

## The Nameless 831

### Chapter 831: Foreboding

Hearing that Dyon's words had no leeway, the angel army could only acquiesce. Dyon had made it clear long ago that anyone disobeying orders from him during times of war would die, and he meant those words whole heartedly.

"Amphorae, you too." Dyon couldn't bear to look at her now, knowing she was feeling particularly aggrieved. After all that nonsense about fighting side by side with the one you love, you still have the face to say such a thing now? However, Amphorae could only bury her feelings. She had long since become used to doing such a thing, so she could only ignore the pain in her clenching heart and retreat behind the Angel Clan city walls.

Dyon didn't have the time to bask in his own hypocrisy. Although he empathized with Amphorae's feelings and knew exactly what she was thinking, he also knew she really couldn't help right now. The rings he had set plans to be forged were exceptionally complex. If it wasn't for the fact the Angel Clan had a time acceleration chamber, 7 days would have never been enough to form 6 of them. It could be said that they had cut it quite close.

Without the help of the ring, Amphorae would have no chance of helping. As much as she'd want to, she would only be a burden. Amphorae understood this and thus didn't bother to argue. For now, she could only watch on with worry.

In the end, there were only ten angels remaining on the battle field. Aside from those eight fighting off the mysterious clan elders, only they remained.

"Young King do you want to?" A minister asked respectfully. They all knew of Dyon's trump card, it had to do with the rings they all wore on their fingers as well as the ring that Amphorae gave to Dyon the moment he appeared. However, they questioned if it would work against such an expert.

"As long as he hasn't comprehended spatial daos, we have a 10% chance." Dyon replied, his voice steeped in deathly calm.

The tense atmosphere was suddenly multiplied when Elder Conli started laughing with a foreboding base in his voice.

"Your father has suppressed me for almost 60 years. Now even his son seems to be trying to follow in his footsteps. To kill my own disciple before me!" Elder Conli's laughter became louder and louder, shattering the eardrums of the weak and even causing the planet itself to quake. The daos of the world seemed to swirl around him, eagerly feeding his insanity. "How brazen! How bold! If I don't kill you all, I'll take your surname for my own!"

Elder Conli's roar shattering the sky. Violent earthquakes ravaged the lands, causing a tsunami of natural disasters to plummet Planet Haven into a crisis.

Dyon's heart couldn't help but pound fiercely. A battle of 36 dao formation experts, all trying their very best to kill each other, hadn't caused this many changes to the planet. Yet, a simple laugh could?!

This wasn't simply a matter of cumulative power. The quality of Elder Conli's power was simply on an unprecedented level.

In ancient times, not only was space far more robust, even the land beneath their feet was tougher. If Dyon hadn't had time to acclimate to the atmosphere in his trial body before his true body entered, he would have also noticed that gravity was far stronger and the air was heavier as well.

The reason for this was because of the qualitative change between ancient Gama energy and modern Gama energy. As the cosmos grew older, the universes it created became progressively weaker while this change was coupled with a weakening of Gama energies, or more accurately, it was caused by it. As for why Gama energy was weaker, it was due to a lack of one specific ingredient: Primordial Energy.

As Luna said, there were a copious amount of energies in this world, many of which had yet to be completely studied, or were simply forgotten about. For example, although in modern times it was impossible to attack with the soul without putting yourself at severe risk, in a far forgotten past, energies directly fueled by the soul existed allowing soul cultivators to be revered and even feared.

That aside, Primordial Energy is a type of primal and bestial energy that lurked from the creation of the cosmos. It had a savage and destructive aura that inadvertently tempered the universes created within it to new heights. Essentially, because Primordial Energy was so domineering, it forced whatever was

created under its influence to also match up to its strength. Thus, ancient times was truly an era of suppression.

Knowing this, it would become clear why a small planet like Haven could withstand the battles of dao and celestial experts with ease while a planet of the same size in Dyon's time would have long since been obliterated.

In this same vein, it was because Dyon's Inner World absorbed Primordial Energy during his soul's breakthrough that it was completely reformed, thus giving it characteristics of ancient times.

At this point, anyone understanding this would also understand just how terrifying it was for Elder Conli to so brazenly ignore the effects of Primordial Energy. If anything, it seemed like Primordial Energy was helping him destroy everything in his path!

Something told Dyon that although Elder Conli was relatively weak compared to half-step transcendent here, back in his modern times, he would stand at the peak of the world!

The trembling in Dyon's heart stopped, becoming as still as water in an instant. The ministers and Elder Conli immediately noticed this. With their senses, they could tell that despite Dyon's calm features, waves were being sent through his heart. In fact, they were already impressed enough that he could still fearlessly stand before them. But, now? He had transcended that fear, using it to temper himself and strengthen his heart. That was something that left them incomparably shocked.

What they didn't know was that Dyon had faced impossible to defeat enemies before. From the moment the entity's mere hand from millions of miles away could make him shiver in fear and feel despair, Dyon swore to himself that he would never allow such a feeling to take over his mind again. No matter what odds he faced, even if it was his own death on the line, he would blast through all obstacles!

A golden flame endlessly poured into the black glaive, causing the veins that lined its body to pulse violently. It was almost as though the weapon had become a living, breathing beast. Even the blade extended, becoming jagged like the teeth of an ancient monster.

Its weight multiplied, skipping over tens of thousands of jin before resting at just over five hundred thousand jin.

Dyon's released a turbid breath filled with such heat that the air crackled, boiling under the pressure. There was no question that this amount of weight placed a huge amount of burden on Dyon's celestial body. However, it couldn't be helped, body path weapons were known for their oppressive weight.

That said, Dyon was extremely satisfied. This was the first time in his life that he had managed to bring out the full power of a Spiritual weapon. When he had burned his soul and poured that energy into the Dragon King, he hadn't been able to release the Dragon King's potential.

This was because soul energy couldn't be used to activate body path weapons, at most, it could add a bit of sharpness and power to Dyon's strike. It was like filling your car with the improper fuel, it might work, but it wouldn't be very effective.

But now, Dyon could unleash a true Spiritual weapon's might.

#### Chapter 832: Admire

Seeing Dyon's reaction to his laughter, Elder Conli couldn't help but be stunned. Was this measly child really planning on fighting it out with him? In his life time, even when he was Dyon's age, he stamped out all of the geniuses in his way. How could a youngster so many generations back do anything to him?

"A mere first stage Spiritual weapon, and it's taken as a treasure by these fools." Elder Conli spat, looking at the nearly crippled Jabari who was still trapped in a cage formation. However, he didn't have any more time to loiter around. Although many of the things that took place took time to describe, in reality, less than a minute and a half had truly passed.

By Elder Conli's estimates, even with Dyon's father's oppressive spatial dao, it would take him hours to cross over the cosmos because he didn't have a supreme treasure to use like they did. After all, he was only human, saying he would only take hours to cross so many universes was already giving much higher praise than any half-step transcendent Elder Conli had ever met.

"I will fight him alone." Dyon's tone was resolute. "Focus on killing the other dao formation experts as quickly as possible, then get into formation."

Originally, Dyon had wanted to attack Elder Conli together with his 5 first grade elders. However, the mysterious clans had brought ten first grade elders with them. Truth be told, Dyon wasn't too worried about it because angel bodies were a step above anything those clans could match and could make up for the energy cultivation difference, but time wasn't on their side. Dyon could only choose to take the fastest and most dangerous approach.

The faces of the ministers twitched when they heard this, but a simple glance back from Dyon stifled all of this. The look on their young king's face was truly terrifying right now.

Dyon slowly rose into the air, not stopping until he was completely eye level with Elder Conli. Although he was still a few hundred meters away from the man, he was well aware that this distance was nothing even for a saint, let alone a half-step transcendent.

Elder Conli sneered, "That weapon looks quite heavy. Doesn't seem like a boy who's still nursing can wield it."

Dyon casually swung the glaive, and although the gales created a ditch for miles to his side, he had to admit that this weapon was too heavy for him. "You're right, it is quite heavy. In this state, anyway."

With a light shrug, the aura of Dyon's body grew in devilishness, bursting through the stage of Demon Emperor's Will and resting at the first stage of the first act.

The veins of his body pulsed with gold, a tinge of red lighting his skin. His hair no longer grew in this state because he had learned to perfectly wield the excess energy, funneling it all into his body.

In that instant, his body's prowess multiplied by 8 and the once heavy glaive became as light as a feather.

A subtle look of mockery emerged from Elder Conli's eyes. Did this boy really think that this was enough? From his estimates, even his late disciple could have crushed Dyon with a single pinky, even in this state. And, that was without needing to use his faith. There was no need to talk about what would happen to Dyon if he faced Mazino one on one while the latter used his faith, the end result would be quite embarrassing for Dyon, without a doubt.

Elder Conli wasn't wrong. Mazino had been an 11th stage celestial with over 90 filled meridians. Not to mention the fact he was of the peak first grade and had master many intents. Under normal circumstances, even if he somehow magically unsealed his soul and wills, Dyon wouldn't have stood a chance, especially considering Mazino was a Legatee.

However, Dyon wasn't relying on his strength. He would never be so foolish or haughty as to underestimate a half-step transcendent. Elder Conli would have to learn the hard way that the most frightening thing about Dyon wasn't his martial prowess, but rather, his genius.

Elder Conli clasped his hands behind his back, although the loss of a legatee was devastating in modern times, it was far less devastating in ancient times because there was no limit. As long as you could pass the trials, you became one, it was as simple as that. Ancient times didn't have restrictions on the faith of clans, power spoke over everything. So, he got over the loss of his disciple quickly, Mazino had only been his disciple in name to begin with. After all, to mitigate their losses, the clan would never send someone too overly important from the younger generation, or else they would be cutting themselves off at the root.

"It must be that you don't truly understand the power of a transcendent. If I killed you too quickly, you might die still thinking you had a chance. So, considering I'm your senior, I don't mind giving you a bit of a demonstration before seeing you off. Consider it my duty as a member of the older generation." Elder Conli spoke lightly, but his every word seemed to stem of the vibrations of their hearts.

He waved his hand, causing an image of stars to appear. It was a starry sky, filled with beautiful plants colored in reds and violets and greens. However, using the memories he unlocked, Dyon immediately recognized this image as the solar system Planet Haven resided in!

"I just thought I'd make it bigger for you all, if I didn't, how would you see my glory with those pitiful cultivation bases."

Elder Conli raised his hand again. In that instant, gales that through Dyon completely off balance resounded through the planet, flattening mountains and drying river beds. It was as though all the energy of the cosmos was at the whim of his one palm.

"Heaven Shatter Absorption Arts." Elder Conli said softly, "Planetary Obliteration!"

An energy blade tens of times as thin as a piece of paper erupted from his hand, filling Dyon with the aura of death.

The world seemed devoid of sound. Or, more accurately, all vibrations in the air were destroyed under the pressure of this one blade.

And then, it shot out. Flying at a speed so fast that had it not been for Elder Conli's projection, Dyon would have never been able to spot it.

The blade covered the space between themselves and the first planet in an instant, flying through its surface unimpeded and breaking through the other side in a mere split second...

And then it did so for a second...

And then a third...

And a fifth...

And a tenth...

By the time it flew out of their solar system, fifteen planets and seventy-eight moons had been pierced with a blade so thin that even with Elder Conli's projection and his overwhelming eyesight, Dyon couldn't see the damage at all...

And then... Destruction descended upon the world

BOOM!

The first planet burst apart in such fine dust particles that it was swept up by solar winds in an instant. The trail of destruction was never ending, an entire solar system of planets eradicated with the wave of a hand.

The angels could only watch numbly. This wasn't modern times, destroying a planet would take everything even an early dao formation expert had. Even worse, they had to entirely concentrate their attack in one point, aiming for the core of the planet and relying on its reaction to succeed. And yet, this half-step transcendent did so with a wave of a hand?!

"That was about a percent of a percent of my power. I'm sure you don't need me to explain to you that I didn't use any wills. In fact, I used the Earth circulation method of the technique instead of the Heaven. It could be said that I held back quite a bit. So, tell me, will you slit your own necks for yourselves, or do you insist on me doing it?"

Before the angels and Viserions could despair, and before Laura could even sneer at Veles who had now captured her, clapping interrupted all of their thoughts.

Elder Conli's brows furrowed, "What the hell are you doing?"

Dyon shrugged lightly, placing his glaive on his shoulder in a relaxed manner. "I'm only admiring a jumping clown. Was your intention not to perform? I was only expressing my appreciation for your show."

### Chapter 833: Firm Heart

As Elder Conli's face turned from red to purple to blue to black, the sounds of stifling laughter could be heard. Although they weren't terribly loud, with his cultivation, how could he not have heard them?

A blast of heat suddenly overwhelming the planet, causing trees to wither and catch fire. Even Dyon's skin couldn't help but blister in the heat. If it wasn't for the protection around the Angel Clan, Dyon doubted that the saints could have handled it without severe pain.

How cruel. Despite the planetary explosions being so far away, how could the destruction of so many leave Planet Haven completely unaffected? The truth was that such an explosion should have taken Planet Haven with it, however, there was a very specific reason it hadn't. And that reason was why Dyon was so confident.



Dyon's clothes burned away to reveal a skin-tight armor underneath. He couldn't help but feel remorseful for all the innocents that much have died under this wave, but he didn't have the time to worry about it. At the very least, most cities had protective formation, and even though they weren't as good as Dyon's, as long as they could stand an attack or two from a saint, it would be enough to survive.

However, now, Dyon was truly angry. All to intimidate and show off, this Elder Conli had essentially sentenced millions to death. If Dyon didn't play with his life to death as well, would he still be a Sacharro?!

"Don't be so quick to anger." Dyon said with a cold light in his eyes. "If you wanted to display your power so grandly, what you should have done is blown this planet up directly, but you can't do that, can you?"

Dyon's words caused Elder Conli's eyes to narrow. His lips twitched, but he didn't respond.

"That's okay, you don't need to respond. I'll just expose some of your oh so grandiose lies.

"I know you expect people to believe that you didn't save your disciple because you didn't have time to, but the reality of the matter is that you didn't dare to.

"I know you want people to believe that you supposedly used a percent of a percent of your power, when in reality that's also far from the truth.

"I know you want us to quake in fear and submit willingly, but unfortunately, you don't have the qualifications!" By the time Dyon had finished, his voice was like a resounding boom filling the air. The gales erupting from his lungs directly cooled the blistering heat, sending relief through the planet.

"So, how could I say the truth for you since you won't?

"The truth is you didn't dare output enough power to save your disciple. The truth is that you used at least 10% of your power. And the truth is the one who'll die here today will without a doubt be you!"

Dyon's words were like a beating drum, causing the hearts of those who heard them to be filled with endless fighting intent.

The moment Dyon learned from Amphorae, who learned from Luna, that his father was alive, he had felt an unbridled joy. However, this also meant many other things. For example, the fact that his father had to be suppressed by a formation using 12 grand elder level characters.

On the surface, that information might not mean much. But, in the hands of Dyon, it told me almost everything.

For one, this was most definitely one of the elders partaking in the formation. That meant one thing: the formation was greatly weakened, and his father might already be on his way.

Secondly, why would this grand elder come here even knowing that his father was escape once he did? The only explanation was that they had been watching this whole time and made the decision that since they had already so thoroughly offended Dyon's father, there was no going back. That meant that what they wanted here was something they could use to finally be rid of the thorn that was his father at their side.

Thirdly, Dyon was already aware of what they wanted. The first thing was Luna's primordial yin, and the second was the Energy Core. According to Amphorae, it was impossible to take away Luna's primordial yin without the Energy Core, however this information made Dyon narrow his eyes.

The reason was simple, Dyon could already tell a virgin from a non-virgin at a glance way back during his first campaign. However, this wasn't the poignant point. The true point was that he had been able to do so by sensing the fluctuations that were unique to a primordial yin. Although Dyon's soul was sealed and he couldn't sense as effectively as he had before, his Perception had reached heaven defying levels. As a result, he could already see through the fact that Luna wasn't a virgin, which means he had somehow taken her primordial yin already!

What did this all mean? It meant that Dyon had what they wanted on both fronts. And while they might not know he had Luna's primordial yin, what they could guarantee was that the Energy Core was here. In fact, Dyon suspected that the entire reason they allowed Luna to come here instead of locking her away was because she should have been the best option to subdue the Energy Core! However, for whatever reason, the Energy Core had only made itself known when Dyon broke through. It was almost as though it was waiting for Dyon specifically...

That aside, the fact that Dyon had what they wanted meant a couple things. For one, they wouldn't dare to kill him so easily. In fact, he suspected that Elder Conli would likely torture him to vent his anger and only kill him after receiving what he wanted.

However, this wasn't the only point that filled Dyon with confidence. Elder Conli wouldn't dare attack with enough power to destroy Planet Haven, because not only would that risk Luna's life, it would also risk destroying the Energy Core. Of course, Dyon knew that even if Elder Conli was a hundred times more powerful he wouldn't be able to put a single hairline crack into the surface of the Energy Core, but clearly Elder Conli didn't know this. Only Dyon, as it's master, knew its strength better than anyone. It was just that his energy cultivation was sealed, so he couldn't use it. But, that benefitted him greatly as well, because it was exactly for this reason that Elder Conli wasn't able to sense it!

As such, a few sentences laid everything bare for Dyon. Unless Elder Conli's life was in true danger, he wouldn't dare use his full power. And, even then, he would think twice, because even if he survived Dyon, would he survive Dyon's father?

Once Dyon's thoughts filled the ears of everyone present, his place in their hearts couldn't help but be lifted several fold. They couldn't fathom how a child, relative to the martial world, was able to stay so calm in the face of such power.

"So, Elder Conli. It's best you stop trying to intimidate my people and stay here obediently for my father to come and kill you. Or, you could flee and test your luck. Maybe if you're lucky, he won't find you." Dyon's gaze sharpened, piercing through to Conli's soul.

Elder Conli remained silent for a good long while before he began to laugh again.

"Truly worthy of being that bastard's son." Soon, his laughter stopped, replaced by cold killing intent. "Unfortunately for you, I didn't cultivate for so many years to be a coward. I've been tempering my martial heart before your grandfather was a thought in your great grand father's nut sack. Even if you manage to stall me, I'll directly kill you then face your father's fury with my head held high!"

Dyon would have felt appreciation for Elder Conli's courage, but in reality, all he felt was disdain. This old codger couldn't beat his father, so he settled for bullying the younger generation, yet he said that his martial heart was firm?

"This is what you call a firm martial heart?" Dyon sneered.

After he had heard of King Patia-Neva's story from his wives after he awoke from his coma, Dyon learned the importance of a firm martial heart, and he also understood his own path even clearer.

This wasn't the place where he'd die! His own death would be dictated by his own will, not someone else's.

#### Chapter 834: Never?

Suddenly, a vast accumulation of energy began rushing toward Dyon. At first, Elder Conli had only sneered, but as it continued to climb, his facial expression couldn't help but change. It was only at this point that he realized, he couldn't sense any cultivation coming from Dyon at all!

This truly filled him with fear, but what he didn't know was that the reason he couldn't sense Dyon's cultivation was because it was sealed. However, this truth was unknown and thus gave exactly the added pressure Dyon was looking for. Since his cultivation was sealed, and Elder Conli had little understanding of formations, it seemed like all of this energy was swirling around at Dyon's behest. Making it seem like he was also a half-step transcendent!

The ring on Dyon's finger glowed brightly, communicating back and forth with the source of Dyon's power.

6 days ago, on the first night Dyon spent in this trial world, he had spent a ridiculous amount of time scanning the Angel Clan territory and marking down notes. His goal was to understand the Feng Shui of the area, and what he found astounded him. It turned out that the Angel Clan alone had more than ten abyssal core areas in their territory alone!

After some thinking, Dyon came to understand that this was a result of the Energy Core.

Special plots of land sometimes tend toward one element or another. Most of the time, land is completely neutral, but at other times, it was a magnet for wills. Under normal circumstances, most of these special plots of land never grew into anything overly special, at most they might become a relatively taller mountain if it was fond of earth will, or a world-shaking volcano if it was more fond of

fire will. Even if those plots of land managed to transcend those levels and become true abyssal cores, it would take tens to even hundreds of millions of years. However, the Energy Core changed all of that!

The Energy Core was essentially a massive magnet for all energies of the world, and that includes Gama Energy which contains all of the wills of the world. Because of this, the areas surrounding the Angel Clan which had affinity for certain elements were able to gather the necessary energy for them to evolve at a heaven defying pace. The result was that in a mere few decades, the abyssal cores of the Angel Clan had reached a frightening level!

Abyssal cores were ranked from the will level, to the intent level, and finally the dao level. The level of the abyssal core decided what peak level of understanding an individual could reach by relying on them. For example, in Dyon's universe, the Ice Belt had reached the peak intent level, which was how it was able to benefit Patia-Neva so well.

However, the abyssal cores of the Angel Clan had long since reached the dao level!

Originally, Dyon's plan was to use the concepts of Feng Shui to boost the power of his formation to unprecedented levels. But, that was when he thought of another idea. If he could use the spiritual vein to directly power his arrays, why not use the power of these abyssal cores to directly power himself?!

The issue with this plan was that it was highly dangerous. One can imagine what would happen if Dyon allowed dao level energy into his body, wouldn't he directly explode? He simply didn't have the power to wield such strength. However... What if he had a weapon that wielded that strength for him?

At first, Dyon had been planning on borrowing Amphorae's lyre. It was only after it had been created that Dyon began to think that his plan was feasible. However, he didn't like the idea of leaving his wife without protection of her own, so when he peered into Jabari's spatial ring, and found the glaive, he was incomparably excited because he finally had the means to execute his plan.

Although the glaive was only a first stage Spiritual weapon, it was a body path weapon, making it far sturdier than soul and energy path weapons of its class. In addition, there were many dao formation experts who could only use Spiritual level weapons. In fact, the vast majority of them had no choice. One shouldn't be fooled by the fact that only celestials could bring out the full power of a Spiritual weapon, because the truth was that Spiritual weapons were able to withstand dao level prowess as well!

So, Dyon no longer hesitated. His ring glowed as it connected with his glaive, filling it with an inconceivable amount of power.

Wind will. Fire will. Darkness will. All furiously spun around his blade, breaking through the intent level, then piercing through the dao level.

At that moment, three majestic dao arrays spun viciously around his glaive, one an ethereal green, another a fiery red, and yet another a foggy black.

The black glaive roared with happiness, extending its three foot blade another two feet and glowing viciously.

However, when Elder Conli saw this, he calmed. Although he didn't understand formations, he could see that Dyon was channeling an outside power source into his glaive. However, if that was the case, what did he have to be afraid of?

"I know what you're thinking." Dyon suddenly said, resting the glaive on his shoulder once again. "You think that despite the fact I have this much power, I'll never hit you, right?"

Elder Conli shook. The fact Dyon dared to say this... Could he be wrong?

"Go." Dyon said softly.

In that moment, the nine angel clan ministers erupted, flying toward the ten mysterious clan elders at breath taking speeds.

"Hmph." Elder Conli raised his hand to stop them. Did they really think he would just stand there?

But, that was when his expression changed completely.... Dyon had disappeared!

A spine-tingling wave of killing intent came from behind Elder Conli, causing his eyes to widen. He actually didn't dare to ignore the attack!

Elder Conli turned abruptly, only to find a world splitting glaive falling down.

BOOM!

A miserable figure flew out, slamming into the earth and burrowing into it hundreds of meters. That figure was actually Elder Conli!

In the skies, Dyon vomited a mouth-full of blood, unable to withstand the impact. His arms even directly shattered, however that was when he funneled the energy of the spiritual vein into himself directly. Since it was on a smaller scale, he didn't need to use the crystal staff and instead directly used the ring on his finger.

This was nothing short of self-mutilation, but Dyon didn't bat an eye. In fact, he treated it like training.

With every strike, every bone in his body would directly be turned to mush, then he'd flood his body with life energy from the spiritual vein, but also allow ridiculous amounts of Primordial Energy to interweave the structure of his bones, multiplying his physical prowess with every refinement.

Elder Conli roared in anger, erupting from the earth under everyone's astonished eyes and flying toward Dyon at breakneck speeds.

He was incomparably angry. This was supposed to be as easy as slaughtering chicken, yet he had actually been sent flying by a junior?!

The problem was that the requirements to become a half-step transcendent was to cross the barrier into a high-level dao, corresponding to the 7th-9th dao level. Although not everyone who managed to do so would reach that level, all those who had succeeded, obviously had. This meant one thing: even for a half-step transcendent like Elder Conli, the maximum will level he could use was at the dao level. Understanding this, how could dao level abyssal energy not have the power to content with him?!

However now, Dyon faced his own problem. Although his thinking speed could keep up with Elder Conli, his eyes and body definitely could not. He couldn't even see Conli as he sped toward him. All he knew was that he was most definitely headed toward him right now.

That said, Dyon didn't panic. He was already ready for the possibility that his eyes would fail him, and he also knew that his Perception's effectiveness would be halved without his eyesight. After all, it was a martial art, meaning it relied on his body. A so-called 6th sense was more energy and soul related. But, Dyon was prepared.

#### Chapter 835: First Time

He disappeared again. With his thinking speed, all he needed to do was be aware that Elder Conli would attack him and he could react. While normal cultivators of his level wouldn't be able to react, he could!

Elder Conli's rage couldn't help but be stifled by complete disbelief.

Before, when Dyon disappeared, he had assumed that it was because he was careless. However, that didn't make sense. As a half-step transcendent, how could a mere boy slip by him so easily? No, the truth was that Dyon had teleported!

The purpose of the first ring Amphorae handed him was to give him the ability to use the massive teleportation formation he had laid across the entirety of the angel clan territory. He could essentially teleport anywhere within a set few hundreds of miles with a single thought. While the purpose of the second ring was to allow him to control the energy of the spiritual vein as well as the angel clan abyssal cores!

Dyon flashed around, not allowing Elder Conli to lock onto him for even an instant.

By now, the rage in Elder Conli's eyes was clear. He was sure that Dyon couldn't see him at his movement speed, but he also couldn't lock down Dyon's aura. Every time he teleported, his aura would completely vanish before reappearing. This was the first time in his life that Elder Conli regretted not spending the time to learn spatial daos. The problem was that spatial daos were much too troublesome!

Seeing Elder Conli roar with rage, Dyon's eyes flashed with decisiveness again.

He teleported, appearing to the elder's side in an instant with an attack already prepared. He swung down with all his might, not caring for his bones in the least.



Suddenly, Elder Conli's eyes sharpened. His rage disappeared with a sneer, "You're still too green!"

However, the mocking light in Dyon's eyes didn't disappear even as Elder Conli's wrinkled hand shot toward his throat. That said, Elder Conli didn't think too much of it. He only assumed that Dyon simply couldn't tell that he'd been duped yet. But, what he didn't notice was that the moment he attacked, a fourth dao array appeared stealthily around Dyon's swinging glaive.

Elder Conli's expression changed. His hand was a mere centimeter away from Dyon's throat when he was filled with overwhelming terror. His years of experience all shouted at him at once: RUN!

But, it was too late. A dense purple fog lightly grazed his finger tip, rupturing his finger in an instant and shooting up his arm with blinding speeds.

Elder Conli was horrified. "Poison! You shameless bastard!"

Despite Elder Conli's cries, Dyon's eyes became more resolute, continuing to swing his glaive. Even though Elder Conli had retreated, it wasn't far enough to escape the ripple effects.

A terrifying blade swirling with reds, greens, purples and blacks, blotted out the skies, smashing into Elder Conli's chest violently and sending him flying hundreds of miles.

Dyon's body turned to absolute mush. If one looked into his body, they would be absolutely horrified. His organs, muscles and bones had become a disgusting and vile soup. Even his brain, which he had protected the most, had shards of bone sticking out of it.

If his soul hadn't reached the point where it could separate from his body, meaning the celestial level, he would have definitely died! Although his soul was sealed, he was still capable of thinking with it. Using it, he was able to remain conscious for long enough to flood his body with Life and Primordial Energy.

In an instant, his deflated body became far more powerful. If he hadn't suppressed the energy to focus on tempering his bones and muscles to a stronger level, his height would have easily shot up by at least a meter!

The only reason Dyon's skin hadn't burst apart was because he was constantly flooding it with energy. If his body didn't have a vessel to hold it, there would be no hope of healing him at all.

This kind of body tempering was ridiculously terrifying. To shatter everything in your body, only leaving the skin behind, wasn't that just asking for death?! However, Dyon did it without batting an eye. Even as the pain ravaged through his body, the cold killing intent within him never faded.

However, it was all worth it. After only two rounds of complete tempering, Dyon could already feel like his body would be comparable to when he used second stage of the first act of Demon Emperor's Will in its base form. That meant a 4x increase in his prowess already! That said, he also noticed that the second tempering, although much more thorough, was also only as effective as the first. But, that was to be expected, it would be foolish to think that Primordial Energy could increase his strength infinitely.

What truly made Dyon happy, though, was that fact that this tempering also made integrating the Demon Sage's blood essence hundreds of times easier! Because his bones were completely destroyed, he no longer had to pierce through them to drill the Demon Sage's blood essence into his true blood essence. He had actually found such a short cut, albeit a very painful short cut.

Dyon knew he had to take advantage of this. He didn't know when he would find a life energy source like the spiritual vein again, and without one, using this method was only asking to die. Although the Energy Core had only taken decades to build up this store, that was in the ancient era, the energy here was hundreds of times denser than in Dyon's time. What took decades here would definitely take millennia there. He couldn't waste this opportunity.

Amphorae could only watch in horror as Dyon's body constantly inflated and deflated. She knew exactly what was happening, she wasn't stupid. Although Dyon seemed incomparably valiant right now, so much so that it made her heart throb with love, she also knew that he was facing a ridiculous amount of pain right now.

Elder Conli blasted his way out of the mountain range he had fallen into. His entire right arm was blackened, boils filled with puss were growing along it without reserve, giving it a disgusting contrast of brownish-green and black.

With great pain and rage in his eyes, he didn't hesitate to chop his arm off. When a cultivator reached his level, each limb was incomparably important. There were only 108 meridians in the body. 36 of them were centered in the torso and head, however, there were 18 in each limb!

18 meridians were the equivalent of two grades. Meaning, the difference between a peak first grade expert and a peak third grade expert was exactly 18 meridians.

The difference between two grades was no joke. A first grade expert could look down on third grade experts with complete impunity. Elder Conli losing his arm was the equivalent was losing more than 60% of his combat prowess.

In addition to this, energy path battle techniques relied on how many meridians you could circulate them through. Meaning, a lower-class technique required less activated meridians. This topic is actually quite complex, but the main point was that it was impossible to use even heaven class battle skills to their peak with 99 meridians. As for divine class battle techniques, to train them to their peak, it required 108 meridians.

With the loss of his arm, Elder Conli was basically restricted to using Earth class battle techniques.

This was without a doubt a devastating blow. Although it was possible to regrow an arm, the higher realm you reached, the higher the pill requirement was. For someone at the level of a half-step transcendent, even a normal Star level pill wouldn't work. With the limited power of the mysterious clans, even if Elder Conli sold all of his possessions, he still might not find a suitable pill.

"THIS DAMN ANGEL CLAN!!" Elder Conli looked like a mad man who had lost his mind. He flashed forward with such speed that had Dyon not been ready to teleport, even it might not have been fast enough.

Dyon completed coated his surroundings with dao level poison, however, Elder Conli was ready now. Before, the only reason it worked was because he hadn't thought to use his energy to protect himself. He had simply underestimated Dyon's ability to harm him, and he had suffered greatly!

"GIVE ME YOUR HEAD!!" Elder Conli was thoroughly enraged. His eyes bulged with a bloody redness. He was even more determined to steal Luna away, maybe only with her otherworldly means could he have a chance to have his arm back.

As Dyon flashed about, dodging the madman that was pursuing him, his mind was actually on something else entirely. In order to control these energies, it should have also taken mental energy, after using it for so long, he should have felt at least some signs of fatigue. So, why was he perfectly alright? In fact, he felt like he could go on forever. What was going on? Did draining his mental energy temper it as well?

What Dyon didn't know was that he was only half correct. Although his mental energy was tempered, there was also another much more important reason. In fact, if his nerves weren't so focused on dodging elder Conli and healing his body when it practically burst apart, he would have already noticed that just a few miles away, looking on as the battle raged on, was a violet eyed girl with heaven shaking beauty.

She sat at the edge of a valley so deep that the bottom couldn't be seen, but what could be felt was a wind so powerful that even a dao formation expert would be torn apart with a thought. This was the Angel Clan wind abyssal core!

Dyon would soon find out that the reason wielding all these energies took no effort on his part was because Luna was constantly pouring her will into his formation, making the once unruly energy completely docile and obedient.

Despite the fatigue on her face, she wiped her brow with a smile on her face. For the first time in her life, she felt good about something she had done.

## Chapter 836: Unyielding Queen

Dyon's body flashed around the sky, skirting by the raging Elder Conli with ease.

At first, Dyon felt that controlling too many daos at once would fry his mind too quickly, so he started with just one. But, when he realized that it was a lot easier than he assumed, he had increased it to three immediately. It wasn't until he wanted to trick Elder Conli into losing his arm that he summoned the fourth poison dao.

It was suffice to say that for an expert like Elder Conli, the same trick wouldn't work twice. In fact, despite losing 60% of his combat ability, the truth of the matter was that he hadn't become any easier to

fight. That was because he was restricting himself to less than 10% of his ability from the very beginning for fear of destroying Planet Haven. So, Dyon never relaxed, even for a moment.

"DO YOU THINK I WON'T DARE TO KILL THE WHOLE OF YOUR ANGEL CLAN?!" Elder Conli felt like he was losing his mind. In the beginning, he was a bit apprehensive that he couldn't see Dyon's cultivation, but with his experience and after fighting so long, he could tell that Dyon's usual peak battle prowess was at most the mid-celestial level, and that was accounting for that intelligence of his, not his raw power. If it was about raw power, Dyon could just barely stand up to normal geniuses of the lower celestial level: meaning peak 2nd grade to lower 1st grade celestials. That was, of course, because Dyon's soul and wills were sealed, so he was only worth that evaluation.

However, after time passed, he noticed that Dyon's body was growing stronger and stronger. He could somehow completely reform his insides?! How could he bear such pain?!

Elder Conli could only watch with a look of disgust on his face as Dyon basically used him as a training dummy. When he saw Dyon had stopped tempering his organs and bones, and instead diffused Elder Conli's attacks directly to his skin, something in Conli's mind snapped. He had never felt so humiliated in his life!

Watching Dyon's caramel skin burst apart, leaving nothing but a bundle of muscle and bones, only for it to regrow stronger, was truly maddening.

Dyon sneered. "Sure, go ahead and kill them." Dyon's words stunned the angels, but when they heard his next words, they couldn't help but feel the level their King's intelligence reached had lapped them all. "Just know that Luna is disguised among them, so if you accidentally kill her, that'd be something you'd have to bear on your own."

Elder Conli's eyes turned scarlet hearing Dyon's words. He had been looking for Luna this entire time, but no matter how much he tried, he couldn't lock onto her signature. The worst part was that he knew this would happen well before hand, however they all thought it hadn't mattered since they controlled the life and death of her mother and sister.

Because of Luna's energy control abilities, finding her through divine sense was impossible. If she really wanted, you wouldn't be able to tell she was there even if she was standing right in front of you. Dyon had deduced this to be a heavy possibility because he was able to communicate with his Ministers even in battle and even they couldn't find her location right now.

Of course, Dyon assumed that she was still in the dungeon. It wasn't because he hadn't thought of the possibility of her escape, but it was more so that the smarter decision would be to stay put.

'Wait... Energy Control?...' Suddenly Dyon thought of a possibility that made him involuntarily look at his glaive with a complicated expression.

"Thank you." He said softly. Although it seemed like he was talking to no one, a petite figure in the distance couldn't help but tremble when she heard those words.

Dyon's blood essence integration approached 34%. Although this seemed slow considering it was only a 2% increase, other than taking a beautiful maiden's virginity, Dyon's integration had never increased so much in a single sitting. The more poignant point was that it also became harder the more he integrated.

"LUNA GET OUT HERE NOW OR DO YOU BELIEVE I WON'T KILL YOUR SISTER RIGHT NOW?!" Elder Conli's voice pierced right to Luna's most fragile weakness.

"I'd like to see you try." Dyon replied coldly.

However, Elder Conli no longer bothered with him, immediately flashing toward Veles who was holding Laura hostage.

In that moment, Dyon felt a piercing pain in his mind. Suddenly the burden of using daos multiplied by hundreds, immediately sapping his energy at an alarming rate. In an instant, 90% of his mental energy disappeared, forcing him to undo all of his activated daos except for the poison fog around him.

He popped yet another pure white pill, a look of clear fatigue suffusing his features. Dyon breathed heavily, ignoring his pain and teleporting in front of Elder Conli without regard for his own life.

Dyon raised his glaive, roaring with all his might as he focused his poison dao to the bladed edge. The move that had once been simple drained him of almost all of his remaining mental energy, but he swung down anyway, a look of pure and unbridled fury and determination on his features.

Elder Conli smirked to himself when he saw this. 'As expected, without her help, there was no way this ant could control such energy. Look at how tired he is after only a brief moment alone.'

"PATHETIC!" Elder Conli's hand became the focal point of an accumulation of energy.

"OBLITERATION!"

The poison dao on Dyon's blade didn't stand a chance. He could send Elder Conli flying with the help of three, but now that he only had one, cutting through his defenses was nothing more than a pipe dream.

BOOM!

Dyon's body was sent flying. In a mere moment, his entire body became a bloody ball of meat, flying through the skies.

Mountain ranges collapsed as his skin burned through the air, making him looking like a red comet leaving his mark in the clouds.

Dyon didn't even have a chance to cough up blood. If someone were looking at him right now, it would be impossible to tell where his head was, let alone his mouth. If Elder Conli hadn't been holding his strength back, Dyon would have been vaporized in an instant, leaving nothing for anyone to look at, at all.

Amphorae's heart clutched with pain. She hadn't even been able to see Elder Conli move, but she could see Dyon's sorry figure smashing through mountain after mountain.

"NO!" Amphorae's shriek threatened to burst the hearts of anyone who heard it. Filled with nothing but pain and endless hatred, her voice affected everyone, unleashing the truth power of a music will expert.

Never had the world seen such a will before, as it was birthed because of Amphorae's own genius. From youth, Amphorae had always been fascinated with the product a group of specially chosen sounds could create together. After Dyon broke her heart, she spent her days basking in those feelings of sorrow,

testing and studying whatever she could in order to convey what she felt inside. To her, her only means of venting was her music.

Amphorae created all sort of instruments, many of which she destroyed so that no one would ever find them, but the one she couldn't bear to was the very instrument she had created with Dyon.

In her younger years, when her every day was filled with joy, happiness and anticipation, the only person who she ever told about her hobby was her future husband. Even her own mother had no idea.

On one particular day, Dyon was listening to her play on a flute she had created out of makeshift bamboo when he became lost in thought looking at her hair. In that moment, while he was overwhelmed by the beauty of her red and gold streaks, he had made an off-hand comment that shook Amphorae to her core.

"They look like they have a story to tell... How beautiful would the sounds of your hair be? Locks of red and gold... Is it the tale of a bloody massacre or an unyielding queen...?"

Maybe even Dyon had forgotten he said those words, but Amphorae never forgot. That was when she began to try and create music with her hair, and it was the very product of that that Dyon found when he visited her cabin on that day.

It might have been the will of the heavens, or maybe it was just by coincidence, but it wasn't until Dyon and Amphorae worked together that she finally perfected the lyre... Dyon gave her the structure, while she elevated it to a level never before seen in this world.

And now, that unyielding queen was feeling an anger she had never felt before!

## Chapter 837: The Most

When she learned about Luna, she wasn't angry. When her love left her, she wasn't angry. Even when the life and death of her clan was in the balance, she never felt anger.



But, now? As she watched the man she had given her everything to be willing to fight and die for her, something snapped.

Wings of pure white burst from her slender back, spanning more than two meters each and blowing away anyone who stood near her.

In the next moment, a lyre of pure gold appeared as the roar of a Dragon descended from the skies.

In the distance, Dyon's eyes no longer existed. In fact, even his ears had been completely blown away from existence. If someone were to come by and see him now, they would mistake him for a bag of meat prepared by a butcher that was terrible at their craft. And yet, she could feel Amphorae's rage as her soul resonated with his own.

He no longer had the mouth to speak, but if he could, he would be pleading with Amphorae to run, to not do anything stupid... To survive...

But, his Queen was thoroughly enraged now. Her red-gold hair burned into a pure white as her oppressive aura only grew. The lyre in her hand expanded to ten times its size, becoming a harp of epic proportions that was easily double Amphorae's height. The Dragon embroidered around it snapped to life, erupting with golden streaks of lightning as its roars continued that made all those who saw it tremble with terror.

"Maiden's Song!" Amphorae's lovable voice, laced with grief called out, tears streaking down her delicate cheeks. "First Verse: Love's First Sight!"

A massive dao array appeared behind Amphorae, once appearing a pure white before lightning coursed through its runes. It expanded again and again, blotting out the whole sky as her small hands reached for the strings of her harp.

Against all logic, when the first note was played, there wasn't a single sound. The world was completely silent. If it wasn't for the resounding vibrations, so fierce they could be seen by the naked eye, reverberating from the harp's strings, one might even believe that Amphorae hadn't attacked at all. But, that was when it happened...

BOOM!

Just as Elder Conli was about to reach Laura, a massive explosion resounded in his heart, causing him to cough up blood and fall from the sky.

He looked up in shock to find a goddess descending with a look of rage on her face. But, it didn't make sense. A celestial who just broke through, using a dao?! What was going on?!

Dyon laid in the rumble of a mountain, trying to move, but not having the muscles intact to do so. If his soul wasn't still burning with such fire, there was no doubt that he would be dead right now.

Dyon wanted nothing more than to heal himself and help Amphorae, but he couldn't! The only way such an overwhelming formation could be put in place, allowing him to teleport at will and use power far surpassing his own, was for it to be set to a limited space. The range of a few hundred miles of the Angel Clan was well within Dyon's control, although being closer to the middle of the spiritual vein allowed him to heal much quicker. However, Dyon had been directly blown out of that range! Not only could he not help Amphorae, he couldn't even help his own self!

Dyon's mind roared with unwillingness, could this really be how he died? With his soul sealed, at best he could keep his mind working. He couldn't even go and steal another body because his soul wouldn't be able to leave until his Inner World was finished. But, for his Inner World to finish, he needed energy cultivation. But, with his meridians destroyed, how could he have anything of the sort?!

In the distance, Luna sat pale faced, unable to stop her petite body from trembling. The moment Luna heard her sister being threatened, her control crumbled to dust. Unable to control the energy anymore, Dyon was forced to withstand the burden with his own mental energy, but that immediately went horribly.

It was as though they were playing a game of musical chairs and Luna had pulled the seat Dyon had chosen out from under him. At first, Dyon had been prepared to limit himself to one or two daos at the most to limit his consumption and maximize his effectiveness, but Luna's help allowed him to use even five or six without any burden at all. The moment Luna's help vanished, Dyon was bombarded with fatigue his mind could only barely handle, making his attack with Poison dao far weaker than it should have been and destroying his calculations.

Dyon was aware that there was a good possibility that the Energy Core could probably control the energy within the spiritual vein. The problem was that it was within his Inner World, completely sealed away from his senses. The only reason he was even aware he had it was because his soul had forcibly broken its restraints to break through to the celestial level, thus allowing him to notice the oddity. However, afterwards, he had once again been cut off from his Inner World.

That aside, when Luna saw Dyon still put his life on the line, even after she lost control, what Amphorae had said finally clicked with her.

"To be by his side is a privilege, not a burden..." Luna croaked, unable to deal with her guilt. She told herself that she had lost control because Elder Conli threatened her sister, but was that really true? Was it unintentional? She could control energy since her youth as easily as breathing, would she lose control so easily? And so quickly?

At that moment, all of the good feelings she had built up, thinking she had done something good, completely shattered, scattering with the wind.

Amphorae viciously plucked the strings of her harp, each note digging a hole into Elder Conli's heart and causing him to cough up blood without question.

"Second Verse: Maiden's Tears!"

"Third Verse: A Lonely Back!"

"Fourth Verse: Sorrow's Vengeance!"

"Fifth Verse: Betrayal's Blood!"

"Sixth Verse: Goddess' Descent!"

Amphorae's every word was accompanied by a melody of grief and pain. Even as her lips dripping with blood, and her snow-white skin tore apart, she didn't stop for even a moment.

She knew this would happen from the very beginning. She was a mere celestial, the only reason she could use the dao of music to begin with was because she was the creator of the will. As the creator, why would she need to go the same stages as everyone else? She was immediately granted a full understanding, and could thus wield it if she chose... But... That came at a price...

The body of a celestial couldn't withstand dao levels of energy... It was the very reason Dyon was forced to use his glaive. However, Amphorae's lyre was a treasure of the 33 Heavens. Not only was it a burden for her to use her music dao, it was an even greater burden to use the treasure at all!

Even Dyon, with his overwhelming soul talent, could barely use his Aurora Steps for a few minutes before running out of energy. Knowing this, plucking even a single string for Amphorae while she was a mere celestial should have been enough for her to fall from the skies completely drained.

However, she kept herself awake, forcibly absorbing energy from the atmosphere through her wings and withstanding her body turning to mush from the inside out. Even if she died, she would have no regrets because she was doing this to protect the person she cared the most for...

#### Chapter 838: Summer's Last Wither

Dyon knew exactly what Amphorae was thinking, and seeing Elder Conli didn't fill him with any joy, it only filled him with endless pain.

Unlike Dyon, Amphorae's soul had yet to cross the celestial barrier. Not everyone had the same overwhelming soul talent as Dyon, so soul cultivation almost always lagged behind their body or energy cultivation depending on the type of expert they were.

Amphorae was no different. Despite being an otherworldly talent, Amphorae was from a race of body cultivators. Although her own talent far outweighed that of beasts, and was actually better in comparison to many humans as well, it was completely unheard of for someone to reach the celestial level of soul cultivation in less than a 100 years.

If Amphorae continued, she would die!

However, Amphorae didn't seem to care.

"Seventh Verse: Persephone's Misery!"

Black blood flew from Amphorae's mouth, but she forcibly suppressed the next surges, resolutely plucking her strings again.

Her pure white hair became bathed in a violet light, dripping from the skies and coating it in blood. Even her wings were affected, turning into a dark burgundy.

The Earth split open, causing tongues of flames to envelop Elder Conli's screaming body even as the hellish notes continued to pound his heart into minced meat.

'It's not enough, it's not enough.' Hatred filled Amphorae's eyes. Even her parents were fighting in the distance felt their hearts tremble. Was this really their daughter? Was her love really so deep?

In that moment, Dyon finally realized he had made a mistake. If he was there, if he was by her side now, why would she have to go so far? She may have dealt with a small burden, and most definitely would have ended up injured, but he would have been able to heal her directly, as well as protect her soul.

But now, he was a mangled mess. He couldn't even move!

Amphorae coughed up another mouthful of blood. But, she wiped it away on her sleeve, looking off in the distance at a particular direction.

Her delicate features were covered in blood, her purity was matted in an endless aura of murder, and yet, there was nothing but love in her gaze when she turned her head in that direction.

Suddenly, a blaze of white flames erupted around Amphorae.

What was left of Dyon's heart, clenched. 'NO!'

However, it was too late. Amphorae's soul burned brilliantly, releasing wave after wave of pure energy, causing the dao array behind her to rumble, expanding to a size that could even encapsulate the entire planet.

Wings of gold burst from the meat sack that was Dyon. Ignoring the excruciating pain, he trudged through the air slowly, unable to reach even 1% of his max speed. He had to cover hundreds of miles, and yet, he felt like he was already collapsing after a single one.

The angels and Laura raised their hands to their mouths in shock. But, there was nothing any of them could do anymore...

'CONLI, I WILL FUCKING KILL YOU!' Dyon's mind raged as he spurred on his wings as fast as they would go.

Dyon fell from the skies, tumbling into the dirt as his wings threatened to flicker into non-existence. Pain racked what was left of his body even as a trail of meat, bones and blood collapsed as he rolled forward.

Amphorae extended her hand. What once was a delicate existence, unblemished by the world, was now completely mangled. Her nails were cracked and filled with dried blood, her skin was blistered and cracking, she couldn't even move her fingers freely anymore, she could only force them to stay in place as she moved her body to pluck the strings.

"Eighth Verse: Pomegranate Seed's Bloom!"

Elder Conli roared as his chest was blasted apart. In that moment, the poison he had suppressed erupted once again, he no longer had the ability to continue to suppress it, or else he really would die to Amphorae's attacks!

Dyon forcibly kept his wings corporeal. He wasn't even able to summon three pairs, in fact, the single pair he could summon wasn't even golden. Instead, it was a mangled and faded black and white, the color of his original set of wings. To say that he was drawing on his final strands of vitality was an understatement... The only thing keeping his muscles moving was Dyon's runic flames, which infiltrated his wings to force them to contract and expand.

By this point, Amphorae was nothing more than a skeleton. That one attack had already taken everything she had... But, she still raised her arm again.

Her determination rung through the skies, her will piercing the veil of heaven itself. Even in her state of weakness, her eyes blazed like an eternal light, untouched and unblemished even as the scent of death kissed at her neck, the reaper's blade curving around her shoulders.

Her chest heaved, her arms weakly trembling in the air. What once was vibrant, delicate skin had lost most of its luster, being marred with greys and the last dregs of blood that remained.

Amphorae's mother's eyes reddened even as her father roared into the skies. For dao experts to lose control of their feelings, it could be said that only something that affected them to the depths of their hearts could do so... They both only had one child, and now they were watching her give up her life all for the sake of protecting them all...

"Ninth Verse..." Amphorae's voice sounded out weakly as she looked down at Elder Conli's mangled body, her gaze still just as fierce.

"THAT'S ENOUGH!" Elder Conli roared. Did they think he would really keep holding back his power if his life was on the line?

Dyon fell from the skies again, but he didn't give up. Using his wings almost like legs, he pierced them into the ground, dragging his body along as he finally crossed back into the range of his formation.

"... Summer's Last Wither."

## Chapter 839: My King

Elder Conli's power erupted, but Amphorae had already begun falling from the sky, a final light being drawn across the skies, flickering without the slightest hint of strength.

Her wings weakly flapped, trying to slow her descent, but every attempt ended with a rain of red feathers... It was truly a bird's last song...

Amphorae's last note resounded through the air, piercing toward Elder Conli at a speed that shouldn't be possible for sound. However, unlike the other 8 verses, Elder Conli's heart was being fiercely protected by an aura that could only be produced by a half-step transcendent.

The earth was obliterated in an instant. Under the power of such a being, even a planet of the ancient era could hardly withstand just the simple release of his power.

A crater spanning thousands of miles appeared in an instant, leaving only Elder Conli's presence for as far as the eye could see... It was truly a power that shocked everyone, if one looked at Planet Haven from the sky, it would look as though a God had reached his hand out and removed a large chunk of it.

The large dao array in the sky disappeared, without Amphorae's power to keep it in existence, it could only fade away, unable to continue supplying much of anything.

Elder Conli roared with laughter, "Do you think you think your life is worthy enough to be exchanged for mine?! Die knowing that you did so in vein!"

Even if Amphorae wanted respond, she simply didn't have the energy to. However, before Elder Conli could celebrate for too long, he noticed a seed growing on his heart. In the blink of an eye, it grew into a sapling, and then it became a stalk, then it bloomed into a blood red flower.

The hole in his chest that he had only just healed burst again. What horrified Elder Conli was that the more power he put into healing himself, the faster the flower bloomed!

In that moment, he realized just how foolish he had been. Each of the first eight verses of Amphorae's self-created Maiden's Song were a direct stamp on the heart. Every note felt as though it was reverberating from the very depths of your soul and had it been anyone but Elder Conli withstanding her attacks, their heart would have long since burst apart into nothingness.

However, the ninth verse was different. Its attack was no longer simple vibrations, but had stepped into a level of music dao that Dyon couldn't fathom. To beget life from song...



Maiden's Song was the culmination of Amphorae's life. Everything from her love, to her pain and resignation. In the end, no matter how angered she was by her love, it would still bloom... And no matter how angry Elder Conli was, he would only fuel his own death...

The blood red flower clenched Elder Conli heart, restricting his very soul and making his every breath as difficult as ascending the heavens.

Dyon's roar finally broke the infernal silence. He had only just managed to cross back into the area of his formation, but before he could fully heal himself, Elder Conli had blasted the earth apart, taking with him a large portion of the formation he had created.

By this point, Dyon was, at the very least, no longer a bundle of blood meat held together by only his will power, but he was still a bloodied humanoid mess in agonizing pain. He only had the faintest layer of skin, barely covering the outline of his muscles and skeleton. He was so weak that he could only drag his body through the air, but he still moved as fast as he could, catching Amphorae just before she hit the ground.

They both tumbled. Dyon was far too weak to bear her weight, and Amphorae couldn't lift a finger.

Tears fell down Dyon's cheeks as he held Amphorae's body with his last bits of remaining strength. Her body was so weak that he felt as though the slightest bit of pressure might cause her to scatter into the wind.

"Don't leave me..." Dyon's voice was completely broken. His body trembled, forgetting his own pain, his only focus was the beauty in his arms.

Amphorae's closed eyes fluttered open when she heard Dyon's voice. Her nerves were complete fried so she hadn't even been able to distinguish hitting the ground and being in Dyon's arms, but the pain in her husband's voice called out to her slowly fading soul.

She tried to lift her hand to touch Dyon's cheek, but it could only fall weakly to her side, without the strength to lift up again.

Her lips were cracked and bleeding, unable to open to say her last words...

But, her fading soul still held a connection to Dyon and it conveyed her last wishes perfectly...

"A King can't cry before his people, stay strong... I'm glad that I could fight by your side in the end..."

No matter how hard Dyon tried, he couldn't stop the tears from flowing.

He tried to pour life energy into Amphorae, but Elder Conli's eruption had completely destroyed the formation.

He weakly got up with Amphorae in his arms, trying to drag himself and her to the large crater Elder Conli had made. With how large the spiritual vein was, even to the point where it wrapped around the planet's core, Elder Conli had to have exposed it right? Maybe he could save Amphorae like that.

Dyon grunted, holding Amphorae's body close to his chest as he practically crawled his way forward. The Angel army, which had just been watching, had been completely blown away by Elder Conli's rage. Even if they wanted to help, they were on their last legs as well...

However, it was all for naught... Before Dyon could even make it half way to the edge of the crater, Amphorae's soul sounded out with one final message before her body fell completely limp.

"Goodbye Dyon, My King... I love you..."

#### Chapter 840: Powerless

Dyon powerlessly fell to the ground, roaring into the skies.

Tears fell from the eyes of Amphorae's parents as their attacks against the mysterious clan dao experts grew fiercer. If only they were stronger, if only they had finished their opponents off faster, maybe, just maybe, their daughter would still be alive.

In the distance, Luna's face was so pale that she directly coughed up mouthfuls of blood continuously. Her once glowing complexion was nowhere to be seen, replaced by tears and endless grief.

Luna had done too much wrong in her life. She had caused her own sister so much pain that she fell for their disgusting father. She had ruined almost 30 years of Dyon's life and even led to the destruction of his clan. But, maybe the person she had harmed the most was Amphorae.

Not only had she forcibly taken Amphorae's love through underhanded means, she had caused her years of misery.

Michael, the man who had supposedly fallen for Amphorae was just yet another manipulated by Luna. In her attempt to make it up to Amphorae, she had sent off another man to his death.

Amphorae, who had blamed herself for Michael's death, had actually not been responsible at all.

Then, Luna didn't bat an eye when she decided to eradicate the Angel Clan, thinking that this was what she owed her sister, but she had only ended up causing endless misery to a group of people who had done nothing wrong.

And in the end, even Amphorae's death had been her fault.

If she hadn't hesitated in helping Dyon, how could he have been blown away so decisively? If she had supported him to the end, Amphorae would have never needed to step in at all, and she could still be living...

"I don't deserve to live..." Luna, for the first time in her life, felt clarity. She simply didn't deserve to be on this earth. Her every attempt to "help" ended in disaster, and even when her decision was correct to begin with, she always ended up somehow making the wrong choice in the end.

Her powers shouldn't exist in this world, and neither should she.

Luna looked back toward the valley of the wind abyssal core, yet even in the face of her own death, she only felt like this was right. However, before she left, there was something she had to do...

Elder Conli lay limply in the middle of the crater, anger lighting his gut as he raged inwardly. How had he been put in such a state by a mere child?!

His heart contracted again. Elder Conli could tell that if he output power any more than a saint, this flower would immediately crush his heart to smithereens. Although he was angered beyond belief, he had to think of a solution. He couldn't allow this to continue.

Slowly, he raised himself out of the crater. He would have to gamble. However, the moment he reached the top of the crater, a voice called out to him, causing his head to snap quickly toward a certain direction.

"Elder Conli!" Luna stood up with a streak of red blood flowing down her white dress. Her feet were bare, and just barely creeping toward the edge of the valley. As long as she willed it, she would fall and die before Elder Conli could do a thing. Although energy attacks had no effect on her, that was only if she didn't wish them to. If she fell and allowed the attacks, she could even force the wills to attack her with greater ferocity than they would anyone else.

Elder Conli's eyes narrowed. "So you've finally shown yourself! Good, Good. As long as you come with me, I promise to not kill anyone else."

He looked toward Dyon, but Dyon didn't seem to have heard anything. He only continued to hold Amphorae's withered corpse in his arms, unable to muster the strength to do anything else.

"You've tormented me and my family for so long. You've caused so much suffering and heart-ache, and yet, you're still a far better person than I am." Luna's voice rang out resolutely.

"In my own life, I've harmed two sisters and a husband who all loved me dearly, and I have nothing to pay them back with other than my own worthless life.

"Today, this all ends. You'll never get what you want. You can simply wait for the day where my former father in law cuts off your head!"

Elder Conli's expression changed, "Wait! Do you really think I can't still kill your family after you've died? Are you so naïve?!"

Luna sneered, "Even in the end, you're still threatening me. Look around you! You've destroyed a fourth of the planet! Any moment now, Planet Haven will be no more. You've already killed my mother in your rage."

Luna's words choked when said this. After Elder Conli's aura erupted, the first thing she had done was sense for her mother's aura... But... The fourth of Planet Haven Conli had annihilated included the Moon Clan territory...

As for her sister, although Luna couldn't bring herself to say it, she truly thought that death might be a sort of release for her sister...

The moment she had decided to kill herself, she felt a certain clarity that opened a world of new abilities to her. Now, all she wanted to do was guide her mother, Amphorae and Laura into reincarnation, and then she could die in peace... Wasn't it ironic that during her own final end, she had learned to manipulate the energies of life and death?...

Luna looked toward Dyon's disheveled and pitiful figure. She felt her heart clench as tears fell from her eyes. She felt that she was at fault, that she didn't deserve any of the small bits of happiness she had managed to experience, none of the love.

"I'm sorry," Her voice traveled directly to Dyon, not allowing anyone else to hear. However, Dyon didn't seem to have noticed anything...