

## The Nameless 1191

### Chapter 1191: Let's Go

For Clara, the remnants of the Mortal Clan were too pitiful to be of any challenge to her. Even the staunchest of opposition was easily dealt with. However, there was a limit to what Clara could do.

In truth, Clara's temper was just as short as Dyon's, however when it came to viciousness, she fell well short of where she needed to be to truly rule. And, after gathering all of the people from the first Legacy World together, she seemed to understand this about herself as well.

'I don't have the proper disposition of a leader.' Clara sighed to herself, looking up and into the skies. She tried to use Dyon's words to motivate the people, but often times, the masses could see through someone lacking charisma.

All her life, Clara was known as the silent and brooding tomboy. Her eyes were cold and uninviting, her emotions were often buried deep and she frequently used anger as a replacement for what she was feeling.

To top this off, her arrogance was no less than Dyon's. If it wasn't for the fact Dyon's life and death depended on her giving him her virginity, Clara had no doubt in her mind that she wouldn't be with Dyon at all. Dyon confessed to her at that one vulnerable moment of weakness... If he had let her walk out of that bedroom door, there would have never been a "them".

The combination of these character traits wasn't something that was conducive to leading.

Cold but indecisive. Arrogant but closed off. It was no wonder she couldn't convince these people of much.

Clara could only sigh. 'I guess it has to be you...'

The sound of Clara's disappointment seemed to silence the crowd. Many of their faces reddened in embarrassment. Here was a seemingly frail girl willing to journey into the unknown, but they themselves were too scared.

Although some told them that this girl was far more powerful than she looked, after decades of living in a mortal society, it was difficult for the older generation to wrap their heads around such things.

Clara couldn't help but berate herself when she noticed the shift in the crowd. She shouldn't have allowed her emotions to show so obviously.

"I will take three people from here." Clara finally said. "Those who have the ambition to follow me, step to one side and I will choose among you. Those who do not can stay behind. However..."

Clara's gaze sharpened. "Whether you decide to come with me or not, there will be strict and overarching changes here."

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Just like this, Clara found similar situations in all 12 Legacy Worlds. In the end, she could only take three geniuses from each world to follow her and rely on Dyon to convince these people out of their shells.

Truth be told, neither Clara nor Dyon had any real obligation to help these individuals, but Dyon felt partly responsible for their plight. Although he never talked about it, Clara was very much aware of her husband's feelings. If it wasn't for Dyon provoking Matriarch Niveus' death, the mortal realm would have never suffered so much.

Clara found these thoughts to be ridiculous. After all, was it Dyon's fault that Matriarch Niveus sought his death first? Was it his fault that he was born with the soul kernel? Saying that any of this was his fault was the same as saying he was at fault for his own parents' deaths.

Thinking to this point, Clara couldn't help but sigh once more as she looked toward 36 young, bright eyed youths. They didn't look much younger than her, but Clara knew that she was already over 30 by now despite the fact she looked to be only about 20 years old... If they were still in the mortal world, she'd be a middle-aged woman and they would be snotty nosed brats. Such contradictory thoughts couldn't help but constantly run through her mind.

At the very front of these were three very important young teens. Two young girls, and a young man. These three were none other than the three credited with the auspicious signs that forced the 12 Legacy Worlds opened... Effectively saving the human race.

Kedar was an Arabian young man with bronzed skin but beautiful blue eyes. He stood tall with a clear arrogance emanating from him. Funny enough, the first time he saw Clara his eyes brightened so much that he immediately swore that he would make her his. Apparently the naïve little boy wasn't very scared of Dyon.

That said, Clara found it adorable only because Kedar hadn't exploited the women of his tribe despite having the power to. So, she forgave his little puppy love fantasies.

Allura was a French young lady with delicate and pale skin. She seemed shy, but Clara didn't miss the lofty glint in her large brown eyes. This girl was definitely a little schemer.

Sibyl was a Turkish young woman with a grand stature. Her curves were full and her chest was proud. Her hazel eyes were so piercing that they almost looked golden, while the clothes that covered her body were designed for peak flexibility.

Just as Clara was about to address them using the translation arrays she had labored over for weeks, the violent rumbling of the Earth caused her to frown. What she didn't know was that this exact moment was the moment Dyon triggered his saint tribulation.

Clara was torn. Although she had warned them of the dangers, she still didn't want to put these kids in harm way so soon. They weren't even meridian formation experts yet.

"Big Sister (Beautiful Sister), let us go!"

Before Clara could even finish her thoughts, three voices combined to call out to her. Looking at the glint in their eye... It seemed she didn't have much of a choice.

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As the 36 young geniuses and Clara climbed in a transportation vessel pulled by Little Wind, other, similar occurrences, were happening all across Earth.

The Belmont Palace shifted into motion, the remnants of the Cavositas clan, even the lesser clans made moves of their own, including the Big Sects and outer edge academies. Although Focus Academy no longer existed, many of their former rivals were very much alive and well.

However, one Holy Land in particular stirred that would have definitely caught Dyon's attention: The Bai Clan.

The term 'Holy Land' was used quite loosely in the martial world. It simply referred to a place where the valuables of a clan including their tombs and treasures were stored. This place also held the core teachings of a clan and the will of their ancestors.

For the Elvin Kingdom, their Tombs were located in another dimension entirely. The same was true of the celestial beasts. This was also the case for the Bai...

When Dyon learned that the Bai were devil cultivators, he suddenly understood many things.

During his Focus Academy days, he was well aware that Pillar Family Heads were lower essence gatherers at best, with most of them still being within the Meridian Formation stage. The only exception to this was Patia-Neva who was actually already a celestial at the time.

As for Head Bai, Meiying's father, he was also a meridian formation expert... However, the reason was more complex than this.

Although the Bai family couldn't be said to be overtly powerful, a cultivation realm so low was definitely too pitiful for a clan the Daiyu took seriously. The truth of the matter was that Head Bai's cultivation of the conventional path really was at the mere meridian formation tier. However, his cultivation of the devil path was already within the celestial realm.

The Bai family's Holy Land was filled with curse energy not as a form of protection, but rather as a by-product of their devil qi accumulating methods.

When Dyon first met Meiyong, the number one thing he noted about her were her Violet eyes. The second thing he noted about her was the strangeness of her Feng Shui Compass will.

Niche wills like Meiyong's compass will were never given formal rankings, but you'd sooner find a needle in a vast ocean before you found one that was weak.

Why was it that Meiyong couldn't come with Dyon? Why was it that her family placed such importance on this will? And why was it that they found this will to be so important, yet still ship off Meiyong to be married to the Daiyu?

#### Chapter 1192: Father

The truth was that Meiyong's Feng Shui Compass will was the key to accumulating the devil qi that the Bai family needed to properly cultivate their core family teachings... By making use of her comprehension of the nature of the heavens, Meiyong was able to find and lay formation that allowed for the accumulation of energy where they might otherwise not appear.

As for the answers to the remaining question?... Dyon didn't know. All he could guess was that the Bai family was trying to recover from a devastating blow they suffered in the past...

"Father," Meiyong's brow furrowed, clearly looking very much annoyed. Her appearance had matured since the past, her beautiful oriental features blooming in full force. However, she still had that same mischievous character, "Let me go. There's a massive disturbance in the heavens. If you keep holding me up here, I won't help you or the family out anymore."

Head Bai's short stature snorted at his daughter's words, clapping his hands behind his back and gliding across the throne room. "The outside world is not safe. It's filled with hypocrites and fools, yet you treat it as though something is waiting for you."

Meiyong rolled her eyes. "Do you really believe that you'll become all powerful hiding in this hell hole and relying on your daughter? What kind of man are you?"

Maybe a normal father who heard these words would fly into a rage, but Head Bai was so used to his daughter's fierce tongue that it rolled off his shoulders.

"Wait, don't answer that," Meiying snorted, "You're the kind of man who sells his daughter off to the highest bidder, then pretends to love her when she comes back."

"If you hadn't helped the Belmonts at the last moment, we wouldn't still be in this 'hell hole'." Head Bai remained unmoved.

"You expected me to cause the death of my Big Sister's husband? Drop dead old man. Plus, I helped them out far too much, yet they still failed. Clearly, the better bet was Dyon. Yet you're too stubborn to admit it." Meiying sneered. "I can practically smell that impotent emperor energy you're giving off. Unwilling to admit your mistakes, but still overcompensating for something your crotch lacks."

The guards at the entrance of the throne rooms bit down on the inside of their cheeks hard. No matter what, they couldn't allow even the faintest of snickers to escape into the world, or else the consequences would be dire.

What kind of daughter spoke to her father like this?

"Bet on that arrogant little boy? He's lucky I didn't kill him when I first met him. Those Focus Academy bastards might have been scared of the Mortal Realm's retaliation, but what have I, Bai Qiangda, ever been afraid of?"

Meiying clapped happily. "What a big man you are. You're not afraid of killing a little boy who had just stepped into the martial world? Too bad for you that Patia-Neva was also a celestial at the time and would have never allowed it which is the real reason you never made a move with that temper of yours."

Head Bai's face twitched and reddened slightly, but he was used to thickening his skin around this daughter of his.

"Let's make a bet old man." Meiying stood from the throne that should have been only her father's to sit in. "If Dyon can defeat you by now, we'll do things my way. If you can defeat him, I'll never question you again."

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Just like this, the clans of Earth converged onto Dyon's battle. Not a single person of importance missed his valiant showing. Among them, even Madeleine's foster family stood in the skies, standing upon the patented Golden Eagles of the Sapientia family.

It seemed that Pertinacis, Madeleine younger brother, had had some accomplishments in the past few decades. After all, his mother, and Head Sapientia's second wife, had always been from a higher ranked Sapientia branch, only a step away from their God Clan branch.

That said, this wasn't the only reason he succeeded, even surpassing his elder brother, Oliver. Madeleine had no love lost for this foster family of hers, but she didn't feel right cutting off all relations with them. As a result, during the time Dyon was in a coma, she often helped them out.

By now, Pertinacis had graduated from his carbon frames glasses and finally entered the ranks of crystal framed Sapientia. He was the hope of his family.

However, Oliver was truly a tale of two sons. He never truly got over the fact he was nearly responsible for Dyon's death. Although Dyon didn't care to trouble him for it anymore, he forever lost the love of his younger sister...

Aside from Madeleine's foster mother and father, her brothers were not aware of the fact Madeleine wasn't their blood-related sister. So, from their youth, they had always treated Madeleine like their own sister. Oliver always doted on her, and Madeleine always doted on Pertinacis. However... Their family was forever fractured.

Maybe Madeleine would have been able to slowly forgive them if they repented. But, after she learned that her own father and mother tried to do the bidding of Connery Sapientia and steal away her unconscious body during the World Tournament War, she felt like they crossed a line she couldn't forgive...

She could forgive one mistake, but the same mistake twice? Even for the kind-hearted Madeleine, it was too much.

Now, Oliver had his own sons and daughters, having married a young mistress of the Big Sects. But, instead of being happy, he continually fell into an abyss... After all, his love had always been Eli's elder sister, Venus, yet he was forced to marry Jessica Knoton.

This said, this Sapientia branch family weren't the only ones with complex feelings about Dyon's appearance, though.

Remnants of the Cavositas clan and Niveus Sect were also present.

Ace Cavositas had been brewing in hatred for decades. He was aware that his father died under the schemes of Loki, but he couldn't rid himself of hatred for Dyon at the same time.

The Chaos Arenas of his family fell into ruin, various once loyal elders had been executed for their role in the rebellion, and his clan, once a mighty God Clan, had become nothing more than a normal family no different from the dregs of Earth.

As for Evelyn Niveus' younger sister, Erea, she too was present.

After her elder sister ran away with her fiancé, Lionel Belmont, the responsibilities of the Niveus Sect fell onto her shoulders. Since they no longer had a celestial in their ranks, they too were no longer among the ranks of God Clans and Sects, but she still did her best.

For obvious reasons, her feelings were also mixed when seeing Dyon again.

In truth, she met Dyon at the same time Ace met Dyon, however, unlike the other young geniuses of the God Clans, she didn't join in the one on eleven fight Dyon was forced into. But... She didn't do much to try and stop them either.

On the surface, it was Dyon's fault that her sister's virginity being lost became public knowledge, causing a stain on their Niveus Sect's name... It was also Dyon's fault that her Master, Matriarch Niveus died... It was also Dyon's fault that her sister was gone, likely to never be seen by her again... Yet, she knew that Dyon wasn't truly to blame for all of these things causing her to have nowhere to place her anger...



All of these people stood in the distance and watched Dyon fight the fight of his life. Whether they hated him or loved him, they were all there, watching silently.

Some may have had some comments in the beginning, but who could watch a man fight from days on end, see his struggle with his life on the line without ever showing a sign of giving up, yet remain unmoved?

None of them admitted it out loud, but they were impressed to their core. The events of Dyon's saint tribulation were ones that they would never forget in their lifetimes...

Men and women alike stood with their fists clenched, and although Dyon was too distracted to realize it, his sovereign's heart grew slowly, but surely. There was no noticeable change for now, but the seeds of such a thought were planted in the minds of millions during those days... So much so that what looked like his final moments caused their hearts to seize in unison...

They suddenly realized that they didn't want this valiant young man to die...

#### Chapter 1193: Weight

The moment Dyon took the first strike from the hooded avatar, Clara's heart seized. Uncaring for the situation around her, she surged forward.

Despite the fact she was only a saint, Clara's Wind Spirit Constitution made her among the fastest individuals in her realm. Her body was as light as a feather, and the delicate illusory wings that spread from her back boosted her speed to inconceivable levels only a celestial could match.

She covered hundreds of miles in mere seconds, coming into the sights of Head Void in just a few moments. The geniuses of the Mortal Clan didn't have time to stop Clara, and even if they did, could they have?

They were all aware that that valiant warrior in the distance was Dyon... They all knew that he was their big sister's husband...

Over the past few months, they had grown incredibly close with Clara. Although her personality was cold and her words were often harsh, she had an adorable air to her that irrevocably attracted people to her. It hurt them to see her face distort in such a way.

Across the field of spectators standing in the air, many stood completely stunned. Was this really how it would end?

Bai Qiangda and Bai Meiying were just as stunned. Meiying had quite literally just been bragging to her father about how fierce her brother-in-law was, yet everything happened so fast.

Qiangda had long since accepted that Dyon was more powerful than he was already, but even he couldn't help but feel a bitter taste welling up in his mouth seeing him fall like this.

In the distance, Head Void looked stunned and confused. According to the rules of a tribulation, if there was interference, the only path to survival was to pass. If the one who triggered the tribulation couldn't do so, then those who interfered were doomed to die. So, why the hell was he still alive.

As he was distracted, he noticed a streak of white blazing toward him at impressive speeds. It seemed incredibly slow to him, especially after so many months of fighting avatars that were more aptly classified as monsters, but he had to admit that such speed was impressive for a saint.

'Wind Spirit Body?' Head Void's eyes flashed, but he immediately grunted in pain as injuries he had been suppressing flared. It seemed that the moment he relaxed, his energy seemed to be flying from him.

The worst part was that his soul was severely damaged, even worse than Lilith's had been. When Lilith's soul was injured, her 7th level intents lost their power to seal space and that was a relatively minor soul injury. One could only imagine how devastating Head Void's was... His soul fell from the celestial to essence gathering realm! If it wasn't for the special properties of enigmatic energy, he'd be bedridden.

As a dao formation expert, his life force was tenacious, but even he had limits. Seeing his own state and the fact he had somehow survived, anger he had buried for months surged. Even worse, he suddenly realized that with Dyon's death also came the death of his grandson, Aki!

His eyes reddened, once more training on Clara who was diving toward the ocean, it was as though she didn't have eyes for him at all.

'Wind Spirit body... A Heaven Grade Constitution? Sprite females are very... Useful.' Head Void sneered. 'You seem very concerned about that bastard who put me in this situation.'

Head Void's body flashed, appearing before Clara in an instant. Even at less than 10% of his full strength, a dao formation expert was still a dao formation expert... The power gap between a peak celestial and a dao formation expert was ten times at worst... Simply put, even a peak celestial would have to turn tail and run if this injured Head Void turned his mind toward them!

Within Clara's Mind's Eye, Princess of the Skies and Princess of Strategy had been yelling at Clara to pull back, sensing Head Void's shift in attention, but Clara had completely ignored them. The only thing in her eyes were the dark ocean waters below.

Clara's body came to an abrupt halt, hovering just three meters from Head Void... But, such a distance was as good as nothing to even a saint, let alone a dao formation expert.

"Get out of my way." Clara grit her teeth. Although she didn't know what happened, she was certain that this person was the reason Dyon's tribulation was so fierce. Judging by the injured tails swinging to his back, she didn't need much to understand what happened. She didn't understand how the kitsune found this place, but none of that mattered now.

Head Void didn't answer. Clearly the fear he had had disappeared into the wind. Despite being covered in wounds from head to toe, even having grotesque bone-deep gashes making their presence known to the world, he once more carried the air of an expert.

"Judging by your reaction, you seem close to him, hm?"

Clara grey eyes froze over. The wind around her responded to her emotions, making her body flicker into and out of existence as the once cold, salty air also became sharp.

Under normal conditions, this wouldn't even be enough to make Head Void blink, but the sharp and salty wind against his open wounds felt like pouring alcohol onto a severe burn.

Head Void frowned before sneering. "Good. I had planned to kill you to relieve some of my frustration, but it seems making you into a toy and watching you suffer would be far better."

In the distance, the faces of those watching contorted. Was this really the demeanor someone so powerful should have?

It was at that moment that a massive hand appeared from within a void, grasping onto Head Void's head as though it was nothing more than a toy.

An ancient temple manifested in the air, shattering an array wrapped around it to sprinkle golden motes of light onto the dark ocean surface. In the next instant, Head Void felt a crushing pressure descend onto his already severely injured soul.

"You dare have thoughts toward my wife?" A layered voice akin to the rumbling of an awakened volcano shook the world as Clara's eyes brightened. "I had planned on making you into a toy and watching you suffer... But I would feel far better killing you!"

The weight that had involuntarily appeared in the hearts of those spectating disappeared.

A majesty only capable of emanating from an Emperor stifled the world as the Universe resonated with his will.

#### Chapter 1194: Never Again

Dyon's rage had reached the pinnacle, even the space around him trembled in anger.

The moment Dyon realized that the tribulation had somehow ended ahead of time, he realized that he now had an opportunity to deal a blow to Head Void. Of all the reasons he could think of, there were only two possibilities: either his soul was involved, or his mask's life saving ability had been triggered.

In the end, the answer became obvious when he saw the depleted state his mask was in... It was no longer anything but a normal piece of metal-wood... Valuable, yes. But, currently useless until Dyon managed to find for dao level tribulation lightning.

Having come to that conclusion, Dyon lay in wait, knowing that if he survived, Head Void had also survived. Isla quickly reaffirmed the connection between his brain and his spinal cord before Dyon finished the rest of the healing himself the moment he regained control of his body.

If it was up to Dyon, he would have used the aurora steps to suppress Head Void long ago, however, he knew that he couldn't...

As a treasure of the 33 heavens, the aurora steps had both a passive and active ability. Its passive ability called upon the universe to awaken one's aurora, while its active ability allowed direct suppression of another's soul scaling to its owner's soul strength.

With an opponent like Head Void who already had a far weaker soul than Dyon to begin with, on the surface, it seems questionable that Dyon would rather put his life on the line than use this treasure of his, but he of course had his reasons.

For one, the aurora steps only suppressed movement. Unfortunately, it didn't actually attack one's soul, but rather applied pressure depending on its owner's abilities.

When Dyon used this ability against Elder Daiyu, the first problem he ran into was the fact that even while immobile, he had no means to kill Elder Daiyu. He couldn't apply enough power into his strikes to deal a blow to him even when he couldn't raise a hand to defend himself.

In order to behead Elder Daiyu, Dyon had to burn his soul, raise it to the level of the 12th stage or peak dao formation realm, break into the Weapon's Master realm, and then pour all of that power into a single swing.... Yet, Elder Daiyu wasn't even a true dao formation expert! He had fallen into the celestial realm!

Secondly, Dyon was aware that when using a soul path treasure of the 33 heavens, it was impossible for him to split the tasks of his soul. Meaning, he couldn't use the aurora steps and devour at the same time, at best he could only switch between them...

He was too weak to use these treasures for more than a few seconds at a time to begin with. One had to remember that Dyon had to burn his soul to even have enough strength to use his manifestations and the aurora steps at the same time during his fight with Elder Daiyu and Loki.

Simply put, if Dyon used the aurora steps, he and Head Void would enter a stalemate where neither could do anything. In the end, Dyon would run out of stamina and pay severely.

That said, Dyon saw through this issue before hand, and devised a different plan entirely.

His first step: do as much damage to Head Void's soul as he could.

His second step: deplete his energy to the lowest levels possible.

And his third step: ...

Dyon's hand clasped over Head Void's head. He didn't bother wasting his time squeezing. However, his actions alone filled Head Void with a sense of undying humiliation.

There was nothing Head Void could do. His energy remained dormant, his wills were even further away due to this soul suppression, and even his lips could only quiver with great difficulty.

Dyon's fierce eyes warmed when his gaze shifted to Clara. His original plan involved him being injured severely by a dao formation level attack, however, with Clara here now, there was no longer a need to do so.

However, he hesitated. Clara had never killed in before, even until now she hadn't... Although Ri and Madeleine had long since been baptized in blood, Clara had spent her days in a forging room before a furnace...

Seeing Dyon's complex expression, Clara's heart seized. She was too clever to not understand what Dyon thought of asking her to do.

"Back away." Dyon said in a gruff voice. "I'll be fine. At worst, I'll lay in bed for a few weeks. I promise. If you're too close for the next step, you'll get hurt."

Clara's eyes glistened as she looked into Dyon's. To everyone else, Dyon's current appearance was too much to handle... Their hearts couldn't help but tremble at the sight of him.

His body stood over ten meters tall, the armor that coated his body and the wings that spread from his back made him look like a God descended from the skies, but the blood that caked the outside of this once pristine black, dragon armor struck fear into all those who stood before him...

Yet, to Clara, she could only see the same kind eyes of the little boy she had grown up with.

She knew that Dyon's stamina would run out in just another second or two, so that was when she made the decision to finally step over the line. From this day forth, no longer would she think about what her life would have been like as a person of the mortal realm... Today, she stepped into the martial world in full force.

With a determined step forward, Clara glided through the skies, pressing her delicate hand to Head Void's forehead.

"Devour."

The moment Clara's hand touched his forehead, Head Void fell into a state of panic. This panic only increased when he realized that his soul was being eaten away at. What did an essence gathering level soul have in front of a celestial soul? Not a damn thing.

"No! Please! I –"

In a mere fraction of a second, Head Void's eyes lost their color as his body became nothing more than an empty husk.

Dyon tossed his body into the seal and leaped forward to catch Clara's paling body. By all rights, using devour on someone who couldn't fight back should have made you stronger, but Clara seemed completely devoid of strength.

Dyon's armor disappeared along with the aurora steps as his body shrunk down. He held onto Clara's trembling body... Even though they had won, somehow he felt that it was the opposite.

Clara's body was as light as a feather. This wasn't just due to Dyon's overwhelming strength, but a direct result of her Wind Spirit Body.

Usually, the Wind Spirit Body was only categorized as a heaven grade constitution because when it manifested in a human, it would have many drawbacks. This is because like Dyon's Titan constitution and Ri's Elvin constitution, it too was meant for its race. This was none other than the race that dominated the Modern Era: The Sprites.

This in combination with the fact that wind is a relatively weak elemental will is the reason why the Wind Spirit Constitution wasn't deemed good enough to be a God Grade constitution... However, Clara had something other wielders of this body didn't have.

The third constitution Clara chose was the very same one Dyon chose: Eternity's Balance. Because of this, this God Grade constitution was able to perfectly balance the sprite race characteristics with Clara and allow her to tap into more of its abilities. One result of that was this drastic change in Clara's weight.

For a girl who stood around 5'7 like Clara and Ri, a weight of about 120 pounds was normal. However, Clara weighed half of that! In fact, Clara could become even more weightless if she so chose... This ability in combination with affinity for wind was responsible for the Wind Spirit Body's blazing speed.

Having her in your arms was akin to holding a fragile work of art, Dyon almost didn't dare to squeeze too hard.

Clara's arms involuntarily wrapped around Dyon's large back, sinking into the warmth of his skin. Although he was sweaty and bloody, he somehow smelt like the best thing in the world... A combination of pine needles and cinnamon that made Clara's legs feel even weaker.



Dyon grit his teeth. His anger should have dissipated, but it was still there. He, Dyon Sacharro, was put into such a pathetic state that he had to put his wife in danger in order to escape. What kind of man was he?

If he stood above the universe itself, would anyone dare to make his wives do something they didn't want to? Would anyone dare to even have a bad thought about him?

He held Clara's head to chest gently. "Never again."

#### Chapter 1195: Other Plans

Clara trembled, but didn't say anything. She only shook her head... Her meaning was clear. Even if she had to do in a thousand more times, she would.

Pulling back, Clara looked up at Dyon with reddened eyes. "You look much better like this," She teased, "My husband is prettier than me, how embarrassing."

Dyon grinned. "Never that."

Just as he was about to continue teasing Clara, a streak of blue light crossed the dark ocean's surface to fly into his arms as well. Who else could it be if not Ri?

"Stupid. Stupid! STUPID!! STUPID!!!" Ri coated her fists in void will and pounded away at Dyon's chest.

Dyon grimaced. This was definitely not a pain he could ignore.

"Okay! Okay! I'm sorry!" Holding two beauties in his arms, Dyon felt more relaxed than he had in months. Those in the distance could only sigh. Maybe if they were willing to put their lives on the line, they two would have such beauties by their side.

Sarid's clenched fists finally loosened as he laughed uproariously into the sky. For a 15yo boy, his demeanor was far too imposing for those close by to take.

As for Princess Stella, she snorted in jealousy, looking away from Dyon and his two wives. "Men." She said with rolled eyes.

That aside, the sound of Kedar's broken heart resounded through hundreds of miles. Seeing his cold Beautiful Sister in the arms of another man who didn't even devote his heart entirely to her alone was too much for the young man to take.

"Let go of me! I'll fight him to the death!"

Two young men that came from his same tribe tried their best to hold him back.

"Calm down big brother! Look at his strength, we're no match for him right now!"

"Plus, if you step off this carriage pulled by Little Wind, you'll die! You can't fly!" The other chimed in.

"I don't care! I'll swim to them if I have to! Let me at him!"

The Mortal Clan geniuses laughed lightly. It seemed that months of oppression had finally been lifted.

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Not long after, Dyon had made his way to the 36 youngsters of the Mortal Clan. It didn't take much for him to notice Kedar's gritting teeth and the rest of their amused expressions.

However, watching Dyon from a distance and seeing him so close to them now were too completely different concepts. Even while being bare chested and wearing ragged sweatpants, Dyon's demeanor was no less than that of an Emperor of a thousand nations.

Allura's shy eyes shined as she couldn't seem to take her eyes off of him while Sibyl displayed an odd combination of battle intent and thigh squeezes. As members of the mortal realm, never had these two

young girls seen a man so handsome. Still, it was clear to even them that he had no interest. The caring look in his eye was more akin to a big brother than a potential lover.

Suddenly, Dyon looked up to see groups of people preparing to leave.

"Wait," His voice travelled across tens of miles with little to no effort. "The events of today aren't as clean cut and concluded as you all believe. If you'd like to survive to see the end of the year... It's best you listen to what I have to say."

These words of Dyon immediately caught their attention. Who wouldn't be concerned with their own mortality?

As Dyon's eyes scanned through the few thousand of them that had appeared, he suddenly noticed an odd pair. It looked like a young woman grabbing the hand of a middle-aged man to stop him from running away.

"Meiying? Head Bai?"

Hearing his name called, Qiangda froze before reddening from head to toe.

With a happy grin on her face, Meiying skipped through the skies like a little girl, knowing her father couldn't escape now even if he wanted to. But, what Dyon couldn't help but stare at were the small but profound blooms of violet that followed her delicate feet with every step.

As though she was a little sister seeing her elder brother for the first time in a long time, Meiying dove into Dyon's arms before sticking her tongue out to provoke Allura and Sibyl.

"Where have you been hiding? Do you know the kind of state King Belmont is in because of your Holy Land?" Dyon bitterly chuckled, seeing that Meiying was still as childish as ever. Well... She was childish until she felt the need to cuss someone out.

"Ri! Clara!" Ignoring Dyon's questioning, Meiying dove into their arms as well, leaving her distraught father to deal with the gritty details she was too uppity to care for.

"Well?" Dyon raised an eyebrow, looking at Head Bai's sulking appearance.

Qiangda glared at Dyon. "Who are you to question me, boy?! I remember a time when you hadn't even stepped into the first foundation stage yet."

Dyon's head tilted to the side. "If I remember correctly, I still managed to make you quite mad back then. I wonder if you dared to do anything in retaliation?"

Seeing the sinister grin on Dyon's face, Head Bai immediately realized he would never win a war of words with this boy.

"Forget that for now... There are more important things to deal with." Dyon sighed as he scanned over familiar faces, even giving Madeleine's foster family a light smile.

Oliver couldn't bring himself to meet Dyon's eyes, but Pertinacis, at the very least, greeted him back graciously.

"I'm sure you all saw the nine-tailed man just now... What you know is that he was powerful, what you don't know is how powerful he was. That man, was a dao formation expert."

Murmurs spread over the crowd. How could they be expected to believe that?

First of all, if he was a dao formation expert, that meant Dyon who wasn't even 40 years old yet had defeated a dao formation level tribulation?

And, secondly, didn't that also mean that he immobilized and killed a dao formation expert as well? What kind of joke was this?

Dyon couldn't exactly blame them. Not everyone had his level of senses... To someone of a lower realm, often times those far above your own understanding looked no different than mortals. They had no way of accurately gauging that elder's strength.

"Whether you believe me or not, this is the truth. Simply put, it doesn't matter whether or not you do. You only need to ask yourselves one question: Could you survive what he and I survived?"

Dyon's words cornered the crowd in the simplest fashion possible. They had all seen the strength of the tribulation... They had all seen how quick the movements of the avatars were... Could they themselves even fight a battle that shook the entire planet? Especially one so large as Earth?

The answer to all of these questions was a resounding no. The realm of the opponent after that point was just semantics...

"I'll keep this short. If you want to survive to the end of the year, go home, pack your things, and be ready to leave within half a year. If you want to die, feel free to stay.

"If you want to make a life for yourselves outside of this universe, prepare your hearts to swear loyalty to me. If you want to die in the outside world, feel free to go along your own separate path.

"If you want to grow to be powerful, to the point where you can face the tribulation I faced and still keep your head held high, then come with me...

"If you want to live of life of mediocrity... Well, that's up to you."

Dyon's Presence laced each and every one of his words. He had no doubt that any thoughts of not following him were squashed under the prowess of his Emperor's Aura. They simply stood no chance.

That said... He had no intention of taking any Sapientia with him. As for them... He had other plans.

Chapter 1196: Why?

Within a dark palace room, the groans of a large man caused the eyes of those around to brighten.

"Father? Father!" Aoife's heartbroken voice steadily filled with excitement as she leaped onto her father's body. She had been certain that she would have to watch her father slowly die before her, but now she could only thank Dyon profusely.

King Mino blinked in confusion. His first sight was the canopy that overlooked his massive bed, but the next were the white horns of his daughter almost poking his eyes out.

To the side, Dyon grinned. "You're quite tenacious, old man. I had thought that I would be too late."

After speaking his mind with the remnants of the Earth's Clans, the second thing Dyon did was come to Planet Mino at his fastest possible speed. He left in such a hurry that he could only leave the 36 geniuses with Ri and Clara, he didn't even have time to wonder why the rest of the elves hadn't come out.

When he arrived on Planet Mino, he breathed a sigh of relief when he felt the embers of life still flickering within the King. He hadn't known him for long, but Dyon had a sweet spot for overgrown men that turned out to be nothing but large teddy bears. Zabia and Sarid were other examples of this. Eli too if you considered that he towered at over 7ft tall.

"Who are you calling old man?!" King Mino coughed while holding his daughter's trembling body. "I'm not even 300 years old yet, watch your mouth, kid!"

"Oh?" Dyon laughed. "You are younger than I thought you were. No wonder you weren't a part of King Belmont, King Acacia and Head Sicarius' fight for first place in the World Tournament."

King Mino snorted. "If I had been born, I would have slaughtered those bastards!"

After consoling his still sniffling daughter, King Mino turned a serious expression toward Dyon, "What happened?"

"Well, in terms of how you survived so long without a heart, it's because you have two of them."

King Mino rolled his eyes, "You think I need you to tell me this? I mean what happened to the bastards that made my daughter cry?"

Dyon chuckled. The Mino Clan had two hearts simply because of evolution. They were technically humans, but the Demon Bull blood within them caused them to grow to crazy heights. Aoife was only so delicate and dainty because he mother's bloodline counteracted the effects.

This said, the human body's construction is too frail to grow to these heights without some changes.

For example, Zabia and Sarid can grow so large because their Jafari bloodline increased the thickness and density of their bones and muscles. Dyon can grow so large when he uses his techniques because his body has been reconstructed to the standards of Titan, not a normal human. And, before that, he could rely of demonic will to strengthen his body, and thus grow larger.

However, the Mino Clan needed a different approach. Their two hearts is just one example. Since their muscles aren't sturdy enough to pump their heart at a high enough rate to sustain their size, they evolved to have two hearts to counteract this problem. It was this that saved King Mino's life.

"They're dead." A slight killing intent flashed in Dyon's eye, causing Aoife to shiver. "Their Clan will have to bear the brunt of my anger."

"I don't know what methods you used to kill them..." King Mino said seriously. "But I know it couldn't have been easy or else you would have been here much earlier. I'm well aware of the strength of the Kitsune Clan and we definitely aren't ready to face them yet..."

"Oh? You know about Kitsune?" Dyon asked, slightly surprised.

"Of course." King Mino said proudly. "My wife and Aoife's mother is Princess Saru Shruti's Death Guard."

Aoife snorted, climbing down from her father's arms to display her dissatisfaction.

Dyon, though, was legitimately surprised. He knew very well about the purpose of a Death Guard. They could, quite literally, never leave the side of their charge. For a clan like the Shruti, a Death Guard for their Princess... No, not only Princess, but most talented young mistress in decades, would mean at least being a Peak Celestial.

If Dyon had to bet, Aoife's mother was, at worst, a Pseudo-Dao formation expert.

Suddenly, Dyon grinned. "You sly dog. You bedded such a great a woman? I'll have to ask you for some pointers sometime."

King Mino's uproarious laughter shook the Mino Palace, clearly feeling an unending level of pride.

Aoife snorted once more. "Why don't you ask him who wore the pants in that relationship? It's more accurate to say that she bedded him."

King Mino's laugh caught a snag and devolved into a violent cough filled with embarrassment. In the end, he sighed.

"Princess Saru is a kind heart and would never punish Elinor for her deeds, but if the Shruti higher ups ever found out..."

Dyon nodded seriously. A Death Guard becoming pregnant during their line of duty and even giving birth? It was grounds for execution.

"You don't have to worry." Dyon looked toward King Mino with a fire in his eye. "When I hand the Shruti an entire quadrant to call their own, I doubt there's any request I could give that they'd say no to.

"Your wife will be by your side within 50 years, I promise."

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The entirety of Dyon's home universe was undergoing a massive change.

Family's quickly packed their valuable into storage treasures, large sects mined their energy stone reserves to the best of their ability, and ancient clans wracked their brains attempting to figure out the best way to protect the valuables they couldn't take with them.



The Belmont Clan, especially, was faced with this harsh reality. The treasure of the Belmonts had always been the catacombs beneath their feet. Not only was it filled with spatial will, making it a prime abyssal core for many, but it always provided access to numerous Legacy Worlds left over from the war that took place thousands of years ago.

Still... They could only force themselves to come to terms with the idea of leaving all of this behind.

Of course, Dyon promised easy back and forth travel, but those more astute individuals understood his meaning. The resources that were once monopolized by individual families would now become the basis for Dyon's empire as a whole.

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"This is it?" Dyon frowned as he stood in the basement floor of Mino Palace, staring at their ancient ruin.

"Mm. Long ago, my Demon Bull ancestors were chased out of the beast quadrants and ended up here.

"Without the Celestial Deer Sect to maintain order in the quadrant, everything fell into chaos and Beast Kings and Emperors wanted to assert their dominance. Unfortunately, my Mino Clan lost out because we were too humane."

"Beast quadrants?" Dyon asked.

"Yes. Back then, the Ragnor and Pakal clans had just started to rise up, the Uidah hadn't even conquered a single universe yet and most the quadrants were controlled by Beast Clans."

"I see..."

"In truth, it was because of this treasure that my Mino Clan was able to escape. But it was also because of this treasure that we were chased out to begin with."

"You said that this was only half of it? How do you know that?"

"Everything I know was written in the ancient texts left behind by our ancestors. Every time I use it, I can also sense the other half, which is why I know that it also happens to be here as well..."

"Once controlled by the elves, right?..."

"Mm. According to the ancient texts, the Elves once had both halves, but one of their sages gave this half to my clan, believing that if they stayed together in the Elvin Kingdom, it would bring about disaster."

"Why your clan?"

"You may not know this, but the Elves are the greatest species of a Beast Masters to ever exist. The only examples of dragons being subdued to serve a master in history was accomplished by the Elves."

Dyon's eyes flashed. He suddenly thought back to the vision of a world that Ri described to him...

She had said that she saw a beautiful landscape, filled with ancient trees and beloved by creatures of all kinds. She had even said that baby dragons followed by their parents flew happily in the skies... Dyon would be stupid to believe that these things were unrelated.

#### Chapter 1197: Needed

Currently, the only family in the Elvin Kingdom to rear beasts was the red-headed Grimbold family. In fact, the first time Dyon met Little Lyla, it was a member of the Grimbold family riding a Crystal-Toothed Tiger that tried to stop him from taking her.

However, it seemed to be a lost art to them... It was likely for this reason that the Elves were no longer in the peak species of this era.

"We Demon Bulls were a subordinate clan to the Elves in the Golden Era. It wasn't until later than our bloodline became diluted by humans marrying into our main line, but our clan was never strict with such things. Unfortunately, it was because we were kind-hearted that we weakened..."

Dyon sighed. He found arranged and controlled marriages disgusting, but he would be a fool to say that it didn't serve a real purpose.

Now that the Demon Bulls were more human than beast, it was no wonder that they were weaker than those beast clans.

"Then, what exactly does this treasure do?" Dyon asked curiously.

A few years ago, Dyon allowed Zabia to form a team with the disciples of Madeleine's parents to go out and search for his Jafari family's treasure.

From Dyon's understanding, the Jafari family existed ever since the Chaotic Era, while his Grand Teacher was born between the Primordial Era and the Golden Era. Somehow, over that time, the treasure of the Jafari family landed in the hands of the Elves, triggering the Golden Era.

Afterward, the Golden, and shortest, Era came to an end when this treasure was split. This was likely also related to the fall of the elves as well...

That said, unlike others, Dyon didn't have to try and stumble around to learn this history, he had the celestial hamster twins. The moment these halves came together when Zabia accomplished his goals, the truth would be revealed. For now.. He'd have to make due with a portion of the story.

"It's probably one of the greatest defensive treasures ever created and the likely the reason the Elves and Dwarves were able to rise up so quickly... In fact, if it hadn't been for the Dwarves, it's unlikely that the Elves would have been able to use it so effectively.

"With this treasure, I was able to block attacks from the dao formation expert, albeit only for my daughter..."

The more King Mino explained, the brighter Dyon's eyes grew. In the end, he laughed so uproariously that he too shook Mino Palace.

Later that day, Dyon had made his way back to Earth to allow the Mino Clan to prepare for the move as well. At first, he had planned to take a visit to Planet Naiad, Delia's home planet, and Planet Deimos, home planet of the now headless Aumen, Geb and Horus Clans, but he put it off for now. He wanted to deal with the King Belmont situation first which entailed visiting the Bai.

From inside the protective violet-black fog that covered the Bai Holy Land, Head Bai snickered to himself as he watched Dyon approach.

'Let's see how you deal with losing your mind like that arrogant King Belmont.'

"Father, open the barrier." Meiying glared at him.

"No." Qiangda looked away and pretended not to hear the rest of his daughter's long-winded speech.

"You old bastard! You nearly caused the fall of Earth because of your useless pride, now you want to act like a petulant child?!"

Qiangda snorted. "They should be thanking me for making King Belmont go insane. If it wasn't for me, Earth would have never lasted so long. Your so-called brother-in-law's plan would have failed without me. Where are my thank yous?"

This was entirely a lie. Because King Belmont lost his mind, the Aumen's believed they could win alone which delayed their desire to ally with the Mino. In addition, the Mino disdained to gang up on someone who was now an unworthy opponent and as such stayed out of it until they came to learn that the Uidah were involved.

Because the Uidah took part, the Mino were forced to action so as to not allow the Uidah to gain everything.

It could be said that the appearance of Abraham completely ruined Dyon's plans. Who would have known that such a genius would be born among the Uidah?

As a result, Head Bai believed that he too deserved some credit. Since Dyon wasn't going to give it to him, he would play a little prank.

However... His dreams were crushed when Dyon paused outside of the barrier and snorted.

A blaze of white flames coated Dyon's body, causing the fog barrier to shy away from the purity of the light.

In the end, Dyon destroyed half of the barrier and entered with absolute ease much to the devastation of Head Bai.

Many of the Bai family members and guards charged forward to see what all of the commotion was about. In fact, some even prepared to attack because they didn't recognize Dyon. But, they were stopped by Meiying, allowing Dyon to descend from the skies and land before the father-daughter pair.

"If I had known dealing with curse energy was so easy, I wouldn't have had to wait to cure King Belmont," Dyon said with a faint chuckle.

At this point, even Meiying's lip twitched. Easy to deal with? Who fed you that nonsense?

Dyon knew that his body was essentially immune to poison due to reaching the one with body realm with his white flames. But, he hadn't immediately thought to apply it to curse energy as well.

"The Devil Path is quite interesting," Dyon said nonchalantly. But, that simple statement caused Head Bai's face to freeze over with hostility.

"You've said something you shouldn't have."

"Did I?" Dyon asked, unperturbed. "I just thought it was best if we got everything out and into the open."

Head Bai's eyes narrowed as Meiying's darted with a bit of nervousness. Although she knew that Dyon could defeat her father one on one, she also knew that if her father truly wanted to fight, he had more methods than just his own prowess. One shouldn't underestimate the foundation of an ancient family...

"Maybe if you were less "open", I wouldn't have to kill you now." Head Bai's gaze froze over.

"Kill me?" Dyon laughed. "Why would you have to do such a thing? Did you think I came here to kill you?"

At that moment, an odd and dark energy exuded from Dyon.

His eyes dimmed from their bright hazel-green, immediately becoming replaced by a deep black. His hair darkened directly afterward, absorbing every ounce of light that bounded toward it.

In an instant, his body's prowess ballooned to almost three times what it was before and those around him recognized the energy immediately: This was devil qi!

Breathing outward, the energy disappeared into Dyon's body once more, returning everything to normal.

Dyon only smiled without explaining anything. But... the origin of this energy was quite obvious. That said, it was the scarcest type of energy the bull-bird had accumulated.

Head Bai's fierce gaze boiled over into shock. "You... Who are you?..."

Dyon laughed. "What kind of question is that, haven't you known me since I was a kid? The Devil Path is just a path, who cares what kind of energy you cultivate?"

"That said, while I'm not strong enough yet, you'll have to put more energy into the conventional path. I would be too embarrassed to have an essence gatherer as one of my elders." Dyon pinched his nose as though he was wading through garbage.

Meiying burst into a fit of laughter as Head Bai's face reddened in embarrassment. It seemed that getting the Bai on his side was easier than he thought.

At the same time, Dyon realized another benefit of his Inner World... While others had to cultivate a new path from scratch, Dyon had no need to... As long as he had his inner world, he could make use of whatever path he needed!

...

"Wow." After Dyon finished teasing Head Bai, he finally took a look around the Bai Holy Land only to see a scene that could only be described as breathtaking. Yet, as beautiful as it was, it was just as difficult to explain...

It was as though every brick, every patch of grass, every delicate curve or sharp turn, was perfectly laid. It felt like even if Dyon tried his best, it would be absolutely impossible to improve anything. This was the true essence of architecture...

#### Chapter 1198: Rodents

Dyon looked toward Meiying, "You did this?"

Meiying blushed before nodding and then, to Dyon's confusion, shaking her head. "My mom did more than 80% of it, I only did some..."

Dyon almost couldn't believe his ears. The firecracker that was Meiying could speak in such a soft voice?

"It's beautiful..." Dyon might have never meant something so much in his life. His sincerity made Meiying's heart tremble as a small smile crossed her delicate features.

Even Head Bai remained silent. Maybe under normal circumstances he'd be pissed off that Dyon immediately assumed it was Meiying who did all of this and not him, but when it came to his late wife... Head Bai didn't like to joke around.

A normal person might see how beautiful the Bai Holy Land was and admire it without truly understanding. However, Dyon was different... He saw this place as it should be seen. The architecture itself was cultivation.

Dyon suddenly laughed to himself. "And here I thought I understood architecture because I read a few books decades ago." He paused, lost in thought. "Yes. It has to be you. It can't be anyone else. Will you help me, Meiying?"

"Help you?" Meiying looked up at Dyon with reddened eyes.

"Is architecture something you love?" Dyon responded with his own question.

Meiying nodded seriously.

Her Feng Shui abilities were often seen as evil. Meiying quite literally had to kill her own mother to receive them, something that cast a shadow over her young heart even to this day.

But... Using it in this way brought beauty to something Meiying usually only saw darkness in.

"For as long as you love it, I'll give you all of the materials you can dream of and all of the time in world." Dyon smiled warmly, rubbing Meiying's head. "You can build to your heart's content."

Meiying burst into a fit of tears and dove into Dyon's arms.

Those Bai family members around couldn't help but sigh. Meiying had always been the little violet devil of their clan, always running around, causing mischief and cussing her elders out... This was the first time they had seen her so vulnerable...



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Dyon sighed to himself as he walked into Belmont Palace. If even Meiying could cry, the world really was too evil. He couldn't help but think back to his comprehension of his black flame...

He didn't ask about Meiying's abilities or the history behind them, but the pain it caused was obvious.

Dyon swore to himself to never force Meiying to use her abilities for something she didn't want to do. The ability of the Feng Shui Compass will was so potent that in combination with Dyon's understanding of array alchemy, forging unbreakable war machines to sweep the martial world would be as easy as just thinking of it...

But, when Dyon saw the kind of pain Meiying felt in connection to that will of hers, he couldn't bring himself to do it. She already tied so much evil to her abilities, Dyon refused to be responsible for more.

What kind of man would he be if he had to hide behind the abilities of a little girl? The martial world would kneel before him in one way or another!

Plus, the abilities Meiying possessed even without going to such an extreme already caught Dyon's attention.

She and her mother were able to forge a city to such perfection that it actually accumulated devil qi to such a dense degree.

One had to understand that Dyon's home universe had such a small quantity of devil qi that it couldn't even be sensed by a dao formation expert. Yet, Meiying's architecture was able to call upon it to such a level that it completely matched the density of conventional energy in the normal atmosphere!

That was a boost of several hundred times!

Imagine if such an ability was applied within an academy or a sect or a palace? The speed of cultivation would be blinding.

One had to also know that Meiying used the most normal materials. After all, for the same reason Earth wasn't rich in beasts, it wasn't rich in minerals and energy stones either. Yet, she still accomplished so much.

If Meiying never wanted to fight a single war, Dyon wouldn't even blink an eye. Her value was no less than Eli's... He could only imagine what kind of result of her Feng Shui combined with Eli's Botany abilities would bring...

"What do you mean the catacombs are infested?"

Suddenly, Dyon's thoughts were interrupted by a fiery conversation.

"I mean exactly what I said! I tried to go down there to retrieve the Ancestor Relics for our move, but I was actually attacked by a swarm of rodents!" Stella's irritated voice responded to Sarid.

"How could the Belmont Catacombs have rodents?" Sarid looked at the violet haired girl throwing a tantrum before him.

"The Belmont Catacombs have always had rodents, it's just that we usually send teams to wipe them out every so often. How could those furry bastards not love the warm, damp and dark tunnels down there?"

"But, because of the war, over the past decade or so, we weren't able to send these teams as frequently, so they steadily grew! Now I can't even take a step without those bastards nibbling at my legs! I'm a Princess! Not an exterminator!"

"Rodents you say?" Dyon walked into the room leisurely. However, the bright smile on his face didn't match the grossness of the situation at all...

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Within the 30th ranked Kitsune-Shruti rage had boiled over into a heavy silence that pervaded over 30 universes.

Not only had the Heads of the three Ruling Clans convened, but the Heads of the ten Founding Clans and the Heads of the various unranked clans were present as well.

The Ruling and Founding Clans made up the thirteen kitsune clans that contained a faith seed creator in their lineage. As for the unranked clans, these included the Snow Clan who had never before raised such an expert. Or, more accurately, said expert was forgotten in history.

According to current kitsune lore, they only know of thirteen faith seeds, however... It's likely that more have been forgotten due to the obscene length of time that had passed since they last appeared.

The three Ruling Clans, following this logic, were, of course, the Heaven, Jikan and Void Clans. The ten founding clans were the Chikyu (Earth), Kaze (Wind), Kasai (Fire), River (Kawa), Ocean (Umi), Yama (Mountain), and Mori (Forest) Clans.

As for the reason for this meeting, the eight shattered jade plates lying at the center of the hall were all that were needed in testimony.

The number of life saving treasures a single clan had were limited. Often times, they'd only be set aside to protect the best of geniuses during their youths. They would then be passed down to the next generation after a certain level of cultivation or time had gone by. Usually, this would correspond with when this former genius reached the peak of their potential.

For these eight individuals... Head Void, eleventh, ninth, eighth, seventh, sixth, third and second elders... they had long since reached their peak potentials...

For the Void Clan to suffer such a devastating blow, even losing one of their dao formation experts? The head of their clan no less? To say that they had lost half of their fighting prowess wasn't an exaggeration at all... It would take thousands of years to overcome this setback. Or so they believed.

At the center of it all, the Grand Elder of the Void Clan stood trembling in rage, his void will involuntarily shattering the space around him time and time again.

His nine tails whipped fiercely against the ground with a vitality that didn't match his aged appearance in the least.

"Who did this?!" Grand Elder Void was not just among the most powerful reserves of the kitsune clans, he was quite literally among their three most powerful experts in combination with Grand Elder Heaven and Grand Elder Jikan.

After hours of trembling, Grand Elder Void's roar finally tore through the silence.... With the other Grand Elders in seclusion, no one here matched his status and thus no one dared to speak before he did... The trouble was that Head Heaven and Head Jikan had already painstakingly described the situation to him and didn't know if his roar really meant he wanted to hear their explanation again or not.

"You lose my great grandson Aki and after years, you still have no answer for me! And now you're telling me that you not only lost seven of my elders, seven of my nephews and nieces! SEVEN! But, my son as well?! What do you have to say for yourselves?!"

#### Chapter 1199: New Head

"Is this how you want to uproot my Void Clan?!"

"Have we not always been brothers in arms?!" Grand Elder Void roared. "Have we not always fought those bastard Shruti side by side?! What has my clan done to deserve such deceit?! Such schadenfreude?!"

The various Heads were quick to raise objections. They understood the Grand Elder's plight, but this kind of careless talk could fracture their clan.

Sure, from the outside looking in it was odd that such a dangerous mission was undertaken by the Void Clan alone. After all, were Misoka and Gin among the captives along with Aki? So why did the Void go alone? Where were the Heaven and Jikan Clan?

However, everyone here knew the late Head Void's personality. He was impulsive and fiery tempered, just like his father. It was more likely that he rushed forward alone than to say that he was plotted against.

"TELL ME WHERE THIS MASKED MAN IS, TELL ME WHERE HIS CLAN IS, I'LL DESTROY THEM MYSELF!"

The surrounding elders didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Wasn't this the same mistake your son made? Why are you making it again?

"Grandfather, please hold on a moment." Just as the various Heads were losing hope in reining this old man in, a collective sigh of relief passed over them as a family young man rushed in.

This young man was none other than Aki's father and Head Void's son, Kaori Void. Although he only had eight tails unlike his son, father and grandfather, his genius still seemed to surpass them all. He was truly an anomaly of the Void Clan.

"Kaori." The Grand Elder's expression softened slightly. "Do you see what these bastards did to your father? Revenge. We need revenge!"

Kaori sighed, looking toward the shattered jade plate of his father. His heart hurt, but his temper was far more cool-headed than his predecessors. In fact, it was he was responsible for teaching Aki that a man should rein his emotions in.

However, it seemed difficult for even him to do so. His son was kidnapped. His clansmen and fellow brothers and sisters were killed. And now, even his father was gone...

Months ago, when the first seven jade plates shattered, they had believed that Head Void escaped. But, just a few hours ago, even his plate shattered so this could no longer be kept a secret from the Grand Elder.

"We need to think careful." Kaori said heavily. "This might be a ploy of the Shruti..."

A heavy atmosphere shrouded the already gloomy air. The Shruti? If this was true...

In reality, the Void Clan repurposed a void tunnel they had constructed for the Shruti. Under normal circumstances, this wouldn't mean much... However, it wouldn't be a stretch to believe that the Shruti would continue to monitor said tunnel. After all, it was in their territory. If it hadn't been, the Shruti would have never taken the chance to ask for the Void Clan's help.

"According to the information we have," Kaori began to explain with a pensive attitude, "Alexandria Snow is the child of Kawa Snow and the most recent completer of the River trials, an Elvin King Acacia.

"From the information given to us by the River Clan, Alexandria Snow's home universe is exceedingly weak. However, clan Heads..." Kaori continued in a grave voice. "It's not my place to say this as a mere tenth elder, but your actions were far too impulsive.

"From what we know about the masked man, he has the ability to suppress the bloodline of the Emperor Giant Clan. This fact alone should have made you rethink not just twice, but even five, ten times!"

Kaori's anger seeped through his words, startling those who knew him since he was a child. This young man was known for never losing his temper, but it seemed the combination of his son's kidnapping and his father's death was too much for even him to handle.

Head Heaven and Head Jikan lowered their heads. Under normal circumstances, they'd slap Kaori across the room for disrespecting their position, but would Grand Elder Void allow such a thing to happen to his favorite grandchild?

"Not only does he have a bloodline capable of suppressing faint angel blood, he alone had the battle prowess to toy with numerous Kings and Emperors while handicapped.

"This was a man who flaunted high grade treasures with ease, whether it be his supreme grade mask, or his grandmaster and Spiritual grade array plates.

"YOU BELIEVE A MAN WITH SO MANY RESOURCES WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO PROTECT THE FAMILY OF HIS WIFE?!"

The more Kaori thought about it, the more pissed off he grew. He hated his father for being impulsive, but he was still his father! These bastards also had their own children taken away, yet they didn't act? At the very least, they should have died along with his father!

"Even worse," Kaori continued still seething in rage, "You made use of a tunnel constructed by us with Shruti territory?! SHORT-SIGHTED!"

"The Shruti are aware of our working relationship with the Emperor Giant Clan, do you believe that they wouldn't be making preparations? What you did was nothing short of handing them an opportunity on a silver platter!"

"You're going to far, tenth Void elder." Head Jikan emphasized Kaori's position, anger clear in his eyes.

"Too far? You tell me how you would react if you saw your arch enemy suddenly take the risk to use a tunnel within your territory?!"

Silence pervaded the room, but they weren't dumb individuals, they understood perfectly well...

The Shruti, knowing that the kitsune were in bed with the Emperor Giant Clan would be panicking. However, what if they suddenly got the opportunity to form a link of karma with a clan even more powerful than the Emperor Giant Clan?

Everyone believed that the Clan of the Masked Wife Stealer was unfathomable. So, what kind of debt of gratitude would be forged if they tipped off this masked man about an impending attack on his wife's family? Wouldn't such a relationship be far stronger than the one held by the kitsune and Emperor Giant Clan?

Yet, until now, none of them had thought of any of this. Kaori might have only been a tenth elder, a mere middle celestial, but his insight was far deeper than any of theirs.

If Dyon had been there, he would have been wholly impressed. Such a line of thinking is exactly why he was completely ill-prepared to deal with such a powerful attack.

Of course, Dyon had no idea about "void tunnels", but what he did know was that enemies kept tabs on each other. If the kitsune were sending so many powerful experts, the Shruti should know. It was unacceptable for them to not.

However, it was during these past days that Dyon learned that he must plan not only for intelligent opponents... But also stupid opponents... Unless he could plan for them both, he would continue to run into such situations.

"For centuries..." Kaori's voice lowered, "I've done nothing but lay out plan after plan for our Supreme Kitsune Clan to rise... In just a few more hundred years, I was confident that we would be able to call this quadrant our own... But time and time again....

"First Princess Saru was born... Then my son was kidnapped... Now my father has died and we of the Void Clan had lost 10% of our fighting power..."

The kitsune frowned when he heard 10%. Only 10%?! You lost a dao formation expert, yet you dare to say the losses are so low?

However, Kaori only looked up at them like they were fools. Giving a mere eight individuals an evaluation like this was already too high in his estimation. He only said 10% so as not to insult the memory of his father.

Plus, he knew quite well that although his father was impulsive, he wasn't stupid... He only took the elders at the end of the potential... As for the remaining tenth, fifth, fourth and first elders... They still had far more room to grow.

"I didn't want to start this so soon, but you all have forced my hand. It's time we wipe the Shruti Clan from existence. Grandfather!"

Grand Elder Void nodded. "From this day forth, the new head of the Void Clan is my Grandson, Kaori Void."

## Chapter 1200: Command

The kitsune were stunned. Such a move was within the Grand Elder's power but... A flagrantly unilateral decision like this one was exceptionally rare.



Kaori and Aki's bloodline was the main bloodline of the Void Clan, however there were two others of importance as well. Due to Grand Elder Void's prowess, the other two bloodlines had been suppressed, but the death of Head Void should have been their opportunity to rise up.

Grand Elder Void was too old to take the title of Clan Leader while Kaori was too weak to take on the role. In addition to all of this, their bloodline had just become responsible for the deaths of seven elders! Seven!

Even worse, the other two bloodline both had individuals stronger than Kaori within them. This would normally be negligible if it wasn't for the fact that they were of Kaori's generation! Both fourth and fifth elder were leagues ahead of Kaori in terms of battle prowess! One only need look at their elder rankings to see the truth.

In addition to all of this, there were many sleeping giants within the other two bloodlines, many of whom had retired from their elder duties to live in seclusion and seek a higher path. Since they knew the path of sovereignty was closed off to them due to the Grand Elder's bloodline, they sought other lanes of self-improvement.

Any one of those sleeping giants would force the Grand Elder to take them seriously. While Kaori's bloodline had First Elder and Grand Elder, each of those two dormant bloodlines also had two sleeping giants of their own as well!

Weren't they just talking about uniting the clan? Were this grandfather and grandson pair trying to light the flames of civil war?!

None of these men and women of the Kitsune clan realized just how ironic their thoughts were. They suddenly listed so many hidden powers within their lofty clan, yet they scoffed when the Kaori said they had only lost 10% of their power.

Seeing their reaction, Kaori couldn't help but shake his head. This was the reason for the decline of their Kitsune Clan. There was simply too much stupidity.

"Sister Midori, Brother Nobu." Kaori called out lightly.

In an instant, two flashes of black tore apart the void, causing two nine-tailed kitsune to appear.

One was a delicate beauty with fierce eyes, while the other was a scrawny young man with an unfathomable gaze.

Those within the hall immediately recognized these two. They were none other than the fifth and fourth elders of the Void Clan! The very same members of Kaori's own generation that surpassed him in strength.

"Are you willing to follow my lead?"

"Clan Head!" They both spoke at once, kneeling to a single leg and crossing their arms across their chest.

"Good!" Kaori's Presence filled the hall, stunning those watching.

A flood of faith blossomed within him. In an instant, what was a mere Duke grade Presence skyrocketed, shattering the King grade barrier and settling within it firmly.

The kitsune had just given birth to their first King in a long time... Suddenly, Head Heaven and Head Jikan felt a sense of crisis... An undying curse of inferiority.

"Taigen!" Kaori's voice roared once more, causing a pale old man to appear. Judging by his mere five brownish-red tails, he was a wholly inferior talent. Yet, somehow, his cultivation was that of a pseudo-dao formation expert!

"Clan Head, I have failed. Punish me!" Taigen fell to both knees, slamming his head against the sturdy ground.

"There's no need for such things, Taigen. My son was kidnapped in the Tower, it's obvious that a Death Guard cannot follow him in. I do not blame you. In fact, I called you here to pardon you."

Taigen's shoulders trembled, but he didn't lift his head. As a Death Guard, he waited everyday by Aki's jade pendant, prepared to kill himself the moment it cracked. It was a truly tragic fate.

"The teachings of the Kitsune Clans have been barbaric and foolhardy." Kaori's sharp gaze travelled around the Void Clan Hall.

"I'm well aware that what I'm saying is taboo. Many of you are afraid to lose the protection our ancestors have accumulated by changing their rules, however I have no such fear!

"Every day, every year, every decade and century and millennium, we follow these rules only to steadily decline more every generation.

"Kawa Snow was our first faith seed wielder in several hundred thousand years. Yes, she neglected her duties and abandoned the clan, but what do you think would have happened if we were more open? More understanding? Wouldn't we have gained not only a genius of the River Clan but also a rising star of the once lauded Elvin Kingdom?!"

The various elders looked down in shame.

"Alexandria Snow was our first ten-tailed in millions of years, yet you old fools didn't try and make her feel welcome, you didn't ask her what she wanted nor did you care about her feelings, instead you ostracized her and allowed my foolish son to humiliate her!"

The more Kaori spoke, the more passion seeped from his voice. His Presence laced with his words, moving even the stone-cold hearts of those Elders who hadn't thought of changing their ways in thousands of years.

"Do you think Alexandria Snow had to come here? Judging by how powerful her husband was, do you think she needed us? No! She came here to make amends for where her mother went wrong, yet you only proved Kawa Acacia's course of action correct!

"These old thoughts, these old methods of doing things will only lead to our death!" Kaori's hand flashed as a golden token appeared.

"Don't be impulsive Kaori!" The Heads roared.

Every single one of them knew what this token meant.

With the competing interests of so many clans coming together to form their current environment, control was something that was very difficult. The Kitsune were often very close to becoming a pile of loose sand akin to the Drago-Qilin lands...