

The Nameless 571

Chapter 571: Threatened

Dyon seethed, but he also understood that deep down, no amount of anger would ever change what had happened. The martial world just kept pushing his boundaries again and again, whittling down his resolve and flaring up his anger.

'I won't let you get the best of me.'

Dyon's eyes flashed with gold as the soul in his hand became encased in a spherical array. But, before Matriarch Niveus' soul could sigh in relief, dense black flames began to dance within, tearing away at her soul even further. They raged and flickered with menacing darkness, swallowing whole any light that seemed to want to get close.

Even worse... Dyon's array stopped her soul from dissipating...

Suddenly, the quaking of the Earth split the stadium again causing the stands to crumble as the shocked screams of innocents rang out once again.

This was exactly when the changes occurring to the planet couldn't be ignored anymore. Matriarch Niveus had just set off enough energy to essentially wipe out an entire half of the planet. Had she aimed anymore downward, that's exactly what would have happened – such was the power of a celestial.

That said, just because half of the planet wasn't blown asunder, didn't mean that things were okay.

The atmospheric temperature had shot up to such levels that the speed of cooling couldn't keep up with the violent reactions of the air. The protective shield of the Earth against the elements of space were burning in real time!

Despite his anger, Dyon had to force himself to think clearly. The temperatures were increasing so quickly that he already felt an uncomfortable burning on his skin.

He didn't know what to do. There were too many people to save. He couldn't possibly get to all of his allies in time. Was he really supposed to watch as all of the elves below saint hood died? What about the Pakals? The Belmonts?

'DAMMIT!'

The only option was to stop the violent reactions in the air.

Dyon had read about this long ago. During a war that the history books called World War II, rampant studies on the atomic bomb were taking place. A major concern at the time was that should such a devastating bomb go off, it would cause a chain chemical reaction that would destroy the entirety of Earth's atmosphere.

A traumatic event such as this wouldn't only destroy the target of the bomb, it would annihilate the entirety of the human race along with it! Without an atmosphere, there could be no life. There would be no air to breathe and neither would there be protection against the harmful radiation of space.

Dyon knew fully well that only a person of saint cultivation could hope to survive without protection out there. The problem was, lower and even mid-level saints would only have enough cultivation to protect themselves. Even upper and peak saints would struggle protecting just one other person. Only a celestial could hope to protect multiple people without much strain to themselves. However, they were battling right now!

I need to cool the atmosphere. That's the only way. It's not possible to round everyone up in time.

But... That was impossible...

Even if Dyon used his crystal will amplification with the help of Little Black, and all of the cold path cultivators poured their wills in, not only would Dyon not have the ability to amplify such energy, even if he did, this was a celestial's final attack he was up against!

In order to cool the atmosphere, he'd have to nullify the heat generated by the last reserves of a celestial expert who had also burned their blood essence! That was a ridiculous ask!

"FUCK!" Dyon roared into the skies. His anger was at such a ridiculous level that he was slowly losing himself within it. Whenever he tried to pull it back, to remember what he still had to live for, to fight for, a wave of despair would hit him. He felt like he was suffocating.

Dyon's psyche didn't seem to want to have to handle more losses. His entire home had just been burned to the ground and he couldn't even bear the idea of witnessing the devastation for himself. And yet, even with the soul of the one who had caused it being tortured in his hand, he was still losing!

Matriarch agonizing screams turned into maniacal cackles. It had dawned on her that in her moment of anger, she had caused irreparable damage to the Earth, which could very well mean that she had caused the death of her very own sect members. She lost her mind under the endless torture, but what really tore her to her core was her own stupidity.

However, in what seemed like an instant, those laughs of pain and self-deprecation turned into a feverish begging for anarchy – a want to see the entire world burn to the ground. As long as Dyon suffered, she no longer cared!

Dyon's hand almost crushed her soul entirely when he felt the change. But, he controlled himself.

With a flash, the spherical array disappeared into his spatial ring before he turned to his Demon Generals.

"I know you all can survive this, but I'm not risking it." Dyon said.

Without so much as a word of defiance, the demon generals also disappeared into Dyon's ring.

Caedlum, who had been injured during his bout for the top ten, had been being protected by a few Pakal warriors. Luckily, this meant that he was still relatively close to the arena where Dyon was. He, and those Pakals he was with, were the next to enter Dyon's ring – much to their surprise.

Gritting his teeth, Dyon understood that that was all he could do. Without understanding just what was tethering Thor to the Ragnors, he would never be so foolish as to let him into such a place. Even if he wanted to, it was impossible because he was currently surrounded by Ragnors. Tammy was different since she was so weak to begin with. Thor on the other hand, could cause problems.

The scorching heat of atmosphere seemed to be reaching all new levels. It was no longer a simple uncomfortable heat. Instead, it was a seething burning. Foundation stage experts were already screaming out in agony... It wouldn't be long until meridian formation experts were in the same situation...

Dyon teleported to his tower to find Lionel standing right beside the entrance. Without so much as a word to each other, Dyon opened the window way, allowing them both to step in and be shielded from the onslaught of heat.

Guilt ravaged Dyon's heart when he saw Clara's still listless figure being held by Ri. But... There was nothing he could do. Even his own rage was seething to the point where he could hardly control it...

Outside the tower, the world seemed to catch on fire. The loud booming in the air continued as the atmosphere crumbled away, causing the normal blue of the sky to lose its luster, replaced by blinding red and yellow lights.

Matriarch Niveus' selfish decision hadn't just ended mortal world life... It threatened to end all of martial world life as well...

Chapter 572: Make Sure

In the skies above earth, a planet shaking and star destroying battle was taking place. The attacks were so ferocious that matter formed and collapsed with every strike.

Patriarch Ragnor stood leisurely, watching the scene with a smirk on his face. No matter how intelligent Dyon was, he could never have predicted this outcome.

Within his thoughts, he assumed that the only way Matriarch Niveus could break free was because the Clyte either called upon their ancestors, or Patriarch Ragnor was much stronger than he was letting on... Never would he think of the possibility of Patriarch Cavositas being capable of fighting both his mother and father in law alone! Patriarch Ragnor didn't even need to fight!

The battle of celestials had split into two phases. The first was the husband and wife pair fighting against a man they had clearly underestimated severely. The second were their remaining allies, including Patia-Neva, clashing against the Ragnor alliance.

Kawa Acacia couldn't believe what was right in front of her eyes. She was a supreme beast, among the most talented of her kind. Sure, she was still relatively young, not even a thousand years old yet, and yes, she had given up her more talented beast form in order to marry and be with her husband, and yes, this universe wholly lacked the resources necessary for her to make use of her still outstanding remaining talent... But wasn't this too exaggerated?!

Everyone knew and understood that full blooded beasts had to choose one of three paths as Zaire explained to Dyon. There was the beast path. The human path. And a path remaining for only those talented enough – taking both prior paths simultaneously. However, what Zaire didn't mention was that even supreme beasts weren't usually talented enough to take this combined path choice. And yet that was the path Zaire had chosen!

When Kawa came to this universe, she had already firmly stepped into the beast path. Choosing such a path didn't mean you couldn't enter your human state, it only meant that everything there was about you was beast. However, keeping along that path was a living nightmare for Kawa once she fell in love with King Acacia... Why? Because choosing the beast path meant that you could only ever have children with compatible beasts.

Unfortunately, this was the exact reason Kawa, despite being hundreds of years old and a supreme beast talent, was still not a Dao Formation expert. In order to share a child with the man she loved, she dangerously risked cultivation deviation to forcefully switch paths. This resulted in a drastic loss in talent as well as immediate cultivation, but she had never once regretted it.

However, right now... She was sorely lacking in power...

Kawa blitzed Patriarch who gracefully wielded bright red halberd. It must have weighed as much as a small moon, and yet it was swung with such an effortless might that the destruction left in its wake was shocking.

King Acacia played a supporting role, using his soul bond with his wife to direct her to in battle. He could easily see through Patriarch Cavositas' intentions, but somehow, they still couldn't manage to get the underhand. Luckily, Kawa was fighting tenaciously, and had managed to remain injury free despite the situation.

Much like Dyon, King Acacia had dual manifestations. One was the Tree of Life and Death and the second was his mist manifestation – one he shared with his younger brother, Ajaar Acacia.

King Acacia's Tree of Life and Death though could not be compared to Dyon's... It was on an entire other level.

It completely lost its obsidian bark, replaced by a clear and crystalline body that sharpened its offensive capabilities. In combination with King Acacia's mist, it completely disappeared from sight, allowing King Acacia to launch attacks covertly while directing his wife.

Their tag teaming capabilities were on such a high level that it wasn't a mere addition when they fought together... It was an amplification!

Kawa's swords play had long since reached a formless state. Unlike conventional wisdom, it was her tails she used as her weapon, allowing them to whip about as her fist raged forward.

The halberd was heavy, but Kawa always make such to deflect it with at least three tails, optimizing her ability to block and attack all at once. But... The expression of leisure on Patriarch Cavositas' face, the fact that she sensed no killing intent, and even worse, the fact that Patrarch Ragnor had yet to make a move left her with a feeling of unease.

King Acacia understood this point more than anyone. After all, he could clearly see their intentions. 'If only I had more time...'

Having only been cleansed just a day prior, how could have King Acacia recovered his cultivation completely? He had managed to once again step into the second celestial stage, and he had thought that was more than enough if he had access to his True Empath abilities, but somehow, Patriarch Cavositas had the battle prowess of a dao formation expert!

'It must be the blood sacrifice technique. Dammit!'

Suddenly, a voice entered King Acacia's mind, 'What do you want to do about this? They're clearly stalling for time but waiting also benefits us.'

Kawa's tails once again reflected the massive halberd, breathing in deeply as she sent out a palm strike coated with dense ice intent.

'They may very well not make it at all...' King Acacia responded.

A silence reigned between them as the battle raged on with solar bodies as their backdrop.

'Then we need to tell them to run.'

These words weren't actually sent between them. But, as husband and wife, after years of being together, and with the connection of their souls, they understood the gravity of the situation. No matter how wishful their thinking... They already understood that they couldn't win this battle...

As parents, there was no hesitancy in their thoughts. If they couldn't survive, they would make sure their children did.

Chapter 573: Roared

The clash of celestials continued as Kawa and Edrym sought a way to break away. The problem, though, was Patriarch Ragnor. It was clear that he was taking a back seat not just out of conceit, but to also act as a barrier to their escape. With the husband and wife's pair level of battle experience, they could tell that even with his leisurely appearance, he was on full alert.

'Just what are they biding time for?...' King Acacia wracked his brain, but he couldn't afford to divert too much of his attention from Kawa. He hadn't recovered enough to battle someone as powerful as Patriarch Cavoritas head on, so he had to make sure he put his wife in the best position to do so. All of his senses were fully trained on the two opponents before them.

That said, it didn't stop him from realizing that none of this made any sense. If they had any semblance of patience, they wouldn't have started this war so early. Why before the tournament even ended? Why at the time they did? Nothing made sense.

'Unless...' King Acacia's mind suddenly remembered an odd occurrence with Dyon. His son-in-law had rushed out of the stadium, mid fight. When he had come back, he hadn't been able to come directly to him and Kawa, but, he had allowed King Acacia to sense the fact that he had brought someone back with him.

It couldn't have been a coincidence. Dyon knew that direct contact with his mother and father in law would have been too tricky, but he knew that King Acacia's senses were back and sharp enough to put the pieces together himself.

And although King Acacia eventually came to the wrong conclusion, it was a conclusion that was close enough to the truth that acting on it gave the same benefits!

'That person Dyon saved, they must want to take her back while we're occupied. She's definitely highly important to something they want to accomplish!'

Immediately after reaching that conclusion, King Acacia mind diverted for a split second, checking the on the second fight that was raging. And, exactly as he had feared, someone was missing!

'Matriarch Niveus is gone!' King Acacia grit his teeth. The situation couldn't have been any worse. He was willing to bet that all this time, Patriarch Ragnor had sealed off the area entirely to not allow communication. With Kawa and him occupied, the likelihood of stopping Matriarch Niveus multiplied to near impossible levels!

King Acacia's eyes flashed as his focused trained on his wife's battle again, 'It's a faint!'

The halberd cleaved downwards, causing Kawa to flicker four of her tails toward it again. But... This time, she met nothing but air.

Ripples of space and crackling cold shot off with a target to meet, just as Kawa processed her husband's words.

The halberd changed directly by sheer brute force, dodging the tails. A vicious glint lit in Patriarch Cavositas' eyes as a dark destruction aura dripped from the end of the red halberd, cleaving space toward Kawa.

A sharp sense of danger invaded Queen Acacia's beastly senses. King Acacia's instant of mental deviation had resulted in a major mistake. In normal combat, as experienced as Kawa was, she would never lose her balance by putting the full brunt of her power in a strike. But, because of her full confidence in her husband, she didn't battle with any apprehension.

Luckily though, because of their soul connection, she had felt his mind become distracted just in time to realize a mistake had been made, so she was in full retreat almost as immediately as she missed.

Space groaned as gravity bent around the fall halberd, but Kawa was able to calculate that it was just miss her by a hair as long as she kept her backward momentum.

However... That was when an explosion that shook a planet that dwarfed most stars in size sent shock waves through the vacuum of space – erupting shards of rocks and hot air that catapulted in the abyss of endless darkness.

In that moment, Kawa's eyes widened in shock. An entire half of the planet was bathed in flames... Flames that were quickly spreading and threatening to burn the whole planet to the ground!

Even Patriarch Ragnor's calm face twitched slightly at this sight. He knew fully well that there were only three people left on the planet capable of this feat. One was Elder Daiyu, but he was within the Belmont Holy Land currently, it didn't make sense for him to do this. The other two were Connery Sapientia and the last was Matriarch Niveus... But, why would any of those two do such a thing?

'The treaty...' Patriarch Ragnor immediately noticed that it was the mortal side of the world that was the most effected. But, his face then regained its usual nonchalance. 'It's served it's purpose. After today, there wouldn't have been a use for it anyway. However...'

Patriarch Ragnor smirked. He had immediately deduced what would have to happen.

Kawa's shock and worry affected her speed, causing the halberd to just barely graze her. She grit her teeth, feeling the skin of her belly slice apart as the blade crossed her horizontally.

Dense destruction intent corroded her skin on contact, forcing its way toward her inner organs and attempting to rampage.

Blood seeped from Kawa's kimono as a fierce ice purity will blasted from her, pushing Patriarch Cavositas away as she leaped backward to King Acacia's side. Her will circulated, stamping out the destruction will and sealing her wound. And yet, despite dealing with the immediate danger to her life, the worry in her heart only grew.

She had no idea what was going on or how this had happened. But, even if Dyon managed to save Ri and Madeleine himself, she knew it was impossible to expect him to save everyone. How could Kawa not understand how important the elves were to her husband? It was her kingdom too! She was their queen!

'Edrym, you stop it. I'll hold them off.' Kawa spoke to her husband quickly. She was well aware that with King Acacia's mist manifestation, his affinity for water type wills was great. He was more than enough to cool the atmosphere and stop the chain reaction that was taking place.

But, they both knew there was another reason he had to be the one to go... Kawa was the only one that could stop Patriarch Cavositas and Ragnor directly...

"Go!" She roared.

Chapter 574: Farce

King Acacia grit his teeth before shooting off toward the Earth. In order to not affect what was going on below, they had flown far above. Had they not, the residual impact of their battle would have been no different than had they been on the surface. However, that decision was proving to be a problem now.

Patriarch Ragnor chuckled as he appeared beside Patriarch Cavositas. Unbeknownst to Kawa and Edrym, the only reason why Patriarch Cavositas hadn't said a single thing was because all of his senses were cut off. He had essentially been turned into a machine for battle in that instant. The reason why was simple. Making use of power that wasn't your own was of a huge detriment to the body – Cavositas hadn't gotten a power upgrade for free. His inner organs were sheering apart, his muscles were hanging onto

their tendons by a string, and the pain he would feel had his mind been conscious would have been too much for anyone to deal with. Including Dyon.

Even worse, the blood sacrifice technique came with it a major impact to the soul. The original technique was meant to be used as a power source for the inanimate. After all, it had only been developed by Sarger as a means to time lock the Timeless Library – something the Ragnor weren't aware of. As such, he didn't care about it being tainted with the numerous wills of those who had been killed. However... That was completely different when the power was applied to a human or animal...

All at once, the wills of the hundreds to thousands you had killed for your benefit were tearing away at your soul. If Patriarch Cavositas didn't cut away his very self when using such a power, if he didn't essentially become an empty capsule without emotion or feeling, he would lose himself.

Clearly, though, Patriarch Cavositas didn't care. In fact, he didn't even chase King Acacia, his eyes were trained on Kawa, scanning her every movement.

"I bet you're wondering why this one is so powerful," Patriarch Ragnor patted his 'friend's' shoulder, smiling amiably toward the still bloodied Kawa.

Kawa's brow furrowed, she couldn't understand why he was making idle chitchat right now. But, something was telling her that if she tried to go and help her husband, Ragnor would instantly attack.

"It's quite an interesting tale, if you can believe it. Usually, it would be extremely difficult to drain enough powerful cultivations to have this sort of effect – especially considering our King Belmont would never allow such a thing. Also, this friend of mine is still of poor cultivation, and the Cavositas aren't special at all except for having a small affinity for a weak branch of destruction will. So, why can he fight you?"

Patriarch Ragnor's unsettling laugh continued as he transmitted his message through celestial energy. After all, speaking in space was impossible.

"You're all under the impression that Patriarch Cavositas is a celestial with battle prowess capable enough to fight you husband-wife duo. But, the truth is that he isn't even that." Patriarch Ragnor laughed as though he had heard the funniest joke in the world. "The Cavositas were nothing before I

arrived here and brought them up. How could they have a lineage powerful enough to produce a celestial? This man is nothing more than a saint."

Kawa's eyes widened in shock. She couldn't believe what she was hearing. A saint?! Capable of fighting on the level of a dao formation expert?! That was impossible!

"Wait, wait," Patriarch Ragnor's laughter boomed through the darkness of space, taking the blazing sun in the distance as his backdrop, "It gets better.

"The reason we were able to gather up such powerful experts in the first place, is because of the stupidity of one of your own allies." Patriarch Ragnor all but wiped tears of joy from his eyes as a sudden realization dawned on Kawa.

"That's right." Patriarch Ragnor continued, holding his sides from splitting in his fit. "If it wasn't for Patia-Neva sitting idly by as the Clyte massacred his family, you would never have to face such a powerful opponent."

Kawa's eyes glistened with tears as she remembered the emotions that flooded her when Patia-Neva had confessed his sins to her and Edrym.

This plan ran much deeper than any of them had ever expected...

It was no coincidence that the Clyte were allies with the Ragnors... It was no coincidence that all of the Patia-Neva clan were decimated... It was no coincidence that Patriarch Cavositas was so powerful...

The blood sacrifice of an entire Royal God Clan ran through his veins...

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Patia-Neva tore through Earth's atmosphere, not daring to spare the time to look back and check on his wife's situation.

Down below, Dyon was still beyond consolable. His emotions were constantly boiling at a point where he couldn't even bring himself to think straight.

With every passing moment, all he could think about was how an entire population of people had been wiped out just for revenge. Innocent men, women and children, snuffed out because someone more powerful decided that their lives were a worthy exchange for their own petty feelings.

He wanted to roar into the skies. He wanted to shatter everything in his path. He just didn't want to deal with any of this anymore.

Looking out, Dyon saw the world reddening before his very eyes as the temperature continued to rise rapidly and without remorse. However, just as he was about to put aside his own feelings to try and do something, anything, to help the weaker elves, another large boom sounded off in the sky as King Acacia tore through the final layer of the atmosphere.

Dyon watched as his father-in-law spread out his arms, causing a furious wave of cold mist to coat the skies.

The domineering change in temperature was so drastic that the winds kicked up, causing furious dark clouds to collect in the air as thunder rumbled.

The cold spread and spread. Soon, a crisis that could have ended all life was ended on the whim of a celestial. And this stood as the second time that saw the freedom that unparalleled power gave you.

To wipe out life in an instant... To save it all in an instant... That was the power of a celestial...

Rain began to pour downwards, sending a wave of relief over the masses that felt as though they were burning alive just a few moments ago. But, that was when a wave of unease came over Dyon and his allies, riding on the laughter of a man who stood among the clouds, a bloodied figure hanging from his hand as he clenched its neck.

Ri's heart seized. Tears fell from her eyes, but she couldn't rip her gaze from the skies.

"I see," Patriarch Ragnor chuckled in the skies, but there was a clear anger in his voice. "So Matriarch Niveus died... To think I underestimated you to this extent..."

The figure in Patriarch Ragnor's hand coughed violently, spurring up blood as the grip of her throat tightened.

"Kawa..." King Acacia froze. He had only been gone for a moment. It was impossible for Kawa to lose so quickly! He refused to believe it!

The darkness that covered Patriarch Ragnor cleared up as he laughed it away. "No matter, no matter.

"But, I think it's time to end this farce of a war."

Chapter 575: Easy

Watching his mother in law dangle from the sky, another layer snapped within Dyon. He didn't have to rely on his emotional connection to his wife to feel something seeing this scene... In the short time he had known Kawa, she had treated him with nothing but love and respect. In many ways, she reminded Dyon of his own mother.

Ri, who had been trying to comfort Clara just moments earlier, suddenly felt her world crumbling apart. The tears had long since stopped, but a dense hatred started to fester in her heart. How long had she waited to see her mother again? To hear her voice? To finally be able to feel her embrace? She couldn't fathom those feelings being taken away again so soon.

The torrent of emotions they had all gone through just seemed to never end.

'Just an endless stream of bullshit.' The flames of black within Dyon's eyes only seemed to grow deeper with each passing moment.

In the skies, King Acacia's jaw tightened. He wanted to move and do something, but he knew very well that his wife's life hung in the balance. Kawa's soul strength hadn't reached the celestial stage yet, unlike his. If her body was killed... There was no chance...

He had thrown away the wellbeing of his kingdom, disappearing for ten years and traveling across dimensions to save his wife. Words could not describe the place she and Ri held in his heart. And yet that beautiful woman in his memories, that lively fire spark to his life, had hers hanging by a thread just before him.

"I'm glad I don't need to explain the situation." Patriarch Ragnor suddenly spoke, tearing across the rumbling thunder in the sky. "This was meant to be quite a leisurely exercise honestly." He sighed as though he was really lamenting something he had lost. "A martial exchange between clans, if you will. Things weren't meant to get bloody."

A burning heat threatened to tear Dyon's chest apart as he watched Patriarch Ragnor wave Kawa around by her neck as though she was nothing more than a prop.

"Ai." He continued, shaking his head in mock sadness. "Alas. A good friend of mine has died! Our friendly competition has crumbled and now an entire sect, of women no less, mourns her loss. Does that sound fair to you?"

Patriarch Ragnor scanned the crowd before his gaze found the remnants of the Niveus God Sect. "So pitiful. A Clan is lost without their leader.

"Tell me, Evelyn is it? What would alleviate the anger in your heart? Technically, you are the leader of the Niveus God Sect now, right? So, you are my ally and as such, I should take your interests into account, don't you think?"

Evelyn's white eyes flashed at these words. Anyone intelligent enough could tell that this supposed devastated first in line genius hardly felt a thing from her master's death. However, when she heard of an opportunity to exact revenge, a blaze lit in her eyes.

"An eye for an eye. A death for a death." She spoke dark, narrowing her eyes at the woman in Patriarch Ragnor's hand.

"Ai." Patriarch Ragnor nodded. "That's what I was thinking as well. It's only fair, no?"

The hazel in Dyon's eyes had completely disappeared. He hadn't entered such a state since the destruction of the Elvin Orphanage. But... This time was different...

He had been trying to control himself all this time. Even when he saw his entire world destroyed, he tried to maintain his sanity. When he saw his mother in law dangling with her life barely a whisper, he tried to control his emotions. But, sitting here listening to this bullshit back and forth, listening to the play cat and mouse with his wife's mother right in front of him, Dyon nearly lost his hold on everything.

In the Elvin world, he had entered this state on purpose so he could hide his true thoughts from Jade. However... There was nothing voluntary about this time.

This man stood in the air, talking about fairness and an eye for an eye like an entire population of people hadn't just been eradicated. Did their lives mean nothing? Was their weakness enough for their deaths to be a footnote in history? Did the mortal world just not matter?

The place he had been raised in. The place he grew up and became his own man. The place where his two uncles had lived as the few supporting systems he had left. It was all gone now, and yet these people pretended as though that meant nothing?

Patriarch Ragnor sighed. "I do feel a bit hypocritical though. The reason we had sent Matriarch Niveus down from the battle was so that we could give one of you the opportunity to sacrifice their life for the greater good.

"I was worried before about how we would justify things to maintain absolute fairness. Originally, I was going to make this elaborate pitch. Tell you all about how this universe would once again reach its former glory, and how the expert you were aiding with your life was one that would repay his debts, but now that seems unnecessary.

"Since things have gone so far into the realm of misunderstandings, I think this volunteer of ours would be more than willing now, hm?"

The rumbling of the skies was the only thing that that broke the pregnant silence. No one had any idea what Patriarch Ragnor was talking about...

That said... Dyon had a pretty good idea...

The eyes of the man in the sky pierced downward, finding Dyon's gaze of dense darkness. And yet, he seemed completely unaffected by Dyon's anger. In fact, he found it quite amusing. An ant would always be an ant in his eyes. What was the anger of one worth?

"What do you say, volunteer?" Patriarch Ragnor waved Kawa around by her neck. "I'll give her back, you just have to take her place. Easy, right?"

Chapter 576: Bloodline

The entire plan had gone up in smoke because of Meiying's interference.

Originally, the world tournament was supposed to play out to its end, wherein the top ten spots would be mostly occupied by their allied members. This was why the Planet Deimos members like Tau and the deceased Femi had gone so far in breaking the rules. And, considering the Cavositas were allied with them all along, it was obvious why Elder Den had turned a blind eye to their cheating – he was in on their plans from the beginning!

King Belmont, despite his intelligence, had made mistake after mistake. He spent years in seclusion, improving his power while staying out of the limelight, all so that he could maintain an air of nonchalance in the face of the Ragnors. The entire point was that if he did this, the Ragnors wouldn't see him as a threat and therefore ignore the possibility of him ruining their plans.

All this time, King Belmont had thought that Ragnors were here in search of the Epistemic Tower. This was what he and his allies revolved their everything around. Never did they think that the entity that they were so wary of, had deeper connections to the Ragnors than even the Daiyu did!

Because of this miscalculation, King Belmont never thought the Ragnors plan would ever involve him directly. In his eyes, if he bided his time, he'd be able to deal the Ragnors a devastating blow while their backs were turned. This was why King Belmont hardly interfered during the tournament. This was why Kawa and King Acacia tried to remain hidden. This was why the Cavositas had been allowed to organize the tournament. All because of a mistake!

Had King Belmont known that the target of the Ragnors was never the Epistemic Tower, but rather the secrets that lay within the Belmont Holy Lands, he would have never taken this approach! Because he would have known from the very beginning that the Ragnors would always take him as a threat because their goal was something he was duty bound to protect with his life!

The Belmont Holy Lands was just a name to throw people off of the true purpose of the Belmont's strong hold. The truth was that since the beginning, the Belmonts, having been within this universe for the longest period of time aside from Dyon's mortal world, were aware that the origin of the expansion of the Earth laid within those lands.

Tunnels spanning millions of kilometers dug into the surface of the Earth, carving out intricate paths that none could find their way in, unless.... You had use of a True Empath or Meiying's Feng Shui Compass will!

It was true that the tombs of the Belmonts were located within those lands. However, over the years, it had accumulated much more.

Much like Focus Academy and the Big Sects, God level clans had the ability to open legacy worlds as well, and the catacombs of the Belmont Holy Land happened to be a hotbed for them. The reason for this was relatively unknown, however, this was the reason why the God Clan young masters who attacked Dyon on that fateful day had had an air of nonchalance about a legacy world the big sects had the capability of opening. After all, how could it ever match up to what they themselves had already witnessed?

The problem was that those tunnels were solely controlled by the Belmont Royal God Clan. The surrounding God Clans who took up positions around the Belmont Holy Lands' natural moat were barred to the residual effects these catacombs had. The only time they would become available to the public is as a prize for the world tournament hosted by Earth, and the enemies of the Belmonts planned to take full advantage...

By taking advantage of the fact their youths made it into the top ten, God and Royal God Clans would be able to send in their best experts with them. And this was something the Belmonts had no choice but to allow.

Think about it. The World Tournaments were used as a gauge of the younger generation. As previously expressed, if a clan's younger generation was overwhelming enough, it could often times decide future Royal and even King God Clans without a single drop of spilt blood! Why would any clan allow their best

youths to enter an unknown land under the purview of a clan that could very well be their enemies in the future? What if King Belmont decided to wipe out the most promising youths on a whim and blame the dangers of the legacy world? If no one of his power was there, how could they prove he was guilty?

Using this logic, the Ragnors and their allies were going to use the World Tournament as a peaceful means to enter the Belmont Holy Lands without resistance. By making sure that they occupied as many of the top ten spots as possible, they'd remove any unwanted variable. But! That was exactly what Dyon was! And unwanted variable.

How could anyone assume that such a child would catapult to the first ranking spot? Even when they tried to force him out through scandal and sabotage, he burst through their barriers again and again and made a joke of the tournament entirely! In the end, he had even managed to prove that he was unmatched. Only a fool would think that Lionel or Tau stood a chance against Dyon's death will form after seeing how easily he took care of Zabia.

That said, Dyon could still be dealt with, if he was the only problem that arose. But... Then came the problem of Meiyong...

The Daiyu were meant to sneak into the Belmont Holy Lands ahead of time and 'fail' in their attempt. But, in reality, they would have long since snuck into the catacombs, utilizing the keys that Meiyong had thought she had taken from them. This was the final way in eliminating all worrying variables. They knew fully well that there was no way they could have absolute control of the top ten, so the Daiyu were meant to sneak in an army ahead of time.

This 'fail' of the Daiyu would work in two-folds. The Belmont would never think that two attacks would happen so closely together because without the full scope of everything, the actions of the Daiyu would seem completely unrelated to anything happening in the tournament. In addition, the Belmonts would never think that anyone could enter their holy land without them.

Why?... Because of the key... Something only a Belmont would have access to. The bloodline of the ice and fire phoenixes.

Chapter 577: Return

In truth, Elwing had once offered this to Ri. However, context is very important.

Firstly, Elwing had offered it as a betrothal gift. If Ri became a member of the Belmonts, it obviously wouldn't matter if she was given a portion of their bloodline. Secondly, think of how close the Belmonts are with the Acacias. Such a betrothal was something even King Acacia had wanted.

In the end though, all of their plans of a sneak attack were thrown out of the window completely by Meiyung. Had Meiyung not taken the box, it might have still worked, because the Daiyu could still pretend to fail since Meiyung had no idea about the connection between the Ragnors and Daiyu. However, because she knew the feathers existed, the entire plan was ruined!

This forced Patriarch Ragnor to attack early, getting the leg up on the Belmonts before they were ready.

However, there was yet another thing that had changed their plans. Something that had happened even before Meiyung escaped. And that was Dyon's trip to the mortal world.

Nineteen years ago, a ground-breaking phenomenon shook the martial world as a baby was born. Because of the seal placed on the human world, the phenomenon hadn't manifested there. However, it shook the martial world to such an extent that their forgotten universe had become a beacon to others. All of a sudden, because of this birth, people began to remember just how amazing this universe had been.

But... Not everyone was excited about this birth. In fact, for the Ragnors and Daiyu, it was nothing short of a nightmare. Because the soul kernel had disappeared that very day!

They had spent thousands of years accumulating that talent. And yet, it had disappeared just nineteen years before their plans would be complete.

Because of the lack of energy within the mortal realm, it was impossible to find where the soul kernel had gone. As such, the Daiyu could only enlist the help of the agent they had placed within the mortal realm long ago as an insurance policy: General Mace.

However, there were many intelligent people within the mortal realm – intelligent people that the Daiyu underestimated... Namely, Dyon's parents.

With the accumulated data and research, Dyon's parents found little reason for why mortals couldn't cultivate. And, found it even more troubling that the composition of the mortal realm and martial realm were fundamentally different. How could they not realize at that point that someone had designed it to be this way on purpose? And what other purpose could they have other than to use them?

After reaching this conclusion, Dyon's parents underwent a dangerous journey, digging up everything they could find on the mortal realm's connections to the martial world. And, in the end, everything pointed to one man. One man who had lived much too long... General Mace.

In exchange for helping the Daiyu make key changes to mortal history, General Mace was granted a life extended far beyond normal human capabilities. However, because of this, it was impossible for him to fully erase the imprint he had made on history.

In order for the seal on the mortal world to continue to function, the mortal world needed to be continually divided. This, of course, was only an extra measure, but it was one the Daiyu decided to take anyway. By constantly causing wars through the history of human kind, destroying successful empires before they could truly bloom, and piecing the world into boxes like 'race' and 'culture' and 'religion', General Mace ensured that mortals never truly came together... And thus, the seal remained as powerful as ever...

The importance of will could never be underestimated in the martial world. So, there was little to be said about the effect dividing a people could have on weakening a world's will.

That aside, General Mace was of course just one among a long line of succeeding General Mace's. He just happened to be the most recent, and the one the Dyon's parents caught on to.

Because of that, Mr. and Mrs. Sacharro were able to confirm that there was indeed foul play, and they began looking for a solution. Little did they know that that solution... Was their very own son...

By the time they realized this and basked in the irony, General Mace had figured out that they were on his trail. Catching them off guard, he killed Dyon's mother while his father was away... Although Dyon's father never truly knew who was responsible, one could say he was 99% certain...

Even for General Mace, killing General Sacharro was a much tougher task. With his prestige as a general, he was protected much more than Dyon's mother and he had the ability to protect his own self even when he wasn't. But... The end of that tale was just as tragic...

Just like that, two heroes of the mortal realm were gone, leaving the rest on the shoulders of their young son... All Dyon had left of his parents were the necklaces he gave his wives, his father's watch and uniform, and a letter that told him to go to the martial world...

Dyon's parents had hoped that with the talent he had been birthed into, he would be able to soar to great heights in the martial world, and eventually break the curse placed upon them. They knew with their son's intelligence, it would only be a matter of time before Dyon figured out what they had, and then General Mace would kill him too... They couldn't stand for such a thing.

They wouldn't resign themselves to the fact that the life of their son would inevitably end in the same miserable way theirs did. They refused. They knew what Dyon needed was power, power that only he as a mortal could have... Power that could only be found in the martial world.

They wanted Dyon to fight. Fight for a better life than theirs. Fight as a Sacharro...

Sacharro's don't lose...

However, despite their hopes. They knew it was a slim chance. What were the odds of a mortal boy magically showing up with talent and also not being connected to the missing Soul Kernel? How could the Sacharro's not understand this? They just wanted to give Dyon a chance to fight. To give him a chance at life...

And now it had all come full circle. Elder Daiyu's message to Patriarch Ragnor just hours earlier wasn't just about the failure of their plan and Meiyang... No. It was also about Dyon. It was about how Dyon held the last piece they were looking for all this time...

Standing in the skies, Patriarch Ragnor smiled. "It's time for you to return a power that was never yours to begin with."

Chapter 578: The Moment

"NO!" Ri snapped out of her trance. Yes, she loved her mother dearly and had been longing for her for so many years but having to choose between two people you love was a cruel fate for anyone.

Dyon felt a soft hand grasp his arm. But, when Ri felt the level of agitated heat coming off of Dyon, a deep guilt flooded her. She had been so consumed by her own grief that she had forgotten how her very own husband had just lost the world he called him. Everything he used to know, the uncles he shared jokes and laughs with... Even the graves of his parents... All gone.

He no longer even had a place to visit in remembrance.

That cemetery and that church were places Dyon hadn't visited in truth for almost a decade. In fact, the last time he saw them, it was in an illusion fabricated by his grand teacher from his memories. He had lost count of how many times he thought of taking Ri and Madeleine there during his visit, but in the end, he didn't end up doing so... And now he would never get the chance...

Ri's hand trembled, 'I'm so selfish... If only Madeleine were awake...'

Suddenly, Dyon's hand slipped out of Ri's and clamped down on her arm. Leaning forward, he whispered something into her ear.

In an instant, ten Demon Generals appeared around Dyon. With a last look at Clara, Dyon disappeared, leaving his demon generals behind.

The entire process took less than a second. Before Ri could even comprehend anything that had happened, Dyon was gone and her screams of agitation and unwillingness were deafened by the Demon Sage's tower.

However hard she tried to chase after Dyon failed. How could she overpower ten Demon Generals alone?

A lone boy appeared in the sky. The black clouds rumbled and groaned as arcs of lightning lit the dreary day.

Seeing Dyon step out without the slightest bit of hesitation, a complex look flashed across King Acacia's features. This was a boy he had all but cut away from his daughter just a day ago... Someone who he had looked down on as unworthy... Whether that had been because of the state his True Empathy put him in or not, he found this to be irrelevant.

In the end, even with how he treated him, this boy cured without batting an eye. He didn't ask for anything. He didn't make him plead. He hadn't even accepted an apology. How many in the martial world would forgive a grudge so easily after having their honor trampled upon? The percentage was so small that it was all but negligible.

King Acacia's lips opened and closed as though he wanted to say something, but in the end, he was at a loss. What could he do in this situation? He was fully aware that he was much weaker than his wife in this state without having fully recovered. And, even if he was fully recovered, he was fully aware that he could never beat Kawa as easily as Patriarch Ragnor had. What if his actions led to the death of three people instead of just one?

'Wait... Where's Patriarch Cavositas?...' An eerie feeling came over King Acacia. He and Kawa could hardly handle him together, how could the rest of them? Especially since they were already outmatched enough to let Matriarch Niveus slip away?

The situation just seemed to be getting more and more bleak...

"Ah, good choice. Quick and decisive. Well done, you have my praise." Patriarch Ragnor stood in the skies, still holding onto Kawa's neck.

Regardless of how confident he was and how much he thought he had calculated, everything this boy seemed to do was well out of his realm of understanding. No one in their right mind would account for the death of a celestial to a meridian formation expert, and yet, isn't that what happened? So, he didn't let go of Kawa too soon, something anyone would have guessed.

Saru's brow furrowed. She turned her head to her protectors, but when she noticed that they were already avoiding her gaze, her frown could only deepen. Regardless of how much they pretended to follow her orders, Saru was quite aware that her father had given them the flexibility to make unilateral decisions should the situation get out of hand.

At the end of the day, Patriarch Ragnor was too much of a variable. And, because they knew that Kawa was a kitsune, they were even less likely to help.

Dyon didn't say anything. Instead, he inexplicably walked through the skies and descended upon the Planet Nix people.

Matriarch Lebna's eyes flashed with uncertainty, but Ulu didn't even seem to notice anything around her anymore. She hadn't moved in hours, just helplessly holding onto her belly.

"We can do no – " Matriarch Lebna started to speak. In her thoughts, she thought that Dyon would be coming to use his leverage to force them to fight for him. However, in their weakened state, it was impossible to do such a thing. Their Jafari Royal God Clan was already a taboo in the universe. They had come here looking for legacies to complete something their clan had long since sought after, but they had clearly failed.

Two of their members had been kicked out of the top ten, and then their king had seemingly died before he could fulfill the last bits of their goal. They were as helpless in this situation as Dyon.

"Snap out of it!" Dyon furiously glared at Ulu, sending a torrent of music will that snapped her out of her listlessness.

Ulu looked around confused, but when she saw Dyon standing before her, a deep and reverberating anger lit in her eyes. However, before she could say or do anything, Dyon spoke again.

"Give me your life, and I'll save your child." There were no other words. He didn't explain himself. He didn't try and coerce Ulu. His meaning was simple. You can keep your life if you want it, or you can trade it for your child's. Which will it be?

No one heard these words but Ulu. Everyone saw Dyon's lips move, but only a single person caught what was being said.

Looking into Dyon's eyes, Ulu's own glistened. After only a moment's pause, she nodded.

Dyon remained silent. With a wave of his hand, a black seal that Ulu's clan members had labored day and night over flew out with ease and shattered.

"The moment your child is birthed, you'll cease to be."

With those final words, Dyon turned and headed into the skies, appearing in front of Patriarch Ragnor's smiling features.

Chapter 579: Release Her

"Release her." Dyon eyes burned with dense black flames. Although Patriarch Ragnor was much taller than him, Dyon didn't hesitate to draw an array in the skies just high enough so that he'd be eye level. There was no fear in his voice, and even less trepidation.

Saru frowned further, clearly agitated. 'Why did you go to him so easily, you've lost all leverage now!'

"Help him."

"You know we can't do that princess. Our first goal is to first and foremost protect you. As of now, this Patriarch Ragnor doesn't seem to have his sights set on you, and it's best it remain this way. Also, please do not take out your Epistemic Tower Key again. Although he ignored the temptation once with this Dyon child, he may not do so again.

"Remember that this is not our quadrant. Your key does not give you an advantage here. It took us many years of waging war to earn the key for our lineage away from those damnable Kitsune. If you lost it under our watch, the King would have more than a little punishment for us."

Patriarch Ragnor's eyes narrowed at Dyon's clear lack of disrespect. He was a man who wouldn't even have to lower his head amongst the Emperor God Clan that was his home, and yet this boy that was nothing more than the last of a dead race of people dared to look at him with eyes of contempt?

"You're quite bold. Stepping out here alone."

Dyon's emotions didn't fluctuate. "Did you not say that if I came, you would release my mother in law?

"You spent so long talking so much shit and spinning the tale however you wished. Don't tell me that your words are worth as much as the piss and shit that comes out of your mouth?"

Patriarch Ragnor's lip twitched at Dyon's words, this being the first time he ever lost any semblance of his care free appearance. But, as he went to retaliate by squeezing Kawa's neck, Dyon spoke again.

"Injure my mother in law any further and I'll start burning my soul right now. Release her to him now." Dyon pointed toward King Acacia, not turning his gaze over. "And after you do that, keep in mind that I have a soul bond with my wife. If your attacks don't cease after I go with you, I will, again, burn my soul."

Patriarch Ragnor froze. If Dyon burned his soul, it would be nothing less than burning away thousands of years of work. When this began, Patriarch Ragnor himself hadn't even been born yet.

The Ragnors were cursed, and this wasn't a secret to anyway. Because of their ancestor's attempt at defying the heavens and grasping a will no one should, their gene pool was forever handicapped. This entity was their bright light of hope for not only the Daiyu, but them as well.

This plan of theirs didn't just represent giving this entity accumulated power. No. It also represented the possibility for the Ragnors to defy the laws of nature as well. If Dyon really did as he threatened, all of that would be gone.

Patriarch Ragnor's frozen features morphed into a smirk. "Did you think that committing suicide in the face of a true expert that didn't want you to is so easy? If I so wished it, you wouldn't be able to move an inch!"

A formless pressure weighed on Dyon, sealing his movement and grinding his organs and bones.

This was much like what Ester Sapientia had done to Madeleine. When someone had a higher grade of cultivation, especially when it involved a higher grade of energy entirely, this sort of suppression was very much possible.

Ri and Clara's hearts seized. Although Clara didn't know much about cultivation, she was smart enough to deduce the meaning behind Patriarch Ragnors words.

Clara's cold eyes seemed to reach another abyssal level. Any semblance of warmth was completely gone...

'I can't lose you too...'

Dyon couldn't move. His muscles were sealed, and a deep reverberating pain loomed over him, threatening to end his life where he stood.

However, that was when a massive humanoid manifestation appeared in the air, shaking the already rumbling skies with a pressure that couldn't hope to outweigh Patriarch Ragnors, but had somehow formed a domain of its own.

A white flower bloomed in the skies, slowly unfolding. Under the eyes of everyone, a second Dyon appeared.

"It seems your words really are worth nothing." The Clone spoke. "Unfortunately for you, though. Unless you use your soul to pressure my own, your suppression would fail. You have no ability of stopping me from doing anything I want to do with my soul."

The reason was simple. Unlike most martial artists, Dyon had plenty of control over his soul. Cultivation suppression wouldn't work on his soul.

In addition, using your soul to directly pressure someone was highly dangerous. If it wasn't, Dyon would do it all the time. How would the World Tournament have been even remotely challenging to him if he could?

That meant one thing. Even if Patriarch Ragnor broke all of their former expectations, and somehow turned out to be an unprecedented expert that also had a soul powerful enough to match it, he still wouldn't dare use his soul to directly pressure Dyon.

"I don't like being threatened." Patriarch Ragnor's façade was slowly crumbling.

"I quite frankly don't care what you do or don't like. Release my mother in law." Both Dyon and his clone stared directly into Patriarch Ragnor's eyes.

"Ha." The darkness in Patriarch Ragnor's eyes suddenly disappeared.

Dyon's eyes couldn't help but narrow at this quick shift between demeanors. The level of danger this man presented was clearly larger than any he had ever faced...

"It seems I've ruined your trust in me." With a wave of his hand, Kawa was sent flying toward King Acacia who caught her and immediately began trying to treat her.

"I don't trust the words of you people. Clearly if you feel slighted enough, even eradicating entire population isn't beneath you."

"Ai." Patriarch Ragnor sighed in mock sadness. "There was a treaty in place, you know. I can't believe Matriarch Niveus went so far as to do such a thing."

A light smile spread across his lips. "You shouldn't worry too much about it, though. That treaty ran its course years ago although very few knew about it.

"It had only existed for the same reason shepherds protect their sheep from wolves with a fence." A dark light shone in Patriarch Ragnor's eyes as Dyon's anger threatened to erupt. "After all, whose talent would we accumulate if the mortals were to die out too quickly?"

In an instant, Patriarch Ragnor's hand clamped on Dyon's shoulder, and they disappeared.

Ri could only stare helplessly at the now empty skies. There wasn't even a moment to feel relief at the release of her mother... Because immediately afterwards, her husband was taken away...

No matter what nonsensical hopes she held, there was no logical path to victory. All signs pointed to their loss... How could Dyon, a mere boy of nineteen years of age, hope to survive against such powerful enemies? He was alone!

Little Black nudged Ri's cheek with his own lovingly, trying to console her.

"Big brother has no intentions of dying," Little Lyla spoke from atop Little Black, her large pink eyes glistening.

Ri listlessly nodded. She knew quite well that Dyon wouldn't have any thoughts of death. In fact, with the anger blazing within him right now, his only focus was giving them the most horrid deaths imaginable.

But... If things went the way they wanted simply because they willed them... They would never be in this situation to begin with...

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Within the Shruti section of the arena, Saru's emotions were agitated. She could hardly say she had any deep feelings for Dyon – that was ridiculous. But, she had an understanding about him in their exchange of fists due to her sutra. His being held a purity that she had only ever seen from her own mother. A soul like that dying would anger anyone.

"It's best that we go now princess." Elder Shruti tried to speak tactfully, but there was no room for delay. This wasn't their universe, nor was it their conflict. Since it was clear they wouldn't get the opportunity to enter the Belmont Holy Lands, what was the use in staying? Even worse, the experts of this universe may very well be too much for them to handle.

That was by design, of course. It wouldn't be much of a coming of age ceremony if Saru had too much help. In fact, it was because she was so young that she had protectors at all. However, this situation had clearly gotten out of control.

That day, the Shruti disappeared from the quadrant as though they had never been there.

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"What did he tell you, Ulu?" Matriarch Lebna looked at her granddaughter who had seemingly regained color to her cheeks.

Ulu shook her head, a small smile playing her lips. "Nothing important. All that matters is that I'll be able to birth husband an heir."

"Is it really so simple?" Matriarch Lebna had lived too many millennia to be so gullible. Was there really anyone so benevolent in the martial world?

Even if Ulu had done absolutely nothing to Dyon prior, Matriarch Lebna wouldn't believe that he would just go out of his way to help.

So, when she then considered the fact that it was her very own granddaughter that instigated the situation in order to gain their families a chess piece, she found it even more astronomically unlikely.

And yet, Ulu sat there smiling. The same girl who had cut off all her five senses just moments ago, seemed to have raised from a nightmare and into a dream. The beauty that made her among the six in this universe shone through fiercely...

Matriarch Lebna may never know how right she was. When Ulu died on the birth date of her child, many might think it was a fluke or heaven's jealousy. But, Ulu would always know different.

However, that didn't matter to her anymore. She had lost her husband and child all due to her own selfishness. Everyone believed Dyon would die, there was simply no way out of this, so how could Ulu think he'd ever have the opportunity to save her husband? The mere fact he had gone out of his way to save her child before leaving was the only thing that anchored a feeling of pain and remorse in Ulu right now.

A man she had co-signed to a life of slavery... A man whose wife she had nearly taken the most important thing from... Still had the purity in his heart to not punish her child for the mistakes she made... And yet that was a man she had despised just moments ago...

'You may never find out just what kind of service you've given to our clans...' Ulu said to herself, 'I nearly ruined everything, and yet you still found it in your heart to forgive. Even if it costs me my life, this is a price I am willing to pay. It's a price I deserve to pay...

'Thank you...'

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Hours later.

In the skies above the planet, a second group battle was taking place. Luckily, outside of Dyon's expectations, the reason Patriarch Cavositas hadn't appeared wasn't because he had joined that fight. In fact, he was nowhere to be seen!

Patia-Neva's fists raged with dense ice and space intents as he clashed against King Clyde. The rest of their allies were there as well, but King Belmont seemed to be struggling – dealing with three opponents on his own.

"Haha! To think the mighty Patia-Neva would struggle so much with this little Clyde!" King Clyde mocked his long-time rival. How many years had he felt stifled by Patia-Neva's talent? How many years had he lamented not having the strong legacy that the Patia-Neva's had? Even when he thought that he had finally rid himself of Patia-Neva for good, and established the Clyde clan as the new rulers of Planet Naiad, he had come to find out his wife was pregnant by another man!

Unfortunately for Patia-Neva, recovering from a cultivation deviation wasn't so simple, and a mere decade and a bit more than a half wasn't enough. His cultivation had plummeted, and his ice will, his most powerful, had followed. Even now, after all these years, he could only make use of one with mind ice will, having completely lost his martial way.

However, his one with mind was built solidly. He hadn't been sitting idly for the past years. In fact, he had had to build his ice will from the very first level will to what it was now – a first level intent.

The truth was that King Clyte was still no match for Patia-Neva. However, after his first talk with his wife and daughter, Patia-Neva had settled on something...

Although he never thought of asking for forgiveness, and was perfectly ready to be cut out of both of their lives, the two most important women in his life had given him an ultimatum: to build his Dao the right way.

And his first step toward that goal was to make use of this pitiful first level intent to do away with the last of his inner demons.

However, the longer he spent trying to shed away his shackles, was another moment that their inevitable defeat inched ever closer.