru Shruti

Fifth Trial:

1st Place – Dyon Sacharro – Deaths: -

2nd Place – Saru Shruti – Deaths: 57

The Shruti Clan Princess had finally re-emerged.

Chapter 1595: Saint

"Will you come with me somewhere?" After handling the matters of Lillianna and Sargeras, Dyon spoke to Amphorae once more.

He had many things that he needed to wrap up before he entered Calming Lake, but none were more important than two in particular: he had to figure out what to do with the Flaming Lily Disciples who were practically sitting on a timer to their deaths, and he also had to finish the matters of the Water Mist Sect.

From what Ri and Dyon were aware of, Jasmine was likely in a horrible situation. In fact, her life and death might be unknown.

In truth, Dyon felt a debt of gratitude toward her. He shouldn't, considering their interactions were a simple business transaction, but Dyon still found it hard to maintain the blunt coldness he would probably need to lead the Mortal Alliance to the pinnacle.

There was a third matter as well that Dyon was trying to decide upon... He just wasn't sure if he should handle it now, or later. And that was the matter surrounding the populations that remained of his mortal realm.

Over the past five to six years, the mortal realm geniuses had been making their mark. Though none of them received the S grade like Giralda's son Ryu, many of them were firmly in the A grade. In fact, Dyon suspected that they were only missing a mental component to becoming S grade.

Dyon came to realize that his own quick adaptation to the martial world wasn't the norm by any stretch of the imagination. Not everyone had a General for a father who had already instilled much of the structures of understanding he would need to succeed in the martial world.

The mortal realm children, even Allura, Sibyl and Kedar who stood above the rest, had too many mental blocks.

It was difficult for them to come to terms with putting their own lives on the line. In addition, harming others and taking lives was sometimes even more difficult.

Concepts of cultivation were difficult for them as well. They came from a world where relaxation was just as evident as hard work, but the hard work of the martial world never seemed to end. There was no such thing as "weekends" nor were there "vacations", the forms of entertainment they were used to were nowhere to be found either. They couldn't understand how those of the martial world dealt with such constant boredom.

Of course, this could be worse than it was. After the mortal realm was destroyed by Matriarch Niveus, many of stereotypically mortal realm things disappeared along with it. But, even with this truth, the difference was too striking.

Dyon needed to figure out a method to deal with this or else the obscene amounts of innate talent those of his mortal realm were born with would be wasted.

To Dyon's question, Amphorae of course nodded, expressing her acceptance by entering Dyon's inner world.

It wasn't long before Dyon reached the teleportation stations of the celestial floors, but he also realized that Water Mist Sect had barred teleportation to their realm...

Luckily, Jasmine could still exercise her right as Palace Master. It was impossible to override her completely, or else the sect rules would become meaningless and the Water Mist Sect would lose all of their accumulated Faith.

"I see you've come."

A weak voice greeted Dyon as he slipped into the Palace completely undetected. This, of course, wasn't due to a concealment array. After all, no matter how irresponsible the Water Mist Sect was, there was no way they'd be incompetent enough to not detect the activation of their own teleportation formation.

However, Dyon was in luck. Firstly, they didn't have the dao experts to spare, so only celestials were stationed around the formation. And secondly, Little Yin's bloodline had awakened. Because Dyon was her anchor, she could take him into her stealth mode and wouldn't have to worry about losing him like she had to with Ri.

As of now, Dyon could hide from pseudo-dao experts with ease. And, if he layered the knife True Weapon Will along with it, it wouldn't be impossible to hide from lower dao experts.

"We have a contract, do we not? You've fulfilled your end, so it's time for me to fulfill mine."

Dyon didn't wear a mask, nor did he change his appearance. By now, though the world might not have guessed it yet, Jasmine definitely knew that Jaws and Dyon were the same person. The matters with Clara occurring at the same time the Sapiientia were also interfering here was too coincidental.

"Oh?..." Jasmine replied weakly. "... I'm under no delusions. Your soul is far more powerful than mine though my pride wouldn't allow me to admit it... If you wanted to, you could shatter our contract. Do you really want to uphold a deal with an evil woman like me?"

"..." Dyon looked into Jasmine's tired amber eyes. It seemed she had truly gone through a lot in the past few years. When he boldly scanned her body with his divine sense, he realized her organs were all over the place. But, then again, that rotting might be due to her evil technique and not anything else.

'Lord Husband, it's normally impossible to take someone off the evil path, but... it should be within the purview of the Wings of Blessings. My Holy will can support you too. If we also use the Soul Tome as a final cleanser, to purify her soul, if her will power is strong enough, she can leave this path.'

Even though Dyon heard this, he didn't react right away. He was under the impression that it was impossible to leave the evil path... and maybe it was for someone who didn't have so many heaven defying treasures on hand.

But that wasn't the issue. The issue was that even if Jasmine left the evil path, how could she ever erase what she had done to enter it?

The evil path was not like the devil path. The devil path sounded grating on the ears, but it was no more likely for a person to be evil if they followed this path as opposed to the 'accepted' conventional path. However, the evil path was different. This was a path that necessitated cruelty in exchange for power, and very often, that cruelty was forcibly aimed toward the innocent.

At the same time, Dyon was aware that he wasn't a saint.

Chapter 1596: Do It

Had he committed any atrocious acts? The answer was no. But, had he helped facilitate some of those acts? The answer was unfortunately yes.

Look at the Mortal Network. It seemed like a space created with the purest of intentions, a space that would bring about a new era of the martial world. However, when Dyon created it, he knew well the kind of depraved, disgusting deeds that would likely begin to permeate its deeper inner workings.

How did Dyon know this? Because he was aware that this occurred even in his mortal realm. Things like sex trafficking and slave trades were all likely being aided by his Mortal Network as he stood here. Yet, he accepted that and moved forward anyway.

Of course, there was a massive difference between Dyon and Jasmine. Dyon had no intention of continuing to allow this problem to fester while Jasmine likely believed this was her only path in life.

'Which is more important?' Dyon thought to himself, not shifting his gaze away from Jasmine. 'My moral code? Or the future of my alliance?'

This opportunity here is likely the easiest time Dyon would have bringing a quadrant under his wing.

All he had to do was rely on Amphorae and the sentinels to kill the elders of the Mist Clan, then Jasmine could take true control of the Water Mist Quadrant. After the Mist Clan couldn't provide anymore protection, it was impossible for Anabella to continue hiding, which would allow Ri to become a Legatee of their Sect.

Within the next few ten thousand years, Ri would definitely take the mantle of Palace Master and the Water Mist Quadrant would officially become a territory of the Sacharro Clan.

It seemed so simple, so within his grasp. It was right there...

He'd have to fight untold battles to claim the Golden Flame quadrant. He was nowhere near ready to challenge the Ragnor, Pakal, Uidah and Beast Alliance Clans. The 99 universes had a depth Dyon had yet to see through.

By all rights, this was his first true chance to take a quadrant for his own...

"You will receive 5% of the mined resources of Dark Ocean and also receive my services as a soon to be Planet Lord for the next ten years. As long as you provide the material within the ten year period, and the pill is not of the evil path, I will concoct it for you."

"..." Jasmine looked toward Dyon. "... That weakness, that moral code... It will kill you one day. The correct choice would have been to take my head, here and now. In fact, maybe you should refine into a corpse puppet and truly make the Water Mist Sect your own. But, your heart is weak."

"Is that so?" Dyon responded emotionlessly. "I happen to think it's the direct opposite."

Dyon turned to leave. "Taking control of this Sect would have been the easy choice. Letting you walk away from the palm of my hand is what's difficult."

Though Amphorae didn't agree with Dyon's choice, she remained silent.

If you met an evil person, but you could turn them into a puppet who slaved for good for the remainder of their life, shouldn't you take it? Even if Jasmine was evil, did it matter if Dyon took away her will from her?

"... Seeking out power in exchange for your own soul will always be the easiest route. There's no reform for someone who's sold their soul."

Though Dyon didn't see it, the flash in Jasmine's eye was far fiercer when she heard these words.

"Some things are relative." Jasmine said softly. "For a person without a moral compass, it is easier to choose the path of evil. However, for those with one, it's harder."

"Your view of the world is still too black and white, though I don't blame you considering your youth."

Dyon's footsteps paused. Maybe she was right. Maybe his views really were too one dimensional.

If the lives of his wives were on the line, and his only option was the evil path, would he still be able to stand on his moral high horse? In that case, wouldn't it be incredibly difficult for him to choose the evil path? But wouldn't he still choose it anyway?

"Interesting." Dyon looked up toward the Palace's ceiling. "Then you tell me. If I could cleanse you of your evil path right now, would you take that opportunity?"

"Your cultivation would fall. If you were lucky, you'd stay within the dao realm, if you were unlucky, you'd become a mere celestial. In addition, you'd become a slave. Maybe not in contract, but you'd definitely become too weak to defy my orders."

"Would you be able to give up all of that power? Right here and right now?"

Dyon's eyes turned back toward Jasmine, their golden hue and emerald flecks shining fiercely.

Jasmine trembled. 'Is this what he wanted to ask from the beginning?'

"Why are you hesitating?" Dyon asked plainly. "You just implied that it was harder for you to choose the evil path than a moral one, right? So shouldn't you jump at this chance? This is your opportunity."

Jasmine froze. Did this young man like playing with people so much? He clearly lured her into a trap and forced her to say what he wanted her to say, not he was pretending as though she did this all on her own. What a conniving brat.

"If I lose my strength, how will taking me to your side be beneficial to you?"

"I was actually leaving here to go and kill your grand elder. If you couldn't take care of the situation after all of that, you'd be too pathetic as a Palace Master."

Jasmine froze. But in the end...

"Do it."

"Oh? You'll be my slave, though."

"Do it."

"It'll be extremely painful."

"Do it."

"You might fall to the realm of a celestial and be forced to face an even stronger tribulation in order to become a dao expert once again."

"..." Jasmine was starting to lose her patience. Her beautiful features distorted, her eyes sinking inward and her mouth almost becoming a black hole. She looked more like the portrait of a banshee than a beauty now. [JUST DO IT!]

Chapter 1597: Chose...

"You will become a puppet of my Mortal Alliance. Your rights won't be that of others, for all intents and purposes, you have no will of your own anymore.

"When the time comes, you will silently pass off the position of Palace Master from yourself, to my wife, Alexandria Sacharro.

"From now, until then, you'll foster the Water Mist Sect along the path of growth I deem fit. Do you understand?"

[I want to kill you.] Jasmine's voice trembled with a slight perverted anticipation. [I really wonder how good your blood tastes. What kind of face would you make at the end of your life? Would you maintain those same arrogant eyes? Would you feel despair? Would you cry tears of regret or scream the sounds of remorse?]

Dyon smiled. "Why do you ask? Did you forget who ranks first all time on the fifth trial rankings? If you haven't, then you should already know the answer to your question."

Jasmine's depraved state froze. That was right. The fifth trial, the test of the heart. One repeatedly faced death time and time again.

Under normal circumstances, one would have the number of deaths one endured beside one's name and rank. However, though Dyon ranked first, his name had no number beside it. When these matters occurred more than 10 years ago now, it had led to endless speculation. But, when others considered the time lag between Dyon's fourth trial results and his fifth... they understood. The tower had been incapable of breaking his resolve!

"You're angry." Dyon said. "You're angry that I look down on you, that I question your resolve, that I treat you with disgust and contempt. But know that you lost the right to be human the moment you decided upon your path.

"Even now, you don't bow down to my words because you truly want to reform yourself, you're lowering your head because you're aware that if you don't, this day would be your last. You're still the same coward you were all those years ago, the same coward that chose the evil path."

Jasmine slumped down in her throne. [You know nothing.]

"Oh? I don't?" Unlike before, Dyon was legitimately surprised by Jasmine's push back. He was certain that he had cornered her this time. The fact she was still willing to push meant that there was truly something he didn't know. It was either that or the evil path had long since distorted what remained of her personality.

[For every good, there's an evil. For every light, there's a shadow. The mortal plane is inevitably spiraling toward its own destruction because this balance has been lost. Everyone believes that the Heavens are cruel, but this isn't the truth. It's the only unbiased and perfect being in existence.]

"Are you trying to give me a philosophy lesson?" Dyon's brow arched. "Telling me that I wouldn't recognize good if there was no evil is your cop out?"

[Cop out?] Jasmine laughed at the unfamiliar phrase. Still she understood the essence of what Dyon was trying to say.

[I see that you're still ignorant... Were the Dark Phoenixes at fault for their affinity with death? Were the Pride Clans at fault for their affinity with vices?]

Dyon frowned. He suddenly remembered something very important, though he didn't understand why he had remembered this now... When he spoke to Abraxus about the threat they were facing, the old man didn't say something as cliché as "this was a battle between good and evil"... His exact words were that the other side was known as Chaos.... And their side was known as... Balance.

[You seem to be under the impression that I "chose" this path. Well let me tell you something.] Jasmine's eyes and mouth spun into deep, endless black pits. [I was born this way. Do I still deserve to pay a price for it?]

Dyon didn't know how to respond. In fact, he didn't respond at all. He fell into silence for a long time before turning and leaving.

Dyon wasn't an individual who couldn't admit he was wrong, and in this case, he was very much so. Of course, there was the chance that Jasmine was lying, but Dyon's intuition told him that she wasn't. He simply wasn't prepared for that level of twist...

Could he harm someone simply for the way they were born?

On the one hand, he felt the answer might be yes. The reason there were so few universes today as opposed to the near infinite number there once was, was because the Dark Phoenix Clan wiped them all out one by one before they were finally stopped by Amethyst. Even to this day, there was a slight taboo still attached to death will precisely because of this...

Were the Dark Phoenixes simply following their affinity for death? Yes... They were. But did that mean others had to simply sit back and accept their actions? Of course not.

However, on the other hand, the Dark Phoenixes weren't entirely at fault either. It was the Heavens that blessed them with their affinity. It wasn't their choice to be the arbiters of death...

Would one blame the earth for quaking? Or the ocean for forming waves?

In Dyon's home world, natural disasters were a major problem, but the disaster itself was never hated or cursed... In fact, in some instances, the people who lived in natural disaster intensive regions were blamed instead when it really wasn't their faults either.

Was Dyon right to disdain Jasmine's existence? Could he even follow the old man's path of Balance if he did? He simply didn't know. It was a dilemma he couldn't answer to in a short time...

So, Dyon left. He didn't give Jasmine a response, but he had very clearly changed his mind about how to treat her. As for the new approach he would take in their relationship? He ... also didn't have an answer to that. He realized that the reason Jasmine kept roaring at him to 'Do It' and 'Cleanse' her was so that she could show him just how foolish that attempt would have been.

Dyon had no choice but to pour himself into another task instead: Dealing with the problem that was the Mist Clan.

Chapter 1598: Too Quiet

But, he had to do so silently. He couldn't allow the Mist Clan to call upon their slumbering ancestors. As long as he succeeded, those ancestors would become moot.

Ancestors could only be awoken a very set number of times and for a very set amount of time. As a result, it would be impossible for the Mist Clan to rely on them to reclaim power in the Water Mist Sect. This didn't even mention the fact that doing so would be against the rules of the Sect, so they wouldn't risk such a thing anyway.

'Though claiming this quadrant will be the easiest...' Dyon thought to himself '... It isn't easy. The aftermath of this assassination needs to be handled delicately. If the Mist Clan is pushed too far into a corner, they might care about their Sect Faith anymore. I need to be careful.'

Dyon needed to leave the Mist Clan with some hope. As of now, Jasmine's faction was still weak. In fact, it was pathetic. Even if Dyon killed the grand elder, they would still believe that they held the power. As such, Dyon changed his mindset. Instead of eradicating the whole of the Mist Clan's upper echelon, he would kill Grand Elder Mist alone. This would leave them without a top tier expert they could rely on.

'I'll give you a nice present in exchange for that palm you sent me.' A deep killing intent taking root in his eyes.

Dyon entered Mist Clan territory like a wisp of smoke.

What one would consider the Water Mist Sect and the Mist Clan was completely separate. Mist Clan territory was located in a separate, adjacent universe the Mist Clan took on as their base of operations.

Much like the Uidah Clan that was once formulated of the Uidah and Alidor's Guatama Clan, the Water Mist Sect once had two pillar families as well. Unfortunately for the Water Mist Sect, only the Mist Clan remained, leaving the other Clan lost to the ravages of time.

Entering Mist Clan territory was quite easy for Dyon. Though the teleportation formation was guarded, hiding spatial fluctuation of this caliber became as easy as breathing thanks to Little Yin. Little Yang could only brood silently as he watched his little sister take on more and more important roles.

Moving through the void was odd. Though Dyon could go long periods of time, forever even, without breathing, as long as he had qi remaining, he still felt like he was suffocating in the void. It was also incredibly difficult to orient himself, understanding up, down, left and right was completely impossible. If it wasn't for Little Yin and Yang, Dyon would have lost himself in the endless dark space.

Dyon smiled as he landed on Planet Geiser. He could already see images of himself sneaking into enemy territory with an entire army hidden within his inner world. What a feat that would be.

Unlike the Water Mist Sect where seeing a male was almost impossible, Planet Geiser was far more balanced. It seemed that many of the male powerhouses of their quadrant were stationed here.

Dyon didn't waste any time. Without friction, moving within the void was also far faster than moving outside of it. It was negligible in space, but on a planet or any land with an atmosphere like this one, it gave Dyon blazing relative speed.

In just a few seconds, he had slipped into the core of Geiser City and entered the Mist Clan's lands.

Still, the halls of the Mist Clan's large clan grounds seemed overly quiet. Too quiet.

The Mist Clan's Palace grounds were actually a collection of many well decorated buildings. Though their architecture wasn't as good as the Elvin Kingdom's, and definitely not a match for Meiyang, they overcompensated with the overwhelming wealth they threw into it. It filled Dyon with a keen sense of disgust.

They funneled so many resources into such useless endeavors, but had the audacity to withhold resources from the geniuses of their Sect simply because they didn't share the name Mist.

The three geniuses they crippled were a prime example of this. When Dyon thought about how broken their spirits had been, he clenched his fists. It was very much possible that they'd never recover the dao

hearts that made them geniuses in the first place. In a lot of ways, the mental barrier they faced was even taller than the one faced by the mortal realm geniuses.

'Why is there such a lack of presence here?...'

Dyon's divine sense was great enough to cover an entire planet several times over, but there was a reason he hadn't chosen to use it after coming here. He had to be cautious. It would be the peak of foolishness to look down upon the accumulations of a Clan that had existed for millions of years.

Even if Dyon was certain that no expert the Mist Clan had could detect his divine sense, that didn't mean they didn't have formations or treasures capable of doing so. If they were alerted to his presence, this would no longer be an easy operation.

That said, that didn't mean Dyon had no options. Instead of running around the large grounds blindly, he sent Little Yang to scout for him. Thanks to that, it didn't take long before Little Yang came back with the answer.

'They're having a gathering. Use [Shared Senses].' Little Yang communicated with Dyon over long distance.

Dyon nodded and did as Little Yang said. Much like [Return], [Shared Senses] was yet another technique of the beast tamer first phase castle that Dyon raided. It allowed him to share the eyes and ears of his beast companions. This was especially useful when used with Little Yang and Yin.

After finding an area Dyon believed wouldn't be frequented, he activated [Shared Senses]. Soon, he understood why this meeting was called. It seemed they had already noticed that there was a peculiarity with Dark Ocean.

Both Grand Elder Mist and Second Elder Mist were present. The two of them represented the strongest force the Mist Clan had to offer. Well, in terms of females, that is.

The two women were given the title of Grand Elder and Elder only because of their relation to the Water Mist Sect, which was obviously a female only sect. But, Dyon realized he had made a false assumption. In fact, he was kicking himself for not thinking of this possibility.

Chapter 1599: Confusion

Dyon always believed that the Mist Clan must have some sort of treasure that allowed her to climb match Jasmine's Higher Dao Realm cultivation despite being within the Middle Dao Realm. He thought that this was the reason Jasmine couldn't shake the Mist Clan, but he was wrong, very wrong.

Within the meeting room, Grand Elder Mist didn't sit in the main seat. Though it was true that from the arrangement, she was second in command. Second was still second.

In the main seat was a man. He didn't seem old, maybe late twenties on the verge of his thirties. However, considering he was a dao expert, this meant that it hadn't been a short time since his last breakthrough, but it hadn't been an extremely long time either. Likely around 20-30 thousand years.

The pressure this man gave off was by far the strongest. Though Dyon didn't use his divine sense, he could rely on Little Yang to see through the fact this man was a Higher Dao Expert on the level of Glorianice. No, Glorianice was a bit stronger, but it was only by a hair.

'So the Water Mist Quadrant has men this powerful as well... So why is it that they've chosen the female only route? This obviously wasn't the desire of the Mist Clan. As things stand right now, if the Water Mist Sect suddenly relaxed their rules to allow men, Jasmine wouldn't have a foot to stand on anymore.'

The reason Dyon thought this was clear. It was because the meeting didn't just have the elder generation, but several young men emanating fierce auras. The weakest of them were Kings, while the best could most definitely match the status of Gods. And, almost as though to fit every checkmark of an opposite party's revulsion, one young man had a face contorted with such arrogance it could make one gag.

He was very clearly the strongest individual among the youth, and if Little Yang's eyes weren't incorrect, he was a Pseudo Dao expert who had entered the celestial realm as a 9th Order expert and comprehended enigmatic qi at the 5th Order.

What did this mean? It meant he would become a 5th Order dao expert once he broke through! Four Orders above Zabia!

He most definitely had the right to be arrogant.

'The Mist Clan must be kicking themselves. They have a talent on his level, but are forced to give key wielding responsibilities to a weak-willed cultivator like Anabella instead all to conform to the rules of their Sect...

'But it seems to me that the Mist Clan alone should have enough Faith to not fall far behind the Water Mist Clan... So why do they insist on keeping it around?'

Dyon's confusion was warranted. While the Mist Clan's Faith was partially tied to the Sect, it seemed obvious that they had strong power centers irrelevant of the Sect. So shouldn't...?

'Wait. This young man. I've never seen him before, nor have I ever heard of the Mist Clan having such a genius... Why are they hiding him?'

The more Dyon thought, the more he realized that his hopes at an 'easy' takeover of the Water Mist Quadrant was slipping further and further away from him.

'I can't kill Grand Elder Mist... I was wrong. If I do that, they'll definitely react in a manner I can't control.'

Dyon was uncertain, but he felt that if Grand Elder Mist died, the Mist Clan might not deem their patience and low-profile worth it anymore. In that case, they might directly sweep the Water Mist Sect away. If that happened, Dyon would have no choice but to abandon his foothold in this quadrant.

Of course, he still had the Dark Ocean now, and he also had a newfound appreciation for just how hard it must have been on Jasmine to distract the Mist Clan for so long. But, his path toward an easy victory would be gone.

Dyon sighed. 'I don't have time... Jade said I needed to grow quickly. I can't just leave...'

Dyon was facing a major dilemma. If he left the Water Mist Sect alone due to this hiccup, then he'd have to conquer it in a more straight forward way in the future. That would waste valuable time and resources.

'But it's already impossible to use that method... With the Mist Clan here, Ri's rise to power won't be smooth. And, if the Mist Clan begins to feel that Ri is taking over too smoothly, they might just forget all about their original plans and force her out. I don't know if I have the skill to keep that delicate balance.'

'I need information. I need more information.'

Dyon thought of the Shadows Faction once more, but it only filled him with depression. He had been working on it for more than a hundred years already, but he had yet to succeed. It really was too depressing.

'If the Shadows Faction won't work for now... I'll have to become the Shadows Faction myself.'

Dyon immediately got to work. Thanks to the Mortal Network, the process was far easier. He created multiple monitoring arrays. They'd record sound and visuals. Then, he gave them to Little Yang to place them in strategic places around the Mist Clan's grounds.

He wasn't worried about the Mist Clan finding his arrays. He was going all out. Each and every array was of the Moon grade. In addition, because he was relying on the Mortal Network, even if they somehow sensed odd fluctuations, it would be mistaken for the work of the Network.

The choice to make the arrays moon grade made the process take an incredibly long time, but Dyon had to be meticulous.

As he quickly completed these tasks, he continued to listen in on the meeting.

"... I still believe that we should send someone to investigate Dark Ocean." A lesser elder of the Mist Clan spoke. "It's too valuable at this time to give it up so easily. Even if it takes time, it will be worth it."

Chapter 1600: Scheming

The other elders frowned. Just a few days ago, they realized their teleportation formations to Dark Ocean stopped functioning all together. As a result, the only method they had to check what happened was to go the long way... travelling to another universe took five to ten years at a minimum. Then there was the return trip to account for.

What they didn't know was that their efforts were futile. If they tried to find Dark Ocean based on the previous coordinates they were aware of, they'd end up lost in the void. Dyon had long since changed the coordinates, meaning the only method of finding Dark Ocean was through Dyon himself, or with the help of a spatial and void will expert.

"This is too coincidental." Another elder chimed in. "Just as we were about to focus our attention on the Dark Ocean again, we started to experience a constant barrage of attacks. We even lost several elders, and countless pseudo-dao experts..."

"Then we got a message from that informant to stir up trouble for Alexandria Snow. And then, not long after she disappears along with her husband, who, mind you, left through a portal toward Dark Ocean, we suddenly lose contact with Dark Ocean entirely?"

"This might not be that much of mystery. They may have simply destroyed the teleportation array on the other side."

"How could that be possible? There were many public arrays we set up, but there were even more secret ones. Dark Ocean was too valuable to not have several fail safes."

"That's enough."

The room suddenly fell into silence. It was none other than because the head of the Clan, Patriarch Mist had spoken.

"These matters are irrelevant. I hope you didn't interrupt my cultivation only due to this."

"N-n-no." The other elders seemed flustered, but it was Grand Elder Mist who righted the ship.

"The resources of Dark Ocean have always been unknown to us. We were more infatuated with the possibilities than anything else. However, I do think it's appropriate to pay more attention to this.

"Still, this isn't the main reason we've called you out today. The main topic of today's meeting is the Sapiientia. If matters continue along this path, the auction will be cancelled. There are a lot of individuals very unhappy with this."

Finally, Dyon heard something that made his ears perk upward.

The Sapiientia Auction was a massive event, so large in fact that it was announced more than a decade prior. In fact, Lilith and her Nightmare Palace had schemed for countless hundred years to accumulate the wealth they could use for this auction.

Dyon's jaw clenched. It seemed Aritzia's scheming hadn't come to an end yet. They were likely trying to turn the Sacharro Clan into public enemy number one by using them as an excuse for cancelling this auction.

"The Sapiientia Auction?" Patriarch Mist paused. "If I recall correctly, there are some important items we need from this auction for our chances of failure to be diminished. What exactly happened?"

His voice didn't sound like he was enraged by this occurrence.

"We aren't entirely certain, no one is... The only facts we know are twofold. One is that Comet Lord Gallagher, the creator of the Sa – Mortal Network is in fact a member of the Sacharro Clan. The second fact is that the Sapiientia breached their contract with the Comet Lord, allowing her to take control of 95% of the Mortal Network.

"In addition, the Sacharros began to place heavy pressure on Sapiientia Corner markets. Sapiientia City has been destroyed, and no one goes to Sapiientia Corner anymore for their pill resources.

"The Sapiientia claim that the Sacharros have used an underhanded and shameful tactic to weasel their way out from under the contract. In addition, the Sacharros executed six of the seven guild heads, and kidnapped a seventh. Video evidence of this has surfaced..."

Grand Elder Mist's eyes clearly lost focus as she thought of the video. To kill six middle dao experts so easily... Wouldn't she die so easily as well?

"As a result of the movements of the Sacharros, the revenue the Sapienia are able to bring in plummeted. In fact, they are in debt. Too many individuals have withdrawn from Sapienia contracts and the Sapienia Bank. If they weren't in debt, it would be too heaven defying.

"They have released a statement that says they can no longer hold the auction as they do not have the resources necessary to host such a large event."

Suddenly, Patriarch Mist snorted with laughter.

"They don't have money, so their solution is to not follow through on the event that would drown them with riches? I see the Sapienia are still the same dirty bastards, hm? They want to use our hands to deal with the Sacharro Clan so that they can remain blemishless."

In that moment, Patriarch Mist's deep blue eyes grew cold, growing several shades lighter as an overbearing ice will bloomed outward from himself.

"There's nothing I hate more than being used ... But I guess we have no choice. Even if the items we wanted aren't completely necessitated, I have a feeling that many other Clans can't afford to miss this auction."

"... B-but esteemed Patriarch, the Sacharros have a Higher Existence backing them." An elder said.

Patriarch Mist's pupils constricted. "Is that so?"

"I believe that the Sapienia are attempting to use strength in numbers to combat this." Grand Elder Mist spoke. "They hope that if enough people participate, then the Higher Existence can't possibly turn her sword toward all 100 of our quadrants. As long as we don't touch True God Sacharro, or at the very least, aren't the ones who land the final killing blow on him, we should be okay."

It was then that a snort rang out. Its owner was none other than the young man's whose features were contorted by arrogant.

"What bullshit True God. To take such an arrogant title. If it wasn't for Ancestors' plans, I wouldn't allow any of them to hold such names before me!"