

The Nameless 631

Chapter 631: No Hesitation

An instant later, Thatch regained his bearings.

The world that had turned completely silent to his senses had once again regained its color and life, and the loud booms of the battle behind him finally resounded through his ears.

"Thatch?" Kaeda's gentle voice came from behind him. When she noticed the normally calm and collected Thatch trembling, it was suffice to say that Kaeda was truly surprised.

"They..." Thatch's voice was quiet as raspy as though he was recovering from a sore throat.

By the time Thatch finished explaining what happened to everyone, a cold light was running through each of their eyes. But, they had a battle to fight.

Madeleine, though, had an intelligent light in her eyes. "Forget them. If they come back, it will mean his death. We have to focus on this first."

In any other situation, someone who magically got a celestial to come to their side would have taken revenge on their enemies. And yet, Lionel didn't.

Seeing Madeleine's calm reaction, Ri seemed to have understood something as well.

Without a word, both beauties refocused their attention on the battle field, leaving Lionel's destiny to fate.

Although neither said anything, both understood why they weren't in the mood to speak or even care for Lionel...

Before, they could feel their husband's constant pain, and although it saddened them, it at least let them know he was alive. But now...

They couldn't feel his soul at all...

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King Belmont coughed up blood so hot that it seared his throat. The domineering golden flames of the Aumen's were threatening to collapse his inner organs entirely. He had lost count of how many smoldering balls of gold had bombarded into him. If it wasn't for the slight resistance to fire his scant phoenix bloodline gave him, he had no doubt that he would be dead already.

If it was just about him dying, he didn't mind risking his life for the sake of his clan. But, the idea of the Belmont line ending because of his own inadequacies as a leader sickened him to his stomach.

How could he think of his son Lionel as a carrier of his bloodline? This was the same son that didn't mind causing the death of his own father! Lionel had a younger brother, a baby sister, a mother! And he had not cared for a single one of them throughout this whole plan of his.

The truth of the matter was that Lionel had already negotiated the safety of those three in exchange for his cooperation. But, at the point of rage King Belmont was feeling, even if he knew that, he wouldn't be calmed.

King Belmont could only try his best to hold on. He knew that if King Aumen grew tired of playing with him and joined the other battles, there would be no hope left... There was no one left to counter him!

Another ball of flames slammed into the bloody mess that was once King Belmont's chest, revealing the charred black of his rib cage and his barely beating heart...

'This is how I die... huh...'

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In the distance, Patia-Neva's attacks were growing more ferocious. King Clyde's palms began to numb with a biting freeze with every strike that was landed.

He had long since stopped making remarks about Patia-Neva's family. Instead of leading to a pit of despair as he wanted, Patia-Neva seemed to be using it fuel.

Even in the vacuum of space, King Clyte's wind will worked seamlessly. If Dyon had seen the versatility of a supposedly simple will, he would have agreed with his grand teacher calling him an idiot for using it as a simple speed boost.

King Clyte's attacks seemed to take form as wind. They were aloof and almost illusory, but they could turn sharp and cutting in an instant. The flow of strikes all followed the path of least resistance, increasing the potency of his every attack.

And yet, it felt like his tricks were becoming more and more useless.

Icicles formed in the air, glittering along Patia-Neva's arms as he glided through the air. His every thrust forward came with it the sound of cracking glass, as though his very presence was solidifying the air between him and his opponent.

Patia-Neva's hours of focus was beginning to pay off. How many years had he waiting to feel this feeling? The feeling of having your dao anchored in something you believed in, something you would strive to protect with your everything...

He had made too many mistakes in his life. Mistakes he would never be able to make up for. But, that didn't mean he wouldn't try to.

Patia-Neva's fist flew forward. Rings of cold blue sprung from his strike, layering King Clyte in a layer of frost before the hit even landed.

BOOM!

King Clyte was sent flying, his arm freezing over and cracking in an instant. In just one strike, King Clyte had lost his arm!

"You'll never lay a hand on my wife again." Patia-Neva spoke his first words of this battle. The dignified aura of a King finally flew back toward him as though he was snatching King Clyte's fate away from him. Or, more accurately... As though he was snatching back the fate he had given up.

King Patia-Neva's ice will tore through the first intent level, firmly stabilizing itself at one with heart. But, it didn't stop there...

One with body... One with soul... One with will... One with intent...

In a single leap, he reached the 6th intent level, regaining much of the foundation he had lost.

With the acceptance of his wife and daughter, Patia-Neva had gained something back that he thought he would never gain again. And now, he could grasp what it meant to be a true man again.

The reason Patia-Neva was able to climb back up so quickly is because he never changed his path. He was still following the path of the absolute... But instead of absolute coldness, he would seek the ultimate retribution for his actions... The only thing that could truly cleanse him clean... Absolute purity.

King Clyte laughed maniacally as he charged toward King Patia-Neva. But, he was no longer worthy of being his opponent.

There was no pleasure or satisfaction in Patia-Neva's visage once he grabbed hold of King Clyte's neck, slowly freezing him over without remorse.

King Clyte's savage eyes slowly faded along with the last remaining strands of his life. And just like that, another celestial fell...

Patia-Neva stood silently in the air, exuding a dignified aura. But, just as he was about to go and help the remaining celestial, his senses caught onto something sinister. Even more sinister than the life he had just ended.

His gaze fell onto the slowly rotating planet below, focusing on a steadily growing patch of red.

'This...'

Patia-Neva no longer hesitated, shooting for the planet in an instant.

Chapter 632: Trash

Within the Belmont Holy Land, Loki leisurely approached Dyon's corpse. He mused to himself about how he might have gone a bit too far considering the size of the crater before him.

Just before he started, Dyon had been on flat land, and all of his lightning strikes landed directly onto his body. That meant that whatever crater was formed was directly because of Dyon's body slamming into the ground and taking the brunt of the damage. It was almost like Loki had used Dyon like a drill-bit.

Seeing this, Loki was almost impressed. How could any living being survive such torment for such a long time? It wasn't as though he had asked for much, he just wanted Dyon to give up. Whether that be the fight in his eyes fading, or him pleading for mercy.

"Aiyah. With such a strong will, he would have made a great experimental subject. He wouldn't have been as fragile as all the other ones that died from a little poking."

Reaching the edge of the crater, Loki looked down at Dyon and sighed.

By now, Dyon's body was charred completely black. Aside from his face and neck that Loki has purposefully avoided to ensure he didn't die too soon, it could be said that it was a surprise if Dyon's body didn't fall to ash if you simply touched it.

A mist of red lay around him, some of which tainted the ground. One could imagine that this red was likely the blood that leaked from the cracks in Dyon's skin. Loki had almost forgotten that Dyon wasn't only dealing with the impact of the lightning strike, but also the blood boiling heat that was its after effect. Even though Loki hadn't used red lightning, the Ragnarok's most destructive, it wouldn't have been surprising for Dyon's body to heat up to a few thousand degrees.

"Tsk, even I'm starting to feel bad now." Loki said to himself, hardly sounding sympathetic. At the start, he had held back from causing Dyon fatal damage, focusing on keeping him alive. But, as time turned to hours, the stubbornness in his eyes began to irritate Loki. At this point, Loki wouldn't be surprised if even Dyon's inner organs had turned black as well.

A moment later, Loki stood over top of Dyon.

He leisurely bent his knees as though he was going to sit on a throne, causing his once empty back to manifest exactly that. An instant later, Dyon's body raised up and onto a platform, making it convenient for Loki to access.

The entire process was seamless, and there was seemingly only a small stream of saint energy used the entire time. This was without a doubt the rare magic that so few could use. One couldn't help wonder, just what Loki's backstory was.

In the mortal realm, the stories of him being a trickster and a powerful warlock seemed to be true. But, was he really the son of a Frost Giant? The Ragnors didn't seem like the caring type Odin was portrayed as in the origin stories of Loki... After all, according to the mortal realm stories, Odin adopted Loki to teach him kindness and morality before raising him like his own son. Were the real world Ragnors so magnanimous? Only a fool would believe so.

Loki excitedly began to slip Dyon's spatial rings off. Many of them had been formerly concealed, but with Dyon's soul death, they were all laid bare for Loki's eyes.

Remembering the ridiculous amount of wealth this boy displayed at the world tournament moved even Loki. Just his energy stones alone were worth a few hundred thousand transcendent stones. That was more wealth than a lot of lower level dao formation experts. Of course Loki was interested!

"Tch." Loki looked disappointed though. As soon as he started going through Dyon's ring and didn't find a single energy stone, he could only lament the fact that Dyon had left them behind for his wives. What Loki didn't know was that before he arrived, Dyon had poured all of his energy stones into the demon sage's tower because that was the only way for it to defend against attacks above sainthood.

However, when Loki remembered how many treasures Dyon had, and how he could always go and take Dyon's wives for himself now, he calmed himself. Everything would be his in due time.

The next thing Loki looked for were Dyon's 33 heaven weapons. But, that was yet another disappointment for him.

Although Dyon made conquering these weapons look easy, the truth of the matter was that these weapons were exceedingly arrogant to their bones. Whereas Dyon never considered the fact that they might reject him for even a moment, the categorically and emphatically turned their nose up at Loki.

The veins on Loki's head were threatening to burst. Even if death this Dyon seemed to want to anger him to follow in death too!

The aurora steps showed no sign of movement and didn't even willingly leave the spatial ring until Loki destroyed the spatial ring itself. And then there was an ancient tome that was so tightly latched that it would open no matter what Loki did.

To make matters worse, Loki tried to then find The Seal, knowing very well that Dyon had it, but if even Dyon couldn't find The Seal when it was within his own body, despite his ridiculous senses, how could Loki find it when it didn't want to be found by an inferior owner?

At this point, Loki was losing his mind in anger. He was the one who always played tricks on others, not the other way around. How could he tolerate this?!

Loki lashed out in a rage, violently kicking away Dyon's body without remorse and sending himself tumbling away. If Loki didn't think the entity might still have a use for Dyon, he would have directly incinerated his body.

"Trash." Loki muttered under his breath, his fury still smoldering.

Chapter 633: Ultimate

Loki looked toward Elder Daiyu's corpse, about to head in that direction. After all, if he remembered correctly, the Daiyu had a pseudo weapon of the 33 heavens that would likely be much more willing to be conquered. Plus, Elder Daiyu had the only means other than The Seal to open up the channel to the entity. However, before he got far, he heard the clanging of metal meeting tough rock.

When he looked over, he noticed in all his anger, he had forgotten the treasure that had caught his attention the most. Because Dyon's body had been charred black, and it had been held so tightly against his body, it almost blended in seamlessly. But, Loki's kick finally caused Dyon to drop it.

With a new light in his eyes, Loki laughed himself silly. To him, he felt that although he had never heard of this weapon being on the 33 heavens list, it was in no way inferior. In fact, it might even be superior.

Madly grinning, Loki walked over and picked up a 6-foot-long jet-black sword. He almost lost himself in happiness when he felt no resistance from the sword. In fact, the sword itself was almost begging to be bounded, giving off the vibes that it was disappointed with its previous owner.

"Aiyah. For you to have chosen such a weak master, I can understand how you feel. Come, show me your power." Loki coaxed the sword, gently stroking it as though he had achieved the greatest thing in his lifetime.

The jet-black sword immediately obliged, morphing itself into a black wrist band and happily allowing Loki to soul bind it.

In an instant, Loki was flooded with information of the sword's various possible forms. But, that hardly meant much to him. After all, unlike Dyon, he wasn't able to master any weapon on a whim. In fact, Loki rarely used weapons at all. That said, who wouldn't be attracted to armor like this? It was suffice to say that Loki was quite happy.

"Hm... I feel like you were much more powerful before, no?" Loki leaped up from the crater, leisurely walking toward Elder Daiyu's corpse.

Seemingly in response to Loki, a faint light started to shine from the wrist band, causing a seal to break. In an instant, the wrist band went from a normal metal to giving off the airs of a Spiritual weapon. This, of course, made Loki delirious with joy.

"So you have seals? Show me how many more you can undo with my current power!" Loki said excitedly.

A second seal snapped, and Loki felt a massive drain on his soul. But he ignored it, happy with the feeling of a supreme level treasure!

This was the feeling that he had felt from Dyon at his peak. He wondered if this was truly the best the sword had to offer. It wouldn't be disappointing, not in the least, but Loki somehow thought there was more.

Just as Loki was thinking this, a third seal snapped. Loki felt his knees buckle as a wave of fatigue overwhelmed him. But when he felt the aura of the weapon, it was no less than that of a pseudo 33 heavens weapon.

A fourth seal snapped.

Loki fell to his knee, gripping his chest in pain. This strain, this was without a doubt the equivalent stamina drain to a true 33 heavens weapon.

"Alright. That's enough." Loki smiled, absolutely content with himself.

He tried to stand up, but that was when something completely out of his expectations occurred.

A fifth seal snapped.

Blood flew from Loki's mouth. He fell to both knees, wheezing and coughing. He didn't understand what was happening, what kind of weapon didn't listen to its master?

The truth was that there were plenty of weapons that housed malevolent souls that often ignored the whims of their master. However, the difference between them and this weapon was the fact that they weren't powerful enough to actually lead to the death of their master by any direct means. However... The Dragon King's Weapon could!

"Having fun?"

Just as Loki was feeling despair for the first time in his life, a voice that should by all right be erased from existence sounded off behind him.

A savage expression spread across Loki's features. Although he was drained, he still had enough to kill a hobble meridian formation expert!

However...

A sixth seal snapped.

Loki felt his flesh nearly collapse inward. His skin hung so closely to his bones that he looked like nothing more than a skeleton.

Dyon weakly stumbled out of the crater. He didn't know how he found energy to climb out, but he had used every ounce of hatred he had for Loki for fuel him. Nothing would stop him from witnessing this man's death.

With all the power he could muster, Dyon kicked Loki's side, sending the 5 meter tall man falling toward his back and looking up listlessly.

"You... How..." Loki spoke weakly. However, it was at this point he began to feel an attack on his soul. The Dragon King was trying to take over his body!

Dyon looked down, having expected this. He wasn't so naïve as to believe that the Dragon King would be loyal to him without their soul bond. But, he let it happen for now, knowing he could stop it in time.

"It's simple really, I just used the soul power I devoured from you to seal my soul with The Seal. I'm simply smarter than you, nothing more, nothing less."

This answer irritated Loki to no end. Smarter than him? He was the smartest Ragnor in history! Who dared to say something like that to his face?! All of the other faith seeded heroes relied on their overwhelming talent. Only Loki used his head and wits to survive in a clan that placed power over everything!

"You knew... You knew about this weapon..." Loki croaked.

"Of course I did." Dyon stepped forward, crouching down with great difficulty and placing his hand on the black wrist band. In an instant, the Dragon King submitted without resistance. With Dyon's new found weapon's master will, it was even easier than before.

"I'll be taking my things back now, thanks." Dyon said nonchalantly. Although Loki felt a great relief with that soul sucking leech off of his wrist, there was no way he could recover in a short time. However, Dyon's next words sent him into a pit of despair.

Chapter 634: I'll Make Certain

"Give me the soul strength you took from him you stingy Dragon King. You didn't attack or defend against anything, so I know you have that power stored somewhere."

Hearing Dyon's order, the Dragon King could only oblige. In an instant, Dyon's soul began to slowly replenish itself. Although a damaged soul couldn't save a damaged soul, Dyon had something Zabia Jafari hadn't had. The ultimate soul replenishing technique: Devour!

The rate of Dyon's soul dissipation drastically decreased. Loki's soul simply wasn't powerful enough to fully replenish Dyon. And, even if it was, Dyon didn't know if that would be enough to stop the dissipation without his grand teacher's technique. But, it was enough for him to hold on for now.

"You've hidden your soul strength even from me all this time. You must have quite a treasure on you." Dyon said nonchalantly, brandishing his sword.

Dyon ran a deep cut along Loki's thigh, twisting his way through without remorse.

Loki's screams began to fill the inner world. Although he had expected this as soon as Dyon filled the tables on him, the idea of the torture being inflicted on him was enough to drive him insane.

Even in venting his frustrations, Dyon was incredibly clear headed. He was fully aware that if he wasted too much time, Loki would recover and he wouldn't stand a chance. But, how could Loki do such a thing if Dyon slowly tore his soul to shred with every stab of his sword?

Dyon's eyes were deadpan, flickering slowly with a dense black flame. He calmly sliced apart Loki's thighs, separating the muscle as though he was a surgeon before slowly gliding the sharpness of his blade into his bone and twisting.

The strain on Loki's soul coupled with the excruciating torture caused his screams to reach higher levels.

Dyon suddenly chuckled, "Do you think I can't tell the noises you're making are part of an illusion? It's a shame that you don't have enough power remaining to do anything else."

Those words cut through Loki's screams, silencing them in an instant. For the first time, Loki's eyes truly widened in terror.

From the very start of Dyon's torture, Loki had done the best he could to fake as though he was helpless. Only this way would Dyon lower his guard and allow him to recover. Since Dyon had already taken away the very thing weakening him, survival was still possible.

However, Dyon's music will was much too sensitive for such a thing to work on him. He had long since mastered it as an intent. How could he be fooled by fake sounds?

The problem was that Loki didn't know that this was why Dyon had seen through him. To him, Dyon had become like some sort of flawless God. A person capable of planning so many steps ahead that even Loki the trickster was fooled.

Maybe if he wasn't so fatigued he would have tried a different kind of illusion. Maybe he would have thought of the truth... But unfortunately, Dyon had stomped on his hope and tore it apart without remorse. Quite simply put, the moment Loki revealed what he truly was, he had lost.

The truth was that Dyon hardly had the strength to stand up, let alone try and use his 6th sense to see through Loki's illusions. His only shot at healing his body would be to use The Tree of Life and Death to

absorb the remaining power in Elder Daiyu's corpse, but that would completely deplete his soul. He wasn't sure if that was something he could afford.

However, he had to make this man pay. For all the pain he caused. For all the tears shed because of him. For all the lives lost at his whim. He had to pay.

Suddenly, Loki started laughing.

By this point, he barely looked human. He was nothing but a bloodied mess. However, after Dyon exposed his illusion, he hadn't spoken a single word.

His bones were shattered. His muscles torn. His face scarred beyond repair. And yet not a single time did he utter a word. After all the torture he had endured with the Ragnor family, until the day he finally awakened his faith seed, what did this little bit mean to him?

"Go on, kill me then."

Surprisingly, Dyon chuckled as well, "I've long since noticed that slicing your skin and breaking your bones has been too easy. Since when was the body of a peak saint capable of being hurt this severely by a man who can hardly lift a finger?"

Loki remained silent. By this point, he was much too used to Dyon seeing through him.

Although Loki's body wasn't nearly as powerful, the situations were still comparable considering the difference in strength between Dyon then and now.

Even at his peak most strength, it had taken everything out of Dyon to even injure Elder Daiyu, and that was when he unlocked 5 seals on the Dragon King weapon!

Yet now, Dyon was disheveled and couldn't muster up any strength. Nor could he handle even a single seal being broken. At the moment, the Dragon King's sword was nothing more than a common level weapon in his hand.

The answer was clear. Loki had diverted his remaining power to protect his most important organs while trying to stall for time.

He would allow Dyon to enjoy himself now. But as soon as he accumulated enough saint energy to form a drop in his meridians, this farce would be over.

There was nothing Dyon could do. His soul was tapped out. He could hardly lift his arms. Even his vision was steadily blurring.

He could feel that the bit of soul he had protected with Loki's was starting to fade away again, and there was no stopping it this time... There was no one to devour, no one to stop it... No one to help...

"I only need ten more minutes." Loki said, a sinister glare in his eyes. "In ten more minutes, I'll make sure your soul never comes back!"

Chapter 635: Circumstance

Dyon calmly raised his sword, trying to slice into Loki's stomach. But, the result were as expected. Not even a white line resulted from his best effort.

"Hiding in a turtle shell, I see." Dyon's tone was flat.

"Provocation won't work for you here. Although, pleading for mercy and signing a soul contract might. After all, having a puppet capable of using 33 heavens weapons would be greatly beneficial."

Dyon didn't respond. Ever since he had found out the truth of his parent's lives, something within him had changed. Although he was no longer at a loss for how to control his emotions because of his Master, that didn't mean he wasn't still heavily affected by those things.

He had accepted the fact he needed to let the memories of his parents rest, and that he needed to move on. But that wouldn't change his anger. The people who had put him in this pit of despair would pay.

In one swift motion, Dyon's sword morphed into a dark wrist band. Looking down at himself, he scanned over his cracked and charred skin. Pain was still wracking his body, but from his expression, one would think that it wasn't his body that he was looking at, at all.

Dyon turned and began to walk away, but this only incited more laughter from Loki.

"Run while you can. There isn't a single person in this universe that can stop me."

What did Loki have to fear? No one would be able to find him unless they made use of that Meiyang girl who disappeared, but his highest form of protection was Dyon's injuries. How would Dyon make it out of the catacombs? Whether it be his body's condition or his stamina, he was too lacking. It had taken hours to reach this place.

Even worse, even if Dyon was fully healthy, his spatial will comprehension wasn't high enough to not get lost! All of this pointed toward Loki having as much time as he wanted to recover. Then, he'd leave this place and go and end this war. With his presence, and his capabilities, he'd be able to greatly boost his allies before stealing back that Meiyang girl to find a Dyon that would still probably be lost!

When he thought through all of this, Loki couldn't help but laugh himself silly.

He thought about all the ways that he'd torture Dyon for revenge before turning him into a puppet. The sinister glow in his eyes only increased with each passing second.

However, unlike what he first believed, Dyon didn't walk toward the exit. Instead, he stopped beside the massive corpse of Elder Daiyu.

"Tell me, Dragon King, how useful is the corpse of a dead Dao Formation expert?" Dyon asked. He had begun to realize that due to the Dragon King's personality, unless he directly asked questions using their master-weapon relationship, he wouldn't go out of his way to help. Dyon found this quite interesting, though. Because if it hadn't been for the Dragon King, his grand teacher wouldn't have known to help him.

'Hmph,' An ancient voice once again filled Dyon's mind. 'Why would you want anything to do with this inferior bloodline.'

"I only have a bit of soul stamina left and I need to use it properly," Dyon explained as though the Dragon King wasn't already aware, "I need to know if I can use my Tree of Life and Death technique, or not."

'Normally, absorbing essence from a dead corpse without the consciousness of that person present is a death sentence.' The Dragon King explained, 'A corpse automatically accumulates death qi. The only way that essence is protected from death qi is if the consciousness protects it either by separating it from its body before death qi becomes a factor, or by actively protecting it while the consciousness is still of this world.'

A sudden realization hit Dyon. So that was why he was able to accept the Demon Sage's, as well as his master's and her husband's essences. His master actively protected her and her husband's essences, likely for the benefit of Little Black, before she ended up gifting them to Dyon. The demon sage definitely did this as well.

'However, you're different because you've mastered death to the one with heart level. You can ignore this small bit of death qi because he's hardly been dead for a few hours. In fact, his soul hasn't even entirely dissipated.

'That said, this corpse has no essence remaining. He was a former dao formation expert that was forced to recede his own cultivation in order to preserve his life. The only reason why he burst with dao formation power at the end was because he burned his remaining essence. So, there's nothing remaining of that to absorb, unfortunately.'

Dyon sighed. That meant that there was no possibility in absorbing the Black Jade Dragon bloodline. Although the Dragon King turned his nose up at it, Dyon was a human with a body much too fragile. The Demon Sage's bloodline was great and provided him with plenty of power, though. In fact, considering the Dragon King hadn't said a single word of bad about the Demon Sage, he may very well approve of the demon sage's bloodline – a truly shocking this for the King of all Dragons.

'But, that doesn't mean there's no benefit for you on his corpse.'

Dyon's eyes brightened at these words as he listened intently.

'He diverted all of his essence to burst with vitality. That energy is currently leaking from his muscles and being eroded away by death qi as we speak. He's essentially become an extremely digestible energy stone perfectly tailored to body cultivation. You can use your Tree of Life and Death to absorb this vitality to heal your wounds and boost your existing bloodline.

'Why you would want such a pitiful bloodline when you have the one running through your veins is beyond me.'

Maybe under different circumstances, Dyon would have grinned wildly.

Chapter 636: Describe

Dyon quietly stood beside Elder Daiyu's hulking corpse, calming himself. He had to focus on making the most efficient use of the Acacia family technique, or else this would all be useless.

Usually, using any of the Ancient Elvin techniques was child's play for Dyon. However, things are only truly put into perspective when observing how those with less abnormal souls handle utilizing the technique. Ri, for example, only uses the Tree of Life and Death in dire situations, not daring to use it as flippantly as Dyon.

Unfortunately, now that Dyon was in a position where his soul talent was whittling away along with his soul strength and stamina, he had no choice but to be as frugal with his soul as others were.

Just as Dyon was about to manifest the technique, his brows suddenly scrunched as his soul picked up the faint touch of something odd.

'What...' Although Dyon looked confused, he recovered to speak.

"Are you going to continue hiding? Or should I just devour your remaining soul now?" Dyon spoke directly to the corpse, using bits of his remaining stamina to hide his voice from Loki with music will. If he was correct in his assumption, he could afford to do such a thing now.

"What use is there in speaking with me, demon. Just hurry now and kill me." Elder Daiyu's voice sounded out, although it was much weaker than ever before.

Although Dyon was a bit confused at first, with a brief explanation from the Dragon King and his own deductions, he began to understand.

Elder Daiyu was a former Dao Formation expert. As a martial warrior having reached that level, even if his soul lagged behind by an entire large cultivation barrier, he would have still managed to grow a celestial level soul. As a result, that soul would be able to survive even in the case of the death of the body for however long that person's remaining life span was.

However, since Elder Daiyu's soul was heavily damaged, it was likely that his soul wouldn't last that long.

Essentially, Elder Daiyu's soul had gained the necessary characteristics to survive independently of a body, but it no longer had the power to do so. As a result, he was in this odd in between where he was very conscious of himself slowly dying.

"I only wanted to here if the pathetic old man in front of me had any last words. The fact you still somehow think I'm the Dragon King is irrelevant to me. You've long since lost my respect, and I won't be sparing the Daiyu family. You can consider them gone along with your death." Dyon spoke calmly. To anyone watching, it was as though he didn't have the threat of Loki looming over his head. In fact, it was as though he wasn't heavily injured at all even though few would even be able to be conscious under such harsh wounds.

Elder Daiyu didn't know what to say in response. Before, he had thought that the Dragon King was trying to lie to him. However, what reason did the Dragon King had to lie now? He was already dying and couldn't retaliate, by all rights if Dyon was the true Dragon King, he would be gloating right now.

However, how could Elder Daiyu be at ease knowing that he had not only died for nothing, his clan would too? He felt an endless regret, but there was nothing he could do... Even if Dyon did nothing, he would die a true death within a few days, and without him, the Daiyu were next to nothing even in this universe.

Plus, how could King Belmont allow traitors to live?

Even still, the anger that was boiling within Elder Daiyu had no room to vent, and Dyon wouldn't allow him to even if he did.

Had he cared when he took Dyon to be sacrificed? Did he think about those who cared for him? For those who would shed tears when he was gone?

From the very beginning, Elder Daiyu had done nothing but act selfishly. Even if he all began because of his anger at the loss of his brothers, had he chosen to accept the fact the Dragon King was cleansed and done away with, none of this would have happened.

"Where's Jade." Dyon suddenly asked, pausing before he devoured Elder Daiyu's soul. Although devour could read memories, it required extra control and soul strength Dyon simply could not divert right now. So, he thought he would at least try his luck although it was unlikely that Elder Daiyu would answer in his current state of anger.

A bitter laugh inadvertently escaped Elder Daiyu. He sounded aggrieved and wronged, never thinking he would die in such a pitiful manner, but he answered anyway, purely because he knew the truth of the matter would leave Dyon at a loss.

"Even if I wanted to tell you, it would be impossible. Part of the soul contract she forced Lei'er to sign included erasing the memories of what she asked for. Even I don't know what we gave to her, nor do I know where she went."

Dyon's brows furrowed. It seemed like he wouldn't be able to deal with all of his problems at once today. He didn't know why, but Jade was the enemy that made him feel the most uncomfortable.

Even through all of this, she was the only one who managed to get out unscathed. While everyone else was battling for their lives, she had probably already slipped away using who knows what means. All Dyon knew was that if the Daiyu could make it to this universe, they definitely had methods of leaving.

Jade's personality was the most like Dyon's he had ever met, at least when it came to charisma. When someone with that sort of ability became twisted... Who knew what they could do?

What Dyon didn't know was that when next he met Jade, the word uncomfortable wouldn't be enough to describe it.

Chapter 637: Only Way

There was another reason Dyon didn't like the idea of Jade running around freely, though. The memory of Miss Everdeen was still fresh in Dyon's mind and he would never forget his promise to have all who harmed her kneel in front of her tomb.

After having dealt with the Eostre family, only Jade was left.

Having heard what he needed to hear from Elder Daiyu, Dyon's features steeled as he prepared to absorb the last of his remaining soul.

'Wait.'

The Dragon King's voice suddenly sounded through Dyon's ears.

"Is something wrong?"

'You'd be wasting a good opportunity if you crudely absorbed his soul like this. Even though his daos are damaged, they were still once formed. Normally, it would be impossible to take advantage of something like this, but you're a special case. Use the Soul Tome.'

A sudden realization dawned on Dyon. A portion of the Soul Tome's function, aside from cleansing, almost worked like a seal. It was capable of taking things and inscribing them within its pages for future use. Also, by utilizing Dyon's array alchemy talent, within certain boundaries, it can convert those things directly into absorbable arrays which can be used to learn anything instantly.

Basically, while anyone would only be able to watch helplessly as those daos disappeared from the world, Dyon was likely the only person in existence with not one, but two methods of stopping that from happening. He could either use his seal or the soul tome!

However, using The Seal would require a constant strain on his stamina. In peak condition, this would be negligible to Dyon. But, right now? It was literally the difference between life or death.

Luckily, he had the soul tome. It could store things passively, without Dyon's soul aiding in binding it!

That said, there was still something troubling Dyon.

"Dragon King... If I absorb these shattered and remnant daos into the soul tome, will they really be helpful?"

Dyon's worry wasn't baseless. After all, he knew first hand the important of establishing your own dao heart. If he learned from the comprehension of others, wouldn't he be handicapping himself all while setting himself up for a massive backlash in the future? It all seemed counter intuitive.

'It is important to build your own daos, yes. However, these daos, even in their shattered state, can be useful for plenty of things.

'For one, there's weapons. Attaching a dao to a weapon is incredibly difficult, but it's also the main step in forging a legendary path piece of equipment. The dao supplies the energy so you don't have to.

'Secondly, all daos of the same vein originate from the same origin. Even if his path diverges from yours, utilizing his comprehension will still speed up yours as long as your one with heart is firm.

'And that leads to the third benefit. This is a very ancient and almost masochistic method, but it's one I believe suits you very much. You've seen how the strength of one's one with heart can be shattered by those with superior cultivation, right?'

Dyon looked off into the distance at the still chained hand and couldn't help but agree. They were still thousands, if not tens of thousands, of miles away, and yet Dyon always felt this formless pressure. He had always believed himself to be arrogant without bounds, and yet somehow this entity still made him feel like his will was nothing compared to its...

'Truth be told, the mere fact you can stand here without falling to your knees is already a testament to either your stupidity or arrogance. But, I have to say I like your attitude regardless. So, I'll teach you something.'

A look of interest surfaced on Dyon's features. He knew that the Dragon King had many legacies within it. In fact, it might reach into the millions considering how many life times it had gone through by taking over bodies.

"Does this mean you can teach me Dragon Soul too?" Dyon asked, expectantly.

'Impossible. You don't have any dragon blood within you. Your Demon Sage was so arrogant that he never mixed his blood with anything else than his own. Do you understand now why that thing said your arrogance is fake? It doesn't run deeply enough to compare to the man you're succeeding, let alone me.'

Dyon could only shake his head at this. He was arrogant, but there were things he placed above his arrogance as well. If it meant saving the life of people he cared about, he wouldn't hesitate to bow down. What was pride in the face of the death of a loved one?

But, this was exactly what the entity had seen through. That said, Dyon didn't agree. To him, arrogance could come in many forms.

Maybe in other situations, others might be 'more' arrogant than he was. But in a situation where it meant the life and death of those he cherished, there wasn't a soul who could compare to him.

"You mean I can't body cultivate to that point?" Dyon asked this, but he already knew the answer. If the demon sage – a man known as maybe the greatest body cultivator to ever live – hadn't been able to, then it was likely impossible.

'Humans simply do not have the connection to the universe we do. Dragons exist to embody arrogance and sovereignty. This is what the universe birthed us to do. You would have to create new laws for yourself in order to use Dragon Soul without dragon blood.'

Dyon nodded in understanding. It wasn't all bad, maybe in the future he could find potent enough dragon essence... Although he highly doubted it. That said, he still had the Dragon King. For a hefty strain on his soul, he could use Dragon Soul as well by relying on it.

"So, what did you want to teach me?" Dyon turned his attention back to the topic at hand. He hadn't forgotten that Loki was still some distance behind him, nor had he given up thoughts on helping to end this war.

'It's an ancient technique that likely no longer exists in this world. If you want to stand on the pinnacle of the world with an unshakeable dao, this is the only way to do it.'

Chapter 638: So Much Like...?

Dyon's eyes shone. "Unshakeable dao?"

'It will be impossible for you to end up with a shattered dao. The power it would take to do something like that to you, should you master this technique, would be more than the universe would allow a single person to have.'

Dyon diligently listened to the Dragon King's explanation. In the end, his reaction was a mixture of anticipation of apprehension.

He anticipated the benefits, but at the same time, a technique like this wouldn't be easy. In fact, it sounded a lot like suicide. As much as he was practically born a masochist, he had more people to worry about than himself now. He couldn't do things on a whim just because he felt like it anymore, he had to consider the thoughts and opinions of his wives, especially since hiding things from them while their souls were connected as one was practically impossible to begin with.

The technique itself was known as Will of Heart.

The first aspect of the technique was the sovereignty path. In order to reach perfection in Will of Heart, one needed to form nine daos utilizing this path. At the moment, Dyon had his music, weapon's master, demonic, and death wills that all followed this path, but they were far from becoming daos.

The second aspect was the masochistic aspect. It required tempering your one with heart by comprehending or absorbing contradicting paths to your own.

When Dyon heard this, even he couldn't help but break out into a cold sweat. This technique was essentially asking its wielders to purposefully cause their cultivation to deviate! What ridiculous requirements.

This was why the Dragon King wanted Dyon to take in Elder Daiyu's shattered dao. It was a rare opportunity to absorb weakened daos... This wasn't a privilege previous wielders of the technique had.

However, Dyon also finally understood why the Dragon King had such a technique. Only the embodiment of sovereignty would have such an overbearing technique. But, that didn't mean Dyon would jump into this blindly.

The backlash for the shattering of a one with heart that served as the basis for a supreme law was death. And yet this technique asked him to continuously try and break that foundation to build it up. It was a tall ask indeed.

Dyon shook his head and stopped thinking about it before stretching out his hand toward Elder Daiyu.

There was a faint unwillingness in as Elder Daiyu's remaining soul strength accumulated toward Dyon's palm, but the struggle was futile...

Elder Daiyu was someone who could no longer handle even something as simple as a soul contract. The fact his soul had even last this long was a testament to his tenacity and grit. There was no doubt that having a damaged soul meant you were in constant pain, but he fought through it... Only to meet his end to a teenage boy he hadn't placed in his eyes just a few months ago.

There was no screaming, nor were there any last words of hatred. Maybe Elder Daiyu decided to maintain the last bit of his dignity and leave the world silently...

Saying that he regretted his actions would likely be an understatement. However, maybe not for the reasons many would think. Although Elder Daiyu made the wrong decisions time and time again, what

he was most ashamed of was how he disregarded his moral compass again and again. He had tried to sacrifice the life of a 19 year old boy, how could that sit well with any sane elder?

It was only oh so ironic how the weapon that started all of this for him, would also end it.

Elder Daiyu closed his eyes as he felt his soul strength slow drain. Dyon didn't torture him, but he did something for more sinister.

There were very few people Dyon used devour to completion for, but it wasn't under today that he learned what doing such a thing really meant...

Dyon's parents would never return to this world because they had no souls of their own. There was nothing anchoring them to this world and nothing for the universe to remember them by. Elder Daiyu and his allies had used the lives of his parents and people like they were mere tools to be discarded and never used again.

However, isn't this exactly what devour accomplishes? A technique capable of shattering daos and crippling souls... A technique capable of erasing an entire person from existence.

The end of Elder Daiyu's life was uneventful and was a hallmark in history no one would remember. Such was the cruelty of the martial world... Preying on the weak and snatching away what was never yours was the only way to survive...

Dyon slowly felt his dissipating soul recover a bit, giving him more breathing room to use the Tree of Life and Death. But, first...

Dyon's hand flashed as an ancient tome appeared. His mind stretched over Elder Daiyu's corpse, using the hints of the Dragon King to finally find the source of light he was speaking about.

And instant later, Dyon's breath was taken away.

Magnificent daos appeared in the air. Although they were clear cracked and broken in many places, unable to show their true power, Dyon could still feel a certain majesty that made the wills and intents within him ache for improvement. They too wanted to reach their own perfect state!

There weren't an infinite amount, only about three from what Dyon could tell. That said, because of their shattered states, it was difficult to tell. It would take time to decipher them, and even more to absorb them without dying... But, if it was just pain, Dyon would do anything for strength.

As the shattered daos slowly inscribed themselves into Dyon's soul tome and the Tree of Life and Death bloomed in the skies, prepared to replenish Dyon's body, Dyon couldn't help but muse about something that would become of utmost importance in the future...

He could help but wonder... 'Why do daos look so much like arrays?...'

Chapter 639: Ripped Apart

After the shattered daos were absorbed into the ancient tome, the fourth page was no longer blank. Although the Dragon King had explained how the Will of Heart worked, Dyon simply didn't have time to do anything about it now. He would have to save them for later.

Outside of the Belmont Holy Land cave, the battle was still raging onward. But, in the center of it all, Chenglei, who was being heavily protected by Daiyu clan members, suddenly felt a sense of loss. However, it wouldn't be until much later that he understood just why...

After absorbing Elder Daiyu's soul, because Dyon made no attempt at scanning his memories, he was able to replenish his soul to the best of his abilities.

Taking a deep breath, an ominous air filled the atmosphere as an obsidian tree with cracks of crystalline rocks weakly flickered into existence.

From the very beginning, Dyon understood that only the best of soul techniques could manifest physical forms. It required either outstanding soul talent, or an outstanding technique in and of itself. So, when Dyon saw that his Tree of Life and Death was more illusory than real, he could help but grit his teeth before sighing. He had no idea if he'd be able to absorb any essence from Elder Daiyu like this.

'It seems your soul is too damaged.' The Dragon King spoke, confirming Dyon's suspicions.

The Tree of Life and Death was quite frankly useless in this form. Its corporeal form wasn't just about piercing things, it quite literally represented its power.

It seemed that Dyon was too naïve in believing he could take advantage of this situation like this. He had been lucky to even be capable of using Devour at all. The mandate of the Heavens wasn't something you could just dodge because you felt like it, even if it could be delayed for a few moments.

However, he could understand. Devour required his soul, yes, but there were no requirements for it to be complete in order to be used. But, Manifestations were different.

Manifestations were quite literally meant to be a projection of your soul. In learning the Acacia family technique, Dyon had to body cultivate to cause changes to his bloodline, that would then affect his soul directly. So, how could an incomplete soul project something complete? It was impossible...

Loki seemed to have sensed this and started laughing uproariously. "Just 4 more minutes. What could you possibly do with that sham of a manifestation. You should just be lucky that you haven't dropped dead yet!"

Even as Loki finish his words, Dyon's broke out into a cold sweat as an intense pain tore through his chest. He coughed violently, unable to stop the torrent of sweet blood from flying from his mouth.

Dyon collapsed to his knee, wheezing for breath.

In a way, Loki was right. Anyone else would have long since collapsed from burning their soul. Zabia had only managed to remain conscious for ten minutes before Dyon was forced to save him, and yet Dyon had managed to hang on, on his own for hours – even with Loki's torture!

Loki couldn't help but gloat at Dyon's misfortune, staring at the charred boy as though he was nothing more than a corpse walking.

There really was no hope for Dyon left. If he could muster enough power to hurt a saint before Loki could move again, he was basically waiting for death.

Relying on the Dragon King was a fool's errand. Although it didn't particularly matter whether Loki was ready or not – because the Dragon King would win anyway – the problem was that if the Dragon King was the one to subdue Loki, Dyon would lose all control of him. Dyon wasn't so naïve as to believe that the Dragon King was some benevolent being. The only reason why he helped Dyon in his weapon form was because he was bound by the laws the universe set for weapons. This was the price he paid for leaving a part of himself in this plane.

As for Dyon's puppet, that was even more impossible. Elder Daiyu, before his death, had completely destroyed the arrays that kept Dyon's puppet together. Although the material could still be reused in the future, what made the puppet itself tick was completely gone. If it wasn't, Dyon wouldn't have even had to connect his soul to it in order to kill Loki because the puppet would have had peak saint cultivation even with being controlled.

The only other chance Loki could think of Dyon having would be force feed him some sort of poison, or to unlock some seals on his odd weapon. But, after seeing the toll unlocking those seals put on him at peak condition, how could Dyon handle it in his current state? As for poison, after being tortured for so many years in Ragnor clan territory, how could any normal poison effect him anymore? Not to mention the fact that carrying around poison capable of ending a peak saint's life was rare in and of itself.

For all of these reasons, Loki no longer bothered with Dyon, instead choosing to focus on his own recovery. At the moment, the only thing that stopped him from moving was the dangerous levels his soul had reached. He quite literally felt like his life was hanging on by a thin string.

If he didn't properly replenish his soul, his life could slip away at any moment. Thus, he had no choice but to take his time and soul cultivate, something he rarely did considering most of his power was based in his energy cultivation.

Unfortunately for Loki and many others like him, soul cultivation was a task that was exceedingly difficult, painful and slow. So, when he said he needed ten minutes to stabilize himself and stand, he was no exaggerating a single bit.

However, none of that mattered. All Loki could think about was how he could keep Dyon alive for the longest period of time so he could feel his body being ripped apart.

Chapter 640: Massive Weight

King Patia-Neva, having reclaimed his title and much of his power, stormed through the skies, careening through Earth's atmosphere with rings of fire blazing around him.

Although he didn't have King Acacia's True Empathy, he didn't need it to be able to tell something ominous was going on. The amount of blood lust he felt chilled him to his very bones, and he couldn't help but worry. His love and his daughter were in the arena now as far as he knew, and yet all he saw was a bloody massacre.

Patia-Neva's eyes widened as he appeared above the skies of the arena. Below, the war was still raging, but this was no normal war he had ever seen...

Red crystal humans that looked oddly beautiful as they reflected the heavily falling rain were actually death sentences for anyone who even thought of admiring them! A simple touch to a weak warrior would mean their blood essence being forcefully sapped. Patia-Neva watched in horror as countless allies fell, turning into skeletons as they were devoured from the inside out.

The screams of elves and Pakals alike filled the stadium. The red crystals may have looked beautiful, but they were drenched in the scent of death and blood so thick that even a celestial would feel their stomach upturn.

'Just what is this...' Patia-Neva didn't know what to do or how to approach this. Would purifying it with his will work? He had no idea...

The gazes of the ten Ipsum clan elders snapped up into the sky when they sensed a powerful aura sweeping over the stadium. They were much too fatigued to do much of anything else, but they had no choice but to alert Saeclums. At this point, they no longer needed the formation to sustain this damage, this plague would spread without their support anymore – it had absorbed enough blood essence to sustain itself for a long while. However, they still couldn't afford to lose the formation either. Because if they did, they would have no way of harnessing the power the red crystals absorbed at the end of all of this.

If Loki didn't get what he wanted... The Ipsum elders paled when they thought of the consequences.

Warriors were still trying to run away, but the army of red crystals skeletons was seemingly being and ocean of red that none of them could avoid.

Patia-Neva finally acted. He knew he couldn't risk attempting to cleanse whatever this was, because that would likely lead to more deaths. He could sense that he wouldn't be the first to attempt this cleanse, and although he would be the most powerful, he wasn't so conceited as to believe he could match the power output of thousands of combined elves. Although their cleansing ability was inferior to his, they made up for it with numbers.

That didn't mean that Patia-Neva had no chance at cleansing the red crystals, but rather it would take time he couldn't afford to give at the moment.

In a flash, Patia-Neva appeared on the front line of the battle, drawing a line of ice that blasted away the enemy. The appearance of a celestial had drastically turned the tides, causing the Ragnors who had been shamelessly chasing their retreating allies to pause with fear in their eyes. Without a celestial on their side, how could they match up to Patia-Neva? It was a fool's errand!

The wall of ice grew explosively, stopping the barrage of red crystals.

"Run!" Patia-Neva roared. He could sense that even with his purity path, the red crystals were leeching the power that sustained his ice will. Even worse, he could feel an endless vitality coursing through the bombardment of crystals on the other side of his wall. He didn't have to think much to understand... He had seen this very technique used once before... When he had watched his clan be wiped out!

A cold light flashed through Patia-Neva's eyes. He refused to allow this evil to deal his allies a fatal blow again. Not while he was here.

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In the skies, King Belmont was continuously assaulted with blinding golden flames. Describing his state as sorry was an understatement, and the fact he was still alive only attested to his will to fulfill his duty as a King. He felt he had let everyone down... he should have been prepared for this, but he wasn't! And to think his own son...

"To have lived through this... I have to say, you're worthy of the title of King. I'm sure with the capabilities of your son, the Belmont name will be just fine, mm?"

King Belmont looked to the elves and Patriarch Pakal who were still fighting in the far distance. A pang of guilt assaulted his heart, but he knew he wouldn't be able to help them... This was likely where he would die... A fitting end for a useless king....

"No last words?" Seeing that King Belmont said nothing, King Aumen's fingers began to shine much more brilliantly than before. "I guess that's enough for now. I hope you raise a more filial son in your next life."

King Belmont could only watch as an overbearing heat swarm toward him. He could only sigh. Although he wanted to punish Lionel, he was his son after all. Could King Belmont really kill his own son as a traitor to his city?

A sinister glow flashed in King Aumen's eyes just as his attack was about to land. Now in this universe, there would only be one family of flames!

However, the massive impact King Aumen expected never happened. In fact, the massive power of his attack seemed to have hit something soft and cushioned, making it completely unable to display its full power.

Just as King Aumen was going to act, a formless pressure descended onto the surroundings along with the clearing of his vision. When he saw what lay before him, his eyes couldn't help but widen.

There stood a couple, a match made in heaven. The woman was a beauty beyond realms who held a small white fox in her arms, but the man had an aura so stifling and domineering that King Aumen involuntarily took a step back.

King Belmont's sighed in relief, a massive weight falling from his shoulders. "Amell... Nora..."