

## **The Nameless 1441**

### Chapter 1441: Understand

Of course, the more clever individuals knew that Dyon was doing this so it was easier to keep an eye on his more powerful subordinates to make sure they weren't led astray, but they kept silent on this matter. After all, Dyon was compensating them well.

In order not to brew discontent, Dyon made it clear that those Clans who were selected for this privilege had already earned it.

For example, Caedlum Pakal not only had the Asura Faith Seed, he was a False True God. As such, he was rated as an S grade talent though – he didn't enter the academy – and a future pillar of Dyon's empire. Who could deny that his family deserved good treatment?

Dyon used similar logic to bring the Elves and the Jafari Clan to his side. He also officially enshrined the Ipsum Clan. Considering they had 5 dao experts, who would complain? They immediately became the strongest of the Clans without question. Though, they were lacking in members.

The final thing Dyon did before he adjourned the meeting was lay a foundation for those who might not have a Clan supporting them. After all, he himself didn't really have a Clan. How would he survive in an environment that was entirely dependent on the strength of your Clan?

For those individuals, he not only laxed the requirements for entering the Sects should they have started cultivating late, he also gave them priority in positions like Academy Instructor and some of the lesser posts of the Administration.

Up to now, the only way to earn the official title was to earn it through you Clan. For example, a 1st Tier Clan could only have one 1st Tier Official. However, Dyon created a path for those without Clans to become Officials as well, though it would be more difficult.

These individuals would have to earn a certain number of merits of all three kinds, meaning military merits, talents merits and contribution merits, plus they would have to have a certain number of total merits as well.

To become a 1st Tier Official without a Clan, one would need 100 military merits, 100 talents merits, and 100 contribution merits. And, they would have to have 1000 merits overall.

In this vein, Dyon added many support programs and also laid plans to increase the academy total from 3 per planet, to 10.

Like this, the First Mortal Meeting came to an end.

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The months continued to trickle by. By the time Dyon had spent a full year in Soul Rend Universe, even celebrating both Little Aiden's and Junior's birthdays, the Clans had finally settled into their own.

As things stood now, Dyon had 72 Clans under his charge, both large and small. On Soul Planet, however, there sat the Jafari Clan, the Ipsum Clan, the Elvin Clan, the Pakal Clan, the Mino Clan, the Belmont Clan, the Caedes Clan and finally, the Sacharro Clan.

Dyon decided to allow the Elves to fly under one banner. One had to remember that the reason they could all fit on a single island on Earth was because their birth rates were so poor. Elves were gifted with lifespans three times that of humans and beasts, but their birth rate was correspondingly lower as well.

This wasn't the only reason Dyon allowed this either. He still remembered all of those orphans without a family that he helped all those years ago. Although they had grown into their own by now, they didn't have any Clans supporting them. In this way, the Elves would be one and could help each other. Over time, their original bloodlines and names would start to lose their meaning.

At this moment, Caedlum was sitting on a platform in silence. As the reason his Clan could receive such good treatment, he was obviously given a sizeable piece of land to himself. Considering the Pakal Clan was now a probationary 1st Tier Clan, they had 5% of Soul Planet to themselves, leaving them with 25 million square kilometers of space. So, one could imagine the kind of freedom Caedlum had.

Caedlum's long black hair whipped silently in the wind, his red skin steaming as a product of his cultivation. All he had to do was open his eyes to be greeted by a vast ocean.

His chosen dwelling was built into the side of a cliff with nothing but raging white rapids below. To a mortal, such a place would be perilous, but to a cultivator, it was simply a beautiful sight to behold.

"I assume since you allowed me to detect you because you wanted to talk?" Caedlum suddenly said. He was a man of few words, but one of the minority of individuals he would allow to hear his voice was the man right before him now: Dyon Sacharro.

Dyon smiled lightly. "Of course, can't I come say hi to an old friend?"

"An old friend?" Caedlum opened his eyes, staring toward Dyon who stood in the air. "I'm not sure that I have any friends."

Dyon shook his head. The first time he met Caedlum, they had had a similar interaction. It seemed that the Pakal Clan's third young master wasn't fond of having friends at all.

Back then, the Pakals wanted to retrieve their stolen Blood Sacrifice Technique from the Ragnors, the very same one the Ragnors used to kill thousands of Focus Academy students all to open the Demon Sage's Legacy World.

Caedlum agreed to work with Dyon only because he knew that Madeleine was his girlfriend at the time and that Ava's father, the guardian of the Royal God Clan's family, would be in the mix as well. He made this clear back then, almost as if he wanted to ensure he remained at arm's length from Dyon.

"Still so cold." Dyon said, slightly amused.

"Why are you here?" Caedlum asked.

"I'm here to understand."

"Understand what exactly?"

"What your Pakal Clan is seeking. The Demon Sage you all worship is here, yet you haven't even asked me to see him a single time. You wanted to get revenge on the Emperor God Pakal Clan, did you not? Didn't you say that you wanted this revenge for the Demon Sage?"

"Well, now, not only have I brought the Demon Sage here, I've thrown the Emperor God Pakal Clan into chaos, and I've taken the Demon Sage's daughter as my woman. So, tell me, why is it that the Pakal Clan seems to want nothing to do with me when we're so intertwined now? By all rights, the Matriarch of your Clan is technically my wife, after all, no?"

#### Chapter 1442: Vacation

From the very beginning, the Pakal Clan, much like the Elvin Clan, split into two, the weaker of which fled to Dyon's home. It was in large part due to Dyon that the Pakals chose to side with the Belmont Clan instead of siding with the Ragnors. So, Dyon was truly confused by their behavior.

Caedlum looked up at Dyon. "What makes you think that the Pakal Clan is pulling away from you? This is just how we've always been. If Mistress Amphorae Sacharro wants to come back and rule our clan, we also wouldn't be in any real position to stop her as she technically is the most qualified."

Dyon felt that this conversation was getting him nowhere. He wanted to make Caedlum one of his commanding Demon Generals, but how could he when his personality was like this?

Although Dyon had set up military factions, he didn't dissolve the Demon Generals. Instead, they were in prime position for leadership roles. But, he really had no idea how to crack this Caedlum character.

Suddenly, Caedlum coughed awkwardly. Dyon could swear he saw a blush, but considering Caedlum's skin was red, it was too difficult to tell.

"Since you're here, I was wondering if you had seen Demon General Ava Sicarius. Thadius suggested that I learn some socializing skills from her since she was able to ingratiate herself with the Demon Generals so quickly."

At that moment, Dyon suddenly remembered the last time he had seen Caedlum display a burst of emotion. Back then, Dyon had mentioned that the daughter of the Sicarius Clan Head went to Focus

Academy. Now that he thought about it, Caedlum's reaction had been a bit too... Excited hearing such words.

After knowing Caedlum for such a long time, he wasn't someone who would normally react like that even if the world was falling apart.

Thinking this far, Dyon suddenly grinned. It seemed he was blowing a small problem out of proportion. Caedlum was just suffering from unrequited love.

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On yet another day of Dyon's extended vacation, he lay to the back of Soul Palace once more, half asleep.

"Why didn't you tell me about the Shadows Faction?" Clara suddenly asked.

By now, it had been several weeks since Dyon spoke to Caedlum and it seemed Clara finally couldn't hold in her questions any longer. Not to mention the family heads, no one but Dyon knew the details of the Shadows Faction.

This was an odd feeling for Clara who had technically drafted more than 90% of the current laws of their Mortal Alliance. She had known that Dyon refined a lot of the smaller details, but adding a whole faction unbeknownst to her was a bit shocking.

Dyon laughed. "You know more about it than you think."

"What is it?" Clara asked.

"How can we hope to conquer lands quickly without information? The reason no one ever succeeded in creating an Emperor God Clan in a single lifetime wasn't because no one was powerful enough, it was because the scope of the martial world is too large.

"Think about it. When we lived in the mortal realm, we didn't even understand all the truths of our planet alone. Even the solar system was incomprehensibly large to us, while the universe was our infinite. Even if we have millions of lifetimes, we couldn't delve into the secrets of them all."

Clara nodded, she of course knew the value of information.

"Now imagine blindly trying to conquer a universe. You know nothing about its structure, or even the location of your enemies. You might even have to blindly jump from star to star, looking for life.

"To make matters worse, our lives as cultivators are actually long enough for the life cycle of universes to affect us. Maybe not insofar as its death, but we definitely have to worry about planetary and star orbits. If we spend thousands of years attempting to conquer a single universe, suddenly, the landscape we thought we knew so well would become a completely different one."

This wasn't even something Dyon thought of until his master told him the location of the celestial deer sect's remaining legacy.

Back then, Esmeralda hadn't described an exact location, but instead she said this:

"According to the year it is, and calculating the orbits of the universes, planets and galaxies..." The 25th White Mother spoke quickly, using an ancient calculation means to provide Dyon the exact position of the Legacy World.

"You don't have to be in too much of a hurry. Orbits of such large bodies are very slow, so at least for the next ten thousand years, the position I've given you won't be too far from what I've told you. But, you'll have to recalculate the position of the planet when the time comes, or else you'll have to search the entire solar system."

It was then that Dyon realized that the scope of what he was undertaking was beyond his imagining. How could he coordinate billions, even trillions, of warriors with any sort of consistency in that sort of situation?

In this case, Dyon was only dealing with a single legacy that wasn't moving, but what if he suddenly had to deal with dozens of powerful enemies with hundreds of subordinate clans spread across countless solar systems. Just how would he deal with that?

He needed information. He needed it quickly and he needed it efficiently. If he didn't get it, he could forget about ever accumulating enough Fate to match the entity in battle.

A single campaign might last hundreds of years, larger ones might even last thousands, this was why largescale wars normally didn't continue past the Gates. It simply took too much out of both sides.

But, what would happen if you suddenly had information to the tiniest details about your enemies? If you could meticulously lay traps time and time again, and rout them completely?

This was what Dyon was after!

#### Chapter 1443: Little Scouts

"The Shadows Faction is our information network. You've laid down the groundwork for it already by creating the Sapientia Network. Once we implement phase 3, it will become too large a problem for the Sapientia to water down themselves. At that point, they can only accept the reality."

Clara's eyes widened. "Phase 3!" How could she had forgotten about phase 3?

The first phase was a one-sided affair, it allowed the Sapientia Clan to disseminate information to the people. Because of the control they felt, the Sapientia felt comfortable. Nothing had changed, they were still controlling information and making money hand over fist.

However, that was when Clara and Dyon implemented phase two. At first, the Sapientia had been slightly reluctant, but after seeing just how much money they were making, they allowed it. In fact, without this steady stream of funds, Dyon would have already run dry by now. But now, his vaults were overflowing with so much money that he was actually worrying about how to spend it all efficiently.

Then, there was phase 3... This was a point where the Sapientia would lose almost all control over the behemoth they helped create. And, it would allow Dyon and Clara to suddenly infiltrate the affairs of all 100+ tower quadrants with a simple thought!

"That isn't enough, though." Clara said after thinking a while. "Who knows how long it will take for Clans to begin trust the Sapientia Network with their most hidden secrets? Cultivators simply aren't like mortals. Their memories are too good to need to store things consistently, and their lives are too long, making them quite stubborn."

Dyon smiled. "The 3rd Phase is just one part. The second part are our little scouts."

"Little scouts?" Clara looked toward Dyon in confusion. "Oh!"

It was at that moment that Clara finally remembered. Almost 9 years ago now, Dyon had Sarid, Aoife and Stella capture hundreds of thousands of rodent type beasts in exchange for pills and techniques they might want. Sure, Dyon was exploiting child labor, but one couldn't deny that the results were fantastic.

During this past near decade, Dyon had been diligently nurturing these rodents, improving their body constitutions and potential ceilings.

Dyon's purpose was quite lofty. He wanted to create an army of celestial hamsters capable of scouting out universes he planned to attack. If he could accomplish such a goal, the boon would be unimaginable.

One had to know that even a Higher Existence couldn't sense the presence of Little Yang and Yin now unless they specialized in time will. And, it had to be known that Little Yang and Yin weren't even fully mature yet. They were mere babies in the large scheme of things and had yet to unlock their battle bloodlines.

This said, it also had to be noted that the twins were royals. As such, their abilities far exceeded that of other celestial hamsters due to their prestigious bloodline. However, that didn't mean fostering other celestial hamsters would be useless, it just meant that it would take time for them to show their full potential.



It had to be known that while only a bit less than 9 years passed in the true timeline, Dyon had been fostering these rodents for almost 100 years now. 53 years within Chaos Universe, plus 25 years within the Demon Sages Mystical World, not to mention another 5 or so years since he left that universe entirely!

The best of the bunch had slowly crept to the top in this way. Now, the best of them could even be considered Heaven Grade beasts. Still, this was a far cry from the peak supreme grade beasts Little Yang and Yin were.

At this point one might point to the Fate Breaking Pill. Why was it that Dyon hadn't used it yet? After all, he had a vat of supreme grade celestial hamster blood. What was he waiting for?

Well, there were two main issues with this.

The first was that the ingredients for the barrier breaking pill didn't grow on just any tree. It took Dyon decades to find all the pieces he needed, and even then, it was only because of the golden flame mystical world's existence that he was finally able to complete it.

As things stood now, Dyon only had enough material to concoct 12 batches of barrier breaking pills, which thanks to the Battle Cauldron, would total 120 pills in all. One of which had already been used by his mother in law.

The second issue was that simply taking the barrier breaking pill tempered into fate breaking pill didn't guarantee success.

One had to remember that the kitsune were already supreme grade beasts, despite their being in decline. On top of this, Kawa was both a faith seed wielder and a nine tailed kitsune. She was already a small distance, relatively speaking, in comparison to the lofty celestial fox.

However, comparing the rodents within the Belmont Catacombs to the celestial hamsters was like comparing shit to gold. The gap between a common grade beast and a supreme grade one was simply unimaginable.

The mere concept of breaking a barrier accepts the premise that a barrier must be broken. This barrier would logically be stronger the more heaven defying a change you want to undergo. If Dyon fed a barrier breaking pill baptized in celestial hamster blood to a mere common grade rodent, not only would he waste the pill, the beast would die as well.

This said... Dyon had a cheat. A beautiful treasure that fell from the Immortal Plane: The Demon Sage Tower!

While the first floor allowed one to allow weapons to swallow each other to raise their grades, the second floor allowed beasts to raise their grade by fusing with blood!

The heaven defying act of this floor was that it didn't require blood essence to work, normal blood would work just fine. However, should you go a step further and utilize blood essence... let alone supreme grade blood essence... The results could be imagined!

#### Chapter 1444: Lightly

This was what Dyon had been doing. For almost 100 years, every day, he would send a batch of the rodents to the second floor. He would then provide them with a quarter of a drop of celestial hamster blood and allow them to incubate.

Over this time, many of the rodents died. Although Dyon tried to treat them as humanely as possible, there was only so much he could do. He treated them well while they weren't in incubation, feeding them foods they could never dream of, but he could only imagine the amount of pain they endured on the second floor. Still, Dyon couldn't allow a frail heart to act as a roadblock to him.

However, it had paid off. Of the original several hundred thousand, only just above 6000 remained. 5000 of them had progressed to the Earth Grade, while the remaining 1000 had entered the Heaven Grade. In fact, there were about 50 poised to break that final wall and transcend.

Once they became transcendent grade beasts, Dyon would finally be confident enough to feed them the Fate Breaking Pill. If he succeeded, the war drums would finally begin to beat. His first true campaign would begin.

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The months seemed to flow like water. Still, the name Dyon Sacharro remained at the tips of everyone's tongue. How could it be so easy to forget the name of a such a man?

True Gods were existences who had the highest chance of becoming Higher Existences in the future, unless word of their death spread, they would never be forgotten!

Still, Dyon didn't seem to care that the public was awaiting his arrival. He spent his days either slowly nurturing his empire, or teasing his wives. It became a simple time for him.

Eventually, the anxiety he felt drained away day after day. His spirit was overwhelmed by a sense of calm and comfort. That fiery, youthful spirit that always seemed ready to flame to life became smaller.

These days, Dyon remembered memories of his father a lot. A cold, stoic man who didn't seem to have any emotions of his own.

Yet, it was that same man that always wrapped his arms around him as a child, that same man who was a sturdy shoulder Dyon could always lean upon.

Though Dyon was now far more powerful than his father had ever been in a literal sense, he felt that he was leagues away from General Sacharro in terms of character. How sad such a reality was when he had already lived more than double the length of time his father had.

This was why Dyon realized the pursuit of power was too blinding. He wasted so many years of his life chasing after something that, maybe, wasn't entirely meaningless, but definitely wasn't what was most important. He lacked the perspective a mortal with a short life would have... He took his time for granted.

Dyon came to understand this just a short time ago. It was for this reason that he chose to name his fledging empire the Mortal Alliance... It was why he named their convening the Mortal Meeting and also why he called their place of evolution the Mortal Hall.

He never wanted to forget what he learned in these years again. He never wanted to forget what it meant to be Mortal, because in a lot of ways, the weak were far more impressive than the strong.

Dyon had no way of knowing for sure, but he had a feeling that if his father had faced the reality of the Chaos Flame, that he wouldn't have flinched. Dyon's father was the very man who, even as a mortal, faced the threats of the martial world with his back as straight as a line between the earth and heavens. That was the kind of man Dyon aspired to be...

On this particular day, two years after Dyon returned from the golden flame mystical world, he suddenly shot into the skies and roared at the top of his lungs.

Not just Soul Planet, but even the very solar system it sat in seemed to quake under his might.

The barrier to Emperor grade Presence shattered for the second time in Dyon's life, causing a qualitative change within himself.

Even without cultivating for even a moment during these past two years, Dyon's strength had suddenly leapt forward by an unimaginable degree.

What did it mean for an individual who had their Presence fused into every fiber of their being to suddenly break such a watershed barrier? Even Dyon didn't know just yet, but he was itching to find out.

"It's time." Dyon looked up into the skies, seemingly oblivious to the countless individuals below looking up to him in reverence.

By now, the outer sect was flowing with disciples. Although they could only count as a few hundred, a drop in the bucket compared to the monstrous Clans Dyon planned to face, the growth was undeniable.

This time was complete unlike the past where Dyon was just a fleeting legend they knew little about. After two years, Dyon became an idol not just the disciples, but even normal citizens revered. His Laws of Order had caused a wave of change, change that almost resulted in him being worshiped as a God.

Dyon looked down, smiling lightly to the disciples below before disappearing.

As though his roar had been a call, numerous familiar faces began to gather in Soul Hall. His wives, Meiying, and even many of the Demon Generals were no exception.

"Boss, it's about time!" Thadius boisterously laughed. "The celestial floors are in chaos, you know things always get wild when a ranking tournament is coming up soon. Everybody's scrambling for a place."

What Thadius didn't say was that the Tower was synced with Ancient Battlefield. No one knew how exactly they were connected or related, but what was clear was that every time the Ancient Battlefield prepped itself to be opened, the Tower would respond in kind. The result was a free for all the likes of which even the powerful wouldn't come out unscathed.

Dyon smiled. Although he didn't say a word, everyone could sense the change in his eyes. An oppressive, almost uncontrollable aura spilled from him, even his skin seemed to glow.

'Did he get more handsome again?' The three sister wives looked at each other before giggling lightly.

"Master Sacharro, it's been two years, can you unseal me now?" Damaris suddenly called out, her pleading voice lightening the atmosphere and causing an airy laughter.

With a wave of his hand, Damaris was lightened of her burden. A repressed Draconic aura swept through the hall, but it seemed to be immediately stifled by Dyon's Presence. In fact, Dyon pretended as though he hadn't sensed anything at all.

"I guess it's about time we go wreak some havoc again..." He said softly. "... It seems they've been taking the Demon Generals too lightly lately..."

Chapter 1445: Here

For many, the idea of stepping onto the celestial floors is a lifelong dream. With the age capped on the saint floors at just 1000 years old, one could imagine just how few manage to make this dream a reality.

To those like Dyon who had their sights set high, the idea of becoming a celestial was just a shrug worthy affair, even with this age cap taken into account. However, for more than 50% of the tower quadrants, becoming a celestial was all that there was. One might not come across a single dao formation expert until you crossed into the top 60 quadrants, and even then, it would only be one or two.

It wasn't until one reached the top 40 quadrants that dao experts became a bit more commonplace, but how could they not still be rare existence? Plus, with the age cap of the celestial floors being 5000 years old, many of those so-called experts were no longer able to enter the tower at all.

Due to all of these factors, the celestial floors became a watershed for many, where stepping onto its grounds was akin to marking your name in history.

The importance of the celestial floors couldn't be understated. The treasures found on its grounds were the foundation by which clans were built. As such, their competition, in some ways, was even fiercer than what you'd find on the dao floors.

Knowing all of this, it was no wonder why the doors to the celestial floor never tired of spectators. This was only helped by the fact they hung so close to Central City.

Central City was just as bustling as ever. Since the last time Dyon met Ri here after more than 13 years in his trials, he had yet to come back. It wasn't because he hated the place, but he simply didn't have the time.

Because of how successful the opening of the celestial deer corner had been, Central City had honestly taken quite a bit of a hit. In the past, its structures might have clearly outshone Meiying's architecture. But, after constant eras of modification and changes, it had become a normal city that, although was better than most, wasn't good enough to be considered among the best.

Still, there was one attraction that Central City had that Dyon couldn't match. Well, two.

The first was that this was a city that hung in the skies. No matter what Dyon did to his corner, there was a level of beauty to that that he could never match.

The second were the Celestial Doors!

Hanging from the northern face of Central City, seven magnificent doors, each larger than the last, sat in the skies.

With the largest in the center, the doors shrunk in size as one looked outward. These doors were none other than the representation of the seven trial difficulties. Viscount, Earl, Marquise, Duke, King, Emperor, and finally, the central door, God.

"Do you think anything exciting is going to happen today?" A young man asked in anticipation.

His quadrant rank wasn't too bad, ranking in the 40s. Since he had just completed his trials, becoming a Duke, he was highly excited to start involving himself in the Epistemic Tower culture. He thought that the best way to do this was to set a goal for himself, so he immediately came to the Celestial Doors, hoping to catch a glimpse of something special.

"You missed out kid." Someone nearby replied. "Just a few days ago, True God Hydra took his, and a couple years before that, True God Anak took on the God Celestial Door and passed in just ten moves. We haven't seen a display like that since True God Tatsuya from 5 or so years back. Now, of the True Gods, only True God Sacharro remains on the saint floor."

The young man fell to despair. Since he wasn't very talented, it took him over 30 years to finish his Duke trials, so not to mention Dyon, he hadn't even heard of Anak or Falkor before. He was also shocked to see everyone carrying around array tablets that swirled with news and information. It wasn't until he got one for himself that he suddenly caught up with all the stories of the past two decades.

So, though he had never seen their exploits personally, he revered them just like everyone else. If only he had finished his trial a few days earlier, he would have seen something spectacular!

Another individual sighed. "Before, we weaklings would have never been able to get any information on what was happening on the celestial floors, but now with the Sapientia Network, it's almost like we're there. True God Sacharro is falling too far behind, with the faction wars heating up so much, if he doesn't step onto the celestial floors soon, there'll be problems."

Many nodded in agreement. While Falkor and Anak had Clans who already had presence on the celestial floors and could thus do much of the work for them, everyone knew that the natives of the celestial deer quadrant had only just reappeared. Plus, there were numerous reports of the Demon Generals getting beaten back continuously. If it wasn't for the tower rules protecting a quadrant's right to a minimum amount of land, the Demon Generals wouldn't have anything to defend at all.

The celestial floors weren't like the saint floors. The gap between experts was simply too large. Many were skeptical if Dyon could make a difference even if he did appear.

It was at that moment that a Golden Yacht streaked through the skies without any care for Central City's no flying rule.

Those in attendance looked up in awe, their eyes lighting up with excitement.

"True God Sacharro is here!"

Dyon's appearance caused a massive stir. News spread like wildfire, it wasn't long until the Sapientia posted on their own personal forum about his appearance.

For matters that were newsworthy, but not necessarily worth an entire article to themselves, the Sapientia made use of the forum system the second phase implemented, allowing quick snapshots of recent events. It wasn't long before many started rushing toward Central City. By the time Dyon was in range to see the Celestial Doors clearly, the crowd size had tripled.

The golden yacht shrunk in size, disappearing into Dyon's body.

Chapter 1446: Call You?

"Wait, what just happened?" Someone within the crowd asked in shock.

"What are you losing your mind over?"



"You idiot, don't you understand? The only treasures that can disappear into and fuse with the body are supreme grade ones. But, it's only possible to do this after you've refined it to 100%. How can someone who just became a celestial refine a supreme grade treasure to 100%?!"

These words were like a bomb over the crowd. It took even dao experts hundreds of years to fully refine high level supreme grade treasures, how did Dyon do it?!

The shock was so palpable that they almost didn't notice the domineering lineup Dyon appeared with. However, it only took but a moment for the stifling pressure to force them to silence.

Dyon stood at the helm, his demeanor incredibly relaxed. He wore his usual crisp, blemishless white shirt along with black sweats rolled to his calves. His gait was casual as he strolled through the air, acting as though the several kilometer drop below his bare feet was actually nothing more than a paved carpet.

Directly to his back, 11 valiant warriors stood. Each of them wore sleek black armor, even the women among them. Unlike what one might expect, the female Demon Generals weren't scantily clad. Instead, their armor was slimmer, clinging to their curves and carrying a feminine air, but still protecting them just as much as the male armor did.

Everyone's eyes couldn't help but contract when their eyes laid on these 11... They were absolute experts! Though the crowd didn't know it now, each and every one of them was a 10th Order warrior!

These were none other than Dyon's Vice Commanders. Before, there had only been ten of them: Gaylia, Graya, Halaena, Kaeda, Maaleshiira, Aredhel, Jassin, Ithirae, Juornos, and Celeborn.

However, there was now and eleventh. Giralda!

There was a faint familiarity others felt when they laid eyes on Giralda. Her crystalline like hair, her valiant, draconic aura, those eyes shimmering in light pinks, violets, and blues. She was an absolute beauty the likes of which were rarely seen.

That said, this wasn't the reason she stood out. Whether it was Gaylia, Graya, Halaena, Kaeda or Maaleshiira, they were all beauties that didn't lose out to Giralda or Dyon's wives in the least. It was just that when others looked at Giralda, they felt they were looking at a slumbering dragon!

Even behind these 11, more than 2000 others stood. Though their black armor didn't have the same hues of gold as the Vice Commanders, they each exuded their own valiant aura. Not a single one of them stood was below the 6th Order in combat prowess!

It was only now that everyone below began to understand. The Demon Generals currently on the celestial floors couldn't even be considered the cream of the crop.

In truth, Dyon had only sent a few dozen Demon Generals to the celestial floors so that he wouldn't be walking in blind. But it seemed that the world took it to mean that that was all he had.

One had to remember that the Demon Generals were talents that the Demon Sage himself had hand selected across space and time. While he fledged between timelines, he plucked all the outstanding geniuses he could find who didn't have homes of their own.

Simply put, had [Inner World: Sanctuary] not been such a difficult technique to train in, every single last one of Dyon's Demon Generals would be Gods! The absolute worst of them would be of the 8th grade, with the vast majority being of the 9th.

However, Dyon knew how important [Inner World: Sanctuary] was. The trade off in cultivation speed and combat prowess would be well worth it when they began to attack other universes. Only with [Inner World: Sanctuary] could they somewhat ignore universe and quadrant-level suppression.

Just as Dyon was about to wave his arm and allow the Demon Generals to begin their trials to enter the celestial floor, he paused.

His gaze turned back to notice a flock of a dozen or so individuals streaking through the skies. Their origin? Sapientia Tower. Their leader? Aritzia Sapientia.

The golden eyed beauty seemed just as relaxed and in command as she usually was. Dyon remembered when he first met her... It was within the Valley of Geniuses. Back then, she had been standing before Lillianna's statue. She was also the one who told him about the history of the Holy Princesses.

Of course, back then, Dyon had been in his masked wife stealer disguise. So, this was this and that was that. Aritzia didn't know he was both individuals, so the reason she was coming over this time had to have a completely different purpose entirely.

Since he was curious, Dyon decided to wait. It wasn't long before Aritzia stood about 5 meters from him, followed by a group of Sapientia Clan disciples, each with slightly colored, crystal frames glasses.

Aritzia smiled, "Should I call you True God Sacharro? Or Moon Lord Sacharro?"

The crowd was shocked by Aritzia's word.

In reality, Dyon had revealed that he was a Moon Lord years, ago, yet no one spoke of it. He couldn't be bothered to care about the why. If he went out of his way to disseminate this information, it would make him look desperate. So, he said nothing.

In the end, news like the death of God Goldeen overshadowed many things. Although Christian III wasn't a True God, he was still a God, an existence many couldn't even fathom. With that title came prestige that was only a tick below that of a True God. Normally, geniuses of his caliber wouldn't die so early. It was no wonder the finer details got lost in the shuffle. After all, Dyon revealed his identity as a Moon Lord less than 1 year into the mystical world's first phase, while God Goldeen died near the end. It was obvious which news was at the forefront of everyone's mind.

But now, Aritzia let it all lay bare.

Chapter 1447: 30%

Dyon shrugged, his hands not leaving his pockets. "Both are true."

Dyon's words caused Aritzia's brows to furrow slightly. This wasn't because he said anything rude, or because he was dismissive. Rather, his words made Aritzia feel like something was tugging at her heart strings, as though he was subtly manipulating her emotions. But, it was clear and obvious that Dyon wasn't using a charming technique. There weren't even any energy fluctuations coming from him.

How could Aritzia know that this was because Dyon's Presence had fused into every fiber of his being, including his voice. It was possible for him to force people into despair, or raise their morale to inconceivable heights with just a few words.

'She's quite sharp.' Dyon chuckled to himself lightly.

"I'm sure Lady Aritzia didn't come here to ask me such a question, correct?"

Aritzia shook her head, trying to clear her mind. No matter how handsome Dyon was, she wouldn't lose herself like this for no reason. But, she didn't know what that reason could be.

In reality, it was simple. Aritzia's cultivation was too far lacking in comparison to Dyon's. In addition, since she gave up her right as key wielder, the best Sapientia protective treasures went to their current God and not her.

These truths in combination with the fact that Dyon's Presence was far stronger than those of a similar level to him, and it was a recipe for her disaster.

Suddenly, Aritzia's eyes laid upon Giralda. In her confused mind state, it felt as though a bolt of lightning had descended from the skies.

"Giralda? Giralda Agios?!"

That name rang like thunder in the ears of everyone here. Giralda? She was a True God, was she not? No one knew what happened to her. Suddenly, one day, her name disappeared from the rankings and the Agios Clan's Key became Damaris'.

Now, she had suddenly reappeared, but as one of Dyon's Demon Generals? That was impossible!

When those words left Aritzia's mouth, she felt like kicking herself. What was wrong with her today?! She would normally never let such an important piece of information out. She would usually keep it for herself and see if it was possible to exploit it for her own gain. But she had actually made such a rookie mistake.

"My name is Giralda Ricci." Giralda responded lightly, her voice as smooth as water. She seemed unperturbed by the scrutiny she was receiving.

Dyon nor Giralda bothered to explain anything, but Giralda's words were enough. Her name change, especially to such an odd, niche name, definitely meant that she had married. The reason she was with Dyon now likely meant that someone among Dyon's Clan or even among his Demon Generals had taken Giralda's heart.

This made perfect sense. Since Giralda decided to enter a new Clan, of course she would send the key back to her paternal Clan, leaving it for her little sister to take. And, back then, over 200 years ago now, there was no Sapientia Network. And, even if there was, what reason did Giralda have to tell everyone her business? Who she married was up to her.

Plus, with the eccentric nature of most dragons, the elders hadn't even batted an eye when Giralda disappeared. They just assumed she wanted to go off and start her own Clan like many dragon and qilin youths did.

"I see. I apologize for my rudeness." Aritzia bowed in embarrassment. She couldn't remember the last time she blushed. Yet, it had happened today, all because of this man. "I wish you happiness."

Giralda nodded lightly but didn't say anything more. There was no point.

Clearing her throat, Aritzia continued. "I came here today to ask for cooperation." She said, turning her attention toward Dyon. "Although your Clan might look down on us, we tower quadrants do indeed have a very scarce supply of Moon Lords. Not just that, but also the quality of our goods are far lacking in comparison to you."

Normal Clans would never admit these things out loud, and definitely not in public. They would rather save face by calling for a private meeting. However, this fit perfectly with the public face of the

Sapientia. They were meant to be a neutral clan, not fighting for anything other than the pursuit of knowledge. So, lowering themselves in front of an audience like this was actually to their benefit.

Dyon smiled. "So, you would like me to help raise the standard of the Sapientia Guilds?"

"Yes, if you could do so, we'll be willing to compensate you accordingly."

"Are you sure you're aware of the value of my knowledge?" Dyon asked lightly.

"We've all seen the majesty of the Celestial Deer Corner, how could I not?"

"Good." Dyon nodded. "I'll help you in exchange for 30% share of the Sapientia Network."

A cold wind seemed to blow following Dyon's words. The combination of the shock of the crowd and the Sapientia, and the deadpan expression of Dyon and the Demon Generals, only made the atmosphere all the more stifling.

A True God's words were heavy, but what he was actually asking for made them all the heavier.

By now, the Sapientia Network had grown into an absolute behemoth. Just based on the fees needed to take part in the second phase, the Network as a whole was bringing in the revenue a top 20 quadrant brought in, in a year, in just a single month!

In fact, it was still expanding wildly. It seemed like every other day, some business savvy individual would come up with a new idea. Now, there were forums for everything from typical auctions, to brothels, to even mercenary services.

The longer the Sapientia Network stayed active, the more trust people began to place into it, and thus the greater it became. It wouldn't be more than 10 years before the Sapientia Network's revenue matched a top 10 quadrant, and no more than a hundred before it made what the top 3 quadrants made in a year consistently.

## Chapter 1448: Worth?

[Author's Note: The gap in wealth between a top 20 quadrant and a top 10 to 3 one is that large.]

It was no wonder Dyon was overflowing with more money than he knew what to do with. As things stood now, he only had to support a single universe. On top of that, the singular universe he was supporting wasn't even filled to capacity like much of the top tier quadrants experienced.

In addition to this, there were only about 8-9 more months before the Dark Ocean was completely sealed off, which would cause Dyon's wealth to reach an unimaginable level. And this was even before phase three was implemented!

Yet, he was asking for 30%!

This was shocking enough already, but Dyon and his Demon Generals knew something Aritzia and the Sapientia did not. While the Sapientia controlled 70% now, who was it that controlled 30%? Was it not Dyon's very own wife, Clara? If they signed over 30% to Dyon now, it would be the equivalent of handing 60% of the Sapientia Network to the Sacharro Clan! By then, their fates would be sealed.

"This... That's quite an ask." Aritzia hollowly chuckled. In any other circumstance, she wouldn't have even flinched at such a high asking price. Instead, she would smile and laugh, maintaining proper decorum. But, unfortunately, Dyon had thrown her mind out of focus, forcing her into a state where she couldn't control her own emotions.

"Is it? I don't think so. I was actually planning on asking for 50% originally." Dyon responded. "The fact you feel this way only means that you definitely do not understand the value of my knowledge."

Dyon shrugged. "I don't blame you. You don't seem to have much knowledge of what it means to be a Moon Lord at my age."

Aritzia's brows twitched, not liking what Dyon was insinuating. "Are you aware of how much the Sapientia Network is worth? Are you aware of why it's called the Sapientia Network to begin with? Do you believe my clan to be so narcissistic that it would slap its name onto an invention created by Comet Lord Gallagher?"

"Mm." Dyon nodded. "You're saying that the Network only has value because the people trust your clan. Except, you're wrong."

"I guarantee you that neither the Star Clan, the Sprite Clans, nor the Dragon Clans, trust your Sapientia Clan even the smallest bit. In fact, just listing 3 is a bit of an understatement, in my view. Yet, did they not also begin to use your Network?"

Aritzia began to feel like she was losing control of the conversation. It wasn't in her or her Clan's best interest that such things became public knowledge. They relied too much on laymen blindly believing in their integrity.

"Let's leave that alone for a moment. Let me ask you some questions instead." Dyon smiled. Seeing Aritzia sigh in relief, he knew he had firmly gained the upper hand. "Are you aware of what the celestial deer corner sells? Are you aware of the revenue it generates? Do you believe that we need it?"

Dyon's words struck Aritzia one after another, leaving her speechless.

"We only sell pills that Sapientia don't monopolize the market on. Do you really believe that I don't have superior recipes to pills you already sell? Or is it that you believe we are afraid of a Clan of Librarians?"

Those watching Dyon's mighty display couldn't help but intake a sharp breath. Afraid of the Sapientia Clan? How could a Clan capable of breeding a genius like Dyon be afraid of such a thing?

"If I so chose, the Sapientia wouldn't be able to sell a single pill, weapon, or array to anyone. I could suffocate you to the point of bankruptcy with a single thought."

Dyon's words grew more imposing, a calm Presence wafting out from within him as the flickering lights of moon qi slowly rose into existence.

"But," Dyon's imposing aura vanished in an instant, "I have no desire to do such a thing. The only reason I began selling pills in celestial corner to begin with was to reaccumulate the Faith my Sacharro Clan has been sorely lacking."



"But now, you've come to me, asking for my knowledge. And yet, you have no concept of what that knowledge is worth.

"You tell me, Lady Aritzia Sapientia, how much is everything the Sapientia have built to now worth? How much are your alchemy, formation, and weapon's master guilds worth?

"Since you've decided to piss me off, how much do you think your Sapientia Clan's place in this martial world is worth?"

Dyon didn't seem to care for Aritzia's response. For the first time in her life, Aritzia felt completely ignored. Could it really be that Dyon didn't care for her or her emotions at all?

"Begin!" Dyon's voice roared like thunder. "I've heard that quite a few individuals have been running their mouths. Let them know who the Demon Generals are."

In that moment, the deadpan Demon Generals roared into the skies, Presences of untold magnitudes layering atop each other to quake Central City itself.

The 2000 Demon Generals behind Dyon surged forward, leaving only himself and the 11 Vice Commanders. Those around watched in shock as they headed toward the doors, not just because of their powerful display, but also because not a single one approached a door ranked below Emperor!

The crowd couldn't believe what they were seeing. Weren't Dukes supposed to be rare? And if Dukes were rare, what did that mean for Kings? And if it meant that for Kings, then what about Emperors?!

Dyon knew the reality of the matter well. A large majority of his Demon Generals had only completed King trials, with only the Vice Commanders having completed Emperor trials.

So, despite this, why was it that they all swarmed the Emperor grade door? It was simple. King wasn't their limit!

One had to remember that much like Dyon, his Demon Generals took their trials with their cultivation sealed! However, unlike Dyon, they didn't have the innate comprehension of array alchemy needed in order to perfectly clear the second trial, nor did they have the Demon Sage's blood essence to rely upon to strengthen their bodies. Many of the Demon Generals weren't body path cultivators, or, at the very least, it wasn't their absolute focus. Yet, they were all forced to rely on nothing but their bodies to pass their trials!

One might think that Dyon was at a disadvantage during his trials, but the reality was that his Demon Generals were handicapped even more so!

Chapter 1449: Now.

An army of sentinels appeared before the Emperor Gate, charging toward Dyon's army of Demon Generals with impunity.

There were two stages to the Celestial Doors. Only after passing both would one be allowed to leave the saint floor and cross into the celestial floors. Depending on the Door you chose and the level of perfection of your passing, you would receive certain advantages on the Celestial Floor.

The first stage was the aura stage. The higher grade the door, the stronger the Presence wafting from it, and as such, the stronger the suppression one would face in battle beneath its influence. However, the Demon Generals charged into range of the door so quickly some began to wonder if such a stage even existed. Wasn't this too exaggerated?

Then there was the second stage, the fight against the guardians. Much like the first stage, it didn't matter how many attacked at once because the Doors would respond appropriately. Since over 2000 Demon Generals attacked, over 2000 sentinels appeared!

What no one expected was for it to be an absolute rout. Although the aura and roars of the Demon Generals were unbridled and wild, their approach to war was beyond organized!

The battle didn't even last five minutes. The Demon Generals shredded apart the sentinels as though they were made of wet paper. There was no suspense, no longer drawn warfare, it was just a simple destruction the likes of which those here had never seen before. Some even began to wonder if there was something wrong with the Celestial Doors. There had to be... Right?

The Demon Generals paused before the massive Celestial Emperor Doors before turning and bowing. There was no question who the bow was for.

Without another word, they disappeared through the Door, entering the celestial floor.

Dyon didn't have much of a reaction to this. Instead, he waved his hand once more. This time, the 11 Vice Commanders all simultaneously headed for the Celestial God Door!

Those who were already on the edge of their seats felt that they would faint from shock. What did it mean for a single Clan to have almost 3000 Emperors? What did it mean for a single Clan to have 11 Gods? What did it mean for a Clan to have a talent on Dyon's level?!

These numbers, especially concentrated into just one generation, blew even the top 3 Clans out of the water. Only if the Star Clan, the Sprites, and the Dragons combined their talents together could they match the Sacharro Clan! This was the reality they were all facing right now!

Many could only hope that they had overestimated themselves, that maybe the 11 Vice Commanders would fail. But, when they remembered the True God Giralda was only qualified to stand shoulder to shoulder with them, they swallowed whatever hopes they had, sinking into a deep depression as they watched the scene unfold before them.

Unlike the Emperor Door which tracked its score based on time taken, the God Door tracked its score based on number of moves. The threshold for a True God had always been to win with 15 moves, with the best winning within 10. Only lesser Gods would take 20 or more moves, with the worst of them taking days to complete the task.

However, it was once more a complete wash.

Gaylia: 7 moves. Graeya: 7 moves. Halaena: 7 moves. Kaeda: 9 moves. Maaleshiira: 3 moves. Aredhel: 7 moves. Jassine: 7 moves. Ithirae: 3 moves. Kuornos: 6 moves. Celeborn: 6 moves. Giralda: 3 moves!

Dyon glided forward to take his turn, he moved so easily that it was as though he couldn't feel the King grade Presence raining down upon him.

In that moment, a golden armored sentinel appeared before him, it stood at over 20 meters tall, twice the height of everyone else's. But, he didn't flinch. In fact, his hands never left his pockets.

As though it was waiting for him, the God Doors inexplicably opened as Dyon silently walked by the sentinel, his 11 Vice Commanders following to his back.

Before the crowd could ask why the sentinel wasn't attacking, it folded in on itself as though a black hole had formed in its gut, crumpling into a pile of scrap metal.

Just before Dyon disappeared into the door, he spoke once more. "It's 40% now."

Dyon's eyes were suddenly blinded by a bright light, but his divine sense allowed him to comprehend that he was entering a new plane of reality so incredibly vast that even his divine sense could hardly comprehend the scope of a single percent of it.

The tower floors had always been incredibly vast. Although the laws of physics didn't allow excessively large pieces of land to exist in reality, in a fabricated land like the Epistemic Tower, it was very much possible for the earth to stretch millions of miles in every direction.

Dyon didn't spend much time on the saint floors, but it also had an obscenely large scale. There simply wasn't any worth to exploring it all. Thanks to Eli's contributions, the Mortal Alliance could have its own sustained field of grandmaster grade spiritual ingredients in incomprehensibly large numbers. In fact, Dyon's Life Ring hardly had any space for the Celestial Deer Sect's ruins due to the endless fields Eli cared for.

Since Eli laid the groundwork, there was nothing of use to Dyon on the saint floors.

Once Dyon's eyes adjusted to his surroundings, he found himself standing above a city in ruin. It was quite a familiar scene. Though Celestial Deer Corner was now becoming a beautiful hub of its own, it had once looked exactly like this. In fact, it had also been overrun with Serpent Vines as well.

While these particular ruins weren't filled with Serpent Vines, the level of ruin they experienced was far worse. The Celestial Deer Corner on the saint floors had been ruined due to the flow of time, but these

ruins were the product of war. There was no more hand holding on the celestial floors, though the tower's rules wouldn't allow the conquering of a certain minimum size of territory, it didn't stop others from destroying everything within that territory.

Dyon took a deep breath. Despite the scene around him, the air was quite refreshing with several suns hanging high in the sky. It wasn't long before his Demon Generals were all around him, happily chatting as they waited for Dyon's direction. Though they were absolutely strict with themselves in the presence of outside company, when alone, they treated Dyon like a younger brother of theirs.

"What do you think, Dyon? They're probably quaking in their boots already, huh?" Thadius boisterously laughed, wrapping his arms around Dyon's shoulders.

Dyon grinned. "That was just the beginning. Not to mention this lowest celestial floor, we'll lay waste to upper three tiers as well."

Unlike the saint floors, the celestial floors were pieced into four tiers. In addition, travel between these tiers weren't as restricted either. While descending from the celestial floor to the saint floor could only be done on incredibly rare occasions, as long as one passed the trials for the middle, higher and peak tiers, it was incredibly easy to go from one tier to the next.

This said, after one ascended to the dao floors, it once more became incredibly difficult to descend. In addition, they would be restricted as well.

Simply put, the only way to descend from the celestial floors to the saint floor, or from the dao floors to the celestial floors, one must first earn the privilege by accumulating enough merit. In addition, one cannot have passed the age restriction. And, lastly, you'd have to accept cultivation AND will suppression. Meaning, a dao expert can't descend then rampantly use their dao wills to dominate.

The process was so incredibly difficult that many just conceded the fact it was impossible to do so. Why even go through so much trouble to descend to a less-than floor anyway?

Not long later, the Demon Generals who had come ahead to scout out the celestial floors for Dyon made their way back. There were only about a hundred of them, and though they seemed a bit tired, they were in decent condition despite their roughed up appearance. Still, it seemed they had been harassed quite a bit.

Dyon frowned when he saw this sight, the Demon Generals behind him becoming significantly quieter. They had all grown up together. Without families of their own, those here were their family. How could they stand the sight of their brothers and sisters suffering in such a way?

"What happened?" Dyon asked with a hardly hidden layer of killing intent.

Thatch rubbed the back of his head awkwardly. Thatch was one of the Demon Generals Madeleine and Ri were quite fond of. Back during the events that ended the World Tournament, he was the one that protected their backs when they were forced to fight the Daiyu and Niveus armies with only 3000 warriors. In fact, he even stood up against the Belmont Ancestor Lionel awakened as a last resort. Though he didn't end up having to fight that Ancestor, his bravery in even attempting was more than commendable.

[Author's Note: This was quite a while ago. Thatch is one of the few Demon Generals I've named.]

Because of this, there was no question that Dyon was quite attached to Thatch as well. He had never properly repaid him for protecting his wives back then. So, seeing him in such a sorry state, how could Dyon not be pissed off?

Still, Thatch was quite a quiet and stoic individual who usually went about his business silently. So, when he saw Dyon and the rest getting so angry for him, he was a bit embarrassed and didn't know what to do with the warmth in his heart.

Not a single soul here wasn't prepared to lay waste to the bastards that dared touch their reverse scales in such a way.

Chapter 1450: Where?

Thatch shifted awkwardly, but finally began telling his story.

"We've been on the celestial floor for almost ten years already, but although we were harassed, it wasn't too bad. Things only started to get bad around two years ago..."

No one here needed to think too much to understand what might have instigated that. Dyon didn't exit the golden flame mystical world until two years ago. After that, many of his exploits came to be known. There were even videos circulating of him defeating the Fiery Lotus and Flame Rebirth Sect heirs, something Dyon assumed must have been Titus' handy work. After all, he was the only one in position to do such a thing. It was likely revenge for him exposing that he was the one who killed Christian III.

"After that, not only did the Golden Crow Sect cultivators react violently, but a lot of shameless bastards who wanted to use your name to make a path to fame for themselves started harassing us one after another.

"But, those people were just clowns, they weren't a match for us... It wasn't until the True Gods and their factions started to get involved that we ran into some issues."

Dyon's eyes narrowed. Before he exited the tower, he knew that there were two True Gods on the saint floors, but there were eight more in total excluding himself, not to mention an unknown number of False True Gods as well.

From what Dyon knew, the Star Clan's and the Sprite's True God had both gone to the dao floors. In addition, according to rumors, another True God of a certain qilin Clan had also recently broken through and entered the dao floors as well. Plus, both Falkor and Anak had ascended to the celestial floors as well. This meant that if one included Dyon, there were 8 True Gods on the Celestial Floors alone!

Back when Dyon allowed the Celestial Deer Corner's barrier to lift, Falkor began to harass his people to no end, all in order to draw him out. How could the prideful True Gods sit back knowing that Dyon commanded 1st place on not just 1 trial, but 4 of them?! They were sick and tired of listening to people talk about how Dyon might be in a class all to his own. Unfortunately, when they wanted to find Dyon to vent their frustrations, he disappeared for several years at a time, taking his sweet time as though he didn't place them in his eyes at all.

These sorts of sentiments were rampant, not just among True Gods, but also among False True Gods who believed they were on the same level. This sort of thing made Dyon public enemy number one. They didn't care what reasons he had, nor did they care he had just "had" a child. They wanted nothing more than to prove themselves by using him as a steppingstone.

On this lowest celestial tier, there was Dyon, Falkor, Titus and Anak. However, one had to remember that the celestial floors allowed free movement between them. This meant that the four others could freely assault them to their will.

Of course, Damaris was among this number. That meant that Dyon had one less True God to worry about. However, this didn't account for the number of False True Gods there were.

Aside from those Dyon had already named, there were three other True Gods, all of whom were from the Drago-Qilin lands! They were arrogant without compare, it was no wonder they were so oppressive and violent.

True God Drathal Aurum. A peak celestial expert of the Aurum Dragon Clan. His demeanor was actually on the calmer side, a silent arrogance exuding from him.

Dyon's golden dragon scale was from an ancestor of the Aurum Dragon Clan. There was no doubt that if Drathal ever found out about such a thing that he would not rest until he had trampled upon Dyon's everything.

The Aurum Clan was known for more than just their beautiful golden scales, much like how the Crystal Dragon Clan had their own specialization in mental energy, the Aurum Clan was known for having very potent Dragon Souls. Their strength at a certain tier of Dragon Soul was as much as double that other dragons of a similar tier! This referred not to just its strength, but also its range.

True God Rahl Lux. She was a pseudo dao expert of the Lux Qilin Clan. Only they had a beauty that could match the Aurum Clan due to their specialty in light will.

The Lux Clan disdained the idea that light will was an inferior will. In fact, they had a special bloodline that made their light will not lose out to a supreme law in any way. Not only did this special path of light give them ungodly speed the likes of which no one of a similar cultivation could match, it also came with a higher realm that gave them a level of attack potency that made even the fiercest war lords run in the opposite direction.

Finally, there was True God Kere Nativus, a pseudo dao expert. She was a member of the Kere Qilin Clan, a Clan of qilins known for their mastery of the elements. Much like the Lux Clan, she disdained the idea that their bloodline will legacy was inferior. Many tended to look down on elemental wills, believing



them to be subpar and weak due to how easy they were to learn for most. However, the Kere Clan's use of the elements was unlike anything to ever exist before!

Any one of these three could give Dyon a great battle. In fact, he definitely hadn't closed the gap to pseudo dao expert yet, meaning he only stood a real chance against Drathal. Yet, this was the situation he was tossed into.

...

"Where are Ava, Caedlum and Thor?" Dyon frowned. Looking around, he didn't see any of them. In fact, there were others missing as well like River, Ronica and Arios.