

The Nameless 601

Chapter 601: Live On

Everything Dyon's master said was the truth.

Originally, the martial world was going to ignore the mortal world completely. Only then could they ensure that they would never anger the entity.

However, as the mortals became more and more powerful, they began to have further and further reach.

First they build learned to build sail boats. Then there were cars. And then there were planes. Then submarines. Then satellites. Then space ships!

The more the mortals built, the smaller and smaller the meaning behind the large planet meant. It was only a matter of time before the human world realized that there was an entire half to their planet that they had never explored. And, even more glaringly, an entire population of people with a completely different culture as well!

The martial world could no longer hide themselves away from the mortals and ignore them. It had become impossible.

In addition, with how human history had been, expansion had become the norm. Had the martial world not extended a hand of diplomacy first, who knows what might have happened?

As such, the solution became a partnership between the mortal and martial world.

With the mortal world intrigue about the martial world, the martial world would allow a yearly test for suitable mortals to teach their ways. This test was of course kept secret by individual countries, because what a martial artist loyal to a country meant was something the world wasn't ready to handle.

This partnership was only meant to be simple lip service. Only the martial world knew that it should be impossible for a mortal to have any martial talent... And yet, after hundreds of years of this always being true, Dyon took the test!

Under normal circumstances, Dyon should have had no talent at all. After all, his energy and body cultivation abilities were sealed. However, his soul cultivation was so domineering that it tricked the test into thinking he had normal talent...

This caused waves among the older generation at the time and even caused the Focus Academy Elders to immediately try their best to get Dyon to quit and go back. After all, if Dyon was hurt in anyway, and the entity found out, there may be hell to pay!

The problem with this was that not everyone knew about the treaty – especially not the younger generation. After all, since their parents weren't allowed to tell them, how could they know?

This made Dyon's stay in the martial world particularly thorny.

The members of the older generation treated the mortal world like a taboo. But, the younger generation misinterpreted this as meaning that they should look down on Dyon, while what the older generation really wanted to do was to protect him.

However, when the first younger generation member almost successfully killed Dyon – that being Darius Storm – another possibility came to fruition for the older generation. They came to realize that as long as the one to attack Dyon had no idea about the treaty, there would be no punishment!

Little did they know, all this time, the treaty had ended nearly two decades ago!

In the end, this was also why the Elves didn't seem to have any adverse reactions about Dyon being from the mortal realm. None of their members were present for the war because their kingdom was destroyed before it. It wasn't until the Ragnor made it here that they arrived.

On that same hand, this was also why Madeleine's master was so against her being with Dyon. Being a Sapientia, how could their clan have not been in this universe at the time of the battle and the treaty? They were based in nearly every universe!

To Ester Sapientia, Dyon's people were the most taboo thing in the world. From her perspective, Dyon being with Madeleine would only bring her endless pain... She would have just been a child at the time, but it left enough of an imprint on her to remember it to this very day...

Maybe if the elves hadn't missed out on the war, Ri wouldn't have so easily been promised to Dyon either... Even if he saved their kingdom...

"I've done many selfish things in my life." Dyon's master spoke softly. "I burdened you with the weight of our sect. I burdened you with looking after my child. And even worse, I sealed memories that would have helped you make a smarter decision for yourself... Even choosing my husband for love instead of for the sake of my clan was nothing but selfish on my part.

"However, in my last moments in this world, I want to do yet another selfish thing. I won't allow you to erase your mind to escape the pain. I want you to fight to live."

The 25th White Mother began to glow with the last embers of her life. The last bit of power she sealed away... Without it, she would no longer be able to hold onto this world, not in the true sense... Without any remaining aura, even The Seal would have nothing to seal...

Despite her words, her last act as Dyon's master would be one of pure selflessness... A peak she had only reached one other time in her life...

"Be cleansed of this, my disciple..." The last of the 25th White Mother's consciousness slowly faded away as Dyon's skin began to glow with a fierce light.

Dyon's eyes brightened as a sudden relief washed over him. "Master? Wait! That's enough!"

The 25th White Mother only silently shook her head, her tears falling like precious crystals from her eyes. She didn't have enough power to fully cleanse Dyon, if she didn't go all out, it would be meaningless.

Her arms softly wrapped around Dyon, sighing in relief in her final moment.

Dyon felt one final gentle kiss find its way to his forehead, before all feelings of warmth and softness disappeared.

By the time his eyes cleared of the blinding lights... His master was gone.

However, one sound lingered on in his ears...

"Live on."

Chapter 602: Wake

Dyon sat on his knees silently for so long that he lost track of how much time he had spent in the sealed world.

He had heard every word his master had spoken, although at the time, his anger disallowed him the ability to truly process everything. But, now that he had gotten a small bit of reprieve from that endless pain, he could finally start piecing things together like he usually did.

In the end, Dyon couldn't bring himself to blame his master. In fact, he was pained by her loss to the point he nearly fell back into the pit of despair she sacrificed herself to dig him out of.

However, he had fought back.

The news of him never being able to even have a chance to fight to revive his parents had hit him hard. It was made even worse by the fact it really would have been possible had their souls not been wiped from existence.

Dyon wasn't used to giving up. When he saw an impossible task in front of him, he wanted nothing more than to leap over the barrier and look down at those who thought he couldn't do it. But this time... This was different.

If he continued to let the pursuit of his parents consume him, he would only keep losing the things that were right in front of him...

If he died, how would Ri and Madeleine feel? What about Clara? He had left her in an unknown world without so much as a comforting goodbye. For all she knows, the last person from her world was gone now...

He hadn't come here with intentions of dying, but he'd be lying to himself if he said he hadn't come to vent anger.

What a dangerous mind set to have. How was he as a measly meridian formation expert supposed to vent his anger against celestials? He might as well have been looking for death.

"Ha, since when was there something you believed you couldn't do Mr. High and Mighty?" Dyon laughed at himself self-deprecatingly.

Dyon fell silent again, staring at his hands.

He didn't know when it happened, but they were almost as large as his father's now. The feeling of his master's small hands in his had reminded him of something.

For much of his life, Dyon had had his father right by his side. He was a man of few words, but strong resolve. And he had taught Dyon to be the same way.

Dyon almost felt ashamed to have let himself crumble so easily. He could allow himself to be pissed. He could allow himself to feel sad. He could allow those feelings to churn within himself and spur him onwards. But, allowing them to make him give up?

'Remember Dyon.' His father had said. 'The hands of a man are meant to be large not just so you feel strong. They're large so you can use that strength...'

"To hold everything together." Dyon whispered.

Dyon would be lying to himself if he said his pain was gone. In fact, his anger was still boiling to a point where he didn't dare to finish his thought process on many things... Because there was still one glaring hole in all of this.

Dyon's grand teacher should have known that the seal was gone with Dyon's birth. And yet, instead of saying he wouldn't tell Dyon for fear that he would lose himself in anger, he said that telling Dyon would kill him – implying that although he could circumvent the treaty, Dyon couldn't.

There was only one explanation for why he would do such a thing, and Dyon refused to think about it. Because if he did... He would only lose himself in anger again...

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Outside of the cave entrance, Evelyn Niveus giggled lightly as she held onto Lionel's arm, staring at Ri with contempt. It was pretty obvious by this point that the man who had taken her virginity was none other than Prince Lionel Belmont.

When Lionel was campaigning with Madeleine, he had fought against Mekhi Uidah, the fourth son of the Uidah King God Clan. At the time, the battle had been fairly even at the start. However, as soon as Amethyst's legacy temple appeared, that even battle turned completely one sided...

There were two glaring things in this exchange that were of worthy note...

The first was that Lionel seemed to have long since prepared for the arrival of the legacy temple. In fact, he knew what it was without even looking and immediately disappeared from the battle field to search for a chance to enter.

But, the second thing was surprisingly even more glaring. The moment the temple appeared, the even fight became completely one sided because Lionel's red and blue flames combined into a violet flame!

This was something unprecedented. Even his own father could only do such a thing for a short period of time if he made use of his rudimentary domain. And yet, Lionel did this on a whim while barely being past twenty years old? Only very few understood just how ridiculous this was!

The truth of the matter was that Lionel wasn't some super genius, nor did he beat the fourth son and the subsequent third daughter of the Uidah King God Clan because of his own talent and merit. No, the reason he was able to do this was all because of Evelyn Niveus from the very beginning.

The primordial yin of a young woman is precious, especially to a cultivator. However, that level of value is raised ever higher when this primordial is attached to a woman with a God Level Constitution.

The reason Evelyn was willing to give her virginity to Lionel, knowing very well that it would ruin her own cultivation, was because her primordial yin was exactly what Lionel needed to finally surpass the barrier that barred Belmont after Belmont for generations!

The late Niveus God Sect Matriarch used a devastating attack to annihilate half of the Earth in her final breath. That legacy was called 'Immortal Balanced Arts' and was something that Evelyn was destined to be unparalleled in...

The primordial yin Lionel received from Evelyn was known as Eternity's Balance. It was a constitution that allowed one to build two diametrically opposing Daos with great ease. Even more domineeringly, it allowed the combination of them to be as easy as breathing.

The combining of wills that so many labored and struggled over would be mere child's play for someone who fully awakened this constitution...

So, Lionel decided to use Evelyn to his benefit. By taking her as his wife, he made promises that Evelyn was sure only he could keep.

Suddenly, Ri laughed. Inexplicably, her first reaction to being surrounded by hundreds of enemies, all of whom were threatening her life, was to laugh. In fact, she did so, so freely that it forced those around her to double check the situation to see whether it was themselves who were in fact surrounded.

But, when they noticed that the situation was exactly as they thought, they could only look at this beauty as though she had lost her mind.

"I don't have time to waste," Lionel interjected. "Hand over Madeleine."

Ri held her sides, catching her breath, "Do you believe that this is a secret you held so tightly to yourself? Dyon figured this out ages ago. Do you think he'd let me walk into a trap just like this one?"

Lionel's brow furrowed.

"Who are you trying to bluff?" Evelyn sneered.

"No, no." Ri laughed, "Your little lovey dovey relationship is a surprise, I guess. Although that's more so because my husband couldn't bother to care about who you were or weren't sleeping with.

"The best part is, he was irritatingly right about exactly how this would all go down." Ri shook her head mockingly.

Lionel calmed his features. Analyzing the situation, whether Ri knew or not hardly mattered. She was still surrounded, and if she had called for reinforcements, they could easily use her as a hostage. All of that made Lionel think that she really was just bluffing.

Dyon had figured this out as soon as he spoke to Meiying, the very moment she opened the box she stole and it revealed an ice and fire phoenix feather!

When you put it together, it all made sense. Lionel wasn't satisfied with his father's way. It had to be a Belmont that helped open the Belmont Holy Land. It had to be a Belmont that helped the Daiyu pass the Belmont Holy Land defenses. And It had to be a Belmont that stopped the defending soldiers from awakening the Belmont Ancestors! It all pointed to him.

In his final moment with Ri, Dyon had whispered into her ear, and among the things he explained, was this very scenario.

"Ah, I know why you're confident." Ri mused, tapping her lip. "You think you know who and how many I having supporting me right now." An amused light flashed in Ri's eye. "Look at that, now you're trying to calculate how many more I could have than you previously thought."

It was true. Lionel had only taken these measures because he thought the limit was 10 demon generals at the Saint level. As for the hundred Essence Gathering demon generals Dyon had used, he hardly cared for those. What could they do in the face of all of these saints?

However, Ri was going to have to disappoint him and his math...

"How about I just save you the trouble and tell you?" Ri's eyes flashed with the anger she had buried, ready to vent her frustrations.

Surrounding Ri, ten demon generals instantly appeared, causing Lionel to almost sigh in relief.

"Is that all?" Evelyn sneered. But, in the next instant, she ate her words.

Ten.

Fifty.

Hundred.

Five Hundred.

Thousand.

Two Thousand.

Three Thousand!

A stifling aura filled the Belmont Holy Land as white haired devils descended from the skies, prepared to massacre everything in their wake...

Chapter 603: About To

The look in Dyon's eyes had completely changed. A dense black flame still remained, however, there was an intelligent flicker that hadn't been there just moments before. Dyon's motives had completely changed from mutual destruction, to seeking victory at all costs.

'You've trampled over my home, killed my family, and then dared to say that everything was rightfully yours to begin with...' A deep seeded anger sprung from the deepest recesses of Dyon's being. 'The loss you'll suffer today is one I'll make sure you never forget.'

To anyone else, the idea of a meridian formation expert facing off against two celestials and an entity of unknown power was ridiculous – nothing short of seeking death. However, Dyon's mind only allowed him to see paths to victory.

One way or another, he'd grasp it.

A moment later, the blinding pillar of light that encased Dyon began to slowly fade, revealing his still kneeling figure.

Elder Daiyu and Patriarch Ragnor still had not dared to move, but the entity's shadow was clearly still giving off an amused air. He didn't seem to care about what did or didn't happen within the sealed world.

"Oh?" The shadow chuckled. "It seems you've learned to block your mind using The Seal."

Dyon stood, not being able to stand the idea of kneeling to anyone. The oppressive energy that had locked down on him thanks to Patriarch Ragnor, was easily ignored by making use of The Seal. Because his soul was already a single step from the celestial level, and The Seal provided an added boost, something like this was well within his power.

The range of abilities of this treasure was something even Dyon's master hadn't fully grasped, but if lower level seals from the Sigebryht could do away with even death qi, how could the emperor of all seals not deal with mere celestial energy?

The only downfall of the treasures of the 33 heavens was the amount of stamina they took to use. However, with Dyon's soul talent and accumulated prowess, he could already passively use The Seal in this fashion with negligible consumption. Quite simply put, the soul type 33 heaven weapons would all dream to have Dyon as their master even more so than normal treasures would!

Patriarch Ragnor immediately noticed the uselessness of his energy. "Kneel! How dare you!?" He couldn't help but tremble nervously. No matter how amicable the entity seemed, he and Elder Daiyu knew the truth. Dyon's rebellion wouldn't only cause punishment for Dyon, but him as well!

Dyon took a deep breath, looking into the sky. Even with The Seal greatly helping him, the pressure of the entity still bore down on him just as heavily as it did before. It was clear his soul wasn't powerful enough to negate that level of effect. He could only thank his master... In her final moments, not only had she cleared his mind, she helped him regain his soul stamina.

No one understood just the amount of fatigue Dyon's soul had been under until this moment. If he wasn't tired beyond belief, how could he only be capable of attacking a single time with his puppet? Remember, Dyon was someone who had taken control of that very puppet at dead kings valley, with vastly inferior soul strength, for months before collapsing. And yet that same Dyon, with vastly improved soul strength, could only attack once? Even if attacking and simply controlling movement required a large disparity in energy – attacking obviously needing much more – the difference was much too exaggerated.

That is why putting things into perspective is so important.

Even before Dyon had a massive hole blown through his chest by Zabia, he had been making full use of his death will form. The use of a supreme law for an extended period of time, especially by someone who wasn't yet an Essence Gathering expert, was taxing to the extreme on not just the soul, but also the body.

And yet, directly after that, Dyon had to struggle in a time locked zone to keep his body alive.

For six whole months, Dyon did nothing but stretch his soul out to the extreme, trying to comprehend higher and higher levels of death intent. All that time, he spent stubbornly avoiding the easy path of cultivation, instead wanting to forge his own.

To make things worse, Dyon's soul continually improved during those 6 months. He had started off at the Middle Saint stage when he entered, but when he exited, his soul had already stretched itself to the peak of the Saint stage. That was like going from the 6th saint stage all the way to the 12th!

This would normally be a great thing, but in a time locked zone where there was no flow of energy, this was devastating. It was like Dyon was continually exercising a muscle, and that muscle wanted to get stronger and grow, and yet it got no rest or nutrients!

Although Dyon stepped out with a peak Saint stage soul, his true soul battle prowess was likely more accurately around the Blossom soul stage. At that point, you could imagine his peak Saint stage soul like a massive body of land you should find a refreshing lake in, and yet all you saw were dried and cracked patches of land with sprinkles of moist soul here and there.

And yet, that body of land kept getting larger and larger, stretching out the few moist patches until they too became dried out beyond repair...

That's what Dyon's soul was like when he tried to use his puppet and that wasn't even mentioning the amount of soul stamina he had to divert to save Zabia's life and stop his soul from dissipating. No wonder he felt so fatigued. Madeleine had used a supreme level intent for a few moments, and yet that had left her completely incapacitated. The fact Dyon was even standing right now was a testament to his will power and domineering soul talent.

Everyone wanted to talk about how Dyon took a power that didn't belong to himself... But, they had ignored something so blatant that it could flip everything they had come to know to begin with...

What no one had ever explained was why had the seal shattered? Why was it that upon Dyon's birth, a prison that had kept mortals locked away for so long had suddenly lost its effects...

What they should be talking about was what kind of monster would it take to shatter a seal placed by The Seal itself!

They were about to find out.

Chapter 604: Forgive Me

Dyon stood calmly as though the next moments wouldn't decide whether or not he lived.

Although the entity could no longer read Dyon's mind, it had a clear understanding of what would happen next. "Haha, this should be an interesting show."

With those final words, the shadow disappeared.

In the face of The Seal, in the form the entity was in currently, there was nothing it could do. After all, it was the very thing that had put him in the situation he was in currently. It hadn't been joking when it said it could only wait when Dyon's master pulled him into the sealed world.

After seeing that Dyon had grasped the use of the seal so easily, he was fully aware that Dyon's next step would be to close the alter so that he wouldn't be able to interfere.

Dyon was fully aware that although the entity was restricted, he could very well tip the battle to levels that made an already slim chance at victory impossible. After all, even while sealed, the entity had shattered the array that was concealed within Dyon's mind. It was clear that it at least had some battle prowess.

Seeing the massive stone alter close and disappear into the ground, rage filled Patriarch Ragnor's eyes. As for Elder Daiyu, a complex emotion crossed his eyes before he stood to face Dyon.

"Why do you bother struggling?" Elder Daiyu spoke as though he was pleading with Dyon to give up.

"Your voice is quite soft for someone asking another to accept their death." Dyon didn't even look at Patriarch Ragnor or Elder Daiyu. He continued to look into the skies as though he was contemplating something. "However, I have no sympathy for you. Not after what I've been through. Today, either you or I will die."

The array that concealed the dragon king's form shattered on Dyon's wrist, erupting into brilliant black flames as a ten-foot scythe appeared in Dyon's hand.

Tattoos of grey and black swam across his lean torso, his eyes setting into a deep red.

The Mathilde family Asura's eye bloomed to full effect, reaching its peak with Dyon's manifestations appearing in the skies, turning the natural greenery and light atmosphere of the Belmont Holy Land into a dreary one – filled with anger and resentment.

Immediately afterwards, hundreds of white lilies bloomed in the skies. With celestial energy no longer being capable of locking down Dyon, he was free to teleport.

With a flash of his weapon's pagoda, every 10% clone was instantly graced with an identical scythe of domineering proportions.

The amount of soul stamina needed to not only create hundreds of clones, but to also sustain so many weapons, all while utilizing a one with heart supreme law was something few could fathom. And yet Dyon did it as easily as breathing.

If he didn't go all out... He wouldn't stand a single chance.

Patriarch Ragnor's laughter boomed through the beautiful inner world. "You truly are the best of the best. In terms of the younger generation, who could possibly have beaten you? To think that anyone doubted your first place position."

The praise coming from Patriarch Ragnor seemed completely out of place when compared to the savage light in his eyes, and yet he sounded so completely sincere.

"However..." The dark light in his eyes only grew with each passing second as arcs of lightning danced along his skin. "Even for you, it's thousands of years too early to challenge me!"

The inner world began to crackle with endless amounts of lightning. A stifling sense of danger caused the hairs on the back of Dyon's neck to stand, but he couldn't read what was going to happen!

Arcs of red appeared in an instant, mercilessly crashing into Dyon's clones and transmitting back a blood curdling pain to him.

It all happened in an instant and yet all Dyon could do was watch, wide-eyed, as every clone he had created – hundreds of clones! – disappeared right before his eyes, leaving only himself!

Patriarch Ragnor looked down on Dyon with contempt. "I can kill you as easily as I can snap my fingers. Did you really think such a petty trick would work?"

Dyon didn't seem to hear those words, as hundreds of lilies appeared even as Patriarch Ragnor finished his sentence.

Elder Daiyu only stood to the side, shaking his head, but not making a move to interfere. To use two celestial experts against a single meridian formation child was beneath him.

10% clones charged forward without fear, each wielding a wisp of death qi as they raged toward Patriarch Ragnor.

The amused expression on Patriarch Ragnor's features quickly turned to that of annoyance. He couldn't lock onto Dyon in the distance because the seal was interfering, and now Dyon was using his clones like he did his army – except the coordination was on a completely other level because they were Dyon!

There were no messages needed, nor was there any confusion.

Thousands of tiny arrays flew from Dyon's body and appeared in the air every second, teleporting and changing the position of his sprinting clones every moment.

His Asura's eye almost gave him God-like perspective on the battle field. He could see the slightest twitch of Patriarch Ragnor's muscles, resulting in him changing the position of his clones just in time to avoid the arcs of lightning.

When the clones reached Patriarch Ragnor, they were almost like mosquitoes, sending stinging death qi through the lightning before they died. Regardless of how weak Dyon was, a supreme law was a supreme law. Although Patriarch Ragnor had mastered his lightning intent to an astonishing 7th level, one with law, it was a mere elemental will. How could it block a supreme law at the intent level?

However... That was all it did. Without powerful attacks to match his supreme law, all Dyon could do was irritate Patriarch Ragnor. The damage was so negligible that it could hardly be called damage at all.

Patriarch Ragnor roared in anger. He was a first-grade celestial expert! His talent could look down on nearly every martial artist with complete disregard and disdain, and yet he was being annoyed by a meridian formation expert?

He stomped forward. "Since you want to hide, I'll come to you."

His speed was simply blinding. Even Dyon's 6th sense boosted with Asura's Imperial Eye didn't allow him to see the movements clearly. At most he saw a blur of lightning streaking toward him with unprecedented speed.

In less than a split second, Patriarch Ragnor had already bore down on Dyon, completely ignoring the clones.

"Since I can't kill you directly, I'll just cut off your legs and arms." Patriarch Ragnor's smile of amusement was back, almost as though he couldn't believe he allowed himself to be irritated by this child.

Suddenly, Patriarch Ragnor's smile froze as he noticed Dyon's look of panic shift into a smirk as he pointed upwards.

Patriarch Ragnor's eyes rounded out as he felt a shocking pressure suffocate him.

Brilliantly embroidered steps appeared in the air. It was a treasure shaped like a temple, with a set of stairs on all four sides, leading to an altar at the peak. This was none other than the Aurora Steps!

Dyon's soul pressure directly crushed Patriarch Ragnor to the ground. Even with Dyon's stamina, his face immediately paled by a shade, but the savage light in his eyes didn't fade as he watched the mighty Patriarch Ragnor fall to his hands and knees before him.

"Die!" Dyon's scythe swung, bathed in a dense black light.

However, there was something that Dyon seemed to forget in that moment.

Elder Daiyu had been watching silently all this time, but that didn't mean that he wasn't always prepared. Unlike Patriarch Ragnor, he had long since learned to not underestimate Dyon from their very first encounter in the Elvin Kingdom.

He appeared behind Dyon and outside the range of the Aurora Steps, raising his hand with a solemn expression on his features.

"I have no choice... Forgive me."

Chapter 605: Well...

Dyon smirked, "No one forgot about you, stupid old man."

Dyon had little respect for people who gave up all of their morals for the sake of fear or power. Elder Daiyu was clearly remorseful about many things, but what did that have to do with Dyon? Remorseful or not, he still had every intention of killing Dyon.

That meant that this man was willing to not only toss away his own moral code, but he also wanted to cause irreparable pain to Dyon's friends and family? In fact, he already had! Dyon wouldn't forgive that.

Even more disgustingly ironic was the fact this man probably found it beneath him to team up against a meridian formation expert just moments ago, but as soon as he saw Patriarch Ragnor in a predicament, he didn't hesitate to jump in.

Elder Daiyu remained oblivious to Dyon's reaction. After all, he couldn't see Dyon's face from behind him.

A sword of fire qi extended from his hand in an instant. All of his daos had fallen to the will level, but that didn't mean that his proficiency wasn't much more impressive than most others.

However, because of the damage to his soul, he often kept his wills to the lowest level possible and refrained from using them for extended periods of time. Since wills heavily relied on the soul for stamina of use, this made sense.

Just like that, Patriarch Ragnor could only watch as a scythe coated in unyielding death qi made way for his head, all while Elder Daiyu aimed to cut Dyon's scythe wielding arms off with a single swift motion.

One a blazing heat... And the other an eerie cold...

Dyon's smirk deepened, moments before Elder Daiyu's blade reached him, his eyes flashed with gold, causing his trump card to appear in an instant.

A 20-meter-tall puppet with domineering aura appeared between Dyon's back and Elder Daiyu, shocking the old man. He had no idea that Dyon had a second! In fact, he didn't have any idea of Dyon having even a single one. When would Patriarch Ragnor have had time to tell him something like that? In fact, Patriarch Ragnor wouldn't have seen a reason to. To him, Dyon had left his puppet behind!

Elder Daiyu was caught completely unawares.

Dyon's soul immediately connected to the puppet, blooming its power to its peak 4th celestial stage. Something Elder Daiyu had no chance of matching!

The sword swung out viciously, sending a tempest of winds through toward the old man and shattering his fire blade in an instant.

Blood spewed from Elder Daiyu's mouth as he flew back kilometers at a time, his arms completely shattered.

The vicious light in Dyon's eyes didn't disappear as he tried to slice off Patriarch Ragnor's head completely in the next moment.

However... What should have been a perfect opportunity collapsed.

Because Dyon had been forced to divert his soul power to controlling the puppet, the pressure on Patriarch Ragnor had dissipated just enough for him to regain his senses and fly backward, panting heavily.

Dyon's scythe just missed the top of his head, dripping with only the smallest bit of blood after the exchange.

Patriarch Ragnor shook with rage as he raised a hand to the top of his head. He stared in abject shock as his hand came back matted with red blood and sliced blond hair.

Dyon immediately cut off his soul from the aurora steps. After just that brief exchange that should have only lasted a fraction of a second, he already felt like his soul was on the verge of being completely depleted again.

However, he was lucky that he was correct. His soul was strong enough to affect Patriarch Ragnor.

At first, Dyon had been really worried. Even with the height of his 6th sense, he couldn't see through Patriarch Ragnor's soul strength at all!

Usually this meant that the opponent he was facing had vastly higher soul strength as compared to him, and this would have made sense too. After all, as a peak celestial grade expert, Patriarch Ragnor must have spent hundreds of years, if not thousands, in the celestial level. With him having that much time, and being just a step away from dao formation, how could he really only have a saint or lower stage soul?

But, with how drastically he reacted to being pressured by Dyon's soul, he had to have a weaker soul. Which meant he was likely using a treasure to hide his true soul strength. Dyon had heard of these from his master's memories. Since one of the best ways to protect your soul was by protecting its true level from others, it made sense that experts would have something like this.

Blood seeped from Patriarch Ragnor's lips from the tremendous pressure his soul had just felt. "Ha..." He laughed to himself, "Good... Good... You've succeeded in angering me!"

In the distance, Elder Daiyu slowly stood, twisting the odd angles of his arms back into place. His arms were still broken, but he of course needed them to be in place properly so they can heal.

Dyon noticed this but didn't seem too surprised.

One might be confused. After all, Matriarch Niveus had higher cultivation than Elder Daiyu and had faced off against a weaker puppet, and yet she was only able to survive due to burning her blood essence. So, why was Elder Daiyu standing as though nothing had happened and casually shifting his broken arms?

Dyon laughed, mocking Elder Daiyu, "To think the mighty Black Jade Dragons would be the first of their prideful species to lower their heads to another. How pitiful. It's too bad my master sealed most of your beast forms."

Elder Daiyu said nothing as he calmly looked at Dyon from the distance. But, it was clear that despite his usual appearance, a rage was building in his eyes. The sealing of their beast forms was a complete humiliation!

"Since you said most, you should know that there were some beast forms that still exist to this day... And sometimes... It's best not to provoke those beasts..."

Elder Daiyu's body began to enlarge as domineering black scales sprung into existence along his body.

His clothes tore away from him as a mighty roar escaped from his lips for the first time in centuries.

Dyon could only chuckle bitterly as he watched a majestic dragon snake through the skies for hundreds of meters, domineering horns protruding from its forehead.

The world around them shook, trembling under the sheer arrogance of the Black Jade Dragon.

"Well..." Dyon looked between the fuming peak celestial with arcs of red lightning dancing along his body and the roaring dragon. "Nothing about this is going to be easy..."

Chapter 606: Deserved

At the entrance of the cave, Lionel's pupils narrowed into tiny pin holes as 3000 oppressive auras bore down on the Belmont Holy Land. Their auras alone was like a spiraling typhoon. The air was vibrated to their call and the atmosphere turned heavy.

"Mistress Sacharro." The voices resounded in unison, awaiting Ri's command.

Ri was immediately heavily protected by ten saint demon generals. Even if Lionel had the mind to attack now, it would be completely futile.

All of Lionel's plans had been predicated on Ri having little support to rely on. After all, the current Daiyu had enough to launch an attack on a Royal God Clan! Whether King Belmont was present or not was irrelevant, that didn't change the fact that the Belmonts had hundreds of saint level elders, and thousands of essence gathering experts. Not all of them were of pure Belmont blood, but how could a Royal God Clan not have protectors?

And yet, the Daiyu were able to win. Why would Lionel ever think that Ri had a chance to put up a fight? He had even gone out of his way to stealthily send a message to his wife, Evelyn, to have her come as well. If he hadn't been afraid of King Acacia noticing something was off, or the war being tipped too far away from their favor, he would have asked the Aumens to come too.

Lionel was calm and calculating by nature. He rarely took risks. If they weren't currently fighting a battle, there's no question he would have called for more reinforcements.

But, regardless of how calculating you claimed to be, how could you ever consider the idea of a mere meridian formation expert having a thousand saints at his beck and call!? In fact, the number was even higher than that now. At the beginning, Dyon had a thousand lower essence gathering experts, a thousand higher, and another thousand lower saints. However, with all of the resources he had been pouring into his demon generals, and how they did nothing but train, eat and sleep all day – couple all of that with their unprecedented talent – and how could hundreds of higher essence gathering experts not have already stepped into saint hood? The number of saints Dyon had in his army was closer to 1500 as opposed to 1000!

That wasn't even mentioning the improvement in the lower essence gathering experts.

It was simply an army of demons.

"Priority number one is to capture him." Ri pointed toward Lionel, completely ignoring and not bothering to care for Evelyn. "The second is to subdue the Daiyu.

"Vice commanders will maintain their positions."

Unfortunately, there hadn't been a reason for Dyon to organize his saint demon generals into organized factions. However, because he had already chosen ten vice commanders, even if they were weaker, it was best that they continue to lead.

They were all practically a large group of brothers and sisters, there was no pettiness among them. No one batted an eye to Ri's order as a swarm of experts organized into a perfect formation of warriors in the sky, staring down at the disorganized Daiyu and Niveus with disdain.

"You ten stay with me." Ri said.

As soon as Ri had made priority number one clear, a mass of saint energy had locked onto Lionel's position. Much less think of escaping, he couldn't even move his lips.

Because he had been so sure of himself, he had revealed himself in a disadvantageous position. He had the cave entrance to his back, but to his front was Ri. He was completely cut off from the Daiyu with only Chenglei and Evelyn by his sides!

The confused gazes of the Daiyu immediately turned furious. They were a former Emperor God Clan! The pride of dragons ran through their veins regardless of the fact it was sealed within many of them. Were they really being threatened by a 18-year-old girl?!

The truth was that Ri's position wasn't perfect either. Because of the area they were in, she had been forced to summon many of their forces in the air. She stood on a narrow path with nine demon generals to her front, and a single to the back, maintaining a lock on Chenglei, Evelyn and Lionel.

It was clear to everyone what the Daiyu would have to do if they wanted to salvage the situation. They could ill afford to divert much attention to the enemies in the air. If they wanted to win, they would have to take the head and force the rest to submit.

Attack Ri!

**

In the space above Earth, the battle of celestials was still raging onward.

However, with each passing moment, something was shifting within Patia-Neva.

The more King Clyte rained insults down upon him and his beloved Sofia, the more his determination to make it up to his wife increased.

The heart of one's comprehension had to be built on your own reality. The entity wasn't lying to Dyon when he said that many had easier paths to follow, and those paths coincided with this reality and drastically changed on a person by person basis.

Some had talent so overwhelming that ignoring the easier paths to tread more difficult and desirable path was possible. Some were willing to sacrifice hardship and pain to forge ahead in a path with greater ease. However, there was no question that following your own heart made you the strongest version of yourself – and usually also did so on a much smoother path.

This was the kind of enlightenment that Patia-Neva was currently undergoing. He had forged this path before, all he needed to do was rebuild his foundation and he could skyrocket upwards.

He could think of nothing else than spending the rest of his life making up for his evils. He didn't want forgiveness, nor did he want sympathy, he only wanted the opportunity to work himself to the bone to give his wife and daughter the lives they deserved.

Chapter 607: Right Toward

On Earth, within the arena the world tournament had one been taking place in, a heated war was still taking place.

After Dyon was taken away, the lull in battles was shattered which was what allowed the Niveus to slip away in the chaos.

The Planet Nix members had closed themselves off, using darkness type treasures to enclose their area to lie in wait for Dyon. They had a feeling that the source they had come to this universe to look for would be found much easier with his help. The only problem was whether or not he would survive...

As for the Shruti, they were long gone. Not a single trace of their existence in this universe remained. In fact, Planet Mino, the body they claimed to come from, seemed to be uplifted from a dream life state. However, all memories of this mysterious Shruti clan disappeared as well...

Behind the warring lines drawn by the Ragnor, the auxiliary clans were in a heated discussion, completely protected by the Ragnor warriors as well as a good amount of slaves. Who else would they be fighting so adamantly if not the Pakals?

"What use is there in any of you if you can't do your job?!" Matriarch Ipsum raged. She had been in a terrible mood all week. After Dyon humiliated her granddaughter, how could she not feel this way? In fact, Iris had still not woken up from her coma – plus, even if she did, she would likely be crippled for life unless they took drastic measures!

She was currently screaming at a calm looking old man with long, flowing white hair and a moustache so white that it was almost transparent as it waved in front of his long robes.

This person was none other than the Saeclum clan Patriarch – a clan of soul cultivation experts that were experts in utilizing the long lost Elvin technique to see the future... Although it ultimately cost their lives.

"I am fully aware that esteemed Patriarch Ragnor brought us two auxiliary clans to this universe for a reason, however, how many of my fellow clansman have died during this time? We have already divined this day's absolute victory, what else could you possibly want from us other than simple scouting support?"

Matriarch Ipsum's face twisted with anger, "You also said that we wouldn't taste defeat! How is losing a celestial level ally not defeat?!"

The old man's brow furrowed at this.

After witnessing Dyon cause a celestial to fall into desperate straights, even he too questioned himself. But, how could a technique that required their lives to utilize be so easily proven wrong? There were too many interpretations possible to assume that not tasting defeat meant not losing powerful allies.

"All that matters is that the end premonition is clear. Victory for us. We never claimed to understand the inner workings of how we would achieve this victory.

"It's best that you focus on the reason the Ipsum clan is here for in the first place." Patriarch Saeclum replied calmly.

"Hmph, you don't need to worry about that. With every death that accumulates, they'll only dig their own graves deeper!"

**

The battle between Dyon and the two celestials was also reaching a fever pitch.

Maybe it was for pride, or to save face, but Patriarch Ragnor and Elder Daiyu never seemed to use any real techniques. They limited themselves to simple wills and utilizing their superior cultivation to pressure Dyon.

This was also likely because they were wary of what treasures Dyon might still be hiding, in addition to the fact that if they killed Dyon, all of their work would have been meaningless. Since Dyon's soul had yet to reach the celestial level, and they didn't have access to the methods give to Dyon by his grand teacher, it was impossible for them to save his soul if he died.

However, the pressure placed on a meridian formation expert when facing off against even one celestial would be stifling to the point of despair, let alone two!

Dyon's stamina was rapidly draining as he was forced to push his 6th sense and Asura's Imperial Eye to their utmost to even be capable of reading Patriarch Ragnor's movements.

If it wasn't for the Aurora Steps that hung above his head, the sovereign roars of Elder Daiyu in addition to his claws would have long since torn Dyon to shreds.

With so many years of battle experience between the two of them, when they decided to be cautious, the consequences for Dyon could be imagined. He was like an animal caught in a trap. They simply were simply waiting until his stamina couldn't hold out any longer before they made their move.

Patriarch Ragnor no longer dared to get close to Dyon, but his arcs of red lightning constantly bombarded the celestial barrier Dyon used his puppet to put up. He was clearly holding back his power to force Dyon to pour more into repairing the shield. If he blasted all the way through, Dyon would simply die.

Even if Dyon was hundreds of times as fast, he wouldn't be able to dodge Patriarch Ragnor's lightning will. His face could only continuously drain itself of color as he tapped into his soul strength again and again.

"How pathetic." Dyon sneered through gritted teeth. "Two celestials using such tactics against a nineteen-year-old boy. Your ancestors must be looking down with proud eyes."

The relaxed expression on Patriarch Ragnor's face had long since disappeared. He too found this to be too shameful, but the fear of his soul nearly collapsing was weighing on his mind.

Because the Ragnors often used disgusting means to improve their cultivation – so as to avoid tribulation lightning – much of Patriarch Ragnor's cultivation was artificial. As such, he hadn't progressed naturally, which resulted in his soul being much weaker than those who achieved his cultivation by normal means. In fact, Dyon highly doubted that Patriarch Ragnor was truly a peak celestial. He was more accurately of some lower cultivation, but capable of outputting the power of a peak celestial. Those two descriptions were much different, and one was clearly much more impressive than the other.

Elder Daiyu roared, sending another column of fire toward Dyon.

Gritting his teeth, Dyon controlled the Aurora Steps to once again block, shifting his puppet to quickly attack Elder Daiyu at his seemingly vulnerable massive chin.

Dyon disappeared in a wave of flames and under the dragon's long snaking body, attacking without mercy.

However, Elder Daiyu had seen this tactic one too many times.

With a swipe of his ferocious claws, Dyon's barrier threatened to collapse as he was sent flying away along with his puppet... Right toward Patriarch Ragnor!

Chapter 608: Afford

Blood flew from Dyon's mouth as he pushed himself to repair the barrier.

He had to force himself to stay focused. The Aurora Steps that had been blocking Elder Daiyu, whipped toward himself. If he lost the only method of keeping Patriarch Ragnor at bay, the consequences were clear.

Even within the celestial energy barrier, the force of being snapped about at speeds only possible by celestials was disorienting and jarring. Dyon felt his body nearly shearing apart as space around him threatened to shatter completely.

Dyon was forced to bring the barrier as close to his body as possible. If he lost control of his body and slammed against it, he would die from the very thing meant to protect him!

Patriarch Ragnor immediately noticed Dyon's desperate attempt to keep him in check with the aurora steps. However, as a celestial expert, his battle sense was nearly unparalleled. He knew very well how taxing it was for Dyon to use that treasure, and, even if he did, he would be leaving himself open for Elder Daiyu!

Reaching this conclusion, he no longer hesitated.

An arm of domineering lightning reached toward Dyon's flying figure. It was clear to anyone with half a thought that a barrier created by a mere 4th stage celestial would completely shatter under this oppressive power.

Even to Dyon, this arm was nothing but a blur, careening through space. To make matters worse, Elder Daiyu's blow was too fierce for Dyon to change direction quickly.

Dyon quickly sent out hundreds of tiny teleportation arrays, hoping one would make it through the pincers of these two celestials.

However, a strange glint flashed in Elder Daiyu's large reptilian eyes. His jaws opened, but there was no domineering fire blast. There was only a deafening rage that shook Dyon to his very soul!

The world around them trembled, causing Dyon's arrays to immediately shatter with no chance of survival.

In that moment, Dyon became clear on the power of celestials. He hadn't witnessed his world burn when Matriarch Niveus released her final attack. But right now, he was seeing this first hand!

Dyon lost control of not only his arrays, but his ability to use all wills. If his soul wasn't as powerful as it was, he would have lost consciousness as soon as the sound entered his ears.

'Hmph.' An ancient voice entered Dyon's ears, dispelling all of the ill effects and pressure. Unfortunately, that didn't change the fact that he had lost control of all of the surrounding space. He even felt his connection with the Aurora Steps severed for an instant, drastically slowing its speed!

'Such a weak dragon soul dares to roar at me?!'

The anger in the Dragon King's voice was nearly overpowered by his overbearing arrogance. To him, Elder Daiyu's Black Jade form might as well have not been a dragon at all. And yet it dared to be so arrogant in front of him, the Dragon King?!

Dyon didn't have much time to think about it. In the time it took for all of this to happen, he had flown a far distance and now he was only a body length away from Patriarch Ragnor!

'I need you!' Dyon grit his teeth. He had never used the Dragon King's weapon like this, but if his information was correct, it should work.

The truth was that the defenses of the Puppet were far superior to its offensive capabilities. Even if ten Patriarch Ragnors attacked it simultaneously, he wouldn't be able to destroy it. But, the problem was that Dyon was sitting on its head! Regardless of the defenses of the puppet, it wasn't as though Dyon was inside of it!

The Scythe in Dyon's hand immediately morphed to his command, covering his entire back in a domineering scaled armor. In an instant, Dyon was covered from head to toe in a blazing knight's armor so dark that it reflected no light whatsoever.

Not even a fraction of a second later, Patriarch Ragnor's hand slammed through the barrier. He was certain that if he grasped hold of Dyon, seal or not, he would be able to lock him down. But, the truth was different than what he expected. His celestial energy wasn't able to pierce through Dyon's armor at all!

Patriarch Ragnor frowned, but settled down after realizing he still had Dyon's neck in his hand. What did it matter now?

Dyon coughed violently, his inner organs nearly jarring loose from the abrupt stop in his momentum.

He was tired beyond belief. The battle had only be going for maybe five minutes, and yet he had used nearly everything, only to still be so helpless.

Patriarch Ragnor immediately moved to cripple Dyon. No matter how determined this child was, as long as he no longer had arms or legs, what would anything matter anymore? They could then take their time to properly extract Dyon's soul.

A light chuckle escaped Patriarch Ragnor's lips, "All that just to lose in 5 minutes."

Dyon felt a grip on his arm as it was lightly held up. "Should I take your left arm first? Or your right?"

The puppet beneath Dyon's feet spun with a vicious speed and endless killing intent. The green grass beneath its feet were burnt to oblivion under the torque, completely incapable of withstanding its movement.

However, Patriarch Ragnor didn't seem to care. In fact, this movement seemed incomparably slow to him.

With a sneer, he watched the twin swords swing toward his side, not moving an inch.

Just when it seemed like the puppet was about to slam into him, he moved with speed Dyon only sensed as a blur. With a swift jerk of Dyon's arm, he used it to block!

A blood curdling roar escaped Dyon's lips. Everything had happened much too quickly for him to stop his puppet's motion. Patriarch Ragnor's movements were already difficult enough for him to follow, let alone dealing with such a subtle and small movement.

Dyon felt the bones of his left arm shatter almost completely.

However, this only caused Patriarch Ragnor to frown... Because the armor that coated Dyon didn't have so much as a scratch on it! It took the full force of a celestial without even a white mark! If Dyon's body wasn't so weak, he would have been completely undamaged!

Dyon's ragged breaths filled the silent atmosphere as his arm hung limply to his side.

Elder Daiyu watched Patriarch Ragnor tighten his grip on Dyon's neck from a distance. He had relaxed because he thought there was no way Dyon could survive this. As long as Patriarch Ragnor caused Dyon to pass out, the Aurora Steps would mean nothing. But, who knew Dyon's armor would be so domineering?!

Patriarch Ragnor immediately knew that no matter how hard he pulled on Dyon's arm, he wouldn't be able to rip it off. His only option was to bludgeon Dyon and shatter his bones, it would take more time, but it was possible!

However, just as that thought process completed, a domineering aura swept over Patriarch Ragnor causing his eyes to widen.

'The steps!' Patriarch Ragnor immediately released Dyon's neck, careening backwards to avoid having his soul slammed into again. By the time he realized it was simply a feint, he was too far to regret his actions.

Dyon coughed as he fell onto the head of his celestial puppet, cradling his shattered arm.

His energy was threatening to collapse, only being held together by a faint string of will power.

He almost didn't understand why he felt so lethargic... Until his attention turned to the armor that covered him completely...

The Dragon King's weapon had given off the air of a Spiritual weapon from the very first moments he had met it. But now? It was without a doubt emanating the energy of a supreme level weapon...

Unfortunately... Dyon's stamina couldn't afford that kind of drain...

Chapter 609: This Was... ?!

Under normal circumstances, Dyon could make use of even Spiritual level weapons without much of a drain. However, this wasn't because transcendent weapons were easy to use. More accurately, it was because beings below the celestial stage couldn't use Spiritual level weapons to their greatest degree.

There was no question that using a Spiritual level weapon was better than using a grandmaster or lesser weapon. However, what was important to note was that this was mostly because of the quality of the weapon as opposed to anything else. For example, pouring a set amount of energy into a master

weapon will always have better effects than pouring that same amount of energy into a common level weapon.

This was why using Spiritual level weapons wasn't taxing – because you could always choose how much energy you used.... Usually.

The important point to note here was that this was only the case for attack category weapons. Essentially, any category of weapons where you take the initiative to do something with the treasure. The problem was that defensive treasures were completely different. Yes, a Spiritual defensive treasure would be far better at defending than a grandmaster defensive treasure. However, the difference lied in how much impact they could withstand.

If a grandmaster level weapon took the full brunt force of a 4th stage celestial like Dyon just had, it would have shattered on contact because it simply can't withstand that level of damage. But, a supreme level treasure could! The problem was that to do so, it had to take energy away from Dyon in order to support itself!

Dyon's Dragon King weapon had shattered one of its seal on its own in order to climb to the supreme level and block the attack that threatened Dyon's arm. But, it only dared to take enough energy to block a percentage of the attack, causing the rest to shatter the bones in Dyon's arm. If it had taken enough to block the attack entirely, Dyon would have lost consciousness immediately!

Only the highest levels of defensive treasures, powered by the best of cores, could defend without the need for its user's energy. However, in Dyon's experience, the only thing he had come across capable of doing such a thing were his Aurora Steps.

There were two main paths to weapon smithing. One was the common path, and the other was a legendary path. Those with blacksmithing talent were as rare as those with array alchemy talent considering they were two professions built on the soul and the use of an aurora. And yet, even in that rare population, it was even rarer to find those with talent capable of following the legendary path.

The common path was a path all of Dyon's weapons followed – except for the 33 heavens weapons. It was a path that necessitated the user to use their own energy to make use of the weapon. The legendary path was one that could rely on the power of the heavens to power the weapon. The weapons of the 33 heavens followed a pseudo legendary path. Part of their functions relied on the user, while other parts relied on the heavens.

In modern times, forging legendary path treasures was very rare – and even when they occurred, they would be lower level treasures on the master or grandmaster level. However, there were many who found a means of imitating this path by making use of 'cores'. These cores would replace the heavens by providing energy that made it seem like the user didn't need to make use of their own energy. However, the requirements for this core increased exponentially with along with the quality of the weapon. Finding a core capable of powering the Dragon King's weapon would be more difficult than finding another weapon of the 33 heavens.

The truth was that there would be practically no better core to use than the Dragon King's faith seed. However, why would the Dragon King have followed that path of weapon construction? After all, in the past, he would have wanted his faith seed free so that he could take control of the minds of those who dared to use him as a weapon. And with the Dragon King no longer corporal in this world, the number of weapon smiths capable of modifying a weapon of a grade even Dyon couldn't measure might be 0!

It should be noted that creating a legendary path weapon would be as difficult as becoming a transcendent... Even if it was a mere practitioner level weapon.

The fact that the 33 most powerful weapons in the cosmos, were only of the pseudo legendary path should tell all.

With each ascending weapon level, from commoner, to practitioner, to master and so on, the level of skill needed to create a weapon that followed the legendary path continued to transcend to more and more impossible levels. It wouldn't be surprising if a weapon smith that had forged transcendent level weapons before to have a common level weapon of the legendary path be their most prized possession.

Dyon, of course, knew all of this. This was why he wasn't surprised when his arm shattered despite the domineering nature of his armor. Because of how amazing the Dragon King weapon was, it could negate much of the celestial level cultivation. But, Dyon would still have to withstand peak saint power with his own body!

That would be even more devastating for him if it was Patriarch Ragnor attacked him personally because his cultivation was far superior to his puppet...

'Just how many seals are there on you?' Dyon thought. He could feel that although the Dragon King had shattered a seal to become a supreme level weapon in that instant, he still had more seals to go...

'If I undid those seals now, you would directly pass out. However, I'll help you out a bit because that arrogant little lizard in the air has succeeded in angering me.' The ancient voice boomed in Dyon's mind as he slowly stood.

Suddenly, a formless pressure that caused Dyon's eyes to contract covered battle field.

Elder Daiyu's eyes widened as he trembled. His blood became chaotic. "Impossible!"

Even Patriarch Ragnor couldn't believe what he feeling right now. It was much weaker than it would be if a true celestial released it... But, this was a rudimentary domain!?

Chapter 610: White Heat

'No... This is...' Elder Daiyu continued to tremble. His blood was boiling to the extent that he couldn't stand to stay in his beast form anymore. He had to grit his teeth to endure because without this form, he was far too susceptible to damage!

The reason why Matriarch Niveus died in a single strike, yet he hadn't, was precisely because he had a robust body provided by being a draconic blood.

One might begin to wonder just how the Dragon King swept over the cosmos after reviving himself again and again. After all, often time, those who took the bodies of would be weak compared to the peak most experts of the time.

Even if you said the Dragon King simply had superior comprehension, that wasn't enough of an explanation. Why? Because comprehension is one thing, but being able to utilize it is a completely separate matter. For example, even if you mastered an intent, if you reincarnated into the body of a foundation stage expert, you'd be asking to die if you used it. Only the body of an essence gatherer, or someone with a body comparably strong, can withstand the use of an intent.

This same logic applied for most things those of higher cultivation had access to.

The truth of the matter was found in the ability the Dragon King just released. The very same ability that Elder Daiyu had used to seize control of the surrounding space and disallow the use of opposing wills and arrays. A domain exclusive to the mighty dragon race. The Dragon Soul!

A Dragon Soul wasn't an actual soul. Instead, it was a domineering domain caused by projecting out their unparalleled bloodline, imposing a suppression on all things in their range. The only reason it was called a Dragon Soul was because it embodied the very essence of what it meant to be a dragon. Arrogance without bounds! A philosophy that sank into their very bones and proliferated throughout all of their legacies.

When the Dragon King overtook a body, he had no problems unleashing this power in its entirety because he would no longer be bound by the laws that made him a weapon. However, as he was a weapon now and he had purposefully not forged himself toward the legendary path, he could only output power based on what Dyon could handle.

It was clear that his supreme stage form was too much for Dyon considering how he collapsed after blocking that attack. Therefore, the Dragon King reverted to a Spiritual level, placing his domain to the rudimentary level.

However, this was massively beneficial to Dyon! The laws within hundreds of meters of him suddenly became tens of times more difficult for his enemies to use. And the added bonus was a direct suppression toward Elder Daiyu for being of inferior bloodline potency!

Dyon chuckled bitterly, 'You could have done this earlier you know. Do you like seeing your master struggle?'

The Dragon King didn't respond. It was impossible for him to disobey Dyon's orders in his weapon form, but taking the initiative to help was something he didn't have to do because that required the sentience of his soul to come into play. He himself was still confused about why Dyon was able to wield him without resistance, however, words could not express how pissed off his main body was in the Transcended plane. If the true Dragon King ever met Dyon, he'd incinerate him on the spot.

If Dyon knew this, he'd only be able to shake his head helplessly. Now he had three transcents he needed to avoid. He had to make sure Kukan and Amethyst never found out he had their primordial yins, and he had to make sure the Dragon King never found him. Fantastic.

An arc of lightning careened toward Dyon. Evidently Patriarch Ragnor wanted to test out this aura of Dyon's.

In an instant, Dyon's arm guard grew into a scythe, giving him a pleasant surprise. He could maintain his armor and use a weapon at the same time!

Death qi graced his curved blade as he leaped backward, trying to parry the lightning off to the side.

But, that was when something astonishing happened... The lightning disintegrated on contact!

Before this, Dyon's death intent, despite being at the second level, could do nothing against Patriarch Ragnor's lightning will despite being the superior will. This was because Patriarch Ragnor's lightning was at the 7th intent level!

But this rudimentary domain... It made it fall to the 4th level! A supreme law could without a doubt make up for a 2-level difference if it was compared to a normal elemental intent.

Dyon's eyes widened with shock, 'A 3 stage drop?!' A flash of hope lit in Dyon's eyes. 'I can take out Elder Daiyu if my stamina can keep up!'

There was no doubt that the strain on Dyon's soul had increased even further. In fact, he felt like collapsing where he stood. But, whenever thoughts like that crossed his mind, a deep seeded hatred would take over and black flames would burn them to ashes.

These were the people who destroyed his home. These were the people who caused the death of his parents. These were the people trying to take him away from his friends... His wives... He wouldn't stand for it!

Dyon's eyes flashed as he sent the Aurora Steps flying toward Patriarch Ragnor's stunned figure. Without a shred of hesitation, he spurred his puppet forward. He had to take advantage of this rudimentary domain while he could.

Elder Daiyu's Dragon Soul could only last the time it took to finish a single roar. Dyon might have even less time than that!

This was life or death. If he couldn't take out at least one of them, there would be no hope.

However, Dyon knew his weakness. Despite having a puppet the level of a celestial expert, it couldn't use wills on the level of a celestial expert. After all, it was a puppet!

Usually, it was nigh impossible to use the puppet's full attack power and use wills powerful enough to make a difference in its attack strength. But, if Dyon didn't go all out now, it would all mean nothing!

Elder Daiyu's body trembled under the domain, still trying to control the flow of his blood. It was almost like he didn't notice Dyon careening toward him at speeds only possible for a stage 4 celestial.

The twin swords of Dyon's puppets roared to life. One was coated with a blazing white flame, emanating unmatched purity, wanting nothing more than to cleanse everything in its path. The other came coated with a corrosive black flame, dancing with death qi.

Patriarch Ragnor wanted to blast the aurora steps away, thinking it was yet another faint. And yet, he was wrong! When Dyon decided to do something, he would do so without reserve. He was really holding nothing back in this attack!

A blazing soul pressure descended from the skies, trampling on Patriarch Ragnor and causing him to scream out in pain as he felt his soul sheering apart.

The puppet's twin swords slammed together, causing light and dark to swirl around each other vigorously. A blazing tornado of domineering flames charged toward Elder Daiyu relentlessly.

Blood seeped from Dyon lips as all color drained from his face immediately.

"DEVOUR!" He roared.

An explosion of epic proportion bombarded the massive body of Elder Daiyu...

An explosion so large that it blanketed everything in an opaque white heat...