

The Nameless 611

Chapter 611: Entirely

Even Dyon himself had yet to fully understand exactly what the flames that flickered in his manifestation meant. However, what he did know was that somehow... His white flames far surpassed his celestial will in terms of purity!

If it wasn't for these white flames, Dyon very well might be dead.

A couple months ago, when Ri had first placed the soul tome on his chest, effectively cleansing his soul of the Ipsum family crystalline will, his body was still in a very tough position. Maybe if he had had the supreme law version of celestial will, he would have been safe. But, at the time, it was obvious that that wasn't a possibility – in fact, Dyon still didn't know that such a thing was possible.

However, Dyon's saving grace was the fact that his soul had broken into saint levels that very day! Because of that, his manifestation had unlocked the image of a white flame.

At first, he wasn't sure what it was exactly. But, he got a sense that it just might help him. And in the end, he was right!

Over the course of that time, Dyon learned something else. Although his white and black flames were powerful on their own, they seemed to reach a next level of power when combined with wills that matched their affinity.

His white flames with his celestial will.

His black flames with his death will.

He became a perfect balance of yin and yang the very day his soul burst to the saint level. Because of that, he had even been able to combine wills with greater ease! During his fight with Saru, he seemed to be able to reach 3rd and 4th level fusions he had never reached before! Somehow, Dyon was able to replicate the effects of Evelyn's Eternity's Balance, without needing her primordial yin or having the constitution himself!

The path toward understanding one's manifestation was a long and arduous one. It's one of the main reason Unique Type Techniques were only used by the poor or absolute geniuses in the Elvin Kingdom. However, it seemed the more Dyon learned about his manifestation, the more in awe he became!

Without a prior reference, Dyon's flames were likely the first of their kind in the entire universe. Flames borne of the talents of billions of people...

Dyon called them...

Origin Flames!

Elder Daiyu's roars of agony filled the once tranquil inner world.

The combination of an ultimate cleanser matched with ultimate erosion can be imagined. Both wanted to erase, and both were backed by the powerful swing of a 4th stage celestial! Couple that with the fact that Elder Daiyu had been trembling under the Dragon King's rudimentary domain and the results could be imagined!

Pools of dense crimson showered the land as Elder Daiyu lost his ability to maintain his bestial form.

Under the blinding cacophonic booms, his large body disappeared in a wave of flames.

"AAAGGGHHH," Dyon grabbed his chest with one hand, grasping at his head with another. He felt as though his entire body was threatening to collapse on him.

His soul tore under the strain he put it under, causing the pressure that had been holding down Patriarch Ragnor to immediately dissipate. Even worse, it was no longer possible for Dyon to maintain the Dragon King weapon's armor form. Nor could he maintain the rudimentary domain anymore. Except for the puppet he had been forced to cut his connection from and the Aurora Steps that were currently flying back to his position, Dyon had nothing!

Without him controlling the puppet, it was a mere saint level puppet. And, without his soul stamina, the aurora steps were just a glorified shield...

Dyon couldn't believe the excruciating pain he was under. He was someone that had endured his entire body being broken down and reformed. He was someone who had spent 2 months having his organs eaten away at by an artificial will. And yet it was this pain that made him want to never have to feel again!

This was the first time Dyon had forcibly fused such high-level wills. Death qi was a supreme law! By every bit of logic, fusing it with something else should be completely impossible! In fact, many supreme laws are already the fusion of many wills. Void will, for example, fuses space with various destructive and darkness type wills. So, imagine what level a will would reach if you were fusing an already formed supreme law, with another will that was a mere inch away from becoming a supreme law!

The kind of strain on the soul that placed couldn't be questioned... And yet Dyon went and did this all while using a weapon of the 33 heavens and while controlling his celestial level puppet. How he was still conscious was a testament to his mental fortitude and the stress his soul could undergo. However, truth be told, had Dyon not added devour with the last bit of his strength to replenish his soul at least in part, him maintaining his consciousness might have been nothing more than a dream.

In the distance, Patriarch Ragnor lifted his head up to look at the scene before him. The deep shock was evident on his face, but when he saw Dyon writhing on the ground, he relaxed knowing that this was all coming to an end soon.

There was no doubt that Elder Daiyu was heavily injured by that last blow. However, Dyon clearly took a heavy blow too!

Dyon was in so much pain that he completely ignored the fact the bones in his left arm had been shattered previously, instead using it to grasp onto his own head so tightly that blood ran down from his nails. He didn't know where it hurt. It just felt like every fiber of his being was in pain!

Patriarch Ragnor stood, dusting the dirt from his knees. "To think a child would push me so far..."

His lips could only twitch as the dust settled around Elder Daiyu. The mighty black jade dragon... Had lost an entire arm! In fact, that wasn't enough to describe what had happened. If not for the vigorous life force of Dragons and their robust healing capabilities, Elder Daiyu would likely be finished. Not only was his arm gone, a large portion of his shoulder and rib cage were completely mangled.

However, after coughing up mouths full of blood, he slowly stood before forcefully sealing his veins and arteries to stop the bleeding.

In all this time, neither the stamina of Patriarch Ragnor nor Elder Daiyu had taken even the slightest bit of a hit. They could go on for days if need be.

But Dyon?... He was tapped out entirely...

Chapter 612: Once Again

Elder Daiyu dragged his feet, hardly being capable of movement. But, for some reason, the fire in his eyes had been lit. He had felt that pressure once before. It was the pressure that started all of this! If it wasn't for that weapon, the Daiyu would never be in this situation because he would have been the one to marry the 25th White Mother!

"You... I'll kill you!" Elder Daiyu roared before falling into a fit of coughing up blood. The arteries and veined he had just closed seemed intent on bursting apart. If he didn't calm himself, he would lose control of his body.

He wasn't being even remotely rational at this point. Even Patriarch Ragnor was confused – but, he dismissed it immediately thinking that Elder Daiyu was just angry because he was so severely injured by a member of the younger generation. How could Patriarch Ragnor know anything about the legend of the Dragon King? To him, Dyon just had some amazing treasures.

To Elder Daiyu, though, they weren't struggling because of Dyon at all, because Dyon was gone the moment he took up the weapon. He wouldn't believe that Dyon grasped control of the Dragon King's weapon, nor would he listen to such an explanation.

How many thousands of dragons and qilins had once tried to conquer this weapon? All of them vastly more powerful than Dyon. Why would he accept such a thing?!

This was the first time Elder Daiyu lost himself in anger. This entire time, Dyon could tell that he was holding back and being apprehensive. His attacks weren't nearly as vicious and pointed as Patriarch Ragnors. But now? There was no sympathy in his actions.

During that time, just as King Acacia had said, there were three outstanding geniuses of the Daiyu who were competing for the chance to marry the 25th White Mother. And yet, there was only Elder Daiyu left.

That wasn't because of the passage of time. Nor was it because of the war. No. There was only him left because the Dragon King had killed the other two! Elder Daiyu's very own blood brothers!

Dyon writhed on the top of his celestial puppet, unable to grasp his bearings. His manifestations had shimmered out of existence, unable to maintain their forms. With them went his Imperial Asura's Eye. If it wasn't for Elder Daiyu being so heavily injured, Dyon wouldn't even have a way to see his movements.

"Black Jade Body: Stage 9!" Elder Daiyu had never once used an attack technique on Dyon. All of his movements had been for control and tiring him out. But, all he saw was red now.

The Black Jade body... A legacy technique exclusive to the Daiyu and one that Chenglei had previously used in his fight against Dyon. This was the very technique that required all of the concentration of one's yang to fuel not only their bodily constitution, but also their will comprehension.

That said, Chenglei's mastery of the technique was akin to an ant when compared to his grandfather.

Elder Daiyu had long since had his dao shattered, causing his cultivation to plummet in all aspects. If he hadn't diverted his obscenely domineering bodily cultivation into preserving his life force, he would have died centuries ago. This was why despite having formerly been a dao formation expert and a dragon, his body was so pitifully weak.

However, he no longer cared about such restrictions. Right in front of him was the man he hated more than the entity itself. A man he would give up everything to kill.

"I'll tear you limb from limb!" Elder Daiyu's body burst into larger and larger sizes. Domineering black scales erupted onto his body as the wound that housed the location of his lost arm began to furiously pump.

2 meters... 3 meters... 5 meters... 10 meters.... 20 meters!

Elder Daiyu's height surged into the skies. Massive bat-like wings burst from his back as his lost arm inexplicably grew back!

His veins bulged. His every step rocking the inner world. Heavy stomps continuously grew closer to Dyon and his puppet.

Patriarch Ragnor's eyes widened in shock. He couldn't believe that this was the very same man he had plotted and schemed with for hundreds of years. Not once had he seen him this angry, and not once had he seen him output this much power.

How long had Patriarch Ragnor spent looking down on Elder Daiyu? The amount of condescending comments he had barked out at the old man were too many to count. And yet, the man... No! beast in front of him was definitely capable of killing him with a single strike!

Dyon continued to scream out in agony. His vision was completely white. It was as though all of his senses were blanketed by static and noise that pierced through to his very soul. The consequences of using power you didn't have... was without a doubt dire...

Patriarch Ragnor couldn't help but take a step back. The searing rage coming from Elder Daiyu and his bloodshot eyes were enough to shake even a dao formation expert into feeling endless fear.

He couldn't understand why this form of Elder Daiyu gave him more pressure than his full beast form, but how could he? His understanding of beast legacies was lacking.

Just as Zaire had said, every beast had three paths to choose from. The human path. The beast path. And both!

The human path allowed better comprehension. The beast path allowed faster and effortless cultivation. And the combination of both gave you untold benefits should you have the talent to grasp it.

This was why the Black Jade technique was so fear inducing... It was a legacy capable of combining those two paths, making the road easier.

Quite simply put. The fusion of Elder Daiyu's beast and human form was the strongest form he had!

There was no doubt that the moment he stopped caring about preserving his own life... Was the moment he once again stepped into the realm of a Dao Formation expert!

Chapter 613: Darkness

Elder Daiyu's oppressive aura seethed. He had a single goal: destruction.

Dyon's puppet had long since lost its connection to its master, but it could follow simple and logical commands. It understood that Dyon was its master and therefore understood it had the obligation to protect.

In one swift motion, the puppet picked Dyon off of its massive head and cradled him into a pocket between its hand and chest, facing the coming Elder Daiyu with a single sword in its free hand.

"Elder Daiyu, keep your head. If you kill him, there'll be no hope for either of us." Patriarch Ragnor's frown deepened. With all of his years of cultivation experience, how could he not sense the endless killing intent coming off of Elder Daiyu? He had no intention of subduing Dyon, he wanted his death!

However, Elder Daiyu either didn't hear Patriarch Ragnor's words, or he couldn't bother to care. The only reason Elder Daiyu was forced to follow the orders of the entity was because of the arrays within him right now. But, if he disregarded his life completely, what reason should he have to care about such a thing? He'd put everything on the line to kill this Dragon King for good now!

A roar filled with anger, remorse and unbridled hatred filled the air. This time, the lock down on space was so domineering that even the arrays within the dead kings valley puppet shook, nearly shattering in an instant.

This wasn't a rudimentary domain... It was a true domain!

Patriarch Ragnor could no longer move, let alone speak. His own cultivation threatened to collapse in on itself under Elder Daiyu's oppressive might. He could only imagine what the results would be if that aura was focused on himself as opposed to that puppet!

The slits of Elder Daiyu's eyes flashed as his clawed feet dug into the earth, propelling him forward with speed so fast that he seemed to teleport to Dyon's position in an instant.

The puppet could hardly react within the tempest of winds that violently whipped around it. Even the screams of Dyon's agonizing pain were drowned out by Elder Daiyu's sheer movement speed.

Thousands of tiny explosions set off with his every shift.

A once mighty sword became akin to a twig being carried around on the whim of a tornado. Elder Daiyu's claw like fists careened forward, meeting the puppet's weak attempts at defense with a clash that destroyed the land beneath their feet.

The sword flew from the puppet's hand as its massive body flew through the air hundreds of meters at a time, its armored arm trembling under the impact.

Even if Elder Daiyu was half as rational, he would have still been just as surprised as he was now. Despite the anger burning in his chest, his senses were pushed to the max. How could he not immediately notice that his strike – a strike only capable of being matched by dao formation experts – didn't result in the puppet crumbling to ashes?! In fact, even the sword had not a single dent on it! Just what was this puppet made out of?!

However, none of this stopped Elder Daiyu from flapping his massive fifteen-meter-long wings, following the flying puppet with speed just as domineering as before.

How could Elder Daiyu know just what puppets Dyon was using?

At their peak, this battle would have been nothing but a joke to them even if Dyon didn't take control of them. These were puppets designed by the Elves to protect their most sacred lands, how could they not be the best of the best? In fact, these puppets were specially crafted by the Celestial Deer Sect for their Elvin allies. And at their peak, they could fight peak dao formation experts without the control of a master!

With a puppet so powerful, the materials that made it up couldn't be underestimated in the least. To be able to withstand the amount of enigmatic energy it once held, the obsidian-like armor that coated the puppet and the sword were without a doubt some of the highest quality materials in the entire cosmos!

Elder Daiyu's scaled fists slammed into the puppet again. There was no suspense, without being able to properly accumulate its energy with any sort of efficiency, its battle prowess had fallen to the level of a saint despite its defenses remaining robust.

Its massive body skidded across the ground, drawing crater after crater in this once lush inner world. Elder Daiyu's roars of rage only intensified with every pass moment, unable to contain his emotions. He blindly attacked again and again, looking to shatter the puppet completely!

Dyon's cries of agony rang out even from his protected pocket. With every earth-shattering blow Elder Daiyu landed, even though his puppet absorbed much of it, Dyon's bones still continuously shattered, amplifying the backlash he was already suffering.

His blood curdling screams even managed to resound atop of the chorus of loud explosions, somehow outwardly projected by his music will despite his broken stamina. His emotions were conveyed so deeply that even the universe acknowledged it to be at the level of a will despite not having the backing of his soul.

Elder Daiyu's every breath was so hot that flames flew from his lips as he stood over the puppet.

Small fissures began to spread across the one flawless armor. The arrays within the puppet were so damaged that it seemed as though the only action it could take was to continuously protect Dyon.

Elder Daiyu gripped the ankle of the puppet, wrapping his claw around it so tightly that the groaning of the material could be heard.

He lifted it upward, swinging downward with such ferocity that one could almost forget that the puppet should have weighed an astronomical amount... Until it slammed into the ground...

The puppets mechanisms completely shattered on impact, sending Dyon flying through the air like a boneless doll... His limbs were bent in such inhumane positions that one couldn't help but to avert their eyes.

His consciousness was barely holding on by a string... He knew that whatever hope he had would be gone if he allowed darkness to overcome his vision...

Chapter 614: Culmination

Dyon landed on the ground heavily. The pain was so much that he still couldn't see clearly, but knowing that he had lost the protection of his puppet, he could only force himself to focus. However... If such a thing was so easy, he wouldn't have been screaming in agony to begin with.

Seeing the puppet finally lose hold of its master, Elder Daiyu's large figure stalked over to the barely conscious Dyon.

"Elder Daiyu!" Patriarch Ragnor tried again. He didn't dare to get too close because he could clearly tell that Elder Daiyu had lost his rationality. If he tried to approach such a monster, he might be the one to die first!

"Stay your hand! If you do this, think of the consequences! Your Daiyu clan will never rise up again without his help. In fact, if you push him, he may very well destroy your lineage as you know it!" Patriarch Ragnor gritted his teeth.

He just wasn't listening! He was already standing over Dyon as though he was looking down at a dead man.

The veins on his enormous body continued to pump with such robust vitality that his mere presence caused the air around him to tremble. Even the flickers of flames that danced around his lips gave off an oppressive heat that seared Dyon's skin.

Ragged and shallow breaths escaped the thin opening of Dyon's mouth. He wanted nothing more than to take a deep breath, but every time he tried, the shattered mess that used to be his rib cage would scrape against his lungs.

He had thoughts of using the last slivers of his soul strength to try and heal himself, but that was nothing more than a pipe dream. Not only was the stamina he had left much too piss poor to even attempt such a thing, even if he had full stamina it would be exceedingly difficult now that his body had broken into sainthood. Unfortunately, such a powerful body was a double edged sword for Dyon right now.

"Do you know your crimes?" Elder Daiyu's voice was no longer calm, in fact it had dropped at least three octaves and was now deep and resounding. Every rumbling syllable he spoke caused his throat to light up, as though his words themselves were as scolding as molten lava.

Dyon coughed heavily, smirking through his pain. "Fuck off old man. As though you have any right to bitch and moan to me right now."

Elder Daiyu looked down at Dyon silently, his eyes burning with rage. In this form, his pupils looked no different than the yellow slits of a snake. In front of anyone else, it should have elicited fear beyond belief. And yet, Dyon practically spit in his face.

"Two of my brothers. Two men who were rising into their own. Killed by a senior who should have been overlooking their improvement. For what? So, you could imprint your name on history some more? So, you could trample those who couldn't protect themselves? So no one would forget the name of the Dragon King?" Elder Daiyu's questioning became more and more pointed.

The Dragon King had long since become a taboo for the Drago-Qilin lands. He was still a man known as the strongest in their history – completely uncontested – but, with his reputation and stories came an inescapable blemish. This was a man who was so enraptured and engrossed in his own self-fulfillment that he didn't care to dominate era after era of Drago-Qilin history.

Many of the greatest epochs were all led by him! He refused to allow any era to grow without his stamp on them. He cared not for anyone but himself!

"Years. Decades. Centuries. Millenia. More! Time and time again your name comes up in our history.

"Maybe if under different circumstances, I would have paid my respects to you. But you dared to kill my brothers! And with them went their futures! You shattered everything in the name of your own goals! And today you'll die by my hand!" Elder Daiyu's voice boomed with such force that Dyon's body sunk into the ground even further.

Suddenly, Dyon started laughing. His laugh was filled with such hatred... Such animosity... Such a killing intent that even Elder Daiyu's rage was cut through in an instant.

"To dare stand in front of me..." Blood seeped from Dyon's lips, "And talk about fairness... About people trampling over what they please... About your family dying?!"

Dyon's gaze pierced toward Elder Daiyu. Despite being the one being forcefully stamped into the ground, his eyes were so arrogant and lofty that it almost seemed as though he couldn't bear to lower himself to look at Elder Daiyu.

"You're angry? You feel despair? You want vengeance? You want to vent your anger? You hypocritical bitch!

"Your cries of passion mean nothing to me. Your hatred means even less. If I saw your brothers die right in front of me I wouldn't bat an eye, in fact, I might laugh.

"For the sake of your clan, you shackled mine. For the sake of your survival, you want to sacrifice the life of a boy. And now for the sake of your anger, you want to throw all of that away? So you can feel fulfilled? So you can feel better about yourself?"

Blazing white erupted from Dyon with his every word. His anger had reached such a fiendish level that he couldn't even believe what he was hearing anymore. He couldn't help but laugh – laugh at this martial world that only seemed to see things from their perspective.

His words seemed to pierce through to Elder Daiyu, but he couldn't be bothered to care. This Elder Daiyu had done too much. He wouldn't be forgiven. Not in this life. And not in the next.

Dyon knew fully well what he was about to do was nothing short of a death sentence. Although he was able to save Zabia from this fate, that was only because he had access to his own soul strength. But, if Dyon did this, it would be his own soul dissipating... How could one use a damaged soul to save a damaged soul?...

"I'm going to kill you." Dyon said as his aura erupted. The black band on his wrist immediately sprang to life, coating him in his black knight's armor.

His two pair of wings sprang from his back as he lifted into the air... But this time, the armor perfectly formed around them, turning his angelic feathers into black and shining metallic blades.

"I'm going to rip your arms out of their sockets. I'm going to tear your wings from your back.

"Every bit of despair the Dragon King once made you feel, I'm going to make you feel it again. And then I'll make sure that your entire clan is wiped from existence."

Elder Daiyu and Patriarch Ragnor felt an oppressive might wash over them in an instant.

Normally when someone burns their soul, they could jump as much as one entire cultivation level... A saint could become a celestial... or a celestial a dao expert...

However, Dyon's soul was no normal soul... He wasn't just burning his own talent... He was burning the talent of billions...

This was his final stand...

A culmination of power only made possible by all those who had died...

Chapter 615: Slowly Fading

Ri held her hand to her chest, deeply frowning. Because of her soul bond to Dyon, she could feel all of his emotions. She was clearer than anyone on the amount of agonizing pain that her husband was under right now, but she had forcefully pushed it down and ignored it so that she could focus on the task at hand.

However... Something was different now... Before, Dyon's pain was within her scope of understanding. But now?... It felt like his very soul was screaming...

Ri grit her teeth, her blue-silver eyes glistening with tears as a fierce aura leaked from her. Dyon was fighting with everything he had to survive, but the people responsible for his struggles were right in front of her.

Before, she had thoughts of subduing them and capturing them as prisoners. Now though... She wanted nothing more than to see them all die.

An army of demon generals was truly different, especially with Dyon's vice commanders leading the way.

Initially, the Daiyu had every thought of focusing their attacks on Ri, capturing her, and forcing the rest to surrender. However, there was a massive issue with their plans: the narrow path of the cave.

The entrance of the cave only allowed for 4 large bodies to cross shoulder to shoulder – being only about 3 or so meters across. As soon as the demon generals surrounding Ri noticed the focus of the Daiyu, they immediately retreated, anchoring themselves at the cave entrance. As a result, the Daiyu lost much of the advantage their superior numbers gave them.

At most, only two people side by side could attack comfortably. But, when those two people were facing two of the best saint demon generals Dyon had in his army, what chance did they have?

River and Ronica's beautiful and immaculate figures stood before Ri and the 8 other demon generals, facing the onslaught of Daiyu while somehow maintaining their elegance and gracefulness.

Both used twin delicate short swords, and they seemed to work together seamlessly.

Although the demon generals behind them were prepared to step in should their stamina give way, with how used the demon generals were to fighting campaigns for months on end, it almost seemed unnecessary.

Seeing the situation, Ri had half a mind to leave the demon generals and head into the cave with Lionel as their guide, but this was much too risky.

Having confirmed that Lionel was in fact a traitor as Dyon had guessed, allowing them to lead them through territory he saw as his own turf would be too idiotic.

The truth was that with Ri's soul bond to Dyon, she could find his general location. The problem was that the Belmont Holy Land was a maze filled with the highest forms of spatial energy.

The spatial energy itself meant nothing to Ri. No matter how high the quality of space will, how could it match her Void supreme law? Unlike most, the spatial fluctuations of the Belmont Holy Land were no more than a nuisance to Ri – one she could easily decipher if given enough time.

The real problem was the maze aspect. If Ri had to follow a straight line, finding Dyon would be easy. But, that was obviously impossible in a maze. Following Lionel into an unknown land like that was practically suicide.

And, that was not even to mention the most glaring problem with this approach...

If Lionel was capable of navigating the tunnels and finding positions of things within the Belmont Holy Land, why had the Daiyu needed Meiying or Jade at all? Couldn't they have just saved themselves the hassle by using Lionel? Had they done that, their plan might have unfolded seamlessly because Meiying would have never outed their plans.

Initially, when the Daiyu saw that two women were obstructing their path, being an attack force made up of a predominantly male lineup, there were plenty of raised eyebrows and lewd smiles – especially considering the beauty of River and Ronica. But, when their tough bodies started to sliced apart by domineering sword intent, and the bodies began to pile at the cave entrance, they couldn't help but shift in their assessment of these beauties.

The task of overwhelming the demon generals at the cave entrance only became more and more difficult as the bodies of the fallen began to obstruct their path. It became an added extra layer of defense of Ri and her protectors.

Even worse was the fact the Daiyu's decision to attack Ri first had placed them in a pincer-like situation. The 3000 demon generals, under the command of the vice commanders, were calm and collected. They fully understood that Ri was safe for the foreseeable future because of the communication arrays that had long since been implanted within them by Dyon. As such, they could focus on an organized attack of the scattered Daiyu and Niveus God Sect.

Although Evelyn had made it a point to only bring along higher essence gathering experts and saints, how could they hope to match up against the demon generals? If it wasn't for the sheer amount of Niveus God Sect members, coupled with the tens of thousands of Daiyu who attacked the Belmont Holy Land, this battle would have long since been over.

That said, underestimating the Daiyu would be foolhardy. This was a clan capable of wiping out an entire Royal God Clan. They also had access to some the best legacies in the entire quadrants, and across quadrants in general. Couple this with their robust stamina and strong bodies – provided to them by their Black Jade Dragon bloodline – and they would be a difficult opponent to face.

Explosions and sounds of battle once again rained down on the Belmont Holy Land.

The pointed and methodical advance of the demon generals was met by an odd mixture of beauties and testosterone. However, it was clear that the Niveus and Daiyu were slowly organizing themselves.

With the absence of Elder Daiyu, the Daiyu were a bit slow. But, they had vice commanders of their own. Now that the element of surprise was slowly fading, this would be a tough battle.

Chapter 616: Didn't..

In the deep reaches of space, King Acacia desperately carried his wife toward the only place he knew might save her. He hadn't hesitated to leave Ri behind because he had a full understanding of the protection she had. The Demon Sage's tower alone couldn't be scratched by a saint level being. And, with how many energy stones Dyon had at his disposal, she would easily be able to power defenses to

stop celestials. In fact, if Dyon had any transcendent stones, even defending attacks from peak dao formation experts would be child's play.

He had no way of knowing that his daughter would dive head first into danger. Before he left, he sent message after message telling her that he would be back and not to do anything reckless... But, maybe if he took some time to see how lost he was with his wife's fragile frame in his arms, he would understand his daughter's feelings too...

"Mm..." Kawa groaned. Her body was bloodied beyond belief and with her control over her body, she could tell that her spine was broken in several places.

"Don't move, don't move." King Acacia grit his teeth, increasing his pace. He flashed forward hundreds of miles at a time, slicing through space and appearing to teleport with each step he took.

"Edrym... No..." Kawa protested. She could hardly open her eyes, but she could tell that her husband was getting farther and farther away from the battle. How could she allow their allies to lose such a strong supporter just because of her? This was about the life and death of more than one person.

"Don't speak, Kawa."

"You don't understand..." Kawa spoke through a fit of coughs. "If you leave them, there's no chance..."

A deep frown surfaced on King Acacia's features. He hadn't comprehended just how his wife had been defeated so quickly...

When they had fought Patriarch Cavositas, before his untimely demise due to being pushed too far, King Acacia had determined that his fighting prowess was no less than the peak of the celestial stage. However, even then he knew fully well that his wife could last more than a few bouts against him.

And yet, King Acacia had used no more than a few seconds to cool the atmosphere and stop the chain reaction that threatened to destroy the earth, but Kawa had been beaten in that time? It made no sense.

If King Acacia knew that Patriarch Ragnor claimed to be at the peak of the celestial stage as well, he would be even more confused!

"He's... He's not a celestial..." Kawa struggled to speak, trying to get her words out. But, her collapsed lungs were making even breathing difficult.

"Not a celestial?" Those words were like thunder in King Acacia's ears.

What did Kawa mean not a celestial? Could he already be a dao formation expert? That didn't make any sense!

In addition, if that was the case, why would he lie to Dyon about what his martial prowess was? Wouldn't it have been more impactful to say that he was a dao formation expert? Wouldn't that have made Dyon feel more despair?

Kawa tried to shake her head but failed miserably. The eruption of pain it sent down her spine made her regret her decision instantly.

"He's not .. a d- dao formation expert." Kawa choked out, "He's a —" A fit of coughs erupted from Kawa as blood flew from her mouth. "He's a Saint!"

King Acacia nearly froze in the air.

A Saint? What?

Didn't he manipulate celestial energy? Didn't he defeat Kawa? How could he just be a saint?

None of this made any sense. If he was a Saint, why hadn't King Acacia, someone known for his sensory abilities, been able to see through it? Even more importantly, why was this something Kawa was so afraid of? She had clearly just said that if King Acacia left, there would be no chance... What was going on?!

King Acacia couldn't split his mind to think about it. He could only hope that Kawa found enough energy to explain, or that she became healed enough to do so.

Hours had passed since the war broke out, at least half a day, in reality. And although the pace at which a celestial could cross the universe was quick, Kawa couldn't protect herself from the dangers, so King Acacia had no choice but to divert some of his own power. This not only slowed him, but likely put more strain on Queen Acacia's injuries.

But soon, the hours of work paid off and King Acacia saw exactly what he needed approaching quickly: The Ice Belt.

With Kawa's Kitsune lineage, especially the fact she was the river Kitsune, her affinity for water type wills was nearly unparalleled. If she was a normal human with this type of affinity, it would hardly matter. But, remember that beasts are meant to be the physical representations of the will they represent for the sake of the balance of the universe. This meant that there was nothing in the universe more suited to healing Kawa than a bombardment of the strongest water type abyssal cores available to the universe!

Seeing where they were, Kawa could only smile weakly and bitterly. It was clear that her husband hadn't heeded her warning at all. Now, even if he hurried back on his own, it would take at least a few hours. They were hundreds of galaxies and countless solar systems away now much to her frustration.

Kawa wanted to use essence energy to communicate her words, but she was simply tapped out and only had enough energy to struggle to stay awake. She had been left in a terrible state by Patriarch Ragnor and Cavositas. She simply didn't have anything left in her small body to give.

Within her, something sinister was spreading... A poison Dyon was all too familiar with... Except not only was this on an entirely other level... Kawa didn't have the strength to fight it...

Chapter 617: No Matter What

King Acacia touched down onto the Ice Belt.

It looked like nothing more than a sheet of endless white. Blizzards carried all sorts of frozen precipitation, from large hail stones, to soft snow-flakes.

The canvas of whites and sharp blues chilled even King Acacia to the bone. He, himself, was a highly lauded water will expert, but even this part of the Ice Belt was too much for him to handle being thousands of miles deeper than the area Patia-Neva took Delia.

And yet, he did the unthinkable. Without any hesitation, he removed all protection from his wife, laying her bloodied and fragile body on a transparent sheet of ice.

The bed she lay on was so large and so clear that one could through to space itself on the other end.

King Acacia's eyes glistened, but threatened to ice over in an instant as he watched his wife's beautiful figure morph into a majestic white fox.

Anger shook his heart as he blamed himself.

Kawa's tails had been completely ripped away. Her pride as a Kitsune... spit on by the vicious and disgusting actions of Patriarch Ragnor.

She was only about three hand lengths long, and her small frame was trembling. But, King Acacia could tell that she was slowly healing as a blue gently wafted above her once flawless white fur.

The small fox coughed, causing red crystals to fly from its tiny mouth. A small smile spread across King Acacia's lips as he watched his wife's adorable nose twitch with her sigh of relief.

However, there was a hidden pain within King Acacia's eyes...

Kawa had once forgone her beast path to tread along the human path so that she could birth their little Alex. But, with that decision, went her ability to use the cold to heal as she was doing now...

So, one might wonder, just how was she benefitting from an ability she had lost?

The simple answer was that she had regained those abilities...

The complicated answer was that nothing in the universe came free of charge... One couldn't just switch between disciplines with such ease and not expect repercussions...

No one knew this more than King Acacia, and because of that, he didn't know if he would ever be able to see his wife's human form again...

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Dyon stood in the skies with his metallic wings flapping slowly, and yet, their every minute movement caused even Elder Daiyu to feel pressure to take a step back.

The reason was simple. When others burned their soul as a final result, they would pour the excess energy into their body or energy cultivation. However, Dyon was different. In fact, he only diverted the slightest bit of energy to reconstruct the largest breaks in his bones, completely ignoring the near infinite amount of fractures.

Unlike everyone else, Dyon poured all of his power into his soul! He knew fully well that if he fueled his body or energy cultivation it would do next to nothing. If he boosted his energy cultivation, he would trigger [Inner World: Sanctuary], and if he boosted his body cultivation, at most he would reach mid celestial levels. That wasn't enough, not with the time constraints he had.

Flames of blazing white danced along his black knight's armor as his soul strength tore through stage after stage.

Lower Celestial Stage... Higher Celestial Stage... Peak Celestial Stage...!

Lower Dao Formation Stage.... Middle Dao Formation Stage... Higher Dao Formation Stage... Peak Dao Formation Stage!!!

Dyon's soul climbed all the way to a stage only matched by dao formation experts!

His breath was ragged, and his body was already bursting at the seams. He knew very well that he couldn't last long in this form. If his soul didn't crumble, his body would!

'10 seconds...'

"Dragon King!" Dyon roared.

Seals burst from Dyon's armor, causing its grade to reach untold levels. But, what truly caused Elder Daiyu and Patriarch Ragnor to tremble was the overbearing domain that covered them an instant later!

With Dyon burning his soul, the Dragon King's weapon had a near endless amount of energy to fuel it at its peak and Dyon took full advantage.

The surroundings became filled with a pressure so domineering that Patriarch Ragnor immediately lost control of his wills. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't summon lightning to attack Dyon in the air.

As for Elder Daiyu, he was already feeling the ill effects of forcefully using portions of his cultivation he had sealed away. He knew very well that his life would be coming to end soon whether it was under Dyon's hands or the universes. Even worse, considering the situation, Dyon had no reason to continue lying about being the Dragon King, and yet he did... Through all of this, Elder Daiyu couldn't help but think that he had been in the wrong...

The aurora steps flashed into the air. Without a shred of hesitation, Dyon unleashed his soul pressure onto Elder Daiyu and Patriarch Ragnor.

With the increase in his soul strength, his target no longer had to be directly below the steps. In fact, Dyon felt like he could cover hundreds of kilometers if he wanted to!

9 seconds...

Dyon's mind raced. He could feel with his added sensory abilities that Elder Daiyu was on the last legs of his life. By logic, it would make sense for Dyon to then ignore him, and attack Patriarch Ragnor because Elder Daiyu would be dying anyway.

But, Dyon couldn't underestimate celestials. Especially one who was formally a dao formation expert. There was no telling how long he could last. And, Dyon would be completely helpless in less than ten seconds.

If Dyon went after Patriarch Ragnor and failed, then he'd have two injured celestials to deal with while being completely incapacitated. But, if he went after the sure kill, then he might be able to injure Patriarch Ragnor just enough before he ran out of time.

Thinking that far, Dyon immediately moved, no longer second guessing himself. He was dancing on the edge of a blade, and he knew it. But, the determination in his eyes had flared to all new levels.

He had too many people counting on him... Too many people he couldn't let down...

As for what would happen after these ten seconds? Dyon didn't know...

What he did know, though, was that no matter what, he would only have thoughts of victory.

Chapter 618: Seconds...

Dyon's speed was blinding. By relying on his black knight's armor to protect his body, he could use his soul to freely power his speed to its peak levels.

It didn't take Dyon too long to notice that although his soul had been boosted in power output, the pressure it placed on Patriarch Ragnor wasn't vastly increased as he had hoped. A small portion of him clung to the idea that Patriarch Ragnor and Elder Daiyu's souls might directly collapse under the pressure the Aurora Steps put on them. But, clearly the aurora steps didn't acknowledge the hollow increase in his soul power.

But, that didn't matter. As long as he could stop Patriarch Ragnor from moving, that was enough!

Elder Daiyu watched helplessly as Dyon's figure blurred toward him.

A scythe filled with second intent level death qi whipped toward his robust scales.

There was no movement for Elder Daiyu. With the damage of his soul that the Celestial Deer Sect had caused, the aurora steps had an even greater effect on him than Patriarch Ragnor!

Thousands of weapon's hell arrays filled the skies, bombarding Elder Daiyu with endless death qi filled javelins. There was no hesitation or sympathy in Dyon's actions. He unleashed powerful attack after powerful attack. If he didn't do so, he wouldn't have any chance of winning.

Elder Daiyu was unable to react in the least. Countless cuts filled his robust scales, chipping them off under the endless flurry of attacks.

Soul strength was neglected because it was the most difficult discipline to apply into real power... And the truth of that was on full display...

Although Dyon's soul strength had been boosted to Dao Formation levels, allowing him to use his supreme law wills without reserve and allowing the use of the Dragon King's weapon to its fullest extent, his attack strength was still pitiful in the face of Elder Daiyu, even when he was unable to retaliate.

If it wasn't for the fact Dyon had access to a supreme law, he might not be able to injure Elder Daiyu in his current form at all!

7 seconds...

Patriarch Ragnor struggled to lift his head up. He had been worried about what was happening, but when he saw how Dyon's endless attacks were only causing flesh wounds, he couldn't help but laugh uproariously.

"Struggle! Go on!" Patriarch Ragnor could tell that this wouldn't last long for Dyon. Although he was upset by the fact that Dyon was burning his soul, which would cause trouble for their plans, it was better than him dying. The entity would likely punish them severely, but Patriarch Ragnor knew that he still needed them – so, his life was safe for now.

Dyon ignored Patriarch Ragnor's laughter. His attacks became faster and more pointed.

He tried mixing in all kinds of wills.

His black flames, his white flames. He even used his crystal will to amplify his attacks to their fullest extent.

Dyon wasn't willing to divert his soul power from powering his armor, to powering his scythe. If he did so, one swipe from Elder Daiyu would be able to end his life. But... Dyon knew he had to risk it... There just wasn't enough time left!

5 seconds...

The armor completely disappeared from Dyon's body just as he diverted all of his energy to the scythe in his hand, powering the Dragon King's weapon to total offense.

His scythe swung downward, coated with a powerful edge of 5th level fused sword and space will, accompanied by blazing black flames and endless death qi.

"AAAGGHHHH." Elder Daiyu roared as his arm went flying, accompanied by a chorus of blood that drained out of his 20-meter-tall figure.

Dyon's eyes widened.

The effectiveness of the Dragon King's weapon was astounding. Although Dyon immediately felt a massive drain on his soul, despite his burning state, he couldn't help but feel respect.

When properly fueled, the Dragon King's weapon was likely the greatest in existence! How many weapons could boast having been forged by the cultivation of a Transcendent?!

Dyon rushed forward, a vicious glint in his eyes. His arms were tired, his soul was crying out in despair, and he was mentally fatigued beyond belief. But, all he saw was victory.

4 seconds...

A tempest of winds followed Dyon's swing as he poured everything he had into hacking at Elder Daiyu's neck, continuously pinning him down with endless weapon's hell arrays.

His weapon's hall pagoda appeared domineeringly in the air. Much like the aurora steps, it didn't acknowledge Dyon's superficial increase in power, and thus didn't produce supreme level weapons. But, it allowed Dyon to pump out near endless amount of grandmaster level weapons that were a mere breath away from becoming Spiritual level weapons!

Explosions of epic proportions continuously raged across Elder Daiyu's massive figure, keeping him pinned down as Dyon swung toward his neck without remorse.

All of his anger, hatred and loathing were backed by this single strike.

His arrogance poured out from his very being. In his mind, there was nothing in this universe capable of stopping him. Nothing in the universe worthy of stopping his strike.

Even if all of the transcendents in existence wanted Elder Daiyu to live today, he wouldn't.

A mantra rang forth from Dyon's mind as he roared with all his might.

If God stood before him, he would slay God. If Buddha stepped before him, he would slay Buddha.

A new will bloomed into existence at that very moment. It was a will that universe had never gifted to anyone... And a will only Dyon would ever be worthy of wielding...

It had a simple name... But this simple name would resonate through out the whole of the cosmos in just a few hundred years...

At that moment, Dyon's sword and spear will disappeared from existence, being unworthy of coexisting with this will... A will that would become Dyon's second comprehended supreme law... The will of a Weapon's Master...

Dyon's scythe connected with the vein of Elder Daiyu's massive neck. There was a moment between the two of them that seemed to extend a split second into hours.

In that time, Dyon saw a flood of emotions spill from Elder Daiyu's eyes... But in the end, there was only regret and resignation...

Elder Daiyu's head flew from his shoulders, and with it went the life of a former mighty Dao Formation expert...

3 seconds...

Chapter 619: At Your Service

Dyon's arms trembled as he flew toward Patriarch Ragnor as quickly as his body would allow.

He could feel that he was reaching his utmost limit... But, he had no choice but to carry on.

Blood spilled from wounds that constantly opened up on his body, his soul was screaming in pain, holding on by a final string that was only a breath away from being cut, and it felt like summoning any one of his wills was as difficult as lifting a 10 ton boulder...

Patriarch Ragnor's laughter had long since been cut off. He couldn't believe what he had just seen.

Few would understand just how powerful Elder Daiyu's defenses were in that state, but how could Patriarch Ragnor not after witnessing it for himself?

The reason Dyon had previously been able to blow an arm off of Elder Daiyu and damage him severely was because in that state, Elder Daiyu was still suppressed to the realms of a celestial. In addition, his body and soul were greatly weakened, being more comparable to a saint – although a very strong peak saint.

As a result, Dyon was able to make use of the Dragon King's disruption of Elder Daiyu's focus, and a culmination of his most impressive wills to heavily damage him.

However... The state Elder Daiyu was in when Dyon killed him was on a completely different level.

Elder Daiyu had completely ignored the consequences and blazed his cultivation to their former levels – or, more accurately, as close to his former levels as his body would allow. This allowed his body strength to once again step into dao formation levels! A level that was capable of damaging the material Dyon's puppet was made out of!

And yet, Dyon cut off not only his arm, but his head! The fact Dyon could have even scratched him before hand was a testament to the power boost his soul received to the peak dao formation level. But, to then take all of that power, and kill Elder Daiyu in that state?!

2 seconds...

Dyon heavily breathed over Patriarch Ragnor as he raised his scythe as quickly as his arms would allow. It had taken him much too long to fly over here, but without the black knight's armor protecting him, and with how damaged his body already was, flying at peak speeds was no more than a joke.

Dyon didn't waste any words. Even if he wanted to say something, he couldn't. He simply didn't have the energy to.

He had no idea what would happen after this swing, but he put everything he had into it. His only thoughts were of killing the 5-meter-tall man in front of him... The man that had put him into such a situation of endless despair... a man who had brought him to his knees...

Patriarch Ragnor said nothing as he watched the scythe descend. His eyes seemed to be less focused on Dyon, and more trained on the Dragon King's weapon. He knew as much as anyone that Dyon had only survived this long because of that weapon. Without its protection, Elder Daiyu would have killed him and without its strength, he would have a ghost of a chance to injure either one of them... And yet, he had killed one of them!

Dyon roared with the last of his strength, his scythe glistening.

"To think I would be pushed this far... By a child!"

Saint energy erupted around Patriarch Ragnor. Dyon had hardly any time to register the fact that what he was sensing, simply didn't make any sense!

The truth of the matter was more obvious than anyone was willing to admit. It was common knowledge that the Ragnors had an exceedingly difficult time at transcending heavenly tribulations. If you were a Ragnor that managed to survive crossing into sainthood, you were already a miracle among miracles and a treasured genius.

If you managed to transcend two tribulations and become a celestial? You would be among the highest officials in Ragnor clan history. You would simply be of too much importance. How could such an important official be sent to this tiny universe?!

That was not even to mention the fact Patriarch Ragnor had claimed to be a peak celestial. Someone like that would have a chance to transcend their final mortal tribulation would never be sent on such a mission to wither away in this universe.

From the very beginning, Patriarch Ragnor being a celestial made no sense!

Dyon didn't think about it. All he could focus on was swinging his scythe faster and faster. He had locked down Patriarch Ragnor's ability to move with his aurora steps and he had locked down Patriarch Ragnor's ability to use wills with the Dragon King's domain. He refused to believe that he would lose!

Patriarch Ragnor roared as the blade was just inches from his neck...

But, nothing happened...

Dyon's scythe cleanly cut Patriarch Ragnor's head in half, slicing through his ears from one side to the other.

Blood fell to the ground heavily, pooling at the former Ragnor God Clan's head.

Dyon's vision swam. The white blaze that had once surrounded him faded, leaving behind a bloodied teenage boy with too many broken bones to count.

His feet dragged as he walked to the stone etchings that held the seal. He had one final thing to do before his soul strength ran out completely.

Under the strength of The Seal, Dyon had no need for the Belmont family flames and the stone seal opened with ease. But, this time, the entity didn't come. It would be helpless in front of the weapon of the 33 heavens, so it remained hidden.

The two bulbs of bobbing light were taken up by Dyon and stored within the seal. Dyon knew from his master's memories that what was truly sealing the entity wasn't the mortals.

The mortals were simply used as a proxy to chain the entity with the laws of this universe. This was why the energy density of the universe had plummeted, it was all being used to seal it. This was the same reason why although Dyon broke the soul seal, the seal on the entity itself never weakened.

The reason the martial world hadn't simply given the mortal realm their talent back was because none of them had a means of breaking the seal after enough Gama energy was accumulated. By the time the seal on the mortals had fueled the gathering of sufficient Gama energy to properly seal the entity, Dyon's master was nothing more than a soul and there weren't any who were skilled enough array alchemists to make use of The Seal... Until Dyon.

With his task complete, Dyon sealed the stone array, feeling the last of his soul strength collapsing. If he didn't hurry and find someone of something capable of stopping this collapse... He would die...

Gritting his teeth, he began the long journey to the Belmont Hold Land catacombs, hoping he'd manage to find his way out through the spatial fluctuations.

But, that was when a resounding laughter caused Dyon's steps to freeze and his heart to tremble with an endless cold.

"To think... Me... Ha..." Patriarch Ragnor's voice filled the space. He sounded half like a mad-man and half like a laughing clown. But either way, Dyon couldn't help but turn his head listlessly toward the sound of the voice.

There stood a perfectly healthy Patriarch Ragnor. But, his hair was no longer that golden blond... Even his blue eyes had darkened to a deep brown...

"Since you've made me come out, I should give you a proper welcoming." Patriarch Ragnor bowed in the air, spreading his arms out theatrically.

"Loki the trickster, at your service."

Chapter 620: What Was Going To Happen...?

Within Arena City, the battle of the Pakals and Ragnors was still raging. Many Elvin Sub-families had joined into the fray, leaving the defence against the other attacking Planet to the main branch families.

At this point, the arena itself no longer held a semblance to a stadium. The seats and skyboxes that once held citizens and the highest officials of the universe were in ruins, the fighting itself had crashed through and entered the once barren streets, and neutral citizens could only helplessly flee or hide, trying to avoid the destruction.

To most, the outcome of this war didn't matter to them. They had no investment either way. Whether the Ragnors or the Belmonts ruled, they would still remain at the bottom of the martial food chain. Knowing this, why would they put their lives on the line?

The Sapientia, in keeping with their neutral and peacemaking motto, worked under the command of a shaken Connery Sapientia to help evacuate the citizens. As part of maintaining their outward image to the world, this was a necessary part of Connery's job as their leader.

"Ipsum. Enough people have died." The Patriarch of the Saeclum clan spoke impatiently. His partner in crime had supposedly said she would do her job, but hours had passed without a single change.

"This can only be done once. If it gets shot down too quickly, it'll be us who pay for it in the end because you won't have the support of me and my sisters anymore. Can you bear that, with your weak constitutions?" Matriarch Ipsum barked back.

If anyone familiar with the Ipsum and Saeclum clans saw these two leaders barking at each other, they would only sigh and turn their attention elsewhere. It wasn't rare for this to occur between them, for the simple fact that their clans were really one in the same!

The Ipsum clan was made entirely of females. The Saeclum clan was made entirely of males. Both clans shared outstanding soul talent. This made the Saeclums best suited to utilizing the Elvin foresight technique, while the Ipsums were highly suited to learning their artificial red crystal will. The only reason they were separated as they were was by design of the Ragnors. They liked to maintain the strictest order amongst their subordinates...

The Ipsums and Saeclums weren't allowed to marry. However, they were constantly cross bred... As though they were animals.

This was simply the way of the Ragnors. Exploitation. Manipulation. Abuse.

However, the Ipsums and Saeclums had no choice... And, for that matter, neither did any of the other auxiliary clans under the command of the main Ragnor Emperor God Clan. For the same reason Thor could never hope to escape, they were forever tied to the that evil family.

Patriarch Saeclum took exception to Matriarch Ipsum's provocations, but he couldn't help but admit that she was correct.

"Hmph," Matriarch Ipsum looked away, satisfied with the silent response of acceptance she received. But, she immediately did something that made Patriarch Saecum's lip twitch. "Let's go Ipsum pillars."

Ten elderly women disappeared from their location.

'Tch,' Patriarch Saecum nearly rolled his eyes.

The battle raged onward, completely oblivious to the shifting plans of the Ragnor auxiliary clans.

Unlike wars led by Dyon, wars of the martial world were strikingly different, especially ones that start almost spontaneously like this one.

Caedum's eldest brother had taken the commanding position, but in terms of orders, he rarely gave any out. He led by example, storming through the sea of blond hair, blue eyes, and endless lightning with his reddened fists.

He had lost count for the amount of Ragnors that had fallen under his fists, but he was intent on making his way to Thor and Vidar – both of whom who were running nearly unmatched.

They were both surrounded by tens of saint level guards which allowed them to weed through to competition they could face. However, all of the Pakals knew how large of a blow it would be for them to take out two Faith Seeded members of the Ragnors.

Everyone knew that there was a massive taboo against stealing faith seeds. In fact, taking a Ragnor faith seed was little more than a death sentence to many – even if you were a part of the Ragnors. This was because the Ragnor had long since used special methods to control those who inherited these faith seeds... This was why despite being a sadist among sadists, Loki Ragnor never thought of stealing his son's nor Thor's Faith Seeds.

However, what everyone also knew was that there was a method to cripple a faith seed, causing it to take much longer to reincarnate as compared to the usual. If a faith seed was shattered before it could dissipate, it would take time to reform in the stream of reincarnation before it could be birthed along with the next genius.

That was the goal of Ire Pakal, Caedlum's eldest brother. If he could shatter both Vidar's and Thor's Faith Seeds, he would completely take out the number three and four most powerful faith seeds in Ragnor history! It could take upwards of hundreds of thousands of years for them to manifest again. By then, the Pakals could take advantage of the power swing.

The main Ragnor branch would normally never allow so many faith seeds to be away and in one location like this. Unfortunately for them, as fate would have it, both Vidar and Thor were born here.

Ire's eyes glowed a savage red as his muscles rippled. His every step left deep dents in the once sturdy stadium floor, and his strong back caused the warriors in his charge to roar with respect and increased morale.

However, before Ire could even make it to his goal, a blinding red light covered the skies, blossoming with it a complex red formation.

At each of its ten corners, stood a cloaked Ipsum elder, channeling their everything into this one moment.

The battles all seemed to freeze as everyone held their breath... Just what was going to happen?...