

The Nameless 581

Chapter 581: How?

Within the demon sage's tower, the mixture of groups was odd. It seems that the only thing that really connected these people was Dyon...

There was Lionel, Dyon's wives, his siblings, Clara, the Sapientia, the Pakals, and even Ava and some Sicarius were there. And yet, the space was deathly silent..

The war had seemingly ceased. After the near destruction of the planet, no one could find the energy to continue to do something so useless.

Suddenly, Lionel broke the silence. "I have the ability to bring you all to the Belmont Holy Lands in the absence of my father, but, I won't do it if it's nothing but a suicide mission."

Ri's eyes glistened as she looked up. She didn't like Lionel's words, but she understood them. What was the point in going if they'd just end up in the same situation again? Dyon might even have to threaten suicide yet again for them to survive. Few knew more than Ri just how powerful a kitsune's legacies were. For her mother to lose... and so thoroughly at that... This situation wasn't normal.

"However, there's also no love lost between me and him. For me to do so requires payment." Lionel's eyes traced over Madeleine's sleeping body before he returned it to Ri.

A palpable and dense anger built in the air.

"Ha. When everyone thought the world would end, despite your grudges, my husband allowed you to step into his treasure. He didn't have to do so, and he was even less afraid of not doing so. Yet, he allowed it anyway. And now you have the audacity to ask for payment?" Ri's growled, her canines growing in length with her every word. "If you were ever wondering what the difference between you two was, it's clear as day. You have no integrity, no substance, and no heart. For you to think you could ever win the heart of my big sister is quite simply the best case of insanity I've ever come across."

Lionel's features didn't shift at Ri's words, instead, he answered calmly. "The other difference is that I'll be alive at the end of today and he won't.

"As for your other point, your husband lost nothing allowing me to enter. However, I would actively be sending myself to death. In addition, my life is worth far more than his. He is the successor of a dead man and a dead clan. I am the prince of a Royal God Clan. How can these things be compared?"

Ri's baleful aura filled the lobby of the tower, "To stand there and have the gall to say those words. I'd really like to hear what Royal God Clan you're prince of? From what I see, your family's power structure has been completely shattered."

Surprisingly, Lionel still didn't react adversely. "That's a matter of perspective." He didn't seem intent on explaining as he continued. "I don't want Madeleine in the way you're thinking. I simply want her to return something that should have never been hers to begin with."

"Give it back and I'll escort you. If not, feel free to kick me out of the tower."

Ri's eyes suddenly flashed with a realization. She had assumed that Lionel was asking for Madeleine to fulfill some sort of sick and twisted power trip. But, it turned out that he was asking for her Faith Seed!

Because Faith Seeds were the fruit of external cultivation, they could be taken and stolen. This could leave the one losing the Faith Seed either dead or alive. However, more often than not, a person would rather die than separate with a Faith Seed for obvious reasons.

In addition to this, there was the added layer of protection added by clans once one of the members transcends. This protection allowed for clans to tell when their Faith Seeds left the possession of one of their own. In cases where this happened, all out wars would often occur which is why it was practically an unspoken rule that such things were banned. It was highly taboo to steal faith seeds as a result.

However, Madeleine's was different... For one, Madeleine herself wasn't a member of any phoenix clans, so her having the seed should have already set off alarms. But! Amethyst's faith seed never had this layer of protection added because she transcended while hating her clan. Also, even if she had had this added layer of protection, the phoenixes were extinct... There was no one to detect such a thing.

This also made Madeleine a value that was nearly limitless. Why? Because she was the key to reviving two phoenix bloodlines. Her descendants, should they be talented enough, would be the only way for the faith seeds of the long extinct ice and fire Phoenixes to make their reappearance in the world

because the bloodlines the Belmont's had been simply too weak to do such a thing – they weren't even recognized by the universe as having Phoenix bloodlines.

That said, this was a double-edged sword... Because that meant that should anyone choose to steal Madeleine's faith seed, there would be no deterrent...

Although others may not be fully aware of where Madeleine's faith seed came from, and would thus be too apprehensive to take it, Lionel and the Belmonts were different. They knew exactly what it was! In fact, many Belmonts saw themselves as the rightful owners after protecting Amethyst's temple for so long.

Ri's frown deepened. She couldn't believe the level of shamelessness of this supposed prince. Did he really think he was worth something while he acted like this?!

"Absolute n –" Before Ri could finish her sentence, a weak voice rang out.

"I accept. Help us save Dyon, and I'll willingly give it to you."

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Many hours ago, as soon as Patriarch Ragnor's hand had fallen on Dyon's shoulder, a high level spatial intent had torn them through the air, allowing them to appear directly above the Belmont Holy Land.

From the outside, it looked just as peaceful as ever. Dyon stood straight and tall by the man he saw as nothing short of his mortal enemy. It seemed that Patriarch Ragnor was intent of using his hand on Dyon's shoulder to ensure that he was at least a few inches lower than him.

'There's something off here...' Dyon's 6th sense had reached ridiculous levels. Even with the shroud over the Belmont Holy Lands, he could tell that something just wasn't right. It couldn't be so peaceful.

Almost as if on cue, an opening in the formation manifested, revealing complete and utter devastation.

Majestic mountains blazed in fire, green pastures lay coarse and unkempt, even the magnificent buildings that had once been the unmatched would make an artisan shed tears of sadness.

Without so much as a word, Patriarch Ragnor flashed forward with Dyon's shoulder still clamped in his hand. In an instant, they were before an odd entrance that seemed to have been quite important and well guarded until everything was thrown into chaos.

The surrounding warriors looked startled by the sudden appearance of two unknowns. But, before anything was said, a familiar old man and his grandson stepped out of the cave.

Elder Daiyu's eyes swept over Dyon, but he didn't see any of the despair he thought he would.

Chenglei burned with rage when he saw that it was Dyon who had come. He had suffered two massive losses because of this young man, and here he was pretending as though none of this had anything to do with him.

Chapter 582: I'll Remember This

An uncontrolled sneer appeared on Chenglei's features. "I hope you remember your words when you stood arrogantly in the skies above that garbage Focus Academy at that bogus wedding.

"What was it you said again? You wouldn't hide your identity as the Celestial Deer Sect's successor because you wanted your enemies to know you existed and despair in the knowledge that they couldn't stop you?" Chenglei chuckled, losing his usual cool and indifferent demeanor.

"How's that working out for you now?"

Dyon's eyes first rested on Elder Daiyu. He immediately noticed that he was significantly older and more decrepit than when last he saw him. Although he didn't know the reason why, it was an interesting enough point to take note of. In Dyon's experience, even the most minute of details could lead to the most important things. And in a situation like this, he needed whatever he could get.

However, when he heard Chenglei's words a flicker of cold red bolted across his eyes before they landed on him.

An oppressive demonic intent shook the space between them, causing Chenglei's features to pale as his knees weakened.

The grip on Dyon's shoulder tightened so severely that his bones immediately crushed under the pressure, but it was too late and Dyon couldn't be bothered to care.

In an instant, the prince of the Daiyu fell to his knees shivering. He looked down at the ground listlessly, unable to comprehend what just happened.

Dyon turned his head to gaze at his shoulder, an undisguised contempt for Patriarch Ragnor clear on his features. But, his arm could only hang limply to his side as his internal bleeding worsened with each passing second. With his movements cut off by Patriarch Ragnor, it was impossible for him to circulate his essence energy to speed his healing, but that didn't mean he couldn't use his soul and aurora flames.

Unfortunately, healing depended not only on the strength of the body, but also the strength of the attack that injured the body... With the stream of celestial energy entered his shoulder, it became far beyond his capabilities of healing.

Patriarch Ragnor's anger boiled as he watched Dyon look at his own shoulder seemingly nonchalantly. It had been under his watch that Dyon had humiliated Chenglei... It was nothing short of a slap in the face to him.

And yet, when he tried to punish Dyon for his act of rebellion, he hadn't even winced at his bones crushing.

Anger flared among the Daiyu warriors. After the initial shock, they suddenly realized what had happened.

"How dare you!"

"Kill him!"

Voices of discontent and anger rang outwards, but Elder Daiyu stopped them with a word. "Silence."

He didn't speak loudly, and his voice almost seemed tired. But, it was enough to cause a wave of calm to overcome the crowd of warriors.

Elder Daiyu gently placed a palm to Chenglei's back. A secret burst of Celestial will circulated, snapping him out of his stupor. But, the moment he realized what happened, his face became beet red with anger.

"You!" Chenglei stood violently, sending a fist flying toward Dyon's face in anger.

Dyon could immediately tell that this was no normal attack. It was clearly laced with spear will, and the crackling flames that spiked the pressure couldn't have been anything but fire will.

An even deeper disdain colored Dyon's features, but Elder Daiyu made no move to stop his grandson.

Whether he was able to move or not, Dyon was still an array alchemist of unprecedented levels and he had left Chenglei far behind in terms of combat prowess. Before, it would have taken multiple defensive arrays to stop this fist. But right now? Only one was necessary.

Dyon's eyes flashed with a deep purple gold as a brilliant array appeared before him and Chenglei's fist.

However... Patriarch Ragnor wouldn't make the same mistake twice so easily...

With a discreet flick of a finger that sat on Dyon's shattered shoulder, Dyon's array immediately dimmed just moments before Chenglei's fist collided.

In that moment, how could Dyon's 6th sense not pick up on what happened? He had more than enough time to draw another array, but would it make a difference? Wouldn't Patriarch Ragnor just act again?

The array shattered reminiscent of a fragile glass pane. Dyon watched with a cold gleam in his eye as Chenglei's fist collided with his face.

Maybe in a normal situation, the impact would have been lessened by Dyon flying backward. But, the grip Patriarch Ragnor had on his shattered shoulder was so strong that Dyon tilted to the side with such force that his arm was nearly torn out of its socket.

A deep and reverberating pain erupted from Dyon's shoulder as Chenglei rained punch after punch down.

They felt like little else than an irritant, but because Dyon wasn't able to control and move his muscles, it was only Patriarch Ragnor's grip on his shoulder keeping him up.

Humiliation.

The pain in Dyon's shoulder felt like nothing to him. All he felt was an endless humiliation.

He didn't care that Patriarch Ragnor was a celestial and he by all rights shouldn't win. He didn't care that Chenglei's punches felt like nothing to him. He didn't care that he was being forced into a corner by these people or that the odds were stacked against him from the very beginning.

Such was his deep seeded arrogance.

There shouldn't have been a single situation he couldn't get out of. Not a single one that he couldn't overcome.

And yet here he was, getting his face pounded by someone this weak and inferior to him.

Time seemed to slow... There was only one other time where Dyon had ever felt this feeling. He had vowed to never feel it again, but here he was...

However, he continued to watch every fist, never closing his eyes. With his senses, Chenglei's every punch was incomparably slow, and everyone had its image burned into Dyon's mind.

'I'll remember this.'

Chapter 583: I am...

"That's enough." Elder Daiyu finally spoke out after a few minutes passed. Whether he agreed with this or not didn't matter, when it came to the face of the Daiyu clan, no one could be allowed to besmirch it. However, in all the time he allowed his grandson free reign, he hadn't heard a single sound escape Dyon's lips, nor had the coldness in his eyes faded. At that point... It was nothing short of a farce for him to allow Chenglei to continue.

"Leave it be. He won't be of this world soon." Elder Daiyu finished, turning away and entering the cave.

Chenglei's fists stopped as he breathed heavily. Just like the previous Dyon, Chenglei was still waiting for his meridians to mature. As such, he had no cultivation, much like the last time he fought Dyon.

Just months prior he could remember vividly just barely losing to Dyon. And yet now, even after being allowed free ability to attack without retaliation, he hadn't even caused so much as a bruise on Dyon's face. In fact, if it wasn't for the small sliver of blood falling from his corner lip, it would almost be as though he hadn't been attacked at all.

How could Chenglei match up to Dyon's body cultivation? Even if his movements were sealed, that didn't change the fact that Dyon had a peak Essence Gathering body. Something Chenglei could never hope to match.

And yet, Dyon didn't feel any pride in this small victory. His eyes remained cold enough to pierce through to Chenglei's soul.

Patriarch Ragnor pulled Dyon by his shattered shoulder, into the dark cave.

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Dyon walked silently down the dark corridor. He knew next to nothing about the Belmont Holy Land, and even less about the catacombs, but he assumed that wherever they were bringing him now was the source of all the secrets that had been held for so long.

Understanding that the mortal world had been sealed for the sake of powering an entity was an obvious conclusion after everything he had learned for the past three years, but that information was surface and shallow.

There were still too many questions.

Who was the entity? Did this relate to the same wars his grand teacher lamented, or was it an entirely different beast entirely?

If it really was about the war between the chaos factions and the old man's, how could his grand teacher sit idly by and allow this to happen? Was he not aware of what was happening? How could he not be?

This was a man who quite literally just reached his mind across dimensions and instigated a time lock that turned a mere split second into half of an entire year! This was a man who gave Dyon a technique to reverse the absolute death sentence of burning one's soul on a whim! This was a man with will so powerful, that his techniques were passed down through the ages as though they were the will of the heavens! How could Dyon accept an answer like 'he just didn't know'?!

Even worse, this wasn't the end of Dyon's questions. Why us? Why did he choose to steal talent from us in specific?

What was the history of Dyon's people? How did they come to find a place in a universe that used to be known as the strongest?

By the history he knew, the Kitsune and Celestial Deer Sect used to share this universe and quadrant as one. It was one of the rare few instances where the two main Emperor God Clans of quadrant weren't quarrelling. After all, if they were, how could they share a single universe together?

But, if that was the case, where did Dyon's people come from? They couldn't have always been mortal, or else there wouldn't have been any talent to steal... Even more interestingly, human history only went as far back as about 5000 years, and yet that was only half the life span of a celestial. Considering the fact even dao formation experts wouldn't have been rare among this universe in the past, that amount of history is truly too pitiful to be the true amount... Something was missing...

Suddenly, Patriarch Ragnor's voice snapped Dyon out of his thoughts. "There's no use in thinking so hard, it won't do you much good.

"I noticed that you left all of your treasures behind to your widows. That's nice. But, I'll be taking them after this is over and done with."

Dyon's eyes narrowed. "To so clearly provoke a man you want to die for your sake. I can't tell whether you're stupid or overly confident.

"If you keep showing me that your word means nothing but dog shit, why would I allow you to have both my soul and everything else you want?"

Patriarch Ragnor suddenly laughed, "You overestimate yourself far too much. You truly believe that there is nothing in this world that can suppress your soul? You think that if you continue playing this card that it will always work? For someone who claims to be intelligent, you're quite lacking." Patriarch Ragnor's eyes flashed with a dense killing intent.

A formless pressure spread through the cave walls, but somehow, it was much different than before.

Crackles of red lightning illuminated the dark tunnels, causing Dyon's breathing to become heavy and his eye lids to droop not because he was tired, but because they had suddenly become much too weighty for him to hold up.

His entire body felt like a massive stone had fallen on top of it.

"Naïve little boy."

Dyon's mind shook as he suddenly grasped what was happening.

In order to sense and manipulate celestial energy, one must first comprehend a rudimentary domain. Much like for one to sense and manipulate saint energy, you must first comprehend an intent.

These rudimentary domains were colloquially known as auras. Although that word was often tossed around in the martial world, when it was attached to a celestial level expert, it meant something entirely different.

However, a rudimentary domain was just that. It was the cusp of something great and would often be heavily tied to what you built your one with hearts upon. Because of this, it was often highly limited in true combat, only geniuses among geniuses would have robust enough cultivation hearts to manifest a viable aura...

The reason why was simple. The step above a rudimentary domain, or a true domain, was a space where the laws of the universe no longer bent to the whims of those laws, but rather to the whims of the cultivation expert. That meant that without a strong cultivation path one firmly believed in – on that you forged on your own – it would be impossible to even form this true domain, and by extension, your aura would be weak from the very start.

The very fact that Patriarch Ragnor's aura was so powerful... Powerful enough to even stifle Dyon's soul... Only meant that Dyon had vastly underestimated this man...

There was no way he was a simple celestial expert...

His aura was only a single half step away from a true domain...

This was only possible for an unprecedented genius...

"Aiyah. Don't feel despair.

"Listen. Since it is unfair that you've been left in the dark about so many things, how about I tell you a secret? With your pitiful senses you'd never be able to tell."

A sinister glow flashed in Patriarch Ragnor's eyes as he leaned downward toward Dyon's ear, whispering so that only Dyon heard.

"I'm a 12th stage celestial expert."

Chapter 584: To Act...

Dyon's lip twitched at these words.

What kind of concept was a 12th stage celestial expert? Nearly inconceivable! This man had not only reached the pinnacle of celestial cultivation, but he had also done so as a first-grade expert!

Dyon's puppet... The one he had hidden all this time... The one within the spatial ring he had so diligently covered in a concealment array resting on his fingers... It was all useless!

How could a 4th stage celestial puppet that Dyon could hardly control for a brief moment at its pinnacle, fight someone eight stages higher than it!? Dyon didn't even know if his senses could keep up with Patriarch Ragnor at that level of cultivation!

This man was only a single step away from becoming a Dao Formation expert!

What hope was there at this point?...

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Hours went by as they walked through endless tunnels. It was as though it was a purposefully constructed maze. But, the spatial fluctuations were some of the oddest that Dyon had ever felt. He couldn't tell what path they followed, but he understood it wasn't an ordinary one... If he had to guess, he would think that this form of space will didn't just allow travel through ordinary space, but rather, the space between dimensions themselves.

If that was true... Spatial understanding on that level would have to be at the level of a supreme law. But, the only type of space will Dyon knew only allowed for travel within a single plane of existence. Even when Patia-Neva, for example, hid in a spatial pocket, he wouldn't leave this universe in the strictest of sense...

Space will was just as odd as time. Both were seemingly overpowered and ground breaking wills, but in reality, the restriction of the universe on them was so heavy that they were little better than regular elemental wills. For space will, this was even more obvious.

There were tier separations for the type of space you could break through. For example, it used to be exceedingly difficult to utilize space will in this universe because the laws were so solid and the energy was so dense. However, with the decline of the universe came an added ease in using space will. This was why even someone as weak as Vidar Ragnor, although his faith seed's body was quite powerful, was capable of collapsing space with his fists. It wasn't that he was so outstanding, it was that this universe had truly fallen from its original heights.

Another facet that increases difficulty in the use of space will would be your opponent. Dyon teleportation abilities meant nothing in front of true experts because they had the ability to forcefully control areas with their energy. This worked in much the same way a universe with higher energy density would be harder to learn spatial will in.

With all of this in mind, it made sense how astounded Dyon was by this level of spatial will. To be able to comprehend spatial will to this level was definitely not easy. Dyon even dared to say that whoever forged these tunnels had spatial will comparable to void will!

Because of that will, navigating the catacombs increased in difficulty by a ridiculous margin. Dyon couldn't fathom how Elder Daiyu moved with such decisiveness. Was it because he too had such a grasp of spatial will? Or was it because he already knew the way?

'No, that doesn't make sense.' Dyon inwardly shook his head. Just 'knowing the way' wouldn't help you. In fact, it would have to be that you knew the way AND you understood spatial will to this depth. That was the only way you could accurately link the map in your head to your surroundings...

It was only then that Dyon remembered that Elder Daiyu had claimed to be a former Dao Formation expert. With his dao forcefully shattered, his cultivation had plummeted to low levels of celestial cultivation, but, much of his comprehension should be there, although they would be crippled.

Dyon wanted to silently thank the efforts of his teacher and former celestial deer sect members, but when he remembered how powerful Patriarch Ragnor was, he couldn't help but sigh.

'That's the other thing... When I spoke to my master for the first time and she went through all of my memories, she mentioned the Daiyu as a threat, but not the Ragnor. That means that they must have only become a true part of this plan after the celestial deer sect was gone, or, played a very small role during the war and vastly improved later.'

If it was the former, that meant that somehow the Ragnor had provided the Daiyu with help they sorely needed. It was likely another example of the Daiyu recruiting people utilizing every bit they have. They must have also done the same with the Clyte and the Aumens.

In each case, everyone got something they wanted... The Clyte became a royal god clan. The Ragnors found hope in transcending the laws of the universe. And the Aumens, if Dyon had to guess, likely received flame type legacies. After all, how many could match the Daiyu in such a thing? They were black jade dragons!

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What seemed like ages later, they finally came to their first dead end. At first, Dyon thought that Elder Daiyu had finally made a mistake, but, in mere moments a dense double light began dancing around the edges of the 'dead end'.

Intricate patterns swirled as the space trembled. Then, flames of red and blue suddenly burst to life, illuminating the once dark walls with streaks of fire that hungrily dove into the intricate patterns of the dead end, swirling and following until they climactically meet in the middle.

The ball of red and blue blasted into each other at the center, spinning viciously and coiling around each other.

Then, that ball slowly turned to a vibrant violet before sinking into the center.

The creaks of parts that hadn't moved in thousands of years rang through the narrow tunnel as a blinding light flooded inward.

In the next instant, Dyon saw something that even he could no longer maintain his indifferent demeanor in the face of...

The dreary catacombs opened way to a matchless lush greenery that extended for miles as far as the eye could see. The 'sun' hung high in the sky and precious flowers that were at minimum on the essence level graced the world with their beautiful presence.

However, there was a single thing out of place. Something that made Dyon's heart shake so violently that he froze, unable to look away at what he was seeing...

A hand...

No. It wasn't just a hand... It was a behemoth of a hand chained to this world by bindings just as unfathomable. Dyon couldn't comprehend how far away it was, and yet it appeared so close and large that he could almost reach out and touch it...

But... Logic told him that if he was even within a thousand miles of this hand, the pressure it was giving off would kill him in an instant... The violent trembling in Dyon's heart... The uncontrollable sweat that poured from him... The near immediate shattering of his one with heart death will...

In that moment, Dyon's mind suddenly understood something he was quite frankly too scared to accept...

The Earth didn't expand to millions of times its normal size on a whim...

It had done so to act as a prison for the enormous thing before him now...

Chapter 585: Just Maybe...

Dyon's heart beat wildly. He couldn't understand what was happening to him.

It felt as though everything in his world was crumbling.

His knees that he had long since lost control of due to Patriarch Ragnor's influence began trembling violently. Waves of tremors tore through his soul, threatening to separate it from his body. Even his eyes turned a blood red color, struggling against his instinct to drop everything and run, even if it meant his death.

Fear.

That's what Dyon was feeling. An emotion he couldn't remember ever experiencing in his life. This was the first time Dyon felt a pressure that surpassed his own father's by so much that his veil of arrogance and disdain for the world was completely torn from him.

Dyon had faced the martial world without any cultivation. He had boldly exposed the plans of a God Clan and provoked too many of them to count. He faced armies of hundreds of thousands with a smile on his face. He sacrificed himself without hesitation and dove head first into torrents of death qi.

He had faced the anger of the universe itself!

Not once in all that time had Dyon felt this feeling... This feeling of absolute suppression and despair...

Patriarch Ragnor's hand involuntarily shivered on Dyon's shoulder, but he quickly stabilized himself. As for Elder Daiyu who was the closest, he showed no signs of trepidation. After all, he was without a doubt the firmest in his martial way, despite the shattering of his Dao.

In addition, Dyon was correct. The distance between them and the hand was unfathomable. The fact it looked to be a hands length away was simply a testament to how absurdly large it was.

Elder Daiyu turned a gaze back to see Dyon's sorry state, seemingly having expected this. Sometimes with how he acted, Elder Daiyu would completely forget this boy's age. But, when you really put things into perspective, he really was just a nineteen year old child... Even if he was hundreds of years old, in any universe worth its salt, he would merely be a member of the younger generation.

There is a pinnacle of cultivation that one can reach that surpasses a dao. It's a mythical state that seeks to trample over the laws of the universe themselves. What is a dao if not for a philosophy? And yet aren't there too many of them? Don't they often clash? How can a dao be an absolute truth if there are other supposed absolute truths that directly counter it?

Patia-Neva attempted to follow the absolute path, and yet stumbled and fell. To him, that sort of dao was a façade – nothing but a shallow construction. And yet, many others had formed a dao using the same principles Patia-Neva tossed away! So what was truth? What was the pinnacle of being? Of existing?

The answer to these questions were what true martial artist sought. The presence of this path was exactly why one couldn't hope to rely on the cultivation of another to transcend. It was why despite the shattering of his dao, Elder Daiyu's mentality was as calm as the surface of a lake.

When one approached this state, it's said that their martial path becomes so fierce that it disdained the path of others. Upon approaching this state, with a simple thought, you could destroy the cultivation of another.

It was this state that made Dyon's energy cultivation technique so important. The suppression of stepping into some else's universe was far too great unless you had the power to look down on everything with disdain...

This suppression was what Dyon was experiencing right now – except on an entirely otherworldly level. It was a mere hand, and yet its presence threatened Dyon's very existence...

The entity wasn't even aware of their appearance. Would you be aware of an ant crawling thousands of miles from yourself? And even if you were, would you care?

And yet, the mere pressure of his martial path made Dyon understand very well that if he approached... The only result would be death...

Suddenly, a thought other than fear crossed Dyon's mind.

Everything that he had suffered. That his parents had suffered. That his master had suffered. This his world had suffered. Everything. It was because of this person.

This person that saw his existence as so much more lofty than anything else that he didn't think twice before using the lives of billions for his own pleasure.

'This is your fault!'

"Ah, so the arrogant boy does have things he's afraid of. How adorable." Patriarch Ragnor laughed lightly.

But, that was the moment that Dyon's fear turned to anger. The demonic blood within his roared, sending popping sounds through his body as his shoulder bulged out of Patriarch Ragnor's clamping hand.

The corridors violently shook under Dyon's anger. His only thoughts were of seeing that entity die beneath his feet. To show it that there was no arrogance above his in existence.

Regardless of the celestial energy Patriarch Ragnor circulated into Dyon, there was no stopping what was occurring.

In an instant, a barrier that should have been as difficult as crossing an abyss to leap over shattered.

14.9%.... 14.91%... 14.92%....

14.95%....

14.98%....

14.99%...

15%

All of Dyon's wounds and fatigue were washed over by a dense Saint energy, sending his blood vigorously pumping through him as his bones reached another level of toughness.

There was nothing in the world that could stop such a perfect breakthrough...

Dyon had touched upon what it meant to be a demon in his fight with Femi... He touched upon what it meant to be a sovereign in fight with death... And that all culminated in this moment where he did something very few could ever accomplish...

There was a reason Ancestors didn't simply hand all of their essence blood to the most talented of the next generation... The amount of tenacity needed to defy heaven's laws in such a way was unprecedented... It wasn't a matter of simply having more blood to absorb, you also needed the comprehension and will power to do so, or else the blood would simply be wasted.

If you then realized you had given all of your essence blood to an unworthy genius, what solution would there be then? The only option would be to forcefully extract the remaining amount... But, that was a pain very few had the mental fortitude to survive. You'd get the blood back, but you'd lose the genius you thought was good enough for it all in the first place!

Patriarch Ragnor and Elder Daiyu froze. Before this moment, whether they said it out loud or not, they had both written off Dyon's talent as something unearned. As something he simply lucked into...

That was why Elder Daiyu, nor Patriarch Ragnor, had ever taken Dyon too seriously – nor did they feel that their younger generation members were inferior...

But in that instant... The instant where Dyon forged himself a saint body, something very few could boast...

They realized that just maybe, there was much more to this story than they had previously assumed...

Just maybe... It wasn't luck...

Chapter 586

After their initial surprise, clarity returned to the eyes of the two elders.

"Anger is useless to you here," Elder Daiyu said calmly. Despite his outward appearance, waves of shock were rippling through his heart.

The only reason he was able to shield himself from the fear of this entity was not only because of the distance between them and it, but also because he had felt the pinnacle of what it meant to be right beside it... He would never forget that moment.

He, as a peak Dao Formation expert, a mere step from becoming a half step transcendent, had immediately fallen to his knees...

The entity hadn't released any technique, they hadn't manifested their aura or domain... No, all they had done was sweep a gaze over Elder Daiyu, and he broke down in an instant...

The most shocking part about that event was something Elder Daiyu himself was too ashamed to admit and it was something only he had a high enough cultivation to pick up on at the time... And it was likely a secret that he'd take to his grave...

And yet this child had torn through that feeling in a fraction of a second? Even Elder Daiyu had to suppress the feeling!

'He's not merely suppressing it...' Elder Daiyu frowned. 'He's quite literally no longer feeling it. Is it possible to adapt so quickly?'

Dyon's sharp eyes turned from the entity in the distance and trained onto Elder Daiyu. "Save me your bullshit."

He had dealt with enough. He was sick and tired of listenign to these buzzing flies swarming about him, all these pathetic wastes of space looking down on him because they themselves felt inferior.

On one side was a crippled man who couldn't even be deemed a Dao Formation expert anymore and on the other was an arrogant son of a bitch from a family Dyon swore he would uproot from the universe one day.

That was all he saw.

Elder Daiyu could tell that, for some inexplicable reason, this child hadn't resigned to his fate yet. Did he think that because there were only two of them left that he'd find a way to escape? Even if he somehow managed to do such a thing, he'd die in these tunnels. There was no one in this universe with high enough space will comprehension to navigate these tunnels without a cheat. And Dyon definitely didn't have that cheat.

Even then, that was a secondary problem he wouldn't even have the opportunity of lamenting. There was no way he could defeat Patriarch Ragnor.

Elder Daiyu shook his head and took a step into the world, following closely behind by a Patriarch Ragnor that kept his hand clamped to Dyon's shoulder, effectively controlling his movements.

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"Madeleine, no!" Ri refused adamantly. Regardless of whether Madeleine gave up the Faith Seed willingly or not, it would still severely weaken her for an extended period of time – it might even cause permanent damage!

The longer one spent with a Faith Seed, the more it integrated with one's self. Although Madeleine hadn't spent an exorbitantly long time with it, because of the talent given to her by her God constitution, her speed at integrating the once unfamiliar faith seed far exceeded most.

As an example, when Caedlum first met Dyon, the reason he didn't learn demonic will as quickly as Dyon, which resulted in him missing most of the events, was because he had yet to awaken his Faith Seed.

This same logic was applied to Vidar. Although he had known about his faith seed for a long time, he had tried again and again only to fail in awakening it – much to the disappointment and disdain of his father. In the end, he was able to forcefully awaken it using Ragnor family experiments. This was the reason for all of the scars along his body... However, this was also the reason he was so weak in comparison to the power his faith seed should provide...

In the end, this was why a faith seed wasn't the end all and be all of talent. It was the reason why the Demon Sage was able to look down on the Pakal clan with disdain for having chosen someone less talented simply due to a faith seed.

However, because of Madeleine's speed of integration, even to the point where she's already comprehended several legacy techniques, it was all the more detrimental to remove the seed from her. If she gave it up, especially in her currently severely weakened state... Ri didn't want to think about what the consequences would be.

Madeleine smiled weakly, still lying comfortably on cushions furniture. "He sacrifices too much for us, it's the least I could do... I know if you were in my position, you wouldn't hesitate either..."

"But... We don't even know if he can really do what he says he can!" Ri grit her teeth.

Ri wasn't worried about the danger. But, how could infiltrating the Belmont Holy Land be so easy? Especially when that's exactly what they'll be expecting?

Just because Dyon often figured things out quicker, didn't mean that Ri and Madeleine weren't intelligent in their own right. Ri had witnessed how much importance the Daiyu placed on Meiying and Jade's abilities. From her understanding, they both had special abilities pertaining to searching for things. The only people they had here who could do such a thing would be either her father or Little Lyla. The problem was that her father was the only one powerful enough to stabilize and maintain her mother's health right now, and she would rather die before she sent a little girl into such a dangerous situation just because she would be of use.

"You clearly have a lack of understanding about the land they've taken your husband into. Why do you think a legacy the Belmont's were sworn to protect didn't appear at the Earth Gate, but rather the Naiad Gate?" Lionel said slowly.

Ri's brow furrowed. She had thought of this briefly, but had pushed it to the back of her mind since it seemed irrelevant.

"The Belmonts didn't lose charge of what we were protecting. All of the gates in this quadrant are connected by unfathomable space will. Earth's Gate just happens to be the center of it all for reasons I don't have an explanation for."

How could Ri not understand the reason? It was without a doubt the Epistemic Tower.

"However, that's irrelevant. The point is how could the protectors not understand how to navigate around what they're protecting?"

Ri frowned. "Prove it first."

"As insurance, Madeleine must come. As soon as I prove my ability to help, she must hand the Faith Seed to me. Only then will we proceed."

"Ridiculous! She's already weak. If you take it then, she'll be even weaker!"

Lionel still seemed unperturbed. "Your husband hides it well, but I'm almost certain at this point that he has a treasure that is capable of holding human lives. It was just confirmed for me when these ten people showed up out of nowhere." Lionel looked toward the ten demon generals Dyon had left behind. "And, if he's as intelligent as he claims to be, he would have left such an important treasure to you before he left. I'm 70% sure you have it with you now. Use it."

Although Ri's frown deepened on the outside, she inwardly smirked.

'You're too smart for your own good, husband...'

"Keep whatever limit of people you can within that treasure, because only you and I can enter. When the time is right, they'll have to be the ones who save Dyon." Lionel continued. "Just to be clear, I am only a guide. After I do my duty and receive my payment, I'll be leaving. Whether you can navigate your way back out will be up to you."

Ri struggled with her decision, but in the end, she nodded. She had no choice but to hope that the strength of the demon generals would be enough. With any luck, they'll be able to at least help Dyon a bit...

Then, Ri crushed an array plate Dyon had made, causing the demon sage's tower to disappear from sight. With a sweep, Ri took everyone the entire tower into the spatial ring after they left the surroundings of the arena under the shocked gazes of the warring clans around them.

Ri didn't forget to take up the celestial puppet Dyon had been forced to leave behind. It would hopefully be useful, even if she couldn't control it.

Soon, it was only her and Lionel Belmont in the desolate Arena City.

"Let's go."

Chapter 587: Same Evil

Near the center of the Belmont Holy Land, Dyon, Patriarch Ragnor and Elder Daiyu walked through the fields of grass.

The closer they got to the hand, the less even Patriarch Ragnor and Elder Daiyu were able to keep their composure. It had been a long time since Elder Daiyu lost his nonchalance as it became more and more difficult to walk and breathe. However, their goal wasn't to reach the hand itself – that would be nothing short of suicide.

Their destination had been purposefully placed. It had to be close enough to the entity to mean something, but it also had to be far enough that they could play their part without dying.

Swirls of red and blue flames danced on Elder Daiyu's palms, seemingly acting like guides. They only pointed in the same direction simultaneously when they faced the correct direction.

Everything about this was odd to Dyon. If this was truly meant to be a prison, why were Belmont family flames capable of leading the way?

For one, Dyon had a certain degree of certainty that this was a prison. Not only was the hand clearly chained, the entrance was sealed within a land that could usually only be accessed by a single family – a single family whose king was clearly opposed to this.

Dyon considered the idea of King Belmont being a traitor, but King Acacia wasn't Jade. His True Empathy was the true-blue form of the technique. He couldn't be tricked like Dyon tricked Jade. For them to have worked so close all of this time, King Acacia would have without a doubt been able to tell.

It was true that King Acacia disappeared eleven years ago, but they had clearly been close friends long before then. In addition, King Acacia's True Empathy was restored fully, although his cultivation wasn't. That meant if King Belmont was a part of this plan, King Acacia would have known as late as today! That's something important enough that he would have found a way to tell Dyon – because that would mean having to be wary of the entire Belmont family!

However, the problem was that the place they were leading Dyon had to be related to the seal on his world.

The seal should be of benefit to the entity while the prison was a detriment... So why would the flames of the people who wished to harm the entity, lead to a place that would help him?...

Before Dyon could finish his thoughts, Elder Daiyu stopped walking as the flames in his hand flew out of his control.

They slammed into seemingly empty space, once again combining into a beautiful violet light.

The temperature raised rapidly, burning away the large portions of the grass field and revealing a stone array hundreds of meters wide and so complex that Dyon couldn't see through it... The array theory was far beyond anything he had ever seen before... Even his master's memories didn't have a match for it!

Violet flames embedded themselves into the array, gently lighting it.

The shifting parts of the array began to spin violently, changing the conformation again and again as the stone platform raised a meter from the ground before stopping abruptly.

An ancient bell rang, but the deep reverberation was something much more profound than heaven's chimes. It felt as though that its every sound resonated with the very world, causing the laws of the universe to sing along with it.

And yet, just as quickly as everything seemed happy, an eerie darkness shattered the holy chimes.

The stone platform cracked open, sliding apart as tremendous earth quakes filled the inner world.

In an instant, the world shifted from a resounding happiness to an anger so deep and foreboding that it matched the feeling welling up in Dyon's heart. Everything screamed that this shouldn't exist, that it had no place in world, and here it was.

Down in the stone opening, lay three semi spheres radiating a power to vast and unimaginable that the hand in the far distance was completely forgotten...

In two of these semi spheres lay two blinding bulbs of light, pulsating with such speed that they almost looked at though they weren't moving at all.

Within one, Dyon's 6th sense felt a striking physical prowess. It was a path of dominating the universe with little else than one's body – the epitome of what it meant to be a body cultivator. However, there was no imbalance like what Dyon felt...

With the Demon Sage's blood running through him, Dyon constantly felt an unparalleled thirst for anger and revenge, but he also felt an unbridled lust – something he, himself could hardly control. If it wasn't for his overwhelming will power, and the love he held for his wives, it would have long broken him. This problem had followed him long since the Elvin Kingdom, however, he had continually suppressed the feeling...

However, this bulb reached a balance of pure perfection. It wasn't a prowess of just power and strength. It was also fluidity, and gentleness. It wasn't just overwhelming weight, capable of shattering space itself. It was also as light as a feather and as free as the wind..

The other bulb of light held a connection to the universe Dyon had never felt before. He could see that it was there with his eyes, but the level of energies it contained was so far beyond his comprehension that his 6th sense screamed to him that nothing was there at all...

'This... This is everything that was stolen from us...' Flames of black crackled in his eyes.

As Dyon peered into what the stone platform revealed, he couldn't help but recall words Elder Daiyu had spoken to him when last they met...

Dyon memory was unparalleled. He could remember the words exactly as they were said, even to the most minute of details and voice inflections.

"You're from the mortal realm of this planet," He had said... "Yet you protect those of the martial realm... I wonder if you'll do the same once you know the truth..."

Heat pumped off of Dyon's body as the burned the image of the sacrifice of his home into his memory, knowing that the people he had called allies... The person that he called father in law... And mother in law... The person he called master... We're all guilty of the same evil of the person he hated most in this world...

These two orbs... They were the Body Kernel and the Energy Kernel...

Chapter 588: No Chance

In the skies above the sky of Earth, a devastating battle was still taking place.

King Belmont furiously fought against three enemies at once – all heads of their own respective God Clans, but he held his own. He had spent years in seclusion, doing nothing but training for this moment, and yet he still felt so useless.

His flames of red and blue seemed to want to fuse to violet, but it was exceedingly difficult to do so in battle. Although his eyes had long since lost the patented Belmont double red and blue colors, his flames still struggled to do so.

Quite frankly, Amethyst was too much of an anomaly. Even when her mother became pregnant, she didn't dare to believe it. In the beginning, the ice phoenix that birthed Amethyst had resigned herself to never having children when she ran from her clan with her husband... This made the day of Amethyst's birth both an ungodly catastrophe as well as it being a miracle among miracles.

Truth be told, King Belmont had it easy. He wasn't trying to fuse the life and reincarnation aspects of the flame, he only wanted to do so for the most basic fire and ice properties of the flames, but even that was nearly impossible.

With this level of difficulty, one can only imagine the level the arrays of the Belmont Holy Land had reached to be capable of forcing these violet flames into existence...

'I have to hurry. There's no telling what could be happening!' King Belmont's attacks increased in speed as a fiery aura erupted around him, bearing down on his opponents with his rudimentary domain.

In an instant, the pressure felt by the Planet Deimos God Clan Heads and Kami God Clan Head increased manifold.

Auras had different capabilities, but all of them revolved around creating a space where an expert bent the laws of the universe to his or her whim. As one might guess, this used up a ridiculous amount of stamina, which is exactly why few bother to use theirs – mostly because the gain isn't worth it for many.

However, King Belmont was different. He had spent centuries learning to fuse his flames. But, time and time again he failed. So, he decided instead of bending to the will of the universe, he would bend it to his own!

The day he finally stepped into the celestial realm was the day he made this revelation and finally formed his own Aura – allowing him to finally sense celestial energy! His rudimentary domain was one that broke the laws of the universe as we know it.

King Belmont's flames of red and blue, the very same flames that clashed, but never fused, instantly stopped struggling, combining into one seamless flame of dazzling violet.

'I have to hurry!'

"COME!" He roared into the abyss of space, stars twinkling as his backdrop.

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Patia-Neva, too, was pushing forward with all of his might, knowing that time was of the essence. He didn't know what was going on below, but he knew that they were outnumbered and that one of his opponents had already broken away! Although he could see everyone he had begun to fight with, it had taken him too long to realize Matriarch Niveus was missing!

Even worse, the moment they had stepped out above the planet they called home, Patriarch Clyte had laughed sinisterly and called upon all three of the Clyte family ancestors! This was why King Belmont was being forced to fight three at once, while the Elvin elders and Patriarch Pakal split the rest.

The situation couldn't be any worse, but a fuel of hope was raging within Patia-Neva. He understood more than anyone that if he recovered his comprehension and rebuilt his one with heart with a foundation he believed in, his power would once again become unmatched! If he could manage to rid himself of his demons, saving everyone wouldn't be a pipe dream. But, doing something like this was as difficult as ascending the heavens.

The laughs of King Clyte as he continually summons wind will to compress and explode was sinister and dark. It was clear that in their collaboration as allies, the Clyte and Horus clans had traded legacies amongst themselves – why else would King Clyte be able to use a technique to eerily reminiscent of the dead Ode Horus?

"You seem to be struggling, Ramiro. What's wrong?" King Clyte cackled. "For years you were my most hated adversary, but now that I think about it, why should I be angry at all?"

Patia-Neva's focus threatened to waver under King Clyte's taunts, but this was what he needed. He needed to confront these things or he'd never be able to rebuild his dao...

"It was I who destroyed your family and slaughtered man, woman and child. And when you really think about it, it was I who stole YOUR wife, not the other way around," King Clyte laughed like a maniac as the explosions grew more violent. "I fucked her day and night for years, venting my every frustration. I didn't even miss a single hole! It was some of the best I've ever had, but it grew stale quickly, so I chose to forget about her. Who would have thought that you would come along and pick up my sloppy seconds? To even birth a child with such a slut? Have you no shame?"

Hearing those words, Patia-Neva's progress seemed to stall and shatter. He wanted to bury himself in the deepest abyss and face the worst kind of punishment for what he had done...

But then, the words of his wife and daughter rang in his ears... Sometimes the hardest thing to do was to forgive yourself, and maybe Patia-Neva didn't deserve even that...

He had sacrificed everything so that he could be ready and powerful enough for this very day, and yet at the last moment, he wavered, allowing his resolve to shatter. A small part of him thought that if he had just killed Delia on that day, he would have been powerful enough to stop all of the deaths that had occurred today... Wouldn't one death be worth saving billions?...

In the end, the sacrifice of his clan meant nothing. The sacrifice of his wife?... Nothing... His sacrifices?... Worst than nothing...

The memory of the tears that flooded the eyes of his wife and daughter filled his mind... For them... For them he had to forge onward...

'I'll make sure they meant something.'

Patia-Neva had a faint inkling that he had no choice... Whether they survived this or not, all rested on his shoulders, because without an intent as powerful as his was at its peak, there was no chance in fighting a peak first grade celestial expert like Patriarch Ragnor...

Chapter 589: What Gives You The Right?

Anger... Dyon had stopped truly understanding the emotions he was feeling.

A constant weight threatened to crush his chest... His eyes were bloodshot, yet black and dense flames danced within them... And yet he also felt conflicted and confused... Was there really no good in the martial world?...

Elder Daiyu and Patriarch Ragnor could only look over at Dyon in shock.

This area was nothing like the entrance. They were many times closer and the pressure was so palpable that even they couldn't ignore it anymore. Even worse, when they opened up the stone monument, the pressure had increased again!

It felt like they were looking into the laws of the universe itself, as though they were wallowing in dense Gama energy. And yet, the only feeling coming from this boy wasn't fear, but anger.

Elder Daiyu, with all of his experience of the world, could tell that this boy was trying to cling onto his humanity with everything he had. He was fighting not for the sake of his enemies, or even himself... He was fighting for the sake of his loved ones...

However... He was losing...

How could Elder Daiyu comprehend the thoughts running through Dyon's mind right now? How could he know that the words he had said – words he had paid a heavy price to say – had finally resonated with the boy?

In the end, he could only sigh. 'Become a demon... Or don't... The outcome will be the same...'

"Kneel." Patriarch Ragnor's hand exerted an extra and unavoidable pressure onto Dyon's shoulder that brought him to his knees with ease.

The anger on Dyon's features flashed. When had he ever kneeled to anyone?!

The land beneath Dyon's knees shattered as he met the ground. He tightened his jaw in rebellion, even to the point of blood seeped through his teeth, but he could not fight a celestial expert, let alone one of such caliber.

In the next instant, Patriarch Ragnor and Elder Daiyu also kneeled.

"Pathetic." Dyon ground the words out from his mouth, forcefully taking advantage of Patriarch Ragnor's hand leaving his shoulder. "Nothing but dogs."

Although anger flashed through Patriarch Ragnor's features due to Dyon's words, he no longer dared to say to anything. Something was coming, and it was something even he wouldn't dare to give an iota of disrespect toward.

In the center of the semi-spheres, a flickering light began to take shape. And if one truly paid attention, it would be clear that this was a person!

A black figure took form, sitting cross legged. There was no face, nor were there any distinctive features. Just like the hand in the distance, it was difficult to tell anything about it, other than what it was... This was a person, and that was a hand... That was it.

However, they shared yet another characteristic... And that was an unbridled and unfathomable pressure, one that was capable of forcing even Patriarch Ragnor not to look up.

Dyon felt Patriarch Ragnor's energy try to subtly make him lower his head to the ground as he and Elder Daiyu had done. But, because Ragnor didn't dare to use too much power, Dyon was able to grit his teeth as stare right at this forming entity. His anger was seething enough... If he was forced to lower his head to such an extent, he really might lose himself completely...

"Ah... How long has it been..." The voice sounded nothing like it should have.

It should have been worth breaking. It should have torn through the void and beheaded Dyon for his arrogance and disdain toward it. It should have made the world since or want to destroy its next note just like the array that contained it did...

And yet, it sounded like none of those things...

In fact, if one had to describe it, it would almost be like a young parent, looking after their. It was soft and tender, and also held an unavoidable friendliness to it. But, there was no doubt that this was the voice of an unmatched entity...

"Oh?" The shadow looked around itself, not sparing a glance toward the three that kneeled before him. "It seems one is missing. Such a shame..."

The nonchalance of their voice didn't serve to ease Dyon's anger. In fact, it did nothing but raise it to an entirely other level. This person did all of this, and yet seemed not to care about its success or failure at all! It was almost as though it could care less!

Patriarch Ragnor and Elder Daiyu kept their heads mere centimeters from the ground. However, it was clear that the reaction of the voice didn't put them at ease, if anything, the sweat on their brows increased with every passing second, until finally, Elder Daiyu broke.

"We apologize for our incompetence, one who transcends daos. However, we have brought the child you so audaciously stole what was yours."

It wasn't until that point that the shadow that seemed to be between worlds noticed that there were people around it. It was almost as though he couldn't be bothered to notice before...

Its head carefully scanned the beings before it. However, contrary to thought, he spent just as much time caring about Dyon's gaze of anger as he did acknowledging Patriarch Ragnor's and Elder Daiyu's bows – absolutely none.

The figure paused, seemingly thinking over something.

"Hardly matters."

The two words were simple, and without effort. One could tell that they truly didn't care about the soul kernel at all... In fact, anyone listening got the impression that even if they lost all three, they would only return to their nap, not having a care for the world...

"But," The entity spoke again, "It seems like this person is intent on dying. Simply extract the soul kernel from within him and put it in its rightful place."

Dyon's jaw clenched closed, his fury smoldering out of control.

"What gives you the right? I'll kill you with my own hands!"

Chapter 590: Of Blood

Patriarch Ragnor and Elder Daiyu's eyes widened with shock. Patriarch Ragnor hadn't even bothered to tether his energy to Dyon after forcing him to kneel and trying to force his head down, initially, because the pressure exuding from this entity was too much! In fact, even if Patriarch Ragnor tried to talk right now it would be nearly impossible, only Elder Daiyu should!

"Oh?" The entity seemed amused and unbothered. They had noticed the anger coming from Dyon, but they hadn't cared. All emotions seemed quite useless to them, whether it was fear or anger, neither meant much. They hardly made the effort to tell the apart anymore.

Having the attention of the entity trained onto him was completely different than having a casual sweep. Dyon felt as though he was completely naked and laid to lay bare before this man. It was a feeling of absolute helplessness, and yet Dyon could hardly care as he stared daggers at this unsurpassable mountain.

"How odd, you truly believe what you are saying. What a rare find, truly. Then again, it is impossible to lie before me."

Dyon grit his teeth, trying to wiggle free of Patriarch Ragnor's added suppression. He wanted nothing more than to lunge at this entity, to destroy its being. And yet he couldn't even muster up enough energy to just move!

"Hm? A familiar scent lies on you. How interesting, my pet tried to kill you and you survived? Haha, what an interesting tale you have." The voice continued to speak without a care in the world. It wasn't pressed for time, in fact, it seemed to have no concept of it whatsoever.

However, his words only left Dyon in more and more confusion. He had no idea what 'pet' this man was talking about. That said, how could he?

When Dyon was in the Earth Gate, utilizing the Epistemic Tower Key's ability to travel through the space pockets of the world, a massive being had threatened to kill him.

Dyon had no recollection of such events because he had never once felt its presence... Had it not been for his grand teacher, he would have died in body and spirit millions of times over. However, that massive entity was stopped at no small cost to his grand teacher.

"Faint. Faint." The entity spoke in nonsensical half sentences, but it was clear it wasn't mad. Their mind just worked on a complete other level than what Dyon was accustomed to. "But, it's there. To think he was the one who saved you, how interesting. You have quite the interesting past.

"At this point, you should thank me. Your heart is a mere step from walking a path you don't want to. If you die now, you'll never have to become the monster you so irrationally fear... It's a bit silly to fear a cultivation path, don't you think? In the end, no matter what means you use, cultivation is still cultivation. What does it matter what methods you use?"

Patriarch Ragnor and Elder Daiyu were shocked that the entity was willing to speak for so long, and to a mere boy at that. But, they didn't dare to look up – simply waiting for him to finish.

"I would never need methods so despicable yet claim to be strong. I would rather die!"

"Ah. Interesting. Yet another truth told. However, your philosophies are a bit silly, and your life is a comedy all to its own."

Dyon froze. There was only one person who could see through him like this... Only one ability in the world that could do what was necessary... The True Empath...

"You claim to love fiercely and loyally, except your heart holds images of a woman who isn't one of your wives.

"You claim to not want to lose yourself into demonic will, and yet you continuously use it to forcefully increase your cultivation, whether it be in that so-called World Tournament, or just moments before you arrive head.

"You claim to build your Dao of Death on the promise of transcending it entirely, and yet you would rather die than concede a useless philosophy. How odd... What an interesting mind you have..."

Dyon felt like his everything was being laid to bare. Could his grand teacher really do this as well? Impossible, this man dug so deeply ... Dyon somehow knew that this was something his grand teacher wouldn't be able to do with such ease...

"Haha, how funny," The entity laughed again, as though they were patting a child on the head. "Not only do you plan to get out of this alive, you also want to pursue the martial path to a level enough to revive all those lives you lost? To see your mother and father again and repay them for what they've done?"

Dyon's brow furrowed as blood seeped from his clenched jaw.

"You've traveled so far in the martial world, yet know nothing about it. Something like reviving the dead is impossible, although I guess a powerful enough entity can find someone in the stream of reincarnation and speed up the process. You can then transfer the memories of their past life to them. At that point, they'll be the exact same person they were previously, with no changes whatsoever. I worked on a theory like this as well in the distant past. It works well, you only have to form a high level dao of karma, life, death and reincarnation. Quite easy if you ask me, but it seems to be difficult for others." The entity chuckled.

"The problem for you is that you'll never get so far."

Dyon's eyes flashed. This was the first concrete answer he had gotten on the matter. All he needed to do was survive this, and there would be hope!

"I will survive this." Dyon's foot slammed into the ground as he tried to forcefully push himself upward.

The entity chuckled. "You misunderstand. Don't you understand what the soul is?"

Dyon froze.

"It seems you get it now, how funny." The entity chuckled. "The soul is what connects you to the world. It's what allows you to exist. Energy cultivation might help deepen your comprehension, but it's not true connection. It's only a booster for this connection.

"Quite simply put, what allows people to reincarnate is their soul. But, because of your existence, the soul of everyone you're hoping to revive has been wiped clean of whatever special law that made them themselves in order for them to be the soul of a single person – you. What did you think the Soul Kernel was? It's the amalgamation of all those people."

The laughter of the entity still remained light. There was nothing evil about it. It was as though they were talking about the weather and chuckling for small-talk.

"The souls of your parents are lost forever. There is no reincarnation for them."

Dyon's knee fell back to the ground.

When he had a hole through his chest, he persevered. When his home was completely destroyed, he persevered. When he learned that those he trusted might very well be the reason for his pain, he persevered...

But this, this was a final straw... A dam broke within Dyon. But, there was no eruption. There was no torrent of aura. There was no baleful scream of agony.

There was only the sound of tears dripping onto the lush grass beneath his knees.

Tears of blood.