

## The Nameless 821

### Chapter 821: Carnage

Dyon had actually told Veles about the communication arrays, but it was difficult to comprehend a concept you had never seen or witnessed personally. Imagine you were a person who came from ancient times, and someone from Dyon's human world tried to describe cell phones to you and how they worked with the help of towers and satellites. Wouldn't you be confused beyond believe.

However, Veles and Laura both knew that it was too late to withdraw. If they slowed and Dyon deployed the barrier again, a large portion of their numbers would be completely trapped! They could only speed forward.

That said, Dyon had no intention of using the barrier again. It had served his purpose. Instead, his mind was completely focused on the staff in his hand and his mental fortitude was continuously drained.

Less than a mere moment later, a brilliant array appeared in the air, more dazzling than even the Viserion elder's fire dao.

When those who were charging saw this, fear permeated their eyes. They had never seen an array used in such a way, so their first thoughts were that a dao formation expert was attacking. But, when they looked at the 17 Angel Clan ministers, not a single one of them was moving. Instead, their aged eyes all sparkled as they stared at the back of their young King with unconcealed admiration.

Unfortunately for those frozen in fear, the worst was still to come.

The single brilliant array swimming with blinding streaks of comets suddenly became two... Then four... In a flash, there were hundreds, then thousands, then tens of thousands!

The opposing armies trembled in fear. Could it be that the Angel Clan had more than ten thousand dao formation experts?! That was impossible!

However, when their eyes trained on the center of the Angel Clan army as saw a young man of otherworldly handsomeness, standing tall with his eyes blazing with a blinding white light even as his white robes fluttered in the wind, they understood that all of this was actually caused by one man!

The skies were blocked by hundreds of thousands of arrays, each spinning viciously and emanating an earth-shaking aura.

In the celestial sect, there was a well-known array known as the Weapon's Hell array. Over the years, it had become Dyon's favorite to use, even to the point where he refined it from a lower practitioner level array, to a lower master level one.

But, what Dyon didn't know until he began to study [The Dao of Array Alchemy] that was currently within his Soul Tome, was that this weapon's hell array was the simplest form of a domineering attack formation capable of destroying the heavens themselves!

Before Dyon stepped into the celestial ranks of soul strength, he didn't dare to use its true form, this was because to use even the first portion of the attack formation, it required one to be a comet level array alchemist! And that wasn't even to mention the 8 other forms!

However, although Dyon's soul was sealed, he finally had to capital to do so with his crystal staff. It was time for the world to learn of the most fear attack formation in existence.

[JUDGEMENT].

A roar that shattered the heavens erupted from Dyon's lips, immediately causing the hundreds of thousands of arrays to triple, nearing almost a million. The speed of rotation reached blinding torque, to the point where even the once clear symbols that constructed them disappeared into a blur of pure white light.

In that moment, more than 70% of the currently charging army felt an unholy aura lock onto them. It was as though their souls had been plunged to the depths of hell... As though their very existence was about to be expunged.

With almost painstakingly slow speed, each blinding disk of light in the began to produce an eerie red light at their very center, each of with was completely unaffected by the seemingly overwhelming purity that surrounded them. Instead, they emitted a murderous aura, as though devil incarnates were being drudged up from the nether realm.

The blood red light became more and more fierce, suddenly overtaking the pure white and bathing the morning air in the rich smell of murder.

The once charging army seemed locked in place, only those at the mid level of the celestial stage and higher had the ability to move freely, but even then, their nerves were fried with fear. Although they could move, their mental states weren't powerful enough to overcome obstacles they placed on themselves!

When it came to intimidation, there was no small number of techniques that made use of it, however, what was even rarer was for a cultivator to have the ability to amplify it to an even greater extent. This was because it relied on Presence!

Dyon's Presence had shattered through to the Peak of the King level. The moment he cast this attack formation, it was as though his body responded to his will to cover the skies with the palm of his hand. In one step, everyone felt as though they were looking at the will of a supreme ruler. Even if they had the will to live, they didn't dare to!

The stronger willed Viserions roared with unwillingness, erupting into their various battle forms, covering their skin with all sorts of different colored scales. However, their rage hardly put a dent into the aura of carnage that filled the skies.

Dragons were arrogant by nature, to have their lives played with like this, without hope for retaliation, it was no wonder they were angry. The problem was that even Veles' half-step King Dragon Soul couldn't hope to match up against Dyon's peak King Presence. The gap between them was too large to fill!

Blood red disks continued to spin viciously in the skies, each protruding with a deadly aura at their very centers. Inch by inch, weapons that seemed carved by the devil himself came into view, each a spear of domineering presence.

Their red shafts were all etched with eerie black arrays, but no one could take their eyes off of their blades. Each dripped with blood so dense that they never actually fell from the blade.

By this point, Dyon's face was pale as the clouds that once hung in the sky. Not only did he need to lock everyone in place, he had to personally add each of those black arrays onto the shaft of each spear, this

was why their appearance was so slow. But, he knew exactly how important this part of his plan was. If he didn't do this perfectly, he would fail! These people weren't his true opponents, those mysterious clan bastards who had the audacity to turn their greedy eyes on his Kingdom were!

They dared to trap his father. They dared to play with his heart. They dared to toy with the lives of his people.

Dyon had long since forgotten that this was only a trial. The feelings were too real. The pain he felt was real. The love he felt was real. And most importantly, the hatred he felt couldn't be any more real!

When Amphorae told him the truth behind Luna's story, he had been so angry that his rage could have shattered the earth they stood above now. However, he held it in. He smiled. He laughed. He toyed with this so-called army before him to his heart's content, acting extremely carefree, as though his and lives of those around him weren't weighing on his mind.

But, the truth of the matter was that his heart was as dark as coal, but as fiery as the core of the stars in the sky!

He willed for this all to be real. He willed that his trial would leave a last mark on the annals of history. They would remember that Dyon Sacharro had placed his mark on this world. They would remember to feel regret, fear, apprehension, when they heard his name. They would remember in their next lives to never cross him or his family again!

Dyon's blazing white eyes seemed to pierce through space, turning into such a bloody red that his face seemed dripping with his own blood.

"Judgement. Act One. CARNAGE!"

In that moment, there was nothing else in the world besides endless murderous intent.

There was no noise. No cries of fear. No shocked gasps....

It was only in the moment before their lives were reaped that those who were targeted felt an endless pain erupt from their chests. Slowly looking down, it was only then they realized that a blood red spear as obliterated their hearts... Each an every one of them fell from the skies without even a shred of unwillingness in their eyes...

In the face of such Carnage, they never stood a chance.

## Chapter 822: Rarity

Bodies of saints fell without question, Viserions and Moons alike, not a single stood for even a moment. Weaker lower celestials suffered the same fate, unable to resist for. As for those above them in battle power, whether they died or not hardly mattered because not a single one of them was fit to battle even a regular saint right now, let alone the monsters of the Angel Clan army!

Laura and Veles could only watch as their warriors fell. Almost the entire Viserion army was wiped out. As for the Moon Clan, they had lagged behind because it was their essence gatherers that died earlier, so it was only fair. However, even still, they lost more than half of their numbers!

There were about 1.3 million enemies when Dyon first attacked, but now there were less than three hundred thousand!

The Angels suddenly roared, even further intimidating the remaining enemies. However, they didn't do so on purpose, it was just that they couldn't control their emotions after seeing their King display such power.

Even the dao formation experts who stood behind Dyon and Amphorae were no different, and this was especially so for Amphorae's mother.

Dyon's mother-in-law had been one of the first to learn of Dyon's plans, and one had to say that she was completely shocked by his methods. But, even then, she was skeptical. After all, with her tens of thousands of years of experience, she had never seen such a thing.

But, seeing it play out exactly the way Dyon described, she couldn't help but see her son-in-law as completely unfathomable. While others might not understand the sheer difficulty of what Dyon had just done, how could she not?!

Drawing even a single one of those arrays on the weapons Dyon attacked with would have taken her at least a couple minutes, let alone drawing almost a million of them! That wasn't even to mention the fact she didn't have the ability to concentrate those arrays on such a small scale. If she had to estimate, she would need at least a couple dozen meters of space for each, yet Dyon fit them on the relatively small circumference of the spear shafts.

However, what shocked Dyon's mother-in-law even more was the fact the spears hadn't disappeared! Each and everyone remained in the chest of their target and was still completely corporeal! The level of difficulty of doing such a thing was unimaginable because from what she could tell, each was a pseudo-transcendent weapon!

When Amphorae's father looked at the back of his pale young King, the complicated feelings in his heart disappeared. He had always approved of Dyon after watching him grow up and actually used to have quite a good relationship with this son-in-law of his. It was only after he dared to disrespect his daughter in such a way that his rage reached the high-heavens.

But now, he could see his daughter sitting in the position of queen, and it seemed like the young man he had put so much hope in all those years ago was finally back. It was only at this moment that he finally put down his hatred, fully willing to risk his own life for the happiness of daughter and her husband.

Of all the shocked expressions on the battle-field, Dyon was the only one who knew why he was capable of such a feat. All of the credit should, deservedly, be taken by the spiritual vein. Even it was drained after such a feat. However, "drained" was relative. It still had well over 85% of its power, it was just that 10% of such a large store of energy was an astronomical amount.

Dyon knew that if he had to support such a consumption with his own soul, it would have been impossible. He knew that his currently self could only make a few dozen of the judgement carnage arrays, at most. After all, they were capable of injuring peak celestials while his soul was at the mere lower celestial level. It was just lucky for him that his soul talent bridged ridiculous gaps, that was the only reason he even dared to say he could produce such an amount.

However, whether it be the drain on his Focus or his Presence, it was an amount Dyon couldn't ignore. If it wasn't for the fact Amphorae was secretly supporting him with her holy will, he would have already

collapsed. He knew he had no choice but to stay upright, or it would affect the morale of his warriors. Now wasn't the time to fall.

In the distance, a group of dao formation elders numbering a couple dozen paled. Never in their lives had they seen such a thing. Dyon's murderous intent affected even them.

"A tiger father really wouldn't produce anything but a tiger son..." One of them said absentmindedly.

They had spent so many years fearing Dyon's father, who knew that his son was already so terrifying?!

"It looks like we have no choice but to intervene." Another said bitterly.

"Look at you all, wanting to run with your tails between your legs. My Heaven Shattering Sect doesn't need any cowards here, if you want to run, run!" A bulky man roared. Since they had used a special treasure to conceal themselves, he didn't worry about being overheard.

After all, the Angel Clan elders were otherworldly existences. If it wasn't for a special treasure, how would they have not sensed their presence already?

The surrounding elders looked at this man but didn't bother to refute. The Heaven Shattering Sect of their alliance had always been the most unfettered. Maybe the only thing in this corner of the universe they feared was Dyon's father. But, even then, they didn't hesitate to provoke him again and again, causing no shortage of headaches for their mysterious clan alliance.

"If you want to charge in and get yourself killed, feel free, you brute." The elder who spoke first muttered. He found this boastfulness ridiculous.

The only reason they were able to come here was because their presence wouldn't be missed back in their clans. Basically, only they could leave without the Beast Alliance finding out. In other words, they were near the bottom rung of seniors in their respective sects.

How could they be a match for the Angel Clan dao formation experts? Even if all 24 of them attacks along with the 6 elders of the Moon and Viserion Clans, their chances of winning against the 17 Angel Clan ministers was 0%. At most, they could stall them for an hour or so.

If they used all of their life saving measures and treasures, they could increase that to a quarter to half a day. But, that was the utmost limit. They were inevitably destined to lose.

To put things into perspective, according to the laws of the universe, the bare minimum number of meridians you had to open during your meridian formation days was 81 if you wanted even the slightest sliver of a chance to become a dao formation expert. This 81 meridian mark was known as the lowest level of the third grade.

However, even if one became a third-grade essence gatherer, their futures were severely limited. This was because the difficulty of scaling grades in subsequent cultivation stages increased as well. In reality, even if one became a first-grade essence gatherer like Dyon, the chances of also becoming a first-grade saint were slim.

It was much more likely to become a second or third grade when moving forward. Essentially, grades usually fell as cultivation progressed. Even those who managed to become peak first grade experts in lower cultivation stages would likely fall to high and middle first grade levels later on.

The rarity of a peak first grade dao formation expert was at such a level that maybe only the top three quadrants of Dyon's time had one or two of them!

## Chapter 823: Snort

This was why although the Angel Clans saints and celestials were all of the first grade, 12 of their dao formation experts were only at the second grade, because your grade was based on the number of meridians you opened in your previous cultivation stage.

A first-grade celestials opened 99 or more meridians at the saint level before progressing, while a second grade dao formation expert opened between 90 and 98 meridians at the celestial level before progressing.



So, why did this make the dao formation experts of the mysterious clans so apprehensive? It was because even the best of them that came this time were only of the lower second grade while the vast majority of them only barely made the cut to become dao formation experts and were at the third grade!

Even worse, because their grades were so poor, they were limited to the upper heights of the lower dao formation stage and wouldn't advance to the middle stages in their entire lives because that was reserved for second grade experts. As for the peak of dao formation? That was reserved for first grade experts!

In the cultivation world, not only did cultivation stage matter a great deal, your foundation was even more important. And, the most accurate measure of your foundation was your grade! A third grade expert of the celestial level had almost no chance of beating a second grade expert and would be annihilated in the face of a first grade expert.

Not only did the Angel Clan have many high level second grade experts, they even have five of the first grade! In fact, Amphorae's mother was a peak first grade expert who had the chance of stepping into the legendary half-step transcendent stage in the future!

If she wasn't still so relatively young, they would have never dared to even have designs on the Angel Clan!

"The alliance should have seen all of this already, maybe they have a counter measure prepared," Someone said carefully.

They knew that their purpose here was just as a contingency plan. After all, no matter how powerful a clan was, anyone could be overrun by numbers. The reason they were so scared of Dyon's attack was because even they as dao formation experts couldn't annihilate so many celestials and saints so easily.

Even they would have to pay a price. That was mostly because they were at the bottom rung of experts of their level, but it was the truth nonetheless. However, clearly, Dyon didn't have the same worries as them.

The truth was that the mysterious clans had sent them here to record the destruction of the Angel Clan so they could agitate Dyon's father into using some sacrificial techniques. Maybe that way, they would

be able to irreparably harm him and get the things they desired. It would be like dealing with two birds with a single stone.

Unfortunately, Dyon's father, a usually stoic man, was laughing like a maniac as he watched these things unfold.

Far away, past the universal barrier and into a completely separate quadrant, 12 elders sat in a formation created to hold a single man.

The reason the universes were split into groups of 100 called quadrants, and why the trillions of galaxies were split into groups called universes, was all because of these barriers. Universal Barrier were already difficult to cross and relied on expert spatial dao manipulation, but quadrants were even more difficult to cross.

While someone with an intent could theoretically cross universes, the bare minimum to cross quadrants was a supreme level treasure, or a dao of space. Other than this, no one was sure why these barriers were so diligent in separating groups of 100 universes like it did, but it had long become an ignored anomaly.

Understanding this, one can see just what kind of magnificent treasures the Epistemic Towers were to be capable of linking 100 quadrants together. It was even possible to enter from one quadrant and leave from another if you so chose!

That aside, considering the current faces of those 12 elders, they weren't thinking of trivial things at all. They had wanted to show Dyon's father the destruction of his clan, but in the end, all they ended up witnessing was the glory of his son. Everything from Dyon speaking and raising morale with Malihcki, to taunting the enemy army, to single-handedly

In that moment, a man with otherworldly handsomeness sat with his back as straight as a javelin, laughing uproariously as he looked at his son with an expression of pride on his features. His dark skin was smooth and without flaw, but he had lines of worry by his eyes.

This was unavoidable, considering the situation surrounding his wife, how he hadn't seen her in more than half a century, and the decline of the Angel Clan, he had a lot to worry about recently. However, at the moment, all of those concerns seemed like fleeting wind before him now.

"That's how my son should be!"

Dyon's father had a big grin on his face. Had Dyon seen him, he would have been shocked. In his lifetime, he hardly ever saw his father smile. Although his father had always been loving and caring, he seemed to have lost his ability to laugh long ago. But, seeing his son grow up before his eyes had awakened something within him.

There was no need to speak about the ugly expressions on the faces of the 12 elders. They had been taunting this man for almost 30 years, thinking that there would be nothing he could do to stop this day and the annihilation of his Angel Clan, come to find out that this man they feared never needed to take action to begin with. His son alone was more than enough!

However, they understood the stakes that were at hand. There was no way they could allow this to continue in this way. If they gave up, they would not only have to face the suppression of the Beast Alliance for violating the terms of their alliance, they would also be forced to share the treasures they had been hording all of this time.

When they thought about how beneficial Luna could be for their cultivation and the leaps their Mysterious Clan alliance would take with the help of the Energy Core, it was enough to make their insides green with regret.

"Where is that damned whore!"

A particularly uproarious and unfettered elder roared out. He didn't bother with his image as an elder, and in fact, he was dressed the part as well. He was missing hair in many places, and even his long beard was scorched. Who knew what kind of experiments this old man was up to.

Dyon's father frowned. He immediately knew that this man was talking about Luna. In reality, he had mixed feelings about this daughter-in-law of his, but that didn't mean it was this elder's place to scold her in front of her father-in-law, did he take him for a joke?

"Hmph." With a simply snort, a 12th of the formation was suddenly under immense pressure, the portion that happened to perfectly align with the man who called Luna a whore.

The old man immediately paled, coughing up two mouth-fulls of blood in an instant. Dyon's father's meaning was simple: watch your mouth.

Although the old man was angered beyond compare, he didn't dare to say any more. That simple attack just then had put immense pressure on his soul, even injuring it slightly. With his old age, and the fact Life Essence was tied to the soul, he didn't dare to take such an attack again.

Even though the other eleven would support him and stop such a thing from happening twice in a row, he wasn't willing to take the risk. So, he could only swallow his words, with the hatred in his heart brewing all the more.

The world seemed to disdain soul cultivation, but it wasn't until one reached the lauded half-step transcendent realm like he had that they realized they were foolish to believe such a thing in their youth.

This was because it was impossible to transcend unless your soul was a peak existence! Those who reached the pinnacle of cultivation in this plane would only be able to lament and regret if they had ignored this in their younger days.

Of course, the question was then why was Dyon's father so powerful even though all thirteen of them were of the same cultivation? This was especially odd because everyone who became a transcendent was a peak first grade expert. Well, the answer lied in the secrets underlying the mysterious transition realm of cultivation. It was a mystery Dyon would uncover in the future.

#### Chapter 824: Grave

"Although Elder Conli was crass with his words, this is truly peculiar." A female elder spoke out.

None of this made any sense to them. They knew that Luna hadn't betrayed them because they had their own means of monitoring her. So, how did this young King escape her influence?

Luna's special constitution was much too domineering to be so easily dismissed. Even they would have to be triply careful in dealing with her, so how to a boy less than a century old shed three decades of her influence?!

"None of that matters," Spoke a serious elder, "We need a solution to handle the situation. We can figure out what actually caused this another time."

The elders nodded.

"I'm sure you know what our only option is." Another elder spoke out.

Serious expressions covered the faces of them all. They knew what they would have to do to solve this... But...

"There's no time to continue this. The Viserion Clan has their own spies on each planet, if they interfere, it will be troublesome." The serious elder spoke.

"I'll go." Elder Conli spoke, clearly very eager. He could almost taste Dyon's anguish already.

"Don't fool around Conli. This isn't a place for revenge. Remember the consequences of taking this action, and also remember you still want to live a life after he's free." The elders looked knowingly at Dyon's father. They knew very well after they did this, there would be hell to pay.

Their original plan included using the Energy Core to build a formation capable of holding him forever, or at least until they had the means to kill him. However, clearly, that plan was derailed. Now, even if they succeeded, they wouldn't have the time to set up such a formation because with only 11 of them, they would only be able to hold Dyon's father in place for a few hours, a day at the most!

No matter how much they wanted to back out now and say their apologies, how could they? They were already riding a wave they couldn't hop off of. The moment they threatened this man's family, they knew there was no going back.

When their gazes landed on Dyon's father, they couldn't help but shiver. "I've only stayed in this world for the sake of raising my son and protecting my clan." He spoke slowly. His words sounded simple, but it sent shivers down the spines of the elders. He was saying he could have transcended already?!

As much as they wanted to believe that he was lying, their hearts told him that this man wasn't a liar. In fact, the moment he said those words, they suddenly thought about another rumor they had heard around the time they first started their dealings with this man.

On the day Dyon was born, the surroundings of this very quadrant were thrown into an upheaval. From those close to situation, not only was Dyon's birth met with an unprecedented Heavenly display, it was also coupled with signs of a mortal transcending!

This was information that they were much too low to have full preview of. However, since the event occurred in their quadrant, they were lucky enough to snatch away snippets. Only those monster clans near the center of the cosmos would have the rights to such information usually, especially considering it was about a family as strong as Dyon's!

According to the rumors, the momentum of Dyon's birth was so fierce that Dyon's mother could no longer suppress her transcendence!

The rumor had been so ridiculous that they hadn't even dared to believe it. What kind of child's birth could be so overwhelming to cause such a thing? And, even further, who had ever heard of a half-step transcendent giving birth?! Let alone one so close to transcending!

However, although they ignored the rumor, it was nothing but the truth. Dyon's mother and father had spent their whole lives trying to have a child and were resigned to not doing so until one day they were gifted a miracle.

The problem was that they were both already exceptionally close to transcending. In fact, this was the very same problem Amethyst had faced when she was trying to get revenge for her parents against the Ice, Fire and Dark Phoenixes.

In the end, Amethyst managed to fulfill her wish before transcending, but Dyon's pitiful mother barely got a chance to hold Dyon in her arms before she was sent to another plane, never again to return.

The more the elders thought about it, the more they shivered in fear. As half-transcendence, most of their days were spent studying how to transcend. They knew that while it was impossible to suppress transcending forever, the actual process of transcending could be extended.

If Dyon's father used the force of his transcending for revenge, what chance would they stand?!

"However," Dyon's father's voice continued to drop, as though it was trying to dunk all those who heard it into an endless cold. "It seems I've been much too lenient with your clans.

"I've never killed any of you. I've never harmed your foundations. In fact, I even let you trap me in here to allow my son a chance to temper him... It seems that you instead like to repay kindness with enmity..." Dyon's father's voice slowed, making sure they understood and heard his every word.

"Conli, go!" One of the elder's roared. It was too late for them to regret, they could only press forward as best they could. If they hurried and got the Energy Core to their Clan protection spell, they would be able to defend against Dyon's father's rage until he could no longer keep his body on this plane. But, they had to be fast!

"Take a few thousand celestials with you of the first grade, this isn't a time to worry about the Beast clans," Another elder added quickly as Conli's figure flashed away.

Dyon's father began emitting an aura that suffocating them all. It was only now that they understood that he had truly been holding back. If he had used this power back then, they would all be dead!

Dyon's father hadn't used his full power in centuries because doing so would speed up the transcending process. However, these ants had truly raised his ire.

"If a single hair on my son's head is harmed," A deathly chaos dao appeared around him, causing a dense black dao to appear behind him, shaking the very cosmos, "not a single one of your clans with remain after I'm done!"

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Dyon breathed heavily, looking down on the battle field around him as Amphorae's hand slipped into his. He could hardly stand, but if everything worked out how he planned it, it would be perfect.

"Little King," A soft voice rang out from behind the couple. Dyon could immediately tell that it was his mother-in-law, so he chuckled to himself. It seemed even she couldn't hold in her curiosity anymore.

"It's actually simple," Dyon said with a bit of struggle in his voice, "I call it the split mind's technique, it's the reason I can draw arrays so quickly."

The split mind's technique was actually the one and only technique that Dyon had forged entirely on his own. In fact, he had done so long ago during his Focus Academy days. By now, it had become automatic for him almost to the point he forgot that that wasn't how people usually drew arrays.

The concept itself was simple. By splitting for your focus, you could draw multiple portions of an array at the same time, thus accelerating the speed to ridiculous levels.

When Dyon's soul was at the mere Foundation stage, he was already capable of splitting his mind into 32 focused points, thus accelerating the speed of his array creation by exactly that amount as well. But, by now, with his soul having reached the Saint stage, and his speed of thought having followed right along with it, Dyon could split his mind into tens of thousands of fragments, something that was unprecedented into the martial world!

When Dyon's mother-in-law heard this explanation, it was like she had been opened up to an entirely new world, but in the end, she still smiled bitterly. Dyon's explanation was simple enough, but who could really do such a thing?

The level of fatigue one would place on their mental energy doing such a thing was astronomical. It was no wonder Dyon looked like he had one foot in the grave right now.

## Chapter 825: Scariest

The truth of the matter was that if Dyon's only had to draw a few thousand, maybe up to ten thousand arrays, there would have hardly been any change to his mental state. However, drawing almost a million truly wore him out, leaving him feeling empty and used.



Even so, Dyon's mother-in-law knew her limits. Using Dyon's methods, she would be able to split her mind a few hundred times. After some practice, she'd likely reach into the thousands. However, keeping up with Dyon was a pipe dream.

That said, it didn't diminish her excitement. She felt that using this method, her speed in drawing arrays would reach unprecedented levels. In fact, she was confident that she'd only be slower than Dyon.

With a flash of his ring, Dyon immediately took out a pure white pill.

The two toughest things to recover in the martial world were soul power and mental energy. Although soul power used energy cultivation energies, it required a certain refinement to be able to be absorbed by the soul, this was why soul cultivation was so difficult and also why Dyon rarely used energy stones to soul cultivate.

Energy stones contained their own impurities already, so it was better to rely on natural energy in the air and spiritual fruits. This made the processing the energy easier, allowing it to integrate with your Life Essence.

As for mental energy, there were no short-cuts. The only things that could recover it were exceptionally old and rare plants, or the most valuable pieces of exceptionally powerful beasts. For example, a Calming Grass had to reach 9 cycles of 100,000 years before it had the capability of replenishing mental energy.

In addition, only the legendary peak True Deity class Crystal Dragons had Dragon Souls capable of doing such a thing, and even then, they had to be of at least the celestial level before they gained such an ability. Even further, not all Crystal Dragons awakened this portion of their ancient bloodline, only Legatee level characters of their clan stood a decent chance. Ice Phoenixes also used to have this ability hidden within their Life Flames.

Unfortunately, they were now extinct.

Aside from a few other rare and ancient plants, there was a treasure of the 33 Heavens with the passive ability to do so. It was actually one eye of a pair. It was called Heaven's Left Eye.

The pill in Dyon's hand, however, although far less efficient than the above mentioned treasures, contained the essence of Purifying Stones. These were the stones usually used to stimulate the legendary toxin release the many cultivators sought after, but right now, Dyon was trying to use the traces of Life Will within them to hopefully push his Life Essence into helping his Mental Energy recover at a slightly faster rate.

Dyon had actually seen this concept in the [Dao of Array Alchemy], but that was all it was: a concept. It was usually extremely difficult to infuse a will into a pill. This wasn't because it was impossible to do so, but rather because it was inadvisable.

Imagine if you were an alchemist and you infused your will into a pill and gave it to another person. If your will surpassed theirs, you would definitely corrupt that person, if not outright kill them. In addition, people usually take those sorts of pills when they were injured. How could they resist someone who could make a pill powerful enough to help them in such a situation?

The only reason people like Amphorae could use their wills to directly heal others was because they were there to personally control it. If they weren't, the risk was hundreds of times higher.

Luckily for Dyon, this pill would theoretically change all of that.

The white pill in Dyon's hand used Purifying Stone essence. This, in itself, isn't what made using the Life will within safe. This was because if Dyon tried to add the essence of an aurora flame stone, its meridians would likely burst from the inside out.

The reason why this method was safe was because of the nature of the Purifying Stone itself. It was very gentle and docile as long as it didn't run into any impurities.

This last caveat was why this was only a concept. Under normal circumstances, the purifying stone would react very violently within a cultivator's body, making the detoxifying process very, very painful.

Unfortunately, this would be the result if the pill it was forged into had impurities as well. No one dared to use these stones in this way because no one could guarantee the creation of a pill without impurities!

Well... No one except for Dyon.

Without hesitation, Dyon swallowed the pill, not allowing it even a moment to diffuse into his body. If it entered his meridians, Dyon would instantly be racked with pain, and although it would benefit him by repelling impurities, this wasn't the time.

So, Dyon directly engulfed the pill with comet laden lights, rushing it to his mind's eye. That was the only place Dyon was certain there weren't impurities because his Life Essence was too pure.

"YOU BASTARD!" Just as Dyon was closing his eyes and sitting on his throne in meditation, a roar finally erupted over the bloody battle field that had seemingly been frozen for hours.

However, Dyon ignored it, he had to replenish his mind's strength as soon as possible, this wasn't over yet, not by a long shot.

Veles' face was marked with rage as he looked down at his dead and dying brothers. It seemed that no one pierced with one of Dyon's spears was capable of moving. It wasn't that they weren't alive, it was just that they were currently in a dream land, replaying the pain of being stabbed over and over.

The lucky ones had already died, while those who were strong enough to live were being tormented in an illusion. This was truly a case where it was better to be weak.

Laura, however, was trembling. She still had a good portion of her army left, but that was only because Veles' went forward first to show his sincerity for their alliance. Even worse, the Angel Clan army had still not fought a single battle! Their only even remotely tired member was their King, but he was currently recovering safely under their protection. Was this really hopeless?

Seeing Dyon ignore him and continue to recuperate, Veles felt like he had punched into a cloud of cotton. It was the most uncomfortable feeling he had ever had the pleasure of feeling. It was truly enough to make a man go mad.

The dao formation elders of the Viserion Clan had their eyes red with rage. But, they were worried that if they charged forward now, they would be leaving their King without protection.

A holy aura erupted from Amphorae, "Slaughter."

Her voice was simple and elegant without compare, however it still resounded with a dense killing intent that made her red-gold hair seem reefed in blood.

Without waiting for the remaining Moon Clan warriors to attack, the angels surged forward. However, unlike the barbaric tactics of the Moon and Viserion Clans, they were so orderly that it was almost scary.

Whether it be saint, celestial or dao expert, every one of them ran uniformly, keeping their perfectly constructed squads intact and keeping the ring around their King and Queen sealed.

In an instant, the angels closed the once few hundred-meter gap to nothing, attacking with an unmatched vigor. The crazed screams of already horrified Moon Clan warriors rang outward, filling the morning air the sound of murder.

Even while all of this happened around him, Dyon was focused on recuperating. He had entered a state of meditation, clearing his mind of everything. This was even more efficient than sleeping and was a method Dyon had found in his master's memories.

Although sleep could be beneficial, even for cultivators, brain activity was only slowed during sleep, not stopped. However, in a meditative state, brain activity reached such a slow crawl that it was possible to even fake death if this state was coupled with another technique.

As for its benefits, the first was obvious: an increase in mental energy recovery. But, it also had other benefits. For example, it allowed those who were exceptionally talented, capable of cultivating on instinct, a vastly increased cultivation speed. It also eliminated the pain felt during body and soul cultivation, allowing you to completely focus on the task at hand, and thus increasing your efficiency.

One might wonder, then, how come Dyon had never used this state before? Well, everything comes with its benefits and downfalls. Reaching a meditative state was impossible for most, and often only the most talented individuals could reach that state, and even then, it took hours to reach and could still be easily interrupted.

Often times, the more talented you were, the quicker you reached the meditative state. Some legendary talents could enter it instantly, making their cultivation speed ground breaking. Madeleine actually fell into this category.

Unfortunately, Dyon was cursed with his speed of thought. His brain was constantly moving and was almost like an untameable beast. He simply found it impossible to empty his mind. In fact, the only reason he could do so now was because his mental energy was completely drained, almost forcing his body into a dormant state.

Maybe the scariest part was that if Dyon ever found a way to jump this hurdle, his soul and body cultivation talent was be multiplied once again.

#### Chapter 826: No Complaints

Suddenly, 24 blazing auras appeared in the horizon, causing the 17 ministers who sat behind Dyon to unfurl serious expressions. The battle had truly been going too well, the Moon Clan had already lost 20% of their remaining warriors and the rate of loss was actually accelerating instead of declining. But, just as they were about to become complacent, 24 dao formation experts appeared out of nowhere?

What the Ministers of the Angel Clan didn't know was that those elders had been there the entire time. It was just that they had been using a unique treasure to hide. Now that they had gotten word that their clans and sects were coming to support them, they had no choice but to enter the fray.

Although they feared the Angel Clan dao experts, they had no choice. If the Moon Clan lost their entire army now, this fight would still be troublesome even if support did come because they knew their alliance couldn't send many.

Seeing Dyon in a meditative state, the Ministers knew that command fell onto Amphorae's shoulders, so they didn't dare to step outside their bounds. At first they had been apprehensive about Dyon's command structure, after all, they were elders of hundreds of thousands of years old, aside from Amphorae's mother, of course, who was only a few ten thousand years old. So, taking commands from a child not even a century old was something they felt was beneath them.

However, after seeing the effectiveness of Dyon's laid out plans, and how easily their army sliced through their enemies, they had all silently assented.

Amphorae nodded, clearly pleased with the demeanor of the elders.

"Those who received the formation ring stay here, the 12 that didn't, I'm sure you are more than enough to handle them."

Although Amphorae didn't have the ability to see through the cultivation of dao experts, she was exceptionally astute. If those elders had the ability to take on their Angel Clan Ministers, they would have long since attacked because they knew that time was of the essence. The fact they didn't meant that they were a contingency plan. Amphorae didn't believe that they had the ability to match up.

Amphorae's father and mother both had a look of clear pride on their faces. They understood Amphorae's analysis and felt that it was impeccable. How could they not see that this was inferior competition sent by their enemies? The 12 second grade ministers on their side could easily fight two or three of them alone.

The elders of the mysterious clans could only laugh bitterly to themselves when they noticed a group half their number approaching them with blinding speed. They didn't even have the time to feel indignant or embarrassed, they simply accepted that they were inferior and thanks their lucky stars the Angel Clan didn't have more dao formation experts.

Well... Most of them did. The elder from the Heaven Shattering Sect roared in agitation almost immediately, "YOU DARE LOOK DOWN ON ME?!"

He rushed forward like a headless maniac, looking to take down one of their numbers with a single swing. Unfortunately for him, things didn't exactly go as planned.

The elder to the far right that the gorilla-like man attacked simply nonchalantly side-stepped the blow of his axe, punching out and shattering the Heaven Shattering Sect elder's ribcage with a single stroke, quite ironically.

The other mysterious clans elders could only swallow their anger for their foolish comrade. They had lost one of their number just like that! If he had waited and allowed them to form teams, this would never have happened!

In the next moment, an earth-shattering group battle ensued, but anyone with a mind could see which side was being suppressed.

Maybe if Dyon was awake, he would have been quite shocked. The reason wasn't for the power being used, but rather they fact dao formation experts battled freely near the surface of the planet without any repercussions!

In his modern times, even celestials had to go off into space in order to avoid destroying the planet they battled above. Yet, in ancient times, the land could withstand the battle of almost 40 dao experts? In fact, hadn't Dyon just unleashed an attack capable of annihilating thousands of celestials? It was truly baffling...

Soon, Dyon would come to understand just how beneficial it was for his Inner World that it was reformed here...

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Elder Conli rushed through the expanse of space. He along with about ten thousand first grade celestial along with 10 dao formation experts stood in a silver supreme treasure, rocketing across the universe at blinding speeds that couldn't even be described in terms of the speed of light.

In the next moment, they appeared above Planet Haven. It was only at that moment that anyone observing would make the shocking discovery that the silver vessel was actually half the size of an entire planet!

Elder Conli's face was a mixture of fear with a contradictory unconcealed excitement and killing intent. As an expert and an undisputed genius of his generation, he had never been suppressed by anyone. He had spent his entire life humiliating anyone who even looked at him the wrong way. But, that day almost 60 years ago when that man came to the quadrant he once ruled with impunity, everything had changed. He had learned what it truly meant to be at someone's mercy.

Dyon's father hadn't been lying. All this time, he had only toyed with mysterious clans, barely using even 20% of his power for fear he would accelerate his transcendence and be forced to leave his son prematurely. However, this truth only served to fuel Elder Conli's hatred all the more.

There was no going back anymore. Whether he and his allies survived this all depended on the Energy Core, and if he just so happened to get revenge along the way, even if he failed and died, wouldn't it be worth it? After all, he had his own pride no matter how disgusting and twisted it was.

"KILL!"

The 5 Ministers froze, each an everyone one sending a sharp gaze toward the skies. With their years of honing their perception, they could feel a terrifying aura was descending. One they didn't have the slightest chance of winning against...

A blazing flame that seemed to cover half the planet erupted from the skies, burning away the atmosphere at an astonishing rate. However, it only took a moment for those experts among them to realize that this wasn't an attack, but a ship descending!

'What kind of terrifying vessel could make such a large commotion...' Amphorae's delicate brow furrowed. She had no sure idea what her next step could be and with Dyon in meditation, it wasn't appropriate to rouse him. If she did so, it wouldn't be worth it. Since Dyon's mental energy was recovering, if he was roused now, it would be hundreds of times harder for him to re-enter the meditative state. In that case, his healing would be stalled!

Amphorae immediately calmed herself. Scanning the battle field, a few hundred miles away the dao formation group battle was still raging and she communicated with them that they shouldn't leave or be hurried with their battle no matter what happened. The last thing she wanted was for an unnecessary injury to occur during what should have been an easy fight.

However, what she did do was immediately call back 4 of them. This would force the remaining Ministers to fight one on three, but it was still within the realms of possibility. What Amphorae didn't know was that one of the 24 dao formation experts had already been cut down, so one of their ministers would only have to fight two. If they were lucky, this would tip the balance sooner rather than later.

The instant Amphorae called them back, four auras appeared unimpeded within the middle of the Angel Clan formation.



Seeing that their breathing was still steady, Amphorae nodded to herself. This was good, that meant that the fight had been going well.

The next thing Amphorae did was to urge the Angel Clan army to kill as many as they could within the next half minute. Although the vessel seemed close, that was only because of its ridiculous size. In addition, they were only using a fraction of its top speed because if they dared to not, they would obliterate the entire planet.

In that situation, what they sought would be destroyed and their whole mission would be for naught. Amphorae understood this, and thus calculated they had about a minute more, but she also wanted to give the army time to circulate their recovery pills.

One had to say that Amphorae's approach to the problem was meticulous and well thought out. Dyon would have no complaints at all.

#### Chapter 827: Wasteful

Knowing the potency of the pills refined by the formula left by their King, the Angel Clan army no longer held anything back. It seemed like with each second that passed, another thousand Moon Clan warriors would die miserably. This wasn't just because the Angel Clan warriors were on a complete other level, it was also because Dyon's formation allowed them to work together seamlessly.

The more powerful members of the Moon Clan would often have their eyes light up when they saw a "weak" saint, but before those celestials could act, the supposedly weak saint would rotate, leaving their back seemingly unprotected. In the end, those Moon Clan warriors would die a pitiful death, only realizing at the last moment that those saints were actually protected by the celestial within their group.

This wasn't hard for the opposing army to figure out. It was clear that Dyon's formation allowed saints to focus on saints, while celestials wouldn't have the opportunity to bully them. The problem was that all those who figured it out died!

The Moon Clan army didn't have communication devices, so even those who managed to survive for a bit longer than others weren't able to spread the news. They could only lament at their misfortune and be cut down moments later.

The worst part was that they felt as though they were attacking an unstoppable fortress! The Angels never seemed to tire, and they could even break through the first line!

At first, Laura was fine with this, that was because they would eventually tire and slip up considering the number difference. However, she could only watch in horror as Dyon's formulated squads seamlessly swapped positions as though they were performing a coordinated dance! No matter how intelligent she was, she couldn't even fathom how it was possible for an army to be so organized. None of them were even speaking!

Laura thought that maybe their dao formation experts were using their enigmatic energy to send messages to each individual person, but she had to throw that idea out as well. Such a thing required high levels of control and focus, but those angel clan ministers were lightly chatting with each other!

In addition, the energy waves caused by battle could easily disrupt such forms of communication. While an expert might not find it troubling to communicate with one, two or even ten other people during the chaos of war, they absolutely would not be able to guarantee doing so with more than hundred thousand people! It was impossible!

Laura felt herself swooning, she could only look at the approaching heat in the sky and pray they could turn this around. She was so focused on her own inner turmoil that she didn't even notice that Veles had long stopped raging.

The Angel Clan army burst backward in unison, retreating without flaw.

Seeing this, the opposing army wanted to attack, but Amphorae's timing and micro-management was just too perfect.

In an instant, the Angel Clan army appeared far behind the line Dyon had drawn before the battle began. Dyon had done this very deliberately, accounting for the possibility of him becoming incapacitated during battle. Although Amphorae was very intelligent, she didn't have the same knowledge of formations that he did. It was impossible for her to understand things in a glance like he could. So, he left her a marker.

Obviously, Amphorae's mother also had this ability since she was the one who set up the formation with Dyon's instructions. However, Dyon's mother-in-law wasn't the one commanding the army. Adding an

extra step of communication could make or break a strategy. This was why Dyon didn't only communicate with his leaders so that they could then communicate with their squads. Instead, he directly communicated with everyone.

The Moon Clan warriors surged forward after the Angel Clan army.

It wasn't that they were so brave, it was just that they were frustrated. They spent over ten minutes fighting with no results at all, and in the end, they were left with a measly few tens of thousands of their original near three hundred thousand number. It was completely humiliating!

However, those that remained were obviously among the most powerful of them, and with that came added wisdom and intelligence. They could tell that the angels were retreating in order to prepare for what was clearly their reinforcements.

Unfortunately, they were too eager and much too proud of their own analysis. In all of this, they forgot one important thing: The Barrier!

Amphorae hardly had to try. Using the barrier was made easy by the mechanisms Dyon put in place, allowing array plates to work like an off and on switch. Before they could even react, the Moon Clan army was once again trapped within the barrier with no way out!

Their faces burned with rage and embarrassment. How could they possibly fall for the same trick twice? If Dyon was aware of the situation right now, he'd likely be dying of laughter at their stupidity.

In truth, it wasn't entirely their fault. They had simply fallen for Dyon's schemes once again.

When the Viserion clan elder attacked, it had looked like the barrier was going to collapse. In fact, large cracks appeared in it very clearly. And after the attack, Dyon retracted the barrier!

With their knowledge of ancient clan formation, barriers couldn't be so simply pulled up and down like Dyon's could. They should require meticulous preparation. And that was even if the barrier wasn't as damaged as Dyon's was after that dao formation attack!

However, not only was the barrier still clearly fine, it was summoned in an instant! They didn't even have the chance to retaliate.

"Ministers, I'll have to trouble you," Amphorae said in a soft voice.

It was actually quite looked down upon for dao formation experts to attack celestials in such a way, especially when they were trapped like this. However, Dyon drilled in again and again that one shouldn't be worried about being shameless in the face of shameless individuals.

These people had plotted and schemed against their lovers, their mothers, their fathers, their sons and daughters. These people, for the sake of benefits, felt no qualms about annihilating an entire clan, including its old and its young. Why should they care about giving them any face at all?!

Truth be told, Dyon was even quite tempted to use poison with these individuals. If he wasn't taking the culture of the Angel Clan into account, he would have. In fact, it would have been exceptionally easy considering that along with the wind, fire and earth abyssal cores that surrounded the village, there was a corrupt abyssal core as well that was a hot bed for poisons and darkness type wills. Unfortunately, Dyon had to take into account the feelings of his people, which was also why it took him so long to find a way to add women to his army.

The ministers wore solemn expressions, but they knew that this was for the greater good. If they wanted to survive, they needed to do this.

Nine powerful hands raised, causing the dao formation experts protecting Laura to cry out in shock. But, unfortunately, it was too late. Although it would have been possible for the Angel Clan army to use its archers once again, it would have taken too long. In addition, that would have ruined Amphorae's plan to allow them time to rest. So, Amphorae didn't hesitate to use this method.

There was no suspense at all.

In the next moment, 9 powerful attacks descended upon the remaining Moon Clan warriors. Powerful as they might be, how could they withstand the attack of five first grade and four second grade dao experts? They didn't stand a single chance.

Laura could only watch as the last of her army was completely annihilated... Both her and Veles' army were gone...

Without hesitation, the Angel Clan army popped a recovery pill, relishing in the rush of energy that filled their meridians. Using the dense energy of the Angel Clan and its spiritual vein, they recovered to over 90% in 10 seconds. By the 20th second, they were in peak condition. Such was the power of a true Moon level pill forged by their most talented minister. Despite the purity only being about 60%, the pill formula was too perfect for it to matter.

It was wasteful, especially to use such pills on saints and celestials, but it was effective. They had no choice, because they were about to face the strongest enemy they ever had...

#### Chapter 828: Flaw

The flames in the sky dispersed, signifying the piercing to the atmosphere as a massive silver vessel appeared in the skies.

In the next moment, over ten thousand figures appeared with an arrogant and disdainful expression on their features. However, when the eyes of the Angel Clan minister trained on the eccentric old man that led them all, they felt their hearts tremble.

'Half-step transcendent!' They cried out in their hearts. Were the heavens really ordaining the destruction of their Angel Clan?

Elder Conli stood at the forefront with 10 dao formation experts exuding powerful auras behind him. At the same time, all eleven of them stood before ten thousand celestials of the first grade.

Although Elder Conli knew he didn't have much time, he couldn't help but scan over the battle field. When he saw that there was only a single army instead of two, he could help but be astonished. It had taken him less than an hour to get here and yet an army of a hundred thousand annihilated one of three hundred thousand? What kind of nonsense was this?

Despite having personally seen Dyon's methods, Elder Conli also saw that he was very tired after completing them. After Dyon pulled out two domineering tricks, Elder Conli really didn't think he had

any more. In fact, he assumed that Dyon only went so far because the Angels weren't as powerful as they once assumed. But, clearly, he was wrong!

Even worse, it seemed like they were in the same peak state before they battled! This was ridiculous!

A dense killing intent permeated Elder Conli's eyes. Even with all his years of experience, he had never once seen such a talent. Their Heaven Shattering Sect's legatee couldn't hold a candle to that devil man's son!

The moment Elder Conli's eyes trained on Dyon, his rage erupted to new heights. He dared to meditate in his presence?!

Before Elder Conli could step out, an arrogant young man with long jet-black hair and dark eyes appeared beside him. Surprisingly, despite the fact he stepped in front of the 10 dao formation experts, none of them showed any dissatisfaction despite being tens of thousands of years older and much stronger than him.

"Master, is that him?" The young man respectfully stood a half-step behind Elder Conli. Even though he was arrogant, he knew well that his master was hundreds of times more arrogant than he was. So, he had no choice but to show respect.

"Yes." Elder Conli replied plainly. As much as Elder Conli wanted to personally kill Dyon, he still had his image to worry about. Truth be told, he would rather capture and torture the little brat, however his disciple insisted on coming. So, he decided that he might as well allow it, after all, his disciple was a first grade celestial as well.

"I'll be sure to kill him slowly." The young man spoke with clear rage in his eyes. From beginning to end, Dyon hadn't even acknowledged their existence, how could he not be angry? "Don't kill the woman by his side. I prefer to humiliate him even in death."

The Heaven Shattering Sect Legatee, Mazino, wasn't a genius swayed by beauty. In fact, there were quite a few rumors circulating behind his back about what 'team' he truly played for. Because of that, he often went out of his way to ravage women to cover for it, unfortunately, that only made people suspect him even more. Of course, the long flowing hair, delicate features, and flowery robes didn't help

much. If that wasn't enough, his attack weapon of choice were two metal fans. If he wasn't gay, he was doing a very good job fooling everyone.

These rumors, of course, infuriated Mazino and he had killed no small amount of disciples because of them. He just enjoyed beautiful things and milk baths were his guilt pleasure, was there something wrong with that? Why did a man need to be rugged and dirty, he preferred cleanliness.

The truth was he was angry because Dyon was ignoring them, unlike his blinded with rage master, he could tell that Dyon simply hadn't noticed them arrive. What truly angered him was that Dyon was more handsome than he was despite clearly not putting in as much effort as he had. It was enough to make him go mad!

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Within the Angel Clan Dungeons, the face of what looked like a celestial fairy contorted the moment she sensed the auras of those who appeared.

Luna immediately recognized the presence of Elder Conli, after all, he had been among the elders that threatened her sister and mother.

One could see a clear inner turmoil within Luna right now. This was what she wanted, wasn't it? For the Angel Clan to lose? For her mother and sister to be saved? For her to sacrifice herself for their sake? No?

She had spent decades waiting for this day... The day the illusory guillotine that hung above her family's head would disappear... And yet, everything she had done seemed wrong.

The army she thought would annihilate the angels was wiped out so easily that it sent a shiver down her spine. The craziest part was that they had hardly needed to lift a finger the whole time! Even worse, she hadn't even assumed that the Viserions would be involved, and yet Dyon decimated a challenge that was many times harder than the version she thought he'd lose to.

'Should I have trusted in him?...'

Luna could only tremble. She had barely known Dyon when she made the decision to betray him, how could she know that he was worth her trust? Even her own father treated her like nothing more than an object, although Dyon and his father showed her kindness she had never seen before, how could years of pain be washed away with trust so easily?

Suddenly, the shackles the angels thought had secured Luna fell away almost like that was their one desire in life.

Luna stood and walked toward the supposedly locked prison doors as they swung open to welcome her out.

Then, she disappeared.

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Elder Conli looked down on the angels with a clear disdain and hatred in his eyes. "Give me the Energy Core, kowtow, and I'll give you all quick and easy deaths."

His domineering voice spread around the battle field, making it seem as though his voice came from the vibrations and wild beatings of their hearts. This intimidation technique was far too profound, even his voice could instill such fear.

Normally, Dyon could do this along with his demon generals that followed the sovereign path of music will. However, if you were astute, you would realize that Elder Conli had never practiced music will or anything of the like at all! It was as though his every movement, his every word, his every action... All of them were filled with unfathomable daos!

He didn't need to try to use music will, his voice simply embodied it. This was what it meant to be half-step transcendent!

However, contrary to Conli's expectations, not a single angel wavered. If anything, the determination in their eyes grew fiercer.



Truth be told, Elder Conli was a fool. Dyon's Presence wasn't something even a half-step transcendent could slice through with mere words. Although a peak King Presence was still two levels from the very top, falling short to Emperor Presence and God Presence, it was still a near unfathomable existence. Dyon was already at the point where no one of this plane of existence could intimidate him, unless he ran into someone who refined their Presence to a higher degree.

Unfortunately for Elder Conli, he was at the bottom rung of what could be considered a half-step transcendent. If you were to compare Dyon's father to him, it would be like comparing a 7th grade expert to a peak first grade one!

To put that into perspective, the absolute bare minimum needed to enter the essence gathering level is 54 opened meridians, because this would allow you to breach the 55th and thus become a 6th grade expert. Meaning, a 7th grade expert isn't even qualified to cross the meridian formation boundary and become an essence gatherer!

Maybe if it was a true half-step transcendent expert, they could have crushed the advantage of Dyon's Presence. But, Elder Conli wasn't qualified!

This realization turned Elder Conli blue with anger, however the angels still weren't moved.

"Master, let us attack. There's no need for you to get involved."

Although the mysterious clan army was outnumbered, Mazino believed that their numbers were more than enough. Even if the Angel Clan were made up of entirely first grade experts, he didn't believe that their legacies could compare to their clans. With all of the Heaven level techniques they had been groomed with, how could a mere Angel Clan compare?

However, this wasn't just blind arrogance. Mazino had personally seen the fighting power of the Angels while watching the war from his Heaven Shattering Sect. The reason he was so confident was because he had seen through the flaw in Dyon's formation.

Despite never being much of a military tactician, there were very few martial world geniuses who would be classified as otherworldly geniuses in the mortal world. If a martial world genius, especially a legatee, were to take an IQ test, breaking the 200 mark would be child's play for them. So, Mazino had only need a glance to see not only the profoundness of Dyon's formation, but also its weakness!

Dyon's formation was able to mitigate risk by spreading the power of its army into squads. Each squad was made of 4 saints and 1 celestial, matching perfectly to the ratio of saints to celestials in the army. Even with the women added, this 4:1 ratio remained the same. However, there was a massive problem with this approach: The Angel Warriors were restricted in their movement!

At first, Mazino hadn't been sure, but after observing for a few moments, he saw that no squad had a movement radius larger than a few tens of meters. Although this allowed them to stay organized, it also stopped them from helping an attack that say... Concentrated on a single spot!

The best part was, even if the angels then ignored their formation and attacked, they would then be equalling the playing field once again, descending into the more barbaric form of warfare the martial world was known for.

Normally, this wouldn't be easy to execute, however, the mysterious clan army was made entirely of celestials!

Mazino was truly genius. If Dyon had known his thinking, he would definitely have nodded in approval. This truly was a great weakness of his formation, it was just that he believed that it was worth it.

Elder Conli reigned in his anger before nodding, "Slaughter them, but leave the boy alive. You can beat him as you wish, but I'd like to have some fun too."

An endless pressure immediately locked down the nine dao formation experts. "Don't even think of interfering. If one moves, one dies. If two move, two die."

The Angel Clan ministers' insides twisted with anger, however the looks on their faces remained completely nonchalant. Unfortunately, unlike Elder Conli's intimidation tactic, his energy suppression was unblockable.

The attack Elder Conli was waiting for didn't come, though. When he looked back, he found his disciple oddly arranging the first grade celestials into a cone shape, ignoring the confused gazes on their faces.

"If anyone deviates from this formation, I'll have their head." Mazino called out. Not waiting for a response, he coldly glared at Dyon's handsome face. "CHARGE!"

The moment Amphorae saw Mazino organizing his group into a cone shape with him at the helm, she couldn't help but look at Dyon with a deep look of love and admiration. Although, when Mazino saw this, he thought she was simply saying a final goodbye before their deaths, the truth was that Amphorae was almost too bored to bother with them. Had they forgotten that there was a barrier between them?

Despite this, Amphorae didn't put too much hope in the barrier, instead, she was sure of something else entirely. Mazino believed himself to be too smart, but his folly was that he didn't understand military tactics enough.

Dyon had grown up with a military father his whole life, despite the fact he never explicitly studied military formations, he had the art of war ingrained into him from the day he was born. Comparing him to Mazino was like comparing one of China's ancient Generals to a cadet just admitted into the army!

Seemingly without a word, the Angel Clan army shifted. The saints disappeared from the front line, appearing behind Dyon, Amphorae and the locked dao formation experts in what looked like an instant.

The celestials surged forward, forming new squads as though they were all of one mind.

Mazino could only watch in horror as the formation he was sure he had found the weakness of completely shifted. However, he had no choice but to continue forward. If he stopped now, not only would it be a blow to his army's morale, it would also become a complete mess. His formation was crudely and quickly made, it resulted in an unorganized bunch. If he stopped, they would stumble over each other in the air, leaving the angels ample time to retaliate. Even though his master's aura locked onto the dao formation experts, Mazino knew that it wasn't foolproof.

The only way to completely lock down a warrior is if your energy was on a higher level. For example, when Madeleine old master locked her down with saint energy while Madeleine was still at the essence gathering level.

However, even dao formation experts used enigmatic energy. So, he was forced to use density and not quality to suppress. This meant that the angels could fight back, they were simply choosing not to for now!

This was all to say that if his army became vulnerable, his master wouldn't be able to save him in a short time because if it came to it, the angel ministers would take action. The only reason they didn't was so as not to give Elder Conli incentive to move.

An ugly expression appeared on Mazino's face, but he calmed himself. He couldn't lose his head now.

Their army surged forward, passing through the first barrier completely unimpeded, as Mazino had expected.

"Destroy it!" Mazino called out to the ten dao formation experts who were waiting in the air for this moment.

Dyon knew from the beginning that his barrier would only be able to withstand 3-5 attacks from a dao formation expert. That meant that it stood no chance against the combined attack of 10!

BOOM!

Shards of violet erupted into the skies. The timing was absolutely perfect, the moment the 10 terrifying attacks subsided, Mazino burst through, brandishing two pristine metal fans embroidered beautifully with what looked like blossoms.

He was shocked to find a perfectly arranged army of 20,000 celestials. All of his plans had gone down the drain. With the addition of the women to the Angel Clan army, the original count of 10,000 celestials had doubled! And now, there was no weakness to be seen among them.

Amphorae smiled lightly as the Angel Clan army's aura rose. But, that was when something completely unexpected happened, something even Amphorae had had not a single clue about. Even in meditation, Dyon couldn't help but smirk.

"NOW!" Veles roared, startling Laura who had just begun to calm down beside him. Her thoughts rolled uncontrollably, what did he mean now? However, in the next moments she found out something truly horrifying...

Every single one of Veles' near million strong army that had supposedly died to Dyon's spear to the chest erupted with murderous auras simultaneously, pulling out the spears in their chest and jumping into the air in unison.

Mazino was caught completely off-guard. Even Elder Conli didn't have time to react properly because he knew if he did, all 9 Angel Clan ministers would immediately act against him. Even as a half-step transcendent, he couldn't kill 9 high-level dao experts in a short time even if they had no chance of beating him.

Seeing that the people Dyon had "killed" suddenly awake, and also seeing that they each brandished a murderous spear, a sudden realization hit Amphorae and the surrounding Angels. Even Veles' father who had been watching from a distance had his old eyes awaken as though he was 20 years young.

He tilted back his head, roaring with laughter, "You have a good son!"

He half couldn't believe that he had been fooled. It was even to the point where his own son lied to him... It was truly a God's stroke of genius!

It was only now Amphorae's mother truly understood how terrifying Dyon was... He wasn't drained just because he had to use his judgement technique. He was completely drained because he had to split his attack into two. One portion reserved to kill the Moon Clan warriors, and another outfitted with small scale spatial array.

The very first time Dyon used this array, he had been trying to impress Madeleine by allowing them to pass through the window of his dorm room at Focus Academy. However, the second time he used it, it had been to survive a strike from Madeleine's elder brother!

And now he would use it again to end this.

Chapter 830: Now.

If Dyon's grand teacher hadn't been privy to the conversation between Veles and Dyon, he would have fallen out of his chair when this occurred. But now, he couldn't help but laugh just as loudly as Veles' father when he saw the mysterious clan army being massacred.

The entire reason Dyon had taken Luna with him on his diplomatic trip was because he didn't trust her. So, why would he change his mind about that so quickly? Just because he took her virginity? Dyon's thinking and mental fortitude was far beyond such things.

During his talks with Veles, after he convinced his old friend to side with him, he had already told him that he didn't trust Luna and that something would likely happen to ruin their alliance. At first Veles had been skeptical, but that was when Dyon convinced him to check on Luna and Nina.

Truth be told, they had a grand time watching their supposed wives roll around together in bed, but Dyon was thoroughly enraged when he saw Luna steal the Dragon Refining Tome.

At first, he wanted to spoil Luna's plan right there. However, that was when he thought of the mirror he had seen on their dresser that morning. Although his soul was sealed, his Perception was exceptionally sharp, so Dyon could feel someone was watching him from within the mirror. So, he decided to play a little trick.

He allowed Luna to steal the mirror to put on a play for who he assumed were the mysterious clans elders, but was actually just Laura. That said, it still had the same effect, so it didn't matter much considering Laura reported directly to them anyway.

When Veles heard that the barbarian clans were attacking, both he and Dyon had suspected what was happening. However, he still sent all of his dao formation experts, leaving his clan completely vulnerable. This was because he needed to help Dyon escape. If there were still dao formation experts in the clan, how could Dyon have even had the remote chance of escaping? Even if he had two protectors with him, their plan necessitated Dyon escaping separately because if he hadn't, the Viserions would have had to attack the Angel Clan directly.

One might wonder why this is, but the answer was simple: It was Veles' personality. In truth, Veles would never ally with anyone to destroy his enemies, and anyone who had ever met him knew this. If he didn't attack despite knowing where Dyon was, and instead went to ally with the Moon Clan, he would have been suspected no matter how much information he handed over.

The only way to properly justify it was to attack on a day everyone knew Dyon had to be there: The very same day the Moon Clan would attack! And because he had no choice but to attack on that day, it made sense for him to let the Moon Clan know he wasn't an enemy by allying with them.

If he attacked earlier than that day, it would mean nothing because Dyon wasn't there. If he attacked later, the Angel Clan might already be annihilated and the tome Dyon "stole" would be gone. Anyone with a brain would understand this and thus wouldn't suspect Veles for attacking on that day, they would only be curious about what Dyon stole to make him so angry!

Of course, this worked to perfection because Laura knew exactly what Dyon had stolen because she had watched it from beginning to end. So, she fell for it far easier than anyone else! It was truly a master plan.

However, what made all of this perfect were the spears in the Viserion warriors' hands.

Under normal circumstances, the Viserion experts wouldn't be able to match up to mysterious clan experts. And, that was especially true of a mere Viserion branch clan on this small Planet Haven. But, that all changed because of the overwhelmingly powerful weapons that each contained the power to kill a lower celestial, cripple a mid level celestial, and heavily injure a peak celestial!

The loud screams and agonizing cries of the mysterious clans rang out. Being besieged from all sides by an army of over a million completely overwhelmed them. They didn't have a single chance to retaliate because the loud booms of exploding spears radiated over the battle field!

If one wasn't enough to kill, there was a second. If two weren't enough, there was a third!

An endless rain of attacks completely annihilated the mysterious clan army even as Elder Conli watched with horror in his eyes.

Mazino roared into the skies, erupting with endless amount of faith. He refused to die here. He had already reached over 90 tempered meridians at the celestial level, he only needed a few more centuries to reach 108, then he could perfectly step into the dao formation world like his master had. He was completely unwilling!

Just as swaths of Viserions were about to die under the waves of his fans, a piercing melody began to ring out.

Mazino slowly turned his head with complete fear in his eyes only to find a red-headed celestial beauty gently plucking the strings of a Golden Lyre. He could immediately tell that this young woman had only just stepped into the celestial level, yet her tune was able to affect him?!

In truth, Amphorae's suppression of him only lasted a split second before he broke away. But, by then, it was already too late...

Thousands of spears, each capable of killing a celestial, rained down on the frozen Mazino. Before he could do anything.... His life ended.

Just like that, the life of a Legatee was snuffed out. Even someone as powerful as him fell completely victim to Dyon's deep schemes.

And maybe it was by coincidence, but it was only after his life was snuffed out that Dyon's piercing eyes opened.

Dyon's eyes quickly roamed the battle field. After noticing that the Viserions had attacked, and seeing ten thousand dead men wearing robes he didn't recognize, he could immediately understand what happened. It only took him a split second to look up and grin at Veles. He was especially happy to see that the Viserion elders had taken advantage of the surprise attack to deal with Laura's two protectors. It could be said that his plan worked out flawlessly.

However... When he looked in the sky to see the old man with the darkened expression, his heart couldn't help but go cold.

In the end, Elder Conli hadn't bothered moving. By his estimation, there would have been about an 80% chance for him to save his disciple if he went all out, but he chose not to. The reason was simple: Dyon had pulled out too many tricks, making even him apprehensive.



Although it would take him a while to defeat 9 dao formation experts, "a while" was only relative to the effort he'd have to put into anything else. On top of that, he wouldn't have to fight them directly, all he'd have to do is slip by them to reach his disciple for the spears had. Even though tearing through space in these ancient times was almost unheard of, unless your space dao reached an unprecedented level, something Elder Conli obviously hadn't done, just by relying on his movement technique and superior cultivation, Conli was quite confident in himself.

However, Elder Conli thought too much of Dyon. No matter how prepared Dyon was, how could he ever expect to run into a half-step transcendent. This was supposed to be a trial! Were they trying to kill him? His plans simply didn't account for such a thing at all.

Honestly, Dyon thought that the Viserion sneak attack would have been the chess move to end this trial and send him out. But, it seemed even he underestimated the veracity of a God Level trial. It was no wonder this trial was based on time and not completion. The worst part was that since Dyon had decided to fight and not run, if he didn't defeat Elder Conli, not only would he die here, but his survival record would be a measly 7 days, not enough to be even remotely placed in the top 100.

As for why Dyon believed he would die while others were simply ejected, it was because he could feel that his real body had entered this trial. Ever since the day he took Amphorae's virginity, it was as though he had completed some sort of cycle or task that allowed him to take the gains he received here and bring them to the outside world. This meant that things like his runic flame and the Energy Core he happened to receive would stay, but this also meant that his life was on the line!

Dyon had no idea what that meant. In fact, he had been fighting the idea that this place was real because he didn't want to leave Amphorae, nor did he want the pain Luna caused him to stay, but with every passing moment, his intelligence was screaming at him to think with his head and not his heart, or else he would suffer.

Dyon stood, clutching his hand as a ten-foot-long glaive appeared in his hand. "Retreat. Now."