

## The Nameless 811

### Chapter 811: Label?

No matter what the situation, no matter how dire, no matter how hopeless, Dyon only saw the path to victory. There was never a single sliver of doubt in his mind that he would succeed. So, when Dyon fought Veles for the right to enter the final four, he broke through while Veles could only accept his defeat.

When Luna thought back to these events, she inadvertently smiled, forgetting the inner turmoil in her heart for a small moment before she came back to reality.

Her mind wondered back to Amphorae's words again... Was she wrong?... Did her love matter at all if she didn't believe in her husband?... Would he even take her as a wife anymore?...

However, Luna found herself hoping that her plan would work anyway...

When Laura told Luna that she wanted her to ruin the alliance between the Viserions and the Angel Clan, Luna hadn't known what to do. But, in that moment, she also realized that her primordial yin was gone, so suddenly, a very hard choice became very easy...

By ruining the Viserion alliance with the Angel Clan, he knew that Veles would be angry beyond belief. With Dyon's personality, he would definitely choose to split from them and run away on his own. However, because Luna didn't want Dyon to be captured, she orchestrated the rebellion by the barbarians by telling their leader that his daughter, Mina, was being mistreated. This was incredibly easy to pull off considering her abilities to make others believe her words.

Luna's hope was that the remaining elders would be too weak to catch and kill Dyon, but also strong enough to occupy him long enough for this battle to end. By the time Dyon shook off those elders, the Angel Clan would be completely wiped out and Luna would have long since killed herself with her Moon Clan and the Ahpuch, thus putting an end to this whole mess.

With her death and the annihilation of the Angel Clan, even if the mysterious clans wanted to vent their frustrations, they would have nothing to do so on. In ten years, Dyon's father would be released and exact revenge along side Dyon who would have been smart enough to hide since he only had his own life to protect now.

Luna had been so sure in herself before... But was she wrong?...

Luna could only continuously stare at the now clean dungeon ground as she squeezed her delicate head between her knees. Suddenly, her head snapped up, looking in a particular direction with unquestioned complexity written on her features.

In that instant, her plan went up in smoke. It seemed she had underestimated this husband of hers again... Not only was he back... He was more powerful than ever...

Luna's doubt strengthened manifold in that moment. Was she wrong in not believing in him?

\*\*

Dyon soared through the skies, cutting through the air like a hot knife through butter. His bright golden wings outshone the slowly rising sun, basking the desolate Angel Clan with a blinding light.

In that moment, every Angel clan warriors looked up into the sky to see their King approaching with the dawn's sun as his backdrop. He looked like nothing short of a God descending from the skies.

The Angel clan warriors were in shock. They had never seen anyone with golden wings. In fact, they had never seen anyone with more than a single pair of wings, but suddenly, their king had four!

A gentle wind swept through the prepared battle ground as Dyon lightly slowed to hover before Amphorae. The anger in his eyes was gone, replaced by a gentle and loving look that even his a bit of remorsefulness. However, he knew that now wasn't the time to pay Amphorae back... He didn't know if he would ever get to pay her back at all...

But, Amphorae only lightly smiled, seemingly content and understanding.

Dyon shifted to Amphorae's side. The sky brightened, erupting in a blessing that forced the illusions of both Dyon's and Amphorae's manifestations into existence. They weren't real, nor did they give them

any boost in power... But it was as though Dyon's presence along with his queen's forced them to show themselves... As if they would be remiss had they not.

The Angel Clan looked up in awe as a Goddess bathed in pure white light stood beside a domineering man bathed in gold. Their wings spread outward, gently caressing every angel present, instilling their hearts with even more resolve.

At this point, Dyon knew he didn't need to say anything. There was no longer a need. Everyone already understood. Today, they would fight together. Their hearts would be as one and their goals would be in sync. With their King and Queen behind them, what did they have to fear?

They all faced ahead, standing outside the tall walls of the Angel Clan just as the rumbling of an approaching filled their sharp senses.

Dyon felt Amphorae slip a spatial ring onto his finger, causing him to nod in acknowledgment. He had these spatial rings formulated for the strongest 5 members of their clans, all of which were peak dao formation experts and happened to include Amphorae's father. He set these members aside, purposefully not placing them into the squads that formed his radius formation strategy.

As for their function, that was a secret that would soon drive the opposing army quite insane. This strategy would have been impossible had Dyon not incorporated ancient world formation theory, so he had to thank the Angel Clan ancestors for the benefits he gained.

In a mere few moments, an army tallying nearly three million appeared in the skies, led by Laura Moon, Jabari Ahpuch, and Veles Viserion, along with their dao formation protectors.

Seeing Veles, Dyon didn't have a single change in his facial expression. It was as though he had never seen this man before in his life. If it wasn't for the fact Veles' expression was twisting and grinding as though he might explode at any moment, one would never know that there was a relationship between the two.

Jabari, however, had been completely nonchalant until his eyes suddenly landed on Amphorae. After all, unlike the unorganized attacking army, only Dyon and Amphorae stood in the air on the defending side. Their presence was extremely eye-catching.

Dyon's Perception spread out, seemingly piercing through everything as the irises of his eye moved so rapidly that it almost seemed as though his cool hazel-green eyes had become completely white. Unfortunately, unlike when he used his soul, Dyon's perception required him to purposefully land his eye on what he was observing. Even more unfortunately, personally scanning three million people was quite the burden. That said, it took Dyon less than ten seconds to finish.

"What a woman!" Jabari's large frame suddenly emanated a deep demonic aura as he slightly enlarged, "For you, beautiful, as long as you all surrender your spiritual vein and swear allegiance to the Ahpuch Emperor God Clan, I won't touch a single hair on that pretty little head of yours."

Amphorae didn't answer, nor did she seem to have any reaction. It was as though Jabari was a fly she couldn't be bothered to deal with.

Jabari raised an eyebrow before suddenly noticing that there was someone standing beside this beauty he had been so focused on. "Ah, I understand. This must be the pitiful man you were promised to? Don't worry, I don't particularly care whether you're a virgin or not. I'm only interested in making you mine. Who cares if I own your purity if I don't have the power to make you stay by my side?" Jabari fiercely grinned, his eyes reddening visibly. He hadn't been this agitated by a woman since he saw Luna!

Amphorae finally looked up, and met Jabari's demonic eyes, completely unperturbed. She knew that Dyon had no intention of standing up for her now, and she also knew the exact reason why not. If it wasn't for a purpose, with Dyon's personality, wouldn't he have had Jabari's head on a platter by now?

After all of the effort Amphorae had put in to turning the clan's image of women around, if she showed apprehension in dealing with a little harassment, wouldn't all that work fly up in smoke?

"Jabari Ahpuch, crown prince of the Ahpuch Emperor God Clan, is it?" Amphorae spoke lightly and gently, yet her voice seemed to travel to everyone's ears easily.

"Haha!" Jabari's chest puffed out in pride. "So, you have heard of me!"

"Of course." Amphorae nodded, still completely indifferent. "I've long since heard how you came in second to my husband despite being almost an entire realm higher in cultivation and more than a few decades older. Truly impressive.

"If my chosen man is pitiful, then how exactly do you label yourself?"

## Chapter 812: Do You Love Her?

When Amphorae's words reached Jabari's ears, he suddenly froze. Maybe it was because he lived too frivolous of a life style, or maybe he had forcefully forgotten the traumatic experience of losing his prestige and his to-be fiancée all in the same day, but it wasn't until this moment that he melded together the image of the young man he lost to all those years ago along with the one before him right now.

The truth of the matter was closer to the latter. Or else, why would Jabari not connect the fact Luna was married off to someone with the man he lost to? After all, the prize for beating him was her. Thinking back on it, it was actually quite stupid of him.

All these years, he had consoled himself, thinking that his future would be far brighter than the country bumpkin he lost to. Since he came from an Emperor God Clan, how could his resources match up to that of a crown prince? As the years passed, the gap between them should only increase.

However, no matter how much the top Ahpuch brass wanted to hide things from him, he realized how much work they had put in to ensuring the take over of this seemingly small and insignificant clan. To the point where they didn't hesitate to send him, their crown prince, to see to the deed personally.

On top of all of this, Jabari had long since heard that the former king of this Angel Clan was the reason even his own Clan didn't dare to lay a hand on them. Didn't that mean that this bumpkin's father was far stronger than his own?!

The more Jabari thought about it, the angrier he got. His skin reddened and a dense killing intent permeated the air.

"Good. Good. Good." His voice dropped 3 octaves along with the thickening of his bulging neck as his muscles began to squirm and grow. "Before, I was far too bored to be bothered with the battle. But, since the woman I want has spoken, I can only oblige.

"YOU!" Jabari's piercing red eyes landed on Dyon's calm ones. "COME HERE!" Jabari flashed from his position, immediately appearing in the no-man's land between the two armies.

Dyon looked at Jabari's angered expression feeling nothing but endless disgust in his heart. This fool stood before him trying to steal his wife as though she was some sort of poachable client, then had the audacity to be the one angered.

However, Dyon didn't act rashly. In the last 30 or so years, Jabari had broken through the peak saint stage, and although he wasn't a first grade warrior, he was at the mid-peak of the second grade which put him above many geniuses. That said, this wasn't what made Dyon apprehensive.

It was well known that the threshold for 'normal' geniuses began at the third grade, usually those capable of this feat at the essence level were guaranteed to become celestials, while those who did it at the saint level were guaranteed to become at least low level dao formation experts. But, a second grade warrior was far from enough to impress Dyon. The problem lied in the fact Jabari was the crown prince of an Emperor God Clan. Dyon had no doubt that he was a legatee as a result of that fact!

If Dyon had his energy and soul cultivation at his finger tips, there would be nothing to worry about. But, currently, Dyon didn't even have any wills he could use. On top of that, although his body had broken into the lower celestial level and was about the equivalent of a 2nd stage celestial who had broken through the celestial stage as a first grade saint, that was if and only if that warrior didn't use anything but their energy cultivation.

To explain things simple, because of Dyon's body cultivation talent and the potency of the demon sage blood essence, his body cultivation would always be the equivalent of a person who had broken through their previous stage at the peak of the first grade. And as a side note, this was also the same for his soul. The problem was that, that only remained true as far as the raw power given by the cultivation level itself, and not other supplementary sources of power!

If Dyon fought a first grade 2nd stage celestial right now who didn't use any wills, soul power, and somehow sealed away the prowess of their body or made it negligible, he would win without a doubt! However, the moment that opponent began using wills or other power supplements, Dyon would be placed on his back foot immediately!

The reason Dyon was able to defeat the saints he had since he awoke from his coma was because none of those warriors matched up to him in talent even remotely. They were at most 5th or 4th grade experts, with the occasional 3rd grade. They stood no chance and were completely unable to ...

However, Jabari was different. Even though he was a mid-peak 2nd grade celestial warrior which corresponded to about 95 of 108 filled meridians at the saint level. Although he was only currently at the first stage of the celestial level, he was without a doubt capable of closing the gap between both his grade and stage with the use of his body cultivation and wills!

Even worse, none of this accounted for the faith he could wield as the crown prince of the Ahpuch clan!

Simply put, if Dyon were to fight Jabari now as he was... Victory was completely uncertain...

All of this aside, even if Dyon's soul and energy cultivation were unsealed, he wouldn't want to fight Jabari in such a situation. All Jabari cared about was his own pride, however, Dyon had an entire clan to worry about. His formation worked most effectively while he was heading it, for one. Secondly, the dao formation experts sent to protect Jabari would never let him die, so what was the point? Although Dyon had methods to make sure Jabari died, he didn't want to reveal them just yet.

However, there were some things that even someone as rational and intelligent as Dyon would ignore. To challenge him for his own woman wasn't something he would take lying down. Since Jabari wanted to embarrass himself, Dyon would happily oblige.

Dyon slowly descended from the skies, landing beside an unassuming teenage boy with fiery eyes. His battle intent was clearly flickering, but Dyon could see a tinge of nervousness in his eyes when he looked over to his left to a girl that was about his age.

Although Dyon refused to add essence gatherers to his army because of their youth, he unfortunately couldn't afford to give up saints. Because of the talent of the Angel Clan, essence gatherers were aplenty even in children as young as 10 years old. Unfortunately, that meant that some saints were barely 16 or 17 years old. Here, that was both a gift and a curse.

The boy here was clearly not afraid to fight for his clan, but with the addition of who Dyon assumed was his crush into the mix, he couldn't seem to focus. Dyon knew that this was likely a problem many were facing, however, the benefits of adding 50,000 warriors outweighed the drop in battle prowess the original army would suffer while worrying about their significant others, daughters and mothers.

Dyon understood this more than almost anyone. There was a point in his life where he felt the need to be beside his wives every step of the way, making sure not even the tiniest mosquitoes bothered them. However, he too needed to learn how to let go. Women were delicate flowers every man wanted to protect with their lives, but often times that blinded these very men from understanding that each of those women who had a place in their hearts had prowess of their own... And... They wanted to give their life for you just as much as you wanted to for them.

Dyon lightly smiled, ignoring the fuming Jabari in the air. "Do you love her?"

The boy was startled. He was so engrossed in his own thoughts that he hadn't even noticed his King approach him. By the time he processed the words Dyon said, his ears immediately went red as he inadvertently glanced at the delicate beauty who was a few rows from him. Because of their arrangements, Dyon had purposefully given those with strong relationships battle radii near each other.

When Dyon's words spread across the battle field, the girl suddenly noticed the boy's gaze and she too immediately went red. The innocent moment lightened up the tense atmosphere that permeated the Angel Clan army, even causing some more of the shameless older men to laugh and jeer.

Dyon ruffled the boy's hair, "There's no greater sign of love than to fight beside one other. Always remember, she wants to protect you as much as you want to protect her. Only when you're side by side can you both be worry free."

#### Chapter 813: On the Other Side...

Dyon's words stunned the army of warriors. The women felt their grievances had finally been laid to bare, while the men suddenly realized that maybe they had been too hypocritical in their steadfast biases. Although that didn't shift the culture of the Angel Clan, it was definitely a step in the right direction. In fact, it worked two-fold in allowing the tense nerves to relax.

Amphorae, who still stood in the air, smiled. She hadn't seen this charismatic side of her husband in a long time and no one was happier with its reappearance than her. Dyon's Presence seemed to make everyone cling to his every word... This was what a King should be.

"I understand." The boy lowered his head, half ashamed, but also half determined.

Smiling, Dyon said no more on the topic. Acting as though he suddenly remembered something, he looked up into the sky at the Jabari fool whose head was seemingly about to explode.

"Actually, I came here for another reason," Dyon said with a devious glint in his eye. "What weapon do you use, Malihcki?"

The boy was stunned. He had never expected that their King knew his name, but the moment he heard it, a deep warmth spread through his chest. He suddenly felt as though he would jump through fire for the man standing beside him.

"Responding to my liege, I use chakrams." The boy proudly held up two completely round blades. They were sharp all around with their only dull parts being within the inner circle meant to act as hand holds. They had a finished sheen to them that made it clear that this boy took care of them diligently.

"You take care of your weapons well," Dyon praised without reserve.

The boy blushed, avoiding Dyon's shining eyes to hide his happiness. "Did sire need them?"

Dyon smiled, accepting the two round blades from Malihcki. "I've never used these before. So, while they may be deadly in your hands, it's akin to giving a child a weapon in mine."

The boy was about to refute, but Dyon continued before he could get a chance to.

"Since that's the case, I thought it would be the perfect handicap to give the fool in the sky."

Malihcki stifled a laugh, suddenly understanding the purpose of his King. But, looking at Dyon's hold on the chakrams, he also understood that this king of his had truly never used these weapons before. They were quite dangerous if used incorrectly, so he was also slightly nervous.

What Malihcki didn't know was that the moment Dyon's hands touched the blades, he felt an unmatched closeness with it. It was the same closeness he felt no matter what weapon his touched. The problem was that the feeling was much weaker than it was usually...

Without his Weapon's Master will, and considering his weapon's pagoda was sealed away along with his soul, his closeness with weapons wasn't so exaggerated as it had been before.

"I'll bring these back to you in a few moments," Dyon said lightly before soaring in the skies.

The boy watched with admiration in his eyes as his King stood before a man an entire half meter taller than him without an ounce of fear in his eyes.

Dyon nonchalantly spun both blades on a single finger. They were so sharp that he could feel the wind groan at their movement.

At this point, Jabari was about to lose it.

"To humiliate your enemy. Is this the way of the Angel Clan? How appropriate for you to be brought to heel." A dao formation expert of the Ahpuch Clan spoke out in disdain.

Dyon didn't bother to look at him as he spoke. "2 364 822 essence gathering experts. 1 682 455 of the 5th grade. 592 524 of the 4th grade. 89 799 of the lower 3rd grade. 44 of the peak-lower 3rd grade.

"573 534 sainthood experts. 102 456 of the 5th grade. 365 782 of the 4th grade. 105 296 of the peak-lower 3rd grade."

"154 693 celestials. All at the peak-lower 3rd grade. 125 803 of the lower celestial stage. 21 343 of the mid celestial stage. 7 543 of the high celestial stage. 4 at their peak celestial stage on the verge of a break through, but will merely become 3rd grade dao formation experts in the future."

Maybe it wasn't until Dyon's last sentence that the opposing army realized what Dyon was doing. And it wasn't until then that they realized they shouldn't feel any pride in the words they were hearing...

"Ah, yes. You also have 9 present dao formation experts protecting 3 fools I didn't bother to include."

When the dao formation expert heard Dyon emphasize the word present, he suddenly understood that this young king had already seen through their ploy...

"As for you three, all of whom are mere 3rd grade dao formation experts at the mid-high level, don't you think it's more humiliating for you to attack our clan with such a poor showing?" Dyon looked up, his eyes piercing through to the dao formation expert who spoke, allowing his peak King Presence to weigh down on the battle field until his enemies could hardly breathe.

"103 349 warriors. 81 593 sainthood experts. All of the peak first grade. 21 739 celestial experts. All of the first grade. 17 dao formation experts. 12 of the second grade. 5 of the first grade.

"You do not deserve to stand on the same battle field as us." Dyon shifted his gaze back to Jabari. "And you do not deserve to stand on the same battle field as me."

The blood of the Angel Clan boiled. How could they not understand the reason their King had said these words?

They were too short sighted in only seeing numbers. Maybe if they were still only 50 000 strong, the number difference would still be insurmountable, however, with their numbers doubled, their strength was unparalleled!

"I WILL KILL YOU!" Jabari finally lost his last shred of patience. He turned into a blur, charging toward Dyon like a raging bull.

Dyon shook his head as though he was lamenting being peerless in the world. However, all of his analysis of Jabari stood true even until now. Raging or not, this was not an easy opponent. Unfortunately for Jabari, Dyon had no intention of fighting him head on. The best way to deal with such an idiot was to use your head.

A stone with flashing comets shone as it hung loosely from Dyon's neck. Tossing the chakrams into the air, they suddenly disappeared from sight completely.

Malihcki, who was still standing on the ground, was stunned by this. Could his weapons be used this way? Did his King lie? Did he actually know some sort of secret technique?

However, his thoughts were stalled as Dyon took a step forward toward Jabari's raging figure before disappearing from sight as well.

Jabari froze in complete confusion. How could a person just disappear? He was sure that Dyon hadn't used a movement technique... He had just vanished? What was going on?

In his rage, Jabari hadn't even taken out his glaive, wanting to tear Dyon apart with his bare hands. But, now he was apprehensive. He suddenly regretted never spending time honing his senses. His soul was still far from the celestial stage despite his energy and body cultivation having long since reached that stage, so he had no divine sense. He had no idea where Dyon was!

"YOUNG PRINCE!" The dao formation experts sworn to protect this Ahpuch crown prince suddenly shouted out in horror. As dao formation experts, no matter how poor their soul cultivation talent was, how could they not have at least managed to reach the lower 9th stage? Therefore, although they were baffled by Dyon's disappearance too, they knew he was still in the area!

However, it was too late.

Dyon nonchalantly waved his hand, slicing a gash into Jabari's back.

Jabari spun around violently, lunging forward with newfound ferocity. Unfortunately for him, Dyon had expected this.

The biggest problem when dealing with those stronger than you was that even if you immobilized them or caught them off guard, dealing serious damage was difficult. This was a major problem Dyon had when he fought Loki and Elder Daiyu, which was why the battle didn't simply end after he pressured their souls with the Aurora Steps.

Dyon knew that if he wanted to injure Jabari badly, it would take time. And that time would give this crown prince of the Ahpuch Clan too much time to become acclimated to his concealment array, not to mention give the dao formation enemies time to step in. A dragged out fight would have the opposite effect of the morale boost Dyon was going for. So, he needed a way to end things quickly.

That was when Dyon suddenly thought of an idea. Instead of using his own power to harm Jabari, why not let the overgrown gorilla harm himself?!

Jabari charged forward, spreading out his arms in hopes of catching even the faintest sign of Dyon. His speed burst forward as his devilish aura was pushed to its max, stimulating his God level bloodline to the best of his abilities and spurring his speed on.

However, the moment he was looking for never came. He reached his top speed in less than a meter, before abruptly coming to a stop just as fast.

Jabari froze, unable to move even an inch further as a stunned look in his eyes washed over his features.

Dyon slowly appeared as blood trickled down Jabari's forehead and his hand.

There, Dyon stood holding a chakram high. On one end was his strong and large hand... On the other... Jabari's sliced skull.

Chapter 814: Oh?

The light in Jabari's eyes seemed to dim significantly, however, Dyon didn't let him fall from the skies. Instead, he grabbed a hold of his thick wrist, letting him dangle from the skies. He didn't really care to kill Jabari now or not, in fact, he was likely more useful alive.

One might wonder how a man with a blade in his head could be alive, but the truth of the matter is that even a wound like this is possible to be recovered from if you're a high level body cultivator. It's just that Jabari won't have any strength to do anything else for a good long while, which cut the enemies of the Angel Clan down by one second grade warrior, which was a decent return in Dyon's opinion.

That said, where Dyon truly benefited was the morale boost he just gave the Angel Clan and the shadow he placed over the hearts of the opposing army. His message was clear: 'If the crown prince of an emperor god clan can't match up to someone decades younger than him, what chance do you all have?'

Dyon took the spatial ring off of Jabari's finger, using the flames of the aurora stone to wipe away the soul mark left on it, causing Jabari to cough up blood weakly again.

In the moment, the dao formation experts of the Ahpuch Clan roared in anger, seeking to immediately come out for revenge. Unfortunately for them, the Angel Clan minister had long since locked their auras onto them. If they moved even an inch, this bloody battle would start with them in the middle of it all.

This was, obviously, the last thing those Ahpuch Clan elders wanted. After all, they knew very well that they were no match for the Angel Clan ministers. They wanted to wait until the canon fodder of the Moon Clan tired them all out before they swooped in themselves to deal some damage from time to time. Then, the hidden experts of the mysterious clan would come to clean up the final lingering issues and it would all be over.

But now, the life and death of their crown prince was unknown, the morale of their canon fodder was down the drain, and it was looking more and more like they would have to step in personally.

Dyon let go of Jabari's wrist before kneeing him in the face. In a smooth parabolic arc, the hulk of a man flew through the air and landed just behind the back line of the Angel Clan army before a mystical formation seemed to appear from thin air to seal him.

The Ahpuch Elders grit their teeth. This was war, could they really bargain for their prince's life? Even if they could, the only viable gift they could give was the withdrawal of their armies. If it was just the Ahpuch Clan's plan, that would be no issue. But, with the mysterious clans lurking around, it was impossible for them to take a step back.

Even worse, they knew that they had severe punishments waiting for them when they returned. Every Emperor God Clan treated their legatees like treasures because they were limited in number per generation! If they lost Jabari, that would be a permanent missing legatee in their ranks for at least the next few tens of thousand years.

Dyon had his back turned to the opposing army as though they weren't there at all, casually checking the spoils of his battle as the youth of the Angel Clan looked up at him in reverie.

With a smile, he flicked Malihcki's chakrams. The blade was so glistening and sharp that the coating of blood immediately fell to the ground, leaving the weapons as pristine as when Dyon burrowed them.

Tossing them upwards, Dyon caught them on the tips of his finger, balancing them both on one. Malihcki couldn't help being shocked. He knew, personally, how sharp those weapons were. When he saw how his King intended to catch them, he almost called out to warn him. Who had known that his King had reached such a realm of weapon mastery, to be able to decide what his blade cut and what it didn't.

After showing off a bit, Dyon threw both chakrams toward Malihcki like Frisbees, causing the young boy to freak out because the speed was too fast. He closed his eyes, waiting for death. He didn't even blame Dyon. He could only think that if he had reached the same realm of his King, he wouldn't be so scared right now. It was just his King thought too highly of him.

However, the death he was waiting for never came. Instead, he felt his chakrams silently slip into their rounded holders like they had been there all along.

"Thanks for the help Malihcki." Dyon said with a smile before he pulled out a massive 10 foot long glaive from Jabari's spatial ring.

The pole was a deep and reverberating black, etched with endless tattoos that radiated a devilish intent. Just the blade itself made up almost two and a half feet of the length, curved menacingly with a blinding silver metal. It too had etched, but they instead jetted out, patterned with what looked like crystals.

Even with Dyon's large hands, he could only just barely touch the tips of his fingers while wrapping around it.

He felt a deep resonance with weapon and it seemed to cheer the moment he laid hands on it. If he was going to lose himself in murder today, this was the weapon he wanted to do it with.

With Dyon's expertise, he could immediately see through this weapon. Normal weapons contained veins similar to meridians, which allowed one to flow their energy in and use it to a higher level. Unfortunately, Dyon never dared to do this because the weapons he used were much too high level. If he tried pouring his energy into the Dragon King, for example, he would be sapped of all of his strength immediately.

The reason why he never switched to a lower ranked weapon because of that was because the effectiveness of a transcendent weapon, even without energy supplementation, was far beyond those weapons below it. When Dyon did switch to a common level weapon, it was only to hone his sword will, not because it was the better choice for survival.

However, the truth of the matter was that this form of weapon was only one aspect. For example, Dyon's Aurora Steps could accept his soul pressure, and this glaive, used his body cultivation. The veins that made it up were quite similar to runic veins, which wasn't all that surprising considering the Ahpuch placed heavy emphasis on Body Cultivation.

Come to think of it, so did the Viserions and Angel Clan. Even the Moon Clan had special bodies, with the exception of Luna was something much more special. If Dyon had to make a guess, this was definitely a quadrant that followed the Body Path.

"ARE YOU TRYING TO MAKE AN ENEMY OUT OF THE ENTIRE AHPUCH EMPEROR GOD CLAN?!"

It seemed the Ahpuch Elders finally couldn't hold their tongues any longer. Seeing their clan treasure being held by an outsider crossed their bottom line. If one were to put this weapon on a scale similar to that of Energy Path weapons, it would definitely be of the transcendent level, most suitable to be used by celestials.

Considering how rare supreme level treasures were, even when one broke into the dao formation level, you would be lucky enough if you have one transcendent level weapon. The Ahpuch Clan simply couldn't afford such a loss!

Even worse, this was no normal transcendent weapon. It was a weapon reserved for the crown prince and future Emperor of their clan. It would only be passed down from the current Emperor once their chosen successor broke into the celestial level! Its importance was unprecedented. To the Ahpuch Clan, this glaive was just as important as the Viserions Dragon Refining Arts because they were both found in the same place! It was on that very day that the Viserions and Ahpuch made their first pact as unwilling allies.

"Oh? Is this weapon important to you?" Dyon said lightly. He didn't even bother to answer their ridiculous question. They should be worried about making enemies of him. What did he care for a bullshit Ahpuch Clan?

## Chapter 815: Attack!

The Elder grit his teeth. "That is our clan treasure. Return it immediately, or else you'll gain the wrath of the Ahpuch Clan in full."

"Your clan treasure? Then why is there no owner of it?" Dyon suddenly chuckled. "Your supposed clan treasure doesn't seem to care about your clan all that much."

The Elder's domineering spirit was immediately washed out by an embarrassed light before his rage built again.

It was true that no one of his Clan had ever gained acknowledgement of the weapon. But, luckily for them, its spirit seemed to be dormant, so it didn't lash out when used by an ordinary wielder.

Much like the Angel Clan, the rest of this quadrant also had fairly low-level weapons. Well, more accurately, they were low level in Dyon's eyes because he had a whole room filled with transcendent level weapons and even had a supreme level ring and tower. But, in this era and especially this quadrant, transcendent weapons were rare as phoenix feathers. Even though they couldn't control the glaive, they still took great pride in owning it.

"I'll say it again." The elder said through gritted teeth, ignoring Dyon jabs. "Return the glaive. Return our prince. Lest you make an enemy of our entire clan!"

"Are you a fool?" Dyon finally turned around, swinging the glaive out from himself casually. The glaive seemed to sing, vibrating in agitation as though it was waiting for Dyon to do something it had waited for, for ages.

The surrounding armies were startled. Not by Dyon's response, but rather the reaction of the glaive. Although they weren't holding it, they could clearly feel its changes. Didn't this weapon not acknowledge anyone? What was going on?

"What did you say?!" The elder was so angry he didn't even notice what everyone else did. He was more shocked that a junior dared to speak to him like this.

"You're seeking to wipe out my Angel Clan with this pitiful display of yours and you're warning us to not provoke you?" Dyon's eyes sharpened as his Presence added another layer of overwhelming pressure. "Let me make something clear to you.

"Even if your Ahpuch Clan never stepped foot on Planet Haven after this day, we would come seek out your heads!"

The Angel Clan warriors roared in unison, spurred by their King's dominance and feeling their blood boil. The Heavens seemed to quake with their rising mood, causing clouds to roll through the once clear morning air.

What they didn't know was that their King was about to do something to raise their morale even higher.

The Ahpuch Elders were taken back by Dyon's words. In any other situation, they would have felt endless disgust and disdain for such a statement. But, while others might not know it, they knew exactly who the father of this child was! If they lost here today, it would be their final chance to keep these proceedings quiet. Before they could manage to regroup and attack again, that monster would have broken free of his bindings! And it seemed like his son was growing into a monster even fiercer than him!

Dyon's heart began to thump madly as the golden flame that resided within it was lit ablaze, shooting out of the chamber it was within and racing through his veins toward the glaive.

The golden flame erupted from Dyon's hand, coursing through the etchings of the glaive and lighting them all up, one by one.

The glaive unleashed a roar of delight, erupting in a black-gold light that seemed only more domineering when compared to Dyon's bright golden wings.

The body of the glaive began to flake off its outer layer, shedding the skin that had hidden it for so many centuries.

Dyon had seen a weapon manifest a dragon before. He still remembered the day the Dragon King took a nap in the skies of the World Tournament. But, when a golden dragon appeared in the skies of Planet Haven, he had to admit that he was still very much surprised.

When the Dragon King appeared, he didn't truly understand the significance of it. But, now, how could he not? For this weapon to contain a dragon soul, was it truly a mere transcendent level weapon? He had always wondered where the Dragon King received the technique he used to become a weapon... Did it originate from here?

However, it turned out that Dyon was thinking too much about it. After his soul connected with this weapon, he understood its origins and it wasn't as lofty that the Dragon King. It wasn't that it was a bad weapon, it was just that it was almost impossible to match up to a weapon forged with a faith seed as its core.

That said, saying that this glaive's origins weren't as lofty as the Dragon King might be slightly misleading. Because, if what Dyon was seeing was correct, this was one of the many weapons forged by the Dragon Sovereign!

The current Sovereign race, or ruling race, of the Drago-Qilin quadrants is a clan of Golden dragons that was founded by the second strongest Dragon in their history: The Dragon Sovereign. One can see just how powerful this man was considering the Dragon King was only known as being in the top ten, while he was indisputably number two.

What shocked Dyon even more about this information, though, was the fact that a beast could be a weapon's smith! However, when he thought about his newly gained knowledge of runic vein theory, he understood. Although beast soul talent was too poor to be great array alchemists – other than exceptions like the celestial deer, of course – their body cultivation talent was unmatched! Of course, there would be amazing runic masters in their ranks.

It seemed that this glaive was stolen from the Dragon Sovereign along with the information about dragon anatomy that was used to create the Dragon Refining Arts. It also made sense that Dragons would have the most information about their own veins, after all, runic vein theory relied on you first understanding your own body before you gained the ability to improve it.

Knowing this, Dyon's respect for the creator of the Dragon Refining Arts was increased to another level. To have the audacity to steal from such an entity, and then create a technique that would make every Dragon in existence want to kill you... That took some guts.

The black flakes of the glaive burst into nothingness, revealing veins of gold coursing with blazing golden flames.

The blade of the glaive erupted with sounds of metal sharpening as its edges became thinner and its body extended by another foot, pushing past 3 feet.

"Huh." Dyon's voice cut through awed silence. "Seems like it's not so difficult to gain acknowledgement of this weapon after all. Seems your Ahpuch Clan is simply incompetent."

The dao formation expert didn't know how to respond. Even an idiot could see that the weapon that had never once responded to their long line of Emperors was being wielded by a mere child right now with absolute ease.

"It seems you're quite good at stealing things that aren't yours. It seems like your father truly raised you right." Veles' voice was seething. He had to tact in his words and emphasized the word father, knowing well that it was Dyon's weak point. Dyon had no idea his father was still alive, so one can imagine how deep those words cut.

"Ah," Dyon swung the glaive casually, causing a mountain range in the distance to be split in two. "I almost forgot about the other Emperor Clown Clan of our lovely quadrant. Do you want to be shown how poorly you used your treasures as well?"

Veles' brow furrowed, but his eyes seethed as he witnessed Dyon pull out a large tome.

"I heard that you only had 9 levels." Dyon let go of the glaive, allowing it to float beside him. "So, how come I see 9 acts of 3 levels each?" Dyon made a big show of licking his thumb and flicking through the pages before reaching the 10th and flipping it around.

"Here's the start of the 4th act," Dyon flipped some more, "Here's the 5th... Here's the 7th ..."

By this point, Veles was ready to implode. By the time Dyon got to the last page, he was completely fed up while the Angel Clan was dying of laughter.

In that moment, Laura, who had been watching this entire scene unfold, finally set aside her apprehension about Veles. This anger... It couldn't be faked... Veles truly hated Dyon's guts!

"Since we're allies," Laura said to Veles in a whisper, "I can't exactly leave you out to dry like this, now can I?"

"Members of the Moon Clan!" Laura's sweet voice rang out, "Attack!"

## Chapter 816: Mother-in-Law

Dyon shook his head as he watched the ridiculous amount of essence gatherers charge over. They were practically falling over each in nervousness. For the first time, Dyon questioned whether making detailed military plans was really worth his time.

He could clearly see the saints, celestials and dao formation experts remaining unmoving. The most ridiculous part of it all was that because of what he assumed were their big egos, the essence gatherers had actually been in the back, while they were at the front. That meant the essence gatherers had to quite literally fly over and under the group of more powerful cultivators that was trying their hardest to look as intimidating as they could.

Dyon leisurely looked from side to side before he glided backwards about 3 meters. Then, he simply stopped, standing completely still. He had long since retracted his wings. In fact, he didn't even use them to fight Jabari. He knew there was a long battle ahead and couldn't afford to waste stamina on trivial things. However, he shockingly didn't retreat to the center of the Angel Clan army. Even more oddly, none of the angels had moved a single centimeter!

By now, Laura and the Ahpuch elders believed they had seen through Dyon by now. He had just spent so long putting on a show, making it seem as though they were nothing but ants, but they believed themselves to be smarter than him. They believed that Dyon only did this to raise the morale of the Angel Clan. In their minds, the truth was Dyon was simply trying to squeeze all of the hope he could in a clearly desperate situation.

Laura chuckled lightly to herself as she watched Dyon stand in the middle of the two armies, still trying to act tough. "We'll see how long you can keep this façade up for."

Dyon looked up to see Laura giggling. Despite the noise of the roaring essence gatherers charging toward him, his hearing was able to tune in whatever sounds he wanted to focus on. When his eyes fell on the silver-haired, green-eyed beauty, his eyebrows raised.

'There's something wrong with her mental state,' Dyon made a mental note of it. For a leader of such a mission to be compromised in such a way, wasn't that just gifting him more cards to use in the future?

Veles, however, was reacting very differently. For the nearly 60 years of his life, the only one of his peers he had ever lost to consistently was Dyon. Unlike most people who would feel disheartened by such a thing, Veles only saw it as motivation.

Despite Dyon's two-time betrayal of his trust, Veles still believed he knew him better than most people. And everything he knew was telling him one thing: Dyon doesn't take losses and he sure as hell wouldn't be stupid enough to spear head an attack against canon fodder so early on. So, the question was, what was about to happen?

With his brows furrowed, Veles turned to Laura, "I don't think this attack is smart. He definitely has something up his sleeve."

Laura turned to Veles, smiling a smile that didn't truly seem like one, "I ignored your comments earlier, and now I'm using my own people as canon fodder, but not only have you still not brought out your army, you insist on speaking on how I command mine? Don't you find this a bit off, King Viserion?"

Veles shook his head, not bothering to argue with this woman. He did his job as an ally by informing Laura. His reasons for not allowing the Viserion army to advance was obvious, he didn't want the lives of his brothers to be used to pave the way for the whims of the Moon Clan.

"What are you so worried about?" Laura said teasingly, "You said yourself that this Angel Clan King came clean to you about all of plans, no?"

Veles' brows furrowed even further. Was this woman thinking straight? If Dyon was as smart as he knew him to be, since he planned on stealing the Dragon Refining Arts, he would have planned for the possibility of being caught. Knowing this, why would he ever tell Veles the whole truth? He likely hid the

most important parts understanding that Veles' reaction would be to join the opposing army. Since that was the case, how could Veles possibly know everything?

What Veles didn't know, that Laura did, was that Dyon never planned on betraying him. So, while Veles didn't believe everything he told Laura, Laura, who knew Luna was the reason behind their falling out, took every word Veles told her as gospel.

"Don't worry so much," Laura said, still giggling, "By the end of the day, I might even give you the opportunity to warm my bed."

A weird expression spread on Veles' face, "I prefer my women to be solely my women, thanks."

Laura pouted, "How sexist of you. You can have multiple women, but I can't try many men? Even that Jabari Prince is more open minded than you are. At least he sees me as a challenge to conquer."

Veles didn't know what to say, so he just didn't respond. He was more content with letting Laura think he didn't feel confident enough to be compared to other men than climb into bed with such a vixen.

Suddenly, Dyon swept out his glaive, drawing a single line across the dirt that spanned tens of kilometers in either direction.

"I warn you all now, crossing this line means death. Do with that information what you will."

The essence gatherers froze, stumbling over each other as they pushed to stop themselves. The scene was almost funnier than when they had to squeeze around their superiors earlier.

When Laura saw this, she frowned. But, changed her tune to a light laughter soon afterward. In that instant, everyone's attention was on the silver-haired beauty in the sky.

"You're putting on a good show," She clapped her small hands together in delight. "First, you use petty tricks to force the Ahpuch Crown Prince to injure himself with his own power since you didn't have the strength to do so yourself."

"Then you made a big show of conquering the Ahpuch Glaive, when in reality, it's only because you happen to be the first person to hold the glaive and Dragon Refining Arts tome at the same time. Something, mind you, you only accomplished by betraying your long-time friend for the second time."

When Laura sound this, flashes of realization suddenly appeared in the eyes of the stalled army and murmurs began to spread through them.

That was right! The two treasures were separated for a long time now! He's not special, it's just that he back stabbed King Viserion while asking for an alliance. He's nothing but a cheap bastard who uses petty tricks!

The more those cannon fodder spoke, the angrier the Angel Clan army became. This was their King! How could they stand here and do nothing! However, they remember the words of their King well. Anyone who acted out of line and not within his commands would be killed without question. This was revolutionary in ancient times, but in reality, this was standard for mortal world military affairs.

"And now what?" Laura snickered, continuing her dismantling of Dyon's façade, "You want to cripple the morale of my Moon Clan? I'm sorry, but we're not so weak willed nor weak minded.

"Today is the day the Angel Clan will be wiped from existence."

The Moon Clan army roared, their morale sky-rocketing. What did they have to fear this dancing monkey for?

They sprinted forward with renewed vigor. As essence gatherers, although they could fly, their stamina while doing so depleted much faster than saints and above experts. So, if they had to fight for an extended period of time, it was best for them to do so on the ground. Only second and first grade experts who reached the essence gathering stage could reasonably sustain flight since they had filled many more meridians with the necessary energy. Unfortunately for them, they weren't warriors of such caliber.

Laura watched this scene with a bright smile on her face. However, she never saw the look of despair on Dyon's face that she had expected. In fact, Dyon hardly reacted to her pointed words at all. Instead, he simply lifted his dark gold glaive, letting it rest on his shoulder before he turned and leisurely walked away.

"Mother-in-law!" Dyon called out to a beautiful middle-aged woman who hardly looked 30 or 40 years old, "I'll have to trouble you."

#### Chapter 817: Not an Animal

Amphorae's mother smiled and nodded lightly. Raging soul power erupted from her, far exceeding Dyon's capacity and climbing to the peak of the Dao stage.

In her hands, a large round crystal filled with comets burst with power, causing streams of pure white energy to flow from it and directly into a pit in the ground.

The bones in Dyon's feet cracked as he revolved the Celestial Wind Technique, flashing away in an instant and appearing in the very center of the Angel Clan army before reclining on a throne.

Seeing Dyon run away, the doubt in her heart disappeared and her laughter grew louder. Even Veles thought that maybe he had thought much too highly of Dyon. Maybe he was so conceited that he never expected to get caught by him anyway?

"See him run my fellow clan members? Charge forward freely!" Laura's melodious voice rang outward.

Unfortunately for her, when Dyon called out to Amphorae's mother, he had used the communication arrays he had given everyone. The opposing army didn't hear him, or else the dao formation experts would have sprung into action. The truth was that it wasn't proper etiquette for dao formation experts to jump into the fight so early, so if they saw his mother-in-law taking action, they would have tried their best to stop her before they lost too many essence gatherers.

However, Dyon had long thought through all of this. He purposefully provoked his enemies, strutting around in an exaggerated fashion. He knew well that Laura would believe Veles' words while Veles would doubt his own, that's why he didn't bother making new plans, the sowed discord by this action of his would be enough to throw their armies into chaos. Why? Because he hadn't told Veles about this plan because it was the trump card he didn't have to end up using.

As for why they couldn't see or sense his mother-in-law? Because she was nowhere near the battle field. She was within the clan's depths, standing above their spiritual vein, putting the finishing touches on a formation that used it as its power base!

The essence gatherers continued charging forward, completely oblivious. By this point, they were a mere 500 meters from the front line of the Angel Clan warriors, however, more than half of them had long since crossed the line Dyon drew. In a mere moment, they had all passed it...

That was when a beam of energy more than a 100 meters in radius erupted from the center of the Angel Clan. As soon as it reached its apex, it split at the top, spreading out directly toward the line Dyon had drawn...

Before anyone could react, a dome of transparent light covered the battle field, split into two semi-spheres. The first perfectly aligned with the line Dyon drew, the second was perfectly situated before the front line of the Angel Clan warriors, effectively trapping more than two million Moon Clan warriors between the two domes. They were unable to attack and unable to retreat.

"Would you light me to attack them?" A sweet voice resounded in Dyon's ears. But, he shook his head.

"No need to waste power on these canon fodder types. We'll just slowly kill them all, it's no problem. Time is on our side, not theirs. The moment the Viserions catch wind that something is going on, the Ahpuch will suffer."

Although Dyon couldn't see it, Amphorae's mother nodded and appeared on the battle field, discreetly handing Dyon yet another ring before retreating to her husband's side. By now, Amphorae was seated on a throne beside Dyon, yet the Angel Clan still hadn't made a move.

"It's a shame that none of you took my warning seriously," Dyon said lightly to the clearly panicking essence gatherers. They tried attacking the screen before them to retreat, but they found that their attacks, even with millions of them, couldn't even leave a dent. How could it? They were essence gatherers and this was a comet level formation Dyon pulled directly from his master's memories before making modification to it. Not to mention, it was fitted with the near infinite source of energy that was the spiritual vein.

Dyon would have used a star level formation since his master knew many of those as well, but he didn't have the ability. His soul was still too weak to study such a high level formation, let alone make modifications to it.

"It also looks like your leader is even more incompetent than you are stupid." Dyon continued, paying Laura back in full for her ridicule. Anyone could see that Laura had been outsmarted.

"Archers." Dyon raised his hand.

The opposing army's scare turned into confusion. Barrier worked from both sides, if he attacked, wasn't he only helping them to destroy the barrier he put up? The Angel Clan King couldn't be so stupid, could he?

However, in the next moment, their confusion and slight disdain turned into cries of anguish. The Angel Clan only had about ten thousand qualified archers in their ranks, those that studied the dao of archery, that is. That said, with their speed, even killing ten in a second was possible. Laura couldn't only watch as her essence gatherers were mowed down one by one without an opportunity to retreat. Even when they tried to escape from the sides, they found that there were barriers there as well!

They couldn't understand what was happening, how could a barrier only work from one side? What kind of magical formation was this? And why couldn't they even shake it in the least?

By now, the outside army charged forward, launching their strongest attacks to try and shatter the barrier. But, the scene of them charging their attacks made Dyon laugh so hard that his sides hurt. Even Amphorae couldn't help but giggle.

By the time the celestials and dao formation experts realized why Dyon was laughing, it was already too late.

Their attacks slipped right through, annihilating hundreds of thousands, speeding up the process of their own army's annihilation.

Soon, silence reigned on the battle field. More than two million dead bodies lay in a pit created by the opposing celestials. Before they had even fought a single Angel, they all died. Even the ten thousand

archers who had been fighting recovered in an instant because they were within range of the Angel Clan spiritual vein. The density of energy they had access to far outdid all other places in this entire quadrant.

Even Dyon's grand teacher who had watched everything from beginning to end could only shake his head and sigh. One was supposed to take their trials before they became a celestial, but often time, many would take it as soon as they stepped into sainthood, this was because it was the breakthrough that provided the best power boost in exchange for time and age. Meaning, it was usually easy to reach sainthood for high tier quadrants, and it was a good power boost.

This was the best choice for many because the difficulty of the trials was not only decided by which of the seven doors you chose, but also your age. Dyon entered at 21, and was now about 22-23 years old, which was actually quite late compared to most, so his trials were slightly harder than most, although not by much. However, because of the age, very, very, very few knew much of anything about array alchemy, let alone enough to trap more than two million warriors. The level of comet level array alchemist shouldn't have been possible unless you were at least a few hundred years old!

Because of Dyon's advantage, he had basically turned one of the toughest trials of the five – a trial many only took to be a survival trial ranked by time you managed to stay alive – into nothing more than a joke!

"Feel free to come." Dyon said with a teasing light in his eyes. "I'm not an animal, I'll allow you to take your fallen comrades back for a proper burial. They deserve at least that much for being sent to their death by their Princess, don't you think?"

## Chapter 818: Words Like Hammers

The celestials and saints who had attacked were clearly apprehensive. If they went it, according to what they'd seen, it would be easy. But, would they be able to come out afterwards? What would they do if they couldn't get down? Would they be mowed down as well?

Laura's delicate features twisted. She didn't care about the deaths because of the individuals, what she cared about was her face and the fact that losing two million plus warriors wasn't something any Kingdom could sustain easily, even if they were just essence gatherers.

Many of those were third and fourth grade warriors that had a lot of potential for the future. They would definitely become saints, and if they were lucky, celestials in the future! Some might even find their own luck and become dao formation experts. To say that the entire foundation of the Moon Clan was crippled would almost be an understatement!

Laura was agitated for another reason as well. The only reason she didn't make a fuss about Veles not bringing his army to the front line was because she wanted to take advantage of it.

She knew exactly what Veles lost, obviously, because she was watching from start to end. Although she didn't specify how she wanted Luna to ruin their alliance, she was pleasantly surprised with the method used.

After she saw Dyon escape with it, she began to concoct a plan. In fact, she originally wanted to send experts after Dyon, however, the Viserion elders were too incompetent and allowed him to escape too early. And, because Dyon cleverly remained inside of Viserion territory throughout the time they were chasing him, Laura couldn't risk sending experts lest he lose Veles' favor.

The truth was that she didn't think she needed Veles to win this war. So, after her first attempt failed, she wanted to quickly defeat the Angel Clan before Veles could find a chance to intervene, then take the tome from Dyon's corpse before Veles could breathe a word of discontent.

With that method, the moral high-ground would have been hers. After all, why would Veles deserve spoils of war when he didn't contribute? According to Laura's calculations, even if Veles was as wild as she thought and decided to fight it out with her, his army was only about a million warriors deep while hers was over three million! She thought that even after fighting the Angels, she would have plenty of strength left to wipe the Viserions off the map, and she would have good reason to as well. Veles would thus lose the protection of the main Viserion branch since he stepped out of line first.

The plan should have been perfect! She would even manage to fulfill the wish of her late father by raising the Moon Clan to new heights. If she gave the Ahpuch the tome, which she had righteously won away from the Angel Clan, the Viserions wouldn't be able to raise a word of discontent, and, even more poignant, it would be the perfect dowry for her to become Jabari's main wife and future Empress of the Ahpuch Emperor God Clan!

But now, everything was crumbling before her.

Her supposed future husband was nearly dead and might even be crippled. She had lost the foundation of the Moon Clan her father had so painstakingly built. And now her chances of having the moral high-ground with Veles had vanished into the wind...

Laura grit her teeth, "King Viserion, you aren't going to continue not to act, are you? I've now lost over two million warriors, is that not enough of a bid of sincerity?!" By the end of her words, Laura's voice had turned shrill.

Veles nodded. He held back because he was worried that the Moon Clan would only want to use him, but now it hardly mattered. If he continued to hold back, he would be suspected.

"Elder," Veles spoke respectfully to the dao formation expert flanking his left. Laura apparently found this weird judging by the look in her eye, it was as though she wasn't used to Kings treating their subordinates well. In that moment, inner turmoil ravaged her thoughts before it disappeared, replaced by complacency. "I'll have to ask you to test the power of the barrier."

The elder nodded, flashing forward until he was just outside the range of the outer most dome. Before he could act, numerous shadows appeared in the distance, carrying with them a blood thirsty and savage aura that could only be matched with the Viserion army. Soon, an army of nearly a million appeared over the mountain, marching in sync.

Dyon chuckled when he saw this. Clearly, Veles took inspiration from their talk, learning how to organize his own armies. However, Dyon didn't mind. Copying him was one thing, whether he could deploy his strategy appropriately was an entirely different matter.

The Viserion elder erupted into his second battle form, corresponding with the 6th stage of the Dragon Refining Arts. Or, more accurately, the peak of the second act. But, before he could attack, Dyon suddenly spoke.

"The Viserion Clan is truly an odd one." He said lightly.

Veles furrowed his eyebrows, even the elder stopped midway. They had just suffered a major loss because they fell for Dyon's goading, if they didn't listen to him when he spoke this time, wouldn't they just suffer more losses?

"There are only a few options for how your current actions could end. You could all die, the same way those canon fodder did, or you could by dumb stroke of luck manage to breach the barrier, and then you can die." Dyon continued.

Veles' lip twitched, "You think that just because your barrier can trap those pitiful essence gatherers that it can trap us as well?"

Dyon shrugged, "I don't really care what you believe or not, I'd just rather not annihilate your branch clan in light of the relationship between your father and mine.

"But sure, let's give you the benefit of the doubt. Let's say you breach the barrier and somehow manage to kill us all, then what?" Dyon waited patiently like they weren't currently in the middle of a battle.

"Then we would have wiped away the humiliation you've levied against us, what else is there?" Veles said in rage.

"Oh? So, you don't care about the remaining 18 pages then? Considering the tome has acknowledged me and only me, the moment I die, those pages go with me. I wonder how the Viserion Clan feels about that?" Dyon said pointedly.

Veles froze. He didn't doubt for a moment that Dyon was telling the truth. He also knew that it was impossible for Dyon to have used a fake tome when he showed him those pages. The aura of a Divine level technique could only be possible faked with the use of another divine level technique, but even then, each had its own unique aura. Veles had spent too much time with the tome to mistake its presence.

"I would unlock them myself." Veles said stubbornly.

"Oh please." Dyon said, waving him off. "The only thing you would have felt when you cultivated to the 9th stage was that the technique wasn't complete, you wouldn't have unlocked a thing. If that was the method, how would I already have access to the final 18 pages?"

Veles gritted his teeth. He was an intelligent person, how could he not have understood this already? He was simply being stubborn. It was already clear to him that Dyon had once again one-upped him.

"You should know," Dyon said chuckling, "If they fail today, they fail period. Do you think that the main Viserion branch would allow the Ahpuch to run around so rampantly? Do you think that the little Moon Clan dares to encroach on my Angel Clan on a whim?"

"The Clans backing the Ahpuch don't even dare to send too many of their own here because they have their own problems to deal with. In fact, I just learned a few moments ago that my father is still alive and will be released within 10 years, with two decades being the upper limit, at that time, what chance do the Ahpuch have to withstand his wrath?"

Every one of Dyon's words were like hammers slamming against the hearts of everyone present. This was especially true for the Angel Clan members who had just heard of this news. However, those elders of the Ahpuch Clan were the truly shocked ones.

#### Chapter 819: Crack

Unlike their crown prince, they were privy to the full scope of this operation. This was a given, considering they were dao formation experts, they were near the top of their clan in terms of prestige. So, they knew the sensitivity of this mission and how many schemes it had taken to prepare the Moon Clan with the capability to attack this clan.

If the Ahpuch failed, they would be without allies. The mysterious clans would abandon them in order to save face with their Beast Alliance allies, while the Viserions would likely have one of two fates: they would either be annihilated by the Beast Alliance, or they would be pulled in. Either way, there would be no place for the Ahpuch left in this quadrant or cosmos.

Even if the surrounding Emperor God Clan alliances didn't swallow up their territory, when Dyon's father broke free, without the support of the Viserions, he would have no issues running rampant, they would no longer have the slightest chance of suppressing him!

The more the elders thought about it, the more grim their expressions became. They couldn't let this day end like this!

Only by fulfilling the mysterious clans' requirements could they secure their protection. If they failed, what purpose would those clans have in keeping them around? They'd be thrown out.

"What are you trying to say? Spit it out." Veles said, clearly agitated.

"Nothing much," Dyon said nonchalantly, "Just that it makes more sense for you to come back to my side. If you do, you can not only receive your Dragon Refining Arts, you can also receive the 18 pages that have been unlocked as well."

Veles was stunned that Dyon would be so bold, but the Ahpuch and Laura were troubled by this, clearly. If Veles suddenly turned on them now, their chances of winning would suddenly be close to zero. Unlike the Angel Clan, the Viserions had a sizeable army. Although they still had less saint and celestial warriors compared to the Moon Clan who still had over 500 000 saints and over a 100 000 celestials still alive, if the Viserion numbers were added to the Angel Clan, their defeat was basically sealed!

Suddenly, what should have been a simple annihilation of a small clan had actually become the dooms day of the Moon and Ahpuch Clans.

Laura knew she had to do something. If she didn't, everything her father had worked for would go up in smoke. She knew that if the mysterious clans saw this situation going south for them, they would simply disappear and not bother to get involved at all.

"Don't be fooled by him, King Viserion," Laura spoke out, "If he was so confident in victory, why would he ask you to join him? You know him better than anyone, you understand how arrogant he is. If it wasn't absolutely necessary, would he ever ask for your help?"

"When he came to your clan for an alliance, he never planned on asking for an alliance, he only wanted to distract you so that he could steal your Viserion Clan's prized possession. I fear that if you believe in him and step into the dome, your fate will be the same as those experts of my Moon Clan.

"If he truly cared for the relationship between your fathers, why would he ever steal from you to begin with? On top of that, why would he only propose this after your dao formation expert was about to attack? Obviously, this barrier of his can't withstand such power, or else he wouldn't have resorted to this."

Everything Laura said was reasonable, in fact, the logic was flawless... On the surface that is. Only Dyon and Laura knew that her words were nothing but bullshit. Dyon never had the intention of betraying Veles, and Laura knew that. In addition, the only reason Dyon was so blatantly disrespectful when this battle started was to ensure that the maximum amount of Moon Clan warriors were cut down.

Veles' face darkened, clearly having not needed Laura to explain these things to him. With his personality, would he ever bow down to benefits? Since he lost his tome, he would earn it back himself! Since the final 18 pages could be unlocked, he'd do it too! That was who he was!

"The things this Viserion has will be earned by his own hand. I am not a man who will abandon his allies in the face of benefits! Elder!"

Without hesitation, the Viserion Elder raised his hand, causing a ball of blazing fire to condense in his palm. In that moment, what looked like a sparkling array of red rubies appeared behind him, intricately laid out, being about a few meters across. It was without a doubt a first level dao!

There was the first time Dyon had witnessed a dao formation expert fight. Although Elder Daiyu was technically of that level, as was the Daiyu ancestor afterward, the former was injured and couldn't use his daos, while the latter hadn't had the opportunity to attack at all.

Instead of showing fear, he was instead very intrigued.

The power of a dao was decided by the size of its representation along with what the martial world called its layers. The in-depth explanation is best left to another time, but in layman's terms, the larger and more intricate your dao was, the more powerful it was. As for the dao stage it reached, that was actually only determined by the richness of its color. Meaning, the brighter a dao was, the higher stage of the 9 stages it had reached.

Considering the brightness of the dao of this elder, he had reached the first stage of fire dao. It was technically also possible to tell what path, and how many paths, an expert followed by studying the patterns of their dao, but Dyon didn't know or understand enough to do that.

The ball of flames began to pulse rapidly, expanding tens of meters in an instant before condensing and repeating. In less than a second, it was more than a hundred meters across, completely blocking the Angel Clan army from view of their enemies, and vice versa.

"Break for me!" The elder roared, releasing his attack toward the boundary.

Not a single angel moved, it was as though this had nothing to do with them. They had the ultimate confidence in their King. Since he didn't tell them anything, they wouldn't do anything.

The massive ball of fire passed through the first barrier easily without a single ounce of resistance, but this was already expected. All anyone could anticipate was what would happen once the flames slammed against the second.

Rings of displaced air fired from the back of the flame, causing it to gain speed. Dyon could tell that if this attack was aimed at him, he wouldn't have the slightest chance of dodging it without some extenuating means. However, what he found interesting was that despite the power of the attack, it didn't break through space...

In modern times, even mere saints could break through space when their attacks were powerful enough. However, what Dyon didn't know was that that was only because of how fragile his home universe was. In more robust ancient universes, only the best of best spatial masters could do such a thing. In fact, if Dyon paid a bit more attention, he would have also noticed that the energy, land, and even gravity of ancient times were tens of times higher in quality than the era he came from!

As Dyon was immersed in his thoughts, a cacophonic blast emanating a hellish heat slammed into the inner shield, causing it to quake and ripple... And then... A massive crack began to spread...

#### Chapter 820: Just How?

The crack accelerated, causing a blistering heat to waft through the Angel Clan. But, they remained unmoved, in complete sync.

**BOOM!**

The dome violently quaked, sending force winds and overbearing earthquakes through the battle field.

Veles and Laura looked very pleased with themselves. They knew that this attack wouldn't wipe out the Angel Clan army considering they had plenty of dao formation experts on their side as well, however, their only goal was the destruction of the barrier. As long as that happened, there wouldn't be any issues.

Minutes passed by before the explosions finally settled and the smoke slowly cleared.

As expected, the Angel Clan warriors were completely unscathed. Not a single one of them was injured and they all looked as though nothing had happened.

However, the dome that was supposedly about to collapse, the very same one that had cracks running through it just moments ago, stood tall!

"Tsk," Dyon shook his head as he saw the ashen expression on the elder's face. He had been so confidence that it almost reached the point of complacency. Where had this small Planet Haven ever seen a formation capable of blocking an attack from a dao formation expert?!

"I offered you a chance, but it seems you didn't want it." Dyon twirled the ring his mother-in-law gave him before his eyes flashed with a deadly light.

All this time, Dyon had been struggling. Although he knew array alchemy up to the comet level like the back of his hand, he was heavily restricted.

In his normal state, with his soul unsealed, he could form thousands of weapon's hell arrays without even batting an eye. It didn't even drain on his stamina. But, now? Even if he had a Lower Blossom stage aurora stone and used the most basic weapon's hell array, he would be lucky to withstand creating ten or so. This was because the toll on his body was far too much. He simply couldn't withstand the violent nature of ancient aurora flames.

He had racked his brain to come up with a solution, but that was when he was hit with inspiration, inspiration that actually came from one of his older ideas, no less.

During his very first campaign, he wanted his entire army to have communication arrays. Unfortunately, even with his soul talent, supporting so many arrays at once would be a huge drain on him. This was because he not only had to sustain conversations between him and others, he also had to sustain inter-squad conversations as well. While weapon's hell arrays were a one time cost, communication arrays were a constant drain!

In order to circumvent this, Dyon implemented what he coined a 'parallel circuit' method as opposed to the regular 'serial method'. This allowed him to spread out the burden over multiple souls instead of just his own, thus making his plan feasible. In fact, he used that very same concept here although he used Amphorae's soul as the center instead of his own, for obvious reasons.

So Dyon thought, why not use something else to withstand the burden my body would have to?

Although the idea was good, he still didn't know what he could use. What would be able to give him enough mental control over the flames, while also taking the burden off of his body? And that was when it hit him: crystal will!

Dyon had long since known that Celestial Deer were lauded for their crystal will, and that that very crystal will was an amazing medium for array alchemy in the very same way special kinds of wood were for magic and high-level beast skins were for runic vein theory.

Usually, this idea would be a problem. After all, Dyon's wills were locked away along with his soul. However, that was where the spiritual vein and the abilities of the Energy Core began to play their role. With the help of high-level Absorption Stones, not only could Dyon construct arrays with no burden to his body, he hardly had to use his own stamina either because he had comet level aurora stones powering it!

The only true requirement of Dyon was on his focus, which could be a mental drain after some time. After all, the secondary name of the aurora was the 'mind's eye'. This was because aurora flames were manipulated by mental energy. However, with Dyon's speed of thought, he didn't even bother to worry about such a thing.

However... This wasn't the truly devastating result of Dyon's intelligence.

When Ri and Madeleine almost died in a blast of saint energy during the World Tournament arc, it was a crude form of Absorption Stones that their opponents had used. But... Dyon not only had the peak achievement of Absorption Stones, he also had an unmatched power source: The Angel Clan Spiritual Vein!

In that instant, a staff standing at just above Dyon's height appeared in his hand. It was marked with arrays Dyon had personally drawn to allow better communication from himself to the staff, and the very top was fitted with a sphere that looked like none other than a comet aurora stone!

Seeing Dyon suddenly stand with a pristine crystalline staff, the expression of the elder suddenly flickered.

Dyon silently chuckled to himself. He felt slightly ridiculous holding the staff, almost like he was some sort of medieval wizard. If he used it in the future, he'd definitely have to think of a more modern form for it. But, it seemed it was having quite the intimidation factor currently.

To the surprise of the opposing army, the moment Dyon raised the staff, the barrier disappeared!

"Don't say I didn't warn you."

The expression of the elder froze. Should he charge? Should he run? Why did facing a child put such pressure on him?!

However, Laura wouldn't give up this opportunity. No matter what Dyon had planned, even if there was a massive loss of life, as long as they got inside the range of the domes, it would be worth it. If they never even touched the Angel Clan, wouldn't that be too much of a joke?

"CHARGE!" Veles and Laura suddenly roared at the same time.

Without hesitation, the million and a half remaining warriors surged forward, aiming to enter the range of the dome as quickly as possible. Considering their cultivation levels, they were much faster than those essence gatherers had been before.

There was a simple reason the barrier disappeared: Dyon wanted it to.

While the barrier allowed him to attack those within its limits, if he tried to attack those outside of it, he would end up damaging his own barrier since it only allowed things in through one side. In addition, if Dyon wanted to conjure arrays to attack outside of the barrier, the mental strain would be far greater if

he had to do so through the barrier. Lastly, the barrier itself was being powered by the Spiritual Vein, while Dyon's attack was also being powered by it. There was a limit to the output of energy in order to keep their arrays under Dyon's ability to control, therefore dealing with two outputs would be too much.

In the back of Dyon's mind, he also knew that his barrier could at most withstand 3-5 attacks from a dao formation expert of the lower level, and likely not even one from one at the middle levels. Therefore, since his enemies had decided to use their experts so soon, he might as well save the barrier for a desperate situation.

"Formation!" Dyon roared. He only taught the Angels a single formation, so they all immediately knew what he meant.

In an instant, over a hundred thousand angels leapt into the air, forming up into perfectly formed squads of five. Two thrones hovered in the middle with 17 red clad elders standing silently in the air behind them.

Seeing the impeccable formation, Veles' face couldn't help but contort. Dyon had already told him about his plans, but those were things he thought just sounded nice on paper. However, seeing it deployed before him now, he couldn't help but be shocked. Just how did he manage to keep them all organized?