

The Nameless 1711

Chapter 1711: I Want You

Of course, the room had no need for a bed. Amphorae was a dao expert and of course had no need for sleep. Plus, there was the Soul Palace. As a member of the Sacharro Clan, Amphorae only came here for work and had no thoughts of pleasure... not that she had received this sort of pleasure from Dyon in a long time.

The truth was that after his embarrassing performance the first time, Dyon had avoided that level of intimacy with Amphorae. Coupling this with the fact he spent so much time with Alauna and it had been years since Dyon had been intimate with any of his wives, actually.

But, today, the fire that was in him wouldn't be doused.

Amphorae, who was surprised Dyon was taking so long to answer her call, went to turn back, only to find two sturdy arms wrapping around her thin waist.

To her, these arms felt far different than they had in the past. Though she had laid in Dyon's arms before, this sense of security... It was too drastic a change.

Amphorae was shocked. Until now, she hadn't truly understood the kind of comfort a man could bring her. She grew up without a father, and was suddenly given a husband who was by far her lesser half. To suddenly feel secure in his arms... Her heartbeat quickened.

Seeing the slight blush on Amphorae's face, Dyon lightly swept her red hair, highlighted by beautiful gold strands, back, revealing her tender neck.

His strong fingers glided along her shoulders and outlined her collarbone, slowly pushing the strap of her dress and bra to the side.

Suddenly, Amphorae felt nervous. She had only had sex with Dyon once before, but she was in such a dominating position back then that it didn't really feel like she had given a part of herself away.

Though the martial world was conservative, there was no shortage of women who snorted at such ideals. These women felt like when they took men into their beds, the choice was their own. They weren't losing something, they were taking something.

Of course, despite what Dyon had assumed before, and maybe still to some extent now, Amphorae's only man in this life and the last was Dyon. But, her mentality was similar to these women... She hadn't felt like she was losing anything.

But now... Something felt different. She felt like she was falling, like it was no longer in her control.

And somehow... It felt so comfortable.

Dyon lightly kissed her exposed shoulder.

"Will you forgive this husband of yours for being so undeserving of you?"

Dyon's hot breath tickled Amphorae's sensitive ears, causing a slight tremble to travel through her lithe body.

Amphorae leaned back into Dyon's broad chest, trying to steady her breathing. But, this proved to be a fatal mistake. It was as though the moment she entirely relied on Dyon to keep her upright, her heart was completely snatched away. Dyon seized it so tightly that it seemed impossible that he would ever let it go.

"..H.. husband." Amphorae couldn't believe her own voice. Weak and broken, it sounded nothing like her usual self.

She couldn't help but think back, had it felt good? Her first time...

Wait, she had had two first times. She remembered her true first time so clearly. That day, it had felt so good. The second time definitely paled in comparison to the first. Is it because of this feeling?

Dyon's hands suddenly left Amphorae's body, causing her to feel a sense of loss. But, that was when her back suddenly felt that Dyon's chest had suddenly become warmer. Not, it hadn't become warmer, but the layer of clothing separating his bare chest from her had suddenly disappeared.

Amphorae's blush deepened, still unwilling to look backward. She could feel the hard, chiseled peak and crevices of her husband chest so clearly through her soft back.

It was as though their roles had completely reversed. In the past, it was Dyon who didn't dare to look at her because her beauty was too overwhelming, but now it was the exact opposite.

She was so distracted by the sudden warmth that she almost didn't register the spatial transference array that glided over her clothing, forcing them to slip from her body as though they were never there to begin with.

A beautiful, pure white pair of lace bra and panties appeared before Dyon's eyes. He was almost thankful that Amphorae was facing away from him, or else maybe he would suffer yet another loss of control. Her skin was simply far too delicate, far too flawless... The slopes of her curves, the softness of her touch, the adorable panting of her breath... Dyon felt the fire in his lower abdomen raging to new heights.

Dyon's hands reached around Amphorae's waist. Gliding down her soft, toned belly, he gripped her thighs lightly.

Amphorae, who had been sitting cross legged in meditation, almost lamented her position. She wanted to close her legs, almost to feign defiance, but Dyon had already taken control of her thighs. Any oppressive strength she may have had before this encounter was seemingly thrown away, leaving a woman who was all soft flesh and no bones.

She could almost feel the heat emitting from her treasured place. A desire she hadn't known she repressed bubbled forth, spreading like fresh spring waters and filling the room with a delicate fragrance that made Dyon unable to control himself.

It was then that the heat Amphorae felt to her back increased another fold, but this time, the culprit was a sturdy rod seemingly seeking to pierce through the small of her back.

"I want you..." Dyon whispered.

These were words he had wanted to say for too long, words he had been cowardly to say.

They weren't as simple as a man asking a woman to spread her legs, Dyon would never deem to say something so ridiculous. What he was asking for was Amphorae's heart. He wanted her everything.

Chapter 1712: Battle

An oppressive aura emitted from Dyon as though no wasn't an answer. His blood coursed through his veins, rampaging about wildly.

Amphorae's breath quickened, sweat slowly dripping down the crevices of her soft mounds. The enticing view of her quickly rising and falling breasts caused Dyon's grip to tighten. It seemed with how soft Amphorae's flesh was, even the slightest bit more pressure would cause her thigh to deform beyond repair.

"... Take me."

The words had hardly fully travelled to Dyon's ears when he spun Amphorae's body around. Their bodies surged forward as one, crashing into the long, seamless windows that overlooked the dark ocean waves and the high moonlight.

Dyon didn't even bother to remove what remained of Amphorae's undergarments. His fingers slid along the plump bottom, finding the edge to her beautiful lace panties and pulling them to side.

A gasp escaped Amphorae as she felt a large, heated rod pierce her. Her legs wrapped tightly around Dyon's waist, her feverish moans smothered by his hot lips.

Her hands ran through his hair as though she couldn't get enough of his touch. She wanted to feel more, to embrace more. Even with their torsos pressed flush against each other, even with her treasured place being furiously plowed by his member, she wanted to get closer... Nothing seemed like it could be enough.

The cry of a phoenix and the roar of a dragon lit the skies above the Pakal Clan. Unknowingly, the battle between husband and wife had become an auspicious sign bring good fortune for the real battle to come.

Amphorae's fierce red wings instinctually spread from her delicate back, only to be met by Dyon's own. They wrapped around each other, covering the pair in a cocoon of red and gold.

The battle seemed endless, but Dyon was simply too determined to finally conquer this wife of his. In the end, she could only fall limply into his embrace, her eyes as gentle as water as her boneless body was completely taken by this husband of hers.

Dyon looked toward his battle changpao, it must have been decades since the last time he laid eyes on it.

It shimmered with a bright white leather finish, embroidered with silver and gold etchings that exuded a refined, untouchable aura.

The last time Dyon wore this, it was during his first campaign. It was a treasure of the Celestial Deer Sect he truly hadn't been worthy of touching back then. In the end, he realized his own limits and put this treasure away, realizing that it would only hinder him if he used it too early.

But now, things were different. Dyon had long since earned the right to wear this Spiritual grade battle robe.

At that moment, two slender hands glided across his broad back. Pulsing holy will cleansed Dyon's body, ridding it of all lingering impurities.

Amphorae, who had collapsed from exhaustion, finally awoke on the third day, it seemed she was intent on doing what she believed was her wifely duty.

A light smile coated her loveable features as she washed Dyon's body and began to slowly help him dress, seemingly oblivious to the temptation her naked body brought circling around him.

Her breasts bounced with a healthy vigor as she stood to the tips of her toes, brushing Dyon's hair and fixing the sturdy collar of his battle wear.

She thought of memories from the past, steadily completing her work. She remembered Dyon being aghast by the tight bindings around her breasts, even taking advantage of her and the excuse of creating proper undergarments to cup her soft mounds in his hands.

She felt a warm content she hadn't felt before... Trusting in her past self and believing in Dyon in this life... It was a truly wise decision.

Dyon likewise helped Amphorae. Maybe it wasn't exactly traditional, but when was he ever a traditional type of person? Plus, watching Amphorae's tight red leather armor slowly cover her gorgeous figure had an oddly therapeutic effect on Dyon's mind. This sort of beautiful sight, it was his own to witness and enjoy, no one else could.

The Pakal Blood Armor thrummed with an irrepressible killing intent. It alternated in patches of soft cloth, tight waist, arm and thigh belts, and a hard red metal finish. Amphorae almost looked like more of an assassin than an angel.

After seeing the reddened state of Amphorae's wings in true form, Dyon understood that this wife of his had lived a life bathed in blood. He wouldn't repress her desire. Instead, he would lead her down a path of slaughter hand in hand.

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The Soul Palace Grand Hall was filled with the adorable giggling. The heart-warming scene of a small toddlers playing with a tiger, ape, deer, and turtle was the source of the sound.

Little Alauna happily hung from Shere's neck, swinging left and right. If others could see the sight of a celestial tiger of the slaughter path playing with a small child, they'd without a doubt be shocked.

The adults of the room watched on with laxed, smiling expressions. Little Alauna, Mia, Bella, Aiden and Junior were the warm stars of Planet Soul, maybe only they could make the atmosphere so light.

It was this calm that Dyon and Amphorae entered.

For those who were so used to seeing Dyon in a white t shirt and sweatpants, a style he didn't change even after he became a father, the change was too abrupt and stunning.

He stood at almost 6'9, towering above the average man. His features were sharp, and his eyes piercing.

The imposing aura of his battle changpao was unmistakable. It was nothing like the past where it looked no different from any other piece of beautifully crafted clothing. Now... It truly wafted with the presence of the Celestial Deer Sect's Patriarch.

Dyon smiled toward his wives.

Ri stood with a gown of a fluttering blue, her silver-blue hair almost disappearing into its fold along the small of her back. Her ten beautiful tails gently rested on the marbled floors, but it seemed as though not a speck of dust could touch her.

Chapter 1713: Cheering

Clara's piercing red eyes seemed to radiate the air with a hidden heat. Her silver weapon's smith robes lightly clung to her curves, shimmering with multi-colored moons that could represent only a single thing. The confidence she exuded was unlike anything before, and the gentle glow of her caramel skin filled Dyon with warmth.

And finally, there was the recently awoken Madeleine. Her violet eyes glowed with a gentle loving expression as her gaze met Dyon's. The white gown, embroidered with gold and silver that had once been his master's dawned her gorgeous curves, complementing her cascading violet hair.

"Daddy!"

Alauna dropped down from Shere's neck, rushing toward Dyon, only to be followed by the toddlers and the beast babies.

Dyon swept his little girl into his arms. "What do you think?"

"Daddy looks super cool!"

Dyon grinned as a hearty laughter filled Soul Palace's Grand Hall.

Mia and Bella climbed up to Dyon's shoulders, the mischievous twins grasping for his affection as well. Dyon, of course, had no choice but to oblige.

Dyon looked around the room, he felt a particular happiness seeing Delia and Eli side by side, as they should be.

Everyone here were among his most trusted aids, with their help, he believed he could accomplish anything.

"Let's go." Dyon nodded.

Like this, the foundation of the Mortal Empire followed Dyon out and into a large square, filled with millions of warriors prepared to fight for their own glory.

To the front, 3000 individuals stood as straight as javelins, black armor coating their bodies from head to toe as a sinister demonic aura wafted out from them.

The sudden deafening sound of cheering threatened to drown everything out. And finally, the fated war drums began to beat.

Dyon overlooked the cheering crowd. Though the warriors that would head into battle were dead silent, the citizens of the Mortal Alliance had come to see them off.

After living here for so long, no one could deny that their quality of life was completely unlike how it had been before. And, with the advent of the Mortal Network, Dyon's feats became known to them all. It gave them a sense of security and pride in knowing the type of man that led them.

Seeing this man they so greatly idolized stand before an army of millions with his daughter in his arms and a light calm smile on his face, their hearts palpitated. Dyon hadn't even said a word, but they uncontrollably erupted into a tsunami of cheers, looking on with blazing passion. They only finally managed to calm down when Dyon raised his hand.

As though commanding their voices with a single gesture, the whole of Soul Planet, not to mention the remaining ten planets watching from their homes, all fell into silence.

"This will be our Mortal Alliance's first campaign." Dyon's eyes swept over those who stood before him, his mountain-like Presence wafting through the air, filling those below with an immovable confidence.

"I don't have many words to say because there isn't much to say at all. When a child takes their first steps, it's an emotional affair, but that is all it is... A first step.

"Feel this moment in your hearts, bask in it, enjoy it, but also understand that this is exactly that, just a first step. There's a lifetime of happiness laid out before us all."

Dyon lightly smiled, falling into silence. But, it didn't feel awkward in the slightest. Instead, it felt as though he was sitting before each and every one of the individuals who watched him now, as though he was a long-time friend of them all.

"I want you all to watch these first steps of our Mortal Alliance together. You will all bear witness to our glory.

"These here are the warriors that will fight with you at their backs. They're fathers, mothers. They're sons and daughters. They will watch over you, so I hope that you will watch over them."

Dyon's words were shocking to say the least. Who had ever heard of a war being broadcasted for regular citizens to see?

But, at the same time, this made Dyon's unbridled confidence clear for all. He wasn't just saying they would win because it was the right thing to say... He had no doubt they would win!

Dyon's head spread out once more.

One after another, large scale teleportation formations shone with gentle lights. Their destinations had long been decided, diligently planned out by Dyon and Nixie the Pathfinder.

"To Victory!" Dyon's roar shook the whole of Soul Planet. And finally, the ever-silent warriors answered in unison, their voices seemingly tearing a hole through the high blue skies.

"To Victory!"

Dyon disappeared under the rekindled cheers of his people, only a single word in mind: Conquest.

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The destination of the army was none other than the outer edges of Chaos Universe.

After consulting with the Clan heads once more, they decided on the perfect fusion of three universes: Chaos Universe, Celestial Universe and Soul Universe.

By the coordinate system of the cosmos, these three universes had already been side by side, with Chaos and Celestial Universe – Dyon's home universe – being of the same quadrant, while Soul Universe was of the 99th quadrant, or Soul Quadrant.

This choice led to the abandonment of the Gates connecting the 99 universes, but it was a worthy tradeoff, especially since the 99 universes had the remaining Master Key arrays.

Those very Master Key arrays were the formations that Dyon had long since deactivated. Meaning, with a simple reactivation, Dyon could infiltrate the 99 universes once more.

However, there were also some more blatant cons with this choice, that being Chaos Universe itself.

Because the universes were now connected, there was nothing stopping the Infernal Beasts from crossing into Celestial Universe, and subsequently into Soul Universe where the bulk of Dyon's citizens resided.

Still, even this wasn't too worrying. Chaos Universe had a special energy signature that attracted Infernal Beasts, and considering Celestial Universe was lacking in energy density, the more powerful beasts would definitely avoid it.

Chapter 1714: Possible

However, over time, the three universes would balance themselves out, causing their energies to become more uniform. At that time, the issue would become more glaring. Though, by then, Dyon felt that he would be prepared to deal with it.

The reason why the army had teleported to Chaos Universe was because the edge of the Five Clan Beast Alliance's territory was located here as well, pinching Dyon's home Celestial Universe.

To the Celestial Universes north-west there was Chaos Universe. To its south-east, there was Soul Universe and to its east to north-east, there was Uidah Territory.

Connecting to Chaos Universe from the North was the Five Clan Beast Territory. Much further west, located toward the back regions of these cluster of universes were the Devil Quadrants where Lilith originated from.

When the army appeared to the edge of Chaos Universe, Lilith, Meiying and her fellow devil cultivators were already here.

Why would Dyon risk fusing Chaos Universe with his territory at all? It was precisely because of Lilith and the Devil Vein. What better place could there have been to plant it if not Chaos Universe?

"Move out." Dyon said serenely.

As though his words were the shot heard around the world, the army split into five portions. Their task? To conquer their gates as quickly as possible.

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After entering the celestial floors, advantages of a key wielder took another leap forward, and though there were still some limitations, there weren't nearly as many as before.

The one limitation that would likely never change was the changing of the gate threshold. A key wielder could immediately lower or raise a gate's cultivation threshold, however not at the expense of the lives of those within it. Meaning, if a gate's threshold is suddenly lowered below the cultivation of an expert in the gate, that expert will only be teleported out and not killed.

In addition to this, rapidly lowering than raising the threshold was likewise impossible. Though the Epistemic Tower wanted to give the key wielder advantages, it didn't want to make it impossible for anyone to oppose the key wielder. As a result, the gate threshold could only be changed a single time per campaign.

However, even with these disadvantages, there were many more advantages.

First, teleportation. As a key wielder of the celestial floor, it was possible to teleport to any gate from any other gate. In the past, as a key wielder of the saint floors, Dyon could only teleport from the Epistemic Tower gate, but not back. Now, his flexibility had skyrocketed.

Secondly, and the advantage Dyon was taking advantage of now, the Gate could be opened from the outside even while it was closed down for maintenance!

Dyon's army swept through the five gates that connected Chaos Universe to the Five Clan Beast Alliance, with their enemies being none the wiser.

While a gate was closed down, the dangers within them were ten times greater, but under Dyon's guidance, and considering the lack of enemies, this meant little to nothing.

In likely the easiest battle Dyon would face in this campaign, his five armies easily cleared the gates, taking control of a grand total of 40 Tower Keys with absolute ease.

Dyon was entirely focused on a single thing: speed.

This coming universe was under the jurisdiction of the Earth Skinned Salamander Clan, a group of lower heaven beasts. However, this wasn't the core of their territory. Rather, this place was where lesser beasts were located.

The Five Clan Beast Alliance, by necessity, was arranged with the five powerful core clans toward the far north, and the lesser clans toward the south. This was because they often had to defend against the Ragnors who were to their north. In addition, none of the five clans wanted any of their four rivals to sneakily take benefits from the Chaos Universe they saw as their territory.

Though they were in an Alliance, that was only to resist being taken over by the Pakal, Ragnor and Uidah God Clans, it didn't mean they had a sense of comradery amongst each other. As a result, although this was technically Earth Skinned Salamander territory, it was overseen by all five Clans.

Simply put, though this area was seemingly the most vulnerable, it had the most surveillance. Without the Shadows Faction, Dyon might have underestimated this area. But thanks to his understanding of the importance of information he didn't fall into this trap.

This was why Dyon chose this time to attack. They would be the most lax while the Gates were closed.

Dyon's goal was simple. He had to conquer this universe in its entirety and conquer the gates spreading outward from it all before the beast Clans could react.

Dyon didn't need to worry about his back. He had too many people in powerful positions within the Uidah. In addition, the Beast Clans would likely assume that this attack from was from the Uidah.

The Mortal Alliance army swept forward like tidal wave. There was no hesitancy in their steps. They knew exactly where to go.

This universe had millions of habitable planets, but only 32 of them were occupied. Of those 32, 23 had sparse populations of barely ten million, only the remaining 9 could be considered true hubs of civilizations.

Surprisingly, there was a good mix of humans and beasts. If Dyon had entered believing he could simply rely on Monet's beast whisperer ability to take control of them all, he would have been disappointed. But once more, he prepared well ahead of time.

In these battles, Dyon didn't act himself, at least not immediately, nor did any of the dao experts under his charge do so either. It wasn't because he was callous to the deaths of his warriors, but rather because he couldn't do everything by himself. If he didn't have competent men under him, his hopes of conquering the Mortal Plane would be foolish at best. He needed to temper those under him, to forge an army unflappable in the face of everything.

Deaths were inevitable. Dyon's army consisted of almost 30 million, but in this universe alone, there were over 10 billion individuals. Although the citizens under Dyon's charge also numbered in the billions, those qualified to fight were still too few. Even now, the vast majority of Dyon's army were Saints, leaving just a few dozen thousand celestials at most.

Simply put, no matter how perfect his schemes, some of his men would die.

But... Under this sort of surprise attack, it was obvious who would suffer more casualties.

Dyon used his element of surprise perfectly, splitting his tactics into two facets. The first were well timed, well schemed attacks. And the second were covert operations.

The first focused on the few human tribes, swiftly taking them down one after another. But, the second required Dyon's effort.

He quietly snuck into the core beast territories. With Monet's help, he directly enslaved their leaders and elders one after another. The abilities of Heaven's Children were truly too domineering.

However... As Dyon knew from the very beginning, the surveillance of this universe was exceptionally high. Even during its maintenance period, there were six beast experts who followed the human path that Monet's ability had no effect on.

Unfortunately for them, they were no match for Dyon.

Chapter 1715: Sleep

"You ...! You're!"

Dyon calmly stood in the void of space above the last of the nine most inhabited planets. Before him stood a man who towered in height, standing at almost three meters tall.

To his side, five other individuals stood with ugly expressions on their faces. Below, the home they had known was being cleansed with blood. The most agonizing part was that they could clearly sense how weak the so-called "experts" of this invading army was, yet they also knew they couldn't move from this spot or else the young man before them wouldn't have anyone to keep him in check.

Dyon slowly scanned their faces. Each of them were geniuses of the Five Beast Clans. Two were from the Earth Skinned Salamanders, while the remaining four were from the other four Clans.

Though each of them were Pseudo Dao experts, they were no match for Dyon. Dyon speculated that a single attack would be enough to kill all six of them. But... He didn't want to do this. If he killed all the experts he came across, how would his empire grow?

"There's no need to worry." Dyon said calmly. "My people will not commit acts of murder without reason. Beasts and humans will be treated equally."

"Vile human scum!" One of the female experts roared in anger. "You've already enslaved so many of our beastmen with your underhanded, cowardly means. Now you want us to believe such drivel?!"

"It doesn't particularly matter whether you believe me or not. Not now, anyway." Dyon shrugged. "Either way, I have no intention of killing you all. You will play quite important roles in the future of my empire."

"Attack him!"

The female brushed past her companions, launching herself forward at blinding speeds.

Seeing her attack, the remaining five had no choice but to act as well. Their bestial instincts, despite their following the human path, were screaming at them to run. They knew they were no match for Dyon, but they directly fought anyway.

Judging by the reptilian look in the female's eyes, Dyon was certain that she was from the Purple Scaled King Viper. So, he was quite surprised by her actions.

Usually, the Purple Scaled King Viper women were quite lascivious in nature. When faced with powerful men, even in these sorts of situations, their first instinct was still to mate. If they could be subservient to a powerful man, their children would also be powerful and thus have a greater chance at becoming dragons.

But, it seemed this woman was a perfect example of there always being an exception to the rule. Instead of trying to seduce Dyon, she did what could possibly be considered the direct opposite in attacking to kill him.

Unfortunately for her, her bestial instincts were correct.

Not wanting to kill them, Dyon's meridians filled with the airy light type qi.

In the next instant, a beautiful silver barrier projected from his body. And though it was far more transparent than it was usually, the result was still far more devastating than it had been in the past.

"AAGHH!"

The female warrior was blasted backward, the fist she had thought was about to connect with Dyon's jaw snapping under the reflected pressure.

Her companions were no different, flying back as globules of their own blood hung in the vacuum of space.

The three-meter-tall man who spoke to Dyon first wiped his blood from his lips.

"Calm yourself, Lereni!" He roared. "What I was about to say before you tried to force us to our deaths is that he's the man from the recording!"

"What?!"

The six were completely thunderstruck. However, there was one among them, a man with pale skin, deep set black eyes and black hair, not to mention an ugly hooked nose, that trembled the most fiercely at this information.

He was the elder cousin of the genius Dyon slaughtered in that very video, a member of the Golden Crown Ravens... Cousin to Balor.

"You..." A bloody aura wafted from the hook-nosed man.

Though he was absolutely livid, the others were simply shocked. How long had it been since then? Even if the time warping abilities of Chaos Universe were taken into account, how long? Not more than a few hundred years?

You're saying that this young man went from the Saint Realm, to the Pseudo Celestial Realm, in just a few hundred years?! That was impossible!

If they knew that the reality was that Dyon used less than 10 years, maybe they would faint in shock.

When Dyon realized why it was they were shocked, he adjusted some inner thoughts of his. While it was good that he took his enemies seriously, he also had to remember for the future that their definition of genius and his were vastly different.

Dyon was born in a universe where becoming a Saint took hundreds to thousands of years. He remembered a time when Madeleine's former master scoffed at the idea that he could ever become a Saint in just 30 years. Now he was on the verge of entering the dao realm. The difference was too drastic.

When he conquered this land, he knew that couldn't be the end of it. He had to work hard to raise their standards so that once the Ancient Battlefield descended, they would be more than canon fodder.

"For now, you all can go to sleep." Dyon's hand stretched out, his Presence blooming out in full force.

The six felt a mighty existence suddenly appear. The feeling was so jarring that they directly passed out, only to be sent into Dyon's Inner World.

Dyon's actions were swift and decisive.

Aside from the six pseudo dao experts, the strongest warriors of this universe were of the middle celestial tier, a fact Dyon was aware of long ago. However, despite this overall strength being relatively weak, they still vastly outnumbered Dyon's people.

Just because Dyon took control of this universe, it didn't mean he had suddenly gained ten billion warriors. This was one of the hidden troubles that came with trying to conquer territories.

Chapter 1716: Control

To some, who ruled them didn't matter. But, there were no shortage of ambitious or loyal individuals who would actively work against Dyon. As a result, one of the most important parts of Dyon's war plan with the quick and systematic assimilation of these individuals. This was why in the past, his first target would have been the Uidah thanks to the seeds he had long since planted, but now had shifted to the Five Beast Clans thanks to the existence of Monet.

Dyon understood that he had no need to control each individual. Taking control of ten billion people with just thirty million under his charge was a foolhardy affair. Instead, his task was to home in on the Clan heads and Sect patriarchs.

When the Mortal Alliance army descended, they focused in on the human tribes. As humans in a territory ruled by beasts, they were obviously far inferior in strength.

At the same time, Dyon and Monet swept through the beast territories, forcing leaders and elders into submission one after another.

After that task was completed, Dyon used his own sealing abilities on the human leaders.

In reality, Dyon was aware that he could have appealed to humans differently. He had compiled countless pieces of information pointing to the oppression and racism they faced at the hands of beasts. But, Dyon decided against it.

From the very beginning, he wanted to set a precedent of equality. Even if the humans would have some grievances in this regard, Dyon didn't believe their short-term happiness was worth damaging the foundation he was trying to build. As a result, soon after the beast leaders were enslaved, so too did Dyon seal the human leaders as well.

Like this, in less than a single day, a universe fell to its knees.

Dyon simply had too much information. He knew exactly which planets were inhabited, exactly where their leaders could be found, and knew exactly what means they had to counter before they were even aware of his appearance.

But, Dyon didn't rest, nor was he content with just these results. The true battle was yet to come.

Dyon relocated all life in this universe to a single planet, renaming the universe: Universe One, and naming the Planet, Planet One-One.

The movements were incomparably smooth, as expected by the Array Alchemy Faction's work. They deployed several sets of teleportation arrays and systematically tagged, recorded and helped billions to mass migrate before handing the remaining tasks off to The Association led by Clara.

The total fighting force of Universe One was about 100 million, more than three times the size of Dyon's current army.

Dyon appointed Demon General Giralda, Damaris' sister, as the commander of the beasts who made of 70 million of that portion. Though Dyon was confident in Monet's ability, he still felt that a Dragon would be best to rein in control of so many beasts.

Giralda's troops now contained several generals and captains beneath her, including the beast babies, Damaris, the Dream Panther Glorianice and the mute Ryu.

The 30 million humans were split amongst the remaining the Demon Generals. As Dyon didn't believe his army size was large enough, he had yet to appropriately organize his troops as they would be into the future.

Instead, he kept things simple. Arranging denominations of five, ten, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand, a hundred thousand and finally, a million.

The one thing Dyon was most confident in was his soul. Even though the new troops weren't aware of his tactics, he could still manipulate them all to the finest detail. With each squad of five containing at least 1, and usually 2, original members of the Mortal Alliance army, strict quality control was kept.

In addition, Dyon wasn't stingy. He continuously made grand displays of wealth, ensuring that new troops became hyper aware of the potential rewards that lay at their feet should they perform well.

This tactic was particularly effective against territories in the outskirts who had little ties and loyalty as they were very far from the core power of the Five Clan Beast Alliance.

In just three days after conquering Universe One, Dyon marched forward once more, leaving behind Clara, Meiying, a squadron of Array Alchemy Faction members, and one of Glorianice's Pseudo Dao sisters to arrange the matters of Planet One-One properly.

According to Dyon's information, the former overseers of Universe One had an obligation to report back once a month. Currently, there were a little less than four weeks to that time limit thanks to Dyon's

timing. Dyon's goal was to sweep away 13 of the Five Clan Beast Alliance's 18 universes before they could even raise their heads up.

The number of gates heading toward the center of a quadrant drastically increased. Universe One already had three times the number of Chaos Universe, at 15 total, connecting to three separate universes.

Dyon, without much hesitation, split his army and himself in three.

In just four days once more, those universes fell under his fist. By the second week, Dyon's armies had weaved and pincerd several universe, taking control of 9 universes.

By the time the leaders of the Five Clan Beast Alliance felt that something was wrong on the fourth week, Dyon had already completed his goal, forcefully holding 13 universes under his control.

...

Dyon's army had swelled in size.

As one ventured further into the Five Clan Beast territories, humans became far rarer, and Monet's abilities began to shine more fiercely. But, it was also then Dyon saw an odd shift in Monet's usually quiet and reserved personality.

"Are you alright?" Dyon's brow furrowed.

He couldn't help but remember his first thought when he found out Monet's ability: 'Why did a Beast Whisperer not have any beasts around her?'

Monet blushed in shame at Dyon's question.

Currently, they stood above Planet Thirteen-Three. Dyon had tried his best to move all life forms to a single planet whenever he conquered a universe, but as they moved toward the core of the Beast Alliance's territory, their population sizes grew larger and larger.

This universe, Universe Thirteen, had ten times the population size of Universe One at 100 billion beasts and humans. As a result, Dyon was forced to split the amount amongst five planets instead. It was less convenient this way, but there was no other choice.

Chapter 1717: Yet

"I..." Monet fidgeted around in the protective energy covering Dyon sustained for her. Although she was a Heaven's Child, her body was no different from a mortal's. Unless she was like Luna who had perfect energy control, she would only die continuous deaths if she stood out in open space.

"..." Monet's blush grew more furious. "... My beast whisperer ability is actually much more like Elvin beast taming abilities. In fact, I think their branch of beast taming grew out from me. I take on the characteristics of the beasts I tame, so it makes me lose some of my personality as well. So, I don't usually like to use my abilities too much."

Dyon's eyes widened in understanding.

Monet's ability wasn't limited to simply controlling beasts, she could endlessly store their abilities as well, even reaching back to her memories to manifest bestial abilities of the past.

Dyon suddenly understood that Aslan, Caspian and Maura weren't the only ones with outstanding abilities a level above the other Heaven's Children. No... Maybe that was the wrong way to think about. Maybe, every Heaven's child could manifest abilities just as amazing if their powers were taken to their logical extreme... Maybe, Aslan, Caspian and Maura were just more adept at using their strength than the others were.

Suddenly, he thought of something else. Didn't this mean that if it weren't for Monet's personality quirk, that she would have likely been chosen by Luna's enemies as well?

Dyon sighed. "You should have told me. I would never make you do something that made you uncomfortable."

Monet was shocked by these words. Of all the responses she expected, this was the last.

She expected something like: 'Just hold on, we're almost there anyway.' Or some platitudes that feigned caring while making it clear how 'key' she was to their operations. But, this wasn't at all what Dyon said.

"I'll send you back to Luna." Dyon said decisively. "You've done enough."

Monet's eyes widened in shock. But Dyon had already begun to move, forming a teleportation array that would send her back to Soul Planet.

"W-wait!"

Dyon raised an eyebrow. "Is there something else?"

"I-i-it's fine. I can still manage when beasts are of the Earth and Heaven Grade like these have been, it's more so when they reach the transcendent and supreme grade that they truly begin to affect me... Es-" Monet hesitated again. "Especially when they're of the human path..."

Dyon's eyes widened for the second time in what seemed like just a few seconds.

Monet had just admitted the so-called limitations to her abilities actually didn't exist at all. She simply made them up to avoid an awkward situation. Dyon had thought her abilities didn't work against beasts who took on the human path, but they actually did?...

Monet waved her hands as though to quickly explain herself, her brown bob cut hair bouncing.

"My abilities truly are ineffective against human path beasts, but only insofar as controlling them goes. What I mean to say is that I can still copy and use their abilities even if they're of the human path..."

Dyon finally understood the full story, causing him to sigh.

"Monet, I want you to know that your abilities are truly helpful to me. If it wasn't for you, conquering so many universes in just a single month would be nothing but a dream.

"However, you and the rest are the closest things to family Luna has. No, you are her family. Since that's the case, you're also my family. I want to treat you no different than I would an elder sister. Exploiting you is the last thing on my mind, do you understand?"

Monet nodded in a daze.

"So, I'll ask you directly. Would you like to go home?"

"Home..." Monet blinked, unable to get a grasp on her emotions.

The truth was that Monet's words weren't entirely accurate. It wasn't that she became a different person, but rather that she opened herself up to a personality she had greatly repressed long ago.

As a person who was one with beasts, she had many beast-like tendencies. She was crude, straight forward, lascivious, all sorts of things the martial world looked down on women for being. As a result, she buried that side of herself, not because she didn't like it, but for survival. Even Heaven's Children had their limits...

But, Dyon's words intrigued Monet. She wanted to see if these would still be his words if she truly unleashed.

In that moment, a fiendish light glowed in her deep brown eyes. "I'm okay. Let's continue."

...

Dyon stood in the void of space, a deep, stoic expression on his face. There wasn't a single soul around him. In fact, even the stars were so distant that Dyon couldn't register their lights. There was nothing but endless darkness.

The past month represented the easiest this campaign would be. From this moment forward, the true challenge would begin.

Because of Dyon's manipulation, Celestial Quadrant was embroiled in war. As a result, most of the Five Clan Beast Alliance's forces, especially their elites, were concentrated to their Northeast, having combined with the Ragnors to wage war on the Pakals and Uidah.

Quadrants weren't perfectly formed circles, instead, they were often amoebas-like in shape. As a result, without a clear plan of action and a holistic understanding of the map, conquering became far more difficult. Luckily, that was exactly the understanding Dyon had.

The North of the Beast Alliance Territory had the Ragnors while the Northeast had the Uidah. However, the quadrant was shaped such that Uidah territory only touched upon the beast clan territories with two universes with a single universe, but the Ragnors touched upon three universes with five of their own.

This odd shape made the Ragnors the far more lethal threat. But this matter was irrelevant due to the fact the Ragnors and Five Clan Beast Alliance had signed a treaty to face the Pakals and Uidah together.

Each of these five total universes that touched upon Ragnor and Uidah territory acted as the sovereign core territories Five Beast Clans. This was exactly why Dyon left them for last.

However, Dyon wasn't planning on attacking just yet.

Chapter 1718: Cannibalized

Though the Five Beast Clans had likely realized that something was wrong by now, there was nothing they could do. There were still seven more months before the gates opened once more, and Dyon had already systematically taken control of what few teleportation formations the beast clans had. They were, in effect, completely in the dark about the happenings of their territory.

In addition, because the last campaign had just ended, the Five Beast Clans were likely entirely focused on healing up and preparing for their next assault on the Uidah. Dyon's timing couldn't have been more perfect.

So, what was Dyon doing in the void of space, seemingly doing nothing while staring at endless blackness?

Amphorae had told Dyon long ago about the true method to conquering a universe. It wasn't just about taking control of its people, one had to take the core of the universe for itself.

The trouble was that this core of the universe wasn't so easy to find either. Depending on the universe, and its unique growth pattern, the core could be found practically anywhere from the surface of a planet, to an endless black space just like where Dyon stood now.

Dyon had yet to truly conquer any of the universes, but now, things were about to change. It was time. Before, he refrained from doing so because the Clan Patriarchs would be incredibly sensitive to dips in their Clan's Faith. But, now that Dyon's fist ruled these 13 universes, there was nothing holding him back.

His first target? This very Universe Thirteen. It acted as a choke point connected to all five of the Five Beast Clan Core Universes. As a result, it was the territory of the most powerful of the five Clans, the Golden Crown Ravens. This made it a uniquely perfect place for Dyon's first true conquering. Once he had the advantage of Faith, defending this territory would become far easier.

So many culmination of events had led Dyon to this point, even with his unique calm, he couldn't help but feel that gravity of this moment.

Even with the darkness around him, he closed his eyes, calming his inner turmoil until it reached the serenity of a smooth, but still rushing river.

"Will you continue to hide?" Dyon spoke into the nothingness. "Or will you make your presence known?!"

Dyon's Presence bloomed outward in full force. He knew with absolute certainty that Universe Thirteen's Core was located here. After all, he had a perfect map of this universe thanks to Researcher Ton.

In that moment, hidden strings of Gama Qi wafted into existence as the spirit of the universe slowly awakened.

[Leave! I'd never allow a man who used such cowardly means to control my universe!]

Dyon snorted at these words.

A Universe Spirit didn't have any sort of magical ability. Its only task was to decide who could wield the Faith of its universe. Still, some of them had eccentric personalities.

This one was quite savage. It was likely because of this that it had attracted such a population of beasts under its charge. Seeing Dyon force its people to kneel with means it believed were underhanded, it was no wonder it acted like this.

However, it was still incredibly weak. Dyon didn't dare to face the spirit of Soul Universe yet as it had accumulated an ungodly amount of Faith during its existence, but this puny Universe Spirit wasn't even worth of tenth of that one.

"Unfortunately for you, this isn't your choice."

The spirit seethed in anger. [You dare speak this way to me?!]

"If you don't give me your trial immediately, I'll be sure to feed you to another Universe Spirit when I get the chance. Or, I could just corrupt you like the Chaos Universe spirit."

[Y-y-y-y-YOU!] Dyon could almost hear the grinding of the spirit's teeth. But as an existence bound by the rules of the Heavens, it had no ability to do anything untoward. [I'LL GIVE YOU A TRIAL YOU'LL NEVER PASS.]

In a flash, Dyon found himself in a land filled with charging beasts as far as the eye could see. He could only shake his head at the scene.

In not even an hour, Dyon faced the Universe Spirit once more. The so-called trial was nothing more than a joke.

[AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH]

Dyon chuckled at the Universe Spirit's tantrum, he couldn't help but find it cute. Maybe he would have it cannibalized after all.

In that moment, a stream of Faith surged toward Dyon's body. Blinding golden lights illuminated the endless space.

The first line of Dyon's lineage had been forged.

Dyon glanced at the Universe Spirit as it threw a tantrum. Now that he had subdued, he could see its true form. If he had to describe it, it looked exactly how one might describe a cherub. A little chubby baby with wings far too small for its body.

According to Amphorae, a Cherub was actually a mighty angel with five pairs of wings, but seeing this little foul-mouthed little guy, Dyon couldn't help but chuckle. Maybe all of the legends that circulated his home world really did have some kernel of truth to them. After seeing the mystical races and creatures of the Ancient Battlefield, he had already become certain of this.

Dyon wondered if all Universe Spirits looked like this or if it was just this little guy.

"You may think of me however you'd like, but the fact of the matter is that the Five Beast Clans can never accumulate as much faith for you as I can. Be obedient, or I really will feed you to another universe."

The cherub grit its teeth, its small golden body bobbing in the air.

The Five Beast Clans had treated it with the utmost respect, but that was only because they didn't understand the secrets within Universe Spirits. Dyon knew that their only ability was to siphon and act as a medium for the control of Faith. They had no ability to act against their owner, lest the Heavens lose their power.

Simply put, Dyon didn't feel the need to be respectful to this little spirit, especially since it was so weak.

Chapter 1719: Lost

Dyon ignored the universe spirit as it continued to rave, feeling the changes to his body. In truth, he knew very little about faith, mostly because he never asked. He had too many things on his mind to worry about something that was out of his grasp.

However, in recent times, especially after his battle with Diasho Ken, he realized that it was foolish of himself to ignore something so important. Maybe it had been because of his arrogance that he even made such a mistake to begin with. He simply didn't believe that anyone who had to rely on others could match him in battle.

In reality, this was in part true. Though he had to pay a heavy price, Dyon defeated Diasho Ken thanks to his True Domain. But that was when Diasho Ken's lifesaving jade activated.

In the end, Dyon realized he needed to know more.

Firstly, Faith had different degrees of strength. These degrees of strength didn't only refer to the strength a Clan's size and history could provide, but there were also differences within individual Clans and Sects as well.

Essentially, the Faith an Emperor of an Emperor God Clan could wield was very different from the Faith his heir could. And the Faith an heir could wield was likewise different from the Faith someone further from the line of succession could.

Facing Diasho Ken's Faith and defeating it didn't mean that Dyon would be able to do the same for other members of the Diasho Clan. Diasho Ken's ability to wield Faith would be far weaker than his elder

brother's, his father, and especially his grandfather. His Faith would also be weaker than the various elders of their Clan as well.

What did this mean for Dyon? It meant as the de facto Leader, his Faith would be greater than others.

At this moment, those of the Sacharro Clan could feel this novel strength coursing through their veins.

Ri, Clara, Madeleine, and Amphorae all could as Dyon's official wives. As Dyon's only heir, Little Alauna, was also receiving the benefits of this strength.

As of now, others couldn't feel it. There would need to be appropriate rituals that would need to take place in order for this to happen. But, as of now, the Heavens only recognized Dyon's flesh and blood, as well as his official wives.

Though Luna and Dyon had once shared a bed, Dyon hadn't trusted Luna then. As a result, he never melded his soul with Luna's, and as such, she wasn't recognized by the Heavens as one of his wives.

This experience made Dyon's gaze turn serious. Reason being that after conquering just a single weak universe, he could feel that his Faith was already not very far from Diasho Ken's.

This matter sounds ridiculous, and for good reason.

Diasho Ken's Clan was part of the Five Blade Families, a group of five Clans who shared the Blade Quadrant. Though they were an Alliance, much like the Nephilim and the Transcendent Beast Clans, not to mention the Devil Quadrants and the Sprite Alliance, their Faiths were melded as one.

From what Dyon was aware, they controlled at least 80 to 90% of their quadrant, with only a few left unconquered thanks to the intervention of the Beast Protection Association.

So what did this all mean? It meant that Dyon, as an official King of the current King God Sacharro Clan, was already near the Faith output of Diasho Ken, the second in line Heir of the Diasho Clan who ruled over almost 20 universes.

This meant that the Faith Dyon had faced was only the tip of the iceberg. The true Kings and Emperors of these massive Clans had a level of Faith he couldn't even imagine currently.

A new sense of urgency overwhelmed Dyon. He no longer bothered with the wailing cherub and immediately left at his fastest speed toward the remaining 12 universes. He had to conquer them all.

The universe spirits of the five core universes were definitely far stronger. By extension, the Faith they could provide was also far stronger. Dyon had to ensure that all his planning didn't come crumbling down simply due to Faith.

However... It was impossible for Dyon's action to go unnoticed.

**

Five Core Universes.

The shift in Faith was felt immediately. Even those who wielded the smallest Faith of their Clans – distant heirs not even fifth or sixth in line – felt the drastic changes.

A meeting was called without hesitation, leading to the converging of several dark faced elders. This was truly trying times for the Five Clan Beast Alliance.

The hook-nosed Golden Crown Ravens. The brown skinned Earth Skinned Salamanders. The silver haired Silver Needle Wolves. The green eyed and violet haired Purple Scaled King Vipers. And finally, the numbingly beautiful Crystal Boned Eagles.

The faces Dyon was familiar with were nowhere to be seen. Considering how slow their cultivation was, most of them were still Lower Celestials. They simply didn't have cachet to be a part of this meeting. In fact, only the current Grand Elders took part in this meeting, even the Matriarchs and Patriarchs of the Five Beast Clans were cast out from the meeting, not because they weren't worthy of taking part, but rather because a quick decision needed to be made.

This matter was too important. The less people who attended, the quicker a resolution could be met. As such, only the Grand Elders participated.

"I've lost connection to Supreme Universe."

In a dark room, around a small circular table, five Grand Elders sat, each old and wrinkle faced.

The one who spoke was the hook-nosed Grand Elder of the Golden Crown Ravens, Grand Elder Raven.

Because of its special circumstances, "Supreme Universe", which Dyon renamed Universe Thirteen, held special significance to the Five Beast Clans.

Due to the odd shape of quadrants, it just so happened that Universe Thirteen acted as a choke point. Not only did it have by far the most Gates Dyon had come across, it was connected to five universes to the North and three to the south. However, none of the five northern universes or the three southern universes were connected to each other, leaving Universe Thirteen as the only bridge.

Chapter 1720: Plundered

This was why Dyon waited until he conquered Universe Thirteen to take attempt a universe spirit's trial. Only this way could he ensure the Five Beast Clans kept their guards lowered to the greatest extent.

This aside, the Five Beast Clans chose to name this universe the Supreme Universe. As a Five Clan Alliance, they had need of some checks and balances. According to their governing system, the Clan which controlled the Supreme Universe had extra powers amongst the five of them. This was why the most powerful Clan, the Raven Clan, controlled it.

The significance of the loss was monumental, not just in their Alliance's culture and government, but also in regard to the ramifications of losing connection to more than half of their territory.

"Because this also led to a dip in our overall Faith, it's safe to assume that no one here is the direct perpetrator." The Grand Elder continued.

The room seemed to plunge into a darkness. Such news was incomparably grave. Just a few days ago, they realized that they had yet to receive the due report from the universe touching Chaos Universe, now this.

"Direct perpetrator?" The astute Grand Elder of the Silver Needle Wolves spoke, his silver hair having long since given way to pure white.

Grand Elder Raven's sharp, bird-like eyes swept across four gazes.

"You all know as well as I how difficult it is to find a Universe Spirit. It takes tens of thousands of years of exploration and astrological calculations. However, my connection to Supreme Spirit has been cut off. The only explanation is that there's a spy amongst us."

The atmosphere grew heavier.

"In addition, other than our upper echelon, no one else knows just how important Supreme Universe is. Yet, it was the very first among our universes that was conquered. Am I supposed to believe that this is a coincidence?"

As Dyon had said many times. Information was one of the things that held ambitious individuals back the most during their conquests.

To the five Grand Elders, it should be impossible for anyone to understand the significance of Universe Thirteen outside of their circle of people. Entering their territory should be like feeling out a maze.

However, not only was Universe Thirteen the first of their universes to be conquered, it was important to note that Universe Thirteen was only connected to their own universes. This meant that whoever did this purposely skipped over several universes and specifically chose to conquer Thirteen.

Couple this with the fact they had lost all connection to their people outside of their Five Core Universes and sabotage was hard to overlook.

Unknowingly, the Five Beast Clans had once more begun to play to Dyon's tune. Tensions only grew worse as the Grand Elders began to feel more and more Faith slipping from them, one by one.

Universe after Universe was conquered. There was no suspense about it. Even though Supreme Universe was weaker than their own Universe Spirits, of the 13 back end universes, it was the most powerful. If it could be conquered by their hidden enemy, the remaining universe spirits wouldn't be a problem.

The most heart wrenching part was that they couldn't do a single thing about it.

The Gates were closed, all of their elites were concentrated in the five core universes, their teleportation formations no longer worked... They could only watch without a single idea of what to do...

In the end, they made a decision. All of their people and infrastructure were still within those 12 universes. They believed that the enemy had snuck in with inside information and directly challenged their universe spirits and hadn't actually subdued their people. With this reasoning, they still had a chance.

In 7 months, they would make a swift counterattack and force whoever it was to regret their foolish actions.

...

As Dyon plundered the Faith of the Five Beast Clan, his pieces within the Uidah Clan were moving as well.

With Dyon's help, Abraham, Dravil, Kaeghan, and the rest of the sons and daughters systematically moved the chess pieces as Dyon saw fit.

With Dyon guidance and resources, provided over several decades, Dravil had established himself as First Celestial Son. Such a title resulted in him taking the former First Saint Son's title as heir apparent, not to mention his wife, the former First Celestial Daughter.

In a quadrant so weak, the title of celestial held more weight than one could imagine. Dravil alone controlled more power within the Uidah Clan than even his father did despite having yet to enter the Dao Realm.

Of course, this wasn't because he wrested it away. Instead, King Uidah willingly ceded this control to his son, looking forward to a bright future and being none the wiser about the brewing plot.

There was only a single hiccup to the progress of this plan, and that was the birth of Abraham, a genius that even Dyon's resources couldn't overshadow.

Back then, despite being able to break into the Saint Realm, Kaeghan remained at the Essence Gatherer Realm in order to maintain control over the Essence Sons and Daughters. However, it was then Abraham's meteoric rise occurred, resulting in Kaeghan losing his seat as First Essence Son to Abraham.

Seeing how talented this son of his was, King Uidah began to hesitate. What if Abraham shone brighter than Dravil? King Uidah began to pull the reins in tighter on his elder son as of that moment.

One had to remember that King Uidah had sent his previous heir, Baldric, to find information about the Epistemic Tower. Yet, he easily tossed that son of his away with the appearance of Dravil. Simply put, he wasn't a kindhearted man. After so many years stalling out at the Peak of King God Clans, he was willing to do anything to breakthrough.

Luckily, that was when the Heavens smiled down upon Dyon. Due to the betrayal of the Aumen Clan, the Uidah entered Dyon's home universe without any resistance, leading Abraham right to his front door.

Back then, Dyon was an essence gatherer. Abraham, who was also an essence gatherer, had never lost to anyone of his power level in the whole of his life. So, blindly self-confident, he challenged Dyon, only to lose miserably and become yet another one of Dyon's puppets.