

The Nameless 1431

Chapter 1431: Net

Others were more worried about the economy. They lacked appropriate structures of commerce. Although Soul Rend Universe was overflowing with wealth, they didn't have proper channels for distribution of this wealth. This forced Dyon, who obviously held the largest share, to be burdened with distributing it himself in the form of cultivation resources.

What they needed were businesses and proper procedures for opening and regulating these businesses. Only by doing this would wealth naturally begin to spread.

In line with concerns about the economy, there was the question of currency. With the influx of migrants, there were currently too many systems of exchange and there was no real way to balance them, often resulting in arbitrary numbers and exchange values that held no water.

As matters continued, it seemed the economy really was the largest concern. As things stood now, many had fallen to using ancient and mundane trading systems, unwilling to take a loss by using currency.

In the martial world, these things hardly mattered. After all, they had a universal system tallied by energy stones. But, because of the issue of redistribution of wealth, the energy stones that those under Dyon had were even more pitiful than what Dyon himself had. As for Dyon, he often directly invested the energy stones he had on hand into spiritual ingredients to increase their fighting prowess as a whole. Until the day came when Dyon didn't have to do this anymore, it was necessary for there to be either a universal, more mundane, currency, or strict control over the numerous forms of currency.

Dyon listened to all of these matters silently. As expected, the more they spoke and understood that Dyon wouldn't lash out at them for their complaints, the freer they became with their words. In this way, Dyon could finally peel back a layer and delve into their inner thoughts.

Finally, the topics that Dyon wanted to get into started to be spoken about.

Guild Leader Niveus, the younger sister of the former Crown Prince Belmont's wife, spoke. Dyon recognized her as well. She was with those 11 geniuses that he fought at the Demon Sage's Legacy World entrance, but she didn't attack Dyon along with them.

Considering Dyon was the reason her elder sister was exiled and her mother figure, Matriarch Niveus, was now dead and continuously being tortured, he had great interest in her current thoughts.

"I believe that the standards of our six Sects are too high. Many, after spending so many years in our energy poor universe, have no way of ever living up to those standards." Obviously, these 'many' she spoke of included herself, which was why she stubbornly skirted around Dyon's banning of new Sects by instead creating one under the moniker of a Guild.

It doesn't take a genius to understand why someone would be dissatisfied with Dyon's actions. After all, the benefits for being a member of the Sects was beyond imagining, yet even to now, they didn't have more than five inner disciples and only had one core disciple among all six of them!

"I think we should consider lowering these standards. Or, at the very least, we should allow other sects to be established if this isn't possible. As things stand now, youths graduate the academies only to realize they aren't up to the standards of the Sects. Then, they have nowhere to turn to because there doesn't exist a net to catch them."

Erea Niveus looked toward Dyon. Her features were just as calm as usual as she spoke, her white hair falling gently to her shoulders. Although in the past she could have been a beauty that didn't lose out to Dyon's wives, years of toil had taken their toll on her. Even her cultivation had suffered.

She knew quite well that Dyon could see through her actions. Establishing the Yin-Yang Guild behind Dyon's back to circumvent the rules against the formation of Sects was a slap to his face. She had already expected to incite his ire, yet, Dyon ignored the situation for half a year already. Whether it was his intention or not, she felt like she was walking on pins and needles.

In fact, she wasn't alone. Numerous small factions and clans formed organizations like this. For example, the Big Sects that once gave Dyon problems back at Focus Academy once more banded together. Although they didn't name their faction like Erea did, they had all built their clan lands near one another. Only a fool wouldn't be able to see through this in a single glance. Erea believed that since so many had done this, that it would be impossible for Dyon to police it all.

While others created these alliances for the sake of survival in a new environment, Erea did so because she couldn't bring herself to watch the Niveus Sect crumble in her hands.

While Dyon was making a name for himself in the martial world, Erea was struggling to keep what remained of the Niveus Sect together. With Matriarch Niveus dead and her elder sister gone, the burden fell on her shoulders. Yet, even after suffering through more than 30 years of hardship, Dyon suddenly swooped in and banned the creation of new Sects. How could she simply silently swallow such a thing?

The Niveus Sect was meant to be a haven for women who were often treated as nothing more than property in the martial world. Erea believed in this core principle, so she couldn't bring herself to stop. This was as good an opportunity as any to bring Dyon to a heel.

In truth, she wasn't entirely wrong either. Even the oldest graduates of the academies were only 19 years old. After they had learned all the academy was willing to teach them, what were they supposed to do?

Without a Sect willing to accept them, they had no place to go. Many of them would become fed up with the lives they were living, and that would slowly breed animosity toward Dyon. They'd all believe that he was an elitist that couldn't be bothered to deal with normal individuals like them. Unless they were outstanding geniuses, they had no use to him, so he tossed them aside.

Chapter 1432: Progression

After almost 8 years now since the academies were established, this feeling was already beginning to brew. Considering Dyon banned them from entering the tower, he was essentially also cutting off the chance they had to reverse their fates as well. This matter only bred more displeasure.

Of course, Dyon found these thoughts silly. He footed the bill for their carefree education from the ages of 7 to 18. Afterward, who said they couldn't enter Sects? Dyon placed no restrictions on who could become working disciples. Although they couldn't become official disciples, they would still receive cultivation resources that Dyon, once again, paid for.

However, sometimes, when individuals are privileged, they forget the times when they had nothing to their name.

Then there was the Niveus Sect. What obligation did Dyon have to allow their legacy to continue? Erea should consider that Legacy to have shattered in the hands of Matriarch Niveus, not him.

"Interesting." Dyon nodded unperturbed. "How many of you believe that the standards of the six Sects are too high?"

Many of the leaders looked around at each other before raising their hands. More than 90% of them seemed to agree with this, causing Erea to breathe a sigh of relief.

"It's not that we don't understand your viewpoint, Leader Sacharro." A member of the former Big Sects supplemented. "However, because you restricted the establishment of other Sects, there are a large group of people left with nowhere to go. Of course, we know that it's possible to become a working disciple and receive some benefits, but the tasks one must complete to remain a working disciple are too great."

Of course, Dyon wouldn't allow individuals to simply freeload off of his hard work. Where there were those who had good intentions, there would always be those to take advantage. As a result, working disciples had a number of quotas they had to complete every month. Actually, much of the law enforcement of the six planets were made up of working disciples of the various sects.

But, somehow, earning your keep had suddenly become too much of a burden. How amusing.

"Even the branch sects have ridiculous high requirements. To become an outer disciple, you must become an essence gather by 16 years old. For the main sect, it's even more exaggerated at 13 years old.

"Then, to become an inner disciple, you must become a saint by 21 years old for the main sect, and by 30 for the branch sects. The core disciple requirements are even worse. As of now, only True God Agios has met the requirement of becoming a celestial within 50 cultivation years. As for the branch sects which require a 120 cultivation year minimum, no one has managed to reach it..."

The middle-aged man wanted to continue to speak about Legatees, but Dyon had never made an announcement about them. You could only imagine the kind of crazy requirements they would have.

Dyon watched as the man entered a sort of pseudo rant and how many nodded their heads in agreement.

If one kept up the pace Dyon set for the main sect, they would have the talent of an elite King at worst. An entire Sect of high level Kings, just how ambitious was that? As for the branch sects, their minimum requirement was the talent of a Duke.

To now, Dyon always remembered that the mark of a true genius in the tower quadrants was celestial by 100 and dao expert by 1000. How could he lower the standards of Soul Rending Peak below that standard? In fact, he would push it even further.

What they didn't know was that if it was up to Dyon, the requirements would be even more exaggerated than they were now. He wanted the world to tremble in fear whenever the title of the Peak Disciples was mentioned. He wanted them to move unhindered across the world!

Their request seemed reasonable. Even if he wanted to keep those strict standards, fine. But, at the very least, he should allow the establishment of sects with weaker standards so that they could live. As things stood now, it wasn't enough.

"Mm." Dyon nodded. "Clara, read me the numbers of outer disciples for the past 8 years."

"On the first year, there were only 3 total. These were outer disciples you directly appointed, not ones who met the requirement.

"The second year, there were 0. The third year, there were 0 once more. The fourth year, there were 0 once again."

As Clara spoke, the clan leaders felt gratified. See? It was far too difficult.

"The fifth year, there were 63. 4 who managed to enter the main sect and 59 who were split randomly amongst the branch sects.

"The sixth year, there were 172 new additions. 9 who entered the main sect, and 161 who dispersed themselves among the branch sects.

"The seventh year, there were 586 new additions. 23 entered the main sect, 563 entered the five branch sects.

"This eighth year, there were 6708 new additions. 804 entered the main sect, 5904 entered the branch sects."

The massive jump in the eighth year caused the leaders' eyes to widen in shock. Were these fabricated numbers? No, that couldn't be. It was too easy to verify if this was true or false...

This eighth year, Dyon had spent more than half of it right here, how could there not be improvements? If there weren't, wouldn't he be too incompetent as a leader? Many of the blatant forms of corruption stopped when he arrived, allowing the academies to flourish as they should.

"These numbers do not include those who didn't meet the age requirements, but did pass the sect trials. If those numbers are accounted for, the branch sects have an average of 1783 outer disciples, while the main sect has 851." Clara finished her report calmly.

Dyon knew quite well that these numbers wouldn't translate upward to the inner sect and subsequent core sect. After all, as one progresses in cultivation, the more difficult progression became.

Those who weren't able to keep up with the age requirements would be demoted to branch sects. And, if by some oddity they couldn't keep up with the branch sect requirements, they would find their places as academy instructors while some of the better ones would become working, outer and maybe inner sect elders. Of course, Dyon would also give them the choice of simply remaining outer disciples, if they so chose.

Chapter 1433: Tolerance?

"Before I continue, I'd like to ask, do any of you have any more complaints to bring up?" Dyon asked calmly.

Seeing no one seemed to, Dyon nodded. "Good. I wonder, do any of you have any idea why the numbers shot up so much during this eighth year?"

Dyon once more received no response, but he could see some break out into a cold sweat.

"When I established the academies, I guaranteed that every youth would receive free admittance, allowing them and their parents to live worry free from the time they were 7 to 16 years old or until they became an essence gatherer.

"I established a grading system. Not only for the students, but for teachers as well. It was my way of keeping you all accountable. I even provided a dao expert to teach your children and had my Demon Generals take time out of their busy schedules to guide the youth.

"But, who would have known that I would come to find my good will had been corrupted beyond recognition?

"Teachers and Clans in cahoots, using their superior population to boost the rating of certain instructors so that they keep a job they're undeserving of. Then, those very same teachers hoarding resources I've provided for the sake of the next generation's growth, and giving them out in exchange for favors and backing. Then there are a bunch who can't seem to follow my rules. Circumventing and manipulating my words so that they can establish guilds and alliances.

"I bet you all had pretty good incentive to suppress the students of my academies, hm? If they were held down by a system I created, they would go running off to you once they didn't meet the sects' requirements. Then, you would bolster your numbers all while uses the resources I provided as your own.

"By the time this absent leader of yours returned, you would have consolidated your power and entrenched yourselves too deeply for this single ol me to uproot you all, is that it?"

The more Dyon spoke, the stiffer those in the room became.

"I have to say." Dyon laughed. "When I first got here, I was so angry that I thought of killing every single last one of you. These 6 months I took weren't for my sake, but for yours!"

The calmness in Dyon's eyes was suddenly replaced by a repressed fury.

What does it mean to have a divine sense capable of stretching 500 000 km? It meant that not a single blade of grass, not a single crawling ant, not a single silent wind, was missed by Dyon.

With the help of the Formation Cores, Dyon had the ability to not only multiply his power several fold on Planet Soul, but he could also project his soul onto its five branch planets using connected formations. For the past more than half year, not a single dirty dealing or private conversation was missed by Dyon's senses.

[Author's Note: Remember the Formation Cores \neq Mending Cores. Formation Cores are a treasure left behind by the Soul Rending Peak Ancestors that boost strength within their territory but are useless outside. This was what Dyon used to be able to seal Elder Nova all those years ago.]

Dyon was quite aware that this was a gross misuse of his power and an invasion of the privacy of many. Yet, he had done it anyway. For the sake of this meeting and for the betterment of his empire, he did it. Maybe it was the case that every evil dictator and war lord of the past started with thoughts just like Dyon had now, but Dyon didn't have a choice.

He didn't have the time to slowly form a culture, nor did he have the time to slowly ingratiate and assimilate these Clans. Every day of break he took, he couldn't help but grow more anxious. If it was really easy for him to laze around all day, then how could such a thing help temper his mind?

He would never tell these leaders how he did it. In fact, even if he did, they likely wouldn't believe him. What ungodly amount of soul strength did it take to monitor six planets at once? Even if the evidence was laid out before them, they wouldn't trust it.

No, instead, they would start looking over their shoulders. Every time they thought of committing a bad deed, they would think twice. Whenever greed overtook their hearts, they would think twice. Whenever they thought of defying him, they would think twice!

"Erea Niveus." Dyon's sharp gaze sent a shiver down Erea's spine. "Of the more than 20 000 women you've taken under your wing, are you aware of just how many of their futures you've cut off with your actions? Because you wanted to uphold the legacy of a woman who murdered an entire race of people, you schemed and bent them to your will time and time again."

"I would never –!" Erea tried to argue back. She was enraged that Dyon would say that she cut off their futures, but what pissed her off all the more so were Dyon's words about Matriarch Niveus. But, Dyon cut her off.

"Under your influence, more than 500 young women left the path I laid out for them, instead joining your guild. Among those 500, there are at least 20 with the potential to become inner disciples and more than 200 who could have become outer disciples without your interference.

"Because of your actions, all 500 of them have received less than 10% of the resources they would have under my charge. In addition, you force them to learn techniques of the Niveus Sect that many of them are not suited for.

"You've wasted their youth. Cut off their options. Fed them a pile of shit and yet have the audacity to come to me speaking about the stress and constraints I've placed on them and you. You're quite bold, aren't you?!"

Erea's breath hitched in her throat, and uncontrollable sob overwhelming her. She had once been a young girl with a bright future. She had countless pursuers, a talent that outshone most, and an elder sister and adoptive mother that had her back. Now, she had none of these... All that was left was despair.

Dyon didn't even bother with Erea's tears. No matter what her reasons, he was absolutely disgusted by her actions and even more enraged that she would dare to try and salvage the legacy of a woman Dyon hated to the core.

He proceeded to list many more perpetrators, digging them all up one by one. Their crimes were laid bare, and no one could refute them. Dyon's words were so deadly accurate that they felt there was a target on their backs. They suddenly felt that they couldn't trust anyone around them anymore.

"Three years... You all stifled the growth of not just my dreams, but the dreams of your future generations ... For three years... Give me one reason why I shouldn't just kill you all now?!"

"Of what use are you to me? You're too weak to take advantage of the opportunities I give you, yet you also dare bar others from benefitting as well?! How dare you?!"

Every one of Dyon's words were laced a Presence that trampled upon their hearts. Even those who wouldn't usually feel guilt for such actions suddenly became incredibly ashamed.

"The tasks of working disciples are too harsh?" Dyon sneered. "Do you have any idea how much the pills, the resources, the facilities, the technique books, I provide cost in the martial world?"

"You all come from societies, clans and planets that would recognize mere 60% pure pills as heavenly treasures, yet I provide you with top grade pills. Those very same societies, clans and planets would never dream of laying eyes on even mere earth grade techniques, yet I provide you the opportunity to grasp heaven and even divine grade ones.

"Has anyone gone hungry under my leadership? Has anyone faced poverty and unconscionable hardship? Have you been a victim of unresolved crimes or tragedies?"

"The answer is no. Then no again. And no once more.

"Today, forward, there will be resounding changes. With those changes will come severe penalties for those who fail to follow them.

"I am not a tolerant person, nor am I a patient one. I promise you all, from the bottom of my heart, that I've never meant the words I'm about to say more than anything else I've spoken in my entire life: If I ever catch you undermining my hard work again, I'll slaughter every last one of you."

Chapter 1434: Reasoning

Dyon's blazing gaze swept over the whole crowd.

If the martial world saw this so-called assembly, they would laugh themselves silly. 80% of those present here weren't even celestials, with the vast majority being saints and even essence gatherers. As for those pitiful few who managed to reach the celestial realm, even the best of them was of the third or second grade. And yet these were the people Dyon had at the core of his empire? If his enemies knew this, they would sleep at night like babies, not caring for him at all.

Yet, Dyon's situation was so precarious that he didn't even dare to kill them for the transgressions. Even if they were weak, he couldn't risk alienating them all even if he was in the right. He had no choice but to give them one more chance... This sort of thing pissed him off more than anything else.

Dyon refused to be the sort of ruler that turned a blind eye simply to uphold some sort of fake semblance of unity. No matter what consequences it held for himself, if they dared to cross him again, he really would kill them all where they stood.

"Until now, there's been no structure. I've spent too much time focusing on my own combat prowess while ignoring the positions you're in.

"You all have your own thoughts and your own aspirations toward sovereignty, but in the end, if you're too weak, you'll never receive anything in return. Do you know why our home universes are so weak? Do you know why Soul Rend Universe has been so weak until now? It's because individuals far stronger than yourselves forced your ancestors into a corner.

"Yet, as you all scramble for short-term benefits, you force yourselves into a vicious cycle of incompetence and weakness.

"For the past three years, you've spent time consolidating your power, hoping to carve out a place for yourselves. You tell me, your three years of hard work, upward of eight years for the rest of you who were born here, how long do you think it would take me alone to tear it all down?!"

An insurmountable pressure gushed forth from Dyon. Suddenly, those in attendance felt they were looking up at a mountain without a peak. Even the Heavens themselves could only hug this mountain's feet.

The cold sweat on their backs grew heavier. They really had no real concept of just how powerful Dyon was. They all believed that since there were so many of them, they should be able to push back a single young man, no? Yet, they couldn't believe just how wrong they were.

The worst part was that it wasn't just Dyon who pressed them like this. The moment the words left his mouth, Ri and Clara exuded their own auras, followed directly by the Demon Generals and Zabia. Not just this conference room, but the planet as a whole seemed to tremble under their might.

That was right, Dyon wasn't alone. Even just one of his wives could slaughter them all, not to mention his Demon Generals and himself. What chance did they stand?

They could only temper the fire in their hearts, unable to rebut in any tangible way.

"Today I'll be laying down the Laws of Order. They'll be separated into various categories, each with their own purpose. Carve these laws into your hearts, or face the consequences.

"The first and most important matter to note is the Clan Ranking System. This conference hall you see around you all will be named the Mortal Hall. In this place, the voices of the various Clans will be heard. Once every ten years, a meeting just like this one will take place and titled the Mortal Meeting. These Mortal Meetings can also be called outside of this ten-year period if proper protocols are met.

"Clans will be divided into nine tiers from the 1st Tier to the 9th Tier, with 9th Tier Clans being provided the highest honors. Above the 9th Tier, there are Nobility Clans.

"These tiers decide everything from the amount of land you have sovereignty over to how many resources you are allocated and how much of a say you have in the Mortal Hall during Mortal Meetings.

"As for earning Merits to improve your tier, they're also separated into many forms. These include Military Merits, Talent Merits, and Contribution Merits. In addition, to even be recognized as a Clan by Mortal Hall, it is necessary to reach a certain threshold. As things stand now, none of you are even 1st Tier Clans, let alone 9th Tier.

"Military Merits speak for themselves. This involves Clans, namely the warriors under their banner, earning merits through battle. Those of you who send your youths to battle in campaigns can earn merits in this fashion.

"Talent Merits branch outside of combat strength to a certain extent. On the cultivation side of things, Clans with certain numbers of talents who take quality roles in the branch sects and main sect are entitled to a certain number of merits. But, this also stretched to talents within secondary professions.

"Contribution Merits are a miscellaneous category. This includes handing over traitors, finding valuable resources, or supporting subordinate Clans, a system that will be explained further.

"To become a 1st Tier Clan, 10 separate members of your Clan must contribute 1000 merit points of various types. In addition, you must accumulate a total of 25 000 merit points overall. This will be the first goal of all of you here."

Dyon's reasoning for forcing Clans to accumulate merit was obvious. They needed to feel a sense of belonging. As they accumulate merits and earn a place, they'll be less likely to betray him. In that way, Dyon could start slowly fostering that ever elusive culture he looked for.

Of course, Dyon knew how much he hated Nobility Clans. However, this was a problem for a future. Usually, the founding members of Nobility Clans were great people. It wasn't until they passed away that their descendants became complacent, relying on the foundation their ancestors set to bully others.

To deal with this problem, Dyon planned to lay a Demerit System as well.

Chapter 1435: Perks

"Since there is the merit system, there will also be a Demerit system. Unlike the Clan tier system which requires multiple individuals of a certain standard to move forward, the Demerit System makes it so that even one person who commits terrible deeds can bring an entire Clan down.

"In addition, even if this person is ostracized and disowned by the Clan, the Demerits they earn won't disappear, instead, they'll be cut to a tenth. Meaning, if you allow a traitor to your Clan to run free for too long, they'll eventually accumulate enough Demerits to cause your Clan to fall in ranking!"

Dyon's words caused the leaders here to suck in a cold breath. What a harsh Demerit System!

Dyon had been witness to too many debauchee bastards who committed terrible deeds only for their powerful fathers and mothers to cover for them. In this way, even their fathers and mothers wouldn't tolerate their evil deeds. Even if a Clan only had a single debauchee, it could bring them all down!

In addition, Dyon forced them into policing their own Clansmen. With this sort of incentive, it would lessen Dyon's burden. This way, he wouldn't have to chase after every bastard his Kingdom produced. In

addition, it would also incentivize Clans to have their own strict policies, lessening Dyon's burden even further.

Of course, he was under no delusions that this would fix everything. There would be no shortage of Clans that did their best to hide and cover the bad deeds of their own, hoping it never reached the public eye. If they managed it well enough and it never came to the light of day, they obviously wouldn't earn Demerits.

No system could be perfect, but Dyon could only do his best.

Since Dyon could only ignore this flaw for now, he began expounding upon the Demerit System.

Most of the things he said didn't shock the Clans very much. For example, rules against rape and murder were pretty standard. It was obvious that they would earn severe Demerit Strikes for such a thing. But, what surprised them were the many refined smaller details Dyon added.

For example, when Dyon reached the possible Demerit Strikes one could earn in the field of commerce, he included severe penalties for commerce warfare. This included examples where larger, more established stores or businesses tried to force monopolies on certain market shares.

If a business owner was found drastically lowering their prices to force small businesses into a corner, they would face Demerit Strikes that would also be attached to their Clans. In addition, if business owners were found price gouging in an alliance, they would also face strikes.

These sorts of matters were unheard of in the martial world where such commerce warfare was a day to day occurrence.

With this introduction, Dyon also introduced a similar ranking system for what he called Business Empires. 9th Tier Business Empires could even receive exclusive contracts with the Sacharro Clan, gaining a great advantage over their competition.

The introduction of Business Empires caused Erea's eyes to light up with a faint glint of hope. The entertainment sector would without a doubt be an incredibly important market. In the martial world, there was almost nothing men, and sometimes women, loved more than to spend time with beautiful

women. Although she might have found this beneath herself in the past, she was obviously very desperate at this time.

As things stood now, she had the largest collection of beautiful women in the entire Soul Rend Universe. If she took advantage of this head start, she could carve out a place for herself.

Though nothing in the Demerit System forbade prostitution, this wasn't the lane Erea planned to take. That said, Dyon heavily regulated this potential brothel system. He felt that since prostitution would likely occur anyway, it was best if he at least set the conditions such that the women forced into such a way of life were protected. This was something Erea appreciated and it was Dyon's very words on the topic that made her stop sulking.

This meeting would birth the Yin-Yang Pavilion of Soul Rend Universe.

"Now that you've understood the Merit and Demerit System, you should understand what benefits they give you and what you stand to lose.

"1st Tier Clans are allowed one 1st Tier Official. A 2nd Tier Clan is allowed one 2nd Tier Official and two 1st Tier Officials. A 3rd Tier Clan is allowed one 3rd Tier Officials, two 2nd Tier Officials and four 1st Tier Officials.

"This pattern continues until Noble Clans are allowed 1 Noble Official Title which is the only title hereditary in nature, two 9th Tier, four 8th Tier, Eight 7th Tier ... 128 3rd Tier, 256 2nd Tier, and 512 1st Tier Officials.

"Of course, it should be noted that while this is the number you're allowed, whether or not you have the number of qualified Clansmen to fill these positions is another matter entirely."

These numbers might sound unnecessarily large, but one much consider that Dyon planned on controlling several universes at once. Even for a single Planet's population, this number was a drop in the bucket. So, in reality, Dyon might have picked too few.

Still, for now, he felt that this would be enough for now.

"Officials have many perks. Not to mention the fact they have the right to vote on certain matters during the Mortal Meetings, these perks extend outside of these walls as well.

"For one, they're allocated a great amount of resources. Even 1st Tier Officials will be awarded with 1 celestial stone worth of resources a month. As for 9th Tier Officials, this increases to 1 enigmatic stone worth of resources a month."

The hearts of those who heard these words palpitated. But, Dyon's next words threw a bucket of cold water over their heads.

"However, don't even dream about becoming a 1st Tier Official without first entering the celestial realm. This standard will only rise as time passes on. Within 1000 years, the system will be as follows:

"1st through 3rd Tier Officials must be Peak Celestials at the worst. 4th through 6th Tier Officials must be Dao Experts. 7th Tier must be Middle Dao Experts, 8th Tier must be Higher Dao Experts, while 9th Tier must be Peak Dao Experts. As for the right to gain a Hereditary Title of Nobility, your Clan must produce a Higher Existence!"

Those Leaders here half wanted to complain about the standards being too high once again. But, when they saw the staunchness in Dyon's eyes, they could only swallow their words.

Chapter 1436: Accepted

"For now, I'll allow you to become a 1st Tier Official as long as you enter the celestial realm."

"And what about 2nd Tier Official?" A Clan Leader asked probingly.

Dyon sneered lightly. "In order to become a 2nd Tier Clan, you need 100 separate individuals to contribute 10 000 merit points and accumulate a minimum of 10 000 000 points total."

Hearing these words, the one who spoke silenced himself immediately. Who knew how many years it would take to reach that sort of level? It wasn't impossible considering there were many people working together, but for Clans who hadn't even earned 1 merit point, 10 000 000 still seemed much too far off.

"These standards shouldn't be impossible to meet as long as one fosters a good culture within their own Clans. Many of you come from Clans and Families with hundreds of individuals. Some of you larger Clans have tens of thousands under you.

"Always remember that for how difficult you may believe these tasks are to accomplish, there's always an adequate award waiting at the end.

"While a 1st Tier Official will receive 1 celestial stone worth of goods a month, a 1st Tier Clan will receive 10 000 celestial stones worth. In the same vein, a 9th Tier Clan will receive 10 000 enigmatic stones worth. These don't even touch upon the numerous benefits including territory and power."

"Leader Sacharro," King Belmont, who had been silent until now, spoke up. Although, he couldn't necessarily be called King Belmont anymore, but rather, Patriarch Belmont. "You spoke of subordinate Clans, how will this system work?"

For Patriarch Belmont who had had five God Clans under his purview not too long ago, he found this concept intriguing. Plus, after being cured of the Bai Clan curse, he was doing far better now and was well equipped to make up for his mistakes in the past few decades.

"Mm." Dyon nodded. "Higher tier Clans have the right to take lesser Clans under their wings. That said, this isn't a sort of absolute dictatorship.

"The amount of land in a given territory is limited. This is why you can gain merit points discovering and mapping new lands, as I've stated before.

"As a result of this scarcity, it is inevitable that there will come a time when the territories of Clans overlap. This is especially so for 9th Tier Clans who will begin the right to rule over an entire Universe.

"When these sorts of overlaps occur, the lesser Clan will become a subordinate Clan. On the one hand, they will have to pay a certain tax to the higher ranked Clan, but on the other, the higher ranked Clan will then become responsible for the lesser Clan's safety.

"In addition to this, the higher ranked clan will be able to recruit talents within the lesser clan into their fold. However, in order to do this, the higher ranked clan must be willing to give this recruited talent the same privileges as a founding pillar of their clan."

Dyon chose this Law of Order for a reason. He didn't want large Clans bullying smaller ones by taking up all of their talents. In that way, that would create a cycle where smaller clans would never be able to rise up. Still, he also knew that these sorts of practices were inevitable, so he also decided to heavily regulate it.

Clans would definitely think twice before giving an incoming talent the rights of a founding member. That was borderline nonsensical.

"Excluding this founding member position, the subordinate clan will also become exempt from taxes they once gave to their higher ranked clan, but the higher tier clan will still be required to protect them."

This sort of penalty just for one person? Would those larger clans be willing to take this on?

"If a larger clan decides to take a second talent from a lesser clan, they will in turn have to pay remunerations to the lower tiered clan. These sort of reverse taxes, so to speak, will increase exponentially for every talent taken and will continue until the death date of that talent.

"Mind you, this will occur whether the talent is willingly leaving their Clan or not. Unless this talent can provide proof that they've been mistreated by their paternal Clan, they will be forever tied to that Clan in one fashion or another."

Many of Clan Leaders more than just accepted Dyon's words, they felt greatly gratified.

Because of the fact becoming a lofty 9th Tier Clan that ruled over an entire universe was too grand for them to imagine as things stood now, they felt themselves to mostly be the "little guy" in Dyon's examples. Seeing that he was protecting them, they only felt more guilty about their previous actions.

Dyon hadn't been wrong, he gave them all avenues for improvement, but they all but spit in his face. They were far too used to a martial world that trampled and forgot the weak.

Of course, this sort of victim mentality wasn't something Dyon was willing to forgive without punishment. Those here did their fair share of perpetuating the unfairness. But, he would be lenient on them this single time.

"Speaking of the matter of Clans, I'll also be implementing a system that controls how a person's merit points can be allocated and what Clans they choose to be affiliated with.

"From the very beginning, when a youth is born, they will be registered as a citizen of our Mortal Alliance."

Dyon chose the title Mortal Alliance for now since he wasn't yet ready to establish a Kingdom. If he named himself King, he would be far more restricted than he was now. In such a case, he wouldn't be able to do many of the things he wanted first. So, he held off for now.

"This registration comes in a few parts. The first is a Soul Tag. This Soul Tag is uniquely tailored to an individual and is impossible to fake."

These words of Dyon's weren't entirely true. Theoretically, if someone with greater soul path comprehension than himself studied these Soul Tags for an adequate amount of time, it would be possible to replicate and even fake them.

Chapter 1437: Coming Together

However, there were too many obstacles to this. First of all, finding someone who could match the [Dao of Array Alchemy] in comprehension was near impossible. This Soul Tag was a concept Dyon gleamed from it, which made it a dime a dozen in the martial world.

Secondly, Dyon was a Planet Lord with the comprehension of a Moon Lord. No one within the tower quadrants could match him. Only some lofty individual from the outer quadrants might be able to. But, considering it took a minimum of ten years to travel from one universe to another even within this cluster of tower quadrants, one could imagine how long it would take to come here from the outer quadrants.

One might wonder, then, how Lilith and the other Devil Cultivators got here while still so young. And the answer to that lies within the planet grade teleportation formations Soul Rending Peak ancestors left behind. After doing so much business here, of course the Devil Cultivators would take one for themselves for the sake of convenience.

Unfortunately for them, that formation was now useless since Dyon cut off the connection.

This aside, Dyon's Soul Tag was impossible to replicate as far as those here were concerned.

Though, hearing about this Soul Tag, those in attendance felt apprehensive. A Soul Tag? They had to be tagged like animals? Wasn't that too...

"While the Soul Tag has a crude name, its uses are very benign." Dyon spoke, reading their minds.

"A Soul Tag can 1) Identify a person, 2) act as an entry pass to freely enter and leave this universe, 3) it acts as a calculator of merit points and a policer of the legitimacy of those merit points, 4) it can track your location and 5) it ties you to up to two Clans."

"Isn't that a bit too... Invasive...?" One of the Clan Leaders couldn't help but ask.

Maybe acting as an identity and a pass was fine, but the mere act of calculating merit points means that the tags are capable of monitoring you. This is only made worse after knowing it can track location as well.

Dyon nodded, understand their points of view.

"It may seem so, but once you understand how it works, it's actually not very invasive at all.

"The location tracker is a feature that is only activated in case an individual commits an irredeemable crime and is also something only the Clan of the individual controls. I will not have access to this information.

"If I should want access to this, the burden of proof will be on my shoulders to prove that it is necessary.

"In addition, there will be regulations on individual Clans in utilizing this information as well. The formation that needs to be used can only be activated by a Comet Lord, of which, as things stand now, we only have two. One of which is me, and the other of which is my wife.

"For now, if you want to track an individual, you can only ask one of the two of us. In that case, you will need to provide proof of why you need to access such information.

"I know what you're all thinking." Dyon said after a pause. "With the power in my hands, and with none of you having such expertise, it's impossible for you to know whether or not I abuse this power. But, this is why the Soul Tag alerts its owner of the fact he or she is being tracked once it occurs, this in turn also alerts the Clan."

Though this explanation wasn't airtight, the Clan Leaders could only accept it.

This plan of Dyon's had another layer hidden within it as well... 'You want the right to know whether I'm cheating you or not, right? Then produce Comet Lords for yourselves!'

Only when his subordinates were fueled with the desire to gain strength for themselves could Dyon's dreams be accomplished.

Dyon smiled lightly, knowing that his plans were coming together slowly.

"Then, there's the matter of calculating merit points. This matter isn't as invasive as you believe either.

"Those of you from Earth are already aware of how this works. When you sent your youths to campaign, it was the Sapientia that provided a tag in order to calculate points."

Those from Earth came to realization. Back when Dyon fought in the world tournament, wasn't he ranked first? How did that happen? Wasn't it because the Sapientia utilized a merit calculating system much like that one?

The only difference between this and that was that this Soul Tag would follow one for life while the Sapientia Tag only activated during Campaigns.

"This merit calculating system is only a passive observer. If it detects a merit, it will reward points. As for demerits, it has no ability to calculate such a thing. This is because the system can be turned on and off at a person's leisure. Although I have the ability to have it calculate demerits as well and always be on, I've deemed it inappropriate to do so."

The Clan Leaders nodded in agreement, appreciating Dyon's point of view.

"Should you accidentally forget to turn on your system or are unable to before an act of merit, then you can always provide proof of your feat through a system of Administration to be awarded your points."

Dyon looked around for a moment before he continued.

"Now, the main purpose of these Soul Tags aside from what's already been said is their ability to affiliate an individual with a certain Clan.

"Upon birth, a child will be connected to two families. The family of their mother and that of their father. The merit points a child earns can go to either clan depending on their choices. However, it must be noted that should this child have a child of their own in the future, this newborn will only be affiliated with that parent's paternal clan.

"For example, if a woman of an Elvin Clan marries a man of the Pakal Clan, their child will be affiliated with only the paternal clans of their parents by default. Should they want to acknowledge the maternal clans of their parents instead, they can once more go through a channel of Administration.

"This system is put in place so that individuals cannot become merit mercenaries, selling off their merits to the highest bidder, not because I believe that a father's clan is more important."

Chapter 1438: Sacharro

The Clan Leader's nodded in acknowledgement. Every Law of Order had its own reasons that they mostly accepted. It was clear a lot of thought went into them.

"While we're on the topic of such matters, marriage is another matter that is incredibly important. I want to emphasize how important consent of both parties is."

Patriarch Belmont blushed in slight shame when Dyon's gaze quickly swept over him. How could he forget how he took it upon him to "test" if Dyon was worthy of Madeleine? Even though he reprimanded Lionel for treating Madeleine as his own, he still had the audacity to do such a thing.

Thinking back, he was quite embarrassed. He was a parent to neither child, yet he stepped in as a third party parent to his son who was clearly a victim of unrequited love, and still had the audaciousness to test Dyon.

Of course, he felt that, back then, reason was on his side. Earth was in danger with enemies from all sides and Lionel and Madeleine were great talents. If Madeleine married Lionel, they'd have two individuals capable of wielding violet flames, which would have been a great boon.

But, seeing what kind of man Dyon became... The sort of person that could kill him without any effort... It was kind of embarrassing to even think about comparing his traitorous son to him.

"I know that this sort of Clan Hierarchy system incentivizes picking and choosing marriage mates and squandering the happiness of your offspring, but I'm telling you now that I won't tolerate such a thing.

"Marriage will be registered by the Administration. Wherein every case will be analyzed on a point by point basis. No marriage will be accepted if there is any evidence of subterfuge. Of course, if no Clans are involved and they are simply two unaffiliated individuals, the requirements will be much less stringent."

Dyon didn't believe he was going too far in this. With how much effort Clans usually put into marriage alliances, going through one more hoop wasn't too big of a deal.

But, he knew that this policy of his would create the most dissatisfaction. After all, it was a firmly ingrained in the culture of the martial world for the parents to decide the marriage of the child.

Unfortunately for them, Dyon was willing to die on this hill. Even seeing their dissatisfied expressions, he continued unperturbed.

"Up to now, I've mentioned this Administration 3 times. This branch of governance will be the first I establish. It will be known as the Mortal Administration and be responsible for rules and regulations. Everything from merit points, to title conferrals and Clan promotions and demotions.

"I'll be appointing my wife, Clara Sacharro as the Head of this branch. She has full authority to appoint and structure it as she sees fit.

"The next branch of governance I'll be appointing is the Ruling Branch. This branch will fall under the sole purview of the Sacharro Clan."

No one was very surprised by Dyon's words. If his Sacharro Clan fell under the same rules and regulations theirs did, then what reward would he receive for giving them a chance at greatness?

"The Head of the Sacharro Clan receives veto powers. There are only two methods to ignore this veto. The first is for 75% of Officials to disagree with the Sacharro Clan Head's decision. The second method is for a majority of Noble Title Holders to disagree.

"This second method will not come into effect until there are 2 individuals with a nobility title.

"The Head of the Sacharro Clan also receives the right to implement 3 new policies every Mortal Meeting. These will be called Ruling Orders and unlike other policy proposals, they only require 30% consensus to be passed as opposed to the normal 75% others will.

"The first Head of the Sacharro Clan will be myself. During my life, the Sacharro Clan's position cannot be removed from the Ruling Branch. I believe that I've earned the right for such a thing. However, after my death, this protection will be removed. As for the method of becoming the new Ruling Branch Clan, this is something that can be touched upon another time.

"However, since I'm sure that many of you might be secretly dissatisfied with this truth despite how shameless it is for you to have such thoughts, I've implemented another system.

"If you can find someone within 50 years old of myself that can defeat me in battle, I'll willingly abdicate. I guess that I'm about 60 years or so years old right now if I account for the time I spent there, so if anyone of 110 years or younger can defeat me, their Clan can replace my own."

Dyon smiled lightly, watching those who had their thoughts seen through blush in shame. Dyon's words were correct, what right did they have to covet the Ruling Branch for themselves? This was all built up by Dyon's hands. The mere fact he was even allowing them the chance to replace his Clan after his death was something no one else would do.

As of now, there really was no one who could defeat Dyon within such an age range. Amphorae was almost 160 years old now and even then, she was his wife and thus part of the Sacharro Clan. As for Zabia, he too spent a lot of time in the demon sage's mystical world, so he was over 500 years old already, while the Ipsum disciples were well over 1000 years old. The closest individual who fell within that age range and was powerful was Damaris, but they all knew how that turned out by now...

Dyon could even defeat their Clan Heads with a single finger, where would they find a youth capable of beating him? It was impossible. They could only forever give up the idea.

"After defeating me," Dyon continued as though he couldn't tell what their thoughts were at this point, "This individual must gain the support of 75% of Officials. If there are any nobles by then, they must also win over a majority of them as well."

Chapter 1439: Change

Dyon swept his eyes over them before continuing.

"The next branch I'll establish is this very assembly right here. This Mortal Hall will be known as the Judgement Branch. Not only will high profile crimes and sentences be tried here, but the laws and regulations that the Mortal Administration enforces will be decided here as well.

"Following this, the final branch will be known as the Conquerors Branch

"The Conqueror Branch will have a certain level of autonomy in waging war, although it is possible to veto their efforts should 60% of you here disagree.

"This branch will be led by the demon generals and myself. Military merits won't only be used to upgrade a Clan's standing, but it will also reflect one's military ranking.

"There will be four main factions within this branch. The Land Faction. The Air Faction. The Sea Faction. And The Array Alchemy Faction.

"The Land Faction will be composed of both warriors and land type beasts. Although they will be able to fight in the air as well due to the inherit abilities of cultivators, it will not be their specialization.

"Their rankings will be as followed: Foot Soldier, Squadron Captain of 10 men, Second Lieutenant of 100 men, First Lieutenant of 1000 men, Captain of 10 000 men, Major of 100 000 men, Colonel of 1 000 000 men, Vice Commander of 10 000 000 men, Commander of 100 000 000 men, General of 1 000 000 000 men, and finally, Commander General of 10 000 000 000 men.

"The Air Faction will follow these same rankings, but their role will be different. They will control not only winged beasts, but also specialized air ships. While the Land Faction can fight in the skies, it will be the Air Faction's duty to command the skies.

"The only rank above Commander General will be the starred Generals, but this will correspond to prestige and merit, not necessarily men commanded. Lower ranking positions will also be associated with stars as well."

These numbers seemed obscenely large, but the scope of war Dyon planned for the future wouldn't allow anything less.

The current population Dyon had command over was pitifully small at less than 15 000 000 000 total, compared to the goliaths Dyon would face in the future who could command trillions with a wave of a hand, this was nothing.

Plus, much of these individuals would never be able to fight on the battle field in any meaningful way due to them following poor paths of cultivation. Considering Dyon fused 11 planets worth of people together, this number truly was pitifully small.

As for the military, their numbers were even worse, sitting at a meager 3015, which was the combined total of the Demon Generals, the Ipsum disciples, Zabia and Dyon himself. They had a long way to go before they were prepared. After all, Dyon could just thrust anyone into the army...

"Then, there's the Sea Faction..."

"The Sea Faction will specialize in deep water battles..."

After learning of the Dark Ocean from Ri, Dyon realized that the number of otherworldly environments in the martial world were innumerable. How could Dyon, a mere mortal, ever imagine a day when he'd meet a vast ocean than spanned almost 30 universes total?

Now, imagine for a moment if Dyon came up against an enemy who was born and raised in such an environment? What would happen if he blindly charged, leading his army into the depths of the ocean? Wouldn't he be asking to be wiped out? What chance would he stand?

In line with this logic, Dyon had plans for numerous smaller factions that he would fit into these larger four main factions. He wanted to be prepared for any sort of environment whether it be the ocean floor, the depths of a volcano, or a chilling ice cap. He wanted an army capable of adapting to anything.

"The Sea Faction will prioritize the nurturing of water will path cultivators and water type beasts just as the Air Faction will prioritize wind will path cultivators and beasts. Much like the Air Faction, while the Land Faction could fight in the sea as well, it will be the Sea Factions' duty to dominate the seas.

"Their rankings will be as followed: Seaman, Naval Squadron Captain of 10 men, Naval Second Lieutenant of 100 men, Naval First Lieutenant of 1000 men, Naval Captain of 10 000 men, Naval Major of 100 000 men, Vice Commodore of 1 000 000 men, Commodore of 10 000 000 men, Rear Admiral of 100 000 000 men, Vice Admiral of 1 000 000 000 men, and finally, Admiral of 10 000 000 000 men.

"Much like the Air and Land Factions, Admirals will also have the opportunity to earn stars."

Dyon could see the skeptical look on the faces of those around him. Was it really necessary to invest so much in a task force tailored to the sea? It seemed a bit silly. After all, they weren't mortals, and this wasn't the mortal world. Whether it was land, sea, the air, or even the depths of space, cultivators could easily fight in them all.

However, Dyon didn't bother to explain. These were matters that could only prove their worth with time.

"Finally, there is the Array Alchemy Faction. This should be self-explanatory.

"Many of you have been bred to believe that alchemy and formation theory should be kept separate and apart, but this philosophy is wrong. Still, while I have my staunch beliefs in such things, I will allow youths to pick their own paths. As for those good enough to understand the value of fusing both principles, they will enter the Array Alchemy Faction.

"Though it has such a title, the Faction itself will recruit all secondary professions of the soul path. Their duty will be support. No... Their duty will be to provide the greatest support in war imaginable.

"However, the minimum requirement for entering this Faction is the title of Grandmaster. As things stand now, only my wife and I meet these standards. I hope that in the coming years, things will change."

Chapter 1440: Faster

In truth, Dyon planned for the minimum requirement to be that of a Comet Lord in the future. But, for now, he could only loosen the standard. Even the best of the former soul slaves were still middling around in the Master Realm, but, in just a few more years, even a few short months for the likes of Masada, they would slowly begin to meet Dyon's needs.

Eventually, Dyon envisioned an Array Alchemy Faction that stood above the guilds. Not just any Comet Lord could enter, only the best could enter. Only by attaching such pride and prestige to certain things could Dyon slowly brew a culture. But, he knew that he had to be careful, or else with that pride would come a sense of entitlement and elitism. It was a delicate balance.

"Now. I've spoken about the military factions that will be public knowledge, but there is one that won't be. As things stand now, the minimum requirement to learn the minor details of this faction will be the title of 4th Tier Official and you won't be able to influence its decisions until you become 7th Tier Officials. As things stand now, none of you are qualified. The only reason I've brought this up at all is for the sake of fairness and transparency. For now, you'll know this faction as The Shadows Faction.

"An Empire cannot be built in a day, but that doesn't mean it shouldn't have its own standards. Don't take these lofty goals that I've set as something to demoralize yourselves. Take them as motivation for a mountain peak you want to reach one day.

"I'll be giving you all ten years. For these ten years, you'll all be given the probationary privileges of a 1st Tier Clan. This is the advantage I will give you as founding members.

"During this time, you will receive that same benefits, resources, influence, and support, not to mention territory, as a 1st Tier Clan. Take this time to set your foundations, build up your youths, and entrench your roots. At the end of the 10 year period, those of you who have met the merit point bar for a 1st Tier Clan will be allowed to maintain this title, while those of you who don't will have your land and resources stripped."

Dyon's eyes burned with a fiery passion that lit a similar fire within those listening to him. His Presence affected them so much that they couldn't help but feel their hearts pump with desire.

This was their chance to rise up.

...

Dyon ended the first ever Mortal Meeting by wrapping up a few miscellaneous matters and small details.

First, he handled matters pertaining to the Soul Tags, scheduling with every Clan in attendance when to be prepared to receive their tags. It would still take quite a bit of time, even for Dyon, to form 15 billion Soul Tags. So he could only take things step by step since he was the only one capable of making them. It would likely take at least a year for everyone to be properly tagged, after this, he could start loosening the reins on everybody and allow them to grow.

With this also came setting up the tracking formations as well. They were far more difficult to make in comparison to Soul Tags due to the fact they had to work autonomously most of the time. Luckily, he only had to make one per Clan. As for those without Clans, or for small families, he would attach all of their Soul Tags to one big tracking formation at the Administrative Hall.

After dealing with this, Dyon began to mark off the land these clans would be able to occupy. As things stood now, everything was too loose and the borders weren't set well enough.

While a 9th Tier Clan would be allowed to rule over an entire universe, obviously, lesser Clans had far less territory.

1st Tier would be allowed about 5% of the land of a planet, 2nd Tier would receive 20% while a 3rd Tier would receive 50%. Once one becomes a 4th Tier Clan, they would be allowed dominion over an entire planet.

A 5th Tier Clan would be allowed control over a solar system while a 6th Tier Clan would be able to dominate a Star Cluster. 7th Tier Clans would control a galaxy. 8th Tier Clans would rule over a Galaxy Cluster. And finally, 9th Tier Clans would be given an entire universe to call their own.

This wasn't all either, every tier came with what Dyon called an 'Exploration Range'. This exploration range was often shared by multiple clans. The goal of a clan would be to, as the title states, explore this area, map it out, and seek resources.

These maps and resources are then sent to the Administration for merit points. In addition, for the resources, the Clans will be allowed to monopolize 30% for themselves.

Of course, there were also demerits assigned to those who chose to hide resources. However, this was also part of the reason Dyon assigned multiple Clans to the same exploration ranges. This way, if a clan wanted to cheat Dyon, they would have to hide the resources from the surrounding clans as well.

If they were found out, the punishment would be severe. But, if they simply handed the resources over as soon as they found them, they would be rewarded with 30%. Even a fool would know which path to choose.

This aside, Dyon did his best not to move Clans too far from where they had already settled, but for Clans like the Pakals who seemed dead set on pulling themselves away from everyone else, Dyon purposely moved them closer to the capital.

However, he wasn't blatant with these wishes of his. Dyon directly placed the most powerful Clans on Soul Planet, promising them territories personally designed and constructed by Meiyong herself. Everyone knew what a Meiyong constructed land meant... Not only would it look beautiful, but they'd even be able to cultivate faster!