

The Nameless 561

Chapter 561 Bring Everyone.

Dyon leaped over Vidar's outstretched hand, landing on his massive head with sword qi swirling at his feet.

"You're slow."

Vidar cried out in agony as Dyon jumped back into the air, leaving him for Ri and Madeleine.

With a flash of his ring and concealment array, Zabia's limp and unconscious body disappeared. This, of course, didn't go unnoticed by the Jafari, despite the chaotic situation. But, that was exactly what Dyon wanted.

"You!" The voice of an old woman boomed into Dyon's mind, but it was immediately rebuffed by Dyon's soul strength, causing the voice to begin violently coughing just as Dyon clashed with Thor in the air.

They both fell to the ground, the crackling of lightning and the whistling of sword qi in their wake.

'It's best you thank me old lady.' Dyon sent his voice with wind will, diverting his attention just enough to dodge Thor's furious spear attacks. 'If not for me, he wouldn't be alive.'

With his new soul strength, Dyon found that his will control had become so much more refined. He had little doubt that he could maybe even reach a fifth level will fusion now.

Matriarch Lebna was stunned by Dyon's words as she watched the two young men clash. But, from the looks of it, Dyon was only casually dodging, unwilling to directly attack or harm Thor just yet.

Her gaze shifted to Ulu's lifeless figure. The clamouring of war was taking hold of the arena. Cries of innocents and the scraping of metal on metal filled the air. And yet, Ulu didn't seem to take note of any of it. She hadn't even noticed Dyon take Zabia's body.

Dyon's feet shifted with calculated precision, never lifting off the ground. He had never fought a lightning will wielder on the caliber of Thor before, but what he knew was that it was important for him to keep himself grounded – only then would he minimize the damage resulting as much as possible.

"You... You can save him?" Matriarch Lebna didn't dare believe what she was hearing. She turned to her fellow celestial elders, allowing them in on their conversation. But, they too were incredulous.

From the way they saw it, Dyon's allies were in a predicament and they were a variable. Dyon had no clue whether they sided with the Ragnors or not. Coupling that with the fact they knew that their appearance in this universe was odd and reading Dyon's thoughts were easy. Not a single one of them didn't think that Dyon was using Zabia as leverage to seek their help – or, at the very least, their neutrality.

Dyon rolled his eyes. 'I really hate dealing with elders.' He thought to himself.

The sheen of Demon Emperor's Will radiated off of Dyon as his movements continued to snake around Thor's spear.

His palms and forehand always connected with the very first blunt portions of the spear, parrying away the blade and using Thor's momentum against him.

Quite frankly, anyone at or near Dyon's level of cultivation moved too slowly to him. It was as though he was watching a movie at half the normal speed. And, the fact his processing and thinking ability had reached otherworldly levels only served to facilitate that.

Of course, the only thing that held Dyon back from using this advantage to win every battle instantly were the limitations of his body. His reaction speed was just too slow compared to his computational speed.

Dyon felt lightning will course into his body, but with a simple shift of his feet and the overwhelming control of his soul, he would always divert it into the ground.

The crackling of lightning sounded as the arena floor heated up, clearly not very good at conducting either.

'I'm sure you all have a means of telling whether he's alive or not. And, you're also smart enough to know that under normal circumstances, he would long be dead. Stop wasting my time.' Dyon replied firmly. He was quite annoyed at this point. Whether he felt bad for Zabia and his child in this situation or not, the fact still remained that Ulu had brought this pain unto herself.

Suddenly, a loud thump resounded behind Dyon as someone landed. "Should I help you successor?"

Dyon didn't turn back, he had already long since sensed the fact that Thadius had gotten his message and had rounded everyone up safely.

"No need." Dyon said, looking into Thor's eyes. Somehow, emotion had yet to flicker across them. Even with the pressure of Thadius standing behind Dyon. Something had to be wrong... Unless he was confident in beating Thadius too?... 'Ridiculous.'

Behind Thadius, Little Black had gone to his beast form. The swirls of white fur that graced his thick black coat, the patches of beautifully arranged black scales covered in crystals, and the patented singular white scale on his forehead were still all there. But, maybe the most striking change to him was the fact he had already grown to over ten meters long, standing at about 7-8 meters tall!

Even more shockingly, his antlers were still mere bumps on his head. He was clearly nothing more than a baby. But his aura...

Dyon chuckled bitterly, 'It really pays to have a great lineage... a seven-year-old Essence Gatherer...'
Dyon no longer had any doubt in his mind that the fusion of his master and her husband's blood had given Zaire access to his supreme beast level bloodline.

Little Black's paws softly landed on the stadium. He growled as he looked toward Ri and Madeleine fighting the now cowering Vidar – that said, it came out as an adorable yipping sound. But, he didn't dare help because Little Lyla clung to his back.

'We need a base to regroup everyone.' The ferocity of Dyon's attacks increased. The snaking of his hands started to come coupled with piercing strikes toward Thor's torso, pushing him backward all while trying to catch the flicker of emotion. But, nothing came.

Dyon sighed, sending a kick toward Thor's chest. His foot hit metal as Thor blocked causing him to leisurely skip backward along with his momentum.

A tower appeared in Dyon's hand before growing to an astounding height. "Bring everyone in Thadius. This is where we turn this around."

Chapter 562 Three Reasons

Dyon felt much better having the Demon Sage's tower to his back. Even if he didn't use energy stones, the tower could withstand the attacks of peak saints without a scratch. However, to survive attacks of a higher grade, it would need an energy supply to do so.

That said, technically speaking, if there was enough energy, even a Dao Formation expert wouldn't be able to dent the tower. That said, one could hardly fathom the amount of transcendent stones that would be necessary to protect against a dao formation expert for an extended period of time.

Vidar immediately noticed the changing of the tides. He never imagined that he would struggle this much with two women, especially in his released state. But, the reality was right before him.

Pillars of light collided with his fists while Ri seemed to teleport around him in an instant, slashing deeply into his tough skin. If his body wasn't so robust, he lost count of how many times he would have died by now.

His head tilted backward as a roar projected from his lips. Warriors in the sky immediately noticed that their first in line genius was in trouble and took action without delay.

'Ri, Madeleine. Enter the tower for now. We'll find a better opportunity for you two to fight, now is not the time!' Dyon frowned. He knew it wouldn't be so easy to take out Vidar. Him and Thor were too important to the Ragnors for them to be completely without protection.

Madeleine's face was flushed red as she breathed heavily. She had no idea what was wrong with her. She used to be able to call upon her celestial will so easily, and yet it felt like such a burden to her now.

"Madeleine!" Ri's figure flashed, appearing beside her in an instant.

Vidar's fist careened toward them, collapsing space with the heaviness of his body. Laws just seemed to bend to his whim.

Before, Madeleine had been completely neutralizing the ability of Vidar's body. But she suddenly felt a wave of fatigue that she had been trying to ignore.

Dyon's eyes flashed with anger, but Thor's spear kept him at bay. He wasn't worried, with him having told Thadius to watch their backs, nothing would happen to Madeleine. What troubled him was how out of it Madeleine seemed.

Ri wrapped her arm around Madeleine's waist, skipping backwards to avoid Vidar's blow. But, the shock wave of the fist sent them flying back faster than they were ready to.

If it were up to Ri, she would have teleported away with Madeleine. But, void will had a dark and chaotic nature to it that didn't leave her feeling confident in taking another person with her. This was especially true since her comprehension was still at the will level.

Madeleine coughed heavily, her lungs aching for air.

'Am I pregnant?...' An odd thought came to mind for Madeleine.

It didn't make any sense. With Dyon's array alchemy, he was too skilled to make a mistake like that. On top of that, it had been less than half a week since she lost her virginity – how could she forget the day? Even if she was pregnant, even considering the grandiose nature of her and Dyon's bloodlines, it was too soon for her to be weakened so much.

Having eliminated that idea, Madeleine felt an odd mix of relief and sadness. But, her thoughts immediately switched to focus on the new feeling she had when she utilized her celestial will. The only problem was that Madeleine had no concept of a will's ability to evolve to a higher stage...

Thadius instantly appeared behind Ri and Madeleine, landing a steady hand on their shoulders to stop their momentum.

He looked to attack Vidar but settled for a glare when he noticed the tens of saint level experts that had appeared around him. With a flicker, he took Madeleine and Ri both to the tower, leaving them inside to rest.

"Kill them!" Vidar roared viciously. Bloody wounds ran along his already heavily scarred body – so deeply that his bone shone through. He had thought that space will was the sharpest will there was. But, whatever it was that Ri was using... Shook him to his core...

The saint forces split, a large portion headed toward the tower while a handful sneered from above at Dyon's figure. However, before they could do anything, Thadius appeared to Dyon's back, looking toward the saints arrogantly.

"So much nerve..." He shook his head, almost pitying them. And soon, they understood why.

With a flash of Dyon's ring, he brought out the same ten saints he had used to rescue Meiyang, ensuring that he didn't reveal any more of his trump cards than he had to. If he took out too many saints, their enemies would be too focused on this portion of the battle – putting his severely undermanned demon generals at a disadvantage in both cultivation and number.

The aura of the eleven Demon Generals shook the saints to the core. Those who had had thoughts of attacking the tower immediately forgot about it, not daring to turn their backs to such experts.

"What is it that you want exactly?" Suddenly, a voice Dyon had been waiting to hear back from filled his ears as the Lebna God Clan Matriarch spoke.

Dyon smirked, stepping forward to send another strike toward Thor's spear.

In an instant, his fist twisted as his fingers flickered out, sending a beam of sword qi toward Thor's fingers. 'Can't hold a spear without fingers, now can you?'

Thor frowned, showing a change in emotions for the first time as a band of spear qi wrapped around his hands, trying to deflect Dyon's penetrative might.

'Let's just say that I can offer your clan much more than the Ragnor can. But, I'll leave that aside for the moment, because I'll only give you those things should you be a worthy ally.'

The Matriarch frowned, watching Dyon pursue the retreating Thor. Their height difference was at least half a meter, but she had seen this boy attack things far greater than himself time and time again.

"What are you offering if not that..." She finally spoke.

'Well for one. A chance to be my ally. Two, my grand teacher seems to know quite a bit about your Jafari clan. Three, how about the fact I can save your king and his heir?'

Chapter 563: With a Spear

Lionel's blue and red flames coursed around him, settling the air at an uneasy scorching hot and frightening cold all at once.

The truth was that the flames of the phoenix only had temperature as a by-product of their true essence. In reality, the red flames were meant to represent reincarnation, and the blue flames were meant to represent life. However, other than some crude healing possibilities when the two were used together, the Belmont's didn't have the capabilities nor the affinity or legacies to tap into such power. It was akin to being given the delicacy of a god, but only being able to watch from afar and smell the distant aroma.

That said... The power of these flames could not be underestimated, even in their handicapped state. Even in the face of Aumen's domineering golden flames, Lionel lost out in no way.

Blazing golds, reds and blues scorched the skies, blasting against each other in almost artistic form. This was a battle the crowd would have anticipated with baited breath, and yet they had simply lost all chances of truly enjoying it.

Within the Demon Sage's tower, Ri lay Madeleine down to rest, circulating her ice will to try and help her stamina. But, she too didn't have any idea what was happening.

"Is she going to be okay?..." A soft and apprehensive voice came from the side of Ri, filled with concern.

Turning, Ri found a group of people with golden eyes. But, seeing the varying degrees of worry, she couldn't help but sigh.

"She's just tired. She's not injured at all... She'll be fine." Ri didn't like Madeleine's family very much because of how they treated Dyon, but, they were Madeleine's family nonetheless.

A middle-aged man stepped forward. "You must let us take her away from here."

He had received a message from Connery Sapientia that he couldn't ignore. After all, he was a mere Head of a miniature branch family. How could he ignore the orders of their Patriarch?

Ri frowned, not liking what she was hearing.

"You have to understand." Madeleine's father continued. "The Sapientia are completely neutral. We care not for wars and will never participate. Even if the rulers of this universe change hands, we won't say a thing. Our only goal is research. Madeleine staying here not only taints the image of the Sapientia, she's also in more danger. If you care about her, shouldn't you let her come with us? She's clearly already heavily effected by this!"

Seeing Ri still hesitating, he continued. "I appreciate the fact that Dyon thought to send someone to save us from the chaos, but I'm sure you understand the logic of my words."

Ri sent a glance to Madeleine's sleeping figure before she shook her head. "Madeleine wouldn't accept it if she was awake, so I won't accept it in her stead.

"Secondly, no one cares what you are outside right now, it's complete chaos. If you felt that you were so safe as Sapiantias, why did all of you follow Thadius? Dyon's expressed orders were to ask if you were willing, Thadius wouldn't have forced you. Just one of you is enough to send this message to me."

Head Sapiencia froze. It was true. In the span of time they had spent outside, they had already been attacked by a few clans on their level. They hadn't cared that they were Sapiencia, they had just wanted to use the chaos to their advantage to gain some benefits.

But, in the end, he shook his head. "We'll be receiving protection from Patriarch Sapiencia himself, it will be completely different."

"Even more reason why my answer is no. Did you already forget what they did to your daughter? They muted her! They all but shackled her against her will and you want me to allow her to go back to that?!" Ri growled. Who hadn't witnessed the Sapiencia's treatment of Madeleine? Whether they twisted public perception or not, how could Madeleine's own family not be aware of her pain?

Delia stepped away from Eli and Venus to stand by Ri's side along with Little Black and Lyla. "We won't accept it." She nodded in affirmation.

"And for the record." Ri added with a harrumph. "Madeleine is not a Sapiencia. She's a Sacharro."

Madeleine's father frowned, but there was nothing he could do, how could he fight against a top 100 ranker? Let alone two of them. Not to mention that beast looked formidable...

He twirled the spatial ring on his finger, sending his mind in to the array plate within. 'I have to look for an opportunity...'

However, even as the thought crossed his mind, a sharp sword qi cut the ring in half. In fact, it cut all of their rings causing a shower of items to spring up.

Head Sapiaientia eyes flashed as he tried to catch the array plate, but it was suddenly swallowed into a darkness. In the next instant, it appeared in Ri's hand.

Anger coursed through Ri's features as the array plate corroded to non-existence. All she could think about was what might have happened had they not have Little Lyla by their side. What if she had failed to read their intentions in time?

Ri spoke through gritted teeth. "Because you're Madeleine's family I won't kick you out or kill you. But. You had better be very well behaved lest you feel my anger."

The Sapiaientia family trembled, stumbling backward. But, there was nothing they could do.

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Dyon's battle with Thor raged onwards as his demon generals protected him from the onslaught of saints. Vidar had tried to join the battle, but after being blown back by the sheer impact of their strikes, he had been forced to retreat and treat his injuries.

Planet Nix have been dealt with for now but... Planet Mino was still an oddity. He had fought and beat Saru, and they seemed like an amiable sort of people – people who knew how to pay their debts and show gratitude – but, Dyon couldn't be sure.

Sparks of lightning rained across Thor's body, but Dyon continued to punch relentlessly. Often times he would be blocked. But, on a few rare occasions he had slammed into Thor's body for himself.

It was clear that Dyon's body was stronger currently, but Thor's was more durable.

Thinking back to Vidar's body, it seemed to be a pattern amongst Ragnors – although Vidar was an extreme example.

However, Dyon was at a dead end. While he himself wasn't being pushed to the limit, he felt as though neither was Thor. He was simply going through the motions, completely unwilling to turn this into a life and death battle... It was almost like a spar...

Suddenly Dyon leaped backward, breaking their exchange.

"I can't seem to understand you..." Dyon said faintly as the sounds of waging war raged around them.
"But, maybe that's because I'm not trying hard enough."

Thor's eyes flashed as he watched Dyon's black band morph into an eight-foot-tall jet black spear. Delicate black flames and a dripping red aura danced along it, although they didn't seem to be emitting from Dyon, but rather the spear itself. But, its blade was truly spectacular. A simple swing caused no distortion in the air whatsoever... It was so smooth and sharp that wind gave way without resistance.

"Maybe I can only truly understand you with a spear."

Chapter 564: Show Him!

Ri's gaze found its way to Delia who sat in the corner speaking with her mother, a light smile on each of their faces. She didn't know when they had made their way back from their short disappearance, but she felt better knowing that they were here. At the very least, that meant that her mother and father would also have Patia-Neva by their side.

As for how their family talk ended... She knew even less about that.

Despite the loud crashing going on outside, the tower itself was perfectly isolated. They could watch everything that was going on as though it was a sick and twisted movie. And much like everyone else, they could only wonder...

Why now?

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The moment the spear formed in Dyon's hand, he seemed to breathe in its very essence. Without ever having used a spear in his life, his comprehension immediately broke into the first will level.

Thor watched as Dyon's aura slightly shifted to balance out his weapon. Although Dyon had yet to move, an expert of spearmanship like Thor could immediately sense the shift in Dyon's demeanor. He had instantly gone from a person who had never before wielded a spear, to a trained novice – and he hadn't even pierced forward yet!

Without meaning to, a breath of disbelief escaped Thor. He was at the point where a first level will meant next to nothing to him, but when had anyone ever witnessed the scene before him now?! Dyon's affinity for weapon's was simply without equal.

"Just to be clear, Thor." Dyon started, lowering his stance to mimic Thor's two-handed grip. "I'm not fighting you to beat you, nor am I trying to mock you. Since you refuse to tell me what it is that tethers you to the Ragnors, I'll have to understand for myself!"

Sharp spear qi danced around Dyon, his eyes flashing with a domineering might as he struck forward.

His spear glided through the air without a single wasted movement almost as though he had practiced this very strike hundreds of thousands of times.

Lightning arced through Thor's blue eyes. His spear clashed with Dyon, but his movements were clearly much more practiced.

Thor's silver spear became snake-like, coiling with the effortless twisting of his wrist and completely bypassing Dyon's strike. The tip became nothing more than an optical illusion and a sharp light, bending at angles that shouldn't be possible regardless of how flexible the spear was.

It wasn't possible for Dyon to react with expert spear technique. However, his 6th sense was far too good to not pick up on the change in Thor's spear-play. He had switched from a domineering striker, to a crafty specialist. He was clearly displaying his superiority in the way of the spear.

A smile played Dyon's features as his black spear spun in his hand. Its shaft connected violently with Thor's snaking spear, sending it off course and just above Dyon's shoulder.

Piercing spear qi flew just past Dyon's ear, narrowly missing him as a tempest of winds blasted upward from Dyon's strike. Newbie or not, Dyon would never lack decisiveness and raw power.

Dyon's eyes flashed, 'I can feel it. I can feel his rage.'

"More!" Dyon roared. His spear spun again, twisting violently in the air as he borrowed the wind to make up for his lack of experience with the spear.

Dyon's movements became more flexible and less boxy. They still maintained the same calculation, but he had added a new fluidity to his movements. Although Dyon's grand teacher was crude, Dyon was intelligent enough to take his words to heart – no matter how insulting or seemingly useless they were.

Clashes rang out as Dyon's comprehension skied upward, breaking through the second will level, and then the third.

Dyon's spear began to snake like Thor's. Suddenly, Thor's spear no longer bypassed Dyon's, but instead clashed directly, diverting and canceling each other perfectly.

The rings of wind and lightning blasted from their strikes, shattering the space between them.

Dyon's grand teacher had told him that his use of wills was much too shallow and that his understanding was striking. But, what had caught Dyon's attention was when he berated him for using wind as a simple speed boost and for using sword qi as a simple attacking will.

It got Dyon thinking about what more wind will could be. The truth was, he didn't have a firm understanding just yet, but, what he did have was a talent for weapons. It wasn't lost on him that although he could cut right to the heart of how a weapon should be used, that he also lacked with that a certain style and unpredictability.

Before, Dyon didn't have any idea how to fix this. But, when he first felt the state of one with world, he had gained a perspective on the world usually only celestial level experts reached. And with that, came a newfound appreciation for wind will.

Dyon and Thor's figures flashed as they sent out strikes in quick succession. The ferocity of Thor's aura only grew. He was slowly becoming a beast as his arms reddened and bulged. There was no doubt that he was pushing his strength to its upper limits to match Dyon's Demon Emperor's Will, but he didn't feel pain nor did he feel any hesitancy. He only felt the need to vent.

Arcs of green lightning danced under his skin, touching onto a will path Dyon found very interesting.

"Show me more!" Suddenly, Dyon's spear seemed to fuse into the air. It became formless as the tattoos on his bare back glowed fiercely. The speed of his strikes reached a new level. Despite his spear qi only being at the third level, the sudden boost by a ninth level wind will cause Thor to stumble, not knowing how to respond to the drastic change.

Thor roared, the arcs of green lightning under his skin increasing tenfold. His biceps pulsed violently as red lightning coursed along the body of his spear.

His composure was gone. If Dyon wanted to see his anger, he would show him!

Chapter 565: Oh...

"What do you think we should do?" A group of Planet Mino elders sat around, seemingly discussing something as though they were in a world separate to the chaos of the outbroken war. However, interestingly enough, all of their attentions were focused on a young girl. That young girl was, of course, none other than Saru Shruti!

"Do you all remember why I came here at all?" Saru responded after a moment's pause.

"Of course, Princess." An elder responded quickly. "But, there seems to be too many variables at play here. This may not be the right universe to use for your coming of age ceremony. Not to mention it's far too early for you to take such a test anyway... You know your father didn't want you to leave until —"

"I was far too cooped up in that place. Don't you think coming to this universe was fruitful though? How else would we have learned what we have...? To think that the dysfunction of this quadrant would seep so far to its roots... You are right about one thing, it isn't safe to remain here anymore..." Saru's eyes

glistened with something imperceptible as she looked off to Dyon's figure in the distance. "I like him." She suddenly said.

"This... Princess you must choose your words carefully." The elder responded with a nervous sweat coating his back.

"Is there a problem with what I said?"

"Uh..."

"Can you find another that is so young, capable of beating me, and also isn't from a clan I would have to marry into as a woman?"

"But... He's nineteen years old. He's much older than you! How can he be considered a talent?!" The elder was hyperventilating at this point. Without King Shruti here, there was no controlling Saru's actions. What if she really chose this man? By the time they got a message back to their quadrant for help in stopping this, it would be too late and their princess would be tainted!

Even worse, a nineteen-year-old with a mere meridian formation cultivation? He'd be laughed out of their clan and forced into a servant role. So what if he could fight above his station, at the end of the day, that was only against these subpar beings. He was clearly the very best this universe had to offer, and yet he was so pathetic. If he hadn't injured Saru, how would she have placed so poorly?

"Cousin." Arivata interjected. "You know they're right. That's not to mention, how could you be the third wife of anyone? I agree that he is a good man. But, good is not enough."

"You're all wrong." Saru replied simply, still looking off into the distance.

"Wrong?" The elder furrowed his brow along with the rest.

"Can you see his soul strength?" Saru asked.

"Of course. It's at the Higher Foundation stage. That's even more pitiful than his energy cultivation."

"Wrong. We as body cultivators know little of array alchemy, but you should at least comprehend the basics. How often have you see him use an array laced with purple and gold?"

The elders were stunned. How had they not realized this?

"Although I don't know what level he's reached, he's at the very least capable of drawing a master level array, which means his soul can't possibly be at the Foundation stage like you think. And, despite the fact we're body cultivators, our souls grow along with our cultivation over time, so the fact that you, as a celestial expert, can't see through his soul, means that his soul strength far surpasses yours."

"This... But, Princess. Even if his soul talent is exceptional, you understand as much as anyone how that isn't translatable to true strength. The soul is simply too fragile. He'll have an advantage in comprehending wills and stamina in using them, but at the end of the day, if his energy and body lag too far behind, he won't be able to make use of his wills past a certain point. Didn't you see how much strain using a mere first level intent placed on him? Even you're capable of using an intent without struggling that much!"

Saru sighed. "How can you all be so blind?... How is that soul useless to him when he comprehended a Supreme Law! And you dare to say that the benefits are minimal? With his use of death qi, even if he met up against our best sixteen-year-old geniuses he would at the very least be in the top 50%, and that's without access to the same teaching and resources they have."

The elder's lip twitched when Saru said top 50%. Was that supposed to be impressive? This was a Princess of a Supreme God Clan! Not some commoner slave girl!

However, they could not deny how impressive it was to understand a supreme law at such a young age... Even their princess had yet to, and the amount that had at Dyon's age wouldn't be a mere top 50%... It would be more like 0.1%. That said, with how many trillions of life forms there were, that number was still quite large.

"You think top 50% isn't impressive? Well, let me tell you something else... You all understand that the sutra I have mastered allows me to comprehend my opponent the more I battle him, correct?"

The elder nodded solemnly. It was one of the reasons Saru was looked upon so favourably by their king despite the hundreds of children he had. She was simply the most talented.

"Then you know I'm not lying when I say that he has cultivated for less than three years. Before he was sixteen, he knew nothing of the martial world. Nothing."

The space became silent as the words of their princess set it. Suddenly, their eyes widened in astonishment. They couldn't wrap their heads around this at all. Even if Dyon was 19, if the words Saru said were true, those younger than him in their Clan would have cultivated for more than threefold that amount of time.

But what she said next was even more shocking.

"Oh, and he also happens to be a peak first grade warrior."

BOOM!

Chapter 566: This Was...

Three years to reach the upper meridian formation stages was within reason, although it meant they would have to admit that he was a genius. When corrected for the lack of resources in this universe, it was a ridiculous feat, especially when his soul and body were taken into account – not to mention his array alchemy.

But, a perfect grade warrior was something that was sung throughout the universes and quadrants. Not even their king was such a thing!

The elder took a deep breath. "Okay. We've doubted the Princess, and I truly apologize. However, Princess must still think very carefully about this. You know as much as anyone being a perfect grade warrior at the meridian formation level doesn't necessarily mean that you will be at the saint or celestial or dao level."

The elder would never say that Dyon's feats weren't impressive, especially considering the circumstances. However, what he said was also correct. At every level of cultivation, there was an obligation to fill all of your meridians. You could only be said to have the perfect foundation if you continued to do this at every level.

You must temper all 108 meridians at the meridian formation stage. Then you must fill them all with essence energy at the essence gathering level. Then do the same with saint energy. Then celestial energy. Then enigmatic energy. Only then would you reach the level of a perfect grade warriors.

As rare as it was to become a peak first grade warrior. It was even rarer to become a perfect grade Essence Gatherer. And even rarer to become a perfect grade Saint. And so on and so forth simply because many were forced to give up and move on to the next stage without completing it to perfection.

For all Saru's glorified body guards knew, Dyon had stumbled onto some treasure for the Meridian Formation stages that wouldn't help him later on. He could very well have a perfect foundation now, then stall at only seven Essence Gathering stages. This was very possible.

Maybe most ironically was the fact that they were correct. Dyon's grand teacher had gifted him already tempered meridians. So, it couldn't be said that their worries were groundless.

Saru could only sigh. As much as she wanted to say more words to defend Dyon, they seemed to always have an answer for her that wasn't completely unreasonable.

"You all take things too seriously. I said I liked him, so I thought I'd defend him a bit. It's not to the point where I'd toss away everything to marry him. I have my own pride, you know."

Relief colored the features of their elders as a weight seemed to fly off their shoulders.

Although Saru said this, she was really only protecting herself. She understood Dyon's personality after fighting him, and he wasn't someone who would marry her just because she showed interest, regardless of how beautiful she was. That was not to mention the fact that she had aged her appearance and figure to this level... In reality, she was much younger – something Dyon had picked up on, much to her shock.

And... what she hadn't told her elders was the fact that even she wasn't 100% certain that she deserved to be his wife... Ri and Madeleine, talent wise, were even more outstanding than her.

'For now.' Saru thought defiantly, thinking about how much room she still had left to grow.

That said, the other thing she kept to herself was the fact that Ri was a kitsune. Luckily her elders didn't care too much to watch any fights other than hers. If they had noticed... There may have been some trouble...

"At the end of the day, though," Saru said in a soft voice as she lifted her hand before her. "He's done something only 99 other people among trillions have done..." Her hand flashed with a golden light as a key appeared.

The elders remained silent at these words. There was no refuting it.

Much like their Princess, Dyon had conquered an Epistemic Tower.

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Dyon was completely oblivious to Saru's true origins as his spear danced in his hands. His after images had almost become real, sending attacks of their own as sharp wind spurred Thor's attacks on.

The truth was that Saru had only come here for her coming of age ceremony. It was meant to take place when she turned 18, but she had insisted on leaving much earlier. Since she was powerful enough, it was allowed.

This coming of age ceremony wasn't reserved for the Shruti. In fact, it was a practice of many quadrants and clans, although the scales drastically varied. That said, since Saru was a Shruti royal in line for the throne, her ceremony entailed conquering an entire universe. She had chosen this one because of an interesting phenomenon that occurred 19 years ago that had piqued her interest. That said, considering she wasn't even born at the time, many had beaten her here, including the Jafari.

'What still has him so angry...' Dyon thought, taking the full brunt of Thor's strikes. At this point, his arms were quivering under the strain despite his use of Demon Emperor's Will.

With Tammy safe and Patriarch Ragnor off fighting, by all rights, Thor should see the opportunity to be safe. Why was he still feeling trapped.

Thor's jaw clenched, he could almost feel Dyon's spear-play ask the question 'why?'

However, despite his best intentions, the increased energy in his attacks seemed to answer 'you don't understand, nor will you ever.'

Thor was frustrated. Dyon thought that this situation was over just because his sister was saved? He had never heard anything so laughable. That man never took a loss. Everything was well within his calculations. He would never. NEVER. Start a war he didn't have 100% certainty in winning. Never.

The moment Patriarch Ragnor decided to attack, was the moment that the fate of everyone here was sealed. Everyone seemed to think that the Ragnor clan sent here was a mere branch, but Thor knew the truth.

Patriarch Ragnor wasn't a mere foot soldier, doing the bidding of the Ragnors. No. He was a key figure among their ranks, a dreadful and powerful man even among the main clan. The reason he was sent here wasn't because he was expendable. It was because they trusted him the most.

'You don't even know that it's already over...' Thor grit his teeth, roaring as his spear pierced toward Dyon again.

And yet, even as he thought those thoughts, the sky seemed to shatter as an old woman appeared.

Dyon's eyes narrowed, leaping backward from Thor. 'Matriarch Niveus?... But... She should be fighting. Why would they give up their numbers advantage... With Patia-Neva joining, it would be even if Matriarch Niveus stopped fighting... Wha –'

Suddenly, Dyon felt a dense energy lock onto him. Matriarch Niveus turned a cruel eye toward him. Ever since she had heard about how Dyon slapped her first in line genius, she had wanted to kill him slowly... In the worst possible way...

Dyon frowned, but before he could make a decision on what to do, a smiling Connery Sapientia appeared in the air too, looking down toward Dyon condescendingly.

"You're forcing my first in line genius to fight a war when you know the way of the Sapientia is strictly non-confrontational. You'll have to forgive me for taking her back now, won't you?"

The Demon Generals broke away from their fights, covering the distance between Dyon and the two celestials, unwilling to give way.

Matriarch Niveus lightly tapped her cane in the air, a sneer wrinkling her features further. "It pay to be so old, makes me realize all the time I've spent on cultivation hasn't been useless."

A wild aura erupted from her as a domain slowly began to suffocate Dyon and his generals. This wasn't the power of a normal celestial...

This was a mid-level celestial!

Chapter 567: One of Them

Dyon sighed looking at the state of affairs. The fact that Matriarch Niveus saw it fit to come here – or, more accurately, that she had been able to break away from the fight taking place in the skies – meant that the situation was worse than Dyon would like to admit... She didn't even look like she had struggled!

Dyon's eyes quickly darted around the arena, flecks of purple and red danced within them as he activated his Asura's eye.

'The elves are doing okay under Uncle Acacia's command. Technically speaking they're the best force we have right now.'

It was no secret that the elves were formidable. Most clans only had a single celestial expert, but then elves had four if you counted Kawa and the return of King Acacia. Unfortunately, that advantage was immediately sapped by the alliances the Ragnor had formed.

'Do we have to worry about Ancestors?...' Dyon's mind was running on overdrive. 'No, many of these clans haven't been in this universe for long enough, nor do they have powerful enough ancestors capable of lasting through an extended slumber... The Belmont have been here for long enough. The Clyde have been. But, the Ragnors haven't. Neither have the elves or Pakal. The only problem is that Meiyang escaped from the Belmont holy land, which likely means that they've found a way to deal with the Belmont ancestors?... Is that possible?'

In a split second, Dyon ran through thousands of possibilities before he landed on the two most likely ones. Both terrible...

The first scenario for why Matriarch Niveus was here was that the Clyde ancestors had been awoken. It was a heavy price to pay for such a weak royal god clan, but if they deemed this endeavor important enough, they just might.

Truthfully, Dyon only thought of the Clyde royal god clan as weak because he didn't feel the same strength from King Clyde as he did from the other Kings. And he couldn't have been more right. The Clyde didn't have a strong enough legacy to be a royal god clan. If it wasn't for Patia-Neva's folly, they would never be in this position.

But, the second scenario may be even worse for that reason specifically. Because the Clyde were weak, their ancestors might be relatively easier to manage. However, if the reason Matriarch Niveus was able to break away was because Patriarch Ragnor's power was just that overwhelming... That was a problem not so easily solved...

'If only I could fully unlock master's memories... There might be something useful —'

"Still searching for hope when you see death in front of you?" Matriarch Niveus interrupted Dyon's thoughts with a sneer. She saw the demon generals, but she could hardly care about a couple saints. "How many times do you think you can cheat it? We can take this slowly. Let's find out how big we have to make the hole in your chest for you to not come back."

Dyon chuckled, "With a matriarch like you, it's no wonder your first in line genius is so pathetic."

The veins on her wrinkled face bulged, amplifying the creases in her distorted features even further. But, she soon calmed down when she thought of the situation.

Connery Sapiaientia though had cause to pause. He had underestimated this boy one too many times and had no intentions of falling into another trap.

"Please wait a moment Matriarch Niveus. I have no intention of getting into a conflict. I only want to protect my family name." He said.

"No problem." Dyon responded. "You can do that away from here. There's no one you care about with the Sapiaientia name here. Don't tell me that the docile Sapiaientia allow anyone to join but won't let those who entered by birth the right to leave? That doesn't sound very peace loving to me."

Connery's lip twitched. "Unfortunately, things aren't so simple. No one knows what Sacharro name. To anyone who's worth anything, Madeleine will always be a Sapiaientia. If people could just leave and marry into unknown clans like yours, that would be a major problem for us."

Unfortunately, Connery had a point. If the Sapiaientia spread across the universe, as they were, suddenly started marrying their members into unknown clans, and then allowed those members to break the laws the Sapiaientia abided by, then that would be seen as a dangerous loop hole to powerful clans who were currently allowing the Sapiaientia to permeate.

Think about it, the Sapiaientia might start fake clans, then use their members as lynchpins of those clans to do things that wouldn't be allowed should they be Sapiaientia. That way, the Sapiaientia would have the protection of being pacifists, all while secretly not being pacifists themselves.

No one would take such a thing lying down! Massive wars would break out against the Sapiaientia, destroying everything they had built.

Madeleine may be an insignificant existence now, but her talent was unprecedented. Couple that with Dyon's ambitions, and she would be part of no shortage of wars. As she grew more powerful and Dyon

conquered more lands and universes, what if her past as a Sapientia was dug up? Suddenly, many questioning gazes would be turned to the Sapientia. As such, it made perfect sense for the Sapientia to not allow marriage unless those clans were handpicked.

That said, Dyon knew fully well that Connery wasn't thinking so far ahead. That was all an excuse to him. He never once believed that Dyon would reach a high enough level that this would become a problem. But, he only cared about how to maintain the moral high ground. So long as he could press this point, he would be able to maintain it and then he could act against Dyon without worrying about the consequences. Whatever leakage there was after could be handled.

"Tell me then." Dyon responded calmly. "What will the war-avoiding Patriarch Sapientia do should I say no?"

Connery's eyes sharpened.

"There are very few instances in our laws that allow for violence." He said slowly. "And unfortunately for you, this is one of them."

Chapter 568: If It Had...

Dyon turned a gaze toward Thor who seemed to be done attacking before turning it back to the two celestial experts in the air.

'Connery hasn't fully awakened his aurora. His 6th sense is weak because of that. I'll be able to use that to my advantage.

'The puppets are the equivalent of first grade experts. Matriarch Niveus is a fourth grade expert. So is Connery. Both lower grade. That should be a large enough disparity for my first level celestial stage puppet to do well enough against them....'

Dyon had thought of this long ago, but technically, puppets were a sort of solution to the soul's inability to translate its full potential into strength.

Puppets required your soul to control. The better the puppet, the higher the requirements. Technically speaking, before his soul reached the peak of the Saint stage, Dyon would have struggled to use the full force of the puppets for an extended period of time. Although this was still true now, it was much easier than before. The only problem was that Dyon's soul was already tired...

'I need to end this quickly. Which means I can't reveal the 4th stage celestial puppet unless I can ensure a kill. Neither of their souls are at the celestial level, so I don't have to worry about them surviving out of body.'

With a flash of his ring, a 20-meter tall obsidian warrior appeared before Dyon before it instantly pulled out two swords, causing a gale of winds to open up a space on the arena floor.

"Forget about me." Dyon said to his demon generals. "As long as no one interferes with this battle, I can win!"

Dyon didn't want his Demon Generals getting needlessly injured. He didn't even have a full scope of the situation. Regardless of the fact he knew that something like this was coming, that didn't mean he was ready for it now. By all accounts, everything pointed toward nothing happening until the tournament had ended. But, clearly Meiying had changed all of that...

In a flash of golden lights, Dyon disappeared from where he stood.

Matriarch Niveus sneered. "You think you can use your petty little array alchemy in the face of a true expert?!"

Her wrinkled hand stretched out, grasping at thin air.

A formless pressure appeared in an instant, stunting movement through hundreds of meters. Dyon's array didn't stand a chance.

Showers of gold rained as Dyon coughed up blood, falling unstably to the ground.

He had attempted to teleport to the tower so that he could control the puppet within safe confines, but Matriarch Niveus had locked the space in the area. The bombardment of clashing space wills caused a vicious backlash to his own, resulting in some minor damage.

'Stupid.' Dyon berated himself.

In reality, he couldn't be blamed. He knew little of the full extent of a celestial's ability. But, in retrospect, it was naïve of him to believe he could teleport freely in the face of one. Matriarch Niveus didn't even need to understand space will. However, because she was so powerful, she was able to shatter said space with a wave of her hand. If she really had understood space will instead of using her power to overwhelm it, Dyon would have suffered even more!

Luckily, despite the matriarch's prowess, Dyon's arrays were still powered by a peak saint soul. So, while she could still disrupt them, it wasn't so exaggerated that Dyon's life had been on the line.

However, this exchange gave Matriarch Niveus all the more confidence. She had been wary of the puppet Dyon pulled out. But, now it just seemed like a desperate plea.

From within the tower, Ri watched this scene nervously as she grasped onto Madeleine's hand. Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately, Madeleine had slipped into a deep sleep and thus couldn't witness this.

"Alright then." Dyon chuckled, spitting blood away from his mouth before wiping it on his wrist. "Let's do this here then."

With a single leap, Dyon landed on the head of his puppet. His eyes flashed a dense purple, gold and red as he lasered in his focus. He could see and feel everything, and yet, he blocked it all out, focusing on the movements of just two.

A formless barrier wrapped around Dyon as an extension of his puppet. He had little doubt that without this shield, he would die very quickly in such a battle.

"You really plan to fight us both?" Connery's brow furrowed.

"That's up to you." Dyon said, his features completely focused. "If you can bear the optics of joining a sides in this war, have at it."

Connery snorted. "I have no need to fight. Matriarch Niveus is more than capable enough."

"Doesn't seem like you believe that by your question."

Matriarch Niveus' lip twitched. Dyon was right. All of Connery's actions pointed toward his apprehension. But, she had had enough.

"Come die a slow and painful death then boy!" The old lady flashed forward with blazing speed. This was a celestial expert of no normal degree... She was at the mid-levels!

As a lower 4th grade expert, for her to emit the aura of a mid-level celestial, meant that she was at the 4th or 5th celestial stage. She could not be underestimated.

However, right now... She was like a snail crawling along a paved road in Dyon's eyes!

In an instant, the cultivation of the puppet was no longer hidden. There was no room for playing and even less for deception.

Matriarch Niveus extended a clawed hand. It held no technique, nor did it hold any profound laws. She wanted nothing else but to crush Dyon's puppet in a single blow, but she didn't feel the need to strike heavily to do so. From her knowledge, this puppet was only capable of dealing with Saints. She was on a completely different level!

And yet, that one moment of haughtiness, was just enough for Dyon to take advantage.

Before she could even notice the spike in celestial energy, two massive black jade swords swung downward with unbridled force.

Space shattered. The air moaned and whined, crying out in pain as Matriarch Niveus' eyes widened.

BOOM!

Her fragile old frame was sent blasting into the ground. The impact was so devastating that the stadium cracked in half at the blow.

A crater spanning hundreds of meters blasted outward, giving way to the tunneling Matriarch Niveus.

Her body cut through the earth like a hot knife through butter, until eventually, she flew in so deeply into the earth that the eyes of a normal human could no longer spot her.

Connery stood in the air with a shocked expression as a cold sweat permeated his back. In that instant, he understood one thing... If it had been him... He'd be dead...

Chapter 569: That Day...

Dyon suddenly understood why celestials didn't do battle on the planet. A puppet didn't even have access to wills, and yet it was this devastating. Dyon couldn't help but wonder... If the earth hadn't expanded by millions of times its original size... Would it have survived the blow he just gave it?...

It suddenly dawned on Dyon that if this went too far, he could begin to endanger the mortal side of the world.

Without a shred of hesitation, Connery turned and fled. The Sapientia within Dyon's tower could only watch in awe as the man they revered so highly was actually forced to flee by a child they continued to look down on.

Dyon felt his soul strength draining by the minute. Every moment he held a connection to the puppet was another he lost stamina with. He was so fatigued that he hardly noticed the astonished gazes of Tau and Lionel in the air. Clearly they had stopped their fight just in time to see what had transpired.

Planet Mino's section once again received the shock of a lifetime. Saru had just been trying to convince her protectors to help Dyon when she realized her help truly wasn't needed.

Although puppets were extinct in this universe, the same couldn't be said to be true elsewhere. However, what did remain to be true was the fact that a celestial level puppet was nearly impossible to find. And, someone who could use a puppet of that caliber was even rarer.

The practicality of a puppet was nearly nonexistent. Unless a human controlled one, it would never reach its full potential – although, theoretically, it could should an array alchemist be skilled enough. That aside, this meant that in most cases, a puppet was severely handicapped without a controller. And yet, the demands for a wielder were so high that that person would be able to fight the threat on his or her own.

This meant that, usually, puppets were used to explore newfound lands and natural phenomena – places where risking human life was seen as a waste. It's either that, or you make a puppet just powerful enough that when it was on its own, it would fall to a power level you deemed suitable.

As an example, someone might make a lower celestial stage puppet knowing that it would only be able to fight a peak saint on its own. Which is exactly what Dyon had done when he attacked Elder Er a few days ago.

However, this situation was clearly vastly different. Dyon was capable of making full use of the puppet on his own. And even more shockingly, it was a celestial puppet!

"I can't imagine... The cost of such a puppet..." Elder Shruti breathed out his words.

"The material that makes up that puppet doesn't seem to be normal..." Saru said softly. "It may not be so simple as just being a celestial puppet..."

Dyon stood above the hole breathing heavily. An instant later, his eyes flashed with gold as he appeared within the tower. He had no choice but to take advantage of the situation to catch his breath and protect himself. If he suddenly lost connection with the puppet, so too would his protection go.

Seeing the sleeping Madeleine, Dyon frowned. But, when he also noticed the odd atmosphere between Ri, Delia and Madeleine family, it only deepened.

However, he didn't have the time to harp on this right now. He looked out toward the puppet, severing his connection with it.

Right now, the puppet would only have the combat power of a peak saint, however, its defenses would still be at the level of a 4th or 5th grade celestial. Dyon knew this because when he studied the arrays of the puppets, he noticed that although their enigmatic energy accumulation arrays were too damaged to be used, the celestial arrays of one was fully intact, and the celestial array of the other was damaged, but not enough to be unusable. But, the best news was the fact that the defenses of the puppet heavily relied on the material it was made of with only a few still intact arrays acting as a supplement.

This meant that if Matriarch Niveus was injured enough from that strike, the puppet might be able to finish her off on its own. And, even if it couldn't, its defenses meant that she wouldn't be able to hurt it too much, if at all.

Dyon plopped to the ground and instantly began to meditate. Replenishing soul strength was, unfortunately, much more difficult than replenishing body or energy strength. It wasn't so simple as flooding the soul with more energy. The soul was tied to the world around you, and it also had very much to do with things like focus and will power, it wasn't so straight forward.

Sometimes when you found you couldn't concentrate very well anymore, the only thing you could do was take a break. That said, there were also drugs that helped people stay focused. Unfortunately, Dyon didn't have any of those soul replenishing pills on hand. Even the celestial deer sect pill repository lacked such a thing. They were simply too much more expensive, so when they were attacked, they were likely stolen along with much of the other valuables.

Even more ironically, the strength of pill Dyon would need to replenish a soul on his level was so exaggerated that even he doubted if he could form such a pill...

Dyon's best bet was to use Devour. But, it would have to be on someone with a powerful enough soul... It would have to be from a celestial at the very least.

Connery had fled and Dyon had no way to pursue him. However... There was still Matriarch Niveus!

Almost as if on cue, the rumbling in the ground amplified as a bloody figure burst from it.

Matriarch Niveus was truly a sad sight to see. Her previously white dress was soaked in blood. Her arms hung limply and awkwardly shaped to her sides, clearly having been used to block the strike. Her wrinkles seemed to have increased...

Suddenly, a cackling laughter left between her shriveled lips.

"9698 years I've lived... Not once have I been in such a sorry state..."

Dyon's eyes flashed in all seriousness. Waving his hand, a massive amount of dao stones flooded the tower's arrays, causing blinding shields to erupt all around them.

Matriarch Niveus' laughter only increased as she lifted her disfigured arm to point out two fingers. A ball of darkness and another of light began to dance about each other, spinning viciously as they grew slowly in size.

Dyon thought she was going to attack the tower. But then, almost inexplicably, she twisted and slowly moved her arm toward the horizon, her laughter reaching a fever-pitch.

"I hear you're from the mortal realm."

Dyon froze. His gaze turned to Clara who trembled at those words.

"You like to play celestial with your little puppets... Let me show you what a real celestial can do!" Matriarch eyes shone with a savagery that could only match a wild animal.

Dyon's mind immediately reached outward, ignoring the pain tearing through his soul as the puppet erupted into the celestial level once again.

But, what Dyon didn't know until an instant later, was that Matriarch Niveus didn't care. In order to survive the blow Dyon had just given her, she had been forced to burn her blood essence in that instant. The price for letting her guard down was nothing less than her life. To use such a technique at such an old age, she knew that only death awaited her...

And yet, she did so anyway because she wanted revenge. She wanted revenge for the fact that after all these millennia of living, it would be a child that ended her life.

"Since I'm going to die anyway!" Her pierced through the veil of the world, completely bloodshot. "Why would I care for your bullshit treaty!"

Dyon roared as the puppet swung down violently, mustering everything it could to stop her.

In the distance, Evelyn Niveus, the first in line genius, watched in horror as that woman she had seen as a mother since birth blazed for a final time.

It was all too late...

The sphere of light and dark connected, turning into a blinding beam that shot off into the distance with unmatched speed.

In the white house oval office, President Gallagher sat quietly, looking at a picture of his wife and daughter on his desk when a scorching heat suddenly caught his attention.

In the skies above the mortal realm, a swirling ball of light and dark grew, approaching faster and faster.

Matriarch Niveus sneered in her final moments, watching the blade cleave her in two as she whispered her last words.

"Immortal Balanced Arts. Final gate."

Observing the approaching sphere, President Gallagher felt a sudden relief. 'I know you'll keep her safe...'

That day... The entire mortal population would be wiped out.

Chapter 570: Nothing...

Dyon's face paled as the tower shook violently to the vibrations of the planet. The feeling of helplessness seeped deep within him.

A sharp pain caused Dyon to cough up blood. His connection with his puppet severed beyond his control. He simply couldn't sustain it.

"Dyon..." A soft voice came out from behind him, causing his shoulders to freeze even amidst his coughs. Clara had to ask. She didn't have the senses they had, and she couldn't follow the movements of Matriarch Niveus' last moments at all, but she had heard her last words very clearly... It didn't take a genius to figure out what had just happened... But, she couldn't bring herself to say the words or fully form the thought...

Dyon's jaw clenched so tightly that blood began to seep from his gums. His breathing quickened as he tried to calm himself, but his aura was very quickly becoming frightening.

Ri stood, grasping on Clara's trembling hand. Clara didn't seem to notice as she looked off to the violently quaking horizon. "Dad... Give him back..."

Clara's words snapped something within Dyon. In an instant, he disappeared from his position and just as quickly, he appeared before Matriarch Niveus' cleaved body.

The power of a celestial was something that Dyon had never put into perspective until this instant. He had witnessed Elder Daiyu fight with the Elvin celestials, but that didn't do their power justice... Not at all...

In such a battle, Celestials were very much capable of focusing their power, thus transmitting it directly to their opponent. This kept the damage to the surrounding environment at reasonable levels. However, Dyon hadn't understood this. He simply didn't have the skill nor the time cultivating to focus the power of his puppet in such a way. As such, his strike against Matriarch Niveus had torn a stadium that spanned tens of kilometers in half and created a hole of such depth that it easily dug thousands of kilometers into the crust of the Earth.

"You're not allowed to die so easily." The rage in Dyon's voice shook the very skies themselves. His eyes were bloodshot as he thought about all of the lives that had just been lost – how many lives had been snuffed out in a petty bid to get revenge before death.

Dyon's hand grasped toward the corpse, immediately halting the dissipation of Matriarch Niveus' soul.

A soul had to be at the celestial level to survive without a body. But, that didn't mean that a soul at a lower level than that couldn't be contained and halted from disappearing. This was a technique that Dyon's grand teacher had given him in order to help Zabia escape death. It had only taken him a few moments to learn because of his soul talent and was of course the reason that Zabia was still breathing.

It was simply known as Soul Containment. It required minimal soul power, but a high level of soul control.

Never did Dyon think he would be using it on an enemy. But. In this case. Willingness was not a strong enough descriptor for how he felt right now.

"Your soul won't dissipate until I want it to." Dyon's eyes burned with rage. They could no longer be described as bloodshot. His vision had gone completely red.

Souls below the celestial level lacked the ability to communicate. Matriarch Niveus had no means of voicing anything. But, as soon as she noticed that Dyon had stopped her soul from dissipating, a crippling fear overtook her. How could she had ever thought about a possibility like this? How could she know what she had just brought upon herself?

With Dyon's level of senses, how couldn't he could feel the chaotic changes within Matriarch Niveus' soul. Without realizing it, he had gained enlighten to the most rudimentary forms of what it meant to be a True Empath. He couldn't read a normal being, but with Niveus' soul directly being confined by his own, he could see through her emotions as easily as he could his own. Little did Dyon know that this was the very way his grand teacher had begun developing the path of the True Empath...

"You'll feel the very pain and despair you've caused." Dyon's breathing was ragged. "You'll never rest in peace."

Matriarch Niveus' soul cried out in agony as Devour began to eat away at her soul. It was an indescribable pain, something incomparable to bodily and fleshly wounds. The attack of the soul ate away at one's fundamental connection with the universe. Dyon was essentially severing everything it meant for Matriarch Niveus to ever have existed.

He had never gone this far when using Devour before. Nor had he ever used it purely for torture. Even when he attacked that Planet Nix warriors for the sake of Ri, he had still been clear headed enough to sift through his memories to find out what happened. But now?... Dyon completely lost any semblance of humanity he had. He wanted no part of this woman to ever have existed. He wanted her memories gone. He wanted her goals and aspirations gone. He wanted her body gone. He wanted her soul gone.

The world continued to tremble as the atmosphere on half of the planet burnt away completely, unable to withstand the force of the attack. But, Dyon felt none of it.

Matriarch Niveus' pain had reached such a level that her soul began to oscillate with the surroundings. No one could hear her screams, but they could feel them. No one could see her pain, but they could tell it was there.

A once mighty celestial expert lay in the palms of a boy that was nothing but a child in her eyes, completely unable to do anything.

The war had seemingly ceased as every bit of perception locked onto the horrifying agony of Matriarch Niveus. And yet, as the time passed, nothing seemed to sway Dyon into stopping... He had become a demon...